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A BOY PHILANTHROPIST.

Fourteen-Year-old Tello d' Apery and His "Barefoot Mission"—The Noble Christian Work of One who, Being Saved From Drowning, Consecrated Himself to the Lord

WHAT can a boy do for Christ? In these days when the banner of the Gospel is lifted high in every land, and when enthusiastic adult organizations for Christian work are so greatly multiplied, there would seem to be hardly a place left in the field wherein a youthful champion might perform distinguished service for the Master. Yet all over this land there are thousands of brave Christian boys, burning with zeal for his service, and looking forward with longing to the years when they can take up the work in which, it may be, their elders have long delighted. There is nothing that kindles the fine enthusiasm of a youth so much as the idea of Christian knighthood—a chivalrous mission, whose high and holy object is only to be attained at great personal peril and sacrifice. To their pure minds, one of the grandest events in history, since the time of our Saviour, was the Crusade of the Children when, some eight hundred years ago, Stephen, a lad of thirteen, at the head of thirty thousand children, and Nicholas, a brave peasant boy with twenty thousand more, marched out valiantly to accomplish with innocent hearts and hands what armies of mailed knights had failed to accomplish as Champions of the Cross!

But there are still a thousand ways in which a hearty, earnest, Christian lad may become one of Christ's champions, although he may wear no mailed armor and wield no lance. There are many consecrated young lives, whose valor may never be recorded in historic pages but who, nevertheless, will be held in grateful rememberance by those suffering ones they have cheered and succored by the way.

One of these devoted lads is Tello d'Apery, the fourteen year-old-son of a French professor, now resident in the United States. Tello was born in Philadelphia in 1877. When he was about five years old his parents moved to New York City. He was a bright, manly boy, but with a mind serious and reflective beyond his years. One day, he accidentally fell into the North River and narrowly escaped drowning. On recovering from the shock, he solemnly vowed himself to the Lord's service for the remainder of his life. With most boys, such a resolve would have been speedily forgotten; but it was not so with Tello. He was no longer his own; he felt himself to belong to the Lord and he burned to be up and doing to show his gratitude and loyalty to his Master. The remonstrances of friends, the mocking of playmates and the other obstacles interposed, served only to strengthen his purpose, and at last he won over those who apposed him. Perhaps there is no better way of relating his experience than to let him tell it in his own language:

"I studied over the matter a long time, as to what I had better do to serve God, and at last concluded that, being a boy myself and knowing more about boys than I did about any other class of people, I ought to help them. It then occurred to me that if I tried to help the children of very poor people, and let other people know what I was doing, something might be accomplished. I had seen lots of boys and girls, barefoot in all weathers, and so I decided to begin by trying to get shoes for as many of them as possible.

"Finding that I could not raise enough money any other way, I decided to try to do it with a little paper. With the assistance of some friends, I prepared to issue the first number of *The Sunny Hour*, a small monthly publication for children. People seemed to be interested in the barefoots; still, the net profit on the first issue, (which was one thousand copies), was only six dollars and twenty-five cents. I was congratulating myself on the result, and planning how best to spend this sum, when a thief picked my pocket and got it all. But, in spite of this misfortune, I felt encouraged and subscribers began to come in. I made the next issue ten thousand, of twelve pages (the first was but four), and enlarged the size of the sheet, besides. The paper grew and every dollar over expenses was used for buying shoes, stockings and clothes, for soon I had around me a large number of needy boys and girls, of just the sort I desired to help.

"It would be too long a story to tell you all about my experiences in the Barefoot Mission, during the three years since *The Sunny Hour* was started. To sum it up, I may say that in all about three thousand pairs of shoes, old and new, have been given where they were sorely needed. I got together all the serviceable pairs possible, had them mended and where no shoes would fit, I bought new ones. Just before last Christmas, I had on hand about three hundred pairs, part bought and part sent in by kind people who wanted to help the waifs, and to the lot I added a number of new pairs. Then invitations were sent out to four hundred children to come to a Christmas tree (we have had one every year since the start), and all were given shoes, good, warm, comfortable stockings and other clothing. These boys and girls are just as proud of shoes that well-to-do folks put off when half worn, as though they were brand-new."

But this modest statement gives only a meagre idea of the extent of the work that is being done by the Barefoot Mission. Besides, shoeing and clothing hundreds of tatterdemalions from the slums, its philanthropy extends to the sick-room and it sends bread, beef-tea, milk, fruit and simple delicacies to the suffering children of the tenements. In this Christian work, it is sustained and helped by many charitable people, in different parts of the country, who send money, packages of clothing and occasionally a box of wholesome food for the sick.

"One of the most pitiful cases I have ever seen," Tello explains, "was that of a poor woman, named Dunn, with three little children, all of them nearly blind. They were sick and the landlord put them out of their rooms during a bitter snow-storm. The father, driven to desperation, went off and killed himself, leaving them utterly helpless. When the poor woman came to me with her children, they were very nearly naked and so badly frozen that the little boy could not walk. This occurred last February. They were cared for, and I had all four at the Christmas tree last month. There are some who come for help who have seen better days. One poor lady, once comfortably well off, is now living in a back basement room, with five half-starving children, only one of them old enough to work, and all of them sickly. The one who works gets two dollars a week, so you can imagine that this mother needs all the help we can give. She has been receiving help over a year. I could mention a hundred such cases that are not reached by ony other charity and to whom the little aid afforded by the Barefoot Fund is very welcome. The Fund is not confined to any race or religion and is intended, with God's help, to do good wherever it can."

The headquarters of the Barefoot Mission at No. 18 West 14th Street, New York, present a unique picture. Tello sits in his editorial sanctum surrounded and sometimes almost hidden by a heterogeneous mass of old shoes and clothing. Even the little desk at which he prepares his copy for *The Sunny Hour* is often burdened with these articles, compelling the young editor to write on his knees. On the walls are the photographs of many famous people who have written cheering words to the Mission. Some books and a few curiosities such as any bright lad might accumulate in his room, complete the odd furnishing. He writes an hour each day and finds this quite enough for the needs of his paper. Indeed the pages of *The Sunny Hour* show that other hands do a great deal of the work, for they are brimful of pleasant little stories and sketches contributed by bright young people, and letters of cheer from distinguished grown-up folks. Free contributions, bearing famous signatures, that would be greatly prized by magazine editors, are printed side by side with letters from tiny tots of eleven and twelve of both sexes. In the latest issue, Sir Edwin Arnold has a new poem entitled "Mothers, a Dialogue at Boston," in which the great Englishman pays this tribute to Motherhood. It is an American girl who speaks:

"Why, certainly!" she smiled, "don't poets know
Better than others?
God can't be always everywhere, and so
Invented Mothers."

Many of these famous men and women, in writing to the young editor-philanthropist afford them evidence of a constantly increasing interest in the affairs of childhood and the moral training of the young that is all the more pleasant and grateful as the coming from people of such distinction who are ordinarily engrossed with high matters of state. The Queen Regent of Spain, Count Von Taaffe the Austrian Minister-President, M. de Giers, the Russian statesman, the Queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva), the Khedive of Egypt, Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, Duke Charles of Bavaria, Madame Juliette Adam, the celebrated Parisian literateur, Gen. Bauer, Austrian War Minister, the Prince of Montenegro, the Prince of Monaco, Dr. Rafael Nunez, President of the United States of Colombia, Osman Pasha, the "hero of Plevna," Prince Roland Bonaparte, Sully Prudhomme, the famous French Academician, Pierre Loti, Jules Simon, Sir Edwin Arnold, Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, of the Church of the Strangers, New York, Francois Coppee, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, and a host of other, new and old world notabilities have each by correspondence shown a warm personal interest in the "Barefoot Fund," and the noble Christian work Tello is conducting among American children. Besides these,

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TELLO D'APERY, THE BOY FOUNDER OF THE "BAREFOOT MISSION," AND SOME OF THE BAREFOOTS

The Tabernacle Pulpit

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-TWO.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday morning Sermon: *"This year thou shalt die."* Jeremiah 28 : 16.

JEREMIAH, accustomed to saying bold things, addresses Hananiah in these words. They prove true. In sixty days Hananiah had departed this life.

This is the first Sabbath of the year. It is a time for review and for anticipation. A man must be a genius at stupidity who does not think now. The old year died in giving birth to the new, as the life of Jane Seymour, the English queen, departed when that of her son, Edward VI., dawned. The old year was a queen. The new shall be a king. The grave of the one and the cradle of the other are side by side. We can hardly guess what the child will be. It is only two days old, but I prophesy for it an eventful future. Year of mirth and madness! Year of pageant and conflagration! It will laugh; it will sing; it will groan; it will die.

Is it not a time for earnest thought? The congratulations have been given. The Christmas-trees have been taken down, or have well-nigh cast their fruit. The friends who came for the holidays are gone in the rail-train. While we are looking forward to another twelve months of intense activities, the text breaks upon us like a bursting thunderhead: "This year thou shalt die!"

The text will probably prove true of some of us. The probability is augmented by the fact that all of us who are over thirty-five years of age have gone beyond the average of human life. The note is more than due. It is only by sufferance that it is not collected. We are like a debtor who is taking the "three days' grace" of the banks. Our race started with nine hundred years for a lifetime. We read of but one antediluvian youth whose early death disappointed the hopes of his parents by his dying at seven hundred and seventy-seven years of age. The world then may have been ahead of what it is now, for men had so long a time in which to study, and invent, and plan. If an artist or a philosopher has forty years for work, he makes great achievements; but what must the artists and philosophers have done who had nine hundred years before them? In the nearly two thousand years before the flood, considering the longevity of the inhabitants, there may have been nearly as many people as there are now. The flood was not a freshet, that washed a few people off a plank, but a disaster that may have swept away a thousand million. If the Atlantic Ocean, by a lurch of the earth to-night, should drown this hemisphere, and the Pacific Ocean, by a sudden lurch of the earth, should drown the other hemisphere, leaving about as many beings as could be got in one or two ocean steamers, it would give you an idea of what the ancient flood was.

At that time God started the race with a shorter allowance of life. The nine hundred years were hewn down, until, in the time of Vespasian, a census was taken, and only one hundred and twenty-four persons were found one hundred years old, and three or four persons one hundred and forty years old. Now a man who has come to one hundred years of age is a curiosity, and we go miles to see him. The vast majority of the race pass off before twenty years. To every apple there are five blossoms that never get to be apples. In the country church, the sexton rings the bell rapidly until almost through, and then tolls it. For a while the bell of our life rings right merrily; but with some of you the bell has begun to toll, and the adaptedness of the text to you is more and more probable: "This year thou shalt die."

The character of our occupations adds to the probability. Those who are in the professions are undergoing a sapping of the brain and nerve foundations. Literary men in this country are driven with whip and spur to their topmost speed. Not one brain-worker out of a hundred observes any moderation. There is something so stimulating in our climate that, if John Brown, the essayist of Edinburgh, had lived here, he would have broken down at thirty-five instead of fifty-five, and Charles Dickens would have dropped at forty. There is something in all our occupations which predisposes to disease. If we be stout, to disorders ranging from fevers to apoplexy. If we be frail, to diseases ranging from consumption to paralysis. Printers rarely reach fifty years. Watchmakers, in marking the time for others, shorten their own. Chemists breathe death in their laboratories, and potters absorb paralysis. Painters fall under their own brush. Foundrymen take death in with the filings. Shoemakers pound away their own lives on the last. Overdriven merchants measure off their own lives with the yard-stick. Millers grind their own lives with the grist. Masons dig their graves with the trowel. And in all our occupations

"THIS YEAR THOU SHALT DIE."

and professions there are the elements of peril.

Rapid climatic changes threaten our lives. By reason of the violent fits of the thermometer, within two days we live both in the arctic and the tropic. The warm south wind finds us with our furs on. The wintry blast cuts through our thin apparel. The hoof, the wheel, the fire-arms, the assassin, wait their chance to put upon us their quietus. I announce it as an impossibility that three hundred and sixty-five days should pass and leave us all as we now are. In what direction to shoot the arrow I know not, and so I shoot it at a venture: "This year thou shalt die."

In view of this, I advise that you have your temporal matters adjusted. Do not leave your worldly affairs at the mercy of administrators. Have your receipts properly pasted, and your letters filed, and your books balanced. If you have "trust-funds," see that they are rightly deposited and accounted for. Let no widow or orphan scratch on your tombstone, "This man wronged me of my inheritance." Many a man has died, leaving a competency, whose property has, through his own carelessness, afterward been divided between the administrators, the surrogate, the lawyers, and the sheriffs. I charge you, before many days have gone, as far as possible, have all your worldly matters made straight, for "this year thou shalt die."

I advise also that you be busy in Christian work. How many Sabbaths in the year? Fifty-two. If the text be true of you, it does not say at what time you may go, and therefore it is unsafe to count on all of the fifty-two Sundays. As you are as likely to go in the first half of the year as in the last half, I think we had better divide the fifty-two into halves, and calculate only twenty-six Sabbaths. Come, Christian men, Christian women, what can you do in twenty-six Sabbaths? Divide the three hundred and sixty-five days into two parts: what can you do in one hundred and eighty-two days? What, by the way of saving your family, the Church, and the world? You will not, through all the ages of eternity in heaven, get over the dishonor and the outrage of going into glory, and having helped none up to the same place. It will be found that many a Sabbath-school teacher has taken into heaven her whole class; that Daniel Baker, the Evangelist, took thousands into heaven; that Doddridge has taken in hundreds of thousands; that Paul took in a hundred million. How many will you take in? If you get into heaven, and find none there that you sent, and that there are none to come through your instrumentality, I beg of you to crawl under some seat in the back corner, and never come out, lest the redeemed get their eyes on you, and some one cry out, "That is the man who never lifted hand or voice for the redeemption of his fellows! Look at him, all heaven!" Better be busy. Better put the plough in deep. Better say what you have to say quickly. Better cry the alarm. Better fall on your knees. Better lay hold with both hands. What you now leave undone for Christ will forever be undone. "This year thou shalt die!"

In view of the probabilities mentioned, I advise all the men and women not ready for eternity to get ready. If the text be true, you have no time to talk about non-essentials, asking why God let sin come into the world; or whether the book of Jonah is inspired; or who Melchisedec was, or what about the eternal decrees. If you are as near eternity as some of you seem to be, there is no time for any thing but the question. "What must I do to be saved?" The drowning man, when a plank is thrown him, stops not to ask what saw-mill made it, or whether it is oak or cedar, or who threw it. The moment it is thrown, he clutches it. If this year you are to die, there is no time for anything but immediately laying hold on God. It is high time to get out of your sins. You say, "I have committed no great transgressions." But are you not aware that your life has been sinful? The snow comes down on the Alps flake by flake, and it is so light that you may hold it on the tip of your finger without feeling any weight; but the flakes gather; they compact, until some day a traveler's foot starts the slide, and it goes down in an avalanche, crushing to death the villagers. So the sins of your youth, and the sins of your manhood and the sins of your womanhood may have seemed only slight inaccuracies or trifling divergences from the right—so slight that they are hardly worth mentioning, but they have been piling up and piling up, packing together and packing together, until they make a mountain of sin, and one more step of your foot in the wrong direction may slide down upon you an avalanche of ruin and condemnation.

"I MEAN TO BURN DOWN HEAVEN."

A man crossing a desolate and lonely plateau, a hungry wolf took after him. He brought his gun to his shoulder, and took aim, and the wolf howled with pain, and the cry woke up a pack of wolves, and they came ravening out of the forest from all sides, and horribly devoured him. Thou art the man. Some one sin of your life summoning on all the rest, they surround thy soul, and make the night of thy sin terrible with the assault of their bloody muzzles. Oh the unpardoned, clamoring, ravening, all-devouring sins of thy lifetime!

A maniac was found pacing along the road with a torch in one hand and a pail of water in the other, and some one asked him what he meant to do with them. He answered, "With this torch I mean to burn down heaven, and with this water I mean to put out the fires of hell." He was a maniac. He could do the one thing just as well as he could do the other. No time to lose if you want to escape your sins, for "this year thou shalt die."

Let me announce that Christ, the Lord, stands ready to save any man who wants to be saved. He waited for you all last year, and all the year before, and all your life. He has waited for you with blood on his brow, and tears in his eye, and two outstretched, mangled hands of love.

You come home some night and find the mark of muddy feet on your front steps. You hasten in, and find an excited group around your child. He fell into a pond, and had it not been for a brave lad, who plunged in and brought him out, and carried him home to be resuscitated, you would have been childless. You feel that you cannot do enough for the rescuer. You throw your arms around him. You offer him any compensation. You say to him, "Anything that you want shall be yours. I will never cease to be grateful." But my Lord Jesus sees your soul sinking, and attempts to bring it ashore, and you not only refuse him thanks, but stand on the beach and say, "Drop that soul! If I want it saved, I will save it myself."

I wish you might know what a job Jesus understook when he carried your case to Calvary. They crowded him to the wall. They struck him. They spat on him. They kicked him. They cuffed him. They scoffed at him.

They scourged him. They murdered him. Blood! blood! As he stoops down to lift you up, the crimson drops upon you from his brow, from his side, from his hands. Do you not feel the warm current on your face? Oh, for thee the hunger, the thirst, the thorn-sting, the suffocation, the darkness, the groan, the sweat, the struggle, the death!

A great plague came in Marseilles. The doctors held a consultation, and decided that a corpse must be dissected, or they would never know how to stop the plague. A Dr. Guyon said, "To-morrow morning I will proceed to a dissection." He made his will; prepared for death; went into the hospital; dissected a body; wrote out the results of the dissection, and died in twelve hours. Beautiful self-sacrifice, you say. Our Lord Jesus looked out from heaven, and saw a plague-stricken race. Sin must be dissected. He made his will, giving everything to his people. He comes down into the reeking hospital of earth. He lays his hand to the work. Under our plague, he dies—the healthy for the sick, the pure for the polluted, the innocent for the guilty. Behold the love! Behold the sacrifice! Behold the rescue!

Decide, on this first Sabbath of the year, whether or not you will have Jesus. He will not stand forever begging for your love. With some here his plea ends right speedily. "This year thou shalt die."

This great salvation of the Gospel I now offer to every man, woman, and child. You cannot buy it. You cannot earn it. A Scotch writer says that a poor woman, one cold winter's day, looked through the window of a king's conservatory, and saw a bunch of grapes hanging against the glass. She said, "Oh, if I only had that bunch of grapes for my sick child at home!" At her spinning-wheel she earned a few shillings, and went to buy the grapes. The king's gardener thrust her out very roughly, and said he had no grapes to sell. She went off and sold a blanket, and got some more shillings, and came back and tried to buy the grapes. But the gardener roughly assaulted her, and told her to be off. The king's daughter was walking in the garden at the time, and she heard the excitement, and, seeing the poor woman, said to her, "My father is not a merchant, to sell, but he is a king, and gives." Then she reached up and plucked the grapes, and dropped them into the poor woman's apron. So Christ is a king, and all the fruits of his pardon he freely gives. They may not be bought. Without money and without price, take this sweet cluster from the vineyards of God.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER AND THE GRAPES.

I am coming to the close of my sermon. I sought for a text appropriate for the occasion. I thought of taking one in Job: "My days fly as a weaver's shuttle;" of a text in the Psalms: "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;" of the prayer of the vine-dresser: "Lord, let it alone this year also;" but pressed upon my attention, first of all, and last of all, and above all, were the words, "This year thou shalt die."

Perhaps it may mean me. Though in perfect health now, it does not take God one week to bring down the strongest physical constitution. I do not want to die this year. We have plans and projects on foot that I want to see completed;

HE CRIED OVER THE HYMN.

but God knows best, and he has a thousand better men than I to do the work yet undone. I have a hope that, notwithstanding all my sins and wanderings, I shall, through the infinite mercy of my Saviour, come out at the right place. I have nothing to brag of by way of Christian experience; but two things I have learned—my utter helplessness before God, and the all-abounding grace of the Lord Jesus. If the text means some of you, my hearers, I do not want you to be caught unprepared. I would like to have you, either through money you have laid up, or a "life insurance," be able to leave the world feeling that your family need not become paupers. But if you have done your best, and you leave not one dollar's worth of estate you may confidently trust the Lord who hath promised to care for the widow and the fatherless. I would like to have your soul fitted out for eternity, so that if, any morning, or noon, or evening, or night of these three hundred and sixty-five days, death should look in and ask, "Are you ready?" you might, with an outburst of Christian triumph answer, "Ay, ay! all ready."

I know not what our last words may be. Lord Chesterfield prided himself on his politeness, and said, in his last moment, "Give Dayrolles a chair." Dr. Adam, a dying schoolmaster, said, "It grows dark. The boys may dismiss." Lord Tenterden, supposing himself on the bench of a court room, said, in his last moment; "Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict." A dying play-actor said, "Drop the curtain. The farce is played out." I would rather have, for my dying words, those of one greater than Chesterfield, or Dr. Adam, or Lord Tenterden: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me."

The sooner the last hour comes the better if we are fitted for entrance in the celestial world. There is no clock in heaven, because it is an everlasting day; yet they keep an account of the passing years, because they are all the time hearing from our world. The angels flying through heaven report how many times the earth has turned on its axis, and in that way the angels can keep a diary; and they say it is almost time now for father to come up, or for mother to come up. Some day they see a cohort leaving heaven, and they say, "Whither bound?" and the answer is, "To bring up a soul from earth;" and the question is asked, "What soul?" And a family circle in heaven find that it is one of their own number that is to be brought up, and they come out to watch, as on the beach we now watch for a ship that is to bring our friends home. After a while the cohort will heave in sight, flying nearer and nearer, until with a great clang the gates hoist, and with an embrace, wild with the ecstacy of heaven, old friends meet again. Away with your stiff, formal heaven! I want none of it. Give me a place of infinite and eternal sociality. My feet free from the clods of earth, I shall bound the hills with gladness, and break forth in a laugh of triumph. Aha! aha! We weep now, but then we shall laugh. "Abraham's bosom," means that heaven has open arms to take us in. Now we fold our arms over our heart, and tell the world to stand back, as though our bosom was a two-barred gate to keep the world out. Heaven stands not with folded arms, but with heart open. It is "Abraham's bosom." I see a mother and her child meeting at the foot of the throne after some years' absence. The child died twenty years ago, but it is a child yet, I think the little ones who die will remain children through all eternity. It would be no heaven without the little darlings. I do not want those that are in heaven to grow up. We need their infant voices in the great song. And when we walk out in the fields of light, we want them to run ahead, and clap their hands, and pick out the brightest of the field flowers. Yes, here is a child and its mother meeting. The child long in glory, the mother just arrived. "How changed you are, my darling!" says the mother. "Yes," says the child, "this is such a happy place; and Jesus has taken such care of me, and heaven is so kind, I got right over the fever with which I died. The skies are so fair, mother! The flowers are so sweet, mother! The temple is so beautiful, mother! Come, take me up in your arms as you used to." Oh, I do not know how we shall stand the first day in heaven. Do you not think we will break down in the song from over-delight? I once gave out in church the hymn,

> There is a land of pure delight,
> Where saints immortal reign,

and an aged man standing in front of the pulpit sang heartily the first verse, and then he sat down weeping. I said to him afterward, "Father Linton, what made you cry over that hymn?" He said, "I could not stand it—the joys that are coming." When heaven rises for the doxology, I cannot see how we can rise with it if all these waves of everlasting delight come upon the soul, billow of joy after billow of joy. Methinks Jesus would be enough for the first day in heaven, yet here he approaches with all heaven at his back.

But I must close this sermon. This is the last January to some who are present. You have entered the year, but you will not close it. Within these twelve months your eyes will shut for the last sleep. Other hands will plant the Christmas-tree, and give the New Year's congratulations. As a proclamation of joy to some, and as a matter of warning to others, I leave in your ears these five words of one syllable each, "This year thou shalt die!"

A STUDENT'S EFFORT.

DURING an illness, the illustrious scholar, Bengel sent for a favorite student in the Theological Institution, and requested him to impart a word of consolation. The youth replied, "Sir, I am but a pupil, a mere learner. I don't know what to say to a teacher like you." "What!" said Bengel, "a divinity student, and not able to communicate a word of Scriptural comfort!" The student, abashed, thought for a moment and then quoted the text, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "That is the very word I want," said Bengel; "it is quite enough," and taking him affectionately by the hand dismissed him.

A BOY PHILANTHROPIST.

(Continued from first page.)

the list includes many names eminent in art, literature, science and diplomacy in our own country and elsewhere—the whole furnishing a remarkable proof of the intense interest felt by the great ones of the earth in the moral and spiritual welfare of the young, and especially of those who, like Tello's beneficiaries, enjoy very few advantages, being for the most part born and reared amid surroundings of poverty and vice.

"A little child shall lead them," wrote the prophet Isaiah, and the words find apt illustration in some of the letters from these great ones of earth. "What is the object of your life?" writes Gen. de Rappe, the Swedish Minister of War.

Vain-glory does not satisfy the heart. It is necessary to guard oneself from evil, to be diligent and courageous. You enlarge your aspirations, you begin to do good works, to aid the poor, to visit the sick, and you become the benefactor of the unhappy. There is nothing better. Nothing can be better. Please God, that the number of good actions may cover the earth! But with all that are you happy? Have you gained the durable peace? Emancipate yourself from Self and give your heart to Jesus. In his service you will be happy, really happy. To have learned this secret, my dear Tello, is the greatest event in the history of a man, since from then he is in possession of eternal life. If this can show to some young person the way to that life, I shall consider myself very happy.

Among Tello's visitors, the typical gamin prevails. Our illustration shows the young philanthropist at work and some of the Barefoot Fund beneficiaries, sketched from the life. Rough, out-at-elbows and with the forlorn look of the street waif, they have learned to love and respect the gentle boy who as Christ's messenger has come among them to do good. "Can't I hev a noo coat, mister!" "Is der any shoes lef' fur a feller?" are familiar inquires. And when the bare elbows and protruding knees are hidden in neat garments and the muddy toes snugly covered, gratitude bubbles up in loving eyes and in broken thanks, uncouthly expressed, but straight from the heart. Whatever the gift, good advice accompanies it, and there are hundreds of these children of the street who sincerely strive to follow it.

Tello d'Apery's career is a striking example of what may be done by the young for Christ, and it should stimulate and encourage them to deeds of kindness "In His Name." No consecrated knight could perform more pleasing service than that which aims to succor and elevate to better things those of whom the Saviour said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

WHAT think ye of Christ? is the test
To try both your state and your scheme;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of Him.
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not,
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath are your lot.

Some take him a creature to be,
A man or an angel at most;
Sure these have not feelings like me,
Not know themselves wretched and lost.
So guilty, so helpless am I,
I durst not confide in his blood,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I were sure he was God.

Some call him a Saviour in word,
But mix their own works with his plan;
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can;
If doings prove rather too light
A little they own, they may fail,
They purpose to make up full weight
By casting his name in the scale.

Some style him the pearl of great price,
And say he's the fountain of joys;
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys;
Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
And while they salute him betray;
Ah! what will profession like this
Avail in his terrible day?

If asked what of Jesus I think
Though still my best thoughts are but poor,
I say, he's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my store
My shepherd, my husband, my friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall,
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

This famous hymn was written by the Rev. John Newton of Olney, Bucks, England.

INTEMPERANCE.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 17. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Isa. 28: 1-13. Golden Text, Prob 20: 1.

PRIDE and intemperance, can they be named together? Is not drunkenness so degrading, so revolting, that it must necessarily humble those whom it makes its captives? Alas, no! More than two thousand five hundred years ago, we have the witness of Isaiah that pride and drunkenness can coexist. "Woe to the crown of pride of the drunkards of Ephraim." (R. V.)! How many a man has become a drunkard through his sinful, foolish pride that he was able to take, without harm to himself, more stimulant that others could bear! How many an author, poet, professional man, vain of his talent, has taken stimulant with the idea of excelling himself, and so has become its slave? Very

Few Humble Men are Drunkards.

Perhaps such an one has never yet been discovered. Men think lightly of fleshly sins. How many a manslaughter or murder has been leniently dealt with because the murderer was beside himself with drink! But God, the righteous judge, excuses drunkenness no more than any other sin. "Woe," he says, "to the crown of pride, of the drunkards of Ephraim, and to the fading flower of his glorious beauty, which is on the heads of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine!" or (marg) "smitten down with wine." Fleshly sins are as really sins in God's sight as those which men are most hard upon, such as thieving, extortion, or anything which touches the rights of property. In the sight of God, the bodies of his people are the temples of the Holy Ghost, and it is the utmost desecration to give them consciously over to a foreign power, which plays with and dominates the will. "The body is for the Lord; and the Lord for the body." (1 Cor. 6: 13.)

And surely the woe of God follows the drunkard. His clothing if he is poor, his house and furniture if he is in better circumstances; in every case his wife and children, tell a tale of woe. Whenever he is sufficiently free from his tyramical master to have any expression upon his face it is generally an expression of sorrow or of disappointment. It speaks of the Lord's "woe." The overstrained nervous system, the disorganization of the digestion; O, how it speaks of the Lord's "woe." His difficulty to get employment, the way in which he is shunned in respectable society; all speak of the Lord's "woe to the drunkards." "The crown of pride of the drunkards of Ephraim shall be trodden under foot"—under the foot of his landlord, and under the foot of his creditors. But behind these there is a cloven foot which treads unhindered upon the drunkard's crown of pride." The mark of the enemy's hoof is surely upon him, and while he cherishes his miserable, irrational pride, other people can only see that which is contemptible in him. O, how God abases those who exalt themselves.

It is blessed to turn for a moment to another picture. "In that day shall the Lord of hosts be for a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty, unto the residue of his people." If the Lord is our crown, that is not "the crown of pride." If he is the "diadem of beauty," it is not like that "glorious beauty at the head of the fat valley of them that are overcome with wine," which shall be as a "fading flower," and as "the hasty fruit before the summer; which, when he that looketh upon it seeth, while it is yet in his hands, he eateth it up." The drunkard thinks to make a useful servant of the beverage which masters him, but the true child of God lets himself be mastered by a rightful Lord who becomes for him "a spirit of judgment to him that sitteth in judgment, and for strength to them that turn back the battle at the gate."

But, alas, in Isaiah's time as in the present day, there were those who had been a residue of God's people, but they "also had erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest, the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment." It is a terrible picture, and yet, alas, not an untrue one. In the Romish Church, how much we hear of intemperate priests! and, O, how grievious it is that from time to time, in our Protestant churches it may be said of ministers here and there: "They have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine."

But is there then no hope for the drunkard? no hope for the fleshly sinner? "Whom shall ye teach knowledge? make to understand doctrine? them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts." "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." If a drunkard is willing to be a nothing and a nobody,—a little child—he can find his way to Jesus like any other man. But the broken-down intellect of the poor drunkard must be treated like the children in an Infant School, "precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little."

"But the "scornful men" that ruled the people which is in Jerusalem were unwilling to become as little children, their pride prevailed. They said: "We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us: for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves." O the senseless boasting of the poor drunkard! None talks so large as he does. Pride was his first intoxicant: It is no uncommon thing for those who are living in open sin to make, in their unregenerate imagination, a kind of covenant with death and hell. They make a Gospel which is purely a human invention, and which flatters their pride. "God never made us with spiritual tendencies like other men," they say, "and, therefore, we are not responsible." This is one part of their covenant. "We are consistent in that which we do believe, and what does it matter whether we give credence to that Old Book which our grandfathers thought so much of? If we pay our debts and are tolerably kindhearted, who has any right to complain of us, least of all, he who made us as we are?" Yes, this is the "covenant with death" and the "agreement with hell." This is the making lies their refuge, and hiding themselves under falsehood. But this is a one-sided covenant; the signature of the chief party concerned is lacking;

God is no Party to it.

The great Judge who shall sit upon the great white throne will only make it another indictment against the offenders.

"Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not haste. Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place. And your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand." O how mad are hnman beings, created to be partakers of eternal life, when they so madly cast from them that foundation stone which is laid, even Jesus Christ! How utterly senseless is the attempt to hoodwink the Almighty God, and to make him a party to an arrangement which would counteract his justice! But, O, how blessed that he who does accept God's foundation and his salvation will find him "a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation," something to lean his weight upon, something to stand upon surely. "For God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." (II. Cor. 5: 9.) Here is the hope for the drunkard!

"Now therefore," is the prophet's appeal, a last appeal to these drunkards of Ephraim, "be ye not mockers, lest your bands be made strong." "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap." If he sows mockery of the Lord's relations to him, he will surely reap that declaration of our God: "I also will laugh at your calamity: I will mock when your fear cometh." Every moment in which a sinner withstands, his God forges another fetter to make his bands strong so that it is more difficult for him to leave his sin. "Now therefore be ye not mockers, lest your bands be made strong!"

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

A YOUNG lawyer won and married a bride who was the object of her parents refined and devoted love and the favorite of all the circle of her numerous friends. A beautiful cottage, elegantly located and beautifully furnished by her parent, was the happy home of the favored pair. Several years glided by and the husband began to be deceived by the sparkling glass. Warnings from the Bible, entreaties from his devoted partner, the solemn pleadings of all his friends could not arrest his downward path.

One fierce wintry night he came home reeling through the deep snow and found his wife in a cold room trying in vain to keep her two babes warm. The drunken husband with a volley of profanity swore he would soon have it warm enough. Midnight came. The tempest had increased. The elements were in fierce conflict without and a raging fiend in human form was within. How he fired the home will never be known. Madmen care for nothing. The flames, fanned by the winds, drove out the wife, bearing her two darlings, to face that awful tempest. A quarter of a mile off stood the nearest house. Soon exhausted, she sank down in the deep snow, with her helpless babes clinging to their mother. A few minutes sufficed to reduce that lovely home to ashes. In the morning the sobered author of this ruin, with the parents and friends, were searching under snowdrifts for the lost ones. At length, wrapped in a spotless winding-sheet, they were found. White as marble, the lovely features of the mother disclosed frozen, silent tears on her cheeks, while clasped in her arms were the cherub forms of her two luckless babes.

* * *

At the end of a certain week, a set of eight or ten workmen all had their wages paid to them. Instead of going home with their money, they went to the tavern together. They each agreed to pay as much money as would be needed to buy a gallon of whiskey. They bought it. Then they concluded to have, as one of them said—"a jolly good time." They drank it all up. This made them all more or less drunk. And now, let me tell you what that gallon of whiskey cost. I do not mean by this how much money the men paid for it, but how much misery and trouble was occasioned by it.

As that company of drunken men were on their way home that night, four of their number got into a quarrel. The quarrel ended in a fight. The result of that fight was that two of them were killed. The two men who killed them, were tried, and sentenced to prison for fifteen years. Now think of all this. There were two men murdered: two more condemned to prison, perhaps for the rest of their lives. Then there were four poor wives left as widows; and twelve children left without a father to support tham, or to take care of them.

* * *

One cold wintry day, a poor woman went to a wood-yard. Going up to the man who kept it, she held out a piece of money to him and said:—"Sir, can you let me have a quarter of a cord of wood for this? It's all I've got in the world, and my children are freezing."

The man looked closely at her, for a moment or two, and then said—

"Why, arn't you the wife of Seth Blake, the lawyer?"

"Yes, sir, I am," said the woman.

"Then pray tell me, my friend, how you ever came to be so poor?"

"Drink did it all, sir," answered Mrs. Blake.

"That's bad," said the man.

"Yes, sir, it is bad," said the woman. "My children are starving, and drink did that. My children are ragged, and drink did that. My children are growing up outside of the Church, or the Sabbath school, and the week-day school, and drink did that. My husband, once a kind, respectable, and prosperous lawyer, is now a poor cruel, worthless vagabond, and drink did that. My heart is breaking, sir. The joy of my life is gone, and drink has done it all." And then the poor woman sat down upon a log of wood, and wept bitter tears—the very picture of want and woe.

THE FLOATING CHAPEL.

How the Gospel is Carried to Outlying Districts in the South and South-West

SOME three years ago the Rev. I. R. B. Arnold took a journey down the Mississippi under the auspices of the American Missionary Society. He made the journey in a small boat carrying a large tent. He passed through Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana, stopping at convenient places, where he went ashore and erected the tent for religious services The journey was a revelation to him. He found large districts in which there was no church-building and many others where such buildings were few

and far between. The people came readily to his services and manifested a deep interest. Many of them had not attended church for years and appreciated the opportunity thus afforded them. It occurred to him that much good might be done by similar journeys taken at regular times. He made known his scheme and soon received contributions toward the cost of a boat, amounting to six hundred dollars. His idea was to dispense with a tent and hold services on board his boat. This involved, however, a much more costly vessel than the one he had formerly used. Eventually his plan was matured, and he gave out a contract for the building of the floating chapel, a picture of which is here given. The entire length is one hundred and ten feet and the width thirty feet. Thirty feet of the length is devoted to living rooms, leaving an area of eighty feet by thirty for the chapel proper. The entire cost was two thousand dollars, all of which is paid.

Mr. Arnold has made several expeditions in this floating chapel, and wherever he halts he finds excellent congregations. He is often obliged to draw in his gang-plank before the hour fixed for his services, the little room being already crowded. He finds many advantages in this method over the tent system. The chapel is ready for use as soon as it is moored and the time and labor of erecting a tent is saved. Besides this the chapel is always dry and warm, which is more than could always be said of the ground on which the tent was erected. Mr. Arnold is delighted with the success of this novel method of reaching "them that are out of the way," and is full of enthusiastic hope of the good to be yet accomplished by its means. Not the least valuable part of this work is the distribution of religious literature. Quantities of Evangelical tracts and books have been placed in his hands for use in this work, and he has been able to place them in homes where they are gladly received and where they are needed. Among the many efforts to bring the Gospel to the people, this is one of the most effective and successful yet devised.

DAY-DREAMS THAT COME TRUE

DON'T laugh at the young and enthusiastic because of their daydreams. We often hear it said of the high expectations of noble men and women: "They are only daydreams." But some of the grandest achievements of human history were once only daydreams. Joseph's elevation above his brethren was once only a day (night) dream. The escape of Israel from Egyptian bondage was once only a daydream. The rebuilding of Jerusalem was once only a daydream. The spread of the Gospel of the despised Nazarene throughout the world was once called only a daydream. Yes, thank God for the grand daydreams that have been realized, and for the blessed assurance that others equally grand are to be realized in the future. The possibilities are wrought into actualities by the living faith of active, conscientious working daydreamers. The grand daydream of a heaven to be gained thrills the soul and strengthens the hand of the toil-worn saint. The grand daydream of the possibility of being instrumental in saving a soul from death and thereby hiding a multitude of sins inspires the faithful pastor and the earnest layman to be instant in season and out of season in their efforts to bring sinners to Christ.

The Bible and the Newspaper

THE OCEAN LANES.

THE recent rescue of the passengers and crew of the burned steamship *Abyssinia* by the steamer *Spree* is a proof of the wisdom of the adoption of the ocean lane routes, recommended by the Washington Maritime Congress. A further proof is given in the fact that on the day following that on which the people were rescued, the steamer *Venetia* of another line saw the burning vessel and went to it to see if there were any people on board needing help. The fact that in so vast an extent of water two ships should have witnessed the disaster and have gone to the rescue shows that the new system of following defined routes will tend to the salvation of life and probably in some cases of property also. The same principle needs to be more extensively followed by voyagers on life's ocean. We are too apt to go our own way through life, keeping out of the way of other voyagers who may be in trouble and who may be needing help. (Matt. 5: 42.)

CHURCH NAPS.

THE lawyers who were in the Surrogate's Court in New York, on December 24, were amused by the remarks of a witness on the practice of sleeping in church. The question before the court was whether a certain deceased man whose will had been offered for probate was of sound mind. The contestants produced witnesses who described his conduct and mentioned some actions which were supposed to be proofs of his being mentally weak. Among others, one witness said that he was in the habit of attending church, but would settle himself in the corner of his pew and go to sleep instead of listening to the service. The Surrogate said he did not regard that as an evidence of insanity; many people did it. One of the opposing lawyers, who had been a prominent member of Rev. H. W. Beecher's church, said that though he regarded his pastor as the ablest in America, he had almost invariably taken a nap of five or ten minutes during the sermon. He hoped the witness did not have any doubts of him on that account. "I am sorry to say I have," was the reply. The lawyers laughed over the answer, but the witness had good grounds for the opinion. We do not realize now the relative importance of the affairs of time and those of eternity. The time is coming for every one when the paramount importance of everything relating to the soul's welfare will be recognized. Then, a different estimate will be had of the value of past opportunities of hearing preachers who tried to lead their hearers' thoughts heavenward; and he will be counted little less than insane who slept instead of listening. (Luke 8 : 18.)

AN OFFENDING SHADE.

FOR some time past, the worshippers in a church in Bayonne, N. J., have been disturbed every Sunday forenoon by the rays of the sun striking their faces during the latter part of the service. They enter through a beautiful stained-glass window placed in the southern wall of the church. Everybody admired the window from an artistic point of view, but the annoyance it occasioned to the members of the congregation to have the light flung into their faces for an hour or more every Sunday morning caused trouble. The worshippers have been compelled to screen their faces from the vari-colored light with fans, books, and other small articles. Two weeks ago the trustees decided to have a light shade placed inside the window, so that it could be covered while the rays came in a direction that was annoying. On December 13, the shade was in position and was drawn down for the first time. It gave relief to that part of the congregation who had experienced the annoyance before, but it exasperated one member. The window had been placed in the church as a memorial of his dead father, and its being covered seems to have rankled in his mind as an indignity. No sooner was the service concluded than he strode angrily out of his pew to the window, and grasping the offending shade tore it from the roller and flung it on the floor. What the outcome of the trouble will be no one seems to know, but evidently the pastor's tact will be taxed to reconcile the members who want the shade, with the family which objects to it. Though that particular difficulty has probably never arisen before, the principle involved has often caused trouble. The indulgence of personal pride or the gratification of personal tastes even at the expense of the discomfort of other people is a fruitful cause of dissension. The apostolic injunction, that every man should look not alone to his own things but also on the things of others, needs to be remembered by every believer. (Phil. 2:4.)

A CANINE PRISONER.

IN the Tombs Police Court in New York, on December 23rd, a large Newfoundland dog stood beside a prisoner. The man was charged with being drunk and disorderly. His clothes were muddy and his face was bruised and disfigured. Everyone stood apart from the disreputable looking prisoner, except his dog, who rubbed his nose against the man, as if he loved him. The justice ordered the dog to be removed, but the court officer said it would be necessary to kill the animal first, so he was allowed to remain. It appeared from the evidence that the man was found in the street-gutter the night before, helplessly intoxicated. He would have been robbed of his watch and other valuables if the dog had not guarded him and growled viciously at any one who approached his master. The policeman had been obliged to lasso the dog before he could take the man to the station. The justice sentenced the man to ten dollars fine or ten days in prison. Being asked by the officer what should be done with the dog, he replied, "I commit him, too," and man and dog were marched off to prison. As the dog was inseparable from his master it was the only course possible. It would be well if the same fidelity were manifested by professing Christians to their Master. When he was arrested his disciples forsook him and fled, and in these days his people often shrink from obeying his teachings and following his example if doing so is likely to bring odium upon them. (Isa 1 : 3.)

A FOX IN A REVIVAL MEETING.

A PRESS dispatch from New Haven, Conn., says that there was a panic in a revival meeting which was being held on December 11th, in the school-house of the adjacent hamlet of Gundy. The meeting commenced about a week previous and had been well-attended not only by the people of the hamlet, but from the surrounding country. Many Christian people and officers of other churches came to aid in the excerises and talk with inquirers. The interest rose from day to day, and on Friday night the school-house was crowded. While a deacon was offering prayer the deep baying of a hound was heard outside, and, in a moment, a big red fox leaped through one of the windows right among the kneeling worshippers. There was a general panic among the women present, which increased when the hound followed and began a chase under benches and over desks after the fox. Many of the people quitted the building in fright, thinking the dog was mad, and some of the women screamed and others fainted. The confusion was indescribable. One of the men ended it by seizing his stick and striking the fox a heavy blow over the head, which killed it. But it was impossible to resume the service, and the good Christian people went home grieving at the lost opportunity of saving souls. It may be hoped that the meetings will be continued. Such an interruption to the work of grace is not likely to occur again, though, as Satan is always busy in trying to prevent the salvation of men, the brethren should be on their guard against other devices of his, of which a common one is the intrusion into such meetings of men as cunning and crafty as a fox who divert the attention of the seekers after salvation to doctrinal disputations. (1. Timothy 1 : 4.)

WON FROM JUDAISM.

How the Rev. Jacob Freshman and Mrs. Freshman have been Laboring for the Conversion of New York Jews.

PAUL'S ardent longing that his brethren according to the flesh might be brought to a knowledge of the truth is shared in measure by every converted Hebrew. The recognition of what Christianity owes to the Jews constitutes a claim for service on every Christian, but to none does the claim come with such force as it does to the Jew, who has been led of the Spirit to see in Jesus him of whom Moses and the prophets wrote. As his eyes have been opened, he longs that the vail might be taken away from their hearts, too, and that those who still look for Messiah, with those who have ceased to hope for him, might alike join in adoration of Jesus as the great Antitype of the laws and ordinances. If he responds to the call, he has an arduous task before him; for the Jew is generally as firmly opposed to the acceptance of Jesus of Nazareth as he was when Jesus was here in the flesh. Jesus was not then, and is not now, the Messiah he expected. He, like his fathers, formed a conception from the promises, of what the Messiah would be. However clearly the prophecies were fulfilled in Jesus, that conception was not fulfilled. "My kingdom is not of this world," was the knell to Jewish hope and, though Christ's kingdom to-day is wider, more comprehensive and more absolute than that of any earthly potentate, the Jew still feels that in accepting it as the fulfillment of the promise, he would be accepting a shadow when he was looking for a substance. It is to this work of overcoming a deep-seated prejudice and winning converts from Judaism to Christ that the Rev. Jacob Freshman and his wife, whose portraits are here given, have devoted their lives.

MRS. FRESHMAN.

REV. JACOB FRESHMAN.

A remarkable experience has fitted Mr. Freshman for this sphere of labor. He is not only a Jew by birth, but the son of a Jewish Rabbi, and therefore indoctrinated from early boyhood with Jewish doctrine and Rabbinical lore. He was born in Hungary in April, 1844, but, while he was still a boy, his father removed to Canada to perform the duties of Rabbi of the Synagogue of Quebec. The boy was confirmed in the Synagogue, according to Jewish ritual, at the age of thirteen years, his father officiating. His education, both secular and religious was conducted with that thoroughness which is characteristic of the training that Jews and especially Jewish Rabbis give their sons. But its distinctively Jewish character changed after a time. The Rabbi himself began to doubt, and at last by a series of remarkable providential dealings was led to enroll himself as a follower of Jesus of Nazareth. His first efforts were directed to the conversion of his own family; and the first to respond was his son. The young man set himself earnestly to the study of the Word, and soon attained such proficieny that he began to teach in the Sunday School. There his talents were so clearly marked that he was urged to become a candidate for the ministry. He offered himself to the Montreal conference and was accepted, and during fifteen years he filled many important pulpits in Canada.

This general work, though successful, began to arouse questions of conscience in the worker. Was he, who had the light, doing right in not extending it to his own race? Many had sought to reach his people and had failed. Ought not he, who knew their difficulties by experience, who knew, too, the arguments most effective in removing those difficulties, to give his life to the work for which Providence had prepared him? He longed for the conversion of his people and these questions pressed upon him. Finally, the pressure became too strong to resist and, though it required some courage to relinquish the assured income he enjoyed as a Methodist minister and trust entirely to God's providence, he responded to the call of duty. Knowing how large a number of Jews, there are in New York, he chose that city as his sphere of work.

By this time another life beside his own was affected by the determination. Mr. Freshman was married. His wife, whose portrait is here given, belonged to a family whose ancestors had been among the early settlers in the Provinces. It was a godly family whose house had been placed at the disposal of the Methodists for their meetings. Mr. Freshman in choosing a wife from such a home did well for himself and his work. She had been converted at an early age and had been active in the Sunday School and other fields of Christian labor. She gave a cordial consent to Mr. Freshman's adoption of a new sphere and accompanied him to New York where she has heartily labored with him in his efforts for the salvation of his people.

It was in January, 1881—just eleven years ago—that Mr. and Mrs. Freshman came to New York and commenced their work. They did not expect it to be remunerative, but they believed in God's promises and felt sure that God would supply their need while they were working for him. After ten years of labor they give their testimony to his faithfulness. There have been many straits but they have survived them and their labors have been blessed. For some time the number of Jews who could be induced to listen was very small. They were invited to the rooms Mr. Freshman occupied, where the prophecies were read and explained and their fulfillment in Jesus pointed out. Conviction and conversion followed and the numbers grew. It soon became necessary to secure greater accommodation. Premises were secured at 17 St. Mark's Place, and the Hebrew-Christian Church was regularly organized. As the congregation increased, an effort was made to purchase the premises and this has been so far successful that of the purchase money of $25,000 only $2,000 now remains unpaid. For this sum, and for the maintenance of the work, as well as for support of themselves, Mr. and Mrs. Freshman have relied solely on the Lord. Gifts, large and small reach them from all parts of the Union, not only from converts who have received blessing at the mission, but from Christians, concerned for the conversion of God's chosen people, who sought the privilege of helping in this effort. These gifts have been separated into two distinct funds. One is for the Church-work and to that all gifts are devoted when donors do not state the object. The other is the personal fund, to which go only such gifts as the givers expressly send for that purpose. These two funds have always been kept distinct and have been devoted to their respective objects.

Services are held in the Church every Sunday and on two evenings of the week. Mrs. Freshman who is an accomplished musician is generally organist and chorister and her services add greatly to the attraction of the meetings. But these meetings represent only a small portion of the work. Much personal visitation and private argument take place before the inquirer will come to the church. The success has been remarkable. Scarcely does a communion service pass without the baptism of converts to the faith as it is in Jesus.

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LONG LIFE.

WE have lately seen several cases of people, who expired nonagenarians and centenarians. That a man should be able to stand the climate of this world one hundred years is wonderful.

It is fortunate, however, that such longevity is exceptional. Most people have no business to live as long as that. Better work well and hard for a while and then be off. If a man have no hope of higher and better residence, the longer he stays here the better.

The world is better off now than when its inhabitants lived three or four hundred years. Every few years the world needs a fresh population. The only way to make room here is by emigration. There seems to be a place for children and parents and grandparents, but great-grandparents are usually unhappy themselves, and disturbing to the happiness of others. After ninety years of age life is an affliction. Let us, by attention to all the laws of health and moral behaviour, keep our foothold on the earth as long as it seems God's intention that we should stay here; but let us not be fretful and despondent when it seems to be time for embarkation for the next country. To those of us who are fitted for sailing, it will not be a landing like that of the Pilgrim Fathers on a rock-bound coast, amid ice and snow storms, but a pulling up of our boat amid cacti and groves of orange.

A MARKET FOR THEOLOGY.

AT different times there has been a stir in England concerning the sale of sermons. It seems that there are those who write sermons and sell them to the clergy at thirteen shillings and sixpence per quarter. The religious papers are opposed to this style of merchandise, and argue that it is belittling and wicked on the part of the clergy. We protest against such a practice, which will probably be Americanized after awhile, unless there be a public opinion formed here against it. We know ministers who are lazy and rich. To these persons the temptation to such bargain-making would be very powerful. Labor is more expensive in the United States than in England; but we have no doubt that there are literary gentlemen who would be willing to write sermons for five dollars each, and that there are clergymen who would think the purchase cheap at that rate. While religious papers in England war against this sermonic outrage, we oppose it on different grounds. No sermon written under such circumstances is worth thirteen and sixpence. He who sells a discourse at that rate commits a swindle. Our idea of a sermon is something divinely suggested and helped, and prepared with prayer and with especial adaptation to the needs of a particular congregation. Neither a wholesale nor a retail merchant of theological discourses can have any such stock on hand. The English or American clergyman who pays thirteen shillings, or five shillings, or two cents in purchase of a sermon, gets roundly cheated.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

IN boyhood days we were impressed with the fertility of a certain author whose name so often appeared in the spelling-books and readers, styled Anon. He seemed to write more than Isaac Watts, or Shakespeare, or Blair. In the index, and scattered throughout all our books, was the name of Anon. He appeared in all styles of poetry and prose and dialogue, We wondered where he lived, what his age was and how he looked. It was not until quite late in boyhood that we learned Anon was an abbreviation for anonymous, and that he was sometimes the best saint and at other times the most extraordinary villain.

After centuries of correspondence old Anonymous is as fertile of thought and stratagem as ever, and will probably keep on writing till the last fire burns up his pen and cracks to pieces his ink-bottle. Anonymous letters sometimes have a mission of kindness and gratitude and good cheer. Genuine modesty may sometimes hide the name of an epistolary author or authoress. It may be a "God bless you" from some one who thinks herself hardly in a position to address you. It may be the discovery of a plot for your damage, in which the revelator does not care to take the responsibility of a witness. It may be one of a thousand things that mean frankness and delicacy and honor and Christian principle. We have received anonymous letters which we have put away among our most sacred archives.

But we suppose every one chiefly associates the idea of anonymous communications with everything cowardly and base. There are in all neighborhoods perfidious, sneaking, dastardly, filthy, calumnious, vermin-infested wretches, spewed up from perdition, whose joy it is to write letters with fictitious signatures. Sometimes it takes the shape of a valentine—the fourteenth of February being a great outlet for this obscene spawn. If your nose be long, or your limbs slender, or your waist thick around, it will be pictorially presented. Sometimes it takes the form of a delicate threat that if you do not do thus or so, there will be a funeral at your house, yourself the chief object of interest. Sometimes it will be denunciatory of your friend.

Let every young man know that when he is tempted to pen anything that requires him to disguise his handwriting, he is in fearful danger. You despoil your own nature by such procedure more than you can damage any one else. Bowie-knife and dagger are more honorable than an anonymous pen sharpened for defamation of character. Better try putting strychnine in the flour barrel, Better mix rats-bane in the jelly-cake.

THE REPORTERS.

THE printing-press is a mighty agency for the world's betterment. There are Bohemians in the newspaper profession, as in all others, but do not denounce the entire apostleship for the sake of one Judas. Reporters, as I know them, are clever fellows, worked almost to death, compelled to keep unseasonable hours, and have temptations to fight which few other occupations endure. Considering the blunders and indistinctness of the public speaker, I think they get things wonderfully accurate. The speaker murders the king's English, and is mad because the reporter cannot resuscitate the corpse. I once heard a speech at an ice cream festival made amid great embarrassments, and the speaker hemmed, and hawed, and expectorated cotton from his dry mouth, and sweat like a Turkish bath, the adjectives, and the nouns, and verbs, and prepositions of the address thrown into a hopeless muddle; but the next day, in the newspaper, the remarks read as gracefully as Addison's *Spectator*. I knew a phonographer in Washington whose entire business it was to weed out from Congressmen's speeches the sins against Anglo-Saxton.

BRIEF NOTES.

Major J. H. Cole expects to spend several weeks in labor at Manhattan, Kans., and the neighborhood; many churches are eagerly seeking his services.

The churches in Elizabeth, N. J., are preparing for union services which will be conducted by Rev. B. Fay Mills. Prayer meetings have been generally held to entreat God's blessing on these services.

Rev. A. T. Pierson, of Philadelphia, is meeting with excellent success in Pastor Spurgeon's pulpit at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. The building is nearly as crowded as when Mr. Spurgeon is there himself.

The Christian Alliance of which Rev. A. B. Simpson of the Gospel Tabernacle, New York, is President, held a convention recently in Chicago. It was decided to open a mission of the Alliance in that city and the convention subscribed $2,260 to defray expenses.

Rev. M. Baxter of London, has had his pamphlets warning people of the near approach of the Lord's Coming, translated into various Continental languages, and has been distributing the Dutch translation freely in Rotterdam and the French in Antwerp.

Major D. W. Whittle has yielded to the earnest request of his friends in the Eastern States to spend the winter among them. He will labor chiefly in and around New York and Philadelphia. His permanent address for the winter will be 2320 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

The Board of Managers of the American Bible Society at its recent meeting granted $2,000 for Bible work in China. It was announced at the meeting that the translation of the Gospel of Matthew in the Siamo-Laos language was completed and two thousand copies had been printed.

Rev. George L. Barker has closed the meetings he has been holding at Waterbury, Conn., under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. On the last Sunday of the services the Evangelist preached in the Congregational, Baptist and Methodist churches. Last week Mr. Barker commenced services in Pittsburg, Pa.

Rev. C. H. Yatman has promised to hold revival meetings this month in St. James Methodist Episcopal Church at Madison Ave and 126th Street, New York. The church is looking forward to a time of great blessing under the eminent evangelist whose labors wherever he goes are so signally owned of God.

Mrs. Hugh Price Hughes, who has for a long time been organizing a work for the rescue of vicious women, has collected money for the purchase of a large mansion near Epping Forest, which will be remodelled as a refuge for them while they are being reclaimed and taught how to earn an honest livelihood.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have held meetings during their Scotch tour at Tain, Invergordon, Cromarty, Fortrose, Nairn, Wick, Thurso, Helmsdale and Golspie. The local journals say that Inverness has never been stirred from its religious dormancy as it has been by the visit of these two Evangelists. The largest buildings procurable have been crowded to suffocation night after night.

A delightful meeting was held on Sunday afternoon, December 27, in Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, which was organized by Rev. Stephen Merritt. It was a reunion of converts from the various missions in the city with the chief workers at the missions. Converts and workers came from the Florence Mission, Jerry McAuley's Water Street Mission, the Wilson Mission, Cremorne and others. Many wonderful testimonies were given and earnest addresses delived.

Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., of Boston, Mass., replying to a contemporary which asked the question, "How can a Revival be promoted?" said: "Our reliance should be first and continually on the Holy Spirit. Days of fasting and prayer to seek his enduement, attended with deep heart-searching and church scrutiny, should be the first resort. A little band, however small, holding on until the blessing is won, and the preaching the Gospel strongly and faithfully—this is all I can suggest."

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

THINK ON THESE THINGS.

SEVENTY-FIVE men out of every hundred in America never darken the door of any church, Catholic or Protestant. Think of that!

That in hundreds of cities, by actual count, more men enter saloons in one day than all the churches in a week. Think of that.

That tens of thousands of old men, men over sixty, are now living without any hope or any God and that out of one hundred converts less than two per cent. are from this class. Think of that.

That many churches are doing but little more than keeping up their death rate in converts, and making no impress at all, comparatively, on the perishing masses right about them. Think of that!

That unless new life, new methods, new plans, new power be unto the Church quick, millions of this generation will die without God or hope. Think of that!

That God will hold you, my reader, to an account for your part of the stewardship committed to carry the news of salvation to the lost. Ezekiel 33: 8 is for thee. Think of that!

Strong or Weak?

A few giants nowadays would help the cause amazingly. A score of the sons of Anak converted and consecrated, would give the work a lasting impetus. A few like him, of whom Paul writes to the church at Philippi (Chapter 2), would bless more than one city. It's a fact, that if you bring together ninety-nine Christians, three-fourths of them are so weak they can hardly stand, while two-eighths of the balance have little or no strength to spare. We don't expect babes to be strong, but when it comes to ten or fifteen years of Christian culture, we do expect more than a reed shaken with the wind. Leaving out all others, a young man who has been a member of the church five years, and never taken active part, ought to be ashamed of himself. So had those who will walk ten squares to a entertainment, and then plead being so tired on prayer meeting night they can't go to service. There are plenty of fellows in the gymnasium getting up muscle, but mighty few in the Bible Class strengthening the cords of their faith and heart. Maybe you are one of those who are glib of tongue in the store, but silent as death in the open meeting. There is certainly something the matter with the spiritual food you eat, or possibly you don't eat at all; being one of those moral suicides that feed the body and starve the soul. We are not to be strong in ourselves but in God. Try a bit of strength from the bottomless chapter of the Bible, Ephesians 3, and especially meditate on verses 16 and 20.

All Pull Together.

It won't do in Soul-winning work for the preacher to pull ahead and the people pull behind, nor will it help matters for these two to change places as is sometimes done. No! No!! Unite forces and whoever is behind let them *push*.

The Lord pity the pastor who has to pull both sinners and saints out of the dungeons of darkness. There is many a man behind the sacred desk who secretly wishes that "electric storage batteries to move Christians" would soon be forthcoming; hnd there are not a few churches where the pew desires the same for the pulpit.

Lost in a Fog.

AN eminent evangelist tells the following incident: "A gentleman was out walking on a moor, when thick fog suddenly shut out the whole landscape. So dense was it that he could not see a foot in front of him. He tried to make his way from the moor to some highway, but failing, he realised that he was lost. He was afraid to move in any direction lest he would walk into some danger. He stood still and shouted at the utmost pitch of his voice, 'Lost, lost, lost!' Some people heard the shouts, and made their way to where he was standing, then by the light of their lanterns, it was seen that just in front of him, not ten feet away, was an unused pit with the mouth unfenced. Had he not stood still when he did, a few more steps would have cost him his life. So when a sinner realises that he is lost, and cries to him who is able to save, he is sure to get light which shall lead him from the pit of destruction to eternal safety."

Current Events

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

The Influenza's Progress—Fighting on the Mexican Border—Another Royal Wedding—Chilian War Talk in Washington—Foreign and General Notes.

THERE has been a marked increase in the severity of the influenza during the past week, although few cases have terminated fatally. In some towns in Massachusetts, half the population is suffering from the epidemic, and, excepting in drug stores, trade is almost at a standstill. In Boston there were nine deaths during the week, and in New York ten. Hospital wards are crowded with sufferers. Speaker Crisp, who was confined to bed for several days, is better, but Congressman Mills' condition remains unchanged. Secretary Foster and a dozen or more subordinate officials in the Departments are prostrated. The death rate in Philadelphia has been almost doubled. In the New England States it has greatly increased, and a dozen Connecticut towns report the epidemic as quite general. In some cases sufferers have become insane. The Tuscarora Indians, in Northern New York, have been most severely visited, whole families having been prostrated with an aggravated form of the grip. The influenza does not seem to have penetrated westward to any serious extent, thus far.

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Congress and its Work.

AFTER due deliberation, Speaker Crisp has made up his complete list of Committees, with Mr. Springer of Illinois at the head of the Ways and Means. Many of the men who were prominent in the last Democratic Congress have been supplanted by others, some of whom are able while nearly all are experienced. The Northern states have twenty-five chairmanships, the South, including Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri, thirty-three, the Northern being, however, the more important. Representative Springer (whose portrait is given in this column) was born in Indiana in 1836, and removed to Illinois with his parents when a boy. He was educated at the Indiana State University and returned to study law in Illinois, where he was admitted to the bar in 1860. In 1870 he was elected to the State Legislature, and four years later was sent to Congress, where he has since held his seat uninterruptedly. He is a nervous, energetic speaker, a strong parliamentarian and ready debater, an active participant in all the discussions in recent Congresses, and frequently took the floor in opposition to the McKinley bill. With the exception of Mr. Stevens, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Bryan of Nebraska, (new members of the House), all but one of the remaining Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee are said to have voted for the Mills bill on its final passage. Messrs. McMillin, Turner and Wilson, (W. Va.), helped to frame the Mills bill. Mr. Bland, of Missouri again assumes the leadership of the Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures, while Mr. Mills is at the head of the Inter-State and Foreign Commerce Committee. The majority of Mr. Bland's Committee are said to favor free coinage.

CHAIRMAN SPRINGER.

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A National Memorial.

AN event of national interest last week was the laying of the corner-stone of a proposed monument at Trenton, N. J., to commemorate the decisive battle fought there between the American and British troops one hundred and fifteen years ago. The Trenton Battle Monument Association, the Society of the Cincinnati, and the Sons of the Revolution, the three great patriotic organizations, assembled in Trenton on the occasion, and a number of military and civic dignitaries joined in the ceremony. Gov. Abbett, of New Jersey, was the orator of the day, and was followed by ex-Secretary of the Navy Robeson, ex-Gov. Bedle, Gen. W. S. Stryker, and others. The spot selected for the proposed monument is at the junction of the city streets with the public highway down which the British troops fled before Washington's tattered army. The monument to be erected is the result of nearly fifty years' agitation. It will be of bronze and the figures will be represented in the uniform of the Continentals.

* * *

War Talk at the Capital.

THERE is still an impression in unofficial quarters in Washington, that the Chilian war-cloud has not quite blown over, although the officials of the Army and Navy Departments continue to declare that the outlook is no wise belligerent. Several conferences have taken plaee between Secretary Blaine and the Chilian Minister, Senor Montt, and these have given the impression that negotiations are not progressing altogether smoothly. Whatever, the higher officers of the government really think of the situation, it is quite certain that steps are being taken to prepare for a possible emergency. The intense activity in the navy yards has not been relaxed, and the proper made during the last two months has been remarkable. There is some idea that Chili may propose arbitration, in which suggestion our government would probably be ready to coincide, and it is even asserted that Senor Montt has telegraphed to Santiago to this effect, but the stubborn temper of the Chilians may regard such a course as objectionable. Chili meanwhile is having a good deal of trouble at home, over the formation of a new Cabinet. Until that matter is satisfactorily concluded, all others will lie in abeyance.

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Fatal Panic in a Theatre.

DURING an evening performance in a theatre in Gateshead, England, a few days ago, when a large holiday audience was present, a boy who was smoking in the gallery dropped a burning match on the people below, causing a small blaze and exciting a panic. Women shrieked, and the entire audience rose and made a rush for the doors, blocking the entrance and crowding each other, ten persons being trampled to death in the struggle. The first to perish was the janitor of the theatre. The crowd fell on him in a solid mass, crushing him under their feet. When the theatre was emptied, ten victims were found crushed in the passages and staircase; scores of others had their limbs broken before they succeeded in extricating themselves from the panic-stricken crowd.

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Another Royal Wedding.

AN event which is just now absorbing attention in England is the coming wedding of the Duke of Clarence and Princess May of Teck, which will be celebrated in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, with due pomp and before a most distinguished gathering. The young pair (whose portraits are giving in this issue) are second cousins, and are both descendants of George III. At first Queen Victoria strongly objected to the match, but recently she waived her objections in view of her grandson's persistency and evident devotion. He is twenty-seven and the Princess twenty-four. The Teck family are not wealthy, like most royalties, but Princess May is one of the most beautiful girls in England, a great favorite in society and the possessor of a strong, sensible character, economical in her habits and devoted to philanthropic works. Out of her comparatively scanty allowance she has many times cared for the needs of former retainers. The Duke, who is the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, is in the direct line of succession and may some day be King of England. His younger brother George is more popular than he with the English people, and is said to be possessed of much manlier qualties.

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND PRINCESS MAY.

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Fighting on the Mexican Border.

ARMY circles were greatly stirred up last week by a report that fifty men of the Third United States Calvary, under Captain Hardie, had been defeated by a detachment of Mexican rebels belonging to Garzia's forces, near Carrizo, Tex., and fourteen men of Hardie's command killed. Hardie's troop is attached to General Stanley's command, the headquarters being at Fort Macintosh. No official news of the fight has been received. Several un important brushes between companies of American troops and scattered bodies of Mexican rebels have taken place on the United States frontier, the object being to prevent the Mexicans who are now fighting President Diaz's government, from making a rallying point on our territory. A number of indecisive engagements have occurred on the Mexican side, and the government is now hurrying forward troops. The revolutionists, under General Sandival, have captured Camargo. A general in the Mexican Army, whose brother was recently executed under martial law, has declared for the revolution, and carried over with him his entire command. Gen. Schofield, who is now at Washington, says that any of Garzia's men who are captured will be indicted for violation of the neutrality laws, and for murder in killing Ed. Strom, a United States soldier. The Texas Rangers and all the available U. S. troops along the frontier have been ordered on duty and the situation grows more serious daily. The Rio Grande is fordable seven months in the year and the task before our troops of preventing the revolutionists from crossing it to U. S. soil is an exceedingly difficult one. Profirio Diaz, President of Mexico, against whose administration the present revolution is directed, when questioned a few days ago concerning the insurrectionary movement, expressed confidence in the ability of the government to suppress it. Diaz is a sagacious and progressive statesman, and, with the exception of occasional disturbances of a character peculiar to the country, his government has been fairly popular and successful. He is a strong advocate of reciprocity with this country, and believes a treaty would have a beneficial effect on Mexican commerce generally. His portrait is given above.

PRESIDENT DIAZ.

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Grand Duke Sergius Accused.

A STRANGE report comes from Russia which, if true, illustrates in a peculiar manner the despotic character of the Czar's government. Grand Duke Sergius, brother of the Emperor, who last Spring was appointed Governor of Moscow, is suspected of "nursing ambitious designs," and evidence has been presented to the Czar which has convinced that monarch that it will be to his own advantage to send Sergins into exile. In almost any other European country this so-called "evidence" would be regarded as in the last degree absurd. The Grand Duke is accused of "tyranny" in attempting certain sorely-needed reforms with a view to the suppression of those fraudulent and corrupt practices for which the Russian official world is notorious. One specific charge is that he prevented the misappropriation by officials of a sum of money intended for the famine sufferers; and his peremptory behavior in this matter is denounced as "tyranny." Another is that he interfered with the horse-races at Moscow and actually kept the crowd waiting. Sergius is married to a daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse, whose alleged conversion from the faith of her fathers to the Russian state religion less than a year ago, excited a great deal of talk in European capitals, having been due it is said to compulsion rather than to conviction. The Grand Duke is recognized as the head of the Russian Orthodox party and till now has stood high in favor with the Czar.

NEWS NOTES.

Five men perished in a snow storm, while attempting to cross the mountains in Carson, Nev., lately.

The Navy Department will probably prepare the U. S. S. *Constellation*, now at Annapolis, to carry the proposed cargo of six thousand barrels of flour to the Russian famine sufferers.

Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, whlle hunting with three other princes on the Isle of Wight, had one of his eyes utterly destroyed by a charge fired by the Duke of Connaught.

The priests of Persia have followed the example of those in China and inaugurated a crusade against Christians. The walls of Teheran, the capital, are placarded with appeals to Moslems to write for the extermination of the Christians.

A heavy snowfall, accompanied by high winds and intense cold, took place in several western states last week. Nebraska had a blizzard, and railroad traffic was seriously retarded. In Oregon, Minnesota and Iowa the storm was very severe.

The Guion Line steamship *Abyssinia* has been burned at sea, the passengers and crew being taken off by the North German Lloyd steamer *Spree*. One sailor of the *Abyssinia*, who jumped overboard, was drowned. The fire was caused by spontaneous combustion.

Five hundred and sixty-two thousand seventy-three immigrants have arrived in this country during the last eleven months, an increase of twenty per cent. over last year. Germany alone furnished one hundred and sixteen thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven.

Another battle has taken place in the province of Shih Tsung, between the Chinese Imperial troops and the rebels, in which the latter were dispersed. Two thousand rebels were killed, and fifty of the leaders beheaded. The brigands are making raids near Foochow.

Michael Davitt has been defeated in the Waterford election in Ireland and John Redmond, the Parnellite candidate (whose portrait was recently published in these columns) was elected by 546 majority. This is the first Parnellite triumph since the split in the Irish party.

Five hundred lunatics were imperilled by a fire which occured in the north wing of the Eastern Michigan Insane Asylum at Pontiac, a few days ago. The attendants had an exciting experience with the five hundred demented women, who behaved like frenzied animals in their wild desire to escape. All were saved.

Four convents have been closed by the order of the District Courts in the City of Mexico, on the ground that the maintenance of the institutions was contrary to law. In removing the monks from the convents of Carmen, St. Augustine, and Santo Domingo, a riot occurred; the troops fired, killing one man, and injuring several others. Twenty-six priests were arrested.

Postmaster-General John A. J. Creswell died at Elkton, Md., a few days ago. He was born at Port Deposit, Md., in 1828; graduated at Dickinson College, entered politics in 1852, and for many years was an active and prominent member of the Whig party. He was appointed Postmaster-General by President Grant in 1869, and served five years and a half, introducing many reforms during his administration.

A man named John J. Lingeman, was arrested a few days ago in New York, charged with creating a disturbance at the house of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Lingeman demanded an audience with the millionaire at once, declaring "I want his brains to have them examined by a doctor. I want to know why he can make so much more money than I can." He was committed for examination as to his mental condition.

Sir William White, British Ambassador to Constantinople, died in Berlin of the influenza last week. He had been in the diplomatic service since 1857. Recently he had been in communication with M. Stambouloff, the Prime Minister of Bulgaria, regarding the trouble between that country and France. His post at the Turkish capital was a most important one, in view of the necessity for a vigilant watch on Russia, which has made Constantinople a centre of diplomatic intrigue.

THE FRIENDS OF JESUS.

"Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."—John 15: 14.

OUR Lord does not, I think, in this text speak to us about his being our friend, but about our being his friends. He is "the friend of sinners"; but sinners our not his friends till their hearts are changed. "Ye are my friends, if you do whatsoever I command you"; we are not his friends till then. His love to us is entirely of himself, but friendship needs something from us. Friendship cannot be all on one side; one-sided friendship is more fitly called mercy, grace or benevolence; friendship in its full sense is mutual. Hence, we have not before us the question as to whether Christ loves us or not, as to whether Christ has pity on us or not; the question is about our being friends to him, and such we must be made if, indeed, there is to be any intimacy of mutual friendship.

The Highest Honor.

Beloved, it is the highest honor in the world to be called the friend of Christ. There is no title surely that excels in dignity that which was won by Abraham, who was called "The friend of God." Lord Brooke was so delighted with the friendship of Sir Philip Sydney that he ordered to be engraved upon his tomb nothing but this: "Here lies the friend of Sir Philip Sydney." There is beauty in such a feeling, but yet it is a small matter compared with being able to say, "Here lies a friend of Christ." O, wondrous condescension that he should call me "friend." If I am indeed a true believer, not only is he my friend, without which I could have no hope here or hereafter, but he hath in the aboundings of his grace been pleased to regard me as his friend, and write me down in the honored list of intimates who are permitted to speak familiarly with him, as those do between whom there are no secrets, for their hearts are told out to him whilst he hides nothing from them, but saith, "If it were not so I would have told you."

Jesus values his friends, not by what they have, or what they wear, but by what they do. That is the point by which your friendship shall be tested: "If you are obedient you are my friends."

I. Let us come to the subject more closely, and notice first, that our Lord himself tells us

What Obedience He Requests

from those who call themselves his friends. True friends are eager to know what they can do to please the objects of their love; let us gladly hearken to what our adorable Lord now speaks to the select circle of his chosen. He asks of one and all obedience. It must be active obedience, notice that. Abstinence from evil is a great part of righteousness, but it is not enough for friendship. If a man can say, "I am not a drunkard, I am not dishonest, I am not unchaste, I am not a violator of the Sabbath, I am not a liar;" so far so good, but such righteousness does not exceed that of the scribes and Pharisees, and they cannot enter the kingdom. It is well if you do not wilfully transgress, but if you are to be Christ's friends there must be far more than this. It would be a poor friendship which only said, "I am your friend, and to prove it, I don't insult you, I don't rob you, I don't speak evil of you." Surely there must be more positive evidence to certify friendship. You know it is

An Old Saying,

"He is my friend who grinds at my mill." That is to say, friendship shows itself in doing helpful acts, which prove sincerity. Fine words are mere wind, and go for nothing if not backed up with substantial deeds of kindness. Friendship cannot live on windy talk, it needs the bread of matter of fact. The inspired word says, "Show me a proof of your love; show it by doing whatsoever I command you."

This obedience must also be universal. "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." No sooner is anything discovered to be the subject of a command than the man who is a true friend of Christ says, "I will do it," and he does. He does not pick and choose which precept he will keep and which he will neglect, for this is self-will and not obedience. I have known some professors err greatly in this matter. They have been very strict over one point, and they have blamed everybody who did not come up to their strictness, talking as if that one duty fulfilled the law. This will not do:

The Test

is very comprehensive, "If ye do whatsoever I command you." I do not mean that little things are unimportant: far from it. If there be a gnat that God bids you strain at, strain it out with great diligence; do not let a midge escape you if he bids you remove it. Here is the proof of your love. Will you do the smaller thing for Jesus as well as the more weighty matter? Too many say, "I do not see any use in it, I can be saved without it; there are a great many different opinions on the point," and so on. All this cometh of evil, and is not consistent with the spirit of friendship with Christ, for love pleases even in trifles.

Note well, that this obedience is to be rendered as to Christ himself. Put the emphasis on the little word I: "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." We are to do these things because Jesus commands them. Does not the royal person of our Lord cast a very strong light upon

The Necessity of Obedience?

When we refuse to obey a command we refuse to do what the Lord himself commands. We are to act rightly because Jesus commands us, and we love to do his pleasure; there can be no friendship without this. Oh for grace to serve the Lord with gladness.

To close this first point, it appears that our Lord would have us obey him out of a friendly spirit. Obedience to Christ as if we were forced to do it under pains and penalties would be of no worth as a proof of friendship; every one can see that. He speaks not of slaves, but of friends; he would not have us perform duties from fear of punishment or love of reward; that which he can accept of his friends must be the fruit of love. His will must be our law because his person is our delight. Some professors need to be whipped to their duties; they must hear stirring sermons, and attend exciting meetings, and live under pressure; but those who are Christ's friends need no spur but love. "The love of Christ constraineth us." When duty becomes delight and precepts are as sweet as promises, then are we Christ's friends, and not till then.

II. Having thus set forth what kind of obedience Christ requests, I now notice, in the second place, that our Lord leads us to gather from this sentence that those who do not obey him are

No Friends of His.

He who does not do his commandments cannot be Christ's friend, because he is not of one mind with Christ: that is evident. Can two walk together except they be agreed? True friendship exists not between those who differ upon first principles, and there can be no points of agreement between Jesus Christ and the man who will not obey him. They are not of one mind: Christ is for holiness, this man is for sin; Christ is for spiritual-mindedness, this man is carnal-minded; Christ is for love, this man is for self; how can there be any friendship when they are diametrically opposed in design, object, and spirit? It is not possible.

He who obeys not Christ cannot be Christ's friend, though he may profess to be. He may be a very high and loud professor, and for that reason he may be all the more an enemy of the Cross; for when men see this man walking according to his own lusts they cry out, "Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth," and they attribute all his faults to his religion, and straightway begin to blaspheme the name of Christ. Through the inconsistent conduct of our Lord's professed friends his cause is more hindered than by anything else. Suppose you and I had some very intimate associate who was found drunk in the street, or comitting burglary or theft, should we not feel disgraced by his conduct? When he was brought before the magistrate would you like to have it said, "This person is the bosom friend of So-and-so?" Oh, you would cover your face and beg your neighbors never to mention it. For such a fellow to be

Known as Your Friend

would compromise your name and character. We say this even weeping, that Jesus Christ's name is compromised, and his honor is tarnished among men by many who wear the name of Christian without having the spirit of Christ: such cannot be his dear companions.

Those that obey him not cannot be owned by Jesus as his friends, for that would dishonor him indeed. The title of "friends of Jesus" goes with a certain character, and cannot be otherwise obtained. Those are his friends who obey him:—"If ye love me, keep my commandments." He grants this patent of nobility to all believers who lovingly follow him, but on his list of friends he enters none beside. Do you not see that his honor requires this? Would you have our Lord stand up and say, "The drunkard is my friend?" Would you hear him say, "That fraudulent bankrupt is my intimate companion!" Would you have Jesus claim friendly companionship with the vicious and profane? A man is known by his company; what would be thought of Jesus if his intimate associates were men of loose morals and unrighteous principles? To go among them for their good in one thing, to make them his friends is another.

III. Our third observation is: those who best obey Christ are

On the Best Terms

with him. "Ye are my friends," he seems to say, "and live near to me, enjoying practical personal friendship, and daily intercourse with me, when you promptly obey." Some of you know by personal experience, brothers and sisters, that you cannot walk in holy converse with Christ unless you keep his commandments. There is no feeling of communion between our souls and Christ when we are conscious of having done wrong and yet are not sorry for it. If we know that we have erred, as we often do, and our hearts break because we have grieved our Beloved, and we go and tell him our grief, and confess our sin, we are still his friends, and he kisses away our tears, saying, "I know your weakness: I willingly blot out your offences. There is no breach of friendship between us; I will manifest myself to you still."

If, instead, knowing any act to be wrong we persevere in it, there cannot be any happy friendship between us and our Saviour. If conscience has told you, dear brother, that such and such a thing ought to be given up, and you continue in it, the next time you are on your knees you will feel yourself greatly hampered, and when you sit down before your open Bible and hope to have communion with Christ as you have formerly enjoyed it, you will find that he has withdrawn himself, and will not be found by you. Is there any wonder? If sin lieth at the door how can the Lord smile on us? Secret sin will poison communion at the fountain head.

"Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." Oh, beloved, see to this! Under all the crosses, and losses, and trials of life there is no comfort more desirable than the confidence that you have aimed at doing your Lord's will. If a man

Suffers for Christ's Sake

while steadily pursuing the course of holiness, he may rejoice in such suffering. They may call the faithful one fanatic, and enthusiast, and all such ill-sounding names; but over these there is no need to fret, for the honor of being Christ's friend infinitely outweighs the world's opinion. When we follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth he is responsible for results; we are not. The consequences which follow from our doing right belong to God. Abhor the theory that for the sake of a great good you may do a little wrong. I have heard men say, ay and Christian men too, "if I were strictly to follow my convictions I should have to leave a post of great usefulness, and therefore I remain where I am, and quiet my conscience as well as I can. I should lose opportunities of doing good, which I now possess, if I were to put in practice all I believe, and therefore I remain in a position which I could not justify on any other ground." Is this according to the mind of Jesus? Thousands of people sin because it seems so advantageous, so wise, so necessary, so sure to turn out well. Hear what Christ says—"Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." If you do evil that good may come you cannot walk with him, but if your heart is set toward his statutes you shall find him loving you, and taking up his abode with you.

IV. By our text we are taught that

The Most Friendly Action.

a man can do for Jesus is to obey him: "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you," Rich men have thought to do the most friendly act possible toward Christ by giving an immense sum to build a church, or to found an almshouse or schools. If they are believers, and have done this thing as an act of obedience to Christ's law of stewardship, they have well done, and the more of such munificence the better, but where splendid benefactions are given out of ostentation, or from the idea that some merit will be gained by the consecration of a large amount of wealth, the whole business is unacceptable. Jesus asks not lavish expenditure, but ourselves. He has made this the token of true love: "If ye do whatsoever I command you." To bring our wealth and not to yield our heart is to give the casket and steal the jewel.

Others have imagined that they could show their friendliness to Christ by some remarkable action of self-mortification. Among Romanists, especially in the old times, it was believed that misery and merit went together, and so men tortured themselves that they might please God. They went for many a day without washing themselves or their clothes, and fancied that they thus acquired the odor

of sanctity. I do not believe that Jesus thinks a man any more his friend because he is dirty. Some have put on a hair shirt, or have worn

A Chain Girdle,

which made wounds. I do not think that the kind Lord Jesus counts these things to be friendly acts. Ask any humane person whether he would be gratified by knowing that a friend wore a hair shirt for his sake, and he would answer, "Pray let the poor creature wear whatever is most comfortable to him, and that will please me best." The loving Jesus takes no delight in pain and discomfort: the maceration of the body is no doctrine of his. When we hear of the nuns of St. Ann sleeping bolt upright in their coffins, we take no particular satisfaction in their doing so; a kind heart would beg them to go to bed. I went over a monastery some time ago, and over each bed was a little cat-o'-nine tails, which I sincerely hope was used to the satisfaction of the possessor, but I did not copy the idea. Our Lord cannot be gratified by self-inflicted, self-invented tortures. Jesus Christ has not demanded this as the gauge of friendship. neither will he regard us as his friends for this. He says, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."

Some think it a very friendly act towards Christ to attend many religious services in a consecrated building. They are at matins, and vespers, and

Feasts and Fasts

without regard to number. Some of us prefer to have our religious services each day in our own homes, and it will be a dreadful thing when family prayer is given up for public services: but a number of people think little of family devotion, they must needs repair to the parish church or to some other temple made with hands; but let no man dream that Jesus is thus made our friend. We are not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is. It is well to be found meeting with God's people as often as we can; but still you may multiply your sacraments and increase your ceremonies, and you may attend to this service, and to the other service, until your heart is worn away with grinding at the mill of outward religion. Ye are Christ's friends, if ye do whatsoever he commands you: that is a better test than early communion or daily mass.

The practical outcome of it all is this: examine every question as to duty by the light of this one enquiry:—Will this be a friendly action to Christ? If I do this shall I act as Christ's friend? Then I am glad. If it will dishonour him I will have nothing to do with it. You would not do anything unkind to him, would you? Certainly you would not do anything to grieve him if you saw him before your eyes. Well,

Keep Him Always Before You.

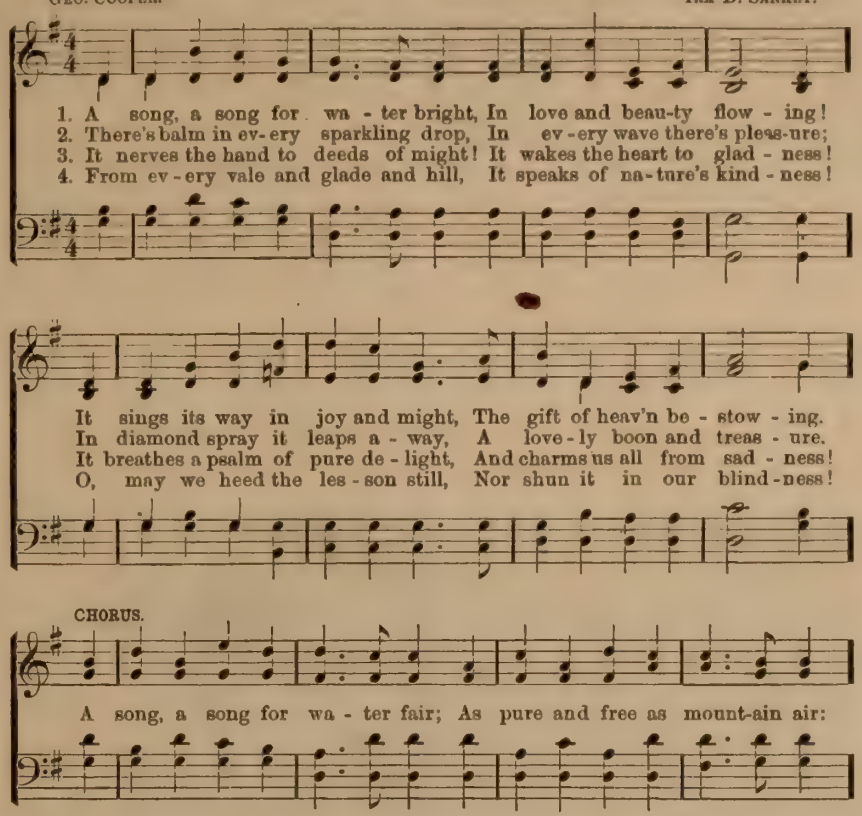
You will want much of the Holy Spirit's anointing to do this. May God give it to you. Live, dear friends, as if Christ would come at once and detect you in the very act. Do that which you would not be ashamed of if the next instant you should see the Lord sitting on the throne of his glory, and calling you before his bar. Thus living, you shall delight yourself in the abundance of peace.

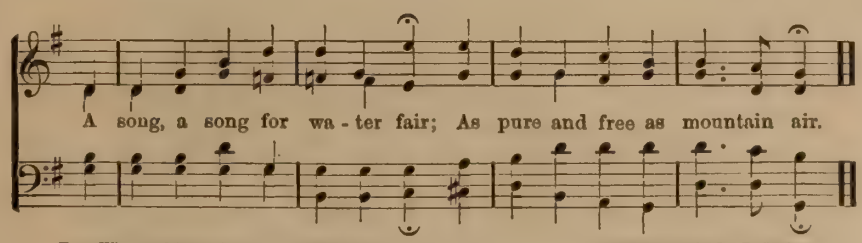
"So shall your walk be close with God,
Calm and serene your frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads you to the Lamb."

Obedience will gladden you with the blissful presence of your Lord, and in that presence you shall find fulness of joy. You shall be the envied of all wise men, for you shall be the beloved of the Lord; and your pathway, if it be not always smooth shall be always safe, for Jesus never leaves his friend, and he will never leave you, but he will keep you even to the end. May this be my happy case and yours. Amen.

A Song for Water Bright.

GEO. COOPER. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. A song, a song for wa - ter bright, In love and beau-ty flow - ing!
2. There's balm in ev-ery sparkling drop, In ev-ery wave there's pleas-ure;
3. It nerves the hand to deeds of might! It wakes the heart to glad - ness!
4. From ev-ery vale and glade and hill, It speaks of na-ture's kind - ness!
It sings its way in joy and might, The gift of heav'n be - stow - ing.
In diamond spray it leaps a - way, A love-ly boon and treas - ure.
It breathes a psalm of pure de - light, And charms us all from sad - ness!
O, may we heed the les - son still, Nor shun it in our blind-ness!
CHORUS.
A song, a song for wa - ter fair; As pure and free as mount-ain air:



From Winnowed Songs, by per. The Biglow & Main Co. Copyright, 1890, by Ira D. Sankey.

UPHOLD, O LORD, THY TEACHING.

(From the German of Adam Gretchen.)

UPHOLD, O Lord, thy teaching
Down to Time's latest hours,
And give to Christian preaching
Increasing grace and power.
Our fathers' faith still spare us,
The hope of future years;
Nor from it, let doubt tear us
In this brief vale of tears.

Thy Gospel, Lord, uphold it,
Truth's haughty foes restrain;
Eternally unfold it,
New conquests let it gain
Till all the earth discover
The sweetness of thy voice;
True light from thee recover,
And in thy light rejoice!

Uphold what thou hast builded
The Church, bought with thy blood:
Through many a battle shielded,
Baptized in martyr-flood:
So many hosts uniting,
Conspire to seek her fall,
To blows on her alighting,
Be like the city-wall.

Uphold in thy safe keeping,
Thy flock against her foes:
Wake sleeper from his sleeping,
Wake dreamer from repose:
Thou knowest all our straying
And all our grief and pain;
Good Shepherd, no delaying—
Come bring us back again.

Uphold, O Lord, befriend it,
The house, that bears thy name;
With blow on blow defend it,
Whoever would defame.
However men may scorn us,
Feed us with Heaven's own bread;
With righteousness adorn us,
As from our living head.

Uphold—still may we hear it—
Thy Word, the soul's delight:
The witness of the Spirit,
The light of all our light.
From this pure water drinking,
This brook beside the way;
We, years of patience linking
To thine eternal day.

Uphold upon earth's ocean,
Thy Church, from tempest-shock,
Nor let her, in commotion,
Go down on sand or rock.
May we, thy word obeying,
Guide her through fierce unrest,
Us safely time conveying,
To anchor with the blest.

—J. E. RANKIN, LL.D.

Howard University, Washington, D. C.

AT THE LAST.

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
The flowers are sweetest at fhe eventide,
The birds most musical at close of day,
The saints divinest when they pass away.

Until the evening we shall weep and toil—
Plow life's stern furrow, dig the woody soil;
Tread with sad feet the rough and thorny way
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh, when the sun is setting may we glide
Like summer evening down the golden tide,
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet starry twilight 'round our sleeping clay.

APOCALYPTIC PRECIS.

The Plan of the Book and the Order of the Series of Revelations.

BY PASTOR J. L. FULLER. *

(Continued from page 821.)

THE two witnesses are at last slain. Has not this taken away the last support for God's people? Certainly not; for God himself is the last stay of his people, and he resuscitates them after three and a half days, before the enemy could make his final arrangements, and takes them visibly up to heaven; now this, as well as the terrible earthquake, which destroys a tenth of the city, and causes the death of 7,000 human beings, causes them new fear and terror, and forces them to acknowledge God's power. The fall of Babylon which now follows, would again give a respite to the Holy Land. After the fall of Babylon the Antichristian power gathers all its forces, leads them against the Holy Places, and there meets with its destruction. Thus, I think, we have brought all the prophetic occurrences up to chap. 16: 17 into their real order of succession.

What follows now no longer presents any special difficulty. With chap. 16: 18

A New Division

begins, which reaches to chap. 19: 10, and treats of Babylon's fall. We here find the more specific carrying out of what was only intimated in chap. 16: 12. A terrible earthquake visits the entire earth; of which even Jerusalem gets a taste, though for its good (chap. 11: 13). The destruction resulting from it, made more terrible, as it will be, by a most terrible hailstorm, is only the prologue, and, if we may look upon the drying up of the Euphrates (chap. 16: 12) as a result of the earthquake, a preparation for the fall of Babylon. Chapters 16 and 17 show us the powerful and grand city in all its glory, now borne by the World's Sovereign the central point of the Gentile world. She beholds kings at her feet and is for the Antichristian world what Jerusalem is for the people of God. But her glory is to vanish, her grandeur is to become a desert, and as she was once the gathering-place of peoples and of princes, she is eventually to become like an impure and unseemly cess-pool to be avoided. She disappears wholly and without a trace left behind, like a millstone cast into the deep sea.

The Pest City.

How is it possible that Babylon will so perish? It is a Divine judgment; but what is most marvellous in connection therewith is, that the World Sovereign, who made the city so glorious, and ten kings (17: 12) are the very instruments who will carry out this destruction. How comes it, that these will fight against their own flesh and blood: thus destroying their own as well as the world's Paradise? The difficulty is solved, if our view is correct, which we put forth in connection with the Sixth Trumpet, that terrible plagues proceeding from the world-city, and bringing death to one-third of mankind are the powers of Atheism, Communism, etc. Precisely, because Babylon proved itself the nurturer of the herd of destroyers, it is necessary that it should be destroyed. The Antichrist then assembles his hosts, which are still available after Babylon's fall, to lead them against the Holy City. But down from heaven descends another King, the King of kings, at the head of the heavenly forces, against him, casts him and the lying prophet in the burning lake, while his army becomes a prey to the birds of the air.

The Millennial Reign.

Antichrist and his kingdom are fallen, and Christ now establishes his kingdom (chap. 20.) But first Satan is bound and confined in the abyss for a thousand years, so that during that period he can no more seduce the nations. Now, the law goes forth from Zion; Christ and his people, with the dead who were awakened, now reign over the world, and the world must obey. All culture, art, science, and industry now enter the service of Christ and of his kingdom. For the world at large the last age of grace has now arrived. With the end of the Millennium it ends, and the final judgment comes. For this purpose Satan is let loose and gathers all, who till then have not joined the Communion of Christ, but have closed their hearts to Divine truth, for the final conflict. The hostile army now advances against the Holy City, lusting after its treasures, but fire from heaven devours it. Satan

* From his article in the *Prophetic News*, for December, edited by Rev. M. Baxter, which contains also articles on The Ruler of the Ten Kingdomed Confederacy; The Elijah Missionary and other Prophetic Problems: may be had, price six cents, seventy cents a year, from Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York.

now joins the beast and his prophet in the fiery lake, the only fit place for that ungodly trinity. But both the living and the dead, for the latter come from their various resting-places, must appear before the Judgment Seat and receive their reward according to their deeds in the flesh. The old heaven and the old earth pass away to make room for new.

In the last chapters the seer casts a glance into this new world and describes to us the end and crown of this new creation, as well as of all the prophecies—the new Jerusalem, coming down from heaven, that tabernacle of God among men, whence is for ever banished all suffering and death, all sorrow and sadness and everything that is opposed to God and where reigns that Sabbath rest of transfiguration and glory, of which the half-hour of stillness at the opening of the Seventh Seal was intended to give us an impression.

After this review of the entire Book there is no further need of showing that we were perfectly justified in designating it as

The Book of the Coming

of the Lord for the judgment of his enemies and the redemption of his Church. How the Church is to prepare herself for his coming, in order that it might be for her salvation, the first division, chap. 2 and 3, the letters to the seven churches, points out and leads to his coming. What judgments must come upon the world for the purpose of preserving and saving his Church and for the bringing about of his triumph, is described in the third division (chap. 8: 2, 11, 18.) Who stands in the background and seeks by all means in his power to counteract the achievement of his purpose, we saw in the fourth division (chap. 11: 19; and 14, 20), which showed us Satan, hiding behind the scenes, inspiring the worldly power and its ruler, and through them the Gentile world, and instigating them to their worldly enmity against God. The fifth division, which, we say, extends over chap. 15: 1; 19, 21, as the intervening chap. 16 to 18, 19, ver. 21, are merely the carrying out of the sixth and seventh wrath-vials, shows us with what terrible blows he casts down his enemies and paves the way for his kingdom. This again showed itself to us in the sixth division, as the incipient end the still attracting and inviting threat of the Consummation (chap. 20.) While the seventh division, chap. 21 and 22 to 5, places before our eyes the end and glorious results of his coming, the Kingdom of God in its fullest perfection, freed from all imperfections. The very opening of the Book is a call to prepare for his coming. No wonder then that this expectation of his coming should excite the cry from every lover of the Saviour: "Yea, come, Lord Jesus."

A DISASTROUS TALK.

A WRITER in a financial journal relates the following incident in connection with a heavy failure which shows how much mischief may be done by inopportune boasting especially when, as in this case, the boaster has no foundation in fact for the boasts, but is boasting as Solomon says of "a false gift," (Prov. 25: 14):

"A wealthy financial magnate was dining out one evening and was seated next to a gay and sprightly young lady whom he had not met before, but whose father was well known in business circles. The lady knew nothing of him. She was given to boasting as such ladies often are and did not trouble in the least about veracity. She expatiated to her new acquaintance on the beauties of a pair of ponies she intended to buy and told him the price of them, which was fabulous. According to her story she was going to Europe soon and would have a gay time in France and Italy. To judge by her conversation her father must be a millionaire or he could not afford the expenses of which she had talked so glibly. As the ladies left the table the gentleman to whom she had been talking bowed gravely and said: 'I am very pleased to have met you Miss B——. I know your father; pray tell him I have had the pleasure of making your acquaintance.' The lady told her father the next day and he said: 'Indeed, I hope you made a good impression on him. I want his help badly just now.' The fact was that the father was in financial straits and had applied for assistance to the gentleman whose acquaintance his daughter had made. The assistance would have been given, and failure averted if that conversation had not taken place. But her story, implying reckless extravagance, received the credence which it did not deserve and produced an impression that an advance of money would not be safe. The assistance was refused and the lady's father being unable to overcome his difficulties without it, was driven into bankruptcy."

INTEMPERANCE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for Week Commencing Jan. 17. Folly of Intemperance, Isa. 28 : 7; I. Cor. 6 : 10.

THE folly of intemperance needs no proof. It carries its proof on its face. Examples of it are known to everyone. No one denies that it is foolish to be intemperate. The vice withers everything belonging to the victim—his property, his family, his body, his mind and his soul. The drunkard is the first to admit that he is a fool. The case goes by default. What, then, is the use of talking or writing on the subject? There are persons belonging to two classes who may be benefited. The first are those who are liable to become drunkards and the second are drunkards who want to give up the folly and have not the moral strength to do it.

The first is a more numerous class than is generally believed. Intemperance seldom or never comes upon a man suddenly. No man voluntarily becomes a drunkard. The men who, some years hence, will be the drunkards of the day, are those who can boast now that they never took too much to drink in their lives. They are now taking a drink when they feel sluggish, or low-spirited, or have to meet an emergency. An occasional indulgence to indicate good-fellowship, or to celebrate some special occasion, is the way they regard it. They find liquor helpful and believe it is helpful to all who can use it without abusing it. That is the class which furnishes recruits for the great army of drunkards which every generation contains. The luxury becomes a necessity before they are conscious that they are getting dependent upon it. When they are not fit for work until stimulated by liquor the line is passed; and, the victim cannot escape without a struggle that few are able to make. Toward that line every man is drifting who dallies with the tempter and the drift is often imperceptible. The man wakes up from his self-confidence to find himself a helpless prisoner in chains which he forged himself but which he believed he should never wear.

The second class is too often called the hopeless class. The men who belong to it do not need to be convinced of the folly of intemperance. Many of them are good citizens, good husbands, good fathers—when they are sober. But at times a fierce raging thirst for liquor comes over them, and they act like demons when they have taken it. They struggle with the temptation, resist it with all their might but are overcome. Multitudes of them have fought the fight and been beaten again and again. They have begun to think it is useless to struggle. To them in another and more glorious sense it is worth speaking of the folly of intemperance. They need not be beaten. The late Mr. Gough was fond of telling a story of a man who staggered into a temperance meeting while under the influence of liquor. He was quietly notified that it was a temperance meeting and that in his condition he was out of place there. "No," he said, "I am a teetotaler. Did you ever see a drunken teetotaler before? Here is one. I am drunk." "You had better go out," said one. "No, no," was the reply, "I'm a teetotaler; I signed the pledge an hour ago and I have not drunk a drop since. Don't put me out; I've come here *for safety*." If the drunkard would go to God for safety instead of fighting the battle in his own strength, he need not be vanquished. There are thousands leading sober lives to-day who have been drunkards and who have been emancipated by the power of God. Some who have passed through the fearful ordeal, are preaching the Gospel to others. They have been delivered by the power of God from the evil and have been kept by him from the evil. Intemperance is folly when there is such a power at the command of the struggling victim who is earnestly and sincerely longing to be free.

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MR. J. W. BAER,
Secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor.

To Christian Endeavor Societies all over the land the name of Mr. J.W. Baer is familiar as a household word. Not a few of them have been brought into epistolary communication with him, and have been gratified by the courtesy and promptitude with which their inquiries and requests for advice have been answered by him. The members of these societies will be glad to have the portrait here given of their correspondent. Mr. Baer is an ideal secretary. The qualities demanded of a man filling such an office as the one he holds, are rarely found. In a society which has more than a million members the correspondence must be enormous. Inexhaustible patience in reading communications, not skimming them, but reading them so as to comprehend the meaning of the writers, which is not always on the surface, is essential. Then there is the labor of answering them, which requires a knowledge of the principles and details of working, an untiring industry, the power of expressing clearly the ideas to be conveyed, and a courtesy proof against all provocation. Few men possess all these qualifications, but there are thousands of young people who can testify that Mr. Baer is one of the few.

MR. J. W. BAER, SECRETARY CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETIES.

Mr. John Willis Baer is little over thirty years of age. He was born at Rochester, Minn., on March 2, 1861. Subsequently his parents removed to Cleveland, Ohio, where he received his education. Returning to Rochester at the age of eighteen years, he obtained employment in the Van Dusen Elevator Company. There he became active in Christian Endeavor work and was elected president of the Rochester Local Union. The devotion and energy he displayed in his office led to his election as one of the State officers of the Society, from which he was called by the Trustees of the United Society to the office of General Secretary. Since then he has given the whole of his time to the work, organizing, systematizing, advising, both at the central office and in the field. A busy life it must be full of work and Christian activity. Mr. Baer is a member of the Presbyterian Church, a man of remarkable force of character, an effective speaker and a thorough believer in the value of the Christian Endeavor movement as an aid to church work. His advice is frequently sought by State Conventions and it is always sound and practical. The United Society deserves congratulations on its possession of an excellent Secretary and Mr. Baer deserves them for the efficient manner in which he performs his duties.

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THE EMBLEM AS A TALISMAN.

"WHAT are the girls who wear the crosses? are they Catholics?" The questions were asked by a conductor on an elevated railroad train of a correspondent of this journal. He was sitting in the seat nearest the door against which the conductor was rubbing his right shoulder in the orthodox manner of the service. Acquaintance had been made by the correspondent asking the conductor if the rules of the company would not authorize him to interfere in a matter of gross rudeness. A man faultlessly dressed, but evidently under alcoholic excitement had been forcing his attentions on a young lady in one of the cross seats. He persisted though she manifested her annoyance and she finally moved to another seat in the car to escape him. "We have plenty of his kind on the cars," the conductor said, "they ought to be well whipped, but very often the girls like to talk to them, and they don't know, I suppose, when they see a girl whether, she is of the one kind or the other. There's one thing, though, I notice. There are some girls who wear a little silver cross. I don't know what they mean by it, but these loose fellows seem to know. I've noticed one of them change his seat so as to catch a girl's eye and when he sees that little cross he'll turn away like a dog on a false scent. It's just as if it was a notice hung up, 'no flirting here', or 'chance acquaintances not desired,'" and then the conductor asked the questions mentioned above. "I regarded that spontaneous testimony," says our correspondent, "as one of the most impressive I had ever heard. I was glad to hear it, not only on account of the girls whose emblems protected them from annoyance, but because it showed that their character had come to recognition, as girls whose attention was too much occupied with serious and sacred matters to listen willingly to vain and frivolous conversation. They must have behaved well, I thought, to have thus impressed the enemies of their sex with the futility of directing their machinations against them."

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AN APPLICATION TO THE CENTRE.

THE result of a lady's visit to the Central Office of the King's Daughters in New York is described by the President of the Order in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It appears that the visitor was interested in the welfare of a poor old woman who needed help and she thought that by reporting the case at the Central Office the old woman would be relieved. The President of the Order saw the visitor and enlightened her as to the condition of the treasury there. There are no funds there for such a purpose. The suggestion was made to the visitor, however, that the end could be accomplished in another way. There were no circles of King's Daughters in the church she attended. Would not the lady gather a circle around her and commit the old woman to its care. Even if subscriptions in money could not be raised, the members of the circle could work and make articles which might be sold. The suggestion came to the lady as a new idea. The spirit of self-help was stirred within her and she went away resolved to follow the advice given. Possibly the idea may be useful to others who know of some of the Lord's poor to whom it would be a privilege to minister. Such service can never miss its reward. Christ promises it explicitly and it has a reflex influence which makes the service itself blessed. The young people who form the circle, which undertakes such a charge, would derive benefit from being thus put in the way of doing good and would learn the delight of engaging in Christ's service.

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THE EPWORTH LEAGUE IN NORWAY.

THE Epworth League is rapidly spreading to foreign countries. At the last session of the Norway Conference, an enthusiastic League meeting was held. A banquet was served and speeches made by Bishop Walden and J. M. Erickson, a delegate from Sweden. Between the addresses the league furnished vocal and instrumental music. The report of the secretary showed that the Epworth League in Norway has sixteen chapters and seven hundred and sixty members, also a junior league with forty members. This advance has been made in spite of great difficulties. The outlook for the next year is full of hope.

WE shall be glad to receive from readers who are members of Christian Endeavor Societies, the King's Daughters, etc., reports of the progress of the work in their localities and of any new methods which have been found successful.

A MOTHER'S CARES.

I DO not think that I could bear
MY daily weight of woman's care
If it were not for this—
That Jesus seemeth always near,
Unseen, but whispered in my ear
Some tender words of love or cheer,
To fill my heart with bliss!

The secret things, however small,
Are known to Jesus each and all,
And this thought brings me peace.
I do not need to say one word;
He knows what thought my heart hath stirred
And, by divine caress, my Lord
Makes all its throbbings cease.

And then, upon his loving breast,
My weary head is laid to rest
In speechless ecstasy!
Until it seemeth all in vain
That care, fatigue, or mortal pain
Should hope to drive me forth again
From such felicity.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells of the Strange Musical Instruments in Use in Different Lands—Eastern Singers and Players

"I DO think," Tom was remarking gravely to his little friends, "that the Christmas music was the sweetest I ever heard. It seemed to be just like angels singing. Do they have music like that in the East, Uncle?" he inquired, turning to where that traveled relative, having just laid down his CHRISTIAN HERALD, sat listening to the juvenile prattle.

"No, nothing like it," was the reply. "It has remained for the Caucasian races to develop music to the beautiful art it has become. There is nothing in history, Tom, to show that even the ancients were as proficient in producing sweet sounds and harmonies as ourselves. Germany, Italy, France, and England, not forgetting our own land, are the great musical nations. As far as Palestine is concerned, the music one hears there is mostly of a monotonous and mournful character—more like a dirge than anything else."

"They have queer instruments to play on, too, have they not?"

"In the older countries, where changes take place very slowly, the same instruments have been in use for centuries. An Arab shepherd plays to his flock on a reed pipe of a pattern almost as old as that invented by Jubal—certainly as old as the *Kinnor* or harp, and the trimbrel, and these three are the oldest instruments we know of. There were many different forms of the harp; some like that now used, others merely a couple of reeds placed angle-wise, with strings run between, while still others were elaborately carved and ornamented to represent birds, beasts, fishes or deities. The lyre was used in both Egypt and Assyria and is still found in the East, and so are instruments that are modelled like the lute, the sackbut and the guitar. By the way, the guitar as now used here and in Europe is almost identical with that found in very ancient Egyptian sculptures, and the Arabian *tanbur* has also been adopted practically without change. So have the mandolin and cymbals from Egypt, and the trumpet and drum from Assyria.

"Among the Arabs," continued Uncle John, "a favorite instrument is the tambour, which is used for producing an accompaniment to dancing or singing. As with all Oriental races, dance and song are with them a part of the religious ceremonies. An Arab singer, frequently a daughter of the house, is summoned to welcome the guest, and this she does after a very sedate fashion, skillfully tapping the tambour with her jewelled fingers while she sings. Some of these Arab girls are quite accomplished in this way and at the annual pilgrim ceremonies in Yemen, where dances and music are part of the programme, the tambour performer is in great demand. So also at marriages and all festival occasions where music is a feature. But it is mostly doleful, compared with our playing and singing."

"Are sacred dances observed in many parts of the world?"

"Yes; even to-day they prevail in Abyssinia, and among the Bushmen in Africa, the Hindus, Fijians, Samoans and Javanese. The latter are very graceful dancers. The natives of Yucatan used to perform a sacred dance on stilts—an odd sight it must have been. Then you have all read of the dancing Dervishes—those fanatics who whirl around till they sink from exhaustion. The sacred dancing of the Arabs is done by each sex apart from the other. From the remotest times dancing was a part of worship. David, you remember, danced before the Ark, and Jephthah's daughter executed a dance of thanksgiving with her maidens, to the accompaniment of music, when she went out to meet her father on his victorious return. And Miriam, the sister of Moses, sang and played on the timbrel with the Israelitish maidens, when Pharaoh Meneptah's host was overthrown in the Red Sea. But all the dances of which I have spoken had nothing in common with the objectionable secular dancing of the present day, which lead to frivolity and sin. It passes from amusement to dissipation, and is therefore to be avoided. Rev. Dr. Talmage tells an anecdote of an educated Chinaman who stood among the guests at a brilliant entertainment where dancing was going on for hours, and seeing the guests apparently exhausted, he turned to the host and innocently inquired: 'Why don't you allow the servants to do this for you?' He regarded society dancing, in its least objectionable aspect, as a foolish waste of time and energy, that might have been spent to better purpose."

AN ARAB SINGER OF YEMEN.

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Japanese Girls at Home.

IN Japan there are two things which are taught to all the little girls; one is how to place a flower or a branch of leaves in a vase, and the other is how to play on a guitar. If you go into a Japanese home, writes a traveler, you hear a tinkle from almost every room. You get used to this soft, light beat of music as you do to the gurgle of a brook or the drip of a fountain. There seems to be no Japanese house without its flower vase, its picture on the wall and its guitar. The Japanese have four kinds of guitar or harp. The *samasin* is the common kind; it has a long black neck, its square body is covered with a tight catskin, and it has three strings or wires; the player strikes these with a curious little piece of ivory, or she picks them with her fingers. Then there is the big *koto* with its thirteen strings, and there is a tiny lute with four strings, and there is a very fine sort of harp brought from China, and called a *girken*. The *girken* has three sets of wires, and, if Miss Chrysanthemum is an accomplished musician, she makes gay music on her Chinese harp. With the rosy finger-tips of her small brown hands she can bring forth from the wires all the sounds of the great Japanese hunt which takes place each year on the third day of November. She will give you from that little harp the most enchanting noises—the cries of the Japanese wild animals, and the note of the swamp and water bird. The Japanese are so fond of music that they scarcely take a meal without the harp or guitar. The Japanese girls have very beautiful names—names which mean "Little Purple," "Little Butterfly," "Silver Bird," "White Brightness," "Brightener of the Flower," "Pearl Harp" and many other lovely things.

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The Study of Temperament.

HERE is a family of children, boys and girls. They have the same father and mother, writes Rev. S. M. Elliott in the *Housekeeper*, yet what differences in temperament! One daughter is quite a tomboy, always romping. Another is timid and nervous. This boy is adventurous, full of curiosity, and does not stop to think of consequences. That one is cautious and cool-headed. Another is timid and excitable. Such is the composition of almost every family. Besides these varying dispositions, there are the different ages, each requiring different treatment and guidance. One is too young to be reasoned with, yet must be controlled and trained. Another is old enough to be reasoned with, but he is self-willed. The trainer in the midst of these ages needs a wise head and a loving heart. To establish one law and administer discipline accordingly, irrespective of age and temperament, would be cruel. There must be a method for every child. Some may say, a method for every child would make family government impossible. No, it facilitates it. It leaves each child to govern herself, while the parent only directs. It enables the child to do what otherwise the parent would be obliged to do for each, which would be a grievous task.

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COMFORTED MOTHERS.

HERE is an extract from a letter by a good Christian mother, in Newburyport, Mass., whose bereavement has been made a blessing to her soul. She writes: "Jesus found me one April day about thirteen years ago. It was the day after they had laid my first-born son in the grave—my little seven-year old boy. Oh! it seemed to me that morning that the sun never was so bright and shining: it seemed to me as if it was laughing and mocking at my grief. I did not want to see it shining. I did not want to see the little blades of green grass just springing into newness of life. I did not want to see the sweet wild flowers springing forth, or hear the little birds sing. Oh! how could I see the sweet buttercups and the daisies that were soon to come with no little Harry boy to help me love them and gather them with me? Oh, how could I live without him!

"My heart seemed breaking. I shed no tears. I wanted to go away into the dark. None of the family were in the house with me that morning, but my little sleeping babe. I stood there in the middle of the kitchen, amid the work that I so cheerfully performed before this great sorrow came to me. O, the agony of these hours! My life seemed dying within me. I did not know it them. I know it now, that God in some measure made me to know and feel the agony of sorrow that the human heart and mind is capable of suffering when left to themselves. But as I stood thus, Jesus came in. He did not stop to knock; he came and stood beside me and whispered in my ear: 'Let not your heart be troubled.' I turned around quickly, but I saw no one. I went from room to room; I looked out the windows. It was lonely and quiet. No one was in sight, and then I began to wonder what was the matter with me. My grief and sorrow were gone. I went and got my Bible and opened it to see if I could find such words as those, there, and sure enough I found them there. Then I knew that Jesus spoke these words to me. I was filled with astonishment that Jesus had come into my little dwelling and stood close beside me and spoken those glorious words; and taken away with him all my grief, my heavy burden, the gloom, the home sickness and the longing. But in my weakness I said: when night comes and all is dark and still, and I feel that my lost one, not asleep in his little trundle bed, the old sorrow will all come back; but when night came and spread its dark wings over the earth, and I looked at the empty bed, the same sweet peace of the morning was with me, because Jesus of Nazareth had been here." M.S.O.

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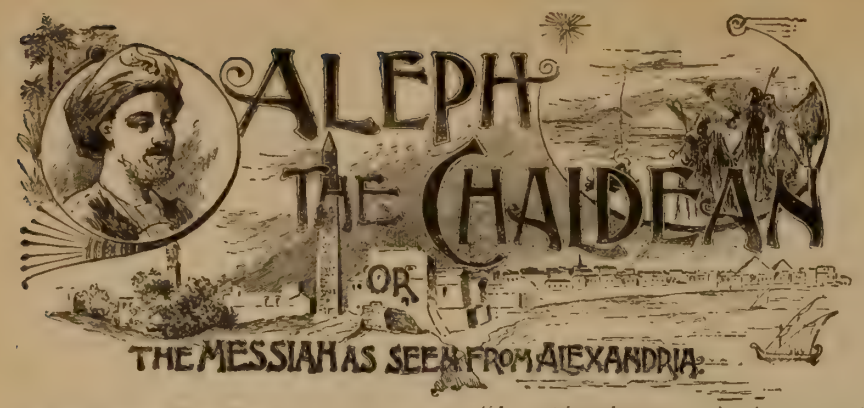
Why Not be Happy Now?

MANY people pass through life in constant anticipation of a happiness that is never realized, whereas if their hearts were right, they might be happy now. It is well to remember, says a Christian writer, that the time never will come, in this world, when we shall have everything we want, just where and when we want it. The only way to be happy is to enjoy all we have to the utmost as we go along. It is right to lay up for old age in youth; right to prepare for a rainy day, but it is not right to bend all our energies to this end, and put off until the future the happiness we might enjoy every day. It is far too common to see people working and saving, denying themselves all recreation and many comforts to lay up money to buy more land, to build a larger and finer house, or to save for their children, thinking that when they have accomplished this they will be happy, and begin to take comfort. The hoped—for point may never be attained; or, if it is, sickness or death may have come first, and the dear ones whom we expected to be happy with may be gone forever. How much better to use some of the good things of life as we go along; to make our humble homes as cherry and bright as possible now, instead of waiting for a better house! Don't starve today, either body, mind, or soul, thinking that you will riot to-morrow. Don't hoard and scrimp through all the best years of your life, that you may be generous in your wills. Life is uncertain, and it is better to make your children happy while they are under the home roof; to call to that home every agency which will make their lives sweeter and better, than to deny them these that you may leave them a large bank account when you are gone. We must be grateful and patiently bear our trials, believing that all, if rightly used, will fit us for the enjoyment of perfect happiness hereafter.



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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SYNOPSIS OF THE STORY.

Aleph, a young Chaldean student, of a notable family arrives in Alexandria with his friend and companion, *Cimon*, a Greek, who has visited the city many years previously. During the journey down the Nile, the latter points out the various places of interest to *Aleph*, Egypt is under Roman rule, and the period is early in the first century of the Christian era. On landing, the friends encounter an aged Egyptian, *Seti*, to whom a drunken Roman officer is about to offer violence, when *Aleph* disarms the latter, very skillfully. *Seti* is grateful to the youth and on leaving him warns him that he has made an enemy of the dissipated son of *Flaccus* the Roman Governor of the city. He then cautions him against *Flaccus* and also against *Malus*, a crafty Jewish trader of great influence. The two friends pass some time in viewing the sights of the city, after which *Aleph*, who is there on highly important business matters, seeks the great banker *Alexander*. Before visiting him, however, he learns some interesting facts regarding the man he is to see. *Alexander* is the Alabarch, or representative head of the orthodox Hebrews of Alexandria, a man of great wealth and influence, to whom the magnates of all nationalities, and even the government officials themselves, frequently resort for financial aid. His place of business is a vast, imposing building of great strength, and here at times come students, travelers with letters of credit, merchants and others. *Aleph* visits *Alexander* and meets *Rachel*, the banker's beautiful daughter. *Aleph* on concluding his business, accepts *Alexander's* invitation to come to the *Diapleuston* Synagogue on the following day. At the Synagogue, impressive services conclude, with an address by one *Simeon*, just returned from Jerusalem, who tells the congregation about Jesus, concerning whom he made full inquiry and touching whose Divine nature the Jews were divided. A party of Roman soldiers invade the *Diapleuston*, and attempting to compel the Alabarch and worshippers to render divine homage to an image of the Emperor *Tiberius*, were forcibly expelled, *Aleph* and *Cimon* taking an active part in the ejection. On leaving the synagogue, the two friends are followed by a stranger whom they interrogate. The stranger proves to be a friendly Hebrew who after cordially greeting them, promises to meet them soon again. Aleph loses no time in beginning his studies at the University of the Serapeum, and receives a friendly welcome from the high-priest *Seti*. At *Seti's* request he visits the nurse of *Rachel*, who is sick, and he has a disagreeable encounter with the woman's husband, who is disposed to prevent her recovery. At the nurse's house he again meets *Rachel*, who is there on a mission of charity, and has an opportunity to converse with her. Shortly after this, *Cimon* again encounters the friendly Hebrew, who proves to be one of two brothers, at whose father's khan in Alexandria in their boyhood, the child Jesus and his parents rested after their flight from Herod's persecution. He tells *Cimon* the wondrous story of that visit and its attendant circumstances, which had long been kept secret. Recently the two brothers, who had been waiting for years for tidings of the divine Child, had journeyed to Judea whence the fame of Jesus' miraculous works and teachings had reached them. They had seen the Christ, who had even recognized them, calling them by their names, and giving them a singular proof of his divine power by directing them how to recover a document that had been missing many years and whose loss placed them at the mercy of *Malus*. *Cimon* takes leave of *Shaphan* his new friend, promising to bring Aleph to share in their next interview. Cimon next visits the Custom House to learn the rates of trade and on afterwards calling at the leading business houses he finds evidence of improper dealings on the part of *Malus* extending over many years. *Malus* meeting *Cimon*, suspects his purpose and sets spies to dog him.

CHAPTER VI. (*Continued.*)

AS Cimon passed close to the sparkling collection, and lingered over it for a moment as he passed, it struck him that the sparkle of some of the brilliants was not exactly that of genuine stones. But he might be mistaken. Something more than a passing glance is needed to enable even an expert to identify paste in its better specimens. But one thing he was quite sure of by this time, and that was that the light in the establishment was such as to make an accurate judgment of most of the goods very difficult to an average customer, while such as to set them off to the best advantage.

But he was now standing before the desk of the man whom he came to see.

"You have this department in charge, I believe," said the Greek, as he courteously saluted a Jew who was no longer young.

Receiving an affirmative bow, Cimon proceeded :

"I am here in behalf of a friend who is not living in this city, to inquire the prices at which certain goods of the very best quality can be obtained. If you will furnish me with a large blank bill I will specify the articles in writing."

A large blank bill was readily handed to him, on which he wrote a list of considerable length.

"Now will you oblige me," said he, after having carefully read over what he had written, "by setting down opposite these several items the prices at which you could furnish them to-day ?"

The man's eyes snapped as he looked over the long list and saw how many expensive articles it included. When he had set down prices as requested, and had handed back the paper to Cimon, he said :

"The figures may seem to you somewhat large ; but they are for first-class goods. In fact, I have made the prices smaller than they would be for small lots, considering the length of your list."

Cimon examined the paper carefully.

"The prices are unexpectedly large, I confess," he said gravely. "Have these goods risen in value lately ?"

"By no means. The figures I have given you are the lowest we have made in many years."

"Then you have been in charge of this department for a considerable time ?"

"For twenty years."

"Are these the bottom prices for so long a time as that ?"

"Just so."

"You surprise me. Are you quite sure that there is no mistake in this—that your memory serves you faithfully in regard to so many years ?"

"Perfectly sure," with emphasis. "You see, all the business of this department, so far as sales are concerned, has been in my hands for the number of years I have mentioned ; and I remember perfectly that never during all that time have we offered or sold such goods as these at such low figures as I have written."

"I think, then," said Cimon, "it would be well for you to add as much to this paper. Would you object to write at the bottom, 'These are the lowest figures at which the above goods have been sold for the last twenty years' ?"

"Not at all," said the man—and wrote accordingly.

Cimon took the paper and courteously withdrew.

In very much the same manner and with like success he dealt with several other establishments in the same neighborhood—obtaining from each a written statement of present prices and of how these compared with the prices of the years immediately preceding. The last place he visited was that of Simeon Ben Simeon. Here, for the first time, he saw himself recognized—Simeon himself being present—and was received in a very cordial way.

"We certainly are under great obligations to you and that magnificent young friend of yours for your spirited help yesterday in the synagogue. I have been quite desirous to meet you again: especially as I saw that both of you were much interested in my report of matters in Judea, and as I ventured to think, took very much the same view of them as I did. Also, I have something new to tell you."

Simeon then gave the account with which we are already familiar, as given to Aleph by Rachel. And, in return, the Greek related what Shaphan had told him—keeping back, however, the part that related to Malus. And they rejoiced together.

"Tell me," said Simeon suddenly, "about that young man—you know whom I mean. Somehow he has a way of walking into one's confidence and affections after a very wonderful fashion. Who is he ?"

Cimon smiled at this downrightness and furious driving at the mark.

"For the present," said he, "he is only the friend and pupil of Cimon the son of Cimon. I may, however, add that he is one who is quite worthy of the impression he makes. The gold is solid. I have now known him for twenty years—that is to say, ever since he was born—and I have nothing but good and great things to say of him. Is he my son ? Of course not—as one can easily see—but though not my son he is a remarkably good substitute for one. I could hardly have a better. And," he added archly, "I think seriously of adopting him."

The Jew laughed at the cleverness of the Greek, and forebore to press ; only adding, "I could adopt him without thinking seriously of it."

As he rose to leave, Cimon said, "I am really sorry that I cannot at present give you the information you wish about my young friend. But I am under bonds. His father only can release me, and that father is far away. So I must confine myself to saying that, unlike most plants which begin to wither as soon as they are parted from the parent root, this plant daily freshens into a larger life. I am the more sorry that I cannot go beyond this, both because you have already given me information of the highest value, and because I came here for the very purpose of getting still further information from you—provided you can consistently grant it. I wish to get from the leading dealers in eastern goods in this city the present selling prices of a number of articles—also how these prices compare with those of as many past years as possible. I have already obtained written statements from all, save yourself, on whom I proposed to call. Do you see any objection to giving me yours ?"

"None in the world. Let me see your list."

So in a few moments Cimon added another to his papers. As Simeon handed it to him, he said :

"I think you can hardly have called on Malus to-day, and yet he has the largest establishment of your sort in the city. He would hardly care to give you such a paper as this. He is much too deep for that."

Without a word, the Greek singled out one from his parcel of papers and passed it to the Jew—who as soon as he had glanced it over, exclaimed :

"Where was Malus when this was given ?"

"Absent."

"Of course. Of course he was absent—as his deputy will probably be when the master learns of his indiscretion."

As Cimon had noticed no signs of recognition in street or shop, save at Simeon's, he had begun to feel that perhaps his precautions had been unnecessary ; so, when he had taken leave of Simeon and saw how large a part of the day still remained, instead of crossing directly into the Greek quarter again and so proceeding homeward, he turned northward on Emporium Street till he came to the great square at the intersection with the street of Canopus. Here, seeing a crowd that seemed greatly interested with something in their midst, he crossed over to them, and finally managed, by a patient use of the impatience of others, to secure a place where he could see what was going on.

And this was what was going on. A number of street boys, altogether Jewish, were busy practising a new game. They had drawn on the pavement with a charred stick the ground plan of a large building which Cimon at once recognized as the Diapleuston. Just before him was an unmarked place for the principal door : half way down on the left was a pile of boxes to stand for the main *bema* with its canopy and lectern : in front of this stood a group of boys pretending to be in earnest conversation among themselves. After this show had continued for a while, all but two of the boys walked off and squatted silently behind the boxes. The two boys left continued the pantomime of conversation for a few minutes, when a noise was heard and lo, another group of boys who had been hid behind the fountain, came marching in at the door, two by two, with papyrus helmits on their heads and long, sharpened sticks for spears, trying to keep pace together in soldierly fashion, and carrying in their midst, transfixed on an extra long stick, a very ragged, dirty, and hideous doll. At the head of this company swaggered, perhaps the best dressed, but certainly the ugliest little rascal of the whole lot. He had taken some pains to add to his natural accomplishments such smutches of loveliness as a liberal use of mud and charcoal could give, and would have frightened his own father and mother. About his waist was a rope for a sash : to this was attached a bit of papyrus cut into the shape of a scabbard ; in his hand he flourished as sword a short strip of lath that had just come from the shambles and was red enough to be the sword of Mars.

This high and mighty captain at once led his company straight to the two boys, surrounded them, and fell to abusing them with his tongue as only a practiced street Arab could do. On this, the other boys behind the boxes hurried to the scene of action, and threw in a liberal accompaniment of voice and gesture to swell the interest of the occasion. Soon Captain Mars worked himself into a tempest, flew at one of the two boys, with his bloody weapon uplifted. The other boys so crowded about the encounter with outstretched and swaying arms as to confuse the view of the spectators ; but in a few moments they saw the mimic sword, flying high in air, and then its owner in close custody in process of being marched helplessly toward the door, followed by his tatterdermalions hanging their heads and staggering about as they were pushed and pulled and cuffed by the screaming and enthusiastic escort that hemmed them closely in. At the door the leader was dismissed with a rousing box on the ear which sent him off on a stagger, which finally ended in a runaway toward the Roman quarter. His followers each received a like compliment with a like result.

The spectators seemed to enjoy this conclusion hugely. They cheered and gesticulated with great enthusiasm ; and when the hot chase took place they all hurried off to keep it in view. The last to follow was a man who had been standing just before Cimon. This man, glancing right and left as if to make sure that the ground was clear, directed his course across the square so as to take on his way the two boys who had personated Cimon and Aleph, and dealt each of them in passing a thwack on the head that was none of the mildest. At all events, it was not a mild wailing that the little fellows set up. Luckily, however, Cimon had noticed the movements of the man, and half divining his purpose, had followed him so closely that he was near enough when the blows were given to follow them with prompt punishment. The two hearty cuffs he gave the fellow were quite equal in value to those he had administered, and seemed very surprising. In the startled and inflamed face that was suddenly turned toward him, Cimon recognized, as he thought, Roman features, though considerably disguised. Could it be that he had again encountered the son of the Governor ? But the man gave him no opportunity for a closer examination. He went rapidly off with a Latin oath and a fist-shaking that belonged to all languages.

Cimon consoled the children with a friendly pat on the head and a piece of money for each—such as they had never before possessed. But they hardly needed this consolation—they were so delighted with the summary judgment on their oppressor. Smiles were already rippling over their tearful faces like sunshine over a wet landscape. And when the friendly look and touch and money were added, their sorrows were all forgotten in a caper of delight. But Cimon was really sorry that the urchins had not chosen some other theme for their sport.

"Ten to one," said he to himself, "this affair, with liberal embellishments, will be carried straight to Bruchium, and will still further stir up ill blood between the sections. There will be trouble here before long. These Jews are too reckless and provoking to be left alone. It may be that their expectation of a conquering Messiah at the door has something to do with their audacity."

With such thoughts as these running through his mind, he made his way homeward through the Greek and Egyptian quarters. His thoughts ran, but his feet walked—walked very leisurely ; for so at this hour of the day did most of the people ; and he did not care to draw attention to himself by doing differently from others. Besides, he wished to study the people as far as he could—without being observed. And it is wonderful how much some people can see without the appearance of seeing. They could hardly see more if their heads were set with a coronet of eyes. Do they divine the situation ? Do they absorb the facts lying about them at every pore as they do heat and moisture? So it would seem. Cimon belonged to this class of men. He did not stare, he did not look this way and that, and sometimes turn about, with curiosity flooding every feature and saying, "I am a new-comer," but he pursued his way with quiet and equal steps and with "eyes that looked right on, and eyelids that looked straight before him"—and yet nothing escaped him ; not even that shadow of a portly man just disappearing within a shop on his left and that ragged little urchin that almost immediately darted out of the same and followed him a little distance.

What should he do? A thought came to him as he came to a baker's shop. He turned in and called for a loaf and some cakes—keeping an eye on the open door while his parcel was being made up. Presently the little ragamuffin appeared cautiously peeping within. Cimon held out toward him a large, tempting cake, and beckoned. The boy came in slowly, as if resisting an irresistible magnet.

(*To be Continued.*)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Louis Heidner, Greenfield, Wis. Are we to seek the saving power of Jesus in his death or did he become our Saviour by telling us how to live and showing us by living on the earth?

Neither the teachings nor the example of Christ would have been effectual for our salvation. Atonement was necessary. See Rom. 5: 7–9; 1 Peter 2: 24; Heb. 9: 22–28 and many other passages.

James E. Bethard, Bloomington, Ill. 1. Are the Pyramids the ancient Tower of Babel? If not is its site known? 2 Where was Daniel at the time that Nebuchadnezzar's image was set up? Daniel 3.

1. The Pyramids are not remains of the Tower of Babel. The Tower is only mentioned once in Scripture with little to identify it. An opinion prevails, however, that the temple of Belus in Babylon occupied its site. 2. The Bible does not say. Probably in some other part of the Empire.

In a anonymous letter from Chicago a correspondent asks us to publish a solution to the problem submitted by G. L. of Rockford, Ill., and answered in this journal on December 2. It is to the effect that Christ was crucified on a Wednesday and rose exactly at sunset on a Saturday.

This theory is not new; it has often been advocated. But it is in apparent conflict with Mark 15: 42 where the evangelist explicitly states that the crucifixion took place on the day before the Sabbath, which would be on a Friday, as the Jewish Sabbath was on Saturday. The tenor of Luke's narrative confirms this. (See Luke 23: 54-56.) The only assumption which approaches a harmony of our correspondent's theory with those passages is that in that week the Jews observed Thursday as a Sabbath, thus making two Sabbaths in the week. But there seems little ground for that assumption.

G. H. Meathis, Cunningham, Kans. If sanctification is a life-long process, as yon say in your answer to L. B. Decker on Nov, 11, and that Peter was converted when he denied Christ, what was the work wrought for the disciples on the day of Pentecost? Was it not that described by Peter? (Act. 15: 8, 9.)

The work of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost was chiefly the gift of tongues. The work of the Holy Spirit to which Peter refers in the passage you mention, was the purifying of hearts by faith, which, as he there says, Cornelius and his friends who were not with the disciples at Pentecost shared with them, as do all real Christians; and this purifying is progressive and lifelong.

A. Peterson, Arroyo Grande, Cal. Is there any man on earth who wears the number, 666? Please explain Rev. 13: 18.

The general belief of expositors of prophecy is that "the number of the name" has reference to the ancient custom of using letters for numbers as we still do on our watches. The letters of a man's name would therefore have a numerical value. When Antichrist appears, one indication by which he will be recognized will be that the sum of the numbers represented by the letters of his name will be 666. His followers and worshippers will be required to wear his name or number, otherwise they will not be allowed to buy or sell.

Edward Cramp, Erie, Pa. Were not the blessings promised to Abraham and to the Children of Israel by Moses' temporal and not spiritual? What was the hope the Hebrews entertained as to the future?

The revelation is progressive throughout. The idea of God in the Psalms is an advance on the idea in the Pentateuch. A more marked advance still is found in the latter chapters of the book of Isaiah, and the full revelation came by Jesus Christ. There are passages scattered through the early portions of the Old Testament indicating an expectation of a life beyond the grave, but the Hebrews as a people evidently put a literal and temporal interpretation on the promises, in spite of the efforts of their prophets. This was the chief reason why they rejected Christ when he came. Had he attempted to establish a temporal kingdom they might have rallied to his support.

C. F. Yader, Morrill, Kas. 1. How would you meet the argument of infidels to the effect that the God of infinite space would not sacrifice his only Son for the sins of the people on our little planet? 2. Can we infer from the Scriptures that the souls of the wicked dead roam through outer darkness above the earth? And would this account for spiritualistic phenomena?

1. By questioning the capacity of an infidel, or any finite being to predicate, apart from Revelation, what "the God of infinite space" would, or would not, do under any given circumstances. The sacrifice amazes the Christian who loves and worships God and we can well understand an infidel thinking if inconceivable. Nevertheless, the size of our planet may not be the measure of its significance in the universe. We have no absolute proof that any other world is inhabited. If this should be the only world on which sin existed, it is conceivable that God might take extraordinary means to rescue it. That the infinite God cares for the infinitely little, any man may see by examining some minute creature or plant through a microscope and studying the wisdom displayed in its construction. 2. It may be that the souls of the wicked dead are in the state you mention, but there is not sufficient revealed on the subject in Scripture to warrant the assertion that it is so.

E. V., Pioneer, Washington. How was the rite of baptism performed by John the Baptist and the disciples of Jesus?

The question has been discussed for centuries and good and learned men have appeared, and do appear, among the disputants on both sides. As to John's baptism, the Authorized Version has the passage (Matt. 3: 16), which is most hotly disputed, "came up *out of* the water." But the Revised Version gives it, "came up *from* the water." The former would imply, if not immersion, a standing in the water; the latter rendering does not necessarily convey that meaning. As to the baptism by Christ's disciples, the most explicit passage is Acts 8: 38. In that case too, the advocates of baptism by sprinkling contend that the word translated "into" is in other places translated "to."

A Subscriber, Cape May City, N. J. Can a boarding-house or hotel keeper, who works his servants on Sundays from early morning till late at night, be a Christian?

There are household duties that may properly be regarded as works of necessity and the performance of which involves no sin, and as a hotel or boarding-house is merely a larger household, this remark applies to either. But if the proprietor, instead of minimizing the Sunday tasks and recognizing the right of his help to sufficient time for religious duties, insists on doing work on that day which might readily be done at another time, he must be a very inconsistent Christian, if one at all. There are many hotel keepers and boarding-house managers who contrive to do with less help and less work on Sundays, to make the day as much a day of rest as possible and allow their help time for religious duties.

W. B. Hammondmore, Baltimore, Md., and James McPherson, Surprise, Neb. What is the sin against the Holy Ghost?

If you refer to the three passages in which the sin is mentioned, you will see that Christ specifically defined it as consisting in ascribing to Satanic power the miracles he was working by the power of the Holy Spirit. It was an evidence of perversity so complete that the man who committed it was beyond the hope of pardon. Theologians are divided in opinion as to the possibility of its being committed in these days. One fact is clear and it may help any one who is distressed about it on his own account: It is certain that any man who fears he has committed it and is troubled about it, need not be under apprehension. His anxiety is a proof that the Spirit has not left him.

Prof. Aug. Goering, Hamilton, Ont. Haggai and Zechariah comforted the Jews, who wept over the inferiority of Ezra's temple to that of Solomon by promising them that the glory of that temple should eclipse the temple of Solomon because Messiah would come to it (See Haggai 2: 9, etc.) How can the presence of Jesus be said to fulfill that prophecy when he was not in that temple at all, but in the third temple which was built by Herod?

Though Herod's temple was called the third, the name was regarded as a misnomer. The Jews contended that it was merely a restoration of the second temple about which the prophecies you refer to were made. When Herod proposed to pull it down and rebuild it the Jews would not consent lest having demolished it he might die before rebuilding. The work of demolition and reconstruction went on together, no part being razed to the foundations and each part being rebuilt immediately so that for a long time the structure was part old and part new. When completed it was practically the same temple renovated and beautified, just as a man's body is entirely changed every seven years though it is the same body. It was to this restored temple that Jesus came and so fulfilled the predictions of the two prophets.

A HYMN IN A GARRET.

A FRIEND of mine, John B. Gough once said, seeking for objects of charity, got into the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. He climbed the ladder and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's eye in place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?" "Hush! don't tell anybody, please sir."

"What are you doing here?" "Please don't tell anybody, sir; I'm a hiding."

"Where's your mother?" "Mother's dead."

"Where's your father?" "Hush! don't tell him, don't tell him! but look here!"

He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw that the boy's flesh was bruised and broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir!"

"What did he beat you like that for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'co's I wouldn't steal!"

"Did you ever steal?" "Yes, sir, I was a street thief once!"

"And why don't you steal any more?" "I went to mission school, and they told me there of God and of Heaven and of Jesus; and they taught me 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again if my father kills me for it. But please, sir, don't tell him!"

"My boy, you must not stay here, you'll die. Now, you wait patiently here for a little time; I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this." "Thank you, sir; but please, sir, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?"

Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, hiding from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing.

"Yes, I will hear you sing."

He raised himself on his elbow and then sang—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

"Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Gracious Lord, forbid me not,
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir; good-bye!"

The gentleman went away, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, and there were the shavings; and there was the boy, with one hand by his side, and the other tucked in his bosom underneath the little ragged shirt—dead, a victim of drink.

The "Congregationalist" took a census of church attendance in eleven wards of Boston on a recent Sunday. Out of a population of 172,441 there was an attendance of 71,069. Of this number 21,576 were Protestant, 49,311 Catholic, and 182 Jewish. On the same Sunday it found that about 40,000 people went to the suburbs and 350,000 people travelled on the street-cars.

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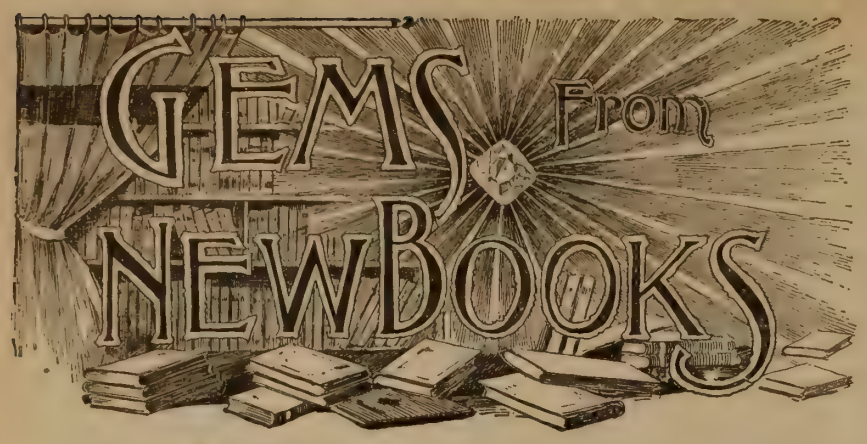

THE SEA-LIMITS.*

LISTEN alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods;
Those voices of twin solitudes
All have one sound alike to thee;
Hark, where the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strewn beach
And listen at its lips, they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech,
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art:
And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

—DANTE GABRIEL ROSETTI.

ELTON HAZLEWOOD'S DREAM.†

THE other night I had such a curious dream. I don't often remember my dreams, but this one made a great impression on me. I dreamt that I was riding out by myself at night, on the road to Insworth, which you and I have so often travelled together. I was very lonely and very sad as I rode. Then I felt that some one was riding after me and tiying to overtake me, and after a time, I became conscious that it was she—my poor lost wife! She seemed to be crying out to me and begging me to wait for her, but I would not. Then I heard her say distinctly, 'we shall meet there,' but I did not look round nor ask her where. Suddenly as I rode, never slackening my speed, I came to a large pond by the wayside, and I reined in my horse and dismounted and looked into the water among the rushes and there I found the body of my dead child. As I lifted him out, all cold and wet, *she* came up and I was angry with her no longer, and she and I kissed each other and we kissed the child and the child stood between us. Then long streamers of a wonderful aurora rolled out over the heavens, like the unfurling of a flag of victory, and it grew as light as day. We looked up over the water and behold it was a sea of glass, and I turned to my wife, from whose face all sorrow, all earthliness, were passed away and bending down to her, I said, 'forever!'"

It was partly the scene and partly the music of Hazlewood's voice and the soft, absent way in which he related the dream that thrilled me so strangely. I sat there on the rocks looking at his profile, as he gazed out to sea, entranced by that curious spiritual charm which he at all times exercised over me. He carried me with him into the mysterious dreamland of his vision. I saw it all. . . I felt that it was prophetic, even while I dared not hope so, dared not pray so. When I bid him farewell at the Vicarage gate, light, ruffled clouds had spread over the moon, and its rays were dim and I could not see his features clearly. Had I known then that this was to be our last meeting on this side of eternity, and that never again should I see that wonderful face, in this world, how I should have gazed lovingly through the darkness, till I had traced the outline of each remembered feature."

CONVENTIONAL CHRISTIANS.‡

MRS. SEFTON was one of those people who never believed in virtue unless it had the special hallmark that conventionality stamps upon it and Richard's simple charities, his small self-denials, would have appeared despicable in her eyes. She gave largely to the poor at Christmas; blankets and clothing by the bale found their way to the East End. The vicar of Melton called her the "the benevolent Mrs. Sefton," but she and Edna never entered a cottage, never sat beside a sick-bed, nor smoothed a dying pillow. Edna would have been horrified at such a suggestion. What had her bright youth to do with disease, dirt and misery? "Don't tell me about it," was her usual cry, when any one volunteered to tell her some piteous story. That such things should be allowed in a world governed by a merciful providence was incredible, terrible; but that she should be brought into contact with it was an offence to her ladylike judgment.

LITTLE ILSE AND THE ANGEL.*

As the watching angel sympathetically bent over, raising the veil, he recognized the little Ilse, for whom a bed was prepared in the valley of the Hartz mountains. "Poor child," said the good angel, "Have you been obliged to remain up here alone? Have all the others gone on, none of them thinking to take you with them?" "Forgotten have I not been," pertly replied the wilful, little Ilse, with a toss of her head. "Old Weser waited a long while and beckoned and called me, and Ecker and Ocker wanted to seize me, but I would not go. Far rather would I pine away here. Shall I descend into the valley to run through the meadows, like a common brook and do mean service in watering the cattle and sheep, and washing their clumsy feet? I, the Princess Ilse? Only look at me; am I not of the noblest lineage? The beam of light is my Father and the clear air my Mother; my Brother is the diamond and the dew-pearl in the bed of of roses is my Sister. The waves of the flood have lifted me up here; I have been permitted to wash over the snow peaks of the primitive mountains and the first sunbeam that broke through the clouds embroidered my dress with flecks of gold. I am a princess of the purest lineage and really could not go down into the valley. Therefore I preferred to hide myself, pretending to sleep, and old Weser, with the stupid brooks which know no better than to run into his arms, was at last obliged to go on without me." The angel shook his head sadly after Ilse's long speech, and looked very earnestly and searchingly into her little pale face . . . The devil of pride had already turned the head of many a foolish child, though perhaps never that of a princess royal.

A PICTURE.†

FRASER'S voice was a quite, deliberate, usually speaking unemotional one. Honor had not before been aware that it held a curious, quality, not unlike the note of some deep-toned instrument, capable of subtle power, of reserve forces, which made it at times peculiarly thrilling . . . . neither of them spoke while Fraser's voice went on, his tone full of that restrained passion, though his words were of the simplest while he described the scene before them: Christ in the hall of Pilate listening to the charge against his Divinity . . . . In words full of meaning and love and tenderness, he told them how, like a thief, a felon, a meanest criminal, their Lord and Saviour had stood before the judge and among the rabble, hearing himself denied; harder to bear —knowing them deaf to the message of joy and hope and peace he brought them. Every homely simile, every touch which could make their hearts beat in sympathy with their despised and rejected Master, Fraser gave with gentle force. Honor objected to sermons. As a rule she had never listened to them. She had not thought of such a thing as Fraser said now: of Christ as that "dear patient *Friend*." The word had been used often enough, no doubt; what gave it a new meaning now? "It must have been hard enough," Fraser was saying, "to stand there, knowing he had such a beautiful friendship to offer them, such a beautiful kingdom to promise when they should leave this world for the next. But as he then said to Pilate: 'My kingdom is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now is my kingdom not from hence.'" The picture faded. Honor's heart beat strangly. When the light fell again, she felt relieved by a more peaceful scene, that of Christ arisen, standing among his disciples, and she could with more composure listen to Fraser's brief and simple, but earnest way of illustrating that hopeful text: "*Be not faithless but believing.*"

*From *Princess Ilse*, translated from the German by Florence M. Cronise; illustrated; pp. 82; price $1.25. Albert Scott & Co., Chicago, Publishers.

†From *For Honor's Sake;* by Lucy C. Lillie, a delightful moral story for young people; pp. 450; Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, publishers.

*From *Where Meadows Greet the Sea.* A collection of Sea-Songs and Pastoral Lays, illustrated. Edited by Harrison S. Morris; pp. 300. J. R. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, publishers.

†From *Elton Hazlewood*, a Memoir, by Frederick George Scott, pp. 146, price 75c. Thos. Whittaker, New York, Publisher.

‡From *Our Bessie*, by Rosa Nouchette Cary. Illustrated: pp. 256; price, $1.25. J. B. Lippincott, Company, Philadelphia, publishers.

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Yours truly, HANK WHITE.

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THE NEW YEAR.

O BLITHE New Year!
The thousands waken joyfully to thee,
And in thy coming only gladness see,
And merry cheer.

O, sad New Year!
The millions waken anxiously to thee,
And in thy coming cares and trials see,
And death more near.

Yes, Death more near,
With every New Year's morning seems to come;
But if he only brings us nearer home,
Why should we fear?

Why should we shrink,
When we, before us, pain and suffering see?
Can we not freely, yea, and eagerly
Of Christ's cup drink?

To-day began
His sufferings, and we must suffer, too,
If we would follow, and still keep in view
Our God-made Man!

We bless the Hand
Which makes us more and more in likeness grow,
To him, our great Exemplar here below,
Through suffering's brand!

Year after year
The strokes cut deeper, till the work is done,
And in what might have been a shapeless stone
His traits appear!

O, fair new Year!
What'er thy work, we gladly welcome thee;
For in thy discipline, true joy we see,
And future cheer!

—M. E. BEAUCHAMP.

SAFE IN THE STORM.

I WAS once in an awful storm at sea: we were for many hours tossed about in sight of dangerous rocks: the steam-engines would work no longer: the wind raged violently, and around was heard the terrific roar of the breakers, and the dash of waves as they broke over the deck.

At this dreary and trying time, while we lay, as might be said, at the mercy of the waves, I found great comfort and support from an apparently trifling circumstance, it was, that the captain's child, a little girl of about twelve years old, was in the cabin with us. He had come two or three times, in the midst of his care and toils, to see how this child went on; and it is well known how cheering is the sight of a captain in such time of danger. As our situation grew worse, I saw the little girl rising on her elbow and bending her eyes towards the door, as if longing for her father's reappearance. He came at last. He was a large, bluff, sailor-like man; clad in an immense coat, great sea boots, and an oil-skin cap, with flaps hanging down his neck, streaming with water. He fell on his knees on the floor beside the low berth of his child, and stretched his arm over her, but did not speak.

After a little while he asked if she was alarmed.

"Father," the child answered, "let me be with you, and I shall not be afraid."

"With me!" he cried, "you could not stand for an instant."

"Father, let me be with you," she repeated.

"My child, you would be more frightened then," he said, kissing her, while the tears were on his rough cheeks.

"No, father, I will not be afraid if you take me with you. O father! let me be with you," and she threw her arms around his neck, and clung fast to him. The strong man was overcome, he lifted the child in his arms, and carried her away with him.

How much I felt her departure! As long as the captain's child was near, I felt her to be a sort of pledge for the return and care of the captain. I knew that in the moment of greatest danger the father would run to his child; I was certain, were the vessel about to be abandoned in the midst of the wild waves, I should know of every movement, for the captain would not desert his child. Thus in the presence of that child I had comforted myself, and when she went I felt abandoned, for the first time. Fearful, I arose, and managed to get on deck. The sea and sky seemed one. It was a dreadful sight; shuddering, I shrunk back, and threw myself again on my couch.

Then came the thought: the child is content—she is with her father; "And have I no father? O God, I thank Thee! in that moment I could answer, Yes. An unseen Father, it is true; and faith is not as sight, and nature is not as grace; but still I knew I had a Father—a Father whose love surpasses knowledge. The thought calmed my mind. Reader, does it calm yours?

"O!" cries the trembling soul, "the storm is fearful, the sky is hidden; we walk in darkness and have no light." "Be still, and know that I am God," saith the Lord; "be happy, and know that God is thy Father. Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." "All things are under the dominion of Christ, and all things, yea, even terrible things, shall work together for good to them that love God." Temptest-tost soul! as the child clung to her father's bosom, so cling thou to thy God; in the moment of thine extremity he will appear to be with thee, or take thee to be with him.

A PRIZE LOST.

AN incident related by Dr. Andrew Bonar is full of suggestion. He says: "Some years ago a clever student was at one of our colleges. Whatever competitions were offered, his friends knew he could always come out first if he only entered himself. The chief prize of his college was about to be contested. He entered and had fully made up his mind to win. He was specially well informed on the subject of examination, and knew that whatever questions might be asked, he would be able to answer. He was perfectly confident of success, but on the day of examination he suddenly remembered some business which he had in town, and glancing at his watch, saw he had ample time to do it and be back before the time fixed for the examination. He went, but on the way back he loitered and became quite oblivious to the flight of time, until coming to himself with a sudden start, he saw that it was near the hour for the examination, and he had yet a considerable distance to go. He hurried as fast as he could, and getting within the college gates, he was relieved to see that the doors were still open, but just as he was making a rush for them, and was within twenty yards, they shut with a bang. He was too late. The look of disappointment and chagrin which overspread that young man's face was most intense, as he realised that for this year the coveted prize was snatched from his hand, and that through his own negligence. It is so with those who, when offered the gift of salvation freely, fritter away the time until suddenly the doors of God's mercy are shut."

A TIME BARGAIN.

AMONG the records of missionary work in the Fiji Islands is the following: "Years ago, missionaries went to an island not previously visited and were very successful in bringing the natives to a knowledge of the truth, many of them accepting the Gospel with a simple child-like faith, and changed their whole life from cannibalism and idolatry to Christianity and civilisation.

One very eminent chief was known to be favorably inclined towards Christianity, and it was thought that if he could be brought openly to confess allegiance to the white man's God, it would in addition to his own individual salvation, be of great good in influencing others toward Christ.

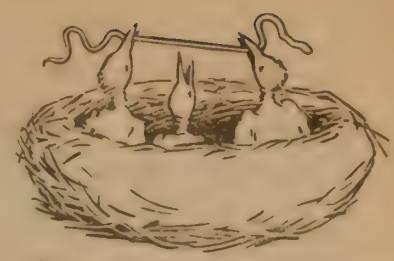
One of the missionaries spoke to the chief privately on the subject, and he acknowledged that he believed the white men were right and that there were no hopes beyond the grave excepting in trusting their God, but he loved his heathen ways and was not prepared to give them up just yet. 'But,' he said, 'come to me five years from this day, and I will accept your Christ.'

"The missionary reasoned with him and tried to persuade him to reconsider what he had said, but the chief was obdurate. 'Five years from this day I will accept your God,' he said, 'but not until then.' Time went on, one year and then a second passed, and on the very day on which the second year was completed that chief died, without Christ. He had refused salvation in God's time, and God did not wait until the man's time had come round."

IN HOLY LAND.

THIS is the earth he walked on; not alone
That Asian country keeps the sacred stain;
'Tis not alone the far Judæan plain,
Mountain and river! Lo, the sun that shone
On him shines now on us; when day is gone
The moon of Galilee comes forth again
And lights our path as his: an endless chain
Of years and sorrows makes the round world one.
The air we breathe, he breathed,—the very air
That took the mould and music of his high
And Godlike speech.—Since then shall mortal dare
With base thought front the ever-sacred sky,—
Soil with foul deed the ground whereon he laid
In holy death his pale, immortal head!

—RICHARD WATSON GILDER.



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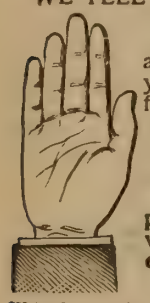

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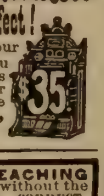

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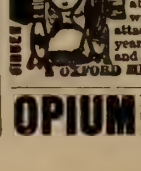

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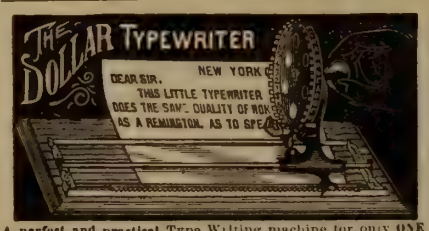

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REMOVE THE SKIN, WHICH WILL READILY PEEL OFF WHEN BOILED AS DIRECTED. HAVE READY SOME DRIED BREAD OR CRACKERS OF WHICH ROLL FINE AND SIFT A TEACUP FULL. BREAK IN TWO EGGS AND STIR WELL WITH ONE TEASPOONFUL OF SUGAR. USE A LITTLE WATER IF THE EGGS DO NOT SUFFICIENTLY MOISTEN IT. SPREAD THIS EVENLY OVER THE FAT AND DRESS WITH PEPPER AND SPICES. PUT THE HAM IN A PAN WITH A WIRE BOTTOM, OR, IF THAT BE NOT AT HAND, BLOCK UP THE HAM SO THAT THE FLESH SHALL NOT REST ON THE PAN. HAVE THE OVEN HOT AND SEND THE HAM TO THE TABLE AS SOON AS IT IS BROWNED. IN CARVING, CUT IN VERY THIN SLICES.

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VOLUME 15. | NUMBER 2.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 13, 1892.

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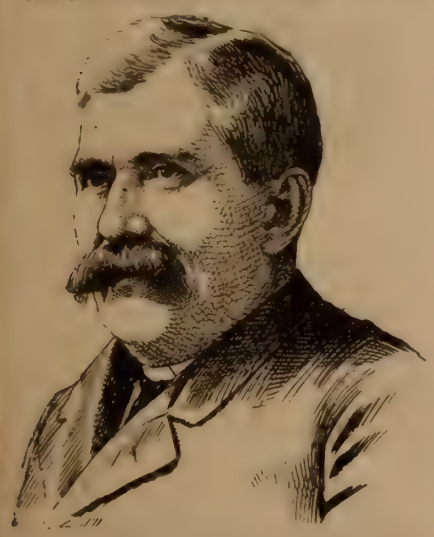
A CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY.

The Grand Work of the William Taylor University, of Fort Wayne, Ind.—A National Institution for Training Lay Preachers and Missionaries—Endowment Proposed

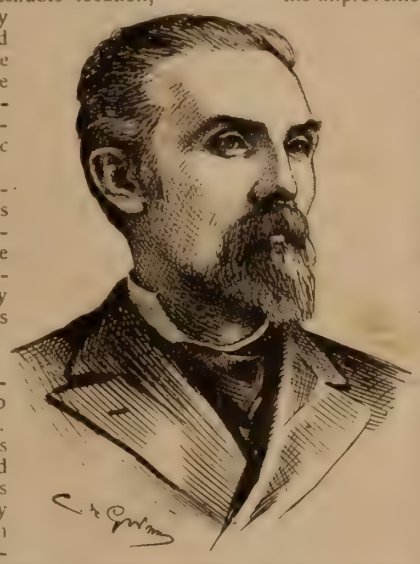
ONE of the greatest forces for the advancement of Christianity in this age is the lay preacher. To him is due much of the progressive spirit of American Methodism, for he may be said to furnish very largely the "brawn and brain" of the Church. His tremendous energy, no less than his fidelity and devotion, have crowned his class with honor, and in every avenue of life—in literature, commerce, diplomacy and the varied professions, is he to be found doing good and faithful work for his Divine Master.



PROF. C. B. STEMEN, DEAN OF MEDICAL COLLEGE.

There are probably 12,000 local preachers in the United States attached to the Methodist Church, and a representative portion of this vast army has recently undertaken a task of such broad Christian philanthropy that it deserves to be commended to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is to place upon an endowed and permanent basis the Taylor University of Fort Wayne, Ind., where young men and women desiring to enter the missionary field are educated free.

Taylor University, so-called after the distinguished missionary Bishop, William Taylor, whose labors among the heathen tribes along the Congo are familiar to our readers, was organized on the 22d day of May, 1890, and a legal charter obtained under the laws of Indiana. The constituency of the University is the National Association of Local Preachers of the M. E. Church, the Northern Indiana Conference, and the Association known as the Fort Wayne College of Medicine. The Fort Wayne College was founded in 1846 by the ministers of the North Indiana Conference and was chartered the following year as the Fort Wayne Female College, being afterward consolidated in 1853 with the Fort Wayne Collegiate Institute for young men—the whole under the legal name of the Fort Wayne College. The old buildings, erected in 1846-47 in a most desirable location, have since been greatly enlarged and improved and the main edifice (which is shown in the illustration), is as commodious and as fully equipped as any academic building in the Union.



REV. J. C. READE, A.M., PRES. OF THE UNIVERSITY.

On founding the original college, the preachers of the North Indiana Conference canvassed the territory, and sold scholarships to raise the necessary funds. Many parents bought certificates conferring the right, on their sons arriving at the proper age, to send them to the College without cost. All these free scholarships had to be redeemed, and for a number of years there was comparatively little revenue from tuition fees. While the institution remained under the patronage of the North Indiana Conference, that body subscribed at different times for its support; but the large number of free scholars materially crippled its usefulness.

A new and brighter day dawned when, in 1890, it was taken under the special patronage of the Local Preachers' Association and christened after the famous missionary, who had himself been a local preacher for the greater part of his lifetime, and even when he was elected Bishop of Africa. Under the new arrangement, the Local Preachers' Association was entitled to a controlling voice in the management and to elect one-third of the trustees, the Northern Indiana Conference a third, and Medical School the remainder. Soon the improvement was manifest, and the prospect became very encouraging. The various departments of the University began to flourish, new students were continually coming in and applications were made for admission far ahead of the regular term. It was soon evident that, if its inherited debt of some $25,000 were taken care of and a suitable endowment fund provided, there would be a splendid field of Christian usefulness open to Taylor University, and that a hearty united effort on the part of the Local Preachers and their friends throughout the country, would be all that was necessary to place it upon a satisfactory working basis, absolutely free from incumbrances. Taylor University aims to gather into its halls local preachers by scores and hundreds, and to make the institution a perpetual fountain of religious light and power: it designs to afford to the children of local preachers and all who are ambitious to enter the Gospel field, a complete educational equipment, at half the usual expense, and thus to give to this class an opportunity such as no other academic seat at present extends. Hundreds are now availing themselves of this boon, and it only needs the hearty encouragement of the local preachers throughout the country to make the boon perpetual and of still wider application.

The twelve thousand local preachers now actively engaged in tho work of the Methodist Church have it within their power to do this. It is *their* University and their children's, and is worthy of the highest recognition and support at their hands.

To rightly appreciate the value to Christianity and civilization of an institution of this character, it is only necessary to glance at the University programme for a single year, since the consolidation. There are two classes of students: the free, who are training for missionary work, and the pay students who

REV. A. E MAHIN, PRES. BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

are taking the University course, either with a view to entering the ministry, or filling some position in life where a thorough academic training on the lines of higher education will be advantageous.

The curriculum embraces languages, history, moral science, political economy, mathematics physics, chemistry, art, music, medicine, surgery and other branches, divided into normal and academic courses. The instructors are the best that can be secured, and the educational and social tone of the University is thoroughly Christian. Pupils expenses are reduced to a trifling charge, compared with those of other universities. There are several college societies, each of which has an elegantly furnished hall for its meetings. Male students are provided with living apartments outside of the university building, female students alone being allowed to room there. To stimulate the energies of the classes, special prizes are offered in oratory, essays and debates.

The Literary Faculty of Taylor University stands very high in the estimation of Christian educators everywhere. The President, the Rev. Thaddeus C. Reade, Professor of Mental and Moral Science and Political Economy, is a native of New York, and is now in his forty-sixth year. He passed his childhood in Ohio and was converted at twelve, when he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. At fifteen he was teaching a country school, and a year later received a license as a local preacher. At eight-

(Continued on page 19.)

TAYLOR UNIVERSITY, FORT WAYNE, IND.

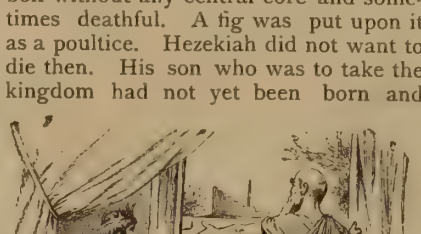
THE SUN-DIAL OF AHAZ.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday morning Sermon: *"And Isaiah, the prophet cried unto the Lord: and he brought the shadow ten degrees backward by which it had gone down in the dial of Ahaz."* II. Kings 20 : 11.

HERE is the first clock or watch or chronometer or time-piece of which the world has any knowledge. But it was a watch that did not tick and a clock that did not strike. It was a sun-dial. Ahaz, the king, invented it. Between the hours given to statecraft and the cares of office he invented something by which he could tell the time of day. This sun-dial may have been a great column, and when the shadow of that column reached one point it was nine o'clock A.M., and when it reached another point it was three o'clock P.M., and all the hours and half-hours were so measured. Or it may have been a flight of stairs such as may now be found in Hindustan and other old countries, and when the shadow reached one step it was ten o'clock A.M., or another step it was four o'clock P. M., and likewise other hours may have been indicated.

The clepsydra or water-clock followed the sun-dial, and the sand-glass followed the clepsydra. Then came the candle-clock of Alfred the Great and the candle was marked into three parts, and while the first part was burning he gave himself to religion and while the second part was burning he gave himself to politics and while the third part was burning he gave himself to rest. After awhile came the wheel and weight clock and Pope Sylvester the Second was its most important inventor. And the skill of centuries of exquisite mechanism toiled at the time-pieces until the world had the Vick's clock of the fourteenth century and Huyghens the inventor swung the first pendulum, and Dr. Hooke contrived the recoil escapement. And the "endless chain" followed, and the "ratchet and pinion lever" took its place; and the compensation balance and the stem winder followed, and now we have the buzz and clang of the great clock and watch factories of Switzerland and Germany and England and America turning out what seems to be the perfection of time-pieces. It took the world six thousand years to make the present chronometer. So with the measurement of longer spaces than minutes and hours. Time was calculated from new moon to new moon; then from harvest to harvest. Then the year was pronounced to be three hundred and fifty-four days and then three hundred and sixty days and, not until a long while after, three hundred and sixty-five days. Then events were calculated from the foundation of Rome, afterward from the Olympic games. Then the Babylonians had their measurement of the year and the Romans theirs and the Armenians theirs and the Hindoos theirs. Chronology was busy for centuries studying monuments, inscriptions, coins, mummies, and Astronomy trying to lay a plan by which all question of dates might be settled and events put in their right place in the procession of the ages. But the Chronologists only heaped up a mountain of confusion and bewilderment until in the sixth century Dionysius Exiguus, a Roman abbot, said: "Let everything date from the birth at Bethlehem of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world." The abbot proposed to have things dated backward and forward from that great event. What a splendid thought for the world! What a mighty thing for Christianity! It would have been most natural to date everything from the creation of the world. But I am glad the chronologists could not too easily guess how old the world was in order to get the nations in the habit of dating from that occurrence in its documents and histories. Forever fixed is it that all history is to be dated with reference to the birth of Christ, and, this matter settled, Hales the chief chronologist, declared that the world was made five thousand four hundred and eleven years before Christ, and the deluge came three thousand one hundred and fifty-five years before Christ and all the illustrious events of the last nineteen centuries and all the great events of all time to come have been or shall be dated from the birth of Christ. These things I say that you may know what a watch is, what a clock is, what a an almanac is, and learn to appreciate through what toils and hardships and perplexities the world came to its present conveniences and comforts, and to help you to more respectful consideration of that sun-dial of Ahaz planted in my text.

We are told that Hezekiah the king was dying of a boil. It must have been one of the worst kind of carbuncles, a boil without any central core and sometimes deathful. A fig was put upon it as a poultice. Hezekiah did not want to die then. His son who was to take the kingdom had not yet been born and

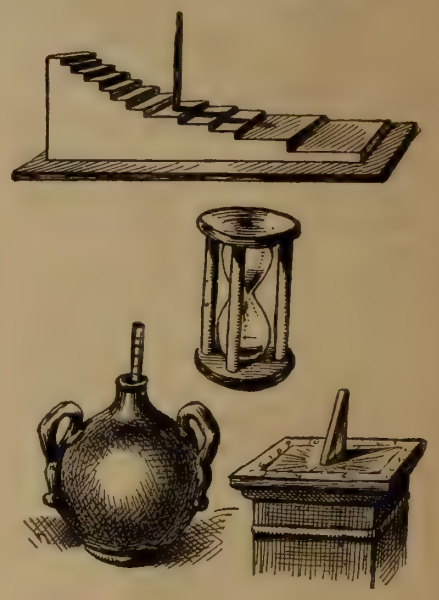


ISAIAH AND HEZEKIAH.

Hezekiah's death would have been the death of the nation. So he prays for recovery and is told he will get well. But he wants some miraculous sign to make him sure of it. He has the choice of having the shadow on the sun-dial of Ahaz advance or retreat. He replied it would not be so wonderful to have the sun go down, for it always does go down sooner or later. He asks that it go backward. In other words, let the day instead of going on toward sundown, turn and go toward sunrise. I see the invalid king bolstered up and wrapped in blankets looking out of the window upon the sun-dial in the courtyard. While he watches the shadow on the dial the shadow begins to retreat. Instead of going on toward six o'clock in the evening it goes back toward six o'clock in the morning. The fig poultice had been drawing for some time and, sure enough, the boil broke and Hezekiah got well. Now I expect you will come on with your higher criticism and try to explain this away and say it was an optical delusion of Hezekiah, and the shadow only seemed to go back or a cloud came over and it was uncertain which way the shadow did go and as Hezekiah expected it to go back he took the action of his own mind for the retrograde movement. No; the shadow went back on all the dials of that land and other lands. Turn to II. Chron. 32: 31, and find that away off in Babylon the mighty men of the palace noticed the same phenomenon. And if you do not like Bible authority, turn over your copy of Herodotus and find that away off in Egypt the people noticed that there was something the matter with the sun. The fact is that the whole universe waits upon God and suns and moons and stars are not very big things to him, and he can with his little finger turn back an entire world as easily as you could set back the hour-hand or minute-hand of your clock or watch.

At the opening of a new year people are moralizing on the flight of time. You all feel that you are moving on toward sundown and many of you are under a consequent depression. I propose this morning to set the hands on your watches and clocks to going the other way. I propose to show you how you may make the shadow of your dial like the shadow on the dial of Ahaz to stop going forward and make it go backward. You think I have a big undertaking on hand, but it can be done if the same Lord who reversed the shadow in Hezekiah's courtyard moves upon us. While looking at the sun-dial of Hezekiah and we find the shadow retreating, we ought to learn that God controls the shadows. We are all ready to acknowledge his management of the sunshine. We stand in the glow of a bright morning and we say in our feelings if not with so many words, "This life is from God, this warmth is from God." Or, we have a rush of prosperity and we say, "These successes are from God. What a providential thing it was I bought that lot just before the rise of real estate! How grateful to God I am that I made that investment! Why, they have declared ten per cent. dividend! What a mercy it was that I sold out my shares before that collapse!" Oh, yes; we acknowledge God in the sunshine of a bright day or the sunshine of a great prosperity. But suppose the day is dark? You have to light the gas at noon. The sun does not show himself all day long. There is nothing but shadow. How slow we are to realize that the storm is from God and the darkness from God and the chill from God. Or, we buy the day before the market's retreat; or we make an investment that never pays; or we purchase goods that we can not dispose of; or a crop of grain we sowed is ruined by drought or freshet; or when we took account of stock on the first of January we found ourselves thousands of dollars worse off than we expected. Who under such circumstances says, "This loss is from God. I must have been allowed to go into that unfortunate enterprise for some good reason; God controls the east wind as well as the west wind?"

My friends, I cannot look for one moment on that retrograde shadow on Ahaz's dial without learning that God controls the shadows and that lesson we need all to learn. That he controls the sunshine is not so necessary a lesson, for anybody can be happy when things go right. When you sleep eight hours a night and rise with an appetite that cannot easily wait for breakfast and you go over to the store and open your mail to read more orders than you can fill, and in the next letter you find a dividend far larger than you have been promised, and your neighbor comes in to tell you some flattering thing he has just heard said about you and you find that all the styles of goods in which you deal have advanced fifteen per cent. in value, and on your way home you meet your children in full romp and there are roses on the centre of the tea-table and roses of health in cheeks all round the table, what more do you want of consolation? I don't pity you a bit. You feel as if you could boss the world. But for those in



SUN-DIALS, SAND-GLASS AND CLEPSYDRA.

just opposite circumstance my text comes in with an omnipotence of meaning. The shadow! Oh, the shadow! Shadow of bereavement! Shadow of sickness! Shadow of bankruptcy! Shadow of mental depression! Shadow of persecution! Shadow of death! Speak out, O, sun-dial of Ahaz, and tell all the people that God manages the shadow! As Hezekiah sat in his palace window wrapped in invalidism and surrounded by anodynes and cataplasms and looked out upon the black hand of the only clock known at that time and saw it move back ten degrees, he learned a lesson that a majority of the human race need this hour to learn,—that the best friend a man ever had controls the shadow. The set-backs are sometimes the best things that can happen. The great German author Schiller could not work unless he had in his room the scent of rotten apples, and the decay of the fruits of earthly prosperity may become an inspiration instead of a depression. Robert Chambers' lame feet shut him up from other work, and he became the world-renowned publisher, and helped fashion the best literature of the ages. The painful disorder like that of Hezekiah called a carbuncle is spelled exactly the same as the precious stone called the carbuncle, and the pang of suffering may become the jewel of immortal value. Your set-back like that of Ahaz's sun-dial may be recovery and triumph. I never had a set-back but it turned out to be a set forward. You never would have become a Christian if you had not had a set-back. The highest thrones in heaven are for the set-backs. In 1861 the shadow of the sun-dial of this nation was set back, and all things seemed going to ruin, and it was set back further in 1862, and further in 1863, and still further in 1865, but there is not an intelligent and well-balanced man, North or South, East or West, but feels it was set back toward the sun-rise.

But I promised to show you how the shadows might be turned back. First, by going much among the young people. In most family circles there are grandchildren. By this divine arrangement most of the people who have passed the

meridian of life can compass themselves by juvenility. It is a bad thing for an old man or old woman to sit looking at the vivacity of their grandchildren shouting, "Stop that racket!" Better join in the fun. Let the eighty-years-old grandfather join the eight-years-young grandson or granddaughter. My father and mother lived to see over eighty children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren and a more boisterous crew were never turned out on this sublunary sphere and they all seemed to cry to the old folks "Keep young," and they did keep young. Don't walk with a cane unless you have to, or only as a defense in a city afflicted with too many canines. Don't wear glasses stronger than necessary. Remain young. Better than arnica for your stiff joints and catnip tea for your sleepless nights, will be a large dose of youthful companionship.

Set back he clock of human life. Make the shadow of the sun-dial of Ahaz fetreat ten degrees. People make themselves old by always talking about being old and wishing for the good old days, which were never as good as these days. From all I can hear the grandchildren are not half as bad as the grandparents were. Matters have been hushed up. But if you have ever been in a room adjoining a room where some very old people a little deaf were talking over old times you will find that this age does not monopolize all the young rascals. Revive your remembrance of what you were between five and ten years of age, and with patience capable of everything join with the young. Put back the shadow of the dial not ten degrees but fifty and sixty and seventy degrees.

Set back your clocks also by entering on new and absorbing Christian work. In our desire to inspire the young we have in our essays had much to say about what has been accomplished by the young; of Romulus who founded Rome when he was twenty years of age; of Cortes who had conquered Mexico at thirty years; of Pitt who was Prime Minister of England at twenty-four years; of Raphael who died at thirty-seven years; of Calvin who wrote his Institutes at twenty-six; of Melancthon who took a learned professor's chair at twenty-one years; of Luther who had conquered Germany for the Reformation by the time he was thirty-five years. And it is all very well for us to show how early in life one can do very great things for God and the welfare of the world, but some of the mightiest work for God has been done by septuagenarians and octogenarians and nonagenarians. Indeed, there is work which none but such can do. They preserve the equipoise of Senates, of religious denominations, of reformatory movements. Young men for action, old men for counsel. Instead of any of you beginning to fold up your energies arouse anew your energies. With the experience you have obtained and the opportunities of observation you have had during a long life, you ought to be able to do in one year now more than you did in ten years right after you had passed out of your teens. Physical power less, your spiritual power ought to be more. Up to the last hour of their lives what power for good old Dr. Archibald Alexander, old Dr. Woods, old Dr. Hawes, old Dr. Milnor, old Dr. McIlvaine, old Dr. Tyng, old Dr. Candlish, old Dr. Chalmers! What have been Bismarck to Germany, and Gladstone to England, and Oliver Wendell Holmes to America in the time of an advanced age? Let me say to those in the afternoon of life: Don't be putting off the harness; when God wants it off he will take it off. Don't be frightened out of life by the grip as many are. At the first sneeze of an influenza many give up all as lost. No new terror has come on the earth. The microbes as the cause of disease were described in the Talmud seventeen hundred years ago as "invisible legions of dangerous ones." Don't be scared out of life by all this talk about heart failure. That trouble has always been in the world. That is what all the people that ever passed out of this life have died of—heart failure. Adam had it and all of his descendants have had it or will have it. Do not be watching for symptoms, or you will have symptoms of everything. Some of you will yet die of symptoms. Put your trust in God, go to bed at ten o'clock, have the window open six inches to let in the fresh air, sleep on your right side, and fear nothing. The old maxim was right: "Get thy spindle and distaff ready, and God will send thee flax?"

But while looking at this sun-dial of Ahaz and I see the shadow of it move, I notice that it went back toward the sunrise instead of forward toward the sunset—toward the morning instead of toward the night. That thing the world is willing now to do, and in many cases has done. There have a great many things been written and spoken about the sunset of life. I have said some of them myself. But my text suggests a better idea. The Lord who turned back that day from going toward sundown and started it toward sunrise is willing to do the same thing for all of us. The theologians who stick to old religious technicalities until they become soporifics would not call it anything but conversion. I call it a change from going toward sundown to going toward sunrise. That man who never tries to unbuckle the clasp of evil habit and who keeps all the sins of the past and the present freighting him and who ignores the one redemption made by the only One who could redeem, if that man will examine the sun-dial he will find that the shadow is going forward and he is on the way to sundown. His day is on the road to night. All the watches that tick, all the clocks that strike, all the sand glasses that empty themselves, all the shadows that move on all the sun-dials indicate the approach of darkness. But now, in answer to prayer, as in my text the change was in answer to prayer, the pardoning Lord reverses things and the man starts toward sunrise instead of sunset. He turns the other way. The Captain of Salvation gives him the mili-

YOUNG AND OLD COMPANIONS.

tary command, "Attention! Right about face!" He was marching toward indifference, marching toward hardness of heart, marching toward prayerlessness, marching toward sin, marching toward gloom, marching toward death. Now he turns and marches toward peace, marches toward light and marches toward comfort and marches toward high hope and marches toward a triumph stupendous and everlasting, toward hosannas that ever hoist and hallelujahs that ever roll. Now if that is not the turning of the shadow on the dial of Ahaz from going toward sundown to going toward sunrise, what is it?

I have seen day break over Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn, over the heights of Lebanon, over Mount Washington, over the Sierra Nevadas, and mid-Atlantic, the morning after a departed storm when the billows were liquid Alps and liquid Sierra Nevadas, but the sunrise of the soul is more effulgent and more transporting. It bathes all the heights of the soul and illumines all the depths of the soul and whelms all the faculties, all the aspirations, all the ambitions, all the hopes with a light that sickness cannot eclipse or death extinguish or eternity do anything but augment and magnify. I preach the sunrise. As I look at that retrograde movement of the shadow on Ahaz's dial, I remember that it was a sign that Hezekiah was going to get well and he got well. So I have to tell all you who are by the grace of God having your day turned from decline toward night to ascent toward morning, that you are going to get well, well of all your sins, well of all your sorrows, well of all your earthly distresses. Sunrise!

But, says some one, all that you say may be true but that does not hinder the horrors of dissolution. Why, you who are the Lord's, are not going to die. All that the grave gets of you as compared with your chief, your immortal nature, is as the clippings of your finger nails as compared with your whole body. As you run the scissors along the edge of your thumb nail and you cut off that which is of no use but rather a hindrance, you do not mourn over the departure of that fragment which flies away. Death will be only the scissoring-off of that which could be of no use and the soul has no funeral over that which would be an awful nuisance if we could not get rid of it. This body as it now is, what a failure it would make of heaven if our departing soul had to be burdened with it in the next world. While others there go ten thousand miles a minute we would take about an hour to walk four miles, and while our neighbor immortals could see a hundred miles we could see only ten miles, and the fleetest and the healthiest of our bodies if seen there would make it necessary to open in heaven an asylum for cripples. No; no; one of the best possible things that will happen to us will be the sloughing off of this body when we have no more use for it in its present state. When it shall come up in its resurrected form we will be very glad to get it back again, but not as it is now with its limitations and bedwarfments innumerable. Sunrise!

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Sunrise! But not like one of those mornings after you had gone to bed late, or did not sleep well, and you get up chilled and yawning, and the morning bath is a repulsion, and you feel like saying to the morning sun shining into your window: "I do not see what you find to smile about; your brightness is to me a mockery." But the inrush of the next world will be a morning after a sound sleep, a sleep that nothing can disturb, and you will rise, the sunshine in your faces, and in your first morning in heaven you will wade down into the sea of glass mingled with fire, the foam on fire with a splendor you never saw on earth and the rolling waves are doxologies, and the rocks of that shore are golden and the pebbles of that beach are pearl, and the skies that arch the scene are a commingling of all the colors that St. John saw on the wall of heaven, the crimson and the blue and the saffron and the orange and the purple and the gold and the green wrought on those skies in shape of garlands, of banners, of ladders, of chariots, of crowns, of thrones. What a sunrise! Do you not feel its warmth on your faces? Scoville McCollum, the dying boy of our Sunday School, uttered what shall be the peroration of this sermon, "Throw back the shutters and let the sun in!" And so the shadow of Ahaz's sun-dial turns from sunset to sunrise.

A CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

(Continued from first page.)

een he entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, graduating in the classical course in 1860. For three years he was principal of the Fairmont Union Academy, a school of very high grade, and in 1872 he joined the Central Ohio Conference and has filled some of its best appointments. He is an able writer, a ready and effective speaker and a thorough Christian, devoted to his present work and fully convinced of the great future that awaits Taylor University. President Reade's portrait is given in this issue.

The Medical College, which is a part of the University, is one of the most successful in the West. Many distinguished physicians and surgeons have been among its graduates. Christian Stemen, A. M., M.D., LL.D., Professor of Surgery and Clinical Surgery, is Dean of the College. Professor Stemen (whose portrait we also give), has a wide celebrity as a medical expert, and is surgeon to the Pennsylvania and other railroad companies. He is himself a local preacher and has been several times President of the Local Preachers' Association. He is editor of the *Local Preachers' Magazine*, and for a year after the creation of Taylor University, was its acting President. He was born in 1836 in Fairfield County, Ohio, educated in the schools of Ohio, and in 1863 received the degree of M.D. in the Medical College of Cincinnati. In 1875 he was graduated from the Medical College of Ohio, and in May of the same year was elected Demonstrator of Anatomy in that institution. He was converted and united with the Church in 1860, and in 1861 was licensed as a Local Preacher, and on the 28th day of August ordained an elder. He has ever since been a local preacher. He has been recognised as the leader in the movement of the organizing of Taylor University, and has done much to interest the Local Preachers of this country in the work they have undertaken in the cause of education, and the success of Taylor University has greatly been due to his labors.

The Board of Trustees of the University is a representative body, the President being the Rev. A. E. Mahin, of Fort Wayne, Ind., Presiding Elder of Fort Wayne District of the North Indiana Conference. A portrait of Dr. Mahin is given in connection with this article. The Board also includes Hon. Chauncey Shaffer, LL.D., of New York City; Charles McCulloch, (son of the ex-Secretary of the Treasury under the administration of President Arthur); Rev. Wm. P. George, D. D., of Jersey City, and other gentlemen eminent in law, finance, education and the pulpit. Hon. Allen Zollars, of the Supreme Court of Indiana, and several of the leading Protestant citizens of Fort Wayne are also among the membership of the directory.

Fort Wayne is dominated by Roman Catholicism, and if for no other reason, Taylor University is felt by all Protestant Churches in that part of the Union to be necessary as a breakwater to the tide of Romanism that is pouring in. But the broader object is the education of lay workers for special lines of church work and their preparation for the foreign and domestic mission fields and the ministry. One of the students now there is a young native African sent on by Bishop Taylor, and who can as yet speak but little English. He is being educated for missionary work among his own people, and, like all other students designed for foreign missions, is a free scholar. There are at present about one hundred students of both sexes in the literary department, and about forty in the medical class.

The trustees have met with much encouragement in their effort to liquidate the $25,000 indebtedness, which was chiefly incurred in erecting new buildings. This they ultimately expect to do through private subscriptions in Fort Wayne. They look forward with equal confidence to the great body of local preachers for a united effort to endow the University, which is essentially a Local Preachers' College. For this endowment $100,000 is needed. The grounds and buildings have a market value of fully $70,000, but for educational purposes they are reasonably worth a much larger amount. Located in a city of 40,000 inhabitants, and amid elegant residences, the University is one of the most imposing and commodious educational institutions in the country, its spacious and stately pile rising high above the surroundings. It is an institution to be cherished by all who love Christian work, and especially by that great denomination to whose interests it is dedicated, and whose existence till now has been a long and glorious record of noble and self-sacrificing work for the Master in every land under the sun.

HEZEKIAH'S PRAYER.

S. S. Lesson For Jan. 24. By Mrs M. Baxter Isa. 37: 14-21 and 33-38. Golden Text, Ps. 34: 17.

HEZEKIAH, from the very beginning of his reign, had been true and faithful to his God, so much so, that it was written of him: "He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, according to all that David his father did, etc. He trusted in the Lord God of Israel; so that after him was none like him among all the kings of Judah, nor any that were before him. For he clave to the Lord, and departed not from following him, but kept his commandments, which the Lord commanded Moses." (II. Kings 18: 3-6.) The first act of his reign was to cleanse the temple and reconstitute the worship of his God. He also kept the passover such as had not been in Jerusalem since the time of Solomon. Many from the neighboring tribes of Israel came up at Hezekiah's call to keep this passover. Everything that he did prospered, for he walked in the sight of his God all the day and every day.

But it is just such a servant of God whom he delights to try. All which is gold must pass through the fire, and it is not without significance that it is written, "After these things and

This Faithfulness,

Sennacherib king of Assyria came, and entered into Judah, and encamped against the fenced cities, and thought to win them for himself." (II. Chron. 32: 1, R.V.) It is not in the heyday of prosperity, when all is well with us, and when it is a keen, intense joy to serve the Lord and to be used of him, it is not at such a time that we learn to know the plague of our own hearts, but it is when everything is dark, when difficulties press on every side, it is then that the sense of our own helplessness is greatest; it is then that we know that we are nothing, and learn to know what our God is. Yet very generally God's discipline touches us on some point where we fail. The king was unimpeachable as regarded active service and devotion to God, but he had yet to learn how to let God guide him, and how to recognize God in unexpected emergencies. Hezekiah's first mistake was that "he sent to the king of Assyria to Lachish, saying, I have offended; return from me: that which thou puttest on me will I bear." And in order to pay the indemnity named, Hezekiah gave to the king of Assyria "all the silver that was found in the house of the Lord, and in the treasures of the king's house," and also the gold from the doors of the temple and from the pillars. (II. Kings 18: 14-16.) We have no record that the king received any instructions from his God to deal thus with the king of Assyria. In this instance he acted without authority, and undoubtedly it was a wrong step. God was able to preserve his own temple and his city, as he ultimately proved, and Hezekiah's action was a loss to the house of God and no gain to his people.

He next "took counsel with his princes and with his mighty men to stop the waters of the fountains which were without the city," in order that the Assyrian army, if they beseiged Jerusalem, should find no water. At the same time, he

Strengthened Himself,

and built up all the wall that was broken and raised it up to the towers, and another wall without, and repaired mills in the city of David, and made darts and shields in abundance." All the energy with which he had so blessedly served his God during the fourteen years of his reign while he was kept in peace, he made use of now to defend himself and his city against the enemy. But he little knew how weak he really was, he must learn the lesson, which Joshua learnt on the banks of the Jordan, that in the battles of the Lord neither king nor general is the captain; it is "a man with a drawn sword in his hand," who comes and says: "As captain of the host of the Lord am I now come." (Josh. 5: 14).

Troubles never come alone; another burden must come on the king, in the very first days of the siege, his physical strength gave way, under the unaccustomed strain, and he was laid aside with sickness. Pain of body is at all times difficult to endure, but when sickness comes just at a critical moment, at the very time when it seems to us as though all the powers of mind and body are required for some special emergency—it is a very great test of faith, and puts God's servants most specially to the proof whether they can stand such discipline without complaining that the pressure is too great, whether they can escape the miserable temptation to self pity.

Hezekiah's efforts at self defence were not only useless in the eyes of God; they appeared contemptible also in the eyes of the Assyrian conqueror, and he sent a message to Jerusalem to demand an instant surrender, placing before Hezekiah and his followers the tremendous odds that were against them, showing them how little force they had against such power. Rabshakeh, Sennacherib's general, had imbibed the arrogant spirit of his master, he spoke contemptuously of the possibility of Egypt as an ally, and from that went on to revile the Lord God of Israel—he actually had the effrontery to take the name of the Lord on his lips and say: "And am I now come up without the Lord against this land to destroy it?" The Lord said to me go up against this land and destroy it. In his audacious insolence, Rabshakeh then addressed the people, seeing all his arguments to make them disobey their king and surrender the city to him on favorable terms, were of no effect, he said: "Beware lest Hezekiah persuade you, saying, the Lord will deliver us. Hath any of the gods of the nations delivered his land out of the hand of the King of Assyria? Where are the gods of Hamath and Arphad? Where are the gods of Sepharvine? and have they delivered Samaria out of my hand? Who are they among all the gods of these lands that have delivered their land out of my hand, that the Lord should deliver Jerusalem out of my hand?" "And they spake against the God of Jerusalem, as against the gods of the people of the earth, which were the work of the hand of man." (II. Chron. 32: 19.)

It is not quite clear at what period of the siege Hezekiah's illness took place, but since in his answer to his prayer, concerning it the Lord said, "I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears; behold, I will heal thee; on the third day thou shalt go up unto the house of the Lord. And I will add unto thy days fifteen years; and I will deliver thee and this city out of the hand of the King of Assyria; and I will defend this city for thine own sake, and my servant David's sake (II. Kings 20: 5,6) —it is very clear that the deliverance of Jerusalem did not precede the healing of Hezekiah's sickness; probably, it took place between the coming of Rabshakeh and the sending of the letter to Hezekiah. Who knows what Hezekiah must have suffered, not in his body only, but in his soul, when through the severity of the pain he would find himself almost unable to pray or to answer a message, just when failure had followed all his efforts, and it might almost seem that God's ways were alike against him, just when at any moment Jerusalem might be surrounded by her enemies. And, yet,

Is God Cruel

when he permits his children to be thus tried? Is it not just at such moments that we are brought to test the foundations of our faith, and to see how real our God is; just when all our power to undertake is gone, and when to all human appearance all hopes fail, that the Lord himself steps in and does what man could never do? David says: "My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."

When Rabshakeh found that the people answered him not a word, he returned to his master. But Hezekiah and his faithful counsellors had recourse to a higher Master still. Hezekiah was learning his lesson—to depend —only upon God; he went up unto the house of the Lord and sent messengers to Isaiah the prophet, saying: "Thus saith Hezekiah, this day is a day of trouble, and of rebuke, and of blasphemy; for the children have come to the birth, and there is not strength to bring forth. It may be the Lord thy God will hear the words of Rabshakeh, whom the King of Assyria, his master, hath sent to reproach the living God, and will reprove the words which the Lord thy God hath heard: wherefore lift up thy prayer for the remnant that is left." Under the intense pressure which was upon him, Hezekiah was doing more in placing the crisis in his nation in the hands of his God than he had done in all that wondrous keeping of the passover or the incomparable revival in which he had been the leader: he was giving his God a chance to prove how mightily he could act in the sorest dilemma.

And then he and Isaiah prayed unto the Lord. (II. Chron. 32: 20.) But God's reply was "Be not afraid of the words which thou hast heard." But before Hezekiah could be answered, he must feel the furnace heat yet more. God had declared to him by Isaiah that the king of Assyria should return to his own land. But appearances were against such a turn of events. Sennacherib wrote a letter repeating his defiance of Judah and of God, and Hezekiah more humbled, spread the letter before the Lord and prayed. And the answer of the Lord came back to him; his eyes were fixed upon the Almighty, and he revealed himself to him as immensely mightier than the king of Assyria who had reproached him, and showed how he would treat him like a rebellious beast, he would put a hook in his nose, and a bridle in his lips, and turn him back by the way which he came. The promise first, the fulfilment afterward. It was then, probably the same night, "the angel of the Lord went forth, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and four score and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses."

"Thus the Lord saved Hezekiah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem from the hand of Sennacherib the king of Assyria, and from the hand of all others, and guided them on every side." (II. Chron. 32: 22.)

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

AND Hezekiah went up unto the house of the Lord and spread it before the Lord. Humanly speaking, Hezekiah's case was a hopeless one. The great armies of the haughty Assyrian King had but to surround Jerusalem, and Judah would have been compelled to sue for mercy. Hezekiah felt his utter weakness, and realizing that he of himself could do nothing to turn the tide of destruction that seemed to have set in, in abject helplessness he appeals to God for deliverance.

And it is often in times of extreme perplexity like these, when cares and sorrows and trials and anxieties crowd in upon us, and turn whichever way we may, not a ray of light is visible to encourage hope, that the Holy Spirit lovingly and gently suggests that we "lift our eyes unto the hills from whence cometh our help."

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth and delivereth them. Our God is indeed a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. Trust him, and if necessary, he will work miracles to justify your faith. His children never cry to him in vain. He delights in giving them every good thing, in answering their every prayer. "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass," is a promise that can never fail.

One Sabbath evening, John Price, after drinking and gambling all day and losing his earnings of the week, took the road homeward. A companion called to him: "Come! come! one more game." "No," said Price, "I have lost all my money, so I can't." Suddenly he remembered that his quarter's rent was in a drawer of the sideboard at home, and he thought if he could get that, he could win back all that he had lost. The money was to be paid the following day. Entering the house, he heard sobs, and then the sweet voice of his little daughter, Hannah, earnestly praying that her father might see the error of his ways, that God would change his heart and make him a comfort to her mother and all his children. Her sighs and sobs seemed to impede her utterance.

When he heard her call him her "dear father," and felt how ill he deserved such a name, he could scarcely forbear groaning with mental anguish. He forgot all about gambling and the money in the sideboard, and crept up to his bedroom and fell on his knees and prayed that God would answer the prayer of his innocent child. When he felt sufficiently composed he entered the room where Hannah was, who started up in astonishment. For years she did not remember seeing her father at home on a Sabbath evening. "Dear father," said she, "mother will be so glad to see you at home." Tears stood in her eyes. He caught her up and kissed her. "Hannah," said he, "may God answer your prayers." "He will," replied she, not at all disconcerted. "I know he will, for the Bible tells us that the Lord heareth when his children cry." She reached over for the Bible and sought the words of our Golden Text, but before she found them her father asked her to "read a chapter of something." So she read to him the beautiful fifty-first Psalm. Price hid his eyes and wept. He felt that the Holy Spirit was at work on his heart. "Read me another chapter, Hannah, dear," and she read for him the glorious one hundred and third Psalm. While listening to Hannah, he noticed his wife coming in. He rose, and throwing his arms around her neck, burst into tears. For some minutes they wept together. Price tried to speak, but he could not. At length he told her all. "Oh, Kate!" cried he, "can you forgive such a wretch?" Forgive you? my dear husband!" she replied, "I never loved you half so well or was half so happy before." Then she talked to him of the mercy of God through Jesus Christ, and begged him to start out right by asking Divine pardon. "I have, I have," he said; "but till I heard our dear child read, I did not believe he could ever forgive such a sinner as I am." After engaging in prayer he became more composed. The change was as permanent as it was remarkable, and in little Hannah's life the truth of the words, "The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth and delivereth them," was abundantly demonstrated.

AN INEBRIATE'S CONFESSION.

WHILE Mr. Moody was preaching in Dingwall, Scotland, one evening about three weeks ago, a stalwart man, with piercing eye and rugged conntenance, entered the church. Some of the workers, seeing that he was the worse for drink, sought quietly to persuade him to leave. He returned, however, and finally sat down near the door, keeping pretty quiet meanwhile. At the close of the service Mr. Moody made pointed reference to the condition of the poor man, who had been muttering as clearly as he could through his cups, *"I'm reaping what I sowed; I'm reaping what I sowed."* He had heard the discourse of the previous evening, and not even the whisky could banish that text from his mind. Mr. Moody offered special prayer for the poor victim, and asked Mr. Sankey to have a talk with him. After some conversation he was safely conducted to his place of lodging close by.

In the evening he appeared again, sobered down, accompanied by his wife. Both listened earnestly to the appeals of the Christian workers and were pressed to give themselves to the Saviour. They signed the temperance pledge, and things began to wear a more hopeful aspect. The man attended both services each day, and professed his determination by God's help, to lead a new life. He and his wife moved on to Inverness the day after the meetings closed. Through the kindness of some Dingwall Good Samaritans his immediate wants were provided for.

The BIBLE And the NEWSPAPER

A HORSE WITH A MEMORY.

HORSES have often given evidence of their capacity to remember routes and stopping places after a few visits, but an incident which occurred at Orange, N. J., on Dec. 21, shows that a single incident will impress itself on their memories. On Thanksgiving Day, a horse was hired by a citizen of Orange who drove him over the railroad-crossing in Halsey Street. A train coming along struck the wagon and the driver was killed. The horse marvellously escaped injury. On Dec. 21, the horse was again hired and was driven around for several hours. On the way home the driver came to the crossing in Halsey Street, where the accident occurred in November. The horse recognized the spot immediately and stopped abruptly. The driver plied the whip but the horse would not go on. He backed and curvetted around but would not proceed. He bolted and went along the street at a headlong pace; nor did he stop until in turning a corner the wagon was overturned and he was thrown on his side. If the horse had been hurt in the November accident his conduct would not have been so remarkable but he seemed able to learn a lesson from the accident to the man. In this he showed his superiority to many men, who continue to frequent evil resorts though they know that many strong men have been slain there. (Prov. 6:24–27.)

A RAILROAD CONTROVERSY.

SENATOR CULLOM has stirred up an animated discussion in railroad circles by a bill which he has introduced into the United States Senate. His object is to prevent the lost of life now sustained by the employees in coupling and uncoupling the cars. He proposes that an automatic car-coupler shall be selected which the President shall declare by proclamation "the standard safety car-coupler for use in inter-state commerce." This car-coupler must close by impact and must be capable of being opened without an employee going between the cars or reaching between them. The selection is to be made by the railroad directors and employees, jointly, the former class having three times the number of votes of the latter. The criticism on the bill in the trade journals is directed against this mode of selection. It is contended that, as the cost involved will be serious, the selection should be made by the directors only, without regard for the preference of the employees. The argument is conceived in the spirit which has made such legislation necessary. It is that of giving more consideration to the loss of money than the loss of life. The same spirit is the cause of all our labor troubles, and we shall never reach a permanent settlement of them while it prevails. Justice will never be done, and our business relations will never be on a Christian basis, until the man who contributes his money to an enterprise ceases to regard the man who contributes his skill and labor to it as a machine, and recognizes him as a man and a brother. (James 2:8, 9.)

THE DYING SEER.

A RUSSIAN traveller tells a remarkable story of a man who is causing quite a sensation among the people in the Caucasus. His name is Tagarelli and he is of Italian extraction, but he was born at Tiflis and has lived there all his life. His health has always been delicate, but of late he has been subject to extraordinary visitations. A few months ago he was thought to be dead. The body became quite cold and rigid. Preparations were made for his burial, but two days after his supposed death he suddenly revived, opened his eyes and sat up. He declared that he had been really dead and had gone to heaven, but had been permitted to return with messages to the living. He was forbidden, he said, to disclose what he had seen. His messages consisted of warnings to be given to certain persons who had been guilty of various undetected crimes. The report is that the persons so charged had never been suspected of the evil deeds, but on Tagarelli stating the fact, they had in every case admitted their guilt. Since that time these visitations have occurred at frequent, though irregular, intervals and on every occasion, when the man comes out of the coma, he has a number of fresh indictments. It is said that thousands of persons from the surrounding country visit him, drawn, they say, by an irresistible impulse. They beg him to intercede in heaven for their pardon and are fully convinced of the truth of his supernatural experiences. Their conduct is an illustration of the inconsistency of human nature. Men will place confidence in the powers of an epileptic impostor, yet when Jesus is preached as the one Mediator between God and man, comparatively few avail themselves of the salvation he offers. (John 5:43.)

A MILLIONAIRE MENACED.

SINCE the dynamite attack on Russell Sage, several millionaires in New York have received demands for money, accompanied by threats of outrage in the event of the demands being refused. The latest of these demands is one that has alarmed Jay Gould. The writer of it asks for ten thousand dollars and promises the millionaire that if he does not send it he will be blown up by dynamite. The plea used is that sometime ago, the writer lost every cent he possessed through the machinations of Jay Gould on the stock-exchange. The letter was evidently the production of a perfectly sane man, though a desperate one. He described with a detail, calculated to make the millionaire shiver, how he proposed to execute his threat if his demand is refused. Detectives are at work on the case, but without much hope of success. It would seem that men of extraordinary wealth are just now in the position of those referred to by the author of Ecclesiastes (5:12), whose abundance would not suffer them to sleep. Much as they are envied on account of their enormous wealth, the constant fear of assassination must embitter their lives. Many ways of relieving themselves of these apprehensions have been suggested, but the best is, that instead of spending their time in strenuous effort to increase their riches, they should devote their lives to beneficence and with such earnestness and single-mindedness that all men would be anxious that their lives might be prolonged. (Job 29:11-13.)

A REPENTANT WIFE.

IN the Divorce Court of Providence, R. I., on January 2, a wife told a pathetic story. She said that her husband was an idle, drunken fellow, who had made her life miserable and tortured her for ten years past. She has been compelled to toil for his support and that of herself and their child by plying her needle from early morning, far into the night. Her father was very wealthy and she was, ten years ago, one of the most beautiful girls in Oxford, Mass. She fell in love with her father's hostler, and believed she would never be happy if she did not marry him. Her father was very indignant and reasoned with her but failed to convince her of her folly. He discharged the hostler, but she followed him and they were married. The father died leaving of his enormous wealth only five dollars to his daughter. Her husband, who had ill-treated her before, was incensed by her father's will and wreaked his resentment on her. Her life as she described it in the divorce court has been one of continuous suffering. She has never ceased to regret having her own way in opposition to her father, who as she soon discovered was wiser in discerning the character of the hostler than she was. Her miserable fate is an object lesson for daughters who think that in their love affairs they know better than their parents. Incidentally, too, it may serve to remind some Christians, who are discontented because their prayers for some temporal boon are not answered, that they are in the hands of a loving Father who sees the end from the beginning and who knows that their best interests would suffer if "he gave them their own desire." (Ps. 78:29.)

A NOTABLE PASTORATE.

The Rev. H. A. Monroe, D.D., and His Work Among the Colored Race—Soldier, Educator, Journalist, and Preacher—The Greatest of Afro-American Churches.

THERE are few clergymen better known and more venerated among the colored people of America than St. Mark's M. E. Church, in New York City, an illustration of which is published in this issue. It has the distinction of being not only one of the oldest, but also the most successful of colored churches, and at the present time it is in the full tide of an abundant spiritual and material prosperity.

The pastor of St. Mark's, the Rev. H. A. Monroe, D.D., has a reputation as a devoted and progressive servant of Christ, second to none in his denomination among Afro-American ministers. Born in New Bedford, Mass., about forty-five years ago, he was educated in the public schools of that city and Boston, and served during the war in the historic Fifty-fourth Massachusetts regiment. In 1867, he became connected with the educational work begun in the South by the Freedman's Bureau, and for a number of years rendered valuable aid in the instruction of the colored people of Maryland. In 1878 he joined the Delaware Conference of the M. E. Church, and served successively in pastorates at several points in Maryland, and afterward in Delaware, taking charge of St. Mark's Church, 139 West 48th Street, New York, in 1887. During the five years of his pastorate there, his earnest work for the Master has become well-known to Afro-Americans all over the country.

The membership of the church has been raised from one hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty, and the handsome and commodious edifice in which the congregation now worship was built with money largely secured by his efforts. An evidence of Dr. Monroe's acceptability and usefulness as a Christian pastor is the fact that for five years years he has been returned to the same church by the unanimous vote of the official board. In 1889, Wiley University conferred upon him the degree of D.D., and he served as a delegate at the great Methodist Centennial Conference recently held in this country. In addition to his numerous church duties he finds occasional opportunities for literary work and the lecture field, in both of which he has acquired considerable reputation.

ST. MARK'S M. E. CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY.

In giving to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a brief outline of the career of this servant of Christ, who has been successively soldier, journalist, educator and pastor, it would be incomplete unless something were told of the church and congregation to whom his labors have been so signally blessed.

St. Mark's M. E. Church, one of the strongest and most influential churches in New York City, was organized in 1827 under the patronage of that prolific "Mother of Methodist Churches," the "New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society." Its first pastor was the Rev. Wm. P. Butler, and the first membership consisted of seven persons who had withdrawn with Dr. Butler from the A. M. E. Zion Church of this city. The little society soon grew in numbers, and after a few months they removed from the hall where services were held to the basement of No. 65 W. 35th Street, which was purchased for their use by the patron society. Here the [illegible] in congregations and membership, proved the wisdom of the organization of this,

REV. H. A. MONROE, D.D.

the only society in the city among the colored members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The pastors in succession were Revs. Wm. F. Butler, E. S. Peck, R. A. Reed, W. P. Ryder, J. A. Holmes, and the present incumbent Rev. Dr. Monroe.

The success of the church under the present pastorate has attracted much attention in religious circles, and is a strong proof of the good work done by aid of the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society. Its growth in membership began with a revival in the Thirty-fifth Street Church, then so old and dilapidated that its many inconveniences had seriously affected the attendance upon services, and had caused the membership to dwindle down to about one hundred and fifty. This revival beginning in the Sabbath School, and spreading among the young people soon crowded the little church building to its fullest capacity, and two years ago, the Church Extension Society having purchased the property, 139 W. 48th Street, formerly occupied by All Saints P. E. Church, it was decided to remove St. Mark's to that locality.

Soon after entering their new home, another glorious revival resulted in the conversion of one hundred and forty-one souls, of whom the greater portion united with the Church. The present number of members and probationers is four hundred and sixty, or treble the number at the commencement of the present pastorate. A marked feature of the church is the large number of young people who attend the Lyceum on Sunday afternoon and Thursday evenings. The work of the church reaches and influences the very best class of colored people in the city, and promises still greater results for the near future. The Sunday School work is the best in its general character of any of the colored Sunday Schools in New York City, for much of the spiritual growth of the church has sprung from this source, and few churches have so large a proportion of converted scholars in their Sunday Schools.

Dr. Monroe and his people believe in steady progress and gradual growth, the preaching of a plain Gospel and old-fashioned Methodistic class meetings. Yet neither eccentricities nor extravagances are to be met with in the services at St. Mark's, and except the color of their complexion, there is nothing to distinguish the attendants at this successful Methodist Church from any other gathering of the followers of John Wesley.

Volume XI., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for [illegible] with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had for [illegible]; price $1.25, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, and 1887, are also for sale.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
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PEW VERSUS PULPIT.

TWO more sermons unloaded and Monday morning I went sauntering down town ready for almost anything. Passing by the doors of a church I heard some high words coming from inside the sacred enclosure. What could it mean? Were the minister and the sexton and the trustees fighting? I went in to see, when lo! I found that the Pew and the Pulpit were bantering each other at a great rate, and seemed determined to tell each one the other's faults. I stood still as a mouse that I might hear all that was said, and my presence not be noticed.

The Pew was speaking as I went in, and said to the Pulpit, in anything but a reverential tone: "Why don't you speak out on other days as well as you do to-day? The fact is, I never knew a Pulpit that could not be heard when it was thoroughly mad. But when you give out the hymn on Sabbaths, I cannot tell whether it is the seventieth or the hundredth. When you read the chapter, you are half through with it before I know whether it is Exodus or Deuteronomy. Why do you begin your sermon in so low a key? If the introduction is not worth hearing, it is not worth delivering. Are you explaining the text? If so, the Lord's meaning is as important as anything you will have in your sermon. Throw back your shoulders, open your mouth! Make your voice strike against the opposite wall! Pray not only for a clean heart, but for stout lungs. I have nearly worn out my ears trying to catch your utterances. When a captain on a battle-field gives an order, the company all hear; and if you want to be an officer in the Lord's army, do not mumble your words. Do you think it a sign of modesty to speak so low? I think the most presuming thing on earth for a Pulpit to do is to demand that an audience sit quiet when they cannot hear, simply looking."

The Pulpit responded in anything but a pious tone: "The reason you do not hear is that your mind on Sundays is full of everything but the Gospel. You work so hard during the week that you rob the Lord of his twenty-four hours. You throw yourself into church as much as to say, 'Here, Lord, I am too tired to work any more for myself; you can have the use of me while I am resting!' Besides that, O Pew! you have a miserable habit. Even when you can hear my voice on the Sabbath and are wide awake, you have a way of putting your head down or shutting your eyes, and looking as if your soul had vacated the premises for six weeks. You are one of those hearers who think it is pious to look dull; and you think that the Pew on the other side the aisle is an old sinner because he hunches the Pew behind him, and smiles when the truth hits the mark. If you want me to speak out, it is your duty not only to be wide awake, but to look so. Give us the benefit of your two eyes. There is one of the elders whose eye I have never caught while speaking, save once, and that was when I was preaching from Psalm 118:12. 'They compassed me about like bees,' and by a strange coincidence a bumble-bee got into church, and I had my attention divided between my text and the annoying insect, which flew about like an illustration I could not catch. A dull Pew is often responsible for a dull Pulpit."

The Pew: "I think it is time for you to go away. I am glad that Conference is coming. I shall see the bishop, and have you removed to some other part of the Lord's vineyard. You are too plain a Pulpit for such an elegant Pew. Just look at your big hands and feet. We want a spiritual guide whose fingers taper to a fine point, and one who could wear, if need be, a lady's shoe. Get out, with your great paws and clodhoppers! We want in this church a Pulpit that will talk about heaven, and make no allusion to the other place. I have a highly educated nose, and can stand the smell of garlic and assafœtida better than brimstone. We want an ecclesiastical scent-bag, or, as you might call him, a heavenly nosegay, perfect in every respect, his ordinary sneeze as good as a doxology. If he cry during some emotional part of his discourse, let it not be an old-fashioned cry, with big hands or coat-sleeve sopping up the tears, but let there be just two elegant tears, one from each eye, rolling down parallel into a pocket-handkerchief richly embroidered by the sewing society, and inscribed with the names of all the young ladies' Bible-class. We want a Pulpit that will not get us into a tearing-down revival, where the people go shouting and twisting about, regardless of carpets and fine effect, but a revival that shall be born in a band-box, and wrapped in ruffles, and lie on a church-rug, so still that nobody will know it is there. If we could have such a Pulpit as that, all my fellow-Pews would join me, and we would give it a handsome support; yes, we would pay him; if we got just what we want, we could afford to give, in case he were thoroughly eloquent, Demosthenic and bewitching—I am quite certain we could, although I should not want myself to be held responsible; yes, he should have eight hundred dollars a year, and that is seven hundred and sixty dollars more than Milton got for his *Paradise Lost*. Nothing spoils ministers like too big a salary. Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked: if it had not been for the wax and the fat he would not have kicked. Sirloin-steaks and mince-pies are too rich for ministers. Too much oats makes horses frisky, and a minister high-fed is sure to get his foot over the shaft. If we want to keep our pulpits spiritual, we must keep them poor. Blessed are the poor!"

"Stop! stop!" cried the Pulpit; and it seemed to rise higher than before, and to tremble from head to foot with excitement, and the banisters to twist as if to fly in indignation at the Pew, and the plush on the book-board to look red as fire; and seeing there was going to be a collision between Pulpit and Pew, I ran up the aisle and got between them (they were wide enough apart to allow me to get in), and I cried, "Silence! This is great talk for a church. Pulpits ought not to scold, and Pews ought not to grumble. As far as I can see, you are both to blame. Better shake hands and pray for a better spirit. It wants more than a bishop to settle this difficulty. The Lord Almighty alone can make Pulpit and Pew what they ought to be. You both need to baptized over again!" Then, taking up a silver bowl that stood on the communion-table, half-full of the water used yesterday at a babe's christening, I stood between the belligerents, and sprinkled Pew and Pulpit with a Christian baptism, in the name of the Father, and the Son and the Holy Ghost. And when I got through, I could not tell whether Pew or Pulpit said "Amen" the louder.

BRIEF NOTES.

A remarkably successful revival has been inaugurated at Lansingburgh, N. Y., by an eight days' series of services conducted by Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, pastor of Bethany Church, Philadelphia. He was invited by the Y. M. C. A.; and the various churches of the city aided in the work.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's services at Muskegon, Mich., attracted immense throngs. Both the Baptist and M. E. Churches were crowded at every meeting, as were the meetings for men only and the women's meetings. The churches of the city have received large additions of membership.

The Methodists in the Northern District of New York City are in the midst of a vigorous Gospel campaign. Three eminent Evangelists are simultaneously making assaults on the kingdom of Satan in that locality. Rev. C. H. Yatman is leading the forces at St. James Church, Rev. Thomas Harrison is holding rousing meetings in Trinity Church and Gipsy Smith is carrying on the war at Calvary.

The publication of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's sermons in Courland has been forbidden by the General Superintendent of the Lutheran Church in Courland. An admirer of the great preacher had translated them into Lettish and was about to issue them when the Superintendent intervened on the ground that they were contrary to Lutheran doctrine.

The poll of the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the question of admitting women as delegates to the General Conferences shows a majority of 486 in favor of their admission. The number of ministers voting was 10,756. Of these 5,621 voted for admission and 5,135 against. The question now goes for final settlement to the General Conference, which meets next May.

The following statistics of the Baptist denomination in Great Britain and Ireland have been published by the Baptist Union: 2,812 churches, 3,798 chapels, 1,225,097 sittings, 334,163 members, 47,784 teachers, 483,921 scholars, 4,155 local preachers, and 1,841 pastors in charge; representing an increase during the past year of churches, 10; chapels, 17; sittings, 1,571; members, 4,000; scholars, 1,029; and local preachers, 155.

Mr. James R. Smith, who recently completed his studies at the Moody Training Institute in Chicago, of which Rev. R. A. Torrey is manager, is doing valuable work as an Evangelist. Rev. H. H. Henry, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Birmingham, Penn., reports that the meetings Mr. Smith held in his church were wonderfully blessed. During his visit he held Bible Readings in farm-houses from which there were remarkable results.

At the Third Annual Convention of the American Sabbath Union was held in Des Moines, Iowa, plans were matured for securing an expression of the opinion of the churches on the Sunday closing of the World's Fair. The offices of General and Corresponding Secretary of the Union were united, and Rev. J. H. Knowles, D.D., was elected to the office. His address will be 23 Park Row, New York, N. Y. To the office of Field Secretary Rev. H. H. George, D.D., was elected.

Contributions to the Fund for supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received from L. B., Brooklyn, N. Y., $1; A. F., Providence, R. I., 50 cents; J. W. N., Birmingham, N. J., $1; M. M. W., Marshall, Mich., $1; S. M. C., Ozone Park, N. Y., $3; J. P. E., Baltimore, Md., $1.50; R. J. K., Cleveland, O., $3; I. B. S., Los Angeles, Cal., $1; M. S. H., Marlboro, N. J., $2; W. T. Z., New York, N. Y., $1.50; J. O. S., Carleton, Can., 50 cents; A. M. S. Beckville, Texas, $3; M. E. R., Worcester, Mass., 50 cents; H. F. C., Bridgeton, Me., $1.

The School of Christian Workers at Springfield, Mass., has just closed a most successful term, and it is rapidly increasing in usefulness and power. The entering Junior class numbers twenty-one, of whom two were women, who entered this course for women introduced some time after the term began. The additional courses in music and elocution have proven of special value, while the two open literary societies have been productive of no little good. Arrangements for a correspondence course for Sunday School superintendents are now well under way, and several have already made application.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

A QUICK REVIVAL.

I WANT to write now of a revival that can be had in short order, that will be lasting and large, that will glorify God and benefit man, that will get the smile of men and hatred of devils, that will satisfy the doubly conservative and make gloriously happy the liberal and all-round man. No need to beg of heaven a long while for help. God is ready.

It is a revival of *yourself*. Meaning in full:

More prayer.
More Bible reading.
Having family prayer with grace at meals
Paying your debts.
Your presence at prayer meeting.
Forgiving and asking forgiveness.
Loyalty to your church and pastor.
Greater liberality.
More hatred for sin and love for holiness.
Bad temper kept under by divine grace.
More consideration for your fellows.
Some definite Christian work.
Informing yourself about missionary work.
Reading less unhelpful literature and more good books.
Giving up your membership of the critics, club and joining the encouraging society.
Learning the twelfth of Romans by heart, and lastly—
Living it.

The Pale Horse and His Rider—Death.
Revelation 6:8.

Afraid of him? Never! Christ has taken the spear in his own breast and there is none for me. Death; Oh you terror-giving monster, it is only your face that looks ugly. Give me your hand; I'll shake it. Rider, your steed shall never find his color in my face. Take me if you will into the valley of the shadow of death, but by the mighty power of a great promise from a great God I'll show you that our paths get brighter as we near the palace door, and though you may try to frighten me, there will open on my vision the glories of Canaan, and see if I don't harness your horse to my chariot of peace and make you drive me through the open gate and up the streets of gold with the acclamations of angels and archangels and all the redeemed saying, "Here comes another sinner ransomed by the Blood." Hell may follow with its legions of black devils, but they will stop when the City is reached.

The Power of Love.

Take your Bible and turn to the close of two great chapters, Romans 8 and Ephesians 3, read slowly and with deep meditation, now turn to 1 Corinthians, chapter 13, and read the whole, only substitute love for the word charity, all through. Couple with all this John 3:16, and Jeremiah 31:3.

Follow all this reading by quiet moments of thought. Let no one disturb the silence, and this simple Bible reading will be food for you, rich and wholesome and nutritious.

For lines of thought I would suggest:

1. The character of love that would give an Only Son.
2. The love that is willing to give life for enemies.
3. Love that makes sinners joint heirs with Christ.
4. Love that changes sour sinners into sweet saints.
5. Love that is undying, unending, eternal.

New Year Resolutions for Young Men:

I will keep good company.
I will read more good books.
I will be more cheerful.
I will stop swearing.
I will give up the use of tobacco.
I will drink no more liquor, wine or beer.
I will use Sunday as a day of worship and rest.
I will attend church at least once a week and twice on the Sabbath.
I will give more to the poor.
I will help support church and benevolent work.
I will try to help some one every day.
I will read the Bible.
I will retire early and get up early.
I will quit being cross and sharp.
I will join some Bible class.
I will pay up all my debts.
I will buy nothing for which I cannot pay cash.
I will be less selfish.
I will give up sin.
I will trust Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour.
I will be a Christian.

Current Events

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

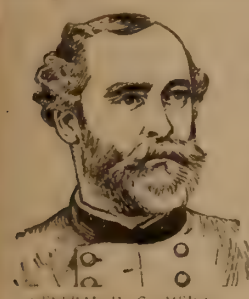
Death of Mrs McCrea, Gen Meigs and Bishop Crowther—A Mining Disaster—Our Chilian Dispute—The Dublin Castle Explosion—Mr. Blaine's Sudden Illness.

THERE are few women who, dying, have left behind them a record richer in deeds of kindness and acts of Christian charity than Mrs. Mary McCrea Stuart, who died in New York last week at the age of eighty-one. She was the widow of Robert L. Stuart, a wealthy sugar refiner and for many years past had given away in charity considerably more than the income of $5,000,000. To Princeton College she gave $150,000 to found a school of philosophy; for a site for the Half Orphan Asylum, New York, $100,000; for a Newsboys' Lodging House, $50,000; to the New York Historical Society for its new building, $100,000. Besides these she gave generously to the Home and Foreign Mission of the Presbyterian Church, and was largely instrumental in supplying funds for the erection of churches in New York and elsewhere. Rarely giving openly, she gave so liberally that in nine years she materially reduced her fortune. She lived very plainly with a single servant, and spent a great deal of her time and money relieving the needy poor. The greater part of her remaining fortune is left to further church work and charitable purposes.

* * *

A Great Engineer Gone.

BRAVE soldier, famous engineer, learned man and Christian gentleman—such was General Montgomery Cunningham Meigs, who passed away in Washington last week. He was born in Augusta, Ga., in 1816 and was the descendant of a family some of whose members are famous in American history. Educated at the U. S. Military Academy, he entered the army in 1837 and his engineering skill soon obtained recognition. He superintended the construction of forts and other military works in different parts of the country including Forts Delaware, Wayne, Jefferson, Niagara, Porter, Madison and Ontario. He also superintended the building of of the new wings of the Capitol extension, the Post-Office Department building extension and other public buildings. During the Civil War he was engaged in directing the equipment and supply of armies in the field. After the war he continued his work on public buildings and was member of a Board to prepare plans for the new State, War and Navy building and the National Museum building. He was also the architect of the new Pension Bureau building. His splendid ability and engineering skill are represented in almost all the great public edifices that have been erected by the national government in the last twenty years. A portrait of Gen. Meigs is given in this issue.



GENERAL H. C. MEIGS.

* * *

The Russian Famine.

WHILE the Czar and his ministers are endeavoring to prevent any widespread impression as to the horrors of the famine in Russia, enough is known to justify all the sympathy that Christian nations can give. Charles Emory Smith, our Minister at St. Petersburg, has already handed over a large sum contributed by Americans for the sufferers. The Rev. Mr. Francis, pastor of the Anglo-American church at St. Petersburg, recently made a tour of the famine-stricken districts of Tambuloff, Nijni-Novgorod and Kasan and gives a distressing account of the misery he witnessed. Many of the Russian nobles, the nephews and cousins of the Czar, the officers of the army and even the public officials, are subscribing liberally to the Relief Fund. Public works are to be opened for 80,000 peasants in the provincial towns where 10,000,000 roubles will be expended. Nearly 60,000,000 roubles have been spent in distributing bread and meat among among the sufferers up to the present time.

* * *

Roumania's Dying Queen.

AT her beautiful villa at Pallanzo, on Lake Maggiore, Italy, the talented and eccentric Queen Elizabeth of Roumania is lying very ill. Her physicians have abandoned all hope of saving her life. Queen Elizabeth—better known in the world of art and letters as *Carmen Sylva*—has a remarkable history. Excitable, impulsive, highly imaginative and with a nervous temperament, she has by her peculiarities at different times excited the wonder and admiration of Europe. At one time her poems were extremely popular. When only nine years old she wrote original verses and translations that surprised her tutors. She was married while yet a mere girl to King Charles of Roumania and by her kind heart and noble qualities soon won the love of her subjects. She is intensely fond of children and has written many poems and stories for juvenile readers. Unfortunately, of late years the shadow of domestic trouble has hovered over the once happy court, and the poet-queen and her husband have been separated. Her advocacy of the union between the heir-apparent and Mlle. Vacaresco almost precipitated a Cabinet crisis, and the marriage was only prevented by the resolute interference of the king himself. The Queen, in her exile, was accompanied by Mlle. Vacaresco, whose friendship she declined to surrender, even to please her husband. A portrait of *Carmen Sylva* is given above.

QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

* * *

Arbitration With Chili.

SHOULD no new and unexpected complications arise, the Chilian controversy will now probably be amicably settled by arbitration. Negotiations have been practically transferred from Santiago to Washington, and U. S. Minister Egan is relieved from further responsibility in this particular matter. It is expected that the President's Special Message will have a salutary effect in restoring friendly relations between the two countries. Senor Romero, the Mexican Minister, is suggested as likely to be selected as arbitrator. Meanwhile, Secretary Tracy's candid admission that our navy will not be in a condition for war for four years yet, is attracting considerable attention. Our latest and greatest war-ship the new monitor *Miantonomoh* is now lying at Gardiner's Bay, L. I., testing her ten-inch guns. This is the first time in the history of the United States Navy where guns of such calibre as the monitor carries in her turrets have been fired by a coast-defense vessel. They throw a five hundred pound projectile a distance of thirteen miles, with a charge of two hundred and fifty pounds of powder. The *Miantonomoh*, which is regarded by naval experts as the most formidable war-vessel on this side of the world, is shown in the accompanying illustration.

U. S. MONITOR "MIANTONOMOH."

* * *

A Frightful Mine Explosion.

A TERRIBLY fatal explosion occurred in the Osage mine at Krebs, near South McAlister, I. T., one afternoon last week. It was near the hour when the day shift is relieved by the night force, and just as the former were preparing to ascend, a tongue of flame shot up into the shaft and fully a hundred feet in air, followed by a report that shook the earth for miles in all directions. As near as could be learned there were four hundred men in the mine and at least a hundred were killed, while one hundred and twenty were injured, many very seriously. Six men who were in the ascending cage in the shaft were blown fifty feet in air. Fortunately many of those below were able to make their way out of the mine to safety. One man with a broken leg climbed four hundred feet through the air-shaft to the surface. Physicians from the surrounding villages volunteered their services to aid the injured. No fire followed the explosion and it was hoped that such of the imprisoned miners as were yet alive could be ultimately rescued from their living tomb. The cause of the explosion is a mystery.

* * *

Bishop Crowther Dead.

THE death of Rev. Samuel A. Crowther, D. D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Niger region in Africa, removes from the foreign mission field a most devoted and indefatigable Christian worker. Few living men can point to such an eventful history. He was born in the little town of Oshogun in the Yoruba country, western Africa, and was known as Adjai. During a raid by slavers, Adjai's father was killed and, with his mother and sisters, the boy was sold as a slave. After being owned by several masters he was fortunate in being released by the commander of an English ship, who captured a Portuguese slave-vessel at sea and liberated the wretched prisoners, the lad among them. Adjai was then put under the care of Christian missionaries at Bathurst and was converted and baptized, receiving the name by which he has become known to the world. In 1843, when thirty-two years old, he began mission work in his native country at Yoruba and among his own kindred. There he found his mother, from whom he had been rudely parted twenty-one years before. She had been ransomed from slavery in her old age and had returned to her own country. Soon also he succeeded in finding his sisters and he ransomed them both. His missionary labors were abundantly blessed. With headquarters at Abbeokuta, he made numerous journeys up the Niger and planted mission stations, supplying them with native teachers. In 1857 he visited England and had an audience with Queen Victoria, who expressed a deep interest in his work and this circumstance aided him in arousing public interest to the value of Christian missions in that part of Africa. In 1864 the Protestant Episcopal Church ordained him as first bishop of the Niger region, and he was consecrated in Canterbury Cathedral. The results of the life-labors of this remarkable servant of Christ would fill volumes. He has published a Yoruba Bible, a dictionary of the Yoruba language and several translations of religious works in his native tongue.

THE LATE BISHOP CROWTHER.

* * *

More Fighting on the Border.

DESPITE the activity of the Mexican government troops on the one side of the boundary and the United States troops on the other, the insurgent forces of Garza have thus far held their own. A report from Eagle Pass, Tex., states that Garza encountered and defeated a small body of U. S. troops near Laredo. Our troops and the Texas rangers are now in hot pursuit of the insurgent leader, who at the head of a band of twenty-five of his followers, is in the neighborhood of Hidalgo. Some bodies of revolutionists have occupied hiding-places in the Sierras, where it is almost impossible to reach them. Our officers in the field believe that the insurrection is about ended and that Garza is making desperate endeavors to get his forces together for a last effort.

* * *

The Dublin Castle Explosion.

UP to the present time, nothing has developed to prove that the explosion at Dublin Castle, mentioned in the last issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was the work of conspirators. Major Cundhill, an inspectors of explosives, detailed by the English authorities to investigate the affair, reports that time fuses and two different sorts of explosives were used. Dublin Castle, which is shown in the illustration, presents a rather motley appearance, architecturally. It is a dingy brick building, but the chapel and tower are very handsome. The Castle stands on ten acres of well-kept grounds. The apartments, with the exception of the great chamber known as St. Patrick's Hall, are rather small and insignificant. No arrests have been made as the result of the investigation. The official most endangered was the chief clerk in the office of the Chief Secretary, but he is not known to have incurred the hostility of any one. No member of the Privy Council was imperiled, although had the explosion occurred twenty-four hours later there might have been an appalling loss of life.

DUBLIN CASTLE.

NEWS NOTES.

One-twelfth of the population of Finland are starving.

The director of the mint has begun to coin the new half-dollars, quarters and dimes.

During the holiday week, thirty-eight million letters and parcels were mailed in London.

Thirteen postal clerks were killed and 152 injured, sixty-eight of them seriously, during 1801.

The estimate of the Congressional Committee on Rivers and Harbors for 1892 asks for an appropriation of $60,000,000,

The Princess Victoria, heir-appareut to the throne of Hawaii, will enter Wellesley College, Boston, as a student next spring.

Russia, undeterred by the severe winter, has lately massed great bodies of troops on the German and Roumanian frontiers.

Converse College, near Spartanburg, S. C., was burned one night last week, and the one hundred and fifty female students narrowly escaped with their lives.

An insurrection in Teheran, the Persian capital, caused by the maladministration of the Shah's ministers, was quelled by the imperial troops. Several persons were killed.

Representative Rayner, of Maryland, has introduced in the House a resolution calling for an official investigation of the reports that citizens of the United States are being excluded from Russian territory by the edict of the Czar, banishing Hebrews.

CONSIDERABLE anxiety was occasioned in Washington by the sudden illness of Mr. Blaine, a few days ago. After an unusually hearty breakfast, he reached his office in the State Department, and while attending to routine business was taken sick and had to be conveyed home and put to bed. Rumors were current that the Secretary had been stricken with apoplexy, but his physicians pronounced his ailment a simple case of acute indigestion from overeating. On the day following the attack, Mr. Blaine was able to be up and receeive callers at his house. He was afterwards present at a Cabinet meeting and seemed to be fully recovered.

PASTOR SPURGEON'S PULPIT

OUR BROTHER'S KEEPER.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Gen. 4 : 9.

TO what a shameful pitch of presumptuous impudence had Cain arrived when he could thus insult the Lord God! If it had not been on record in the page of inspiration, we might almost have doubted whether man could speak so impudently when actually conscious that God himself was addressing him. Men blaspheme frightfully, but it is usually because they forget God, and ignore his presence; but Cain was conscious that God was speaking to him. The cool impudence of Cain is an indication of the state of his heart which led up to his murdering his brother; and it was also a part of the result of his having committed that terrible crime. Having committed murder, the

Hardening Influence of Sin

upon Cain's mind must have been intense, and so at last he was able to speak out to God's face what he felt within his heart, and to say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" This goes a long way to explain what has puzzled some persons, namely, the wonderful calmness with which great criminals will appear in the dock. I remember to have heard it said of one who had undoubtedly committed a very foul murder, that he looked like an innocent man. He stood up before his accusers as calmly and quietly, they said, as an innocent man could do. I remember feeling at the time that an innocent man would probably not have been calm. The distress of mind occasioned to an innocent man by being under such a charge would have prevented his having the coolness which was displayed by the guilty individual. Instead of its being any evidence of innocence that a man wears

A Brazen Front

when charged with a crime, it should by wise men be considered to be evidence against him. Well may he seem dispassionate and unmoved who has already been so unfeeling as to dip his hand in blood. If he was so hardened as to do the deed, it is not likely he will display much softness when the deed is brought home to him. Oh, dear friends, let us shun sin, if it were only for the evil effect which it has upon our minds.

Now, let us note here that while we are thus heavily censuring Cain we must mind that we are not guilty ourselves; because, if we look at it without prejudice, every kind of excuse that we make to God is a very high piece of presumption. When we are charged with any form of guilt, if we begin denying or extenuating, we are guilty of the sin of Cain as to impudence before God; and when there is any duty to be performed, and we begin to shirk it, or try to make an apology for disobedience, are we not forgetting in whose presence we stand! Now, let us look quietly at what Cain said.

I. First it is to be noted that man is

Not his Brother's Keeper

in some senses. For instance, every man must bear his own responsibility for his own acts before Almighty God. It is not possible for a man to shift from his own shoulders to those of another his obligations to the Most High. Obedience to the law of God must be personally rendered, or a man becomes guilty. No matter how holy his father, or how righteous his mother, he himself will have to stand upon his own feet and answer for himself before the judgment-seat of God. Each man who hears the gospel is responsible for the hearing of it. No one else can believe the gospel for him, or repent for him, or be born again for him, or become a Christian for him. He must himself personally repent of sin, personally believe in Jesus Christ, personally be converted, and personally live to the service and glory of God. Every tub must stand on its own bottom. There have been idle attempts

To Shift the Responsibility

to a certain order of men who are called priests, or clergymen, or ministers, according as the case may be; but it cannot be done. Each man must seek the Lord himself—himself lay his load of sin at the foot of the cross, and himself accept a personal Saviour for himself.

And again, no one can positively secure the salvation of another, nay, he cannot even have a hope of the salvation of his friend, so long as that other remains unbelieving. O unconverted people, we can pray for you, we can ask the Lord to renew you by his spirit, but we can do nothing with you ourselves, neither will our prayers be answered until you yourselves make a confession of your sin, and fly to Christ for salvation. It is, no doubt, a very great blessing to have friends who bear your names upon their hearts before God, but, oh, do not have any confidence in

Other People's Prayers

while you are prayerless yourselves. Now, since we cannot convert other people, we are not responsible to do what we cannot do, and hence we are not our brother's keeper so fully as to be responsible for his acceptance or reception of Jesus.

It is proper here to say that the most earnest minister of Christ must not so push the idea of his own responsibility to such an extreme as to make himself unfit for his work through a morbid view of his position. If he has faithfully preached the gospel, and his message is rejected, let him persevere in hope and not condemn himself. I remember years ago, when I labored to feel the responsibility of men's souls upon me, I became very depressed in spirit, and the temptation arose out of it to give up the work in despair. I believe that responsibility should be duly felt, neither do I wish to say a word to excuse any who are unfaithful; but in my own case I saw that I could harp on one chord of my nature till I destroyed my power to do good, for I became so unhappy that the elasticity of my spirit departed from me. Then I recollected that if I had

Put the Gospel Faithfully

before you all and pressed it upon you, if you refused it I had nothing more to do with the matter except to pray over it: if I earnestly entreated the Lord to send a blessing, and tried again and again to plead and urge with your consciences that you would be reconciled to God, and if still I failed, I remembered that I should not be held responsible for not doing what I could not do, namely, turn hearts of stone to flesh and quicken dead sinners into life.

There is, however, a sense in which we are our brother's keeper, and of that I am now going to speak. You will bear my caveat in mind, and it will not weaken the force of what I say, but it will increase its weight, because you will feel that I looked at the subject all round.

II. So now, secondly, in a high degree we are, each one of us, our brother's keeper. We ought to regard ourselves in that light, and it is

A Cainish Spirit

which prompts us to think otherwise and to wrap ourselves up in hardheartedness and say, "It is no concern of mine how others fare. Am I my brother's keeper?" Far from that spirit let us be. For, common feelings of humanity should lead every Christian man to feel an interest in the soul of every unsaved man. I say, "common humanity," for we use the word "humanity" to signify kindness. Such a man, we say, has no human feeling. I am not quite certain whether human feeling is always so human as the words would seem to imply. Yet still I trust among us the expression may be used that common humanity leads us to desire the salvation of others. Will you let souls perish for lack of the bread of life without pitying and helping them? When a person is in jeopardy through accident, we rush anywhere and use every exertion if by any means we may rescue him; and yet this life is trivial compared with life eternal, and for us to be indifferent when men are perishing, is to act as if all brotherly compassion had fled our bosoms. Christians, I charge you, even upon so low a motive as this, because ye are men, and men are all your brothers, born of the same stock, and dwelling beneath the arched roof of the one eternal Father, therefore care for the souls of others and be, each one of you, his brother's keeper.

Power Involves Responsibility.

A second argument is drawn from the fact that we have all of us, especially those of us who are Christians, the power to do good to others. We have not all the same ability, for we have not all the same gifts, or the same position, but as the little maid that waited on Naaman's wife had opportunity to tell of the prophet who could heal her Master, so there is not a young Christian here but what has some power to do good to others. Now, take it as an axiom that power to do good involves the duty of doing good. Wherever you are placed, if you can bless a man, you are bound to do it. To have the power and not to use it is a sin. In withholding your hand from that which you are able to do for the good of your fellow-man you have broken the law of love. All your knowledge, all your experience, all that you possess that grace has given you, demands a return in the form of service rendered to others. Do think of this—that the power to do good involves the responsibility to do it wherever that power exists; and so, as far as you have any ability, you are by that very fact your brother's keeper.

Followers of Christ.

Once more. To the Christian man perhaps the most forcible reason will be that the whole example of Jesus Christ, whom we call Master and Lord, lies in the direction of our being the keeper of our brother; for what was Jesus' life but entire unselfishness? What was said of him at his death but that "he saved others: himself he could not save?" The very fact that there is a Christ at all means that there was one who cared for others, and that our Lord became a man means that he loved his enemies and came here to rescue those who rebelled against his authority. If we are selfish—if we make our own going to heaven to be the one end of life, we are not Christians. We may call whom we please Master, but we are not following Jesus.

Let the thought next rise in our minds that we are certainly ordained to the office of brother-keeper because we shall be called to account about it. Cain was called to account. "Where is Abel thy brother?" I would to God, dear friends, that you could now hear the Lord speaking to you and saying, "Where is Abel thy brother?"

Take first those who are united to us by the ties of the flesh, who come under the term, "brethren," because they are born of the same parents, or are near of kin. Where is John? Where is Thomas? Where is Henry, thy brother? Unsaved? Without God? What have you ever done for him? How much have you prayed for him? How often have you spoken to him seriously about his state? What means have you used for his instruction, persuasion, conviction? Dear sisters, I must not let you off.

Where is Your Brother?

You my dear sisters have very great power over brothers, more power than brothers have. Where, dear mother—let me put the question very tenderly to you—where is your child, your son, your daughter? Not all that you could wish, you say. But can you say if your dear child were to perish that you are clear of his blood? Father, the boy grieves you; are you quite clear that you did not help to sow in him the sins which are now your trial? Come, have you done all that should be done? For my part, I deprecate the spirit which takes a Christian mother from her children to be doing good everywhere except at home. I dread the zeal of those who can run to many services but whose households are not cared for; yet sometimes such is the case. I have known people very interested in the seven trumpets and the seven seals who have not been quite so particular about the seven dear children that God has entrusted to them. Such things ought not to be. Where is Abel thy brother? Thy son? Where is thy daughter, thy sister, thy father, thy cousin? See to this. that ye begin at once seeking the salvation of relatives.

But, beloved, we must never end there, because brotherhood

Extends to all Ranks,

races, and conditions; and according to each man's ability he will be held responsible about the souls of others whom he never saw. Where is Abel thy brother? Down in a back street in London. He is just going into the saloon. He is half drunk already. Have you done anything, friend, toward the reclaiming of the drunkard? Where is your sister? Your sister who frequents the midnight streets? You shrink back and say, "She is no sister of mine." Ay, but God may require her blood at your hands, if you thus leave her to perish. Have you ever done anything towards reclaiming her? She has a tender heart despite her sin. Alas, many a Christian woman, many a Christian man who comes across the path of such will draw themselves up with a kind of Pharisaism, shake the dust off their feet, and feel as if they were contaminated by their very presence. Yet Christians ought to love the erring and the sinful, and if we do not we shall be called to account for it. If we have an opportunity of doing good, even to the vilest, and do not use it, we shall not be guiltless.

Some of you who get rich in London go and live out in the suburbs directly, and I cannot blame you. Why should you not? But if you leave the heart of London, where

The Working People

are without any means of grace—if you are content to hear the gospel yourselves and withdraw your wealth from churches among the poor, God will one day say to you, "Where is thy brother?"

One thing more upon this calling to account. The more needy, the more destitute people are, the greater is their claim upon us; for according to the account book—need I turn to the chapter? I think you recollect it—they are the persons for whom we shall have mainly to give an account: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me not; naked, and ye clothed me not." These objects of charity were the most destitute and poor of all, and the great question at the last day is about what was done for them.

So if there be a nation more ignorant than another, our call is there first; and if there be a people more sunken and degraded than others, it is concerning them that we shall have to give account.

Keeper or Murderer.

Last of all, it may turn out—it may turn out—that if we are not our brother's keeper we may be our brother's murderer. Have any of us been so already? When were you converted? Will you kindly look back to your sins before conversion? He must be a very happy man who did not before conversion commit sins which injured others; and there are some persons whose lives before they turned to Christ were frightfully blended with the career of others whom they have left in the gall of bitterness to perish. I have seen bitter tears shed by men who have been of ill lives when they have recollected others with whom they sinned. "I am forgiven: I am saved," one has said to me. "But what about that poor girl? Ah me! Ah me!" One man has been an infidel and he has led others into infidelity, and he has been saved but he cannot bring those back again whom he tutored in atheism. Before conversion you may have committed many a soul-murder. Ought not this to stir you up to seek now, if possible as much as lies in you, to bring those to Christ whom once you led away, and to teach the living word since once you taught the deadly word which

Ruined Souls?

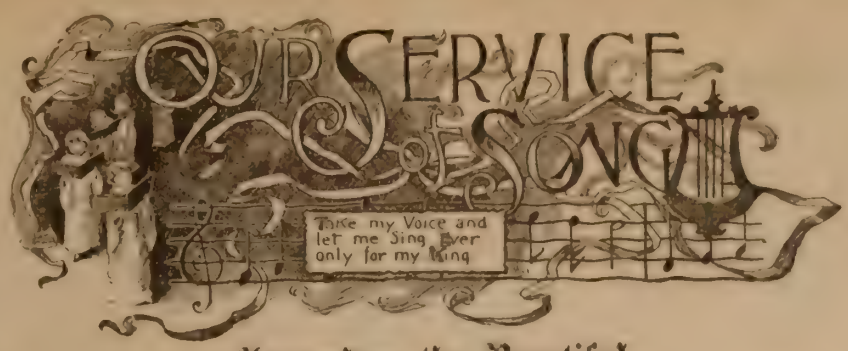
But what shall be said of our conduct since we have been converted? May we not have helped to murder souls since then? I tell you a cold-hearted Christian makes worldlings think that Christianity is a lie. Inconsistent Christians—and there are such—woe, woe that it should be so!—bad-tempered, covetous people, cross-grained, sardonic, snarling persons, who we hope may be the Lord's people, what shall we say of these? How little they are like their Master, they are the propagators of death. Perhaps some of you have backslidden since your conversion and you have committed acts which have made the enemy to blaspheme the name of Christ. I charge you by the love of God repent of this iniquity. Look at what you have done. Look at how you have led others astray.

And do you not think that we may have been seriously injurious to others by denying them the gospel? If you want to murder a man, you need not stab him: starve him. If you want to destroy a man you need not teach him to drink or swear: keep back the gospel from him. Be in his company and never say a word for Christ. Be where

You Ought to Speak

and be sinfully silent, and who knows how much blood will be laid at your door. Do you not think that to deny a cup of cold water to a man and let him die of thirst is murder? To deny the gospel, to have no word to say for Jesus—is not this soul-murder? God accounts it so. "Well," say some, "I could not speak or preach." No, but do you pray for the conversion of others? Some people also have money entrusted to them: they cannot go to India or China, but many other men are ready to go, and they ought to assist in sending them. I have men in the College ready to go, but I have no power to send them. Is there no crime in all this? Does not the voice of your brother's blood cry unto God from the ground? I believe it does. You are not to do what you cannot do, but what you can do.

If some shall be stirred by these words, my heart will greatly rejoice; but if you are aroused do not promise to make an effort in your own strength, but pray to God about it. Commit yourself to God, and ask the divine Spirit to lead you into ways of usefulness, that ere you go hence you may have brought some souls to Jesus; and to his name shall be the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.



Jerusalem, the Beautiful.

Rev. M. L. HOFFORD. J. R. MURRAY.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the beau - ti - ful, Thy glo - ries are un - told,
2. Je - ru - sa - lem, the beau - ti - ful, Thy gates of pearl - y white
3. Je - ru - sa - lem, the beau - ti - ful, From thy ce - les - tial throng
Thy walls are built of pre-cious stones Thy pavements laid with gold;
To voice of pray'r and song of praise Are o - pen day and night;
Fa - mil - iar voic - es reach mine ear, En - rapt - ured in thy song:
Thy man-sions for the ran-somed ones In match-less splen - dor shine,
And shin - ing ones a - round thy throne In sweet - er rapt - ure sing,
And all my soul in long - ing waits To soar a - bove and see
Je - ru - sa - lem, the beau - ti - ful, Je - ru - sa - lem di - vine.
When saints on wings of faith and love, Their songs of prais - es bring.
The man - sions of thy rapt - ured ones, And join thy ju - bi - lee.

From Winnowed Songs, by per. The Biglow & Main Co. Used by per. The John Church Co.

THE GLAD ASSURANCE.

OFT in hours of pain and conflict
Come these gracious words to me,
Full of tenderness and pity—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

Not a sparrow ever falleth,
Nor a lamb bewildered stray,
But his loving arms enfold them,
As they shelter me to-day.

Ere the bruised reed is broken
He will deign to hear my prayer,
That no trial shall befall me
Greater than the heart can bear.

In what way relief I plead for
Is to come, I may not see;
'Tis enough Divine Companion
Will the burden lift from me.

O the peace this promise bringeth;
All of doubt and fear aside,
That my trusting heart may ever
In his boundless love confide.

BE STRONG AND DO.

DAN. 11: 32.

EVIL men are all around,
Sin and wickedness abound,
Yet at all times some are found,
Who are strong and do.

Strong because they know their God,
Strong through faith in Christ their Lord,
Strong to make his name adored
All the wide world through.

Strong to overcome their sin,
Through God's Holy Word within,
And the blood which makes them clean,
Precious, tried and true.

Strong to keep their God's commands,
Strong to enter far-off lands
With the Bible in their hands:
Message ever new.

Up, then, Christians! claim your right,
God has made you strong to fight,
Forth to battle in his might,
Be ye strong and do.

—E. C. BAILEY.

HUNGRY FOR GOD.

YOU'RE chasing to-day the things which so late
Eluded your grasp,
Delights which you seek, seem nearer by far,
And just within clasp.
You cannot believe that others have learned
The trend of the way,
Because they've been longer adrift on the tide
Than you have to-day.

Friendships you prize above all now held dear,
You know may not last,
Your very heart-throbs seem but to intone
The dreaded forecast.
You dally with love till you know it is dead,
Your heart's very best,
Until some dear face lies cold at your feet
Which late you caressed.

E'en there you believe there lies just within
The reach of your sight,
Some home of the soul where nothing can stain
Your lilies of white,
And so it is love, but not on the earth
Will you be so blest—
You're hungry for God, and only in him
Is your home and rest.

—MRS. M. L. W. TOWLE.

SIGNS RECOGNIZED.

Dr. A. R. Fausset on the Signs of the Second Advent.

A MUCH-HONORED scoffer addressing a humble believer said: "You say God reveals himself to his children. Can you tell me what God is now doing?" "Yes," was the reply: "what he is always doing—exalting the humble and debasing the proud." Yes, this is what God comes to do, especially at the Epiphany of the glory of him, who is the great God and our Saviour. He comes for.

A Twofold Work.

for the rapture of his saints, the lowly ones of the earth, who shall be exalted in transfigured bodies with himself, and then in flaming fire to take vengeance on those who would not know God, nor obey the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. The state of the world at his coming, he compares to that of men before the flood, and that of Sodom on the eve of its destruction. "They did eat, drank, married wives, were given in marriage, until Noah entered the ark, and the flood came and destroyed them all." (Luke 18:27.) "They bought, sold, planted, builded, but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone, and destroyed them all; even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed." How exactly herein the Lord photographs our bustling, self-seeking, intensely worldly age! The past ages, too have been so.

The Peculiarity of Our Age

as it was in Noah's times, is that the sons of God ally themselves, through the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eye, with the daughters of men; in other words, the Church is yielding itself to the world's fascinations, instead of being separate from it, and witnessing for God against its corruptions. So God will soon say, "My spirit shall not always strive (or judge) in man." "He who now letteth (or restraineth) shall be taken out of the way." Yes, and the elect Church, alone faithful among the faithless, shall cease to "torment the dwellers upon earth" by their witness; for believers shall be "caught up" in transfigured bodies to "meet the Lord in the air." Then shall the full development of "lawlessness," take place.

The signs before and at our Lord's first Advent have their counterpart just before his second Advent. There were the

Three Schools of Thought,

then represented by the Pharisees, the Sadducees and the Herodians. These answer respectively to (1) the Formalists, who "in the last days (II Tim. 3:5) have the form of godliness, but deny its power;" (2) the Rationalistic unbelievers; (3) the worldlings (Rev. 16:14), whose god is self and the world. And these develop into the whole world and the ten kings under Antichrist, being gathered by the miracle-working demon spirits (Rev. 16:14) to the war of that great day of God Almighty. So far from the present world age developing into universal peace before Christ comes, its issue is the reverse.

A Significant Feature of Our Age

is the marvellous unification of the world, space and distance being almost annihilated by the railway, the electric telegraph, the telephone and the steamship. Separating hedges are being levelled down, so that the earth is being prepared to be one grand field for the manifestation of its coming King; but first, Antichrist will gather his hosts. Then God will say (Psa. 50:5), "Gather My saints unto Me." So Rome combined in one political unity the kingdoms of the then known world; God's providence thereby prepared his way for Christ's First Advent and the kingdom of grace on earth, just as they are now being unified for the speedily coming kingdom of glory.

But there must firstcome the awful conflict foretold in Joel 3, Zech. 13 and 14, and Rev. 19. Christ comes as the antitypical David, the man of war, first; then, as the antitypical Solomon, the prince of peace. Thus the signs of the Lord's coming are already appearing, alike the dark and the bright ones.

Two Rabbis met at the wailing-place, west of the Temple area, amidst the foundation-stones which testify of glories long past. One wore a look of inconsolable grief, the other of joy. "Why do you weep?" asked the joyful Rabbi. "I weep for the desolations of Zion. And why do you rejoice?" "I rejoice at Zion's coming consolations; for as surely as Jehovah fulfilled his threats of her desolation, so will he fulfil his promises of her glorious and eternal consolation." Let us, too, amidst the solemn signs on every side, lift up our heads, for our redemption draweth nigh.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Jan. 24, 1892. Ps. 3: 4; Ex. 14: 15, 16.

MEMBERS of Christian Endeavor Societies are asked to cite this week instances of answered prayer from the Bible and from modern life. The task is not difficult. The Bible abounds with them. There is the prayer of Abraham (Gen. 17: 20); of his servant when Rebekah met him (Gen. 24: 15-27); of Jacob when Esau came against him with four hundred men (Gen. 32: 24-30) of Moses when the people needed water (Ex. 17: 4); and when the people were in danger of annihilation (Ex. 32: 11-14); of Hannah for a son (I. Samuel 1: 27); of Samuel on the eve of the battle (I. Samuel 7: 9); of Solomon for wisdom (I. Kings 3: 9-12); of Elijah on Carmel (I. Kings 18: 36-38); of Elisha for the restoration of the child (II. Kings 4: 33-36) of Jehoahaz in the day of captivity (II. Kings 13: 4); of Hezekiah when the shadow turned back on the dial (II. Kings 19: 20); of Ezra in the sore strait of the returned captives (Ezra 8: 21-23); of Nehemiah in the presence of the king (Nehemiah 4: 9, 15); of many prayers of David (Ps. 18: 6); of Daniel for light (Daniel 9: 20-23); of Zacharias for a son (Luke 1: 23); of the Apostles on the day of Pentecost (Acts 4: 29-31) of Cornelius (Acts 10: 31) of the Church for the deliverance of Peter (Acts 12: 5-7) and many others.

In modern times eminent men of unimpeachable veracity have borne witness to the faithfulness of God in answering their prayers, and their biographies teem with records of instances in which God interposed on their behalf in answer to prayer. In our own day, Pastor Spurgeon has repeatedly given testimony to the same fact and has said that so remarkable have been the answers to his prayers for help, when the hundreds of orphans depending on him for their support were without supplies, that if he told them, people would not believe. George Muller who has more than two thousand orphan children in his Orphanages has never made any appeal for help to any man, but always to God and the needed help has never failed him. There have been times when the help and advice of men seemed necessary, but Mr. Muller has always gone to God. Once when, through an accident, the heating apparatus of the Orphanage was burst and the children in very bitter weather were in danger of freezing and it seemed impossible that repairs could be made in a week, Mr. Muller, as usual, took the matter in prayer to God, and a contractor came who "happened" to have over a hundred skilled men on his hands who were prevented by the frost doing the work for which they were engaged, and who put the Orphanage apparatus in working order in a few hours, Mr. Muller declares that during the fifty years in which he has been carrying on the work his prayers have been invariably answered.

In New York a devoted Christian told the writer, of a remarkable experience of his own—one among hundreds. A friend was in sore trouble whom he was advising and helping. He was called upon to pay a sum so large that it would take all he had to pay it. The demand was unjust, for the money had been paid long before, but there was no documentary proof to be found. The two friends made careful search but failed. Then they took the trouble to God in prayer and besought his interposition. No answer came until the case was actually on trial in court. Then the judge said that he personally remembered the payment having taken place, before his election to the bench, and believed that the documents in proof were still in the possession of the firm of which he had been a partner, and it was found to be so.

A case still more extraordinary is mentioned by Rev. George D. Armstrong, D.D., formerly a professor in Washington University, Lexington, Va., and he personally vouches for its exact truth: A broken-hearted father was called to part with a dearly loved daughter. He had indulged hopes that she was converted, but no direct assurance had come to him from her lips. When he reached his home they told him she was dead—had died suddenly a few minutes before. The father was a Christian, and he resigned himself to the blow; but he went up to the room in which the body lay and knelt by the bedside. He pleaded with God to give him some evidence that his daughter was safe, that he might have comfort in his distress. Never did he pray so earnestly. To his surprise he noticed a movement in the body. He rose from his knees and bent over it. The girl opened her eyes, recognized her father and said: "Dear papa, I'm dying; but I'm going to Jesus." One or two labored breaths followed and all was still again. She was gone.

Every Christian must have had in his own experience answers to prayer so evidently answers that there was no other way of accounting for the events. But let it not be supposed that God will grant whatever his children choose to pray for. Even Christ's prayer that the cup might pass from him was not granted. The answer is often withheld in wisdom and love, as the earthly father has sometimes to refuse the request of the child whom he loves.

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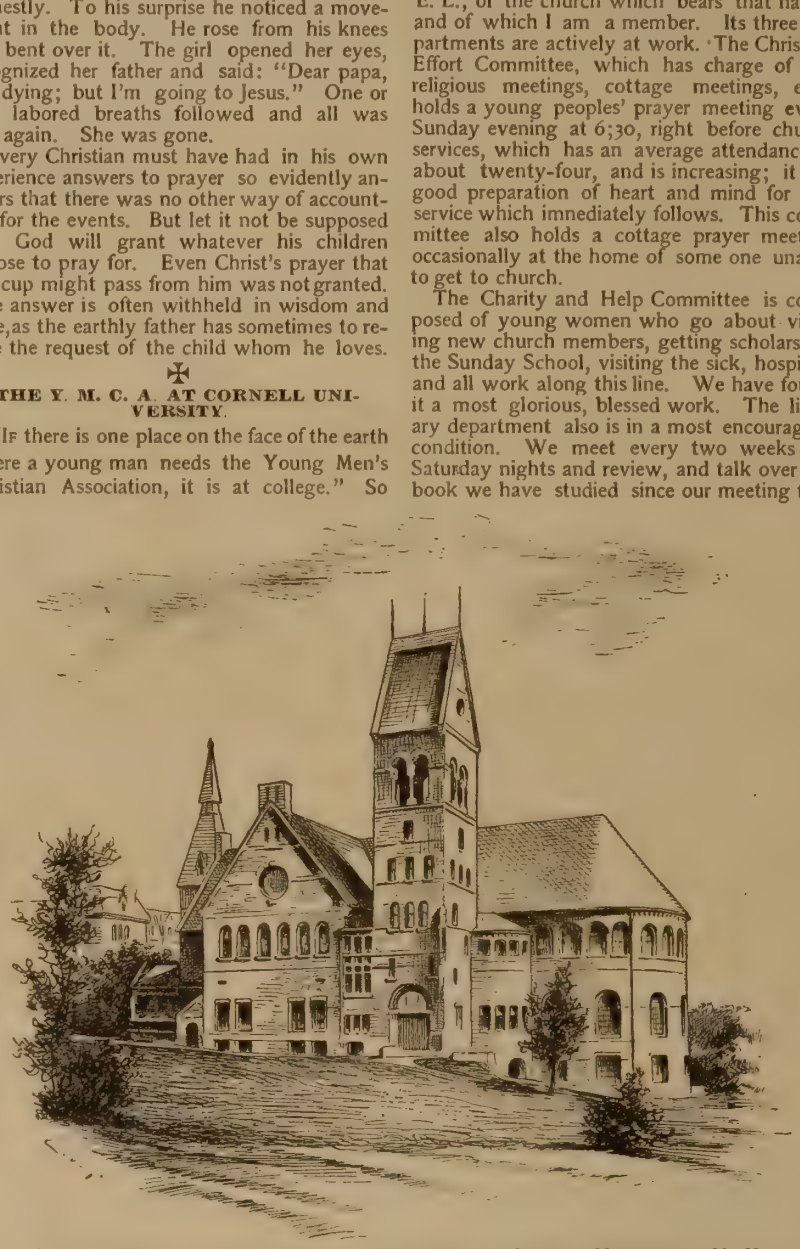
THE Y. M. C. A. AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

"IF there is one place on the face of the earth where a young man needs the Young Men's Christian Association, it is at college." So said a young man who knew whereof he spoke, for it was owing, under God, to the Y. M. C. A. at the College of which he had been a student that he was a Christian. Not only are the young men benefited during their college course by the spiritual help that comes from the college association, but they are thereby influenced for all their future life. The men who, in a few years will be the leaders in politics, law, medicine, science, commerce are now in college; how important therefore is it for the whole nation that when those men take their places in the front they should already be Christian men! One potent means of effecting that much to be desired object is the Young Men's Christian Association. It gives, at the critical moment of the young man's career, when he is most susceptible, precisely the right kind of impetus to be effectual and permanent. The reports of the Secretaries show that this influence is being appreciated, and that college associations are increasing in number and efficiency. The building, a picture of which is here given, is that of Cornell University at Ithaca, N.Y. It is a noble structure, in all ways worthy of the Institution with which it is connected. It was erected in 1889 at a cost of $55,000. There are usually over a thousand students at Cornell and more than half of these are members of the Association. The success which has attended this and like institutions at other universities and colleges will, it is hoped, lead to an extension of the movement until there is not a public school or college in the country without a Y. M. C. A. in an appropriate building. At the last report there were still over a hundred such institutions with over twelve thousand students without any Association attached to them; there is, therefore, still much work to be done.



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY, N. Y.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE IN THE SOUTH.

THE following letter from Mr. George D. Parker, of New Orleans, tells a gratifying story of Christian work in his city, in which the Epworth League is taking part:

We have Epworth Leagues in almost every Methodist Episcopal Church in New Orleans. The one I am connected with is The Felicity, E. L., of the church which bears that name, and of which I am a member. Its three departments are actively at work. The Christian Effort Committee, which has charge of the religious meetings, cottage meetings, etc., holds a young peoples' prayer meeting every Sunday evening at 6;30, right before church services, which has an average attendance of about twenty-four, and is increasing; it is a good preparation of heart and mind for the service which immediately follows. This committee also holds a cottage prayer meeting occasionally at the home of some one unable to get to church.

The Charity and Help Committee is composed of young women who go about visiting new church members, getting scholars for the Sunday School, visiting the sick, hospitals and all work along this line. We have found it a most glorious, blessed work. The literary department also is in a most encouraging condition. We meet every two weeks on Saturday nights and review, and talk over the book we have studied since our meeting two weeks before. The books are by noted authors, and are on the doctrines of the Christian faith, origin and history of the Bible, the Bible itself and several other books (eight in all), all instructive and elevating to the mind. An interesting feature of this class was the presentation of a complete set of Shakespeare's works in twelve handsomely bound volumes to the student who passed highest in the examination of the year's course, which took place early in December. The generous donor of this gift is our beloved pastor, Rev. Jno. T. Sawyer, who has been very successful among the young people. Besides this work, the League is actively at work in the mission school connected with our church. They not only go and teach and work for the children in the school, but contribute largely to the support of the same. This is the first year of our League; we have over ninety members, and great things are looked for in the coming year. If all the Methodist Churches knew what a help they were, it would not be long before they would organize; and if all the young people in our churches knew how pleasant and profitable it was to be engaged in this work, they would come together and ask their pastor to organize them into a League. Try it! All the work done by our League is done by young men and women.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE second annual convention of the Beatrice District League was held at Fairbury, Neb. There was a good representation, and a very enthusiastic session. The address of welcome was given by Miss Artie Speenburg, President of the Fairbury League, and the response was made by the district president, Rev. C. Johnson of Friend. A number of interesting topics were discussed. The convention closed with a lecture by Dr. B. L. Paine, of Lincoln, and a consecration service.

The third annual session of the Galesbury District was held in the First church, Galesbury, Ill. Over 150 delegates were present. Delegates were met at the train by a reception committee and taken to the church, where a very efficient entertainment committee assigned pleasant homes, and members of the junior league as escorts. The opening meeting was an inspiration and breathed into the convention such a pure spiritual atmosphere that it was felt through the entire session. At the close a reception was tendered in the church parlors by the Mizpah chapter. A fine programme was rendered during the evening.

The third annual convention of the Frederick District League was held in Centre Street Church, Cumberland, Md. The district has twelve Chapters with a membership of over 700. Delegates were present from twelve charges. J. J. Hetzel, President of Centre Street Chapter, made the address of welcome. Rev. James P. Wilson of Lanaconing, responded.

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PRACTICAL HELP.

How a number of girls are getting just the kind of help to fit them for usefulness in life is told to a correspondent of the *Silver Cross*. They are chiefly the daughters of employees in a factory near Syracuse and their helpers are a circle of King's Daughters. "We started," says the writer, "soon after our circle was organized, an Industrial and Sewing School. We have been able to conduct classes in different branches of housework—dish-washing, table-setting and serving, sweeping, dusting and bed-making. We have had in our school over ninety children, classes meeting once a week. All the children receive a course of graded instruction in sewing. All are children who would not be taught at home, and many had never before used needle and thimble. At the meetings of our Circle, work for this school is prepared. Part of our winter's sewing has been the complete wardrobes of six doll babies, to be used next winter for a class of little nursery maids, and we have also purchased and made an outfit for teaching laundry work. The term of our school has just closed, and on the last Friday each child received as a gift a work basket fitted up with scissors, needle-book and thread. The needle-books were all made at the fortnightly meetings of the Circle. One member of our Circle, being a trained nurse, has, under our auspices, started a class of twenty-eight girls in nursing, and is doing a most splendid work.

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SELF-DEPENDENCE.

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking
What I am and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forward, forward, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ah, once more," I cried, "Ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night air came the answer:
"Would'st thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy."

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

From *Sunshine in Life*; poems for King's Daughters.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells About Warlike Mongolia and the Persecution of the Christians There.

AT a time when all Christian nations are watching, with intense interest the outcome of the great struggle in China, so full of import to our missionaries and the native Christian converts of that country, it would be surprising indeed, if the sympathy of American households did not go out to the persecuted ones. The facts concerning the sufferings of the Christians in China and Mongolia have been printed in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from time to time, and have doubtless furnished food for discussion in many homes.

In the particular household of which Uncle John is a member, that individual stands to the younger element in the relation of an amiable intelligence box. So, when they gathered around and, after he had put on his slippers, asked him about the almost unknown land of Mongolia where these events happened, he surrendered at discretion.

"Until within a few years, very little was really known about Mongolia," said he. "Last year, Mr. Julius M. Price, a correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, traveled through the country and wrote about and photographed its people. It is a vast territory, lying between China and Siberia and having the Great Wall as its southern boundary. Although it is about one-third the size of Europe, the population is not over two and one half millions. In the centre is the sandy Desert of Gobi, and indeed a great part of the country is a barren waste. The capital city, Ourga, lies near the Siberian frontier in a region that is bitterly cold almost the whole year. Mr. Price has made some very interesting drawings of Ourga, which certainly cannot be called a beautiful city; but it is probably no worse, architecturally, than some of our northern frontier towns were several years ago. Mr. Price describes it as a place of fifteen thousand inhabitants. With the exception of the Chinese portion, the streets of Ourga consist of mere rows of high wooden palisades, enclosing a space in the centre of which is erected the inevitable 'yourt,' for so nomadic is the Mongol by nature that, even when settled here in the capital, his old instincts compel him to dwell in his original ways. The effect, therefore, of these long monotonous rows of rough logs, relieved at regular intervals by tall wooden doors, all of the same pattern, is very dreary; and, were it not for two or three large open spaces where a bazaar is daily held, he says, there would be but little to see.'

"Are there any Christians in Ourga, Uncle?"

"There would seem to be native Christians scattered all over the territory, though not numerously. The persecution which began several months ago and led to the riots at Ichang and the towns along the Yangtse-Kiang River, afterward broke out beyond the great wall, in Manchuria and Mongolia. There is a station of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions at Kalgan, 125 miles northwest of Pekin and just outside of the great wall, where our missionaries have been teaching the Gospel to the Mongolians since 1865. We have two missionaries stationed there with their wives, and also two female mission-workers. There are two chapels at Kalgan, and several mission schools. The Gospels have been translated into several of the numerous Mongol dialects and scattered all over that part of the world; but education, except among the few, is a thing almost unknown there."

"What is the cause of their persecution of the Christians?" was asked.

"The trouble seems to have been brought there from China, whence men came who stirred up in Mongolia hatred of all foreigners. They formed two secret societies, called *Tsinthan* and *Tsaili* and their members began a revolt in Chaoyang. It is reported that 300 to 500 Chinese Christians including several native priests and a Mongolian prince (who was doubtless a Christian), as well as many unconverted natives, were cruelly massacred. Churches were pillaged and burned. The Regent of China, Li Hung Chang, recently sent an army to suppress these troubles, and has apparently succeeded."

"From whom are the Mongolians descended?" inquired Tom.

"Their race is a very ancient Central Asian one, and the name, *Mong*, signifies brave; but as a people they are cruel and ferocious. At one time, their khans or monarchs overran a large part of the world, conquering China, Thibet, the greater part of Asia, Russia, Hungary, Poland, and Syria. Jenghis Khan, one of their greatest warriors, who lived about 700 years ago, had a career marked by sanguinary wars, massacres and outrages. He deluged Asia with blood. Ogdai, his son and successor, was even more terrible in his wars, and gave hundreds of cities to pillage and butchery. He overthrew the *Kin* dynasty in China in 1234 and then the Mongols seized the Chinese throne. Mangu, his nephew, who reigned after him, was probably the first Mongol ruler who tolerated Christianity and gave audience to missionaries. Yet, such were the barbarous customs of the nation that when Mangu died outside his own territory—as Marco Polo tells us—20,000 innocent persons who were encountered on the homeward route by the vast army that served as his funeral cortege, were sacrificed to his memory."

A shudder ran through the little group at Uncle John's recital.

"A Buddhist soldier-priest afterward overthrew the bloodthirsty Mongol dynasty. He raised an army and drove them from China and followed this up by invading Mongolia. He founded the Ming (or "Bright") dynasty and gave better government to China. Long afterward, the Ming dynasty was in its turn overthrown by the Manchus who now occupy the Chinese throne, and who are still regarded by a large portion of the Chinese people as usurpers. It has been asserted that the real object of the secret Societies is the restoration of the Ming dynasty and that the oppression of foreigners and the persecution of the Christians is merely an incident. Let us trust that the troubles may soon cease and that our missionaries may be preserved and spared for the great Christian work to which they have been called, for China is to-day the grandest field for missionary effort in the world."

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Fault-finders.

FAULT-FINDING is a habit easily acquired. Many a home is made unhappy, and many a religious profession is rendered entirely nugatory, by the presence of the fault-finder. It is only now and then that he receives the rebuke he deserves. A clergyman, says the Nuebyan *Advocate*, was residing in the family of a church member who was in the habit of finding fault with the food or cooking at almost every meal. After some days had elapsed, by the heedless words of a fault-finder, thoughtlessly spoken and unrecalled

A STREET SCENE IN OURGA, THE CAPITAL OF MONGOLIA.

HEARTH AND HOME.

For The Christian Herald.

THERE'S a light shines bright
In the darkest night,
From the hearth where love's warmth
Has no fear of blight;
Where the angels of Peace and Duty rest,
And the hearts that repose in its beams are blest.

The voices of childhood awake the heart
From the mists of falling tears;
They bring new hopes to bless life's path
Across the coming years.
And we hear with delight the sweet voices of youth,
With their life and joy and their guileless truth.

—VICTORIA CLARK.

***

A Sister's Rebuke.

I READ an account of a little girl who was instrumental in the salvation of her elder sister, says a correspondent in the *Christian Companion*. The elder sister was dressing to attend a ball. She stood before the mirror to adjust her head dress that was decorated with silver stars. The little sister drew a chair behind her and gently touched the stars with her fingers, which attracted the attention of the elder sister, who said:

"Miss, what are you doing?"

She replied: "I am doing one thing and thinking of another."

"Pray, Miss, what is that?"

"My Sunday School teacher told me every soul I could bring Christ would be a star in my crown."

That was an arrow that pierced the heart of the elder sister. She attended the ball, but did not enjoy it, and returned at an early hour, and found her little sister sleeping sweetly on her bed. She stooped down and kissed her, and said:

"Dear little sister, you have one star in your crown."

She knelt by the bed and gave herself to God.

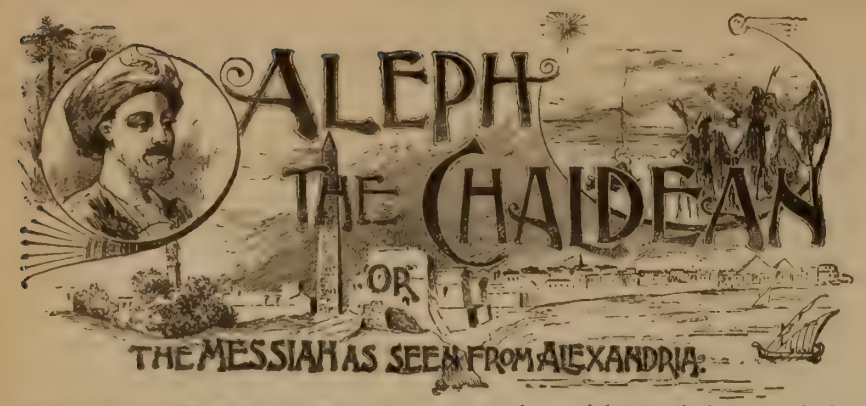
***

Serious Boys.

NEVER discourage a serious-minded boy, nor banter him because of his lack of spirits. Sometimes the soul is touched early, and then the upward progress and spiritual development are beautiful. Seriousness is not dullness. If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, though he can't lead a prayer meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher, he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place, says a reverend writer. He need not cease to be a boy, because he is a Christian. But in all, he ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in every form and have a horror for intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against large ones. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution or deceit. And, above all things, he ought now and then to show his colors. He need not always be interrupting a game to say he is a Christian, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because he fears God or is a Christian.

***

THERE will be no more death!
No frail disease, no dying farewell spoken;
No parting hour, nor agony of pain,
Amid that band unbroken,
There will be no more death.



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.
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CHAPTER VI. (*Continued.*)

"HUNGRY, my lad?"

The hungry eyes and pinched features of the little fellow answered the question before his bobbing head could say Yes, as it was not slow to do.

"Had anything to eat to-day, my poor boy? Really, I do not believe you have," he added pityingly, as he looked more carefully into the thin, dirty face.

The face began to cry.

"And you had no money to buy food with—had you?" inquired Cimon, as he softly patted the curly head.

"He said he would give me some money when I came back," said the boy.

"Who said it?" asked Cimon.

"The man who sent me to see where you were going."

"He did not think I was going into a baker's shop to get you something to eat—did he? Come, sit right down here on this bench and eat this loaf and these cakes. Any more hungry ones at home?"

The boy at this began to sob, and at last broke into a perfect canter of sobs. He muttered something which Cimon had to bend low to make out.

"What, poor mother and little sister! Alas, alas—how sorry I am! But do you sit here and eat this; and when you have finished, the baker shall give you twice as much to carry home to you hungry mother and sister, for here is the money. If I could help, they should never be hungry again."

I do not know what the baker thought of this way of treating the little beggar. But I know what the little beggar thought. He highly approved. He soon dried his tears in the presence of kind looks, kind words, and kinder food. What a glorious appetite that was! And while it was being satisfied, or at least gratified, our friend quietly went his way—unshadowed.

VII.

THE MATRICULATION.

ALEPH was greatly interested in Cimon's account of his adventures—most of all in the story of Shaphan. He determined to communicate it as soon as possible to the daughter of Alexander. But when would it be possible? On referring to his syllabus he found that Seti would lecture early the next morning. He would attend that lecture, and afterward would go to look after the sick woman Miriam. Perhaps he would find Rachel with her: if not he might learn when she was likely to come, and so manage to meet her.

Before the third hour the next morning, both Cimon and Aleph found themselves in the great lecture hall of the Serapeum. The students came in scatteringly; but at length the room was well filled, for Seti was popular with the young men. This was owing partly to the splendor of his lineage and office, which always weighs much with even the most democratic young men; partly to his repute as the heir of the mysterious wisdom of Old Egypt; and partly to the wonderful contrast between his years and the unabated vigor of both his bodily and intellectual faculties. And then this son of the Pharaohs and supreme Egyptian pontiff was fond of young men, reasonably tolerant of their ways, and knew how to unite familiarity with dignity in his intercourse with them. But he was specially in favor with the dominant aristocratic element. Some of the other teachers were new men. Nobody knew who their fathers were. The patrician young men from Rome and elsewhere declared that they had no fathers. What had the Fabii and Claudii and Scipios to do with such people?

Cimon and Aleph had taken seats well in the rear of the hall. So they had opportunity to notice the bearing of the young men as they came in. On the whole they were pleased with. While a few had the air of triflers and coxcombs, and here and there one had the jaded look that suggests late hours and early dissipation, the most had in various degrees that regulated and purposeful air which teachers like to see. Among the more thoughtful and earnest looking Aleph noticed one of the two Romans whom he had met at the banker's. He also noticed that the ages of the students seemed to average about the same as his own.

Almost every one who entered seemed to notice the new-comers; and soon there was considerable whispering and passing to and fro among the young men—which continued till Seti appeared. He stopped for a moment to exchange salutations with our friends, and then conducted them to a seat on the right of the bema. This was the customary seat for newly matriculated persons: and was greatly for the convenience of older collegians who thus not only became promptly aware of a new arrival, but could quietly study him up without the fatigue and incivility of turning about in their seats for the purpose. Of course it was at the expense of the lecture. But never mind—there are some things more important than lectures to young people; and one of them is the discipline of guessing out character from faces and bearing.

From the seat they now had the friends could see well what they had not before noticed, viz., a small latticed gallery just opposite to them from which came occasionally some hints and glints of white draperies. Though none of the schools of the time distinctly contemplated the co-education of the sexes, there was nothing in public opinion, especially at Alexandria, to hinder the daughters of the professors and other approved ladies from hearing the lectures given to the young men; though it was thought best to place the beauties where they could not be seen. The professors generally favored this invisible presence as being conducive to good order and gentlemanly conduct among the students. The chivalrous instinct was not a mediæval invention, nor even an invention of Christianity. The students at the Serapeum in the First Century knew that bright eyes were watching them and behaved accordingly.

The lecture of Seti was on the ethics of truthfulness. It was delivered with a grave and quiet dignity and authority well befitting his years and station, and yet with a subtle fire and force of thought and expression that suited wonderfully youthful tastes. He had no manuscript before him, nor did he seem to have one within him from which he was reading; but he seemed to find his thoughts in the faces and eyes of his hearers as his keen glances went to and fro among them. And the young men felt that they were being perused.

On the way home, the day before, Seti had informed Aleph of a custom among the students. He had matriculated with the Faculty of the University; the students would ask him to matriculate also with themselves. Each new-comer was not considered by them as invested with full membership till they had examined him for themselves and settled his grade among them as a collegian. It was possible to avoid the ordeal, if he saw fit; but a cheerful acceptance of it would conduce to popularity, and, if the trial should be well sustained, would give him a commanding influence. What would Aleph prefer? Seti had asked with a shade of anxiety in his face.

"By all means," Aleph had said with a smile, "let not this custom be waived on my account. I rather fancy the double matriculation."

So he was not surprised when at the conclusion of the lecture all the students retained their seats. He was, however, somewhat surprised to see that Seti retained his also. But he had no time to speculate on the matter: for a fine-looking young man at once came forward and, courteously calling attention to the badge the stranger wore, inquired whether he wished such further membership and privileges among them as an examination by the students would confer.

Aleph rose and as courteously replied that such was his wish; and that he would not on any account have any of the usual formalities omitted.

"This being so," continued the young man, "your full consent to our ancient custom having thus been graciously conceded, I call on our committee for testing candidates to come forward in proper order and discharge their duty. I will only promise for your information that the examination will ask two questions—first, 'What do you know?' and second, 'What can you do?'"

Whereupon two young men presented themselves, and one of them said, "I have the honor to put the first question—What do you know?" Aleph smiled.

"Excuse my smiling," said he, "at the exceeding largeness of your question. If I attempt to answer it, I must begin with confessing that my knowledge is very limited. Compared with what there is to be known, it is practically nothing; compared with what I wish to know it is very trifling indeed; perhaps further examination may show that it is also very trifling in comparison with what some of my fellow-students know," and he bowed to the young men. A ripple of laughter went through the room.

"If you find my associate's question," said the other member of the committee, "a little too large to be manageable, perhaps you will tell us what you already know of the various branches of knowledge preliminary to those studied here. Doubtless you have informed yourself as to our curriculum; it not being considered in general a wise thing to leap into the dark."

"This question," returned Aleph, "is not indeed as broad as the other; but still it would be hard to give you a satisfactory answer (I mean one satisfactory to yourself, for this I could wish to do) unless you will tell me what branches of knowledge you consider preparatory to this Institution. I fancy there might be a difference of opinion as to that matter—after setting aside a few elementary things. I can read and write and speak the Greek and Latin languages after a fashion: have such acquaintance with the literature in these tongues as, I should hope, would enable me to understand such references to them as may occur in your lectures; have also had some little practice in moral and mathematical reasoning, sufficient, I should hope, for understanding a good argument when presented. Is there any further preparation needed? I have indeed heard (what I suppose to be true) that a little knowledge of religion—some just and clear ideas of Deity and duty and responsibility—is a good thing in the way of preparation for university life. In regard to that sort of knowledge, I can only say that if I do not possess it the fault does not lie with my parents or other teachers" (he slightly inclined his head toward Cimon.) "They have done their duty. But perhaps my questioner does not lay any stress on this last sort of knowledge as a valuable preliminary to the speculations and associations of college life. It is even possible that he considers it a decided disadvantage. I know that such views are sometimes found among students."

Aleph had drawn his bow at a venture. But the broad wave of laughter that now swept through the hall assured him that somebody had been hit. Was it not the questioner himself, whose color had sensibly deepened!

His mate took up the broken thread. "Certainly we did not all come here with as good a preparation as that: but perhaps you have done more than the preparatory, and already know considerably of the branches of study which engage us here. Such advanced students often come to us for various reasons."

"I cannot say," returned Aleph, "that I am altogether ignorant of the subjects discussed here. It has been my good fortune to have as teacher one who in his youth passed much time in both the Athenian and Alexandrian schools. And he has attempted, not as successfully perhaps as he could wish, to put his own knowledge into his pupil. What I know I owe to him and my parents: what I do not know I owe to myself. Certainly I do not come here because I know so much, but because I know so little. I hope to enlarge my knowledge, such as it is. In thirty years not a few changes must have taken place here—new teachers have come to the front, new ways of presenting and illustrating old truths are used, and it is barely possible that some things then considered branches of knowledge are now known to be branches of ignorance. So I hope to profit. Is this satisfactory? Or would the committee like to have me explain a syllogism, epitomize Plato or Aristotle or Zeno, or expound the astronomy of Pythagoras?" just the glimmer of an amused expression stealing from his eye.

"Not either of these," answered the committee. "Doubtless you are well prepared on what you voluntarily offer. Allow us to ask you for something which, as it is wholly unprecedented on such occasions as this, you can hardly have made preparation for. We will ask you for an epitome of the lecture to which we have just listened. This is a compliment we owe to our venerable teacher who, I think, has never before honored us with his presence on a similar occasion."

Turning to Seti, Aleph expressed a hope that he would excuse any injustice that might be done to his lecture under such a stress of circumstances, and then proceeded as follows:

"The lecture was on the ethics of truthfulness. It held up to abhorrence the general character of a liar and hypocrite; and said that men must tell what seems truth to them whenever they profess to tell it. In war, hostile forces do not profess to tell the truth to each other, but the contrary: the very fact of war certifies to all that feints, stratagems, deceptions of all sorts will be used, and they are just as proper as war itself. Under certain circumstances one can properly withhold truth from his neighbor without notice given. No man is bound to tell all he knows to all sorts of persons without regard to how they will use the information. A glass house would not be a good one to live in—especially where stones and sinners are plenty. Silence is often both the privilege and duty of a man, as well as his wisdom. Deity himself keeps back much truth permanently from us, and chooses his own times and ways for revealing other truth. In the interests of justice we can properly make inquiries which, if their object were known, would not be answered: we can be silent on what criminals have no right to know. In government, in business, in social intercourse a measure of reticence is indispensable to the wisest living, and even to righteousness. Without notice given, one may never affirm what he knows to be false: he may without notice sometimes keep back what he knows to be true. These positions were defended by considerations drawn from natural conscience, the general voice of mankind, the testimonies of illustrious teachers, and the grave difficulties that would arise were the world to accept and act upon other principles."

Aleph folded his arms and looked enquiringly at the committee. The committee looked inquiringly at Seti.

"May we ask the venerable Seti whether this is a satisfactory account of his lecture?"

He bowed assent: and a general cheer went up from the benches.

"I perceive," said the master of ceremonies, "that it is the mind of our community that I pronounce the first part of the examination well sustained. Accordingly I so pronounce."

The young man continued, addressing Aleph, "As you have doubtless perceived, our object has been not so much to find out how much you know as your powers of knowing. I think we have gotten sufficient light on that point. May we get as much on the point that still remains to be inquired into, viz., your powers of doing. Our community lay considerable stress on physical accomplishments, and, we think, with good reason. An efficient mind does its best in an efficient body. We but follow the traditions of more classical times when we ask whether you can run and ride and row, can leap and lift and shoot and wrestle and fence—in short protect your mother and sisters and such maiden as the gods may give you."

"I have had some teaching in all these matters," replied Aleph: "whether I have duly profited by the teaching it does not become me to say."

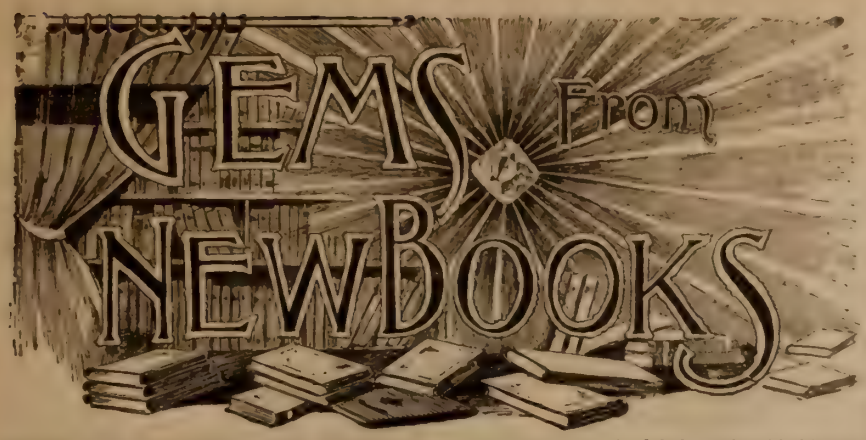
"Are you willing to appear in our palæstra for a testing; and if so, do you choose to compete with the good or the better or the best in each department?"

"I am willing to appear: and defeat would be less mortifying to me at the hands of the best," said Aleph with infinite composure.

"But one thing remains to be attended to here," continued Publius Cornelius (for this was the name of the young Roman who acted as master of ceremonies.) "According to our rules, when a young man has elected the best competitors—which indeed rarely happens—it is necessary that he stand face to face with them in our presence, that he may fully understand what he undertakes, and have an opportunity to recede from his choice if he thinks best: also that we may judge whether his choice is a reasonable one. Our best will now please present themselves with the candidate in front of the bema."

A number of young men rose in different parts of the hall, and made their way to the open space before Seti. Aleph also advanced and stood near, facing them.

(*To be Continued.*)



THE TEACHING OF JESUS*

AFTER a little over three years of work, walking about the country in Summer and Winter, teaching everywhere, during which he travelled over many hills and valleys and through hundreds of towns and villages, although he never was further away than one hundred and fifty miles from the village where he was born, he felt that his work was done, the seed of Christianity sown, that would flower over all the world; his kingdom of heaven among men. He knew that the hatred of the Priests and Rulers would bring about his death. But death had no terrors for him, and though his body would feel all the pains and his mind all the shrinkings from death, and strong temptations beset him, yet to him life and death were one—he had heaven within him.

His teaching made plain the religion which the Priests and religious Teachers had made so difficult; making it so simple that a child can understand it. His life and death made God and his love to men more fully known, and drew men to him, enabling them to live good lives, and thus he is the Saviour of mankind. Thou wilt hear it said that he died to satisfy God's anger against men, but Jesus never said so; saying rather that he died to draw men to God. The Jewish Priests and religious Teachers with their creeds, rules, ceremonies, and symbols, had strangled and stifled the true worship of God, and Jesus set it free, showing that God by his Spirit speaks direct to men and will dwell in them, and teach them his will, and help them to obey it.

The effect of his death upon his disciples was, as thou hast heard, to banish all foolish dreams, and to open to them the true meaning of his beautiful life. From self-seeking they became self-sacrificing men, teaching whatever the Spirit of God prompted them to speak, first in Jerusalem, denouncing the powerful men who had killed Jesus, and then all over the country, and into foreign lands, and his simple Gospel of listening to and following the voice of God as our Father in heaven, spread, and was welcomed.

WORK AND RECREATION.†

ACCORDING to Christian conceptions of duty the ideal for man is not a life of idleness but a life of work. It is this that will call forth the best of his powers, and that will enable him to benefit his fellowmen; and it is when we keep this section of life clearly before us that we advance toward discriminating in regard to what is right and wrong in the enjoyment of wealth. If man is primarily a worker, he is the better for all such enjoyment as keeps him up to his best as a worker; he is the better for such rest as recuperates him after work, and for such recreation as refreshes him and fits him for doing his work better. These are elements both of rest and recreation which it is positively right for him to enjoy; such rest and such recreation, according to his powers and temperament, as keep him at his best, and enable him over a period of years to do the most he is capable of, are times of idleness and amusement which no one need grudge him.

On the other hand, there can be no doubt that any enjoyment of wealth which unfits a man for work is wrong. If he takes a long holiday and gets into easy-going and irregular habits, so as to be unable to settle down again to the routine of ordinary duty and the monotonous round of daily tasks, his idleness has been wrong. Any form of enjoyment which fits the man for his work is right, and any form of enjoyment which unfits a man for his work is wrong. The one is recreation since it recreates his energies, the other is dissipation since it dissipates them.

* From *Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth*, by a layman (second edition, revised), pp. 498; price $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, Publishers. A realistic picture of the Saviour's ministry, avoiding theology and sectarianism, and containing many attractive descriptions of Jewish life, customs and scenery.

† From *The Use and Abuse of Money*, by W. Cunningham, D. D., Vicar of Great St. Mary's and University Lecturer, Oxford, England, pp. 219; price $1.00; Charles Scribner's Son's, New York, Publishers. A Manual of economic science in the form of a popular treatise.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Shaved with great pain for many years, by reason of medicine in my face. Was taken with a great deal of pain in my left side, and the best doctors gave me no relief for two years, and I was advised to try your Discovery, which did its duty, and in a few months I was restored to health. About four years ago I became blind in my left eye by a spotted cataract. Last March I was taken with La Grippe, and was confined to my bed for three months. At the end of that time, as in the start, then it struck me that your Discovery was the thing for me; so I got a bottle, and before it was half gone I was able to go to my work in the mines. Now in regard to my eyes, as I lost my left eye, and about six months ago my right eye became affected with black spots over the sight as did the left eye—perhaps some twenty of them—but since I have been using your Discovery they all left my right eye but one; and, thank God, the bright light of heaven is once more making its appearance in my left eye. I am wonderfully astonished at it, and thank God and your Medical Discovery.

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DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., Says:

Strange cases cured by my **Medical Discovery** come to me every day. Here is one of Paralysis—Blindness—and the Grip. Now how does my **Medical Discovery** cure all these? I don't know, unless it takes hold of the Hidden Poison that makes all Humor

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, *Sept. 9th, 1891.*

Donald Kennedy—Dear Sir: I will state my case to you: About nine years ago I was paralyzed in my left side, and the best doctors gave me no relief for two years, and I was advised to try your **Discovery**, which did its duty, and in a few months I was restored to health. About four years ago I became blind in my left eye by a spotted cataract. Last March I was taken with La Grippe, and was confined to my bed for three months. At the end of that time, as in the start, then it struck me that your **Discovery** was the thing for me; so I got a bottle, and before it was half gone I was able to go to my work in the mines. Now in regard to my eyes, as I lost my left eye, and about six months ago my right eye became affected with black spots over the sight as did the left eye—perhaps some twenty of them—but since I have been using your **Discovery** they all left my right eye but one; and, thank God, the bright light of heaven is once more making its appearance in my *left* eye. I am wonderfully astonished at it, and thank God and your **Medical Discovery.**

Yours truly, HANK WHITE.

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I was a Well Man.

I think so much of Hood's Sarsaparilla that I keep it on hand all the time." CURTIS GOWDY, City Bill Poster, Shelbyville, Ill.

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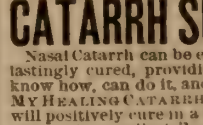

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The DELICIOUS "FERRIS" HAM.

The housekeepers who scan these columns have doubtless noticed the practical recipe we published in the issues of December 23 and 30 for "ROASTING A HAM." Where the family is small there is sometimes a question as to using the remnants of such a joint. We now suggest to our lady friends the following methods of making the remnants from the dinner on the "Roast" equally valuable and attractive. Do you enjoy in your home a

Ham Omelet?

Carefully trim off the skin and the entire outer surface, and any bits through the meat that may have become discolored by exposure to the air. Chop the fat and lean together, thoroughly mixing them, until they are cut the size of small peas. Put a proper quantity of Ham chopped as above into the frying pan, pouring over it enough of eggs (which have been previously well beaten) with a small cup of milk, stir thoroughly, and as soon as the Omelet stiffens, dish, and send smoking hot to the table.

Ham Cr quettes.

Chop the Ham finer than for preceding uses and season with pepper or mustard. With a little flour in hand make up small balls and dip in beaten egg, roll in crumbs of bread or cracker, and fry to a light brown in hot lard.

Ham or Pea Soup.

The bone of the Ham may be used when the meat has been removed from it before cooking, or it will be equally well if it has already been boiled in the Ham. If in the former case, cleanse it thoroughly from all particles of mould, and put it over the fire in three quarts of cold water, with one pint of split peas, which have been previously soaked in cold water for three hours. Cook very slowly for seven hours and then strain the broth, rubbing the peas through the cullender. Season to taste, and pour over some squares of dry toast. This soup will be very rich. If desired, the proportion of water may be considerably increased.

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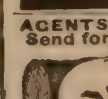

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Subscrib'r, Philadelphia. The matter is one that ought to be submitted to a lawyer, as unprofessional advice on such a subject would be worthless to you or your son.

Fannie L. Bell, Bell's, Bedford Co., Va. Was Eve created on the same day upon which Adam was made?

It is supposed that she was created on the sixth day, immediately subsequent to the creation of Adam and after he had reviewed the creatures of the earth and failed to find a suitable companion among them.

Henry Bluemel, Randolph, Utah. I read in Genesis (chapt 1: 27) "that God created man in his own image . . . male and female created he them." And in chapter 2: 20, I read, "but for Adam, there was not found a help-meet for him." Please explain how you harmonize these passages.

The first quoted clause is anticipatory and is explained by the passage in chapt. 2: 20. Adam was created on the sixth day and Eve was created later the same day, after Adam's review of the animals. See answer to Fannie L. Bell in this issue.

F. C. W., Guilford, Conn. Should an upright Christian man, who prays for the obliteration of all evil, go to the polls and vote with either of the old parties, both of whom depend on the saloon vote?

Candidates are not infrequently above their party, morally, and there would seem to be no reason why a Christian should not give his support to such nominees. A conscientious voter will carefully select his candidates, and cast his ballot for them in the interest of good government. If all Christians were to stay away from the polls, the corrupt element would soon control the government and thus precipitate a national calamity.

Alex. Peller, New Brighton, Pa. Why, if the Bible be inspired, as we all sincerely believe, do men formulate creeds and confessions of faith and make them conditions of admission into God's kingdom, thereby causing confusion, unbelief, and the loss of thousands who would believe if all taught the same thing?

So long as humanity is constituted as it is, and while temperament and environment are of such infinite variety, there will be differences in creeds. But these differences rarely affect the essentials of religion. Although the numerous sects may pull over different courses, they all point to the same goal. "A hundred paths lead up the sides of Fusyama, but they all unite at the summit," says a Japanese proverb. Lack of Christian unity is to be regretted; but it has its advantages also in that the great central truths of Christianity are thereby made clearer and more striking.

J. B. McF., Denver, Colo. What is the cost to the English people of supporting royalty?

Editor Labouchere of London *Truth* recently estimated the cost of British royalty at $5,000,000 a year. The Prince of Wales has over $500,000 and the Princess $50,000 a year. The younger sons of the Queen have been voted $125,000, the daughters $30,000 each, the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's cousin, $60,000, and his two sisters $25,000 and $15,000 respectively, and $500,000 was voted to the Empress Frederick of Germany when she married. The Lord Chamberlain, Lord Steward, and Master of the Buck Hounds get $28,500, seven Lords in Waiting get $3,500 each. The Ladies of the Bedchamber have $2,500 a year each. Besides this, several royal palaces are supported and kept in repair at the expense of the nation.

J C. Morgan, Beckwith, Cal. 1. Do you believe that Judas was forgiven? 2. Did he ever repent? If so please tell me where it is so stated. 3. Do you believe the thief on the cross was saved? 4. Where is Paradise?

1. There is no passage that states it or implies it. Two passages tell the other way Acts 1:25, John 17: 12. 2. Yes, he repented of his act, (Matt. 27: 4), but instead of seeking forgiveness he committed suicide. 3. Christ's words to him imply that he was. 4. The word was in common use among the Jews to signify the place where the souls of good men went after death. In that awful moment of agony on the cross, Christ probably used the word in preference to the words he used in speaking to his disciples of heaven, because the thief would be familiar with it and get consolation from it. Paul uses the word (II Cor. 12: 3) as a synonym of heaven and it is again used in a similar sense in Rev. 2: 7.

Reader, Camargo, Penn. How could Peter have been converted, as you say he was, in your answer to "Constant Reader" in your issue of Nov. 25, when Christ addressed him as Satan (see Mark 8: 33) and referred to his conversion as future? (see Luke 22: 32.)

Conversion does not imply subsequent sinlessness, as every converted man knows to his sorrow. Peter's rebuke of Christ mentioned by Mark was prompted by great love of his Master, but defective knowledge of the vicarious nature of his death. To Christ, who knew what his death meant to the world, the suggestion of avoiding it appeared Satanic and doubtless that was his meaning in his words to Peter. The other expression in Luke 22:32, must be understood in the sense of restoration. The Revised Version has it "when thou art turned again." The commission to Peter to feed Christ's lambs, which in the passage you quote was to be undertaken at his conversion or restoration was given before Pentecost.

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GLAD tidings of Gospel progress in Austria come from a worker who is laboring, all unknown, for Christ amid danger. The laws in Austria are very severe against Protestant mission-work and all who engage in it. The work therefore has been carried on in secret and it is not safe to indicate even at this distance its exact location. The worker says: "Recently one of our female converts begged me to mention the case of a very poor woman who was sick and in great need, and whom she herself visited as often as she could. One of our friends asked her the name of the sick woman, and told me that it was an old enemy of that woman who had visited her in her sickness and done as much as she could for her. I was surprised, and thanked the Lord heartily for enabling this woman thus to love her enemy, and to do good to one who had done her much harm in former years. Only the Spirit of God could bring about such a change, for this woman who has learned to love her enemy was formerly careless and gay, fond of dancing and all kinds of worldly amusements. She has attended our meetings with her husband for four years, and both of them have, through the grace of God, become new creatures."

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"I earnestly solicit the prayers of God's people—of all friends of the Jews—for these Rabbis and learned Spanish Jews of the Holy City, as well as for the Jewesses of Mrs. Ben-Oliel's mothers' meeting and the class of girls of my daughter Florence. My Rabbi visitors this evening promised to come to our Christmas tree for the poor and destitute."

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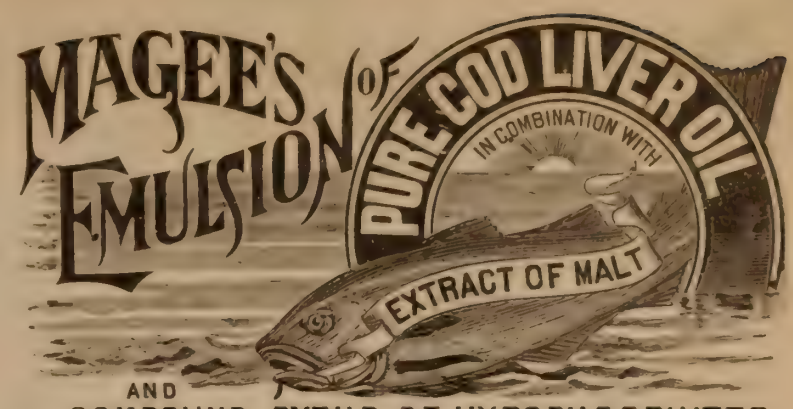

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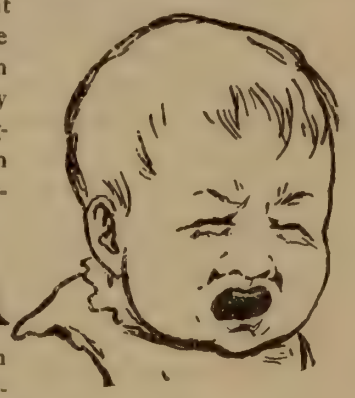

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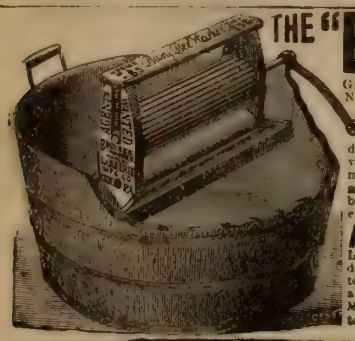

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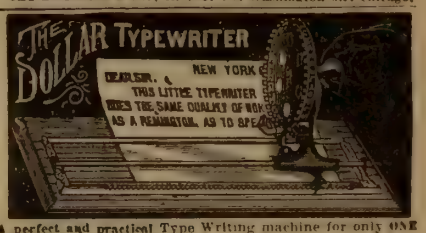

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OUR POSTAL ARMY.

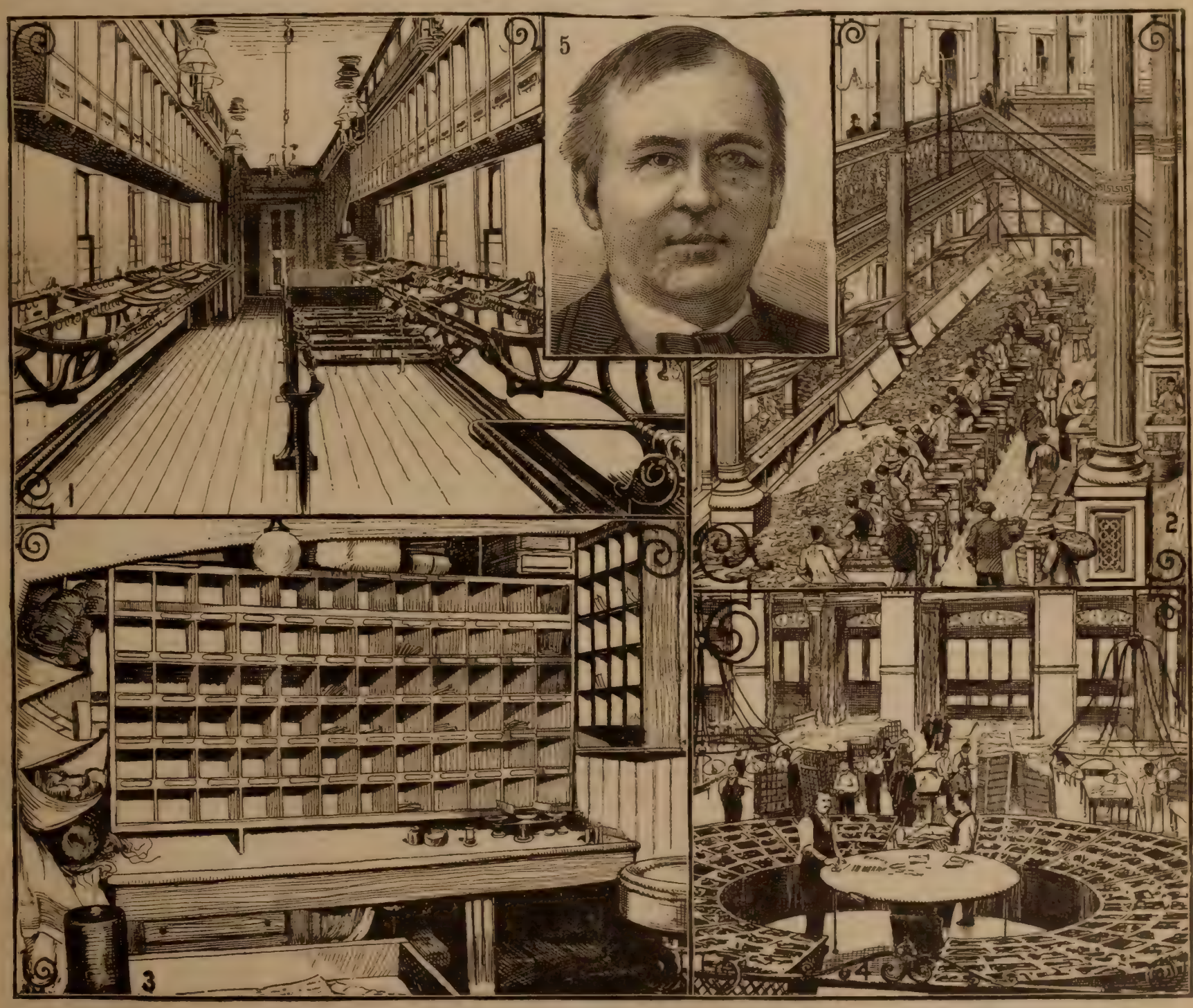
Some of the Duties and Dangers of the Service Described by Postmaster-General Wanamaker —A Vast Force Under Magnificent Discipline.

TO those who still linger with us, but who belong to a generation that is passing away, there is no greater marvel than the increase of our postal facilities. There are not a few who can remember the days of the mail stage-coaches and the introduction of the railway mail-service in the United States, some sixty years ago. They have watched, with keen interest, the phenomenal growth of this branch of the public service and have seen it extended over the lakes and mountains and across the plains and the prairies, until it has reached such an efficient point that hardly a village or hamlet in our vast territory is without its post-office. Indeed it might almost be averred that the history of the postal service, from the administration of Benjamin Franklin (virtually the last as he was the best of the Colonial postmasters), till now, is the history of American progress.

In 1692–1700, the "Postmaster-General of North America," as that official was then designated, issued in a single bulletin his orders for the entire mail-service, embracing instructions to less than a score of offices. In the report just issued by Postmaster-General Wanamaker, 45,600 offices are discussed, many of them employing hundreds and some even thousands of clerks, carriers and other employees. This great army—in itself a powerful civilizing agency—is under magnificent discipline, and with conscientious officers and an upright chief, is a potent illustration of the moral elevation of the public service. Obedient to the wish of Congress, the lottery swindlers have been practically driven from the mails, and hundreds of them have been indicted. It is no longer possible for the class of sharpers who formerly made the mails the vehicles of their nefarious schemes to grow rich at the expense of the simple, for every avenue through which fraud can operate is jealously guarded.

We publish in this issue several illustrations, that convey more emphatically than words can an idea of the magnitude of Uncle Sam's Postal Service. One shows the interior of a postal car, similar to those now used over 140,736 miles of railroad routes. There are 1,078 of these railway post offices in operation, employing 6,032 clerks, and during the past year they have travelled in the aggregate 141,194,221 miles, handled eight and a half billion pieces of mail matter, including sixteen million registered packages and cases, and nearly one and a quarter million registered pouches and sacks. This is by far the most perilous branch of the service. Three hundred and nineteen cars were wrecked in 1891 and thirteen clerks were killed, and 150 injured.

(Continued on page 35.)



OUR POSTAL ARMY AT WORK.

1. INTERIOR OF A POSTAL-CAR. 2. CANCELLING DEP'T, BOSTON POST-OFFICE. 3. A SEA POST-OFFICE. 4. SORTING MAIL IN ST. LOUIS POST-OFFICE. 5. HON. JOHN WANAMAKER, POSTMASTER-GEN'L

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE ECHOES.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday morning Sermon: *The sounding again of the mountains.* Ez. 7:7.

AT last I have found it. The Bible has in it a recognition of all phases of the natural world from the aurora of the midnight heavens to the phosphorescence of the tumbled sea. But the well-known sound that we call the echo, I found not until a few days ago I discovered it in my text: "The sounding again of the mountains." That is the Echo. Ezekiel of the text had heard it again and again. Born among mountains and in his journey to distant exile having passed among mountains, it was natural that all through his writings there should loom up the mountains. Among them he had heard the sound of cataracts and of tempests in wrestle with oak and cedar, and the voices of the wild beasts, but a man of so poetic a nature as Ezekiel could not allow another sound, viz., the Echo, to be disregarded, and so he gives us in our text "the sounding again of the mountains."

Greek mythology represented the Echo as a nymph, the daughter of Earth and Air, following Narcissus through forests and into grottoes and every whither, and so strange and weird and startling is the Echo I do not wonder that the superstitious have lifted it into the supernatural. You and I in boyhood or girlhood experimented with this responsiveness of sound. Standing half-way between the house and barn, we shouted many a time to hear the reverberations, or out among the mountains back of our home, on some long tramp, we stopped and made exclamation with full lungs just to hear what Ezekiel calls "the sounding again of the mountains." The Echo has frightened many a child and many a man. It is no tame thing after you have spoken to hear the same words repeated by the invisible. All the silences are filled with voices ready to answer. Yet, it would not be so startling if they said something else, but why do those lips of the air say just what you say? Do they mean to mock or mean to please? Who are you and where are you, thou wondrous Echo? Sometimes its response is a reiteration. The shot of a gun, the clapping of the hands, the beating of a drum, the voice of a violin are sometimes repeated many times by the Echo. Near Coblentz—that which is said has seventeen Echoes. In 1766, a writer says that near Milan, Italy, there were seventy such reflections of sound to one snap of a pistol. Play a bugle near a Lake of Killarney and the tune is played back to you as distinctly as when you played it. There is a well two hundred and ten feet deep at Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight. Drop a pin into that well, and the sound of its fall comes to the top of the well distinctly. A blast of an Alpine horn comes back from the rocks of Jungfrau in surge after surge of reflected sound, until it seems as if every peak had lifted and blown an Alpine horn. But have you noticed—and this is the reason for the present discourse—that this Echo in the natural world has its analogy in the moral and religious world? Have you noticed the tremendous fact that what we say and do comes back in recoiled gladness or disaster? About this resonance I preach this sermon.

First: Parental teaching and example have their Echo in the character of descendants. Exceptions? Oh, yes. So in the natural world there may be no Echo, or a distorted Echo, by reason of peculiar proximities, but the general rule is that the character of the children is the Echo of the character of parents. The general rule is that good parents have good children and bad parents have bad children. If the old man is a crank, his son is apt to be a crank, and the grandchild a crank. The tendency is so mighty in that direction that it will get worse and worse unless some hero or heroine in that line shall rise and say: "Here! By the help of God, I will stand this no longer. Against this hereditary tendency to queerness I protest." And he or she will set up an altar and a magnificent life that will reverse things and there will be no more cranks among that kindred. In another family the father and mother are consecrated people. What they do is right; what they teach is right. The boys may for some time be wild and the daughters worldly, but watch! Years pass on, perhaps ten years, twenty years, and you go back to the church where the father and mother used to be consistent members. You have heard nothing about the family for twenty years, and at the door of the church you see the sexton, and you ask him: "Where is old Mr. Webster?" "Oh! he has been dead many years." "Where is Mrs. Webster?" "Oh! she died fifteen years ago." "I suppose their son Joe went to the dogs?" "Oh! no," says the sexton. "He is up there in the elders' seat. He is one of our best and most important members. You ought to hear him pray and sing. He is not Joe any longer; he is Elder Webster." "Well, where is the daughter, Mary? I suppose she is the same thoughtless butterfly she used to be?" "Oh! no," says the sexton, "she is the President of our Missionary Society and the Directress in the Orphan Asylum, and when she goes down the street all the ragamuffins take hold of her dress and cry, 'Auntie, when are you going to bring us some more books and shoes and things?' And, when, in times of revival, there is some hard case back in a church pew that no one else can touch, she goes where he is, and in one minute she has him a-crying, and the first thing we know she is fetching the hardened man up to the front to be prayed for, and says, 'Here is a brother who wants to find the way into the kingdom of God.' And if nobody seems ready to pray, she kneels down in the aisle beside him and says, 'Oh! Lord!' with a pathos and a power and a triumph that seem instantly to emancipate the hardened sinner. Oh! no, you must not call her a thoughtless butterfly in our presence. You see we would not stand it." The fact is that the son and daughter of that family did not promise much at the start, but they are now an Echo, a glorious Echo, a prolonged Echo, of parental teaching and example.

A Vermont mother, as her boy was about to start for a life on the sea, said, "Edward, I have never seen the ocean, but I understand the great temptation is strong drink. Promise me you will never touch it." Many years after that, telling of this in a meeting, Edward said: "I gave that promise to mother, and have been around the world and at Calcutta, the ports of the Mediterranean, San Francisco, Cape of Good Hope, and North and South Poles, and never saw a glass of liquor in all those years that my mother's form did not appear before me, and I do not know how liquor tastes. I never have tasted it and all because of the promise I made to my mother." This was the result of that conversation at the gate of the Vermont farm-house. The statuary of Thorwaldsen was sent from Italy to Germany, and the straw in which the statues had been packed was thrown upon the ground. The next Spring beautiful Italian flowers sprang up where this straw had been cast, for in it had been some of the seeds of Italian flowers, and, whether conscious of it or not, we are all the time planting for ourselves and planting for others roses or thorns. You thought it only straw, yet among it were anemones.

THE ALPINE ECHO.

But, here is a slip-shod home. The parents are a godless pair. They let their children do as they please. No example fit to follow. No lessons of morality or religion. Sunday no better than any other day. The Bible no better than any other book. The house is a sort of inn where the older and younger people of the household stop for awhile. The theory acted on, though perhaps not announced, is: "The children will have to do as I did, and take their chances. Life is a lottery anyhow, and some draw prizes and some draw blanks, and we will trust to luck." Skip twenty years and come back to the neighborhood where that family used to live. You meet on the street or on the road an old inhabitant of that neighborhood, and you say: "Can you tell me anything about the Petersons who used to live here?" "Yes," says the old inhabitant, "I remember them very well. The father and mother have been dead for years." "Well, how about the children? What has become of them?" The old inhabitant replies: "They turned out badly. You know the old man was about half an infidel and the boys were all infidels. The oldest son married, but got into drinking habits, and in a few years his wife was not able to live with him any longer, and his children were taken by relatives, and he died of delirium tremens on Blackwell's Island. His other son forged the name of his employer and fled to Canada. One of the daughters of the old folks married an inebriate with the idea of reforming him, and you know how that always ends—in the ruin of both the experimenter and the one experimented with. The other daughter disappeared mysteriously, and has not been heard of. There was a young woman picked out of the East River and put in the Morgue, and some thought it was her, but I cannot say." "Is it possible?" you cry out. "Yes, it is possible. The family is a complete wreck." My hearers that is just what might have been expected. All this is only the Echo, the dismal Echo, the awful Echo, the dreadful Echo of parental obliquity and unfaithfulness. The old folks heaped up a mountain of wrong influences, and this is only what my text calls "The sounding of the mountains." Indeed our entire behavior in this world will have a resound. While opportunities fly in a straight line and just touch us once and are gone never to return, the wrongs we practice upon others fly in a circle, and they come back to the place from which they started. Doctor Guillotine thought it smart to introduce the instrument of death, named after him; but did not like it so well when his own head was chopped off with the guillotine.

THEY TAKE HOLD OF HER DRESS.

So, also, the Judgment Day will be an Echo of all our other days. The universe needs such a day for there are so many things in the world that need to be fixed up and explained. If God had not appointed such a day all the nations would cry out, "Oh, God, give us a Judgment Day." But, we are apt to think of it and speak about it as a day away off in the future, having no special connection with this day or any other day. The fact is that we are now making up its voices, its trumpets will only sound back again to us what we now say and do. That is the meaning of all that Scripture which says that Christ will on that day address the soul, saying, "I was naked and ye clothed me, I was sick and in prison and ye visited me." All the footsteps in that prison corridor as the Christian Reformer walks to the wicket of the incarcerated, yea all the whispers of condolence in the ear of that poor soul dying in that garret, yea all the kindnesses are being caught up and rolled on until they dash against the Judgment Throne and then they will be struck back into the ears of these sons and daughters of mercy. Louder than the crash of Mount Washington falling on its face in the world-wide catastrophe, and the boiling of the sea over the furnaces of universal conflagration will be the Echo and re-Echo of the good deeds done and the sympathetic words uttered and the mighty benefactions wrought. On that day all the charities, all the self-sacrifices, all the philanthropies, all the beneficent last wills and testaments, all the Christian work of all the ages, will be piled up into mountains, and those who have served God and served the suffering human race will hear what my text styles "the sounding of the mountains."

My subject advances to tell you that eternity itself is only an Echo of time. Mind you, the analogy warrants my saying this. The Echo is not always exactly in kind like the sound originally projected. Lord Raleigh says that a woman's voice sounding from a grove was returned an octave higher. A scientist playing a flute in Fairfax County, Va., found that all the notes were returned, although some of them came in raised pitch. A trumpet sounded ten times near Glasgow, Scotland, and the ten notes were all repeated, but a third lower. And the spiritual law corresponds with the natural world. What we do of good or bad may not come back to us in just the proportion we expect it, but come back it will; it may be from a higher gladness than

"THEY TURNED OUT BADLY."

we thought or from a deeper woe, from a mightier conqueror or from a worse captive, from a higher throne or deeper dungeon. Our prayer or our blasphemy, our kindness or our cruelty, our faith or our unbelief, our holy life or our dissolute behavior, will come back somehow. Suppose the boss of a factory or the head of a commercial firm, some day comes out among his clerks or employees, and putting his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, says, with an air of swagger and jocosity: "Well, I don't believe in the Bible or the Church. The one is an imposition and the other is full of hypocrites. I declare I would not trust one of those very pious people further than I could see him." That is all he says, but he has said enough. The young men go back to their counters or their shuttles, and say within themselves: "Well, he is a successful man and has probably studied up the whole subject and is probably right." That one lying utterance against Bibles and Churches has put five young men on the wrong track, and though the influential man had spoken only in half jest, the Echo shall come back to him in five ruined lifetimes, and five destroyed eternities. You see the Echoes are an octave lower than he anticipated. On the other hand, some rainy day, when there are hardly any customers, the Christian merchant comes out from his counting-room and stands among the young men, who have nothing to do, and says: "Well, boys, this is a dull day, but it will clear off after a while. There are a good many ups and downs in business, but there is an over-ruling Providence. Years ago I made up my mind to trust God and he has always seen me through. About noon the rain ceases and the sun comes out and the clerks go to their places, and they say within themselves: "Well, he is a successful merchant, and I guess he knows what he is talking about, and the Christian religion must be a good thing. God knows I want some help in this battle with temptation and sin." The successful merchant who uttered the kind words did not know how much good he was doing, but the Echo will come back in five lifetimes of virtue and usefulness, and five Christian death-beds, and five heavens. From all the mountains of rapture and all the mountains of glory and all the mountains of eternity, he will catch what Ezekiel in my text styles "the sounding again of the mountains."

Yea, I take a step further in this subject, and say that our own eternity will be a reverberation of our own earthly lifetime. What we are here we will be there, only on a larger scale. Dissolution will tear down the body and embank it, but our faculties of mind and soul will go right on without the hesitancy of a moment and without any change except enlargement and intensification. There will be no more difference than between a lion behind the iron bars and a lion escaped into the field, between an eagle in a cage and an eagle in the sky. Good here, good there: bad here, bad there. Time is only a bedwarfed eternity. Eternity is only an enlarged time. In this life our soul is in dry dock. The moment we leave this life we are launched for our great voyage, and we sail on for centuries quintillian, but the ship does not change its fundamental structure after it gets out of the dry dock, it does not pass from brig to schooner, or from schooner to man-of-war. What we are when launched from this world, we will be in the world to come. Oh! God! by thy converting and sanctifying spirit make us right here and now, that we may be right forever!

"Well," says some one, "this idea of moral, spiritual and eternal Echo is new to me. Is there not some way of stopping this Echo?" My answer is: "God can and he only." If it is a cheerful Echo, we do not want it stopped; if a baleful Echo, we would like to have it stopped. The hardest thing in this world to do is to stop an Echo. Many an oration has been spoiled and many an orator confounded by an Echo. Costly churches, cathedrals, theatres and music halls have been ruined by an Echo. Architects have strung wires across auditoriums to arrest the Echo. When our first Brooklyn Tabernacle was being constructed, we were told by architects that it was of such a shape that the human voice could not be heard in it, or, if heard, it would be jangled into Echoes, In state of worriment I went to Joseph Henry, the President of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, and told him of this evil prophecy, and he replied: "I have probably experimented more with the laws of sound than any other man, and I have got as far as this; two buildings may seem to be exactly alike and yet in one the acoustics may be good and in the other bad. Go on with your church building and trust that all will be well." And all was well. Oh, this mighty law of sound! oh, this subtle Echo!

And, if it is so hard to destroy a natural Echo, how much harder to stop a moral Echo, a spiritual Echo, an immortal Echo. You know that the Echoes are affected by the surfaces, and the shape of rocks, and the depth of ravines, and the relative position of buildings? And, once in heaven, God will so arrange the relative position of mansions and temples and thrones that one of the everlasting charms of heaven will be the rolling, bursting, ascending, descending, chanting Echoes. In the future state, whether of rapture or ruin, we will listen for

AN ECHO FROM THE RIVER.

reverberations of earthly things and doings. Voltaire standing amid the shadows will listen, and from the millions whose godlessness and libertinism and debauchery were a consequence of his brilliant blasphemies will come back a weeping, wailing, despairing, agonizing, million-voiced Echo. Paul will, while standing in the light, listen, and from all the circles of the ransomed, and from all the many mansions whom he helped to people, and from all the thrones he helped to occupants, and from all the gates he helped throng with arrivals, and from all the temples he helped fill with worshippers, there shall come back to him a glorious, ever-accumulating, transporting and triumphant Echo. Oh, what will the tyrants and oppressors of the earth do with the Echoes. Those who are responsible for the wars of the world will have come back to them all the groans, the shrieks, the cannonades, the bursting shells, the crackle of burning cities, and the crash of a nation's homes: Hohenlinden and Salamanca, Wagram and Sedan, Marathon and Thermopylae, Bunker Hill and Lexington, South Mountain and Gettysburg. Sennacherib listen! Semiramis listen! Alexander and Napoleon listen! But to the righteous will come back the blissful Echoes. Composers of Gospel Hymns and singers will listen for the return of Antioch and Brattle Street, Ariel and Dundee, Harwell and Woodstock, Mount Pisgah and Coronation, Homeward Bound and Shining Shore, and all the melodies they ever started. Bishop Heber, and Charles Wesley, and Isaac Watts, and Thomas Hastings, and Bradbury, and Horatius Bonar, and Frances Havergal listen!

But you know as well as I do that there are some places where the reverberations seem to meet, and standing there they rush upon you, they rain upon you, all at once they capture your ear. And at the point where all heavenly reverberations meet Christ will stand, and listen for the resound of all his sighs, and groans, and sacrifices, and they shall come back in an echo in which shall mingle the acclaim of a redeemed world, and the "Jubilate Deo" of a full heaven. Echo saintly, cherubic, archangelic! Echo of thrones! Echo of palaces! Echo of temples! Omnipotent echo! Everlasting echo! Amen!

Our Postal Army.

Continued from first page.

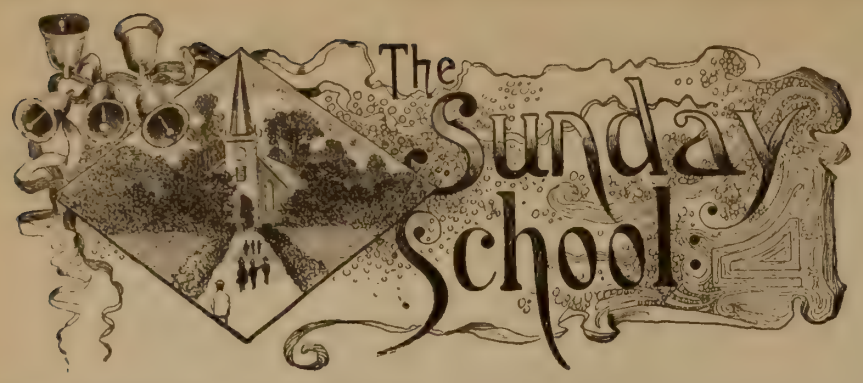
Nothing could be more bewildering to a stranger on a first visit to one of our great central post offices, than an inspection of the mailing section. An army in rapid motion is not more active, energetic or precise than are the mailing corps at any of the great offices in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia or St. Louis. One picture shows the mailing section in the last-named post-office in full operation, the clerks and sorters busily engaged handling thousands of letters and packages, the postal deposit of a fraction of a day, and placing them in the proper bags for their different destinations over the 28,252 transportation routes that now cover the country like a gigantic spider-web. Dexterity of hand, accuracy of eye, quick judgment and a keen intelligence are all necessary to the perfect performance of a mailing-clerk's duties which include the making up of the mails for from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty trains each way, per diem. In the larger offices, Mr. Wanamaker tells us in his report, the mail at certain hours accumulates faster than the force can handle it. At such times an extra force of cancelling clerks is on duty, but the steady increase of mail matter makes the general introduction of cancelling machinery a necessity. One machine now used cancels, counts and bunches 30,000 letters and postal cards an hour—doing the work of many men. An automatic machine is now being tested which will stamp the year, month, day, hour, and minute the letter passes through the office, thus not only expediting the service but aiding in locating the blame for delays.

One of the most reliable criterions of the growth of population is the increase of mail service, but the latter rapidly outstrips the former. In New York City, ten years ago, when the population was 1,200,000, four hundred and seventy letter carriers were needed. In 1890, with a population of 1,500,000, 1100 carriers were employed. Each carrier now serves 1,372 persons with mail matter. Two million five hundred thousand people mail and receive their letters and packages at the New York post office. Besides, there are daily pouring in many tons of newspapers and other publications from every quarter. To handle this tremendous volume of mail satisfactorily is a problem requiring managerial tact and ability of the very highest order. It is a contract that nobody need covet. For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD alone, the New York Post Office handles OVER FIVE MILLION PIECES OF MAIL matter each year!

For those of our readers who never saw a "sea post-office," the one shown in the illustration will be specially interesting. Last year a tri-weekly sea post-office service was established between Germany and this country, requiring twelve regular steamers. Every steamer is provided with one clerk from our Post-office Department and a man to handle the mailsacks—the latter appointed by the German postal authorities. The two governments bear the expense equally, and thus far it has averaged $400 per trip. In these sea post-offices (which are really miniature land post-offices, snugly fitted so as to be secure in rough weather,) all articles in the mails between the two countries are carefully distributed, so that, at the end of the voyage, they can be immediately delivered or forwarded to inland destinations. This saves from two to fourteen hours' detention at New York, and is a boon to business men.

Free mail delivery is now being tried experimentally in forty-six different parts of the country and on the result of this trial depends in great measure the final adoption or rejection of the plan. One effect has been to increase the receipts and in some cases to pay a profit, thus making the office self-supporting. Mr. Wanamaker is a strong advocate of general free parcel delivery, which he believes would help business, improve home life and be greatly appreciated by the farmers. His department discourages Sunday work where it can be avoided, holding that the men have quite enough to do without breaking in on the Lord's Day, and in the carrying out of this admirable principle the department has the sympathy and support of the public.

Among other recommendations by Mr. Wanamaker, likely to be considered by Congress in the near future, are those favoring the adaptation of the telephone to the postal system, the introduction of the pneumatic-tube system as it is now used in London and Berlin, the establishment of postal depositaries for small savings and the abolition of box office rents at free delivery offices. All these are matters that affect the commercial and domestic welfare of our people in no small degree.



THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 31. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Isa 53. Golden Text, Isa 53: 6.

FAITH in Christ has never been, and never will be, a popular thing. Seven hundred years and more before the Saviour came upon earth, when Isaiah saw through the Holy Ghost the sufferings of Christ, and the glory which should follow, he began his inspiration with: "who hath believed our report?" Isaiah might have stood in the midst of the Protestant nations of our day, and in some of the most popular churches as well as in some of the back lanes and alleys where wickedness flourishes, he might have asked this question: "Who hath believed our report?" and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? Who is there here that belongs to a Saviour who bought him with his blood? Who knows his power to save from the world and the flesh and the devil? "For he grew up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of

A Dry Ground."

(R.V.) The very birth and childhood of Jesus cut at the pride of human nature. Human nature was "a dry ground" before this Plant of God's planting was brought forth. To the eye of man, he was without form or comeliness, "and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him." The humility of his birth, the obscurity of his early days, the plebeian occupation of the Carpenter of Nazareth,—all spoke of the "dry ground," and reflected no credit upon the grandeur of human nature, of which men who do not understand God can boast themselves. O, let us never forget that when "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," he from the very beginning expected nothing from the flesh, but, as Man depended upon his Father for every word, every thought, every step, every bit of strength and grace for his life on earth. "I live by the Father," he said. (John 2: 57.) The dry ground of human nature in which Jesus came was watered by the living water from on high. There was everything in the Lord Jesus to make him unattractive to those who think much of earthly greatness, earthly pride, human character, and all those things which lead man to value himself; he came to reflect credit upon another. "I am come in my Father's name," he said. (John 5: 43.) He came to do the will of another. "I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will but the will of him that sent me." (John 6: 38.)

This is exactly contrary to human nature, which always seeks its own, which sets a value upon itself, which is self-dependent, and which measures all others by its over-valued self. No wonder then that he was despised and rejected of men, a Man of pains and acquainted with sickness, and as one hiding the face from us "he was despised, and we esteemed him not." (Young's Trans.)

Men cannot understand a hidden life. They press every advantage to the front to make as much of themselves as they can. But there was something more than modesty in Jesus; he hid his face that he might manifest his Father's; he sank into insignificance that he might be the express image of his Father so serving his purpose in everything. This is the way of the cross for us for our Master. "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." (Col. 3: 3.) The way of the cross not only saves man from hell but also crosses him out, to write the name of Jesus in the place of his; Jesus hides man and manifests God.

"Surely he hath born our sicknesses, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted." (R.V. margin.) "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." (1. John 3: 8.) But Christ's way of conquering was not by resisting evil, but by enduring it, and enduring it for others. He conquered sickness by bearing it. He conquered death by dying; he conquered the devil by submitting to be tempted by him; he conquered his accusers by answering not a word. Such a Conqueror there never was before, there never will be again. Because he bore our sins, he has power to rid us from their dominion and their power; because he bore our sicknesses, he is able to deliver us from them; because he bore our sorrows, he purchased the power to conquer sorrow as none other could.

But this wondrous salvation cuts away the ground from those whose strength is in self-help, those who will deal with themselves and conquer sin by strength of will, and sorrow by earthly distraction. Jesus, in his salvation, seeks to let nothing come between him and his needy ones. In his own Person, he the Holy One, bore our sins,—at what a cost, Gethsemane and the Cross bear witness. But no conception of man can grasp all this means. Who can tread here? It is holy ground.

"He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. A deep sense of justice led a young girl, something more than thirty years ago, to leave out every day from her prayers: "Forgive us our trespesses," for she felt she did not deserve to be forgiven. If she had sinned she deserved punishment, and she did not wish to avoid that which was her rightful due. With a kind of stoicism, she entered upon each day with a consciousness that nothing but deserved punishment awaited her. When one day, for the first time in her life a friend asked her a pointed question about her soul, she told her this state of things, and the friend quoted this verse: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all," and like a lightning flash, the Justice of God in saving sinners opened upon her soul, and that instant she was saved. God is just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." (Rom 3: 26.) God be praised, the most sinful, the most hardened may be saved now, for "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

Human nature looks very tenderly upon its own motives, and will excuse itself on the ground of its peculiar disposition, the tendencies inherited from ancestors, the circumstances in which it is placed; but awakened sinners bow their heads and acknowledge that God is right. They say with Isaiah:

"All We

like sheep have gone astray; we have turned everyone to his own way, it is a personal acknowledgment and it is just at this point that souls are ready for the wondrous announcement: "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." The very One who was sinned against takes upon him the imputation of the sin, shoulders the shame, and undertakes the responsibility for and punishment of the sins of every sinner. And before his judges unjustly accused, but before his God, as man's great sin-offering justly accused, made sin for us. (II. Cor. 5: 31.) "He opened not his mouth."

While we "have turned every one to his own way," he has been by his own voluntary will, a Lamb that is led to the slaughter, "and as a sheep before he shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth." Human nature takes its own way; divine nature lets itself be led by God, even to the cross; human nature justifies itself; divine nature opens not its mouth. Human nature retaliates against oppression and seeks to right itself, but divine nature lets itself be oppressed. "By oppression and judgment he was taken away; and as for his generations, who among them considered that he was cut off out of the land of the living?" (R. V.) He, the only man who ever had a right to his own life; for "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," and "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." But that one life which could live by its own right, the only one who kept the law, yielded itself for the sins of his brethren. "Who among them considered that he was cut off out of the land of the living for the transgressions of my people was he stricken."

"And they made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth." (R. V.) The dead body of Jesus was never left amongst the decaying bones of evil-doers. God watched over it; it was to rise again. Christ might bow to death, but death had no power to retain him. Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt "Thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption." (Ps. 16: 10.) "Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him." Jesus, "for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame." (Heb. 12: 2.) His Father for the joy of redeeming a lost world, was pleased to bruise his Son.

When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand. He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." Jesus must have the due reward of his sufferings. He must not suffer loss; he must see souls saved; he must see believers conform to his image; he must see bodies healed, and, when he comes again, redeemed from death itself; as the reward of his sufferings. He must see Satan and his kingdom overthrown.

Jesus is not yet satisfied, but he shall be. When he shall have his redeemed bride by his side and shall come in his glory to receive the kingdoms of this world as his right, then "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." Then, he shall have a portion with the great, and in his victory he "shall divide the spoil with the strong," because he "hath poured out his soul unto death." By rightful purchase by his becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, Jesus obtained the right to give eternal life. (John 17: 2.) He counted it worth the price for his wondrous love's sake. The seed of his death shall bring forth a glorious resurrection. He shall reap what he has sown, and all things shall ultimately be put under his feet.

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

ALL we, like sheep, have gone astray. Every one without exception. Some more—some less. Some defiantly others unwittingly—some through commission others through omission. But the guiltiness is the same. With God there are no degrees of sinfulness. Sin is sin whether we class it among the greater sins or the lesser sins. The fact that we are not quite as bad as others, does not acquit us.

The police regulations of a certain city require that no man be made a policeman who is not at least five feet and six inches in height. When this law was first made and the commissioners got into power they at once advertised for men, and in the announcement they were particular to state that each applicant must have good credentials to recommend him. The next morning a crowd of men, who nearly blocked the street, were at headquarters in response to the advertisement. While waiting for their turn they set to work comparing notes as to their chance of success. One said to another, "I have a strong letter from the Mayor and an excellent one from the Supreme Court Judge." The other responded, "And I have got as good a letter as a man can get from Senator So-and-So. So you see I am quite safe." The two men come on together and lay their letters down on the commissioners' desk. "Well," say the officials, "you certainly have very excellent letters of recommendation, but before we read them all, let us see how much you measure." Ah, they had forgotten about that. So the first man is measured, and he is only five feet two inches! "Sorry," says a commissioner, "very sorry, but really the law is against your appointment. You don't come up to the standard." "Well," says the other man, "my chance is a good deal better than his. I am a good bit taller than he is." And he looks over at the other man and begins to measure himself by him. Just what people are always doing—measuring themselves by others. Measure yourselves by the law of God or by the Son of God himself, and if you do that you will find that you have come short—indeed very short.

So, confidently, he goes up to the officers and they measure him. He is five feet, five and three-quarter inches! "Sorry, but you won't do—you are not up to the legal standard," they tell him. "But I am only a quarter of an inch short," he remonstrates. "No matter," they say, "there's no difference." So off he goes with the man who was only five feet two inches. One comes short four inches, another a quarter of an inch—but the law cannot be changed. And the law of God is that no man shall go into the kingdom of heaven with one sin on him and that he who has broken the least is guilty of all. Hence all we like sheep have gone astray, and well will it be for us if we earnestly believe that

He was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him and with his stripes we are healed. For by believing and receiving this, Christ becomes our substitute and Calvary becomes to our souls a living and blessed reality.

In the time of Napoleon I. a certain man agreed to join the ranks in the place of a comrade who had been drafted. The offer was accepted, a battle took place, and the man was killed. Some time after, another draft was made, and they wanted a second time to take the man, whose substitute had been shot. "No," said he, "you can't take me, I'm dead. I was shot at such a battle." "Why, man, you are crazy. Look here, you got a substitute; another man went in your place; but you have not been shot!" "No, but he died in my place—he went as my substitute." They would not recognize his claim, and it was carried to the Emperor; but the Emperor said he was right. Napoleon I. recognized the doctrine of substitution.

> Once for all, O, brother believe it,
> Once for all, O, sinner receive it;
> Cling to the Cross, thy burden shall fall
> Christ has redeemed us once for all.

A soldier worn out in his country's service took to the violin as a mode of earning his living. He was found in the streets of Vienna playing his violin; but after awhile his hand became feeble and tremulous, and he could make no more music. One day, while he sat there weeping, a man passed along and said, "My friend, you are too old and too feeble; give me your violin," and he took the man's violin and began to discourse most exquisite music, and the people gathered around in larger and larger multitudes, and the aged man held his hat, and the coin poured in and poured in, until the hat was full. "Now," said the man who was playing the violin, "put all that coin in your pockets." The coin was put away and the old man held out his hat again and the violinist played more sweetly than ever, and played until some of the people wept and others shouted. And again the hat was filled with coin and the violinist dropped the instrument and quietly moved away. "Who is he," asked some one who had just heard a few of the marvelous strains. "Why that is Bucher," responded another, "the greatest violinist of the age." The fact was that he had just taken that man's place, assumed his poverty, shared his disgrace, played his music, earned his livelihood and made sacrifice for the old man. So the Lord Jesus comes down and finds us in spiritual penury, and across the strings of his own broken heart he strikes a strain of music which wins the attention of earth and heaven. He takes our poverty. He plays our music. He weeps our sorrow. He dies our death. A sacrifice for you.

FACTORS IN CHINESE TROUBLES.

A VARIETY of factors have united, says a missionary in China, in producing the disorders which have imperilled the lives of the missionaries and the property of the Missions. *One potent cause* dates back to the Taiping rebellion in 1860–4, when an army of a million men was raised. When the army was disbanded, a large proportion of the soldiers received pensions sufficient for their support. They wandered about in idleness causing envy and discontent. Owing to the inefficiency and corruption in official quarters, substitution took place to an enormous extent and the government is still paying to the substitutes (generally sons of the soldiers) the pensions which should have ceased long ago. This class is an idle, dissolute class and a fertile source of disorder. *Another factor* is a military secret society called Kolao Hui, which is a very powerful brotherhood. The conspirators and rebels against the government are members of it, and so are a large number of officers and soldiers in the regular army. This accounts for the inaction of the regular troops in many cases when they were called out to suppress an outbreak. The members of Kolao Hui in the army would not fight against their brother members among the insurgents. *A third cause* is that the reigning dynasty is of Tartar origin, and the better classes in China resent the rule of the alien and would be glad to see it overthrown. Though they are seldom found among the rebels they wish them success and rejoice over difficulties placed in the way of successful government. *A fourth cause* is found in the rooted antipathy of the Chinese to the foreigner. They do not discriminate. Whether a man has come for purposes of trade, politics, diplomacy or religion, if he is a foreigner he is hated and is liable to be persecuted.

A MUSICIAN'S SUIT.

DAMAGES to the amount of two thousand dollars are claimed in a suit set down for trial in a New York Court. The suit is brought by a musician, who until last November played the French horn in one of the theatres. He says he is no longer able "to pucker his lips" in such a way as to play his instrument properly and on that fact bases his suit. Until November he was noted as one of the very few musicians in the country able to play the French horn correctly and melodiously. In that month, while on his way to keep an appointment he was knocked down by a grocery wagon and badly injured. Eventually he recovered and resumed his place in the band. But he could no longer produce the music he had formely extracted from his instrument. The muscles of his neck and face were not flexible, and he could not pucker his lips properly. He has consequently sued the owners of the grocery wagon for two thousand dollars, that being the amount he considers he will lose. The man certainly deserves sympathy. To have music in his soul and be debarred by his physical injury from giving expression to it is surely a painful position. A similar position is occupied by some members of churches who do not often get all the sympathy to which they are entitled. Ill health, domestic trials or worries that no one knows of but themselves may be the cause of discordant utterances which are wrongfully attributed by their brother members to a lack of grace in the heart. (Rom. 15 : 1,2.)

A POSTAL NOVELTY.

AN ingenious device was patented last week by a citizen of Chicago. It is that of a sliding letter-box intended for the use of families living on the upper stories of high buildings. The box is to be in the entrance hall on the ground-floor, as now, but instead of being a fixture it is to be fitted in a groove running to the floor on which the family lives. The letter carrier deposits his mail-matter in it, as he does now, but instead of leaving it there until some member of the family journeys down to fetch it, he pulls a wire, which carries the box up the groove to the proper floor, where it automatically locks itself and rings a bell. When the mail is taken out, the box is released and slides down the groove again into its original position, ready for the next deposit. That this device will become popular with the dwellers in flats high up in the houses, there can be little doubt. It will ensure them speedier delivery of their letters, an unmistakable notification of their arrival and many journeys up and down the stairs. It will save them, too, from the disappointments they sometimes have in finding an empty box when they have come down-stairs expecting to find the answer to some letter they have written. Every one has at some time experienced that disappointment, for when letters are written answers are looked for. It would be well if the same rule applied to our prayers. But the prayers are not so often answered as the letters, and that is due, not to remissness on the part of God, but because men often offer their prayers mechanically, and not as they write their letters, expecting an answer. Few men follow the rule which Christ laid down. (Mark 11 : 24.)

A NOVEL METHOD OF SAVING A SHIP.

A NOVEL means was taken by Capt. John Clark of Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., to save his schooner, the *Josie*, in the terrific gale off the Long Island coast. The schooner was loaded with brick, bound from Greenport to Stoney Brook. She became unmanageable during the storm and began to make dangerous leeway. The schooner was drifting on the rocks off Port Jefferson and the efforts of captain and crew to keep her off had no perceptible effect. Knowing that if something was not immediately done the vessel and cargo would be lost, Captain Clark made up his mind to scuttle the schooner. Rushing below he seized an axe and chopped a hole in the schooner's hull. The water surged in through the hole and the schooner filled and sank in a few minutes on the shallow bar. The Captain and his crew escaped in the lifeboat. The bricks in the sunken schooner kept her in an upright position. After the storm had subsided, Capt. Clark and his crew returned to the schooner and managed to plug up the hole the Captain had cut in her hull. They then set to work and pumped her out, and once more sailed away as if nothing had happened. The novel way of saving a presumably lost vessel from destruction was a new idea to the hardy mariners of the Long Island coast, and Capt. Clark is the hero of the day. Similar tactics have saved many a soul when, under conviction of sin, there seemed no escape from the rocks of despair. By ceasing to struggle and committing himself unreservedly to Christ the sinner finds salvation. He dies that he may live again in Christ. (Rom. 6: 8.)

AN ENGRAVER'S BLUNDER.

MANY society people in New York suffered unnecessary mortification recently through the mistake of an engraver. A notable wedding was to take place and the date was duly announced. The design for the invitation cards was drawn by a well-known artist and sent to an engraver to be engraved. He was also furnished with a list of about five hundred persons and was instructed to have envelopes of the finest quality addressed to them, ready for the cards to be inserted, when they were to be mailed, two weeks in advance of the wedding. Three days before the ceremony the bride's parents were wondering how it was that they had received no letters of acceptance of their invitations and a large number of their friends were feeling hurt that they had not been invited. A clue to the mystery reached the bride's mother and she paid a visit to the engraver's. Then it was found that the envelopes had been duly mailed but the invitation cards reposed, forgotten, on a shelf in his office. Each guest had received only an empty envelope. The blunder was rectified with all speed, and, in the words of the Gospel story, "the wedding was furnished with guests." Not in this case, as in that Christ spoke of, had the host to send out into the highways and hedges for a company to enjoy the wedding feast. The guests were waiting only to be invited. But to the Gospel feast it is still necessary, as in Christ's day, that messengers should be sent out to plead with men to accept. (Matt. 22: 1-9.)

LOST IN A GOLD MINE.

SAN FRANCISCO journals report the timely discovery of a missing man who has had a narrow escape from death. It appears that near Georgetown is an old gold mine that has been abandoned as not worth the cost of working. An old miner of Georgetown has been in the habit of going into the mine to work a claim he had taken out, about a mile from the entrance. A few days ago, the old man was missed. No one had seen him for a week. Some of his acquaintances decided to search the mine for him. They found the old man in one of the chambers, nearly half a mile away from his claim. He was almost dead, but gradually recovered when he was brought out. He had lost his candles and matches by an accident in the course of his work and in trying to find his way out had lost himself. Without light or food he had wandered along the passages day and night, always hoping that he would strike the right one that would lead him to the entrance. But at last he became too weak to continue his efforts and, just before his friends found him, he lay down to die in despair. He did not know how time passed while he was underground, but when he was brought out he found that he had been ten days and nights in the mine. It is much to be wished that some who, in searching for gold in the business world, have fallen into spiritual darkness, could be similarly found and rescued. Unhappily their condition, though as perilous to the soul as the miner's was to the body, does not, as in his case, awaken concern in themselves or their friends. (1. Timothy 6: 9, 10.)

PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

The First Parliament Dissolved, but the Experiment to be Continued – Missions in Japan

AFTER a somewhat brief experience of popular legislation, the Emperor of Japan has dissolved his first Parliament, because the Lower House refused to vote a sufficient appropriation for the relief of the earthquake sufferers. When it is remembered that thousands were killed and many more thousands injured in that frightful calamity of last October, and that no less than half a million people were rendered homeless and destitute, the necessity for liberality becomes apparent. The national legislature, however, whether from its inexperience in such emergencies or because being new to its duties it feared to dip too deeply into the public funds, only appropriated $3,000,000. After waiting some time, the Mikado took the matter into his own hands and declaring the legislature dissolved, supplemented its appropriations by adding $4,000,000 and giving instructions for the relief of the sufferers' immediate necessities and also for the river embankments to be repaired.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

Of course, it is not to be inferred from this action on the Mikado's part that the parliamentary experiment has been abandoned in the land of the Rising Sun. Mutsu Hito, the present Emperor, is a progressive monarch, and has on different occasions shown eminent qualities in government and leadership, and he is simply teaching his people a lesson by which they may profit after the next election which takes place about May. Mutsu was born in 1852 and succeeded his father, Korei Tenno, in 1867. In 1869 he married Princess Haruko. He is the one hundred and twenty-first sovereign of his dynasty which has held the Japanese throne in unbroken succession since 660 B. C. His portrait and that of his Queen are published in this issue.

Until this sovereign commenced his reign, the government of Japan was of a double character; the Mikado, without whose sanction no laws could become valid, and whose decision was final, had a sacred character, and was held to be of semi-divine origin, and was mysteriously concealed from the sight of his people, shut up in his palace, the administrative power of the country being in the hands of a second ruler, named the Sho-goon. The country was divided among a number of nobles, called Daimios, who were absolute lords over their own portions, exercising the power of life and death; the system being similar to the feudal system of European nations. In 1868 this system was overthrown, and the present Emperor became absolute Sovereign of the whole state, and was no longer shut up in his own palace. From that time his reign has been marked by great reforms which have entirely abolished the old, exclusive attitude of the Empire. Public and private schools have been established, and many of the teachers have been engaged from Europe and America; while numbers of Japanese youth have been sent to those countries to be educated at the public expense. To fully estimate the breakdown of old prejudices involved in this, it should be stated that no Japanese used to be permitted to leave his native country, and any who made the attempt was, on his return, liable to the punishment of death. It was not till 1853 that any foreign country was allowed to trade with them, at which date the United States obtained a concession, allowing them to trade at two ports only.

The present Emperor has also introduced European artisans and manufacturers to instruct his subjects; lighthouses have been erected; telegraph and railways have been constructed. Some of the Buddhist and Shinto temples have been closed and the priests compelled to serve in the army or work in the fields. The Christian religion is tolerated and has made progress. At the present time Japan is one of the most promising fields for Christian missionaries in any heathen land. The last reform of the Emperor was the granting of a constitution to the people in February, 1880, which was followed by the opening of the first national Parliament in the autumn of 1800.

Since 1859, when the Japanese ports were opened, the spread of Christianity has been rapid and unchecked. First to unfurl the Gospel banner in the "Land of the Gods" as Shogoons and Tycoons designated their country were the American Reformed, Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches, whose missions were quickly established. Thus it may be justly claimed that America not only introduced Japan to the benefits of modern civilized and educational methods, but to Christianity also. Moreover, the first female missionary in Japan was an American lady—Miss Mary Kidder. There are now in existence many successful Christian missions there, some of which have from time to time been described in these columns. Many of the subscribers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have helped to support the work of Rev. J. McLain Brown at Tokyo, when he was long laboring among the University students. Several of these students, who were converted to Christianity through the instrumentality of Mr. Brown, are now themselves working for Christ in the same university. Contributions to aid the dissemination of religious literature in Japan, if sent to this journal, will be duly forwarded to Mr. Brown for that purpose.

THE GIFT OF A PENCIL

IN a letter from China, Miss Campbell who is laboring as a missionary in that land asked that the donor of a lead-pencil should be informed of the result of the gift. It appears that a Sunday School teacher was making up a parcel of gifts to send to China and invited the children in her class to join her. One very little girl was the proud possessor of a long uncut lead-pencil. She had a struggle with herself but eventually she added the pencil to the other gifts and the parcel went to Miss Campbell. The Chinese children whom that lady was teaching had never seen a pencil before, and, as they watched their teacher using it, they were astonished. They began to beg for the pencil, "But I cannot give it to all of you," she said, "but I will cut it into as many pieces as I can, and give you each a piece as far as it will go, but on one condition—you must promise to bring me to see your mothers; you must ask your mothers to invite me to your own homes." The bargain was quickly struck, and the pencil cut and distributed. The little Chinese children kept their promises; to each home Miss Campbell was asked. And the invitation, given first for the children's sake, was renewed for her own. That lead-pencil was her means of entry to twelve houses. In many she found friends; in all she delivered her message. She wanted the giver of the pencil to know how large a sphere the simple gift had opened to her.

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YOUR MISSION.

HOW may we know if we are in our right place—not an inch above, not an inch below? If you can perform your work easily, without being cramped or exhausted, that is the right place. That man is in a horrible condition who is ever making prodigious effort to do more than he can do. It is just as easy for a star to swing in its orbit as for a mote to float in a sunbeam. Nature never sweats. The great law of gravitation holds the universe on its back as easily as a miller swings over his shoulder a bag of Genesee wheat. The winds never run themselves out of breath. The rivers do not weary in their course. The Mississippi and the Amazon are no more tired than the meadow-brook. Himalaya is not dizzy. But having found your place stick to it. Not once in a thousand times does a man successfully change occupations. The sea of life is so rough that you cannot cross over from one vessel to another except at great peril of falling between. Many have fallen down to nothing between the mason's trowel and the carpenter's saw; between the lawyer's brief and the author's pen; between the medicine-chest and the pulpit. It is no easy matter to switch off on another track this thundering express-train of life. A daffodil and a buttercup resolved to change places with each other, but in crossing over from stem to stem they fell at the feet of a heart's-ease. "Just as I expected!" said Heart's-ease. "You might better have stayed in your places."

SPOILT CHILDREN.

IT is easy enough to spoil a child. No great art is demanded. Only three or four things are requisite to complete the work. Make all the nurses wait on him and fly at his bidding. Let him learn never to go for a drink, but always have it brought to him. At ten years of age have Bridget tie his shoe-strings. Let him strike auntie because she will not get him a sugar-plum. He will soon learn that the house is his realm, and he is to rule it. He will come up into manhood one of those precious spirits that demand obeisance and service, and with the theory that the world is his oyster, which with knife he will proceed to open. If that does not spoil him, buy him a horse. We congratulate any man who can afford to own a horse; but if a boy own one, he will probably ride on it to destruction. He will stop at the tavern for drinks. He will bet at the races. There will be room enough in the same saddle for idleness and dissipation to ride, one of them before and one of them behind. But if the child be insensible to all such efforts to spoil him, try the plan of never saying anything encouraging to him. If he do wrong, thrash him soundly; but if he do well, keep on reading the newspaper, pretending not to see him. But if you have a child invulnerable to all other influences, and he cannot be spoiled by any means already recommended, give him plenty of money, without any question as to what he does with it.

PRODIGIES OF STRENGTH.

GREAT attention is now being paid to feats of physical achievement, and we applaud great lifters, great walkers, great rowers, great ball players. Now it is a grand thing to be able to walk a great distance, but everything depends upon what you walk for. It is a great thing to be able to lift mightily, but everything depends upon what you lift. It is a great thing to rise early in the morning, but everything depends upon what you do after you get up. It is a great thing to be able to triumph, but everything depends upon what you conquer. While we denounce the ruffian pedestrianism as exhibited often in our own cities, we will not be understood to depreciate physical achievement. But physical energy ought to be a type of moral power. How often it is that physical strength is used in doing positive damage, when with sleeves rolled up and bronzed bosom, fearless of the shafts of opposition, it ought to be laying hold with all its might and tugging away trying to lift up this sunken wreck of a world. Let us take good care of our bodies as well as of our souls. Waste no bodily strength in unholy competition. Do not boast that you can outwalk somebody. A horse, a panther, a dog could beat you at that. As far as we may, let us cultivate physical power, and then consecrate it all to God and the help of a suffering race. How many with physical endurance do no good! They are like a ship full-manned, full-rigged, capable of vast tonnage, able to endure all stress of weather, yet swinging idly at the wharf, or going down on a piratical cruise, when they ought to be crossing and recrossing the great ocean of human suffering and sin with God's supplies of mercy. Body and mind and soul let us make new consecration, and let us understand that the service of God is the highest service.

MORE WORKERS.

WE want men who have had opportunity of thorough and elaborate culture in theological seminaries, and who have been set apart by the laying on of hands, for special work which they, and only they, are competent to do. But until the right and the duty of all private Christian men and women to work for Christ, in any way they think they can serve him best, is acknowledged, the Church of God will fail to perform its mission, and the forces of sin will discomfit the forces of righteousness. God has promised victory to the Church of God, but not as long as out of five hundred troops four hundred and ninety-nine refuse to shoulder the musket, and fill the canteen.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

TOO much care cannot be taken in selection of reading material for the young. Oh! for a religious literature that shall take for its model of excellence a boy that loves God, and can digest his dinner in two hours after he eats it! Be not afraid to say, in your account of his decease, that the day before you lost him he caught two rabbits in his trap down on the meadow, or soundly thrashed a street-ruffian who was trying to upset a little girl's basket of cold victuals. I do not think that heaven is so near to an ill-ventilated nursery as to a good gymnasium. If the Church of God could trade off three thousand hogsheads of religious cant for three thousand hogsheads of fresh air and stout health, we should be the gainers, but the fellow with whom we traded would be cheated mercilessly and for-ever.

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. Henry Varley, after a brief visit to Mentone, has returned to London from Australia. He has been addressing crowded meetings on Sunday evenings.

The managers of the American Bible Society have received news of the imprisonment of some of their colporteurs in Turkey and the confiscation of their books.

Evangelist Daniel E Lyon is holding union Revival meetings at Vineland, N. J. The largest church in the town is crowded every night and there have been many conversions.

Evangelist E. P. Telford is again in New York, holding services at the West Eighteenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, of which Rev. O. A. Brown, D.D., is pastor. He commenced on Sunday last with excellent promise of a successful campaign.

Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, writing from Mentone, after hearing the doctors' verdict that there was a decided improvement, says: "I am so grateful to be alive, and to have the assured prospect of recovery, that I know not how to express my thankfulness to God for answering the prayers of his people."

The experiment of holding undenominational religious services on Sunday evenings has been commenced in Chicago. They are held in Central Music Hall by Rev. Flavius J. Brobst, who has succeeded in making them interesting and attractive. Large numbers of non-church-goers attend and pay close attention to the addresses and join in the singing.

Our readers will regret to learn that Captain Pennington, whose portrait and life were published some time ago in this journal has sustained serious injuries by a fall on board his steamer the *Iroquois*. He is receiving the best medical care in the Chambers Street Hospital, New York. The captain is an earnest Christian whose work for God on board his ship and at the ports he visits has been blessed to many souls. When his affliction is known among his numerous friends, hundreds of prayers will be presented to the Throne of Grace that his valuable life may be spared.

Contributions for the relief of the Church at Kingston, Pa., have been received since our last acknowledgment from C. W., Cottonwood Falls, Kans., $1; W.A. M., Pontiac, Ill., $3.50; A Friend, Pittsburg, Pa., $2; New Orleans, La., $1; Two Friends, Passaic, N. J., $2; J. B. Livingstonville, Pa., $1; J. F. G., Guilds, Ont. Can., $1; E. B. S., Gilbert Station, Iowa, $1; E. B. W., Providence, R. I., $10; A. E. and M. Johnson, $11; H. G. W., Greenbush, N. Y., $5; Miss L. M. A., Evansville, Ind., $5; Young People's Society, Aberdeen, S. D., $1; G. E. J., Toronto $1; E. B., Virginia, Ill., $2; J. F. T., Delaware, O., $1; S. A. H., Smiths Valley, Ind., $2.

A polyglot anniversary was held in New York on Sunday last at the Eleventh Street Church near Avenue B. This mission church is in charge of Dr. H.W. Baker whose knowledge of European and Asiatic languages is phenomenal. The district in which the church is situated is thickly peopled with Bohemians, Polanders and other foreigners, among whom Dr. Baker has labored with more success than usually attends religious work among those nationalities. At the afternoon meeting there were on the platform Americans, Germans, Bohemians and Polanders. Some of them had been Catholics, some Hussites and others of various faiths. Dr. C. F. Deems, Bishop Andrews, Rev. Stephen Merritt and other well-known preachers took part in the services.

Evangelistic work in Harlem, New York, is making wonderful progress under the leadership of the three Evangelists, Rev. Thomas Harrison, C. H. Yatman and Gipsy Smith. Mr. Harrison, who is laboring at Trinity M. E. Church, has had the assistance of "Harry" Dunham, of Trenton, N. J., who has given Bible Readings, also of the Praying Band and of a large chorus choir. Among the conversions which have taken place have been several heads of families. At St. James' Church where Mr. Yatman is holding services the work is also very successful. At the meeting for men only on Sunday, every seat in the church was occupied and there were some joyful scenes. A meeting for women only was held at the same time in the lecture-room, which was well attended. At Calvary Church, Gipsy Smith is attracting large congregations. After one of his thrilling sermons the other evening, sixteen grown men rose spontaneously in different parts of the church and making their way to the front besought prayer.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

THE "119."

IT was always a puzzle to me how one man could preach and get three thousand converts at a single service, but Peter and his Pentecost are no mystery now. Of course I knew it was because of the Holy Ghost poured out, and yet I knew with all that, there must be some secret to the wonderful success. And secret there is, and it's bound up in the one hundred and nineteen. *They* went out, as well as Peter, full of the spirit, and without waiting to ask if those they met belonged to their town. They began to tell of the wonderful works of God. On an average I suppose each spoke to about twenty-five people. Men and women ablaze with holy zeal, anxious for souls, full of faith, bold and courageous, followed up their mighty prayer meeting with *personal work*. Then evidently came the discourse of Peter with its glorious harvest. Hearken!! I believe it: as much as I believe the sun rises in the east, that if a preacher, Teacher, Evangelist, or chosen worker of God by any name, can get one hundred and nineteen to join him in ten days of prayer, and then follow with a bold dash of pointed personal Christian work, followed by a sermon on Christ such as is given in Acts 2; then will come another Pentecost.

Try it: *oh try it!*

How Sweet They Are.

I was looking up the figure in the Old Testament which gave the "Anointing for Service," the same as in the New Testament when one is baptized with the Holy Ghost. I found it in Exodus, thirteenth chapter. Myrrh, sweet cinnamon, sweet calamus, cassia and olive oil were made by the perfumer into an oil, and this elegant compound was poured over those who were to serve. My, but how sweet those men must have been! I see one coming down the street. He meets you, stops for a greeting and is gone; but the very air is scented with the fragrant perfume of his anointing. You could shut your eyes and tell when one was near. I guess that is the kind of people God wants now. None were to serve unless anointed. So should we be. Let the "anointing" be ours, and what perfume will go forth from our lives! Our very presence will tell saint and sinner we serve in holy things. There never was a perfume made like that in Galatians 5: 22 and 23. Such oil poured over us will delight every soul we ever meet.

Mighty Grace.

Just think of the grace it took to bring a Jew to this point. "And all that believed were together and had all things common, and sold their possessions and goods and parted them to all, as every man had need." Acts 2: 44, 45. A close, stingy old Hebrew converted; now see him, as his gold is flowing nto the common treasury for others' benefit as well as his own. Not a little of it given, but all. There is his rival in business who couldn't make it go, and came for the borrowing of a few shekels one day, and was stoutly refused. He has been converted, too, and now a good share of our friend's bekahs go to support him and his children. Oh, I tell you, it was great grace that did such things for Jews. I wonder do we need the same to-day?

The Last Chapter.

Revelations 22, known as the last chapter of the Bible, is undoubtedly one of the very best in the Book. It will repay anyone to find its seven "Comes," with their full meaning. Five times the word Life is used; the names of Christ are most full and beautiful; the Master's last declaration concerning Himself, how he is yet the "Son of man," by being the offspring of David: the condition of the redeemed in heaven, and a full score of other precious thoughts. "Search these Scriptures."

That man who feels and knows he should give one hundred dollars to some Christian cause, for which appeal is made, and gives but fifty; let that man know he is saving nothing by a half subscription. He may think he is fifty dollars in, but he is mistaken.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Current Events

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

Death of the Duke of Clarence — The Influenza Epidemic — An International Monetary Conference Proposed — Was the Khedive Poisoned? Cardinal Manning Dead

THE royal family of England is suffering under a crushing bereavement. The Duke of Clarence and Avondale, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, is dead. In the natural order of events he would have been King of England, had he lived. Only a few weeks ago his betrothal to the Princess Mary of Teck, was announced and the marriage was to have taken place on February 27. On January 6th, however, while on a visit with his bride-elect to his father, at Sandringham, he complained of a slight cold and left the shooting party with which he had gone out to the covers and returned to the house. The Princess Mary accompanied him on his walk back. Little was thought of the ailment, as the Prince has always been delicate, and it was expected that in a day or two he would be in his normal health. But, to the influenza which developed, pneumonia was added, and on January 11th, the family realized that his life was in danger. His mother, the Princess of Wales,

THE LATE ENGLISH HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE.

who has only just recovered from the fatigue of nursing her second son through his illness, was constantly at the bedside of the sufferer, and the Princess Mary lovingly assisted her. The bulletins issued by the physicians in attendance prepared the public for the fatal result. They marked the progress of the malady through the stages familiar to many a bereaved family, and on Thursday, January 14th, a telegram from the Prince of Wales to the Lord Mayor of London, announced that the young man died at nine o'clock that morning. During his illness, the sympathy of all classes of the British people was heartily manifested. Crowds surrounded the Prince of Wales' house in London, where the latest bulletins from Sandringham were posted. Around the Lord Mayor's official residence were also eager throngs all day and far into the night, eager to get the latest intelligence. On all lips were expressions of sympathy, especially for the Princess of Wales, and for the Princess Mary. The dead Prince had just entered his twenty-ninth year, having been born January 8, 1864. He was educated under private tutors at his father's country home, Sandringham, in Norfolk until his fifteenth year, when he was sent with his younger brother, Prince George, as naval cadet on board the *Britannia*. Subsequently the two youths were transferred to the *Bacchante*, on which they went a tour around the world. On their return, Prince Albert Victor, as he was then called, was entered as a student at Cambridge University, and he subseqently studied at Heidelberg. He then went to Aldershot for a military training. In 1889 he went on a visit to India and on his return he was created Earl of Athlone, and Duke of Clarence and Avondale, under which titles he took his seat in the House of Lords. The announcement of his approaching marriage was made in December last and was received with enthusiasm by the people, owing to the fact the bride-elect had been born and brought up in England and had made herself popular by her amiable qualities and the interest she has manifested in various philanthropic movements. The next heir to the crown of Great Britan, after the Prince of Wales, is now his second son Prince George Frederick, who is twenty-six years of age.

* * *

The Deadly Influenza.

THERE has been no diminution in the severity of the influenza during the week. Its ravages are apparently almost universal, for while we hear of it in every section of this country, it is equally prevalent on the other side of the Atlantic, and even in Africa and Asia. The most distinguished physicians are devoting much attention to its treatment, but seem powerless to check it. Nine and one-half per cent. of New York's present mortality is due to the grip, and the proportion is even exceeded in some other cities, where thousands are prostrated. In Denmark, trade is paralyzed and the capital, Copenhagen, is suffering as though visited by a pestilence. In London thousands are ill of the grip, including a number of members of Parliament, Henri Labouchere and John Dillon among the rest. In the English agricultural districts, work is at a standstill. The Paris hospitals are full of influenza cases, and at Toulouse, Montpelier, Bezieres, Boulogne, and Toulon, the mortality is excessive. Archbishop Thibaudier of Paris, died of the disease last week. All the large cities in Western Europe are suffering and nearly all the capitals report a greatly increased mortality. Monarchs, nobility, judges, jurors, sextons, doctors, clergymen, and all classes and professions swell the list of victims. Colleges and convents are full of the sick. Among the agricultural population, where medical advantages are scarce, the suffering is perhaps greater than anywhere else. All the noted health resorts along the Riviera are afflicted. Upper Italy, Rome, Venice, Geneva, Madrid, Brussels, Berlin and Vienna, are all in the grasp of the influenza. Even Egypt has not escaped. In our own country and Canada, fortunately, the type is very much milder.

* * *

Death of Cardinal Manning.

IN the death of Cardinal Manning, who expired in London on the 14th inst., after a brief attack of bronchitis and congestion of the lungs, England loses one of its most famous churchmen and the world one of the brightest literary and philosophical spirits of the century. Henry Edward Manning was born at Totteridge, Hertfordshire, England, on July 15, 1808, and was the son of a London merchant. He was educated at Harrow and Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated Bachelor of Arts with first-class honors in 1830. He then became Fellow of Merton College. Even as a young man, he gave evidence of remarkable powers and his clerical promotion was rapid. For a time he was one of the select preachers in Oxford University and was afterward appointed Rector of Lavington and Graffham, in Sussex, and in 1840 was promoted to the Archdeaconry of Chichester. About this time a change took place in his religious views, and to the great surprise of his friends, many of whom had confidently predicted for the brilliant young man the highest distinction in the Church of England, he resigned his Archdeaconship and severing his connection with the religious organization in whose tenets he had been trained from childhood, joined the Roman Catholic Church, of which he became a priest. In 1857 he founded an ecclesiastical congregation at Bayswater, and entered the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo, one of the leading orders of the Romish Church. As was to be expected, a man of such exceptional gifts speedily won recognition, and he was

THE LATE CARDINAL MANNING.

soon thereafter made Provost of the Archdiocese of Westminster and Domestic Prelate to the Pope, and on the death of Cardinal Wiseman, in 1865, he was further honored by being consecrated Archbishop of Westminster. Pope Pius created him a Cardinal-Priest in 1875. The whole history of his connection with the Papacy has been one unbroken list of honors heaped upon him in acknowledgment of his great ability and commanding influence with the English people; for, he retained the warm love and respect of the educated masses, despite the change of religion and the disappointment it caused to his friends. His strength as a writer and controversialist, his fine oratorical abilities, his singularly upright life, together with the fact that on many of the popular questions of the day he had taken a foremost part made him a power among among the people. Apart from his religious opinions and change of creed, which have always been deprecated, he was a most admirable man and did noble philanthropic service in the cause of temperance and social reform and as an advocate of the rights of labor. He took an active part in the settlement of many of the English labor disputes for a number of years past, and the announcement of an address by Cardinal Manning on any of these topics was invariably the means of attracting immense and enthusiastic audiences. It was these qualities, more than those that related to his high priestly offices, that made Henry Edward Manning's name honored and revered in England, even among those who cordially hated the Papacy and all its belongings, and it is by his work in behalf of humanity and his broad and generous views on all matters relating to the welfare and social emancipation of his fellow-countrymen that his memory will live and not by reason of the honors Rome lavished upon him. To these noble objects he subordinated all the other affairs of life. He was the author of a large number of religious books, besides a great variety of pamphlets on different topics, chiefly of a social or philanthropic character. Pope Pius invested him with the Cardinal's hat, at a consistory held at the Vatican, in December 1877. The celebration of his Episcopate Jubilee, which took place on June 8, 1890, was a memorable event in the Romish Church, prelates from many lands taking part in the ceremonies and vieing with each other in doing honor to the aged priest. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Gladstone and enjoyed also the personal acquaintance and respect of a very large number of the leading men in England. A portrait of the late Cardinal is given on this page.

* * *

A Famous Italian Cardinal Dead.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the news of the demise of Cardinal Manning in England comes the intelligence of the death of Cardinal Simeoni, at Rome, also of the prevailing influenza. Giovanni Simeoni, one of the most picturesque figures in the Italian church in a generation, was born at Paliani, July 23, 1816, and while still young showed himself the possessor of remarkable intellectual qualities. His rise from the lowest ranks of the Papal priesthood to the highest was so rapid as to be almost unprecedented. He has held numerous offices of honor and responsibility, including those of Domestic Prelate to the Pope, Envoy to Spain, Secretary to the Congregation of the Propaganda for the Oriental Rite, Adviser to the Roman Inquisition, Nuncio to Madrid, Archbishop of Chalcedonia and finally Cardinal-Secretary of State, retaining the latter office till the death of Pius IX. He has been repeatedly mentioned as an available candidate for Pontiff, and had he lived might have been the successor of Leo XIII.

* * *

Egypt's Dead Ruler.

THE sudden death of Tewfik Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, after a brief attack of influenza and diabetes, has opened the flood-gates of discussion and conjecture as to the effect of this event on England's status in Egypt. The French are naturally desirous of lessening English influence in Egypt and as Prince Abbas, the new Khedive, has been educated at Vienna and is said to be well-disposed toward France, that power may find opportunities for diplomacy in the near future. Interesting sketches of the career of the late Khedive and his successor are given on page 42 of this issue. Immediately after Tewfik's demise, there were rumors of poison, and it is charged that the native physicians, either through ignorance or neglect, hastened his death, calling in European doctors only when there was no hope of saving the patient, as blood poisoning had set in. One rumor asserts that Salem Pacha, the court physician drowned himself on discovering that he had blundered in the treatment. The eldest daughter of the Khedive, Princess Kadiget Hanem, is now lying very ill of the influenza. A Berlin despatch significantly states that Germany and England are in accord on Egyptian affairs, and that no serious trouble is anticipated rising out of France's demand for the evacuation of Egypt by the British. Neither Russia nor Turkey would support such a demand at present.

* * *

Senator Plumb's Successor.

GOVERNOR HUMPHREY of Kansas, has appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Plumb, Bishop W. Perkins, whose portrait is given in this column. The new Senator was born in Ohio, 59 years ago, and was educated in the public schools and at Knox College, Galesbury, Ill. He went to Colorado, and on his return to Illinois in 1862, enlisted in Company D, Eighty-third Illinois Volunteer Infantry. He became Sergeant and Lieutenant, and in December 1863, was appointed Adjutant of the Sixteenth Colored Infantry. Later he was Captain of Company C, in the same regiment. He was Judge Advocate on the staff of Gen. Gillen, and afterward on the staff of Gen. Steadman. After the war he returned to Illinois and resumed the study of law. He was admitted to the bar, and in 1869 went to Oswego, Kan., where, in the same year he was appointed County Attorney, and the following year Probate Judge. In 1873 he was elected Judge of the Eleventh Judicial District. He was re-elected in 1874 and 1878 and in November 1882, was elected a member of Congress from the Third District. He was thrice re-elected, but was defeated a year ago by the Farmers' Alliance.

U. S. SENATOR PERKINS.

* * *

400 Chinamen Drowned.

BY the wreck of the Chinese steamship *Namchow*, a propeller engaged in the coasting trade in Chinese waters, four hundred passengers perished. The shaft of the vessel snapped while she was plunging in a heavy sea, and she quickly filled with water. A frightful panic ensued and a riot occurred among the terror-stricken Chinese, who acted like maniacs. The few Europeans on board had to fight for their lives and several were killed by knife-thrusts. The steamer *Meifoo* rescued a few of the survivors.

THE LAW OF GROWTH.

"For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance: but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath."—Matthew 13: 12.

TWO great general principles are conspicuous in the gospel. The first is that God giveth of his grace to the empty—"He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away." The second principle is that where God has given a measure of grace it is his wont to give more—"He giveth more grace." There is no stint with the Lord of love, and no limit to the abundance of the grace which those who come to him may receive. He giveth grace to those who have none, and more grace to those whom he has already favored. These two principles do not contradict each other, but help to make each other complete. In their order they exhibit

Both Sides of one Truth,

giving instruction as to the Lord's dealings with two different stages of spiritual condition. Each principle has its own range. Are you as yet unsaved? Then the principle which you have to do with is this, that God will fill the empty and feed the hungry. When a man has received grace, or when he professes to have done so, he comes under the second principle. If I have received the light of heaven into my soul, however small its beginnings, the Lord will add a gracious increase, and as I follow on to know him I shall be as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. If I am a mere pretender I shall fade away, but if I am a sincere believer I shall become brighter and brighter. This last prineiple I shall endeavor to use at this time for our warning and instruction.

I. First, we shall study this principle as it is illustrated in the parable of

The Sower.

You will not fail to observe that this saying of our Lord occurs in three evangelists in connection with the parable of the sower. Besides our text, you will find it in Mark 4: 24,and there it is at the close of the parable of the sower; you will meet with it again in Luke 8: 18, still in connection with the same parable. Each evangelist has given a shade of difference to his record. In Matthew, whence we take our text, the words stand in connection with the hearing of the word,—not any mode of hearing, but hearing itself. Read the ninth verse: "Who hath ears to hear, let him hear." There are some who hear not, for "their ears are dull of hearing"; and there are others of whom it is written, "Blessed are your ears, for they hear."

Our Saviour's first picture in the parable of the sower is that of the seed falling upon the wayside or the hard road. There was much traffic through the field, a footpath which was

Trodden Hard

by many feet ran from one end to the other, and a handful of seed fell upon it. So the gospel falls upon men who are occupied with obstinacies, prejudices, pursuits, ambitions, cares, and these take so much traffic through their minds that they are hardened towards the gospel, and it never reaches the inner man, but lies upon the hard surface, a rejected thing. When they hear it they do hear it, and that is all: as the saying is, "it goes in at one ear and out at the other." The truth never enters the man. They would not like to absent themselves from religious services altogether, and yet they do much the same thing, for only their bodies are there, their hearts are far away, engaged with very different themes. What is

The Sure Result

of this hearing? The Saviour in the parable represents the birds of the air as taking away the seed which fell upon the roadside and devouring it, and he tells us by way of explanation that Satan comes and takes away the word, lest in any after time it should obtain an entrance into the heart.

In Mark 4: 25 our text is used in reference to the doctrine which is to be heard. The Saviour in the twenty-fourth verse says, "Take heed what ye hear." I would press that important exhortation on you all as most needful at this time. Nowadays people do not care what they hear. If a man can speak fluently, if he can be rhetorical and sensational, if he can tell many pretty stories, if he can use claptrap and bombast he will have many auditors. Time was with our fathers when if a man went half an inch astray as to orthodoxy they would have none of him; and though we would not have you so censorious, for we are not to make a man an offender for a word, yet we would have you

Jealous For the Truth.

If an angel from heaven preach any other gospel than that which ye have received, I charge ye listen not to it. Be the good sheep of the good Shepherd, of whom it is written, "a stranger will they not follow, for they know not the voice of strangers." You cannot expose the soil of your heart to a continual sowing of tares but what some tare or other will take root, and by-and-by, instead of having the good wheat growing in your soul there will spring up the tares whose end is to be burned, and you will have lost the harvest which should have been produced in your spirit. Therefore take heed what ye hear.

There are many who, when they hear the Gospel, are, according to our Lord's second picture, mere superficial hearers. They take some heed to their hearing, but not to what they have heard; for if they regarded the value and dignity of the word they would take it more thoroughly to heart,and it would permanently affect their lives. These are they who receive the word in stony places. When the Gospel comes to them they catch at it without much consideration; they are hot and eager for it, and rejoice because it has come in their way, "Anon with joy they receive it."

They Sing and Shout

at once, "Happy day! Happy day! This is the Gospel for me. I have found peace and heaven, and will never be anxious again." These people have not. counted the cost, or weighed the truth, or entered into its inner meaning and spiritual certainty. There has been no repentance of sin, no sense of guilt, no humbling before God, no brokennesss of spirit. no inner conflict, and no work of the Holy Ghost in the soul. It has been a sort of happy-go-lucky business, in which they caught at what came in their way and promised them fair. They will soon fling away that which they have so inconsiderately embraced.

In Luke 3: 18 this grand principle is used in reference to taking heed how we hear. Our Lord gives us this in the picture of the seed among thorns. The soil received the good seed after a fashion, and then it received the nettles and the thorns; and these nettles and thorns and wheat all began to grow together—a happy family some would say, but a devil's garden is nearer the truth. In these days such a garden is projected on a large scale by some of our public writers and speakers. The Church and the world are to become one,and saints and sinners are to blend together in one universal round of play-going. We are actually urged by persons who suppose themselves to be Christians to renew the old league which was established in the days of Noah, and brought on the Flood, when the sons of God and the daughters of men joined in alliance, because the sons of God thought that they should greatly improve the world by uniting with it. At this time we are told that it is wrong on our part to forsake the debasing amusements of the ungodly, for if we would join in them we might improve their tone and quality. If heaven would go down to hell, hell would be greatly improved. See how benevolent Satan has turned, and how anxious to be reformed.

A Call to Separation.

Hear ye the voice of God which runs in another manner. "Come ye out from among them, be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing." If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." Let thorns be thorns, and let not wheat attempt to grow among them. See you that plot of ground, how charming is its aspect, wheat springing up with its green blades among the thorns and thistles! Is it not a delightful compromise? What was the end of this conglomeration? Why, the wheat died; it was choked and could not grow in such uncongenial society. Take care, then, how ye hear the Gospel; hear it, knowing it to be the only word which can save your soul. Receive it into your being, to become everything to you; for if you do not there shall be taken away from you that Gospel which you think you have, since you have not afforded it the reception which it demands and deserves. If you say to sin, and self, and all else, "Begone! my heart is

For Christ Alone,

this good seed must not be cumbered with such weeds as you are;" then the truth is in you, and shall be more fully apparent within you, bringing forth fruit abundantly after its kind.

In connection with this parable, then, the sum and substance of our text is this: the word must dwell in us truly, and then it will dwell in us richly; but if it enter not in very deed into the heart we shall lose it all together before long. Men hear the Gospel, but they do not receive it into their hearts, and therefore after awhile they grow weary of it: they are tired of being perpetually reminded of a danger in which they do not believe, and of being invited to a feast which they despise, and therefore they turn upon their heel and go. If from force of habit they remain, the Gospel seems to have lost all power over them, and they have no appreciation of its ministry. Here stands the inevitable decree: he who has shall have; he who is a mere pretender, and has not, shall lose even his power to seem to have.

II. Let this suffice; and now, dear friends, let us try and bring out the same principle in reference to the

Experience

of all gracious souls. Ou. experience verifies the truth of the text, "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance." In the world among men it is commonly observed that it never rains but it pours. Where you see a sheep there is generally a flock. Money makes money. Poverty remains poor. Want of capital brings bankruptcy. Ordinarily, prosperity is a hen which likes to lay where there is a nest egg, and when one swallow of success comes others will follow it. Certainly we have found it so in the things of grace; where grace has been given more grace comes; spiritual capital well worked multiplies the stock, and spiritual wealth is realized where there is a solid basis to begin upon.

Truths in their Order.

When a man believes the Gospel in its most elementary form that man will soon be taught the higher truths. When we begin with some people by telling them the plain way of salvation they raise doubts and quibbles. "But" is their favorite word. They cry, "I cannot see this and I cannot understand that." We never thought they would see it or understand it, for they generally want to understand the most difficult parts of the Gospel first. Half the difficulties of unbelievers are the result of unreadiness to be taught. When a man saith, "I understand very little, but I know that I am a sinner, and I perceive that Christ came into the world to save sinners, therefore I will trust him to save me," that man has something, and he shall have more. Dear friends, if you cannot yet follow the Lord into the depths, he will save you if you follow him into the shallows as far as you can. If you are staggered by any one truth, do not therefore reject your Lord, but be willing to accept that which does not stagger you. Touch the hem of his garment if you cannot reach his divine person, and you shall soon find that your faith in the elementary truths of the Gospel will, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, lead you to an understanding of the deeper mysteries. Use your starlight and you shall have sunlight.

Growing Repentance.

As it is with faith so is it with the possession of any real, genuine grace. Take repentance, for instance: a man may say, "My heart is hard, and I cannot repent as I would." No, my dear friend, but do you really hate evil, and do you labor to avoid the faults into which you formerly fell? Do you mourn and regret mistakes, and errors, and transgressions of which you are convinced? Well, then, this repentance of yours will deepen: you will come to be very sensitive one of these days, and you will chasten yourself even for a sinful thought. Though now you cannot reach the sensitiveness which you long for, yet, if your repentance be real, though it be weak at first, to him that hath shall be given,and your repentance shall grow. If there be in your heart an evident love of sin it is idle for you to hope that your repentance will increase, for you have none. It is so with love to God. Who among us loves God as he would wish to love him! But the point you have to watch is not so much the possession of the flaming love of a Samuel Rutherford or a Madame Guyon, as the making sure of even the lowest degree of genuine love to Jesus. See that it be

True Even if it be Feeble.

A spark of fire is true fire, and is quite enough to begin with. It turns everything with which it comes in contact into its own nature, and it spreads by the force of its own intensity. The like is true of love. If you have real fire it will burn, but if you have only a painted fire, it will not increase. A painted love to Christ, by which I mean the mere imitation of love to him, will not increase, but will eventually disappear altogether.

You, then, who hope that you have a little genuine grace in your soul, may well take courage. Let the truth contained in the text cheer you—unto you shall more be given, and you shall have more abundance, Do you think because you have but little faith you are always to be doubting and trembling. You shall grow out of it, my brother, as your faith becomes established. A dead post which we saw in the ground twenty years ago, is the same post still, no bigger, no smaller, and only altered by becoming rotten underground; but the tree which

you saw twenty years ago, what a difference there is in it. It was then a sapling which you could bend, but now it has become an iron pillar, and there is no moving it. So ought it to be with us, and we must aspire to have it so.

III. I must now conclude with the other side of the truth as exemplified in the experience of

The Insincere.

Insincere men and women find that what they had is taken away from them. I will illustrate this point very rapidly. It is in this way. Many who hear the Gospel have been brought up to do so from their childhood; but if they do not heartily receive the Gospel they in many instances give up attendance upon the outward means of grace when they get away from the restraints of religious society. They find it dull work to sit so long and listen to drowsy prayers and dull preachings. They find it uncomfortable to get into crowded congregations, cold to be in small ones, and unhealthy to sit in the close atmosphere of a meeting house. They see many faults in the service, and grumble quite cleverly, At first they stop away one part of the day. Once is quite enough for them, they say; they cannot stand twice. Then, by-and-by, every excuse is made for stopping at home. Sometimes it is wet, at another time they feel a little out of sorts; these things would not keep them from business, but a very little suffices to excuse a man's staying at home on Sunday. At length they do not go at all. Thus there is taken away from them what they really did not have: they did not really hear, and now they

Do Not Nominally Hear.

Here is another form of the same thing. The man keeps on hearing, but not having received the Gospel he loses all power to appreciate it. "I do not know what has come over our minister," he says, "I used at one time to feel something when he was preaching, but it is not so now. He is getting old, and has about spun himself out." Other people do not think so, however, for they have been converted and blessed under his ministry. What has happened? Why, this man has lost what he seemed to have. Nothing affects him. Tremble, my hearers, if that is your case, for you are going fast to perdition, with nothing to stop you. You are dying at the root and will continue to lose all sensation until death ends in corruption.

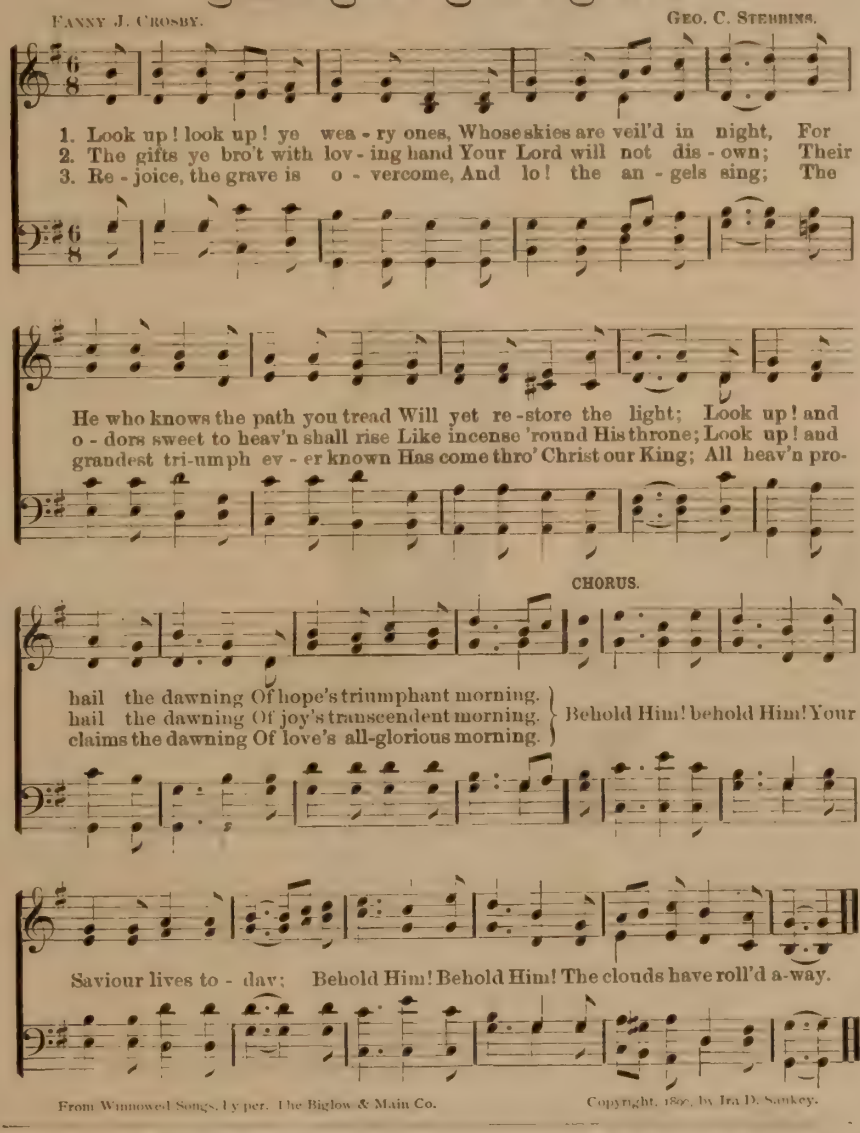
One more version of this same truth and I have done. Some appear to receive the Word even further than those in whom it produces an

External Reformation,

for they make a public confession of faith in Christ: they pray, and perhaps they preach: their voices are heard in Christian assemblies, and they appear to live the lives of Christians. I have seen them even become eminent for supposed sanctity, but if they have not received the Word really and truly what a miserable life theirs must be? They do not get the secret comfort of true religion, and yet they have to keep up an appearance of it. Surely, the poorest people in the world are those who have to keep up appearances and have not the means to do it with: they are always getting in debt, and yet they have to look everybody in the face. Just as with a man who continues to live beyond his means, there comes a time when he must be bankrupt, so there comes a time with the spiritual deceiver when he cannot keep it up any longer. Others become grosser sceptics and viler haters of Christ than others,—their hypocrisy has curdled into blasphemy. Others have settled down in utter indifference, callousness, and carelessness. Where the cheat is kept up till the end, what a waking awaits the deceiver! God save us from such a doom, for his name's sake. Amen.

Behold Him! Behold Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Look up! look up! ye wea - ry ones, Whose skies are veil'd in night, For
2. The gifts ye bro't with lov - ing hand Your Lord will not dis - own; Their
3. Re - joice, the grave is o - vercome, And lo! the an - gels sing; The
He who knows the path you tread Will yet re - store the light; Look up! and
o - dors sweet to heav'n shall rise Like incense 'round His throne; Look up! and
grandest tri-umph ev - er known Has come thro' Christ our King; All heav'n pro-
CHORUS.
hail the dawning Of hope's triumphant morning.
hail the dawning Of joy's transcendent morning.
claims the dawning Of love's all-glorious morning.
} Behold Him! behold Him! Your
Saviour lives to - day; Behold Him! Behold Him! The clouds have roll'd a-way.

From Winnowed Songs. Typer. The Biglow & Main Co. Copyright, 1892, by Ira D. Sankey.

ON ZION'S WALLS.

NIGHT drew her curtain o'er the sky,
And poured her poppy dew;
And man and beast had sunk to rest,
Tired nature to renew;
And naught upon this earthly ball
In the horizon's bound,
Was left to move, or speak, except
The Watchman on his round.

His ear was formed to catch each breath,
His eye with keen survey;
Or friend or foe could quickly descry,
By night as well as day;
In his right hand a trump he bore,
For wakening of the town;
Nor night, nor day, ere closed his eyes,
The Watchman on his round.

In heaven's high arch above his head
A glorious form appeared,
Whose left hand bore a flambeau bright,
His right a sceptre reared:
A diadem of purest gold
His brow imperial crowned,
And from his throne he thus addressed
The Watchman on his round.

"What of the night! what of the night!
Watchman, what of the night!
The angered foes in close array
Come on to try their might:
A night assault, and should thy trump
Mistake a single sound,
A traitor to the cause would prove
The Watchman on his round.

Volume XI., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887 are also for sale.

THE MOMENTS PASS.

THE moments pass, the hours fly,
The days and months go quickly by,
The years roll on with lightning speed—
How rapidly they all succeed!

My life is passing like a dream
In joy's warm glow and pleasure's gleam,
And soon the winter shall appear,
With sorrow's shade and tempests drear.

Brignt pleasures of my childhood hours
Pass like the summer's gentle showers,
And age, like winter's chilling blast,
With hurrying steps will soon be past.

Let me each moment's space improve
In deeds of kindness and of love,
That when life's joys and sorrows cease,
I may repose in perfect peace.

—MAHLON M. DE LEVIS.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY

WE should fill all the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs,
On our upward way.

We should waste no moments in vain regret
If the day were but one,
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun.

We should be from our sinful self set free,
To work and to pray,
And to be what our Father would have us to be,
If we had but a day.

DIVINATION.

Rev E J Hytche Recognizes in the Revival of Occult Studies a Sign of the Last Times.

OF all the fatuous beliefs and practice of fallen man, there is scarcely one that can be compared for unmitigated evil with that which may be regarded as the Gospel of Divination. Yet from time immemorial it has been preached, more especially in the East, where it originated, and even Gospel lands are not free from such beliefs. Thus, superstition is elevated into a religion, and myriads who reject revelation bow mind and body to the practice of divination.

What it Is.

By divination is meant those attempts to discover the secrets of the invisible world, or of future events, either by consulting professional fortune-tellers, or by attaching prophetic meaning to physical signs more especially the positions of the planets. The most prevalent forms of divination are shuffling cards, astrology and palmistry. In ancient Egypt we learn from Gen. 44:2–4, that a silver cup was the medium employed for the purpose of unveiling the secret of the future. This cup was filled with water, into which precious jewels were immersed, and accordingly as the water bubbled or was in any way agitated, so was the sign interpreted. The relics of this superstition are seen even now, for too many silly women seek to tell their fortune by making auguries from the dregs of a tea cup

Most thinking men laugh at such practices as illustrations of human fatuity, but Holy Writ not only stigmatizes them as folly, but denounces them as positively sinful. Jeremiah declared that the

Hebrew Fortune-Tellers

should be (Jer. 14: 14-16), "consumed by the sword," because they prophecy unto you a false vision and divination, "and a thing of nought." Nor are we left in any doubt as to what these divinations were, for they were but forerunners of those modern astrologers of whom "Zadkiel" with his widely-circulated almanac is a type. Thus Isaiah, in his remonstrance with his infatuated kinsman, wrote (47: 12, 13), "Stand now with thine enchantments, and with the multitude of thy sorceries, wherein thou has labored from thy youth. Let now the astrologers, the star-gazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand up and save thee from that which shall come upon thee."

Modern Sorcery.

It is sad to learn both from sacred and profane history how the wise and the great in every age have been prone to accept the Gospel of Divination, Yet in all this they only confirmed while they illustrated the statement of the Holy Spirit. (Rom. 1: 21, 22.) "They became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened—professing themselves wise, they became fools."

In this age, too, which so boasts of its enlightenment and freedom from religious creeds, never was the sin of sorcery more rampant. Thus it is that men and women attend spiritualistic seance and consult mediums and depend for their religious belief solely upon what the "mediums" affirm, thus making divination their Gospel. Whether the phenomena be the mere tricks of skilled jugglers,as many observers think, or are real facts—the work of the devil—there can be no hesitation in affirming that they are but harbingers of that awful time when men Satanically endowed will "Show signs and wonders to seduce, if possible, the very elect." (Mark 13: 22, 23.) And so will the acceptance of the Gospel of Divination go on from bad to worse until it culminates in the apocalypse of Antichrist; and then when the deniers of the Bible-miracles see the wonders wrought by the ecclesiastical agent of the Lawless One, they will accept them at once as proofs of his Deity.

From the concurrent predictions of Holy Writ it would appear that sorcery will be a prominent sin of the last days; and doubtless in Spiritism we see the initial steps of this false gospel. Thus, in Mal. 3: 5, we read, "I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers." For as, in spite of God's terrible physical penalties, men will "not repent of their sorceries" (Rev. 9: 21.) The Gospel of Divination will bring down his judgments upon apostate Christendom. Nor will these terrible penalties end with this life—they will, in fact, only antedate the more fearful punishment of eternity. For among those who will be excluded from the New Jerusalem, will be those "sorcerers" who rejected the offer of salvation in Christ for the Gospel of Divination. (Rev. 22: 15.)

WAITING.

DEEP clouds thy glorious throne enfold,
Thou dost not yet make all things plain,
Nor could we now, our God, behold
The final issue of thy reign.

But on the front of time and space
Thy burning prophecies appear
Of vindicated truth and grace,
And love that casteth out all fear.

If now thy reasons are concealed
And justice tarries on her way,
All will at last be well revealed
And recompense the long delay.

Abundantly, by word and oath,
Our anchored hope is sure in thee,
We trust, with fear and courage both,
Thy full immutability.

Thou, Jesus Christ, hast entered there.
Where cloudless light shines thro' and thro'
And we to overcome must share
Thy kingdom and thy patience, too.

—M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, in the *Interior*.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He tells how the Son of a Circassian Slave Woman Rose to be Khedive of Egypt.

UNCLE JOHN had a strange and wonderful history to relate, when the household gathered for its usual talk the other evening. The children listened attentively while he spoke in a low, earnest tone.

"Forty years ago," he began, "there was born in a city of Egypt, the son of a Circassian woman who had for the greater part of her life been a slave. The child's father, it is true, belonged to a very ancient and honorable Mohammedan family, but he was neither wealthy nor influential. When the little lad was given the name of Tewfik, there was much rejoicing in the home, for Ismail, the father, was proud of the boy and loved him dearly. An uncle of Tewfik, named Abbas, was at that time ruler of Egypt, which honor by right belonged to another of Tewfik's relatives, named Ibrahim, who was a son of Mehemet Ali, one of the most famous and powerful rulers Egypt has had in modern times. Yet this Ali, like Tewfik himself, had sprung from very humble stock; for in his early manhood he had been a small shop-keeper in a little town in Albania. His great qualities forced him to the front afterwards, however, as history shows.

"Now, this little lad, Tewfik, was not troubled by ambitious dreams of a throne and a diadem of precious stones that might belong to him at some future day. He had older brothers who were nearer such things than he. But Abbas, who was then the reigning Governor was one day assassinated, and Achmet, another uncle next in succession, was killed in a railway accident, so Said Pacha, the next heir, became Governor. He died when Tewfik was eleven years old, and then Ismail became Governor. This was a great step upward for the son of a slave-woman—to be the heir-apparent to the throne of the Pharaohs.

"With the consent of the Sultan at Constantinople, Ismail was proclaimed Khedive and the right of succession was settled on the eldest son. There were other brothers besides Tewfik, and several sisters, too, whose mothers were not slaves; for Khedive Ismail, like most Egyptians, increased the number of his wives as his station in life advanced; but he loved Tewfik best of all. His other sons were all sent to Europe to be educated, as became the children of a prince, but Tewfik he kept at home, and brought him up among the natives. His education was not neglected, however, for he studied at the schools and famous colleges of Cairo, which is the greatest seat of learning in Egypt. Cairo is the seat of government and the official residence of the Khedive, who has also a palace at Alexandria. In this city of mosques, minarets and mausoleums, amid Turks, Arabs, Copts, Jews, Armenians, Syrians, Africans and Europeans, young Tewfik grew up to manhood. He had been trained, as a devout Moslem, in all the beliefs, traditions and customs of the Prophet's followers. As a lad, his slave-mother had taught him to take his food with the right hand and not to hurry nor to spill it; to eat sparingly, to drink no wine, and before each meal to reverently say: 'In the name of God!' He had studied under the famous teachers of Egypt, had been taught the etiquette of Eastern Courts and had doubtless imbibed a boyish awe of the magnificent Grand Master of Ceremonies who seemed to rule the entire household. Doubtless, too, his slave-mother—who had probably like many other Circassian and Georgian women, been kidnapped or purchased and brought to Egypt to be added to Ismail's household—doubtless she often gazed proudly on her son, as she looked forward to the day when he would rule the ancient land of Egypt.

THE LATE TEWFIK I. KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

"This came about sooner than expected. One hot morning in June, 1879, Ismail received a visit from the representatives of the European Powers who walked into his royal bed-chamber at three o'clock, A. M., and informed him that he must abdicate. He had been accused of intrigues that threatened to greatly injure the country and to jeopardize the rights of a large number of foreigners, known as bondholders, who had rendered financial assistance to Egypt. So Ismail, detected in his schemes, accepted the only alternative left him and resigned, and Tewfik—the slave's son—was made ruler of all Egypt.

"But, although he had now reached the top of the golden ladder—as far as human ambitions were concerned—the son of the Circassian slave-woman was far from happy. He was not a free man, being subservient not only to the Sultan, but also to the foreign bondholders who had placed him on the throne. Still, he made the most of his opportunities and did much for Egypt. In all his acts he probably had a vivid recollection of the scenes of his youth and particularly one dark incident, whose ugly memory haunted him, and which had brought to his mind an impression of the fate that awaited officials who had fallen into disfavor. That incident was the strangling of Sadyk Pacha, the aged minister of Finance, in 1879, during Ismail's reign. The old man had been asked to supper and, suspecting nothing, had been seized by Ismail's hired assassins and slain.

"Tewfik was a conscientious and faithful ruler, but as he was known to be controlled by England and France, he was not as popular as his father Ismail with the native Egyptians. He several times narrowly escaped assassination, and would have resigned, had he not believed the latter course the more dangerous. The chief events of his reign were the rebellion of Arabi Pasha, ten years ago and the anti-foreign riots in Cairo and Alexandria, both arising out of the native desire to expel the foreigners who virtually controlled the country. Then came the Mahdist rebellion in the Soudan in 1883, which lasted two years.

"Tewfik's reign, which has just been closed by his death at the Helouin Palace, Cairo, has been a most prosperous one for Egypt, in a commercial sense. The finances have been honestly administered, and the country is getting out of debt, whereas in former times, the pachas were extortionate and rapacious, enriching themselves at the expense of the people. Prince Abbas, the eldest son of Tewfik, becomes Khedive by right of succession. Prince Abbas, who is now seventeen, has thus far devoted himself to the study of law and languages, giving no attention to affairs of state. He is said to be a very bright and amiable youth, with sufficient moral courage to resist those temptations that beset princes everywhere. For several years he has been at college in Vienna, and is greatly liked by his tutors and associates. He has had many advantages of training which his father did not possess, and unless he yields to designing counselors, may be expected to govern Egypt in prosperity and peace.

During their recent tour in the East, Rev. Dr. Talmage and the Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD visited the Abdin Palace at Cairo, where, in the Khedive's absence, they were hospitably received by the dignitaries in charge. It was from this palace (shown in the illustration) that the Khedive's funeral took place, in presence of 200,000 persons.

THE ABDIN PALACE AT CAIRO, EGYPT.

IN HEAVEN.

Oh, the feet that faltered and failed on earth
Shall walk the golden street,
And the voice which trembled and ceased below
Shall sing heaven's music sweet.

The eyes that so often are clouded now
The King's dear face shall see;
And the heart which longs to be more his own
Shall love him perfectly.

HELPFUL ANECDOTES

AN UNNECESSARY REQUEST.

IN the course of an evangelistic address a speaker said: "Some years ago I was stricken with what seemed a fatal disease. I was in a foreign land thousands of miles away from home. I was not afraid to meet death, for I was prepared: I rather longed to get to heaven. There was nothing for me to do, for I was trusting in the atonement of the Saviour in my stead. But I was intensely anxious to see my dear mother before I should die. So, suffer as I might, I must go home to see her. At a great risk to my life, they carried me on board a steamer that was to take me home. I was so very ill that I could not move, and I remember day by day my only prayer was that God would keep me alive till I could see my mother. When at length we entered the harbor I asked the captain to send a telegram home. 'What shall we say?' he asked. 'Oh, just tell my mother that her boy is dying on board this ship,' I said. 'Shall we not ask her to come to you?' he asked. 'Oh, there is no need,' I replied. 'It is only necessary to tell her, and she will be sure to come.' It was not long ere my mother was by my side, and her arms around my neck. I did not die, as you see. Under my mother's care I recovered. I have often thought since then of my confidence in my mother when I have heard what are sometimes called earnest prayers to God, and have felt that if we had more faith we should be less worried. We should be as sure that he would come to our succor, as I was that my mother would come when she heard of my need."

AN ENCOURAGING TEXT.

A FAMOUS preacher relates the following incident of a man who after forty years absence from a place of worship resolved to turn over a new leaf and seek God: "I was holding my usual Sunday evening service when this man astonished his wife by saying: 'I think I'll go to church to-night. Do you know what time the service begins?' 'No,' she said, 'but I believe it begins at seven o'clock.' Accordingly, he found his way to the church. It happened to be very full that night, and he could find no entrance on the ground floor, nor even in the first gallery; and at last he reached the top gallery up among the rafters, and owing to that mistake in the hour of service, he arrived just as I gave out the text. And the first words he heard as he entered the house of God after forty years, were these: 'Neither do condemn thee; go, and sin no more.' He heard nothing more of the sermon, but the text struck him. What an extraordinary thing, he thought, that here, directly I begin to turn over a new leaf, the very first time I enter the house of God, I have these words spoken to me, 'Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more.' He went back the next morning to his yard, and told his companions of the circumstance which he regarded as the voice of God to him. He went that afternoon to see a friend, who was lying ill, and got him to promise that he would come with him to our church. On Tuesday he was suddenly taken ill, and on Sunday I was sent for to see him. On the following Tuesday he died—snatched as a brand from the burning, for I believe he became truly converted. After forty years, the power of conscience had been exercised, and he was brought back to the house of God. It was Divine love that brought him back, and spoke these words, 'Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more.'"

THE CRUCIAL WORD.

AN evangelist who was conducting a prayer-meeting asked the congregation to repeat after him one word, just one word. All listened to hear what the one word should be, when in the solemn moment of deep quiet, the brother said, "Jesus." From all over the house came the responses "Jesus." "And now," he added, "I would have you say after me two words." All listened as he said solemnly and reverently, "My Jesus," with a stress on the monosyllable —my. Many responses were heard, but not so many as before. Not a few present could say, "My Jesus," but some could not. Among the latter was a lady advanced in years, who had never given her heart to the Saviour, and so had not the happy assurance that she possessed Christ. She rose from her seat, and looking at the leader of the meeting said: "O, sir, pray for me. I could say 'Jesus,' but I cannot say 'My Jesus.'" The leader prayed for her, and as the prayer was offered she cast herself as a sinner upon the all-sufficient Saviour and rose from her knees rejoicing in Christ as *her* Saviour.

DR. GEORGE F. PENTECOST IN INDIA.

LAHORE, is the capital of the Punjaub, and is the seat and centre of all the educational work of the Government, and here also is located the American College. When Dr. Pentecost arrived in India the people of Lahore, invited him to conduct a mission. He was not, however, able to accept immediately. Recent advices state that he reached Lahore in November and has been holding services in the great Jubilee Town Hall. The central portion of the hall was reserved for Indian gentlemen, while the wall aisles were apportioned to Europeans. At the first meeting the hall was full, and for sixteen nights the services were continued. The last week saw night after night, the most prominent and leading native gentlemen present, apparently deeply interested. Many of the leading Government officials have been present, and much surprise has been expressed at the deep interest aroused by so great a number of natives gathering night after night to hear the Gospel preached in the English tongue. Dr. Ewing, of the Mission College, reports an increased interest among his students during the Bible hour. Many inquirers have visited Dr. Pentecost in private. It is believed that not a few of these clever and well-educated men will eventually declare openly the faith they are secretly entertaining. Hitherto no such systematic and prolonged effort has been made among this class, and no such gatherings have ever been known in the Punjaub. It was previously supposed that the educated natives were beyond the reach of missionary effort. Dr. Pentecost, in the intervals between his daily meetings with the non-Christian natives, has been busily engaged in many other meetings with native Christians and Europeans. Each Lord's Day he has preached in the Lawrence Hall to the Europeans. So long as they were in the station, both Sir James and Lady Lyall were present as hearers. The last six days of the evangelist's stay, have been devoted to Europeans in the Lawrence Hall. The meetings there have been well attended, with evidence of deep interest.

A LONG WATCH ON A BRIDGE.

WHEN Gen. Havelock, the heroic Christian soldier, whose exploits in the Indian mutiny are historical, was at his home in London, he returned from a day's business in the city, bringing with him a friend whom he had met accidentally in the course of his walk. The two men sat talking when Mrs. Havelock interrupted the conversation by asking her husband if he had seen their son Henry, who had not been at home since morning. "Why, poor boy!" exclaimed the General, "I had quite forgotten him. It is my fault. I told him to be on London Bridge at noon, and wait there till I came. When I met my friend all thought of the boy passed from my mind. He must have been standing on that bridge for more than six hours." The General called a cab and started immediately for the bridge. There, as he expected, he found his son, quietly waiting for his father to keep his appointment. "Most boys would have gone home long ago," remarked the General's friend when father and son returned. "A soldier's son," said the General, "obeys orders and leaves the responsibility where it belongs." That, too, is the proper attitude of God's children. When they learn from God's word what his will is they obey at all costs and they may do so with confidence, for unlike earthly fathers, he never forgets.

AN ARGUMENT WITH A MINER.

A PREACHER went down into a coal-mine during the noon hour to talk with the miners. Meeting the foreman on his way back to the shaft, he asked him what he thought of God's way of salvation. The man replied, "Oh, it is too cheap, I cannot believe in such a religion as that." Without an immediate answer to his remark, the preacher asked, "How do you get out of this place?" "Simply by geting into the cage," was the reply. "And does it take long to get to the top?" "Oh, no; only a few seconds." "Well, that certainly is very easy and simple. But do you not need to help to raise yourself?" said the preacher. "No," replied the miner; "you have nothing to do but get into the cage." "But what about the people that sunk the shaft? Was there much labor or expense about it?" "Yes, that was expensive. The shaft is eighteen hundred feet deep, and it cost a great deal, but it had to be done to get in or out." "Just so. And when God's Word tells you that whosoever believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life, you at once say, 'Too cheap,' forgetting that God's work to bring you and others out of the pit of destruction cost the death of his own Son."

THE OBLIGATION.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Jan. 31, 1892. Isa. 53: 4-9; Rom. 12: 1.

WHO can define an obligation? What is due from a man whose life has been saved to the man who saved it? How should a man live who is assured of eternal life through Christ? The answer is the basis of all the legislation of the Christian commonwealth. "Thou shalt not" is not the formula of the Christian code. The man who rightly appreciates what he owes to Christ has passed into a region of morals where prohibitive commands are out of place. To refrain from sin is not enough in his case. His obligation calls for active service. He has been redeemed for a purpose. If he does not fulfil the purpose, he was not worth redeeming. We count him ignoble who forgets an obligation. What must he be, who ignores such an obligation as that which he is under to Christ? He who reads the details of that incomparably pathetic summary of the Saviour's services to man in Isaiah 53: 4-9, must accept the Apostle's words (Rom. 12: 1), as a just corollary: "That ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

This, then, is the Christian's obligation. He is Christ's man. It is not for him any longer to consult his own inclinations, to labor for his own advancement, to cherish his own affections or prejudices, but as the law of his own life to consider the wishes of his Lord. He must live for him. That law is supreme for him. What is Christ's will concerning him? That whatever it may be becomes an imperative duty. The mode in which he is to fulfil that duty is consistent with the obligation. The service demanded of him is of the same kind as that by which he has been saved. He is to love and to serve. Is his life to be a living sacrifice? It was because Christ made himself a living sacrifice that he has been redeemed. He must do as Christ did. It is a reasonable service. All Christ's injunctions are of that tenor. The law of philanthropy, the law of unlimited forgiveness, the law of self-abnegation—are all seen in perfection in his life. The most comprehensive of all injunctions is to walk as he walked. The very summit of ambition is to be a servant. Love in action is to be the mainspring of life in his followers as it was in his life.

How intensely practical such an obligation is, becomes apparent to every one who tries to fulfil it. It enters into the most sordid details of the most commonplace life. Every household must feel the effect of one member living that life. Selfishness dies; ambition and avarice and greed wither in the heart; service and self-denial are a delight; sympathy and kindness are spontaneous; helpful service is a pleasure. Imagine a family, a town, a nation, the whole world—made up of men and women eager to help each other, to bear each other's burdens, loving each other. Can a more delightful condition be conceived? That is Christ's ideal for humanity. That is the natural result of his rule. As we think of it and look around on this struggling, striving, cruel world we cry, "Thy kingdom come."

✠

A USEFUL CARD.

MEMBERS and officers of Christian Endeavor Societies and Epworth Leagues will be interested in a communication kindly sent to us by Mr. Alfred H. Pettit of Garfield, N. J. He mentions a difficulty experienced in the Christian Endeavor Society of which he is President, and as it has been successfully overcome the method adopted may be useful as a suggestion to other Societies in which the same difficulty has been felt. It relates to the dues. When a member pays the Treasurer of his Society, that officer enters the amount in the book kept for that purpose, but the member usually has no receipt or record by which he can see how far he has paid and when the next subscription is due. As a result, it was found that members sometimes inadvertently were in arrear and the Treasurer's time was taken up by inquiries of other members who had forgotten the amount due from them. To meet the difficulty two hundred cards were printed, a fac-simile of which is given below, the place where the names appear being left vacant. They cost seventy-five cents. A card was given to each member with his name upon it. This, as will be seen, will last for two years. When a member pays his dues he gives his card to the Treasurer, who with a conductor's punch (costing one dollar), punches a hole through the name of the month for which the dues are paid. This prevents mistakes and at the same time gives the member a receipt for his payment.

It is gratifying to learn that the Society referred to by Mr. Pettit is making excellent progress and has now five times the number of members it had when it was organized a year and a half ago. We are also thankful to learn that the help THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has tried to render in the study of the Topics and in other matters has been appreciated by members of the Society and has been found useful by them.

1892.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.	MAY	JUNE
1892.	JULY	AUG.	SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.

ALWAYS BRING THIS CARD.

Y. P. S. C. E. of First Presbyterian Church, Garfield, N. J.

RECEIPT CARD FOR DUES.

ALFRED H. PETTIT.

JOS. BUTTERWORTH, Treas.

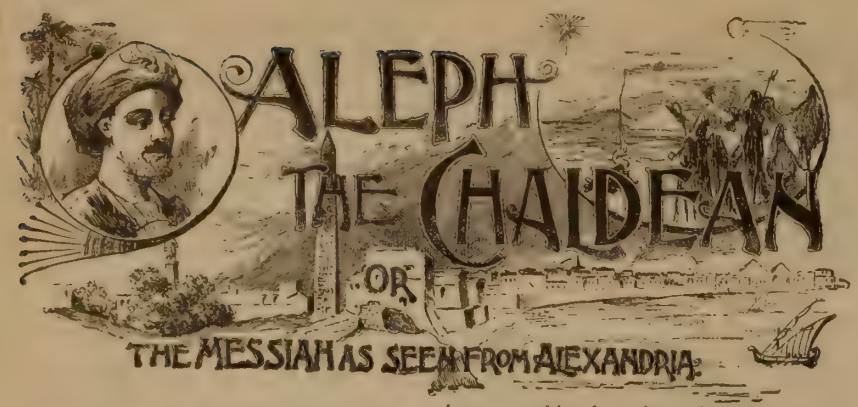
1893.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.	MAY	JUNE
1893.	JULY	AUG.	SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.

A MAGNIFICENT Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. J. B. Ferguson, the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Bridgeport, Conn., we are enabled to publish this week a picture of the handsome building in which the Association is now housed. It has recently been formally dedicated to the work, and the Association has taken possession of it with the most sanguine hope of success. The Association was organized less than nine years ago, and rooms, then considered commodious, were hired for its occupancy. So rapidly, however, did the Association grow, that in a short time it was necessary to secure larger premises to meet the exigencies of the work. At this juncture Dr. I. de Ver Warner, the President of the Association, generously offered to present it with an eligible building site, worth $35,000, on the corner of Main and Gilbert Streets, if sufficient funds could be secured to erect a suitable building upon it. The members of the Association were not slow to appreciate the advantages of having a building of their own and in a few months they secured subscriptions to the amount of forty thousand dollars. The erection was commenced and has now been completed to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The design of the building is excellent, in every way well adapted to Association work. In the basement is a large gymnasium with modern equipment; a large plunge bath is also there, and many conveniences for athletic exercises. The ground floor is let out in stores with the exception of a spacious vestibule and staircases and the gallery of the gymnasium. On the second floor is a handsome reception room, secretary's office, a large parlor, the library and reading-room, and a large room suitable for religious meetings, and the Assembly hall with a seating capacity of eight hundred. The third floor contains the boys'-room, which is reached by a separate and independent entrance; the ladies' parlor, a most delightful room on the southeast corner of the building. Connected with it is a study, beyond which is the social-room with kitchen attached. The gallery of the hall occupies the rear floor. On the fourth floor are rooms for the accommodation of educational classes, the janitor's apartments and attractive dormitories. The fifth floor also contains domitories. These are an important feature of the Association system and have been found mutually advantageous by the managers and the occupants. With so commodious and so well-equipped a home the Y. M. C. A. of Bridgeport is justified in looking forward to a future of grand usefulness and deserves the congratulations of the Christian public on its prosperity and hearty good wishes for its success.

THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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CHAPTER VII. (*Continued.*)

THERE was a profound silence for a few minutes as the confronting parties surveyed each other, and were closely surveyed and compared by the rest (many standing on their seats for the purpose.) Then burst out an almost deafening cheer.

The fact was that as long as Aleph stood by himself his extraordinary physical advantages had not fully displayed themselves. But when he came to stand with others, everybody at once saw that in that group there was no face so noble and winning, no figure so majestic and exquisitely proportioned, no bearing so lofty and poised and full of suggestion of power and leadership as Aleph's. So evident was all this to the "best" themselves, that they could not prevent the consciousness of it from appearing in their uneasy faces and attitudes—especially after that spontaneous cheer which they well understood.

"Well?" inquired Cornelius, looking at Aleph.

Aleph again passed his eyes naturally and serenely through the group before him, resting them for an instant on one taller and brawnier than the rest, and then said quietly, "I adhere to my choice."

A young man started up. "Our president has stated that we are to judge of the reasonableness of this choice. It seems to me a very unreasonable one. The advantages are too much on one side. Unless the gods interfere (and somehow they are not apt to do so in these days) there can be but one result to such an unequal competition. It is foreordained. I therefore propose, in the interest of our Best, that the candidate be at once passed to his matriculation with all the honors and with no conditions whatever. This course, it is true, is unprecedented; but then the circumstances are unprecedented. Those of us who know a good thing when we see it, are, I think, quite prepared for this action."

"Action, action," was exclaimed from all parts of the hall.

Cornelius stepped on a bench, and looking about the assembly called out, "Is there any objection on the part of any to the course which Quintus Fabius proposes?"

After waiting a moment for responses that did not come, the president proceeded, "Let every one who regards the examination as already sufficient, and would at once admit the candidate to full membership in our body, stretch forth his hand."

And such a showing of hands! They flew out and up as if from a catapult. Some voted with two hands. Some, not content with a simple uplifting, made their hands shake and triumph in the air. Even the Best voted with the rest.

"Your mind is clear," cried the president. "By your vote, and without dissent, this gentleman is now a member in full of this university. In your name" (as he advanced toward Aleph with outstretched hand) "I, Publius Cornelius, offer greetings and fellowship to"—and he hesitated.

"Aleph the Chaldean," said Aleph, as he gracefully took the proffered hand.

Seti remained sitting for a while longer, keenly watching, as many of the young men gathered about Aleph and were introduced to him by Cornelius. Among these were the Best; who were at first somewhat backward and awkward, but whom Aleph so welcomed with frank and unpretending cordiality that they were soon quite at ease. Seti watched and admired. He saw that the young man had quite won those who might easily have become his enemies—in short had fairly conquered the position he had coveted for him.

Aleph lingered till the other students had left that he might inquire of Seti whether he had heard from Miriam that morning. He had not; but was not sure but that he might hear something by going to his rooms. Would not Aleph and his friend accompany him?

As they approached the apartments of the high-priest they saw before them in the distance what seemed the fluttering of female robes: and, as soon as Seti had opened his door, he found himself in the arm of his grand-daughter.

"Mother-father" (this was her favorite style of address), she exclaimed, looking up fondly into his face, "are you not very tired after such a long session? But what a good lecture that was, and then . . . . ."

"Ah, child," he hastily interrupted as he patted her cheek, "what a flatterer you are! Why not begin to practice on my lecture by telling me the truth? Tired! Antiquity is never tired. The tired ones are your moderns—such young men as you may see behind me."

Cimon was surprised at the magnificent beauty that now disengaged herself from the arms of Seti and stood blushing before them. Aleph had indeed spoken of her as beautiful, but with no particularity and effusion: and so he was not prepared for the lovely vision. It seemed to him for a moment as if he had before him one of the Hellenic goddesses—a sort of compound of Aphrodite and Athene and Artemis. As to Aleph—such a look of glad recognition sprang to his face at the unexpected meeting that she could not but notice it. It gave her courage to advance and give her hand to Cimon, saying, "The daughter of Alexander gratefully remembers our friend of the Diapleuston"—to then turn to Aleph with a welcoming look and a new flush on her cheek as she said, "You see one has to make much of her grandfather, especially when she has but one. Perhaps you, too, have a mother-father and know how good it is to have him."

"The lady has guessed rightly," returned the young man. The last thing I did when leaving my country was to bow my tearful face on the shoulder of a white-haired man whose form was not bent, nor eye dim, nor natural force abated, though he had long passed his century; and who laid his hand on my head and sent me away with the blessing of a grand-sire. God willing, I shall see him again. The mother-fathers of Chaldea live long."

"May the God of Chaldean Abraham grant it," said the maiden devoutly.

"And grant also that I may carry back to him the news he has so long waited for—that the Desire of all nations has at last come!"

"Amen," said Rachel: "and, according to my promise, I have something new to tell you touching that matter. So come with me, all of you—I mean you, mother-father," and she threw a graceful gesture at Seti as she led the way to seats near a window.

While the young people had been talking, Seti, with folded arms, had kept his eyes fastened on them as if by some irresistible attraction. Rousing himself at the call of Rachel, he said to Cimon with a smile, "In these days the Egyptian is in bondage to Israel," and added as he closed the door and followed, "and is not very discontented—certainly not enough to make an exodus."

When they were seated, Rachel said to Aleph, "I promised that if I obtained any new facts about Jesus I would communicate them to you. And this is what I have heard this morning."

She then proceeded to say that on her way to the Serapeum she had seen Miriam, found that her husband had not appeared, found that she had improved so much that she was able to tell her sad story since her marriage. She had first gone with her husband to Tyre, where he professed to have property. After a few days he removed her to a small house near the city. This was the first of a succession of removals east and south. They never stopped long in a place—never lived in any but the poorest and obscurest part of a place. She never knew her husband do any work, or seek for any. She often wondered at first how he obtained such scanty and irregular supplies as they had. Once when she asked him about the matter, he said that he was living on his property; and accompanied the information with such a storm of abuse that she never after dared to refer to the subject. She did not need to do so.

He was abroad much at night; and she noticed that when abroad during the day he shunned thoroughfares, and sometimes disguised himself. Moreover, the men whom he brought to the house were of the lowest sort, and she could not well avoid overhearing enough of their talk to assure her that they agreed in thinking that property was robbery and might be taken wherever it could be found. After the first few weeks he cast off all semblance of regard for her. He would often leave her for weeks without any means of support; and had it not been for the compassion of the poor people about her she would have starved. As it was, her suffering from exposure, privation, and remorse reduced her almost to a skeleton. Ah, what days those were! She shuddered when she spoke of them. Such wretched living as they had was gotten by robbery, and sometimes by murder. He no longer pretended the contrary. She came to know that their frequent changes of place were made necessary by his crimes. As soon as he found himself an object of suspicion, he went to a new place and there repeated his thefts and burglaries until his safety required him to move on. In this way they slowly drifted from the Phonician coast to the Sea of Galilee.

She now thinks that she could not have lived through that awful pilgrimage had it not been for one thing. Wherever she went she met with poor people who had been cured of some incurable ail by the new prophet Jesus—cured by a touch or a word. Sometimes it was a palsy, sometimes consumption, sometimes leprosy, sometimes blindness or deafness or a lost limb, sometimes devils or death. And he asked nothing in return for such wonderful deliverances. Of course all mouths were full of his praises. They told of his gentle and compassionate ways; how he did not disdain publicans and sinners, saying that he came to seek and save the lost: how he took little children in his arms and caressed and blessed them; how patiently and wisely and wonderfully he taught the humblest as well as the highest—told of such things till her heart burned and ached to see him, to be near him, to pour out her oppressed soul into his pitiful ears.

At last her wish was accomplished. One day, while they were living at Chorasin, after some new tempest of abuse and wickedness from her husband, she slipped away into the fields to give vent to her grief and despair. There she saw in the distance a number of people on an eminence: and on, on mounting a rock, she saw that others were moving toward the eminence from all directions. It flashed upon her that perhaps Jesus had come, and that now was her opportunity. She at once made for the hill—determined that if indeed Jesus was there she would get as near to him as possible. She felt as if some mighty loadstone was drawing upon her. Being unencumbered, she sped along quickly, passed many who were carrying sick people or were sick themselves, and was not long in assuring herself that it was indeed Jesus toward whom all the streams of infirmity and suffering were setting.

She quickened her steps into a desperate haste. She flew rather than ran—flew to the side of the hill where the people were fewest, pressed through them as if on an errand of life and death, saw One who was plainly the central figure, fell down before him panting, disheveled, eyes streaming, and tried to look up through her tears into his face. And she dimly saw there such gentleness, such pity, such insight, such power, that a great wave of rest swept in on her soul as she murmured, "Lord, thou knowest." And he answered, in a voice strangely sweet, that somehow seemed to penetrate every fibre of her being.

"Yes, I know, thou daughter of many sorrows. Wait patiently for the hour of deliverance which will come in thy own country by the hands of those whom I will send. Meanwhile go in peace—thy sins be forgiven thee."

She rose—all the harshness and bitterness of her soul gone, a calmness and strength and peace within that were indescribable. She did not withdraw from the scene; only fell back among the crowd. And there she saw with her own eyes the wonderful things done of which she had been hearing ever since she landed in Tyre. It seemed as if the whole country about had searched out its desperate cases and brought them together to test his power and pity. And she saw that no case was beyond him. Not an ail in all the throng but had instant relief as he touched or spoke. The number and variety of the miracles almost took her breath away. When the last sufferer had been helped she could no longer contain herself, but, as if filled and pressed irresistibly by a heavenly breath, burst forth with song, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he has done marvellous things:" and all people joined their voices to hers till the country-side rang.

She went back to her husband, but not to her misery. The memory of that look, and that voice, and that promise was like a strong man under her cross. Her husband was no better; they still drifted from place to place, but always with a compulsion by circumstances toward the south and the west. Her strength grew less as they approached the sea-coast, and quite broke down at Joppa as she saw her husband, as he was hurrying her aboard a vessel for Alexandria in the night, rob and kill a man; yet even then the memory of that divine hour in Galilee was a mighty peace in her heart, and she felt that she was on her way to deliverance.

Said Seti to Rachel, after the few moments of profound silence that followed her narrative, "Did you ever notice in Miriam in former days any tendency to—exaggeration?"

"Never," she replied. "On the contrary, Miriam was noted for great care not to overstate facts. You may depend upon it, grandfather, she is fully up to the standard of your lecture."

Seti seemed not to notice this sally, and the accompanying shadow of a smile that flitted across the shining face, but said, "To say nothing of his marvellous deeds, the attention which Jesus pays to the lowly and uninfluential, rather than to the great and powerful, is very unlike what one would expect in a scheming imposter."

"That he is not that," said Aleph, "is still further confirmed by what my preceptor and friend here heard yesterday. I am sure you will agree with me if he will tell the substance of what Shaphan of the gate of Canopus related."

All wished to hear. So Cimon proceeded to relate the story of Shaphan—omitting, however, the circumstances bearing on Malus, and one or two other particulars.

When he had finished, Rachel exclaimed, "How wonderful all this is! Surely there is but one thing to be said, unless, we are prepared to discredit all human testimony! I have heard my father speak of Shaphan as a very good man: I must see him and ask him many questions."

"Would it not be better," said Seti, "to first question some expert magician as to what he can do by his art? It is not incredible that there should be beings between the Supreme and ourselves who can do very wonderful things."

"No, my dear grandfather; but if these superior beings are good they will not lend themselves to a great religious imposture; and if they are bad they would fight against themselves by endorsing such teaching and doing such works as those of Jesus. Would Satan cast out Satan?"

"Hardly. Still, have not magicians sometimes been good men? Perhaps our friends here can throw some light on that matter. Time has been when Chaldea was famous for its magicians"—and Seti looked toward Aleph.

"In my country, as in Egypt," said Aleph, "the name magician has always been used to cover all students of extensive knowledge, especially all students of the powers and processes of nature. As to such persons as profess by certain arts to enlist the powers of mightier spirits in their service there is, at least at present, but one opinion among us, and that a very unfavorable one. It is that of the Hebrew Scriptures which denounce and forbid all magical arts under heavy penalties. However it may be with others, those who profess to accept these Scriptures and at the same time use magical arts, it seems to me, cannot be good men, or other than very bad. This is the case of Jesus. As I understand it, he professes to hold faithfully by Moses and the prophets. This being so, if he is a magician he is one of the worst of men—especially as he solemnly declares that he works his wonders not by magic, but by God."

'And consequently," added Cimon, "all evidence we have that he is one of the best of men is evidence that he is not a magician."

"And what evidence of this sort have we?" asked Seti.

"The venerable Seti," said Aleph, "has doubtless met with many so-called magicians. May I ask whether he has ever met one who has claimed to do his prodigies through the Supreme God, or to do them in such variety and magnificence as are conceded to Jesus?"

(*To be Continued.*)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

F. W. M., Ottawa, Kan. Where is Paradise?

See answer to J. C. Morgan in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 13.

Thos. F. Vaughan, Castle Rock, Colo. Is any paper published devoted to Astronomy?

Yes; the *Sidereal Messenger* is such a publication.

G. Colvin Angle, Delaware, O. Does either Dr. Talmage or Mr. Spurgeon use tobacco?

Dr. Talmage does not use tobacco in any form. We cannot answer regarding Pastor Spurgeon.

Subscriber, Staunton, Va. Is "Huntington's Book of Faith still in print?" If so, where can it be procured?

The Epistle of Faith is probably out of print. You might be able to secure a copy in some second-hand book store.

J. P. M., Dallas, Tex. I have, at different times, heard it stated how many letters, words, verses, chapters and books, there are in the Bible, but have not the figures at hand. Can you supply them?

The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 810,697 words, 31,175 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books.

Constant Reader, Erie, Pa. Which denomination is the soundest, most substantial, and nearest to the New Testament standard, the Baptist, Presbyterian or Methodist Episcopal Church?

If the question could be answered authoritatively, two of the denominations would immediately become extinct. The good Christian people in any of the three denominations you name would quit it instantly if they learned that another church was nearer to the New Testament standard than is the one to which they belong.

M. S. S., New York City. Is there a Men's Exchange conducted under the same conditions as The Woman's Exchange, to assist the worthy and honest endeavor of Christian men, who do not want to be idle and who can make at home fancy bracket-work for ornamental decorations but cannot find a market for them?

We do not know of any such Exchange for men. Possibly some of our readers may know of one, however.

J. H. C., Harrison, Neb., sends an extract from a lecture by Father Chiniquy, and asks if the facts quoted by the lecturer are true, those facts referring to the rapid growth of Roman Catholicism in America and the dangers to be apprehended from its increasing influence on public affairs.

We have no means of verifying Mr. Chiniquy's assertions. It has, however, generally, if not invariably, been found that where Roman Catholic influence is predominant, there is rigid intolerance and an effort to control patronage and the grants of public money in the interest exclusively of the Roman Catholic Church.

A. D. B., Portage, Wis. 1. What relation does the roller skating rink hold to other amusements? 2. Has a Christian any right to engage in roller skating? 3. Is studying on Sunday to be regarded as Sabbath-breaking?

1. It is not be classed among innocent, healthful amusements. Recreations, properly viewed, are those relaxations that re-create or renew the energies, but roller-skating, from its associations and tendencies, must be classed among the dissipations. 2. Not if he means to be consistent in keeping absolutely free from the contamination of doubtful pleasures himself, and thereby influencing others to avoid them. 3. It is, unless you refer to the study of the Bible or sacred things related to the worship of him to whom the day is specially dedicated.

M. P., San Jose, Cal. If war were to break out between these United States and another country, would it be wrong for a Christian to volunteer for service, taking into consideration the fact that it is wrong to shed human blood? What would be the duty of one under such circumstances, or in case he should be drafted?

Christianity does not absolve a man from the performance of the duties he owes to the state or nation; and if to aid in repelling a foreign enemy became necessary, he should be found ready to do his share, as becomes a true patriot and Christian. One of the noblest examples of a Christian soldier in modern times was Captain Hedley Vicars, whose splendid career in the Crimea is familiar to almost all readers of Christian literature. David, Jephthah, Joshua and even Moses—the meekest of all men—were not slow to wield the sword for God and country. "Thou shalt not kill," or "thou shalt do no murder," is not applicable to honorable warfare. But it is incumbent on Christians to do all that lies in their power to promote peace by arbitration and to avoid war, which is only to be employed as a last lamentable resort, when all pacific measures have failed. Wanton warfare is murder.

Miss Lee, Virginia. 1. Is the murder of Antiochus mentioned in the Bible? 2. Would an elder sister be justified in correcting her younger brothers, if parents fail in their duty in this respect? 3. Is it right to pray for anything that will benefit ourselves but will be an injury to others? 4. Why did "the Son of perdition" sin that the Scripture might be fulfilled?

1. No; it is in the Apocrypha (1. Maccabees 13) and also in Josephus. 2. If by correcting you mean chastising, we think it would be unwise. She may do much by kindness, winning their respect and love, and so influence them for good. This will give her a power over them that she could never win by punishing them. 3. We cannot imagine such a prayer being offered by a Christian, who is a follower of him who sacrificed himself for others. 4. Judas did not have that motive in sinning. He probably did not know, until the last, that he was the son of perdition. A person who knows your habits may predict that you will go to church next Sunday morning, but that does not compel you to go. If you do go, the prediction would be fulfilled.

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Yours truly. HANK WHITE.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla

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MRS. SAMUEL E. CURTIS.

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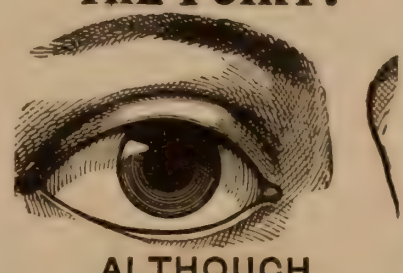

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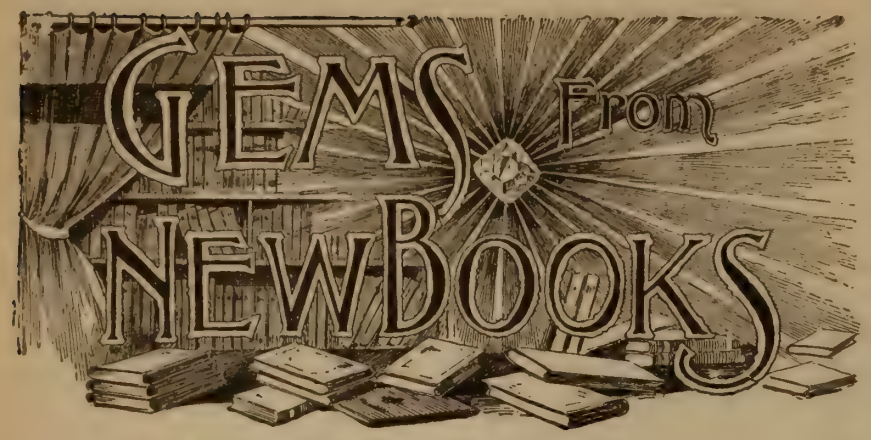

JOHN MILTON.*

MILTON passed ten years of his life in study, in travel, in brilliant literary experiments. He spent ten more in the fiercest struggles and the most technical controversies of Puritanism. Yet he was never exactly a Prynne or exactly a Petrarch; if there was something of the theologian in the poet there was also something of the poet in the theologian, and the two inspirations blended in him after the closest and most natural fashion in the work. And when old age draws near, when the drama of the Republic is played out, when the Restoration has put an end to Utopias, Milton will at once satisfy art and faith, the two passions of his life, in one grand epic. That life is well known. We are not in his case, as we are in Shakespeare's, reduced to a few insignificant facts and a few doubtful traditions. We might say that he has written his own biography. His poetry is full of personal memories, and his polemical works become at times memoirs of his life, passionate and naif memoirs, where the writer reveals himself without any disguise. . . . Milton on his return from Italy was exactly thirty years old. He was short, his height being much below the middle stature, and also very thin; but strong, dexterous and courageous. He was a practised fencer and, sword in hand, feared nobody. Such, at least, is the portrait he drew later of himself. Tradition adds that he was remarkably handsome. He has also described his manner of life; for the fury of his enemies by attacking his person and his private life, obliged him to enter into the most minute details of refutation. He rose, so he tells us, early—in the summer with the lark, in winter with the bells that called men to work or prayer. He read or listened to reading till attention or memory failed. Then he betook himself to exercises suited to maintain the health of the body, and by that means the strength and independence of the mind. We must take care not to look on Milton as an ascetic or a gloomy fanatic.

A SPIRITUAL KEY. †

SHE had opened the book at the picture of the Good Shepherd bringing the lost sheep home on his shoulders, and was repeating in a low voice the words, "I say unto you that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over the ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance."

The little girl sat long pondering; but suddenly we heard her say, "Really I should almost like to be a sinner. But," she added, "it isn't my fault that I belong among the ninety-nine righteous ones." And so was expressed the unconscious self-righteousness of this good and obedient child, who for the most part had always satisfied her parents and teachers. When this childish incident was recalled after a series of years to the mature woman, she said with feeling: "That little scene holds the key to the whole conduct of my life, both outward and inward." She had much to tell of the endless patience which God had bestowed upon her, until the conviction at last came that she, even she herself, was the lost sheep. Through her striving after moral perfection it had not not indeed seemed very difficult to discover some of her faults. She could, however, no more discern the boundless corruption of her heart than she could the necessity of the new birth from above to enlighten her. But the urgency with which God everywhere emphasizes this first fundamental law of his kingdom continually startled her; and she began, with the holy singer, to pray,—

"Give me eyes myself to see;
Touch them with thy power divine."

And the Lord granted this prayer.

*From *Essays on English Literature;* by Edmund Scherer; translated by George Saintsbury. The subjects of the Essays are: George Eliot, John Stuart Mill, Shakespeare, Milton, Carlyle, Wadsworth, etc. The work is by an acute critic who overlooks no fault in the eminent men whom he criticises, but who was unfitted by education and association to perceive and appreciate their excellence. Pp. 309; Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

†From *Love and Forgiveness.* Translated from the German; 48 pp. Little, Brown & Co., Publishers, Boston.

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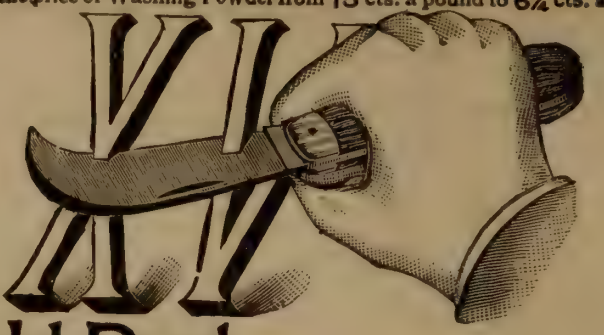

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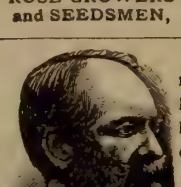

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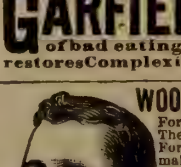

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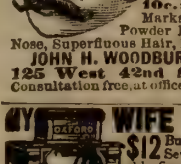

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MR. BENSON'S CUSTOMER.

An Incident Which Proves that He Who Serves God Serves a Good Master.

"REMEMBER, I must have the bridle on Monday," said Mr. Harcourt, as he turned to leave a shop where he had been giving some orders about his harness.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Benson, the master, coming forward, "but it will not be possible to get it done by Monday."

"Not possible," returned Mr. Harcourt, stopping short. "What nonsense! Why, there is all to-morrow."

"To-morrow is Sunday, sir," returned the shopman firmly, but respectfully.

"Well, what of that?"

"We do not work on a Sunday, sir."

"Then I shall go to those who do. You can put the bridle in the carriage," added Mr. Harcourt, turning to the man to whom he had given the order.

"We can get it done by Tuesday, sir, without fail," interposed Mr. Benson.

"Tuesday will be too late," returned Mr Harcourt, and then without another word, he stepped out of the shop, and bidding his groom take the bridle from the man, he got into his phaeton and drove off, muttering to himself, "The old humbug! I will make him repent his folly."

Mr. Benson watched the carriage till it turned the corner of the street, then, with something like a sigh, went back to his seat, and continued his work. He had lost Mr. Harcourt's custom—he felt sure of that. He was a new customer, just recommended to him by a person whom he greatly desire to oblige, and he was a man who knew what good work was, and who did not mind what he paid for it, and paid promptly, too; and just now such employment would have been invaluable to Mr. Benson.

It was some few hours after Mr. Harcourt had left the shop that Mr. Wilcox, a clever, pushing saddler, who lived in an adjoining street, came bustling in, looking wonderfully elated.

"Well, Benson," said he, as he rubbed his hands one over the other with uncommon glee, "you have been and done it, that is all."

"Done what?" inquired Benson, as he looked up quietly from his work, making a good guess, however, as to his visitor's meaning.

"Knocked down your own luck with one hand, and given it to me with the other."

"You mean, I suppose, that Mr. Harcourt drove on from my shop to yours."

"Exactly; and I thought the least I could do was to come and thank you, and tell you how happy I should be to work for as many more as you like to send."

"I need not tell you I shall not send you those that I can keep," replied Mr. Benson, trying hard not to show that he was annoyed: "but, God helping me, I will never go against my conscience—not for any man nor any money."

It was some weeks after (and they had been weeks of great trouble to Benson) that another carriage stopped at the door of his shop.

Whilst Benson was wondering who his visitor might be, the carriage-door opened quickly, and a fine-looking man, in military attire, got out, and walked into the shop, with an air of decision as if he was accustomed to give his orders and be promptly obeyed.

"So," he said, turning to Benson, "you are the impudent fellow who will not work on a Sunday?"

"I do not work on a Sunday, sir; but I hope it does not follow, as a necessary consequence, that I am wanting in respect to my employers."

"Yes, it does, sir; at least, so my friend Harcourt says. He gives you but a bad character."

"I am sorry for it, sir," began Benson; but his visitor cut him short.

"Actually refused his order, and told him you would not do his work; do not you call that impertinence?"

"I had no choice, sir."

"Yes, you had. You were free to choose between serving God and pleasing man, and you made your choice; and it is in consequence of that determination that I am here to-day. I am General Downing. I have been looking out for some time past for a man on whom I could fully rely to execute a large government order. The moment I heard Mr. Harcourt's story of you, I made up my mind you should have the work if you could take it; for I felt sure that the man who could serve God so fearlessly, would be the man who would best do his duty by his neighbor."

And as the General proceeded to detail to Benson the nature of the order he proposed to give him, Benson saw in a moment that such a prospect of well-doing was opened to him as he had never yet had since he went into business. Nor was he mistaken—that order laid the foundation of Benson's prosperity. People envy him his good luck, but he knows himself of the truth of the old proverb, "He that serves God serves a good Master."

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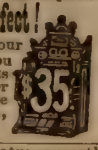

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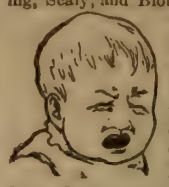

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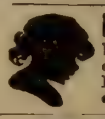

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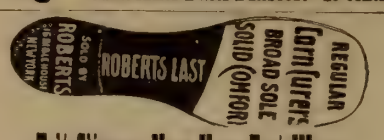

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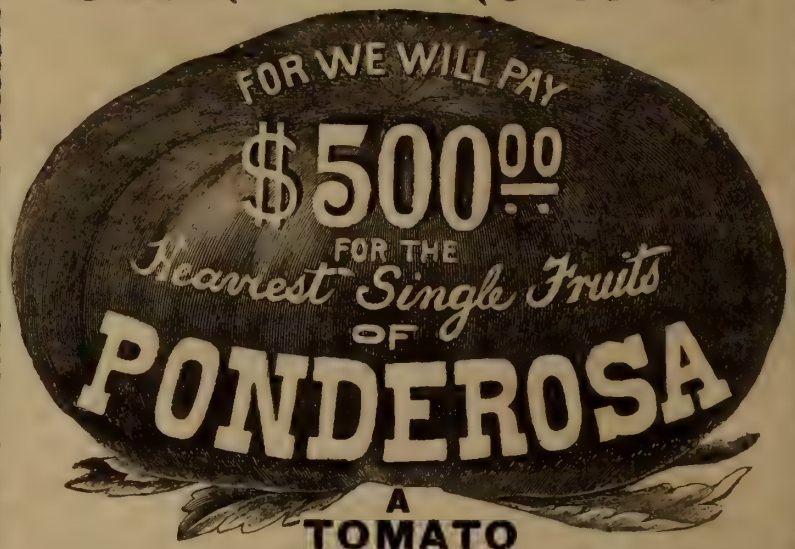

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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VOLUME 15.

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NUMBER 4.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 27, 1892.

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Annual Subscription, $1.50.

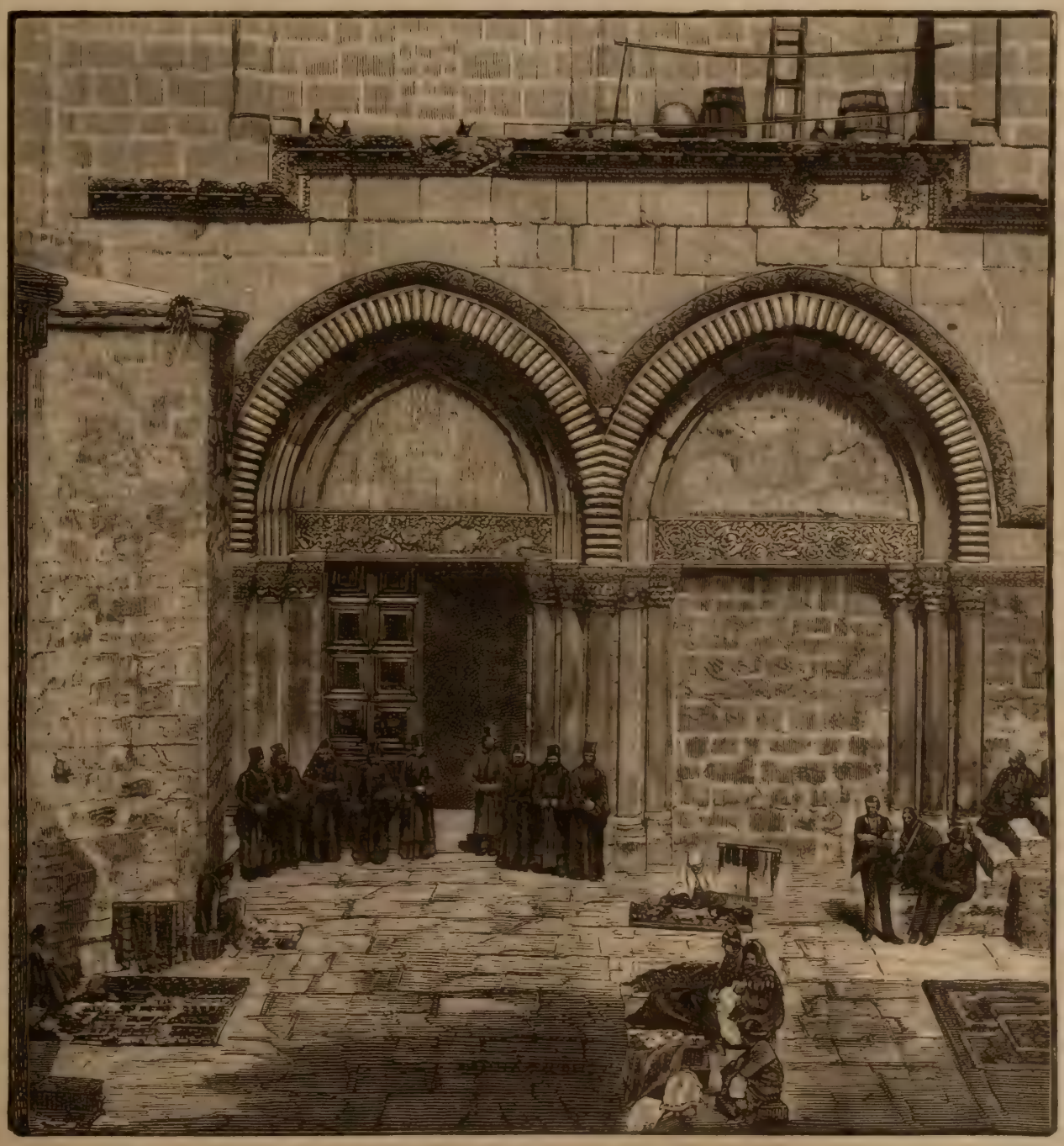
AT THE TOMB OF THE SAVIOUR.

Sacred Scenes of Surpassing Interest in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem.

THERE are few places within the walls of "The Sacred City" that possess a greater attraction for the tourist than the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. On the north side of Jerusalem, just outside the wall, is a little hill, which presents the only easy approach to the city from any side. It is from this eminence that Jerusalem has always been assailed by foes; from its slope, Godfrey de Bouillon, the Crusader King, directed his attacks, and at different periods of history, Romans, Turks, and other enemies have concentrated their greatest strength at this vulnerable point. It was near this hill that the troops of Titus first obtained a glimpse of the beautiful city that afterward became the prey of his Roman legions. And to the tourist standing on its slope and overlooking the intervening wall, the most prominent sight that arrests his gaze is one that fixes Jerusalem forever in his memory as the City of the Redeemer. It is the fine old edifice known as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which stands upon the traditionary site of Calvary.

Entering the city at the Joppa Gate, the traveler finds himself in David Street (a mere lane), which he follows until Christian Street is reached. This thoroughfare is devoted to trade. On either side are small bazaars in which Arab women sell vegetables and snails—the latter a delicacy much prized during the pilgrim season. From every booth and shop issue vendors who accost the visitor and urge him to buy. After many turnings, a large square court is reached, which leads to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Here, in the height of the tourist season, the scene is a busy and interesting one. Coffee, sherbet, sweetmeats, and a variety of tempting refreshments are set out by dealers for the pilgrims, who stand about and gossip in a score of different languages, while they eat and drink. Peddlers of sacred relics, crosses, beads, rosaries, amulets, Red Sea mother-of-pearl shells, and other trinkets, drive a lively trade. Carved models of the Sepulchre of the Saviour are among the curiosities sold. In the crowds are to be found Armenians, Greeks, Copts, Russians, Turks, Europeans, and a few Americans. This peculiar traffic has been kept up in this particular locality from time immemorial. Similar scene were to be witnessed in and along the streets leading to the Temple in the time of Christ, and it is asserted by some writers that when He drove out the sellers of merchandise and the money-changers from the Temple steps and corridors, the dealers of this class also shared in the general expulsion.

The Church is approached by an open quadrangle, the grade of which is somewhat lower than the street. On advancing, one is impressed by the evident antiquity of the building. Two great rounded archways, one of which has been closed and built up, are surmounted by a ledge, on which are a few flower pots, evidently placed there by some monk with a taste for horticulture. The dome is enclosed by a square railing, and the contemplation of this part of the ancient pile recalls the fact that this dome is said to have been the ostensible cause of the Crimean war,—an international dispute over the question of its repair having led, as was claimed, to the quarrel that resulted in four great nations placing armies in the field and in the sacrifice of many thousands of human lives. The front dates back to Crusader times, probably to the Twelfth Century, when the Crusaders remodelled it. Over one of the doors is a carving representing Christ's entry into Jerusalem. Turkish guards stand by the door, their presence being needed to preserve peace between the various sects who worship in the church. The entire edifice has been rebuilt since the time of Helena, the mother of Constantine, who was probably the founder.



AT THE GATES OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.
(From a photograph brought from Jerusalem by Dr. Talmage.)

The interior of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is so gloomy as to depress the visitor; but this feeling quickly gives place to deep interest, as the dragomen point out the traditional place of Abraham's sacrifice, and the Chapels of Mary, St. James, Mary Magdalene, and Forty Martyrs. They also show the stone on which Jesus was anointed for burial—a slab of limestone known to have lain there for at least eight hundred years, and which poor pilgrims hold in the utmost veneration. These and many other similar features of interest are pointed out volubly by the guides; but all are more or less traditionary. Even concerning the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre itself (which is immediately under the great dome, at the western end of the building), there is a dispute on the question of absolute authenticity. It is claimed to be erected upon the site of Calvary; but it is within the wall, and there is another spot beyond the wall which is also declared by many to be the true site of Calvary. The Chapel is of limestone, and is about twenty-six feet in length by eighteen in width. It contains two apartments—one known as the Chapel of the Angels and the other as the Holy Sepulchre. At Easter, when there are frequently as many as ten thousand pilgrims inside the church, two thousand will congregate in the Chapel, crowding it to excess. Every Easter there is a struggle between the different sects for positions. Pilgrims take off their shoes on the marble platform in front of the Sepulchre, and bending reverently, are admitted at a low door, to the inner chamber where is seen the tomb "hewn out of the rock." It has the appearance of a marble sarcophagus, and is six feet, one inch long and occupies about half the inner chamber.

One of those scenes that tax human credulity and which Christians must deprecate, is the giving out of the "Holy Fire" every Greek Easter—a time when the Church is densely packed with worshippers in a high state of religious excitement. There are two orifices at the entrance of the Chapel and through these the Greek priests thrust flambeaux at which the pilgrims and all who stand near light their tapers, holding the fire to be sent from heaven. A mounted horseman gallops from the gates with a lighted taper to communicate the fire to the lamps of the Greek Church in Bethlehem. This strange Greek ceremonial is often witnessed by thousands. It is one of many incidents devised by monkish ingenuity, that have done much to mar sacred things and places dear to the Christian heart.

Our illustration shows the entrance to this famous Church, with a party of visitors and several monks at the doors, while Arab venders line either side of the quadrangle, and squat upon its smooth, flat, time-worn flagstones, displaying their wares for sale.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

RELIGION FOR TO-DAY.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday morning Sermon: *"Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."* 1. Corinthians 10: 31.

WHEN the apostle, in this text, sets forth the idea that so common an action as the taking of food and drink is to be conducted to the glory of God, he proclaims the importance of religion in the ordinary affairs of our life. In all ages of the world there has been a tendency to set apart certain days, places, and occasions for worship, and to think those were the chief realms in which religion was to act. Now, holy days and holy places have their importance. They give opportunity for especial performance of Christian duty, and for regaling of the religious appetite; but they cannot take the place of continuous exercise of faith and prayer. In other words, a man cannot be so much of a Christian on Sunday that he can afford to be a worldling all the rest of the week. If a steamer put out for Southampton, and go one day in that direction and the other six days in other directions, how long before the steamer will get to Southampton? It will never get there. And though a man may seem to be voyaging heavenward during the holy Sabbath-day, if, during the following six days of the week, he is going toward the world, and toward the flesh, and toward the devil, he will never ride up into the peaceful harbor of heaven. You cannot eat so much at the Sabbath banquet that you can afford religious abstinence the other six days. Heroism and princely behavior on great occasions are no apology for lack of right demeanor in circumstances insignificant and inconspicuous. The genuine Christian life is not spasmodic; does not go by fits and starts. It toils on through heat and cold up steep mountains and along dangerous declivities, its eye on the everlasting hills crowned with the castles of the blessed.

I propose, this morning, to plead for a religion for to-day.

In the first place, we want to bring the religion of Christ into our conversation. When a dam breaks, and two or three villages are overwhelmed, or an earthquake in South America swallows a whole city, then people began to talk about the uncertainty of life, and they imagine that they are engaged in positively religious conversation. No. You may talk about these things, and have no grace of God at all in your heart. We ought every day to be talking religion. If there is anything glad about it, anything beautiful about it, anything important about it, we ought to be continuously discussing it. I have noticed that men, just in proportion as their Christian experience is shallow, talk about funerals, and grave-yards, and tombstones, and death-beds. The real, genuine Christian man talks chiefly about this life, and the great eternity beyond, and not so much about the insignificant pass between these two residences. And yet how few circles there are where the religion of Jesus Christ is welcome. Go into a circle, even of Christian people, where they are full of joy and hilarity, and talk about Christ or heaven, and everything is immediately silenced. As on a summer day, when the forests are full of life, chatter, and chirrup, and carol—a mighty chorus of bird-harmony, every tree-branch an orchestra—if a hawk appear in the sky, every voice stops, and the forests are still; just so I have seen a lively religious circle silenced on the appearance of anything like religious conversation. No one had anything to say, save, perhaps, some old patriarch in the corner of the room, who really thinks that something ought to be said, under the circumstances; so he puts one foot over the other, and heaves a long sigh, and says, "Oh yes; that's so, that so!"

My friends, the religion of Jesus Christ is something to talk about with a glad heart. It is brighter than the waters; it is more cheerful than the sunshine. Do not go around groaning about your religion, when you ought to be singing it or talking it in cheerful tones of voice. How often it is that we find men whose lives are utterly inconsistent who attempt to talk religion, and always make a failure of it! My friends, we must live religion, or we cannot talk it. If a man is cranky, and cross, and uncongenial, and hard in his dealings, and then begins to talk about Christ and heaven, everybody is repelled by it. Yet I have heard such men say, in whining tones, "We are miserable sinners;" "The Lord bless you;" "The Lord have mercy on you;" their conversation interlarded with such expressions, which mean nothing but canting; and canting is the worst form of hypocrisy. If we have really felt the religion of Christ in our hearts, let us talk it, and talk it with an illuminated countenance, remembering that when two Christian people talk, God gives especial attention, and writes down what they say. Malachi 3: 16: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written."

COLUMBUS AND THE MONK.

Again I remark: we must bring the religion of Christ into our employments. "Oh," you say, "that is very well if a man handle large sums of money, or if he have an extensive traffic; but in my thread-and-needle store, in my trimming establishment, in the humble work in life that I am called to, the sphere is too small for the action of such grand heavenly principles." Who told you so? Do you not know that God watches the faded leaf on the brook's surface as certainly as he does the path of a blazing sun? And the moss that creeps up the side of the rock makes as much impression upon God's mind as the waving tops of Oregon pine and Lebanon cedar; and the alder, crackling under the cow's hoof, sounds as loud in God's ear as the snap of a world's conflagration. When you have anything to do in life, however humble it may seem to be, God is always there to help you to do it. If your work is that of a fisherman, then God will help you, as he helped Simon when he dragged Gennesaret. If your work is drawing water, then he will help you, as when he talked at the well-curb to the Samaritan woman. If you are engaged in the custom-house, he will lead you, as he led Matthew sitting at the receipt of customs. A religion that is not good in one place is not worth anything in another place. The man who has only a day's wages in his pocket as certainly needs the guidance of religion, as he who rattles the keys of a bank, and could abscond with a hundred thousand hard dollars.

There are those prominent in the churches who seem to be, on public occasions, very devout, who do not put the principles of Christ's religion into practice. They are the most inexorable of creditors. They are the most grasping of dealers. They are known as sharpers on the street. They fleece every sheep they can catch. A country merchant comes in to buy spring or fall goods, and he gets into the store of one of these professed Christian men who have really no grace in their hearts, and he is completely swindled. He is so overcome that he cannot get out of town during the week. He stays in town over Sunday, goes into some church to get Christian consolation, when, what is his amazement to find that the very man who hands him the poor-box in the church is the one who relieved him of his money! But never mind; the deacon has his black coat on now. He looks solemn, and goes home talking about "the blessed sermon." If the wheat in the churches should be put into a hopper, the first turn of the crank would make the chaff fly, I tell you. Some of these men are great sticklers for Gospel preaching. They say, "You stand there in bands and surplice and gown, and preach—preach like an angel, and we will stand out here and attend to business. Don't mix things. Don't get business and religion in the same bucket. You attend to your matters, and we will attend to ours." They do not know that God sees every cheat they have practiced in the last six years; that he can look through the iron wall of their fireproof safe; that he has counted every dishonest dollar they have in their pocket, and that a day of judgment will come. These inconsistent Christian men will sit on the Sabbath night in the house of God, singing, at the close of the service, "Rock of Ages cleft for me," and then, when the benediction is pronounced, shut the pew-door, and say, as they go out, "Good-bye, Religion. I'll be back next Sunday."

LATIMER'S MARTYRDOM.

I think that the Church of God and the Sabbath are only an armory where we are to get weapons. When war comes, if a man wants to fight for his country he does not go to Troy or Springfield to do battling, but he goes there for swords and muskets. I look upon the Church of Christ and the Sabbath day as only the place and time where and when we are to get armed for Christian conflict; but the battle-field is on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. "St. Martin's," and "Lenox," and "Old Hundred" do not amount to anything unless they sing all the week. A sermon is useless unless we can take it with us behind the plough and the counter. The Sabbath day is worthless if it last only twenty-four hours.

There are many Christians who say: "We are willing to serve God, but we do not want to do it in these spheres about which we are talking; and it seems so insipid and monotonous. If we had some great occasion, if we had lived in the time of Luther, if we had been Paul's traveling companion, if we could serve God on a great scale, we would do it; but we can't in this every-day life." I admit that a great deal of the romance and knight-errantry of life have disappeared before the advance of this practical age. The ancient temples of Rouen have been changed into store-houses and smithies. The residences of poets and princes have been turned into brokers' shops. The classic mansion of Ashland has been cut up into walking-sticks. The groves where the poets said the gods dwelt have been carted out for fire-wood. The muses that we used to read about have disappeared before the emigrant's axe and the trapper's gun, and that man who is waiting for a life bewitched of wonders will never find it. There is, however, a field for endurance and great achievement, but it is in everyday life. There are Alps to scale, there are Hellesponts to swim, there are fires to brave; but they are all around us now. This is the hardest kind of martyrdom to bear. It took grace to lead Latimer and Ridley through the fire triumphantly when their armed enemies and their friends were looking on; but it requires more grace now to bring men through persecution, when nobody is looking on. I could show you in this city a woman who has had rheumatism for twenty years, who has endured more suffering and exhausted more grace than would have made twenty martyrs pass

triumphantly through the fire. If you are not faithful in an insignificant position in life, you would not be faithful in a grand mission. If you cannot stand the bite of a midge, how could you endure the breath of a basilisk?

Do not think that any work God gives you to do in the world is on too small a scale for you to do. The whole universe is not ashamed to take care of one little flower. Plato had a fable which I have now nearly forgotten, but it ran something like this: He said spirits of the other world came back to this world to find a body and find a sphere of work. One spirit came and took the body of a king, and did his work. Another spirit came and took the body of a poet, and did his work. After a while Ulysses came, and he said, "Why, all the fine bodies are taken, and all the grand work is taken. There is nothing left for me." And some one replied, "Ah! the best one has been left for you," Ulysses said, "What's that?" And the reply was, "The body of a common man, doing a common work, and for a common reward." A good fable for the world, and just as good a fable for the church. Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, let us do it to the glory of God.

Again, we need to bring the religion of Christ into our commonest trials. For severe losses, for bereavement, for trouble that shocks like an earthquake and that blasts like a storm, we prescribe religious consolation; but, business man, for the small annoyances of last week, how much of the grace of God did you apply? "Oh!" you say, "these trials are too small for such application." My brother, they are shaping your character, they are souring your temper, they are wearing out your patience, and they are making you less and less of a man. I go into a sculptor's studio, and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click, click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh!" he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way; I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is

THE ARTIST'S GENTLE STROKE.

charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come, and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no. God says that is not the way. And so he keeps on by strokes of little annoyances, little sorrows, little vexations, until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men. You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletion. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grain-field sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer-match may send destruction through a block of store-houses. Catherine de Medicis got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus, by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of the new world. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everythings.

Now, be careful to let none of those annoyances go through your soul unarraigned. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny nail sometimes produces locked-jaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you for ever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

Our National Government did not think it belittling to put a tax on pins, and a tax on buckles, and a tax on shoes. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, O Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much, in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction. A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle; and if you have the grace of God in your heart, you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles. And I have to tell you, O Christian men, if you cannot apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale, you will never be able to apply them on a large scale. If you cannot successfully contend against these small sorrows that come down single-handed, what will you do when the greater disasters of life come down with thundering artillery, rolling over your soul?

Again, we must bring the religion of Christ into our commonest blessings. When the autumn comes, and the harvests are in, and the governors make proclamation, we assemble in churches and we are very thankful. But every day ought to be a thanksgiving day. We do not recognize the common mercies of life. We have to see a blind man led by his dog before we begin to bethink ourselves of what a grand thing it is to have undimmed eyesight. We have to see some wounded man hobbling on his crutch, or with his empty coat sleeve pinned up, before we learn to think what a grand thing God did for us when he gave us healthy use of our limbs. We are so stupid that nothing but the misfortunes of others can rouse us up to our blessings. As the ox grazes in the pasture up to its eyes in clover, yet never thinking who makes the clover, and as the bird picks up the worm from the furrow not knowing that it is God who makes everything, from the animalcula in the sod to the seraph on the throne, so we go on eating, drinking, and enjoying, but never thanking, or seldom thanking; or, if thanking at all, with only half a heart.

I compared our indifference to the brute; but perhaps I wronged the brute. I do not know but that, among its other instincts, it may have an instinct by which it recognizes the Divine hand that feeds it. I do not know but that God is, through it, holding communication with what we call "irrational creation." The cow that stands under the willow by the water-course, chewing its cud, looks very thankful; and who can tell how much a bird means by its song? The aroma of the flowers smells like incense, and the mist arising from the river looks like the smoke of a morning sacrifice. Oh, that we were as responsive! Yet who thanks God for the water that gushes up in the well, and that foams in the cascade, and that laughs over the rocks, and that patters in the showers, and that claps its hands in the sea? Who thanks God for the air, the fountain of life, the bridge of sunbeams, the path of sound, the great fan on a hot summer's day? Who thanks God for this wonderful physical organism—this sweep of the vision—this chime of harmony struck into the ear—this soft tread of a myriad delights over the nervous tissue—this rolling of the crimson tide through artery and vein—this drumming of the heart on our march to immortality? We take all these things as a matter of course.

But suppose God should withdraw these common blessings! Your body would become an Inquisition of torture, the cloud would refuse rain, every green thing would crumple up, and the earth would crack open under your feet. The air would cease its healthful circulation, pestilence would swoop, and every house would become a place of skulls. Streams would first swim with vermin, and then dry up; and thirst, and hunger, and anguish and despair would lift their sceptres. Oh, compare such a life as that with the life you live with your families. Is it not time that, with every word of our lips and with every action of our life, we began to acknowledge these every-day mercies? "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Do I address a man or a woman this morning who has not rendered to God one single offering of thanks?

I was preaching one Thanksgiving-day and announced my text: "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever." I do not know whether there was any blessing on the sermon or not; but the text went straight to a young man's heart. He said to himself, as I read the text: "'Oh, give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good—' Why, I have never rendered him any thanks. Oh, what an ingrate I have been!" Can it be, my brother, that you have been fed by the good hand of God all these days—that you have had clothing and shelter and all beneficent surroundings, and yet have never offered your heart to God? Oh, let a sense of the Divine goodness shown you in the every-day blessings melt your heart; and if you have never before uttered one earnest note of thanksgiving, let this be the day which shall hear your song. What I say to one, I say to all of this audience. Take this practical religion I have recommended into your every-day life. Make every day a Sabbath, and every meal a sacrament, and every room you enter a Holy of Holies. We all have work to do; let us be willing to do it. We all have sorrows to bear; let us cheerfully bear them. We all have battles to fight; let us courageously fight them. If you want to die right you must live right. Negligence and indolence will win the hiss of everlasting scorn, while faithfulness will gather its garlands, and wave its sceptre, and sit upon its throne, long after this earth has put on ashes, and eternal ages have begun their march. You go home to-day, and attend to your little sphere of duties. I will go home, and attend to my little sphere of duties. Every one in his own place. So our every step in life shall be a triumphal march, and the humblest footstool on which we are called to sit will be a conqueror's throne.

THE ATTACK ON THE MISSION AT ICHANG.

LETTERS recently received from Shanghai, China, gave more complete details of the riot at Ichang than were contained in the brief letters sent off immediately after the attack on the mission buildings. The most graphic of these is a letter published in the *Spirit of Missions* from Mrs. Sowerby, whose husband was seriously injured in the riot. She states that the riot was totally unexpected. The missionaries were assured of the Viceroy's protection, and though menaces had reached them, they believed themselves safe. On the morning of the riot a rumor was circulated among the Chinese population that the Roman Catholics had stolen a child. There was no truth in the charge, but it seems to have been credited by the Chinese, and about noon an angry and excited crowd faced the convent. They were unable to effect an entrance there,

THE ATTACK ON THE U. S. EPISCOPAL MISSION AT ICHANG.

and resolved to attack it in the rear. One Protestant Episcopal Mission building, a picture of the ruins of which are given here, barred the way to the rear of the convent. But the Episcopalians were foreigners, too, and the angry Chinese rioters did not stop to draw distinctions as to creed. They collected a number of large stones, weighing some twenty pounds each, with which they smashed in the doors of the mission. Rev. Mr. Sowerby was in charge, and did his utmost to calm the mob. The Chinese helpers about the mission also expostulated with the rioters, but finding that they were powerless and that Mr. Sowerby's life was in peril, they begged him to make a run for the British consulate. He succeeded in getting away, but was pursued and stoned. Several times he was felled by the stones flung at him, but each time rose to his feet and continued his flight till he was safe within the doors of the consulate, where his injuries were attended to.

Meanwhile the rioters were wrecking the mission, which they robbed and then set on fire. The sisters in the convent seeing what havoc was being worked in the rear of their building, made their escape from the front. The rioters followed them, throwing stones and beating those whom they caught. Some of them were badly cut and bruised. Happily there was a steamer in port, the captain of which, seeing the flames of the burning building and suspecting the nature of the trouble sent a boat to rescue any fugitives who might be in peril. The sisters were received on board and their wounds dressed. Mrs. Sowerby said when she wrote that the mission was being restored, and she and her husband were expecting to resume work speedily.

PASTOR SPURGEON'S LETTER.

PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON has written as follows to his congregation: "My dear Friends, I send hearty gratitude for your loving-kindness to me, and fervent wishes for a special blessing. I have nearly finished thirty-eight years of my ministry among you. Yet we are not wearied of each other. I shall hail the day when I may again speak with you. Surrounded by ten thousand mercies, my time of weakness is rendered restful and happy; but still, to be able in health and vigor to pursue the blissful path of useful service would be my heaven below. To be denied activities which have become part of my nature seems so strange; but as I cannot alter it, and as I am sure that infinite wisdom rules it, I bow before the Divine will—my Father's will. Again the doctor reports favorably. Yours, with faithful love, C. H. SPURGEON."

THE GRACIOUS CALL.

S. S. Lesson For Feb. 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Isa. 55. Golden Text, Isa. 55: 6.

MAN in his dealings with his fellow-man, generally seeks to take advantage; sometimes, indeed it may be mutual advantage, but man is not in the position to act as God acts, in unbounded grace. Thus we understand his invitation: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." The condition God imposes is that they whom he calls shall thirst, that they shall, at any rate, be needy enough to value the living waters which he gives to them. He calls the thirsty sinner, laden, it may be, with thousands of sins, perhaps of the deepest dye; he calls the thirsty worldling who has, perhaps, little of the consciousness of sin, but an aching sense of emptiness, and hollowness, and bitter dissatisfaction, wanting he knows not what, and yet intensely longing for something; he calls the lover of pleasure who has set himself, as Solomon did before him, to seek satisfaction from what the earth can give, and who has come to the wise man's own conclusion: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," he has begun to thirst for something better.

It is a call to the poor ignorant heathen whose only idea of a God is a being who needs propitiation, who is relentless in his cruel demands upon creatures who are unable to satisfy them; a call to the heathen who looks up and around with the thirst of an immortal soul for some God who will answer to the needs of his being. It is a call to the self-righteous, who makes demands upon himself, builds up his own holiness, labors to do deeds which shall commend him to his God, takes pleasure in them, admires himself, and expects his fellow-creatures to admire him, and yet, when he is alone with God, finds himself nonplused; all his righteousness does not give him liberty with God; all his good deeds do not put away one sin; he thirsts for something that shall satisfy an awakened conscience. To one call of these the invitation sounds in grace: "Come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price."

No system of heathen religion goes on such principles as these. The Buddhist, the Mohammedan, and in fact, all religionists, who know not the power of the blood of Christ, encourage the worshipper to heap up merit for himself with which he shall appease the claims of his God, and purchase for himself the blessedness which he longs for. Each one comes with a price in his hand. He brings with him his good works, his fastings, his sacrifices, his money, his penances, his prayers, and expects, in return for these, present and eternal blessedness. But our God can meet a sinner on no such ground. "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin. (Rom. 3 : 20.)

The Gospel of Jesue Christ deals with the needs of the sinner, not with his merits. It meets him where he is, not where he ought to be. Jesus is the great remedy for the sin of man. "This man receiveth sinners." He does not accept some and exclude others; he does not look to the antecedents of those whom he calls. It is "everyone that thirsteth" whom he calls, and to every such one he gives a welcome, because in his own wondrous sacrifice he has made provision, he has paid the ransom, and now it is not a question of how much sin a sinner has committed, or how much righteousness a sinner has omitted; the great question is, how far does he

Value Jesus Christ?

Jesus, the Son of God, has paid an infinite price (for he is infinite) for all the sins of man. It is an insult to him for a sinner to bring some righteousness of his own wherewith to claim the benefit of that which Jesus has purchased. If man deserves salvation, then he has done something to obtain it, but he who paid the full price declares in his Gospel invitation that all who come must come athirst, "without money and without price." Those who would compare Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and other heathenish systems with Christianity, always avoid the real, vital core of Christianity, which lies in the sacrificed life of Jesus. They would believe that human nature still possesses some inherent goodness, that it can be educated from its fallen state up to oneness with the Divine. But the Cross of Jesus tells another story; proclaims that human nature has failed, that there is no way to the Divine but through the death of the human. It is in a life laid down that man accepts a life imparted. Jesus bore the Cross; all his life through it was a perpetual crossing of his will, for he came down from heaven not to do his own will, but the will of him that sent him. He took no credit to himself until the moment that he could say to his Father: "I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." From man he would take no glory, would own no merit. He turned with loathing from the idea which is the very vital principle of every heathen religion. "I receive not honor from men," he said, and thus he earned the right to give gratuitously the salvation which he purchased to every son of man, and in his royal bounty he excludes none. All that are excluded from his salvation must take the responsibility of excluding themselves.

Listen to his appeals: "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? And your labor for that which satisfieth not?" There are religious people in plenty who do not really eat of the Bread of Life. There are those who labor hard and diligently, but they know nothing of that satisfaction of the heart which is at peace with God. The story of past sin God's Word tells them, and their conscience tells them, is on record against them, forbids anything like peace, and yet human nature is so independent that there are hundreds of thousands laboring in their casual religiousness to produce for themselves that peace which only God can give, and the Saviour cries: "Hearken diligently unto me." Listen, take in what I have to say, and what I have to give, then "eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." Why seek to do that which is done for you? Why seek to buy that which is paid for, and offered you as a gift? Why seek to change yourself when the hand which made you is waiting to transform you? What God wants is not your gifts, or your doings, but yourselves.

"Incline your ears and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live." Immortal souls, learn to listen and let God speak. The unreality of many men's religion is not manifest so much in their want of prayer, as in their want of listening to God. A man may pray as a matter of form, it is something he can do, and whether in his prayer he meets God or not, he may satisfy himself with the thought that he has done his best. But who is there who would spend time in praying to God if he did not believe, if he were not fully persuaded, that God was there to listen to him. This is what honors God. Mary's listening at Jesus feet was

The One Thing Needful.

(Luke 10: 42.) A man may pray, counting on himself, his own zeal and fervency, all the time, but one who waits upon the Lord must of necessity count upon him: "Hear, and your soul shall live." One moment of close attention to God is worth a whole month of prayer. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." In Jesus he is ever to be found. "Call ye upon him while he is near," and he is near in Jesus, "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." But the Lord is more consciously near at some times than at others. It is an awful sin against his own soul for a sinner to trifle when he is conscious that God is speaking to him. Cain, Balaam, Jonah, King Saul, Ahab, Judas sinned thus, and the end of these men is an awful, as yet unrevealed mystery. They did not close with God's mercy while he was to be found, while he was near, and now their lot is irremediable.

"Let the wicked forsake his way." "We have turned everyone to his own way," forsake it, and take God's way, "and the unrighteous man his thoughts," — and his thoughts of self-help and his harsh judgment of God—"and let him return unto the Lord" —empty-handed, helpless, beggared, like the prodigal, having spent all in a far land. If he is thirsty, if he is needy, if he will let the Lord do all he needs for him, "let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." For my thoughts are not as your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." God cannot be just without mercy, or merciful without justice, he must be true to himself. But once the thirsty soul abandons himself and his sins to his God, and accepts of Jesus as his Saviour and his Lord, then God abundantly pardons, then he learns something of God's everlasting covenant, and receives his Saviour as his Witness, his Teacher, his Commander, to be obeyed as well as trusted. Let him yield his thoughts and ways that God's thoughts and ways which are higher, may supersede them.

And then there shall be a change. Instead of the fevered thirst, there shall be joy and peace and singing. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree; and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

SEEK ye the Lord while he may be found. Delay is dangerous. The time for finding the Lord and obtaining the mercy and pardon he waits to bestow is NOW. "Now is the day of salvation." Now is the acceptable day. To-morrow it may be everlastingly too late.

A king of Scotland, after subduing a rebellion, offered a general amnesty to all who on or before of the 31st of December of that year would ground the weapons of their warfare and take the oath of allegiance. The offer was gladly accepted, but one chieftain, Maclan by name, vowed that he would defer the act that would ensure his pardon until the very last moment. So he delayed the time for his departure until the latter part of the last week of the year. But while journeying, a great storm arose. Streams usually placid and fordable, suddenly became swollen and turbulent and much time was consumed and much danger incurred in crossing them. Snow and ice hindered the traveler and when finally he did reach the city that might have been to him "a city of refuge," the final day set had passed. He was at once apprehended, cast into prison and promptly executed as a stubborn rebel.

Let the wicked forsake his way. Sin must be renounced and renounced forever. Do not delude yourself that by giving up the grosser sins and clinging to the lesser ones you are fully obedient to God's command. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," is too plain to admit of misinterpretation or misconstruction. Unless sin is entirely put away, sooner or later it will germinate, grow and blossom and bear the fruits of unrighteousness and breed everlasting destruction of the soul. Little and secret sins are more frequent sources of danger than the more glaring ones.

There sailed from the city of New Orleans a large and noble steamer, laden with cotton and having a great number of passengers on board. While they were taking in the cargo, a portion of it became slightly moistened by a shower of rain that fell. This circumstance, however, was not noticed, the cotton was stowed away in the hold and the hatches fastened down. During the first part of the voyage all went well, but far out toward the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, all on board were one day alarmed by the fearful cry of "fire!" and in a few moments the noble ship was completely enveloped in flames. The damp and closely-packed cotton had become heated. It smouldered away and got in a more dangerous state every day until at last it burst out into a broad sheet of flame and nothing could be done to stop it. The passengers and crew were compelled to take to the boats, but a number were suffocated and consumed in the fire and many more were drowned in the sea. Now the heated cotton smouldering in the hull of that vessel is like sin in the heart of man.

For ye shall go out with joy. Oh! the joy and happiness that fill the heart of every true child of the Great King! What can be compared unto it? What but conscious salvation can supply it? Man may strive for it, and scheme and plan and plod to obtain it, but all in vain, until from the very depths of his heart he can sing:

> Oh, the joy of full salvation!
> How it thrills my inmost soul.
> Spread the news to every nation,
> Jesus' blood has made me whole.

A famous king, who had great riches and honors, found, as many others had done before, that these things do not make people happy. He heard of an old man famous for his wisdom and piety, who could tell what we must do in order to be happy. So the king went to see him. He found him living in a very humble way in a cottage on the border of a wilderness. "Sir," said the king, "I have come to you to learn the great secret how I may be happy." The old man received the king kindly and asked him to join him in a walk. He led him along a rough path till they came directly in front of a very high rock on the side of a mountain. On the top of that rock an eagle had built its nest. Pointing to that rock the old man said: "Tell me, royal sir, why has the eagle built its nest on yonder high rock?" "No doubt," said the king, "because it wants to be out of the reach of danger." "True," exclaimed the wise man. "Follow then, the example of the eagle. Build your nest on the Rock of Ages and make your home in heaven. Then you will be safe and beyond the reach of danger and enjoy peace and happiness all your days."

The Straits of Magellan.

(*See illustration on opposite page.*)

THERE is a possibility, regarded at Washington as by no means remote, that the Straits of Magellan may become a temporary centre of interest in the event of war with Chili. Should the three Chilian warships and the torpedo-boat, lately despatched from Valparaiso under sealed orders, find their instructions to be to intercept the United States Squadron now in South Atlantic waters, at the Straits, as some naval officers infer, some highly interesting news may be expected from this lonely part of the globe.

The Straits are the most southern point of the South American Continent, and are unequalled for the rugged grandeur of their scenery. On the mainland, and on the other side of the Straits of Magellan, in Terra del Fuego, precipitous mountains, from six to nine thousand feet in height, raise their snow-capped summits to the clouds. In the passage known as Admiralty Strait may be seen the group depicted in the illustration on the next page. The natives on the mainland and on the islands across the strait have long borne the worst kind of reputation. Crafty, merciless and treacherous, they were the terror of mariners. Many attempts have been made to carry the Gospel to them. Among others was that of Cap. Allen Gardiner, in 1850. The heroic missionary was met from the first with violent hostility, and after patient and persistent labor, he and his whole party perished there; not, however, at the hands of the people, but of starvation. But the effort to introduce Christianity was not abandoned. In 1855, another party of missionaries went there, and being driven away, settled on Keppel Island, one of the Falkland group. They succeeded in getting a few of the Fuegian Indians to visit them there, and they were instructed in civilized arts, farming, and in religion. When they went home they carried with them tools and seeds, and a good report of the friendliness of the missionaries. This led to an invitation to the missionaries to settle in Terra del Fuego, which they were glad to accept. A Mission station was founded, with a branch station at Ooshooia, on the mainland, both of which are now doing good work.

THE VICEROY'S TESTIMONY.

IT is gratifying to have an official declaration as to the troubles in China confirming the belief that all Christian people must have had of the inoffensive character of the missionaries. This is what the Viceroy of Hunan has to say in reference to the riots:

"The death of two offending men—the tide-waiter Green and the missionary, Argent—is exceedingly sad, and it is right that a grant of compassionate allowances should be made in order to manifest the earnest desire of the Government to befriend the innocent. *No ill-feeling has ever existed between the missionaries at Wusuch and the people of the town,* and the present instance, the riot in which the mission property was destroyed, arose from suspicions and false rumors which had no connection with them, and was in no way caused by the missioners. It is right, therefore, that the authorities, by way of showing their sympathy, should provide them with funds for rebuilding the premises, and indemnify them for the property that was lost therein."

The Bible And The Newspaper

OMINOUS MONEY

A COLLECTION was made among the brokers in a large building in the financial quarter of New York City last week to purchase a wedding present for one of the tenants of the building. One of the brokers, on being acquainted with the object of the collector's visit, produced a twenty-dollar bill. "I do not know if you will care to take that," he said, "but if not, I will write a cheque." The collector asked what reason there was for his not taking the bill. The broker replied that it might be considered unlucky. On the previous day he had helped a friend, who was in a difficulty about the expenses of a funeral, by lending him twenty dollars. The friend had just called and repaid the loan with that bill which he was now offering for a wedding present. The collector said he would take the bill; its purchasing power was not diminished by having been used in connection with a funeral. Money was wanted for both purposes and it did not matter if the same money was used. As the author of Ecclesiastes said, "money answereth all things" (Eccles. 10: 19), but its power to answer them is limited. There are occasions both of joy and sorrow in human life when the heart's craving cannot be satisfied by money nor anything that money can buy. Then it is that the value of the Word of God is realized and men find in it a friend good for all circumstances whether of prosperity or adversity. (Eccles. 7: 14.)

HOWLING TREES

A STRANGE natural curiosity in New London County, Conn., is attracting notice. It is a grove of trees on Nickerson Hill from which extraordinary noises proceed. All winter long the noises continue, sometimes low and musical and at others rising into shrill piercing notes and again subsiding into moans like those of creatures in pain. In the summer, no noises come from the trees save the rustling of the leaves, but no sooner do the autumn winds strip away the foliage than the sounds are resumed. The effect is weird, and a people less intelligent than those in the neighborhood would undoubtedly believe that the grove was haunted. It appears that the phenomenon is due to the work of the gray squirrels which abound in the grove. They have made their homes in the old chestnut and walnut trees, of which there are several in the grove. When a branch has decayed and fallen off, they have gnawed a way into the tree at the broken spot, and have burrowed down into its trunk until the tree was completely hollow. Thence they made tunnels to the bark to serve as exits. Their labors have turned the trees into natural organ-pipes, which give forth a strange variety of notes when the wind blows upon them. Their silence in the summer is due to the foliage which covers them and shields the trunks. Then a casual observer sees no difference between the solid and the hollow trees as the latter continue to put forth their leaves. It is often so with professors of religion. So long as prosperity smiles upon them they appear genuine Christians, but when the winds of adversity descend upon them their wails and complaints show that sin has eaten away their spiritual stamina and they have not enough faith in God to keep steadfast. (Matt. 7: 26-27.)

LOST IN A FOG.

DURING the prevalence of the heavy fog on the Atlantic coast a remarkable escape from death took place. Before the fog set in, a citizen of Atlantic Highlands, N. J., who is an enthusiastic sportsman, left his home in a small row-boat to shoot water-fowl. He had fair sport and was tempted far out. Noticing the fog growing dense, he laid aside his gun and decided to return. After pulling for some time, he began to feel surprised that there was no sign of land. He continued his efforts, however, until night fell. He was then so tired that he could row no longer. All through the night he contented himself with balancing the boat with his oars, and eagerly wished for the dawn. But the next day was as foggy as the preceding day. A wall of fog surrounded the boat, and he could not see many yards before him. He rowed, however, in the direction in which he supposed the land to lie, but without result. He was hungry and thirsty and tired out when the sun set, and he gave himself up for lost. All that night he drifted helplessly without the slightest idea where he was. The next morning he resumed his rowing, but with less confidence. It seemed useless to labor at the oars in his exhausted condition, but he could not bear to lose his life without a struggle. He was still rowing when he was seen from the deck of the steamship *Elbe*, and was taken on board. Then he learned that every stroke of his oars had been carrying him farther out to sea, and he was then forty miles from land. He was heading in exactly the opposite direction to that he wished to take, and thought he was taking, and he had probably been doing so ever since he lost sight of land. If he had sat still in his boat without making any effort, he would probably have been saved earlier than he was. However that may be, it is every certain that in spiritual matters that principle applies. The effort that men make to save their souls by good works, by self-mortification and by reformation of life hinders them from salvation, which can only come from Christ alone, (John 14: 6.)

OUR CHILIAN TROUBLE—STRAITS OF MAGELLAN, *Where a Naval Encounter may Occur.* (*See p. 52.*)

ROOTED TO THE SPOT.

How strong is the effect of imagination on the mind of a startled man is shown by an incident related by the correspondent of a Brooklyn, N. Y., journal. He states that some time ago he boarded in the same house with the assistant rector of a Protestant Episcopal Church, who is now the President of a Western College. The clergyman was a hard worker but a very genial man and was very popular in the boarding-house, as he was throughout the parish. Some of the young men in the house, who were on intimate terms with him, knowing that he was a man of intense nervous force, concocted a practical joke for his benefit. It was his habit, on his return from service in the evening, to doff his ministerial garments and put on a loose house-coat, and a pair of morocco slippers, which he always left in the same place in his bedroom, ready for use. One day, during his absence, the jokers screwed these slippers securely to the floor. On his return, he went to his room as usual to make the customary change of attire. From an adjoining room his tormentors could hear him moving around and then suddenly there was silence. Looking in, they saw the clergyman with his feet in the slippers and with a look of horror on his face. He was pale as death and his eyes stared wildly. "What is the matter!" he was asked. "I'm afraid I am paralyzed," was the reply. "I cannot move my feet, help me to bed and get a doctor." A general laugh told him that a joke had been played upon him and, much to his relief, on removing his feet from the slippers he found that he could move his limbs as well as usual. A man less preoccupied would probably have felt less alarm, and would have perceived that the trouble was not in himself but in his surroundings. When a Christian is concerned over not making progress in the divine life he may sometimes discover the cause in analogous circumstances. Some friendship or business association, or worldly connection holds him back when he is trying to follow Christ. (II. Timothy 2: 4.)

A TEACHER'S GIFT.

IN one of the senior classes in a Sunday School in Bath, Me., a girl who had previously been regular in her attendance was absent two Sundays in succession. The teacher called upon her to ascertain the reason, and was moved to sympathy by finding that her absence was due to her poverty. She was almost a woman, and had outgrown her clothes and was too poor to buy new ones good enough to wear at Sunday School. The teacher did her utmost to induce her to come in her working dress but the girl would not consent. She knew that the teacher would welcome her in her every-day garb, but she thought the other girls would make disparaging remarks about her. The teacher was not wealthy, but she spared enough money to purchase materials which she made up into a dress with her own hands, and she also bought her a hat and a complete outfit of underwear. The girl was apparently very grateful, but on the next Sunday her place in the class was still vacant. On inquiry, the teacher learned that the girl was so proud of her new clothes that she had spent the afternoon in walking where she could display them to more effect than at school. A little later the clothes were used for a bridal costume and the girl calmly said that as she was married she could not come to school any longer. The teacher was mortified at the result of her gift but there was no remedy. The girl's conduct belied her expressions of gratitude as audaciously as does the conduct of those who use God's gifts of health and prosperity for their own gratification instead of in his service. (Deut. 32: 15.)

A GROWING STONE.

AN interesting natural curiosity existing at New Castle, Pa., is described in the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*. It is a large boulder lying in a ravine. Old inhabitants remember when it was a small stone, overgrown with moss, and often used as a seat by the tired pedestrian. But it has grown, and the growth is peculiar. The moss has turned to stone almost as hard as flint and leaves and twigs, which have fallen on it, have been petrified, too. Every year has added a layer of this petrified vegetation to the stone, until now the boulder is several feet high. The wonder-worker is a spring of water, impregnated with limestone, which trickles over the boulder all winter long, and turns all it touches into stone. In the gloomy ravine the moss grows rapidly and seems to love the damp boulder. At the end of the summer it is generally two inches thick. In a few weeks it has turned from green to yellow and its roots are hard, though moist. A few weeks later it is quite dead and grayish in color and has become crisp and brittle. By the end of the winter it is turned into a rocky honeycomb. The holes soon become filled with loose soil in which the roots of the next crop of moss become imbedded in the summer, thus preparing another layer which the trickling spring turns into rock. People who have watched it, believe that if a living frog or other small creature were fastened to the boulder where the water could operate upon it, that, too, would be turned into stone. It is a terrible power like that of the fabled Medusa's head, which was said to have the power of turning every one who looked upon it into stone. In direct contrast is that transformation which takes place in those who come in contact with Christ. They, too, become stones, but *living stones* who are built on him, the Corner Stone, into a holy temple to the Lord. (I. Peter 2: 5, 6.)

A SERIOUS JOKE.

JUDGMENT was pronounced a few days ago in a St. Louis, Mo., Divorce Court in a suit which originated about three years ago at Lockport, N. Y. At that time a young lady prominent in social circles there had many admirers. Among them was a young law-student who was fond of practical jokes. One day, while the two young people were out together he proposed that they should go to a minister and be married. Without any consideration the girl consented and the marriage was performed. She returned to her home and the young student went back to college and nothing was said about what had taken place. Neither of them seems to have regarded the matter as anything but a joke. Some months ago, the young man began practice in Buchanan County, Missouri, and the girl is still at her parents' home. They have now no desire to live together. The fact of the marriage was, however, disclosed by the clergyman who performed the ceremony and then the girl's parents took action. It was supposed that under the circumstances the marriage could be easily annulled, but it was found necessary to have formal suit for divorce. To the surprise of all, Judge Withrow has now refused this on the ground that the mere desire of the parties to be freed from the bond does not constitute a valid justification for divorce. The decision should be widely known for although people seldom get married, as these two did, in jest, they often marry without sufficient consideration, and regret it afterward. Reproach has often attached to the Church through similar thoughtlessness. In the excitement of a revival, people profess union with Christ and afterward fall away. But in that case no real union took place, for they who are united to him by a living faith never desire to leave him and he loves them with an unchangeable love. (Rom. 8: 38, 39.)

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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GO TO CHURCH.

LOOK over the whole list of churches and clergymen, and I think you will find one good enough for your soul. Keep, if you will, your prejudice against all other institutions, but love that one. To some of you I commend the Episcopalian liturgy as the best; to others, the informal worship of the Methodist. Some of you had better be sprinkled, and others had better go down to be dipped in the flood. To some of you I commend a church where the music is led by a precentor, and all the people join in the singing; to others, a church where four persons stand in the loft and conduct the music, and during the dull passages in prayer and sermon write sentimental notes or eat philopenas. Amid all the denominations there must be one place where your soul will be blessed.

CHEER UP.

LIKE most garments, like most carpets, everything in life has a right side and wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities. The earth in its revolutions manages about right—it never has darkness all over at the same time. Sometimes it has night in America, and sometimes in China, but there is some part of the earth constantly in the bright sunlight. Do as the earth does. When you have trouble, keep turning around, and you will find sunlight somewhere. Amid the thickest gloom through which you are called to pass, carry your own candle. A consummate fret will, in almost every instance, come to nothing. You will not go to such a merchant's store, nor employ such a mechanic, nor call such a minister. Fretfulness will kill anything that is not in its nature immortal.

GO TO BED.

WORK is good, but too much work is death. Brethren of literary, toil, you had better hold up. If you are going at the rate of sixty miles an hour, you had better stop and go no more than thirty. The temptations to overwork for literary men are multiplying all the time in increased newspapers and magazines and lecturing platforms. The temptation to night-work is especially great—that kind of work which is most exhausting and ruinous. When the sun goes down, God puts his candle out, and says to the world, "My child, you had better go to sleep; I have put the candle out." The brass-headed nails of coffins are made out of gaslight! The money that a man makes by midnight toil he pays toward the expenses of his own funeral.

MOTHER'S WORK.

THERE are many women who depreciate themselves because they have no time for outside Christian work. Now if there be a family of four, five, or six children, after the mother has trained them for God and heaven, provided for their wants, cultured them, corrected their evil habits, and looked after their manners and morals, she will not have much time for anything else, and, in most cases, no time at all left for outside fields of work. Mark, then, the fact that home is to many the chief sphere, to many the only sphere, of usefulness. I consider it the curse of this day that so many mothers have resigned the responsibilities of the household—turning, through the week-day, their children over to the day-school, and, on the Sabbath, to the Sabbath School, and in all the evenings of the week giving over their children to hired servants. The day school has its work; the Sabbath School has its work; hired servants have their work; but they can never take the place of the mother. She has the finest sphere imaginable.

ORDINATION.

THERE are hundreds of thousands of men who will never come to church. The only kind of pulpit that will reach them is a dry-goods box or a drayman's cart at the street corner. We want hundreds of men every Sabbath in summer weather to be preaching the Gospel in our great city parks. "What!" you ask, "would you let them preach without ordination?" I answer: If Conferences and Presbyteries will not put their hands upon your head, then I would have you ordained in another way. I would take you down into the haunts of of suffering and crime within ten minutes walk of our best churches, and there have you tell the story of Christ, until men, redeemed from their cups, and women, elevated from a life of pollution, and children, whose bare, bleeding feet are on the road to death, should be by your instrumentality saved. Then I would have these converted suffering ones put their hands of ordination on your head, setting you apart for the holy ministry in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

INTERVAL LAND.

I WAS sailing down the St. John River, Canada, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled in one scene of beauty and grandeur, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said: "All this is interval land, and it is the richest land in all the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia." "What," said I, "do you mean by interval land?" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year; spring freshets come down and all these plains are overflowed with the water, and the water leaves a rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up and there is the grandest harvest that was ever reaped." And I instantly thought, "It is not the heights of the Church, and it is not the heights of this world, that is the scene of the greatest prosperity, but the soul over which the floods of sorrow have gone, the soul over which the freshets of tribulations have torn their way, that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness, and the largest harvest for time, and the richest harvest for eternity." Bless God if your soul is "interval land."

BENEVOLENCE.

I BELIEVE that the reason why many people are kept poor is because they do not give enough. If a man gives in the right spirit to the Lord Jesus Christ and to the Church, he is insured for time and for eternity. The Bank of England is a weak institution compared with the bank that any Christian man can draw upon. That man who stands by Christ, Christ will stand by him.

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. McGlynn, the excommunicated Roman Catholic Priest preached at Asbury M. E. Church on January 10th on the invitation of the pastor, Dr. J. S. Stone.

The two hundred and sixteen Presbyteries have all sent in their reports on the question of revision of the Westminster Confession which was referred to them. A tabulated statement will shortly be issued, showing the decision of each on the various points raised.

The Woman's Branch of the New York City Mission expended last year over $20,000. It employs forty-seven women missionaries, seven trained nurses beside supporting a Babies' Refuge. The income was $74 short of the expenditure, but the deficiency was made up by a few friends at the annual meeting.

The services conducted by Rev. B. Fay Mills at Elizabeth, N. J., have been accompanied by a wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit. When Mr. Mills left the city the scene of his departure was extremely pathetic. Crowds pressed forward to take him by the hand, thanking God for bringing him there.

At the service at the Brooklyn Tabernacle on Sunday evening, January 17th, on the conclusion of Dr. Talmage's sermon, between one hundred and two hundred persons rose at the preacher's invitation to signify their desire for the prayers of the church for their salvation, and a number of these were converted during the meeting which followed the regular service.

Rev. W. P. Paxson, D. D., the eminent Superintendent of the Sunday School Union's Work in the Southwest, whose portrait and life appeared recently in this journal is now in New York and has been giving addresses at various Sunday Schools. His delightful talks about his work in the sparsely inhabited districts of his field make his visits memorable. Letters may be addressed to him at the offices of the Sunday School Union, Bible House, New York.

The Association started some time ago in Baltimore, Md., to provide a free Sunday breakfast for destitute and hungry men has been doing an excellent work. All the helpers give their services gratuitously and the only expenditure is for the food and coffee. It is disappointing to learn that this work of feeding the hungry is in danger of discontinuance through lack of funds. An earnest appeal for help is sent out by the Superintendent, Mr. W. C. Blackburn, 124 Fayette Street, Baltimore, Md.

A fire occurred in the Church of the Covenant, Washington, D. C., on Saturday, January 16th. Dr. Teunis Hamlin, the pastor of the church, was in his study in the building at the time, and, noticing the smell of fire, made an investigation. He found that the basement of the chapel in the rear of the church was on fire, and immediately gave the alarm. There was a prompt response from the Fire-Department, but the flames had made such progress that the entire chapel and Sunday-school room were ruined. The loss is estimated at $10,000. Happily the beautiful church escaped injury.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is endeavoring to establish a school for Indian boys, at Muskogee, Ind. Ter. Its object is to give a thorough secular education, combined with instruction on Temperance, in the hope of saving the rising generation of Indians from the curse of drunkenness which is making frightful progress among them. Mrs. Laura E Harsha, who has charge of the work, asks for subscriptions from temperance people throughout the country to aid in finishing and furnishing the school building. Her appeal is endorsed by Miss Frances E. Willard. Subscriptions may be sent to Mrs. Laura E Harsha, Muskogee.

A movement is started in Paris to secure a popular observance of Sunday. M. Jules Simon, the distinguished Senator, is President of it. At a public meeting recently held in the interest of the movement, he said that factory and shop hands now work seven days in the week. The object aimed at is not to compel them to rest on the Sunday but to prevent employers compelling them to work on Sunday if they wished to rest. The movement is not a religious one but it is based on the conclusions of a Conference of Social Economists, which met in Paris and pronounced a weekly rest-day indispensable to the working classes. Catholics, Protestants and Freethinkers were among the advocates of the change.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

CHURCH MUSIC.

NO matter what else you have, be sure and have the congregation sing.

Have books to sing out of.

Have a *leader* for this. Not one who stands to make a noise himself but one who can get the people to sing. Never let the instrumental drown the voice. Often sing without the organ.

Have variety—use both the old and new. Don't race through a hymn with the speed of Jehu nor take a slow gait that is agony itself.

Use a hymn as you would an orange: squeeze it for its juice. Put the songs in where they belong. Not long since, just as I was about to preach on "Hell," the leader announced the hymn, "Oh think of the home over there." If you sing solos, you must know three things:

1. How to sing.
2. How to pronounce your words so all can hear and understand.
3. How to express the hymn on your face and in your voice.

Try your solo without accompaniment. You will like it and so will the people. The regular church quartette choir is no more use for revival singing than, than, than, than——well, I give it up. Get your own analogies.

The trouble with many good and noble spirit who would use their voices for Christ is they have been spoiled by godless teachers in method. How can a crow teach a nightingale to sing?

Sayings about Songs.

A word for the organ boy. He will have no pumping in the New Jerusalem, and it's quite likely his place will be as high, if not higher, than he or she who now handles the keys. What if all the strains ever heard by him should there be reproduced by his own hand? It may be so.

These foreludes and afterludes and interludes of the organist are enough to kill half the singing in our meetings. Let's away with them all. Leave the flourishes off. Give us just enough of the instrument to lead the people, and let them do the work of worship.

I'd not have a singer in my church who sang "Just as I am, without one plea" on Sunday night to the congregation, and Monday night in "Pinafore" at the theatre. It's the devil's advertisement for the sale of tickets.

I'm not sure but what in heaven the whistling farmer's boy will repeat his notes after the harvests have all been gathered, as he comes in with his gathered sheaves. It may seem to him as though again he were coming home for rest from work, and the habit of bygone days will creep out on the streets of the fair city.

It is the testimony of an old farmer that he never knew a whistling laborer to find fault with either his food, his bed, or his work, and such men were invariably kind to both animals and the children.

That grand old hymn, "Come, ye disconsolate," has done more to lift the world into sunshine and out of the fog than all the simple pleasures of the world put together. There is felt every time you sing it an upward pull, like as though an omnipotent hand had hold of you and your burdens.

My friend, your harp of song has been hung on the willows long enough. Just take it down to-day and join us in our praises of the Prince of Peace. Don't sing in the minor key either. Pull out the great diapason of your soul and vie with the rest.

Copy this poem in your Bible. It is in mine and has been used hundreds of times with wonderful effect.

Shut In.

Shut in, shut in from the ceaseless din
Of the restless world and its want and sin;
Shut in from its turmoil, care and strife,
And all the wearisome round of life.

Shut in with tears that are spent in vain,
With the dull companionship of pain;
Shut in with the changeless days and hours,
And the bitter knowledge of failing powers.

Shut in with the dreams of days gone by,
With buried joys that were born to die:
Shut in with the hopes that have lost their zest,
And leave but a longing after rest.

Shut in with a trio of angels sweet,
With Patience and Grace all pain to meet,
With Faith that can suffer and stand and wait,
And lean on the promises strong and great.

Shut in with **Christ**, Oh! wonderful thought!
Shut in with the peace these sufferings bought;
Shut in with the love that wields the rod!
Oh, company blest! shut in with God.

Current Events

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

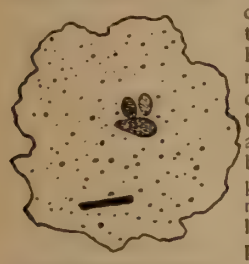
The Chilian War-Cloud—World's Fair Progress—The Border Troubles—Grip Microbes—A Dying King—General Notes.

THE World's Fair makes progress slowly. Revised estimates of the allotments of space were made by the Board of Managers of the government exhibit last week. These approximately give 20,000 square feet each to the War, Agricultural and Interior Departments and the National Museum: 18,000 to the Fish Commission; 15,000 to the Post Office Department; 12,000 to the Treasury; 4,000 to the Department of State and 1,000 to the Department of Justice. The Navy Department and several important brances of other departments are provided for in other structures located on the area assigned to the government. In Chicago, the Dedicatory Committee has announced its intention to give a grand international ball on October 13th next. Congressman Breckinridge of Kentucky will make the dedicatory oration. In the New York State Senate, a bill has been introduced appropriating $300,000 for the State exhibit. The erection of buildings on the Fair grounds will be pushed rapidly during the coming spring. Sketches of a number of the principle buildings, as they will appear when finished, have already been published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

* * *

The Grip Microbe Detected.

AN almost simultaneous discovery of the grip microbe was made recently in this country and in Germany. In both countries the microscopical examination has been followed by similar results. The accompanying illustration, copied from a photograph taken by a Philadelphia physician shows the microbe under the lens. Berlin experts have described it as a "rod-shaped, vegetable cell," invisible to the naked eye, and reproduced infinitesimally in spores or specks. It is blood-red in hue and altogether different from any other microbe hitherto detected. Its presence is made known by the burning sensation in the throat and the aching among the bones of the neck, shoulders and arms. Thus far no absolute specific has been found for the grip, although several palliatives has been suggested by eminent physicians. American doctors believe the most serious stage of the epidemic in this country has passed.



THE INFLUENZA BACILLUS.

* * *

Greeting the New Khedive.

EGYPT gave a royal welcome to its young ruler, Khedive Abbas, who arrived in the port of Alexandria from Trieste last week. He was escorted by several British warships and at the entrance to the harbor the Egyptian and English vessels there assembled saluted him with cannon while the guns of the forts gave a deafening accompaniment. At the famous Ras-el-Sin palace, the young Khedive was enthusiastically received by the Egyptian populace and a large gathering of foreigners, and was entertained at a banquet in the evening, at which all the leading British and Egyptian officials of Cairo and Alexandria were present. From Alexandria the royal party proceeded to Cairo, the capital, the next day. Abbas drove to the Abdin Palace, where the obsequies of Tewfik I., his father, had just been concluded. There he was welcomed by the viceregal family, the cabinet and other high officials. A document from the Sultan, approving his succession was read, and amid the booming of guns and the acclamations of the people he was formally recognized as Khedive. The boy-monarch, doubtless weary of all this display and ostentation, and filled with sorrow at the death of his father, then left by train for the Koubah Palace, to join his mother. The Koubah Palace where Princess Eminyeh, the widow of Tewfik lives, is at Abbasiyeh, in the suburbs of Cairo, and is significantly contiguous to a barracks where there is a strong

THE NEW KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

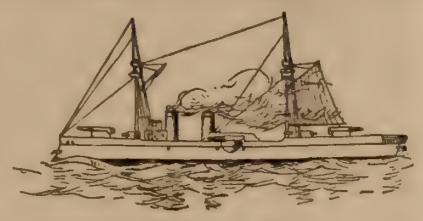
detachment of British troops. Prince Abbas, whose portrait is given on this page, is a bright youth of nineteen, studious and amiable.

* * *

The Chilian War Cloud.

THERE is still much uncertainty in official circles concerning the outcome of our trouble with Chili, and during the week, warlike predictions have been more numerous than those of a peaceful nature. Our State Department, however, still has reasonable grounds for expecting an apology from the Southern Republic. Instructions are said to have been cabled by the Chilian government to Pedro Montt, its minister at Washington, to withdraw the offensive note sent by Senor Matta about the *Baltimore* affair, and this is regarded as a pacific omen; but up to the present moment no communication of a apologetic character has been received. It is expected that President Harrison's Special Message on the subject will presently be laid before Congress, and with that body will rest the final responsibility for peace or war, should Chili remain silent meanwhile. The situation is thus a very grave one. In the Navy Department everything is being put in readiness for an emergency, and the cipher code is in constant use for the instruction of naval commanders at the various stations. Experienced naval officers do not expect that Chili will apologize, and some who are well-informed state that in the present divided condition of feeling in Chili—where the new government has many enemies—President Montt may be compelled to accept war in order to save his administration from domestic danger. Still another view of the matter is that Chili is in imminent danger of having other enemies than the United States to contend with, and that Peru and Bolivia are anxiously waiting an opportunity to pay off old scores. It is a dilemma that is but little understood or appreciated here. That Chili is resolved to be prepared for the worst is shown by the fact, telegraphed by Commander Evans of the U. S. Cruiser *Yorktown* at Valparaiso, that four of the best cruisers in the Chilian Navy and one torpedo boat have been ordered to leave that port for the Straits of Magellan under sealed orders. The captain of an English warship in Valparaiso stated to Commander Evans that these vessels were going on a "special mission," and that the American naval officers "would be astonished before long." This is interpreted to mean that Admiral Walker's squadron may be headed off at the Straits by the *Esmeralda*, the *Almirante Cochrane*, the *Pinto*, and another. The torpedo boat is said to be the *Condell*, the fastest of her class, which destroyed the *Blanco Encalada* during the late Chilian war. Admiral Walker's Squadron includes the *Chicago*, *Atlanta* *Bennington* and *Yantic*. He has no torpedo boats, but he is known to be a most courageous and sagacious commander and his vessels are at least equal to those of the Chilians in point of equipment and sailing qualities. On another page we present an illustration showing the Straits of Magellan, a locality that may yet possibly be one of special interest. Admiral Walker was notified at Montevideo of the possibility of a *rencontre* at the Straits. Chili is gathering a large supply of war material at her different ports. One hundred Whitehead torpedoes have been sent from Montevideo to Valparaiso. Her greatest warship, the *Capitan Prat*, is still in the hands of the French constructors at Toulon. She is an enormous armored steel battle-ship of 6,900 tons, somewhat larger than our own warship *Maine*, and with a much heavier armament of Canet breech-loading rifled guns, Maxim guns and torpedo tubes. In speed, protection and battery power she is the most dangerous vessel in Chili's navy. It is doubtful whether she can be delivered in time to be of service. Our own preparations are going on upon an extensive scale. The *Miantonomoh* and *Newark* have been ordered to join the West Indian squadron. Plans contemplating the transportation, it is said, of 100,000 land troops in a fleet of twenty-five or thirty steamers to the seat of trouble, are being discussed. Our torpedo service, too, will soon be in excellent shape and the four great monitors, *Montauk*, *Comanche*, *Nantucket* and *Passaic* are almost ready for service. The Ordnance Bureau has an abundance of modern guns ready, awaiting carriages. Chief Mahan and Secretary Tracy have mapped out a plan of operations to be followed in the event of hostilities. Regarded as a whole, the condition of our navy is satisfactory and it will be found equal to the emergency. A cipher dispatch from Commander Evans, announcing that the Chilian Minister of Foreign Affairs had reprimanded him for firing the customary salute in honor of the visit of the Spanish Minister to the *Yorktown*, occasioned additional excitement in Washington. Commander Evans retorted curtly, telling the Chilians that he was responsible to his own government and not to their's. There has been a disposition on the part of Chili not to permit the refugees on the *Yorktown* to leave for Callao. Still another startling, but happily unfounded rumor, was that the *Yorktown* had been fired upon by the Chilian shore batteries.

Amid all this war talk, there is still a strong expectation that the Chilians will at the last moment modify their stubborn and insolent attitude and consent to arbitration. Spain is mentioned as the power that would probably be selected, being friendly to both nations. There is a strong feeling among Congressmen that the national dignity should be sustained by effective measures without further delay, and should the suggested arbitration fail, war in the near future is a probability. In Congress the war feeling, though strong, is not as pronounced as it is in army and navy circles. It is believed that in the event of war a strong effort will be made for the repeal of the act forbidding the appointment of ex-Confederate soldiers to positions in the army and navy.



THE "CAPITAN PRAT."

At the Cabinet meeting on Jan. 19, a telegram just received from the Chilian Government, was read, in which a disposition was shown to settle the case by arbitration. It is believed that England has asked to be permitted to act as arbitrator. While the meeting was in progress, Mr. Blaine was attacked with sickness and nearly fainted. He was taken home in Mr. Wanamaker's carriage. He had already suffered a mild attack earlier in the week.

* * *

The Mexican Revolt.

AFTER many weeks of guerilla warfare on both sides of the border, the Mexican revolutionary movement, under Garza, seems to be nearly exhausted. For a time slight advantages were secured by the insurgent troops, whose leaders had surrounded themselves with a lawless element that would hesitate at no outrage, however brutal. Their most recent success was the capture of Casas Grande, a town south of Asuncion, but a strong force of regular troops under Col. San Quinez, after a short fight, compelled the insurgents to withdraw. On the American frontier there is now comparatively little disturbance. Gen. Stanley has information showing that Garza's forces are rapidly disintegrating and that their leader is despondent. The Texas rangers have formed a plan to capture the scattering bands who are now violating the United States neutrality laws. They have established a military cordon and propose to "round up" the rebels in Starr, Duval, Zepata and Encinal Counties on the border.

* * *

Sweden's Dying Monarch.

ANOTHER European monarch, King Oscar II. of Sweden, is lying dangerously ill of influenza in his palace at Stockholm. Pneumonia has developed and great uneasiness is felt at his condition. During his illness, the Crown Prince has acted as Regent of the kingdom. Oscar was born in 1820, and in 1857, married Princess Sophia, daughter of Duke Wilhelm of Nassau, by whom he had four sons, the eldest of whom, Gustaf, Duke of Gothard, was born in 1858. King Oscar (whose portrait is given on this page), succeeded his brother, Carl, in the kingdom, and has followed the liberal policy of his predecessor and introduced many reforms. He is a warm patron of literature and the arts, and is himself a writer and translator of considerable ability.

KING OSCAR II.

* * *

England's Day of Mourning.

No more imposing pageant of sorrow has been witnessed in England since the death of the Prince Consort, nearly thirty years ago, than the funeral of the young heir-apparent, the Duke of Clarence, which took place on the 20th inst. The body had been removed several days previous from Sandringham Palace to the parish church, from which it was conveyed later to Windsor Castle. Arrangements had been made for a military funeral and an imposing procession through London, but owing to the prevailing influenza these were abandoned as dangerous to the health of the members of the court and the troops. Prince George was too ill to attend the funeral. The day was observed as a day of national mourning. The Queen reached Windsor on Tuesday, the 19th inst. At the interment the following day, when the body was laid in a crypt in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, there was a specially distinguished gathering, but no royal ladies were at the funeral. During the two days ceremonies all London was in mourning. Shops were closed and business generally suspended. The young Princess Mary Victoria of Teck, who was to have married the Duke of Clarence, is the object of general sympathy.

NEWS NOTES.

Our Minister to England, Robert T. Lincoln, is recovering from a severe attack of the grip.

Portugal has a new Cabinet—the fifth in thirteen months. Jose Dias Ferreira is Premier.

France is considering a proposition to appropriate 20,000,000 francs for the World's Fair at Chicago.

A plot against the Sultan has been discovered in Constantinople and three hundred persons have been arrested.

An underground cave has been discovered near Peterborough, Ont., the walls of which are studded with silver.

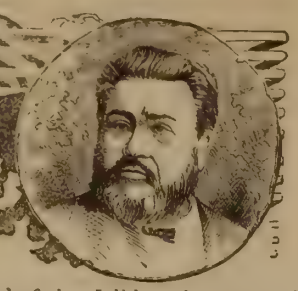
Germany will have two thousand single exhibits and about eight hundred collections at the World's Fair.

Three heroes of the late war—Gen. Jas. S. Robinson, of Ohio, Gen. Jas. S. Brisbin, of Pennsylvania, and Gen. Robert Ransom, of North Carolina—died last week.

A broken rail at Brainard, Minn., on the Northern Pacific Railroad, caused a train to leave the track and go over a twenty-foot embankment. Two passengers were killed and over a dozen injured.

Randolph Rogers, the famous American sculptor, died at Rome, Italy, of heart failure, last week. He was born in Auburn, N. Y., 67 years ago. His principal works are the statue of John Adams at Auburn, bas-reliefs on the doors of the Capitol, Washington, and similar scenes on the Washington monument at Richmond and the Colt monument at Harvard. He also executed statues of a number of American statesmen, and soldiers monuments at Cincinnati, Providence, Detroit and Worcester.

PASTOR SPURGEON'S PULPIT



THE PLAIN ROAD.

"And when Jesus departed thence, two blind men followed him, crying, and saying, Thou Son of David, have mercy upon us. And when he was come into the house, the blind men came to him: and Jesus saith unto them, Believe ye that I am able to do this? They said unto him, Yea, Lord. Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you. And their eyes were opened; and Jesus straitly charged them, saying, See that no man know it."—Matthew 9: 27–30.

I AM not about to expound this incident, nor to draw illustrations from it, but only to direct your attention to one single point in it, and that is, its extreme simplicity. There are other cases of blind men, and we have various incidents connected with them, such as in one instance the making of clay, and the sending of the patient to wash at the pool of Siloam, and so forth. But here the cure is extremely simple: the men are blind, they cry to Jesus, they come near, they confess their faith, and they receive their sight straightway. You see there was, in their case, these simple elements—a sense of blindness, a desire for sight; then prayer, then coming to Christ, then an open avowal of faith, and then the cure. The whole matter lies in a nutshell. There are no details, no points of care and nicety which might suggest anxiety: the whole business is simplicity itself, and upon that one point I want to dwell at this time.

There are cases of conversion which are just as simple as this case of the opening of the eyes of the blind; and we are not to doubt the reality of the work of grace in them because of the remarkable absence of singular incidents and striking details. We do not suppose that a conversion is a less genuine work of the Holy Ghost because it is simple.

I. To make our discourse useful to many I will begin by remarking, in the first place, that it is an undoubted fact that many persons are much troubled in

Coming to Christ.

It is a fact that must be admitted, that all do not come quite so readily as these blind men came. There are incidents on record in biographies—there are many known to us, and perhaps our own cases are among them—in which coming to Christ was a matter of struggle, of effort, of disappointment, of long waiting, and at last a kind of desperation by which we were forced to come. You must have read John Bunyan's description of how the pilgrims came to the wicket gate. They were pointed, you remember, by Evangelist to a light and to the gate, and they went that way according to his bidding. I have told you sometimes the story of a young man in Edinburgh who was very anxious to speak to others about their souls; so he addressed himself one morning to an old Musselburg fishwife, and he began by saying to her, "Here you are with your burden." "Ay," said she. He asked her, "Did you ever feel

A Spiritual Burden?"

"Yes," she said, resting a bit, "I felt the spiritual burden years ago, before you were born, and I got rid of it, too; but I did not go the same way to work that Bunyan's pilgrim did."

Our young friend was greatly surprised to hear her say that, and thought she must be under grievous error, and therefore begged her to explain. "No," said she, "when I was under concern of soul, I heard a true Gospel minister, who bade me look to the cross of Christ, and there I lost my load of sin. I did not hear one of those milk and water preachers like Bunyan's Evangelist." "How," said our young friend, "do you make that out?" "Why, that Evangelist; when he met the man with the burden on his back, said to him, 'Do you see that wicket gate?' 'No,' said he, 'I don't.' 'Do you see that light?' 'I think I do.' Why, man," said she, "he should not have spoken about wicket gates or lights, but he should have said, 'Do you see Jesus Christ hanging on the cross? Look to him and

Your Burden will Fall Off

your shoulder.' He sent that poor man round the wrong way when he sent him to the wicket gate, and much good he got by it, for he was likely to have been choked in the slough of despond before long. I tell you, I looked at once to the cross, and away went my burden." "What," said this young man, "did you never go through the slough of despond?" "Ah," said she, many a time, more than I care to tell. But at the first I heard the preacher say, 'Look to Christ,' and I looked to him. I have been through the slough of despond since that; but let me tell you, sir, it is much easier to go through that slough with your burden off than it is with your burden on." And so it is. Blessed are they whose eyes are only and altogether on the Crucified. The older I grow the more sure I am of this, that we must have done with self in all forms and see Jesus only if we would be in peace. Was John Bunyan wrong? Certainly not; he was describing things as they generally are. Was the old woman wrong? No, she was perfectly right: she was describing things as they ought to be, and as I wish they were.

Hindrances.

In many cases men are hindered by prejudice. People are brought up to the belief that salvation must be through ceremonies; and if they are driven out of that they still conclude that it must certainly be in some measure by their works. Numbers of people have learned a sort of half-and-half Gospel, part law and part grace, and they are in a thick fog about salvation. They know that redemption has something to do with Christ, but it is much of a mixture with them; they do not quite see that it is all Christ or no Christ. "Believe and live," is a foreign language to a soul which is persuaded that its own works are in a measure to win eternal life.

In some instances the struggle of the heart in getting to Christ, I have no doubt, arises from a singularity of mental conformation, and such cases ought to be looked upon as exceptions, and by no means regarded as rules. Now take, for instance, the case of John Bunyan, to which we have referred. If you read "Grace Abounding," you will find that, for five years or more, he was the subject of the most fearful despair—tempted by Satan, tempted by his own self, always raising difficulties against himself; and it was long, long, long before he could come to the cross and find peace. But then, dear friend, it is to the last degree improbable that either you or I will ever turn out John Bunyans. We may become tinkers, but we shall never write a Pilgrim's Progress. We might imitate him in his poverty, but we are not likely to emulate him in his genius: a man with such an imagination, full of wondrous dreams, is not born every day, and when he does come, his inheritance of brain is not all a gain in the direction of a restful life. Bunyan was one by himself; not the rule, but the exception. Now, you, dear friend, may be an odd person. Very likely you are; and I can sympathize with you, for I am odd enough myself; but do not lay down a law that everybody else must be odd too. If you and I did happen to go round by the back ways, do not let us think that everybody ought to follow our bad example. Now, if some come to Christ, and they are not ignorant, but well instructed, and readily see the light, let us rejoice that it is so. It is of such that I am now about to speak somewhat more at length.

II. It is admitted as an undoubted fact that many are much troubled in coming to Christ; but now, secondly, this is

Not at all Essential

to a real, saving coming to the Lord Jesus Christ. I mention this because I have known Christian men distressed in heart because they fear that they came to Christ too easily. They have half imagined, as they looked back, that they could not have been converted at all, because their conversion was not attended with such agony and torment of mind as others speak of.

I would first remark, that it is very hard to see how despairing feelings can be essential to salvation. Look for a minute. Can it be possible that unbelief can help a soul to faith? Is it not certain that the anguish which many experience before they come to Christ arises from the fact of their unbelief? They do not trust,—they say they cannot trust; and so they are like the troubled sea which cannot rest. Their mind is tossed to and fro, and vexed sorely through unbelief; is this a foundation for holy trust? It would seem to me the oddest thing in all the world that unbelief should be a preparation for faith. It seems to me to be far better for the soul to believe the word of God at once, and far more likely to be a genuine work when the soul convinced of sin accepts the Saviour.

A Simple Process.

Once again, many instances prove that all this doubting and fearing, and despairing, are not essential, because there are scores and hundreds of Christians who came at once to Christ, as these two blind men did, and to this day know little about those things. Taught from their youth the way of God, trained by godly parents, they came under the influence of the Holy Spirit very early in life, they heard that Jesus Christ could save them, they knew that they wanted saving, and they just went to him, I was about to say, almost as naturally as they went to their mother or their father when they were in need: they trusted the Saviour, and they found peace at once. Several of the honored leaders of this church came to the Lord in this simple manner.

I will go yet further and assure you that many of those who give the best evidence that they are renewed by grace cannot tell you the day in which they were saved, and cannot attribute their conversion to any one sermon or any one text of Scripture, or to any one event in life. We dare not doubt their conversion for their lives prove its truth. You may have many

Trees in Your Garden

of which you must admit that you don't know when they were planted; but if you get plenty of fruit from them, you are not very particular about the date of their striking root. Oh, if you are trusting the Saviour,—if he is all your salvation and all your desire, and if your life is affected by your faith, so that you bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, you need not worry about times and seasons.

Many also of another class, namely, the simple-minded, come in like maner. We might all wish to belong to that class. Some professors would be ashamed to be thought simple-minded, but I would glory in it. Too many of the doubting, critical order are great puzzle-makers, and great fools for their pains. The childlike ones drink the milk while these folks are analyzing it. They seem every night to take themselves to pieces before they go to bed, and it is very hard for them in the morning to put themselves together again. To some minds the hardest thing in the world is to believe

A Self-Evident Truth.

They must, if they can, make a dust and a mist, and puzzle themselves, or else they are not happy. In fact, they are never sure till they are uncertain, and never at ease till they are disturbed. Blessed are those who believe that God cannot lie, and are quite sure it must be so if God has said it; these cast themselves upon Christ whether they sink or swim, because if Christ's salvation is God's way of saving man, it must be the right way, and they accept it. Many have thus come to Christ.

Now, proceeding a step farther, there are all the essentials of salvation in the simple, pleasant, happy way of coming to Jesus just as you are; for what are the essentials? The first is repentance, and these dear souls, though they feel no remorse, yet hate the sin they once loved. They have been taught by God's Spirit to love righteousness and seek after holiness, and this is the very essence of repentance. Those who have thus come to Christ have certainly obtained true faith. They have no experience which they could trust in, but they are all the more fully driven to rest in what Christ has felt and done. They rest not in their own tears, but in Christ's blood; not in their own emotions, but in Christ's pangs; not in their consciousness of ruin, but in the certainty that Christ has come to save all those that trust him. They have faith of the purest kind.

The Evidence of Love.

And see, too, now certainly they have love. "Faith works by love," and they show it. They often seem to have more love at the first than those who come so dreadfully burdened and tempest-tossed; for, in the calm quiet of their minds, they get a fairer view of the beauties of the Saviour, and they burn with love to him, and they commence to serve him, while others, as yet, are having their wounds healed, and are trying to make their broken bones rejoice. I am not wishing to depreciate a painful experience, but I am only wanting to show, as to this second class, that their simply coming to Christ, as the blind men came, their simply believing that he could give them sight, is not one whit inferior to the other, and has in it all

The Essentials of Salvation.

For, next, notice that the gospel command implies in itself nothing of the kind which some have experienced. What are we bidden to preach to men—"Be dragged about by the devil, and you shall be saved?" No, but "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." What is my commission at this time? To say to you, "Despair, and ye shall be saved?" No, verily; but "Believe and you shall be saved." Freely take what God gives, and simply trust the Saviour. Is not that the gospel? Well, then, why should any of you say, "I cannot trust Christ, because I don't feel this, and don't feel that?" Come as you are.

III. I conclude with one more observation, that those persons who are privileged to come to Jesus Christ softly, pleasantly, and happily, are

Not Losers.

They do lose something, certainly; but there is not much in it. They lose something of the picturesque, and they have the less to tell. When a man has had a long series of trials to drive him out of himself, and at last he comes to Christ, like a wrecked vessel tugged into port, he has a deal to talk of and write about, and perhaps he thinks it interesting to be able to tell it; and, if he can tell it to God's glory, it is quite proper that he should. Many of these stories are found

in biographies, because they are the incidents which excite interest and make a life worth writing; but you must not conclude that all godly lives are of the same sort. But I ask you this, when those blind men came to Christ just as they were, and said that

They Believed.

that he could open their eyes, and he did open their eyes, is there not as much of Christ in their story as there well could be? The men themselves are nowhere, but the healing Master is in the foreground. More detail might almost take away the peculiar prominence that he has in it all.

Perhaps you may suppose that persons, who come thus gently, lose something by way of evidence afterward. "Ah," said one to me, "I could almost wish sometimes that I had been an open offender, that I might see the change in my character; but, having been always moral from my youth up, I am not always able to see any distinct mark of a change." Ah, let me tell you, friends, that this form of evidence is of small use in times of darkness, for if the devil cannot say to a man, "You have not changed your life"—for there are some that he would not have the impudence to say that to, since the change is too manifest for him to deny it—he says, "You changed your actions, but your heart is still the same. You turned from a bold, honest sinner to be a hyprocritical, canting professor. That is all you have done; you have

Given Up Open Sin

because your strong passions declined, or you thought you would like another way of sinning, and now you are only making a false profession, and living far from what you should do." Your confidence must always rest in him you came to—that is, in Christ—whether you came to him flying, or running, or walking. If you get to Jesus you are all right, anyhow: but it is not how you come, it is whether you come to him. As to evidences, they are fine things in fine weather, but when the tempest is out wise men let evidences go. The best evidence a man can have that he is saved is that he is still clinging to Christ.

Lastly, some may suppose that those who come gently to Christ may lose a good deal of adaptation for after usefulness, because they will not be able to sympathize with those who are in deep perplexity, and in awful straits when they are coming to Christ. Ah, well, there are enough of us who can sympathize with such; and I do not know that everybody is bound to sympathize with everybody in every respect. It is a great mercy to have some brethren around us who

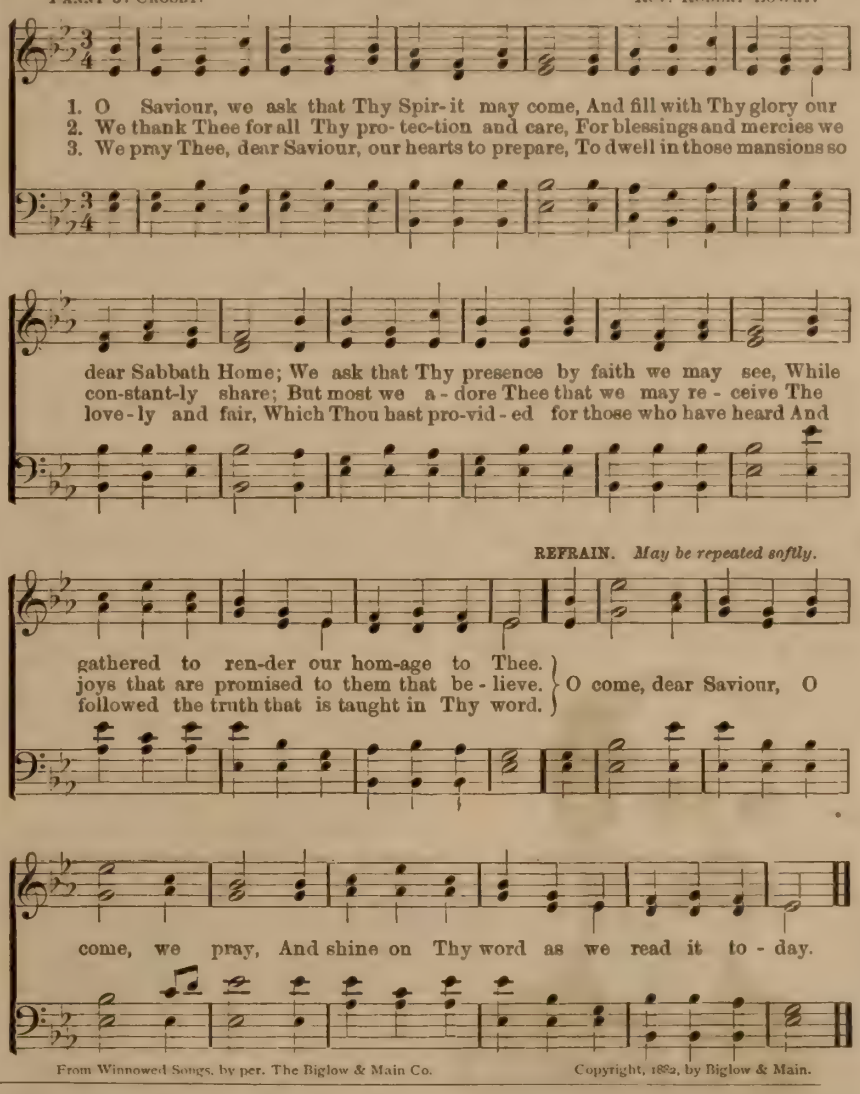
Can Sympathize

with those who have been through that pain; but do you not think it is a great mercy to have others who, through not having undergone that experience, can sympathize with others who have not undergone it? Is it not useful to have some who can say, "Well, dear heart, don't be troubled for I, too, came to Jesus as gently and safely and sweetly as you have done?" Such a testimony will comfort the poor soul; and so, if you lose the power to sympathize one way, you will gain the power to sympathize in another.

To sum up all in one, I would that every man and woman and child here would come and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. It seems to me to be such a matchless plan of salvation, for Christ to take human sin and to suffer in the sinner's stead, and for us to have nothing to do but just accept what Christ has done, and to trust ourselves wholly with him. He that would not be saved by such a plan as this deserves to perish; and so he must. God grant that none of us may reject this way of grace, this open way, this safe way. Come, linger no longer. The Spirit and the bride say "Come." Lord, draw them by the love of Jesus. Amen.

O Come, Dear Saviour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. O Saviour, we ask that Thy Spir-it may come, And fill with Thy glory our
2. We thank Thee for all Thy pro- tec-tion and care, For blessings and mercies we
3. We pray Thee, dear Saviour, our hearts to prepare, To dwell in those mansions so
dear Sabbath Home; We ask that Thy presence by faith we may see, While
con-stant-ly share; But most we a - dore Thee that we may re - ceive The
love-ly and fair, Which Thou hast pro-vid - ed for those who have heard And
REFRAIN. May be repeated softly.
gathered to ren-der our hom-age to Thee.
joys that are promised to them that be - lieve.
followed the truth that is taught in Thy word.
O come, dear Saviour, O
come, we pray, And shine on Thy word as we read it to - day.

From Winnowed Songs, by per. The Biglow & Main Co. Copyright, 1892, by Biglow & Main.

WHERE IS THE KING.

OH, where is the King in his beauty and grace?
I have sought for him everywhere,
With weary feet through the noisy street,
And over the mountains bare.
My soul is bound to a heavy clod—
A burden of grief and pain;
And I read that free shall the captive be
When Shiloh shall come to reign.

I dwelt awhile with the proud and gay,
But I heard of his kingly grace,
And said, "I will give all this life I live
For one hour to behold his face."
So I went out alone to the highway broad,
And questioned of all I knew:
"O, say, will you bring me straight to the King?
I would worship him with you."

They looked at me with a strange surprise,
Some answered: "The church is near,
Go give them your hand in a fellowship grand,
Then onward—there's nothing to fear."
And others: "There's water, go in there and leave
Your sins, and arise new create."
Still others: "Build high your good deeds to the sky,
And climb where the king will await."

The great bells rang from a lordly steep,
To call the wanderers in;
Chiming, "Lo, he is near, who worship here
His favor is sure to win."
I sat with the high-bred multitude,
In glitt'ring and costly array;
I heard the song from the choral throng,
And bowed with the "Let us pray."

And the cultured voice, in accents fine,
Addressed him as one anear,
To lift up the soul where the planets roll,
And broaden man's lordly sphere.
But my heart grew faint with its hope deferred,
For the thoughts, though high and grand,
Led not to his feet where the rest is sweet,
And tears are wiped by his hand.

And I looked on the world with its want and sin,
Its greed of golden gain;
Its vice enrolled with the heroes bold,
Its virtue oppressed in pain;
Its frantic rush for the highest seat
O'er the bleeding hearts of men:
Its falling tears through the weary years,
Till Shiloh shall come to reign.

Oh, where is my Lord? Have ye borne him away
Of whom the world is in need?
The pitying love all treasure above
Only bound and embalmed in your creed?
O, give us the living and take back your dead;
We have heard of a Saviour divine,
A Christ who has risen from spirits in prison,
Oh, light of the morning shine!

—HARRIET WARNER REQUA.

FORTY COMING WONDERS.

A NEW and enlarged edition has been issued of Rev. M. Baxter's famous work on the unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible entitled *Forty Coming Wonders*. It contains 540 pages and fifty full-page illustrations of the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. In an appendix is a resume of the opinions of eminent expositors of prophecy, ancient and modern. Price (including postage), seventy-five cents. May be had of Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York.

THE WATCHERS.

BY JAMES DEVEREUL.*

I BELIEVE the Parable of the Virgins (Matt. 25: 1-13) is a portion of Scripture especially applicable to this present time yet one that is persistently misunderstood and its pertinency to us overlooked. I have listened to many sermons, some of them directly on this parable

The Five Wise Virgins

were made to represent the believer, or Christian, and the five foolish virgins the ungodly or the wicked. This is partly right, and partly wrong. Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins. The question is, when? To what time in the world's history does this parable refer? We may get the answer from the first word in the chapter, *Then*.

This word connects this parable with what the Saviour had just been saying in the twenty-fourth chapter, and not only with the words he had been saying, but with the time in the world's history when these things should come to pass. The events which the Saviour had just been speaking about in the twenty-fourth chapter, were his second coming, which would be sudden and unexpected, and at the time in the history of the world when the Gospel should be spread over the world. Therefore I am thoroughly satisfied that when the Saviour spoke this parable, he meant it especially for this present time, as

A Note of Warning

to the Christian Church in this day of Gospel light. In this important parable of the ten virgins, the Saviour says, five were wise and five were foolish; but in speaking of them, he calls them all *virgins*, and I don't think that he meant that five of them were Christian believers and five were ungodly sinners, but that the ten were all believers. They believed to the saving of the soul, but some of them did not believe the things which the Saviour had been speaking about, so as to keep them in the front, therefore they were, so far, foolish.

There are many to-day, who are resting on the merits of Christ for salvation, who have given themselves to him, and are endeavoring to live the Christian life; and with a pure motive, for the conversion of souls and for the glory of God; yet for the second coming of Christ, of which he particularly told us

To Watch, to Wait,

and to be ready for, they treat with indifference and neglect. This is as the Saviour said it would be, for he said that while the Bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. Although there may have been some excuse in the past, on the ground that the Gospel was not spread over the world, and the Saviour said it should be before he came, yet there is not that excuse now, for the Gospel has spread almost, if not entirely, to every nation; and the time of the end must be drawing near. In this parable it says that at midnight there was a cry made, behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him. I feel sure in my own mind, that the dark midnight hour is past, for there is one here and another there, who are sending forth the cry, Behold the Bridegroom cometh; prepare to meet him.

The second coming of Christ is revealed in the Scriptures, as manifested in two different ways, and at two different times, and this is one reason why it is very often misunderstood. There is another point which I seem to see in the parable. It is a prophecy, that when

The Midnight Cry

has been raised, and heard, and given heed to, there will be a very great revival of religion in believers, for it says, Then all those virgins arose and trimmed their lamps. But it appears that half of them were too late, they were not ready when the Bridegroom came. Let us therefore give heed to the words in which the Savious closes up this parable. "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day, nor the hour, wherein the Son of Man cometh." Those believers who are not found watching will be great losers on this account and will have to enter into that time of trial and distress which will then come upon the earth. It is, that believers should not have to go through these trials, that Christ said, "Watch ye, therefore, and pray always that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man."

* From his article in the January *Prophetic News*, edited by Rev. M. Baxter, which contains also articles on "The Six Great Prophetic Periods;" "The Character of Ante-Messias;" "Idumea, the Apocalyptic Wilderness," and other subjects relating to unfulfilled Prophecy. Price, six cents; Seventy cents a year. May be had from Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York.

SEEKING THE LORD.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing February 7. Isa 55: 6-7. Luke 13: 24.

RECONCILIATION is the object the prophet is aiming at in the appeal selected for this week's topic. The reconciliation of God and man. "Let him return." The wandering of the people to whom the appeal was originally addressed had been a wandering after other gods. The incorrigible people had been false to the agreement by which so much blessing had come to them. They had been wandering into the service of other gods, who were supposed to be satisfied with ceremonial worship and the sacrifices which were a mere tax. It is a common trait. In all ages that religion is sure to be popular which allows a man to live as he likes and compound for his sins by a money payment. We have not got rid of it yet. Many a bequest, many a large gift, many a pew-rent comes to the church from this motive. It is the price the man is willing to pay for the privilege of living as he likes. The effort is to make the best of both worlds. Against such a theory the prophet utters his denunciation. Not in that way at all can you gain the favor of the Lord. There is but one way: "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts." The change must be radical. And it is reasonable. What honest, upright father, heart-broken at seeing his son associating with thieves, and yearning for his reformation would be satisfied with his son sending him as a gift part of the proceeds of a burglary. What man, grieved to see his daughter living a life of shame, would not spurn a gift which came out of a pocket-book filled with the wages of her sin. If you are in earnest, the prophet's message is, you must prove it by your conduct and by a change of your thoughts, which are the springs of conduct. Then, and only then is reconciliation possible.

But the inducement is strong. The prophet is authorized to promise pardon for the past. This is is no stern potentate whom the people are urged to seek. Mercy and pardon are sweet words for one who longs for reconciliation. Human nature is weak. To turn to right for the love of the right costs an effort it is often unable to make. The feeling that alienation is permanent, that by no means can pardon and restoration be secured, tends to despair and a continuance in sin. That idea is removed. Pardon full and complete is assured. The way, then, is plain. He that desires the boon may obtain it. If he is willing to make the sacrifices demanded, to quit the course which has led to alienation, God stands ready to welcome him. He might not make the effort if God were unrelenting, but abundant pardon is a promise of potent attraction.

Under the New Testament the conditions are the same. Nowhere does Christ represent the Christian life as one of indolence or unholiness. The strait gate and the narrow way, the injunction to strive—all point to the same fact of Christ's perception that a struggle was involved in attaining his ideal. No man is naturally holy, nor is the trend of his nature toward holiness. The best man, like the most highly cultured garden, needs nothing but neglect to deteriorate. Improvement costs effort. There must be a striving. Well is it for us that the Holy Spirit is promised to work in us both to will and to do.

Both of the passages selected, contain an ominous warning. The prophet says Seek ye the Lord *while he may be found*. Christ says that many will strive to enter in who will not be able. Every man who knows himself knows what these warnings mean. As a man may drift so near the rapids that his utmost strength cannot check his course; as a man may lose the use of a limb or a faculty by persistent disuse, so a time may come when it is impossible to him to seek the Lord, to enter in at the strait gate. He is not able and the bent he has given to his nature is set immovably. By an inexorable law the filthy remains filthy. Let it not, however, be supposed that any man is beyond the converting grace of God. That is omnipotent, but it is the extreme of temerity to count upon its exercise. He who does not seek the Lord, while he may be found, who does not strive to enter in at the strait gate in his early days, finds less and less disposition to do so as the years pass and the difficulties to be overcome greater with every year.

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THE East Eighty-sixth Street branch of the Young Men's Christian Association of the city of New York, celebrated its eighth anniversary on Monday evening, January 18th. The event was an exceedingly interesting one. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Henry J. Davidson, Jr., Rev. Dr. Ferdinand C. Igelhart, Pastor of the Park Avenue M. E. Church, and Rev. Dr. John Hall.

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A VALIANT WORKER.

MEMBERS of Young Men's Christian Associations need no introduction to the able and indefatigable worker whose *portrait* appears on this page. The visits and addresses of Mr. W. H. Cossum have made too deep an impression to be easily forgotten. As he is by this time, we trust, safe in China, his chosen field of labor, his portrait will be welcome to hosts of his friends among our readers.

William Henry Cossum was born at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., February 11th, 1863. His friend, Mr. Mallery, who writes lovingly of him in *The Young Men's Era*, only voices the

MR. W. H. COSSUM NOW A MISSIONARY TO CHINA.

feelings of many when he speaks of the influence he exerted and the warm personal regard he evoked even from boyhood among his associates. When he entered Colgate University, he became a power there at a period of his academic course when most students are among the led rather than among the leaders. But he was a pronounced Christian, and whether in the class-room, on the campus or in the Y. M. C. A., there was no mistaking his character. He was whole-souled for Christ. From the beginning of his Christian experience he was strongly attracted to the cause of Foreign Missions, and in 1886, when he was nearing the end of his University career, he had decided to devote his whole life to it. He offered himself to the Baptist Board, and was accepted. From that time, and even before that, he never tired of urging the claims of the mission field on his fellow-students. The needs of the heathen and the dearth of workers was the constant theme of discourse both privately and in the Association. So powerful and convincing were his arguments, that the Student Volunteer Movement prevailed on him to delay his departure and also induced the Baptist Board to consent to the postponement, in order that he might devote a year to a recruiting tour of the colleges of the United States to enlist students for Christ's work in heathen lands. He was appointed Secretary of the Movement, and entered into the work enthusiastically. During the year of labor he enrolled three hundred and seventy-five students for the work and received pledges of money to the amount of $3,300. Mr. Cossum is the representative of Colgate University in China, and his expenses in the field are defrayed by the students of that institution, though he is under the control of the Baptist Board. He expects to make Che-foo his headquarters for the present. Many prayers are being offered for the preservation of his life and for God's blessing on his labors.

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KING'S DAUGHTERS IN W. VIRGINIA.

EXCELLENT progress is reported from officers of the Order in West Virginia. Mrs. Mary P. Campbell, the State Secretary, writes thus to the *Silver Cross:*

"In reviewing the work of the past year I can see much that is encouraging. While growth throughout the State has not been rapid, yet many letters of inquiry have been received from distant points, and seed has been sown which we hope will bring forth fruit to God's glory in the future. New Circles are being organized at several places. In others great interest in the Order exists, and an eager desire to be working for the Master.

"In Charleston, Kanawha Co., the capital of the State, there are eleven Circles of Daughters and one of Sons, with many independent members. Some of these Circles are doing earnest, faithful work. Industrial schools have been organized, the poor and friendless provided with home comforts and taught to sew, meetings regularly held, and every effort made to elevate and purify their lives. One special work has been the furnishing of a room in 'The Home for Destitute Women and Children,' recently established in this city, called 'The King's Daughters' Room.' Work has been resumed with renewed energy and much good already accomplished. At Huntington one Circle has made a special work of a sewing school for the poor children of the city, who are instructed in cleanliness as well as in sewing. Homes are provided for them when needed. In connection with this work a collection of second-hand garments is made, of which there will be several public sales during the year, for the accommodation and encouragement of the poor mothers who had rather buy than beg. The price of these articles will be nominal, of course, and the proceeds of the sales used in carrying on the sewing school."

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THE EPWORTH LEAGUE IN BOSTON.

WE are indebted to the Rev. Jesse S. Gilbert of Midland Park, N.J., for the following report of an enthusiastic meeting in the modern Athens: "With the hope of making the League more effective in the revival work of the coming months, a meeting was called by the officers of the Boston district, at Tremont Street Church, recently. The theme at the afternoon and evening sessions was the relation of the League to the prosecution of distinctly revival work. The speakers were among the most famous of the leaders, and their words were most impressive. Devotional exercises were led by Dr. W. W. Ramsey, pastor of the church, and Dr. S. F. Upham, of Drew Theological School. Dr. G. S. Chadbourne, presiding elder of the Boston district, gave an earnest and timely address upon the necessity of a revival church. Rev. W. I. Haven, president of the New England League, spoke of the personal preparation needed by every Leaguer. This he summed up in one word, concentration—concentration of thought upon this one theme for a special period. He advises members to read Thomas a Kempis and St. Augustine, and become spiritualized; to read the lives of Brainard and Finney, until faith grows strong. Dr. S. F. Upham followed in a pleasing account of his visit to Epworth and a healthful delineation of the Epworth spirit. The address of the evening was given by Bishop Foster. The address was a combination of pathos and power, which those who heard will long remember. A practical result of the meeting was the promise on the part of the League, to send a company to Morgan Chapel every Sunday morning with coffee and sandwiches for the large number of destitute and the dissolute who can thus be brought under the influence of the Gospel."

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Y. W. C. A. IN INDIA.

NEW branches of the Young Women's Christian Association have been recently organized in India. The Misses. Kinnaird have spent considerable time in explaining the advantages of the Associations and their methods of work in various large cities and stations. Chiefly through their efforts Associations have been formed in Cawnpore, Hardoi, Travancore and various hill stations. Meetings have also been held in Lucknow, which resulted in the formation of a branch.

SPIRITUAL DARKNESS.

WHEN people indifferent to the welfare of their fellows ask what is the use of sending missionaries to the heathen, the answer can be found in the reports which come from the dark lands. They who read of the lives sunk in superstition, and refrain from doing all in their power to give them the true light have not the spirit of Christ. Here are two specimen scenes described by Miss Mackintosh, of Yuh-Shan: "Let me take you to two scenes in a heathen city, and I am sure your hearts will be moved with compassion. Here is a large building. As we enter, just inside the gate, on either side are huge ugly idols about ten feet high, some dressed in long white gowns, their fierce-looking, faces painted a pale green color; one more ugly than the others is supposed to have the power of taking away the spirit or soul. The Chinese say they have three souls and seven spirits, and so when anyone falls sick, the idol is supposed to have taken one of these souls, so you may understand how much afraid the people are of it. As we go through the large court, right into the temple, we can hear the beating of the gong, and the chanting of the priests, surrounded by idols life size; in front the three Buddhas, and in the rear other idols with candles and incense burning before them, looking hideous by the flickering light of the candle, and the priests with such hopeless faces, chanting their prayers, then bowing to each of those dumb idols. All seems cold and dead.

"Let me now take you to the sick-bed of a a poor Chinese woman. In the guest hall are Taoist priests beating gongs and drums, chanting and setting off crackers to frighten away the evil spirits. The place, too, is filled with noisy people. Only a thin wooden partition divides the room where they are from that of the poor sick one, who is in great pain and distress, as she sees, or imagines she sees all kinds of evil spirits ready to seize upon her. No one to speak a word of comfort, for, alas! all are just as afraid of the evil spirit as she is. Throughout all the long hours of the night this goes on. Who can tell the agony of soul she endures, as visions of punishment in the next world rise up before her? No one to tell her of 'the blood of Jesus Christ that cleanseth from all sin.'"

VOLUNTARY TORTURE.

A MADURA correspondent of a daily journal sends an account of a horrible rite of superstition which recently took place at Sholavandan, a little village of South India. It was a ceremony to propitiate the Goddess of Evil Destinies, and consisted in the swinging aloft of a man by means of two iron hooks imbedded in the muscles of his back. Years ago this ceremony was performed once a year, but as it was discountenanced by the Government under Lord Napier, in 1867, it was abandoned. Public misfortune, smallpox, cattle disease, suggested to the minds of the people that a renewal of the hook-swinging was necessary, so men were selected from certain villages and lots cast among them. One man being thus chosen, a curved knife was thrust through the muscles of the back on one side of the spinal column, and an iron hook followed in its path. This was repeated on the other side, and by the two hooks thus placed he was tied to the end of a pole about fifty feet long, rising up from a "car." The beam on which the pole rested was about twenty feet in height. As soon as the hooks were made fast to the end of the pole the victim was slowly raised aloft till he was some forty feet from the ground. The car was then drawn about the streets amid the shouts and prayers of the people. An image of the offending goddess was carried along behind the car. After an hour and a quarter the car returned to its starting-place, the pole was lowered, and the victim was brought to the ground. The fearful strain on the hooks had caused them to partially tear their way out. The ropes, the hooks, and the knife were given to the victim to be kept by him for three months, during which time he is at liberty to go among the people, and, showing them, receive gifts of money. After three months they will be kept in the temple. The Indian Government was apprised, but replied that as it was voluntary suffering, it was not in its province to interfere.

GOD LEADETH.

MURMUR not, oh weary traveller,
Though beset on every hand;
'Tis by stumbling, falling, rising,
That we reach the Promised Land.

God could make our pathway sweeter
If 'twere best for you and me;
But he leadeth in the darkness,
For the way we cannot see.

And we find it safe to follow,
Clinging closely to his side;
For we see the morning dawning,
Then he'll claim his waiting bride.

So we bow in meek submission
To the sovereign will of God;
For 'tis needful, 'tis in mercy
That he plies the chast'ning rod.

—MRS. C. R. SPENCER,

Providence, R. I.

A ROYAL GRANDMOTHER.

Victoria and Her Children's Children—The Home-Life of England's Princes.

IT is now fifty-six years ago since the eyes of the English people were turned in the direction of a young and modest girl—the Princess Victoria, who stood next in succession to the throne. This was in 1836. Her guardian, King Leopold of Belgium, was the means of introducing the Princess to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who afterwards became the royal consort. It has been said by those who had the best means of knowing that Prince Albert's home-life was a picture of morality and domestic happiness. While the Queen was engaged in the multifarious affairs of state, the Prince was the chief instructor of his sons and daughters, spending many hours with them daily. In his own student days, the Bible had been his companion, and this rule was still continued when he became the husband to royalty. Kind to the poor, active in all public movements of a benevolent, missionary or educational character, and an enthusiastic advocate of all that is beautiful and good in life, he was beloved by his people.

Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, the eldest son and heir-apparent to the throne of England, was probably more carefully educated than any of the other children. His father's efforts were supplemented by those of private tutors and by studies at Edinburgh, Oxford and Cambridge Universities. While still a youth he travelled to various parts of the world, and in 1860 visited this country and Canada. In 1862 he went to the Holy Land, accompanied by Dean Stanley, and soon after returning, in 1863, married the beautiful and good Princess Alexandra of Denmark.

If the home-life of the English princes had been surrounded by pure influences, that of the Danish royal home at Copenhagen had been even more so. Alexandra had passed her earlier years at the very modest palace in the Amalieglade, Copenhagen, a residence with an exterior far less imposing than many to be found in American cities, and whose interior arrangements were of the simplest. The wholesome influences of the home-life at Copenhagen were reflected, years afterward, in the married life of Alexandra and the Prince of Wales. People appreciated the simple and affectionate devotion of the princess to her husband and children no less than the earnest womanly interest she evinced in everything that would help the poor or relieve the suffering, and her sincere piety, and her touching sympathy with the sick whom she visited and nourished. Sandringham Hall, in Norfolk, the country-seat of the Prince's family, has been the centre of her domestic and benevolent activities far more than Marlborough House, the London residence. It is strictly a home, and not a "show house," like many fine mansions, and among its ample grounds and plantations the children of the Prince and Princess have grown from childhood to manhood and womanhood.

To-day we give on this page an illustration showing this family group, which has lately been invaded by death. The two sailor sons of the Prince, Albert Victor Christian Edward (who died last week), and George Frederick Ernest Albert, had both shown a decided taste for the sea. George, though the younger, was the pluckier and more aggressive of the two boys. He had a good-natured, yet masterful and decided way that showed itself even in childhood. A goat-chaise had been given to the two boys and Albert announced that he would be driver; whereupon George, though much smaller, promptly knocked him off the seat and assumed the reins, which he regularly kept thereafter. While still mere lads, they were placed on the man-of-war *Britannia*. There they had to rise at 6:30 A. M., winter and summer alike, and after a cold bath and brisk drill, assemble for prayers at 7:30 A. M. After this came breakfast. The rest of the day, exclusive of meals, was devoted to the study of mathematics and navigation.

The two royal princes, wearing the navy blue and gilt buttons of "middies," cruised in many seas during the two years they spent on the *Britannia*, and afterward on the *Bacchante*. Then after a brief stop at home with their parents and three sisters, Princess Louise (now the Duchess of Fife), Princess Victoria, and Princess Maud, Albert Victor entered Trinity College, and afterward went to Heidelberg. On returning from College he began the study of military science, and was still engaged in it when he died.

The new heir-presumptive to the throne, Prince George, is made of sterner stuff than was the Duke of Clarence. He is a fine, strong, manly young fellow, with an engaging frankness that wins friends everywhere. He is said to be a prime favorite of the English people, who love his light-hearted, merry ways and the modesty with which he conducts himself. But the probable King of England has also a serious side, for he is a thorough scholar and has given evidence recently of a desire to abandon a sea-life for pursuits befitting one who may some day be called to govern an Empire.

It has frequently been a puzzling matter to find suitable alliances for the English princes. The betrothal of the late Duke of Clarence to Princess Mary Victoria of Teck, was one that greatly pleased the English people, even if it did not meet the highest expectations of the Queen-grandmother and the Prince of Wales. As far as is known, the new heir presumptive has no matrimonial alliance in view, nor has he had opportunity to think about such matters, his busy life on shipboard having fully occupied his attention. His training has not been to lead him much among the frivolities of society. He has been a great traveller, and should he live to ascend the throne, he will be the first of England's kings who has ever visited every part of his vast empire. Courageous, independent, and able in an emergency to take the initiative, Prince George is an expert in those manly exercises that help to develop both body and character. He is unaffected and quite democratic in his ways, careful and even economical in his expenditures and absolutely conscientious on all matters of duty. Recently he has been at sea in command of the gunboat *Thrush*, cruising in North American and West Indian waters, and it has been his custom every Sunday to read divine service before the assembled crew. The rough sailors learned to love their chaplain-prince, with his good qualities, honorable life and genial ways.

At home, Prince George is the aged Queen's favorite among seventy grandchildren. Victoria is now in her seventy-second year; the Prince of Wales is fifty-one and should no accident befall to cut short his career, England will at some future day place the sailor prince on the throne under the title of George V.

THE ROYAL GRANDCHILDREN.

PRINCESS MAUD. THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE. PRINCESS LOUISE. PRINCE GEORGE, *Heir-Presumptive*. PRINCESS VICTORIA.

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A Trap Set for the Boys.

You have all heard the story of the spider and the fly, says a writer in *The Christian Statesman*. You know it well, how the spider spun a web in which to catch foolish flies. I could tell of one such web that was spun last year for boys. Was it made of silken threads? No, but eight million cigarettes! Those who spun it did not say, "will you walk in?" but they put a pretty card in each package of cigarettes, and they said, "when a boy gets a hundred of these cards, we will give him a handsome book." And so the foolish boys "walk in," by smoking as many cigarettes as they could. That was what I would call a smart way to make customers, and "smart" here is just the same as "mean." It was like a saloon-keeper, near a school, who gave free drinks to boys so that he might make customers to support his saloon by and by. This was the reason he gave for doing it. If you want pretty cards and books, boys, don't smoke for them. If you want to be men, don't smoke for it. When there is smoke, something is burning up. Treasures are often found in ashes when there has been a fire. If all of the ashes which come from the cigars and cigarettes that are smoked could be gathered together, there would be found the remains of many precious things: Good manners, clean habits, good health, good minds and enough money to make the world far richer than it is.

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People Who Bluster.

THERE are some people who always seem to be in a hurry, but they do not accomplish much. They talk great things, go through a variety of motions, and one would be led to expect that great results would quickly follow, says the *Young Men's Era*. But somehow the results do not appear. Everybody knows what is meant by a "blustery" day. The wind is first from one quarter and then from another; its force, direction and result cannot be anticipated, and are all unsatisfactory. People who bluster are much like these disagreeable days. They are unreliable, disagreeable and accomplish very little, and that little is usually in the many directions. Some good people bluster, but they would be better if they did less of it, and best if they quit it altogether. Some one has said that all there is in blustering is a gust of wind which rattles the signs, stirs a blinding dust, and makes people grab their hats. It is not very dangerous, for real courage rarely, if ever, blusters. Goliath was a blusterer, David was calm and courageous. Steady aggressiveness and persistent energy will accomplish more than bluster proposes but never performs.

MISTRESSES AND SERVANTS.

THE truth is that mistresses, writes Emily Faithfull, in the *North American Review*, as a rule, have not yet accepted a condition to which men in command of others have long since bowed—that pleasure and personal liberty in moderation must be accorded when the day's work is done. Servants are mostly young women in the prime of life, with all the instincts of youth full upon them, and it is cruel to ignore their social needs. Their followers and visitors are not welcome to those in authority, and therefore less objection should be raised to their occasional efforts to obtain the companionship of their own class outside the house when their work is done. I fear we must own to another fault in dealing with our servants: women scold and nag in a way which is unknown to men who are really fit to rule. They listen to the gossip of other servants, and almost lie in wait for the suspected delinquent.

A wise master knows the value of sometimes shutting his eyes, and will certainly let a good employee have time to recover himself before he attempts any expostulation. The ordinary mistress, unfortunately, summons the servant before she has controlled her own temper, and the result is disastrous to both. If once "a hostile attitude" describes the relation between the drawing-room and the kitchen, a state of constant friction must ensue. I do not ignore the trials experienced by the mistresses of untrained servants. Too often a succession of wasteful, ignorant girls pass, like phantasmagoria, across the threshold, leaving, however, a very convincing proof of their reality in the wreck of utensils, china, and other household treasures.

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A Visit to a Chinese Home

"THE last time I had occasion to visit them with some bright pieces of cloth that some kind friend had sent them," writes Emma Bowen Palmer, Secretary of the Chinese Home Society, "these proved a source of much enjoyment to them, and they showed me the 'cutest doll Chinaman that one of them had dressed from these materials, and I question if there are many of our American girls of similar age who could have made the articles of clothing as neatly and as well as this little Chinese girl. What impressed me as strange was that they always prefer their dolls to be little boy dolls, instead of the pretty girl dollies admired so greatly by our American children. That same afternoon the mother of Chen Yao was at home, and it was an odd, pretty sight to me to see the little girl come to her mother and kneel for a moment at her side while the mother gently laid her hand on the little one's head. I wondered what it signified until it was explained to me that it was one of their filial customs."

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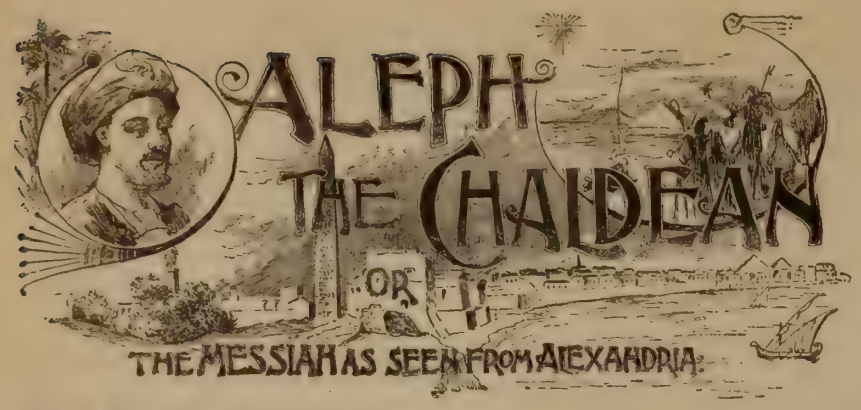
Dropped Threads.

"I THINK it a disgrace to be tired, and a sin to be ill," said a young woman whose life was one of activity in and outside of her home. She knew her limitations and accepted them; she did not reach further than the length of her arm, nor try in a brief lifetime to revolutionize the world. The coming spring will see a new beginning for most of us. We have dropped threads we need not pick up; shall we have the power to make the sacrifice—letting them lie untouched, or what is sometimes harder, giving them into other hands to finish the fabric into which we had hoped to weave a part of our own individuality? In this power to adapt our time, strength and talents to the demands made upon us we show our character. Not by exhausting ourselves, but by expending wisely, do we make ourselves valuable.



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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CHAPTER VIII. (*Continued.*)

"CERTAINLY not," answered the Egyptian; "and I am quite sure that if we could get together all the professors of the magical art that are or have been, they could not, all together, make out such a list of wonders as is conceded to Jesus." * * * "Jesus, it is universally conceded, has done many things far beyond mere human power: he claims for them a divine origin: they are worthy of such an origin in the grandeur and beneficence of their character: such an origin agrees with certain ancient predictions apparently relating to these times: unless they have such an origin, neither had the miracles of Moses and the other prophets; and indeed it seems impossible for God to furnish reliable credentials to any messenger; for, so far as we can see, his credentials must be miracles and could not well be greater miracles than Jesus has wrought: unless they have a divine origin they are demoniacal—which is wholly inconsistant with the apparent (nay certain) character of Jesus and also with his teachings, which are such as no evil spirit could reasonably be supposed willing to promote. . . . Is this satisfactory?"—turning to Rachel.

"I think you could do better; but that will do—will do very well for the present," she said smiling; "especially as you have gratuitously supplied some missing links to the chain. Go on, O illustrious house of Seti and heir of all the Pharaohs, I have great hopes of you yet."

"You see, gentlemen," said Seti, "what comes of teaching our daughters to know and argue like other people. As soon as we furnish them with arms they turn them against us. And this they call gratitude!

"But," he added gravely, seeing Cimon rising to take leave, "if your affairs now call you away I wish to make an inquiry of you—if you will step this way.

Cimon followed him to a distant part of the room.

After a little hesitation, Aleph said to Rachel:

"Your grandfather has surprised me very much in this conversation. From the position he holds I should have thought such views on his part impossible."

"There is a mystery about the matter, I confess," replied the maiden; "but then this is not the only righteous mystery in Alexandria to-day"—and her eyes laughed into his in a very wonderful way.

"Let us hope," said he with an answering gleam from eyes quite as wonderful though mysteriously different, "that they both will clear up satisfactorily in due time, as the mystery of Jesus seems to be doing. I am grateful to you for what I have heard to-day. But I would be glad to speak with Miriam myself. Do you think she will be strong enough to bear another talk to-day?"

"Perhaps so. I return to her as soon as my sedan comes; and if you will accompany me we will see what she is equal to. If you do not object, I wish to be present when you question her."

"That would be delightful to me (and a new light sprang to his eyes as he said it)—especially since I have come to know that you have mind as well as beauty, and can inquire and reason with the best."

He said this as if half soliloquizing, and with such an air of glad heartiness that she at once felt that the words had in them nothing of the emptiness of mere compliment.

She hastened to say timidly, "If we find that she is not able to talk with us to-day, we can arrange to see her to-morrow when she is fresh. Perhaps, too, she will then be able to bear removal to our house and—could I count on your aid in transferring her, for my brothers are away and my father has gone to Rome?"

"How gladly I agree to this lady Rachel, I trust, already knows. At the same time, I must confess, I have some doubt as to what the morrow may bring to me; and so I would fain do as much as I can to-day."

"You do not mean—I trust you do not mean danger?" and she looked anxiously at him.

Before he could answer a knock was heard at the door and a servant entered to say that the sedan of the lady was waiting at the gate. Rachel hastily prepared for the street. Going to Seti, who now stood by the door, she kissed him and—stood embarrassed.

"Well, what is it, my Gem of Alexandria?" said Seti. "What can we do for you? Do you want the old man to send you off with a formal blessing? The blessing of a heathen is not worth very much."

"You are no heathen," rejoined the maiden; "and I have already a great store of your blessings carefully laid up at home among my treasures. Give your blessing to-day to these friends of ours who, I fear, are in danger, and who have deserved well at our hands. You are wise and powerful—protect them, or you and I will have to part company. I hate ingratitude"—and she shook her finger at him.

"By the way," she added, "do you think so valuable a jewel as the Gem of Alexandria ought to pass along the street without an escort?"

"I was about to offer the lady my escort on her way as far as Miriam, whom I wished to question: but it seems that I am a person who himself needs protection," said Aleph with a smile.

"Judging from what we have seen, Aleph the Chaldean is remarkably well qualified to protect himself, to say nothing of others," said Seti with great composure.

"Yes, against a fair enemy," protested the maiden; "but against others one need all the help he can get from both earth and heaven. What I want of you, grandfather, is to see that earth does its part. If you do not, I promise you that you shall see how a woman can bestir herself."

"Just as if Seti needed all this eloquence, child!" he said reproachfully.

"Mother-father, I am ashamed of myself. I know that you mean nobly. But then you men are so manly that you are not so quick as a woman at divining the presence of danger, though far better at meeting it when discovered. At least, so I am told; and I shall not deny it till necessary. So forgive me, and—do as I say."

"I am not sure," said the Egyptian thoughtfully, "but that both of you are right. If Rachel must return by way of Miriam, an escort may be a protection to her, as Antis is capable of the worst; and to be seen in the streets with the daughter of Alexander may in the end be a protection to Aleph the Chaldean, for it will show whom it may concern that he is not without friends. So go, you two—but I will ask our friend Cimon to remain a while longer."

VIII.

THE ESCORT.

IN going to the Serapeum, our friends had noticed near the gate of the khan the Cretan who, as agent for Malus, had dealt with the Phœnician dealer in dyes. They recognized him readily, though he turned hastily away as they approached him. The catspaw of Malus! they both thought; and would perhaps have thought no more of it had not——

But, on going a little farther, whom should they see but Malus himself coming toward them! They knew that Malus had tracked them to their quarters and made sure of a close connection between them.

When Aleph came out with Rachel to her sedan, he very naturally looked about to see if he was still under surveillance. But he saw only the porters of the rich conveyance that waited for the daughter of Alexander. There was one interruption on the way—a pleasant one. Rachel, through her curtains, happening to descry Shaphan at a distance, stopped her bearers and begged Aleph to beckon the Jew to them. He promptly crossed the street. The lady gave him her hand and said that she had been hearing with great interest the story of his visit to Judea, but wished to hear it again at first hand. Could he not go with them a short distance to where her nurse lived and there gratify her? He could: in fact, his brother, who had just returned from Judea, and himself were even now returning from the Egyptian khan near the Serapeum, whither they had gone for the purpose of seeing the young Chaldean, and communicating some new information about the Messiah.

Aleph expressed his gratification at the meeting, and warmly seconded the lady's request. So Shaphan beckoned to his brother, and the two followed the chair to the house of Miriam.

They found the door guarded by a stout servant of Alexander, and by bars still stouter. It appeared that Antis had lately been there, demanded admittance, and, on being refused, had become violent, tried to break open the door, and finally had gone away threatening to return shortly with authority and force that could not be resisted.

They found that Miriam had been so agitated by the attempt of her husband that she was unfit for the further conversation that Aleph desired. But with so many friends now about her she was in a restful state; and when Rachel proposed that, if it would not tire her too much, Shaphan and his brother should give an account of their visit to Palestine and Jesus, she declared that she could well endure it. Indeed, it would strengthen her. To hear of Jesus again would be as cool water to a thirsty soul.

So Shaphan told again the story with which we are already familiar—told it, however, with omission of the part relating to Malus; for Aleph had suggested that all the servants, excepting the door-keeper, should be present at the recital. When Shaphan had finished, his brother Nathan added substantially the following account:

After the departure of his brother, he had remained a few days longer with Jesus, listening to his teaching and seeing further examples of his wonderful power. Two of these examples were specially impressive. One day, as the night drew on, Jesus, who had been teaching the people from a boat belonging to his disciples, was overheard saying to them, "Let us go over to the other side." Whereupon they put out into the lake and headed for Gadara. Some of his hearers, of whom Nathan was one, hating to part company with him for even a short time, immediately sprang into another boat and followed. Soon the night shut down—one of the blackest nights ever known. Jesus' boat could no longer be seen.

Suddenly the wind rose into a gale. It wrestled with the sea like a giant; and the sea rose in its wrath and wrestled back again with a mighty outcry. For a moment they would lie breathless in each other's arms; and then, reviving, fling themselves madly at each other in mortal duel. It was an awful scene. It seemed as if all the demons were abroad. The waters which, when they embarked, were almost without discernible wrinkle, were now furrowed into mighty chasms by the plow of the storm king. Up went the little boat to heaven on the thundering billow; down it went into a hell of waters as thunderous. The watery monsters shook their white manes and lashed their black sides and leaped at and over their prey with open jaws. They laughed to scorn oar and rudder and seamanship. They shouted, and howled and shrieked, and seemed to swear by the Eternal to the helpless crew, "We have you now; nothing can save you; to-morrow your corpses will be drifting silently about; no, nothing can save you, not even the mighty Christ." Drenched, rudderless, oarless, they clung to the sides of the fast filling boat in a paroxysm of horror and helplessness. In a few moments all would be over They commended their souls to God.

What noise was that? Off at their right, hidden in the darkness, evidently was another crew of affrighted and sinking men, crying out in their extremity. Can they be Jesus and his disciples? Are they too in the very jaws of death? Cannot he who has done such great things manage to save his own, to save himself? Or are these raging, howling elements a field to which his power does not extend? Such thoughts flashed through the mind of Nathan even as he seemed on the point of being swallowed up. But just then ne distinctly heard (for the boats had neared each other) a distressful voice which he recognized as that of one of the disciples, exclaiming, "Lord, save us, we perish!"

"Can he do it? If so, why has he not interfered before? Why permit such a horrible fright to his friends? No, he cannot do it. Jesus has at last found his master. There seems the exultation of conscious omnipotence and universal mastery in the leapings and thunderings of this hurricane-tossed sea!"

Such thoughts rushed upon Nathan as fiercely as the tempest itself—as if Satan himself were riding the storm and dashing them into his face with the spray and foam.

Still he was all ear for what might follow that cry for help. Clinging to the side of the boat with both hands, he kept his face set toward where the other boat seemed to be, and almost stilled his heart-beat as he listened. It seemed as if his soul had gone to his ears, and was leaning forth, as men sometimes do from a casement, to catch the faintest word that might come from the Master in answer to the despairing cry of his followers. And there came—a faint ripple of speech, a shadow or ghost of articulate sound almost lost amid the deafening outcries of the storm? No. A wailing prayer for help to One above the clouds? No. A quavering, hesitating voice as of one doubtful of himself and of the issue? No. The voice that came was so clear, so penetrating, so dominant among the wild noises of the storm, so full of calm decision and unquestionable authority and sovereign forces, that one felt sure in advance of what the result would be.

"Peace—be still!"

No sooner had these words gone forth on the wrestling, roaring winds than they fell dead in full career. No sooner had these words gone forth on the wrestling, roaring billows that went charging against the sky with their crested battalions than they sank in their places as sinks the ox when smitten on the forehead by the axe of some mighty man. And there was a great calm. Hardly a ripple was left in sea or air. What a sudden silence! In an instant the demons of the storm had not only taken flight, but were already beyond hearing and sight. And, looking up, Nathan and his companions saw that even the clouds had wholly fled, and left the stars looking down on them as peacefully as if nothing had happened, or ever would happen again. And off, a little way, the starlight was softly shimmering on a summer sea, on gently plashing oars, on a boat and boatmen, and in the stern on the eminent form of him who had now shown himself King of Nature as well as King of men.

Nathan and his companions reached the shore very soon after Jesus. * * * * He left the same day for Egypt—left with stronger faith than ever in Jesus as the Messiah. He could doubt neither the reality nor the divine origin of the miracles of Jesus. But, somehow, the people at large were not impressed as he was. They were getting used to the wonderful works. And the leaders of the people were industriously encouraging the idea a Satanic agency in them—and with growing success. About the Sea of Galilee, where most of his mighty works are done, Jesus has very few who believe in him. He does not conform to the current notion of what the Messiah should be. He gives no encouragement to political unrest; he makes no attempt to form a political party, collects no military stores, gathers no army, assumes no state. He seems to aim at no worldly grandeur for himself or nation. He has even been understood to say that rejection and suffering and even death await him—that, in short, his kingdom is not of this world. This is very unsatisfactory to the people at large. If he would only proclaim a temporal kingdom, set up the standard of revolt against Rome, and summon the people to rally about it, no doubt they would rush to him at once. But as it is, they will go from him. So it seemed to Nathan as he watched the people; and so it seemed to him it would be as he read the prophets. The more he studied them the more inclined was he to think that they had been misunderstood.

"I think very much as you do," said Aleph, "and shall not be at all surprised if Jesus the Messiah should prove a sacrifice as well as a king. King he certainly is—king of devils, king of diseases, king of the elements, king of teachers——"

Here he was interrupted by the door-keeper, who came to say that through the eyelet of the door he could see Antis approaching with what seemed a police force.

"Oh, do not let him enter," exclaimed Miriam in great distress; "if he enters I shall die. You do not know all I know." And she raised herself in the bed and wrung her hands in an agony of apprehension.

"Do not disturb yourself," said Aleph calmly. "Though we do not know all, we know enough. But Jesus knew it all, and you have his promise. Trust it and reserve such strength as you have till it is needed. We will not desert you."

(*To be Continued.*)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

E. P., Rockford, Ill. No; he has never at any time done so.

I. E. Morton, The Chalet, Wilmot, N. S. In your "Mail Bag," of December 30th, a lady asks for a poem concerning the seven fishermen whom the Master made his friends and companions, and whose influence in the world to-day is so great. I found it in my old scrap-book, pasted there many years ago. It is one of the beautiful poems for which the world is indebted to Alice Cary. The opening verse is:

There were seven fishers with nets in their hands,
And they walked and talked by the seaside sands;
Yet, sweet as the sweet dews fall,
The words they spake, tho' they spake so low,
Across the long, dim centuries flow,
And we know them, one and all,
Ay, know them and love them all.

C. M. A., Plainville, Conn. Is it easier for a person not physically strong—to sing a solo in public or to assist in a choir of ten to twelve voices?

Solo singing is one of the most trying of vocal exercises, and any defect in the voice, arising from physical weakness or other causes, would be more quickly detected in a soloist than in any other singer. Choral singing is not as severe a strain and is a good means of strengthening the voice, but singing in a choir will not develop the musical qualities that make a soloist.

One E. . . . . Why is it necessary for us to thank God daily for being kept from the many accidents that befall others, when we are assured that no danger can touch us until our time to die has come?

Happily, no one knows the time appointed for him to die, and when we see others suddenly and painfully taken off, we must naturally feel grateful to God that we are still spared. Your question presupposes a fatalist idea. Do not imagine, however, that such a belief could avert what would certainly follow if you put your neck on the rail-track in front of an approaching train.

Jas. R. Seeley, New Durham, N.J., Please give your opinion of the holding of fairs in the church, or a building dedicated to God. 2. Are the King's Sons a part of the organization of the King's Daughters? What are the requirements of membership?

1. There may be objections to a church holding a fair, but if it is right to hold a fair, there seems to us no reason against its being held in the church building. There is no special sanctity in the wood, or bricks and mortar. It is a question of association only, and that should prevent anything indecorous being done. 2. The King's Sons are a part of the organization. You may obtain all particulars by addressing a letter (enclosing stamp for reply), to The International Order of the King's Daughters and Sons, 158 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.

Edward Martin, Valley Falls, Kan. Is it consistent for a Christian to leave the worship of God in order to attend a social gathering, where prayer-meeting and party occur on the same evening?

While under ordinary circumstances it might be entirely proper to attend the social party, the act of curtailing worship by quitting prayer-meeting for that purpose would be inconsistent with the Christian profession. However much we may delight in social intercourse, our highest pleasure should be in the service of God, and nothing within our control should be permitted to interfere with that worship. After service, week days, we can see no harm in joining a social gathering, if of the right character.

Thomas Mack, Passaic, N. J. Do the Scriptures teach that a Christian must give one-tenth of his income to God, and if so, and he knows it and does not do it, is it not inconsistent with his Christian training? By neglecting to do so does he not peril his future hope for eternity? If a Christian, to give his tenth, is compelled to work 72 hours a week and then to live on the balance, meanwhile ruining his health and strength, is he justified in discontinuing it in order to live comfortably and conveniently?

Under the Old Testament dispensation, the giving of tithes was commanded generally, but the Apostle Paul, under the Gospel dispensation, advises that Christians should give according as the Lord has prospered them. In a case like that cited by our correspondent, where the income is inadequate to the support of the household, it would be a serious hardship to reduce it to such a point that privation and possibly sickness might ensue; for then there would be an end of all income. It has been urged by some that a proper and reasonable manner of giving would be, after supplying one's self with the absolute necessaries of life, to devote to the Lord a liberal percentage of the remainder, even though it should be much higher than the stipulated tenth.

Mrs. F. F. Williams, Philmont, N. Y. Did Judas purchase a field with the bribe-money, as mentioned in Acts 1: 18, and did he hang himself in this field?

The rendering of Peter's statement in the Revised Version is that "this man (Judas) *obtained* a field as the reward of iniquity." Elsewhere, with more detail, the story of Judas' apostacy and death are given, showing that after he had flung back the bribe to the priests, he went out and hanged himself, and that the priests, being at a loss what to do with the money and not daring to return it to the treasury, since it was the price of the Saviour's life, bought from a potter, a piece of ground which they wanted as a burying-place for strangers.

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Wrote My Resignation

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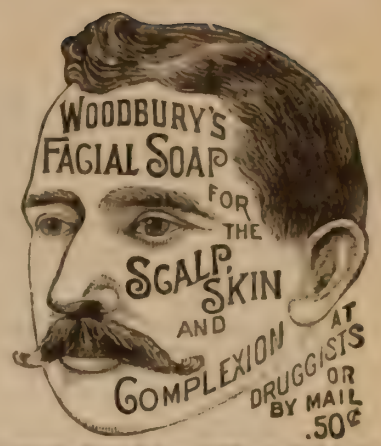

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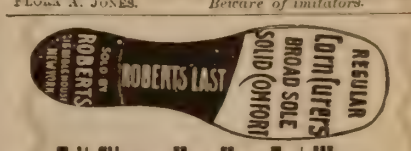

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ASK AND TAKE.

"For he that asketh receiveth (taketh)." Matt. 7: 8.

DOWN from the German there comes a story
Of one good frau of Mies,
Whose faith was small, and brought no comfort,
Or sweet, abiding peace.

A stranger, one day, ragged, hungry,
A-begging came to Riesa's door,
And glad was she to serve the Master
By giving to the poor.

In haste she laid good food before him,
And said: "Take all you will;"
Yet moved he not a hand to take it,
But kept on begging still.

She wondered at the strange behavior
Of one so kindly used,
And asked him why he begged for favors,
And then the gifts refused?

He answered: "Hast not heard how Jesus,
In pity for the poor,
Has spread a royal feast from heaven,
Enough for all and more?

"And bids them welcome to 'it, yet millions
Are perishing for bread,
And do not touch the grand provison
For them so kindly spread—

"But they continually are asking,
As if no bread were there,
And mock the kindness of the Giver
With an unmeaning prayer?"

Frau Riesa ne'er forgot that Stranger,
His gracious look or word;
But as he turned away to leave her
She said: "It is the Lord."

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The Frontispiece engraving of the Number is from a drawing by W. T. SMEDLEY, illustrating a Poem by JOHN HAY, entitled ***NIGHT IN VENICE.***

Another interesting American article is GEORGE W. SHELDON'S ***OLD SHIPPING MERCHANTS OF NEW YORK,*** illustrated by C. D. GIBSON and F. H. SCHELL.

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WILLIAM ARCHER contributes a paper on ***THE ROYAL DANISH THEATRE,*** illustrated by HANS TEGNER.

The third of WILLIAM MCLENNAN'S ***CANADIAN HABITANT SKETCHES,*** entitled ***MARIE,*** illustrated by C. S. REINHART, will strengthen the impression already made by this author's writings, which, in this field, are as novel and original as the Creole sketches of Mr. CABLE.

JULIAN RALPH also contributes another of his remarkable papers on the Northwest, telling, under the title of ***"A SKIN FOR A SKIN,"*** the romantic story of the Hudson Bay Fur-Trading Company. The article contains material never before published, and is supplemented by Mr. REMINGTON'S graphic pictures.

HORATIO BRIDGE, U.S.N., the classmate and intimate friend of the greatest of American romance writers, contributes the second paper of his ***PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE,*** giving new glimpses of his early literary life down to the time of President Pierce's election.

An entertaining character sketch, entitled ***FIN DE SIÈCLE,*** is contributed by ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

The Editorial Departments are conducted, as usual: *Editor's Easy Chair*, by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS; *Editor's Study*, by WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS; *Editor's Drawer*, by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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THROUGH AFRICA ON FOOT.

Dr James Johnston's Daring Expedition into Central Africa with his Company of Consecrated Jamaica Missionary Workers.

ABOUT four years ago, a vigorous, alert man, a little over thirty years of age, stood before a congregation of colored people in Jamaica, with a letter in his hand. The letter was a pathetic one. It came from a missionary in the interior of Africa. It was not exactly an appeal, though it expressed an ardent desire. The writer was sick, having been overcome by the heat while trying to build his hut. Around him were the natives, some of whom were hostile, some indifferent and not one friendly. "How I wish," the writer said, "I had a few of your converted West Indian negroes here to help me in my unaccustomed labors." The contents of the letter were imparted to the congregation by the speaker, and he suggested the possibility of his going out to Africa if a few of his hearers were disposed to go with him for such a purpose as the missionary had indicated. Immediately nineteen stalwart young men rose and offered themselves for the work. That was the origin of one of the most remarkable missionary movements of our time.

The speaker himself is a remarkable man. He had been in Jamaica about fourteen years when that meeting was held. His name is James Johnston and he is a Scotchman by birth. He hails from Huntly in Aberdeenshire, where he was born in 1854. He was a poor boy, but, like Scotch boys generally, he was not to be prevented by his poverty from getting a University education. He worked hard all summer and earned enough money to keep him at the University through the winter. In this way he passed through the University, taking high honors without receiving a penny from his father. He meant to be a minister, and he began his work by preaching in the villages of his native county where large crowds were drawn to listen by his wonderful eloquence. But in the Spring of 1874, he witnessed a ceremony which changed the current of his life. He was in London where he had gone to receive his degree at the London University. In the month of April he was in Westminster Abbey when the bones of his countryman, the illustrious missionary and explorer, David Livingstone were laid to rest in that historic fane. The scene impressed the youth so deeply that from that time he consecrated his life to missionary labor. He decided to commence his career among the neglected colored population of Jamaica, in the West Indies. He sailed for that Island, Dec. 2, 1874, and joining himself to a Baptist minister at Brown's Town, began his labors.

THE MISSIONARY-EXPLORER, DR. JAS. JOHNSTON.

The young missionary was not a tractable worker of the type that willingly pulls in harness and plods in ruts. He had his own ideas of the needs of the people and how they might best be helped. In preaching the Gospel no man could be more earnest, and in unbounded faith in its power to transform life and character he was second to none. But he wanted the people to become thrifty, to be better housed and fed. They too, were desirous of that, but they did not know how to begin. Mr. Johnston proposed to show them how. He taught them how to build a neat cottage with native woods; how to shingle and floor it; how to cultivate their little plots of ground so as to bring a profit and how jungle and bush might be made to yield a product in money. The boys were taught not only to read and write and understand Bible truth, but to dig, to hoe, to weed; and the girls to cook, to sew and to keep the house tidy and clean. There were not wanting critics to say that such occupations were unbefitting a missionary. A worker so original could not escape censure for other parts of his work and finally Mr. Johnston found himself outside the endorsement of missionary societies.

The people, however, knew his value and begged him to stay with them. They subscribed out of their sparse savings a little money to buy a small piece of ground. Then trees were felled and under Mr. Johnson as architect and master-builder a building was reared which they called the Tabernacle, a picture of which appears on this page. From this, as a centre the work went on. Mr. Johnston was more than a preacher to his people. He was like a father to the simple-hearted, childlike natives. He was the adviser in all cases of domestic difficulty, the resource in all emergencies and the general chief and head of an enormous family of one thousand souls. Another function remained to be added. He had been in the habit of suggesting simple remedies in cases of sickness, would give a dose of quinine to a man on the verge of a fever, or administer a simple emetic to a bilious sufferer. His amateur treatment was soon called in question by some regular practitioner and he found that he had inadvertently broken the law. Many men would have ceased to prescribe, but Mr. Johnston resolved to put himself in order in a different way. During the next three years he spent half his time in Toronto studying medicine, his work in Brown's Town during his absence being carried on by his wife, who is an accomplished lady, able to preach and willing to do so if her husband is not present. At the end of three years Mr. Johnston went to Scotland, passed his examination at the University of Edinburgh and was authorized to practice as a Doctor of Medicine. He returned to Brown's Town and added a wing to his Tabernacle which was utilized as a hospital and dispensary. What was being done at Brown's Town was talked of and Dr. Johnston was urged to extend the work. Another Tabernacle was built at St. Jean D'Acre and branch stations at Stepney and other places which were carried on under Dr. Johnston's supervision. Large congregations were gathered in each place and the churches grew. The increase of membership, however, was slow, for the Doctor has a rigid standard about admission to membership. A man must, not only intelligently understand the Gospel, but give evidence by his walk and conversation that he is converted, before he can be received into the church. The reader can now understand something of the charter of the meeting at which Dr. Johnston read the missionary's letter mentioned at the beginning of this sketch. The letter writer was a student with Dr. Johnston in Great Britain and was one of a noble band of eighteen young men who went out to Africa to preach the Gospel. Thirteen of them had died there and the writer believed that some of them might have been saved, had they had the help of a consecrated colored man able to work in that trying climate. Here was an opportunity for service which the men whom Dr. Johnston had been training were specially qualified to use. Of the nineteen who volunteered Dr. Johnston selected six. Then arose the question of funds. By his farming operations and his medical fees Dr. Johnston had accumulated a fund of two thousand dollars. This he appropriated to pay

Continued on page 60.

DR. JOHNSTON'S TABERNACLE, MISSION HOUSE AND DISPENSARY AT BROWN'S TOWN, JAMAICA, WEST INDIES.

THIRTY MINUTES IN HEAVEN.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday morning Sermon: Revelation 8: 1, *"There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."*

THE busiest place in the universe is heaven. It is the centre from which all good influences start; it is the goal at which all good results arrive. The Bible represents it as active with wheels and wings and orchestras and processions mounted or charioted. But my text describes a space when the wheels ceased to roll and the trumpets to sound and the voices to chant. The riders on the white horses reined in their chargers. The doxologies were hushed and the processions halted. The hand of arrest was put upon all the splendors. "Stop, Heaven!" cried an omnipotent voice, and it stopped. For thirty minutes everything celestial stood still. "There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour."

From all we can learn it is the only time heaven ever stopped. It does not stop as other cities for the night, for there is no night there. It does not stop for a plague, for the inhabitant never says: "I am sick." It does not stop for bankruptcies, for its inhabitants never fail. It does not stop for impassable streets, for there are no fallen snows nor sweeping freshets. What, then, stopped it for thirty minutes? Grotius and Professor Stuart think it was at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Mr. Lord thinks it was in the year 311, between the close of the Diocletian persecution and the beginning of the wars by which Constantine gained the throne. But that was all a guess, though a learned and brilliant guess. I do not know when it was and I do not care when it was, but of the fact that such an interregnum of sound took place, I am certain. "There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour."

And, first of all, we may learn that God and all heaven then honored silence. The full power of silence many of us have yet to learn. We are told that when Christ was arraigned "He answered not a word." That silence was louder than any thunder that ever shook the world. Ofttimes, when we are assailed and misrepresented, the mightiest thing to say is to say nothing, and the mightiest thing to do, is to do nothing. Those people who are always rushing into print to get themselves set right accomplish nothing but their own chagrin. Silence! Do right and leave the results with God. Among the grandest lessons the world has ever learned are the lessons of patience taught by those who endured uncomplainingly personal or domestic or political injustice. Oh, the power of patient silence! Eschylus, the immortal poet, was condemned to death for writing something that offended the people. All the pleas in his behalf were of no avail, until his brother uncovered the arm of the prisoner and showed that his hand had been shot off at Salamis. That silent plea liberated him. The loudest thing on earth is silence if it be of the right kind and at the right time. There was a quaint old hymn, spelled in the old style, and once sung in the churches:

> The race is not forever got
> By him who fastest runs,
> Nor the Battel by those peopell
> That shoot with the longest guns.

My friends, the tossing sea of Galilee seemed most to offend Christ by the amount of noise it made, for he said to it: "Be still!" Heaven has been crowning kings and queens unto God for many centuries, yet heaven never stopped a moment for any such occurrence, but it stopped thirty minutes for the coronation of Silence. "There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour."

Learn also from my text that heaven

GOFFIN SAVES THE BLIND MINER.

must be an eventful and active place, from the fact that it could afford only thirty minutes of recess. There have been events on earth and in heaven that seemed to demand a whole day or whole week or whole year for celestial consideration. If Grotius was right and this silence occurred at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, that scene was so awful and so prolonged that the inhabitants of heaven could not have done justice to it in many weeks. After fearful besiegement of the two fortesses of Jerusalem—Antonio and Hippicus—had been going on for a long while, a Roman soldier mounted on the shoulder of another soldier hurled into the window of the Temple a firebrand, and the Temple was all aflame, and after covering many sacrifices to the holiness of God, the building itself became a sacrifice to the rage of man. The hunger of the people in that city during the besiegement was so great that as some outlaws were passing a doorway and inhaled the odors of food, they burst open the door, threatening the mother of the household with death unless she gave them some food, and she took them aside and showed them that it was her own child she was cooking for the ghastly repast. Six hundred priests were destroyed on Mount Zion because the Temple being gone there was nothing for them to do. Six thousand people in one cloister were consumed. There were one million one hundred thousand dead, according to Josephus. Grotius thinks that this was the cause of silence in heaven for half an hour. If Mr. Lord was right and this silence was during the Diocletian persecutions, by which eight hundred and forty-four thousand Christians suffered death from sword and fire, and banishment and exposure, why did not heaven listen throughout at least one of those awful years? No! Thirty minutes! The fact is that the celestial programme is so crowded with spectacle that it can afford only one recess in all eternity and that for a short space. While there are great choruses in which all heaven can join, each soul there has a story of divine mercy peculiar to itself, and it must be a solo. How can heaven get through with all its recitatives, with all its cantatas, with all its grand marches, with all its victories? Eternity is too short to utter all the praise.

Not only are all the triumphs of the past to be commemorated, but all the triumphs to come. Not only what we now know of God, but what we will know of him after everlasting study of the Deific. If my text had said there was silence in heaven for thirty days, I would not have been startled at the announcement, but it indicates thirty minutes. Why, there will be so many friends to hunt up; so many of the greatly good and useful that we will want to see; so many of the inscrutable things of earth we will need explained; so many exciting earthly experiences we will want to talk over, and all the other spirits and all the ages will want the same, that there will be no more opportunity for cessation. How busy we will be kept in having pointed out to us the heroes and heroines that the world never fully appreciated—the yellow-fever and cholera doctors, who died not flying from their posts; the female nurses who faced pestilence in the lazarettos; the railroad engineers who stayed at their places in order to save the train though they themselves perished. Hubert Goffin, the master-miner, who, landing from the bucket at the bottom of the mine, just as he heard the waters rush in, and when one jerk of the rope would have lifted him into safety, put a blind miner who wanted to go to his sick child in the bucket and jerked the rope for him to be pulled up, crying: "Tell them the water has burst in and we are probably lost; but we will seek refuge at the other end of the right gallery;" and then giving the command to the other miners till they digged themselves so near out that the people from the outside could come to their rescue. The multitudes of men and women who got no crown on earth, we will want to see when they get their crown in heaven. I tell you heaven will have no more half hours to spare.

Besides that, heaven is full of children. They are in the vast majority. No child on earth who amounts to anything can be kept quiet half an hour, and how are you going to keep five hundred million of them quiet half an hour. You know heaven is much more of a place than it was when that recess of thirty minutes occurred. Its population has quadrupled, sextupled, centupled. Heaven has more on hand, more of rapture, more of knowledge, more of intercommunication, more of worship. There is not so much difference between Brooklyn seventy-five years ago, when there were a few houses down on the East River and the village reached up only to Sands Street, as compared with what this great city is now—yea, not so much difference between New York when Canal Street was far up-town and now when Canal Street is far down-town, than there is a difference between what heaven was when my text was written and what heaven is now. The most thrilling place we have ever been in is stupid compared with that, and, if we now have no time to spare, we will then have no eternity to spare. Silence in heaven only half an hour!

My subject also impresses me with the immortality of a half-hour. That half-hour mentioned in my text is more widely known that any other period in the calendar of heaven. None of the whole hours of heaven are measured off, none of the years, none of the centuries. Of the millions of ages past, and the millions of ages to come, not one is especially measured off in the Bible. The half-hour of my text is made immortal. The only part of eternity that was ever measured by earthly timepiece was measured by the minute hand of my text. Oh, the half-hours! They decide everything. I am not asking what you will do with the years or months or days of your life, but what of the half-hours. Tell me the history of your half-hours, and I will tell you the story of your whole life on earth and the story of your whole life in eternity. The right or wrong things you can think in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can say in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can do in thirty minutes are glorious or baleful, inspiring or desperate. Look out for the fragments of time. They are pieces of eternity. It was the half-hours between shoeing horses that made Elihu Burritt the learned blacksmith, the half-hours between professional calls as a physician

"PUT ON YOUR HAT," SAID THE KING.

that made Abercrombie the Christian philosopher, the half-hours between his duties as school-master that made Salmon P. Chase Chief-Justice, the half-hours between shoe-lasts that made Henry Wilson Vice-President of the United States, the half-hours between canal-boats that made James A. Garfield President. The half-hour a day for good books or bad books; the half-hour a day for prayer or indolence; the half-hour a day for helping others or blasting others; the half-hour before you go to business, and the half-hour after your return from business; that makes the difference between the scholar and the ignoramus, between the Christian and the infidel, between the saint and the demon, between triumph and catastrophe, between heaven and hell. The most tremendous things of your life and mine were certain half-hours. The half-hour when in the parsonage of a country minister I resolved to become a Christian then and there; the half-hour when I decided to become a preacher of the Gospel; the half-hour when I first realized that my son was dead; the half-hour when I stood on the top of my house in Oxford Street and saw our church burn; the half-hour in which I entered Jerusalem; the half-hour in which I ascended Mount Calvary; the half-hour in which I stood on Mars Hill; the half hour in which the dedicatory prayer of this Temple was made; and about ten or fifteen other half-hours, are the chief times of my life. You may forget the name of the exact years or most of the important events of your existence, but those half-hours, like

the half-hour of my text, will be immortal. I do not query what you will do with the Twentieth Century, I do not query what you will do with 1892, but what will you do with the next half-hour? Upon that hinges your destiny. And, during that some of you will receive the Gospel and make complete surrender, and during that others of you will make final and fatal rejection of the full and free and urgent and impassioned offer of life eternal. Oh, that the next half-hour might be the most glorious thirty minutes of your earthly existence! Far back in history a great geographer stood with a sailor, looking at a globe that represented our planet, and he pointed to a place on the globe where he thought there was an undiscovered continent. The undiscovered continent was Ameriea. The geographer who pointed where he thought there was a new world was Martin Behaim, and the sailor to whom he showed it was Columbus. This last was not satisfied till he had picked that gem out of the sea and set it in the crown of the world's geography. Oh, ye, who have been sailing up and down the rough seas of sorrow and sin, let me point out to you another continent, yea, another world, that you may yourselves find, a rapturous world, and that is the world a half-hour of which we now study. Oh, set sail for it! Here is the ship and here are the compasses. In other words, make this half-hour, beginning at twenty minutes of twelve by my watch, the grandest half-hour of your life, and become a Christian. Pray for a regenerated spirit. Louis XIV., while walking in the garden at Versailles met Mansard, the great architect, and the architect took off his hat before the king. "Put on your hat," said the king, "for the evening is damp and cold." And Mansard, the architect, the rest of the evening kept on his hat. The dukes and marquises standing with bare heads before the king expressed their surprise at Mansard, but the king said: "I can make a duke or a marquis, but God only can make a Mansard." And I say to you, my hearers, God only by his convicting and converting grace can make a Christian, but he is ready this very half-hour to accomplish it.

Again, my text suggests a way of studying heaven so that we can better understand it. The word "eternity" that we handle so much is an immeasurable word. Knowing that we could not understand that word, the Bible uses it only once. We say, "For ever and ever:" But, how long is "For ever and ever?" I am glad that my text puts under our eye heaven for thirty minutes. As when you would see a great picture, you put a sheet of paper into a scroll and look through it, or join your forefinger to your thumb and look through the circle between, and the picture becomes more intense, so this masterpiece of heaven by St. John is more impressive when we take only thirty minutes of it at a time. Now, we have something that we can come nearer to grasping, and it is a quiet heaven. When we discourse about the multitudes of heaven, it must be almost a nervous shock to those who have all their lives been crowded by many people, and who want a quiet heaven. For the last thirty-five years I have been much of the time in crowds and under public scrutiny and amid excitements, and I have sometimes thought for a few weeks after I reach heaven I would like to go down in some quiet part of the realm, with a few friends, and for a little while try comparative solitude. Then, there are those whose hearing is so delicate that they get no satisfaction when you describe the crash of the eternal orchestra, and they feel like saying, as a good woman in Hudson, N.Y., said, after hearing me speak of the mighty chorus of heaven: "That must be a great heaven, but what will become of my poor head?" Yes, this half-hour of my text is a still experience. "There was silence in heaven for half an hour." You will find the inhabitants all at home. Enter the King's Palace and take only a glimpse, for we have only thirty minutes for all heaven. "Is that Jesus?" "Yes." Just under the hair along his forehead is the mark of a wound made by a bunch of twisted brambles, and his foot on the throne has on the round of his instep another mark of a wound made by a spike, and a scar on the palm of the right hand, and a scar on the palm of the left hand. But, what a countenance! What a smile! What a grandeur! What a loveliness! What an overwhelming look of kindness and grace! Why, he looks as if he had redeemed a world! But, come on, for our time is short. Do you see that row of palaces? That is the Apostolic Row. Do you see that long reach of architectural glories? That is Martyr Row. Do you see that immense structure? That is the biggest house in heaven; that is "the House of Many Mansions." Do you see that wall? Shade your eyes against its burning splendor, for that is the wall of heaven, jasper at the bottom, and amethyst at the top. See this river rolling through the heart of the great metropolis? That is the river concerning which those who once lived on the banks of the Hudson, or the Alabama, or the Rhine, or the Shannon, say: "We never saw the like of this for clarity and sheen." That is the chief river of heaven—so bright, so wide, so deep. But you ask: "Where are the asylums for the old?" I answer: "The inhabitants are all young." "Where are the hospitals for the lame?" "They are all agile." "Where are the infirmaries for the blind and deaf?" "They all see and hear." "Where are the almshouses for the poor?" "They are all multi-millionaires." "Where are the inebriate asylums?" "Why, there are no saloons." "Where are the graveyards?" "Why they never die." Pass down those boulevards of gold and amber and sapphire and see those interminable streets built by the Architect of the universe into homes, over the threshold of which sorrow never steps, and out of whose windows, faces, once pale with earthly sickness, now look rubicund with immortal health. "Oh, let me go in and see them?" you say. No, you cannot go in. There are those there who would never consent to let you come out again. You say: "Let me stay here in this place where they never sin, where they never suffer, where they never part." No, no! Our time is short, our thirty minutes are almost gone. Come on! We must get back to earth before this half-hour of heavenly silence breaks up, for in your mortal state you cannot endure the pomp and splendor and resonance when this half-hour of silence is ended. The day will come when you can see heaven in full blast, but not now. I am now only showing you heaven at the dullest half-hour of all the eternities. Come on! There is something in the celestial appearance which makes me think that the half-hour of silence will soon be over. Yonder are the white horses being hitched to chariots, and yonder are seraphs fingering harps as if about to strike them into symphony, and yonder are conquerors taking down from the blue halls of heaven the trumpets of victory. Remember, we are mortal yet, and cannot endure the full roll of heavenly harmonies and cannot endure even the silent heaven for more than half an hour. Hark! the clock in the tower of heaven begins to strike, and the half-hour is ended. Descend! Come back! Come down! till your work is done. Shoulder a little longer your burdens. Fight a little longer your battles. Weep a little longer your griefs. And then take heaven not in its dullest half-hour, but in its mightiest pomp, and, instead of taking it for thirty minutes, take it world without end.

FOUR FAMOUS MEDALS:
1. The Legion of Honor.
2. The Victoria Cross.
3. The Waterloo Medal.
4. The Crimean Medal.

But how will you spend the first half-hour of your heavenly citizenship after you have gone in to stay? After your prostration before the throne in worship of Him who made it possible for you to get there at all, I think the rest of your first half-hour in heaven will be passed in receiving your reward if you have been faithful. I have a strangely beautiful book containing the pictures of the medals struck by the English Government in honor of great battles: these medals pinned over the heart of the returned heroes of the army, on great occasions, the Royal family present, and the Royal bands playing: the Crimean medal, the Legion of Honor, the Victoria Cross, the Waterloo medal. In your first half-hour in heaven in some way you will be honored for the earthly struggles in which you won the day. Stand up before all the Royal House of heaven and receive the insignia while you are announced as Victor over the droughts and freshets of the farm field, Victor over the temptations of the stock-exchange, Victor over professional allurements, Victor over domestic infelicities, Victor over mechanic's shop, Victor over the store-house, Victor over home worriments, Victor over physical distresses, Victor over hereditary depressions, Victor over sin and death and hell. Take the badge that celebrates those victories through our Lord Jesus Christ. Take it in the presence of all the galleries, saintly, angelic and Divine! While all heaven chants: "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die
They see the triumph from afar
And seize it with their eye.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

It Takes a Firm and Dignified Stand on the Chilian Affair.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S Message on the Chilian trouble was transmitted to Congress last week, and is now the subject of discussion. It opens by summarizing the diplomatic correspondence between the two governments, which of itself is so voluminous that it would fill nearly a hundred columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. As the general purport of that correspondence is already known, it need not be reviewed here, further than to state that it establishes the fact that, up to the very last stages of the Chilian Civil War, Mr. Egan, our Minister at Santiago, had faith in the ultimate triumph of Balmaceda. When Balmaceda fell, Minister Egan had eighty refugees sheltered in the American Legation, including the fugitive President's wife and four children. All the Legations, except the English, gave asylum to the refugees. The correspondence further shows, the President declares, that Minister Egan has done no act unworthy of his position, but has borne himself with dignity, discretion and courage.

After disposing of the correspondence, the Message reviews the legal aspect of the controvery, and continues:

The communications of the Chilian Government in relation to this cruel and disastrous attack upon our men, as will appear from the correspondence, have not in any degree taken the form of a manly and satisfactory expression of regret, much less of apology. The event was of so serious a character that if the injuries suffered by our men had been wholly the result of an accident in a Chilian port, the incident was grave enough to have called for some public expression of sympathy and regret from the local authorities. It is not enough to say that the affair was lamentable, for humanity would require that expression even if the beating and killing of our men had been justifiable. It is not enough to say that the incident is regretted, coupled with the statement that the affair was not of an unusual character in ports where foreign sailors are accustomed to meet. It is not for a generous and sincere government to seek for words of small or equivocal meaning in which to convey to a friendly power an apology for an offense so atrocious as this.

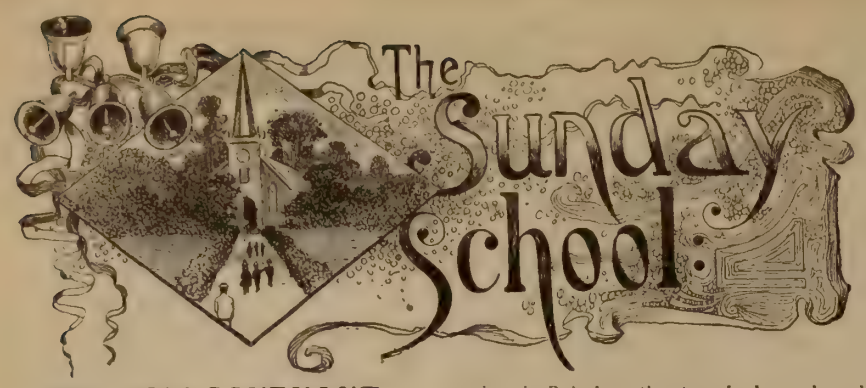
Referring to the disrespectful attitude of the Chilian authorities toward Minister Egan and this Government, the Message states that up to the time of the transfer of the refugees to the *Yorktown*, the Legation premises seem to have been surrounded by police in uniform, police agents and detectives. Commander Evans described it as a "veritable prison." So flagrant and offensive was the espionage, that the Argentine Minister, the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, protested against it.

President Harrison then cites the case of the mob-assault on the Spanish Consulate in New Orleans in 1851, and the prompt and proper apology that followed from this government, and adds that "such a treatment by the government of Chili of this assault would have been more creditable to the Chilian authorities, and much less can be hardly satisfactory to a government that values its dignity and honor." On the 21st of January, he communicated to the Chilian government, through Minister Egan, the conclusions arrived at after full consideration. These were: that the assault on our sailors had its origin in hostility to our government; that the Santiago authorities failed to protect our men, and that Chilian police, soldiers and sailors joined in the attack; that Riggin was killed by the police or the soldiers; that apology and adequate reparation are due; that the note addressed by Minister Matta to Chili's foreign consuls was "undiplomatic and grossly insulting to our naval officers" as imputing untruth and insincerity to their reports, and was also insulting to our Executive department; that unless that note is withdrawn and an apology given as public as the offense, diplomatic relations with Chili will be terminated. The communication to Chili also refused to consider the recall of Minister Egan until it was first settled whether our further "correspondence with that country could be conducted on a basis of mutual respect."

The message proceeds:

I am of the opinion that the demand made of Chili by this government should be adhered to and enforced. If the dignity as well as the prestige and influence of the United States are not to be wholly sacrificed we must protect those who in foreign ports display the flag or wear the colors of this Government against insult, brutality and death, inflicted in resentment of the acts of their Governments and not for any fault of their own.

The President declares the nation's desire to be to cultivate friendly relations with all the governments of this hemisphere; but this government while exercising forbearance toward weaker powers, will extend its strong and adequate protection even to its humblest citizen, when made the victim of wantonness and cruelty. Chili's pacific reply (see page 71) was received on the same day the Message was sent to Congress.



THE NEW COVENANT.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 14. By Mrs. M. Baxter Jer 31: 27-37. Golden Text, Jer. 31: 34.

GOD is the King eternal, immortal, invisible." (1. Tim. 1: 17.) "With him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." (James 1: 17.) If he makes a covenant with his people, it must be on his side an "everlasting covenant" (Heb 13: 20), "ordered in all things and sure." (II. Sam. 23: 5.) It is man who fails his God: man changes man is not to be depended upon: he is a fallen, undone creature, and the power of continuance is not in him except as God takes possession of him, and makes him partaker of his own Divine Nature.

God entered into covenant with his people of old, and said, "Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagle's wings, and brought you unto myself. Now, therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant; then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people, for all the earth is mine. And ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation." (Ex. 19: 4–6) But the children of Israel did not appreciate the unspeakable privilege of nearness to their God. The milk and honey of the land of Canaan was a present benefit, the provision of manna, the water from the smitten rock, they could value, all which touched their senses for the moment was of worth in their eyes. But God cares also, for the little birds, and the beasts which perish in these temporal things. He reserved something of a far higher order for the nation of which he testified, "Israel is my son, even my first born." Where then was the fault? What brought about the failure?

Under the first covenant,

The Priesthood

was not perfect. "If, therefore, perfection were by the Levitical priesthood . . . what further need was there that another priest should arise after the order of Melchisedec, and not be called after the order of Aaron:" a "Priest who is made, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life?" "They [the Levitical priests] were not suffered to continue by reason of death. But this man, because he continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood. He needeth not daily, as those high priests, to offer up sacrifice first for his own sins, "but he is able to save unto the uttermost those that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." (Heb. 7: 11–23.) There was no priest under the law who could guarantee the freedom of a sinner from the power of his sins.

Again, the sacrifice under the law could not take away sin. The law, having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things, can never, with those sacrifices which are offered year by year continually, make the comers thereunto perfect. But this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins forever, sat down on the right hand of God," as the Conqueror, "from henceforth expecting till his enemies,"—all which needs subjecting in our hearts and lives, all which needs subjecting in the Church of Christ, and then in the world—be made his footstool. For by one offering

He Hath Perfected."

He hath done what the law, the sacrifices, the priests of the old covenant have ever failed to do"—He hath perfected forever them that are," or "are being sanctified." (Heb 10: 1–14.)

If then there was every reason under the old covenant for failures, is there not equally, under the New Covenant, every provision for success? And is there then any excuse for ransomed sinners living under bondage to sin? Surely not. "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." (John 8: 36.)

Judah and Jerusalem were under judgment, the city was desolate, the king and the people captives in Babylon, the temple burned, and the worship of God, which the people had so lightly valued in the days of their prosperity, had ceased to be observed. But our God in wrath remembers mercy, and he inspired the prophet Jeremiah with one assurance after another of his unchanging faithfulness to his people. This thirty-first chapter and the preceding one are just a wealth of promises which show how eager the Lord was to terminate the time of judgment, and restore his people to favor again. He speaks of sowing the house of Israel with the seed of man and with the seed of beast, and continues, "And it shall come to pass, that like as I have watched over them to pluck up, and

To Break Down,

and to throw down, and to destroy, and to afflict, so will I watch over them to Build and to plant, saith the Lord." Thank God this is the constant order of his working. How often he must break down human thoughts and human plans, human energy and human wisdom, to make room for his own building and planting, his own wisdom and strength. Let us not be discouraged when all we are and all we do, seems a failure; he is breaking down. But let us be sure that when he is breaking down, the time for building up is at hand. "In those days they shall say no more, the fathers have eaten sour grapes and the childrens' teeth are set on edge." When God builds, men see things in his light, and every man perceives and recognizes his own individual responsibility. This prepares the way for the new covenant: "Behold, the days come saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel and with the house of Judah: not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers, in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt: which my covenant they brake although I was a husband to them, saith the Lord. But this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." This is the new covenant: it is the mystery hid from ages and generations, but now made manifest to his saints, "Christ in you the hope of glory." Oh! how many an earnest soul has failed to follow the Lord fully through striving rather to keep the old covenant than the new. The old law: "I ought but I cannot;" instead of the new law, "I cannot, but Christ in me can." How, then, is the new covenant more permanent than the old? Jesus took upon him our nature, and led a yielded life. "Lo, I come, I delight to do thy will, O God; yea, thy law is

Within my Heart."

He lived out another life—the life of his Father, not obeying him from constraint; the law of his Father was within the secret spring of every word and action, it was an instinct to him to do his Father's will. But then he was without sin. And to give us the same vantage ground, he has suffered the penalty of sin. How may this be practically? What have we to do that this law-engraved heart may be ours really and experimentally? Jesus yielded himself, and received without question all his directions from his Father. In like manner we must yield ourselves. "Yield yourselves unto God as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God." (Rom. 6: 2.) But this is not all. Jesus

Trusted in God.

It is for us to trust in our God, giving him credit for all his work within us as well as his work for us. That we trust him for what we have; simple trust keeps us in the position to be kept from sinning, and to be guided by him. Then he writes his law upon the heart which is surrendered to him, little by little as we are able to bear it. Under the old covenant; it was always an effort to obey the commands of God which went contrary to the willful and selfish instincts of man: the law was without, the self was within; and the struggle was constant. But when the law is written within, and takes possession of the will as its servant, when self is delivered up to be crucified with Christ, when the whole man has come over to God's side, and faith has grasped that God is wholly on our side against sin and self, the experience is quite another. There may be darkness sometimes as to what is the will of God; but once known there is no question about doing it. A true mother need not be compelled to care for her child, the law of a mother's love is written on her heart, she cannot help it, it has hold within. It is easy to see whether the law of God is written in the heart. If business, household cares, Christian work, etc., come uppermost it is clear that these are written in the heart; if the ruling thought is to please God in all these, it is equally clear that his law is within.

When the law of God has taken its rightful place within, then there will be a power of testimony as never before—they shall teach no more every man his neighbor every man his brother saying, Know the Lord, for they shall all know me from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord: for I will forgive their iniquities and I will remember their sin no more." Thus it shall be among the Jews, thus it must be among the Christians. To this declaration God signs his name in his own wondrous way

"The Lord of Hosts!"

But not only angel hosts, the sun's light is his witness by day, and the "moon and stars his witness by night; and the controlled waves of the mighty deep, bear witness of his Lordship. "If those ordinances depart from before me saith the Lord, then the seed of Israel also shall cease from being a nation before me forever. Thus saith the Lord, if heaven above can be measured, and the foundations of the earth searched out beneath, I will also cast off all the seed of Israel, for all that they have done saith the Lord." So true, so eternal is his loving kindness, so bound is he by his covenant. Shall we then doubt him, or shall we yield up willing hearts to be tables for him to write on, that we may be "epistles of Christ," known and read of all men?"

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

EVERY man that eateth a sour grape, his teeth shall be set on edge. In other words, "Whatsoever a man soweth that also shall he reap." We may think it very delightful to sow wild oats, but let us the while bear in mind that the harvest is sure to come. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

A young boy in the North of England, the only child of his parents, fell into bad ways. His father and mother who loved him as only a parent can love a child, did all they could to wean him from his evil ways, but he would not. He took up with evil characters and notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of his heartbroken parents, he finally left for parts unknown, and fell in with a lot of thieves. By-and-by the gang he was with broke into a house; while they stayed outside he entered to rob the till. He was caught in the act, taken into court, tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary for ten years. His parents were left in ignorance of his fate. He worked on and on in the convict's cell, till at last his term was out and he started for home, determined to begin over again and lead a new life. And when he came back to the town he started down the street where his father and mother used to live. He went to the house and rapped. A stranger came to the door and stared him in the face. "No, there's no such person lives here, and where your parents are I don't know," was the only welcome he received. Then he turned to the gate, and went down the street, asking even the children that he met about his folks, where they were living, and if they were well. But everybody looked blank. Ten years had rolled by and though that seemed but a short time, how many changes had taken place! There, where he was born and brought up, he was now an alien, and unknown even in his old haunts. But at last he found a couple of townsmen who remembered his father and mother, but they told him that the old house had been deserted long years ago, that he had been gone but a few months before his father was confined to his house, and very soon after died brokenhearted, and that his mother had gone out of her mind. He went to the asylum where his mother was confined, and went up to her and said, "Mother, mother, don't you know me? I am your son." But she raved and slapped him on the face and shrieked, "You are not my son." And then raved again and tore her hair. He left the asylum more dead than alive, so completely brokenhearted that he died in a few months. Yes, the fruit was long growing, but at last it ripened to the harvest like a whirlwind. He had eaten the sour grape and his teeth were set on edge

I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more. When Alexander encamped before a city, he used to set up a light, to give notice to those within that if they came forth to him while that light lasted, they should have quarter, if otherwise, no mercy was to be expected. But such is the mercy and patience of God to sinners, that he sets up light after light, and waits year after year. When they have done their worst against him, then he comes with his heart full of love, and makes a proclamation of grace, and if now at last they will accept of mercy, they shall have it.

The daughter of a poor widow had left her mother's cottage. Led astray by others, she had forsaken the guide of her youth, and forgotten the covenant of her God. Fervent, believing prayer, was the mother's only resource nor was it in vain. Touched by a sense of sin, and anxious to regain the peace she had lost, late one night the daughter returned home.

It was near midnight, and she was surprised to find the door unlatched. But she was soon told in the fulness of the mother's heart. "Never, my child, by day or by night, has that door been fastened since you left. I knew you would come back some day, and I feared that if you found the door locked, you might turn away thinking that I had closed it against you." So the door of mercy is ever wide open that whosoever will may enter in.

And when God forgives, he forgets—he remembers our sins no more, forever.

A Welsh minister speaking of the burial of Moses, said, "In that burial not only the body was buried, but also the grave and graveyard." This is an illustration of the way in which God's mercy buries sins. No one is at the funeral with Mercy, and if any should meet her on returning from the burial and ask her, "Mercy, where didst thou bury our sins?" her answer would be, "I do not remember."

GETHSEMANE.

DRIVEN by weariness and pain,
With wounded heart and faltering feet,
To seek thy shades, Gethsemane:
My pitying Saviour there I meet.

He takes my trembling hand in his,
He whispers words of holiest love,
He cheers me with his royal wine,
His kingly banner floats above.

Out from thy gloom, Gethsemane,
I pass with strength renewed, divine
The glories from his healing wings
Forever o'er my pathway shine.

Out in the world, 'mid scorn and strife,
When trusted ones betray and flee,
Joyful I climb the rugged heights,
Sustained, Oh, Son of God, by thee.

Smithtown, N. Y. —E H. L.

THE TRANSFORMED DRUNKARD.

A VERY touching case is related by Mr. Moody of a man greatly addicted to drink. He was such a terror in his home that when the children heard his footsteps when he came home drunk, they would either hide under the bed or retreat through the window. One night he accompanied his wife to the door of a church in the town in which he lived, where Mr. Moody was to preach. He left his wife, intending to go to a public house but as there was a great throng, and his spouse was somewhat nervous, he returned, with a view of helping her through the press Almost before he knew it he found himself carried right into the church, much to the astonishment of some who knew him, and saw him there. During the service he was seen to be weeping bitterly. He was talked with by Mr. Moody and others, and after a somewhat lengthened period of deep soul-distress he was led into the light of forgiveness and rest. He then left the meeting and went home.

Hearing the customary step, and not knowing of the change that had transpired, one of his boys retreated under the bed The father came in but the mother had no cause to be afraid that night. He kissed her, and asked her forgiveness for the way in which he had treated her. The boy, wondering, looked out from his hiding place, when his father took him in his arms, kissed him, and said, "You have got a father now." Family worship was started that very night, though the father broke down in his prayer The sons of the man's master were drinking sceptics, and could not believe that he would "stand;" but he has stood faithful all these seventeen years

The Bible and the Newspaper

A MAN CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

CANADIAN journals report a strange accident to an official of the Dominion Government, who was sent recently to arbitrate in a dispute as to a boundary line. In making a survey he became separated from his companions, and as he was passing through a clump of thick woods his feet were caught in a moose trap. In an instant he was dangling in the air, strung up by the feet, with his head just reaching the ground. Despite all his efforts he was unable to reach the snare with his hands. His gun had slipped out of his reach and he was unable to fire the two signal shots agreed upon with his companions at parting. He shouted for a quarter of an hour, when he was heard by his companions and rescued. Probably he did not know that such traps were set in those woods, or he would have been more careful about his footsteps. So much cannot always be said for men who are caught in the pitfalls which the enemy of mankind spreads along the pathway of life. In spite of Bible warnings they fall victims to a doom which, we are assured, was prepared for another order of beings. (Matt. 25: 41.)

A CRUEL WILL.

GRIEVOUS disappointment has been caused to a number of persons in Wheeling, W. Va., by a will which was filed there on January 12. The will is that of a recently deceased millionaire grocer and liquor merchant. It provides that all his property shall be placed in the hands of two Roman Catholic ecclesiastics and of their successors, when they die, and shall be invested by them. His own children are not to receive any of the money, nor are their children. But when the last of the latter—the grand-children of the testator—is dead, the property shall be divided among their descendants. Only one provision shows any regard on the part of the testator for his children. It is that if they fall into destitution, the executors may relieve their wants, but no more than is absolutely necessary for the purpose must be expended. The testator left six children all of whom are married and four of whom were working with him in his business and were depending upon him for support. As the youngest of his grand-children is only six months old and as others may be born, the time for the division of the estate among heirs who are not yet in existence may not come for seventy years or more, if the provisions of the will are executed. His object doubtless was to make his great-grandsons owners of a colossal fortune, but to do that he sacrifices the interests of the two intermediate generations. It is an unnatural thing to do, but a similar thing is done by those who are much concerned about the salvation of strangers and the heathen, while neglecting the salvation of their own children and the members of their own households. (Cant. 1: 6)

A GRATEFUL MENDICANT.

A PHYSICIAN now residing in Sandusky, O., received an unexpected gift on January 19. Many years ago when he was in Philadelphia he was stopped on the street one evening by a pale-faced man who pleaded piteously for assistance. He told a story of misfortune and distress so pathetic that the doctor was moved. The man was evidently well-educated and intelligent, and seemed truthful. The doctor questioned him and, learning how much money he really needed, gave him the full amount. He was passing on when the man asked him for his name and address, declaring that if it was ever in his power he would repay him. The doctor gave it, but never expected to hear any more of the matter. The circumstance had passed from his mind until it was recalled two weeks ago by a letter from the man he had helped. It came from a mining town in South America, and related how the writer, remembering gratefully the assistance rendered by the Doctor in the greatest crisis of his life, desired to offer some recompense. An order for the sum advanced to him was enclosed in the letter, and with it a diamond of twenty carats, which is estimated to be worth eight thousand dollars. The writer humorously wrote, "You gave me bread and I return you a stone." It is rare, indeed, that a gift so bestowed, brings such a rich recompense, but we are assured that they who help the poor do not lose their reward. Though it may not come in this life, there will be a day in which disinterested kindness and benevolence to those whom Christ calls his brethren will receive a reward infinitely more precious than that which has fallen to the physician. (Mark 9: 41.)

A SNAKE-CHARMER BITTEN.

IN one of the New York dime museums a large crowd was gathered on the night of January 19th, to witness a dangerous performance. A young woman was exhibiting her daring by handling some large rattlesnakes. There were ten of them, and she took them one by one out of the case, grasped them back of the head, passed their bodies through her hand, coiled them around her arms, and in other ways showed her fearlessness. She took care, however, in each case, to keep a firm grip of the reptile at the back of the head. As a climax to the exhibition she took five of them in each hand and waved them around her head. In doing so, her hold on the wriggling creatures loosened and one fell on her head. She threw the others down and seized that one. But it was entangled in her long hair and, in getting it away, she probably hurt it. The spectators were horrified to see it thrust out its head, and fix its fangs in her cheek. She uttered a scream and fell down in a faint. The employees of the museum carried her to her room and sent for a doctor. Efforts were made to extract the poison, but in spite of them her face swelled enormously, and she was soon unable to speak. An ambulance was then called and she was sent to the hospital. There, under skillful treatment she revived, and the surgeons now say she will recover. Although the girl has been exhibiting in the same way for several years this was the first time she has been bitten. She used to be nervous, it appears, at the beginning of her career as a snake-charmer, but her continued success made her bold and also less careful in her performances. The same effect is produced on the minds and consciences of sinners by apparent immunity from punishment. "Because sentence [illegible] an evil work is not executed speedily the heart of the sons of men is set in them to do evil." (Eccles. 8: 11.)

A TOWN SCARED.

A DISPATCH from Salem, N. H., states that the town has been thrown into excitement over a case of small-pox and the schools have been closed, and fumigating is being done in nearly every house to prevent the spread of the disease. A young student from an Institute at Boston, went to his home in Salem a few days ago, seriously ill. Neighbors called at the house to ascertain his condition, but it was not until three days after his arrival that the doctors decided that it was a case of small-pox. The younger brothers and sisters of the sick youth had been attending school during the week, and had associated with the children of the neighborhood. The announcement of small-pox created widespread alarm at once. The School Committee issued orders that all the schools be closed until further notice. It was a wise precaution, and it may prevent the disease spreading through the town. It is much to be wished that people were similarly prompt to check the spread of moral contagion which comes from evil associations. Parents who are intent only on securing wealth or social position for their children too often ignore the danger which arises from their associating with moral lepers. (1. Cor. 15: 33.)

A FORGOTTEN CARTRIDGE

A DISTRESSING fatality occurred in New York on January 22. A number of workmen were clearing a rock-encumbered lot preparatory to laying the foundation of a building. Work had been commenced on the lot before the holidays, but had been suspended owing to some misunderstanding about the contract. The difficulty was arranged and work was resumed. All the men were busy drilling holes in the huge boulders and in the sides of the rock when suddenly a terrible explosion scattered fragments of stone in all directions. When the dust and smoke cleared, two men lay dead in the excavation and three others were carried away, seriously, if not fatally injured. It appears that when work was suspended some weeks before, a dynamite cartridge had been inserted in the rock and had not been exploded. It had been forgotten and remained in the hole until the workman struck it with his drill. Then it exerted its destructive power and two lives, if not more, were sacrificed. An awful responsibility rests upon the man who put the cartridge there and left it, though he had no intention of causing mischief. The heedless wrongdoer never knows until too late what disaster may come of his act. Sometimes a careless jest, a sceptical remark, or some indiscreet action will make an impression on the mind of a youth, which may have no perceptible results at the time, but which in after years under the stress of temptation may exert a power that will be fatal to his spiritual life. (Matt. 12: 36.)

DR. JAMES JOHNSTON AND HIS BAND OF CHRISTIAN WORKERS IN JAMAICA, W. I. —first page.

THROUGH AFRICA ON FOOT.

Continued from first page.

the expenses of his own journey to Africa and his support there for two years. Then he went to Canada and stated his project to his friends at Toronto. They promptly raised the six thousand dollars to pay the cost of his six missionary-helpers. He proposed to take these with him, land on the Western coast of Africa and walk clear across from the Atlantic Ocean to the Indian Ocean leaving one or more of his men at such posts as he found to be in charge of a missionary needing such help as the colored man could give, whether in physical labor or in teaching and preaching.

On April 17, 1891, Dr. Johnston with his six men sailed for Africa and arrived at Loanda on May 12. Six days later he went on to Benguella, where his stores were to be landed and a caravan of carriers engaged to carry them. On May 29, all was ready, and that afternoon at three o'clock, Dr. Johnston and his men with the carriers set out on their long march eastward.

The first few days the way lay through a desolate country where water was scarce and there were no trees to give shade to the weary travellers. On the third day they began to ascend toward the Esupwa Pass which is the entrance to the great Plateau of Central Africa. Ghastly relics of previous caravans were seen along this stretch of roadway which had been used by the gangs of slaves. Bleaching skulls and the blocks of wood with which the slaves had been fettered, told of suffering and death. In one place the headman of a slave caravan was buried, and the natives with grim satire had made a fitting monument to mark the place by piling up the shackles with which his victims had been loaded. On June 10, the Bailunda country was reached. A day was here demanded by the carriers for rest and Dr. Johnston availed himself of the opportunity to visit Cilumi, where the American missionaries, Messrs. Stover, Woodside and Cotton are laboring. Dr. Johnston was warmly welcomed and Mr. Woodside presented him to Ekevi Kevi, King of Bailundu.

A week's journey brought the party to the first station occupied by the famous English missionary, Mr. F. S. Arnott, whose portrait and a sketch of his wonderful work in the Garenganze country has already appeared in this journal. Mr. Arnott was delighted to meet Dr. Johnston, gave him and his men accommodation in his own compound and helped him in getting fresh carriers to take the place of those whose stage ended at that place. During his stay with Mr. Arnott, Dr. Johnston made an excursion to Kemondongo, thirty miles distant, to greet Mr. Sanders, the American missionary there. He remained with him two days, and then returned to Mr. Arnott's station, from which the last letter received from him was despatched. His intention at the time of writing was to leave two of his men with Mr Arnott and proceed to Nana Kundunder with the others. There is a mission there which is in need of help, and Dr. Johnston proposes to leave two men there and then go on with the other two toward the Eastern coast.

These Jamaica men, Dr. Johnston says, "have proved themselves hardy, willing and strong workers, never flinching on the longest march, turning their hands to help in anything and everything within their power and pegging away at the language of the country with considerable success." He writes hopefully of the prospects of achieving success in the object for which he has gone. The missionaries with whom he has conversed hail with gladness the help he brings and expect valuable aid from his Jamaica natives. His next stage carries him beyond the reach of postal facilities, but he hopes to meet a caravan or two, by which he can send a letter, before reaching the Eastern coast. Our readers will be glad to learn that through the kindness of Mr. Richard W. Owens, of New York, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will have the privilege of publishing the first letter that comes to hand from the intrepid explorer.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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As we go to press, the sad intelligence reaches us of the death of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, at Mentone, France. A detailed account of the great preacher's life will appear in our next issue.

THE SECULAR NEWSPAPER.

I CONGRATULATE newspaper men on the splendor of their opportunity, but I charge them before God, that they be careful to use their influence in the right direction. How grand will be the result in the last day for the man who has consecrated the printing-press to high and holy objects! God will say to such an one, "You broke off a million chains, you opened a million blind eyes, you gave resurrection to a million of the dead." But what shall become of those who have prostituted their press to blackmailing and the advocacy of that which is wrong, multiplying the numbers of their papers by pandering to the tastes of bad men and worse women, poisoning the air with a plague that killed a nation? Why, God will say to such men in the last day, "You were destroying angels, smiting the first-born of man and beast; you made the world horribly worse, when you might have made it gloriously better. Go down and suffer with the souls you have destroyed." It is a vast responsibility that rests upon people that set type or sit in editorial chairs. The audience is so large, the influence is so great, the results are so eternal, that I believe, in the day of judgment, amid all the millions of men who will come up to render their account, the largest account will be rendered by newspaper men; and I will tell you why. Here is a paper that has, for instance, fifty thousand circulation. We will suppose that each of those papers is read by three men. There is an audience of one hundred and fifty thousand people. Now, suppose that, in one of the issues of that paper there be a grand truth forcibly put, how magnificent the opportunity! Suppose there be a wrong thing projected in that paper, who can estimate the undoing of that one issue? Oh! if there is any man who needs to be a Christian, it is an editor.

LET US SING.

WE have to learn that one of the most powerful ways of preaching the Gospel is to sing it. No power can stand before Christian song. The time was when "Mear" and "Antioch" and "Windham" and "Dundee" stood with the strength of an archangel to marshal the troops of God; but for the last thirty years many of the churches have been going back in sacred music. We have been under a servitude to the artistic tastes of the world. In most of our churches, a few persons are delegated to do this service. With a whip of scorpions let the nuisance be scourged from the house of God; and, since no one can repent for us, and no one can die for us, let us sing out our sorrow over sin, and our triumphs over the last enemy, and our anticipation of glory. When you can die for me, and open the gate of heaven to my departing soul, then I will let you do my singing. Oh! sing, ye who are bought by love Divine, and who are on the way to grandeur immortal—sing!

* * *

WHEN this world gets full power over a man, he might as well be dead. He is dead! When Sisera came into the house of Jael, she gave him something to drink, and got him asleep on the floor. Then she took a peg from the side of her tent, and a mallet, and drove the peg through the brain of Sisera into the floor. So the world feeds a man and flatters a man, and when it has him sound asleep, strikes his life out.

* * *

IN Callowhill St., Philadelphia, a revival meeting was being held, and many souls were being saved, and among them a member of one of the worst club-houses in the city. The leader of the club-room went to the prayer-meeting to make a disturbance, and to get his old comrade to come out. Stopping at the door of the prayer-meeting, a song arrested his attention, and he went in, and before the meeting closed knelt at the altar, asking for prayers; and he became a captive of heavenly grace. Another member of the same club, on another night, started with the same idea of disturbing and breaking up the meeting, and decoying away his old comrades who had been converted. But the grace of God also seized him at the door, and his soul was saved.

* * *

I would that on the desk of every counting-room, and on the bench of every artisan, there were a Bible; and that by its instruction all business men were regulated, and that they would see that godliness is profitable for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come; and that business dishonor is a spiritual disaster; and that a man may be the leader of a Methodist class, or the trustee of a Baptist church, or an "example" in a Quaker meeting-house, or a vestryman in an Episcopal parish, or an elder in a Presbyterian church, and yet go to perdition.

* * *

WHAT are you waiting for? You will be dead very soon. I see Christian men and women going into glory. This soul goes up to the gate of heaven surrounded by a dozen souls whom he has brought with him. Yonder comes a tract distributor, followed by fifty souls. Yonder comes a Sabbath School teacher, with ten souls following him into the kingdom. I see your soul coming up alone. Why do you come up alone? Have you not brought one soul to Christ? Have you lived thirty or forty years and done nothing? What will God say? What will the angels say? You had better crouch down in one corner of heaven and never show yourself.

* * *

DEVOTE these winter evenings to high pursuits, innocent amusements, intelligent socialities, and Christian attainments. Do not waste this winter. We shall soon have seen the last snow-shower, and have passed up into the companionship of him whose raiment is exceeding white as snow—as no fuller on earth can whiten it. To the right-hearted the winter-nights of earth will soon end in the June morning of heaven. The River of God from under the Throne never freezes over. The foliage of Life's fair tree is never frost-bitten.

* * *

WE hear a great deal about good speakers and poor speakers, but I think that we have yet to recognize in the Church of God that it requires just as much skill, just as much grace, aright to hear as aright to speak. When the minister stands at last before the Throne of Judgment, and he shall give an account of the manner in which he talked of Jesus Christ and of the things of eternity, I do not suppose that his account will be any more serious than will be yours who have listened.

BRIEF NOTES.

A contribution of twenty dollars toward the work of Rev. Jacob Freshman has been received from E. C. R., and has been handed to him.

Evangelist Smiley has been conducting union meetings at Marrietta, Pa., under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of the town. Although the weather was inclement the services were largely attended, and we learn from Mr. J. C. Beattie, the Y. M. C. A. Secretary, that large numbers of conversions took place. Mr. Smiley is now at Shippensburg, Pa.

Rev. H. Parrish, F. R. H. S., the English Evangelist, is hold services in the First Baptist Church, Trenton, N. J. He commenced on January 17, and so successful have the meetings been, and so remarkably is God blessing them, that Mr. Parrish has been urged to remain for a month. The services he held last month at Montoursville, Pa., are still bearing fruit there in increased zeal and earnestness in the churches.

The *Evangelist* is authority for the statement that the Custom House officers of New York recently collected custom duty on the Pope's blessing. A New Yorker had sent two rosaries to Rome to be blessed by the Pope, and when they came back to him through the Custom House, forty per cent. was assessed on the value of the rosaries and thirty-five per cent more for the blessing, under the head of "not otherwise provided for."

Contributions to the fund for supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $24.50. They are from: Western Union, Wis., $5.50; Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, $2.50; Footville, Wis., $1; Okolona, Miss., $1; South Holland, Ill., $1; Hult, Oreg., $1; Northampton, Mass., $1; Bridgewater, Conn., $1; Georgetown, D.C., $1; Locke, N.Y., $8; Deansville, N.Y., $1.50.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond is holding services in Jersey City, N. J. They commenced on January 24th, in the Tabernacle Church of which Dr. John Scudder is pastor. They were continued there every evening in the week and morning meetings were held in the Free Reformed Church. Last Sunday morning services were commenced in the First Baptist Church and through the week are being held at the Scotch Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Stephen Merritt is successfully carrying on a great evangelistic and philanthropic work at his mission in Eighth Avenue, New York. Among the people who attend are many poor men who urgently need temporal as well as spiritual help. Mr. Merritt frequently clothes them from head to feet. If any of our readers living within a hundred miles of New York City have any cast-off but still serviceable garments which they are willing to devote to this work Mr. Merritt will be glad to receive them and will pay express charges. His address is 208 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Evangelist, E. P. Telford, is having marked success in Eighteenth Street M. E. Church, New York. Large congregations have been gathered and there have been many conversions. Rev. J. M. King, D.D., has given valuable aid at several of the meetings. Mr. Telford goes next week to Haverstraw, N. Y., to the church of which Dr. J. B. Foulks is pastor, where he will hold services for two weeks. After this, he expects to return to New York for a series of services.

Mr. U. Grant Houston, whose portrait appeared in this journal on March 19, 1890, and who, it will be remembered, was baptized by Dr. Talmage in the River Jordan, has just returned from a second tour in Palestine. He reports large accessions to the Jewish population of Jerusalem. One evening near the close of his sojourn in the Holy City, he counted two hundred of them at "the wailing place." Many of them were richly attired. The railroad between Jaffa and Jerusalem will, Mr. Houston thinks from present indications, be completed in about six months.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

BIBLE SEVENS.

HOW to study the Bible.—Seven is the well-known "perfect number" of the Bible, and the following may help to make God's Word more interesting to those who read it but little:

Seven.

The Seven Great Books of the Bible—Deuteronomy, Revelation, Psalms, Isaiah, John, Acts and Romans.

The Seven Great Doctrines of the Bible—God, Man, Redemption, Sin, Justification, Regeneration and Sanctification.

The Seven Great Revelations of the Bible—God, Life, Immortality, Resurrection, Judgment, Heaven and Hell.

The Seven Great Cities of the Bible—Jerusalem, Rome, Babylon, Jericho, Antioch Ephesus and Bethlehem.

The Seven Great Songs of the Bible—Moses', Exodus 15, Deborah's, Judges 5, David's, II. Samuel 22, Mary's, Luke 1, Zacharias', Luke 1, Song of the Redeemed, Revelation 5.

The Seven Great Words of the Bible—Love, Praise, Prayer, Faith, Gospel, Grace and Peace.

The Seven Great Questions of the Bible—What must I do to be saved? What think ye of Christ? If a man die, shall he live again? What shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Have ye received the Holy Ghost? How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation? What are these arrayed in white robes?

The Seven Great Letters of the Bible—S-A-V-I-O-U-R.

The Seven Great Psalms of the Bible—23, 32, 37, 51, 91, 103, 109.

The Seven Great Women of the Bible—Miriam, Esther, Dorcas, Ruth, Mary—Mother of Christ, Lydia, Mary Magdalen.

The Seven Great Events of the Bible—Creation, Fall, Bethlehem, Sinai, Calvary, Ascension, Pentecost.

The Seven Great Chapters of the Old Testament—Genesis 1, Psalm 91, Deuteronomy 28, Exodus 20, Proverbs 3, Isaiah 53, Joel 2.

The Seven Great Men of the Old Testament—Abraham, Moses, Jacob, Joshua, David, Elijah, Daniel.

The Seven Great Chapters of the New Testament—Matthew 5, Luke 24, John 14, Romans 8, 1. Cor. 13, Ephesians 3, Rev. 21.

The Seven Great Men of the New Testament—John the Baptist, Peter, Luke, John the Revelator, James, Stephen and Paul.

The Seven Great Miracles of the Old Testament—Red Sea, Brazen Serpent, Jordan crossed, Jericho taken, Sun and Moon stayed, Elijah at Carmel, the Syrians slain.

The Seven Great Miracles of the New Testament—Water into wine, Multitude fed, Lazarus raised, Healing ten lepers, Draught of fishes, Peter's deliverance, Christ stilling tempest.

The Seven Great Promises of the Old Testament—Promise of Messiah, Gen. 3: 15; Deut. 28: 12; Joshua 1: 8-9; Psalms 37: 4-5; Isaiah 42: 16; Daniel 12: 3-8; Malachi 3: 7.

The Seven Great Promises of the New Testament—Matthew 7: 7; Philippians 4: 19; John 5: 24; Ephesians 3: 20; John 14: 27; Rev. 21: 7; Romans 8: 28.

Great Bible Facts—In Luke's Gospel.

Christ's first sermon was, from the human side, a great failure. They all got mad and tried to kill him, Chapter 4: 28, 29.

Luke 4: 32-40 explains John 14: 12, and if we believed God truly, it would be so now as told in 1. Cor. 12.

Peter, James and John, the fishermen, left all to follow Jesus immediately after the biggest catch they ever had. Chap. 5: 7-11.

Let every man go after one man, as did the four in Luke 5: 18-26, and he will be saved as surely as that man.

So great was the preaching of Christ that it drew men hundreds of miles to hear him, and bad men, too; even those vexed with unclean spirits.

The last thing that Jesus ever did for his disciples was to lead and bless them. Luke 24: 50.

The first sermon Christ ever preached to his disciples began "Blessed be ye."

The devil overreached himself, in Luke 15: 2. If hell could blot that out it would be done quick. There are three lost things in Luke 15—lost sheep, lost money, lost son, but all were found.

One poor beggar blessed by God set the whole city of Jericho praising the Lord. Luke 17: 45.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

Chili Backs down, and the Situation Looks More Peaceful. The Russian Famine. The Late Justice Bradley—Canadian Cabinet Changes—General Notes.

OUR quarrel with Chili reached a critical stage last week, when our ultimatum to that government was formally presented through Minister Egan, and President Harrison's Message (see page 67 of this issue), was transmitted to Congress. The ultimatum was sent in reply to the demand of Chili for Minister Egan's recall, which had been requested on the ground that he was *persona non grata*, or a person distasteful to the Chilians in a representative capacity. The immediate effect of the ultimatum was to surprise the Chilians, and President Montt, who was resting at a bathing resort, was at once recalled to Santiago where a Cabinet Council was held. On January 26, a reply was sent by Chili agreeing to withdraw the offensive Matta note, and also withdrawing the request for Minister Egan's recall. The reply also proposes to submit the *Baltimore* matter to arbitration by some neutral nation, or, if this is not agreeable to our government, then to the United States Supreme Court. This gives the whole situation a decidedly peaceful and promising aspect. The scene in Congress on the reception of the President's Message was a memorable one. Intense excitement prevailed and the crowded galleries listened with eager interest to the reading. Everything indicated that the war feeling had been wrought up to the highest pitch. A majority in Congress are believed to approve the message unreservedly, while all applaud its vigorous terms. In spite of the practical assurance of peace furnished by Chili's reply to our ultimatum, the naval preparations in both countries still go on. Chili has just purchased a powerful three-thousand-ton cruiser from Armstrong, the English builder, and has shipped $1,500,000 worth of rifles and ammunition within a month. It is known that the Chilians are straining every point to have the *Prat* in service by the middle of February. Without the *Prat* their navy would be comparatively weak, as it has no vessels equal to the *Miantonomoh* and *Monterey* in gun capacity. The *Presidente Pinto*, another new and powerful Chilian war vessel, has just been launched in France, and is ready for service. Secretary Tracy has lately been in communication with several of the large steamship lines, and it is understood that arrangements are under way for the equipment of a number of the swiftest and most powerful steamers and for their incorporation into the United States service, in the event of hostilities, which it is now generally believed, are not at all probable.

* * *

Death of Justice Bradley.

ASSOCIATE-Justice Joseph P. Bradley, whose death in Washington at the age of seventy-nine, was announced in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD, was descended from an old Connecticut family whose members were among the original settlers of the town of Stamford and several of whom fought in the Revolutionary War. He was born in 1813, on his father's farm, educated in the common schools, and supplemented this training by a wide range of reading. He afterwards entered Rutgers College, where he became passionately fond of mathematics. On leaving college he entered the legal profession and soon ranked with the ablest counsel in practice before the Supreme Court and other tribunals. In 1862, he was defeated as the Republican candidate for Congress from the Sixth New Jersey District. In 1870, he was appointed a member of the Supreme Court bench by President Grant, and assigned to the Southern Circuit, but was afterwards transferred to the Third District including Pennsylvania, New York, and Delaware. His familiarity with important decisions and precedents and the facility with which he disposed of difficult cases were remarkable. In 1877 he was made a member of the Electoral Commission, and was one of the majority of eight to seven which gave the contested Southern States to Hayes as President. A portrait of Judge Bradley is given in this issue.

JOSEPH P. BRADLEY.

* * *

Forty Millions Starving.

IF it were possible to imagine a condition of affairs involving the deepest suffering and privation on the part of the people of every State in the Union, excepting New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and New Jersey, Americans would then have an intelligent idea of the awful and wide-spread misery that prevails in Russia at the present time. Even then, the impression received would hardly be an adequate one, for it is impossible to convey a true picture of the pain and privation that prevail in the Czar's dominions, where it is roundly estimated that forty million persons are now starving! A recent letter graphically describes some of the features of this awful affliction, to alleviate which the rich are giving up their jewels and the poor their mites. A dozen relief trains leave St. Petersburg, Libau and Moscow daily for the suffering provinces. At Nijni-Novgorod, Samara, Kasan, Kiew, Novo-Ouzensk, and a hundred other cities, great crowds of starving men, women and children assemble to wait for the trains. A sketch on this page shows the arrival of a bread-train at Samara. It is estimated that 75,000,000 bushels of grain will be needed to keep the population alive until the next crop. The streets of the great cities, and especially those of Moscow, are filled with famine refugees from the country districts; the prisons and hospitals are full, being used for purposes of shelter, and yet, in spite of the energetic efforts of the government to cope with the situation, thousands are dying of actual want. Churches have been transformed into relief depots and bread-wagons are distributing food and clothes as widely as possible. Gen. Annenkoff (whose portrait is given above), is in charge of the new public works that have been begun to give employ to the poor in Samara and Kasan. Count Tolstoi, the well-known author, has opened a number of soup kitchens in different parts of the famine territory and with his daughters is accomplishing much good. The eighteen provinces in which the famine exists are equal in area to France, Belgium and Switzerland together. Next to successive crop failures, over-taxation is the cause of the general suffering. Every farmer and producer in Russia is compelled to submit to a tax of from forty-five to seventy-eight per cent. Some private persons have given generously, one rich lady, Sava Moresoff contributing three million roubles to the relief fund, while a number of persons, under the leadership of Professor Solovieff, raised $14,000,000 roubles for the same purpose.

GENERAL ANNENKOFF.

THE RUSSIAN FAMINE—ARRIVAL OF A RELIEF TRAIN AT SAMARA.

* * *

The Upper Indian Troubles.

IN the great struggle that is now going on between England and Russia for the control of the Pamir, the most important of the British military outposts is at Gilgit, which is shown in the accompanying illustration. Gilgit is subject to the Maharajah of Kashmir and has been an English military station for nearly three years. It is garrisoned by native troops and promises to be an important centre of operations in the war that seems to be inevitable. In the recent fighting, between the native forces at Chalt and the Hunza and Nagar tribesmen, who were believed to be instigated by Russia, a relief force was sent from Gilgit for the recapture of the Chalt fort. Since that time there has been further fighting at different points, ending in the capture by the British of Nagar and the subjugation of the Hunza tribesmen. This, for a time at least, will check Russian progress in the Pamir region, although it is unquestionably the purpose of Russia to attempt the ultimate conquest of Upper India, whose tribes have already been largely won over by Muscovite diplomacy.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN INDIAN TROUBLE—THE FORT OF GILGIT.

* * *

Grand Duke Constantine Dead.

UNCLE of the Czar, father of the Queen of Greece, and equally distinguished as a statesman and reformer, Grand Duke Nicolaewitch Constantine of Russia, the second son of the late Emperor Nicholas, died in St. Petersburg last week. He was born in 1827, and being destined for the navy was placed under the care of Admiral Lutke, the famous circumnavigator of the world. He became an Admiral, and on one occasion arrested his elder brother (who afterward became Czar), for which he himself was placed under arrest by the Emperor Nicholas' order. Constantine was the leader of the old Muscovite party which was mainly responsible for the Crimean war. He held various high offices, including the Viceroyship of Poland and Presidency of the Imperial Council of State. In 1881 he was suspected of political ambitions and deprived of all his offices. He was restored again to the imperial favor, but the disgrace weighed heavily on him, and in 1890, after the Russian field manœuvres, he became suddenly insane and was taken into retirement. He was during his whole life the victim of his royal brother's caprice and it was at one time feared that he might head a revolt against the throne.

* * *

Canadian Cabinet Changes.

PREMIER Abbott has at last announced the long-expected changes in the Cabinet, as follows: Hon. J. C. Paterson, Secretary of State; J. A. Chapleau, present Secretary of State, for Minister of Customs; Mackenzie Rowell, present Minister of Customs, for Minister of Militia, and Sir Adolph Caron, present Minister of Militia, for Postmaster-General. John Haggart, formerly Postmaster-General, was made Minister of Railways a few days ago.

* * *

Mexico's Rebel Leader.

GARZA'S rebellion in Mexico, in spite of the active efforts for its suppression by the government, continues to gain adherents from the Mexican population in Southwest Texas, and during the past week the excitement along the Rio Grande border has nowise abated. It is even said that the rebels are contemplating an attack in force on Saltillo or Monterey. The country about Sonora is a rallying-point for the Garzist bands. It is a mystery where the funds come from to carry on the rebellion. Catarino E. Garza, the rebel leader, whose portrait is given below, is a little over forty years of age, fair-complexioned and pock-pitted. He is a native of Matamoros, and was at one tim in the Mexican army but was dismissed for misbehavior and fled the country. He is credited with having killed several men in political brawls and bears the reputation of a desperado. Ten months ago he surrounded himself with a number of outlaws and began a career of plunder and outrage on the border. He has since then gathered quite an army of the freebooter type, several thousand strong and has even threatened the Mexican government whose troops he has repeatedly worsted in small skirmishes. President Diaz's government has set a price upon his head and there is now a strong probability that the outlaw's career has about reached its close.

C. E. GARZA.

News Notes.

Pope Leo is sick with semile bronchitis, aggravated by influenza.

Great business depression prevails in Australia and failures are numerous.

Three thousand two hundred persons died in London last week, being double the usual number.

The French steamer *Normandie*, when leaving Havre for New York, ran down the tug *Abeille*, and six of the tug's crew were drowned.

The feeling is gaining ground in England that Princess May, the affianced of the late Duke of Clarence, may yet wed Prince George and be the future Queen.

The miners at Coal Creek, Tenn., are again threatening the troops and have declared that no more convicts will be allowed in that section. Serious trouble is feared.

Two hundred prisoners at Fort Santa Cruz, Rio Janeiro, revolted and captured three forts. They were subdued by the military, many being killed in the fight with the mutineers.

A fire in the Spingler building, Nos. 5, 7 and 9 Union Square, N. Y., in the heart of the shopping district, burned out several stores, including that of Brentano, the publisher. The loss is estimated at $500,000.

De Brazza, the French explorer, is now in Central Africa, on a secret government mission with a large armed force of porters and Senegalese soldiers. It is believed his object is to look for the lost explorer, Crampel, and succor him if possible.

The National Democratic Convention will meet in Chicago on June 21. That city was chosen by the National Committee after a sharp competition, in which Indianapolis, Detroit, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Des Moines and New York were contestants.

PASTOR SPURGEON'S PULPIT

THE HEROIC LIFE.

"For if ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them. And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again."—Luke 5: 32-34.

ALL the discourses of Jesus are the words of God to our soul, whether they convey to us instruction, warning, rebuke, invitation or consolation. Yet have I known professors who would fain rend the Master's vesture that they might have only the softest part of it to be a pillow for their idle heads. "That," they say, "was a Gospel sermon, sweet food for our souls," because it happened to tell of what Christ has done for us; but on the next occasion they cry out, "That was not a Gospel sermon; it was legal; it laid a burden upon our shoulders," because it dared to tell of what Christ has commanded us to do for him. Such men, it seems to me, accept Christ for a servant rather than for a Master. Feeling certain that you are not of that order of religious cavillers, but that you will accept anything that comes from Christ, I am glad to have

A Practical Subject.

We live under a spirit whose law is perfection, and therefore a little fault causes us much self-condemnation. We judge ourselves by a severer rule than we would apply to others; for our privileges and responsibilities are exceptionally great. I allow in other men what I would denounce in myself. I could approve in some men actions which to me also would be lawful but would not be expedient, upon the higher rule of glorifying God in all things. When I have heard of certain deeds of unconverted and unenlightened men I have excused them, saying, "Poor souls, considering who they were, and where they were, their conduct is not so heavily to be blamed;" and yet if I had behaved one-half as badly there would have been rebellion and presumption in the deed.

If you are what you profess to be, my brethren, more is expected from you than from any other men beneath the sun, and therefore I shall throw aside all hesitancy in setting before you a supreme standard, and asking of you what we never can get from sinners, nor from men of the world. Know ye not that your Lord has said, "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven"?

I. Our first observation in plunging into our discourse is this. Much that is naturally good

May Fall Far Short

of Christian character. Do not make the mistake of saying that moral excellence is not good. Some have broadly declared that there is no good thing in an unconverted man; but this is scarcely true. It will generally be so understood that its meaning will be false, and that is a great pity; we must not utter falsehood in order to honor God; there is a great deal of good—good under certain senses and aspects of the term "good"—in many unconverted people. Many who are total strangers to the grace of God yet exhibit sparkling forms of the human virtues in integrity, generosity, kindness, courage, self-sacrifice and patience. I could wish that some who call themselves Christians were in certain respects as good as others whom I know of who have never borne the Christian name. It is always right to speak the truth, and truth obliges me to say as much as this.

Observe the three things mentioned in the text against which there is no law, but of which much is to be spoken in commendation. These acts are good, but they do not come up to

Christ's Standard.

The first mentioned is, "If ye love them which love you." Thousands have never reached so high as this standard. "If ye love them which love you." But even if we reach as high as that it is by no means a great attainment: is it? Our Lord says that sinners also love those that love them. Grace is not needed to make a man the loving husband of a tender wife; grace is not needed to make affectionate sons and daughters; we see them all around us. I am sure it does not require grace in the hearts of the bulk of you to make you feel kindly towards those who treat you in a friendly manner; "sinners also love those that love them." You have all come as far as that, and such feeling is good, the more of it the better; yet it is not up to the mark of Christ's teaching if it stands alone. Can you love those who have belied your character, who have done the best they can to ruin you, and who will do the same again? Can you feel towards them an earnest desire for their present and eternal welfare? If you could do them good would you delight to do it, and repeat the deed until you had made them too happy to be malicious, too much indebted to continue at enmity? This would be glorious indeed.

God-Likeness.

This is high, and I think I hear some one say, "I cannot attain unto it; I can love those that love me, but loving those that hate me is another business; I shall have to look at the matter two or three times before I attempt it." I dare say you will, my friend, and hence it is that it needs the work of God himself to make us Christians. Godliness is Godlikeness, and this is not easy to attain.

The next thing, in the verses before us, is grateful return. "If ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye?" It is a very right thing that if persons have served us we should endeavor to repay the benefit. By common consent "one good turn deserves another." It is certainly a horrible thing that men should be ungrateful; but yet supposing that you, dear hearer, are grateful, and have lately taken special pains to do good to one who aforetime was good to you, what thank have you? You have done what you ought to have done, and no more; you have paid an old debt as every honest man should do, but this does not prove you to be a Christian, for Christianity includes this and rises above it, like an Alp above the surrounding plain.

Followers of Jesus are called upon to do good to those who have done them harm. You know the old saying, evil for good is devil-like, evil for evil is beast-like, good for good is man-like, good for evil is God-like. Rise you to that God-like point. If a man has taken the bread out of your mouth, seize the first opportunity to help him to a livelihood. If he has bespattered you, be ready to forgive him, but say not a word against him. Watch for a time, when by great kindness, you may heap coals of fire on his head. "Hard teaching," says one. I know it is, and harder doing, but it is blessed doing. It is sweet to render good for ill! There is a self-conquest about it which ennobles the soul more than the conquest of an empire: there is a getting near to Christ in such actions that is more of heaven than all beside.

Neighborly Help

Again, you note in the thirty-fourth verse that mention is made of helping others in a neighborly way with the expectation of their returning the friendly deed. "If ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye?" Temporary help is often rendered in the expectation that, if ever we are in the same need, we shall only need to ask, and receive like aid. I help you and you help me—a very popular thing to do, and the more of such brotherly and neighborly co-operation the better, but still there is nothing so very virtuous in it. "What thank have ye, for sinners also lend to sinners to receive as much again." You as a Christian are to rise to something higher than this—namely, to be ready to help without the expectation of being helped again, ready to aid those who, you are certain, could not help you, who are too poor ever to come to your rescue; ay, and ready to help those who would not help you if they could, who may even return your kindness with words of falsehood and acts of unkindness. Can you rise to this? for this is to be a Christian, this is to be like your heavenly Father.

Thus, brethren, I think I have shown you that there are certain good things in the world which, do not reach to

The Standard of Christian Virtue.

This holds good of all religious actions. You go to the house of God; so do the heathens go to the house of their god. You spend certain times in prayer; so do the Mahommedans, You are very devout; so are Parsees. You are known to be a religious man; so were a great many who have turned out to be rogues. You are a deacon, or other church officer; yes, so were certain bank directors, who were none the more honest for that. But you are a preacher, yes, and so was Judas, who hanged himself, and so went to his own place. Religious acts count for nothing unless there is a true heart at the back of them. These things ought we to have done, but if we leave heart work undone nothing is done.

Oh, it shames me when I sit down and look over my life and enquire, "Is this a life a Christian ought to live?" Does not the same question arise in your minds? Do you not feel in many points that even unconverted men have excelled you? Do you not know some persons who are no Christians who are, nevertheless, more patient than you in the endurance of pain? Do you not know unbelievers who are generous to a high degree, and show much of self-sacrifice in helping their poor neighbors? Do you not know men whose devotion to science is greater than your devotion to Christ? What manner of person ought I to be, when those who do not profess to know the mysteries of everlasting love rise to such courage in battle, such endurance in pushing over seas of ice? If even a text like this staggers me, and I say it is a hard lesson, where, where must I be in the sight of God, who sees all my failures?

II. I want you to notice that Christian virtue is in many ways extraordinary, and

Might be Called Heroic.

To illustrate this, I will confine myself to the gospel according to Luke. In the passage that we have been reading we have evidently a form of virtue which is quite out of the ordinary range of men's thoughts. It concerns love. "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you." In the point of love, kindness, consideration for men's needs, and desire to do good, the Christian life is to rise above every other, till it becomes sublime. Heathen moralists recommended kindness, but they did not suggest its being lavished upon enemies. I have been somewhat amused by the caution of Cicero. He says, "Kindness must not be shown to a youth, nor to an old man: not to the aged, because he is likely to die before he can have an occasion to repay you the benefit; and not to the young man, for he is sure to forget it." Those of us who are middle-aged may value the orator's generosity as we like, but we may reflect that he only recommends its exercise towards us because we are likely to be good debtors, and pay back what we receive, perhaps, with interest. That gentle laugh which ripples over the congregation is the best refutation of such barefaced selfishness. Our Lord bids us seek no reward from men, and he assures us that then a greater

Reward Will Come.

Next, read Luke 9: 54, 55, and you will see that the Christian is to rise above human passion in the matter of gentleness. A Christian should be ready to give way; he should be quiet, peaceable, gentle. If in trying to do good, he wishes to bless certain people, and they refuse to hear him, let him not grow indignant and denounce the offenders, but let him change the scene and carry his message to those who perhaps are hungering for it. He may go round again very shortly to those who repulsed him and find them in a better mind. Be gentle, brother; soft words are hard to answer. They refused you at first, try them again; at any rate, be not provoked, for then they will have conquered you.

The true believer is to be willing to bear reproach; ay, and to bear much more than reproach, as saints of God have done time out of mind. So far from flinching from suffering, we are not even to give it a thought as to how we shall speak if we are brought before kings and rulers, for a part of the Christian's heroism is to lie in his

Calm Self-Possession.

The man who is so gentle that if men will not listen to him he goes elsewhere, is so steadfast that he cannot be silenced: bold as a lion he stands before his accusers, and he is not troubled as to how he shall put his words together, for he relies upon the indwelling Spirit.

See how far the true believer is lifted up above this world, as you turn to Luke 12: 22, where the Lord bids us cultivate a holy ease of heart as to all temporal things. The rich man finds his wealth in his bursting barns, but the believer finds his treasure in the all-sufficiency of God. The Saviour says, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on. The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment. For all these things do the nations of the world seek after."

Another point in which Christian heroism is seen is in humility and in delight in service. A Christian man is to be one who is ready to do anything for the good of others, however lowly the service. He will be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord, if he may but

Serve His Brother

and glorify his Master. "Where are these Christian people?" asks a hearer. "Where are these good and humble people? I cannot find them." Are you not one of them yourself? If you are not, make the confession, and go before God and ask him to set you right, and when you are of a lowly, loving spirit yourself you will find others of a like mind. I must admit that they are not easy to come at, but when you are meek and lowly you will find them, on the principle that like draws to like, and birds of a feather flock together.

The next verse of this seventeenth chapter shows us that Christians are to be men of service. The Lord Jesus Christ would not have us always be asking, "How can I be happy? How can I obtain

spiritual enjoyment?" There is more joy in plunging your arm up to the elbow in the mire to find a jewel for Christ than in washing one's idle hands with the scented soap of respectable propriety. Oh, to get clean away from all idea of self-seeking in religion. We are first of all saved by grace like drowning mariners snatched from the deep, but afterwards we are taught to man the life-boat ourselves for the rescue of others from destruction. Christianity finds me a soldier wounded in battle, and it heals my wounds, but it does far more than that: it girds me with armor, it gives me a sword, it teaches me to fight, and it makes a hero of me if I yield myself to its full power. God grant it may do this.

III. I will now close with the reflection that the Christian religion

Supplies Due Nourishment

for the most heroic life. Bear with me while I show you this in a few sentences. We are helped to holy heroism by the reward which it brings: for our blessed Master, though he bids us spurn the thought of reward on earth, yet tells us there is a reward in the thing itself. Just follow my text in the thirty-fifth verse: "Love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great." What reward? Why, the reward of having done good. This is quite enough. If you go to your brother who has treated you so badly, and say, "Brother, we are going to be friends," and you manage to heal all wounds, you will not want any other reward. You will sleep sweetly at night, and the music that awakes you in the morning will be sweet as the bells of heaven. Suppose you have an enemy, and persistently do him all the good you can, you will not wish to be paid for it; it is such a grand thing to have acted like a Christian that you will be

Blessed in the Deed.

Therefore, do not you be so mercenary as to expect to be paid in dirty bronze and tarnished silver, but ask to find your recompense in the spirit by which you are led to do good, and in the smile of your heavenly Father. We are expected to be like God because we are his children. "Ye shall be the children of the Highest: for he is kind to the unthankful and to the evil." We expect to see something of the father in the child. If we are children of God we ought to do what others never think of.

If you are the children of God remember what a Brother you have, and what an example he has set you. Come with me to the cross, and there he hangs. It is your Lord, remember! See, the iron passes through his hand: it is your Lord who is thus maimed! The nails tear through his feet: the feet of your Lord! He wears a diadem as monarch, but it is a coronet of thorns: it is your Lord who is thus crowned! He wears crimson, too; but it is his own blood; and he is your own Lord! And they are hissing at him, jesting at his prayers, and scoffing at his cries:—all this at

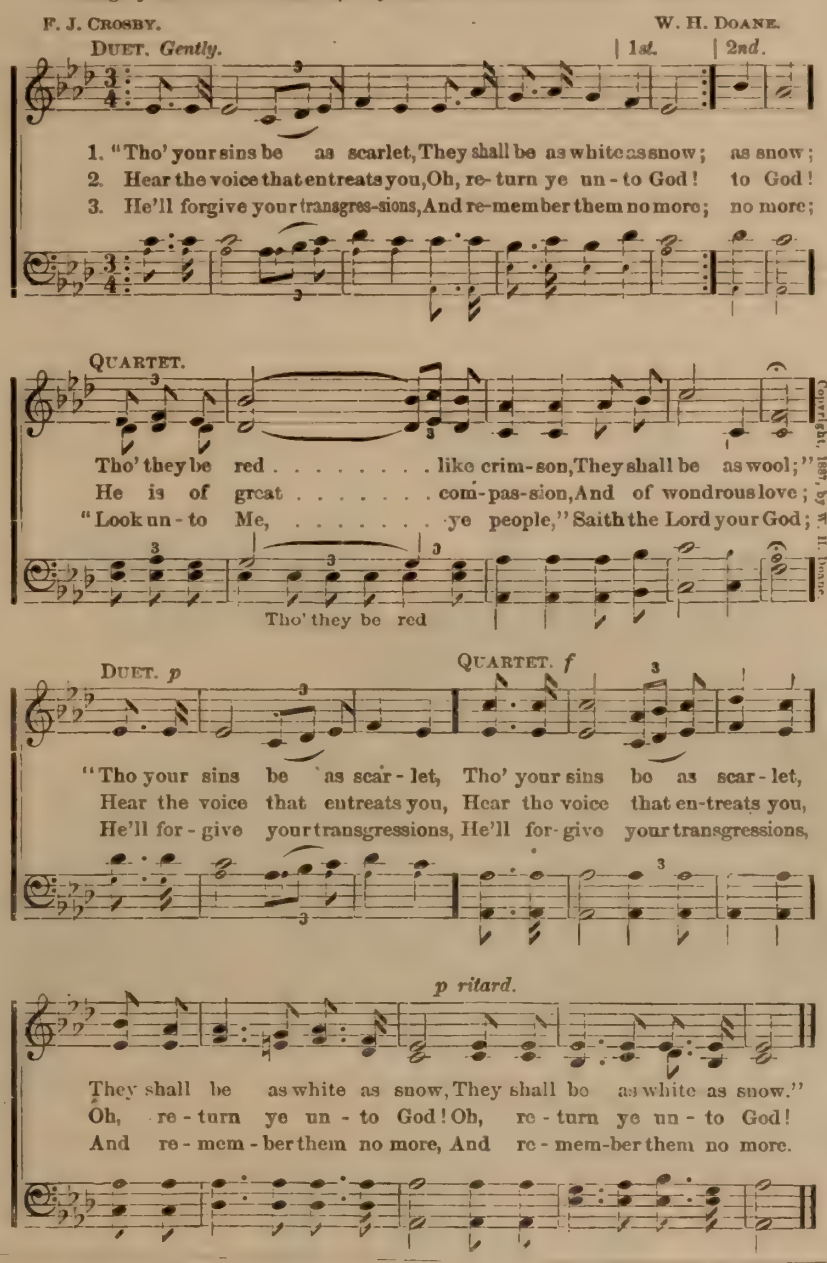
Your Lord!

And what of you? The other day you were ashamed to own that you were his disciple. Are you not disgusted at such cowardice? You were silent the other day when sinners were blaspheming him: you were niggardly when his poor people needed help; you refused to give when his church and his cause knocked at your door. You would not forgive a fellow Christian the other day, and you parted company with one who had been your friend for years, and all for a hot word; and yet you call yourself a Christian! Yes, and I, too, am a Christian, and have my own private cause for self-humiliation; and that is our Master bleeding there. How can we bear to look him in the face? What sorry disciples we are! O blessed Master, let thy blood drop on us till thou hast blotted out these many faults of ours and made us like thyself. Amen.

Though your Sins be as Scarlet.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—ISAIAH 1: 18.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


DUET. Gently.
1st.
2nd.
1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgres-sions, And re-member them no more; no more;
QUARTET.
Tho' they be red . . . . . like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great . . . . . com-pas-sion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un-to Me, ... ye people," Saith the Lord your God;
Tho' they be red
DUET. p
QUARTET. f
"Tho your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for-give your transgressions,
p ritard.
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!
And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.
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TRUST.

"Trust ye in the Lord forever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." Isaiah 26: 4.

TRUST ye in the Lord forever,
He will fail you never, never,
From the direst guilt he laveth,
From the deepest want he saveth,
When the fiercest storm is raging,
He doth hold the power assuaging;
When the death lull on us dwelleth,
His the word its might dispelleth
When we hear the gulph despairing,
He doth show his love repairing.
When in full of life we flourish,
And do pride high-wanton nourish;
He doth warn of coming sorrow.
Life to-day and death to-morrow;
That we may his Medicine borrow.

Trust ye in the Lord forever,
He will fail you never, never,
Naught is there his power tasketh,
He will give whoever asketh—
Asketh with a firm relying,
Feeling safe of kind replying.
For his sons his love ne'er sleepeth,
Constant watch and ward he keepeth;
Night and day no evil neareth,
Where his angel guard appeareth.
Them who tarry he impelleth,
Who refuse, his love compelleth;
Them who wander he returneth,
Gains by him his love who spurneth:
For the health of all he yearneth.

Trust ye in the Lord forever,
He will fail you never, never.
Lack ye wisdom, he supplieth;
Lack ye answer, he replieth.
Are ye hungry, then he feedeth,
More he gives than hunger needeth;
Full and bounteous board he spreadeth,
On his guests all blessings sheddeth;
He thy Resting place when weary,
He thy Hope when earth is dreary,
He thy Light when grief-clouds lower,
He thy Peace when war hath power,
He the Salve thine eye that cleareth,
He thy Beauty that endeareth,
He the Joy thy soul that cheereth.

Trust ye in the Lord forever,
He will fail you never, never.
He thy Sword of proof in danger,
He thy Home when care-worn stranger,
He thy Calm no storm disturbeth,
He the Charm thy lusts that curbeth,
He thy Rock the floods that stayeth,
He the Bond thy debts that payeth,
He thy Name thy foul foe dreadeth,
He the Way thy due foot treadeth.
He thy Truth no foe reproveth,
He thy Life no death removeth,
He thy Bliss all thought suspending,
He thy Robe all light transcending,
He thy Crown of life unending.

THE LAST APOSTASY.

Pastor G. D. Hooper on the Perils of the Last Days.

NINETEEN marks are given in II. Timothy 3: 1-5 of the character and conduct of men in the last days, showing how men will be borne down and carried away even among Christian professors. False teachers having sown the evil seed within the professing Church, in due time error reaps its harvest. "There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming?" (II. Pet. 3: 3-4.) These scoffers take the partial knowledge, now deified as Science, and mock the thought of Deity, or of coming glory, above or apart from "the reign of law." Evolution is to them the primal god, while Jehovah is lost to their sight in the laws by which he works, or in the earth which is his footstool. Notwithstanding this materialistic spirit of the last days, the day of the Lord will come, as did the deluge to the Old World, surely, swiftly, and with awful doom to godless souls.

The Last Great Mark

of the age's close is the Rise, the Reign, and the Doom of Antichrist, as delineated in II. Thess. 2: 3-12. Correcting the mistaken notions arising from their misinterpretation of the First Epistle, Paul explains that the day of Christ could not have come, for "the falling away (the apostasia) must come first, and the man of sin be revealed." Here we have the very word apostasy, expressing that which, as the age draws to its close, grieves and tries the faithful and paves the way for Antichrist. Our Lord predicted that "the love of the many should wax cold." (Matt. 24: 12.) "As it was in the days of Noah; as, also, in the days of Lot; so shall it be in the days of the Son of Man." (Luke 17: 26-30.) Having taught his disciples to be importunate in prayer, he adds, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find the faith on the earth?" (Luke 18: 8.)

The Titles of this Evil Power

deserve some notice. As usurping the place, opposing the power, and oppressing the people, of Christ, he is termed "Antichrist," (I. John 2: 18.) As a rival and attempted supplanter of the true Prince of the house of David he is "The Prince that shall come." (Dan. 9: 26.) From the ten horns of the fourth beast there rises a little horn, symbolic of power, small in its beginnings, but growing to its climax. (Dan. 7: 7-8.) As grasping in his own hands the power of the seven kings and the ten kingdoms, but ruling without God, he is seen from the heavenly standpoint as a wild beast. (Rev. 13: 1-8.) As the embodiment and concentration of evil he is called, even in an evil age, "That Wicked One." (II. Thess. 2-8.) As defying God, and promulgating his own laws, he is styled, "The Lawless One." And, in view of his fearful persecutions and bitter enmity to the people and the saints of God, he is declared to be the Desolator. (Dan. 9: 27.)

The Reign of Antichrist

is dealt with in verses 4, 9 and 10. It may be illustrated and amplified by Daniel 7 and Rev. 13. Popes and systems may be Antichrists, but, clearly, are not the Antichrist. He has yet to be revealed. It is worth noting that, as our Lord was the mystery of godliness made manifest or revealed to faith, so this great rebel is the mystery of lawlessness headed up in a person to be revealed in due time. Beginning by denying Christ, he ends by denying God, and claiming divine worship for himself. By the aid of "the false prophet," and energised by Satan, "with all power, and signs, and lying wonders," he leads men willing captives, and puts to death the faithful remnant who will not worship him. (Rev. 13: 7-8.)

His Doom

is to be slain by the breath of Christ's mouth, and brought to nought at his coming. His seven years of power will test men and work his own doom. With his ally, the false prophet, he will be cast alive into the lake of fire. (Rev. 19: 20.) So ends the last great apostasy of this dispensation.

Such an outlook would be sad indeed, did not faith see the glory that shall follow, and, meanwhile, feed upon the hidden Manna. In the light of truths so solemn and so searching, do we not well to ask ourselves, are we indeed the Lord's, not only with, but of his flock of grace? Are we, as faithful stewards, occupying till he come, in our worship, our witness, and our work? Are we earnest in seeking to manifest his life in ours, and diligent to be found ready at his coming? Thus may we be numbered with his saints to-day, and reign with him in glory everlasting.

FORGIVENESS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Feb. 14. Jer. 31: 34; Ps 32: 1, 2; I. John 1: 9.

PROMISES such as those selected for the Topic this week have been the anchorage for many a storm-tossed soul. Nothing but an authoritative promise could allay the apprehension of a soul convinced of sin. The higher the conception of God, the deeper is the abasement of the convicted sinner. A Being infinitely righteous, to whom sin must be abhorrent, a Being to whom the homage of all his creatures is due—how must a rebellious man fare at his hands! Hope, such a man might indulge, but something more than hope is needed in this case. The consciousness of sin is a burden that hope cannot remove. What shall he do? He knew not the heinous nature of his transgressions when they were committed. Is there any hope that he may be pardoned? To him the assurances here given are unspeakably precious. They are revelations of God's character. The "I will" is precisely what he longs to hear. Fear, apprehension, dull despair, what the Scriptures describe as the fearful looking for of judgment vanish as he learns that he has to do with a God ready to pardon. Blessed indeed is he, as he realizes that his "transgression is forgiven, that his sin is covered."

A new side of the character of God is revealed to him in these assurances and it has its effects on his own character. Before he saw it, he must stand at a distance in awe. The separation between God and himself was an impassable gulf. Now he can draw near to him with filial affection. He loves. No less reverent is he. Rather, this new revelation increases his reverence, for God is greater to him in his magnanimity than in his stern justice. Forgiven, he is bound in stronger bonds to love and worship and obey. To offend again a being who has forgiven, seems a sin of deepest dye. He is laid under special obligations for the future. His soul is strengthened and raised heavenward. His supreme anxiety now is to live as God would have him live, to do all his duty and more than all that he may atone in some manner for the past and show his gratitude for the pardon granted. New hopes, new aims, new motives are acting within him. He is a new creature.

But the flesh remains. The lower nature does not submit without a struggle. Can the pardoned man sink so low as to sin again? He thinks not, in his new-born enthusiasm. But, to his horror, he does sin. In some moment of sudden temptation, under some provocation, old habits reassert their power and he commits some grievous sin. Sorrow now is ten-fold more poignant than in the old time. He feels as if, like Peter, he had denied his Lord. He goes back again to the assurances that brought relief to him before and he finds new comfort. God promises that he will write his law in his heart and put it in his inward parts. God sympathizes with his desires after holiness, knows his weakness, and provides for it by imparting strength. So he may draw upon that strength at his need. He grows in grace, becomes more Godlike; "reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, transformed into the same image."

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THE KING'S DAUGHTERS IN CANADA.

A REMARKABLE growth of the Order of King's Daughters in Canada is reported. Though it is barely four years since the first Circle was organized, Mrs. M. E. Crawford, the first Provincial Secretary, says that in the Province of Ontario alone there are fifty towns which have flourishing Circles; some cities have five, six and eight Circles, all doing real work for the Lord our King. "In some, the Circles are composed of both Sons and Daughters. In Toronto we have about twenty Circles, and four Circles of The King's Sons, and the membership for Ontario alone is about one thousand eight hundred. Letters have come from all parts of our Dominion, from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific, quite three thousand miles. Digging the foundation has been sometimes a rough but always a glorious work. We had determined to make the foundation sure In His Name, and we trust the building may prove worthy of the same." The Order has arranged with the publishers of the Young Women's Christian Association *Gazette* to publish the reports and notices of the Circles.

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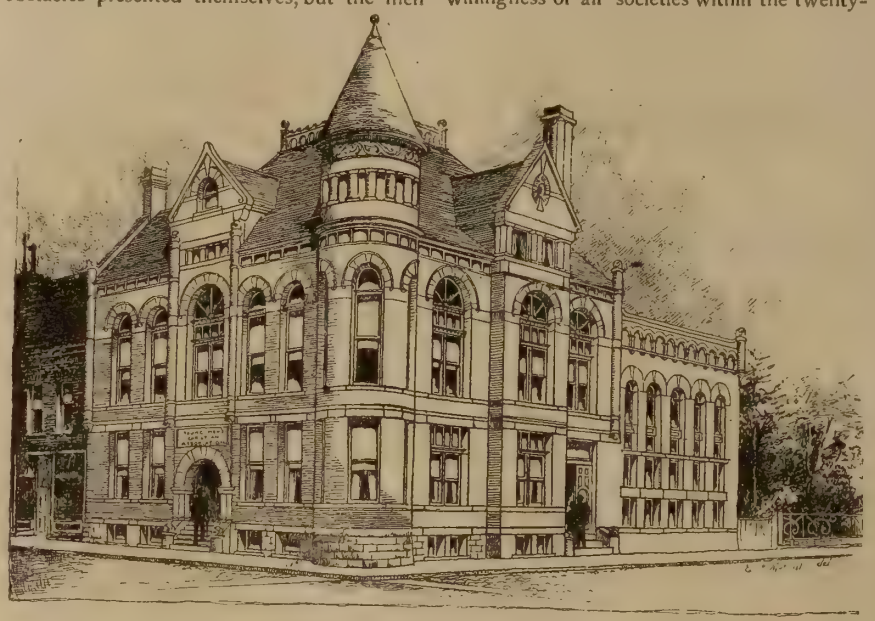
A FLOURISHING CANADIAN Y. M. C. A.

THE Young Men's Christian Association of Ottawa, Canada, has just now justifiable cause for rejoicing. Its beautiful and commodious home, a picture of which appears on this page is now relieved of the last dollar of its burden of debt. The trustees, a few days ago, had the pleasure of paying off the nine thousand-dollar mortgage on the building. One half the amount was given by one munificent family in the city and the other half was made up of small sums from friends of the Association. Freed of all incumbrances the Association is now going forward with its work with renewed energy and hope.

It is twenty-five years since the Association was organized in Ottawa. At first, serious obstacles presented themselves, but the men



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, OTTAWA, CANADA.

who were supporting and directing the work were men of faith and strong will, not easily discouraged. Steadily ... surely the Association grew both in numbers and influence and in the good-will of the citizens. Its majority was fitly celebrated in 1888 by the erection of the new building on the corner of O'Connor and Queen Streets. It cost $28,000 including furnishing and is entirely occupied by Association work. In the basement are the baths and gymnasium; on the first floor the library, free reading-room, reception-parlors and Secretary's offices; on the second floor, the large hall, with a seating capacity of five hundred, class-rooms, ladies'-parlors, etc.; and on the third floor more class-rooms, the kitchens, janitor's-rooms, etc.

The work of the Ottawa Association has been felt far beyond its own neighborhood. Through its efforts, seven other Associations have been organized and nurtured. Young men also have gone forth from it to devote their time and talents to Association work in other cities and have been aided by the experience gained at Ottawa. One of those is the present Secretary of the International Committe for the colored world. The President of the Association is Mr. Robert Stewart, a prominent business man of the city, and the Secretary is Mr. Fred J. Fedarb, who prior to his accepting the office was Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., of Sunderland, England.

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THE PROPOSED CONVENTION.

IN spite of the opposition manifested to the proposed International Convention of Epworth Leagues, *The Epworth Herald* maintains its advocacy of the project. It gives prominence in a recent issue to the following earnest appeal from its Des Moines correspondent: "I feel sure that Epworth Leaguers throughout the country are anxious for a general gathering and a large convention just as soon as it can be held to the best advantage. The nearly five hundred thousand members of this great organization will be in splendid condition next summer for a grand, enthusiastic convention in Chicago. The League has grown so rapidly and so spontaneously that those in the different sections of the country need to come in contact with one another, compare notes, and carry home the new zeal to be gained at such a gathering as an International Convention would be. We, of this part of the country, are looking forward with eager anticipations for this convention next summer. I would decidedly favor July as the date for the gathering rather than April. It will then be after the adjournment of the general conference, and all will know what that body has done for us. It will also be after the schools are out and will thus give many teachers and students a chance to attend. Let us start the cry: 'On to Chicago—July, 1892.'"

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SUGGESTED REUNIONS.

AMONG various ways of observing Christian Endeavor Day the following originating in Missouri is published by the *Golden Rule*, as a suggestion for other districts. All the societies within a radius of twenty miles from Cameron were to hold an all-day session on Christian Endeavor Day, February 2nd. Every hour, morning, afternoon, and evening, will be well filled with short, pointed talks and conferences on practical work. A friend writes us that "replies are coming in daily, signifying the willingness of all societies within the twenty-mile radius to co-operate in this special feature. Dinner and supper will be served in the parlor of the Park Methodist Episcopal Church, where the sessions are to be held." This is a capital way to observe Christian Endeavor Day. It will increase the mutual acquaintance of the members and strengthen the weak place in the societies and combine the energies of the young Christians against evil. How else could the day be more fitly observed? We hope, too, that in addition to these union gatherings each society, in its local meeting nearest February 2nd, will make some reference to the anniversary, and will at least contribute to the missionary boards of its respective church a thank-offering for God's mercies. These union meetings are in every way admirable, but they should not interfere with the gifts of the local societies or their observance of the day.

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A REUNION of Epworth Leagues in Topeka, Kans., was held recently in the Pleasant Hill M. E. Church. Members of the Fairview and Rochester Leagues were present to report progress and participate in the exercises. The Topeka District League is in a flourishing condition. Its Devotional Meetings, Mission Work and Bible Study department are all doing excellent work.

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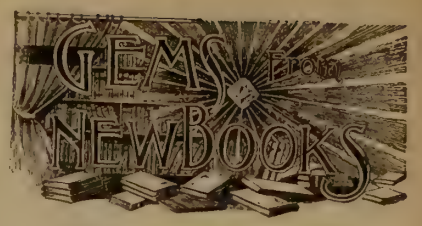
A NEW Christian Endeavor Society has been formed at Providence, R. I. It is connected with the Mount Pleasant Methodist Church there. Its Corresponding Secretary, Miss Annie S. Bland, reports excellent prospects of usefulness. The members, of whom there are thirty-seven, are all in earnest, and are firm believers in the principles of the Society.



THE FOURTH GOSPEL.*

IN order to read the Gospel of John with some intelligence, it is necessary to understand its purpose and its plan. For in the whole range of literature there is no composition which is a more perfect work of art, or which more rigidly excludes whatever does not subserve its main end. From the first word to the last, there is no paragraph, sentence or expression which is out of its place, or with which we could dispense. Part hangs together with part in perfect balance. The sequence may at times be obscure, but sequence there always is. The relevancy of this or that remark may not at first sight be apparent, but irrelevancy is impossible to this writer. The object which the Evangelist had in view in writing this Gospel we are not left to find out for ourselves. He explicitly says that his purpose in writing was to promote the belief that "Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God." This purpose, he judges, he will best accomplish, not by writing an essay, nor by framing an abstract argument in advocacy of the claims of Jesus, but by reproducing in his Gospel those manifestations of his glory which elicited faith in his disciples.

The object of the Gospel being kept in view, the plan is at once perceived. Apart from the prologue (Chapter 1: 1-18) and the appendix (Chapter 21) the body of the work falls into two nearly equal parts, viz.: from the nineteenth verse of the first chapter to the end of the twelfth chapter, and the second part from the beginning of the thirteenth chapter to the end of the twentieth. In the former part the Evangelist relates, with a singular felicity of selection, the scenes in which Jesus made those self-revelations which it was most important that men should understand, and the discussions in which their significance was brought out. Thus he shows how the glory of Christ was manifested at the marriage of Cana of Galilee, in the cleansing of the Temple, in the conversation with the Samaritan woman, in the healing of the impotent man, in the feeding of the five thousand, in the cure of the man born blind; and how through these various signs or object-lessons, Jesus makes himself known as the Life, the Light, the Judge of men, or in a word of the Son doing the Father's works, manifesting the Father's presence, disclosing in his various works and deeds "the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." These manifestations culminate in the raising of Lazarus in the eleventh chapter. This final sign, while in many of the Jews it produced faith, aggravated at the same time the unbelief of the authorities, who from that day forth took counsel together to put him to death. The twelfth chapter holds a place by itself. In it we have three incidents related, and all for the same purpose, namely, to demonstrate that there was now no further need of such manifestations of the glory of Jesus as had already been given, and that all things were now ripe for the catastrophe. This part of the Gospel, therefore, appropriately closes with the words: "These things spake Jesus and departed and did hide himself from them." The public manifestation of Jesus is closed.

In the second part of the Gospel the writer is still guided by the same purpose of showing how Jesus manifested his glory. But in this part he no longer manifests his glory to the people in signs of manifest power, but now in chapters thirteen to seventeen further discloses his glory privately to the twelve; and in chapters eighteen and nineteen passes triumphantly through the ultimate trial which still lay between him and the final consummation of his glory. That this final glory has been achieved is witnessed by the resurrection the record of which and its result in faith occupies the twentieth chapter. The glory of our Lord appears in all its brightness in the second part of the narrative (chapters thirteen to twenty); inwardly and morally, in his sufferings and death and outwardly and sensibly in the triumphant event of the resurrection.

* From *The Gospel of John*, by Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D., one of the volumes of the excellent series, entitled, "The Expositor's Bible." The eminent scholar to whom this portion of God's Word has been committed for exposition has justified the selection by a most able and valuable treatise. Pp. 388; published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East Tenth Street, New York.

A CONTRAST.

TWO men toiled side by side from sun to sun,
And both were poor:
Both sat with children when the day was done,
About the door.

One saw the beautiful in crimson cloud
And shining moon;
The other, with his head in sadness bowed,
Made night of noon.

One loved each tree, and flower and singing bird
On mount or plain;
No music in the soul of one was stirred
By leaf or rain.

One having heaven above and heaven below,
Was satisfied;
The other, discontented, lived in woe,
And hopeless died!

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells of the Trees of Scripture and of Abraham's Oak, near Hebron.

AT this season of the year, when the fields are white with snow and the air is pure and bracing, there is nothing that is more keenly enjoyed by the young folks of the household than a sleigh-ride. Consequently when Uncle John, a few days ago, announced that the big cutter would be ready at four o'clock for a six-mile run, there was a shout of delight. At the hour appointed, all were ready, wrapped in heavy coats and furs. Tom and Ned and the sisters were soon snugly ensconced, and Uncle, with his great beaver collar standing so high that it met his otter-skin cap, grasped the reins, whistled to the pair of browns, and off the party went over the crackling snow, to the gay jingle of the sleigh-bells.

As they flew along past the frozen brook, and the snow-laden trees that bent under their fleecy weight, they were a very merry party indeed. At a point where the road made a sharp turn, stood a giant oak of great age, its wide-spreading, snow-wrapped arms reaching far out over the highway and drooping so low that the twigs almost brushed the faces of the occupants of the sleigh as they swept past.

"That oak," said Uncle, "is an ancient fellow,—old enough possibly to have witnessed the red men skimming about on their snow-shoes before the whites came to these parts."

"That would make it twice a centenarian, wouldn't it?" inquired Ted.

"Possibly," was the reply. "But there are trees of far greater age in existence; some in our own land and many, well authenticated, in the Old World. Probably the oldest of all is the famous tree at Hebron, in Palestine, known as 'Abraham's oak.' It is a magnificent terebinth of the prickly evergreen variety, and though there are some finer oaks in Lebanon there are hardly any larger."

"Was it really planted by Abraham?" asked one of the sleigh-riders.

"It is impossible to tell, though the probability is that ages elapsed between the patriarch's day and the planting of the oak that has been named after him. Yet it is very ancient; it is known to have been venerated at least three hundred years, and the spot upon which it stands is said to be the place where Abraham pitched his tent at Mamre. This great tree is growing very old, and during the last twenty years has lost half its branches. It may live a few generations more, however, for it is quite vigorous in some parts, though many of the boughs seem to be dead."

"Is it as large as the great California redwood trees, Uncle?" inquired Tom.

"No, neither in height nor circumference can any of the trees in Holy Land compare with the giants that grow in our forests beyond the Rockies. Some of the latter are said to be over forty feet in girth around the trunk, while Abraham's oak measures only thirty-two feet in circumference at the largest part. At a height of about twenty feet from the ground it begins to branch out its great limbs, each of them equal to a fair-sized tree."

"Hebron was Abraham's city," observed one of the party.

"ABRAHAM'S OAK," AT HEBRON.

(From a Photograph brought from Palestine by Rev. Dr Talmage.)

"Yes, and it is still known as such," rejoined Uncle John. "It is approached through a rocky and somewhat desolate-looking district, but as one gets near Hebron, the barren rocks and dry brushwood, with only here and there a patch of grass, give way to orchards and vineyards. About a mile distant from the patriarch's city, on a slope among the vineyards, is a Russian hospice, where pilgrims of the Greek church may be found in great numbers at certain seasons of the year. They go to visit a place known as Jutta, where, according to tradition, John the Baptist was born. The hospice is a flat-roofed building of stone, of a somewhat rambling style of architecture, but a great boon to the pilgrims. 'Abraham's oak,' which I have just described to you, stands a little way off from the hospice. Traditions are everywhere in Palestine, and Hebron has its share. One tradition declares that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are buried there, but the Bible declares that they were buried at Machpelah. The Arabs have named the city 'El Khalil' (the Friend), after Abraham, who was the 'Friend of God.' But as we are now almost home again," he added, "we will defer a description of Hebron to some other occasion.

Repassing the old oak, whose great arms now stood sharply defined against the sunless sky, the children looked at it with a new reverence, feeling that it, too, might have a history running back to long departed generations if it could but give it voice.

***

Lincoln's Kindheartedness.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN was as sensitive to external impressions as the test paper of the chemist. The results of a battle pained him as though he himself were among the wounded, or had lost a brave son. This sympathy, that is, his power of putting himself in another's place, says a reminiscent writer in *Manford's Magazine*, extended even to animals. The day on which Grant's army began the final advance, the President sat in a small telegraph office at City Point, receiving telegrams and examining a pocket chart. Three little kittens were running about the hut, in which was the office. The President of the nation whose fate was in the scales, picked up the kittens, placed them on the table, and said:

"You poor, little miserable creatures, what brought you into this camp of warriors? Where is your mother?"

"The mother is dead," answered the colonel in charge.

"Then she can't grieve for them," said the President with a sigh, "as many a poor mother is grieving for the son who has fallen in battle. Ah, kitties, thank God you are cats, and can't understand this terrible strife."

"There, now, go, my little friends," wiping the dirt from their eyes with his handkerchief; "that is all I can do for you. Colonel, get them good milk, and don't let them starve; there is too much starvation going on in this land, anyhow; let us mitigate it when we can."

The great President, even at such a crisis, could, as Admiral Porter, says, "find time to look at God's creatures, and be solicitous for their comfort."

***

The Best Use of Leisure.

LEISURE is best used in getting away from ourselves, writes Rev. A. S. Barnett in *The Young Man*. Self is too much with us in our work. The sting of work is self. For the sake of self we worry to get money or to get notice. And it is worry, not work, which kills. In our leisure, we should get away from ourselves. If we are able, we should travel into foreign countries, where we may see life going on unchanged by our presence, and to go on unchanged when we are absent. We forget ourselves in the interest roused by seeing a life so different to our own. If foreign travel is impossible, the next best use of our leisure is to travel in our own country. Exercise and change of scene help to make the mind move in other grooves, and to draw the thought to the cares of others or to the beauty of the world. There are many other good uses of leisure. Visits to friends, games of skill, the study of books, are all healthy and helpful. But the best use of leisure is in using the special gift God has given to this generation—the gift of wide locomotion.

***

ANOTHER COMFORTED MOTHER.

IN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 6, was printed a letter from M. S. O., a Christian lady, of Newburyport, Mass., who told how bereavement had been made to her a wonderful blessing, and how God had comforted her heart after the death of her child. Another lady—M. E. H., of Montreal, writes us on the same subject and as what she has to tell is of interest to all Christian mothers, we give it below:

"I feel I must write you, to let you know of the wonderful coincidence in M. S. O.'s life and mine. I was deeply moved when I perused the account of her dear child's death in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I also have lost a bright, beautiful boy, my first-born, aged seven years and eleven months. I could not realize for several days that the Lord had really taken away my boy. Oh, the bitter anguish of those dark days!

"One day I was alone in my house with my four and a half-months' old baby boy. I was preparing the mid-day meal, the scalding tears coursing down my face and the heavy sobs nearly choking me. My heart was ready to break with the grief I was cherishing. I began to think: Shall I meet my boy again? That same instant a warm breath fanned my face, a clear, distinct voice replied: 'Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God believe also in me. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.' From that hour I ceased to grieve, for out of the fulness of my sorrow I found my Saviour. Yes, rest assured dear bereaved mother, we shall meet our darlings in the mansions above."

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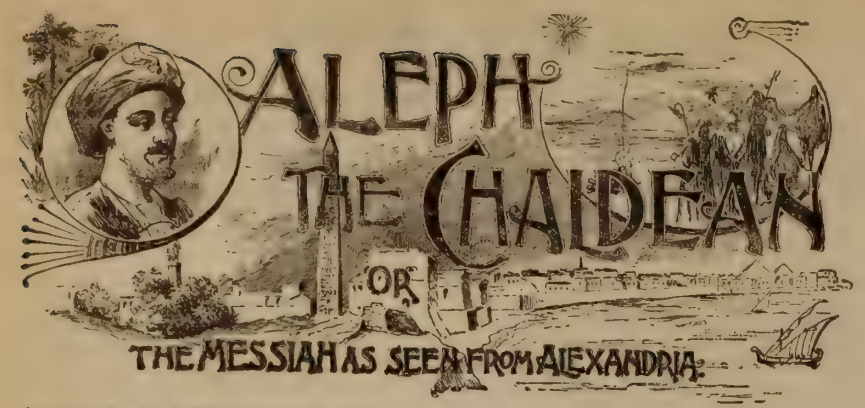
Waspish Waists.

MRS. MARY CLEMENT LEAVITT, at the recent National W. C. T. U. convention, told of seeing a group of Chinese ladies, to whom some one had given a magazine containing an American fashion plate. They were examining it with interest, says the *Woman's Journal*, with their elaborately-decorated heads all bent over the picture together. At length one of them straightened up nd said to Mrs. Leavitt: "China oman pinch foot. You say China woman velly bad. Melican woman not pinch foot; Melican woman pinch here," laying her hands on her waist. "Life here; life not in foot. Melican woman velly much more bad than China woman!" Mrs. Leavitt said a "Heavenly Foot Society" had been formed in China, of young men pledged not to marry any woman whose feet were smaller than heaven meant them to be. She wished a "Heavenly Waist Society" might be formed in this country, of young men pledged not to marry any girl whose waist was smaller than heaven meant it to be.

***

Toplofty Notions.

WE have taught our American boys that they were cut out for congressmen instead of carpenters, for presidents instead of painters and plumbers, for bankers instead of blacksmiths, for a career instead of a calling, says the *Standard*. With these toplofty notions the American youth would be slow to enter a trade, and then usually in that sullen and indocile mood which would make him undesirable to the master mechanic. Better learn to make a broom-handle, a horse-shoe, or a loaf of bread. The world needs these vastly more than it does names. But make a name for himself. Ah! that shows the selfish, unchristian character of the ambition here included—an ambition that stands in the way of the brotherhood of man, of self-denial, necessary to real usefulness, and it is the baneful folly that has kept so many of our American youth out of the humble but happy, useful lives of industry. Ambition that is inspired by pure, unselfish motives, is to be commended; but unholy ambition has wrecked nations, sacrificed thousands of lives and saddened the world.



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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CHAPTER VIII. (*Continued.*)

A VIOLENT blow on the street-door was now heard.

"I will go to the door," said Aleph, "and if I need any help you will discover it, as I will leave the passage open so that you can hear what is passing."

Taking his cane, he proceeded to the door: and, bidding the door-keeper undo the fastenings, he suddenly set the door widely open and stood in its place.

This was unexpected. Antis was just in the act of repeating his blow on the door, but suddenly finding himself confronted by a formidable-looking man instead of a door, he stepped hastily backward.

"What do you seek," demanded Aleph, fixing on the man a stern eye, "that you knock in so unbecoming a manner?"

"I seek the possession of my own house," said the fellow sullenly.

"Are you the owner of this house? I think you will hardly venture to claim that."

"I claim that I have purchased the right of an owner, so far as occupying this house is concerned, for one month, and that it is the will of the owner that I have possession at once."

"Show me that such is the will of the owner."

Antis produced a paper and handed it to Aleph.

After reading it, Aleph said, "It seems that this house belongs to Malus, and that he wishes it transferred to you, and that he has sent this police force which I see behind you to enforce his wishes, if necessary.—Are you the captain of this force?" he added, looking at a man who stood a few steps behind Antis.

"I am," he said.

"In ordinary cases," said Aleph slowly, as he surveyed the man—"in ordinary cases we should be warranted in putting you in immediate possession; but this case is extraordinary: so extraordinary that we have a right to presume that neither Malus nor the chief of police understood the circumstances when they gave the order just shown me."

"We have no discretion," said the captain. "We are sent here to put this man in possession, not to judge of the righteousness of it."

"Do you mean to say that if you should see reason to believe that your force of some six men is quite insufficient to accomplish your object, you would not be at liberty to return to your superiors for further instruction? Are you not expected to use discretion in judging whether such is the case?"

"Certainly: but such does not appear to be the present case," said the officer with a chuckle.

Without noticing the manner of the man, Aleph went on, "Do you mean to say that if you should see grave reason to fear that this man in whose behalf you are interfering would use the house to waylay and murder Malus and your chief, you would not be warranted in at least returning for further instructions?"

"Well—in such a case as you suppose, I should of course return: but this is not such a case, or anything like it," said the man doggedly.

"Very considerably like it: for I shall show you grave reason to fear that this man" (he pointed his finger at Antis) "is capable of doing all that and worse—that he is a desperado of the worst sort, and——"

Here Antis broke in, screaming out:

"It is false! It is false!"

Aleph fixed on him eyes that blazed calmly into his for a moment, and then said sternly, "You know it is true, you ruffian! It is written in your face for everybody to see. And everybody sees it. If you want to be taken for anything less than a desperado, wear a mask over your tell-tale face. So do not interrupt me again;" and he gave him another look so full of insight and authority and menace, and at the same time of a certain pitying wonder, that he dropped his eyes, grew pale and red by turns, and made no further attempt to speak.

Aleph resumed, turning again to the captain: "I was saying that I would show you grave reason for thinking this man a desperado of the worst kind; that he is a robber and murderer by profession; that if put in possession of this house he will make it a den of thieves and murderers. He is strongly suspected of designs on the life of his sick wife, who for some days has been in a critical condition, and whom he has long abused. It is for such reasons that her friends have excluded him from the house. Do you suppose that your principals, if responsibly informed of these facts, would persist in wishing you to hand over these premises and the sick woman to such a man?"

"I admit," answered the officer, "that if you can show that he is such a dangerous character, and that putting him in possession will endanger the public as well as the sick woman, or even can show that this is so in the opinion of responsible parties, I ought to return and report the fact to my superiors. Who are the persons who make these charges?"

"His wife, supported by Seti, the Egyptian high-priest, the lady Rachel, daughter of the Alabarch, and myself, a member of the University."

The captain had for some time appeared uneasy. He now folded his arms, shifted repeatedly from one foot to another, fumbled aimlessly with the short sword at his side. Aleph watched him narrowly; and at length said with a grave irony of tone:

"Perhaps you do not consider Seti and the Alabarch as responsible parties!"

But immediately changing his tone and raising his voice, he added, "I call to witness both those before me in the street and those behind me in the house" (half turning as he spoke, he became aware that he had already been followed into the passage by all his friends), "that I have repeatedly informed this officer that this house has been occupied by parties whose responsibility it was absurd to question, for the sole purpose of preventing its becoming a danger to life and a public nuisance, and that if he puts it into the possession of this man he will, in their opinion, imperil the lives and property of the people of Alexandria. I wish you all to distinctly notice this. Take notice, also, that we do not propose to resist the law—only to retain possession till the law can be properly informed of facts that were unknown to it at the time its order was given. And so our very moderate request is that this officer return to headquarters, report what he has heard, and ask for new instructions. If the officials then repeat their order, it will be with full knowledge of the responsibility they are incurring, and they can properly be held to account for all the consequences: and this must be a very serious account unless the laws and public opinion of Alexandria differ very considerably from those of Heaven."

"It is he of the Diapleuston!" cried a voice from the street. "Give him a cheer!"

And a great cheer there was; for though the street was a retired one, quite a body of spectators had gathered one by one behind the police and were watching the conference with lively interest. They now showed audibly on which side their partialities had settled. That cry, "It is he of the Diapleuston," opened their mouths, and opened them widely. But, long before they had chosen their side, Antis made a very sorry appearance over against Aleph; and as the citizens watched the lofty composure of the young man and his princely bearing, and caught a glimpse of Shaphan and Nathan and the womanly star in the background, they thought the house was well occupied as it was. And they proceeded to say so. They became very free in expressing their minds.

One cried out scornfully, "Turning out such to put in such!"

"Go away!" cried a second, as he shook his fist energetically at the police.

"Off with you!" shouted a third, with both hands in the air, and with the air of one driving away a flock of geese.

"Go!" screamed a forth, "and you may confidentially tell those who sent you that you were not mean enough, as well as not strong enough, to do the work set you!"

The captain plainly saw that but one course was open to him. He must make a virtue of necessity, and withdraw for the present with as good grace as he could. So he said that perhaps it would be well for him to report at headquarters what had been told him, and see what his principles thought of it. Of course, they did not intend to establish a den of thieves and murderers. So off he marched with his detachment—Antis closely following.

Aleph bowed to the friendly citizens with a smile, got another hearty cheer in return, and closed the door.

Shaphan and Nathan were warm in their congratulations. As for Rachel — her eyes were more lustrous than ever, and a richer color was in her cheek, but she said nothing.

The two brothers, however, were by no means sure that Malus would give over his effort. It was not his way. So they were afraid that it was only a brief respite that had been obtained.

Aleph was inclined to the same view. He had little doubt but that Malus would recognize his antagonist, and would find in the fact additional motive to persevere. So he expressed his regret that it was not possible to remove Miriam at once to some other house.

This brought back Rachel from her abstraction. She went at once to the bedside of Miriam, who clasped her hands and looked up piteously into the loving eyes that beamed inquiringly upon her.

"Do you think that you could bear to be carried home now?" they asked.

"Right away! right away!" broke out the poor woman with unexpected strength of voice. "It is better to die on the way than to stay here. I should die of fear. Let him not leave me"—and she turned her eyes beseechingly toward Aleph.

He approached, took her hand gently, and said a few soothing words while he watched her. She grew quiet and peaceful as her eyes rested on his face.

"It seems to me," he at length said, "that she can better go than stay. She can summon resolution for the one, but not for the other. The effort may even reinforce her vitality."

"Then let it be done," said Rachel. "My sedan is large, and I can take her in my arms, and the bearers will move very carefully. Shall we do it?"—she bent to the ear of the sick woman.

Miriam looked at her gratefully, and said with some hesitation:

"If he will go."

"Certainly he will go," cried Rachel, "and will walk by the side of the chair, and will steady it with his hand, and will every now and then look in upon us through the curtains to see that we are all right; and when we reach home he will take you out all carefully and tenderly and carry you in his strong arms up to your own room and lay you on your own bed—of course he will. He shall not have my approbation for what he has done to-day till he sees us both safe at home"—and the great dewy eyes flashed half merrily and half timidly on Aleph.

Aleph bowed. "The approbation of the lady Rachel is very far from being a matter of indifference to me. So I will do as she says. We will all go—our friends of the khan, the leech, and all the servants, save the janitor, who on demand shall put Malus in possession. Do you approve?"—he had turned toward Shaphan and his brother.

"We do," said Shaphan, "but before we go into the street, I wish to mention a fact which perhaps may concern you. We saw Malus to-day in close talk with Simon, the famous magician; and later in the day, on going to your khan, we found that Simon and the beautiful Helena, whom he sometimes calls his daughter and sometimes his sister, had established themselves there and had placarded the neighborhood with invitations to the public to come and witness his wonderful performances at a stater a head. For as much more fee he promises to put the resources of his art at the service of any visitor; whether he wishes to have his fortune told, or to consult spirits, or to prosper in love, or in war, or in money-getting."

"Have I not heard," said Rachel anxiously, "that this magician is an agent of Malus and is suspected of aiding him in his undertakings by the magical art?"

"As much is said," answered the Jew. "The two men are cousins, though not often seen together. It is supposed, however, by some that there is much secret intercourse between them, and that the great success of Malus in his affairs is largely due to his being in league with evil spirits. This, of course, he stoutly denies. He laughs at the idea. At the same time he speaks highly of his cousin, the sorcerer, and does not a little to give him patronage."

"And yet," said Aleph, "the law is severe against sorcerers."

"But Malus denies that Simon is a sorcerer in the sense used in our Scriptures. He does not deal with evil spirits. He is only a man of great skill and learning, who has studied nature profoundly and so found out many scientific means of doing many wonderful things, and even of subjecting the elemental spirits that inhabit water and fire and lightnings and stars to his will and the public service. His spirits are not devils. His sorcery is only science. And God forbid that the law should denounce science. So Malus presents the case. The two men certainly uphold each other and play into each other's hands. I wonder what mischief they are brewing now between them!"

"I thank you for this information," said Aleph. "It may prove of service to me. But now let us proceed to the work before us."

Under the direction of Rachel, the servants in a few moments collected the various articles of furniture and comfort that had been sent from the mansion of Alexander. She then placed herself in the sedan: and, the nurse having wrapped Miriam in the bed-coverings, Aleph carefully took the light burden in his arms and placed it in the arms of Rachel. As carefully the porters lifted the chair and made their way into the street—preceded by the two brothers, accompanied by Aleph, and followed by the remaining servants.

The escort stopped at the private family entrance. Here the two brothers took leave; and Aleph, receiving the sick woman into his arms, followed Rachel into the mansion, along halls and courts and flights of steps, to the room the nurse had formerly occupied. Then he laid his light burden on the bed satisfied that she had borne the transfer without serious harm.

The sick woman beckoned feebly to Rachel—more with her eye than with her hand. The young lady drew near and bent to listen.

"She wishes me to thank you for what you have done for her," said the maiden after a moment, "and to beg that you will not forsake her now that she is safe among friends."

Aleph looked inquiringly at the lovely interpreter—not knowing exactly how to interpret the interpretation.

She suddenly turned to Miriam. "Of course he will not forsake you. He is coming here often to see you—to see how you get on. No good phyiscian neglects his patient till she is well; and not even then if he is wise. Besides, he wants to talk more with you about Jesus the Messiah as soon as you are able to bear it. Yes, of course, he is coming, coming often, coming to-morrow. He will suffer in our good opinion if he does not. So now close your eyes and rest in peace."

Instead of doing this, Miriam burst into a flood of tears and nervous sobbing. Up to this time she could not fully realize that the dreadful nightmare of her life was over. Then all the flood-gates of feeling gave way. It was some time before she could control herself enough to articulate. But at last the words came—though very faintly:

"Home at last! Thank God, who has fulfilled the words of Jesus and sent me the deliverer whom he promised!"

The great sea went down as suddenly as it had risen. In a few moments the exhausted woman closed her eyes and was sleeping peacefully.

Aleph and Rachel stood together for a little, watching the peaceful slumber.

"The experiment seems more successful than I feared," said Aleph at length; "I am glad that we made it."

Her voice trembled a little, and her color came, as she said, without turning toward him and with downcast eyes, "And he to whom the success is due, and who is doubtless the friend whom Jesus promised to Miriam, has now the express and warm approbation that I promised him, and which I have found it hard to keep back till now."

Aleph answered, "Your compensation is large—I fear much too large for doing what to me has been a pleasure and an education. And yet I cannot decline to accept an approval which my heart values so highly."

In parting he extended his hand. She placed her own within it. He carried the snowy prisoner in grave and reverent courtesy to his lips.

(*To be Continued.*)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Chas. M. Price, Lafayette. Do you consider that the cause of Christianity and public morality would be served or injured by the opening of the World's Fair on Sundays? In view of the fact that the Fair would attract many thousands who would ordinarily visit the numerous saloons and low resorts, and that it would thus make Sunday for them a day of pure and profitable recreation, instead of sinful dissipation, would it not be well to advocate Sunday opening? I see the question is being widely agitated and I would be greatly pleased to have my favorite journal, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which I have read for many years, express its views on the matter.

As our correspondent states, this is a national question, and one that we would be pleased to have very generally and frankly discussed by our readers. We therefore invite them to send us their judgment in the matter, expressed freely and unreservedly. It is quite probable that the replies so received may form the basis of a memorial to the World's Fair Managers.

J. E. L., Reynoldsburg, Ohio. 1. Is Pastor C. H. Spurgeon a member of the Baptist Church? 2. To what did Christ refer in his words spoken on the Cross (John 19: 30)?

1. Yes; he is a minister in that church and has been so for thirty-nine years. 2. They are understood to refer to his work on earth. At that hour of his death-agony he realized that the object of his coming to this world was achieved, and exclaimed "It is finished!"

J. H. W., Brandon, Miss. Are there not two Revised Versions of the Bible recently completed? If so, which is the better?

There is but one Revised Version authoritatively recognized. When the Revisers finished, it was found that the American Company desired to make a great many more changes than the English members had made. Many of their suggestions were accepted and incorporated, and the remainder were embodied in an Appendix. This Appendix (to which J. H. W. doubtless refers), is published by the Oxford Bible Company, (Thos. Nelson & Sons, 33 East 17th Street, New York, agents), with the official Revised Bible, both being bound together.

Alfred M. Gregory, Williamston, Ingraham Co., Mich. Are the olive wood slabs sent to subscribers by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD actually olive wood from Mount of Olives near Jerusalem? Some pretend to doubt that they really came from the Holy Land.

We are glad to be able to assure our correspondent that the beautiful sections of Olive wood which we are sending to subscribers are genuine in every respect. They are cut from Mount of Olives, polished in Jerusalem and packed and shipped *via* Joppa, Port Said and Liverpool, to New York, where they were regularly entered at the Custom House in due form as the official records will show. Thousands have already been sent by mail to our subscribers who are universally delighted with the gift. It is a glorious souvenir, and we are sending one to every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on receiving a new subscription or the renewal of an old one. We have received many hundreds of letters expressing pleasure and high appreciation of this very beautiful keepsake.

Devoted Reader, N. Y. City. Will you please give your views on dancing, particularly on the part of a husband—a member of the church—who participates in this pleasure even in the presence of his wife, whom he knows to be displeased, from conscientious principles?

Dancing in the modern form is no longer a mere social and artistic diversion; it has become an absorbing dissipation that takes too prominent a place in society and occupies too much of its time and energies. It crowds out intelligent conversation, excites the passions, endangers the health (since its devotees are almost always in excess) and invites promiscuities that are to the last degree objectionable. While it is true that some dances are less objectionable than others, it is also true that modern dancing, as a whole, tends to deprave rather than improve. "The whirlpool of social dissipation," Rev. Dr. Talmage remarked in one of his sermons, "is drawing down some of the brightest craft that ever sailed the sea."

Xela, Ilion, N. Y. Can you explain the attitude of the people who hold that the word "Baptize" may mean "to sprinkle?" Webster's definition of sprinkling is, "to scatter in small drops or particles." Are not the words used in Matt. 3: 6 conclusive that "baptize" could never mean "to sprinkle?"

They are considered so by Baptists. Other churches hold that the words would be as accurately translated, "*at* the river Jordan," as "*in* the river Jordan." Also that the words used in John 1: 33, "baptized you with the Holy Ghost," are conclusive against the doctrine that baptism means immersion. Also that the way in which the Apostle Paul speaks of baptism in 1. Cor. 1: 13-17 indicates that he attached little importance to the rite, save as it signified intiation into the Christian Church. We have answered your question on the presumption that you are seeking *information* as to the attitude of non-Baptist churches on the subject. You will understand that it would be impossible, in this column, to discuss the merits of controverted questions about which godly and learned men have disputed for centuries.

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THE UNSEEN POWER.

In a recent letter from Amritzar, India, where Miss Hewlett has charge of a Zenana mission in which a medical mission is included, that lady says: "There have been many willing and even encouraging listeners amongst all the number of people, and we believe some have had their hearts touched and softened. In each department of the work at this station, be it the medical school, the nursing, the refuge, the Sunday School, the evangelistic services, the hospital, or the blind school, there has been progress, and the feeling of the Hindu population may be judged from the following striking incident. A few faithful adherents of Islam, discussing together the affairs of the hospital, arrived at the conclusion that if they could have their own way they would pull the chapel down until not one brick remained upon another. 'You might do that,' interposed a Hindu who had overheard the conversation, 'but you could not take away the power behind the bricks.' The Hindu, while hardly appreciating the force of his words, gave utterance to a solemn truth, for, indeed, the few tired and somewhat discouraged worker rest their efforts upon the power of the Unseen."

A BISHOP IN AN EARTHQUAKE.

In the course of a thrilling account of the recent terrible earthquake in Japan which Archdeacon Warren sends by mail, a remarkable incident is mentioned. He was entertaining as guests in his house at Osaka, Japan, on the night before the earthquake Bishop Bickersteth and his wife. The Bishop conducted family prayer before retiring and read the ninety-first Psalm: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say to the Lord, he is my refuge, my God in whom I will trust. He shall cover thee with his pinions, and under his wings shalt thou take refuge," etc. A few hours later the earthquake came and the room in which the Bishop had read those words was an utter wreck. A large chimney crashed through the ceiling smashing the furniture and filling the place with bricks and timber. Had anyone been in the room at the time, death must have resulted. The room in which the Bishop was when the shock came was in another part of the house. That, too, was overtopped by a high chimney which was thrown down. But it fell in a direction opposite to that of the room in which the Bishop was and injured no one. At family prayer the next morning, the Bishop read the same Psalm with a new feeling of its meaning.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Earthly Footprints of Our Risen Lord; Being a continuous narrative of the Four Gospels, according to the Revised Version; with an introduction by Rev. John Hall, D.D., pp. 420; Fleming H. Revell Company, N.Y., and Chicago, publishers. The *pictured* incidents of the life of Jesus upon the earth, the illustrations being from famous paintings by the great masters in sacred art.

The Leisure Hour; Annual Volume for 1891; 856 imperial 8vo. pages, of exceedingly interesting reading with numerous illustrations by eminent artists; price $2.50, in fine cloth. *The Leisure Hour* is deservedly popular on both sides the Atlantic and has no superior for family and general reading. The Religious Tract Society, London, publishers. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago, sole agents for the United States.

The Adversary: a Study in Satanology; by W. A. Matson, D.D. An encyclopedia of all that relates to diabolic sway and influence. Cloth. 238 pp.; price $1.25. Wilbur B. Ketcham, Cooper Union, New York, publisher.

The Canon of the Old Testament; by Tobias Muller, Bishop of Erie. 664 pp.; price $3. F. Pustet & Co., New York, publishers.

The Converted Catholic, vol. viii. The bound volume for 1891, contains much valuable information on the various phases of Roman Catholicism, and the special testimony of converts from Rome to evangelical Christianity. 380 pp.; bound in cloth. Edited and published by J. A. O'Connor, 142 W. 31st St., New York.

Church Entertainments: Twenty Objections; by Rev. B. Carradine, D.D.; 87 pp; paper covers; price 30c. A. W. Hall. Syracuse, N. Y., Publisher.

How to Keep Healthy; Familiar chats on Hygiene of Daily Life; by Alfred T. Schofield, M.D.; 224 pp.; illustrated; price 80c.; published by The Religious Tract Society, London, Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago, sole agents.

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History repeats itself. So does disease. Self-absorption (and a physician sometimes) leads each person in ill health to think he is traveling an unknown way of suffering. Would such an one but look about him he would find that he was one of a large procession. This fact can be turned to advantage by the wise sufferer, because identical experience is of the highest value in this short life of ours.

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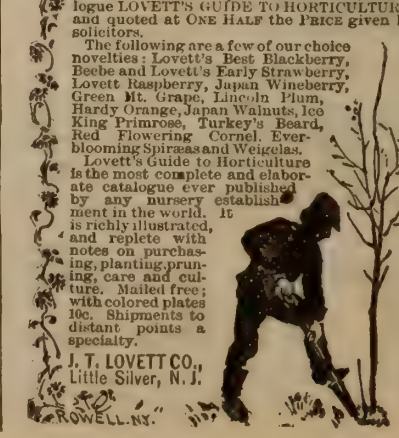

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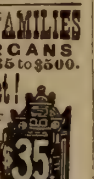

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AN UNFAILING FOUNTAIN.

MR. MANTON SMITH, an English evangelist, tells a story of an old railway porter whom he met some years ago at a country railway-station. "I saw," said Mr. Smith, "by the station a drinking-fountain, and being very thirsty, I went up to get a draught of cold water, but I found it was quite dry. While I was making the attempt an old railway man said, 'If you stop there all day, master, you won't get any water, for there is none there.' I said, 'I am very thirsty: will you get me something to drink?' 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'I'll geet 'ee something.' Off he went and fetched a tin can with a long spout, and said, 'Drink some of this; it's fust-rate.' I said, 'What is it?' 'Oh, it's fust-rate.' 'Tell me what it is,' I said; for it looked very much like home-brewed beer. 'Can't you see,' he replied, 'it's cold tea.'

"I told him that I preferred cold water, though the tea might be 'fust-rate,' which he afterwards fetched me. I said to him, 'I know a fountain that never runs dry. Have you ever drank at it.' The old man confessed he never had. So I said to him, 'I will strike a bargain with you. I will tell you where the well is, and if you will go home and read about it on your knees, I'll give you a sixpence.' He said, 'I'll do it without the sixpence.' I told him that he would find it in John 7: 37. I had to wait two hours for the train, and during that time the old man had been home to his dinner, and read about it on his knees.

"As the tear-drops trickled down his cheeks, he said, 'I have found the fountain that never runs dry, and have drank at it.' That is the way to get the honey out of the Bible. Read it on your knees, and the Holy Spirit will bless the reading of it."

GOD'S CARE OF THE SAILORS.

"A VESSEL was sailing before a fair wind," said a missionary preacher in a recent discourse, "when suddenly a great hurricane swept over the water, filling the sails of the ship, almost blowing them from their bolts and threatening to capsize the ship. All haste was made to ease the vessel of her sail but unfortunately when in the midst of that operation one of the ropes of the top-gallant yards got fouled and it was necessary to have it cleared at once. The captain ordered a boy aloft to clear the rope. It was a very dangerous task to perform, but the lad did not hesitate. With a cheerful, 'Ay, ay, sir,' he sprung to the rigging, and there with one hand on the rope he stood still for a moment. Then leaping upwards like a squirrel he clambered up and up until he reached the very top of the mast and clearing the fouled rope he descended again in safety.

When he reached the deck again, a passenger, who had been a close observer, approached him and remarked, 'My lad, when you were ordered aloft, I noticed that you delayed a moment when at the first step of the rigging, what was your reason for doing so?' 'Sir,' replied the boy, 'when the captain ordered me to clear that block I knew that it was a very dangerous thing to attempt, and that there was a great probability that I should never come down again alive, so I just waited a minute to commend myself to God's keeping and pray him to take care of me.' And God heard that short, heartfelt prayer, and brought that lad down in safety. 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble.'"

The annoyance of breaking lamp-chimneys need not be borne.

Get tough glass chimneys.

Macbeth's "pearl top" and "pearl glass" are tough against heat; they do not break, except from accident.

They are also clear, transparent, not misty or milky; they fit and stand upright; shape and proportions are right to direct the draft upon the flame.

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VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—Send for a can. See advts.

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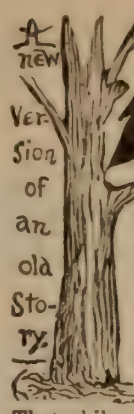

Three Black Crows

"There were three crows sat on a tree,
As black as any crows could be."
"Alas!" said one, "would I were white
Instead of being black as night."
"Such foolish wishing," said his friends,
"In disappointment often ends."
But now, forsooth, to make you white,
Will be an easy matter, quite.
We'll wash you well with some GOLD DUST,
And, when you're white, we fondly trust
That while you wonder at the feat,
Your happiness will be complete."

* * * * * * * * * *

Behold him now as white as snow!
Wonder of wonders! saith the crow,
"If GOLD DUST POWDER makes black white,
'Twill surely all the world delight;
And mistress, mother, nurse and maid
Will find themselves henceforth well paid
In using this great help for all,
The household's needs—both great and small;
For dishes, kettles, pots and pans,
For paint, and floors, and milkmen's cans—
It surely will great comfort bring,
And clean each dirty place or thing;
For what will make a black crow white,
Will make whate'er is dingy bright."

GOLD DUST
WASHING POWDER.
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Probably not, for the remarkable improvements are very recent and several are now offered for the first time, while new strains of the past few years have been perfected.

Pansies are doubtless the most popular of all flowers raised from seed, and in order to give a new impetus to their culture, by acquainting all with the wondrous beauty of the LATEST NOVELTIES, we have decided to make the following

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PEACOCK PANSY. A grand fancy flower, petals edged with a thin white line, within which is a space of purplish crimson, passing into a rich central blotch of deep blue shading to black. The coloring is *truly delicious.*

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We have a beautiful plate, painted in nine colors, of the three distinct new Pansies named above, which we will mail enclosed flat with our FARM ANNUAL for 1892.

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IMPERIAL GERMAN, Splendid Mixed Seed of over fifty colors, saved from the finest flowers by the German specialist, whose gardens we repeatedly inspected during the past Summer.

ALL FIVE of the above grand Novelties in PANSIES, one packet of each with instructions how to raise the largest Pansies, will be mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cts., or five complete Collections for $1.00. No such offer was ever made before, and we hope to greatly extend the culture of Pansies by thus popularizing the finest strains of this beautiful flower. Will you not take this opportunity of becoming acquainted with their wondrous beauty? Our word for it, you cannot invest twenty-five cents in any other seeds that will give such satisfaction and delight.

ORDER NOW, and ask for **Burpee's Farm Annual for 1892,** the most complete Seed Catalogue of the year. With honest descriptions, truthful illustrations, and colored plates painted from nature, it tells all about the BEST SEEDS, including Rare Novelties in Vegetables and Flowers, which cannot be had elsewhere.

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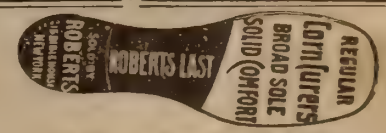

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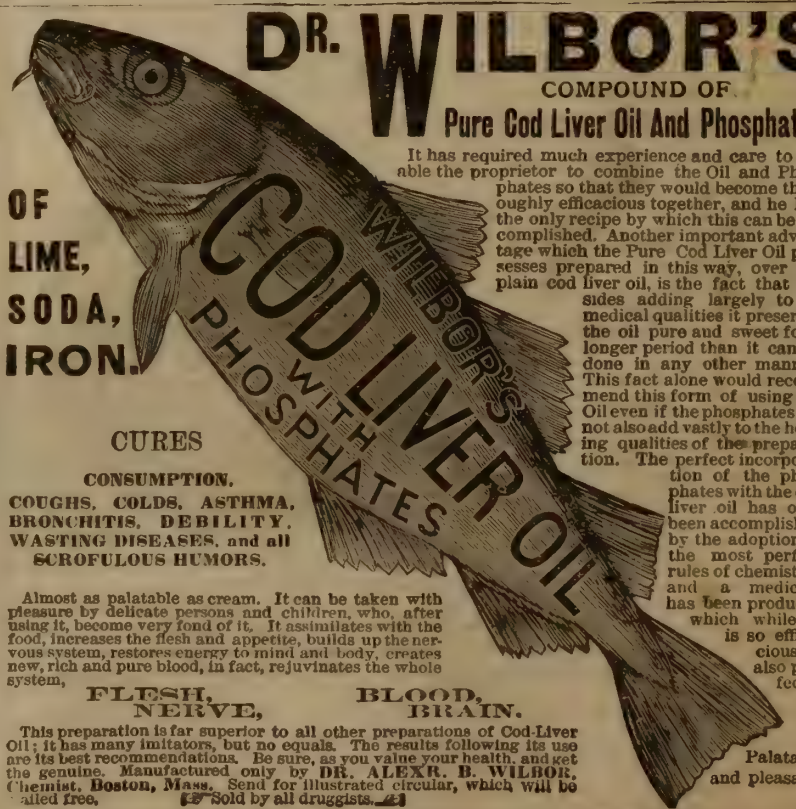

It has required much experience and care to enable the proprietor to combine the Oil and Phosphates so that they would become thoroughly efficacious together, and he has the only recipe by which this can be accomplished. Another important advantage which the Pure Cod Liver Oil possesses prepared in this way, over the plain cod liver oil, is the fact that besides adding largely to its medical qualities it preserves the oil pure and sweet for a longer period than it can be done in any other manner. This fact alone would recommend this form of using the Oil even if the phosphates did not also add vastly to the healing qualities of the preparation. The perfect incorporation of the phosphates with the cod liver oil has only been accomplished by the adoption of the most perfect rules of chemistry; and a medicine has been produced which while it is so efficacious is also perfectly Palatable and pleasant.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 15. NUMBER 6.

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 10, 1892.

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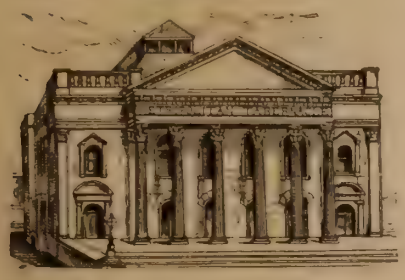
A GREAT LIGHT GONE OUT!

The Late Charles Haddon Spurgeon's Christian Life-work.

After a Painful and Lingering Illness, the Faithful Worker in the Vineyard Goes to his Reward—A Career of Rare Christian Consecration and Unexampled Devotion—The Famous Preacher's Last Greeting to the Readers of "The Christian Herald."



CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON, the greatest Baptist preacher of the present age, and one of the mightiest, most eloquent and most devoted men who has served the Lord in any generation, has passed to his reward. After a long illness of seven months, during the greater part of which he suffered acute pain, the release came on the night of January 31st, last.

It was in June 1891, that Pastor Spurgeon's final illness began. Up to that time he had experienced occasional visitations of rheumatic gout and also suffered from kidney troubles, but a severe attack of influenza resulted in his immediate prostration. He lingered in London awhile, hoping for recovery and making an effort to preach in the Metropolitan Tabernacle when his condition would permit; but in October last, he was compelled to give up the fight and placed himself wholly in his physician's hands. On the 26th of that month he left his home at Beulah Hill, South Norwood, England, and went with Mrs. Spurgeon to Calais, on the way to Mentone. On reaching the famous health resort, an improvement speedily took place, and his friends were encouraged, but the influenza left in its wake a complication of ailments baffling all medical skill. He could take no nourishment and was troubled with extreme lassitude and intervals of delirium. Mrs. Spurgeon was constantly by his side, and her ministrations to the sufferer were aided by his brother, the Rev. James Spurgeon and wife and Mr. Spurgeon's secretary, Mr. Jos. W. Harrald.

THE LATE CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

In November and December last, there were recurrent periods of exaltation and depression. At times the invalid would be strong enough to write letters and to walk out and bathe in the soft sunshine of southern France; but the symptoms, though less acute, remained unchanged. One day's improvement was lost the next. New Year's day, 1892, found him still hopeful, however, and he felt so bright that he was able to make a short address to the little circle of friends in the hotel at Mentone, who had met to greet him on that day. He also sent a New Year's message to his congregation at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, in which he said:

What a joy it will be to be within measurable distance of the time to return to my pulpit and to you. I have not reached that point yet. *Now may the Lord cause the cloud of blessing to burst upon you in a great tropical shower.* I am expecting this.

MR. SPURGEON'S BIRTHPLACE.

Even as late as January 9th last, he was still hopeful of being restored to his flock, and wrote to them:

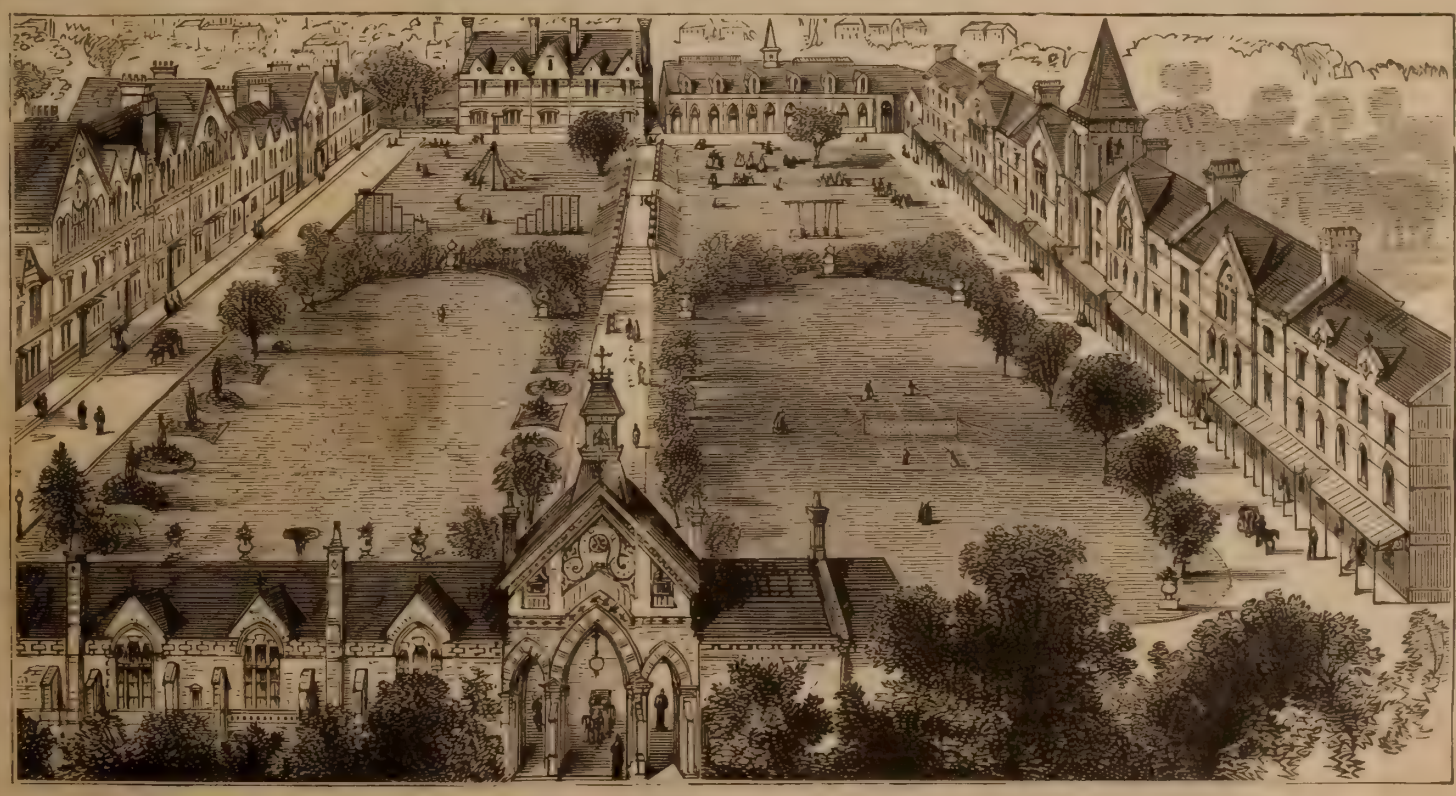
Personally, I scarcely make progress during this broken weather; but the doctor says I hold my own, and that is more than he could have expected. Whether I live or die, I would say, in the words of Israel to Joseph, "God shall be with you."

But these anticipations, prompted by the insidious and deceptive nature of the disease, were destined to be disappointed. In the middle of January, all the symptoms reasserted themselves with increased activity, and the gout threatened to reach the brain. Dr. Fitzhenry, Mr. Spurgeon's physician, warned the sufferer that the end might come at any moment. The sick pastor became weaker and took less and less nourishment. The steady decline of vitality continued, with rarer intervals of relief than before.

On Sunday, January 31, it was evident to the watchers that the great change was at hand. A weak, restless morning was passed and at 3 P. M., he became unconscious. He remained in that condition, recognizing neither his wife, nor any of the others who surrounded his bed. At 11:20 P. M., he passed peacefully away.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon's life-story is a familiar one throughout the whole Christian world. It is specially so to the readers of this journal, who, for many

(*Continued on page 88.*)



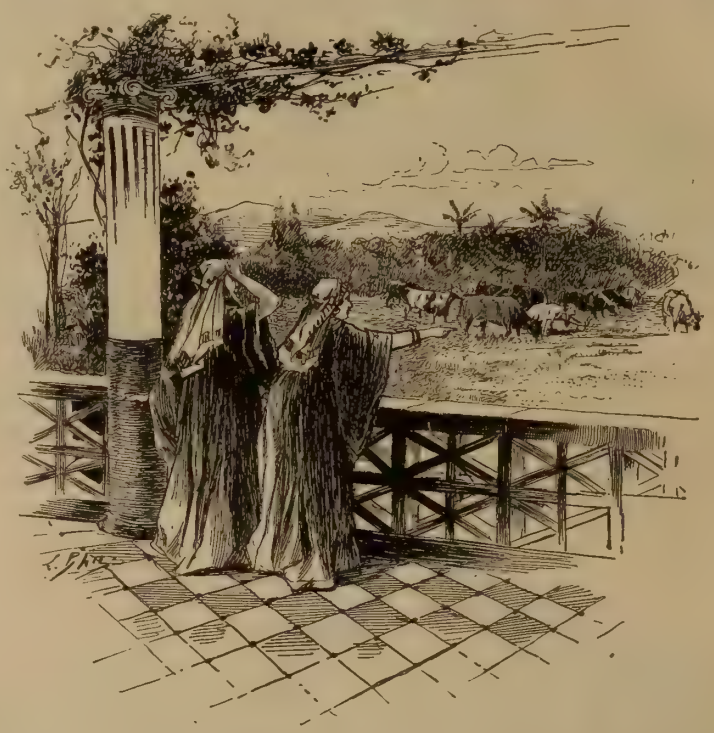
THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE, ESTABLISHED BY THE LATE CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

A KING EATING GRASS.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday Morning Sermon: Daniel 4 : 28, *"All this came upon the King Nebuchadnezzar."*

COLONEL RAWLINSON, the Oriental traveller, says that the exhumed bricks, not only of Babylon but of a hundred towns in an area of one hundred miles in length and thirty in breadth, are inscribed with the name of Nebuchadnezzar. He was a great warrior and at the glance of his sword nations prostrated themselves. He was a great king and built a city reservoir ninety miles in circumference and one hundred and twenty feet deep, and constructed a hanging garden, four hundred feet square and seventy-five feet high, some say to please Amuhia, his wife, who had been born among the hills, and others say to get a pleasure ground free from the mosquitoes, which afflict the levels. I think, from his character, the latter reason may have impelled him as much as the former. When he conquered King Zedekiah, so as to have no more trouble with him, he put his eyes out—a most barbarous way of incapacitating an enemy. But Babylon was a great place, the houses surrounded by gardens and the housetops were connected with each other by bridges, and one day Nebuchadnezzar walked out on those suspension bridges and showed, perhaps to a royal visitor, the vastness of his realm as the sun kindles the domes with glisterings almost insufferable, and the great streets thunder up their pomp into the ear of the monarch, and armed towers stand around adorned with spoils of conquered empires. Nebuchadnezzar waves his hand above the stupendous scene and exclaims: "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?" In other words: "What a great man I am. Babylon was not anything until I adorned it. See those waterworks; see those gardens; see those forts. I did all this. I shall never be forgotten. Why, my name is on every brick in all those walls. Just look at me. I am more than a man." But, in an instant, all that splendor is gone from his vision for a voice falls from the heavens, saying, "O, King Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken; the kingdom is departed from thee, and they shall drive thee from men and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field; they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and seven times shall pass over thee, until thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men and giveth it to whomsoever he will." One hour from the time he made the boast, he is on his way to the fields a maniac, and rushing into the forests he becomes as one of the beasts, and is after awhile covered with eagles' feathers for protection from the cold, and his nails grow to look like bird's claws in order that he may dig the earth for roots and climb the trees for nuts.

The mental disaster that seized him was what the Greeks called Lycanthropy, by which a man imagines himself a beast and prefers to go out and mingle with brutes. He who had been eating pomegranates and apricots off of plates of gold inlaid with amethyst and diamond, and drinking the richest wines from the royal vats, now browsing on grass, and struck by the horn of the ox as he contends for a better tuft of the pasturage, and instead of an orchestra on benches of ivory playing the national airs, now listening to the moan and bellow and grunt of the beasts. This is not hard for me to believe, for the forms of dementia are innumerable. A few years ago, arriving in a city on a summer afternoon, while waiting for my engagement in the evening, I sauntered forth into what seemed to be a park in front of a large public



"NEBUCHADNEZZAR BECAME AS ONE OF THE BEASTS."

building, the use of which I knew not. I met a gentleman, with whom I fell into delightful conversation, and he seemed intelligent on all subjects. After awhile, I said: "Let us sit down on this bench and rest awhile and enjoy the scene of verdure and fountains." "No," said he. "You sit down, but I cannot. I am made of glass, and if I should sit down I would break to pieces." Then, I saw that he was insane, and belonged to the large building just behind us. After such an interview as that, I can easily believe this account of my text. Here is Nebuchadnezzar on all fours. He once prided himself of being more than a man, and now he turns out less than a man. The courtiers look out of the windows upon him as he moves among the royal herds and cry, "A beast!" Seven years pass when suddenly his reason returns, and he comes back to Babylon a humble worshipper of the God of heaven. What must have been the excitement in the royal court as this restored maniac emperor walks into the palace. What a time they had in cutting his nails and his hair, which had grown for seven years without being interfered with by any shears. What a scrubbing down must have taken place in the imperial baths. What a transformation necessary in order that he who had been herding with camels and goats and swine may be made fit to associate with princes. What a change from sty to throne-room!

While walking from this Babylonian palace down to the pasture-field, and from the pasture-field back to the palace, the first thing that impresses me is what an incongruous thing it is for a king to be eating grass. It is good for cattle, but not fit for man. And then for one to prefer it to a royal table toward whose bounty the orchards, and paddocks, and streams, and vineyards in all the earth might contribute—what an amazement! And yet the scene is as common as the daylight.

When I see a man of regal nature made to rule in realms of thought, capable of all moral elevation, besotting his faculties, attempting out of low sensualities to satisfy his immortal energies, coming down off of his throne of power into brutalities, sacrificing his higher nature to his lower nature, stooping and stooping, coming down and coming down until all his influence for good is gone, I cry out, "There is a king eating grass like an ox!" And there are tens of thousands of such Nebuchadnezzars.

I look over the pasture-fields of folly and sin, and find many grovelling who ought to be erect. Oh, men and women go back to your thrones! A young man ran away from home and broke his widowed mother's heart. Fourteen years passed and he returned, and came to the window at which his old mother was sitting. She looked up and immediately recognized him, and said, "Oh, Robert, Robert! Come in!" "No!" said he, "mother I shall never come in till I hear you say you forgive me." Her answer was "Robert! I have forgiven you long ago. There is nothing to forgive now except that you staid away so long." My hearer, forgiveness has been ready for you a good while. With more than a mother's tenderness God will take you back. They are waiting for you up in the Palace. Nebuchadnezzar was the son of Nabopolassar who ruled before him, and you are the child of a King!

The next thought that presses into my mind from the contemplation of this incident is that conviction is not conversion. Who is this monarch that makes the boast about Babylon? The very man who, under the revelation of dreams that Daniel made from heaven, deeply humbled himself, while he confessed that God is a God of Gods and a Lord of Lords, yet, behold that that humbling and arousing which he before felt did not result in a radical change. There is no mistake more frequent than of supposing conviction a synonym for conversion. Conviction is merely a sight of sin; conversion is a view of Pardon. Conviction is merely alarm; conversion is confidence. Conviction is dissatisfaction with depravity; conversion is a turning away from it. Conviction is a sword wound; conversion is the healing. Conviction is the fever of thirst; conversion is the slaking of that thirst. Conviction is the pain; conversion is the medicine that cures it. Thousands have experienced the former and never experienced the latter. There are multitudes who think that as soon as a man is serious he is fit for profession of religion. What if a man should only think seriously of being a merchant; would that make him a merchant? What if a man should only think seriously of being a lawyer; would that make him a lawyer? What if a man should only think seriously of being a Christian; would that make him a Christian? Felix was convicted but not converted. The jailer was convicted before he got out of bed, but not converted until at the advice of Paul he believed in Christ. Are you convicted but not converted? I tell you what you make me think of. You have made up your mind for proper consideration to deed away a property. You have drawn the deed. The seal is affixed opposite where you are to write your name. The commissioner of deeds is present to witness. You have your pen in hand. There is ink in the pen. There is only one thing for you to do, and that is to sign your name. Suppose you stop now without signing your name, what does it all amount to? Nothing. So you have resolved to give yourself up to God. You propose to sign off to him your body, your mind, your soul. You have all things necessary for the transfer. The angels of God are here to witness the eternal transfer. Why do you not now with your will complete the work? Halt where you are, and all goes for nothing. Sign your name to this spiritual transfer. Professor Arago, the mathematician, got wofully discouraged in his work and was about to give up, when he saw some words on the paper which had been used to stiffen the cover of his book, and the words being indistinct he dampened the cover until he could take it off and saw the words plainly and he found they were words of advice given by D'Alembert to a student, and the words were, "Go on, sir; go on!" Oh ye who are convicted "Go on!" You must take one more step, or all the steps you have taken will amount to nothing. Go on!

Learn also from my subject that pride is the precursor of overthrow. Pride is a commander well plumed and caparisoned, but it leads forth a dark and frowning host. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." The arrows from the Almighty's quiver are apt to strike a man when on the wing. Goliath shakes his great spear in defiance, but the smooth stones from the brook make him stagger and fall like an ox under a butcher's bludgeon. He who is down cannot fall. Vessels scudding under bare poles do not feel the force of the storm. What are those three sleds that have just gone into the yard of a miserable hotel in Warsaw, Poland, on the cold night of December, the tenth, 1812? Who are they, who from these sleds have entered, and the servant is trying to build for them a fire with some green wood? Napoleon, with six attendants, on retreat from Moscow. The fire amid the green wood has gone out, and the Emperor is walking the floor to keep from freezing. Then bounding into his sled, the thermometer twenty-six degrees below zero, he disappears in the darkness. He, who a little before had an army under his command, together with troops offered by other nations in

all 1,187,000 men, now retreating through that December night with three sleds, and those of his army not dead under the snow, reduced for food to a handful of rye-dough, seasoned with gunpowder for lack of salt, and a mouthful of horse-flesh. From what a height to what a depth! Nebuchadnezzar in the palace; Nebuchadnezzar forsaken in the fields.

Again learn from the misfortune of the king of Babylon what a terrible thing is the loss of reason. There is no calamity that can possibly befall us in this world so great as the derangement of intellect—to have the body of a man and yet to fall even below the instinct of a brute. In this world of sad sights, the saddest is the idiot's stare. In this world of awful sounds, the most awful is the maniac's laugh. A vessel on the rocks, when hundreds go down never to rise, and other hundreds drag their mangled and shivering bodies up the wintry beach, is nothing compared to the foundering of intellects full of vast hopes and attainments and capacities. Christ's heart went out to those who were epileptic, falling into the fire, or maniacs cutting themselves among the tombs. We are accustomed to be more grateful for physical health than for the proper working of our mind. We are apt to take it for granted that the intellect which has served us so well will always be faithful. We forget that an engine with such tremendous power, when the wheels have such vastness of circle and such swiftness of motion and the least impediment might put it out of gear, could only be kept in proper balance by a Divine hand. No human power could engineer this train of immortal faculties. How strange it is that our memory, on whose shoulders all the successes and misfortunes and occurrences of a lifetime are placed, should not oftener break down, and that the scales of judgment, which have been weighing so much and so long, should not lose their adjustment, and that fancy, which holds a dangerous wand, should not sometimes maliciously wave it, bringing into the heart forebodings and hallucinations the most appalling. Is it not strange that the expectations of this intellect should not be dashed to pieces on its disappointments? Though so delicately attuned, this instrument of untold harmonies plays on, though fear shocks it,

NAPOLEON'S LONELY RETREAT.

and vexations rack it, and sorrow and joy and loss and gain in quick succession beat out of it their dirge, or draw from it their anthem. At morning and at night, when in your prayer you rehearse the objects of your thanksgiving, next to your salvation by Jesus Christ, praise the Lord for the preservation of your reason.

How many fine intellects are being destroyed by anodynes and anæsthetics, which were given by Providence for occasional use in alleviation of pain or insomnia, but by being employed continuously after awhile capture and destroy. Chloral, cocaine, bromide of potassiun, opium, and whole shelves of seductive etceteras that help turn Nebuchadnezzars into imbecility or madness. Do not trifle with opiates that benumb the brain. If you cannot live without the perpetual and enslaving use of them, you had better die. Better die a sane man than live a fool. What right have you to kill your brain, and put in wild jangle your nervous system? But rum is the cause of more insanity than anything else. There is nothing like rum to put a man, like Nebuchadnezzar, down on all fours.

Again, learn how quickly turns the wheel of fortune, from how high up to how far down went Nebuchadnezzar. Those now in places of position and power, even though they should live, will, in a few years, be disregarded, while some, who, this day are obscure and poverty-stricken, will ride up on the the shoulders of the people to take their turn at admiration and the spoils of office. Oh, how quickly the wheel turns! Ballot boxes are the steps on which men come down as often as they go up. Of those who were a few years ago successful in the accumulation of property, how few have not met with reverses of fortune, while many of those who then were straitened in circumstances now hold the bonds and the bank keys of the nation and win the most bows on the Exchange. Of all fickle people in the world Fortune is the most fickle. Every day she changes her mind, and woe to that man who puts any confidence in what she promises or proposes. She cheers when you go up, and she laughs when you come down. Oh, trust not a moment your heart's affections to this changeable world. Anchor your soul in God. From Christ's love gather your joy. Then come sorrow or gladness, success or defeat, riches or poverty, honor or disgrace, health or sickness, life or death, time or eternity, all are yours and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's.

Learn also from my subject the comforting truth that afflictions are arrested as soon as they have accomplished their mission. For seven years did Nebuchadnezzar dwell among the beasts of the field, but, at the expiration of that time, his reason returned, and, as soon as with proper humility he acknowledged the God of heaven, he was brought back to his palace and reinstated in his former affluence and power. Now, it does seem that when heavy trials come upon us, it is as though they had no limit. We exclaim: "All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me," but forget that the depth of that sea and the power of that billow are definitely determined. God sees how much our pride is and he sends just enough adversity to humble it. He sees just how worldly minded we are and pulls us just hard enough to detach us from our follies. He sees how hard our heart is and smites just hard enough to break it. He sees how our eyes have been blinded and he cuts only just enough to remove the scales from our spiritual vision. As soon as Abraham's faith is sufficiently tried the lamb is provided. As soon as Pharaoh consents to let the children of Israel depart, the plagues pause. As soon as the Israelites have been sufficiently disciplined by their wanderings, they find their way into Canaan. But to some the limit is not set in this life. Their whole pilgrimage is through the wilderness and the world is to them a valley of tears. But, perhaps, God has a special throne in heaven that no ordinary saint can occupy, and by extraordinary trials he has prepared that Christian soul for extraordinary glory. God will not keep you in the furnace one moment too long. Just as soon as Paul had met with enough imprisonment and scourgings he reached up and plucked his eternal crown. God will keep us no longer under the hammer and on the stocks than is necessary to fit us for entrance into the haven of eternal rest. Glory be to the Divine grace that, as soon as our afflictions have accomplished their mission, they are arrested.

The defeats and sorrows of life have sometimes been the greatest advantage. It was because Dante failed as a statesman that he gave up politics, and wrote his immortal *Divina Commedia*. It was a violent thunder-storm that first set Martin Luther seriously thinking, and the thunder of this world's disaster has started many a Reformation. James Y. Simpson went from a surgeon's operating-table to experiment and see if he could not find something that would alleviate human pain, and he kept on until he had discovered chloroform as an anæsthetic, and the story of distress has almost always been followed by the story of rescue. For many years after Shakespeare's death his work was so little appreciated that in 1666 there was only one edition of his works, and that of only three hundred copies in existence, and

RESTORING THE MANIACS.

that edition was nearly all burned in the great London fire. But forty-eight copies had been sold out of the city and those forty-eight copies saved Shakespeare for all nations, and all time. Your suppression on a smaller scale may last a good while, but for all you are worth you will yet shine out on earth or in heaven.

Again, learn from my subject that connected with the most distressing judgments of God there are displays of Divine mercy. God might justly have left Nebuchadnezzar in the field, but infinite compassion brought him back to the palace. No sooner was Eden blasted than a blessing followed on the heels of the curse promising the coming of One who would destroy sin and make the whole world a paradise. The Deluge descends, but not until Noah had invited the people into the ark. The Destroying Angel comes upon Egypt for the smiting of the first-born, but left unmolested every house whose door was sprinkled with the blood of sacrifice. Fiery tempests bear down upon Sodom, but not until two angels have warned Lot and his family to flee from the destruction. Jerusalem was utterly destroyed, but not until Jeremiah had sounded an alarm, bidding them turn from their abominations. On the darkest cloud of wrath there is a rainbow of mercy. Zechariah in his prophetic vision beheld four chariots, symbolical of God's government. The first chariot was drawn by red horses. They indicated the wars that were coming. The second chariot was drawn by black horses. They indicated the coming of a famine and pestilence. The third chariot was drawn by white horses. They indicated the spotless purity of his conquests. But, mark well that the fourth chariot was drawn by horses "grisled and bay," denoting that mercy was mixed with all the desolating judgments of God. Sinai cannot thunder so loud as to drown the invitations of Calvary. The Lord utters the admonition: "The wages of sin is death," but exhaustless mercy responds: "Deliver him from going down to the pit for I have found a ransom." Hide thee quick in the rock, Christ Jesus. Let not this insignificant "Now" absorb thee more than the great Hereafter. The path leading to this side of the grave is only a few furlongs, but the path which commences at the other side of it is without end. The powers of darkness gather about your soul, and the temptations of an evil heart, and the allurements of the world I know are trying to drown the voice of the preacher, but, taking hold of the silver trumpet of the Gospel which made Felix tremble, and at the Pentecost brought three thousand souls out of their sepulchre I would blow one long loud blast, crying: "Whosoever will, let him come."

Take this goodly religion which has done so much for me that I can commend it to all. Without it I should have gone the whole downward career. Stolid and phlegmatic natures going astray do not go so far, but natures like mine sanguine, intense, emotional, optimistic, social to the last degree, and echoing to all the heights and depths of mirth, if they get off track, they go with one wild leap to hell. As to the restraining power of this religion upon a mercurial temperament, I testify. This is not abstraction or something gotten from books. I speak of what I know. Go out and ask all who have tried this religion and ask them how it works. Three young men in a factory came out on the Lord's side, but two of them overcome by the jeers of their comrades went back, and joined the scoffers. The one held on to his Christian hope, and one day when they pressed him hard, and were telling how much infidelity had done for the world, and that Christianiiy had done nothing, the persecuted Christian turned upon them, and pointing to Henry and George, who had for a little while followed Christ, and then turned back, he said: "You have tried your principles on them, and know what they have done for them. When they tried to serve Christ, they were civil, good-tempered, kind husbands and fathers. They were cheerful, industrious, and ready to oblige. What have you made them? Look and see. They are cast down and cross; their mouths are full of cursing and filthiness; they are drunk every week; their children half-clothed, their wives broken-hearted, their homes wretched. That is what your principles have done. Now, I have tried Christ and his religion, and what has it done for me? You know well what I used to be. There was none of you that could drink so much, swear so desperately, and fight so masterly. I had no money, and nobody would trust me. My wife was ill-used, I was ill-humored, hateful, and hating. What has religion done for me? Thank God, I am not afraid to put it to you. Am I not a happier man than I was? Am I not a better workman and a kinder companion? Would I once have put up with what I now bear from you? I could beat any of you as easily now as ever. Why don't I? Do you ever hear a foul word from my mouth? Do you catch me at a public-house? Has anybody a score against me? Go and ask my neighbors if I am not altered for the better. Go and ask my wife. Let my house bear witness. God be praised, here is what Christianity has done for me; there is what infidelity has done for Henry and George." Out of this audience I could gather a thousand men and women who could tell you as thrilling a story as that as to what religion has done for them. Yea, if times of persecution should come as of old, and they may come, there are a thousand here who would for Christ's sake as cheerfully walk into the furnace of fire as though it were an arbor of thyme and honeysuckle, and face the lions as though they were lambs frisking on the hill-side, and wade down into the deep waters which are to submerge them as happily as ever at Narragansett Beach they took the surf at a summer bathing. Come up and join those on the way to a Palace. What an absurd thing for a king to be eating grass. Instead of living on the poor fodder that the world affords come up and sit among the princes of God at the royal banquet, and hear the Bands play, "Eat, O friends! Drink, O beloved!" Here is a crown: wear it. Here is a sceptre: sway it. Here is a throne: mount it. This is your hour: improve it.

A WICKED KING.

S. S. Lesson For Feb. 21. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Jer. 36 : 19-31. Golden Text, Heb. 3:15.

THERE is a point beyond which mercy becomes weakness, and God in his dealings with man, never passes this point. Judah had sinned until God was forced to declare: "The backsliding Israel hath justified herself more than treacherous Judah." (Jer. 3 : 11.) The cup of Judah's iniquity was nearly full; it needed but a drop to make it overflow, and this drop was added by Jehoiakim in his blasphemous contempt for the Word of God. King Jehoiakim was the son of the godly Josiah. In spite of the good example and teaching of his father from his earliest years, this young man—made king by Pharaoh Necho, king of Egypt, who carried his brother Jehoahaz, the reigning king of Judah, into Egypt—"did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord his God." (2. Chron. 36 : 2–5.) In the fourth year of Jehoiakim's reign, God commanded his prophet Jeremiah to take a roll of a book and to write therein all the words which he had commanded him against Israel, against Judah, and against all the nations. It was in his love and compassion that the Lord thus commanded the conservation of his words of judgment; for he added: "It may be that the house of Judah will hear all the evil which I purpose to do unto them; that they may return every man from his evil way, that I may forgive their iniquities and their sin." Longing to forgive but unable to do it righteously! Such is the position of God toward wilful and rebellious sinners!

Jeremiah obeyed, and the words were then committed to writing, and Jeremiah, himself a prisoner, commanded the young scribe Baruch, who had written at his dictation, saying: "I am shut up; I cannot go into the house of the Lord: therefore go thou; and read in the roll, which thou has written from my mouth, the words of the Lord in the ears of the people in the Lord's house upon the fasting-day, and also thou shalt read them in the ears of all Judah that come out of their cities. It may be they will present their supplication before the Lord, and will return every man from his evil way; for great is the anger and the fury which the Lord hath pronounced against this people." Oh, how touching! God says: "It may be that they may return . . . that I may forgive:" this prophet says: "It may be they will present their supplication before the Lord:"

God and His Prophet

are bent upon the same thing, and are in full sympathy seeking to save the lost. Baruch obeyed the prophet. The day of the fast dawned, and Baruch sustained, no doubt, as to his course of action by his consciousness that he was doing the will of God, and also by the prayers of Jeremiah for him, went into the temple of the Lord, and read aloud the solemn, startling messages of coming judgment. A profound impression was made on one man, Michaiah, and he was stirred up by God to go to the palace, and tell the princes who were gathered together in the scribes' chamber of these messages from God. This announcement in its turn aroused inquiry among the princes, for God gave it entrance, and they sent for Baruch and requested him to read it to them. God's Word shall not return unto him void, it is "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword;" it began its work. "When they had heard all the words, they were afraid, both one and other, and said to Baruch, We will surely tell the king of all these words." God was working, hearts were being melted; what would the king do?

The Responsibility.

At the risk of being unwelcome, the newly awakened princes came in and told the king. He sent Jehudi to fetch the roll, and he read it to the king in the presence of the princes. What should the king do? Jehoiakim could hardly have forgotten the day when he was a boy about twelve years of age, how his father Josiah, when Shaphan had found the book of the law in the temple of the Lord, and had read it before him, rent his clothes and sent to inquire of the Lord. Jehoiakim must have been present at the time of the great conference, when Josiah gathered together all the elders of Judah and Jerusalem, and himself read before his people the Word of God which had been discovered. The then boy, Jehoiakim, must have been a party to that covenant which his father made before the Lord, "to walk after the Lord, to keep his commandments and his testimonies, and his statutes, with all his heart and with all his soul, to perform the words of the covenant which were written in this book!" (2.Chron. 34: 15-32.)

And yet, at this critical moment, when a fresh revelation of coming judgment was given as a part of God's inspired Word, and confirming the same righteous judgments, and at a moment when the hearts of his princes were beginning to bow before the words of God, this infamous king treated them with supreme contempt! Not vouchsafing to speak a word, as soon as Jehudi had read two or three leaves or columns, he cut them with the penknife that he held, cast them into the fire, and consumed them, and so continued until the whole of the roll was burned! He accomplished his purpose, and destroyed the impression which had been made upon his princes; but, at the same time, he drew down upon himself and his people the certainty of God's scorn, and richly merited judgment. Alas! how soon the example of one bad man can banish the most solemn impressions from the hearts of many. While the Word of God was burning, it stands on record, "Yet they were not afraid, nor rent their garments, neither the king, nor any of his servants that heard all these works."

Mad, foolish king, he thought he had

Destroyed the Indestructible!

"The Word of God is *living* and powerful." "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of our God shall stand forever." It was not difficult for God to repeat his word with additions to Jeremiah, who again dictated it to Baruch, and thus there was a resurrection of the truth, which Jehoiakim had attempted to destroy, ready to rise up in condemnation against him. He had despised the Word of his God, he should be despised. "Shalt thou reign," says his God, "because thou closest thyself in cedar? Did not thy father eat and drink, and do judgment and justice, and then it was well with him? He judged the cause of the poor and needy; then it was well with him: was not this to know me, saith the Lord? But thine eyes and thine heart care not but for thy covetousness, and for to shed innocent blood, and for oppression and for violence to do it. Therefore, thus saith the Lord, concerning Jehoiakim, the son of Josiah, king of Judah. They shall not lament for him. He shall be buried with the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem." (Jer. 22: 15–19.)

There are many who would not go the length of Jehoiakim in contempt of the Word of God, and yet they fail to make it

Their Rule of Life.

How few there are who have ever thought of such a thing as resisting not evil and loving their enemies? (Matt. 5: 39–44.) Yet this was the practice and the teaching of him, who as a sheep dumb before her shearers "opened not his mouth." (Isa 4: 3–7.) How few there are who accept the position, "The world knoweth us not because it knew him not." (1. John 3: 1.) Why, the members of Christian churches expect to be known, desire to be known, and are very much surprised if they are not known. They expect to be known, not on the church register only, but in the local paper, in society, they expect to be noticed, appreciated, spoken of, etc. But this is contrary to the teaching of the Word and life of the Master; the great ones of this world knew him not, and our life, if it is really his life in us, is hid with Christ in God." (Col. 3: 3.) How many of those who would say that they are Christ's observe the Scripture rules of hospitality? Who is there that abstains from inviting kinsmen or rich neighbors through fear of being asked again to their homes? (Luke 14: 12.) Who bids only the poor, maimed, blind and lame? Who makes a practice of entertaining strangers? Who does not sometimes grudge hospitality? Yet the Word of God says, "Use hospitality one to another without grudging." (1. Pet. 4: 9.) In the age of self-indulgence, self-reliance, self-importance, self-assertion, self-justification, self-consciousness, self-exaltation, how few accept the invitation of the Lord, given us in the Word: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his Cross and follow me." (Matt. 16: 24.) How few there are of Christians who are free from anxiety. Yet the Scripture says, in the words of Jesus himself, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me." (John 14: 1.) And the Apostle Paul says, "In nothing be anxious, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus. (Phil. 4: 6, 7, R. V.) Practically, the Word of God is a very dead letter among professing Christians. It remains for us to ask our God whether we may not be like Jehoiakim, and by our disobedience may not hinder the power of God's word over those with whom we have to do as he did?

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

TO-DAY if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts. There is less hope for us each year and day we live in sin. Every hour we are drifting out to sea—the helpless, helmless bark is leaving the lessening shore farther and farther behind. Our disease becomes incurable. Like those stones which, though soft as clay on being raised from the quarry, grow hard as flint through exposure to the weather, our hearts are growing harder day by day.

In Philadelphia, about five years ago, during a keen frost, hundreds of young men were on a skating pond. A hole was made in the ice so as to warn them of danger when it should come. The ice began to crack around the hole, but the excited skaters did not seem to be aware of their danger, until some one in authority stepped on to the ice, telling them to leave the pond at once, because in a few minutes the ice would give way beneath them. "Just another round before we leave it," shouted a merry voice. Hundreds took warning and left the pond, but many followed their leader for 'just another round!' It was only another round, but it was a round too many; all who stayed on the pond fell through and perished.

There are some people who think they will take just another round of the pleasures of the world; but, dear reader, it may be a round too many and you may be lost. "To-day if ye will hear his voice harden not your heart."

But the Lord hid them. God is just as mindful of the comfort and the safety of his servants to-day as he was in the days of the patriarchs and the prophets, for the promise is that, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them." "And the Lord shall help and deliver them from the wicked and save them because they trust in him." What a comfort this must be to those who, because of their boldness in the Master's cause, are in danger of persecution. The wicked may plot against the righteous, but he who puts his trust in God will never be forsaken.

The learned and pious Bernard Gilpin, being accused of heresy during the reign of "Bloody Mary," messengers were sent to apprehend him. Although Mr. Gilpin was informed of this, he scorned to fly. They arrested him and started for London. His favorite maxim was, "All things are for the best." Upon this journey he broke his leg. "Is all for the best, now?" said one of the attendants jeeringly. "I still believe so," replied the good man. And so it proved, for by this strange means God hid him from the wrath of Queen Mary, who died before he was sufficiently recovered to continue his journey, and instead of coming to London to be burned, he returned home in triumph to the great delight of his numerous parishioners.

Fear not, I am with thee: O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God. I will still give thee aid,
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

A party of Northern tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the historic Potomac one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song, had been delighting the party with his happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the sweet petition so dear to every Christian's heart, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul."

The singer gave the first verse with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines

Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last.

that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners that was not broken for some seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and accosted him with:

"Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir;" the man of song answered, courteously, "I fought under General Grant."

"Well," the first speaker continued with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think, indeed, am quite sure, I was near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not mistaken, you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my weapon in hand. The shadows hid me. As you paced back and forth, you were humming the tune of the hymn you were just singing. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had been selected by our commander for the work because I was a sure shot. Then out upon the night rang the words:

Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

"Your prayer was answered. I could not fire after that. And there was no attack made upon your camp that night. I felt sure, when I heard you sing this evening, that you were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner and said with much emotion:

"I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that he has created in his own image; and I sang the prayer of my heart and ceased to feel alone. How the prayer was answered I never knew until this evening. My Heavenly Father thought best to keep the knowledge from me for eighteen years. How much of his goodness to us we shall be ignorant of until it is revealed by the light of eternity!"

THE LOST PURSE.

A REMARKABLE incident of answered prayer is related by Dr. A. J. Gordon in his *Watchword*. He had it from the lips of the man concerned. It appears that this man called on a friend in London, and found him in much distress over the loss of a pocket-book containing money to the value of a hundred dollars. He had dropped it on the train. He remembered hearing something drop there, and had looked to see what it was, but not seeing anything had not troubled further. When he reached home and found that his money was gone he recalled the circumstance. His friend coming in at the moment, suggested that prayer should be made for guidance. "I have no time for prayer now," was the reply, "I must telegraph to the place where the train was going and to the Lost Property Office." Various other measures he had in mind and went off to put them in execution. The loss was a serious one to a man in his position. After he was gone, the friend who had suggested prayer remained and, with the wife of the man who had lost the money, offered a prayer for guidance, and also, if the money could not be recovered the loss might be blessed to the loser. He went his way back to the station after his prayer, to return to the city, as he realized that his friend would be too much disturbed by his loss to entertain a visitor. He just missed his train and waited for another. When it arrived he went to a car and as he ascended the step he saw a purse under the seat and seized it. It was his friend's lost purse, and the train had been to its destination and had returned and no one had seen that pocket-book, until it was seen by the man who had prayed for guidance. It was he who related the incident to Dr. Gordon.

A LOG ON THE TRACK.

TWO powerful horses dragging the trunk of an enormous tree, approached the railroad crossing at South Orange, N. J., a few days ago. There had been no difficulty in dragging it down hill over the frozen snow, but when they came to the tracks it was hard work and finally the chain broke. An accommodation train came in and just escaped it. The conductor of the train, however, signalled the driver to halt and jumped from his car. Running ahead at the top of his speed he soon saw the express train which as he knew was nearly due. The driver of the express was astonished to see the man waving his arms and gesticulating like a maniac. He had no idea what the trouble was, but he shut off the steam and applied the brakes. The train was brought to a standstill when it was only a few yards from the log. If the conductor had not run back, or if the driver of the express had paid no heed to his gestures, the train would have been wrecked and many lives must have been sacrificed. As that catastrophe was averted, the conductor was not troubled by any regret about his gesticulations having given rise to the suspicion that he was a maniac. That is the feeling of earnest preachers whose manner and language is sometimes ridiculed and criticized when they are trying to save sinners from destruction. If souls are saved they can afford to bear the ridicule. (Acts 2: 13,40.)

A DANGEROUS TARGET.

A FIRM of ice men have just won a novel suit against a torpedo company in Pennsylvania. They proved that their ice-house near Oil City, Pa., had been demolished by the explosion of nitro-glycerine which was in a boat belonging to the torpedo company. The boat was moored, at the time, near to the ice-house. The company resisted the claim, on the ground that the explosion was not due to their negligence. They had taken the dangerous explosive outside the city limits and had run up a red flag over it as required by law. But two young men were out shooting in the vicinity and, seeing the red flag, had made a target of it. They did not succeed in hitting it but they did hit one of the cans of nitro-glycerine and so caused the explosion. Both the young men were killed by the explosion or probably the suit would have been brought against them. They had, however, in the loss of their lives paid the extreme penalty of their folly and temerity. Doubtless they were not aware of the particular kind of danger that the red flag indicated though they would know as every person of ordinary intelligence does, that it was a warning of some kind of danger. It was therefore a piece of wanton mischief to attempt to destroy the warning. It is mischief of a similar kind that the destructive critics are now endeavoring to effect in undermining the authority of the Bible which warns men of the dangers of life and of perdition. They are like the king who being warned of coming judgments, instead of heeding the warning cut it with his pen-knife and burned it. (Jer. 36:23.)

A HOUSE DESPOILED.

TRAMPS have found palatial quarters in Waterbury, Conn. Some time ago, a wealthy resident of that town decided to move out of his handsome mansion. It was situated in an aristocratic neighborhood, was beautifully decorated and in excellent repair. A committee representing the trustees of a library inspected it, and deeming it suitable for the library, negotiated for its purchase. There appears to have heen some misunderstanding as to the status of the committee. The owner of the house seems to have regarded the transaction as complete, while the trustees held that their ratification of the action of the committee was necessary to make it valid, and they were not disposed to ratify it. The house, therefore, has stood during the negotiations in the anomalous position of having no owner. Both parties naturally supposed that it was standing empty, but the unpleasant discovery has just been made that it has been used by destructive tenants. The tramps of the neighborhood finding it empty and unguarded, took possession of it, and have held nightly carousals there. Every lock has been removed from the doors, all the water taps have been taken off, and the lead pipes carried away, and everything of value capable of being removed has been taken. Even the flooring of some of the rooms has been torn up to get at the piping. The house has been thoroughly dismantled and is in a most filthy condition. That comes of the house being practically without an owner. Results similarly disastrous often happen to men who cannot say, "I am the Lord's." It is not enough for a man to give up vicious habits and expel from his heart the unclean spirits that have been ruling there. He must beg the Holy Spirit to take possession and occupy, or, as Jesus said, "the last state of that man will be worse than the first." (Luke 11: 25,26.)

A PRISONER MARRIED.

A STRANGE scene was witnessed in a police-court Brooklyn, N. Y., on January 25. A notorious criminal was brought up for sentence. He had been convicted, a few days before, of smashing a glass case and stealing a quantity of valuable ornaments. He had previously been in prison for other offences, and it was expected that his sentence would, consequently, be a severe one. A number of his friends were, however, in court and made a singular appeal to the Justice. They said that a lady, who was with them in court, had long loved the prisoner in spite of his misconduct, and was still willing to marry him. She was wealthy, and she believed that she had enough influence over the man to reform him as she could place him in circumstances of comfort when he would not be tempted by poverty to steal. The Justice questioned the lady and she confirmed the statements made by the prisoner's friends. She said that she was ready to marry the man at once if the Justice would release him. Her statements seemed sincere and the Justice addressed himself to the prisoner. Pointing out what a sacrifice the girl proposed to make on his behalf, he asked him what he would do. The prisoner was overcome by gratitude and promised to marry the girl and lead a honest life. The Justice said that he was aware how difficult it was for an ex-convict to obtain employment, and, as he believed that reformation not vengeance was the object the State should seek in dealing with criminals, he would suspend sentence. The prisoner would be released, and he hoped that the sacrifice the lady was making for him would prove more effective in reforming him than a prison would. Every one will echo that hope, but there would be better ground for it if we should hear that the released man has become conscious of that greater sacrifice made for him by the Son of God and has committed himself to his keeping. (Jude 24.)

AN UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY.

A FUNERAL took place on January 20, at Lyme, Conn., which has given rise to much comment. It was that of a widow eighty-two years of age. She had lived for many years in a big, rambling house, about a mile from the town. Her two children married and died some time ago, and their children had also married and were living in distant States. Her sister lived near her until a few years ago when she died. After that last loss, the old lady was seldom seen out-of-doors, except on Sundays, when she always went to church. One elderly domestic servant was the only person with her in the old house. After her sister's death, she sent for a lawyer and directed him to make her will. There was no need, she said, to mention the value of her estate; she wished all there was to be equally divided between her granddaughter and grandson. A few weeks ago, she was taken sick with the grip and sent to her granddaughter, who was living at Louisville, Ky., to come to her. Before that lady arrived, however, her grandmother was dead. The funeral took place and the house was shut up, and was left unguarded. There was to be a sale, but the proceeds would not, the heirs supposed, amount to much. A press dispatch from Lyme to a New York journal states, that a few days later, when the executors went to the house to prepare an inventory, they were amazed to find that the house contained a fortune. The dead lady had kept her money there in drawers and trunks instead of in a bank. Gold coins, currency and securities to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars were discovered. It was a genuine surprise to every one. Not even the heir and heiress had any suspicion that the old lady was wealthy. They supposed that her sole source of income was an annuity which her husband had purchased for her before his death. She had always been very kind to them, but they had no expectations of inheriting a fortune from her. It now appears that in addition to her many acts of kindness, she has endowed them with riches. It is so that the believer will be surprised when he enters on the heavenly possessions to which he is heir. Not only does God fill his heart with gladness and bless him day by day, but as we are assured, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." (1. Cor. 2: 9.)

LOCOMOTIVES IN COLLISION.

FIVE locomotives were waiting on January 29, on the Erie Railroad tracks, beyond the depot in Jersey City, N. J., for the despatcher's signal to back down to the depot and take out their respective trains. They were all on the east side, but on the west side was another locomotive which the engineer and fireman had left temporarily, until the departing locomotives had made room for it to cross. The steam was kept up on all of them awaiting the signals. A drunken man climbed into the cab of the deserted locomotive and pulled open the throttle, and the engine started back, increasing its speed at every turn of the driving wheels. Flagmen, switchmen, and other employees were amazed at seeing the engine backing down on a track on which several other engines stood. They shouted to the man at the throttle, but he simply laughed and gave the handle another jerk. The engineers and firemen of the engines saw the danger but they had no time to get their engines out of the way. The moving locomotive ran about two hundred yards and crashed into the nearest locomotive. This started the second one and it in turn crashed into the one next behind it. In about a minute and a half four or five locomotives were all jammed up together. An engineer jumped on the first locomotive, hurled the drunken man to one side, and turned off the steam. Solomon told us centuries ago (Prov. 10:23), that it was as sport to a fool to do mischief and this is only a modern illustration of his words. The worst feature of such folly, like that of immorality and other kinds of sin, is the effect on others. As the engine started others in a career of involuntary mischief, so the career of an evil-minded man reaches far beyond himself and affects people with whom he does not come in personal contact. (Rom. 14:7.)

A MARRIAGE TO A TREE

IN describing the marriage customs of India, Dr. A. H. Post, the famous anthropologist mentions a curious superstition which prevails in certain districts of that country. He says that marriages are often celebrated between human beings and inanimate objects. He has seen the wedding ceremony performed with all its grotesque solemnities when one of the parties to the marriage was a tree, or a flower, or a rock. The motive for so strange a union is to avert a catastrophe which is expected to result from an "unlucky" marriage. The evil, whatever it may be that is dreaded, will, it is hoped, fall upon the inanimate partner to the marriage. In Southern India such a marriage is sometimes celebrated to protect the partners to another union. It is considered ominous for a girl to be married, if she has an elder sister unmarried. When the marriage of the younger sister is desirable the elder sister is first married to the branch of a tree, so that the younger sister's union may be propitious. In one sense such a union may be convenient as it relieves the girl of duties she would have to perform if she married a man. She has the name of a wife without a wife's obligations, but it is a burlesque of the idea of marriage and does not deserve the name. There is reason to fear, however, that many who claim to be united with Christ have as vague an idea of union. They fail to realize that it is a living Christ whose name they have taken, who has claims upon their fealty and service. (Romans 7: 4.)

MISSIONARIES MASSACRED.

Five Americans on the Congo said to have been Killed by Loangoes

A RUMOR reached this country a few days ago, in a letter from St. Paul de Loanda, Africa, which must cause serious concern to the friends of Gospel work in Africa and especially to the relatives of those now personally engaged in that work in the "Dark Continent." Shortly before the letters were written, a report reached Loanda from Boma, one of the leading settlements in the Congo Free State and a centre of missionary activity, to the effect that a dark and terrible tragedy had taken place at Pallaballa Station.

Five American missionaries — three men and two women—were currently reported to have been brutally murdered by natives, and at the same time seven native converts to Christianity lost their lives at the hand of the assassins. The buildings, schools, dwelling-houses and granaries attached to the Mission were burned to the ground, and the crops wantonly destroyed. The purpose seems to have been to utterly exterminate the Mission at that point, and if the report is true it has apparently succeeded but too well.

Inquiry at the agency of the Baptist Missionary Union in New York City elicited the fact that no confirmation had been received of the reported massacre, and the story is discredited. The missionaries at Pallaballa were J.C. Hyde, Theodore A. Leger, Joseph Clarke, Miss N. A. Gordon, and Miss L. C. Fleming.

In the absence of authentic information as to the massacre, it is left to conjecture as to the immediate causes of such a crime. Mission work along the Congo has for a number of years been regarded as comparatively safe and this impression has been strengthened by the fact that remarkably few instances of serious opposition to Gospel work have been encountered of late. It is suspected that a number of half civilized Portuguese natives belonging to the Loango tribe and who were among those originally taken into the Congo State by Stanley the explorer may be the aggressors in the present instance.

It is recalled that when Stanley, at the head of his Emin Pacha relief expedition was proceeding up the Congo, he found that his advance was impeded at Pallaballa by the lack of boats. At that station he took possession of a steamer and several small boats, the property of the State, having been empowered in Belgium to do this. But even these were inadequate and he tried to secure the use of the steamer *Henry Reed*, which belonged to the American Baptist Mission at that point. The missionaries demurred as they had no authority to loan the steamer which was the property of the Missionary Board, so the explorer, who was determined that nothing should prevent his progress up-river, took the *Henry Reed* by force and against the protest of those in charge of the Mission. A formal protest was afterward entered by the missionaries against the seizure and filed with the United States Consul at St. Paul de Loanda.

When this high-handed seizure occurred it was stoutly resisted by the men in charge of the mission. Stanley, however, had superior numbers and resistance availed little. There was a fracas and, it is said, shots were exchanged on both sides, one result being the fatal wounding of a Loango native, one of Stanley's men, who afterward died of his injuries.

Whatever the mission people did in this affair was doubtless done in self-defence, and the missionaries themselves must have found it difficult to restrain their faithful native flock from confronting violence with violence. The wounded Loango was in Major Barttelot's command and died a few days after leaving Pallaballa with Stanley's force. Shortly after his death, the Loango natives quitted Stanley's service and returned down the river; but instead of going back to their own homes, they established themselves near the American mission settlement at Pallaballa, and there built a temporary village. They were on land belong to the Mission, but were allowed to remain, as the government of the Congo Free State was reluctant to take any steps which might excite the hostility of the Portugese settlement of Angola. The Loanga men, therefore, continued on the mission land and were very unpleasant neighbors.

Whether these men cherished the desire to revenge the killing of their comrade and took the first opportunity to quarrel with the missionaries or not cannot be learned until reliable information is received. Thus far no confirmation of the tragic story has come to hand and there is yet a hope, however slender, that the report may prove unfounded.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

WE join in the lamentation of Christendom over the going away of this great and good man. He stood for Evangelism of the most pronounced kind. Amid all the religious weakening of our time on the subjects of Inspiration, and the Divinity of Christ, and the necessity of regeneration, he never wavered. There is a great scarcity of such men, and the loss of such a champion at such a time is severe and somewhat bewildering. But the trumpet has fallen from the lips which blew it with such resounding blast. What a mystery that he should have been kept in such protracted distress. Seven months of physical suffering and mental anxiety. How great must have been the trial of silence for one who had all his life been so active. Our sympathies go out for his family and his church. God never repeats himself, and he never makes two men alike. But some men stand so far out from the ordinary human kind that they are like mountain-peaks. God makes no mistakes, or we would conclude that this departure was a mistake. But the Lord appoints both cradle and grave. Spurgeon was tired and he deserved a rest. He has worked right on, decade after decade. The world tried hard to put him down. But nothing stopped him in his career of usefulness, and now he dies lamented by all the good people of Christendom. But while men die, the cause of truth will never die. There is a generation of Christian workers on the way up to take the places of those who put off the harness. We bless the memory of those who go, and welcome those who come. Only a few months ago the Editor of this paper received a message of love from Mr. Spurgeon. We have many letters from him which we will always cherish. Farewell, great and good and enthroned spirit! We shall meet again in the Harvest Home!

POINT-BLANK PREACHING.

JESUS never flattered those to whom he preached. He said to those who did wrong, and who were offensive in his sight, "Ye generation of vipers! ye whited sepulchres! how can ye escape the damnation of hell!" Paul the apostle preached before a man who was not ready to hear him preach. What subject did he take? Did he say, "Oh, you are a good man, a very fine man, a very noble man?" No; he preached of righteousness to a man who was unrighteous; of temperance to a man who was the victim of bad appetites; of the judgment to come to a man who was unfit for it. So we must always declare the message that God gives us. I have heard persons say that ministers ought to deal with things in the abstract, and not be personal. What success would a hunter have if he went out to shoot deer in the abstract? What if a physician, called into your house, should treat your ailments in the abstract? How long before the inflammation would heal, or the pain be assuaged? What folly to talk about sin in the abstract, when you and I have in our souls a malady that must be cured, or it will kill us, miserably and for ever!

COINCIDENCES.

THERE are those who say, "I don't believe the Bible; I think that those things were merely coincidences which are often brought as answers to prayer." Do you say that? Was it mere happen-so that Elijah prayed for rain just as the rain was going to come anyhow? Did Daniel pray in the wild beast's den just at the time when all the lions happened to have the lock-jaw? Did Jesus pray at the grave of Lazarus just at the time when Lazarus was going to dress himself and come out anyhow? Did Jesus lose his place in his sermon, and make a mistake when he said, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you"? And, "For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened"?

CHAFF AMONG THE WHEAT.

IT is often objected to the church that it has inconsistent members. You say, "they get some people in that ought not to be there." I suppose they do. I know that they do. But suppose that you went out to fish, and you swung the net around, and, when pulling it into the boat, you found that there were a few lamper-eels and snapping turtles, while the great bulk of the draught that you had made were first rate shad; would you throw everything overboard? No, you would not. You would throw the bad away, and you would keep the good. And yet I hear men talking as though, because there were some coming into the Church of God during revivals who are not fit to be members, they would for this reason throw over the million of souls that have come in, who have been faithful to the last, and hundreds of thousands of whom are already before the throne of God, shouting the praises of Jesus Christ.

WORK FOR ALL.

THE reconstruction of this world for Christ is to be at the hand of all denominations of Christians, each one doing its particular work. It is the business of the Arminians to stir the blaze. It is the business of the Calvinists to hammer the rivets. It is the business of Episcopalians to make the exquisite case. It is the business of the Baptists to wash off the works—until, after awhile, this world, which was disordered, will become a perfect time-piece, ticking away the minutes and hours of one long day of millennial brightness and joy.

TOO LARGE A BUSHEL.

WE expect too much of our children when they become Christians. Do not let us measure their qualifications by our own bushel. We ought not to look for a gravity and deep appreciation of eternal things, such as we find in grown persons. We have seen old sheep in the pasture-field look anxious and troubled because the lambs would frisk. No doubt the children that were lifted by their mothers into Christ's arms and got his blessing, five minutes after he set them down were as full of romp as before they came to him. The boy that because he has become a Christian is disgusted with ball-playing; the little girl who because she has given her heart to God has lost her interest in her waxen doll, are morbid and unhealthy. You ought not to set the life of a vivacious child to the tune of Old Hundred.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Committee engaged in raising funds for the erection of the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, is made the residuary legatee under the will of the late Mrs. Elizabeth U. Coles. The value of the bequest will exceed $200,000.

Bishop Tucker, of Equatorial Africa, who is following in the steps of the martyred Bishop Hannington, says that in Eastern Equatorial Africa there are one hundred thousand natives willing and eager to hear the Gospel if only missionaries could be sent to them.

Our readers will be glad to learn that the increase of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S subscription list has been so great this year, that even the improved press facilities provided last summer have proved inadequate to supply the demand. Arrangements have now been made for additional new machinery which when completed will enable us to print an edition of *three hundred thousand copies every week.*

Major Hilton has succeeded in organizing a mission in Los Angeles, Cal., similar to the Central Union Mission in Washington, D. C., of which he was one of the founders. The ministers of several churches in the neighborhood have given a hearty and cordial support to Maj. Hilton's effort. Among those who took part in the opening exercises were Dr. Chichester of Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Rev. Fred. Field and Rev. R. S. Reece.

Rev. Thomas Harrison will hold great Jubilee services next Sunday in Trinity M. E. Church, 118th Street, New York, where he has been conducting revival meeting. During the meetings over two hundred seekers have knelt at the altar. On Sunday Mr. Harrison will preach morning and evening and a great chorus choir of seventy-five voices will lead a praise service in the afternoon. Mr. Harrison has consented to continue the revival services, there being so manifest evidences of a deep work going on.

Mrs. Whittemore who has charge of the work for the friendless and fallen at "The Door of Hope" in Sixty-first St., New York is rejoicing over the unexpected relief of a heavy burden. A friend has paid off the fifteen thousand dollar mortgage on the mission building. The gift was wholly unsolicited. The lady who desired that her name should not be disclosed, told Mrs. Whittemore that the impulse to do the generous deed came to her while she was on her knees at prayer and she promptly put it into execution.

Madam Tel Sono, the Japanese lady who expects to return to Japan next year to labor for Christ, passed through New York last week on her way to Washington, D. C., where she has engagements to hold meetings in several churches. Thence she goes to Philadelphia to speak in acceptance of invitations. She hopes to return to New York in May and hold meetings. Mrs. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, Mass., speaks in the highest terms of her meetings in the Clarendon Street Church, and heartily recommends her to other churches.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has concluded the services he has been holding at Cohoes, N. Y. There has been a very large attendance throughout. During the meetings no less than twelve hundred persons rose to ask the prayers of the church for their salvation. The cards which Dr. Munhall issues to those who have accepted Christ and desire to unite with a Christian Church have been filled in and signed to the number of 376. The signers expressed on the cards preferences for various churches. For the Presbyterian there were 86; for the Baptist 65; for the Methodist 65; for the Protestant Episcopal 23, and the remainder for others churches, including some out of town, as many of the converts had come in from country districts to attend the services.

A remarkable scene was witnessed on Jan. 30th, in the Central Union mission, Washington, D. C. The usual meeting was conducted by Peter B. Sweeney, who was the first convert of the Mission. Seven years ago (Jan. 30, 1885), he entered the mission half-tipsy, dirty and ragged. He had been connected with a gambling-den and was a most dissipated character. After hearing the testimonies of converted men he determined to seek the blessing for himself, but told no one of his resolve. The next night when he was sober he presented himself at the Mission and asked to be led to Christ. After seven years of Christian living and Christian service he returned to the mission to conduct the meeting on the seventh anniversary of his reclamation.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

CAN MEN BE REACHED?

YES, they can.

How?

By preaching a positive Gospel.

By giving up negations.

By knowing them and their needs.

By plain and manly denunciation of sin.

By moving among them.

By preaching a heaven here as well as hereafter.

By special meetings for them.

By being a living exponent of the Gospel.

By fearless courage in reaching the conscience.

By persistent appeals that have unction in them.

Make Them Do It.

Make every theological student commit to memory the following:

The Sermon on the Mount.

Psalm 91.

John 14 and 15, and

Paul's great resurrection chapter, 1. Cor. 15.

Here is a nugget of gold from Spurgeon's mines, too good to be lost:

When a man gets to cutting down sin, paring down depravity and making little of future punishment, let him no longer preach to you. Some modern divines whittle away the Gospel to the small end of nothing. They make our Divine Lord to be a sort of blessed nobody. When you see a preacher making the Gospel small by degrees and miserably less till there is not enough left of it to make soup for a sick grasshopper, get you gone. As for me, I believe in the colossal, a need as deep as hell and grace as high as heaven. I believe in a pit that is bottomless and a heaven that is topless.

How to Win Men.

There is never a more interesting story than that which a man tells about himself. Virgil, the poet, makes Æneas tell his own story, and makes him begin it by saying, "In which I also had a great part myself." So if you would interest your friends, tell them what you felt yourself. Tell them how you were once a lost, abandoned sinner, how the Lord met with you, how you bowed your knees, and poured out your soul before God, and how at last you leaped with joy, for you thought you heard him say within you, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for my name's sake."

Young Men.

Read more good books; get the mud out of your brain. Let Christ clean out those bad tenants in your heart—evil thoughts, wrong desires and wicked lusts. Then tone up your physical nature with some good walks or exercise in the gymnasium; get away from these leprous fellows, and keep good company; throw away the cigarette, physicians say it is worse than bad whisky; get up in time to go to church Sunday morning, you will rest there more than in bed—in fact, swing clear around into the sunlight of a new life.

Sound Advice.

Young men, get the dirt out of your eyes and see things as they are. Don't be taken in by tinsel, when it is gold you are after. There are too many dreamers nowadays—fellows who look for what will never come unless they put more muscle, brain and blood in their enterprises as capital; more real solid thought and hard work in the daily duties. Get your eyes open and learn to read human nature, be able to size a man up and tell if he has tape or steel for a backbone, read him through at a look and tell if he is a crank or a gentleman. Get so you can take in the whole situation at a glance and know what is best to be done; be able to see the end from the beginning, especially look to the end of life, but before that take one true look at that strange, magnetic Cross of Calvary and him who hung thereon.

Try Some of These.

A Sunday-night service for men only with a talk on any of the following subjects:

Daniel—the man of character.

Joseph—the man tried by fire.

Christ—His pointed words to men.

Sowing wheat or wild oats.

Get out tickets for the service and widely distribute.

A meeting for girls only, between the ages of 14 and 30, with a talk on "Christless or Christlike girlhood—which."

A meeting for boys only, between the ages of 12 and 17. Give them a plain talk on sin and salvation.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

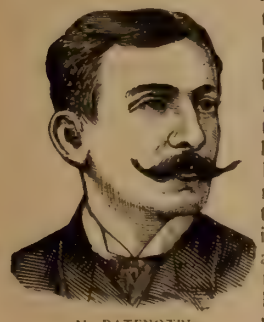
Disasters by Land and Sea—Candidates for Statehood—The Mexican Rebellion—France's New Minister—Chili's Friendly Attitude—General Notes.

SINCE the restoration of friendly relations between this country and Chili, and the waiver by our government of any further demands of a nature to humiliate the southern republic, a revulsion of sentiment has occurred in Chili. Our late foe is now ready to welcome the arrival of an American fleet as an evidence of friendship. It now seems probable that Minister Egan will shortly be superseded as our diplomatic representative in Chili, but this change will not be made so soon as to appear a part of the compact between the two governments. A resolution was introduced in Congress by representative Arnold of Missouri, demanding his recall, "to the end that reciprocity of amicable relations between the two countries may be had and maintained." The resolution was referred to the Foreign Affairs Committee where it will hardly be acted on. One result of the recent war furore is that Chili, realizing her weakness, has decided to float a $5,000,000 loan to build a railway from Valparaiso to Iquique and to strengthen her navy.

* * *

Our New French Minister.

FRANCE has sent to Washington as its Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, M. Patenotre, one of the best-known diplomats in the service of the European republic, and whose portrait we give in this column. As Minister Plenipotentiary to China, he signed the Tonkin treaty of Hue in 1884, and the treaty of Tien-Tsin in 1885, which put an end to the hostilities between France and that nation. He has served in succession as Secretary or as Minister to Greece, Persia, Argentine Republic, Sweden, and Morocco. From 1888, up to the date of his transfer to Washington, he occupied the Legation at Tangiers, which has a very great importance for France on account of the proximity to Algeria. M. Patenotre is about forty-five years of age, a bachelor, and a man of most distinguished appearance, popular, both socially and officially. In 1887, he had conferred on him the decoration of Commander of the Legion of Honor.



M. PATENOTRE.

* * *

An Official Report from Russia.

MINISTER SMITH, our representative at St. Petersburg, has transmitted to the Department of State an official report on the Russian famine. He states that it affects thirteen provinces and that the crops for three years past have been below the average. Unless more extensive measures are adopted to relieve the distress, the destitution and suffering, instead of dying out will increase. Russian peasants are not provident and save little or nothing. He draws a terrible picture of the suffering in some localities visited, fully corroborating the reports published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, from time to time. He is certain that at least fourteen million persons are actually suffering from cold and hunger at the present moment. It would require fifty car-loads of food per day in each of the stricken provinces to afford perceptible relief and not one quarter of this relief is being given. He estimates that the famine will cost the government at least $100,000,000. It is reported that the Czar proposes the re-establishment of social conditions akin to serfdom in his Empire as a means of checking over-population and relieving distress. He will give great tracts of land for cultivation by the peasants, one-third of the harvest to be stored in the commercial magazine for the support of the peasants, one-third to be used to pay local debts to the state and the remaining third for government taxes. The peasants, under the new order of things, would be bound to the soil as in the old days when all were serfs of the "Little Father."

* * *

To Investigate American Labor.

THAT the industrial progress of this country is attracting attention in the Old World is evident from the action of France in sending M. Paul Deschanel, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, to the United States to investigate labor social questions. M. Deschanel ranks among the ablest members and finest orators of the French Chamber, although he is still quite young. In the several debates on the grain tariff, labor questions, the relations of the French government to the Catholic Church and the abuses of the naval administration, he has borne a prominent and effective part. He is a pronounced opponent of centralized power, which he regards as France's greatest danger. A portrait of M. Deschanel is given above.

M. PAUL DESCHANEL.

* * *

The Nebraska Governorship.

THE long dispute over the governorship of Nebraska has finally been terminated by the decision of the United States Supreme Court in favor of James E. Boyd. It was contended that Mr. Boyd had been a citizen of the United States for a period of two years preceding his election, and Governor John Thayer, then in office, held over, pending the decision. The Court reviews the case at considerable length, and lays down some important rulings effecting the rights of foreign-born citizens, who come here as minors with their parents and whose parents do not complete their own naturalization. When the Boyd case came up before the Nebraska Supreme Court some time ago, the latter ruled against the contestant, and its decision has now been reversed.

* * *

Candidates for Statehood.

IT is understood in Washington that an effort will shortly be made to have Congress consider the propriety of admitting the four remaining territories of Arizona, Utah, New Mexico and Oklahoma to the dignities and privileges of full-fledged Statehood. It is now four years since the last group of new states was admitted and the feeling in the present House of Representatives is said to be favorable to at least three of the new candidates. In the Senate the Western members will also probably favor such a measure. The only serious obstacle will probably be as to Utah, as there is a possibility that if the territory were made a state, the Mormons who are still the numerically controlling element, might unite and so amend the State Constitution as to permit a continuance of polygamy.

* * *

Fatal Fire in New York.

IN a Hester Street tenement—one of those old-fashioned rookeries that abound on the East-side of New York—fire broke out late one night last week. The building was packed with human beings, chiefly emigrants from Russia and most of them were asleep. Before they could be aroused and gotten out, the flames cut off all means of escape save the windows. Men, women and children fought wildly and crowded each other in their mad haste for safety. One aged woman ran to a window and dashed a baby to the pavement and then leaped after it. The child's skull was fractured and the grandmother's limbs shattered. A man—Louis Kaufman—leaped from a fire escape and called to Fanny Levy to leap after him. She leaped and fell upon him crushing his face and breaking his skull, while both her own legs were broken. Two brothers jumped from a roof and were found with broken legs unconscious in the street. Several will die as the result of injuries received.

* * *

An Ocean Steamer Wrecked.

THE North German Lloyd steamship *Eider*, struck a reef and stranded on Atherfield Ledge, off the Isle of Wight, in a heavy fog, one night last week. She had nearly one thousand souls on board, and her position on the Ledge was an exceedingly perilous one, bow and stern being in deep water, and the amidships section resting on the rocks. Lifeboats and government tugs took off the passengers safely, and there was some hope of ultimately floating the vessel. The weather was so thick that neither the Needles nor St. Catherine's Light could be seen when the *Eider* struck. She is an iron vessel of fifty-two hundred tons gross, four hundred and thirty feet long and forty-seven feet beam; she carries four masts, has seven water-tight bulkheads, and compound cylinder engines of seven thousand horse-power. Capt. Heincke was in command with a crew of one hundred and seventy-five officers and men.

* * *

Kidnapped For Ransom.

A CASE of kidnapping, similar in many respects to the famous Charley Ross kidnapping which excited interest over the whole country some fifteen years ago, has just occurred in the little village of Long Ridge, Conn., near the New York border line. Charles P. Waterbury is a well-to-do farmer. He and his wife Mary have one child, a son named Ward, now eight years old. A few days ago the boy failed to return from school, and late that evening a note was handed to the agonized parents, signed "River Boys," stating that Ward had been stolen by them, and would be returned on payment of $6,000 ransom. He would be killed rather than returned without the money. This note was handed to Mr. Waterbury by a nephew. It appointed a rendezvous for the father to meet the kidnappers. The police of both States are at work on the case, and it is exciting widespread interest.

* * *

World's Fair Finances.

THE Directors of the World's Fair are considering the preparation of an "omnibus" bill appropriating at least $6,000,000 for Fair purposes. The National Commission is understood to object to such a bill being introduced, as, if the money were to be controlled by the directory, it would leave the National Commission without funds. Chicago Fair officials have succeeded recently in selling $3,000,000 of the World's Fair bonds in New York.

* * *

The Late Gen. H. A. Barnum.

ONE by one the noted figures of the late war are passing away. Gen. Henry A. Barnum who died last week of pneumonia, in New York City, was a distinguished veteran of the war. He was born in Jamesville, N. Y., in 1833, and while a young law student, enlisted as a private in the Twelfth New York Volunteers, and was under fire at Blackburn's Ford, Malvern Hill, (where he was shot and left for dead on the field), Lookout Mountain, (where he was shot through the sword-arm), and Atlanta, (where a fragment of a shell again wounded him.) He marched with Sherman to the sea, and was present at the closing scenes of the war, by which time he had won a brigadier-generalship. His wounds never healed, but although a constant sufferer, he was courageous and did not permit them to prevent him from embarking in an active political career after the war. By an act of Congress he was awarded a gold medal fot bravery on the field. A portrait of the distinguished soldier is given above.

GEN. H. A. BARNUM.

* * *

The Rebellion on the Border.

CONTRARY to all military expectations, the Garza rebellion in Mexico, threatens to develop into a most formidable movement. Garza and his followers succeeded in escaping from the Lower Rio Grande frontier and are now on the Mexican side, where he is said to have nearly 5,000 well armed troops in the country between Del Rio and Pecos River. One of his strongest bands is believed to have its rendezvous in the Santa Rosa mountain country, where Gen. Franasca Salos is in command. There are renewed rumors that Garza intends striking a blow very soon. The United States troops have been very industrious in the hunt for rebels on our side of the river. Rufus Glover one of the cavalry scouts with D troop, was shot and killed by some stray revolutionists a few days ago, while in the brush at some distance from Fort McIntosh, Texas.

* * *

Italy Asks for Reparation.

A DESPATCH from Rome announces that the Italian government has sent to Washington a list of the families who are to claim compensation for the loss of relatives by the New Orleans lynching. Secretary Blaine, it is said, has promised to lay the matter before Congress and expects favorable action. Most of the claimants are Sicilians, and some are said to be destitute. The amount of compensation will be left to the liberality of our government. Italy has made no new demands in the case and all the negotiations are friendly.

NEWS NOTES.

Governor Wm. McKinley, of Ohio, is seriously ill.

It is reported that Segnor Catalini will be the new Italian Minister to Washington.

England is growing quite anxious over the health of its future ruler, Prince George. His early marriage is expected.

Great herds of cattle are reported as starving on the hills of Southern Idaho, in consequence of the heavy snows.

The expedition now fitting out in Philadelphia for the relief of Lieutenant Peary and party will start early in June.

A Chicago inventor is at work constructing an airship which he claims will carry fifty persons across the ocean in one night.

Queen Victoria has issued an address to the English people expressing her deep sense of their sympathy in her recent bereavement.

Five men were instantly killed by the explosion of a Philadelphia & Reading R. R. locomotive boiler at St. Clair, Pa., a few days ago.

The bark *Ferndale* went ashore near the mouth of Gray's harbor, off Aberdeen, Wash., last week and twenty men of a crew of twenty-three were drowned.

The relatives of Charles W. Riggin, one of the victims of the Valparaiso riot, have made claim, through the Washington authorities, for indemnity for his death at the hands of the Chilian mob.

The Hungarian elections have been carried by the government after a sharp contest and violent scenes. In some places the polling booths were destroyed and military were employed to suppress the rioting.

During the recent severe "norther" on the Eastern coast, a portion of the New York street-cleaning fleet was caught in the gale while at sea, and several men were drowned. Others were rescued by tugs in a half-frozen condition.

A bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives to incorporate the International Bank, with a capital of $5,000,000 and the privilege of increasing it to $25,000,000. It is designed to facilitate commerce between the United States and other American countries.

A great strike of copper and iron miners at Bilbao, Spain, is giving serious trouble to the authorities. Troops and cannon have succeeded in overawing the strikers temporarily, and the district is under martial law. The strikers are supplied with cartridges and dynamite.

The Sectarian Education Bill, introduced in the Lower House of the Prussian Diet and strongly urged by the Emperor, seems likely to precipitate a Cabinet crisis. Ministers Boetticher, Herrfurth, Miquel and others threaten to resign unless amendments are allowed to the measure.

2,000 representatives of the different organizations of railroad employees were in New York last week, and took action looking to the amalgamation of all the organizations, and to the introduction of further safeguards to decrease the loss of life in their dangerous calling.

Ten miners are believed to have perished of hunger and cold at Lituya Bay, Alaska, lately. They went out from Juneau, last April, with eight months' provisions, and penetrated to a frozen region beyond the reach of human aid, after winter set in. The party was in charge of Morris Orton, and S. C. Wheeler of Juneau.

A Great Light Gone Out.

(*Continued from first page.*)

years, have been spiritually comforted and strengthened by his sermons, which have regularly appeared in every issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The career of such a man is a record of the triumphs of faith, and the entire consecration of human energies and abilities to the work of the Divine Master. Mr. Spurgeon was born in the town of Kelvedon, in Essex, England, on June 19th 1834. His paternal grandfather was an Independent minister at Stambourne, a man of sterling piety and greatly respected. His father was the Rev. John Spurgeon, formerly of the Congregational Church of Islington, near London, and his mother a Miss Jervis of Colchester, a lady of singular piety. When ten years old, Charles went to live with his grandparents and there received the same religious nurture he had experienced at home. At school he was very successful in his studies, carrying off many prizes and acquiring high honors for a mere lad. On leaving Colchester, he entered an agricultural college at Maidstone, but stayed there only a short time, leaving at fifteen to become an usher in a school at Newmarket, his father's purpose being to make him a schoolmaster. But a year later a change came which turned the whole current of this young life and gave to God's service one of its most brilliant and faithful workers. That change was his conversion, and it came about when he was sixteen. His own account of the occurrence is so simple and graphic that we reproduce it:

"I went into a Primitive Methodist Chapel, one snowy day in January," he said. "A thin-looking man came into the pulpit and read the text, 'Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.' Then fixing his eyes on me, he said, 'Young man, you are in trouble, and you will never get out of it unless you look to Christ.' And then lifting up his hands and crying out, as only a Primitive Methodist could, he exclaimed: 'Look! look! look! it is only look!' I did look and saw with my mental eye

The Way of Salvation

open before me, and I was filled with joy unspeakable." Sixteen years later, preaching in the same church, Mr. Spurgeon pointed to a seat on the left hand under the gallery and said: "I was sitting in that pew when I was converted."

Following his conversion, he made profession of faith and was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Cantlow and united with the Baptist Church in the village of Isleham, near Newmarket. He burned with zeal to begin at once the work for the Master. On accepting an engagement shortly afterward as school assistant at Cambridge, he found the opportunity he desired and began his religious work as a tract distributor in connection with the congregation of the church over which the late Robert Hall, a most eloquent and successful preacher, was then pastor.

But tract distributing was merely a step in young Spurgeon's pathway to higher usefulness. He felt

The Message on His Lips

and hungered for an opportunity to speak it. Soon it came. There was to be a service in a cottage at Taversham, a village near Cambridge, at which a preacher was to have been engaged. Young Spurgeon, seeing that no one volunteered, threw himself into the breach. Still a mere boy he entered the cottage where the farm-laborers and their wives were gathered together. After singing, praying and reading, came the sermon. It was not such a task as he had feared.

He Did Not Break Down,

nor stop in the middle, nor run out of ideas. At last it was ended; he took up the hymn-book, when:

"How old are you?" came from a dozen different pairs of lips.

"I am under sixty," was the smiling reply.

"Yes, and under sixteen," said an old lady.

"Never mind my age," was Spurgeon's answer. "Think of Jesus and his preciousness."

He soon became known far and wide as the "Boy Preacher" and less than a year was called to be the pastor of a Baptist congregation at Waterbeach and he went there although only seventeen. Feeling the need of a more thorough preparation for the ministry, he tried to enter Regent's Park College, but afterward gave up the idea. His education, brief as it had been, was unusually thorough in many ways. In 1854, when nineteen, he made an address at a meeting of the Sunday School Union at Cambridge, which so impressed some of his hearers that shortly afterward he was tendered the pastorage of the New Park Street Church in Southwark, and there he began his first important charge and

His Real Pulpit Work

in good earnest. The congregation was a mere handful, but in six months the hearers crowded the chapel. Soon the fame of the young preacher spread abroad and people flocked to the little church in New Park Street. The press called attention to his precocious powers, and praises came from every side; but to these Mr. Spurgeon gave little heed. He was doing the Master's work in all humility.

The little chapel soon became too small for the throngs that assembled at every service, and it had to be enlarged. Pending the change, Mr. Spurgeon preached in Exeter Hall to vast crowds. In 1856, a fund was started to build a new and larger edifice. Surrey Music Hall was next engaged, and a disastrous accident occurred on the first attempt to hold services there. Seven thousand persons had gathered and the preacher was about to begin when some one in the audience raised the cry of "fire!" In an instant there was a terrible panic! Seven persons were killed outright and twenty-eight hurt. During the excitement, Mr. Spurgeon remained in the pulpit, endeavoring to check the panic and calm the fears of the frantic multitude. He succeeded at last, but valuable lives had been sacrificed in the stampede.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle.

The foundation stone of the Metropolitan Tabernacle was laid on Aug. 16, 1859, by Sir Morton Peto, and two years later, the great building, which is capable of seating over six

THE COTTAGE AT TAVERSHAM, WHERE PASTOR SPURGEON'S FIRST SERMON WAS PREACHED.

thousand persons, was finished and opened in 1861, free of debt. The total amount expended was in the neighborhood of $150,000. For thirty years Mr. Spurgeon's ministry was continued at the Metropolitan Tabernacle uninterruptedly. His fame as a preacher steadily increased and his field for Christian usefulness widened to a grand horizon. On one occasion he preached at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, to fully 23,000 persons and at another time, at Agricultural Hall, Islington the audience was over 20,000.

He possessed a voice of vast penetrating-power, whose clear, bell-like tones could be heard distinctly in every nook of the greatest buildings at which most preachers would have recoiled. The first impression a stranger received on listening to the Tabernacle orator was that the man himself seemed insignificant in contrast with the vast building. Stout and short, his height not exceeding five feet three inches, and on the elevated platform which constitutes the rostrum in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, he seemed almost diminutive. The moment he opened his lips, however, the hearer felt the presence of a powerful orator. His delivery was slow and enunciation perfect.

But the secret of Mr. Spurgeon's success as a preacher, must be traced in a very large degree, less to gifts of voice than to his downright earnestness, the transparent simplicity of his character, his common sense and his marvellous flow of homely Saxon.

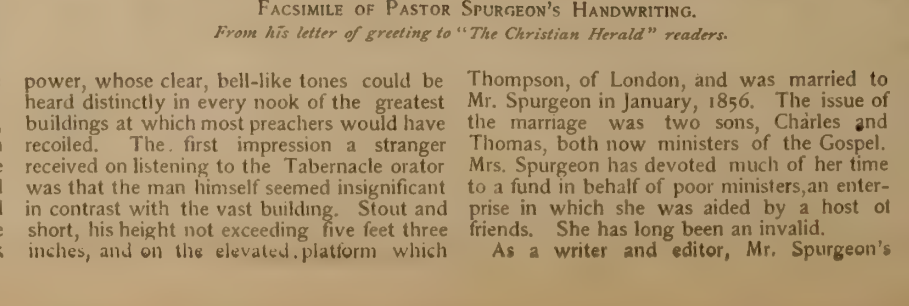
The Orphanage.

Mr. Spurgeon's schemes for the good of his fellowmen, and particularly for the relief of the unfortunate, were manifold. In 1866, he received a letter from a lady (Mrs. Hillyer), asking him to become trustee of a fund of $100,000, for the purpose of founding an Orphanage. Two and a half acres of land in Stockwell were secured as a site, and a number of small homes were erected. Five hundred orphans are regularly cared for, educated and trained at the Stockwell Institution. All this fatherless flock is fed, clothed, trained and started in life.

There were other enterprises of a philanthropic character connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle. These include the Colportage Association, an Almshouse for seventeen aged woman, a number of mission Schools, a mission to the blind, beside Ladies Benevolent and Maternal Societies, and others. One of Mr. Spurgeon's favorite philanthropies was the Pastors' College, which was founded in 1856. The plan of starting young pastors and encouraging them until they found their true sphere occurred to Mr. Spurgeon while he was struggling, during the earlier years of his ministry. He undertook the expense of sustaining from his own income a number of young students. His wife economized as much as possible, and he spent on his work from three to four thousand dollars a year from the sale of his sermons. In 1864, the college building was finished and opened. Over five hundred students have been educated there, and have entered upon ministerial duties in different countries.

Mrs. Spurgeon was a Miss Susannah Thompson, of London, and was married to Mr. Spurgeon in January, 1856. The issue of the marriage was two sons, Charles and Thomas, both now ministers of the Gospel. Mrs. Spurgeon has devoted much of her time to a fund in behalf of poor ministers, an enterprise in which she was aided by a host of friends. She has long been an invalid.

As a writer and editor, Mr. Spurgeon's abilities found a wide field of usefulness. Since 1865 he edited *The Sword and Trowel*, a religious journal in which he gave to the world many volumes of essays and addresses other than pastoral. His "lectures to students," "Speeches," "Books of Devotion," "Treasury of David" and "John Ploughman's Talks" have been issued by the hundred thousand and commanded an amazing popularity.



FACSIMILE OF PASTOR SPURGEON'S HANDWRITING.
From his letter of greeting to "The Christian Herald" readers.

A Greeting to "Christian Herald" Readers.

Shortly before his last illness, Pastor Spurgeon, whose interest in the spiritual welfare of the readers of this journal was evidenced in a thousand different ways during the years of his connection with it, wrote the following letter to the Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

WESTWOOD, BEULAH HILL, UPPER NORWOOD.

Dear Sir:—I have been greatly cheered by hearing that many persons in out-of-the-way places have been led to Jesus by reading my sermons in your columns. What greater reward can come to a preacher than to know that souls are saved through his word?

I thank those who have read the sermons to little gatherings which else would have been without a sermon, and I equally thank those who have sent the sermon where it was so much needed. Some must give the word, and others must make up that great army of them that publish it. By the wide scattering of your paper the Gospel goes to lone habitations and frequently reaches those who have wandered from their homes because of follies. Possibly they will read a sermon in a newspaper, who might never have looked at it had it come to them in another form. Ask your readers to pray for a blessing on these words of mine, wherever they may go. Very heartily do I greet the army of readers, both yours and mine. May they be a very gracious people, and find for themselves a precious God! In basket and in store may they be blest, and specially in soul and spirit may our Lord enrich them! "Until the day break and the shadows flee away," may the Comforter abide with them!

I should be very grateful if they would also, now and then, think of one so far away as I am. I carry on many works for the Lord, and I have no supplies for money but such as the Lord sends me in answer to the prayer of faith. What I have most need of is strength to bear up under great strain of labor, thought, and opposition. I try to uphold the banner of the truth and the battle wages fiercest around the standard-bearer. Oh for more grace! Brethren pray for us. If all your thousands of readers would give me a loving thought I should inherit a great blessing.

Yours very heartily,
C. H. SPURGEON.

This letter, breathing the strongest faith in every line and characteristic of the great-hearted writer, is now doubly precious as a memoir of the pious pastor who has passed away, but whose work and words will live after him.

LAST CORRESPONDENCE.

PASTOR SPURGEON, even in his moments of keenest pain, never forgot his flock who in turn mourned his unavoidable absence in the vain search for renewed health. Every week brought from Mentone to London some gentle reminder of his kind solicitude, to be read from the Tabernacle pulpit by his substitute and assistant, Rev. Dr. Pierson.

Some of these letters are "pearls of the faith," and will undoubtedly be prized and cherished, now that the writer is gone. On September 20, 1891, he wrote:

The affectionate and effectual prayers of the saints dragged me back to life, and only by the same means shall I recover strength. I will not touch upon my present affliction; you will guess at it when I say that, although the stairs of my bed-chamber are very easy, I cannot ascend them, but have to be carried up by others. The heart as yet will not endure that even small climb, therefore I need your prayers still; and I know I shall have them, for your love never ceases.

Again on Sept. 27, he wrote:

If sharp pruning makes fruit-bearing branches bring forth more fruit, it is not a thing to be lamented when the great Vine-dresser turns his knife upon us. If I may in the end be more useful to you, and to those who come in and out among us, I shall rejoice in the woes which I have endured. May you each one when tried with sickness improve your school-time, that you may be the sooner able to learn and know all the Master's mind!

And on Oct. 10:

I am indeed happy in being borne up by the prayers of saints as by the hands of angels.

On Nov. 7, he wrote these expressive sentences from Mentone:

I am far away in body, but not in spirit. I am a sick man physically, but in heart I am strong in the Lord. A great waste of life-force still weakens me; but it is not so great as it was, and he who has spared my life will in his own right time spare me this weakening of my strength by the way. It is a great trial to be unable to preach in the pulpit, but it is no small comfort to be able to preach through the press. It is my life to proclaim the everlasting Gospel of the grace of God, and so I shall live and speak long after I am dead.

Death was drawing very near to Mr. Spurgeon when on Nov. 14th, last, he dictated this—too feeble, now, to write with his own pen:

I am a sick man who has narrowly escaped the hand of death, and I feel that the things of eternity ought not to be trifled with. To be saved at the last, our wisdom is to be saved at once. If I had left my soul's matters for a sick bed, I could not have attended to them there, for I was delirious, and the mind could not fix itself sensibly upon any subject. Before the cloud lowers over your mind, give your best attention to the Word of the Lord.

In one of his latest sermons at the Tabernacle he uttered a pathetic message, which conveyed to the minds of hearers and readers that he had a premonition of his approaching

separation from the church to which he had ministered thirty-nine years. He took the opportunity of condensing into one thrilling utterance, the essence of his long and successful ministry. In the light of recent events, it seems almost prophetic. The passage is as follows:

A Premonition of the End.

"Settle this in your heart: "Whether I am up or down, the Lord Jesus is the same." My time is ended, although I had much more to say. I can only pray the Lord to give you to believe in him. If I should never again have

MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

the pleasure of speaking for my Lord upon the face of this earth, I should like to deliver, as my last confession of faith, this testimony—that nothing but faith can save this nineteenth century; nothing but faith can save England; nothing but faith can save the present unbelieving Church; nothing but firm faith in the grand old doctrines of grace, and in the ever-living and unchanging God can bring back to the Church again a full tide of prosperity, and make her to be the deliverer of the nations for Christ: nothing but faith in the Lord Jesus can save you or me. The Lord give you, my brothers, to believe to the utmost degree, for his name's sake! Amen."

A MINISTERIAL FAMILY.

PASTOR SPURGEON comes of a ministerial family, his progenitors and descendants being noted in pastoral work. The Rev. John Spurgeon, the father of the great Tabernacle pastor, was the second son of the late Rev. James Spurgeon, of Stambourne, in the county of Essex. He was born on July 15, 1810. His wife was the sister of Charles Parker Jarvis, Esq., of Colchester. He was brought to Christ at an early age, and in course of time became pastor of a church at Tollesbury, driving there and back, a distance of thirteen miles from Colchester, every Sunday, and attending to the claims of business during the week. His next field was Islington, where he assumed the pastorate of the Congregational Church in Upper Street.

A few years later he terminated his pastoral associations with the Islington Church, and though frequently pressed by friends to accept other ministerial charges, he has not done so.

The Rev. James Archer Spurgeon is the younger brother of the late pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and is now about fifty-five years of age. He was prepared for the work of the ministry by a four-years' course of study at Regent's Park College. He was chosen to exercise pastoral functions until he was chosen to be assistant pastor of the Tabernacle, and his union with his brother has been a very happy and successful one for both.

The Rev. Charles Spurgeon, one of the twin sons of the late Pastor Spurgeon, was born in Nightingale-lane, Balham, on September 20th, 1856. He is now in charge of a church at South Street, Greenwich, where he has been greatly blessed by the Holy Spirit, to the salvation of many souls.

Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, the other twin son was also apparently destined from boyhood for the pulpit. His first appearance in public life was with his brother Charles at a meeting of the United Kingdom Band of Hope, which was held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle in January, 1865. They were then only nine years of age. They at this meeting declared themselves total abstainers, and received each a silver medal as a memorial of the event. They have been total abstainers all their lives. Thomas is now pastor in the city of Auckland, Australia, where he has found a happy and successful sphere of labor for Christ, and has been the means of gathering a large congregation.

RUSSIA'S STARVING MILLIONS

The Terrible Suffering Among the Peasantry—No Work, no Food, no Hope.

EVERY mail brings additional details of the terrible famine in Russia, a calamity that eclipses any of the same character during the present century. Even the great famine in India, a number of years ago, when thousands perished, seems to sink into insignificance beside this appalling disaster, whose magnitude the world is just beginning to comprehend. In last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we published some interesting details concerning the relief movement, and illustrations showing the arrival of bread trains at Samara. To-day we present a still more striking picture, in which the artist with realistic pencil, has depicted the interior of a cottage of Russian peasants, the family, helpless and starving, huddled together awaiting relief or—at the worst—death to end their misery. Too weak to go out and work, even if work were to be found, exhausted in the long, hopeless hunt for food, where all are equally suffering, they seem to have reached a depth of misery that can only be expressed by a dumb despair.

A correspondent who has been visiting the district gives the following description of his first visit to a family with a member of a local branch of the Red Cross Society in the province of Reaxan.

"Attended by the elders of the place, we went into the first miserable hut of the wretched little row that constituted the street. My friend entered unceremoniously and roughly, without knocking or calling. A kind of vapor poured out at the opened door, and on entering I descried through the thick atmosphere several human beings whose appearance and attitude filled me with horror. In the background stood a wrinkled hag, a handkerchief tied round her head. The rest of her costume, consisting of a shirt, petticoat and leggings, was squalid and wretched to the last degree. To the right was an immense stove, and over this a broad shelf on which several frightened children were huddled together. They looked dirty and savage beyond description. There was no floor. We were standing upon the bare ground. The hut was about twenty feet square by ten feet high. A table and two benches were the only furniture the hut could boast of, and they were black with age and dirt.

"Running from the door to the stove was a beam or rafter, and on this were a few wretched dishes and cooking utensils. A fearful stench pervaded the hut. Cap in hand, with trembling knees, haggard cheeks, and hollow eyes, stood the owner, who bade us welcome with a cringing humility, and a look of mingled cunning and fear. Besides the old peasant and his wife there were two young men and their wives. I realised that three generations camped on that shelf over the stove. As to overcrowding in the London slums, I have seen something of that, but this beat anything that London could show. My guide looked round restlessly and insolently, his cap on his head, while the peasants stood uncovered.

"What bread have you got?" he said. "Show us your bread." "We have no bread. We have had nothing to eat for three days," they all sang in a sort of chorus. "Nonsense, you have some bread!" "Not a morsel!" They looked as though they had not eaten anything for weeks, not days. We left their wretched hovel and entered their store-room, opposite the entrance and occupying the other side of the hut. Here were a few empty boxes, nothing else. We went next to the barn and cattle sheds. The barn was empty and bare. The roof had been taken down for fuel. Some of the neigbors had nothing but the skeletons of their barns left, and several had begun to consume the roofs of their huts. The cattle sheds were also empty. The live stock of the village had been reduced to a single famished-looking sheep and a horse that was only a bag of bones. My friend turned round as though he were reading a lecture at the Polytechnic, and these accessories were objects of scientific demonstration without life and feeling. "You see," he said, "this peasant is one of the poorest. He has no corn, no cattle, no food. Yet he is not marked down for the receipt of relief until three weeks hence, because he is still able to work. And now we will go the next."

The same picture presented itself again and again. Meanwhile the imperial government, the local government councils, and private individuals, are doing all they can to alleviate the distress of the forty million population in the famine-sticken district.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN FAMINE—INTERIOR OF A PEASANT'S COTTAGE IN THE DISTRESSED DISTRICT.

A DISTURBER CONVERTED.

AT one of the recent meeting in Scotland conducted by Messrs. Moody and Sankey, a young fellow had determined to have some sport at the expense of the Evangelists. The service was in the open-air, and he secreted himself under a cart near the platform, having provided himself with a good supply of peas and a catapult. He had not been long there before the words of the preacher laid hold of him, and the peas remained in his pocket. For several days he was in a state of great mental concern, but light broke in, and he is now one of the brightest working Christians in the place.

THINK GENTLY OF THE ERRING.

(For The Christian Herald.)

KEEP back the words thou fain would'st speak
Against the erring one;
Revengeful thoughts and scornful words
Will never cure the evil done.
Remember, we ourselves oft err,
And oft from duty's path depart;
Against the weak and erring one,
O, harden not your heart!

Think over all the trials borne,
The struggles and unrest;
Be not too hasty to condemn,
Have pity—that is best.
Another's faults oft seem so great,
When placed beside our own,
"Let him who is without a sin,
Be first to cast a stone."

Uplift the fallen and the weak,
Bid them look up and live;
Tell them of him who on the Cross,
Died so that they might live.
O lead them gently by the hand,
Till darkened roads are passed;
Then Jesus, who forgives thy sins,
Will lead you, too, at last.

Brooklyn, N. Y —N. S. B.

MISSIONARIES IN PRISON.

A TOUR among Greek villages has recently been undertaken by Mr. Crawford of Brousa, who sends to the *Missionary Herald* the following account of an unpleasant experience which befell him:

"When we arrived at Erdek we found that the bishop had persuaded the kaimakam (governor) of that region to hinder us as much as possible. The kaimakam sent for us soon after our arrival at Erdek, examined our books, papers, magic-lantern, etc., and said he should have to hold them until he could get word from Brousa as to whether we were safe and responsible persons or not. As he promised to have such a reply from Brousa by the next morning we made no objection. The result was that instead of our getting away on Friday noon, as we expected, we were 'shut up' from Friday afternoon until the next Tuesday at noon. No reasons were given, no accusations made, no questions asked as to whether any one in town could vouch for our character, nor were we allowed to send word to any of our friends. We did, however, find an opportunity of sending word to Bandurma on Sunday, which was received by our friends there on Monday. They immediately telegraphed to Brousa, and our friends in Brousa telegraphed to our Legation in Constantinople. Prompt action was taken there, and word sent which secured our release after four days' confinement.

"Turkish prisons are regular pens, in which a lot of poor, filthy, unwashed fellows are huddled together in one room—some for debt, some for crime, and some awaiting trial. They depend upon their friends from outside to bring them their food, though in certain cases, if a prisoner is from a distance and has no friends and no money to buy food, a portion of bread is given him by the authorities. We were more fortunate than these poor fellows in that we were not thrown into the common prison, but confined in the centurion's room. The servants and guards were very kind to us, bringing us grapes and looking out for our comfort and telling us of their troubles and accidents and escapes.

"Still we were prisoners, and every request we made to have matters hurried up or to be allowed to telegraph was met by the polite reply: 'We are expecting every moment the word from Brousa which will set you free.' When we were at last set free, before leaving the place, we called to say good-by to the kaimakam, told him what our plans were, where we were going, etc., and that, 'God willing,' we should return to Erdek after six months and make another visit. To all of which he pleasantly assented, and after ordering coffee and drinking it with us, he allowed us to go."

A GROUP OF CONVERTS.

DURING a visit to Canton, China, Dr. John Gillespie was introduced to a group of converts each of whom had a remarkable history. The first was from a distant part of the province and was partially paralyzed. A copy of the New Testament had fallen into his hands and he had read of the wonderful cures Jesus had wrought in just such cases. He hastened to Canton, supposing that the cure-worker lived there, and though at first he was disappointed at not finding cure for his body, he afterward to his unspeakable joy found Jesus as his Saviour. Three others had been imprisoned in the city during the French war in Tonquin because they were Christians. Like Paul and Silas, they "prayed and sang praises unto God." A miserable wretch, who had been given up by his parents as a worthless fellow, heard the Gospel from their lips and believed. He was introduced to us as a devout Christian, who had become a dutiful and affectionate son and an honest, industrious citizen.

Volume XI., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

GOD'S WORD.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Feb. 21. Jer. 36 : 21-25; Mark 16 : 15; Deut. 30 : 11-14.

UNHAPPILY the question of our day is not how the Word of God shall be received, but whether the Bible is the Word of God. There are numbers of men who, once satisfied on that point, would receive it gladly. With such the topic of the day is not concerned. But for them, while considering the topic, a prayer would surely be appropriate, that God would reveal himself to their hearts and that they might see him in his Word.

Our topic assumes that the Bible is his Word. The assumption has vast consequences. If the Creator has a message for his creatures, the duty of every creature is manifest. Attention is the primary duty. When God speaks, it becomes man to listen earnestly. Wisdom must be in it; for he who has made every living thing must be a Being inconceivably wise. Problems surround us on every hand for which philosophy has no solution. What has God to say? Whence came I? Why am I here? Whither am I going? What does God say on these matters? Now, as in past ages, men have brought their problems to the Book and they who sought light there have found it. When they could not understand they could believe; for even God cannot reveal the infinite in its fulness to the finite. The child looking up at the starry skies would be incredulous when his father tells him those shining sparks are vast worlds, if he did not believe, and trust his father. Faith, a readiness to believe must be brought to the Bible by him who would profit by the Bible. We know of some who were not profited by the Word preached because it was not mixed with faith in them that heard it.

Obedience, too, is demanded of those who hear and read. It is they who do his will who shall know of the doctrine. Here, also is a test of the Bible's claims. What results follow obedience? Does he who takes the Bible for his guide through life, develop or deteriorate? All Christendom and all heathendom give the answer. Nations reply that the Bible laws lead to development, to righteousness, to peace and prosperity. Individual lives give the same answer. The man becomes a better man. The more closely he studies the Bible, the more carefully he seeks to model his life on its teaching the better man he is in every relation of life. In his business, in his public duties, in his home life he needs no other law. Integrity, charity, conscientiousness, morality characterize him in word and deed. He rises from negative virtues to positive ones. Benevolence, mercy, active interest in the welfare of his fellow men show themselves. His standard rises; he is ever seeking higher things. We know that he has been with Jesus for his deeds as well as "his speech betrayeth him." That being the result of obedience, what are we to think of the law? Can a clean thing come out of an unclean? It is a sufficient answer to the caviller that the results are right. It gives, to use his own words, a working theory of life. It keeps him from being arrogant in prosperity, it saves him from despair in adversity and in all circumstances, it has its appropriate ministry even to the edge of the grave where it speaks to him of eternal life.

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MR. VARLEY'S Y. M. C. A. WORK.

THE many friends of Mr. Henry Varley on this side the Atlantic will be pleased to learn that he is meeting with remarkable success in his work among the Young Men's Christian Associations in England. He gave a powerful address recently at the Aldersgate Street Branch in London, at which Mr. George Williams, the father of Young Men's Christian Associations, presided. God blessed the effort to the conversion of no fewer than twenty-six of the young men present. Mr. Varley's three and a half-year's labor in Australia and New Zealand seem to have thoroughly recuperated him. He is looking as strong and vigorous as he used to ten years ago, and has overcome the infirmities which caused the apprehension of his friends before his departure for Australia. His tour there was one of continuous labor, but he has returned rested and invigorated in mind and body, and full of zeal for the Lord's work among young men.

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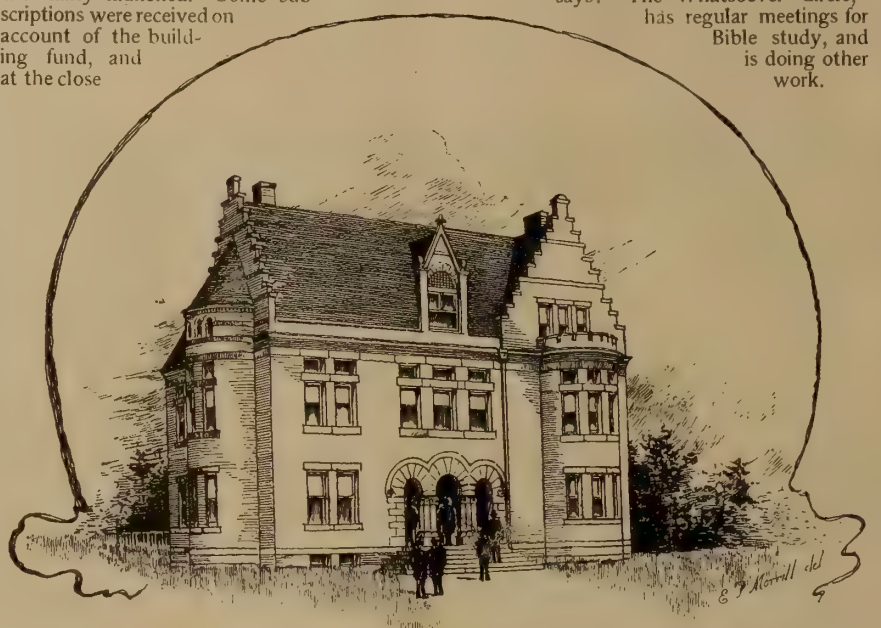
A THRIVING COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

THE students of Dartmouth College are justifiably proud of their new Young Men's Christian Association building which has now been finished and dedicated. Four years ago the need of a new building was becoming urgent, many of the students, who came from distant sections to study in the famous institution of the Granite State, were making the Association their church home. Prayer-meetings, Bible-study, religious exercises of various kinds, drew them together in the circle of the Association and mutual benefit resulted Better accommodations, more complete equipment were needed and the project of a new building was fairly launched. Some subscriptions were received on account of the building fund, and at the close of the year, the trustees of the College voted a sum of six thousand dollars, for the purpose on condition that nine thousand additional was raised, covering the total estimated cost of the building, which was $15,000. This amount was quickly raised and on June 25, 1890, the corner-stone of the handsome substantial structure was laid. A year later the completion of the building was celebrated with appropriate services. Furnishing and various other arrangements occupied six months and absorbed about three thousand dollars more, which were promptly donated, and in December last the building was ready for use. It is built of brick with stone facings, in harmony with the surrounding college buildings, A picture of it is here given. Its membership is one hundred and sixty all of whom are students of Dartmouth College. It is interesting to learn that already very successful missionary efforts have originated in the association. At two places, about four miles away from the college, meetings are regularly held by the members with blessed results.



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, Y. M. C. A., HANOVER, N. H.

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THE Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

Half rates have been secured on all the railroads to Auburn, N. Y., for those wishing to attend the annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York State on Feb. 18. Last year there were over 600 delegates present, and this year more are expected.

Some of the speakers who will take part in the proceedings are the Rev. Dr. R. Taylor, Rochester; the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst New York; Major Gen. O. O. Howard, United States Army; James McConaughy, Mount Hermon, Mass; Dr R. H. Thurston, Cornell University; Prof. J. H. Gilmore, University of Rochester; Walter C. Douglas, Philadelphia; Dr. L. C. Warner, New York; Rev. C. M. Eddy, Syracuse, and Joseph T. Alling, Rocheeter.

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A NEW DEPARTURE.

AN excellent suggestion to circles of King's Daughters is made by Kate Bond in the *Silver Cross*. It is in the line of practical helpfulness and will, if carried out, lead to a wide extension of organized benevolence. It arises out of the knowledge that many members of the Order have cast-off clothing which they would be glad to put to some useful purpose. Miss Bond suggest that every district should organize a bureau for the reception of such articles. There, they could be renovated and assorted. Lists of articles in stock could be sent to the various circles in the district with the price attached. Persons in need could thus be supplied at low rates either by their own purchase or by the purchase of benevolent members of the Order. It is probable that ladies who are not members of the Order would contribute garments to such a bureau, and so be saved the trouble of distribution. This is a very sensible and practical project which deserves the consideration of every circle.

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AN INDIAN CIRCLE.

A DEEPLY interesting story of King's Daughters' work among the Indians in the school at Carlisle, Pa., is sent by Miss Alice M. Seabrook to the headquarters of the Order, she says: "The Whatsoever Circle," has regular meetings for Bible study, and is doing other work.

"The Wayside Gleaners" was formed in April, 1890, and has been and is *composed entirely of Indians* with the exception of the doctor's daughter, a little girl of thirteen, and myself. Our officers have always been Indians. We meet every other Sabbath afternoon for devotional meeting and Bible study, the girls leading and taking part in the meetings. They are making a special effort now to do personal work among the other girls who are not Christians, and their efforts have not been in vain. The circle has rendered valuable aid to Miss Goodale in her work among the Sioux.

Several of our members have returned to their homes in the West, and are carrying on the work "In His Name." One, the assistant matron at an agency school, has there formed a circle. Another writes that she is getting ready to do so. A third writes that she cannot form a circle, but she does all she can to help those who need it, and when she finds something very hard to do, the thought that she is "The King's Daughter" makes the hard places easy.

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THE report of a revival in a church comes from Montreal. The cause, under God's blessing originated in the Christian Endeavor Society of that Church. The pastor kept a blank book in which were entered the names of persons for whose conversion prayers were desired by their friends. The book was open to members of the Christian Endeavor Society, who entered names and also their own names, promising to pray for the individuals mentioned. These pledges were kept and a gracious revival followed.

FOUR YEARS TO THE RAPTURE

FROM THE "FRIENDS' EXPOSITOR."

SHALL we awake? Will we be persuaded to read just a little upon the greatest subject in the world? We should read about it to-day because the consensus of Biblical study points to the closing years of this nineteenth century as the time when all things are to be fulfilled. With so many guideboards, all indicating the pathway you cannot afford to let this thing alone any longer. So I repeat my question, Will you read a little about it?

1. But did not Jesus say that no man can know the day or the hour? At the very outset let us settle this difficulty. The first abrupt answer is, No, Jesus said nothing of the kind. To explain: He said then, "no man knoweth either the day or the hour;" but he did not say that no man ever should know, when God's time for allowing such knowledge should arrive. If he had said no man ever should know the time of the Advent he would have flatly contradicted Daniel, who had given the word of the Lord that, at a certain time, some men should know and understand the time for the end of the age. You ask for the proof of this; well, here it is:

Turn to the twelfth chapter of Daniel. Here we read of the question asked of the Man who was clothed in linen: "How long shall it be to the end of these wonders?" A glance at the context shows that "these wonders" extended to the very resurrection itself. Then the Man made answer that it should be "for a time, times and a half." Daniel declares that he heard the saying, but did not understand it at all. At this point the Man replies to him: "Go thy way, Daniel, for the words are closed up and sealed;" that is, they are not meant to be understood. But was this always to be? By no means, for if so the giving of them at all was a mockery. But in the very next words he declares that they were sealed "until the time of the end." Notice this particularly. It is perfectly plain, and there is no reason to misunderstand it.

"The Time of the End"

does not mean the end itself, but the time immediately preceding the end. Surely this is the most ordinary common sense. The declaration of the Angel then was that Daniel could not understand the numbers because God had sealed up their meaning for a future generation, but that when the time of the end arrived, then the seal would be broken, and of course the meaning should be comprehended. But who would be able to do so? He expressly states that when the time of the end has arrived, then, "the wise shall understand, but none of the wicked shall understand." Then he adds some very plain numbers of 1,200 and 1,335.

2. What then is now known of the prophetic times? Much more than the average Christian is aware of. In the first place, we know that the numbers of Daniel are to be read on the "year-day" plan. That is, a day stands for a year—at least in one of their fulfillments. So many fulfillments and facts converge to this conclusion that we must consider it established beyond a doubt. Next, we know that the famous 2,520 years, or "seven times" measure the length of the four Gentile Empires prefigured by Daniel's Image and Four Beasts and start with the Babylonian Empire. (Daniel 4: 16; 2: 31-45; 7.) If they began with the reign of Nabopolassar about 620 B. C., then it is certain that this century will see their expiration. The Lord plainly said to Nebuchadnezzar his son, "Thou art the head of gold." That is, this Babylonian Empire, which was begun by his father, was the beginning of the Gentile Powers so clearly symbolized by the Image of his dream.

A System of Chronology

has been arrived at by patient investigators who have spent years in the work. If you ask how this has been done? I answer, it has been done chiefly by a careful comparison of Scripture with Scripture, collecting and correlating all the multitudinous cross-references in the prophetical and historical books of the Bible, many of which seem to have entirely escaped notice heretofore, just as the record of Joshua's miracle was not noticed. Lieutenant Totten, of Yale College, has done good work in showing how all the important astronomical cycles, transits and periods, accurately fall in with this perfected chronology, and says that, "on far less evidence than this he would not hesitate to become a Jonah to a Nineveh."

3. The End of this Age, when? Surely this is a question that ought to interest every one living, if the end may be reached in our lifetime. Soon there will come the last seven years of Daniel's famous prophecy, during

which the personal Antichrist will acquire his terrible power, and the "great tribulation" will take place. This "tribulation" will begin specially when Antichrist "breaks the covenant in the midst of the week" of seven years. (Daniel 9:27.) In a few years time in all probability, this great tribulation will commence. But beyond all controversy the watchful, waiting Christians, are to be "caught up to meet the Lord in the air" before this "great tribulation" begins; so that the time for them to remain upon the earth seems to be no more than four years from the present time. Before you are tempted to exclaim "Incredible!" stop and reconsider the facts which we have placed under our eyes.

Lieutenant Totten, says, "Stood we condemned to an inevitable death upon one-thousandth part of the certainty involved in these calculations, we would all be engrossed in setting our affairs in order, and shall we not awake to an alarm which proclaims that the day of the Lord is at hand?" Read Hab. 2:2-4, and believe the word of the Lord.

A MISSIONARY'S REPORT.

OUR readers will remember that one of the most brilliant and distinguished of the young students who responded to Mr. Moody's appeal for missionaries, a few years ago, was Mr. Stanley P. Smith. He went to China and has recently returned to attend to some urgent family affairs. In speaking to some friends about his work he said that he was at first placed right in the middle of China, with no senior missionaries or experienced persons to guide him and made many mistakes, and met a great deal of discouragement. After dwelling on these, the speaker related how Mr. Shee, a Chinaman of good birth, had been converted and been greatly used in the establishment of opium refuges and in spreading the good news amongst his fellow-countrymen. The province where Mr. Smith worked was about the worst in China for opium smoking. There was more opium grown there than in all India. Indian opium indeed was principally eaten by the grandees at the coast, but very little was seen inland. Nearly all the work at the station was done in connection with the opium refugees. Three hundred men and fifty women had passed through his refuge, but that did not mean either that all had become Christians, nor that they had all given up opium. The Chinese were not longing either for the Gospel or for missionaries, but Christians had their Master's command and their marching orders. The country was open even more freely than in some parts of England. The last two months he was in China were very interesting. He visited a chain of stations all down the river, one with one hundred and fifty members, another with sixty, ninety, seventy and so on. Although the work was going on slowly it was God's work and that was their joy and satisfaction. It was theirs to sow, and in God's good time the harvest would come.

A TEMPLE IN DANGER.

IN a letter from Ceylon to a contemporary a traveller says that he recently visited a Buddhist temple in that island, which is in danger of destruction from a remarkable cause. It is a vast structure, estimated to contain twenty million cubic feet of bricks and is solidly built. There is now, however, a tremendous rent in it which menaces its destruction. It appears, the traveller says, likely to fall apart. The cause is a wild fig-tree which has grown out of the building. Probably some bird dropped a tiny seed in an aperture in the building where it took root. The roots have now spread in all directions disintegrating the building. It is so that the Buddhist and all other erroneous systems may be destroyed. The seed of God's Word working silently in the hearts of men is the surest means of overthrowing sin and error.

A GOVERNOR'S APPEAL.

A UNIQUE letter sent to Rev. Dr. Carlin, of Swatow, China, by the governor of an adjacent town, is sent by him to the *Church at Home and Abroad*. It is as follows: "Tell the great teacher that I have heard the doctrine preached and believe it, and I have sent my children to the Christian school at Hong Kong; and my children subsequently are good children, while the children of my brothers here are bad, not having gone to Christian schools. I rule the whole town, but dare not profess Christianity, for I should be beaten and driven out; but I read the Holy Scriptures daily. Come and teach our people, who are very bad; but they shall not hurt you. Bring your wife along to teach the women, and I will lend you a house in which to live, up-stairs, down-stairs, or both."

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells of a Visit by a Friend to the Khedive's Garden in Alexandria, Egypt.

SEE, young people; I have received a letter from a friend, the Captain of an English steamer that goes to Mediterranean ports," said Uncle John, holding up the missive in question, "and it describes a visit to the Khedive's Garden in Alexandria, Egypt, that may be of interest to you. You know," he explained to the children, "that one of the principal residences of the Khedive — the Ras-el-tin palace is at Alexandria."

"Do read us the letter!" cried the listeners in chorus.

"Perhaps it may tell us something about the boy Khedive," Tom added, suggestively.

"No," returned Uncle John. "It was written before Abbas' father died. Captain S. . . . . and a few friends hired a carriage in the famous square where the Alexandrian massacre occurred during the revolution of Arabi Pasha,—you may remember my telling you about it some time ago. Then his letter tells the rest:

"'Driving out past Pompey's Pillar and along the banks of the Nile,' he writes, 'we soon came to the garden of the Khedive. This great pleasure-ground covers a space of about four square miles and is enclosed by railings which at one time had been completely covered with gilt, but are no longer in perfect condition. Its walks, which I could see, had originally been laid out with great artistic skill, are now ill-tended, though still very beautiful. Fruit trees, flowers, figs, lemons and oranges were growing everywhere in profusion, much of the fruit dropping on the ground and going to waste. A few Arab gardeners were lolling about in a slothful and indolent fashion. Ascending from the lower level to the top of the hill, there is a bandstand, where the English regimental band and that of the Khedive play twice a week. The Khedive's palace is on the grounds and is a large block of buildings, in the usual Oriental style that seems never to change or modify. The architecture is, indeed magnificent; but it has suffered greatly from neglect and is now fallen into disrepair."

"'Each path that leads through the garden is different in design from all the others, and some of the designs are of very great beauty. They were the work of a number of English gardeners, who were brought out especially for that purpose by the Khedive. There is in places a heavy, promiscuous growth of weeds, almost attaining the dimensions of a miniature jungle, but the tempting promenades and attractive outlines of the parterres, gay with color and redolent with many perfumes, can distinctly be traced. Here and there, you come to an artifical pond with gold fish, and fountains so muddy that, unless the fish come to the surface, they cannot be seen. There are six different species of fish in the lakes. Groups of slender-necked swans float about gracefully; but they, too, seem to be neglected, for they take fright at the approach of a stranger, instead of being bold enough to pick up the crumbs that are thrown to them by ladies and children. A great many Alexandrian women frequent the garden, picking the rare flowers and unhesitatingly helping themselves to the ripe fruit, or cooling themselves in the refreshing shade of the luxuriant foliage. Some of these Alexandrian ladies are very handsome and, despite their dusky, yellow skins, a few whom I met might even be called beautiful. Princess Eminyeh, the widow of Tewfik and mother of Abbas, the young Khedive, often visits the garden."

"What a strange place!" exclaimed Ted.

IN THE KHEDIVE'S GARDEN, ALEXANDRIA—PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS EMINYEH.

"'In the Khedive's garden,' continued uncle, reading; 'one sees the eccentricities of dress that characterise the various classes of Alexandrians; for there, as everywhere else in the world, dress is the badge of social rank to a very great extent. The attire is invariably picturesque. The men wear the fez and the turban, and the more turns there are to the turban, the more dignified is the wearer. The ladies have white dresses and long veils, neither of them of a snowy purity, and some sadly in need of the seamstress. Old women usually have a dress of some dark stuff and a black veil. All wander about the garden unhindered, and occasionally pick a flower or a cluster of figs, for in the Khedive's garden one is privileged to feast not only the eye, but the appetite on the tempting dainties within reach. I did not see this privilege abused, but I was informed that, for a few piastres, paid to the Arab gardeners, I could pick as much as I chose.'"

"Pick all the pretty posies he liked?" interrupted little Nellie.

"Yes, dear, but let me go on with the letter. 'As we passed the Khedive's palace, there were no signs of life within. The exterior of the splendid building, which was once the pride of Alexandria and the greatest monument of Ismail Pasha's extravagance, (Ismail was the Khedive before Tewfik, you know, children), is time-worn and defaced; the doorways and windows are dilapidated and the gravelled walks leading to the entrances are full of ruts and weed-grown. The nobility and the better class drive past the palace where the roads are still fine and seem to take a gloomy pleasure in gazing upon the scene of former magnificence. Ismail's spendthrift regime was the heyday of Alexandrian prosperity, and it is constantly bewailed.

"'Retracing our steps along the four-mile walk from the Khedive's garden to the city, we encountered a strange sight. It was now afternoon—the most delightful period of the day. There are half a dozen entrances to the garden and at every entrance there was a steady stream of people, while along the red banks of the muddy Nile, were strung out long lines of pedestrians, all bound in the same direction. The long, slanting rays of the evening sun gilded the yellow waters of the ancient river and lent it the aspect of a stream of molten gold. Camels, people carrying water pitchers on their heads and Nubian slaves or servants, mingled with the pleasure-seekers. There was a sprinkling of British military uniforms, too, for there is a British garrison at Alexandria, and the English soldiers believe in enjoying themselves when they have a holiday in which to visit the garden. I have visited many beautiful places in different parts of the world, says the letter in conclusion, 'but there is none that I recall with more pleasure than the Khedive's Garden.'"

As the reading ended, the children turned to some photographs of the garden and palace, that were produced by Uncle John.

"These," he explained, "were taken for the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who, with the Rev. Dr. Talmage, also visited the garden in 1890. They were shown through the palace and were charmed with its beautiful interior, the Khedive's representative personally conducting them and showing them every courtesy. Those" he added with a smile, "are among the incidents that one remembers for a lifetime."

* * *

A Golden Hour.

A WISE parent will prize and will rightly use the hour of the children's bed-time. That is the golden hour for good impressions on the children's hearts, writes H. C. Trumbull in *Child-Training*. That is the parent's choicest opportunity of holy influence. There should be no severity then, no punishment at that time. Every word spoken in that hour should be a word of gentleness and affection. The words which are most likely to be borne in mind by the children, in all their later years, as best illustrating the spirit and influence of their parents, are the good-night words of those parents. And it may be that those words are the last that the parents shall ever have the privilege of speaking to their children; for every night of sleep is a pregnant suggestion of the night of the last sleep. Let, then, the good-night words of parents to their children be always those words by which the parents would be glad to be remembered when their voices are forever hushed; and which they themselves can recall gladly if their children's ears are never again open to good-night words from them.

* * *

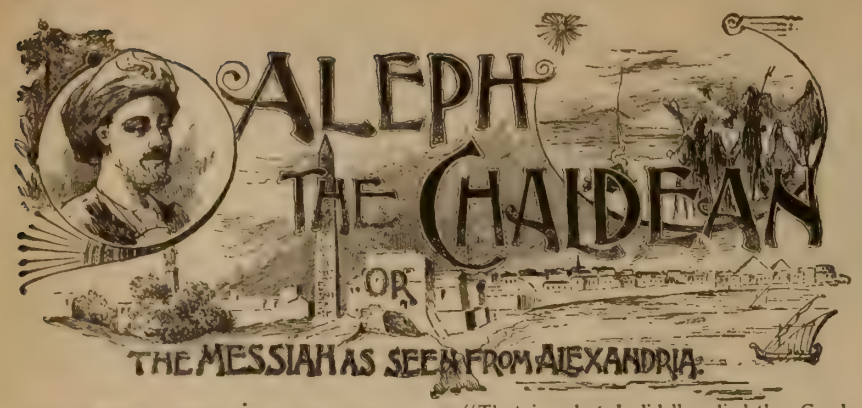
A Husband's Resolves.

WHEN Theodore Parker was married, says *The Household*, he entered in his journal on his wedding-day the following resolutions:

First—Never, except for the best reasons, to oppose my wife's will.
Second—To discharge all duties for her sake freely.
Third—Never to scold.
Fourth—Never to look cross at her.
Fifth—Never worry her with commands.
Sixth—To promote her piety.
Seventh—To bear her burdens.
Eight—To overlook her foibles.
Ninth—To save, cherish, and forever defend her.
Tenth—To remember her always in my prayers.

Thus, God willing, we shall be blessed.

Here, surely, is a suggestion that some young households might profit by.



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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(*Continued.*)

IX.

THE MAGICIAN.

ON his return to the khan, as Aleph entered the Egyptian quarter, he began to notice the papyrus placards of which Shaphan had spoken; and, as he advanced, they became numerous: pasted on walls, booths, boxes, whatever conspicuous object presented itself. Had the art of printing been known to Simon, he plainly would have been a famous advertiser. As it was, he had made a very liberal use of the scribes of the city. Aleph stopped to read one immense sheet, beautifully written on, which a boy was carrying aloft on a pole. This sheet informed the public that Simon, the greatest magician and master of occult wisdom in modern times, would exhibit his wonderful powers this eve at the khan near the Serapeum, at the rate of two drachmas a head. The price for admission had been put so low in order that the entertainment might be within the reach of all. Let all come. They would see the greatest show on earth. Whatever the wizards of Thessaly, the astrologers of Chaldea, the sybils of Magna Grecia, the soothsayers and diviners of Etruria, and the sorcerers and necromancers of ancient Egypt and India could do, he was able to do —and more. Let all the people come and see. For an extra didrachma there would be seats reserved. * * *

Cimon was found waiting just outside the khan; from the inside of which came the sound of busy axes and hammers. He proposed that they should go for their evening meal to some quiet stall in the neighboring Egyptian market and there talk over their concerns. Accordingly they were soon established in a nook by themselves, and Aleph proceeded to relate his experiences during the day thus far.

In return, Cimon said that the object of Seti in calling him aside was to ask whether he had as yet seen any sign of a hostile movement on the part of the son of the Governor; also whether he knew of any reason why Malus would favor such a movement. The first question he answered in the negative: as to the second, he was obliged to say that there were circumstances that made it likely that Malus would favor any scheme to their disadvantage of which he might happen to learn. On this, Seti said that, knowing well as he did the violent and revengeful character of the young Roman, he had thought it best to have his movements watched; and had discovered that, since the disturbance at the Diapleuston, and especially within the last twenty-four hours, there had been considerable stealthy intercourse between him and Malus. It looked very much as if they were concerting mischief. After what Cimon had told him he had no doubt as to the objects of the mischief. Might he ask whether the circumstances referred to were such as to enlist Malus thoroughly in any enterprise, however bad, against himself and his young friend? To this Cimon had answered that the circumstances were indeed such that their entire disappearance from the scene would free Malus from a great peril.

"Then," said Seti emphatically, "he will join the Roman in trying to do you all the mischief he can. He will have no scruples as to way or means."

After Aleph and Rachel had left, Seti had still detained him for a while with various examples of the unscrupulous craft and daring of the man. He begged that they would transfer themselves without delay. But Cimon thought that he ought to confer with Aleph about the matter before accepting the offer. So, thanking the priest for it, and promising to report the next day, he took leave.

"Would it not have been well," said Aleph, "to leave in the hands of the high-priest that parcel which I saw you making up last evening of the results of your inquiries as to Malus —I mean for safe keeping?"

"That is what I did," replied the Greek; "going back for that purpose after I had made another visit and added to the parcel some account of that."

He then proceeded to say that, finding it still so early that he might hope to find the custom house superintendent at his post, he determined to call upon him and ascertain the result of the inquiry he had promised to make. This he did. The official reported that the eminent merchant Malus had entered the office shortly after Cimon had left it, and, on hearing of the request to examine the registers, had kindly offered to solicit a permit from the Governor. It would be very little trouble, as he was about going to Bruchium on business of his own. But he proved unsuccessful. Despite his efforts, the most he could obtain was a permit for himself to make the examination in behalf of the stranger; and then only in case the person should approve himself to him as a person of standing and consideration. Of course this ended the matter. Cimon bowed and retired.

"How much will this failure be likely to embarrass our cause?" inquired Aleph.

"It makes it impossible for us to charge Malus with a crime against the State; that is, the crime of smuggling, or of collusion with some custom house officials to defraud the government."

"I understand. You have certified copies of the receipts at Myos Hermos; also certified copies of the receipts given for the same goods by Malus as harbor-master here; so that you know that Malus has received all the goods sent. If any of these do not appear on the registers here, it must be because he has brought them into the city without passing them through the custom house, or, if through the custom house, he is in conspiracy with some of its officials to defraud the State—a crime more likely to get prompt attenttion than one that is merely against an individual—and a foreigner."

"Exactly. Still our case, as it now stands, would naturally compel a formal examination of the registers: for we can prove that Malus has received everything up to the gates of the custom house. Beyond the gates he declares himself to have received much less—that is, much has been lost in passing through the custom house. This is really charging its officials with crime. Such a charge, it would seem, must compel an examination of the registers. Still I would have been glad to set the offense against the State in the foreground of the battle."

"Then," said Aleph, "supposing the registry accounts to agree with ours, Malus would be liable to refund the value of the missing goods according to the prices ruling at the times they were received, and to add to this a considerable sum on nearly every one of the many other lots consigned to him for thirty years on account of false statements as to the duties imposed and the prices current—in regard to both of which you have gained sufficient information. Have you estimated what the whole indebtedness amounts to?"

"Not closely; but it must amount to an immense sum. And then, if Malus should incidentally be convicted of smuggling, half of the large sum forfeited by the Roman law would fall to the party establishing the fact. If the courts are equitable our success means the ruin of Malus (or what he would consider such)—especially as it would bring upon him the claims of many other persons whom he has wronged, but who hitherto have been afraid to contend with him. Of course a man with so much at stake must be expected to make great efforts to secure himself; and such a man as Malus will stop at nothing, however criminal, that promises to help him. By this time, no doubt, he is wide awake."

"Do you suppose," inquired Aleph after a moment's silence, "that the exhibition this evening is inspired by him and covers some design against us?"

"I fear so," said Cimon, moving uneasily, "though I do not see clearly how it can be made to serve his purpose. I would that we and our belongings were well in the Serapeum. But it is now too late in the day to make a change: all that we can do is to be wary while remaining for the night at the khan."

"I should have some scruples about being present at a professedly magical exhibition if it were not practically involuntary. But, since we have no choice in the matter, we may at least get the advantage of noticing the contrast between the miracles of Jesus as they have been reported to us and the marvels of the most famous magician of our time—for such I understand he is considered."

"Try to imagine some advantage to his cousin Malus in this movement," suggested Cimon.

"Is it not supposable that Malus is very superstitious (as I believe such men are apt to be) and has great confidence in the magic art, and hopes to weave about us some hindering if not destructive spell, enlisting against us demoniacal forces? Perhaps, too, he proposes to frighten us from our purpose by astrological and other predictions of impending evil: also will seek to enlarge his knowledge of us by asking for the facts needed for constructing a horoscope."

"That will do very well for a guess," said Cimon. "And since we are guessing I will make a small contribution. Perhaps the darkness which is sure to accompany the exhibition at some stage will be used for an attack on us bodily. This can be imputed to spirits. If I should see among the spectators any persons with villainous and cut-throat faces, I should feel called on to be on the watch."

Cimon now proposed that they should at once return to the khan and acquaint themselves with their new surroundings somewhat in advance of the evening's performance.

The sun was about setting, and many people were already collected about the gate, reading the large poster that hung upon it and comparing views and expectations, when our friends came up. They were at once admitted as being guests of the establishment. They found a platform erected in the middle of the court, and closely drawn about by curtains on which were various cabalistic characters. From within issued a smoke, an odor as of strange drugs, a hissing sound as of boiling, faint flashes of light, and various sounds as of people moving about and arranging. Around the stage, at a small distance, hurdles had been set up—also about the piazza. The only break in these two lines of hurdles was opposite the room which Cimon and Aleph occupied. Here were two gates giving access from the stage to the piazza by means of a flight of steps from the former.

"What does this mean?" thought our two friends. "Did it happen so?"

In passing to their room along the piazza they found benches, each of which could seat four persons, standing before each room, but set forward so as to allow free passage behind them. Before their own door, however, stood only a single short bench seating only two persons. Right before this seat, under the eaves of the piazza, hung a single lighted lamp —the only lamp visible anywhere.

"And what does all this mean?" thought our friends. "Does it mean honor to us as guests of the house or to make us easier marks for the archer?"

Without stopping to answer such questions they unlocked their door; and, entering, held their usual evening devotions with no appearance of distraction or hurry. When they came out, staff in hand, and took seats on the bench before the door, they found that the shadows had considerably deepened, and the signs of activity within the curtained stage had considerably increased. As yet no spectators had been admitted.

Soon, however, people began to enter the court: then, after a while, the piazza began to be occupied. Our friends watched narrowly every successive arrival as long as the deepening shadows allowed; but it soon became impossible to form any idea of faces and figures. But they were very many—so many at last that there seemed to be no more standing room in the court, nor sitting room under the piazza. The seats nearest them, on the right and left, somehow came to be occupied last, and though Aleph bent specially on them his young searching eyes, the light had become too dim to be of service. He then noticed for the first time that the lamp before him had protruding sides that fended off the rays to the right and left. Himself and companion would have the sole benefit of the illumination. Would it be a benefit?

A bell tinkled. Up went the stage curtains. In the midst of a blaze of light stood a man of unusual stature. His beard was long and black, and long black locks hung below the close-fitting black cap. A long black mantle covered with geometrical and other figures hung gracefully from his shoulders. Supreme confidence in his own powers and position breathed in his whole attitude and expression. His air was that of an acknowledge sage. He stood motionless for a few moments as if to allow the people a full opportunity to see what a dignified and promising person was before them. He then turned quietly and took a cool survey of the packed court and of the piazza beyond as if to acquaint himself with the situation—to see how many persons and what sort of persons made up his audience. His survey ended with his confronting Cimon and Aleph for a moment.

A little back of this remarkable figure stood another scarcely less noticeable—a beautiful woman richly, though scantily, dressed, in the Greek fashion. Behind her, at the two corners of the platform, stood two Nubians, black as midnight, who could scarcely be said to be dressed at all. Between these latter stood a table on which was a seething cauldron over a brazier of live coals—also a large shallow dish. Two stools and a number of stools were under the table.

Simon turned and bowed low to Helena—for that was the Aspasia-like woman near him. Then, turning to the people:

"I always make it a point," said he, "to begin with acknowledging my obligations to my sister, to whom I am indebted for much of my success."

He then added, "I wish it to be distinctly understood at the outset that a part of what I shall do this evening is only skillful illusion; another part will be done simply by means of my acquaintance with the more mysterious laws and forces of Nature; a third part will be done by the help of powerful spirits whom I have subjected, to a certain extent, by my art, but who do not belong to that class of spirits with whom intercourse is forbidden."

He at once began to draw a ribbon from his mouth. He drew and drew—apparently there was no end to the stock of ribbons within him. At last, with a gesture of impatience, he broke off the endless thing at this lips, and gulped down the remainder. He then went to the brazier of glowing coals and proceeded to eat them as so much fruit—to eat with excellent appetite.

Suddenly turning from his feast, he took up the large dish on the table and poured out from it a quantity of sand on the platform. He completely reversed the dish and shook it. He then replaced the sand, inserted in it a small seed, spread his two hands over the dish, and waited for what might happen. What happened was a little olive tree—as everybody could see as soon as Simon had removed his hands and held up the dish for general view. He then set down the dish on the floor, covered it for a moment with a corner of his mantle, and then held it up to view again. Lo, the little olive of a few inches had doubled its size. Once more he covered it from view. On removing his robe, he showed to the people a plant so large that its roots had crowded out all the sand from the vessel and protruded from it on all sides. Using another corner of the mantle, he reversed the proccss. The great plant dwindled by successive stages into the original seed which was held up for the people to see.

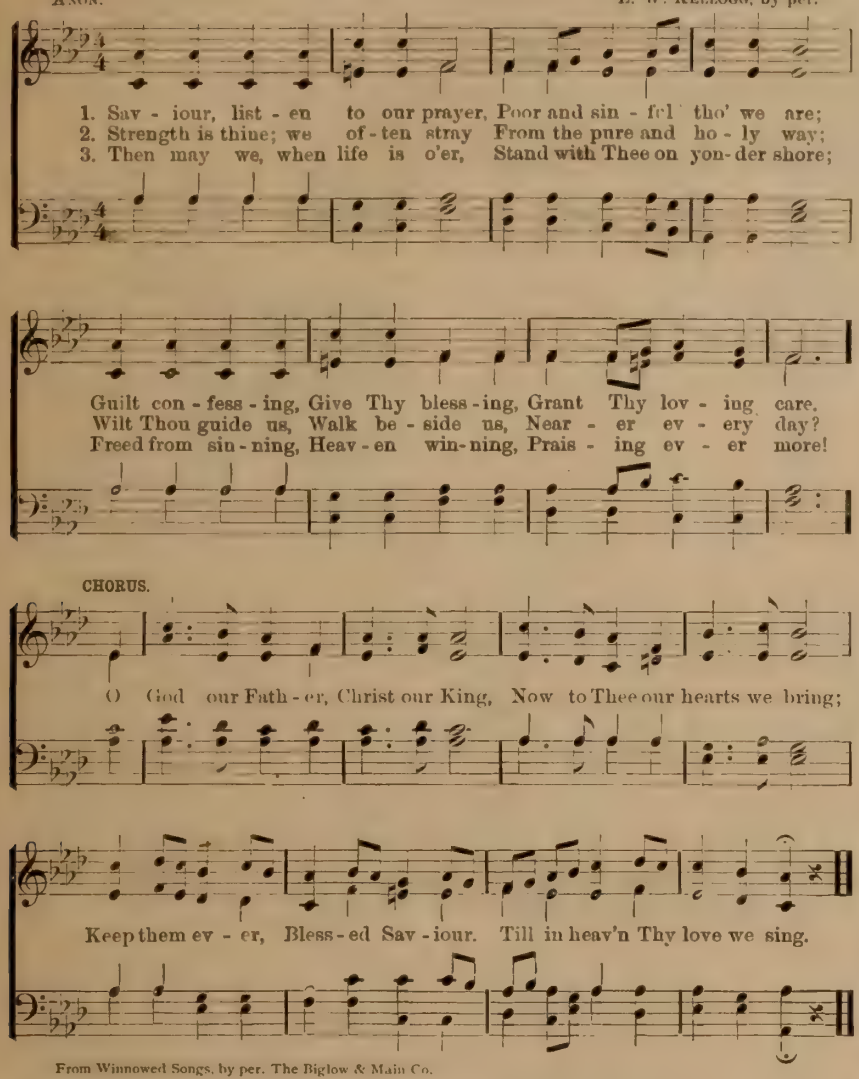
Taking the same dish, shaking the sand out of it, even taking the pains to wipe it vigorously with one corner of his robe, he reversed it on the floor. Muttering a few words over it, he lifted it and a cat appeared. He replaed the dish over the cat; after a moment lifted again, and behold, a dog instead of a cat. Replacing the dish over the dog, and after a moment lifting it again, he astonished the people with the sight of a litter of puppies. Reversing the process, he produced in succession the dog, the cat, and the empty dish.

Next, Simon seated himself at the table, and laid the tips of his fingers upon it. Helena set a seat by his side and did the same. The two Nubians, came forward, and, having moved the brazier, seated themselves on the table itself. In a few moments it began to tip, and finally fell to swaying and leaping so violently that the blacks were unable to keep their seats, though they struggled hard to do so. Having dislodged the two bulky fellows, the table rose several feet in the air and remained suspended; and the brazier with its cauldron rose gently after it and resumed its old place without any disturbance of their contents—and all the while raps and musical sounds both over and under the table were heard. The Nubians caught hold of the legs of the table and tried with all their might to pull it down; whereupon it rose still higher, dragging the men after it. Simon made a downward pass with his hand, and at once it descended gently and noiselessly to the floor.

(To be Continued.)

Saviour, Listen to our Prayer.

ANON. E. W. KELLOGG, by per.


1. Sav - iour, list - en to our prayer, Poor and sin - ful tho' we are;
2. Strength is thine; we of - ten stray From the pure and ho - ly way;
3. Then may we, when life is o'er, Stand with Thee on yon - der shore;
Guilt con - fess - ing, Give Thy bless - ing, Grant Thy lov - ing care.
Wilt Thou guide us, Walk be - side us, Near - er ev - ery day?
Freed from sin - ning, Heav - en win - ning, Prais - ing ev - er more!
CHORUS.
O God our Fath - er, Christ our King, Now to Thee our hearts we bring;
Keep them ev - er, Bless - ed Sav - iour. Till in heav'n Thy love we sing.

From Winnowed Songs, by per. The Biglow & Main Co.

GETHSEMANE'S ROSE.

LONG time ago a traveller found
A rose in far Gethsemane;
She held it sacred from the ground
Where Christ had knelt in agony

She plucked the blossom reverently,
And pressed it with a careful hand,
And brought it home across the sea,
As relic from the Holy Land.

Throughout her life this rose was kept
In secret place of treasures rare;
Long after she "in Jesus slept,"
A friend who loved her found it there.

And laid the flower in water; then
Its petals raised with gentle care;
She was surprised and awe-struck, when
She found its fragrance ling'ring there.

'Tis thirty years since first I heard
The story of the precious rose—
The slumbering life in flower and word
A wondrous promise doth disclose.

If God's dear love would bend to save
A perfume—and its story told—
He surely from oblivion's grave,
Will worthy work of man uphold.

—MARGARET MAY, in *New York Observer*.

BE IN TIME

"Be in time for every call;
If you can, be first of all—
Be in time.
If your teachers only find
You are never once behind,
But are like the dial, true,
They will always trust to you—
Be in time.

"Never linger ere you start;
Set out with a willing heart—
Be in time.
In the morning up and on,
First to work and soonest done;
This is how the goal's attained,
This is how the prize is gained—
Be in time."

I DO NOT KNOW.

I DO not know!
Oh, there are many things I do not know;
But 'tis enough he knows:
He holds the reins: I only have to go
Along the road he shows.

I do not know
Where I may stay and rest when night comes on
But I believe that he,
Whose bit and bridle I so long have worn,
Will still my Master be.

I do not know
Where I am going: I give up my will,
And ask that he alone
Will choose my journey over vale or hill:
I would his guidance own.

I do not know
The mission he appoints, the good I do,
The purposes fulfilled,
The great events that am making true,
The honors he has willed.

I do not know!
Nor do I need to know his blest design
It is enough he knows:
I just leave all and make his willing mine,
On to my journey's close.

—WILLIAM LUFF.

A BIBLE WOMAN'S WORK.

JAPANESE work like Christian work in other lands is subject to discouragements. It is also capable of being revived when a really consecrated devoted worker who has faith in God is in the midst of a church. Mr. Cary, who is laboring at Osaka, mentions an illustration of the fact in a report to the American Board. He says: "The work at Koriyama was for a long time in a discouraging condition. Several of the church members removed, while others died. There was a debt of about eighty yen (about $70) upon the church building, and the people had become so discouraged that they even talked of selling the property. At the beginning of the summer a student from the Bible-women's School at Kobe went there. After much prayer for divine guidance she proposed to the women who were under her instruction that they make a beginning toward the payment of the debt. They thought that in their poverty little could be done; but by practice of various forms of self-denial they found themselves able to gather a sum far beyond what at first seemed possible. The zeal of the women made it impossible for the men to remain inactive; and so the debt was paid."

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If you have any or all of these symptoms, send 40 cents to me, and I will send you, postpaid, some simple and harmless powders, pleasant to take and easy directions, which, if you follow, will positively and effectually cure in from one to three weeks' time, no matter how bad you may be. Few have suffered from these causes more than I, and fewer still at my age (53) are in more perfect health than I am now. The same means will cure you.
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A YOUNG EVANGELIST.*

STELLA'S work grew, she knew not how, and before she was twenty-four her name was a household word among certain circles in Aspinall. None of the clergy of the neighborhood took her up; her supporters were chiefly merchants, tradesmen and the well-to-do class, and obscure workers in the slums, who introduced her to their mission-rooms as often as she would come.

She had for some time made one rule at her meetings, from which she never deviated. As many of them were held in the lowest parts of Aspinall, one or two policemen were usually on duty near the building, and these she invariably sought out for a few minutes' conversation, either before or after the meeting. At first it was a sudden impulse which led her to address a stalwart guardian of the peace one evening, and, after earnestly pressing on him his need of a Saviour, to offer him a copy of *Never Say Die*, which she happened to have with her, writing his name in pencil on the fly-leaf before she did so.

To her surprise the big fellow held it in his white-gloved hand, looking at it with a mixture of wonder and pleasure that seemed inexplicable, until he spoke in a strangely softened tone.

Well, ma'am, I'm much obliged, I'm sure; and I'll keep it as a curiosity all my life, in remembrance of the first person as ever spoke to me about my soul since I entered the force, twelve years ago.

You don't mean it! exclaimed Stella, much distressed.

It's a fact, ma'am, though we're on duty outside these mission-halls, and the churches and chapels, all the year round. We see folks going in—pious ones, too, that work hard for the good of others—but they never think of us. Perhaps they suppose our souls are taken out of us before we join the force. They need to be, for all the care that's taken of them, added X 54 rather bitterly.

I am glad I spoke, then, said Stella simply. Will you read the book as well as keep it? And will you remember that Christ doesn't forget that you have a soul, even if his servants overlook you?

I'll read the book, ma'am, with pleasure. We'll have a bit more time for reading, I think, if you go on as you've begun. Do you know, ma'am, during the six months you've been holding meetings in Aspinall, you've got hold of nine or ten of our most troublesome customers, and turned 'em into teetotalers and saints?

EASTERN DEVIL WORSHIPPERS.†

THE celebrated missionary, Joseph Wolff, has a weird account of a tribe of devil-worshippers inhabiting the region known as Shinar in the Scriptures. They dwell in a mountain called Sanjaar. They are murderers and the terror of every caravan passing in the vicinity. Layard says that they do not know the name "Mani"; but Wolff has heard them say "Mani" and "Perne" and "Hora," which names are also known among the Buddhists of Thibet. He suspects the Yezeedi to be a remnant of the old Manichæans.

Wolff proceeds to say that he saw an old man with a white beard riding upon a mule, and who waved his hand and said, verbatim, as follows: "Will the Lord have ever mercy upon you again? Will he ever bring you back to the fold, O ye mountaineers of Sanjaar? O Lord, bring them back! bring them back!"

This old man said that the inhabitants of that mountain were formerly (about 1675), Christians. But they were persecuted by the mountaineers of Mahallamia, who were apostates from Christianity to Mohammedanism, and by the mountaineers of Miana, who were devil-worshippers, and apostatized, pulling down their churches and becoming worshippers of the devil.

In the devil-worship of this tribe Wolff, believes there is to be found the meaning of the word satyr, and a remarkable fulfilment of prophecy. The word satyr has been somewhat of a puzzle to commentators. Goats, goat-footed demons, and hairy demons have been given as the meaning. Says Wolff, "It is translated more correctly in the Arabic translation of Isaiah, made by Warka the Jew, *Shaytan, i. e.*, the Devil. And by Luther, Weld-Teufel, and by Jerome, Demons."

A GODLESS HOME *

TIME had worn on with John and Rachel. Looking back at that word, its significance seems specially pertinent. The term "worn" can never be rightly applied to time that is happily and worthily passing. It had begun to press seams in John's brow that an evening at some entertainment promising laughter and the chasing away of care did not smooth out. It wore into Rachel's face groups of little wrinkles that made her seem many years older than the record in her relative's family Bible showed.

Jack and Vail, the children, held many heated controversies concerning subjects upon which they had decided, if most one-sided, views, and it more often happened that themes pertaining to religion engaged them. One morning, when sleet and winds kept them indoors, they found themselves in this argumentative mood.

"Well, I've made up my mind that I don't believe in any God at all," Jack was saying to his sister, as their mother came into the room, "do you, mother?"

A faint tinge that would have been crimson, if there had been a foundation for it in the frail-looking woman, came into her weary face as she replied nervously: "Don't ask me such things this morning, my children; I am too tired to talk about them." And without sitting, as she had intended, she left the room, dreading the continuance of the conversation.

"Oh, Jack, you mustn't talk so; I'm sure there is a God, but he is very awful."

"What is the use of him, then? Almost everything is awful, and God ought to be different and always kind, and not make everybody afraid of him."

"Everybody isn't; most people are though, I guess."

"Who isn't? I don't know anybody that isn't."

"That's because you never want to go to Auntie Blair's, and because you don't understand what makes mother so lovely. I don't understand it, but she seems like an angel, and God is very near to good angels, Jack."

Then, after a pause, she continued: "Why, every one of the Blairs loves God, and they all talk about him as their greatest friend. They believe he loves them better than their father and mother do, and my! their father and mother do seem to be more friendly than God (I don't say it wickedly, Jack), for they feel so at home with them."

* From *Won and Not One*, by Emily Lucas Blackall; pp. 117; price, 75 cts. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Publishers.

*From *Stella's Pathway*, by Ellen Louisa Davis; pp. 320; price $1.40. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, Publishers.

† From *The Adversary: a Story in Satanology*; by Wm. A. Matson, D.D.; pp. 238; price $1.25. W. B. Ketcham, New York, Publisher.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Life of Our Lord Upon The Earth. By Samuel J. Andrews: (new and revised edition). A historical, chronological and geographical study of the Saviour's Life and Work among men. pp. 651; price $2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

Stella's Pathway, by Ellen Louise Davis. A delightful evangelical story for the young; pp. 320; price $1.40. published by The Religious Tract Society, London. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago, sole agents.

Children's Exercises for Monthly Missionary Teas and Mission Bands. A delightful little manual, embracing pretty sketches in dialogue and verse for the use of children. These are sure to be enjoyed by the little ones. Also *Monthly Missionary Teas*, a useful and suggestive programme manual for every month in the year, and *Combined Monthly Missionary Teas for Home and Foreign Meetings*, which contains suggested programmes for monthly, quarterly and annual meetings. All three are edited and published by Mrs. Howard Eckert and Mrs. A. B. Huston, Avondale, Cincinnati, O.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon; By Rev. James J. Ellis; a biography of the late eminent divine, which, the author says, "has been a labor of love and is intended as a tribute of esteem and affection." Pp. 219; Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago, Publishers.

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A Subscriber, Upper Providence, Pa. Where and when in Philadelphia are the Civil Service examinations held?

Write to the Civil Service Bureau in Washington for information.

Miss F. Wakeham, Sandy Lake, Ia. Are there Christian Churches in Palestine now, and are they of different denominations, like our own?

Yes; in the larger cities principally. They are of different denominations and are attended by native Christians.

George F. Smith, B oklyn, N. Y. What are the views on Prophecy advocated by Prof. Totten? Has he written a book explaining them?

Prof. Totten's views are fully explained in a series of four paper-covered volumes entitled *Our Race*. They may be had of the publishers at New Haven, Conn., or of Mr. J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.

L. C., Portage, N. Y., writes in further reply to L. B. W., Rahway, N. J., who inquired concerning a State Home for the Blind.

"The Home at Batavia, N. Y., is an educational institution, chartered under the name of 'The New York Institution for the Blind,' and is conducted on a plan similar to the one in New York City. There is no Home, strictly so-called, in the Middle States, except one in Philadelphia, Pa."

D. J. Winkler, Grand Rapids, N. Dak. Should a person, who has to work every day of the week, fast, and if he does not, can he be a Christian? Should he fast even if it should involve the neglect of his employer's work?

No, to all the questions. One should not fast so as to unfit himself for the duties of everyday life, which are quite as obligatory as any other duties.

J. W. Eisele, Dayton, Oregon. In relating an incident, or when repeating a conversation, where an oath has been used, is it wrong to repeat the oaths as the words of another?

It is decidedly wrong, and apart from the moral aspect of the matter, it is in execrable taste. Conversation interlarded with oaths is unfit to be repeated, and nothing can justify its repetition, except as sworn testimony in a courtroom.

James Bauer, Victoria, Ills. 1. How many years ago was Jesus crucified? 2. Was it in the Spring or the Fall? 3. In your opinion would the world crucify him now as it did before, were he to come again?

1. While commentators generally agree that Christ was about thirty-four years of age when crucified, there is a variance of opinion as to the date of his birth. The Abbott Dionysius Exiguus, (who first instituted, in A.D. 532, the Christian calendar,) is said to have dated the Saviour's birth five years too early. Therefore, according to his view, the crucifixion took place about A.D. 38-39, when Jesus was thirty-four years old. He was about thirty, the Scripture tells us, when he began his public ministry, which lasted three and a half years The crucifixion must have taken place about 1854 years ago. 2. In the Spring, as generally accepted. 3. No; the Gospel is now too widely diffused for that to be possible. If Christ were to come, and he were positively identified, the number of men ready to die in his defence who would flock to his side would be so large, though small in relation to the entire population of the world, that he could not be put to death, even if, as is improbable, any government desired to kill him.

O. U. McP., Westmoreland, Kan. 1. Did Christ of himself possess the power to perform miracles, or was it necessary for him to pray to the Father, as he did in some instances? 2. Did he have a perfect knowledge of his mission from the beginning? 3. Were those out whom he cast devils the same as the insane of this age, or were they rational beings, posessed of an evil spirit that recognized Christ as the Son of God?

1. The incident mentioned in Matthew 9: 6, shows that he possessed this power of himself. 2. His reply to his parents: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" would indicate that even in boyhood he had a foreshadowing of his future mission. The more perfect knowledge probably came later and gradually. 3. They were demoniacs. Many believe that some forms of epilepsy and insanity, known in our own day, are the result of demoniacal possession. In Christ's time, this belief seems to have been positive and general.

LUTHER'S FRIENDS.

Associations that Influenced the Life of the Great Reformer.

THE stamp of Luther's personal friendships is on every phase of his life-work. While he was yet a student at Erfurt, his close personal friendships with members of a certain circle of "young humanists," began to have a shaping influence on his life and character . . . . In the convent at Erfurt (writes H. Clay Trumbull, in his book, entitled *Friendship, the Master-Passion*), the heavy-hearted Luther quickly won the confidence and sincere friendship of his ecclesiastical superior, John von Staupitz. It was Staupitz who first led him toward the light, when he was groping helplessly in spiritual darkness. Again, Luther was a helper of Staupitz in making progress in the new life which they lived together as friends in Christ. Staupitz, in the very last year of his life, wrote to Luther in affirmation of his unchanging love, "passing the love of woman," and in grateful acknowledgment of the fact that this dear friend first led him "to the living pastures from the husks for the pigs."

But it was Philip Melancthon who was his transcendant friend and whose friendship was the force of forces in swaying wisely his mighty personality from the beginning to the close of his life as a Reformer. It was at Wittemberg that the two became friends . . . Their friendship, like that of David and Jonathan, seems to have been "love at first sight," and to have continued with growing fervor till death . . . When sneeringly told that Melancthon was only "a grammarian," Luther responded vigorously:

"I, the doctor of philosophy and theology, am not ashamed to yield the point if this grammarian thinks differently from myself. I have done so often already, and I do the same daily, because of the gifts with which God has so richly filled this fragile vessel, I honor the work of God in him." Again he said: "Philip is a wonder to us all. If the Lord will, he will beat many Martins as the mightiest enemy to the devil and scholasticism." Long after this he wrote: "I am the rough woodman who has to make a path; but Philip goes quietly and peacefully along it, builds and plants, sows and waters at his pleasure." Meanwhile, in a similar spirit of devotedness, Melancthon said: "Luther supplies the place of my friends. He is greater and more admirable in my sight than I dare express."

When Luther would face death at Worms, Melancthon begged to go with him. Only when Luther insisted that both lives must not be needlessly risked together, did Melancthon consent to stay behind. Even then his regretful cry was: "Would to God that he had allowed me to go with him." While Luther was a restless captive at the Wartburg, Melancthon moaned out: "If he dies, what hope will remain for us? Would to God that at the cost of my wretched life I could retain in this world that soul which is its fairest ornament. Oh, what a man! We never appreciated him rightly."

Melancthon was a sharer with Luther in the great work of giving the Bible to the common people of the German race in the fresh vernacular translation. Melancthon brought to the aid of Luther profounder scholarship for its prosecution. Both the knowledge and the graceful style of Melancthon gave increased value to that translation, beyond all that the sturdy vigor, the sound wisdom and the unflinching fidelity to truth inherent in Luther's nature could impart to it. More than this, it was Melancthon who wrote the famous Augsberg Confession, that as Dr. Schaff says: "struck the keynote to other evangelical confessions and strengthened the cause of the Reformation everywhere." It was of this document that Luther wrote, when it had been sent to him for revision: "I know of nothing by which I could better it, or change it, nor would it be becoming; for I cannot move so softly and gently."

How much indeed, this world owes to the fact that the rugged nature and imperious will of Martin Luther had the counterbalance and check of the gentle spirit and wise heart of ohilip Melancthon, in the surpassing friendship of these two reformers!

ONE MISSIONARY'S METHOD.

IN a newspaper published in Bombay, India, called *The Gleaner*, the Rev. Ruttonji Nowrji, gives the following account of his visits to the Annual Fair at Paithan, on the banks of the Godavery:

"I visit the fair year after year with a goodly staff of preachers. The preachers belonging to the Presbyterian Mission also join us. Sometimes the preachers from S. P. G. Mission also come. We muster in large numbers, and manage to keep up our preaching from morning till night. We are listened to with marked attention. We avoid discussion. We do not preach against their religion. We do not revile their gods and goddesses. We do not find fault with their absurd notions. But with deep compassion we present to their sad minds and burdened souls Christ the Saviour of sinners. We tell them of man's fallen state—the terrible effects of sin; and the marvellous love of God the Father, in sending his Son to save and recover our fallen race. We tell them of the love of the Holy Ghost, without whose agency the lost image of God in the soul could never be regained. To hungry and weary multitudes scattered as sheep without a shepherd we have pointed to the Good Shepherd.

"We have read to them. We have sung to them. Our Christian hymns—replete with Bible truths—sung to Indian tunes on native musical instruments have a soothing influence on their minds. Many were moved to tears. Many asked what they were to do to be saved. Many begged of us to go to their distant homes and repeat the same sweet story. Many asked to be taught to pray. I was convinced that the Holy Spirit was moving on their darkened minds and hearts."

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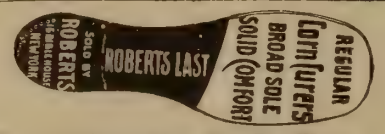

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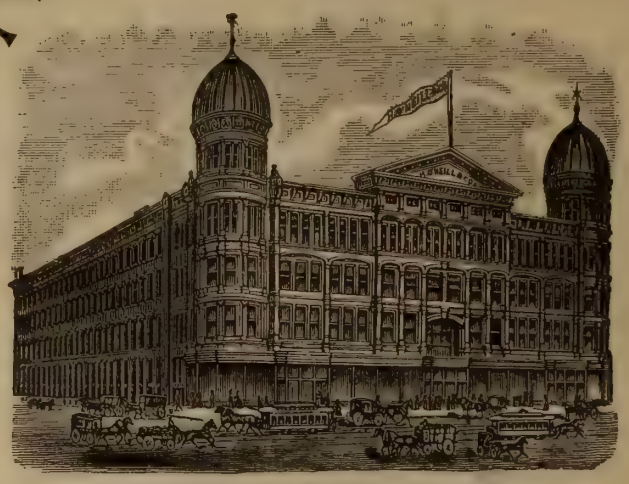

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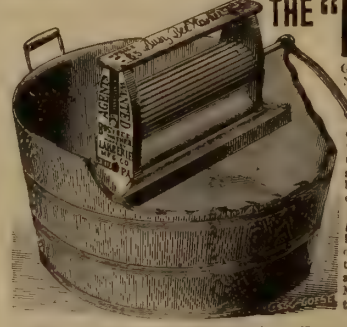

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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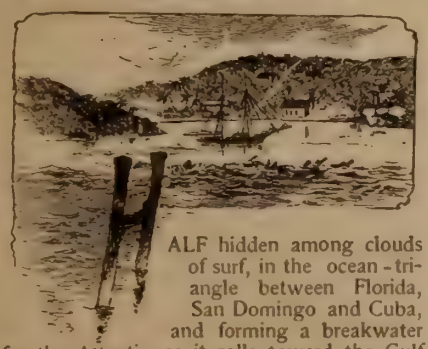
AN OCEAN MISSIONARY.

Rev. Daniel Wilshere's Labors for Christ in the Bahamas.

Sailing 20,000 Miles in Treacherous Seas, Building Chapels and Establishing Native Congregations on Many Islands—Natives who Travel Sixty Miles to Hear the Gospel.



HALF hidden among clouds of surf, in the ocean-triangle between Florida, San Domingo and Cuba, and forming a breakwater for the Atlantic, as it rolls toward the Gulf of Mexico, lie the group of islands known as the Bahamas. They encircle and almost enclose the Gulf itself, stretching fully six hundred miles from the eastern coast of Florida to the northern shore of the island of San Domingo. Reared through slow centuries on coral foundations, everywhere surrounded by reefs of coral, and walled by limestone rocks, they rest like gems on the ocean's fringe, rich in verdure and in the natural production of all that man needs for sustenance. Great groves of pine-apples and bananas; orchards laden with olives, oranges, lemons, citrons, figs and pears; fields ripe with sugar-cane and coffee, or white with cotton; majestic forests resounding with the song and bright with the flashing plumage of birds, and seas swarming with fish—these are but a few of the thousand attractions nature provides on those islands, which the first civilized explorers deemed an ocean Eden. They have a history that is full of dark and terrible tragedies; but within the last half century a great work for Christ has been going on there. The Gospel has been spread abroad over the whole archipelago, and the dusky tribes have been redeemed from ignorance and heathenism, and are now humble followers of the Cross.

Nineteen of these lovely coral islands are inhabited and fairly civilized and prosperous, but there are many in the group yet uninhabited. Missions have been established, churches built, and congregations now meet for divine worship where, less than two hundred years ago, French, Spaniards and English strove for the mastery, and the population was decimated by incessant wars. At last the islands were left almost without an inhabitant and they became the resort of pirates and buccaneers, whose armed ships, manned by bloodthirsty crews of mixed nationalities, committed countless atrocities on the high seas. After the suppression of the freebooters, and when the English obtained permanent possession of the Bahamas, the State Church was established on seven of the principal islands, which were then formed into parishes and each supplied with a pastor. In 1869, this Church was disestablished, the rectors retaining their salaries during their lifetime. Until 1834, the curse of slavery had hung over the beautiful coral islands. The principal settlers had originally come from Scotland, and all were slaveholders. They were afterwards joined by other settlers from this country, principally from Virginia, who brought their slaves with them, and these introduced Methodist and Baptist forms of worship, so that in the early part of the present century, the colored adherents of both denominations had their own places of worship in the Bahamas.

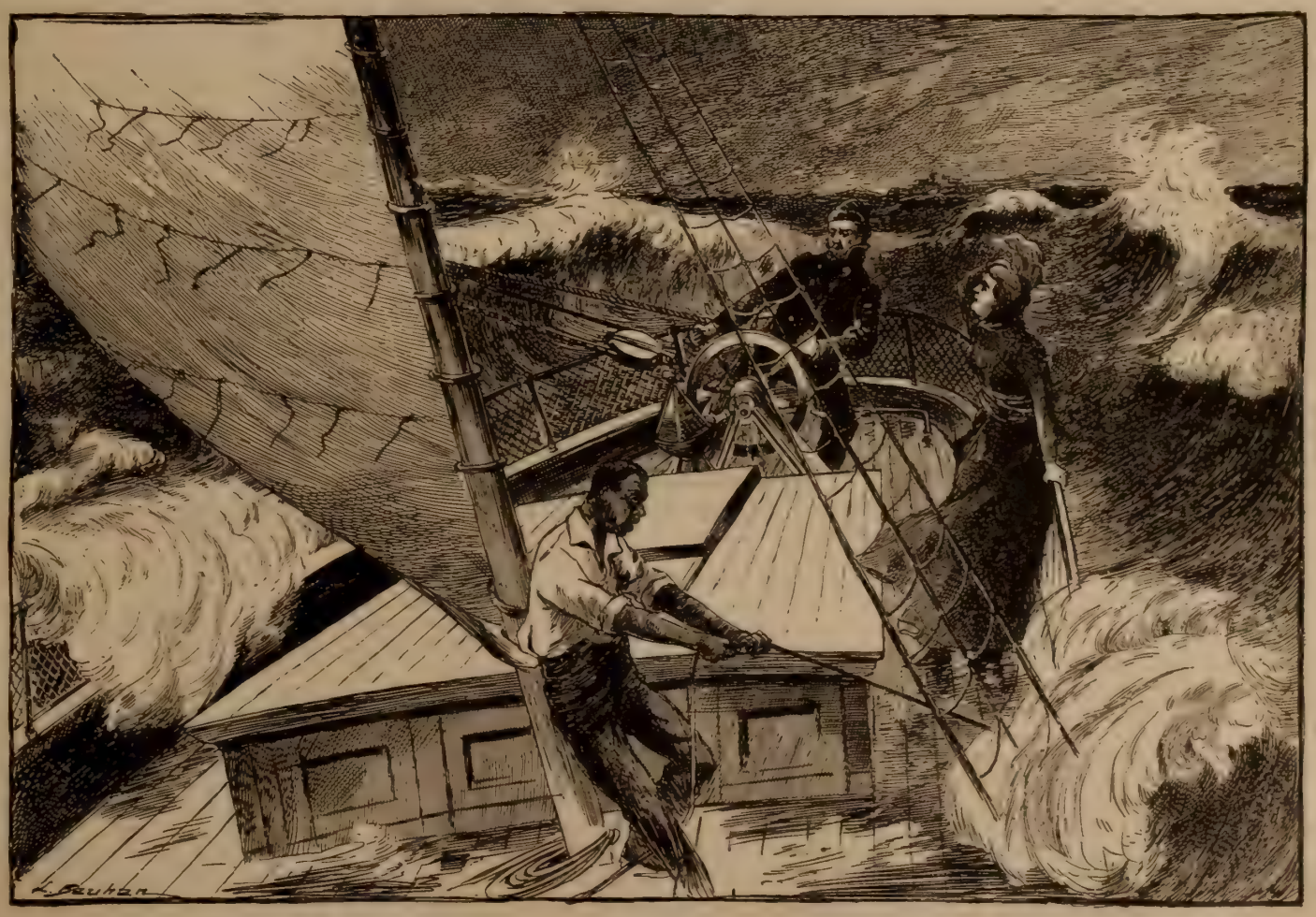
REV. DANIEL WILSHERE.

But church growth and Gospel work had to contend with many disadvantages. In 1825, the Wesleyans of England began a mission in Nassau, which was afterward extended to the islands of Eleuthera and Abaco. This work has been going on ever since, being under the charge of a chairman and ten assistants (sent from England), and the mission field has been steadily extended. The Wesleyans have now about thirty stations on five of the largest islands, with nine missionaries and fully three thousand members, a large Sunday School attendance, and a College for the higher education. The Presbyterian church in Nassau was also endowed, but it is now strong, influential and self-supporting.

The native Baptists reared their first place of worship in the Bahamas in 1803, and thirty years later, Rev. Joseph Burton was appointed Missionary to the Bahamas by the Baptist Missionary Society of England. He reorganized several of the native churches and built the Mission-house and Zion Chapel in Nassau. In 1840, the Society sent Henry Capern, the "Apostle of the Bahamas," who, for seventeen years, displayed the most devoted self-sacrifice in seeking the welfare of the souls of those scattered on remoter islands. He had the honor of training a native ministry, and left a membership of twenty two hundred (many, if not the most, being native Africans), gathered into forty-four stations. The native pastor, Mr. Rumer, was also largely under his loving influence.

In 1878, Rev. Daniel Wilshere was appointed as missionary, and a return to the methods employed under the superintendence of Mr. Capern has been blessed with similar excellent results. Six native brethren, in whom the churches had confidence, have been ordained, and were received into the mission. On the death of Mr. Rumer, his associate pastor was received into the mission. Mr. Wilshere's missionary life in the Bahamas during the past fourteen years has been a most active and progressive one, full of peril and adventure and marked by frequent providential escapes from danger. Very soon after assuming his charge, he found that as a great deal of his travelling would necessarily be by water (the churches being as far as six hundred miles apart from north to south and three hundred from east to west) a vessel of some sort would be a material help in overseeing the field. Accordingly in 1879 he bought a small schooner yacht and manned her with a crew of faithful negroes, two of whom, Wilson and Brinyard, are now dead. He had already some little knowledge of seamanship and soon became expert in steering in and out between the hidden coral reefs that thread the channels of the little archipelago and are the terror of West India captains. Mrs. Wilshere, too, from being his constant companion and coworker on these voyages, became almost as skilful a sailor as the missionary himself. Hundreds of voyages were made between the different islands, and the mission yacht, whenever she was seen rounding up to her moorings, was sure of a hearty welcome. During these years, she has voyaged over twenty thousand miles, and in that period her commander has been instrumental in building three new chapels on the Islands of Eleuthera, seven on San Salvador, one on Long Island, four on Exuma, four on Andros, one on Bimini, two on Grand Bahama, three on Abaco and three at New Providence. In thirteen years Mr. Wilshere has received more than two thousand members into the church. It is interesting to note that on Andros, he has baptised Congo-born

(Continued on page 101.)



MISSIONARY WILSHERE'S YACHT IN A GALE OFF THE BAHAMAS—MRS. WILSHERE LASHED TO THE RAIL.

THE TABERNACLE PULPIT

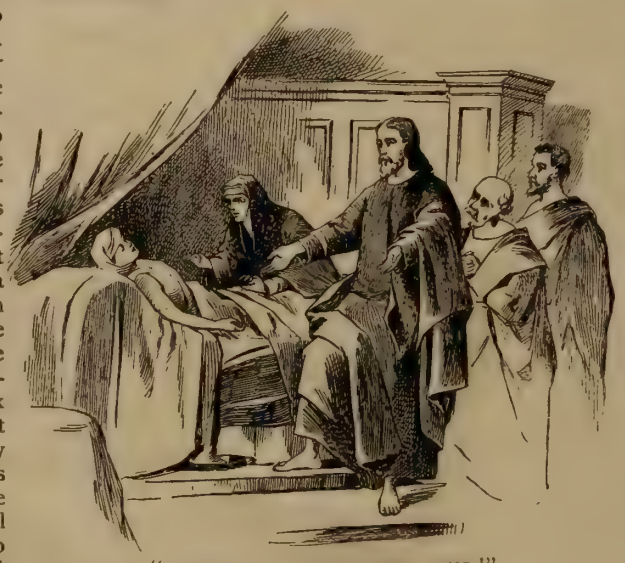
DR. TALMAGE'S CREED.

The Tabernacle Pastor's latest Sunday Morning Sermon: Luke 6 : 17, *"And he came down with them and stood in the plain."*

CHRIST on the mountains is a frequent study. We have seen him on the Mount of Olives, Mount of Beatitudes, Mount Moriah, Mount Calvary, Mount of Ascension, and it is glorious to study him on these great natural elevations. But, how is it that never before we have noticed him on the plain? Amid the rocks, high up on the mountain, Christ had passed the night, but now, at early dawn, he is coming down with some especial friends, stepping from shelving to shelving, here and there a loosened stone rolling down the steep sides ahead of him, until he gets in a level place, so that he can be approached without climbing from all sides. He is on the level. My text says, "He came down with them and stood in the plain."

Now, that is what the world wants to-day more than anything else—a Christ on the level, easy to get at, no ascending, no descending, approachable from all sides—Christ on the plain. The question among all consecrated people to-day is what is the matter with the ministers? Many of them are engaged in picking holes in the Bible and apologizing for this and apologizing for that. In an age when the whole tendency is to pay too little reverence to the Bible, they are fighting against Bibliolatry, or too much reverence for the Bible. They are building a fence on the wrong side of the road; not on the side where the precipice is and off which multitudes are falling, but, on the upper side of the road, so that people will not fall up-hill, of which there is no danger. There is no more danger of Bibliolatry, or too much reverence for the Scriptures, than there is that astrology will take the place of astronomy, or alchemy the place of chemistry, or the canal boat the place of the limited express rail-train. What a theological farce it is; ministers fighting against too much reverence for the Scriptures; ministers making apology for the Scriptures; ministers pretending to be friends of the Bible, yet doing the Book more damage than all the blatant infidels on all the earth. The trouble is our theologians are up in the mountain in a fight above the clouds about things which they do not understand. Come down on the plain and stand beside Christ, who never preached a technicality or a didacticism. What do you, O Wise-Headed Ecclesiastic, know about the Decrees of God? Who cares a fig about your sublapsarianism or your supralapsarianism?

What a spectacle we have in our denominations to-day; committees trying to patch up an old creed made two or three hundred years ago, so that it will fit on the Nineteenth Century. Why do not our millinery establishments take out of the garrets the coal-scuttle bonnets which your great-grandmothers wore and try to fit them on the head of the modern maiden? You cannot fix up a three hundred year old creed so as to fit our time. Princeton will sew on a little piece, and Union Seminary will sew on a little piece, and Alleghany Seminary and Danville Seminary will sew on other pieces, and by the time the creed is done it will be as variegated as Joseph's coat of many colors. Think of having to change an old creed to make it clear that all infants dying go to heaven! I am so glad that the committees are going to let the babies in. Thank you. So many of them are already in that all the hills of heaven look like a Sunday School anniversary. Now, what is the use of fixing up a creed which left any doubt on that subject? No man ever doubted that all infants dying go to heaven, unless he be a Herod or a Charles Guiteau. I was opposed to overhauling the old creed at all, but, now that it has been lifted up and its imperfections set up in the sight of the world, I say, Overboard with it and make a new creed. There are to-day in our denomination five hundred men who could make a better one. I could make a better one myself. As we are now in process of changing the creed and no one knows what we are expected to believe, or will two or three years hence be expected to believe, I could not wait and so I have made a creed of my own, which I intend to observe the rest of my life. I wrote it down in my memorandum-book some six months ago, and it reads as follows: "My creed: The glorious Lord. To trust him, love him, and obey him is all that is required. To that creed I invite all mankind. T. DeWitt Talmage."



"DAMSEL, I SAY UNTO THEE, ARISE!"

The reason Christianity has not made more rapid advance is because the people are asked to believe too many things. There are, I believe, to-day millions of good Christians who have never joined the church and are not counted among the Lord's friends, because they cannot believe all the things that they are required to believe. One-half the things a man is expected to believe in order to enter the church and reach heaven have no more to do with his salvation than the question, How many volcanoes are there in the moon? or, How far apart from from each other are the rings of Saturn? or, How many teeth there were in the jaw-bone with which Samson smote the Philistines. I believe ten thousand things, but none of them have anything to do with my salvation, except these two, I am a sinner and Christ came to save me. Musicians tell us that the octave consists only of five tones and two semi-tones, and all the Handels and Haydns and Mozarts and Wagners and Schumanns of all ages must do their work within the range of those five tones and two semi-tones. So I have to tell you that all the theology that will be of practical use in our world is made out of the two facts of human sinfulness and Divine atonement. Within that octave swing "The Song of Moses and the Lamb," the Christmas chant above Bethlehem, and the Alleluiah of all the choirs standing on seas of glass.

Is there not some mode of getting out of the way these non-essentials, these superfluities, these divergencies, from the main issue? Is there not some way of bringing the Church down out of the mountain of controversy and conventionalism and to put it on the plain where Christ stands? The present attitude of things is like this: In a famine-struck district, a table has been provided and it is loaded with food enough for all. The odors of the meats fill the air. Everything is ready. The platters are full. The chalices are full. The baskets of fruit are full. Why not let the people in? The door is open. Yes, but there is a cluster of wise men blocking up the door, discussing the contents of the castor standing mid-table. They are shaking their fists at each other. One says there is too much vinegar in that castor, and one says there is too much sweet oil, and another says there is not the proper proportion of red pepper. I say: "Get out of the way and let the hungry people come in." Now, our blessed Lord has provided a great supper, and the oxen and the fatlings have been killed, and fruits from all the vineyards and orchards of heaven crown the table. The world has been invited to come, and they look in, and they are hungry, and people would pour in by the millions to this world-wide table; but the door is blocked up by controversies and men with whole libraries on their backs are disputing as to what proportion of sweet oil and cayenne pepper should make up the creed. I cry: "Get out of the way and let the hungry world come in."

The Christian Church will have to change its tack, or it will run on the rocks of demolition. The world's population annually increases fifteen millions. No one pretends that half that number of people are converted to God. There are more than twice as many Buddhists as Protestants; more than twice as many Buddhists as Roman Catholics. Protestants, 135,000,000; Catholics, 195,000,000; Buddhists, 400,000,000. There are 175,000,000 Mohammedans and 220,000,000 Brahmins. Meanwhile, many of the churches are only religious club-houses, where a few people go on Sunday morning, averaging one person to a pew or one person to a half dozen pews, and leaving the minister at night to sweat through a sermon with here and there a lone traveller, unless, by a Sunday evening sacred concert, he can get out an audience of respectable size. The vast majority of the Church membership round the world put forth no direct effort for the salvation of men. Did I say there would have to be a change? I correct that and say, There will be a change. If there be fifteen million persons added every year to the world's population, then, there will be thirty million added to the Church and forty million and fifty million and sixty million. How will it be done? It will be done when the Church will meet Christ on the plain. Come down out of the mountain of exclusiveness. Come down out of the mountain of pride. Come down out of the mountain of formalism. Come down out of the mountain of freezing indifference. Old Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, great on earth and in heaven, once said to me: "I am in favor of a change. I do not know what is the best way of doing things in the churches, but I know the way we are doing now is not the best way, or the world would be nearer its salvation than it seems to be." So I feel; so we all feel, that there needs to be a change. The point at which we all come short is not presenting Christ on the plain, Christ on the level with all the world's woes and wants and necessities.

The full change will have to come from the rising ministry. We now in the field are too set in our ways. We are lumbered up with technicalities. We have too many concordances and dictionaries and encyclopedias and systems of theology on our head to get down on the plain. Our vocabulary is too frosted. We are too much under the domination of customs regnant for many centuries.

Come on, young men of the ministry. Take this pulpit, take all the pulpits, and in the language of the street and the market-place and the family circle preach Christ on the plain. As soon as the Church says by its attitude, not necessarily by its words, "My one mission is to help for this life and help for the life to come all the people," and it proves its earnestness in the matter, people on foot and on horseback and in wagons and in carriages will come to the churches in such numbers that they will have to be met at the door by ushers, saying: "You were here last Sunday; you cannot come in to-day. Gentlemen and ladies, you must take your turn." And, it will be, as in the Johnstown freshet and disaster, when a government station was opened for the supply of bread, and it took the officers of the law to keep the sufferers in line, because of the great rush for food. When this famine-struck world realizes that the Church is a Government station set up by the Government of the Universe to provide the Bread of Eternal Life for all the people, the rush will be unprecedented and unimaginable.

Astronomers have been busy measuring worlds, and they have told us how great is the circumference of this world and how great is its diameter, yea, they have kept on until they have weighed our planet and found its weight to be six sextillion tons. But by no science has the weight of this world's trouble been weighed. Now, Christ standing on the level of our humanity stands in sympathy with every trouble. There are so many aching heads: His ached under the thorns. There are so many weary feet: His were worn with the long journey up and down the land that received him not. There are so many persecuted souls: Every hour of his life was under human outrage. The world had no better place to receive him than a cattle pen, and its farewell was a slap on his cheek and a spear in his side. So intensely human was he that there has not been in all our race a grief or infirmity or exhaustion or pang that did not touch him once and that does not touch him now. The lepers, the paralytics, the imbecile, the maniac, the courtesan, the repentant brigand—which one did he turn off, which one did he not pity, which one did he not help? The universal trouble of the world is bereavement. One may escape all the other troubles, but that no soul escapes. Out of that bitter cup everyone must take a drink. For instance, in order that all might know how he sympathizes with

Those who have lost a daughter, Christ comes to the house of Jairus. There is such a big crowd around the door, he and his disciples have to push their way in. From the throng of people, I conclude that this girl must have been very popular; she was one of those children whom everybody likes. After Christ got in the house, there was such a loud weeping that the ordinary tones of voice could not be heard. I do not wonder. The dead daughter was twelve years of age. It is about the happiest time in most lives. Very little children suffer many injustices because they are children, and childhood is not a desirable part of human existence —they get whacked or set on. But, at twelve years of age, the child has come to self-assertion and is apt to make her rights known. And, then, twelve years of age is too early for the cares and anxieties of life. So this girl was, I think, the merriment of the household. She furnished for them the mimicry, and the harmless mischief, and roused the guffaw that often rang through that happy home. But, now she is dead, and the grief at her departure is as violent as her presence had been vivacious and inspiriting. Oh! the bereavement was so sharp, so overwhelming! How could they give her up! I suspect that they blamed themselves for this or for that. Oh! if they had had some other doctor, or taken some other medicine, or had been more careful of her health, or if they had not given her that reproof sometime when she had not really deserved it. Oh, if they had been more patient with her hilarities and, instead of hushing her play, had participated in it! You know there are so many things that parents always blame themselves for at such times. Only twelve years of age! So fair, so promising, so full of life a few days ago, and now so still! Oh, what it is to have a daughter dead! The room is full of folks, but yonder is the room where the young sleeper is. The crowd cannot go in there. Only six persons enter, five besides Christ—three friends, and, of course, the father and mother. They have the first right to go in. The heaviest part of the grief was theirs. All eyes in that room are on the face of this girl. There lay the beautiful hand, white and finely shapen, but it was not lifted in greeting to any of the group. Christ stepped forward and took hold of that hand, and said, with a tone and accentuation charged with tenderness and command: "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise!" And, without a moment's delay, she arose, her eyes wide open, her cheeks turning from white lily to red rose, and the parents cry, "She lives! She lives!" and, in the next room, they take up the sound, "She lives! She lives!" and the throng in front of the doorway repeat it, "She lives! She lives!" Will not all those who have lost a daughter feel that such a Christ as that can sympathize?

"OH! ABSALOM, MY SON!"

On another occasion, he showed how he felt about the loss of a son. Here are the obsequies. A long procession; a widowed mother following her only son. I know not how long the husband and father had been gone, but upon this son, who had now come to be a young man, the leadership of that household had fallen. I think he had got to be the bread-winner. He was proud of his mother, and she should never lack anything as long as he lived. And there is no grander spectacle on earth than a young man standing between want and a widowed mother. But that young man had fallen lifeless under accident or disaster, and he was being carried out. Only a very few hours in that land are allowed to pass between decease and burial. It is the same day or the next. And there they move on. Christ meets the procession. His eye picks out the chief mourner. He puts his hand on the bier as much as to say to the pall bearers, "Stop! There will be no burial to-day. That broken heart must be healed. That mother must have her home rebuilt." And then looking into the face of the young man, (for in those lands the face is always exposed in such a procession), Christ speaks one sentence, before which Death fell prostrate under the bier: "Young man, I say unto thee, arise." He sat up, while the overjoyed mother wrapped him in her arms, and well-nigh smothered him with her caresses, and the air was rent with congratulations. Can anyone who has ever lost a son doubt that Christ sympathizes with such woe? And how many there are who need that particular comfort. It was not hollow sentiment, when, after Edmund Burke, the greatest orator of his time, had lost his son, and the bereaved father, crossing the pasture field, met the horse that had belonged to that deceased son, that the orator threw his arms around the horse's neck and kissed the dumb brute. It was not hollow sentiment, when David, the psalmist, cried out at the news of his son's death, although he had been a desperately bad boy: "Oh, Absalom, my son! my son! Would God I had died for thee. Oh, Absalom, my son! my son!" But for such and all other bereavement there is Divine condolence.

Christ on the plain. I care not from what side you approach him, you can touch him and get his help. Is it mental depression you suffer? Remember him who said: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Is it a struggle for bread? Remember him who fed the five thousand with two minnows and five biscuits, neither of the biscuits larger than your fist. Is it chronic ailment? Remember the woman who for eighteen years was bent almost double, and he lifted her face until she could look into the blue sky. Are you a sailor and spend your life battling with the tempests? Remember him who flung the tempest of Genesareth flat on the crystal pavement of a quiet sea.

That Christ is in sympathy with all who have trouble with their eyes, and that is becoming an almost universal trouble through much reading in rail cars, and the over-pressure of study in the schools where children are expected to be philosophers at ten, boys and girls at fourteen with spectacles. I say with all such trouble Christ is in sympathy. Witness blind Bartimeus. Witness the two blind men in the house. Witness the two blind men near Jericho. Witness the man born blind. Did he not turn their perpetual midnight into midnoon, till they ran up and down clapping their hands and saying, "I see! I see!" That Christ is in sympathy with those who stammer, or have silenced ears, notice how promptly he came to that man with impediment of speech and gave him command of the tongue so that he could speak with ease, and, putting his fingers into the ears, retuned the tympanum. Is there a lack of circulation in your arm, think of him who cured the defective circulation and the inactive muscles of a patient who had lost the use of hand and arm, by saying, "Stretch forth thy hand!" and the veins and nerves and muscles resumed their offices, and though in doing so the joints may have cracked from long disuse, and there may have been a strange sensation from elbow to finger-tip, he stretched it forth! And nothing is the matter with you, but you may appeal to a sympathetic Christ. And if you feel yourself to be a great sinner, hear what he said to that repenting Magdalen, while with a scalding sarcasm he dashed her hypocritical pursuers.

And see how he made an immortal liturgy out of the publican's cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," a prayer so short that the most overwhelmed offender can utter it, and yet long enough to win celestial dominions. It was well put by a man who had been converted, and who remembered that in his dissolute days he found it hard to get occupation, because he could not present a certificate for good character. In commending Christ to the people he said, "Bless God, I have found out that Jesus will take a man without a character!" Christ on a level with suffering humanity. My text says: "He came down with them and stood in the plain." No climbing up through attributes you cannot understand. No ascending of the heights of beautiful rhetoric of prayer. No straining after elevations you cannot reach. No hunting for a God that you cannot find. But going right straight to him and looking into his face and taking his hand and asking for his pardon, his comfort his grace, his heaven.

GEN. GORDON'S REBUKE.

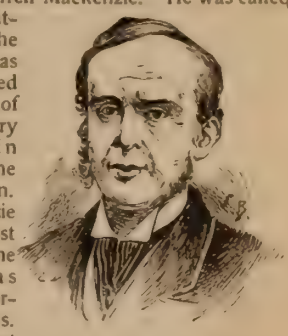
Christ on the level. When during the siege of Sebastopol an officer had commanded a private soldier to stand on the wall exposed to the enemy, and receive the ammunition as it was handed up, while he, the officer, stood in a place sheltered from the enemy's guns, General Gordon leaped upon the wall to help, and commanded the officer to follow him, and then closed with the words, "Never order a man to do anything that you are afraid to do yourself." Glory be to God, the Captain of our salvation has himself gone through all the exposures in which he commands us to be courageous. He has been through it all, and now offers his sympathy in similar struggle. One of the Kings of England one night in disguise walking the streets of London, and not giving account of himself, was arrested and put in a miserable prison. When released and getting back to the palace, he ordered thirty tons of coal, and a large supply of food for the night prisoners of London. Out of his own experiences that night he did this. And our Lord the king aforetime endungeoned, and sick, and hungry, and persecuted and slain, out of his own experiences is ready to help all, and pardon all, and comfort all, and rescue all.

Oh! join him in the plain. As long as you stay up in the mountain of your pride you will get no help. That is the reason so many never find the salvation of the Gospel. They sit high up in the Mont Blanc of their opinionativeness, and they have their opinion about God, and their opinion about the soul, and their opinion about eternity. Have you any idea that your opinion will have any effect upon the two tremendous facts, that you are a sinner, and that Christ is ready at your earnest prayer to save you. In the final day of accounts how much will your opinion be worth? Your opinion will not be of much importance before the blast of the Archangel's trumpet, When the life of this planet shall be threshed out with the flail of thunderbolts nobody will ask about your opinions. Come down out the mountain of opinionativeness, and meet Christ on the plain, where you must meet him or never meet him at all, except as you meet him on the Judgment Throne.

A Christ easy to get at! No armed sentinel to challenge you. No ruthless officer to scrutinize the papers you present. Immediate response. Immediate forgiveness. Immediate solace. Through what struggle people must go to get a pardon from worldly authority! By what petition, by what hindrance, by what nervous strain of anxiety, by what adroitness. A Count of Italy was condemned to be put to death at Milan. The Countess, hearing of the sentence, hastened to Vienna to seek his pardon. The death warrant was already on its way. The Countess, arriving in Vienna in the night, hastened to the palace gates. The attendants forbade her entrance at all, and especially at night, but she overcame them with her entreaties, and the Empress was wakened and the Countess pleaded before her for the life of her husband, and then the Emperor was wakened to hear the same plea, Commutation of sentence was granted, but how could she over-take the officer who had started with the death-warrant, and would she be too late to save the life of her husband? By four relays of horses, and stopping not a moment for food she reached the city of Milan as her husband was on the way to the scaffold. Just in time to save him, and not a minute to spare, she came up. You see there were two difficulties in the way. The one was to get the pardon signed, and the other to bring it to the right place in time. Glory be to God, we need go through no such exigency. No long road to travel. No pitiless beating at a palace gate. Pardon here. Pardon now. Pardon for the asking. Pardon forever. A Saviour easy to get at. A Christ on the plain!

THE LATE SIR MORRELL MACKENZIE.

WHEN the late Crown Prince of Germany was dying, and the best medical skill in Europe was enlisted in fighting the malignant disease that ultimately carried him off, no name was more frequently mentioned than that of Dr. Morrell Mackenzie. He was called in at a most critical stage of the prince's illness as the latter desired to make use of his extraordinary surgical skill in treating the throat affection. Dr. Mackenzie advised against removing the larynx, as was urged the German physicians. His subsequent dispute with Prof. Bergmann, the great German specialist after Frederick's death, was an incident of international interest. Dr. Mackenzie, who was knighted several years ago by Queen Victoria for distinguished services, died of bronchitis in London lately. He had previously been prostrated by influenza. He was fifty-five years of age and early in his medical career rose to eminence as a specialist—the treatment of the throat and vocal organs. He was a member of several learned societies and an author of wide repute in his profession.



SIR MORRELL MACKENZIE.

JEREMIAH PERSECUTED.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 28. By Mrs. M. Baxter
Jer. 37: 11-21. Golden Text, Jer. 1: 19.

THE apostle Paul declared, "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." (II. Tim. 3: 12.) Persecution for godliness of life is not peculiar to the Christian dispensation. Jesus himself said in the sermon on the mount: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake . . . So persecuted they the prophets which were before you." (Matt. 5: 10–12.) Stephen testified to the council at Jerusalem in the days following Pentecost: which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? and they have slain them which showed before of the coming of the Just One." (Acts 7: 52.)

Jeremiah the prophet was not exempt from the law which makes carnal-minded men hate both God and those who are sent of God. But he had had his commission by the Word of the Lord, and when, in his consciousness of weakness, he had demurred: "Ah, Lord God! behold I cannot speak, for I am a child," the Lord had said to him: "Say not, I am a child; for thou shall go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shall speak. Be not afraid of their faces; for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord." And thus armed from early youth on to ripe manhood, this prophet had testified with weeping eyes and sorrowing heart, bearing the burden of the Lord, as to the desolations, the punishments, and the deep humiliation which God would visit upon his once favored people.

What a Vocation

for a young and consciously helpless man! Every appeal which God could make to Israel was sent through this prophet. Jeremiah was sent to the king upon his throne, to the priests, to the prophets, to the princes; and to all of them he speaks in faithfulness, not hiding the light of God which was committed to him; fearless, and conscious that his God cared for him, he spoke his words of warning. He was unpopular, no doubt, shunned by the great ones of his time, possessing very few friends, and yet fulfilling his vocation. But he could not long be thus faithful to his God, without provoking bitter persecution. When, at last, he was sent to take of the ancients of the people, and of the ancients of the priests, and proclaim to the kings of Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem that God would bring evil upon that place, "the which whosoever heareth, his ears shall tingle," and that because they had forsaken God and gone into terrible idolatry, and filled that place with the blood of innocents; and when he declared that God would make void the counsel of Judah and Jerusalem, and cause them to fall by the sword before their enemies, and give them to be meat for the fowls of heaven and for the beasts of the earth, that he would make the city desolate and that they should eat the flesh of their sons and their daughters—the great ones of Jerusalem would stand it no longer.

No doubt the prophet saw that a storm was coming; but God's "Be not afraid" strengthened him, and he did not play the coward. Jeremiah came from Tophet, whither the Lord had sent him to prophesy; and he stood in the court of the Lord's house; and said to all the people, "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel; Behold, I will bring upon this city and upon all her towns all the evil that I have pronounced against it, because they have hardened their necks, that they might not hear my words." (Chap. 19: 14-15.) This was the signal for

An Outbreak of Persecution:

It was not the king or the princes that took the initiative, but Pashur, the Son of Immer, the priest, who was also the chief governor in the house of the Lord. He smote Jeremiah, and put him in the stocks that were in the high gate of Benjamin, which was by the house of the Lord. For one long day the prophet sat there, his feet and his hands appearing through the holes in the board of the stocks, and his head just appearing over it, an object for the derision of all who passed by. But more real to him than the boards which held him were the promises of his God: "They shall fight against thee; but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee." (Jer. 1: 19.) How is it that in all times, and in all churches, it is so often the religious teachers who are the greatest persecutors? It was the chief priests who prevailed over Pilate to condemn the Son of God. The diabolical horrors of the inquisition were carried on by Romish priests.

Persecution having once awakened against the prophet, it never fully slept again. Jehoiakim came to the throne. He was one of the sons of Josiah, and a man who did evil in the sight of the Lord, and God sent his prophet to urge the people of the land that they should hearken to him and walk in his law. (Chap. 26: 1-4.) The only response to Jeremiah's message was:

"Thou Shall Surely Die."

(Ver. 8.) The priests and the prophets, and all the people gave sentence, and it appeared to be a moment of crisis. There seems to have been a kind of tribunal held by them and they decided: "This man is worthy to die; for he hath prophesied against this city, as ye have heard him with your ears." (Chap. 23: 8-11.) Could God's promises fall to the ground? Would king, princes and priests prevail against God? It could not be. God never fails those who trust in him. Jeremiah's defence was simply this: "The Lord sent me to prophesy against this house and against this city all the words that ye have heard." And instead of excusing himself the ambassador of God, continued: "Therefore now amend your ways and your doings, and obey the voice of the Lord your God; and the Lord will repent him of the evil that he hath pronounced against you." Jeremiah feared them not; soul and body he was the Lord's.

The danger of death which was so imminent was staved off for the time being. A great impression was made by Jeremiah's fearlessness and the princes and the people said to the priests and the prophets: "This man is not worthy to die," and so by God's direct intervention for the time his life was spared. But Jeremiah's enemies did not sleep and it was only as God made his way that Jeremiah could testify.

ZEDEKIAH SECRETLY CONSULTS JEREMIAH.

In chapter 36 we find the prophet is a prisoner, and writes from his prison the words of judgment which the impious Jehoiakim destroyed in the fire, and the princes who had formerly been so solemnly impressed by and had shown themselves friends to Jeremiah were now turned against him as well as the king and the priests. Zedekiah, the third son of Josiah had come to the throne. All these sons of Josiah were bad men. Jeremiah was at liberty again and prophesied that the Egyptians should not help against the Chaldeans, for they should come again and fight against the city, and take it, and burn it with fire.

After this prophecy, Jeremiah was about to leave Jerusalem, but he was arrested in the gate of Benjamin, and being accused of falling away to the Chaldeans, was brought before the council of the princes. The danger of death in which this prophet so continually was, seemed imminent at this moment, and Jeremiah was placed in the dungeon. While there the king sent for him and asked him secretly if there was any word from the Lord and even there, Jeremiah bore his testimony as before.

"There is," said he "Thou shalt be delivered into the hands of the king of Babylon." And then he appealed to Zedekiah as to what was his offence that he should be imprisoned. and asked him where were the prophets who had prophesied that the king of Babylon should not come up against the land, and he made one request, that he should not return to the dungeon from which he had been taken. Then his imprisonment was ameliorated. The king commanded that he should be kept in the court of the prison, and should daily receive a piece of bread from the baker's street until all the bread in the city was spent. In spite of this protection from the king, the priests and the princes still demanded his death, and Jeremiah was again let down into the dungeon in which there was no water, but mud, into which Jeremiah sank. It would seem as though no power could save him now, and yet God's hand was over him, and his promises were still true. Ebed-Melach, the Ethiopian, stood his friend, told the king of his condition, and sent with the king's authority, cords and old rotten rags to draw up Jeremiah from the mud in the bottom of the prison, and he was placed again in the court of the prison, there he remained till the city was taken, and so God cared for his servant, and fulfilled his word. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." (Ps. 34, :19.) Every man who trusts in God is safer than he who has a thousand armed men around him, for the angel of the Lord encampeth round them that fear him and delivereth them. (Ps. 34, :7.)

LESSON POINTS.

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

THOU fallest away to the Chaldeans. The good man is often traduced. His motives are misconstrued. In a workshop if he declines on principle to join with his fellow-workmen in drinking, it is often alleged that he is mean and parsimonious. The boy at school who will forgive an insult instead of fighting, is branded as a coward. All this Christ knew, and for the comfort of all who should thus suffer, in all future time, he said, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you . . . and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." It is a painful position, but the man has the consolation of having a beatitude all to himself. Oliver Wendell Holmes describes such a man who felt compelled by his conscience to do an act which his neighbors thought harsh and unjust. He could have set himself right with them by telling the facts, but if he had done so, another person would have had to suffer disgrace and for that person's sake he held his peace and bore the condemnation of his neighbors. "Content," says that great writer, "with having reported at Headquarters." A man discharges a clerk for gross misconduct. He wishes the clerk to have a chance to reform and rehabilitate himself and he will not say why the man was discharged. He is called cruel and arbitrary and bears the reproach, rather than the discharged man shall be hindered in recovering himself. Men are quick to censure without knowing the facts, and only he who is conscious of living in God's sight, who cares only for God's approval, can bear to do right while his motives and conduct are misconstrued, even by men whose good opinion he values. Cases have been known in which a man is falsely accused and yet though conscious of rectitude is unable to vindicate himself. Then let him look to God who, time and again, has vindicated his children in most unexpected ways. An incident of the kind occurred in New York not long ago. A Christian man, whose business was extensive, was accused of misappropriating a part of a trust fund. In the multiplicity of his transactions he could not remember how the missing money had been used. That it had been used legitimately he was sure, but he had no receipt or any paper that would explain it. Having made careful search for such a paper without result, he left the matter in God's hands, believing that he would be vindicated. Not until the day of the trial did vindication come. Then the judge before whom the case was tried testified to the man's innocence, and told him that the papers which would vindicate him would be found in the office of the law firm with which the judge had been connected before he was elected to the bench. To all who are misunderstood and to whom evil is imputed unjustly, there is one unfailing support. "He knoweth the way that I take; when he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold."

Thou shalt be delivered into the hands of the King of Babylon. It was to Jeremiah's worldly interest to curry favor with the king, and to fall in with his notions and to commend him for wisdom, even if he had none, or perhaps so to obscure the message God had given him as to remove the sting and suffer the king to suppose that after all, there was some doubt as to the eventual outcome of the siege. Policy would have suggested a more pacific message, but Jeremiah had a duty to perform, and unhesitatingly he told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. True faith does its duty and leaves the rest with God.

In 1799, when the armies of Napoleon were sweeping over the Continent, Massena suddenly appeared on the heights above the town of Feldkirch at the head of eighteen thousand men. It was Easter day, and the rays of the rising sun glittered on the weapons of the French, as they appeared drawn up on the hills to the west of the town. The Town Council were hastily called together to consult what was to be done. To defend the town was out of the question. What then were they to do? After much discussion the old Dean of the church rose and said: "My brothers, it is Easter day! We have been reckoning our own strength and that fails. Let us turn to God. Ring the bells and have service as usual, and leave the matter in God's hands." They agreed to do as he said. Then from the church towers in Feldkirch, there rang out joyous peals in honor of the resurrection, whilst the streets were full of worshippers, hastening to the house of God. The French heard the sudden clangor of the joy bells with surprise and alarm, and concluding that the Austrian army had arrived to relieve the place, Massena suddenly broke up his camp, gave the order to march and before the bells had ceased ringing not a Frenchman was to be seen.

I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee. This surely is a golden text. How rich God's word is in promises of deliverance. "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." "He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea in seven there shall no evil touch thee." He is the great Deliverer, then why should we fear?

Henry Havers, a faithful minister of the Gospel, being pursued by enemies who sought to apprehend him, found refuge in a malt house and crept into a kiln. Immediately afterward he observed a spider fixing the first line of a large and beautiful web across the narrow entrance. The web being placed directly between him and the light, he was so much struck with the skill of the insect weaver, that for a while he forgot his own imminent danger; but by the time the net work had crossed and recrossed the mouth of the kiln in every direction, his pursuers came to search for him. He listened as they approached, and distinctly overheard one of them say, "It's of no use to look in there; the old villain can never be there. Look at that spider's web; he never could have got in there without breaking it."

Henry Varley tells a story of an aged Christian worker who, some years since, while traveling on horseback through a region where his life had frequently been threatened, heard the sudden report of a pistol shot. Satisfied that he had been aimed at, he spurred on his horse, thankfully conscious that he had escaped. Hastening homeward, he reached his house in safety, and sat down to read a few verses out of a small Bible, it had been his custom for years to carry in the breast pocket of his coat. Taking it out, judge of his surprise at finding a leaden bullet embedded in the leaves. It had penetrated as far as the Gospel of John. Removing the bullet, and opening the book at the spot where it had rested, his eye fell upon the words: "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me."

THE PALABALA MISSIONARIES.

The Reported Massacre of Baptist Missionaries in Africa Untrue.

OUR readers will be thankful to learn that there appears to have been no basis of fact for the report current last week, as mentioned in these columns, of the massacre of Baptist missionaries in Africa. A letter just received from the Recording Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union informs us that the Union has traced the report, which purported to have come from St. Paul de Loanda, and has found that it originated in an utterly unreliable source. There is reason to thank God for this reassuring news, which must set at rest the gravest anxieties. As stated last week the Missionary Union discredited the report from the first, as the letters received from the missionaries at Palabala but a short time ago gave no intimation of impending trouble. They were, at the time of writing, proceeding with their work amid many encouragements, though lamenting the mischief being done by the rum imported by the white men. While the missionary was writing his letter, a drunken orgie and dance was in progress within sight of the Mission. Bishop Taylor's missionaries, who have a station not far from Palabala, agree with the Baptist missionaries in regarding the rum-traffic as the greatest hindrance to their work. No mention was made in that letter of the Portuguese settlers on the Mission land nor of any hostility having arisen out of the fracas which occurred when Stanley seized the steamer.

MR. J. CLARKE OF PALABALA.

The steamer *Henry Reed* referred to in the report as the cause of the trouble was placed on the Congo in 1883. The Livingston Mission, as it was then called, had been established five years. A chain of stations had been formed, and the missionaries were eager to penetrate farther into the country. But overland travel was dangerous as well as costly. The necessity of a steamer of light draught to navigate the great waterway was imperative. It was decided to have such a vessel at once. It was built in London, taken apart, and sent in sections to Africa. There it was riveted together again and launched on the Congo. She is a flexible steel boat seventy-one feet long, with a draught of only twelve or fourteen inches, with a carrying power of sixteen tons. Her furnaces are built to burn wood, and she easily makes a speed of ten miles an hour. A picture of the steamer appears on this page.

In this column we give also a portrait of Mr. Joseph Clarke, one of the missionaries at Palabala. He is a Scotchman by birth, a native of Aberdeen, and is thirty-four years of age. At the age of sixteen he attended an evangelistic meeting, where he was converted. He threw himself earnestly into religious work, teaching in the Sunday School, destributing tracts and visiting the sick. His earnestness and devotion commended him to the Free Church of which he was a member, and he was appointed a deacon at an unusually early age.

He continued his labors until the year 1879, when at the age of twenty-one he determined to give all his time to the Lord's service in the foreign missionary field. The wonderful opportunity then just opened on the Congo, attracted him, and he offered himself to the Livingston Mission, and was accepted. Subsequently that Mission was transferred to the American Baptist Union, and Mr. Clarke cheerfully transferred his allegiance to the new governing body. He has labored at Palabala with remarkable success. One of his first sad duties had been to nurse his co-laborer, Lanceley, and dig a grave for him when his eyes closed in death. Others who went out with him have laid down their lives in Africa, but Mr. Clarke, by no means the most healthy or the strongest of the party, still toils on undismayed, and full of hope. Now and again he sends word home of souls won for Christ and counts such reward abundant compensation for toil and hardship. Nor does it end there; he reports with joy that these converts bear the severest tests of faith, standing unmoved amid persecution, faithful even to death.

May God protect and sustain the devoted laborer and his fellow missionaries, and give them many more souls as seals to their ministry!

A NOBLE ABSTAINER.

A PLEASANT story is told of Lady Macdonald, wife of the late premier of Canada, who has long been an abstainer. Another lady of high position met her at dinner one day and was surprised to see that she took no wine, and at length asked:

"Did you not set out wine when you entertained the Marquis of Lorne?"

"Never!" was the prompt reply.

"But did you not feel that you must apologize?"

"Certainly not. Wine is not a natural beverage, and so should rather come in than go out with apology."

This answer and that example led the other lady to become an abstainer also.

AN OCEAN MISSIONARY.

Continued from first page

negroes long *before any Congo mission was formed in Africa*. These people had been liberated from slave ships in West Indian waters. Some of the more intelligent among them, who became devoted Christians, he recommended to be sent to the Congo to assist the white missionaries there; others who developed skill as workmen he urged the Belgian government to send there to teach the Congo natives the mechanical arts.

It was not all pleasant sailing in these summer seas for the Captain-missionary. Sometimes the tiny yacht would get caught in one of the sudden squalls peculiar to the tropics and be tossed at the mercy of the waves, the missionary and his crew expecting her every moment to founder. At times the squall would swell to a hurricane and then the negro crew, utterly cowed and helpless, would huddle together, leaving the hardy captain alone at the wheel, facing the storm and praying for succor that never failed to come. Mrs. Wilshere used to share these dangers with her husband. On one occasion, during a terrible gale, she was lashed to the rail for six hours, while he clung resolutely to the wheel, the crew meanwhile being paralyzed by fright. Our artist has caught the scene at such a moment and it proves that the dangers faced by the missionaries in heathen lands may sometimes be equalled nearer home.

THE MISSIONARY STEAMER "HENRY REED," ON THE CONGO.

IN HIS SERVICE.

I HAVE a Master in whose dear employ
I find my leisure;
His will is law to me, and yet a joy
That knows no measure
Fills heart and soul while I that law fulfil;
For I love him, and what is stranger still,
He loveth me in spite of all my ill.

He sought me out when I in darkness sat:
Shall I not love him?
"I am the Light of Life," he said; and that
I daily prove him.
For since he set me in the narrow way;
I walk in light divine whose holy ray
"Shines more and more unto the perfect day."

So easy is the yoke he bids me wear,
So light the burden
He layeth on the shoulder, and so fair
And full the guerdon
His love bestoweth, and those he doth bind
To him in service, in their serving find
True rest of soul, a deep content of mind.

And if he asks me will I go out free,
I answer, "Never!
Since thy dear love hath stooped to succor me,
Nothing shall sever
The golden chain that binds my soul to thee,
Making thy service dear as life to me,
And e'en my very bondage liberty."

—*Sword and Trowel*

Tanned and weather-beaten by his sea-life, but full of physical and intellectual energy and thoroughly consecrated to his mission work, Mr. Wilshere is a fine type of the "fishers of men" who hold no service undertaken for the great Captain of Salvation as too onerous. He is greatly beloved by his people. As the result of his labors, the mission now has fourteen native pastors on nineteen islands, with eighty-three stations, a membership of 4,300, and a large Sunday School attendance. Out of their great poverty the members, by free-labor and offerings, have erected twenty-seven new chapels and largely improved others to the value of $30,000. It is also gratifying that the native Baptists, numbering some 3,000, (who are still self-controlled) cheerfully accept Mr. Wilshere's service and advice, under their recently elected pastor, Mr. Roberts.

In 1880, parts of the Bahamas were not surveyed, and in many places a local pilot could not be procured. Mr. Wilshere explored and charted not a few of the more dangerous channels and passages. In those years (with a mail only once a month), the Bahamas were far out of the world; but under the administration of Sir Ambrose Shea, the present Governor, an inter-insular mail and telegraphic communication are now accomplished facts.

These islands are interwoven with the early history of the American Continent. Tradition points out a spot to the eastward of the Baptist Mission at Port Howe, San Salvador, (otherwise known as "Cat Island"), as the first landing place of Columbus in 1492. This claim is stoutly upheld, in spite of the fact that Watling's Island, about thirty miles distant, is a rival claimant for the distinction One of the illustrations on the first page shows Port Howe harbor, with the shelving rock in the foreground upon which Columbus is said to have stepped. Several marks on the flinty surface of the rock are still pointed out as "Columbus' footprints."

Mr. Wilshere, who is now in New York, awaiting a deputation from Conference relative to the future of the Bahamas Mission, relates many interesting personal experiences. On one occasion the native Baptists at Gambier needed a main beam for their new chapel. They tried everywhere to get one but failed At last they prayed to God for it, and in a few days the ocean cast up at the foot of the hill on which the new chapel was being erected, a timber of the *exact size and length required*. Again, Mr. Wilshere relates that in 1880, he heard that the mission at Mangrove Cay had gone to ruin, having been eighteen years without a missionary. He sailed there in his yacht and on arriving, found that a *new chapel* had been built and that the people, who had made their case a subject of earnest prayer, were confidently awaiting his coming. At another place, he was warned that he could preach only at the risk of deadly insult or injury. He preached there unmolested, and now there is a substantial chapel there seating two hundred, and it is always filled.

"On Exuma," he said, "It is not uncommon for church members to travel three or four days from place to place to hear the Word—a distance of from fifty to sixty miles. I recall the case of one young woman who was not credited with being at a service. Being questioned as to the text, she replied: 'I am the true vine and my father is the married-man.' She was acquitted, for she had given the text, except the slight misquotation.

"On San Salvador we have much riding on mission work. Often as many as twenty horsemen ride along with the missionary, as well as foot attendants. They sing the native songs on the way. One favorite is:

Don't pass the door, don't pass;
Come in my Lord, come in;
There's only one thing troubles me,
Worries me,
And that is my poor soul!

"For good-bye, they sing a hymn with this chorus:

Farewell, mission, we must leave you,
Oh fare-you-well, my minister!
Fare-you-well! Oh fare-you-well!
And if we never meet again
I'll hold you in my heart

"At Bimini, these songs are sung all night before a baptism. The Bahama natives are very musical and have good voices."

Mr. Wilshere was born in Hertfordshire, England, in 1847, and was educated by private tutors. He was ordained to the ministry in 1873 and afterward, when pastor of a Baptist Church at Fakenham, Norfolk, England, he resigned to accept the superintendency of the Baptist Mission on the Bahamas, as already stated. He landed at Nassau in May, 1878, and has ever since devoted his energies to the furtherance of the mission work, with remarkable results. He was elected a member of the Baptist Union in 1874. In the intervals of more arduous labor, he has been a contributor to the publications of the Religious Tract Society and Baptist Tract Society. He believes there is a great future awaiting the Bahamas, and that material and spiritual development should go hand in hand, until the last traces of ignorance and heathenism are effaced from these beautiful islands.

One of the most active among the white Christian residents of the Bahamas is Mr. J. S. Johnson. He is engaged in the fruit, sisal and sugar-cane industries, and has large factories on Eleuthera and other islands. He is an active and influential member of the Wesleyan Methodist Episcopal Church, and is besides chairman of several boards interested in mission work. He has long been prominent in the temperance movement which has produced excellent results in the different islands. Apart from these, he has many private philanthropies and is ever ready to aid in Gospel work. Through his instrumentality THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has within the last few years been very extensively read in these islands.

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T. de Witt Talmage
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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

BURNING HOUSES.

AMONG the things not burnt up is heaven. Fires may sweep through other cities—we heard the tolling of the bell the other night; but I am glad to know that the New Jerusalem is fire-proof. There will be no engines rushing through those streets; there will be no temple consumed in that city. Coming to the doors of that church, we will find them open, resonant with songs, and not cries of fire. O my dear brother and sister! if this short lane of life comes up so soon to that blessed place, what is the use of our worrying? Ah! that is a good land! Why, they tell me that in that land they never have a heart-ache. They tell me that a man might walk five hundred years in that land and never see a tear or hear a sigh. They tell me that our friends who have left us and gone there, their feet are radiant as the sun, and that they take hold of the hand of Jesus familiarly, and that they open that hand and see in the palm of it a healed wound that must have been very cruel before it was healed. And they tell me that there is no winter there, and that they never get hungry or cold, and that the sewing-girl never wades through the December snow-bank to her daily toil, and that the clock never strikes twelve for the night, but only twelve for the day.

See that light in the window? I wonder who set it there. "Oh!" you say, "my father who went into glory must have set that light in the window." No, guess again. "My mother, who died fifteen years ago in Jesus, I think must have set that light there." No, guess again. You say, "My darling little child that last summer I put away for the resurrection, I think she must have set that light there in the window." No, guess again. Jesus set it there, and he will keep it burning until the day we put our finger on the latch of the door and go in to be at home forever. Oh! when my sight gets black in death, put on my eyelids that sweet ointment. When in the last weariness I can take another step, just help me put my foot on that door sill. When my ear catches no more the the voices of wife and child, let me go right in, to have my deafness cured by the stroke of the harpers, whose fingers fly over the strings with the anthems of the free. Heaven never burns down! The fires of the last day, that are already kindled in the heart of the earth, but are hidden because God keeps down the hatches—those internal fires will, after a while, break through the crust, and the plains and the mountains, and seas will be consumed, and the flames will fling their long arms into the skies, and all the terrors of a burning world will do no more harm to that heavenly temple than the setting sun which kindles up the window-glass of the house on yonder hill-top.

THE WRONG STANDPOINT.

IF I were an agnostic I would say a man is blessed in proportion to the number of years he can stay on *terra firma*, because after that he falls off the docks, and if he is ever picked out of the depths it is only to be set up in some morgue of the universe to see if anybody will claim him. If I thought God made man only to last forty or fifty or a hundred years, and then he was to go into annihilation, I would say his chief business ought to be to keep alive, and even in good weather to be very cautious, and to carry an umbrella and take overshoes, and life preservers, and bronze armor, and weapons of defence lest he fall off into nothingness and obliteration.

All astronomers, infidel as well as Christians, agree in believing that the universe swings around some great centre. Any one who has studied the earth and studied the heavens knows that God's favorite figure in geometry is a circle. When God put forth his hand to create the universe, he did not strike that hand at right angles, but he waved it in a circle and kept on waving it in a circle until systems and constellations and galaxies and all worlds took that motion. Our planet swinging around the sun, other planets swinging around other suns, but somewhere a great hub around which the great wheel of the universe turns. Now, the centre is heaven. That is the capital of the universe. That is the great metropolis of immensity.

Does not our common sense teach us that in matters of study it is better for us to move out from the centre toward the circumference, rather that to be on the circumference where our world now is? We are like those who study the American Continent while standing on the Atlantic beach. The way to study the continent is to cross it, or go to the heart of it. Our standpoint in this world is defective. We are at the wrong end of the telescope. The best way to study a piece of machinery is not to stand on the doorstep and try to look in, but to go in with the engineer and take our place right amid the saws and the cylinders. We wear our eyes out and our brain out from the fact we are studying under such great disadvantage. Millions of dollars for observatories to study things about the moon, about the sun, about the rings of Saturn, about transits and occultations and eclipses, simply because our studio, our observatory is poorly situated. We are down in the cellar trying to study the palace of the universe, while our departed Christian friends have gone upstairs amid the skylights to study.

WHISPERERS.

WHEN you hear something bad about your neighbors, do not go all over and ask about it, whether it is true, and scatter it and spread it. You might as well go to a small-pox hospital and take a patient and carry him all through the community, asking people if they really thought it a case of small-pox. That would be very bad for the patient and for all the neighbors. Do not retail slanders and whisperings. Do not make yourself the inspector of warts, and the supervisor of carbuncles, and the commissioner of street gutters, and the holder of stakes for a dog fight. Can it be that you, an immortal man, that you, an immortal woman, can find no better business than to become a gutter inspector?

Besides that, at your family table allow no detraction. Teach your children to speak well of others. Show them the difference between a bee and a wasp—the one gathering honey, the other thrusting a sting. I read of a family where they kept what they called a slander book, and when any slanderous words were uttered in the house about anybody, or detraction uttered; it was all put down in this book. The book was kept carefully. For the first few weeks there were a great many entries, but after a while there were no entries at all. Detraction stopped in that household. It would be a good thing to have a slander book in all households.

Are any of you given to this habit of whispering about others? Let me persuade you to desist. Mount Taurus was a great place for eagles, and cranes would fly along that way, and they would cackle so loud that the eagles would know of their coming and they would pounce upon them and destroy them. It is said that the old cranes found this out and before they started on their flight, they would always have a stone in their mouth so they could not cackle, and then they would fly in perfect safety. O! my friends, be as wise as the old cranes and avoid the folly of the young cranes. Do not cackle.

* * *

THERE is no more virtue in driving slow than in driving fast, any more than a freight-train going ten miles the hour is better than an express train going fifty. There is a delusion abroad in the world that a thing must be necessarily good and Christian if it is slow and dull and plodding. There are very good people who seem to imagine it is humbly pious to drive a spavined, galled, glandered, spring-halted, blind, staggered jade. There is not so much virtue in a Rosinante as there is in a Bucephalus. At the way some people drive, Elijah with his horses of fire would have taken three weeks to get into heaven.

* * *

DO NOT, my sister, be dizzied and disturbed by the talk of those who think the home circle too insignificant for a woman's career, and who want to get you out on platforms and in conspicuous enterprises. There are women who have a special outside mission, and do not dare to interpret me as derisive of their important mission. But my opinion is that the woman who can reinforce her husband in the work of life and rear her children for positions of usefulness is doing more for God and the race and her own happiness than if she spoke on every great platform and headed a hundred great enterprises. My mother never made a missionary speech in her life, and at a missionary meeting I doubt whether she could have got enough courage to vote ay or no, but she raised her son John, who preached the Gospel and translated religious literature in Amoy, China, for more than forty years. Was not that a better thing to do?

* * *

IN our pulpits and pews and Sunday Schools and prayer-meetings we want to get a reputation for saying pretty things, and so we point our spear toward the flowers; or we want a reputation for saying sublime things, and we point our spears towards the stars; or we want to get a reputation for historical knowledge, and we point our spear toward the past; or we want to get a reputation for great liberality, so we swing our spear all around; and it strikes all points of the horizon, and you can make out of it whatever you please; while there is the old world, proud, rebellious, and armed against all righteousness; and instead of running any further away from its pursuit, we ought to turn around, plant our foot in the strength of the eternal God, lift the old cross and point it in the direction of the world's conquest till the redeemed of earth marching up from one side, and the glorified of heaven marching down from the other side, the last battlement of sin is compelled to swing out the streamers of Emanuel. Oh, Church of God, take aim and conquer!

YATMAN'S COLUMN

BIBLE GLEANINGS.

BIBLE Gleanings.—Isaiah, 42: 16, was written to help men in the dark.

Deut. 28: 7 is for sorely tempted hearts.

Matt. 7: 7 is the triple triumphant promise of the Bible.

Isaiah, 41: 10 is a prop for weak backs.

John 15: 7 gives the conditions for answered prayer.

Phil. 4: 19 is the mighty promise of the Bible.

Haggai 2: 8 was given for those who must raise money.

Rev. 21: 7 makes poor men rich and rich men richer.

John 5: 24 is the sinner's security for salvation.

Acts 1: 8 was written to shake the world.

Luke 19: 10 is the Gospel in one verse.

Lev. 17: 11 is the centre of all theology.

Psa. 1: 3 is especially for young men.

Rev. 22: 17 gives the trumpet-call of the whole Bible.

Love your Bible.—Young people need to read the Bible more. It will infuse strength, life, vigor and faith into every moral part of their being. It may help you to understand and enjoy it better if you get the general idea of some of the books in your mind. For instance:

GENESIS	is the book of	Beginnings.
JEREMIAH	" "	Backslidings
ROMANS	" "	Doctrines.
JOB	" "	Suffering.
REVELATION	" "	Endings.
PROVERBS	" "	Wisdom.
EZEKIEL	" "	Visions.
I. JOHN	" "	Assurance.
ESTHER	" "	Sacrifice.
NUMBERS	" "	Journeys.
RUTH	" "	Love.
LUKE	" "	Parables.
HAGGAI	" "	Building.
EXODUS	" "	Redemption.
DANIEL	" "	Dreams.
HOSEA	" "	Idolatry.
JAMES	" "	Work.
JONAH	" "	Disobedience.
MICAH	" "	Mercy.
NAHUM	" "	Nineveh.
ZECHARIAH	" "	Restoration.
DEUTERONOMY	" "	Teachings.
JUDGES	" "	Providences.
PSALMS	" "	Experiences.
ISAIAH	" "	The Messiah.
JOHN	" "	Belief.

Notes on the Gospel of Luke.

Key Word—Son of Man; Luke was a Physician; he wrote the book of Acts—The Early Church Historian; Fellow Traveler with Paul; Book of Parables—twenty-five out of the fifty-two named; Written for one man—Theophilus; Has the largest chapter in the New Testament; Has twenty-four chapters, 1,511 verses; The first chapter has seventy of the great Gospel words of the Bible; Each chapter has at least three great facts; The chapters are as follows:

1,—Song chapter; 2,—Nativity chapter; 3,—John the Baptist chapter; 4,—Conquerors' chapter; 5,—Fishermen's chapter; 6,—Teacher's chapter; 7,—Life chapter; 8,—Sower's chapter; 9,—Marvelous chapter; 10,—Service chapter; 11,—Knowledge chapter; 12,—Professor's chapter; 13,—Repentance chapter; 14,—Poor Man's chapter; 15,—Lost and Found; 16,—Rich Man's chapter; 17,—Chapter of Contrasts; 18,—Humility chapter; 19,—Sinners' chapter; 20,—Question chapter; 21,—Watchers' chapter; 22,—Sad chapter; 23,—Redemption chapter; 24,—Victorious chapter; Great things named in this Gospel not found in the other three; Angels announce the birth of Christ; Widow of Nain and her son; Christ anointed by the sinner at Capernaum; Parable of Fig Tree; The seventy sent out and their return; The Ten Lepers; Parable of the Good Samaritan; Parable of Prodigal Son; Parable of Rich man and Lazarus; Parable of Importunate Widow; Jesus before Herod.

Great Chapters of the Bible.

There are chapters, like books and verses, in the Bible that stand out like bright stars in a deep-blue sky. Some of them we name: The Bottomless chapter is the 3d of Ephesians; Character chapter, the 29th of Job, while Wisdom is the name of the 28th of the same book. The Rest Chapter is Hebrews, 4th; Resurrection chapter, 15th of 1. Corinthians, and Victory is well described in Romans, 8th. For Duty read Ezekiel, 33d, and Work, James 2d. Courage is in Joshua, 1st, which with the Convert's chapter, Isaiah, 12th, form a harmonious duet. Psalm 121 is for the Traveler, while the 51st is for the Prodigal. Luke 15th, is the Lost and Found chapter. The Minister's chapter is Ezekiel, 34th, while Charity is the beginning and end of 1. Corinthians, 13th.

The Bible and the Newspaper

CAUGHT IN A DEATH-TRAP.

NEW YORK was shocked on the morning of Sunday, Feb. 7, by a horrible calamity. The Hotel Royal, in which about one hundred and sixty persons were sleeping, caught fire in the night and was burned to the ground. How many perished in the flames is not known, but there is only too strong reason for fearing that the number was over twenty and may have been forty. People who witnessed the fire at the start say that every one of the six floors seemed to burst into flame at once. There was no way of arousing the guests who were asleep and no way from the inside of rescuing those who were awake. The shaft of the elevator was of wood and it was burning fiercely, the flames blazing up to the roof as if it had been a huge chimney provided for the purpose. The staircase was also of wood and it was built around the elevator shaft, so that it, also, was on fire. The corridors were burning before the guests knew that there was a fire and, when they opened the doors to escape, they were appalled by seeing nothing but flames and smoke. Then they rushed to the windows. Very few of the windows had fire-escapes. The crowd in the street below, called to them to wait until ladders could be brought, but in some cases the doors of their rooms were on fire, and, one after another, five jumped and were crushed on the pavement. Some fell back suffocated from the windows and were seen no more. A few found ropes in the rooms, as the law requires, and had presence of mind to use them, coming down hand over hand. As soon as ladders arrived, which, owing to a delay in sending out the alarm, was not until the fire had burned fiercely for nearly twenty minutes, firemen entered and saved the people on the second and third floors who were still alive. Of those on the fourth and fifth floors, it is feared that none were saved but those who used the ropes or got to the fire-escapes in time. For some time after the arrival of the engines the firemen wisely made no attempt to throw water on the fire, but every man gave himself to the work of rescue. It was easily seen that it was impossible to extinguish a fire in a building constructed as that was. There were the four brick walls, but all within was wood. The fire starting at the foot of the elevator shaft had laid its savage grip on every floor, and the painted wood was the food it could most readily consume. The building was a death-trap, and it should be the first duty of the authorities to find out how it was that such a tinder-box could be legally used as a hotel to accommodate nearly two hundred human beings. An inquiry should also be made as to whether there are any more such buildings being used as hotels in this city. That so many were saved is probably due to the presence of mind of an engine-driver named Van Name, who was taking a train up-town on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad. From his cab he saw the flames as he approached the hotel, but heard no alarm. In a moment he realized the danger of the inmates, and stopping his engine, he opened the whistle, and for five minutes kept it shrieking with all its force, in front of the hotel. But for those piercing sounds many who made their escape might have slept on until they were suffocated or burned to death. If ministers of the Gospel and the people who listen to them fully realized how much the situation resembles that with which the engineer was dealing, what hosts of people would be saved from death eternal! The Gospel call is to men who are sleeping in false security and it tells them, as the engineer could not do, the way to escape. (Eph. 5: 14.)

A NEW ANTIDOTE.

AN important discovery appears to have been made by a French surgeon. It is that of an antidote to snake-bite and specimens of it are now on their way to New York to be sent to doctors who are likely to have patients under treatment who have been bitten by rattlesnakes. The discoverer is Dr. Albert Calmette, a surgeon in the French navy and a disciple of Dr. Pasteur. It is a preparation, having for a basis a salt of gold. It is to be injected under the skin of the person bitten, the first injection being sufficient to prevent the bite having fatal results. Subsequent injections, Dr. Calmette claims, may be continued until the patient is snake-bite proof for life. It has been used on persons bitten by the deadly Najas snakes and has been entirely successful. Dr. Calmette believes that it will be equally efficacious with the bites of snakes of other varieties. If it should prove so, there will be an enormous demand for the remedy, especially from countries such as India, where many thousands die of snake-bite every year. Every bitten person who has heard of the antidote, will want to have it applied immediately, that his life may be saved. He would not need urging and entreating, as men do, in whom the poison of sin is working and who reject the certain antidote which can save them, though it is offered to them without money and without price. (Isa. 55: 1.)

THE HOTEL ROYAL, NEW YORK—SCENE OF THE FATAL CONFLAGRATION.

AN UNEXPECTED ALLY.

AN adventure of a farmer's daughter is described in a press dispatch from Carter's Camp, Pa., to the New York *Times*. It states that the girl had been spending a day or two at a farm about two miles from her home assisting the family in some extra work. When she was about to return to her home, the farmer's wife made her a present of two live geese. The girl drove them before her for some distance. It occurred to her, as she pursued her journey, that on the other side of a heavy piece of woods, which she was approaching, was a house where there was a savage dog. She did not fear him on her own account, but thought he might frighten her geese. She, therefore, looked around for a weapon. One was ready to her hand in a knotted branch of a tree just within her reach. She tore it off and went on, prepared for emergencies. She congratulated herself on her forethought when, about half way through the woods, she could see the dog sitting outside the gate of his home. A few more steps, however, and she forgot the dog. A big catamount sprang out of the bushes and seized one of her geese. She struck at it with her club, but missed it, and, overbalanced by the force of her blow, she fell to the ground. Instantly the fierce creature sprang upon her tearing her dress to shreds with its long claws. It soon reached her flesh and made deep gashes in her shoulder. It would have gone hard with the girl if no help had come. But at that moment she heard a savage growl and saw the dreaded dog rush down the path, seize the wild cat by the neck and give it a shake that laid it dead on the ground. She rose to her feet, thankful for her deliverance, and went on her way, but the dog did not leave her side until she was safely through the woods. It is not the first time that timely help has come from a quarter where it was not expected. We are not always correct in our estimates of others and often we find a friend in a man whom we regarded as an enemy. Many a man, too, under trial and sorrow has learned the value of that "Friend who sticketh closer than a brother," though in the days of happiness and prosperity he avoided him. (Deut. 4: 30-31.)

A SUCCESSFUL SWINDLE.

A CIRCULAR letter is now sent from the United States Consulate in London in reply to inquiries from this country about estates for which there are no owners. The English Consulate in New York sends out a similar letter to correspondents in England. A gang of swindlers advertises in New York that heirs are being sought for an estate in England, and it is believed that they are descendants of a man whose name is given, who emigrated to America about a hundred years ago. Replies are sure to be sent from America, and the senders are then asked to send twenty or thirty dollars to pay the expenses of registering the claim. When the money is sent, it is promptly acknowledged in a letter stating that the claim appears to be valid and will be pressed with all speed. In a few weeks another encouraging letter is sent reporting progress and asking for more money to engage counsel, or for some other purpose connected with the suit. When several such applications have been answered and money sent, the sender begins to doubt and writes to the American Consul in London about it. So many letters of this kind are received that Mr. New has had a circular printed which he now sends in reply, telling his correspondents that they have been swindled. The same process is carried through by advertisements in London papers, calling for heirs to estates here. The English people fall into the trap, send their money and finally learn from their consul that they too have been swindled. A cable message to the New York *Herald*, states that the aggregate "earnings" of the gang are enormous, as they have found easy dupes in large numbers on each side the Atlantic. Human nature is very credulous it would appear from this story, yet clergymen and evangelists do not find it so, for when they stand as God's messengers to tell men of an inheritance eternal in the heavens which they may have without money and without price, they have to say, "who hath believed our report?" (John 5: 43.)

LIFEBOATS RECALLED.

WHEN the steamship *Eider* struck on the rocks off the English coast on Jan. 31, as mentioned in this journal last week lifeboats went from the shore to the rescue. They returned, however, without any passengers. The steamer was going very slowly when she struck the rocks, as there was a dense fog and there was no pilot on board. A concert was in progress in the saloon at the time, but the shock interrupted it. Every one rushed on deck to see what had happened. So completely were their apprehensions allayed by the Captain's assurances that there was no danger that they went below again and resumed the concert. They were still free from alarm when the lifeboats came the next morning, and declined to leave the ship. During the morning, the Captain set the crew to work throwing overboard the bales of cotton, which formed part of the cargo, hoping so to lighten the ship that she would float off. It became evident by noon, however, that she was more firmly fixed than he had supposed and he then signalled for help. The lifeboats had a more difficult task this time in getting to the vessel on account of the surf and an effort was made to reach her by rockets and a life line. She proved to be too far away to be reached in that way, so the lifeboats made another attempt. They were successful and then the passengers were willing to avail themselves of their help. All were brought safe to land. It might not have been so after they took the risk of rejecting the first opportunity of escape. We know that in religious matters that course is fruitful of disaster. Many who are urged to enter the Gospel lifeboat and refuse to do so, believing that they are in no danger, are often unable to enter it when, near the close of life, and the danger is imminent, they wish to do so. (Luke 13: 24.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D. D., formerly of Philadelphia, who is now filling Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit in London, sends to a contemporary the following: "There are manifest blessings attending the Word, but it is only the reaping of the seed sown here for forty years by the most faithful of husbandmen."

Rev. George C. Needham's Bible Readings at The Reformed Dutch Church of Albany, N. Y., were the beginning of a time of blessing there to the church and neighborhood. Rev. E. P. Johnson, the pastor of the church, writes: "Mr. Needham will long be held in grateful remembrance by our people for his clear and inspiring exposition of the Word."

Evangelist James H. Cole has been holding services in Kansas City with wonderful results. No less than fifteen hundred persons have testified publicly of their faith in Christ since the work commenced. One of these—a lawyer—had not been to church for three years, but having read Dr. Talmage's sermons every week was prepared by them to respond to the appeal which Major Cole pressed upon him.

It is gratifying to learn that John A Morris and his associates have withdrawn their application for a renewal of the Louisiana Lottery franchise in deference to public opinion. In a letter Morris has written to the people of the State he says that he would not now accept a charter even if it were offered free of payment. Louisiana deserves the congratulations of every Christian citizen of the United States.

Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's funeral took place on February 11. On the two previous days the body lay in the Metropolitan Tabernacle where he had preached for thirty years, and a constant stream of mourning friends passed by to take their last look at the beloved face. On the coffin was inscribed the last Scripture quotation to which Pastor Spurgeon gave utterance before he died: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

At the meeting of the Managers of the Bible Society on Feb. 4, a letter was read from Rev. Andrew M. Milne, reporting the extraordinary success of Mr. Penzotti in selling copies of the Scripture since his release from prison. A letter from Turkey stated that the representative of the United States Government in Constantinople was moving vigorously to secure redress for the outrages on the Bible colporteurs. From France came an appeal for another edition of ten thousand New Testaments, the former edition being almost exhausted. During the month of January fifty-two thousand, three hundred and seventy-two volumes were issued by the Bible Society.

Subscriptions to the fund for supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $13.50. They are from Bartlett, N. Y., $1; Seneca Falls, N. Y., $1; Heislerville, N. J., 50 cents; James Bay, B. C., $1.50; Manchester, Conn., $1; Ashby, Mass., $1; East Des Moines, Iowa, $1; Fairton, N. J., $3; Troy, N. Y., $1.50; Worcester, Mass., $1; Pingree Grove, Ill., $1. We are very glad to receive these subscriptions because they enable us to supply the paper to ministers who generally have very few books and who therefore need the help it gives. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is thus made a blessing not only to the minister to whom it is sent but to the congregation to which he preaches.

SPURGEON MEMORABILIA.

Interesting and Instructive Reminiscences of the Great Preacher.

His Puritan Descent — A Hallowed Oak-tree — Youthful Questionings—An Introduction After Communion—The Devil and Horse-racing — The Lord's Bank of Faith.

ALTHOUGH the mortal remains of Charles Haddon Spurgeon have been laid away in the grave, to await the resurrection, the interest of the Christian community on both sides of the Atlantic, lingers lovingly on the dead pastor's memory. Biographers here and abroad are busily preparing their volumes of reminiscences and anecdotes of the great Baptist divine, whose pulpit utterances published weekly in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years have endeared him to our readers everywhere. We are permitted to select from advance sheets of two of these biographies, the very interesting and characteristic passages printed below:

The Spurgeon Family.*

When Ferdinand Alvarez, Duke of Alva, died, in 1589, his wicked boast, that he had sent to the executioners no less than eighteen thousand persons, was not forgotten. That number represented the actual martyrs of the faith; but there were many thousands who had been driven into exile, large numbers of whom found a home in England. Among these were the progenitors of the English Spurgeons, who found a shelter and resting-place in East Anglia, some settling in Essex, and others in Norfolk. These Dutch Christians brought their useful arts with them, and, like the Huguenots from France, at a later date, greatly aided in laying the foundations of those various industries which have ministered to the strength and wealth and prosperity of England. The ancestors of Mr. Spurgeon were distinguished alike for their quiet energy, their business capabilities, and, best of all, their true godliness and exemplary piety. They made themselves friends among their English neighbors, and left their mark upon society. Everywhere they were industrious, honorable, and pious people. It is not difficult to see, even in Mr. Spurgeon's physique, a resemblance to these godly Dutchmen, while in other respects he has proved himself a worthy son of the noble sires, who, driven from their homes by cruel persecutions, carried with them the faith that was dearer to them than life itself.

One of the Essex branch of the family, Job Spurgeon, was a prisoner in Chelmsford jail at the time John Bunyan was lying in Bedford jail, and for the same cause—faithful adherence to his conscientious convictions. For fifteen weeks, in bitterly severe weather, he lay on a pallet of straw without any fire. His descendant had an easier lot outwardly, but he was not lacking in the same spirit of Christian heroism; and he, also, has had his share of suffering for the truth's sake, both in the fierce ordeal through which he had to pass in the early years of his ministry in London, and in his continued contention for "the faith once for all delivered to the saints." It is related that, quite early in his career in London, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon was introduced, in a bookseller's shop in Paternoster Row, to a Mr. John Spurgeon, a descendant of the Norfolk branch of the family. On comparing notes of their respected ancestors, the same piety, righteousness and loyalty to the truth, were found to have characterized them on both sides.

A Hallowed Oak.

Some interesting anecdotes of his grandfather have been recorded by Mr. Spurgeon, and others may be found in his printed sermons. Here is one entitled under "Under the Oak Tree." While a youth, under conviction of sin, he frequently repaired to a wood in Honeywood Park, where, especially under a certain oak, then only a sapling, he wept and groaned before the Lord, and where, also, he received the gift of faith to believe on the Lord Jesus, and enter upon the enjoyment of peace with God. It was a lonely spot, but it was to him a Bethel, the house of God and the gate of heaven. He often resorted thither for meditation, prayer and praise.

"Some time after this conversion," writes the grandson, "having to go from Coggeshall to Halstead, his route lay near the hallowed spot. On the night previous he dreamed very vividly that Satan appeared to him, and threatened to tear him to pieces if he dared to go along that footpath, and pray under the oak as he had been wont to do. The evil one reminded him that if he took the farm-yard path all would go well with him. When my grandfather awoke, the impression on his mind was overpowering, and he reasoned thus with himself: Whether it be a dream or really a temptation from Satan, I cannot tell, but anyhow I will not yield to it, but will show the devil that I will not do his bidding in anything, but will defy him to his face. My grandfather, then a young man, went on cheerily enough till he came to the stile where the two paths diverged, then a horrible fear came upon him, and he felt his heart beat fast. Suppose he really should meet the arch-fiend, and should find him too strong for him, what then! Better take the farm-yard path. No, that would be yielding to Satan, and he would not do that for ten thousand worlds. He plucked up courage, and tremblingly went on. The stile was leaped, the narrow track through the wood was trodden with resolution mingled with fore-bodings. The oak was in sight, the sweat was on his face, the pace quickened, a dash was made and the tree was grasped, and there was no Satan there. Taking breath a moment, the young man uttered aloud the exclamation, 'Ah, cowardly devil! you threatened to tear me to pieces, and now you do not dare to show your face.' Then followed a fervent prayer and a song of praise, and the young man was about to go on his way, when his eye was caught by something shining on the ground. It was a ring, a very large ring, and it was solid gold. How it came there it would be hard to guess. Enquiries were made; but no claimant ever appeared, and my grandfather had it made into my grandmother's wedding ring, in memory of the spot so dear to him.

THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, LONDON, (ESTABLISHED BY MR. SPURGEON.)

A Mother's Prayer.

The mother of Charles H. Spurgeon, who passed away a few years ago, was known and esteemed for her sincere piety, Christian humility and various works of usefulness in connection with the cause of the Redeemer. The prayerful solicitude and earnest care with which she trained up her children have been abundantly rewarded. Speaking one day to her son Charles of her solicitude for the best interests of all her children, she said, "Ah, Charlie, I often prayed that you might be saved, but never that you should become a Baptist." To this Charles replied, "The Lord has answered your prayer with his usual bounty, and given you more than you asked."

A Boy's Question.

"When I was a small boy," writes Mr. Spurgeon, "I was staying at my grandfather's, where I had aforetime spent my earliest days, and as the manner was, I read the Scriptures at family prayer. Once upon a time, when reading the passage in the Book of Revelation which mentions the bottomless pit, I paused and said, 'Grandpa, what can this mean?' The answer was kind but unsatisfactory, 'Pooh, pooh, child, go on!' The child intended, however, to have an explanation, and therefore selected the same chapter morning after morning, Sunday included, and always halted at the same verse to repeat the inquiry. At length the venerable patriarch capitulated at discretion by saying, 'Well, dear, what is it that puzzles you?' Now, the child had often seen baskets with bottoms, which in course of wear became bottomless, and allowed the fruit placed therein to fall upon the ground. Here, then, was the puzzle: if the pit aforesaid had no bottom, where would all the people fall to who had dropped out at the lower end? A puzzle which rather startled the propriety of family worship, and had to be laid aside for explanation at a more convenient season.

An Incident at Sixteen *

AT a meeting of ministers and deacons at the Tabernacle, May 28, 1889, Mr. Spurgeon said: "I was a member of the church at Newmarket when I first joined the church and was afterward transferred to the church at Cambridge. I attended for three Lord's Days at the Communion and nobody spoke to me. I sat in a pew with a gentleman and when we got outside I said: 'My dear friend, how are you?' He said: 'You have the advantage of me; I don't know you.' I said: 'I don't think I have for I don't know you; but when I came to the Lord's table and partook of the memorials of his death, I thought you were my brother and I thought I would speak to you.' I was only sixteen and he said to me: 'Sweet simplicity.' 'Oh, sir is it true?' I said, 'Is it true?' He said: 'It is; but I am glad you did not say this to any of the deacons.' He asked me home to tea."

A Lesson to Turf-Gamblers.

A man once said to him, "I do more good in the world than you do. You only propagate your own opinions and I run race-horses." "Then perhaps you will answer me a riddle, to which I have never yet received an answer. Why does not the devil run express trains to hell?" "I believe in neither the devil nor hell, and so I can't answer." "Then I will tell you. It is because he finds that men can get there faster by running race-horses."

A Young Pastor's Inquiry.

A young preacher named T. W. Medhurst early in his ministry called on Mr. Spurgeon to say that he feared he had made a mistake. "What do you mean?" "Well, I've been preaching for five or six months and have not heard of any conversions." "You don't expect conversions every time you preach, do you?" asked Mr. Spurgeon. "No; I don't expect them every time." "Then be it according to your faith," Mr. Spurgeon answered. "If you expect great things from God, you'll get them; if you don't you won't."

A Good Banker.

He often related how he had come to his last pound and knew not whence to find the money that was absolutely necessary for the continuance of the work. He mentioned his need to a friend who reminded him that he had a good banker. "Yes, and I should like to draw upon him now, for I have nothing," replied Mr. Spurgeon. "Well, how do you know? Have you prayed about it?" "Yes, I have." "Well, then, leave it to him. Have you opened your letters?" "No, I don't open my letters on Sunday." "Well, open them for once." He did so, and in the first one he opened there was a banker's letter to this effect: "Dear sir—We beg to inform you that a lady totally unknown to us has left with us two hundred pounds for you to use in the education of young men."

> "SETTLE this in your heart: 'Whether I am up or down, the Lord Jesus is the same.' My time is ended, although I had much more to say. I can only pray the Lord to give you to believe in Him. If I should never again have the pleasure of speaking for my Lord upon the face of this earth, I should like to deliver, as my last confession of faith, this testimony—that nothing but faith can save this nineteenth century; nothing but faith can save England; nothing but faith can save the present unbelieving Church; nothing but firm faith in the grand old doctrines of grace, and in the ever-living and unchanging God can bring back to the Church again a full tide of prosperity, and make her to be the deliverer of the nations for Christ; nothing but faith in the Lord Jesus can save you or me. The Lord give you, my brothers, to believe to the utmost degree, for His name's sake! Amen."

A SOLEMN TESTIMONY FROM PASTOR SPURGEON'S LAST SERMON.

IN the last sermon he ever delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Mr. Spurgeon uttered the remarkable passage given above, which in the light of subsequent events, must now be regarded as prophetic. It was printed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at that time, and is now republished as not only conveying an extraordinary premonition of his approaching end, but giving in a single comprehensive sentence the essence of his long and successful ministry.

TO THE SINNER.

A hymn written by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

GUILTY sinner, fly to Jesus;
He alone can purge our guilt;
From each deadly sin he frees us,
'Twas for this his blood was spilt.
Come, and welcome;
Come this moment, if thou wilt.

Hopeless sinner, look to Jesus,
In his death thy ransom see;
From despair his word releases,
Trust in him and fear shall flee.
High as heaven
Are his thoughts of love to thee.

Worst of sinners, come to Jesus,
He has said he'll cast out none;
Come with all thy foul diseases,
He can cure them every one—
And, with wonder,
Thou shall sing what grace has done.

*From the advance sheets of a new and authorized life of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon entitled, *From Usher's Desk to the Tabernacle Pulpit;* by Rev. Robert Shindler to be published about March 1st by *A. C. Armstrong & Son*, 51 E. Tenth St., N.Y.

* From *Charles Haddon Spurgeon*, by Rev. James J. Ellis; a biography written by a former student in Mr. Spurgeon's Pastors' College; pp. 219; price $1. F. H. Revell Co., N. Y. and Chicago, publishers.

REDEEMING THE CRIMINALS.

The Christian Work an Ex-Convict is Doing for His Fellows in Several American Cities—Michael Dunn's Experience.

THERE is a large class of criminals who pass their lives in a constant change between prison and the expectation of a new incarceration, with brief intervals of freedom. For such persons the greatest danger is at the moment of release. Their frequent resolves to lead "a new life" when once liberated, are in a very large proportion of cases bound to be well-nigh impossible of execution, since they cannot get work whereby they may earn an honest living. No one trusts them; the law-abiding world rigidly shuts them out while their old comrades alone receive them and claim them as their own, offering them food and clothing, shelter and money, as the price of a return to old associations and practices. The man very soon surrenders and becomes worse than before; more daring and more hopeless; thirsting for revenge on that society which rejected his true repentance.

One of the worst convicts of modern times was Michael Dunn, a native of Manchester, England, who passed thirty-five years of his life in prison, in England and America. The son of criminal parents, he drifted naturally, as he says, into crime and was first arrested in 1834, when eight years old. He went from one prison to another, always hoping to reform, but always overcome by the fascination of stealing. He was converted in 1878, and since that time he has bent all his energies toward the rescue of ex-convicts. On January 13, 1879, he was reduced to the sum of two dollars. He pawned his watch and some clothing, and by that means raised fifteen dollars with which he rented the premises No. 311 Water Street, for one month. Next day he called on three Christian gentlemen, and each gave him a five-dollar bill which helped to furnish his rooms. He made a fire, bought bread, tea, sugar, and scraps of meat, and cooked a pot of soup; then he went out and brought in six poor men—ex-convicts like himself—and spread his homely meal before them. He offered thanks to God and asked him to bless their new "Home," and he has blessed it ever since. He did not know at that time what work to put the men to, for work they must; but he made a vow to God that no man should eat a second meal in the "Home" unless he worked for it, and he kept the vow.

The "Home" prospered wonderfully. In two years it afforded shelter and aid to 534 men. It was then transferred to No. 30 Bleecker Street, and afterward to No. 40 East Houston Street, where it was incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, in February, 1882. The work to which the men are put in the "Home" is the manufacture of brooms. They are afterward sent out to sell them.

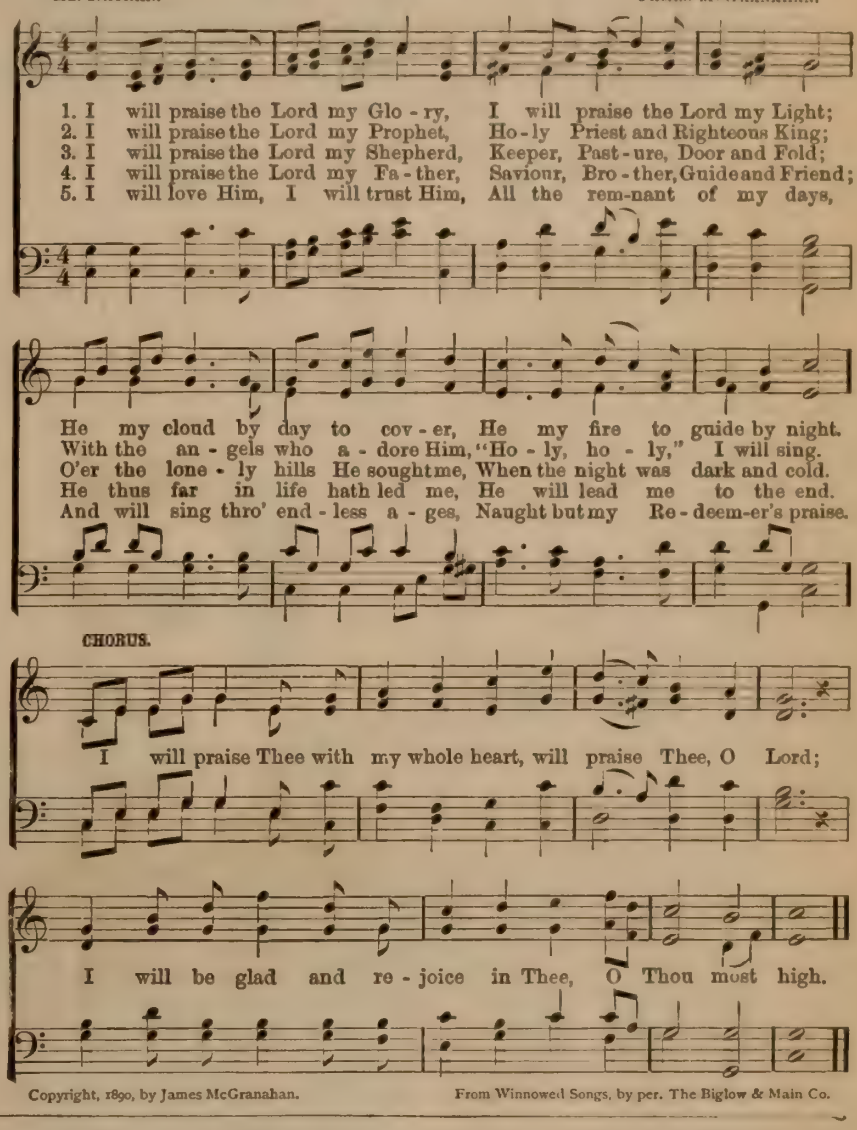
Mr. Dunn has established similar homes in Philadelphia, San Francisco, Chicago and Detroit and was recently engaged to do a similar work for Brooklyn by Dr. Le Lasheur, Superintendent and Secretary of the City Mission. No. 201 Livingston Street was temporarily rented for the purpose and was opened on January 4, 1892. The work has awakened the interest of the Christian congregations of that city. The City Mission was established in 1832, and now employs eight city missionaries, a medical missionary whose whole time is given to the work, besides a chaplain for the jail and penitentiary, a missionary at the county building (where there are five thousand inmates), and another laboring among the sailors, canal-boatmen and 'longshoremen. Its Ladies' Auxilliary has three missionaries doing special work, two more among the factory girls, and others visiting the police courts, to rescue young girls brought before the magistrates for the first time. The Society has eighteen missionary stations and one result of their work has been the establishment of eleven churches of different denominations, all now self-supporting. The City Mission has now crowned its work by opening the Industrial Home for ex-convicts. The plan is to obtain a building large enough to serve as a lodging-house for 150 men, a restaurant and work rooms, where at least 100 men can be employed in various capacities; also a mission hall to seat 200. The permanent location has not yet been settled but it will be in the neighborhood of City Hall. It will combine the work of the several stations in which the mission at present carries on its labors, viz: the Home of Industry, at 261 Livingstone Street, the Lodging House for men, at 266 Jay Street, the Helping Hand Night Mission, 283 Washington Street, and the Dispensary at the same place.

MR. DUNN QUESTIONING EX-CONVICTS AT THE "HOME."

Those convicts who really show a desire to reform, are put to work, the men in Mr. Dunn's Home, and the women in the lodging-rooms of the Women's Home where they are taught to sew and cook, and after some weeks are sent out to private houses. The demand for such help is greater than the supply and the missionaries assert that of all they have received last year, not more than five have returned to the old life of sin and crime. This work of rescue for women will be continued in the new Home of the Mission. The work for the men will be the same as Mr. Dunn has now for his charges, the broom-factory being in larger proportion as the demand and the means will allow. Besides this, other industries are planned, as the making of "jumpers," book-binding, shoe-making, all of course, of the simplest and cheapest kind. The illustration shows above Mr. Dunn questioning an ex-convict who has applied for admission to the "Home." Mr. Dunn's portrait is also given.

I will Praise Thee.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. I will praise the Lord my Glo - ry, I will praise the Lord my Light;
2. I will praise the Lord my Prophet, Ho - ly Priest and Righteous King;
3. I will praise the Lord my Shepherd, Keeper, Past - ure, Door and Fold;
4. I will praise the Lord my Fa - ther, Saviour, Bro - ther, Guide and Friend;
5. I will love Him, I will trust Him, All the rem-nant of my days,
He my cloud by day to cov - er, He my fire to guide by night.
With the an - gels who a - dore Him, "Ho - ly, ho - ly," I will sing.
O'er the lone - ly hills He sought me, When the night was dark and cold.
He thus far in life hath led me, He will lead me to the end.
And will sing thro' end - less a - ges, Naught but my Re - deem-er's praise.
CHORUS.
I will praise Thee with my whole heart, will praise Thee, O Lord;
I will be glad and re - joice in Thee, O Thou most high.

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THE STRANGER GUEST.

THE lamp was lit, the cloth was laid,
The evening meal was neatly spread,
Round which they sat, while father prayed:
"O God, with grateful hearts, of bread
Thy bounty we would now partake;
In strengthening each may it be blest.
And deign to be our favored guest—
All this we ask for Jesus' sake."

But ere they yet essay to eat,
Or mother's hand begins to pour
The tea, the steps of stranger feet
Are plainly heard without the door,
And then some soft and timid knocks—
When lo! upon the threshold stood
A child, beneath whose shabby hood
There strayed a few bright golden locks.

In mute appeal her famished look
Bespeaks the want of food to eat:
"I was a stranger and ye took
Me in, hungry ye gave me meat—"
These words that once our Saviour spake
Seemed to be burning in each breast;
They see him in their humble guest,
And give her food for Jesus' sake.

And when the child is warmed and fed
They ask how came she thus to roam?
Alas! her parents both are dead,
And she without a friend or home.
With love and pity all awake,
How can they turn her in the cold?
Gladly their circling arms enfold
This wee stray lamb for Jesus' sake.

For deeds of valor and of might
Some men have won immortal fame;
But oh! thrice blessed in God's sight
The lowly one for Jesus' name.
The great recording angel's hand
Writes down such acts in words sublime
Nor storms of life, or shocks of time,
His flaming record shall withstand.

—MRS. MARY LUTZ.

New Brunswick, N. J.

THE HEART'S HUMILITY.

O FATHER! dost thou see this little ball
That we call Earth?
And do thine eyes in pity fall
On us? Not worth
A thought. Thou who on angels call
And they obey.
Ruler of Time! what are we all
That I should say:
Bend thou thine ear, O God of Saul,
And hear me pray.
I, on the Lord of heaven call—
Teach me the way.

And yet, I know that thou hast said
"Come unto me."
I know the sparrows have been fed,
Dear Lord, by thee;
And I may humbly bow my head
And bend the knee
Asking, this day, for daily bread;
And that I be
Humble to walk where thou hast led
Through Calvary;
So, when they say of me, 'She's dead,'
I'll be with thee.

—*St. Louis Observer.*

THE GOOD MAN TRIED.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Feb. 28. Jer. 37:15 21. Job 23:10.

GOOD men are nowhere in the Bible promised immunity from trouble. "In this world ye shall have tribulation" is a warning constantly being fulfilled. We make a mistake in speaking of that as a mystery which was clearly predicted. Rather, should those with whom life passes pleasantly, who succeed in their undertakings, who escape losses and calamities, be concerned about their relations to Christ. If God chastens those whom he loves and "scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," what are they who escape the scourging? Job's friends tried to prove that his calamities were an evidence of his secret sin and hypocrisy, but their arguments were refuted. The patriarch could not explain the reason why he was afflicted more than other men, but he was conscious of his integrity and he would not believe that his trials were punishments nor would he give up his faith in God. He was sure that God was just, and he could not conceal his own sufferings. The connection between the two facts could not be traced, yet he knew it was there. If Job had understood the circumstances with which the reader of the book is put in possession in the first chapter, he could have borne his sufferings more cheerfully. But God often lets his people suffer in ignorance of the cause of their suffering. Their faith is more conspicuous in such circumstances. When all things seem to conspire to make the Christian believe that there is no God, or only a God who cares nothing for his creatures, and the man holds to his faith through it all, he has proved its sincerity and strength. "I know him," God said in reference to the father of the faithful. It was like the word of one who had proved and tested the fidelity of a friend by many tests.

But why is the good man afflicted? We get a clue to the reason for it if we regard this life in the light of a preparatory school. The toil of learning, the severe discipline are good for the boy, as we tell him, and are to fit him for his future career in the world. It would be no kindness to him to let him spend his boyhood in play and allow him to shirk his irksome tasks. It may be that our whole eternity is like the life of the boy from fifteen to seventy, and our whole life here a preparation for that long period. The chain, or the steel rope which is to be used in critical service, when the safety of lives depends on its being flawless, must be put under strain and stress that its strength may be ascertained before it is safe to put it to the use for which it was made. He who has borne, with faith unshaken, trial upon trial and has never wavered in his confidence in his God is the man whom God can use. Even in this life troubles often bear fruit which the world could ill spare. If John Bunyan had not been imprisoned, we should probably never have had the *Pilgrim's Progress*. If trials and persecutions had not fallen heavily on the Pilgrim Fathers, New England might not have been settled by a race whose vigorous faith kept this land safely Christian during the crises of its early history. Enough is taught us by what we see in this life of the fruits of affliction, to convince us that the heaviest trials are not a cruel waste, but the necessary cost of glory.

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THE Y. W. C. A. ENDOWMENT FUND.

THE gratifying intelligence is announced that the Brooklyn Young Women's Christian Association has succeeded in its effort to raise the fund of one hundred thousand dollars for which it has been working for some time past. It will be remembered that the acquisition of this amount was made a condition by Mr. Cornelius N. Wood of his magnificent gift of $125,000 for a new building. Mr. Wood subscribed $10,000 additional to this fund, and John Claflin, Jonathan Ogden, Mrs. C. M. Robbins and A. M. White gave $10,000 each; S. B. Chittenden, Josiah A. Law, M. A. Male and Alanson Trask gave $5,000 each; the Marquand estate gave $2,000, and twent-four others gave $1,000 each. The rest of the fund was made up of small subscriptions, the lowest being 25 cents. In addition, the late S. B. Chittenden contributed a site at Flatbush Avenue and Schermerhorn street, on which a handsome building is to be erected, and Mr. Wood bought the adjoining lot and put that in, so that the structure will have a frontage of ninety-five feet. In all, Mr. Wood has contributed $143,000.

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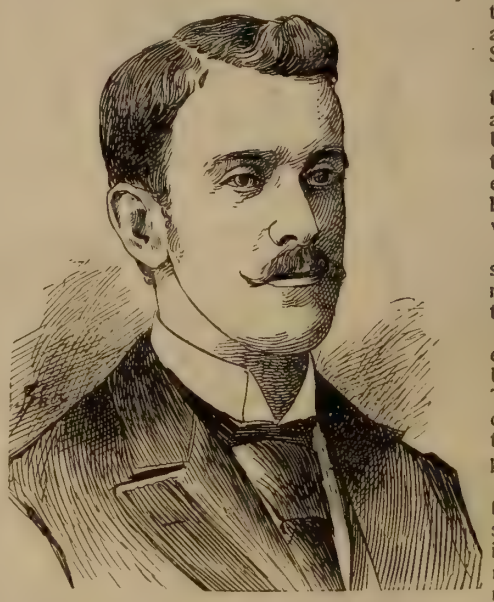
THE Y. M. C. A. WORKER IN BRAZIL.

MISSIONARY work of a peculiarly difficult character has been undertaken by the young man whose portrait appears on this page. Mr. Myron A. Clark has volunteered to go to Brazil in the interest of Young Men's Christian Associations as a representative of the International Committee. It is his hope to reach the young men of that Republic and to organize permanent work among them. He has already commenced his work at Santo Paulo, a city of over 40,000 inhabitants, and writes cheerfully of his prospects. In that city is the



MR. M. A. CLARK, Y. M. C. A. WORKER IN BRAZIL.

celebrated Protestant College founded by Rev. G. W. Chamberlain and called the Collegio Americano. It is under the control of the Presbyterian Church and has in its various branches nearly five hundred students. Among these young people trained under Protestant teachers, Mr. Clark has good reason to hope for a nucleus for a Young Men's Christian Association. Beside these there are converts won by the Baptist and Methodist Episcopal Missions in Santo Paulo and other cities.

Mr. Clark is only twenty-six years of age, but he has given proof of a capacity for difficult labor and tact and energy beyond his years. He is a native of Buffalo, N. Y., but the chief part of his education was received at Minneapolis, Minn., whither his family removed in his youth. He graduated from Macalester College two years ago and soon afterward became Assistant Secretary to the Y. M. C. A., of Kansas City, Mo. Dr. Chamberlain, however, had visited Macalester College while Mr. Clark was a student there, and the young man had been fired by the veteran missionary's addresses with a desire to labor in Brazil. The International Committee has now given him the opportunity he desired.

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THE EPWORTH LEAGUE IN ILLINOIS.

ENCOURAGING reports of progress are furnished by the officers of the League in Illinois. Halsted Street Chapter, Chicago, is one hundred strong. Hyde Parke Chapter is growing. The young people, though few, are good workers. State Street Chapter has seventy-five members. They are of great service in revival meetings. The Ada Street Chapter, although only eight months old, has seventy members. Two religious meetings are supported weekly. Last August the League was organized at Christ Church with twelve members. Now they number forty-two. Good devotional meetings are held. There are two hundred Leaguers at Centenary Church. A Gospel service is held Sunday evening, and a devotional meeting Monday evening.

The "Mercy and Help" department does noble service in visiting the sick. The League is very helpful in revival meetings. There is a constant increase in membership. Epworth Church League has fifty members, and all departments are working. Park Avenue Chapter began with forty-one members, and has now one hundred and twelve. Hamlin Avenue Church is the result of League enterprise. It was established by the Western Avenue Chapter. This new church has a fine League. Kenwood Chapter is five weeks old, and has started well, having thirty-one members. Rogers Park has sixty very active Leaguers. Special effort is made by the Christian Work, Mercy and Help departments.

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A MODEL CONSTITUTION.

As many of our readers are thinking of forming Junior Endeavor Societies in the churches to which they belong, a model constitution for a union may be useful to them. It was originally adopted by the Junior Union of Hudson County, New Jersey, of which Mrs J. L. Scudder is President, and is mentioned with approval by Dr. F. E. Clark in the *Golden Rule*:

Article I.—This society shall be called the Junior Christian Endeavor Union of Hudson County, New Jersey.

Article II.—The object of this Union shall be to stimulate and encourage an interest in Junior Christian Endeavor work, to promote the growth of Children in a Christian life, and to interest them in church and Sunday School.

Article III.—Any Junior Society of Christian Endeavor of Hudson County, by adopting the Junior pledge, may join this Union on its vote to do so, communicated to the Secretary of this Union, and approved by its executive committee. The member of any Society belonging to this Union will be entitled to all its privileges.

Article IV.—The officers of this Union shall be a president, vice-presidents, a secretary, and treasurer, whose duties shall be those usually belonging to such officers.

Article V.—The readers [or superintendents] of each Society belonging to the Union shall form the executive committee. They shall join with the officers in having charge of arrangements of all meetings of this Union, and all business not otherwise provided for.

Article VI.—There shall be a meeting of this Union for devotional services, discussion, papers, addresses, business, and social intercourse, as the executive committee may arrange. There shall also be an annual meeting in October for the hearing of reports and an election of officers.

Article VII.—At each meeting each Society belonging to this Union may be represented by seven delegates, who shall constitute the voting body in that meeting; but all members are urged to attend every meeting of the Union, and to participate in the worship and discussions.

Article VIII. — This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote.

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A GREAT mass meeting of Christian Endeavor Societies was held in Brooklyn, N. Y., in the First Reformed Church, Bedford Avenue, on February 13th, at which Dr. F. E. Clark, the President of the United Society, delivered an address.

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THE Union of Christian Endeavor Societies of Brooklyn, N Y., has an entire new staff of officers. President, Mr. A. V. Heely; vice-president, Mr. Leonard Dates; secretary, Mr. W. W. Freeman, assistant secretary, Mr. Herbert N. Cole; treasurer, Mr. J. C. Doty, Jr.

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MR. J. W. BAER reports one-week's enrollment of Christian Endeavor Societies as one hundred and seventeen. Of these, twenty-seven were Presbyterian, seventeen Congregational, fourteen Methodist, thirteen Baptist, twelve Christian, five Lutheran, five Reformed, four Cumberland Presbyterian, three Methodist Protestant, two Free Baptist, two Reformed Episcopalian, two Friends, and eleven union societies in small towns.

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WE shall be glad to receive from readers who are members of Christian Endeavor Societies, the King's Daughters, etc., reports of the progress of the work in their localities and of any new methods which have been found successful.

THE TWO PRINCES.

Prince Jerome Napoleon's two Sons Victor and Louis, the Heirs of the Napoleonic Tradition.

BY REV. M. BAXTER.*

CAREFUL computations of the dates and periods of Daniel convince us that a gigantic European war seems certain to break out not later than 1892 the end of this age being in Passover Week in 1901. The war will end not later than 1893 in the change of more than twenty existing States or Kingdoms, which once formed Cæsar's Roman Empire into Ten Confederated Kingdoms ruled by Ten Kings as prefigured by Daniel's Ten-horned Wildbeast.

Then in 1893 a few weeks or months after the formation of this Ten-kingdomed Confederacy of the

Ten Kings

of France, Britain, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and the Balkan States, a Napoleon will be seen as Daniel's eleventh Little Horn or King according to Daniel 7: 24, admitted into the Confederacy of the Ten Horns and appointed to reign over some little Hellenistic Kingdom like modern Macedonia or Montenegro or Albania, as foreshown by the further prefiguration of this Little Horn in Daniel 8: 9, springing out of one of Alexander the Great's four Macedonian Kingdoms, viz., Greece, Turkey, Syria, or Egypt by having a small Kingdom carved out of one of them for him to reign over.

Then in 1894 this Napoleonic Little Horn is foreshown in Daniel 11: 21-3 and 9: 27 to become King of Syria (King of the North), and to make a covenant with the Jews in Palestine for one week of seven years from Passover Day Saturday, April 21, 1894, to Passover Day, 1901, because Passover Week 1901 is shown by Daniel's dates to be the last Week of this Age. And the Seven Years of the Little Horn's Covenant with the Jews have to be the final seven (Jewish) years of this Age and therefore must run from Passover Week 1894 to Passover Week 1901.

Subsequently on Saturday, August 14, 1897, "in the midst of the week" (Daniel 9: 27), this Napoleon will break his Covenant and set up his Statue to be worshipped in the temple at Jerusalem and become the Great Imperial Antichrist for 1,335 days until he perishes on Thursday, April 11, 1901,

The Great Imperial Antichrist,

or Man of Sin who is to sit, as prophesied, in the temple at Jerusalem, showing himself that he is God and who is to be destroyed by no less event than the personal descent of Christ at Jerusalem according to II. Thessalonians 2, has been expected by thousands of Divines including the Fathers of the Primitive Church, according to Daniel and Revelation, to be the last Cæsar or Roman Emperor, that shall reign at Rome over Augustus Cæsar's ancient Roman Empire, reconstructed in the form of a Ten-kingdomed Confederacy and to be the Mightiest Political, Military and Ecclesiastical Leader ever known.

FULFILMENT OF DANIEL'S DATES AS YEARS.

445 B.C.	39	566	1856	1901
2,300 Years.				45
483 Years i.e. 69 Weeks.	A.D. 39	A.D. 566	1,290 Years	Years
			1,335 Years.	

FULFILMENT OF DANIEL'S DATES AS DAYS.

Nov. 8. 1894	March 5. 1896	Aug. 14. 1897	Feb 25. 1901	Apl. 11. 1901
2,300 Days.				45
483 Days i.e. 69 Weeks	March 5, 1896.	Aug 14, 1897.	1,290 Days	Days
			1335 Days.	

The Coming Napoleon

will in fact be a modern Alexander the Great and Mahomet, rising to power in the same countries over which those mighty conquerors prevailed—a Cyrus in his restoration of the Jews, and an Antiochus Epiphanes in his subsequent persecution of them—a Nebuchadnezzar, having the image of himself universally worshipped—and an Augustus Cæsar and Charlemagne reigning over a revived Roman Empire. At last, after his predestined three years and a half of world-wide dominion, he will vanish from the face of the earth, amid the thunders and lightnings at the descent of Christ at the battle of Amageddon in Passover Week, 1901.

Either Prince Victor Napoleon now aged twenty-nine years, or Prince Louis Napoleon, aged twenty-seven years, who are sons of the late Prince Jerome Napoleon, seems destined to be this Napoleonic Cæsar from 1897 to 1901.

* From advance sheets of his new Pamphlet.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS,

"Snowy Hermon" and the Surrounding Villages—A Region of Beauty and Desolation.

EVERYTHING connected with the Orient possesses an irresistible attraction for the youthful mind. The children had read with unusual interest the announcement in the daily paper that the Secretary for the United States of the Palestine Exploration Fund had received letters stating that on account of the prevalence of the plague at Damascus, the authorities at Jerusalem would not admit people from that city.

"Probably not so bad as it looks," remarked Uncle John, to whom they had appealed for explanations. "Every other year, there are terrifying stories of plague and pestilence in the East, but sanitary laws in that part of the world are gradually improving. A piece of more interesting news is that the railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem has been partly opened. You may remember that Dr. Talmage, in a sermon delivered some time ago, mentioned this railroad."

"Yes," said Tom. "Is there a railroad to Damascus?"

"No; people travel by the old, beaten roads, on horses or mules. Would you like to see just how a public highway in Palestine looks? Well, if you look down at the foot of the hill shown in this photograph, you will see a road bounded on one side by a low wall. It would be a very rough route for stages, certainly, being alternately up and downhill, but it is no worse probably than many of our own mountain roads in the Catskills, the White Mountains or the Rockies."

"There is a village in the valley at the bottom, too," cried Nellie. "What hill is that to the left, Uncle, where the men and horses are resting?"

"That, dear, is one of the most classic mountains of Scripture—it is 'snowy Hermon.' In the time of Moses, it was also called Sion, for, in Deuteronomy 4: 48, it is referred to as Sion, 'which is Hermon.' It is the northern boundary of Palestine and was not included in the territory conquered by Moses and Joshua, although Moses might have seen its snowy peak from Mount Nebo, where he died. God did not permit him to enter the land of promise, as you may remember."

"Oh, yes; it was because he disobeyed the Lord and struck the rock twice, was it not?" interrogated Ned.

"It was because he struck in anger and did not believe God, and show confidence in his promise, but cried out to the people: 'Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of the rock?' For that sin he died in Moab.

"The dwellings you see in the valley below Hermon," continued Uncle John, pointing to the picture, "are doubtless a Druse hamlet. Here and there, all round about the foot of the mountain, are fields of wheat, beans and lentils, and there are even wheat fields on the southern slope; but the mountain itself is mainly rocky and sterile, with little patches of vegetation, just enough to afford browsing for the Bedouins' horses and mules, like those you see grazing in the foreground, while their masters camp nearby. The road below is quite likely the main highway to Damascus. Hermon is surrounded by low hills, verdurous and wooded, and valleys in which daisies, broom and hawthorn abound. It is a region of mountain streams that swell in spring to raging torrents. The roads with few exceptions are exceedingly rough and even dangerous for travel, and on the mountain the tourist has to traverse wild paths across dry beds of torrents, or over grey limestone rocks and sandstone ridges, where he is surprised to find herds of red and black cattle, browsing on the scattered patches of herbage that spring up in the crevices of the rocks. These cattle are found almost as high as the snow line on the southern side. They are tended by Druse shepherds, who live with their families in flat-roofed, stone dwellings, like those shown in the photograph. These Druses speak the Arabic language and their religion is an admixture of Mohammedanism and Christianity. They have no priests, but there are buildings in which they keep their sacred writings. They believe in the incarnation, and their books declare that on more than one occasion God came to earth in human form, the last occurrence being when he came as Khalif Hakim in 1021 A. D. They believe Hakim will return to earth again, when he will give to God's servants the empire of the whole world. About 80,000 Druses hold these strange beliefs. There are, however, quite a number of Christians among them, who have discarded the old faith and are devoted followers of Christ."

"What are those large stones in the foreground of the picture?"

"They are probably volcanic rocks," was Uncle John's reply. "In many places the sides of Hermon show evidences of volcanic activity at some remote period—black, wavy seas of lava, and huge boulders, making the scene, in places, a very ruin of nature. But there are other aspects of Hermon that fully justify its traditional claim to beauty. *Jebel-esh-sheik*, it is called by the Arabs—'The Mountain of the White-Haired Old Man'—referring to its snowy peak and sides, and perfectly describing its appearance. The snow seems to stream down from the dazzling white summit like hair, but when one goes up, he only finds it lying in the crevices and hollows between the bare ridges.

"Everywhere around Hermon is historic ground. Down one of these passes—possibly that seen in the picture—Azariah of Judah fled with his broken army before the vengeance of Jehu. From Hermon's rocky eminence may be seen Mount Ebal, and the Plain of the Hauran, beyond the Jordan. From a distance, the mountain looks like a vast and precipitous mass, but on ascending, it becomes simply a long slope, very gradual in its rise. It stands there like a hoary sentinel on the verge of Palestine, just as it stood in the days when the heathen tribes in the plains below opposed the Israelites. There are many, including some of the ablest English writers, who believe that Mount Hermon was the scene of the Saviour's transfiguration."

A BEDOUIN ENCAMPMENT ON MOUNT HERMON.

(From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage during his tour in Palestine.)

* * *

Petty Tyrants.

GOD'S children have no time to devote to finding fault with the short-comings of others. They try to mend them, if at all, peaceably, and without hurting the feelings. It is usually the sluggard and idler, says a writer in *The Christian*, who stands about and watches others work, who can suggest a dozen ways in which they can do better. In proportion to their lack of actual knowledge do such persons presume to set themselves up as dictators to the others of the household. If the housekeeper is the mother of the family or an older sister, she steps aside from her legitimate sphere to argue and dictate to her husband or brother in matters of business, about which she often knows nothing at all, and neglects her housework. If the husband or brother is inclined to exercise petty tyranny over the rest of the family, he is in nine cases out of ten a man who fails to furnish the quota of support to the family, and works off the energy which might be employed in a worthier cause dictating to the others how they should work. As a rule, the rest of the family where such a dictator makes his abode are too accustomed to the nuisance to make active protest, and go stolidly on their own way. Yet, like the dropping of water on stone, which in time leaves its mark, such arguing is a source of annoyance and wears upon the nerves of the listeners, however they have schooled themselves to bear and forbear.

* * *

EXAMPLE.

WE scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more:
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say—
Into still air they seem to flee.
We count them ever past;
But they shall last,
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet!

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear!

—JOHN KROBLE.

* * *

Rough Habits.

SPEAK gently, it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently; let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

THERE are many ways of bringing children to see that they are in fault, and making them sorry for their sin, far better than by personal chastisement, and while with some dispositions it is not well entirely to put aside the rod of correction, it is always best to let it be the very last resort, and to use it sparingly, and prayerfully. Rebellion and lying are almost the only faults that should be thus corrected. And if by solemn remonstrance, and putting a child away from the family-assembly for a time, you can lead it to see and be sorry for its fault, your end is gained. You do not want revenge—that is sinful—you want to prevent your child committing the fault again. Its mind and heart have been wrong, and the way to impress a child is not by blows. But there are rough habits sometimes that ought to be checked. Speak mildly yourself and see to it that your children speak and act mildly to each other. Half the quarrels in life arise in coarse, angry words. Stop them!

* * *

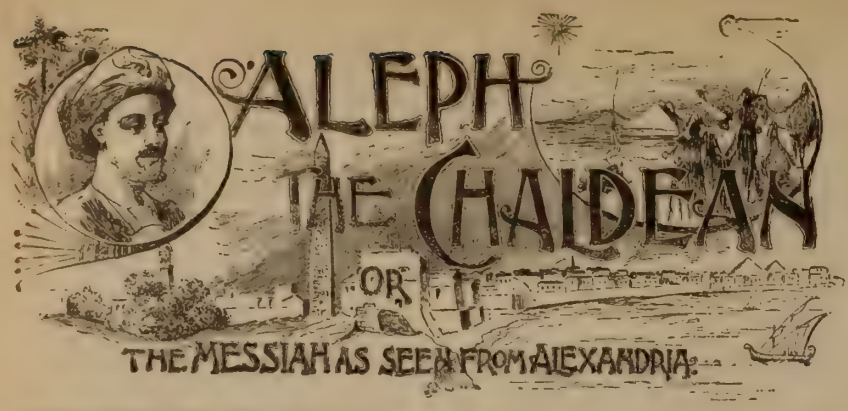
Little Untruths.

THE custom of instructing servants to say to visitors that the master or mistress of the house is not at home when the opposite is the fact is unfortunately a very general one. Devised to meet a social exigency, it is none the less a lie, however politely told and courteously received. Mr. Moody, the great evangelist, gave some illustrations to this phase of social life in a recent address to a British audience. He had visited a city, he said, where the mistresses complained that they could not trust their servants, but he told them bluntly that they should not complain if they taught their servants to lie. In France, the undesirable caller is politely told that monsieur or madame "is not visible," *i.e.* not to be seen, which conveys the necessary information and avoids the untruth. There are many people who get over the awkwardness of the situation by simply instructing their servant to inform the caller that "Mrs. —— begs to be excused."

* * *

Counsel With Your Boy.

LET your boy feel that you are always ready for him, always interested in his plans, however wild they may be. You can no longer command him. If that has been your only hold, then may God have mercy on you and on him. His judgment is beginning to grow, perhaps. Encourage it. Take him into your counsels. It will not hurt you to ask his advice about family matters. See how kindly he will take to being looked up to. Do you not like to have your friends put confidence in you? He is only another you. If his self-respect be small, you are cherishing its growth.



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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CHAPTER IX. (*Continued.*)

AGAIN Helena seated herself. Simon approached, took hold of both her hands, and looked steadily into her eyes. Shortly, relinquishing her hands, he made passes downward along her arms. Gradually her eyelids drew together and she slept.

"Now tell us what you see," said Simon.

"I see," said she, slowly, as if looking afar, "a beautiful country of mountains and green valleys and crystal streams, sprinkled with flocks and herds and white-faced keepers."

"Look again. What do you see now?" continued the magician.

"I see," replied Helena, "a magnificent palace perched on an eminence. It is of stone, and it has around it walls and towers; and into its courtyard is now coming a caravan dusty and wayworn—loaded horses and mules and camels; and, escorting them, many armed horsemen before and behind."

"Enter the palace. What see you now?" continued the soothsayer.

"I see steps of marble, doors of brass, a lofty hall with sculptures and suits of armor, sumptuous apartments after apartments—a library in which are four persons; two sitting on a couch, and two standing before them. The first two are a man and woman venerable with white locks, but with no other signs of great age: the other two, also a man and woman, are much younger and still in the fullness of mature life. All are of princely features and bearing."

"What are they doing?" demanded Simon.

"The younger couple are untying tablets bound about with a black ribbon. They are now reading—plainly with surprise and grief."

"Approach and read with them," said Simon.

"I cannot read. The characters are strange. Besides, tears have fallen copiously on them," said the woman.

Simon reversed his passes, and the woman, giving a great sigh, opened her eyes.

He then came forward to the end of the stage next to our friends.

"We come now," said he, "to something very important. It has been known from remotest times that it is possible to determine from the stars the general character of a man's fortunes, the critical times in his life, the sort of dangers to which he will be most exposed. Becoming acquainted with these, he can take precautions accordingly. For example, if one finds that to-morrow will be a time of special peril to him, and that the peril will come from a city, he can leave the city at once and so secure himself. So it is very important that each one of you inform himself in advance all about these critical and dangerous times that are sure to come to him. Do not neglect this opportunity of consulting the stars. It is the opportunity of a life-time. For the very small consideration of only one gold stater he can have the benefit of my profound studies among the stars, studies which I can assure you have been profounder and more successful than those of any other man, not excepting Hermes Trismegistus himself. All you have to do is to hand me the piece of gold, together with the exact time and place of your birth, and I will construct the twelve Heavenly Houses and find the places of the planets therein, and take account of their mutual bearings and modifications, and so make out for you a horoscope that will tell you just what is to be done in every trying situation as long as you live. And you will live twice as long for it. Now, who will, at the trifling expense I have mentioned, protect himself from great harm and secure to himself wonderful advantages?"

He folded his arms and waited. But no one responded. Either there was not sufficient faith in the people, or they had already invested in horoscopes, or the gold piece required was wanting. The astrologer expressed surprise at this backwardness to seize the splendid opportunity they were having for having their fortunes told by the truth-telling stars their most illustrious interpreter. It was a great mistake. They would surely regret it. He was only passing through the city on his way to Rome at the invitation of the Emperor Tiberius, and when he should return, if ever, it was impossible to say. What was the difficulty? Was it the ready money demanded? Well, he would make it easy for poor people. They might pay him on delivery of the horoscope and its interpretation. Let them hand in their names and the facts called for, and he would trust them.

This brought out the people in the court. Not a few signified their readiness to accept the new offer; and the Nubians, passing along the inner hurdles with papyrus and stylus, soon collected quite a catalogue of names and appropriate particulars. This seemed very satisfactory to Simon.

He then looked off toward the piazza from whose seats no response to his appeal had yet come. He was now ready to attend to them. It was kind in them to wait till the less favored class had been cared for. Now let the piazza speak. Though they did not belong to the impecunious class, he would make no distinction between the rich and poor, but would serve all on the same terms. And he walked about the edge of the platform on all sides with one hand behind his ear.

"Yours voices are too feeble," he at length exclaimed; "I must get nearer," and he descended from the stage by the flight of steps in front of Cimon and Aleph, opened the wicket and stepped on the piazza.

"Perhaps these friends, one of whom seems to me to have come from the native land of astrology and may therefore be presumed to know how potent in human affairs the stars are, will allow me to construct figures for them. Somehow I feel a presentiment as I stand near this young man (and I have never known such presentiments deceive me), that he is entering a critical period in his fortunes, and will need all the light my art can throw on the character of the perils surrounding him and the way of escape. If he will tell me the exact date and place of his birth, I can in a few moments, by means of a great improvement on old methods, make for him a planetary construction that will cover the next few days and be of immense service to him. I trust he believes in the Chaldean science?"

"At present I express neither assent nor dissent," said Aleph; "I only say that I have no occasion for your art. If perils come, I propose to seek help, not from the stars, but from beyond them."

This was said in so decisive a tone as to forbid further solicitation.

Simon merely added in a voice which plainly betrayed resentment, "Perhaps the young man is aware that the stars are apt to be hostile to those who distinctly refuse them. I foresee that they will be hostile to him." And, swaying his long, loose mantle against the knees of Aleph as he turned, he stalked back to his place on the platform.

There, folding his arms and looking upward intently as if carefully perusing the sky at different points, he remained silent for a while. He then suddenly exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "Oh, the angry aspects! Oh, the threatening configurations! Oh, the malignant Saturn in Aries shooting his rays aslant yonder!"—and he pointed his finger toward the part of the piazza which he had just left. He then turned to the people and said with a voice that seemed oppressed by some mighty burden, "You have just heard me say that sometimes when I am very near a person, and especially if my robe touches him, there comes upon me a presentiment in regard to him which is, in a measure, a substitute for a horoscope—especially if at once followed by such a a consultation of the heavens as I have just now given."

"Tell us what you have discovered," cried a voice from the court.

"I see," he cried, "his enterprise miscarrying, his friends forsaking him, his enemies surrounding him. Flight alone will save him. And let him not linger. The black cloud has settled till it touches him—let him rush from under it. The walls of the house have crept together till they press him on every side — let him leap forth before it is too late. The walls of the city have crowded in upon him till the four gates almost meet one another — let him struggle through this or that as best he can, and flee, flee. Flee on the swift Bactrian dromedary, flee on the swift galley with sails and oars, flee as does the ostrich before the Arabian with both feet and wings, flee as do the sands of the desert before the hot Simoom. Else the Chaldean home will wail for the son that never returns."

This he said with the air of a prophet—his tall form strained to the utmost, his hand lifted, and his voice urgent and full of horror. He retained his tragic attitude and aspect for a little after he had ceased speaking. Meanwhile Helena had stolen up to him, and stood looking skyward as if trying to see what he saw. Suddenly he grasped her arm with one hand and with the other pointed with anxious look toward various parts of the sky: all the while speaking to her in a low voice, as if explaining what they saw. He had an apt scholar. She gave frequent nods of assent, and finally clasped and wrung her hands with as dismayed an air as his own.

All this seemed to profoundly impress the people in the court, on whose upturned faces the many lights of the stage were strongly shining. They gazed at the astrologer with open mouths: they seemed awe-struck at his fiery words and majestic bearing. He glanced from there to Aleph—was it to see whether the same effect had been produced on him? At all events he saw none. A perfect composure reigned in the face and attitude of the young man. Simon was both disconcerted and angry—as was plain enough to the sharp young eyes that never left him.

"I have no doubt," cried he, after an evident effort to recover himself, "that nearly all my friends under the piazza are more respectful to the Celestial Science than the one whose danger and misfortunes have just been revealed to me. But, as time presses, I will not ask them to apply for horoscopes to-night. Let them come to me as privately as they choose at my rooms here for the next few days; and it will be strange as well as pitiful if the book of the stars does not read more pleasantly for them than it has done for one this evening."

He made a sign to the Nubians. They hastened to fan the coals in the brazier; and, when the cauldron had begun to seethe again, he approached and dropped in something that made the contents hiss and leap as if they would burst away from the vessel. He then drew from under his mantle a sheet of papyrus covered with writing, dipped the manuscript into the cauldron, lighted it at the coals, waved it toward the four points till it was wholly consumed.

He made another sign to Helena. She went to one of the looped-up curtains and drew from a fold in it with an air of profound reverence—a wand. This, with averted eyes, she brought to Simon: then sank on her knees and covered her eyes with her hand. Whereupon the blacks came up hastily and crouched behind her with all the signs of abject fear. Dipping the end of the wand in the cauldron, the magician proceeded to describe with it a large circle about them all. Dipping again, he traced just within the circle and all around it a variety of characters—allowing no break, however small, in the continuity of the tracing. The lines became gradually luminous—first the circumference of the circle, then the endless chain of mystic characters within.

"The Ephesian Letters," whispered Cimon to Aleph. There was an intense hush of fearful expectation.

"I am now about," the magician cried in his gravest tones, "to summon here mighty genii and elemental spirits, both to show you the resource of my art, and to convince as many of you as need convincing (and the number of such persons is not small in these days), of the reality of a world of invisible beings possessing great powers. Many of these spirits are exceedingly mischievous as well as mighty, and would be glad to destroy us all. But they dare not cross this circle, and especially the characters traced just within it—though they would do so if they could find the least break in the lines. I am also able to protect those of you without this circle—provided certain conditions are complied with. All seats under the piazza must be set forward from the wall so as to allow free passage behind them for the spirits; and in addition every one must remain quietly in his place, whatever may happen or seem to be happening, till I dismiss you. To all complying with these conditions and keeping a reverent attitude of mind toward the spirits, I can promise entire safety. To others I can promise nothing. Solomon himself could promise nothing. I will not be responsible for even the lives of any who violate these conditions."

Both Cimon and Aleph had for some time noticed that the single lighted lamp that hung just before them was getting dimmer; and so were not surpised when it flickered and expired while the magician was speaking.

The man was now looking at his best. He seemed to have reserved himself for this time. His commanding stature, his powerful and oracular face, and his stately bearing enriched by the mysterious and becoming robes of his art, shone out very impressively under the brilliant lights of the stage. He stood in the centre of his magical circle, with his wand in his hand. He cast the wand on the floor. Lo, a serpent, gliding along with erect and hissing head till it came to the luminous belt of Ephesian Letters! There it stopped, and then moved along the belt slowly, without touching it, as if looking for some break in it, till it reached the point whence it started. Then with depressed head it moved back silently to Simon, who took it by the tail, and lo, he had again a wand in his hand.

He extended it toward the East and called out with a great voice in that direction certain uncouth names, saying:

"Genii, spirits elemental of air, of fire, of earth, and of water! By the bond between us, by this wand which ye know, by the spells I have woven, by this magic circle in which I stand, I summon you, I summon you!"

He then turned toward the other cardinal points, repeating to each the same formula, though appealing to different personal names. At once there fell on the ear the faint beat of distant wings. Shadows began to flit through the air, and monstrous shapes vaguely showed themselves on the walls and roofs of the khan. Then the lights an the stage burned blue, grew feeble, flickered, went out. Everything was now in profound darkness—save that on the stage the circumference of the circle with its inlying border of mystic characters was become a glowing belt that cast a weird light on the magician and his cowering companions, but seemed to have no power of illuminating beyond the stage. Now the beat of wings was heard more distinctly. It grew apace. Soon it was like the rush of winds—high in the air above the stage, and at various points in the passage left behind the seats under the piazza. There it swept along with terrific force—whistling and howling. Into these noises others immediately insinuated themselves. Strange whisperings and mutterings became audible. These gradually passed into raps, detonations, groans, shrieks; and occasionally a yell so fierce and demoniacal as to be appalling, rent the air and the ear.

But the chief place of commotion was the edge of the platform, just outside of the fiery zone. Here, all the noises that were scattered elsewhere were condensed and intensified into the roar of a tempest. To fiendish laughs and screeches and yells that made the ear tingle were added the bayings of many sorts of wild beasts when hot after their prey. It seemed as if the spirits were crowding to get at the magician, and tear him limb from limb, and were chafed to madness on being prevented by the magic circle. It was the many-voiced sea, lashed into fury, leaping in spray and thunder on a rock-bound coast. What a carnival! Was hell emptied? And through the blackness and the uproar and the fury, pierced voices like swords—voices that cried:

"We are here, great Master, to do thy bidding. Lo, we are here!"

At no time during the evening had Cimon, or even Aleph with his younger eyes, been able to see who occupied the adjoining seats on their right and left. These seats had not been taken till it had become too dark to distinguish faces or even figures: and the single lamp before themselves was so ensconced among the ornaments of the eaves of the piazza that it threw no light to either side. But from both sides they occasionally caught low sounds of movements and voices; and knew very well that they had neighbors. And they felt quite sure that if an attack should be made upon them it would come from those nearest to them. So, as soon as the lights had all gone out, after a moment's whispered conference together, they noiselessly set their seat back against the door of their room, and as noiselessly took stand in front of it and facing it, but at a distance from it of several feet—and waited for what might happen.

(*To be Continued.*)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Edward Elliott. West Liberty, Iowa. Why was not Moses permitted to enter the promised land?

See Deut. 32: 51.

G. A. Jamieson, Anna, Tex. Is there a society or organization that furnishes mission preachers with religious literature for family use and distribution?

Write to the Religious Tract Society, Nassau Street, New York City.

C. A. Benedict, Carbondale, Pa. Is there any place where old Westminster Qaarterlies could be made of use? My class in Sunday School wish to gather them up and send to some poorer school, but almost every obscure hamlet keeps up with the International Series now.

Possibly some of our readers may be able to give the information asked.

M. F. N., Maryland, Tenn. Did the Holy Spirit direct the men who wrote the Bible in word or was the thought given by the Holy Spirit and the writer left to choose his own words?

Spurgeon, Needham, Gordon and other leaders contend that the Holy Spirit dictated the language, but the majority of theologians now hold that only the ideas were suggested.

S. F. G. Riverside, Cal. Does Dr. Talmage advocate close communion when he says, as he did recently, "The Baptists have as much right to their belief as the Pœdobaptists?

Dr. Talmage does not advocate close communion. He meant that in organizing themselves into a church, Baptists had the same right to make rules for their own association as other denominations have.

P. Denver, Colo. How do you reconcile the statement that every knee shall bow and every tongue confess, etc (Phil. 2: 10), with the words of Christ about everlasting punishment. (Matt. 25: 46)?

We are told that the devils believe. (James 2: 19.) In Christ's lifetime the devils confessed that he was the Holy One of God (Mark 1: 14), but it availed them nothing.

Subscriber. Toronto. What is the meaning of the 144,000 mentioned in Rev. 14: 1?

Many expositors of prophecy believe that before the great tribulation, believers who are looking for Christ, like the five wise virgins in the Parable (Matt. 25: 1-13), will be caught up to meet him in the air and that their number will be 144,000; and that believers who are not so looking for him, will remain to endure the persecution of Antichrist, but will be admitted to heaven when they die.

Sewickley Subscriber. Our friend Rev. Dr. Buttinger, D.D., now deceased, who was one of the finest scholars of the Presbyterian ministry of the age, said the Bible was not so much a religious book as first and foremost a historical record. Granting this, is not history a religion and if so, then is not the Bible religious?

The minister was probably insisting on a fact much disputed now. The critics say the Bible is a religious book and is not accurate as a historical record. Probably, the minister being challenged, gave, as disputants often do, undue emphasis to his view.

W. S. H., No. Freedon, Wis. 1. At a point on the directly opposite side of the globe from a given point, would it be east or west? 2. Would the Columbian Exposition violate any law of the United States or the State of Illinois in opening on Sunday? 3. Would not Christians be doing wrong by patronizing such exhibition?

1. The Maritime Congress at Washington several years ago adopted Greenwich as the meridian of longitude. Your calculations, east or west, must be made accordingly. 2. We are not aware of any U. S. law. There may be a state or local statute in Illinois governing the case. 3. Yes.

F. E. Pogue, Porters, Del. 1. What year and month did the Crucifixion occur? 2. What day did the Passover come on in that year? 3. What year and month did Darius send forth his decree to build Jerusalem? 4. Did the Passover Sabbath occur on the same day as the regular Sabbath in the year of the Crucifixion?

1. If, as is now generally believed, the date of Christ's birth was in the fifth year of the Christian era, the crucifixion occurred A.D. 39. It was in the Jewish month Nisan, answering to our March or April. 2. The belief of the Church has always been that it was Saturday. The theory has of late been held by some that it was on Thursday, but it has not been satisfactorily proved. 3. The decree for the building of Jerusalem from which the dates of prophecy are reckoned was issued by Artaxerxes in Nisan 445 B.C. 4. It is not known, but that is the assumption.

Henry T. Crosby, Chaplin, Conn. What is meant by the words (1. Cor. 11: 26) "ye do show the Lord's death till he come?" Is it the Lord's presence; the coming to take away his followers by death; or his coming to judge the world?

The Apostle clearly referred to the significance of the Lord's Supper as a perpetual memorial of the Lord's death, to be observed by the Church until the end of this dispensation or in his own words, "till he come." It could not have had reference to the Lord's spiritual presence, or to the believer's death, as Paul implied that the "coming" would terminate the observance. It must have referred to the coming he describes in 1. Thess. 2: 1-8 and other places, when Christ will appear to call his waiting people to himself, and afterward descend to destroy Antichrist and his followers and set up his millennial kingdom on the earth. The judgment of the world will not take place till the end of the millennium.

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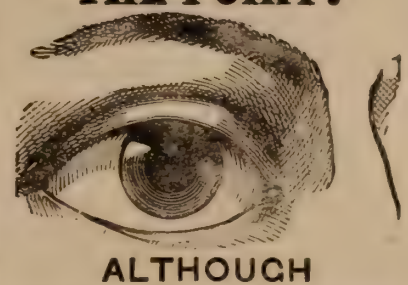

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'No, Maharaj, he answered, it might be this tree, or this rock, or this earth; the Bhagwan made everything, and can come anywhere, and be pleased.' 'Have you ever seen the Bhagwan come to your "Deo"?' 'No; no one can see the Bhagwan.' On another occasion I asked a man whether he would eat alligator's flesh; his answer was, 'No, sahib; I have made it my Deo, but many in my village who eat it.' 'But do you not get angry when they kill and eat your Deo?' 'No, sahib, I make another," he replied.

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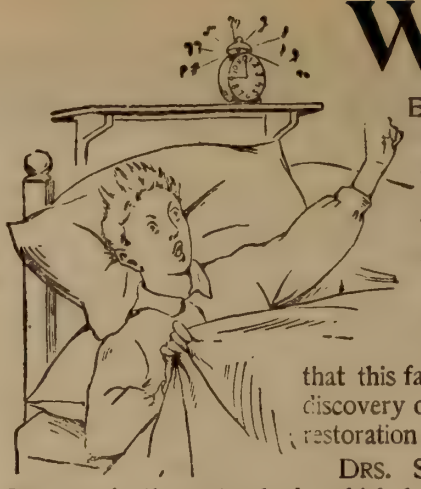
Beware of imitations. 246 JAMES PYLE. N.Y.

Wake Up!



Every one wakes up sooner or later. Its the element of time that gives the act interest—in time, or behind time is the question. Particularly is this true of those in poor health. To such, time is life as well as money.

Every one knows that the recuperative power of nature is very great. But not every one knows that this fact is the foundation for the greatest discovery of modern science for the relief and restoration of suffering humanity.

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E. B. TREAT, Publisher, New York.

LEAD THOU ME.

FATHER, I scarce can see the way,
Dark is the night.
Clasp my hand close in thine, I pray,
Lead me aright.
I tremble when the storm comes on
And cling to thee.
Faltering, weak, I faint and fall,
Oh! hold thou me.

Though deep the gloom and cold the storm
That compass me,
I can but choose through sorrow's night
To follow thee.
Guide thou my steps, I cannot tell
Where dangers wait.
I only know that thou art near;
On thee I wait.

What seems to me my deepest blight,
My mercies prove,
Since they do but reveal to me
Thy weight of love.
Father, when comes the gladsome day
And storms are past
I'll praise thee most for roughest way,
And strongest blast.

— E. M. MORRELL.

Cadillac, Mich.

A RAILROAD TALK.

A LADY travelling on a railroad in India, in the car set apart for women and called the Zenana car sends the following description of what occurred: "In the same compartment was a lady, Miss Mulvany by name, who was trying to reach the women of India through the Zenana Mission. Soon after leaving Calcutta, Miss Mulvany began to distribute tracts. There seemed to be only one woman who could read, and the others asked Miss Mulvany to read to them. We were in a compartment to ourselves, but the women climbed over the partitions into the next one, so that all could hear as Miss Mulvany leaned over and read to them. It was most interesting to watch the faces, marked with such sympathy and intelligence. As far as I could follow the explanation, they seemed to catch the point of what was being said exactly. Miss Mulvany explained that just as parents love both their good children, so God loves us. "You may think," she read, "I am such a sinner that he cannot love me." "Yes," said one, "that is exactly what I do think; he can't love me." Then Miss Mulvany went on to explain that God does love sinners, and how he showed his love, and she told the story of his crucifixion. "Oh!" they exclaimed, "we have never heard words like these before: we should like to hear them every day." She took the name of a village twelve miles off where some of the women live, and told them that she would try to visit them soon."

A NOBLE TRIBUTE.

"ACCOMPLISHMENTS are all very well in their way," remarked a venerable lady, to a group who sat listening to her in the parlor, lately. "But to my mind the most accomplished woman is the one who best understands how to rule her house with discretion and so make home happy. If a man wants a wife for show, let him marry a modern accomplished belle; but if he wants to make home a scene of comfort, he must look for one who possess good old grandmother qualifications and who is right at heart. I once saw a tombstone bearing this inscription:

SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY.

In these few words were expressed woman's highest praise and her greatest duty, next to that she owes to God. Unhappy is the lot of one who is united to a woman destitute of these qualifications."

Do you know that you can buy a chimney to fit your lamp that will last till some accident happens to it?

Do you know that Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass" is that chimney?

You can have it—your dealer will get it—if you insist on it. He may tell you it costs him three times as much as some others. That is true. He may say they are just as good. Don't you believe it—they may be better for him; he may like the breaking.

Pittsburg. GEO. A. MACBETH & CO.

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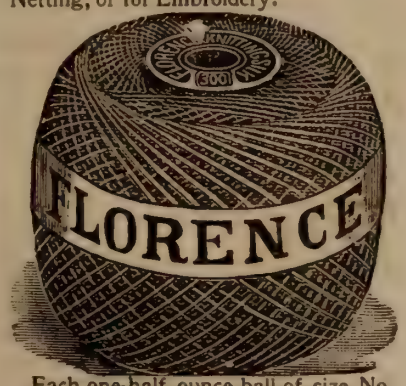

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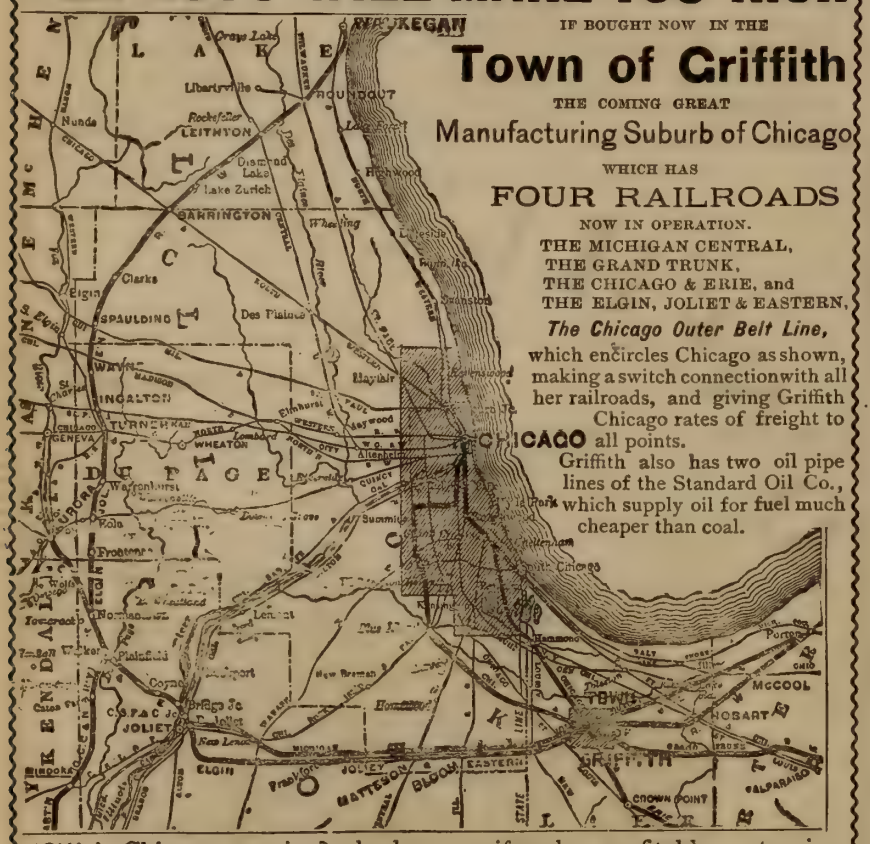
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The Prison of St. Peter.

One of the Most Interesting Sights the Traveler Sees in Jerusalem—A Ruin Now, Except the Ancient Wall and the Gateway.

IN the first century of the Christian era, there was no more bitter and relentless foe of the followers of Christ than Herod Agrippa. After the Ascension of Christ, the Apostles had returned to Jerusalem and there awaited the manifestation of the Holy Spirit which took place at Pentecost. This was followed by a season of vigorous preaching and the performance of many miracles by the Apostles. Their success in spreading the Christian belief stirred up the Pharisees and Sadducees to active antagonism. The Apostles were seized and cast into prison on the charge of disseminating "pernicious doctrine."

At the trial which took place before the Sanhedrim, Peter took a bold stand in justification of their course, and Annas and Caiaphas, the High Priests, were incensed. They were unable to hold the prisoners, however, and liberated them. After this, the Apostles preached boldly and openly; converts grew, and multitudes came to Jerusalem attracted by the sturdy eloquence of Peter, as well as by the wonderful miracles that were talked of all over Palestine. Once more Peter and John and several others with them, were cast into prison by the envious Sadducees, but the entire party was released by an angel as related in Acts 5: 18-22.

It was after this that the first organization of the Christian Church was effected and Deacons were elected. The fate of Stephen—one of the most successful of the teachers—who was accused and stoned to death outside the walls, saddened but did not discourage the devoted band. While Peter was in Joppa the incident of the conversion of Cornelius, the centurion of the Italian band, occurred, and this further stirred up the bitter feelings of the Jewish ecclesiastics.

After a long season of good works, the Christians were again laid under the harrow of persecution when Herod the Tetrarch began a relentless war upon them. James the Just, the brother of Jesus, was his first victim. Ananus, the High Priest, a violent Sadducee, together with the Sanhedrim, condemned him as a lawbreaker and he was beheaded publicly. This outrage awoke the resentment of the better class of citizens who protested to Herod, and Ananus was deposed from the priesthood. Josephus, the famous historian, declares that Jerusalem was demolished as a result of the slaughter of James the Just.

Herod was relentless, however, and persevered in his war on the Apostles, and many in certain quarters including the priesthood being gratified by the killing of James, Herod now resolved to make sacrifice of Peter. The Apostle was arrested, but as the Passover was at hand, it was decided to defer his execution until after that festival.

Tradition, seemingly well authenticated, points out the ancient building shown in the illustration on this page as the prison into which Peter was cast. On being arrested by Herod's order, he was delivered to four quaternions of soldiers and put into this stronghold, which, like the tower of Antonia, was at that time doubtless used as a public jail. He was manacled to his guards, being chained to them by the ankles and the wrists.

We are told that Herod's intention was to bring him forth to the people—presumably to be delivered to them and very likely to meet his fate at their hands. But so magnificent had been Peter's work among the churches, and so desirous were the disciples everywhere of securing his liberation that "prayer was made without ceasing unto God for him." Then followed that great miracle which surprised an entire nation; yet which seems to have been simply a potent manifestation of the power of prevailing prayer. On the night preceding the day when he was to be taken out, Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, to whom he was bound with chains, while by the door of the prison a special guard was kept. Herod well knew the fact that he had the greatest of all the apostles chained, and he intended to keep him a prisoner until he delivered him to death.

In the middle of the night, the guard being asleep, the Angel of the Lord awoke Peter; the chains fell from his hands and, guided by his shining visitor, he passed through the gates that opened of their own accord. Not a sound escaped to awaken Herod's sleeping sentinels. The two passed the first and the second wards of the prison, and then came to the iron gate "that leadeth into the city," and to freedom. This, too, opened at the angel's touch, and after they had passed some little distance from the prison and were quite clear of any immediate danger of pursuit, the angel left Peter. The apostle found himself at the door of the house of Mary, the mother of Mark.

On knocking, the door of the dwelling was opened by the damsel, Rhoda, who knew him. She closed it suddenly, believing she had seen a spirit, and, running back, informed the company of Christians gathered in the room that Peter had knocked. Some laughed at her credulity, while others rose and hurriedly went to the portal, Rhoda leading. Great was the joy of the little company when the apostle was finally admitted, and showed himself to them, telling of his experience and his angelic liberation. We may imagine the consternation of the prison keepers and sentinels on discovering Peter's escape. Herod, maddened by his disappointment, commanded that they should be put to death. Shortly after this the cruel and ambitious king perished miserably but "the Word of God grew and multiplied."

The prison of Peter, as now seen in Jerusalem, is well-nigh a total ruin, but its noble front still stands and, though time-worn and grass-grown, shows many traces of the strength and beauty of the original structure where the great apostle was held in duress. Several years ago, the ancient building was ceded by the Ottoman authorities to the German Government, and the royal eagles of Prussia are now seen suspended over the iron gateway. Since the keeping of this valued relic of apostolic days passed into German hands, it is better tended and more inviting than when it belonged to the Mussulmans, who regard everything Christian with contempt. A guard is stationed at the gateway and a dragoman conducts tourists through the interior. It has been claimed by some writers that "Peter's Prison" is identical with the prison referred to in the Old Testament, Neh. 3: 24 and 25, and Jer. 32:2; 38 and 6th, but this is possibly conjecture.

THE PRISON OF ST. PETER IN JERUSALEM.

(From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage during his tour in Palestine.)

Peter's special Gospel work was continued vigorously after his miraculous deliverance. The Christian Church had already been founded, and he had opened its gates to both Jews and Gentiles. He left Jerusalem, and after laboring among the churches in Judea, visiting, confirming and preaching, he

(Continued on page 115.)

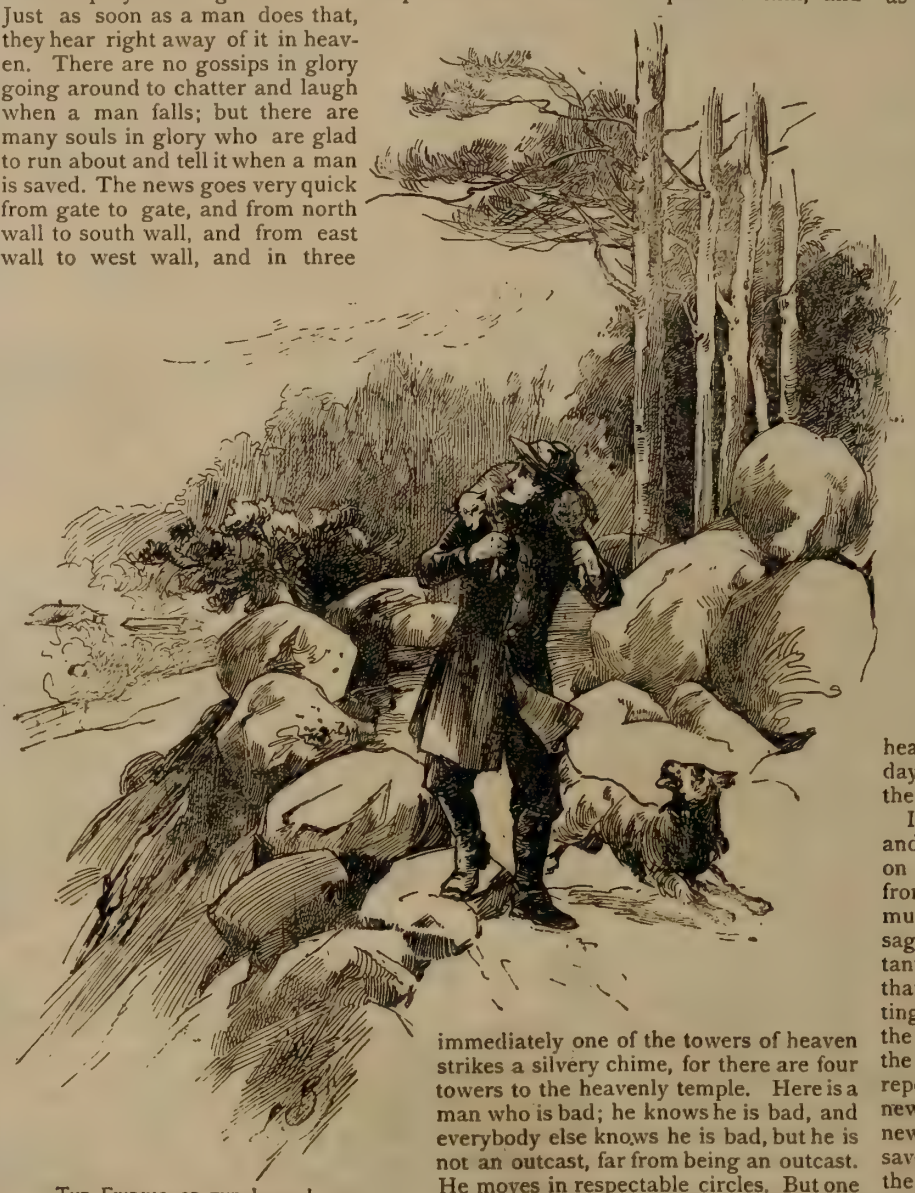
the TABERNACLE PULPIT

HEAVENLY CONGRATULATIONS.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday Morning Sermon: Luke 15: 7, *"Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance."*

A LOST sheep! Nothing can be more thoroughly lost. I look through the window of a shepherd's house at night. The candles are lighted. The shepherd has just placed his staff against the mantel. He has taken off his coat, shaken out of it the dust and hung it up. I see by the candle light that there are neighbors who have come in. The shepherd, fagged out with the long tramp, sits down on a bench, and the wife and children and the neighbors say to him: "Come now, tell us how you found the poor thing." "Well," he says, "this morning I went out to the yard to look at the flock. No sooner had I looked over the fence than I saw something wrong. The fact was they did not count right. Ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine — only ninety-nine. M'Donald, you know we had a hundred. And I wondered which one was gone, and I began again, and I counted ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine. Well, I whistled up the dogs, and I started on the fields and across the bridges, and I tracked the moors, and I leaped the gullies, but no bleating of the poor thing did I hear. I said to myself: 'The lamb must have fallen into a ditch, or a pack of wolves from the mountains must have torn it to pieces and sucked its life out.' But I could not give it up. You see it was a pet lamb. It was that one with the black spot on the right shoulder that used to come and lick my hand as I crossed the field, and somehow I could not give it up. So I went on and on and on until after awhile I heard the dogs bark, and I said: 'What's that?' Then I hastened to the top of the hill, and I looked down, and there I saw the poor lamb. It had fallen into the ditch, and as I came where it was and bent over the ditch, and stooped down to lift the poor thing out, I wish you could have seen the loving, and imploring, and tender way it looked at me. I lifted it out, and it was all covered with the slush and the mud. It was an awful thing to do, but I lifted it out, and it was so lame and so weak it could not walk alone, so I threw it over my shoulders, and I started homeward; and the condition of that lamb you may judge of from the coat which I have just hung up. But I tramped on and on until it is safe in the yard, poor thing! Thank God, thank God!" Then the shepherd's wife spread the table and brought out the best fare that the cabin could afford, and they sat up very late that night, and they talked, and they laughed, and they sang, and they ate, and they drank, and they danced, and told over and over and over again the story of the lost sheep that was found.

With such tenderness and rusticity of illustration does Christ represent the soul's going off and the soul's coming back, when he says: "Likewise there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance." To repent is to feel that you are bad, and to be sorry about it, and to turn over a new leaf, and to pray for forgiveness and help. Just as soon as a man does that, they hear right away of it in heaven. There are no gossips in glory going around to chatter and laugh when a man falls; but there are many souls in glory who are glad to run about and tell it when a man is saved. The news goes very quick from gate to gate, and from north wall to south wall, and from east wall to west wall, and in three



THE FINDING OF THE LOST LAMB.

minutes every citizen of heaven has heard of it; for "there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." I can very easily understand how there should be joy in heaven over a Pentecost with three thousand souls saved in one day—no mystery about that; I can understand how there should be joy in heaven over the Parish of Schotts, when four hundred souls were saved under one sermon of Mr. Livingston; I can understand how there should be joy in heaven over the great awakening in the time of Harland Page, when in one year four hundred and seventy-three thousand souls were brought to God in the United States; I can understand very easily how there should be joy in heaven over five hundred thousand souls converted in 1857, in this country; but mark you, my text announces there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one, just one sinner that repenteth.

Some cathedrals have one tower; some cathedrals have two, three, four towers. Did you ever hear them all ring at once? I am told that the bell in the cathedral of St. Paul rings only on rare occasions, for instance, at the death or the birth of a king. Have you seen a cathedral with four towers? and have you heard them all strike into one great chime of gladness? Here is a man who is moral. He is an example to a great many professors of religion in some things; he never did a mean thing in his life; he pays all his debts, and is a good citizen and a good neighbor, but he says he is not a Christian. Some day the Holy Spirit comes into his heart and he sees that he cannot depend upon his morality for salvation. He says: "O Lord God, I have been depending upon my good works, I find I am a sinner, and I want thy salvation. Lord, for Jesus' sake, have mercy on me." And God pardons him, and immediately one of the towers of heaven strikes a silvery chime, for there are four towers to the heavenly temple. Here is a man who is bad; he knows he is bad, and everybody else knows he is bad, but he is not an outcast, far from being an outcast. He moves in respectable circles. But one day, by the power of the Holy Ghost, he rouses up to see his sinfulness and he says: "O Lord, have mercy, I am a wanderer, and without thee I perish. Have mercy." God hears him, and immediately two of the towers of heaven strike a silvery chime. But here is an outcast. He was picked up last night out of the gutter and carried to the police station. He has been in the penitentiary three times. He is covered and soaked with loathesomeness and abomination. Arousing from his debauch, he cries out: "O God, have mercy on me. Thou who didst pardon the penitent thief, hear me cry for mercy." And the Lord listens and pardons, and no sooner is the poor wretch pardoned than three of the great towers of heaven strike up a silvery chime. But here is a waif of the street. She passes under the gaslight, and your soul shudders with a great horror. No pity for her. No commiseration for her. As she passes down the street, she hears a song in a midnight mission, and as she listens to that song she hears:

> All may come, whoever will,
> This Man receives poor sinners still.

She puts into that harbor, she kneels by the rough bench near the door, she says, "O, Lord! Thou who didst have mercy on Mary Magdalen, take my blistered feet off the red hot pavement of hell." God says, "My daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." Now, all the four towers of heaven strike a silvery chime, and they who pass through the celestial streets say, "What's that? why, the worst sinner must have been saved. Hear all the four towers ring, and ring, and ring." "And there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

My subject impresses you, I think, with the thought that it is possible for us to augment the happiness of heaven. People think that souls before the throne are as happy as they can be. I deny it. Look at that mother before the throne of God. When she died she left her son in this world a vagabond. That son repented of his iniquities and came to God. The report of that salvation has reached heaven. Do you tell me that mother before the throne of God has not her joy richly augmented? There is many a man in this house to-day who could go out with a torch and kindle a new bonfire of victory on the hills of heaven. If you would this day repent and come to God, the news of your salvation would reach heaven, and then, hark! to the shout of the ransomed. Your little child went away from you into the good land. While she was here you brought her all kinds of beautiful presents. Sometimes you came home at nightfall with your pockets full of gifts for her, and no sooner did you put your night-key into the latch than she began at you, saying, "Father, what have you brought me?" She is now before the throne of God. Can you bring her a gift to day? You may. Coming to Christ and repenting of sin, the tidings will go up to the throne of God, and your child will hear of it. O, what a gift for her soul to-day! She will skip with new gladness on the everlasting hills when she hears of it.

I was at Sharpsburg during the war, and one day I saw a sergeant dash past on a lathered horse, the blood dripping from the spurs. I said, "That sergeant must be going on a very important message, he must be carrying a very important dispatch, or he wouldn't ride like that." Here are two angels of God flitting through the house, flitting toward the throne on quick dispatch. What is the news? Carrying up the story of souls repentant and forgiven, carrying the news to the throne of God, carrying the news to your kindred who are forever saved. O, "there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." And suppose this whole audience should turn to the Lord? Heaven would be filled with doxologies. O, heaven, beat with all thy hammers that the rock may break. O! heaven, strike with all thy gleaming swords that our souls may be free. I was reading of a king who, after gaining a great victory, said to his army, "No, no shouting; let everything be in quiet; no shouting." But if this hour, your soul should come to God, nothing could stop the shouting of the armies of God before the throne; for "there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." In some families they keep a vacant chair and a vacant plate for the departed; but if in some of your households you kept a vacant chair and a vacant plate for those who have gone away from you into the next world, the vacant chairs

and the vacant plates would outnumber those which are occupied. I once said to you there are no vacant chairs in heaven; but I recall that. Right beside your loved one in that good land there is a vacant chair, not made vacant by death, for death never enters there; it is a vacant chair for you. Will you take it?

My subject also impresses me with the idea that heaven and earth are in close sympathy. People talk of heaven as though it were a great way off. They say it is hundreds of thousands of miles before you reach the first star, and then you go hundreds of thousands of miles before you get to the second star, and then it is millions of miles before you reach heaven. They say heaven is the centre of the universe and we are on the rim of the universe. That is not the idea of my text. I think the heart of heaven beats very close to our world. We measure distances by the time taken to traverse those distances. It used to be a long distance to San Francisco. Many weeks and months were passed before you could reach that city. Now it is six or seven days. It used to be six weeks before you could voyage from here to Liverpool. Now you can go that distance in six or seven days. And so I measure the distance between earth and heaven, and I find it is only a flash. It is one instant here, and another instant there. It is very near to-day. Do you not feel the breath of heaven on your face? Christ says in one place it is not twenty-four hour's distance, when he says to the penitent thief, "This day, this day, shalt thou be with me in Paradise." It is not a day, it is not an hour, it is not a minute, it is not a second. O! how near heaven is to earth. By oceanic cable you send a message. As it is expensive to send a message, you compress a great deal of meaning in a few words. Sometimes in two words you can put vast meaning. And it seems to me that the angels of God who carry news from earth to heaven, need to take up this hour, in regard to your soul, only two words in order to kindle with gladness all the redeemed before the throne, only two words: "Father saved," "mother saved," "son saved," daughter saved." And

THE PENITENT RENEGADE.

"there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

My subject also impresses me with the fact that the salvation of the soul is of vast importance. If you should make $200,000 this year, do you suppose that news would be carried to heaven? It would not be of enough importance or significance to be carried heavenward. If at the next quadrennial election you are made President of the United States, do you suppose that news would be carried to heaven? Do you suppose that the news of a revolution in France or Spain would be carried to heaven? These things are not of enough importance, but there is one item that is sure to be carried. It is the salvation of your soul, it is your repentance before God. The flying hoofs of God's couriers clash through the gates and the news goes from gate to mansion, and from mansion to temple, and from temple to throne, and "there is joy in heaven" among the angels of God over one sinner forgiven. It must be of vast importance to be of any moment in heaven, your salvation, in that land where gladnesses are the every-day occurrence, in that land where the common stones of the field are jasper, and emerald, and chrysoprasus, and carbuncle, and sardonyx. And yet, the news of your salvation makes joy before the throne of God.

You remember years ago, a stage-driver in the White Mountains became very reckless. He had a large number of passengers on the stage, and the stage was drawn by six horses, wild and ungovernable and he drove near the precipice, and he drove off, the stage with its precious freight rolling down the embankment, and many were slain, but few were saved. I suppose when they wrote home, they wrote with congratulation at their rescue. The angels of God look down and they see men driving on the edge of great precipices of ruin and danger, drawn by wild, leaping, foaming, and ungovernable perils in this life, and if any shall escape before they capsize, do you not suppose the angels of God rejoice, crying: "Good. good! Saved from sin, saved from death, saved from hell, saved forever?"

The Supreme Court of the United States does not adjourn for anything trifling. It must be the death of a Cabinet minister, or the death of a President, or some matter of very great moment. When I find all heaven adjourning its other joys for this one joy, I make up my mind it is of very great importance if heaven can afford to adjourn all other festivities to celebrate this one triumph. Do you wonder that so many of these Christian people have toiled night and day in this work of soul-saving, if it is of such vast importance? Do you wonder that Nettleton and Finley, and Bishop Asbury, and John Wesley, and George Whitefield, and Paul, and angels, and Christ, and God stripped themselves for the work? Around that one soul circles the mist, the fire, the darkness, the joy, the anthem, the wailing, the hallelujah, and the woe of God's universe. If the soul is saved, then lip comes to trumpet and fingers to harp and hammer to bell and "there is joy among the angels of God over that one soul forgiven." For such a soul I plead.

Having found in my own experience that this religion is a comfort and a joy, I stand here to commend it to you. In the days of my infancy I was carried by Christian parents to the house of God, and consecrated in baptism to the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost; but that did not save me. In after time I was taught to kneel at the Christian family altar with father and mother and brothers and sisters, the most of them now in glory; but that did not save me. In after time I read Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, and Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted*, and all the religious books around my father's household; but that did not save me. But one day the voice of Christ came into my heart saying, "Repent repent; believe, believe," and I accepted the offer of mercy, and though no doubt there was more joy in heaven over the conversion of other souls because of their far-reaching influence, I verily believe when I gave my heart to God there were some spirits in heaven the gladder for the deed. "There is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Turn this day to the Lord who bought you. Let this whole audience surrender themselves to Jesus Christ. If for ten, twenty, fifty years you have not prayed, begin now to pray. "O!" you say, "I can't pray." Can you not say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner?" "No," you say, "I can't say that." Then can you not look to the throne of mercy? "No," you say, "I can't look up." Can you not then give some signal like that which was given by the lad in the hospital? He was sick and suffering and dying, and wanted speedily to go away from all suffering and pain, and he said to his comrades in the hospital, "It is strange to me that Jesus doesn't see me when he goes through here nights and takes others to himself. He goes through here and he doesn't see me. I must be

THE RECKLESS STAGE-DRIVER.

asleep and he doesn't know I want to go.

"Now, I tell you how I'll arrange it. I'll go to sleep with my hand up, and then, when Jesus comes through the hospital by night he will see my hand lifted, and he will know by that I want to go with him." So it was done. For that night Jesus went through the hospital and took the suffering lad, and the next morning the nurse passing through the wards of the hospital, saw a dead hand lifted braced on one side against the pillow, and the left hand holding the elbow of the right arm. Jesus had seen the signal and answered it. O! sick soul, wounded soul, dying soul, canst thou not give some signal? Wilt thou not lift one hand or one prayer? God grant that this day there may be joy in heaven among the angels of God over your soul forgiven!

THE MESSAGE FOR THE DAY.

THE preacher's vocation includes a message to the community as well as to the individual. It will be conceded by all that the preacher exists for the promotion of righteousness and the diminution of sin in the world. But sin is not only lodged in the heart of the individual: it is embodied also in evil customs and unjust laws, for which the community is responsible. The individual is largely moulded by his environment; but this may either be so favorable to goodness that his evil tendencies are restrained and everything encourages him to do well, or so evil that the worst voices are easily contracted, while every step in the right direction meets with a storm of opposition. No one would contend that the chances of a soul are the same whether it lives among those who watch carefully over its development and guide its footsteps in the paths of peace, or among those whose word and example are encouragements to every kind of sin. Society ought to be a kindly matrix in which incipient life is murtured into health and beauty, but it may be a malignant nurse, by whom the stream of life is poisoned at its very source. If this be so, then it is as reprehensible in those whose vocation is to watch over the moral and spiritual development of their fellow-men to be indifferent to the conditions by which life is surrounded as it would be discreditable to the physicians of a city swept year after year by pestilence, if they took no interest in the insanitary conditions to which the epidemic was due, but lazily contented themselves with curing their own patients.

We seem to have arrived at precisely the point in the church's history when her mind and conscience are to awake to this aspect of her duty. One of the most eminent members of the English bench of bishops said recently, that the social question is the question which the Christianity of the present day has to solve; and this sentiment is being echoed in every quarter. Strange it is how age after age one word of the message of Christianity after another lays hold of the Christian mind and becomes for a time the watchword of progress. There can be little doubt that this is the word for our age.—*Dr. Stalker.*

THE PRISON OF ST. PETER.

(Continued from first page.)

once more returned to the sacred city, where his great controversy with Paul took place. Afterwards we find him at Antioch, mingling with the Gentiles, and disregarding all ceremonial distinctions. In the last year of his life Peter visited Rome, as some writers assert, in the company of Paul. This was at a time when the tide of public feeling against the Christians, as well as the Jews, ran high in the Roman capital. The populace, infuriated at the recent conflagration which they attributed to Nero's wild debaucheries, were clamorous for victims on whom to wreak their anger, and Nero adroitly caused it be circulated that the Jews and Christians were the incendiaries. Thousands were arrested and slain, either by wild beasts, by crucifixion, by fire or the sword. There are varying accounts of Paul's death, some historians holding that he was fed to the lions. The end of Peter is better authenticated. After a most touching farewell to Paul, Peter, who had been condemned to be crucified, was taken from his prison and led to the top of the Vatican Mount, near the Tiber. Seeing the cross, he pleaded with the guards for the privilege of being exposed head downward, declaring himself unworthy to suffer in the same attitude as his Divine Master. The wish was granted. His body was taken down and embalmed by Marcellinus, a Presbyter, and buried near the Vatican by the Appian Way, two miles from Rome, whence in the time of Pope Cornelius it was conveyed to the Eternal City. Years afterward, Constantine took it from its obscure resting-place and entombed it magnificently. The wife of Peter is also said to have yielded up her life as a testimony to the faith.

THE PRIME QUALIFICATION.

"IT was my happiness," says Dr. Stalker, "to be settled next neighbor to an aged and saintly minister. He was a man of competent scholarship, and had the reputation of having been in early life a powerful and popular preacher But it was not to these gifts that he owed his unique influence. He moved through the town, with his white hair and somewhat staid and dignified demeanour, as a hallowing presence. His very passing in the street was a kind of benediction, and the people, as they looked after him, spoke of him to each other with affectionate veneration. Children were proud when he laid his hand on their heads, and they treasured the kindly words which he spoke to them. At funerals and other seasons of domestic solemnity his presence was sought by people of all denominations. We who labored along with him in the ministry felt that his mere existence in the community was an irresistable demonstration of Christianity and a tower of strength to every good cause. Yet he had not gained this position of influence by brilliant talents or great achievements or the pushing of ambition; for he was singularly modest, and would have been the last to credit himself with half the good he did. The whole mystery lay in this, that he had lived in the town for forty years a blameless life, and was known by everybody to be a godly and prayerful man. He was good enough to honor me with his friendship; and his example wrote deeply upon my mind these two convictions—that it may sometimes be of immense advantage to spend a whole lifetime in a single pastorate, and that the prime qualification for the ministry is goodness."

COMING.

THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King!
In thy beauty all-resplendent,
In thy glory all transcendant,
Well may we rejoice and sing!
Coming! in the opening east,
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not thy golden bells?

Thou art coming! We are waiting,
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day nor hour,
Resting on thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

O, the joy to see thee reigning,
Thee, my own beloved Lord!
Every tongue thy name confessing,
Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Brought to thee with glad accord!
Thee my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned!
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored and owned!

—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

JUDAH'S DOWNFALL.

S. S. Lesson for March 6. By Mrs. M. Baxter Jer. 39: 1-10. Golden Text, Matt. 23: 38.

"BEHOLD, your house is left unto you desolate." (Matt. 23: 38.) There was no other way. Slowly, and with his heart of compassion, loath to proceed to extremities, God was at last left with no alternative but to visit his beloved but rebellious people with judgment. The impatience under the yoke of a living, present God, the "desire to be like the nations," the thirst for externalism in everything, the determination to have their own way and seek their own glory, which afterward culminated in the rejection of the Messiah, was already strongly leavening the people. Jerusalem had already earned the reputation: "Thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee." (Matt. 23: 37.) The measure of her iniquity was fast filling. The two kings, Hezekiah and Josiah, whose godly lives and faithful reigns had each postponed for a time the execution of God's judgment, had now for many years been gathered to their fathers. Jehoahaz, Jehoiakim, and Zedekiah, sons of Josiah, and his successors, were alike "evil in the sight of the Lord." The savor of the salt was no longer to be found in the house of the kings of Judah. Of false prophets, whio prophesied peace when there was no peace (Ezek. 13: 10), there were plenty; and it was now only a question of time when the fatal blow should fall.

There are things which must come to a crisis before they can be remedied. We may have often tried to save one who has sinned from shame and suffering, intending it kindly. But we may have thus interfered with the thought of God, and postponed blessing to the individual, in seeking to avert, or at least postpone God's judgment. There are some who never can learn the hatefulness of sin until they have tested its bitter consequences.

God is to be Trusted.

There is Divine economy in all his dealings with us, as well as unwavering faithfulness and love. When a whole church is humbled through the defection of one member, we may rest assured that God sees that church needed humbling. When a whole Christian family bears the burden of one of its members who does not walk with God, we may know for certain that clog, that bridle-rein, is needed, or God would never permit this trial. His children have to be tried on the points which cut the closest, that the test may be a thorough one, whether in all things they will follow the Lamb.

In vain had Jeremiah pleaded with the kings, the princes, the priests, the people; they would not believe in their coming doom. Like people asphyxiated by the smoke in a burning house, and utterly unable to save themselves from their terrible danger, so were the people of Judah at this time. Jehoiakim had impiously burned the Word of Gok, Zedekiah had imprisoned Jeremiah, when for the third time the army of Nebuchadnezzar came up against Jerusalem and besieged the city. This time the people made an obstinate resistance, and the siege, with all its horrors, lasted for full eighteen months. But the hand of God was against his people, who had hardened their hearts against him, and they could not prevail against God.

How should a child of God act under his chastening hand? How should a Christian church or a Christian family take trial? Too often trial only awakens murmuring and self-pity, and where this is so, God must press yet harder until the stubborn will bends and owns him in the right. God cannot "slightly" heal a wound; he must probe and cleanse. Micah says: (chap. 7: 9), "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him, until he plead my cause, and execute judgment for me." This is the true spirit of one who accepts the Lord's discipline. Just so long as God's child seeks, in the smallest degree to extenuate his sin by pleading the circumstances through which he has failed; just as long as the smallest thought of justifying himself possesses him, he is not sufficiently broken he cannot yet bear to have the chastening removed. "He healeth

The Broken Heart."

(Ps. 117: 3.) "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." (Ps. 51: 17.) Again and again, during the siege of Jerusalem, Jeremiah had exhorted the king, Zedekiah, and the people to surrender to the King of Babylon, as the only condition on which God could spare both them and the city; but they would not trust God. Provisions were running short, suffering was intensifiying, but the people were resolute in their determination to resist to the bitter end the galling humiliation of submitting to the yoke of the King of Babylon. To them it seemed like self-preservation, but they were fighting against God; his hand had determined that they should go into captivity, and no earthly resistance could prevent the accomplishment of his purpose. "In the eleventh year of Zedekiah, in the fourth month, the ninth day of the month, the city was broken up." Strangers, heathen princes, sat in the place of power, "All the princes of the King of Babylon . . . in the middle gate!" The last vision of Jerusalem which Zedekiah saw was that his place of power was occupied by his enemies! Again and again Jeremiah had warned him, but the king had failed to believe in God and in his prophet, and now he drew down upon himself a severity which might have been spared had he bowed to the yoke in time. The king fled, and got clear of the city through a private gate from his garden; but the watchful enemy perceived his flight, God permitted them to overtake him, and he was brought to Nebuchadnezzar, and obliged to appear as a culprit before him,

THE SIEGE OF JERUSALEM.

Zedekiah had Deeply Sinned;

in the mad game he had been playing, he had compromised not only his own character and that of his people, not only the well being of his land, but also the name of his God. "He did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord his God, and humbled not himself before Jeremiah the prophet speaking from the mouth of the Lord. And he also rebelled against king Nebuchadnezzar, who had made him swear by God: but he stiffened his neck, and hardened his heart, from turning unto the Lord God of Israel." The king had staked all upon the issue, it was a desperate game. It was an awful, but just retribution when this unworthy son of the godly Josiah saw his own sons slain before his eyes. He who had so little valued and followed his own father, was to know that neither God nor man could trust him with his own sons. The massacre of all the nobles followed, and then his own eyes were put out. He had used those eyes to follow his own way, and now he must perforce be led by others! And then he, the king of Judah, was bound with two chains like a common felon!

Now began the work of destruction in Jerusalem. The royal palace was reduced to ashes, the proud buildings of the nobles and the houses of the people were destroyed; even the house of God, the temple of Solomon, was burnt down! The very wall of Jerusalem was broken down, and in the place where religion, learning and commerce had flourished, there was now only ruin, degradation, desolation, and all because of sin! The description in II. Chron. 36 is most touching: "Moreover all the chief of the priests, and the people, transgressed very much after all the abominations of the heathen; and polluted the house of the Lord which he had hallowed in Jerusalem. And the Lord God of their fathers sent to them by his messengers, rising up betimes, and sending; because he had compassion on his people, and on his dwelling-place. But they mocked the messengers of God, and despised his words, and misused his prophets, until the wrath of the Lord arose against his people, till there was

No Remedy.

Therefore he brought upon them the king of the Chaldees, who . . . . had no compassion upon young man or maiden, old man, or him that stooped for age; he gave them all into his hand." A remnant was left, those who had surrendered according to the word of God by Jeremiah, and those who had escaped the sword: these were led away captive to Babylon, where many had already been taken before. None remained in Judea but the poor who were left to till the land. And Jeremiah? God's promise still held good to him: "I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee." (Jer. 1: 19.) Nebuchadnezzar himself gave command concerning him. So greatly was the prophet held in honor, that all the princes of Babylon, who were in Judea, joined in the commission to rescue the prophet, and he was given liberty to dwell among the people.

And God had his eye upon another of his servants, Ebedmelech who had rescued Jeremiah from the dungeon, when he sank in the mire. To him came the cheering word from him who cannot lie: "Thy life shall be for a prey unto thee; because thou hast put thy trust in me, saith the Lord." Thus, even in the midst of judgment, God cares for his own.

LESSON POINTS.

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

THEN they fled and went forth out of the city by night. A guilty conscience makes a coward. Moses was manly. Joshua fought like a warrior. Gideon was as brave as the bravest, and yet with all the encouragement of a glorious past, this weak, vacillating, cowardly king tries to sneak off in the dead of night! There was not a particle of manliness or bravery about him. And, being a coward, he was naturally exceedingly selfish, thinking only of his own safety, and not caring for the multitudes his disobedience had brought to their fearful fate. What wonder, therefore, that his light went out in darkness, and his name has become a byword and a hissing.

How different the story of the gallant sailors on board the troopship, *Birkenhead*, which in 1852, struck on a sunken rock off the coast of Africa. She was doomed to destruction. She had on board besides drafts of the Twelfth Lancers and other regiments, one hundred and twenty-four women and children. These latter were got into the boats, while the men drawn up by their officers as on parade, saw without a murmur, the boats shove off. The word of command was given by Major Seton, "Stand still, and die like Englishmen;" and those four hundred and fifty men went down to their sea grave that day in soldierly order—firm, steady and satisfied, since there was only room in the boats for the women and the little ones. When the story was made public, the King of Prussia commanded that it should be read out at the head of every company of the Prussian army, and stout Germans, who would have insisted that they themselves were as good as the best at fighting, gave the drowned Englanders cheer after cheer of thunder for that matchless act of duty.

Then the king of Babylon slew the sons of Zedekiah before his eyes. We do not know whether the sons shared in the father's disobedience, but we do know that the father's wickedness caused the destruction of his children. And as in the days of Zedekiah, so today, the innocent have to suffer for the sins of the guilty.

"What have I done that I should be used so?" said a forlorn woman, whose appearance gave every assurance of poverty and suffering, while she covered her eyes, no longer capable of shedding tears, because the fountain was dried up. "Used how," I asked. "He," pointing to a rumseller living on Chestnut Street, "he took my husband, as faithful a man as ever wedded woman, got all his money, burned up his heart, ruined his body, palsied his tongue, and sent him home to inflict on me all the curses which overhung his own guilty head, and on his family shame that neither toil nor tears can wipe away. And now that husband is in the grave, with no one to weep for him or console his wife and children. My son caught the spirit and followed the example of his father; was enticed by the same rumseller, and drained of all he could earn or supply, till he came back upon me, not a son, but a useless carcass, quickened with the spirit of a fiend, and has ended his career, not in death, but in crime, at the thought of which I cannot hold up my head, and here I am widowed and childless and old. O God! what have I done that I should be used so?"

Moreover he put out Zedekiah's eyes, and bound him with chains. Resistance to God's decrees is always harmful. Obedience ensures blessing, disobedience always the contrary. Had Zedekiah listened to and obeyed the word of God as delivered by Jeremiah, Jerusalem would have been spared and his own life preserved. But he put his trust in princes, hoping and expecting that this would inure to his advantage. Zedekiah was not a very wicked king but he yielded when he should have resisted and resisted when he should have yielded. How much better it is to trust and obey him who has promised that "the willing and the obedient shall eat of the fat of the land."

A colored preacher once said: "Brodren whatebber de good Lord tells me to do in dis blessed Book, dat I'm gwine to do. If I see in it that I must jump froo a stone wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Going froo 'longs to God, jumping at it 'longs to me."

Two servants of a certain Rajah in the East Indies paid a dreadful penalty for the sin of disobedience. One of them had been strictly ordered to keep away from a cave in the woods near the residence of the Rajah; and also to prevent any other person from going there. This servant instead of resolving at once to obey the command he had received, began to consider the probable reason of his having been forbidden to enter the cave, and persuaded himself that his master had a great treasure hidden there. He soon resolved to get possession of it. Knowing that he could not himself roll away the stone from the mouth of the cave, he communicated his design to a fellow servant, who, being promised an equal share of the booty, willingly engaged in the plot. When the night came they stole quietly into the wood, and approached the cave, eagerly discussing the manner in which they should dispose of the plunder. But alas! what sudden calamities come upon evil-doers. No sooner had they with great effort, rolled away the stone, than a tremendous tiger, with eyes glaring with fury, sprang upon them and tore them to pieces.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

A LETTER FROM DR. W. J. HALL.

Landing in Japan—A Jinrikisha Journey—A Japanese Railroad—A Japanese Tea.

ON October 7th, 1891, a description appeared in this journal of the medical and evangelistic work which was being carried on in New York by Dr. W. J. Hall, one of Dr. Dowkontt's students. Dr. Hall was then preparing for medical mission work in Corea. He sailed for his field of labor in November, and a few days ago we received the following letter from him, giving his experience in Japan where he stopped on his way to Corea:

On the morning of December 2d we were all up bright and early packing up our baggage and getting ready to leave the steamer, as we were within a few miles of Yokohama. The coast as far as we could see was dotted with the white sails of small fishing boats. The first sight that aroused our curiosity as we steamed into the harbor was to see about fifty sampan (native boats), coming toward the steamer, each anxious to get a passenger. A friend was awaiting us so after arranging our baggage, we were transferred to a beautiful steam-yacht and taken ashore. Our baggage was taken by coolies (Japanese laborers) to the custom house and examined. Our attention was at once drawn to the jinrikishas (small two-wheeled carriages drawn by men), which were standing about twenty in number near the depot, the owners of which were very anxious to be engaged. Passenger after passenger got into one of these jinrikishas and were trotted off at the same rate that a horse would travel. They run about six miles an hour and can travel forty or fifty miles a day. It seemed very peculiar at first to be drawn about the city by a man, but we soon got accustomed to it.

DR. W. J. HALL'S JOURNEY IN A JINRIKISHA.

We started for the capital, Tokio, which is about eighteen miles from Yokokama, as soon as we could get a train. The cars are quite comfortable and run about eighteen miles an hour. We soon found ourselves passing through a most beautiful tract of country; rice fields which had lately been harvested and the straw still remaining in the field. They thresh the rice by taking small bundles and striking them against the side of a large tub. The straw is used for thatching houses, making mats, shoes, ropes, etc. They do not use horses in farming as we do, but do nearly all their work by hand. They prepare the soil with a tool somewhat similar to our hoe, but the blade is much heavier and about fifteen inches long and five inches wide. Their rice fields have to be in low lands, which are irrigated by the rivers which are turned out of their channels and made to flow through the land in a large number of small streams that turned into the rice fields. Everything presented the appearance of a beautiful morning in spring. The birds were singing and the air was soft and balmy. The trees and shrubs remain green throughout the year. Flowers of various kinds are seen blooming everywhere all seasons of the year. The country is very uneven and the verdure of different hues covering hill and valley presents a most beautiful spectacle. This appears to be an earthly paradise.

Soon we arrived in Tokio which has a population of 1,200,000. We engaged a jinrikisha at eight cents per hour to take us through the city. We first visited some of the temples, and after paying a small sum were shown through them. They are magnificently adorned with gold, bronze, and elaborate carvings. Here the heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone. I never felt more grateful than then for the privileges and blessings I was enjoying through the Gospel, and I longed to be able to tell them of a Saviour's love. In Yokohama I visited a great many places of interest, and among them, one of the Christian schools. Here the children of the Japanese, in addition to their regular course of study, are instructed in the Gospel, and all the scholars attend the Sabbath School. In Kobe, I went with a missionary to a Japanese prayer-meeting. After wending our way in a jinrikisha through several narrow alleys, some of which are only about four feet wide, we came to a small Japanese house. The windows consisted of frames, covered with white paper. The door was made from slats about an inch in width and an inch and a half apart. This was also covered with paper. On sliding back the door we passed through into the entry or hall. Here we were told to remove our shoes. This being done we entered the house proper, the floor of which was covered with straw matting. The owner of the house and his wife got down on their knees and made two bows, their foreheads almost touching the floor. We returned the salute in a similar manner. We were then invited up a narrow ladder leading to a room where a number of native Christians were met. The salutes were repeated. There were no chairs or furniture of any kind in the room, as the Japanese sit, eat, and sleep upon the floor. We were handed a small mat about twenty inches square for a seat. They sang several Japanese hymns and a number led in prayer. I spoke to them for a few minutes through an interpreter. After the meeting our host gave us tea of a delicious flavor, but very weak. Cakes were passed around with chop sticks and oranges in abundance. On leaving, the salute was repeated as at the beginning.

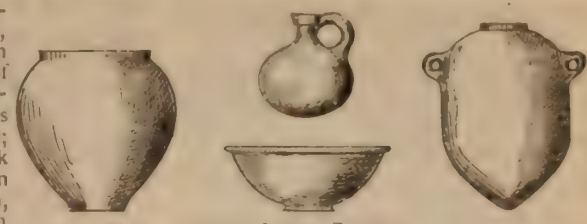
AT TEA IN JAPAN.

From Kobe to Corea we took a native steamer, all on board being Japanese but two. On Sunday I held a service through an interpreter.

Volume XI., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

POTTERY 2,700 YEARS AGO.

THE study of Eastern pottery is one that has attracted the attention of archaeologists and antiquarians for centuries, but it is only within the last generation or two that the investigations of such distinguished explorers as Smith, Rawlinson, Schliemann and others, and the excavations at Lachish by members of the Palestine Exploration Fund, have disclosed a rich mine of material, much of which has since been used in the reconstruction of ancient Jewish house decoration. Some of the articles found are of the Herodian age; some belong to the Greek times and are of a pattern even now used in Jerusalem, while others still are of much greater antiquity, dating back to the times of Kings Ahaz, Solomon and Hezekiah. The illustration on this page which is re-produced from original drawings of some of these ancient vessels, show how little change the centuries have made in the home life of the East. These vessels, which were in use 600 years B. C., are very similar to those to be found in the Holy Land to-day; yet all are quite distinct from other types of pottery—the Greek, the Roman, the Phœnician and the Arab. The smallest of the vessels, with the loop handle on one side, may have been the form of the widow's cruse of oil, or the prophet Elijah's jar of water. The two larger jars are of much coarser brown material, and clumsier in form, and one at least bears the potter's mark on the surface indicating the maker or the grade of the goods.



ANCIENT JEWISH POTTERY.

IN A JAPANESE TEMPLE

A GRAPHIC account of his visit to Japan is sent by Dr. John Gillespie to the *Church*. During his stay in Tokyo he visited the Asaksa Temple: "Passing into the main compartment," he says, "we were confronted by a shrine, where men, women and children were paying their devotions, if such a term can be applied to their heartless and hurried formalism. They toss a small piece of money, perhaps not more than a tenth of a cent, into an immense box five or six feet long, place their hands on their head, mutter something in a low voice, such as 'Save, O eternal Buddha,' and then give place to others. To the right of the central shrine stands a wooden image much worn by being rubbed by worshippers. A person with a sore hand rubs the hand of the image, and one with a sore eye the eye, etc., in hope that the affected part will be healed. Buddhism may be dying, but it is not dead. We saw a temple in process of construction in Kyoto, which was begun in 1880, and is yet far from completion. Millions have already been spent on it. Coils of rope made entirely of human hair, and which have been used in the construction of the temple, lay upon a covered porch. The hair is said to have been the gift of Buddhist nuns, who cut their locks and presented them to the temple. The number and character of self-supporting churches in Japan is an element of strength and hope. We visited four such in Tokyo and two in Osaka. One of those in Tokyo is composed of three small churches, which had each been dependent on a mission for support until 'The Church of Christ' was organized.

"No part of the work is more promising than that which our noble Christian ladies are doing among the women of Japan. They have access to the homes and touch life at its very centre. In city and country the latch-string is out, and our missionary ladies assured us that their house-to-house work was limited only by their time and strength. Of course a working knowledge of the language is indispensable in this kind of effort. Japan is still mission ground."

A SCOTCHMAN'S INVESTMENT.

THE following incident is related by Rev. J. Newell, who has been laboring as a missionary in Samoa, but is now with Mr. Moody in Scotland: "A blacksmith residing in the North of Scotland had saved up eight pounds ($40) against a 'rainy day.' He heard a missionary give an account of his work amongst the heathen, and his heart being stirred within him he resolved to help in the good work. Slipping out of the meeting he went home and took one-half of his savings and returning dropped them into the plate. His wife had noticed his absence, and as he resumed his place whispered, 'John, where have you been?' 'I have been home for the sovereigns!' 'I hope you did not touch them,' was the next remark in accents of alarm. 'Yes, I put four of them in the plate.' 'Man, you are daft,' was all the reply she then made; but when they got home she gave John a pretty bad quarter of an hour upon his wasteful extravagance. He assured her that it was all right, for the missionary had told him that whatever was lent to the Lord he returned many-fold, and that the loan of the four pounds would be no exception to the rule. His wife, however, did not look at it in that way, and many a thrust John got about his softness in giving away the money. About a year later, a relative who had gone to the colonies and been very successful, remembered honest John, and sent him a present of one hundred pounds. What joy there was in the house when the gift arrived. 'There,' exclaimed John in triumph, 'you see the missionary was right after all, God has repaid what we lent to him many-fold.' 'Ay,' sighed his wife, 'If ye'd believed it then ye'd a giv' all the eight sovereigns instead o' four of em.'"

27 CONVERTS FROM ONE BIBLE.

THE remarkable result of the gift of a Bible was thus reported to Pastor Chiniquy, by the man to whom it was given. He was a Canadian Roman Catholic who had settled in Wisconsin, but having to go to Montreal on business where Pastor Chiniquy was then preaching, went to hear him and after the service had a conversation with the pastor who gave him a Bible. "I went to your meeting," says the man, "full of indignation against you because I was told you were attacking the Roman Catholic church of which I was an ardent member. I armed myself with a heavy maple stick to strike you; but, when in the church, I saw a good number of strong young men, well armed also, to defend you, I whispered to my companion's ear that it was perhaps safer for us to be quiet. I dropped my big stick on the floor, and I took a seat to hear what you had to say. You were speaking on our Lord Jesus Christ and eternal life as being the gifts of God. Your address pleased me exceedingly, and the rest of the week I was one of the first to select a good place to hear you. The last day of your conferences you invited those who wanted a volume of the the Gospel to come forward, and I was one of those who took the Book from your hands.

"The next day I took the cars to come back to my new home in Wisconsin. My only occupation on the way was to read the Gospel, and my surprise was great when I found that everything you had said was confirmed in the Book. When back home, to make a long story short, I offered the Bible to my wife, my father and mother, to my three brothers and their wives, and after a few weeks of hesitation they all accepted it. And to-day the Church of Rome has twenty-seven members less, and the Church of Christ counts twenty-seven more members in Wisconsin."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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OUR CROSSES.

THERE is some one whose cross will be to present religion in the home-circle. Would you dare to kneel down and pray, if your brother and sister were looking at you? Could you ask a blessing at the tea-table? Could you take the Bible and gather your family around you, and read of Christ and heaven and your immortal soul? Could you then kneel and pray for a blessing on your household? "Oh!" you say, "not exactly that. I could not quite do that, because I have a very quick temper, and if I professed religion and tried to talk religion in my household, and then after that I should lose my temper, they would scoff at me and say: 'You are a pretty Christian!'" So you are cowed down and their sarcasm keeps you out of heaven and away from Christ, when under God you ought to take your whole family into the kingdom. Christ lifted a mountain, lifted a world for you; you cannot lift an ounce for him. I see how it is; you want to be favorable to religion, you want to support Christian institutions, you like to be associated with those who love Jesus Christ; but as to taking a positive step on this subject, you cannot—you cannot, and Christ's words, like a gate of a hundred bolts, bar you away from peace on earth and glory in heaven.

There are hundreds of men and women here brave enough in other things in life, who simply for the lack of manliness and womanliness, stay away from God. They dare not say, "Forever and forever, Lord Jesus, I take thee. Thou hast redeemed me by thy blood, here is my immortal spirit. Listen, all my friends. Listen, all the world." They are lurking around about the kingdom of God—they are lurking around about it, expecting to crawl in some time when nobody is looking, forgetful of the tremendous words of Christ: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

CHARITY.

BE lenient with the fallen. You see a brother fall, and say, "I never could have done that!" Perhaps you could not, because your temptation does not happen to be in that direction, but you have done things in the course of your life that these fallen men could never have done, because their temptation was not in that direction. Do not say in boasting, "I never could have done such a thing as that!" You do not know what you would do if sufficiently tempted. You have an infinite soul-force. If grace direct it, a force for the right; if evil influences seize upon it, a terrific force for the wrong. There are passions within your soul that have never been unchained. Look out if once they slip their cables. In our criticisms of others, let us remember that we have faults which our friends have excused. How much would be left of us if all those who see inconsistencies in us should clip away from our character and reputation! It is an invariable rule that those who make the roughest work with the names of others are those who have themselves the most imperfections. When you hear evil of any one, suspend judgment. Do not decide till you have heard the man's defence.

OF GOOD CHEER.

WRITE on your day-book, on your ledger, on your money-safe, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Do not worry about notes that are far from due. Do not pile up on your counting-desk the financial anxieties of the next twenty years. Melancholy is the owl that is perched in many a Christian soul. It is an unclean bird, and needs to be be driven away. A man whose sins are pardoned, and who is on the road to heaven, has no right to be gloomy. He says: "I have so many doubts." That is because "you are lazy." Go actively to work in Christ's cause, and your doubts will vanish. You say, "I have lost my property;" but I reply, "You have infinite treasures laid up in heaven." You say, "I am weak and sickly, and going to die." Then be congratulated that you are so near eternal health and perpetual gladness. As a little girl was eating, the sun dashed upon her spoon, and she cried, "O mamma, I have swallowed a spoonful of sunshine!" Would God that we might all indulge in the same beverage! Cheerfulness: it makes the homeliest face handsome; it makes the hardest mattress soft; it runs the loom that weaves buttercups and rainbows and auroras. God made the grass black? No; that would be too sombre. God made the grass red? No; that would be too gaudy. God made the grass green, that by this parable all the world might be led to a subdued cheerfulness.

FASTIDIOUS PREACHING.

WE spend three years in college studying ancient mythology, and three years in the theological seminary learning how to make a sermon, and then we go out to save the world; and if we cannot do it according to Claude's "Sermonizing," or Blair's "Rhetoric," or Kames' "Criticism," we will let the world go to perdition. If we save nothing else, we will save Claude and Blair. We see a wreck in sight. We must go out and save the crew and passengers. We wait until we get on our fine cap and coat, and find our shining oars, and then we push out methodically and scientifically, while some plain shoresman, in rough fishing-smack and with broken oar-lock, goes out and gets the crew and passengers, and brings them ashore in safety. We throw down our delicate oars and say, "What a ridiculous thing to save men in that way! You ought to have done it scientifically and beautifully." "Ah!" says the shoresman, "if those sufferers had waited until you got out your fine boat, they would have gone to the bottom."

* * *

A MAN may be a member of the most orthodox church in Christendom, and he may sit at all the communions for half a century, if he be mean and selfish and careless of the world's condition, he is no Christian, while on the other hand, a man may have peculiarities of religious belief, and yet if he spend his whole life for others, he is so much like Christ I shall call him a Christian. The grandest philanthropist the world ever saw was Christ, and the greatest charity of all the ages, that which gave his life for the redemption of a world. We are as a nation about to enter upon an age of prosperity such as has never been imagined. There may be recoil, there may be here and there as the years go by a set-back in our national prosperity; but God only can tell the wealth that is to roll into the lap of this nation.

* * *

EQUIP yourself from all sources. Read all good books. Listen to all oratorios. Examine all pictures. Bring botany and geology and astronomy and history and poetry and archæology. Gather all these up and then mass your troops for one great Gospel campaign, and remember it closes at sun-down. Alas! how many lose the battle of life because either they do not start early enough, or they make fatal mistakes after they have started.

* * *

WE have noticed that those who will not serve God and society on a small scale fail completely. Because they cannot be eloquent they are stolidly silent. Because they connot endow a college, they will not help a poor widow who has lost her cow. Because in the hunt of life they cannot bring down something large and fat and memorable, they come in at the evening of their days and set down their gun chagrined and gameless. Despising robins, and ambitious for ducks, they get neither.

* * *

IN the study of society I have come to this conclusion, that the most of people want to be good, but they do not exactly know how to make it out. They make enough good resolutions to lift them into angel-hood. The vast majority of people who fall are the victims of circumstances; they are captured by ambuscade. If their temptations should come out in a regiment and fight them in a fair field, they would go out in the strength and the triumph of David against Goliath. But they do not see the giant, and they do not see the regiment.

* * *

WE have apotheosized Prudence and Caution long enough. Prudence is a beautiful grace, but of all the family of Christian graces I like her the least, for she has been married so often to Laziness, Sloth and Stupidity. We have a million idlers in the Lord's vineyard who pride themselves on their prudence. "Be prudent," said the disciples to Christ, "and stay away from Jerusalem;" but he went. "Be prudent," said Paul's friends, "and look out for what you say to Felix;" but he thundered away until the ruler's knees knocked together. In the eyes of the world, the most imprudent men that ever lived were Martin Luther and John Oldcastle and Bunyan and Wesley and Knox. My opinion is that the worst imprudence is to do nothing.

* * *

SOME of our young people have read till they are crazed, of learned blacksmiths who, at the forge, conquered thirty languages, and of shoemakers who, pounding sole-leather, got to be philosophers, and milliners who, while their customers were at the glass trying on their spring hats, wrote a volume of first-rate poems. The fact is, no blacksmith ought to be troubled with more than five languages; and instead of shoemakers becoming philosophers, we would like to turn our surplus of philosophers into shoemakers; and the supply of poetry is so much greater than the demand, that we wish milliners would stick to their business. Extraordinary examples of work and endurance may do as much harm as good. Because Napoleon slept only three hours a night, hundreds of students have tried the experiment; but instead of Austerlitz and Jena, there came of it only a sick headache and a botch of recitation.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

HOW TO PRAY.

PRAYER; oh! what a power it is and yet thousands of Christians don't know how to pray. I want to talk to you in a very homely way on the subject. You will find in the twelfth chapter of Luke that the disciples were anxious to have Jesus teach them how to pray. They had been listening to him as he pleaded with the Father, and now they want instruction, which they knew he could give, for John the Baptist had also taught his disciples. It is never recorded in the Gospels that Christ prayed but what immediately following it there was some mighty work done by him. If you ever do any great thing for God and your fellows on earth it will be after prayer, much prayer. The prayers of John Knox shook Scotland and the queen on the throne. Luther talked with God till his soul found strength that shook the Pope from head to toe. Now you can pray as Knox or Luther did if you try. Go through the Bible and study what has been done there. Take Jacob first. There is now, and has been, a great hue and cry against him. There is no doubt about his character, it was bad, but we find him in prayer. That thirty-second chapter of Genesis is one of the mightiest in the Book. God blessed him as he prayed. Take the prayer of Daniel. In the second chapter of his prophecy you will find that four men held a prayer-meeting, only four, but the result saved all the wise men of that great city. It don't take one hundred to hold a good prayer-meeting. Get four of you together and you will have a mighty time. Don't ask God for things you don't need, and don't ask for anything for which you have no faith. It is impossible to please God without faith. He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.

I get very impatient over long prayers in prayer-meetings. One man covers everything that is wanted and a good deal more, and when the next man prays, why it is only a repetition of the same desires, and the people don't like it. Another thing, away with those old prayers that everyone knows by heart. There are certain men who every week will offer up the same prayer in service. How refreshing it would be to hear one of these old-timers get up and pray, "God be merciful to me a sinner," then sit down. There would be many a Methodist "amen" in that meeting, I feel sure, at least in the heart. Leaders ought to tell those who pray too long to quit. Good meetings have been killed by long prayers.

Without prayer there will be no power to win souls. Write the names of unconverted ones down in your Bible and pray them into the kingdom of God. I am saved to-day because of my mother's faith and prayers. Take the Syrophenician woman's daughter who walks the streets of gold to-day and she is there because of her mother's prayers. Pray for your children with them kneeling by your side. Learn to hear your own voice in prayer. The first thing when you wake up in the morning talk with God. Speak with him before you talk with any one else. And so the last thing at night.

John 15:7 is a great prayer verse, and all of you ought to study the seventeenth chapter of the same book. I find it a good thing to often make a list of my needs, then find a promise that fits, like Philippians 4:19, then go to God in prayer and the answer comes. You have as much right to ask for gold as grace. No one can read the words of Christ and not believe that. In the past eight years I have raised by prayer and proving the promises found in Psalm 81:10, Haggai 2:8, and Psalm 37:4 and 5, nearly five hundred thousand dollars. Again let me call your attention to the twenty-sixth verse of the victory chapter of the Bible—the eighth of Romans. There is the secret of prevailing prayer. Ask God for both big and little things. Keep in the spirit of prayer. Get so in earnest that distractions will not crowd in on you. Thank God for what you get. In dealing with inquirers get them to pray. Begin no task without prayer. Have stated seasons for prayer. It is good to have a closet for prayer. Don't approach God irreverently. There will be times when the Spirit calls you to pray: do it. Don't confine your petitions to yourself, but ask God for his kingdom to cover the whole earth.

The Bible and the Newspaper

Guarding the Food Supplies.

DEATH by freezing has now been added to the horrors of famine in Russia. In some parts of Great Russia, during the past few weeks, the thermometer has registered 58 degrees below zero, and the suffering of the peasants has been terrible in consequence. Many have frozen to death on the high roads, and so intense is the cold that even the birds have dropped dead from the trees. Owing to the severe weather, the distribution of food by the authorities has been seriously impeded, and many of the horses used in the wagon-relief service have died. In the district of Penza alone, 5,000 horses have perished, most of them, however, having been used for food, while hundreds of thousands of draft animals have been utilized for the same purpose throughout the empire since the famine began. Typhus fever, small-pox and diphtheria have appeared and helped to swell the mortality in Samara, Saratov and Nijni-Novgorod, while in Charkov and Kazan, hunger and weakness have made these diseases epidemic and whole families have been wiped out. In Penza alone 18,000 persons depend wholly on government relief. In the illustration on this page, a group of peasants is shown begging for relief in front of the Mayor's house near Simbirsk—a wooden structure where the bread has just been stored. The pitiable appeals of these people who stand pleading with the sentinel are forcibly depicted. The latter, with true Cossack imperturbability, sits his horse like a statue, unruffled by their pleadings, but ready to shoot the offender, should any rude hand made desperate by hunger, attempt to reach the bread supplies in advance of the distribution. Similar scenes are enacted daily in hundreds of places throughout the stricken districts. The present famine threatens to be the most destructive of human life of any that has occurred in a hundred years, with the exception of the terrible Chinese famine of 1877-78, when the number of those who perished for want of food was estimated at nine and a half million persons. Truly pitiable is the condition of the country afflicted by the three monster calamities of cold, famine and pestilence. The prayers of Christians throughout the world should ascend to the throne of God that the difficulties in the way of sending relief to the sufferers may speedily be overcome and that the benighted people whose spiritual need is as great as their physical need may be told of him, who is the Sun of Righteousness, the Bread of Life and the Healer of Nations. (II. Chron. 7:14.)

A Grand Duke Arrested.

WHILE famine presses heavily on the poor of Russia complaints have been made that their hardships were increased by the extortions of the bakers. These complaints reached the ears of the Grand Duke Sergius who is governor of Moscow. The Grand Duke ordered the police to investigate the matter and their report vindicated the bakers. But the Grand Duke being suspicious of complicity between the police and the bakers resolved to make a personal investigation. Disguising himself as a peasant of the poorest class, he went out at night and visited the bakers' shops. He presented three copecks (a little less than two cents) and asked for the value in bread. He went from shop to shop and discovered that a man who had only three copecks could not get bread for it, though the law required that bakers should supply a loaf of that value. Near the end of his tour, he insisted that the baker should cut three copecks' worth of bread from a loaf. The baker grew indignant and being unable to get rid of his persistent customer, called in the police to arrest him. They did so, using unnecessary violence. They beat him and finally carried him off to prison. There his rank was discovered and the policemen who had maltreated him were so terror-stricken at what they had done, that they committed suicide. The Grand Duke had kept a list of the bakers whom he had visited and the next morning they were all summoned before him and severely punished. All the other bakers in the city received a warning and now any peasant can get his three copecks' worth of bread at any baker's in Moscow. As he buys it, he cannot forget that the boon was secured for him by a brother of the Czar assuming the garb of a peasant, and, as a peasant, bearing the blows and maltreatment intended for a peasant. So does the Christian in the enjoyment of all the blessings of heavenly citizenship remember with gratitude and love that those blessings come to him because One who "took upon him the form of a servant, and, being found in fashion as a man, humbled himself and became obedient unto death." (Phil. 2: 7, 8.)

The Skies Illuminated.

A SINGULARLY beautiful display in the northern skies was seen on the evening of Feb. 13. It was visible from the Atlantic Coast as far west as Iowa and as far south as Tennessee. About seven o'clock a soft reddish light like the reflection of a great fire spread itself from the constellation of the Great Bear as far south as Cassiopeia. It slowly rose above the horizon about a quarter of the distance to the zenith. As it did so, the color changed to a rosy pink above, and angry blood red near the horizon, and rays of white light like spears shot upward from it. At this time the spectacle was one of extraordinary beauty. It continued about half an hour and then slowly waned. During the display the telegraph wires were strangely affected. So highly were they charged that the intermittent currents could not be distinguished by the most experienced operators. The pauses in the current, which usually render the signals intelligible, were filled up by the natural current and the wires were useless until the strange light in the sky had faded out. It was remembered that there was a similar display in 1882 and that then, as now, there was at the same time an unusual development of activity in the sun. Great chasms can be seen on its face extending over an area of twelve thousand million square miles and these are constantly changing their form and color, indicating terrific convulsions in the great luminary. That in some way, not yet discovered, these convulsions produced the brilliant aurora which so affected our telegraph service, astronomers fully believe. Men are realizing now, as never before, how close a connection there is between us on the earth and the distant points of God's universe. It is much to be wished that they would also realize how near God himself is to us and how paramount is the importance of being at peace with him. (Heb. 12: 29.)

THE RUSSIAN FAMINE—PEASANTS PLEADING FOR BREAD AT THE MAYOR'S HOUSE, SIMBIRSK.

A Unique Question of Rent.

A CURIOUS suit for rent and damage of property was heard in the United States District Court of Memphis, Tenn., a few days ago. It was brought by a widow who owned land on the river front, against a firm of ice dealers, to whom she had leased the land. The lease was for seven years, and was dated in 1882. It was in the usual form requiring the lessees to return the property at the expiration of the term in like good order and condition. The lessees built an ice-house on the land, and occupied the ground for four years. In 1886 the river rose and carried away the greater part of the land and the ice-house. Then the lessees sought another location and paid the widow no more rent. She presented her bills regularly, which were not paid, and at the end of the seven years, sued for the three years' rent and the value of her land. The lessees pleaded that it was unfair to expect them to pay rent for land that had been swept away, and therefore could not be occupied and which could not be returned, because it had been carried in solution down to the gulf and deposited on the sandbars. The question for the court was whether the lessees should have adopted measures to protect the land from the power of the river. This the judge has taken time to consider. Whatever his decision may be, it is evident that the property is hopelessly lost. Owners of land have been accustomed to consider their money securely invested, as their property was not liable to the risk of fire or burglary as personal property is. But it appears that even wealth in this form is not safe, and the Saviour's warning applies to this kind of riches, too. (Matt. 6: 19-20.)

Saved By Desperate Effort.

THE story of a remarkable escape from death comes from Chaplin, Conn. It appears that a few days ago a wood-cutter went out alone into the woods near that town to fell trees. In some way he miscalculated the direction in which a large tree, on which he had been at work, would fall, and before he could get out of reach, it fell upon him, pinning him to the ground. It lay across his legs above the knees and had not the upper branches prevented the tree falling flat, both the man's limbs must have been crushed. As it was, he was in danger of being frozen to death before any one came to his rescue. He called as loud as he could for a long time, but no response came. The cold was intense and the pain in his legs nearly drove him crazy. He tried to dig the ground from around his imprisoned limbs, but it was frozen too hard. He lay on his back and in looking around he saw his axe, just out of his reach. By a great effort he managed to draw it to him, and then he tried to chop the trunk of the tree in two just over his legs. It was difficult to strike a blow in so awkward a position, but he kept at it, every stroke running the risk of glancing and cutting his leg, in which case he might bleed to death. He was an experienced woodchopper, however, and he made every blow tell, and finally cut the trunk in two and released himself. He could not stand at first, but by long and constant rubbing he got up a circulation in his benumbed extremities, and eventually hobbled home. He was not seriously injured, but was much bruised. If, during the progress of his long and tiresome task, some friend had appeared who was able to raise the tree, how gladly the man would have ceased his own efforts! It is such a service that is offered to every awakened sinner who is striving to deliver himself from the burden of sin which is crushing him to the earth. Many, however, persist in trying to save themselves by good works and reformation of character, instead of trusting in Christ to save them, and so delay the deliverance they might have at once. (Isa. 63: 1.)

BRIEF NOTES.

If any of our readers have friends to whom they would like to introduce THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and will send us their names and addresses on a postal card, we will cheerfully supply them with the paper free of charge for a short term. In order to ensure the promptest attention to these requests postal cards only should be used by the writers, and nothing else be mentioned in the communication.

Rev. C. H. Yatman has accepted the unanimous call of the Ocean Grove Association to conduct the meetings there next summer.

A contribution of five dollars has been received for Mr. J. McLain Brown's work in Japan, from a subscriber who signs himself "An Old Donor."

Rev. Henry Parrish's work in Trenton, N. J., is now closed, but the effects are being felt by many churches. Sixteen converts were baptized on February 14, who attributed their conversion to God's blessing on the services, and many others are coming in.

The Annual Conference of "Christians Gathered to the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ" has been held this year in Adelphi Hall, New York. The exercises commenced with a Prayer Meeting on Saturday evening, February 20. On Sunday and Monday the brethren had three meetings each day.

St. John's Guild of New York has secured a building for use as a hospital exclusively for children. The building is at 157 West Sixty-first Street. It is being fitted up at the personal expense of the Trustees of the Guild and will shortly be ready for occupancy. It is proposed to open similar institutions in other districts if this first initiatory step is a success.

Rev. George C. Needham, gave a series of Bible Readings, bearing chiefly on the Lord's Second Coming, at Bethany Church, Philadelphia, last week, and occupied the pulpit on Feb. 14 and 21. Two readings were given each day and were largely attended. Mr. Needham says that wherever he goes he finds a marked spirit of inquiry among the Lord's people as to the Secoud Advent.

Rev. E. W. Oakes is holding very successful Evangelistic meetings in Boston, Mass. At Dorchester Temple, at Stoughton St. Baptist Church, and at Dr. A. J. Gordon's Church, much good was done both in conversions, and in awakening in Christians a desire for greater sanctification. He is now at Warren Avenue Baptist Church, of which Rev. Robert McDonald is pastor. The Boston *Traveller* says that he recently addressed the Baptist Minister's Meeting by special invitation.

The following contributions have been sent to this office to the fund for the relief of the Baptist Church at Kingston, Pa., whose resources were crippled by the burning of the great "breaker" at the mines, as described in this journal on December 2nd: L. A. B., Tenafly, N. J., $2.; S. A. L., Philadelphia, Pa., $5.; A Christian Endeavorer, Santa Cruz, Cal., $3.50; M. F. S., Wiota, Ia., $1.; A. P., Philadelphia, Pa., $1.; R. E. G., Muscotah, Kans., $1.; S. M. B. and E. B., Clifton Heights, Pa., $2.; A Sister in Christ, $2.; J. A., Troy, N. Y., $2.; D. J. W., Grand Rapids, N. Dak., $2.50; J. G. J., Jane Lew, W. Va., $1.; Subscriber, Leoti, Kans., $5.; Mrs. Chaffee, Bellevue, Neb., $5.; R. J. N., Kendrick Church, Ia., $3.; Subscriber, Amawalk, N. Y., $2.; H. T. and H. T. Jr., Tonawanda, N. Y., $2. These sums, with those previously acknowledged, make a total of $113., which has been sent to the Rev. T. E. Richards, the Pastor of the Church. We are glad to learn that Mr. Richards has also received other sums direct from readers of this journal.

I.

DEAD: no, not dead, the bulletin is wrong,
Unto some lives no death can ever come;
Through one long trend of light he was borne along
Even as in the morning, true and strong,
And then the chosen simply changed his home.

II.

The world is poorer now since he is gone,
The empty chair will tell loved hearts its tale;
Yet memory will all their griefs intone
With pleasant music for the souls he won—
True holiness is such a sweet entail.

III.

The preacher dead, why, he is only born,
'Tis true you have the casket to entomb;
But this grand soul with all that could adorn,
Lives higher life—there is no need to mourn—
Its skies shall never more see cloud or gloom.

IV.

And is this all? Oh no, may we not tread
Each one his pathway to the land of song;
And there, when all time's changing scenes have fled,
Find the brave soldier we have counted dead,
And see the sheaves our brother took away.

—WILLIAM LYLE.

Spurgeon's Vacant Chair.

Sketches of the Trio of Well-Known Preachers from Among Whom his Successor may be Chosen—His Philanthropies to go on.

"WHO will fill Pastor Spurgeon's pulpit?" is a question that is now being asked in two continents. For thirty years and until within a few months before his death, the great preacher weekly addressed audiences numbering many thousands from the platform of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, in London. His discourses reached hundreds of thousands weekly through the medium of the press, and were a distinct and potent force in the evangelical world. That his worth to Christianity was appreciated by his contemporaries is proved by the extraordinary tributes that poured in from all quarters of the globe, while the mortal remains of the dead pastor lay before his old pupit in the Tabernacle, buried amid flowers and mourned over by all London, regardless of sectarian or denominational distinctions. The text: "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith"—the triumphant pæan of Paul,—had been interwoven with the blossoms on the altar rail, and no more fitting eulogium of the illustrious and faithful Christian soldier who lay there at rest could have been chosen. These were the last words upon his lips, and they were engraved in silver on his coffin. Plain working-people stood side by side with the rich, the young beside the old, the wise and learned beside the simple and uneducated, and with moistening eyes and quivering lips paid the last tribute of affection and esteem to him whose life had been spent in the effort to make other lives brighter and better. It was such a demonstration as is rarely witnessed in these times of changing opinions and conflicting creeds. And present with these mourners in spirit, though absent in body, were the host of serious-minded, earnest men and women all over the world, whose lives have been sweetened and their future made clearer and brighter by the life-long, self-denying, consecrated service of Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

But the work begun by such men does not stop for death; it goes on and on to completion. Although the olive-wood casket with its precious freight lies under the sod in Norwood cemetery, the spirit of the great preacher will continue to direct the splendid philanthropies he established. The Orphanage, where thousands of waifs have been rescued and raised to Christian manhood and womanhood, will be maintained as heretofore by voluntary public contributions, and under the managerial care of Mr. Charlesworth. The dead pastors' brother, Mr. James A. Spurgeon, who has for years been the active head of the Pastors' College—hundreds of whose graduates are now at work in the Gospel field in many lands—will remain at the head of this beneficent institution. The Ministers' Book Fund—Mrs. Spurgeon's special project—will still supply the impoverished pastors from its generous resources. In these three noble enterprises, as well as in a thousand other ways, the memory of the great-hearted divine, whose unselfish energies called them into existence, will be continually revered.

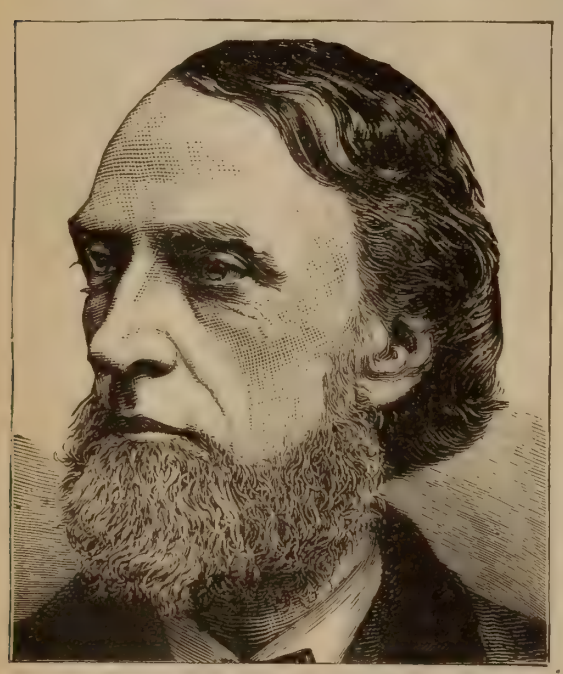
Since Mr. Spurgeon's death, the question of choosing his successor in the Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit has apparently narrowed down to three individuals, all able, earnest preachers, eloquent and convincing in their pulpit utterances and greatly beloved in church and social life. These are the Rev. Archibald Brown, of Shoreditch, the Rev. Dr. Pierson, now temporary pastor in the Tabernacle, and Rev. Charles Spurgeon of Greenwich, son of the deceased. Pastor Spurgeon himself seems to have been drawn to Dr. Pierson as a man well qualified for the duties of the Tabernacle, for in a recent letter he wrote of him:

> If you knew the story in full, as I know it, how and why Dr. Pierson is in the Tabernacle to-day, you would feel, as I do, that, if ever God's hand was in anything, it is he that has sent him; and that being so, I believe he has sent him for a purpose. My beloved people, God is giving you now an opportunify? Will you embrace it? I believe you will.

Brief biographical sketches of the three preachers are given below:

"A Man of One Book."

Rev. A. T. Pierson is temporary pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and for some time before the death of Mr. Spurgeon, was his assistant, conducting the services during the great preacher's illness and sojourn at Mentone. Dr. Pierson, whose portrait is given on this page, was born in New York City in 1837. At the age of fifteen he was converted to Christ, and became a member of the Presbyterian Church. Having passed through college, and received the usual theological training, he was licensed to preach by the New York Presbytery, and shortly afterwards, at the age of twenty-three, he accepted the charge of the Congregational Church at Binghampton, New York State. Three years later he returned to the Presbyterian community, and successively filled pastorates at Waterford, Detroit, Indianapolis and the Bethany Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. In the latter city his work was chiefly amongst the working classes. He was invited to accept the office of assistant pastor in Mr. Spurgeon's church in the fall of 1891. Dr. Pierson is an expository preacher, and in this to a large extent is the secret of his pulpit power and usefulness. His studies are confined almost wholly to the Bible in the original tongues, and if ever a preacher might be described as "a man of one book," that preacher is Dr. Pierson. His mind seems saturated with the Word of God both in the letter and spirit. And, busy as he is as a speaker, his pen is nearly as busy. It is said that he is a regular contributor to some thirty religious magazines and papers. In 1886 he published two books—one entitled "Many Infallible Proofs: a Series of Practical Chapters on the Evidences of Christianity, or the Written and Living Word of God"; and the other "The Crisis of Missions." On the subject of missions Dr. Pierson is intensely in earnest. He is also a firm believer in the speedy Second Advent of Christ, and at the International Prophetic Conference at Chicago in November, 1886, gave an able and impressive address on the "Imminent Second Advent of Christ as a Motive to Evangelism."



REV. A. T. PIERSON, D.D.

REV. ARCHIBALD G. BROWN.

REV. CHARLES SPURGEON.

The "East-Side Spurgeon" of London.

The second of the trio is Rev. Archibald G. Brown, a man who has followed largely in the footsteps of the Tabernacle preacher, and whose remarkable success as a worker in the Gospel field has won him among Londoners, the appellation of "the East Side Spurgeon." Mr. Brown, whose portrait we give, was born in London in 1844. His father and mother were sincere Christian people, but it was not until he was brought under the influence of Sir Stevenson Blackwood that he was led out of the darkness of nature into the light and joy of the Gospel, and consecrated his life to the service of Christ. His first public service was at the meeting of a city missionary, who had invited him to go and read to the people. He reasonably supposed that the reading-book would be the Bible; but on arriving at the meeting place, it transpired that nothing was wanted beyond a few extracts from the *Pilgrim's Progress*. "Is that all you are going to give the people?" the young man asked with characteristic warmth; "there should be preaching—preaching Christ." "If you think so," the missionary drily replied, "you'd better preach;" and Mr. Brown, with God's help, proved equal to the crisis. "Well," he said, with deliberate determination, "I've never done such a thing: but, rather than simply read the *Pilgrim's Progress* to them, I'll try."

His father was a deacon at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and he himself had been baptized by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. About 1860 he was admitted as a student of the Pastors' College. Here he spent two successful years in preparing for his future life-work. At the end of his academical course he accepted an invitation from the Baptist Church in Bromley, Kent. In 1867 he removed to Stepney Green, and here his undoubtedly great preaching power soon made the old Tabernacle too small for the numbers who flocked to his ministry.

Mr. Brown had labored here for about three years, when the East London Tabernacle in the Burdett Road was erected at a cost of £13,300. The Tabernacle, which holds 3,500 persons, was opened on February 22, 1872, amid rejoicings, and ever since God has richly blessed the multitudes that throng to Mr. Brown's faithful and vigorous ministry.

Rev. Charles Spurgeon.

As both of Pastor Spurgeon's twin sons are clergymen, one in Australia and the other in England, it is not surprising that the name of Rev. Charles Spurgeon, one of the brothers, should be mentioned as the probable successor of his distinguished parent. Charles Spurgeon was born in Balham, England, in 1856, and is now in charge of a church at South Street, Greenwich, where much good work has been accomplished. He as well as his brother Thomas, has preached on different occasions at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The two brothers began missionary work while yet mere lads, holding Sunday services in a cottage on Wandsworth Common. Ill health compelled Thomas to go to Australia, leaving Charles to continue the work alone. Afterwards he preached in various places in England with great success, many souls being converted. He relates an interesting history of his own conversion, which took place in his early manhood, under the following circumstances: He was riding a blind pony, and was accompanied by a Christian friend, when their conversation turned into a religious channel. Rain came on, and they sought shelter under a tree. Charles dismounted, and they both knelt down upon the grass, while his friend offered up a prayer. It was during this short season of communion that the glorious sunshine of truth broke in upon his young heart, and his warm affections and services were henceforth devoted to the Lord. This was the turning-point to which his religious and prayerful home-training had long been leading up.

DR. PENTECOST IN INDIA.

TWO weeks have been spent by Dr. G. F. Pentecost in Lahore, the chief city of the Punjab. The city has a population of over 130,000 and contains many palaces, Mosques, Hindoo temples and is near the superb tomb of the Emperor Jahanghir. The American Evangelist had large audiences every day. The *Civil and Military Gazette*, a journal not usually well disposed to religious efforts, says of the work, in the course of a long article: Dr. Pentecost's hearers were not confined to one class or to one creed; civilians, clergymen and ladies all came to hear him, and those who came once, came again. Nor was it only Europeans. Natives, educated and uneducated, crowded to his lectures and listened with unwearying interest to the message he had to deliver. What, we may ask, was the secret of Dr. Pentecost's success in gathering hearers and—which is more difficult—in keeping them? It is not, we think, the attraction of a great orator. Dr. Pentecost is not that, and probably would not claim to be. Moreover, the American Evangelist had not anything new to say. Everything he said has been said in substance from the various pulpits of Lahore over and over again with varying power, but we may believe with not less earnestness or faith.

Nevertheless, we think that some reason may be found why he could do what no one else could, and gather all classes, ranks and professions, both of Europeans and natives, to listen so attentively to his words. First, then, the personal element is a very great one in all preaching, and is in reality of far greater influence than any gift of oratory or of thought. It was impossible to listen to Dr. Pentecost without coming into a kind of personal relationship and sympathy with him; he took his audience into his confidence, and made them understand what he believed, and why he believed it No one could listen without feeling as though a friend were speaking. No one could doubt that he cared, that what he himself believed to be the secret of life and happiness should be theirs as well as his.

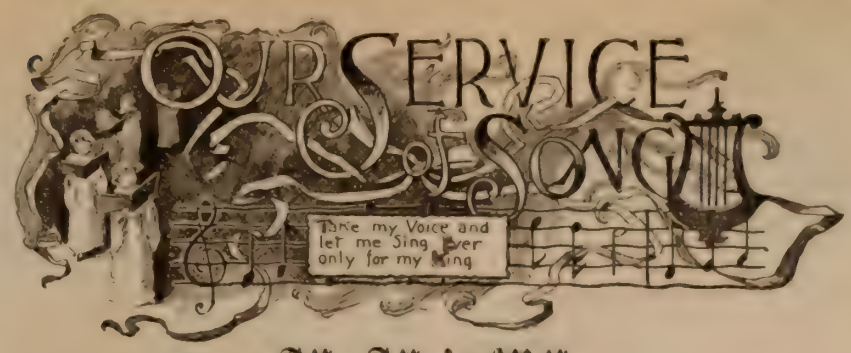
Nor was it only natives who could learn something about the power of Christianity. The clergy who were present must have seen with something, it may be of astonishment, that the old evangelical and Puritan conceptions of Christianity have by no means lost their power.

Dr. Pentecost has left Lahore for work elsewhere, but he has left behind him those who have a fresh grasp of old beliefs, and others who feel that beliefs new to them may henceforth be theirs. No words spoken from a strong personal faith and sympathy for our fellows are lost. Some of us may not wholly agree with his opinions or accept all his statements, others may feel that his methods are not and could not be theirs. But all will respect his earnestness, most will believe that he has done something to draw Europeans and natives closer. Many will be grateful for new light received from his words, and will find their lives brightened by a living hope in the great truths of their religion.

PARENTAL RIGHTS IN CHINA.

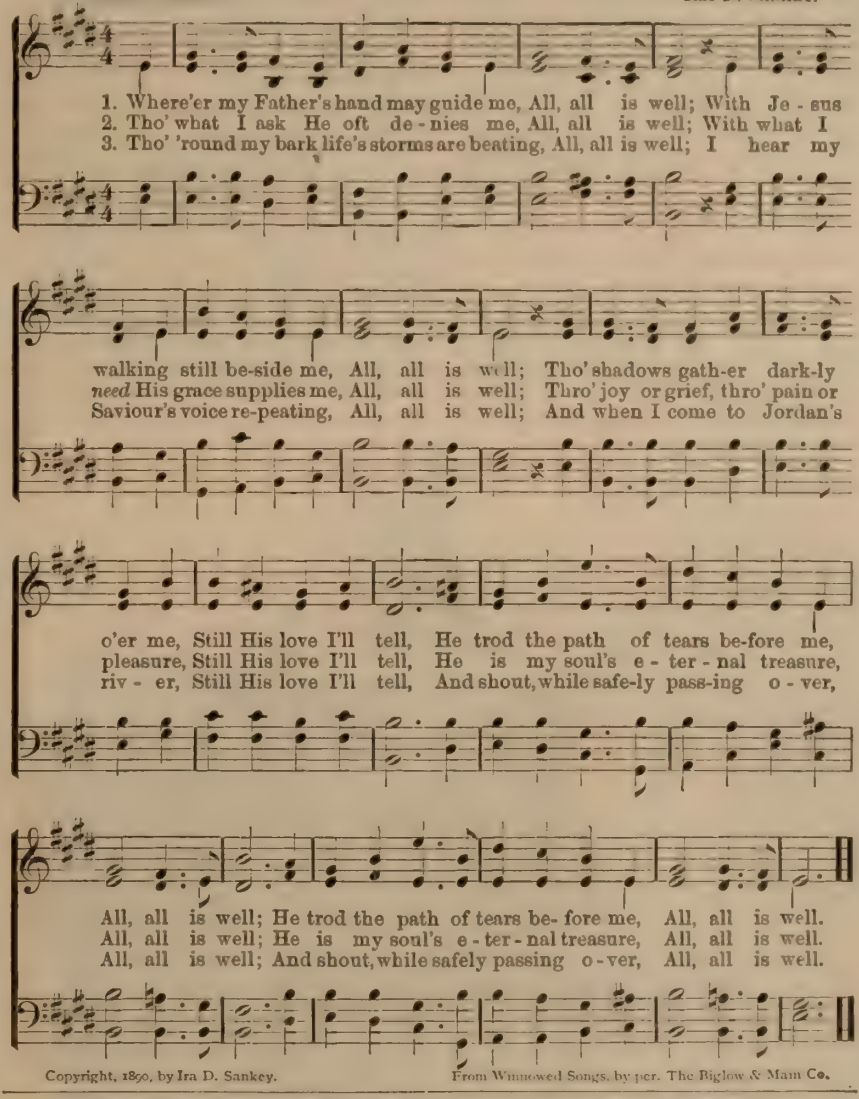
BOTH in China and Japan the rights of parents over their offspring are insisted upon and conceded to an extent amazing to people in Western lands. An incident illustrating the fact is related by Rev. J. Lees, a Chinese missionary. He says that a man named Shao-Chiang-Hsing, who is thirty-four years old, and has a wife and child, upon becoming a Christian was disowned by his wife and her family, and they went to his parents and denounced him. The rage of these people, and particularly of the mother, was terrible. But the son stood firm. It was in vain he protested that he had done nothing wrong; that had he been guilty of gambling, theft or impurity he would acknowledge the justice of punishment, but there was no offence in adopting the Christian faith. I know not what the parents said. The poor fellow was seized by his father, who pulled him down, put his foot upon his queue, and so held him while the mother, a woman of strong passions and powerful physique, beat him upon the back.

I have known a man of a like age ordered by his widowed mother to lie down while she beat him until she had breath to do so no longer and, incredible as it may seem, he obeyed. So in this case, this man of thirty-four would not offer the least resistance; the parent has the power of life and death. The last news of Shao-Chiang-Hsing is that he has been driven from his home, and has taken refuge at the mission premises at Yensan; he is an outcast for Christ's sake.



All, All is Well.

W. ROBERT LINDSAY. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Where'er my Father's hand may guide me, All, all is well; With Je - sus
2. Tho' what I ask He oft de - nies me, All, all is well; With what I
3. Tho' 'round my bark life's storms are beating, All, all is well; I hear my
walking still be-side me, All, all is well; Tho' shadows gath-er dark-ly
need His grace supplies me, All, all is well; Thro' joy or grief, thro' pain or
Saviour's voice re-peating, All, all is well; And when I come to Jordan's
o'er me, Still His love I'll tell, He trod the path of tears be-fore me,
pleasure, Still His love I'll tell, He is my soul's e - ter - nal treasure,
riv - er, Still His love I'll tell, And shout, while safe-ly pass-ing o - ver,
All, all is well; He trod the path of tears be- fore me, All, all is well.
All, all is well; He is my soul's e - ter - nal treasure, All, all is well.
All, all is well; And shout, while safely passing o - ver, All, all is well.

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THE SEVEN FISHERS.

THERE were seven fishers, with their nets in their hands,
And they walked and talked by the seaside sands
Yet sweet as the sweet dew-fall;
The words they spake, though they spake so low,
Across the long, dim centuries flow,
And we know them one and all—
Ay, know them and love them all.

Seven sad men in the days of old,
And one was gentle, and one was bold,
And they walked with downward eyes;
The bold was Peter, the gentle was John,
And they all were sad, for the Lord was gone,
And they knew not if he would rise—
Knew not if the dead would rise.

The live-long night, till the moon went out
In the drowning waters, they beat about;
Beat slow through the fog their way;
And the sails drooped down with wringing wet,
And no man drew but an empty net,
And now 'twas the break of day—
The great, glad break of day.

"Cast in your nets on the other side!"
('Twas Jesus speaking across the tide;)
And they cast and were dragging hard;
But that disciple whom Jesus loved
Cried straightway out, for his heart was moved,
"It is our risen Lord—
Our Master, and our Lord."

Then Simon, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets, and out of the boat—
Ay! first of them all was he;
Repenting sore the denial past,
He feared no longer his heart to cast
Like an anchor into the sea—
Down deep in the hungry sea.

And the others, through the mists so dim,
In a little ship came after him,
Dragging their net through the tide;
And when they had gotten close to the land,
They saw a fire on the pearl white sand,
And with his arms of love so wide
Jesus, the crucified!

'Tis long, and long, and long ago
Since the rosy lights began to flow
O'er the hills of Galilee;
And with eager eyes and lifted hands
The seven fishers saw on the sands
The fire that gleamed by the sea—
On the wet, wild sands by the sea.

'Tis long ago, yet faith in our souls
Is kindled just by that fire of coals
That streamed o'er the mists of the sea;
Where Peter, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets and out of the boat
To answer, "Lov'st thou me?"
Thrice over, "Lov'st thou me?"

—ALICE CARY.

NOT "MUST," BUT "MAY."

MARK 14: 7.

"THE poor ye have always with you,
Ye may help them when ye will."
Not a word of the Lord can fail us,
His promise doth yet avail us—
His poor, they are with us still.

"The poor ye have always with you."
No longer your succor delay.
Ye have said, "We must" in your sadness,
Remember with holy gladness
The Master hath said, "Ye may."

—LUCY A. BENNETT.

JEW STARVING IN PALESTINE.

A LETTER from Mrs. E. A. Finn, the faithful friend of the poor Russian Jews, contains deplorable news of the sad plight of some who have fled from Russia to Palestine, hoping that in the land given to their fathers—a land flowing with milk and honey, they might be able to live. Mrs. Finn reports that Mr. Scott Moncrieff spent Christmas in Jerusalem, and this was what he saw:

On Christmas Day, after many hours' heavy snowfall (which had followed several days of heavy rain and gale of wind), it was still snowing steadily in large flakes—grey, snow-laden clouds overhead—no sun to be seen. Having found such terrible destitution among the poor Jews he had already been visiting Mr. Moncrieff felt sure they would now be in worse plight still for the snow, blocking the mountain roads, had cut off all market supplies. As soon as he could get assistance, he set forth (through the snowstorm) to visit the Jews outside Jerusalem, exposed to the cold and in need of all necessaries. His companion was *a kind American Christian*, who carried a sack, which at a Jewish baker's they filled with bread. After ordering one hundred more loaves to be at once baked, they went forth from hut to hut, visiting sixty families and giving bread, and a little money to buy charcoal. The people were in sore distress—men, women, and children. Next day the work was continued, and plank bedsteads were given to twelve families, having among them fifty-two children, with nothing to lie on but the mud of their wretched huts. One case occurred of a poor woman being found by neighbors, alone on the ground, with her new-born infant, and they moved them into their own somewhat better quarters.

"I know not," adds Mr. Scott Moncrieff, "that I ever spent a happier Christmas in one sense. I felt so thankful to have been instrumental in bringing a little, though, alas! so little, comfort to many. Or a sadder one in another sense. I had seen so much misery among them." His closing words are: "The distress increases daily. Men, women, and children, in hundreds, are slowly starving. It is horrible to think of."

THE GOSPEL IN UGANDA.

How great a change has come over that African land where, only seven years ago Bishop Hannington was brutally murdered, may be realized from the following report which the Presbyterian Missionary Society publishes: The eagerness of the people of Uganda for the Scriptures is a striking proof of the true and vital hold which the Gospel has acquired there. Only Matthew has thus far been translated into their own language, though the Swahili New Testament is understood by many. Mr. Baskerville writes that over 300 persons gather in the church for reading and instruction. A passage is read from the Swahili Testament, translated into Luganda and discussed, the missionary being frequently appealed to for explanation of some difficulty. Only a few copies of the translation of Matthew have yet been received, but those few have met an enthusiastic welcome. Mr. Baskerville thus describes the congenial task of distributing these to the people: "Just fancy Walker investigating one of his boxes to-day found 100 Luganda Matthews. These we are not selling, but lending about. It is really piteous to hear the people asking for books, and we are unable to supply them. One said: I will bring you a cow for books. I would gladly have given him one, but that only 100 have come and we are not even selling these. We shall give the Katikiro one, but the others are being kept for lending purposes. We could sell several thousand in a few days—I might say hours. Won't you send them to us? I have over 10,000 shells (the native coin) deposited with me in case more books come up from the lake, and the others have more."

THE SOCIETY OF MEN OF GOD.

THERE is among some of the African tribes a remarkable readiness to receive the Gospel. In the Abo country, some twelve hours' journey inland, there have been formed, without contact with the missionaries, and upon very imperfect acquaintance with the Word of God, often only upon vague reports as to the things of God, societies of natives calling themselves "Men of God," renouncing idolatry, and keeping the Sabbath. These societies of "Men of God" send, from time to time, one of their members to the Mission station of the Basle Society to stay there awhile and hear the Word of God, and then to communicate to his companions at home the spiritual instruction he has gathered.

PUNISHMENT OF SIN.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing March. 6. Jer. 39: 1-10. Heb. 10: 26-29. Dan. 9: 11.

THAT punishment for sin is inevitable, we might infer from our experience and observation, if God had not revealed the fact in his Word. Men reap by a natural law as they sow. The idle man comes to poverty, the drinking man becomes a feeble-minded sot, the vicious man falls a prey to disease. Even our faults, which we are reluctant to call sins, bear bitter fruit. The selfish man dies friendless, the avaricious man is tormented with anxieties and an unappeasable hunger, the ill-tempered man is involved in frequent quarrels. We are not surprised that it should be so—we expect it. Punishment of this kind is not penal, it is a natural result and consequence of our own acts. There is another kind of punishment, too, which sin brings. The soul that sins loses purity and strength. There is a profound depth of meaning in the story of the behavior of Adam and Eve in the garden. No accusing voice had been raised, but "they hid themselves." We do not hide ourselves now, but the impulse remains. We are conscious of having lost standing, of being less than we were. Habit dulls the sense of loss after a time, and contact with other impure beings prevents the pain being continuous, but bring the callous sinner into the presence of an innocent child and all the loss is realized in a moment, and he shrinks with pain from the contact. He feels as Peter did when he said, "Depart from me for I am a sinful man." No truer word ever fell from the lips of the wise king than when he said, "He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul."

It is, therefore, without surprise that we find the Bible declaring that God will punish sin. He does punish it as we see by attaching to the sin its inevitable result. Our experience goes no farther than this life, but we have discovered God's law, and we may therefore conclude that the same law operates beyond the grave. If immortality be granted, death merely changes the conditions of life. We still have to do with the same Being. In this life we catch glimpses of the wisdom of his rule, and we cannot suppose that the principles on which he governs will be changed when our conditions are changed. Sin of necessity will involve suffering then as it does now. The sinful nature passing into the regions beyond carries with it all its capacities for the severest kinds of suffering. It leaves the body behind with its aches and pains, but who that had the power of choice would not dread the mental agony more than the physical? Not much is revealed to us of the condition of the soul passing out of life unforgiven and uncleansed. Now and again, a word or two is uttered and our apprehensions are confirmed. One of the most terrible sentences is pronounced. Can anything be more dreadful in its hopelessness or the measure of its meaning than the doom: "He that is unjust let him be unjust still, and he that is filthy let him be filthy still"? The law, familiar to us here, then, is still in operation there and without the deterrent influence we have here. If the man is only let alone the condition is appalling, he sinks lower and lower, and is with others who are also sinking. Can there be any conception of the lost world more terrible?

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR PLEDGE.

As there is still in many Christian Endeavor Societies a reluctance to adopt the pledge, the following testimony from Dr. F. E. Clark, which comes from the most extensive observation, deserves wide publicity: "One of the things that the Christian Endeavor movement has demonstrated to be a permanent principle is the idea of the pledge, the covenant obligation. As we all know, this was not accepted readily, or accepted, in the first place, at all by many people. Many good men opposed it, and opposed the Society because it insisted upon the pledge; but in spite of opposition it has made its way, and is now generally accepted, so far as I know, in Christian Endeavor ranks, and also very largely outside of our Society. It has revived the old young people's prayer meeting. It has created what many call the 'new prayer meeting.' It has shown remarkable staying qualities, and has kept young people together under the most trying and adverse circumstances. Hundreds of societies that began without the pledge have seen their mistake and have adopted the pledge, and hundreds more that adopted a modified and weakened pledge have put a good strong backbone into it, and have had new life and vigor from that day. Since that is so, it seems strange to me that any society in America is willing to try to get along without a vigorous pledge after these eleven years of experience."

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THE PHILADELPHIA Y. W. C. A.

THE committee of the Young Women's Christian Association of Philadelphia has decided on a site for its new building. Its former home at 1117 Arch Street which it had occupied since 1885, was required by the Reading Terminal Company for its Elevated road, and had therefore to be given up. Since then the Association has been working under many disadvantages in inconvenient quarters. After long and careful search of the city it has been decided that the most eligible sight is at the corner of Arch and Eighteenth Streets. A house stands on the corner, which, it was at first thought might be remodelled and enlarged to suit the Association, but the cost of the work would have been greater, and the result less satisfactory, than an entirely new building. The house, therefore, will be torn down and the materials used as far as possible in the new structure. The cost of the house and lot is $85,000. Toward this sum and the erection of the building, the Association will have the money to be paid by the Reading Terminal for the old home, the amount of which has yet to be settled by the arbitrators. Mr. B. D. Price, the architect, has submitted plans for a house of eight stories, with all conveniences for the work. The Association has been so successful and so enterprising in devising methods of usefulness that it deserves hearty and liberal assistance from the citizens of Philadelphia, that it may continue its beneficent mission under the most favorable circumstances.

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE Y. M. C. A. OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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THE KING'S DAUGHTERS OF ALBANY.

FEW churches have a record in the Order equal for progress to that of the First Presbyterian Church of Albany, N. Y. The General Leader, Mrs. Scott, thus sketches it history in her report to head-quarters: "In 1888 the Sunshine Circle of The King's Daughters was formed. Their motto: 'Do this in remembrance of Me.' In September, 1890, they reorganized, electing a full corps of officers, but retaining the same leader. In October, 1890, another Circle was formed of girls a little older, with a few married ladies among them. God's Spirit moved among the young people of our church, and just after the new year dawned, these young people began to organize into groups and formed four new Circles. In March, 1891, we held a union meeting of all these Circles, and took for our text to live by and work by, 'Christ in you — and abide.' At this time there were in all six Circles with total membership of fifty-five. At this meeting the pastor's wife was chosen General Leader, and the President of the Ladies' Association of the church was chosen General Secretary. It was also decided to hold three union meetings each year, in October, January, and May. We met on the 13th of October and found we had increased our number by four Circles of 'The King's Sons,' and a total increase of membership of fifty-one, making one hundred and six all told. The Circles, besides mutually helping their own members, have given coal to poor families, have sent clothing to mission schools in the South and West, and of our own city; have sent books and papers to the penitentiary and Children's Hospital and Old Ladies' Home; have sent flowers and fruit to the sick and have visited the poor and infirm; they have given Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners, and have done many other good deeds. Since October still another Circle has formed."

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A NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

THE accompanying picture is a view of the new home of the Young Men's Christian Association of Cincinnati, O. The Association enjoys the distinction of being one of the oldest Associations in the United States, having been organized as far back as 1848, three years before the Boston Association and four years before that of New York. It has done excellent work in the city and is highly valued by the employers of young men. For some years its number of members has been much larger than could be comfortably accommodated in its somewhat cramped quarters. The number of members was about four hundred and the average daily attendance at the rooms was one hundred and twenty-five. This with a Library of three thousand volumes and the need for a gymnasium made a more commodious building a necessity. An effort was made to raise funds and it met with with a liberal response. The building, of which a picture is here given, was erected and has been formally dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. Ministers of all denominations in Cincinnati and some from Louisville, Ky., and other cities showed their appreciation of the work by participating in the exercises. With the advantage derived from so large and well arranged a home the Cincinnati Association will, it is confidently believed, be even more useful and successful in the future than in the past.

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THIS is the thirty years' record of a Young Men's Christian Association in London, England: Seventeen members were set apart to the work of the ministry; twenty-one became missionaries, three being medical missionaries, and ten laboring in the foreign mission field; thirteen became secretaries of young men's Christian Associations; twenty-three became evangelists, ten devoting their lives entirely to the work, the remainder continuing their business avocations whilst so engaged; ten became heads or superintendents of missions; beside which, a great number hold office as superintendents and teachers in Sunday and ragged schools, as elders and deacons of churches, as local preachers, tract distributors, and workers in almost every department of Christian labor.

SET AS SIGNS.

Prof. Totten's Warnings of Events Portended by the Aspect of the Heavens.

IN interviews with reporters of the daily press and in articles over his own name, Prof. C. A. L. Totten of Yale University has of late been calling attention to the remarkable groupings of the stars, which are now interesting astronomers all over the world. The Professor contends that these notable celestial phenomena have a significance beyond their scientific importance. While disclaiming belief in Astrology, as the word is generally understood, he believes that the heavenly luminaries have been set as signs and that, from the beginning, a connection has existed between their position in the heavens, and events which take place on the earth. Believing from his study of prophecy that the end of this Dispensation is at hand, and observing from the condition of the world, of society and of the Church that the general condition is that which Christ predicted would exist immediately before his second coming, Prof. Totten shows that portents may also be observed in the sky. While admitting that the orbs of the heavens move according to fixed laws, he points out that they have never been grouped on their orbits, in the positions they occupy this year, without events of startling and overwhelming importance occurring on the earth. Whatever they may portend, and however their influence may be exerted, such groupings have synchronized in the past with physical, national, social and religious changes. "Let us examine," says the Professor in an article in *Frank Leslie's Weekly*,

"The Perihelion Theory

in so far as it concerns these days in which we live—the present year and the several years yet to come. Once in every twelve years the planet Jupiter makes its perihelion passage; that is, goes over that portion of its orbit which lies nearest the sun. The entire duration of this passage extends over several years, and philosophers have noticed that coincidently with these periodic returns to solar proximity we have an accompanying return of abnormal seasons with all their varied consequences. The central year of the last perihelion of Jupiter was 1880 A. D., and that of the current passage will be in 1892. And, if we represent its central instant by the twelve o'clock mark upon our watches, we may understand how and why it is that its radiating influence (like the heat of a summer day which culminates at 3 P. M. rather than noon) will extend for several years after 1892!

"Again, every twenty-nine years, the planet Saturn (whose orbit lies far outside of Jupiter's) makes its own perihelion passage, and a similar Saturnian period of solar activity has been noticed extending proportionally longer upon each side of its central year. Saturn's last passage was in 1885 A. D., and so great is its orbit that we are still under this baleful influence, and will be until after 1892, which, so to speak, is its three o'clock mark. Hence the abnormal influences of these two monster planets overlap, and the wave of the one rides as a crest upon that of the other!

"A cycle composed of five periods of Jupiter and two of Saturn, although it does not exactly bring about the same configuration, does so pretty nearly, five periods of Jupiter being 21,663 days, and two of Saturn being 21,519 days." Thus every alternate return of Jupiter into perihelion passage is commensurate, or coincident, with that of Saturn, and it has been particularly noticed that by the combined wave of inference, due to this coincidence, the period of solar activity is so noticeably augmented, or raised above its average, that then a distinctly marked period of responsive physical and mental disturbance is recorded in the world of medicine, politics and jurisprudence. Indeed, man is to an extent not generally realized the creature of the planetary system which bears him onward, and the stars in their courses influence our general and particular destiny beyond all question.

"Five of these commensurate periods of Jupiter and Saturn have occurred in the past three hundred years. The last was in 1850, and timed the dreadful Irish famine which extended from 1848 to 1851. The preceding one occurred in 1797 as a central year, when the plague, according to Webster, devastated many parts of the Old World, and yellow fever was epidemic at every American port. This was the time of the Napoleonic craze, and France, insane, denied all forms of God! The next preceding commensurate perihelion was in 1738, the centre, ascording to Webster, of a long and very pestilential cycle."

(To be Continued.)

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells about the Missionary Ship, "Morning Star," that was Built with the Sunday School Children's Pennies.

SO you would like to grow up and be a missionary, eh?" jocosely remarked Uncle John, as he swung cousin Marty on his foot, to the great delight of that young gentleman, and the amusement of Harry, Ted, and Nellie, who stood by. "Well, you'll have to wait a few years yet; but if you are very good, you may be chosen to preach the Gospel some day."

"You once promised to tell us about *The Morning Star*, Uncle," said Tom.

"Yes, and that is a story that shows how little folks can be real live missionaries, even if they cannot go to heathen lands themselves. Many years ago, children," he began, "the islands of the South Seas, that are known to the sailors as Micronesia, were peopled by savage cannibals. In the island groups are some known as the Gilbert, the Marshall, the Caroline, the Ladrones, and several others. A few had been colonized by Spain, but in the majority, Christianity had never been heard of, and the islanders worshipped idols and had no ideas of morality or order. In war they devoured their enemies like the cannibal tribes of Africa.

"Three noble American missionaries, named Gulick, Sturges and Snow, with two native Hawaiian Christians, went to the South Seas forty years ago, and began work on two of the islands—Ponape and Kusail. They persevered in the work for five years and then others were sent out to assist them. At different times, three vessels were employed in carrying the missionaries between the different islands, and in transporting supplies from home. These vessels, each of which bore the name *Morning Star*, were successively lost or disabled.

"Ten or twelve years ago," continued Uncle, "the Sunday School children of America became interested in the efforts of these good missionaries in the South Seas and decided to help them. So the boys and girls all over the Union brought their pennies, nickels and dimes to Sunday School. They were going to build a new *Morning Star*, and I tell you, children, it took lots of self-denial to do it, but they succeeded. It was to be the first crusade of the children of America and it proved a great deal more successful than the children's Crusade in the Middle Ages, of which I told you a few weeks ago. Together, the pennies made a glorious pile, and each child who contributed a dime had one share in the ship."

"Was she a steamer?" inquired Ted.

"She was a sailing vessel with what is known as a steam auxiliary and was constructed under the auspices of the American Board of Missions. It was a great day for the children when on Oct. 28, 1884, the beautiful new *Morning Star* spread her white wings and set out on her first voyage. She was a handsome vessel, barkentine rigged, and her lofty iron main-mast was designed also to serve as a smokestack, for she had an engine and a propeller. In those southern seas there are seasons of calm, when sails alone would be absolutely useless. The figurehead of the *Morning Star* was the white form of a woman missionary, with an open Bible in her outstretched hand. When the good ship sailed, with Captain Bray as commander, she was fairly loaded down with gifts for the missionaries."

"And what does she do now?" inquired one inquisitive little puss.

"Why, she sails from island to island carrying the missionaries about as they require. There is a training-school on one island and lots of boys and girls are brought there from the other islands to be taught. And once a year, the ship comes and gathers them all,—missionaries, native teachers and scholars—and they sail around the group of islands together. Thus far she has escaped the fate of her predecessors, some of which were wrecked with the missionaries on board. The prayers of many thousands of earnest young Sunday School scholars have been going up all these years for her safety and protection."

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The Right Books to Read.

"READ the good old books that have lived and held their own by the vitality of matter and style that makes them standards," says the *Literary News*. "Don't read a lot of new books about the Bible; read the Bible, and then you will understand what you may afterward read about the Bible. Read Shakespeare, not controversies on Shakespeare; read

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL MISSIONARY SHIP "MORNING STAR."

Scott, and Thackeray, and Dickens, and George Eliot. Do not be content with a short history of literature that tells you their best works and makes a few disconnected extracts and tells you their standing and what you should think of them. Read intelligently and with interest, and every book you read will guide you to the next that is good for you personally, far better than a strange mentor can do, who is often full of theories and prejudices, or perhaps has gotten up a course of study as a 'pot-boiler,' and has no real love of his subject. Every book you read with pleasure and profit will suggest a subject you wish to read upon, and any well-informed bookseller will be able to tell you the best book on the subject now in the market."

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Don't Borrow.

"DON'T borrow money nor buy things," says a writer in the *Christian Advocate*, "that you cannot pay for. If you do it will make you a slave and expose you to great temptations. Business men borrow money and trust persons who buy goods of them, but all careful business men get security when they can, and only trust those that they believe will pay them, while money is coming in all the time from what they sell for cash and by the payment of the debts which are owed to them. When men fail it is often because they have loaned money or sold goods on promise to pay to the wrong persons. Others have been tempted to steal or to run away. Don't run in debt. Deny yourself and save until you can buy what you think you must have. Remember how easy it is to do without a great many things. One boy found he had spent thirteen dollars for soda water in the summer, and he was then in debt eleven dollars. He said to himself, 'What a fool I was to tie myself up in knots like this for a lot of froth.' Did you ever read Benjamin Franklin's story, 'I paid too dear for the whistle?" The one who runs in debt is a greater fool than the one who merely spends his money."

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Real Self-Denial.

"WHEN I was at the South," writes Mrs. Canwell, in *The Advance*, "I heard this: A poor old woman living in a weather-beaten cabin on the border of a Southern forest, may often be seen through a little, many-paned window knitting industriously. What is she knitting? Mittens, of large, uncouth proportions, with straggling, unshapely fingers, and long, close wrists. She is knitting them for a store, and the rough men buy them because of the fingers. Every time she knits a pair for the store they give her yarn enough to knit a pair for herself, and she sometimes spends three months in knitting to get material enough for this pair which she sells for missionary money. It seems a lady passed that way one day, and told the story of people in the West without the Gospel. This touched the heart of the poor old woman, who had nothing to give, for she was an object of charity. By constant work for three months she is able to earn the material which she can turn into fifty cents for her Lord. Is not her offering as an offering of gold in his sight?

"What is self-denial? 'Certainly,' said a rich lady, 'I know there was true self-denial in the twenty-five cents which my sewing girl put into the contribution-box last Sunday, and there wasn't a shade of self-denial in the twenty-five dollars which I put in at the same time, for it cost me nothing.'"

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Living for Old Age.

AFTER all, is it worth one's while to strive after old age? The philosophers ought not. Yet Christianity teaches us that length of days is promised to the well-doer. It may be claimed to a certain extent that the gradual lengthening of human life is among the achievements of modern civilization. It suggests that a vigorous old age may be in a considerable degree dependent upon personal conduct, and some able authorities advise that parents give their children a start in the most favorable conditions by protecting them from mental shocks and unnecessary griefs, and making their surroundings as happy as possible. The persons themselves, when older, should avoid grief, and eschew hate, jealously, and intemperance, all of which hasten the coming of old age. When old age has really begun, its progress may be reduced to a minimum by securing the least friction and waste. Rules for this include subsistence on a moderate quantity of light but nutritious food, varying according to the season; dressing warmly, but lightly, to preserve an even temperature; keeping the body in fair exercise and the mind active and cheerful; maintaining an interest in the world's affairs, and taking a reasonable share in its labors and pleasures; securing plenty of sleep at proper hours in a comfortable room, and avoiding excitement and luxury. The best way of living is to lean upon God and trust to his goodness.

HAST thou a care within so deep
It chases from thine eyelids sleep?
To thy Redeemer take thy care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

Whate'er the care that breaks thy rest,
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish, that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

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THE FORCE OF HABIT.

"HOW shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose,
As you yielded, now refuse,
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must entwine ere free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,
Lighter every test goes by;
Wading in, the stream grows deep
Toward the centre's downward sweep.
Backward turn, each step ashore
Shallower is than that before.
Ah, the precious years we waste
Leveling what we raised in haste;
Doing what must be undone,
Ere content or love be won!
First across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

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A Mother's Prayer.

THERE is nothing on earth more pure, or beautiful, or sincere, than a mother's prayer. "Once," writes Rev. J. R. Miller, "I suddenly opened the door of my mother's room, and saw her on her knees beside her chair, and heard her speak my name in prayer, I quickly and quietly withdrew, with a feeling of awe and reverence in my heart. Soon I went away from home to school, then to college, then into life's sterner duties. But I never forgot that one glimpse of my mother at prayer, nor the one word—my own name—which I heard her utter. Well did I know that what I had seen that day was but a glimpse of what was going on every day in that sacred closet of prayer, and the consciousness strengthened me a thousand times in duty, in danger, and in struggle. When death came at last and sealed those lips, the sorest sense of loss I felt was the knowledge that no more would my mother be praying for me."

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Reading Aloud.

"SOME women neither know nor care for the delightful pastime of reading aloud," says an observant writer. "They fancy that a special training by a teacher of elocution is essential to fit them for the proper rendering of the thoughts of others and that is not worth while to attempt to gain the accomplishment, as they have no special aptness for it, ignoring the fact that reading aloud is one of the talents to be secured by a judicious investment of the great talent of time. Clear and distinct enunciation, a well-trained eye, and ready comprehension of the great author's meaning are essentials easily acquired, and the practice of this delightful accomplishment gives so much pleasure that it is recommended as an important contributor to that happiness which every loving heart would fain bring into the lives of others. To read to the dear ones who are weak or ill, to the sufferers in hospitals, and to aid those whose eyes are failing as the long shadows of life's afternoon cloud their brightness—these are blessings which we can easily bestow, and by which we are ourselves enriched.

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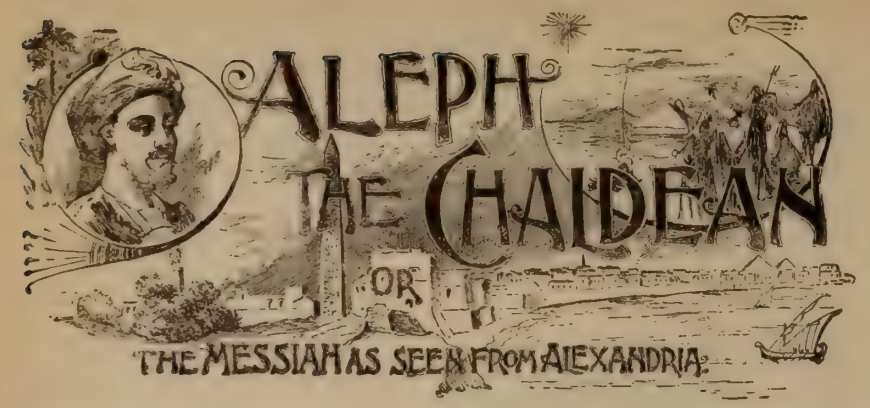
A Poem by a Princess.

PRINCESS MARY of Teck wrote this verse:

If each man in his measure,
Would do a brother's part,
To cast a ray of sunlight
Into a brother's heart.
How changed would be our country,
How changed would be our poor;
And then might Christian nations
Deserve the name once more.



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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CHAPTER IX. (*Continued.*)

AT the height of the uproar and darkness, their ears caught a stealthy movement at both right and left; and then the careful footfall of unsandalled feet. A moment more, and there was a stumbling against the seat they had left, as of men who had been expecting a clear passage; while they felt the presence of others just before them. A once came a hasty succession of heavy blows, as of bludgeons, on the seat and door behind it. Two heavy thuds promptly followed, and as many groans and falls: for both Cimon and Aleph had struck with clenched hands into the dark, and had encountered something more substantial than spirits. This done, they stepped back to their former places and waited for what might yet follow. Nothing followed save the sound of footsteps hastily retreating to the right and left. And, all at once, the hubbub of weird noises began to lull; the whispers and howls and other diabolic sounds dwindled rapidly; in a few moments the rush of departing wings had died away in the distance.

"Now go in peace," cried the magician. "If any have been injured by the Powers I have summoned, it is because they did not obey my directions. Their blood be on their own heads. I take you to witness that I am not responsible."

The court and piazza were soon emptied. The people had been too soundly frightened to stand on the order of their going; and rushed out pell-mell through the darkness—overturning benches and hurdles and one another.

During this final uproar, which was almost as great as the spirits had made, Aleph felt a hand on his shoulder, heard a whisper at his ear—"Shaphan and Nathan."

"Welcome," he whispered back. "Come into our room."

They removed the seat, unlocked the door, and with the aid of the two Jews dragged inside the bodies which their feet had encountered on the floor. Closing the door, they struck a light and proceeded to examine their still insensible assailants. In one of them Aleph had no difficulty in recognizing Antis: in the other Shaphan and his brother knew Draco, a noted bully of the city, at present teacher of fence at the Museum, formerly a trainer of gladiators at Rome, and well known as a dissipated companion of the son of the Governor. Having satisfied themselves that the men were not seriously injured, and needed only the open air to fully recover, they drew them out again on the piazza and there left them to themselves—or their friends.

The brothers then explained that the lady Rachel had sent a servant to them after their return home to recall them; and had begged that they would be present at the khan in the evening with some of the family servants and give aid to her friends if they should have need. But various circumstances had delayed them so that they did not arrive till after the performance had begun; when they found no admission to the piazza, and the court so densely packed that it was almost impossible to wedge their way to the neighborhood of Aleph and Cimon. This, however, in the course of the evening they had, by dint of constant effort, succeeded in doing, and were quite near when the assault was made and the assembly broke up. They then dashed violently through the crowd, and over the hurdles —fearing the worst, for they had heard the blows, the groans, and the heavy falls. Thank Heaven, it was the enemy that fell!

Very cordial acknowledgments were made to the friendly Jews. In addition, Aleph sat down and wrote on a piece of papyrus the following:

"Aleph the Chaldean, to the daughter of Alexander, sends greeting:

"This is to express my sense of the kindness you have shown to the eastern strangers in sending help to them this night in their supposed danger. And truly the danger was considerable; but through the favor of the Most High we have escaped the assault made upon us, and have come to understand better than before the difference between the marvels of Jesus and the marvels of the magician. The latter are due partly to illusion and ventriloquism, partly to occult natural law, and partly to diabolism. They are favored by darkness and distance, depend on preparations and compacts and machinery, proceed from an unworthy person, seek unworthy objects, are aided by unworthy Powers, are connected with phenomena that betray a diabolic origin, and are wholly depraving and mischievous in their tendency.

"When the bearers of this give you an account of what they have seen and heard, you will, I doubt not, see new reason to believe in him who casts out devils instead of invoking them.

"May the God of Abraham and Daniel, the Chaldeans, keep you!

"Farewell!"

When the Jews stepped out on the piazza they found that the bodies were no longer there. Doubtless they had recovered consciousness and taken themselves off.

X.

THE ARENA.

OUR friends, after thanking heaven for their preservation, slept about as soundly through the night as if they had suffered no narrow escape and were anticipating nothing but safety on the morrow. Their morning devotions and meal had been finished, and they were conferring as to Seti's proposal that they should remove to the Serapeum, when a knock was heard on their door, aud the high-priest himself made his appearance.

"What means all this?" he exclaimed, as he closed the door behind him and took the rude stool which was all that Aleph had to offer him; "the whole khan behind time, everything in a litter, the staging in the court in the last stages of a debauch; above all, the clubs before your door and the battered state of the door itself, to say nothing of the broken seat before it!"

Cimon explained.

"Now you see why I am here so early this morning," resumed the priest. "My thoughts were so full of apprehension on your account during the night that I could not sleep; and I determined that as soon as possible in the morning I would seek you out and again urge you to remove at once to the Serapeum. This evidently is no place for you. It is plain that Malus and the son of the governor have gotten into communication with each other and have joined their forces—plain that the chief object of the doings here last night was a three-fold assault on you through your fears, through magical powers, and through human assassins. These were the three strings to their bow. They hoped that if the others failed the clubs of Draco and his helpers would do the work and the magical powers which you defied and take all the blame of it. You see with what characters you have to deal. Behold a fair sample of what these men are capable of doing. So come to the Serapeum without delay."

* * * * *

Of course nothing more was to be said. It was agreed that they should send their effects at once to the Serapeum by certain servants whom Seti had left without, and follow them in person in the course of the day.

This matter being disposed of, Seti continued: "Now tell me what steps you have taken to bring that arch-rogue to justice."

"I have done nothing," said Cimon, "save to collect evidence; and have been uncertain what further steps to take."

"You should put your proofs at once in the hands of Alexander's lawyer. If he judges them sufficient for this latitude and for a Roman Court (for a Roman Court it must be, since the case is between a Greek and a Jew), let him put things in train without delay. You could find no more skilful advocate; and he has the further advantage, somewhat rare in his profession, of being an honest man. This in itself will instinctively enlist him against such a rogue as Malus. He will do all he can to bring the fellow to justice."

"Can you tell me what the prospects for justice in a Roman Court are?"

"The Roman law, in general, is just; but a case has to be very clear or the strong rogues, in Alexandria as elsewhere, will manage to escape by means of the evasions, delays, appeals, and various tricks that are purchasable by the free use of money. It is said that all things are venal at Rome. I am afraid the state of things is no better in Alexandria. Malus will use money freely—can you do the same?"

"That depends," said Cimon. "For such purposes as the collecting of evidence and the securing of the ablest advocate that can be had, I say, 'Yes,' to your question. For the purpose of bribing the judges, I say, 'No.'"

"This is the answer I expected from you. But your enemy has no scruples. He will have the freedom of all means—righteous and unrighteous. In this respect he has much advantage over you—always provided that there is no God, and that there is a devil. But in certain other important respects you have an advantage over him."

"Will you tell us in what?" suggested Aleph.

"First, in the intrinsic justice of your case; for I have no doubt that the case is as you have stated it. Next, the evil repute of Malus among the better class of people is against him. It is worth while for even Roman judges to make some account of the higher grades of public opinion. Further, it would not be strange if many of the small victims of Malus should summon courage in the presence of so large a suit as yours to appear against him with an amount of testimony that would be overwhelming."

"I understand then," said Cimon, "that even if our proofs are legally complete, we still have reason to fear that venality on the part of the judges and hostility on the part of the Governor and other officials will find means to set them aside."

"Yes—it certainly is to be feared. Malus has undoubtedly patched up an alliance, if not with the Governor himself, at least with Romans who can bring heavy influence to bear upon him and so on the courts. We must not shut our eyes on this fact."

"We are fortunate and thankful to find such friends—especially as we have no choice but to proceed. We will proceed and trust Heaven for the result. I think this is the conclusion to which we have come, and I we are ready to authorize our friend to place our papers in the hands of the advocate he proposes," and he looked inquiringly at Aleph.

Aleph slightly bowed. After a moment, however, he added: "Still I would be glad if before legal proceedings are begun, we could give Malus an opportunity to retrace his steps. I would like to try what effect expostulation under the perils of his situation would have. The Most High practices forbearance to sinners; and such I understand is the practice of the Messiah toward his enemies. His miracles show that he has power enough to overwhelm them all with the greatest ease, but he forbears and tries on them the effect of more light and expostulation. I would be glad to imitate God and his Christ."

Seti started to his feet in amazement.

"And this after your very lives have been so foully assailed! This way of doing things is neither Egyptian, nor Greek, nor Roman, nor even Jewish—however God-like and Christ-like it may be."

"I confess," said Cimon, "that I have something of the feeling that my young friend has expressed. I am reluctant to drive a man to what may prove his ruin without giving him a chance for his life. To be sure, I have small hope of a favorable result from any appeal we can make to the conscience and fears of Malus. But I should feel easier if it were made."

"Well, be it so!" said Seti after a short silence. "Make the experiment. See what merciful dealings can do. At the most, it only means the delay of a day or so. . . Now let us see what you will write to this promising candidate for repentance and reformation: for I will never give my consent that you go in person into the den of such a serpent."

Aleph looked at Cimon. The Greek nodded. The young man seated himself at a table and slowly wrote as follows:

"Cimon, manager and representative, to Malus, consignee and merchant.

"It has been discovered that the returns which you have made for many years to the business which I represent are not in accordance with the facts, and that now a very large sum of money is due us. I am reluctant to appeal to the courts to enforce our claims; and hope that your sense of justice and of responsibility to a Higher Power will make such an appeal unnecessary. A satisfactory assurance from you of regret for the past and an upright purpose for the future will dispose me to abate much from my just claim upon you.

"Let me hear from you to-day at the *Khan Rachotis.*"

"I have great misgivings as to this merciful plan of yours," said Seti, "and only give my consent to it on condition that you authorize me to place your papers in the hands of our advocate at once, without waiting to see the result of your appeal. If it is successful you can recall the parcel unbroken. Otherwise it is to be used without delay. You agree?"

"So be it," said Cimon.

"Does the parcel contain as full an explanation of the case as the advocate will need?"

"So it seems to me."

This ended the conversation. A servant of the khan was immediately called and dispatched with the letter to Malus. Seti himself remained till he had seen the main effects of his friends put into the hands of two servants of his own for transference to the Serapeum. It was agreed that the owners should follow as soon as possible.

As chance would have it, they were not detained long. Their messenger met Malus at no great distance from the khan; and soon returned with a spoken message that they should either see or hear from him at the khan early in the coming evening.

What should they do in the mean time? Aleph consulted his programme of lectures, and found that Seti was to speak at the third hour in his course on Comparative Religions—special topic, *The Religion of Egypt.* They would settle with their landlord and then leisurely find their way to the lecture. They were curious to hear what the high-priest of Egypt would say about its religion. Perhaps they would get some light on the mystery of his position. Accordingly, in due time they found themselves in the lecture room of the Serapeum. They noticed that the room was fuller than before, and conjectured that this was owing to the special interest felt in the topic to be discussed. Seti evidently noticed their presence as he came in and passed near them to his seat on the dais.

* * * * * * *

The lecture concluded, the young men, too much interested in both the manner and the matter of their teacher to be in any hurry to get away, were still lingering in their seats, when a young man appeared at the door and politely asked their attention. He said that he had been deputed by the Museum to lay a certain complaint before them. It appeared that a stranger had been received to student matriculation by the Serapeum without actual testing in athletics. This step was certainly very unusual, if not wholly unprecedented; and the Museum felt obliged to complain of it after a fraternal and gentlemanly fashion, and to ask that the ancient usage of the University may not be violated.

Publius Cornelius sprang to his feet. "It is, I believe, according to the ancient usage of the University that the examination which satisfies one of its departments shall satisfy the other also. I beg to inform Quintus Metellus that we examined the candidate to whom he refers as to athletic matters, and were abundantly satisfied with the examination."

"Still it appears," blandly returned the somewhat foppish and fast looking young Metellus, "that no actual trial of strength and skill was made; and the Museum cannot but think that if the new-comer is really deserving of such exceptional treatment he will be willing to content us with an actual instead of an imaginary testing in the more advanced athletics. The Museum has presumed on his willingness, and is at this moment present in a body in your gymnasium awaiting his appearance."

"This seems to me," began P. Cornelius in a tone just a little tinged with indignation—but Aleph, making a sign to him, interposed:

"I beg," said he, "that our president will not press his view. I am quite willing to content the Museum, and should be sorry to have any feel that an ancient usage of the University has been unreasonably set aside in my favor. I hope, therefore, that the Serapeum will yield to the wishes of the Museum."

"This is very satisfactory," returned Q. Metellus. "But I am also instructed to say that inasmuch as the social standing of the new student is unknown to us, it seems to us that the testing should be on the more gentlemanly accomplishments. This will throw some light on whether he is entitled to mingle on equal terms with the representatives of the best families of the empire."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed P. Cornelius. "Use your eyes, Metellus!"

But Aleph gravely said, "I do not object to the new proposition of the Museum."

(*To be Continued.*)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

D. K. Landis, Lancaster, Pa., writes in answer to "Subscriber," Staunton, Va., that *Huntington's Bank of Faith* may be procured of McDonald, Gill & Co., publishers, Boston. Price 75c.

M. M. Randall, Nashville, Mo. For answers to your inquiries, see sketch of the late Pastor Spurgeon, published in No. 6 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A. A. Watts, Fayette, Miss. Where does the word "advertise" first occur in the Bible?

Numbers 24: 14. It means "to counsel" or "to inform" in this instance; not to publish.

David S. Cutlino, Charleston, S. C. Where can I procure anything in the way of object lessons, suitable for religious talks to children on the International S. S. Lesson?

Write to the American Sunday School Union, New York and Philadelphia, for undenominational publications of this sort.

A. T. Black, Conesville, Ia. Where, when and by whom was the first Sunday School established in the United States?

Philadelphia, January 11, 1791, by the members of different Christian denominations, including several Quakers. The organization was called "The First Day or Sunday School Society." We cannot answer the other questions in your letter.

Subscriber, ... Where can I procure *The Missionary Review* and the Presbyterian Confession of Faith?

For the first, write to Funk & Wagnalls, Publishers, Astor Place, New York, and for the second write to the Presbyterian Board, 1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

A Sexton, Elizabeth, N. J. Can a sexton who must work on a Sunday be a true Christian, and if so, how can his conduct harmonize with the commandment, Exodus 20: 9, 10?

He may, and should be a true Christian. All Christ's teachings were opposed to the slavery to the letter of the law and he instanced a case directly in the line of your question, "The priests in the temple profane the Sabbath and are blameless." Matt. 12: 5.

Jas. C. Kennedy, New York. 1. Please explain why in Acts 7: 16, it is stated that Abraham bought the ground when in Genesis 33: 18, 19, it is stated that Jacob bought it. 2. Were there Christians in heaven before Christ's ascension?

1. Stephen was quoting from memory when he spoke (Acts 7: 19), of Abraham making the purchase and confused the two patriarchs. It was undoubtedly Jacob, and Joshua confirms Genesis on the point. See Joshua 24: 32. 2. That the Old Testament saints went to heaven we infer from Christ's reply to the Sadducees (Matt. 22: 32) when referring to God as the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, he said, "God is not the God of the dead but of the living."

Geo. Gibb, Circleville, N. Y. If Peter was converted before he denied Christ, why did Christ say he had prayed for his conversion? (Luke 22: 31, 32.)

The word would be more properly translated "restored" or "turned again." The backslider in all times needs to repent and go to God pleading to be forgiven for Christ's sake as he did when he was converted before he is restored to God's favor.

J. R., Trenton, N. J. There is a verse I once heard which recites the intellectual prodigies performed by noted men at an advanced age. Can you supply it?

Our correspondent possibly has in mind the lines that run somewhat like this:

Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Œdipus, and Semonocles
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers
When each had numbered more than fourscore years;
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but just begun his Characters of Men.
Chaucer, at Woodstock, with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales,
Gœthe, at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years were past.

C. 1. Was Christ punished for our sins? 2. Is the pillar of salt, into which Lot's wife was turned still standing? 3. If one prays more than once for the conversion of another, does it show a lack of faith? 4. Is it right to eat swine's flesh? 5. Why does Jesus intercede for us, when the Father loves us equally with the Son? 6. When one is praying for the conversion of another, is evidence always given that the dear one will be saved? 7. When does a person reach the condition mentioned in John 15: 7? 8. When the Lord constrains one to shout, "Glory to his name," is it as much a woman's right to shout as a man's?

1. Yes; see Heb. 9: 28; 1. Peter 2: 24 and 3: 18. 2. There is no evidence of it. 3. No; Paul mentions that he prayed more than once for the same blessing, II. Cor. 12: 8; Col. 1: 3; 1. Thess. 3: 10. 4. There is no religious objection. The law for the Gentiles is laid down in Acts 15: 19, 20. 5. You must be satisfied with the fact (Heb. 7: 25), the reasons for it belong to the mysteries of the Trinity. 6. Not always. Instances are on record of prayer being offered for many years before there was any evidence of its being answered. 7. When the condition mentioned in the verse is attained. Abiding in Christ is a high state of sanctification. 8. As to what a woman may do in church, opinions are divided. On the one hand it is contended that Paul's injunction that "women keep silence in the churches" (I. Cor. 14: 34), forbids such a practice; on the other hand it is urged that as we cannot suppose he intended to forbid *her singing* in church, she may shout, too, if she is in a church where men do so without it being regarded as a breach of decorum.

Wm. Hightower, Cleveland, Miss. 1. Was Pharaoh drowned in the Red Sea? 2. Is baptism essential to salvation? 3. Ought deacons to preach if elected for the purpose mentioned in Acts 6?

1. No; the Egyptian records show that he lived several years after the episode at the Red Sea and his mummy is still preserved in the museum at Boulak. It is supposed that he was a very old man and was all his life very much averse to exposing himself to danger he remained safe on land and sent a general on with his army into the bed of the Red Sea? 2. No; but Christ enjoined it as a duty, which every Christian would not willingly neglect. An unbaptized man exercising faith at a time and in circumstances when baptism could not be performed, as, for instance in his dying moments, would be saved though he was unbaptized. 3. There is no reason why he should not preach if he has the ability. His first duty is to fulfil the purpose for which he was elected but that need not preclude him from preaching also.

G. A. Jameson, Anna, Tex. 1. What does Dr. Talmage think of actors and acting? 2. Where is the best Theological Seminary and what are the yearly expenses?

1. About eight years ago, Rev. Dr. Talmage recorded his views concerning the stage in a sermon entitled "The Spectacular," which appears in the published volumes by Treat, Harper and others. 2. As there are several very excellent ones it would be invidious to indicate a preference. A note to the Board of Managers at Princeton or at Union Theological Seminary, New York, will secure all necessary information as to expenses.

E. R. Smith, Puyallup, Wash. "What do the woman and the man-child mentioned in the twelfth chapter of Revelation represent?"

Most expositors hold that the woman represents the Church just before and during the time of Antichrist. She is clothed with the sun of Righteousness and crowned with twelve stars representing the twelve Apostles, while the moon, signifying the superseded Jewish system, is beneath her feet. The man-child who is born of her denotes the comparatively small company of Christians who are looking for and expecting Christ's second coming and who will be caught up to meet him in the air at his appearance. (1. Thess. 4: 16, 17.)

J. M. Warner, Pelican Rapids, Minn. 1. Does THE CHRISTIAN HERALD warrant its advertisements to the readers as genuine? 2. Do Rev's. Talmage and Spurgeon deliver their sermons from memory only? 3. Rev. 1: 10. What day of the week is the Lord's Day, and what authority and proof is it based upon?

1. The Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD exercises due diligence in avoiding the insersertion of advertisements by business houses of questionable character. It is impossible, however, to verify each and every advertisement. 2. Rev. Dr. Talmage memorizes, and speaks without notes. The late Pastor Spurgeon spoke extemporaneously, being guided by jottings or points, frequently on the back of an envelope. 3. Jews, living under the law, observe the seventh day; Christians following the example of the Apostles and the early Church, keep the first day of the week, in commemoration of Christ's resurrection.

G.A.P. 1. Are the terms, Kingdom of God, Kingdom of Heaven, and the Church synonymous? 2. Do the Parables in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew refer to the Church?

1. Not absolutely synonymous in every instance where the word is used. John the Baptist and Christ adopted words in common use at the time. The Jews were expecting a kingdom of God, but a kingdom in the material sense of national splendor and predominance for Israel. Christ told them that the kingdom would not come with observation. (Luke 17: 20.) It was to be a spiritual kingdom. His followers were to gather out a people for him. (Acts 15: 14.) When Christ comes again, the kingdom will be visible and he will reign over the earth for a thousand years. 2. The Parables you mention refer to the Gospel Dispensation.

D. B. Keeports, Lancaster, Pa. You say that in some cases, such as an invasion that threatens home and dear ones, it would be a Christian's duty to assist in defence, should war break out. (Matt. 5: 39; Rom. 12: 20-21.) I always had the idea that the whole tenor of the Gospel was that a Christian should not fight his enemy under any circumstances.

An examination of Luke 22: 36, 37, might justify a different conclusion. In the persecutions of the Waldenses, Hussites, Albigenses, and other bodies of Christians in ancient days, it could not be said truthfully that their bravest defenders were not Christians. In the armies of Cromwell and also among those who fought and died in the Covenanter ranks in Scotland, the best Christians were the greatest heroes. Patriotism and courage must be admitted among the Christian virtues.

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And in a few days I began to improve. My appetite increased till it seemed that I could not get enough to eat. When I had taken three bottles I felt as well as ever, and I may say better than ever. I heartily recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla."

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Highly concentrated. Dose small. In quantity costs less than a tenth cent a day. Prevents and cures all diseases. Good for young chicks and moulting hens. Sample for 25 cts. in stamps, five packs $1. Large 21 lb. can, by mail, $1.20. Six large cans, $5, express prepaid. Farm-Poultry one year (price 50c), and large can $1.50, L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

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Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

37

IS THIS WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel generally miserable, or suffer with a thousand and one indescribable bad feelings, both mental and physical, among them low spirits, nervousness, weariness, lifelessness, weakness, dizziness, feelings of fullness or bloating after eating, or sense of "goneness" or emptiness of stomach in morning, flesh soft and lacking firmness, headache, blurring of eyesight, specks floating before the eyes, nervous irritability, poor memory, chilliness, alternating with hot flushes, lassitude, throbbing, gurgling or rumbling sensations in bowels, with heat and nipping pains occasionally, palpitation of heart, short breath on exertion, slow circulation of blood, cold feet, pain and oppression in chest and back, pain around the loins, aching and weariness of the lower limbs, drowsiness after meals but nervous wakefulness at night, languor in the morning, and a constant feeling of dread as if something awful was about to happen!

If you have any or all of these symptoms, send 40 cents to me, and I will send you, postpaid, some simple and harmless powders, pleasant to take and easy directions, which, if you follow, will positively and effectually cure in from one to three weeks' time, no matter how bad you may be. Few have suffered from these causes more than I, and fewer still at my age (53) are in more perfect health than I am now. The same means will cure you.

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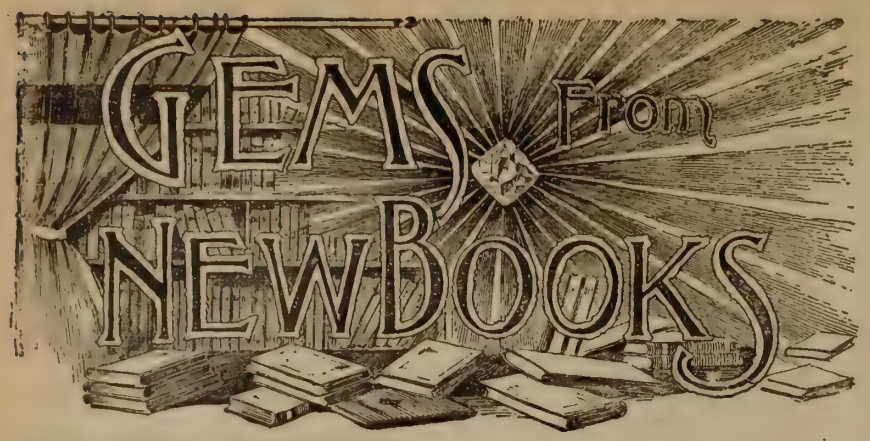

THE ARRIVAL IN HEAVEN.*

THE instant a good soul enters eternity it will be the subject of a great awakening. The transition from the world of sense to the world of spirit is so great that the mind is aroused in the whole circle of its being. It seems as if real life had just appeared. Every wheel of the soul is intense with energy. Power in each faculty is now understood as it never was understood before. There is all the freshness and clearness of a new revelation. The saved immortal has such a knowledge of himself as to wonder whether he is the same being who an hour before was dying. Hidden treasures of the soul have just come within the range of consciousness; that discovery sends a quickening force through and through the mind. The sense of power, however, is not bewildering, nor impetuous. It is rather like the silent power of worlds in motion; like the movement of the angel's wing that is never heard; like the self contained energy of God that has no jar. This newly awakened activity is simply the beginning of heaven. It is the first breath of the eternal morning; the initial revival of paradise; the inspiring salutation of the life that is everlasting. One is prepared by it for what is to come; set in an attitude for the infinite good; girding up the loins for the journey of ages.

There will no doubt be a *new language* for the sons of God in Heaven, and that new language will fit precisely the sanctified mind. There is not a single dialect of universal man that is suited to express every phase of the human spirit. Words may be shaped and linked together in the best way possible, and yet certain movements of the soul will not be expressed with clearness.

If we could know all that pertains to heaven, we could not put that knowledge into human speech. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that there should be some high language, divine it its nature, which will be a perfect medium of communication between the saints in heaven; a language that can take the contents of the soul and tell just what they are, and that will be a fit instrument for expressing the excellencies of the upper world and the glories of the Eternal God. Gifted with such a language, it can easily be seen how the whole being of redeemed man will be energized and made to press forward with all the alacrity of the burning seraphim.

LIVING THE GOSPEL †

THERE comes to my mind a reminiscence from college days, which grows more significant to me the longer I live. One Saturday morning at our Missionary Society there came, at our invitation, to talk to us about our future life, the professor who was the idol of the students and reputed the most severely scientific of the whole staff. We used to think him keen, too, and cynical; and what we expected was perhaps a scathing exposure of the weaknesses of ministers or a severe exhortation to study. It turned out, on the contrary, to be a strange piece, steeped in emotion and full of almost lyrical tenderness; and I can still remember the kind of awe which fell on us, as, from this reserved nature, we heard a conception of the ministry which had scarcely occurred to any of us before; for he said, that the great purpose for which a minister is settled in a parish is not to cultivate scholarship, or to visit the people during the week, or even to preach to them on Sunday, but it is to live among them as a good man, whose mere presence is a demonstration which cannot be gain-said that there is a life possible on earth which is fed from no earthly source, and that the things spoken of in church on Sabbath are realities.

*From *Great Thoughts of the Bible*, by Rev. John Reid; pp. 320; price $1.50. Published by Wilbur B. Ketcham, 2 Cooper Union, New York.

†From *The Preacher and his Models*. The Yale Lectures on Preaching for 1891, by Rev. James Stalker, D. D.; an invaluable book for young ministers, from which they may get useful suggestions for the study and the pulpit; pp. 284; published by A. C. Armstrong & Sons, 51 East 10th Street, New York.

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The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that commencing on February 15th, 1892, tickets will be sold to Ministers of the Gospel holding proper clerical orders, at half rates. This arrangement will apply to all tickets sold on the Pennsylvania Railroad lines east of Pittsburg and Erie as well as to the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg, so that a clergyman may not only be able to secure a ticket at half fare between any stations east of Pittsburg and Erie, but may enjoy the same privilege in the purchase of a ticket to Cleveland, Chicago, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, or intermediate points.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE
FOR MARCH

MR. WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS begins in this number his new and characteristic American novel, **The World of Chance.**

In an article on **The Capitals of the North-west,** Mr. JULIAN RALPH recounts the recent marvellous development of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and also of another pair of twin cities—Duluth, in Minnesota, and Superior, in Wisconsin—the lake ports of the great wheat region of which St. Paul and Minneapolis are the centre.

Miss CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON contributes another of her charming Italian stories, entitled **Dorothy,** illustrated by Mr. C. S. REINHART; and Mr. WILLIAM MCLENNAN continues his series of Canadian Habitant Sketches in the story of **Johnnie Rawson and Chunky Peters,** also illustrated by Mr. REINHART.

The **Story of London,** which Mr. WALTER BESANT has made as lively and entertaining as a novel, is concluded with a picturesque description of the city in the time of George II.

Mr. DE BLOWITZ, the distinguished correspondent of the *London Times*, tells the story of one of his most remarkable journalistic feats, how he got the first authentic news of the **Proclamation of Alfonso XII.** as King of Spain from the lips of the young King himself. The narrative of his interview with Alfonso is of thrilling interest.

The series of papers on the Danube, **From the Black Forest to the Black Sea,** is continued in a second article by Mr. POULTNEY BIGELOW, with illustrations by Mr. ALFRED PARSONS and Mr. F. D. MILLET.

A timely article by Mr. EDWARD ANTHONY BRADFORD, entitled **America for the Americans,** shows the attitude of the several States towards the property rights of aliens.

In **Our Gray Squirrels** Mr. ERNEST INGERSOLL presents a careful study in natural history, the result of personal observation, beautifully illustrated by Mr. J. C. BEARD.

The interesting **Personal Reminiscences of Nathaniel Hawthorne,** by his college classmate and life-long intimate friend, HORATIO BRIDGE, U.S.N., are concluded.

Mr. JULIAN RALPH, in an article entitled **Talking Musquash,** concludes his picturesque review of the old Hudson's Bay Fur-trading Company, superbly illustrated by Mr. FREDERIC REMINGTON.

The Editorial Departments—the **Easy Chair,** by Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS; the **Study,** by Mr. W. D. HOWELLS; and the **Drawer,** conducted by Mr. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER—conclude an exceptionally entertaining Number. The **Literary Notes** by LAURENCE HUTTON.

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A CURE FOR ENNUI.

HOW to kill an afternoon was the problem a young lady was trying to solve, but apparently with little success. A few minutes at the piano, a few stitches of fancy work, an attempt to write a letter, and the perusal of a page of a magazine had altogether used up less than an hour, and there were yet several hours more to kill. Gertrude Elliott was clearly suffering from an aggravated attack of *ennui*, a complaint it was never expected that the American women race would suffer from, or an American name would be provided for it, instead of forcing us to borrow a term from another language to describe it. But this was certainly *ennui*, and nothing else. Gertrude looked at the clock again, and yawned from sheer weariness and disgust.

LITTLE SUE GOES FOR THE DOCTOR.

A ring at the bell caught her ear, and she brightened, for even the dullest visitor would be welcome in her present mood. It was not a dull visitor, however, who entered.

"Mr. Leigh," said the lady, as a clergyman greeted her, "I believe a merciful Providence sent you here this afternoon. I am positively weary of my life. If you will only stay and talk for half an hour you will be doing an act of Christian charity. You may tease me, or scold me, or preach to me, if you will only stay and help me to pass the afternoon."

"Ah!" said the visitor, "do you find the hours so hard to kill! I am afraid if you and I could have our way with time, we should be sadly at issue. I would lengthen every minute of every hour if I could. There is so much to do and the time is so short."

"Oh, I have plenty to do, also, but it is so difficult to find an agreeable occupation, that is the difficulty. I am like a child, I think—I must be amused."

"And you do not find a child's amusements amusing now, I suppose? A doll and a set of Lilliputian furniture do not give the delight they did when you were seven years old. Your lot seems unfortunate; it is too bad to have a child's tastes and desires and yet no way of gratifying them. Be assured, Miss Elliott, I pity you."

"I am inclined to think, Mr. Leigh, that you are laughing at me rather than pitying me; but, indeed, I am miserable and discontented, and I am ashamed of being so, and would change if I could."

"Are you sure that you would do so? There are many ways of effecting the change. Even now I could supply you with a prescription which never fails, if I thought you were in earnest."

"I am, indeed, Mr. Leigh. Advise me. I will take your prescription cheerfully."

"You must take it, then, without question and with the same faith as if I were a physician and wrote you a few hieroglyphics and Latin abbreviations."

"I agree," said Miss Elliott.

"Then I will set you to work. Here is the prescription. Wrap yourself up well—walk out in the open air—never mind the snow—and relieve distress wherever you can find it."

She looked at him intently for an instant and then smiled. He bowed and left.

Miss Elliott thought over the prescription and then, still smiling, robed herself in a heavy fur-trimmed overcoat. She was soon on the stoop. The snow was falling heavily and the sky was overcast, threatening a protracted storm. The street lamps were already lit. At the foot of the steps, beside a lamp-post was a little girl, scantily clad, whose white pitiful face was turned toward the elegantly dressed lady. Miss Elliott went up to her at once and in a sympathetic tone asked:

"What are you doing out here in such a night, little one?"

"Please 'm, I'm Sue—mother's took ill and I ran out to find the doctor. But I can't, mum, and oh, I'm so cold!" and the teeth chattered as the small form shrunk and shivered within its covering of rags.

Gertrude felt her own eyes fill with tears. She took the little one in and after giving her a glass of warm milk and wrapping a heavy woolen comforter around her, the two again faced the storm. Clinging to the hand of her new-found friend, the child led the way to her home. It was a cheerless abode in which the mother lived, with poverty everywhere apparent.

The sufferer, a poor, patient woman, lay in agony, while the eldest daughter, who was about Gertrude's age, was making some clumsy attempts at laundry work, the results of which hung on a line strung across the room. One little boy of six years old sat on a high chair whining miserably, his cheeks flushed and eyes glistening.

"Your little one told me you were ill," said Gertrude, going up to the side of the bed on which the sick woman lay. "I thought perhaps I could do something for you."

"Bless you, young lady, for coming. I am very ill, but I seem to suffer more from seeing everything neglected than from my pain. Mary does her best, but she hasn't been used to this work, and she does not know. If you could stay with me while she goes to the drug store for the medicine it would be very kind. It's a poor place for the likes of you, though."

Mary, the eldest daughter, was dispatched to the drug store, and then Gertrude looked about the room. A little "tidying-up" was soon done, the poor pillows were smoothed and the bed-clothes re-arranged. Gertrude spent a happy hour. When she next met Mr. Leigh he remarked: "It is a good tonic, then, Miss Elliott."

A quiet "Yes" was the only answer.

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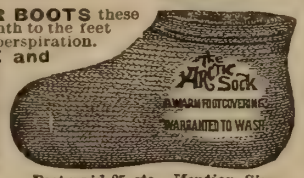

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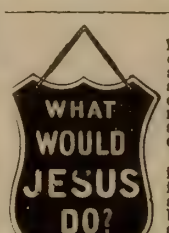

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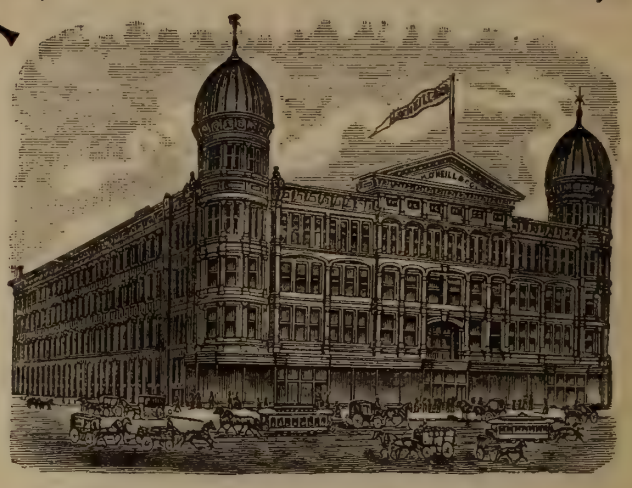

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 15. Copyright 1892, by Louis Klopsch NUMBER 9.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor. Office Bible House New York. NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1892. PRICE 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50

A Heroine for Christ.

Brave Miss De Broen, the Founder of the Belleville Mission in Paris.

Consecrated Work in the Parisian Purlieus—Among the Communists in Pere la Chaise Cemetery—The Medical Mission, the Gospel Services, and the Schools—"The Christian Herald" Representative Visits the Mission.

REGARDED as a field of mission work among the poor, ignorant and vicious, Paris, next to London, has deservedly attracted more attention among Christian men and women individually, and also among evangelical organizations, than any other capital on the globe. Several months ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published a most interesting account of the doings of the McAll Mission in Paris, and the wonderful work it had accomplished for the Saviour in that city of infidelity and sin. To-day we present another and no less attractive history of consecrated work in the French metropolis, which is all the more remarkable from the fact that, in this instance, the missionary is a woman who, alone and unaided, and relying solely on divine protection for support, has been the means of bringing the joyful message of salvation to thousands.

Quite lately, the writer—a representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—visited Miss De Broen at her Mission in Belleville, Paris. Miss De Broen is one of the grandest little women in the world, a heroine in the highest sense of the word, and Parisians of all classes regard her with reverence and gratitude, for her work among them. She began her wonderful work in Paris at the close of the Communists' insurrection, and while these masses were still hot with the excitement of their own desperate deeds and the recollection of the terrible severity with which they were punished; when they were in the midst of privations and bereavements, blaspheming God, and swearing vengeance against man. Overruling Providence often selects an agent for special work that man would never choose. No one would perhaps have thought of sending a lovely, gentle, and accomplished woman into a community where it was dangerous even for soldiers to go except in force. An eminent statesman of Paris afterwards said to her that she had "saved them from another revolution by taking up her abode among the the Communists, and by the personal work of herself and her associates."

MISS DE BROEN, THE BELLEVILLE MISSIONARY.

It came about unexpectedly in this way: Miss De Broen was passing through Paris with some friends, just after the siege of that city, in June, 1870. She had no thought of remaining, but with her friends she visited the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, where most of the illustrious dead lie buried. The day previous, five hundred Communists had been shot and interred in a long ditch or *fosse*, which became their common grave. Around this was gathered a crowd of women and children, shrieking and crying for vengeance for the slaughter of their loved ones. Miss De Broen tried to comfort one poor, bereaved woman, with sympathizing words.

"Oh," cried the wretched creature, "you do not know what it is to have lost all!"

"You have not lost the love of God," Miss De Broen replied very tenderly.

Her kind words seemed to so soothe the poor hearts that she felt she must remain in that stricken city and try to comfort those miserable and misguided people. Their condition was horrible. Many of them, like this poor woman, had lost all. They were suffering the direst poverty. So bitter was the feeling against them, that citizens would give them neither employment nor charity, and many died of want. Miss De Broen was brave, hopeful and courageous. She decided to prosecute her work at Belleville, the very heart of the Commune, where the streets had run with blood.

BY "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" SPECIAL ARTIST.

MISS DE BROEN'S MISSION WORK IN PARIS—CONDUCTING SERVICES IN THE MEDICAL MISSION.

Money for the project was sent to her most opportunely, for, just at this time, two gentlemen came to Paris to dispose of contributions that had been provided by the Society of Friends for the relief of the victims of the war. Miss De Broen's project was laid before them, and the funds were appropriated to the work. She took up her abode at Belleville, among the Communists. She would walk up and down the street, speaking to the women she met, asking them to come to her rooms, where they would be paid for needle-work, and telling them that her great desire was to talk to them of the love of God. They could hardly understand that kindness was meant, and only a few came the first day; but the number quickly increased. Gospel meetings were held, night schools were opened and tracts, Bibles, and good reading matter was distributed. She often sent tracts

To the Men in Prison,

and also established a free library.

After the first two years, Miss De Broen engaged an evangelist to help them in the work. He conducted two meetings on Sunday and several during the week. Special meetings were held for the children, and outdoor schools were opened for the street arabs.

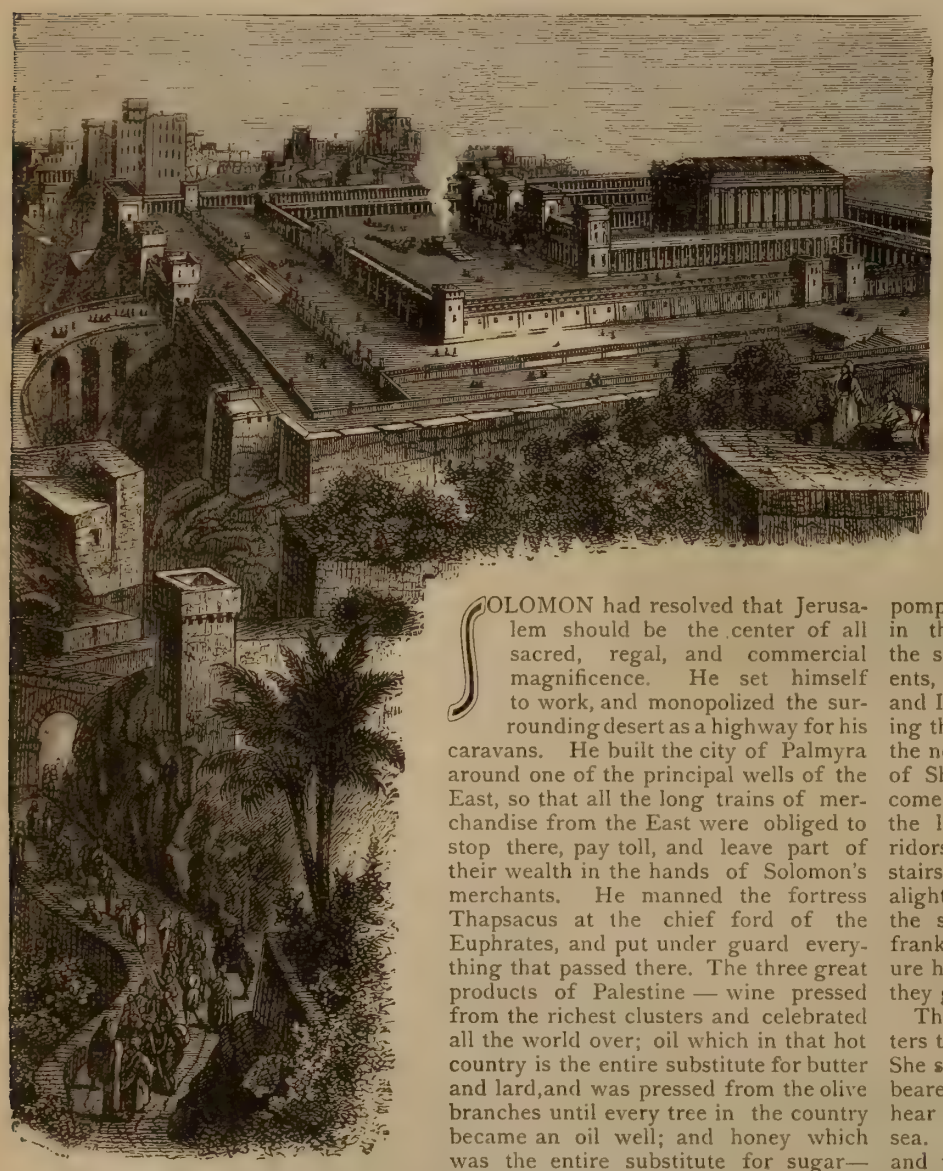
One of the distinctive features of the work at Belleville is the Medical Mission, the only one of the kind in Paris. Miss De Broen was led to establish this department in order to relieve a pressing need among the destitute. When in Edinburgh, in 1873, she consulted with members of the Medical Missionary Society there, and they advised her to start a Mission, and generously guaranteed the salary of a medical missionary for two years. It has greatly enlarged the scope of Miss De Broen's evangelical labor, as it has opened wide many avenues of Christian work to her and her missionaries. Many of the sick who came here for medical treatment have here first heard the words of eternal life, for there are in Paris as absolute heathens, so far as understanding the plan of salvation is concerned, as there are in the most heathen part of India, 23,000 Bibles have been distributed here. Between 90,000 and 100,000 persons have been treated at the Medical Mission, while thousands of visits have been made among them by Miss De Broen and her missionary workers. The total attendance since its opening has been between 350,000 and 400,000. The

(*Continued on page 133.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE GREAT SURPRISE.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday Morning Sermon: 1. Kings 10 : 7: *"Behold the half was not told me."*



SOLOMON'S TEMPLE RESTORED.

SOLOMON had resolved that Jerusalem should be the center of all sacred, regal, and commercial magnificence. He set himself to work, and monopolized the surrounding desert as a highway for his caravans. He built the city of Palmyra around one of the principal wells of the East, so that all the long trains of merchandise from the East were obliged to stop there, pay toll, and leave part of their wealth in the hands of Solomon's merchants. He manned the fortress Thapsacus at the chief ford of the Euphrates, and put under guard everything that passed there. The three great products of Palestine — wine pressed from the richest clusters and celebrated all the world over; oil which in that hot country is the entire substitute for butter and lard, and was pressed from the olive branches until every tree in the country became an oil well; and honey which was the entire substitute for sugar—these three great products of the country Solomon exported, and received in return fruits and precious woods and the animals of every clime.

He went down to Ezion-geber and ordered a fleet of ships to be constructed, oversaw the workmen, and watched the launching of the flotilla which was to go out on more than a year's voyage, to bring home the wealth of the then known world. He heard that the Egyptian horses were large and swift, and long-maned and round-limbed, and he resolved to purchase them, giving eighty-five dollars apiece for them, putting the best of these horses in his own stall, and selling the surplus to foreign potentates at great profit.

He heard that there was the best of timber on Mount Lebanon, and he sent out one hundred and eighty thousand men to hew down the forest and drag the timber through the mountain gorges, to construct it into rafts to be floated to Joppa, and from thence to be drawn by ox-teams twenty-five miles across the land to Jerusalem. He heard that there were beautiful flowers in other lands. He sent for them, planted them in his own gardens, and to this very day there are flowers found in the ruins of that city such as are to be found in no other part of Palestine, the lineal descendants of the very flowers that Solomon planted. He heard that in foreign groves there were birds of richest voice and most luxuriant wing. He sent out people to catch them and bring them there, and he put them into his cages.

Stand back now and see this long train of camels coming up to the king's gate, and the ox-trains from Egypt, gold and silver and precious stones, and beasts of every hoof, and birds of every wing, and fish of every scale! See the peacocks strut under the cedars, and the horsemen run, and the chariots wheel! Hark to the orchestra! Gaze upon the dance! Not stopping to look into the wonders of the temple, step right on to the causeway, and pass up to Solomon's palace!

Here we find ourselves amid a collection of buildings on which the king had lavished the wealth of many empires. The genius of Hiram, the architect, and of the other artists is here seen in the long line of corridors and the suspended gallery and the approach to the throne. Traceried window opposite traceried window. Bronzed ornaments bursting into lotus and lily and pomegranate. Chapiters surrounded by network of leaves in which imitation fruit seemed suspended as in hanging baskets. Three branches—so Josephus tells us—three branches sculptured on the marble, so thin and subtle that even the leaves seemed to quiver. A laver capable of holding five hundred barrels of water on six hundred brazen ox-heads, which gushed with water and filled the whole place with coolness and crystalline brightness and musical plash. Ten tables chased with chariot wheel and lion and cherubim. Solomon sat on a throne of ivory. At the seating-place of the throne, on each end of the steps, a brazen lion. Why, my friends, in that place they trimmed their candles with snuffers of gold, and they cut their fruits with knives of gold, and they washed their faces in basins of gold, and they scooped out the ashes with shovels of gold, and they stirred the altar fires with tongs of gold. Gold reflected in the water! Gold flashing from the apparel! Gold blazing in the crown! Gold! gold! gold!

Of course the news of the affluence of that place went out everywhere by every caravan and by wing of every ship, until soon the streets of Jerusalem are crowded with curiosity seekers. What is that long procession approaching Jerusalem? I think from the pomp of it there must be royalty in the train. I smell the breath of the spices which are brought as presents, and I hear the shout of the drivers, and I see the dust-covered caravan showing that they come from far away. Cry the news up to the palace. The Queen of Sheba advances. Let all the people come out to see. Let the mighty men of the land come out on the palace corridors. Let Solomon come down the stairs of the palace before the queen has alighted. Shake out the cinnamon, and the saffron, and the calamus, and the frankincense, and pass it into the treasure house. Take up the diamonds until they glitter in the sun.

The Queen of Sheba alights. She enters the palace. She washes at the bath. She sits down at the banquet. The cupbearers bow. The meat smokes. You hear the dash of waters from the molten sea. Then she rises from the banquet, and walks through the conservatories, and gazes on the architecture, and she asks Solomon many strange questions, and she learns about the religion of the Hebrews, and she then and there becomes a servant of the Lord God.

She is overwhelmed. She begins to think that all the spices she brought, and all the precious woods which are intended to be turned into harps and psalteries and into railings for the causeway between the temple and the palace, and the one hundred and eighty thousand dollars in money—she begins to think that all these presents amount to nothing in such a place, and she is almost ashamed that she has brought them, and she says within herself: "I heard a great deal about this wonderful religion of the Hebrews, but I find it far beyond my highest anticipations. I must add more than fifty per cent. to what has been related. It exceeds everything that I could have expected. The half—the half was not told me."

Learn from this subject what a beautiful thing it is when social position and wealth surrender themselves to God. When religion comes to a neighborhood, the first to receive it are the women. Some men say it is because they are weak-minded. I say it is because they have quicker perception of what is right, more ardent affection and capacity for sublimer emotion. After the women have received the Gospel then all the distressed and the poor of both sexes, those who have no friends, accept Jesus. Last of all come the people of affluence and high social position. Alas, that it is so!

If there are those here to-day who have been favored of fortune, or, as I might better put it, favored of God, surrender all you have and all you expect to be to the Lord who blessed this Queen of Sheba. Certainly you are not ashamed to be found in this queen's company. I am glad that Christ has had his imperial friends in all ages—Elizabeth Christina, Queen of Prussia; Maria Feodorovna, Queen of Russia; Marie, Empress of France; Helena, the imperial mother of Constantine; Arcadia, from her great fortunes building public baths in Constantinople and toiling for the alleviation of the masses; Queen Clotilda, leading her husband and three thousand of his armed warriors to Christian baptism; Elizabeth of Burgundy, giving her jeweled glove to a beggar, and scattering great fortunes among the distressed; Prince Albert, singing "Rock of Ages" in Windsor Castle, and Queen Victoria, incognita, reading the Scriptures to a dying pauper.

I bless God that the day is coming when royalty will bring all its thrones, and music all its harmonies, and painting all its pictures, and sculpture all its statuary, and architecture all its pillars, and conquest all its sceptres; and the queens of the earth, in long line of advance, frankincense filling the air and the camels laden with gold, shall approach Jerusalem, and the gates shall be hoisted, and the great burden of splendor shall be lifted into the palace of this greater than Solomon.

Again, my subject teaches me what is earnestness in the search of truth. Do you know where Sheba was? It was in Abyssinia, or some say in the southern part of Arabia Felix. In either case it was a great way off from Jerusalem. To get from there to Jerusalem she had to cross a country infested with bandits, and go across blistering deserts. Why did not the Queen of Sheba stay at home and send a committee to inquire about this new religion, and have the delegates report in regard to that religion and wealth of King Solomon? She wanted to see for herself, and hear for herself. She could not do this by work of committee. She felt she had a soul worth ten thousand kingdoms like Sheba, and she wanted a robe richer than any woven by Oriental shuttles, and she wanted a crown set with the jewels of eternity. Bring out the camels. Put on the spices. Gather up the jewels of the throne and put them on the caravan. Start now; no time to be lost. Goad on the camels.

THE CAMELS AT THE KING'S GATE.

When I see that caravan, dust-covered, weary and exhausted, trudging on across the desert and among the bandits until it reaches Jerusalem, I say, "There is an earnest seeker after the truth."

But there are a great many of you, my friends, who do not act in that way. You all want to get the truth, but you want the truth to come to you; you do not want to go to it. There are people who fold their arms and say, "I am ready to become a Christian at any time; if I am to be saved I shall be saved, and if I am to be lost I shall be lost." Ah! Jerusalem will never come to you; you must go to Jerusalem. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ will not come to you; you must go and get religion. Bring out the camels; put on all the sweet spices, all the treasures of the heart's affection. Start for the throne. Go in and hear the waters of salvation dashing in fountains all around about the throne. Sit down at the banquet—the wine pressed from the grapes of the heavenly Eschol, the angels of God the cup-bearers. Goad on the camels; Jerusalem will never come to you; you must go to Jerusalem. The Bible declares it: "The Queen of the South"—that is, this very woman I am speaking of—"the Queen of the South shall rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it; for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold! a greater than Solomon is here." God help me to break up the infatuation of those people who are sitting down in idleness expecting to be saved. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." Take the Kingdom of Heaven by violence. Urge on the camels!

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that religion is a surprise to any one that gets it. This story of the new religion in Jerusalem, and of the glory of King Solomon, who was a type of Christ—that story rolls on, and on, and is told by every traveller coming back from Jerusalem. The news goes on the wing of every ship and with every caravan, and you know a story enlarges as it is retold, and by the time that story gets down into the southern part of Arabia Felix, and the Queen of Sheba hears it, it must be a tremendous story. And yet this queen declares in regard to it, although she had heard so much and had her anticipations raised so high, the half—the half was not told her.

So religion is always a surprise to any one that gets it. The story of grace—an old story. Apostles preached it with rattle of chain; martyrs declared it with arm of fire; death-beds have affirmed it with visions of glory, and ministers of religion have sounded it through the lanes, and the highways, and the chapels, and the cathedrals. It has been cut into stone with chisel, and spread on the canvas with pencil; and it has been recited in the doxology of great congregations. And yet when a man first comes to look on the palace of God's mercy, and to see the royalty of Christ, and the wealth of this banquet, and the luxuriance of his attendants, and the loveliness of his face, and the joy of his service, he exclaims with prayers, with tears, with sighs, with triumphs: "The half—the half was not told me!"

I appeal to those in this house who are Christians. Compare the idea you had of the joy of the Christian life before you became a Christian with the appreciation of that joy you have now, since you have become a Christian, and you are willing to attest before angels and men that you never in the days of your spiritual bondage had any appreciation of what was to come. You are ready to-day to answer, and if I gave you an opportunity in the midst of this assemblage, you would speak out and say in regard to the discoveries you have made of the mercy and the grace and the goodness of God: "The half—the half was not told me!"

Well, we hear a great deal about the good time that is coming to this world, when it is to be girded with salvation. Holiness on the bells of the horses. The lion's mane patted by the hand of a babe. Ships of Tarshish bringing cargoes for Jesus, and the hard, dry, barren, winter-bleached, storm-scarred, thunder-split rock breaking into floods of bright water. Deserts into which dromedaries thrust their nostrils, because they were afraid of the simoon—deserts blooming into carnation roses and silver-tipped lilies.

It is the old story. Everybody tells it. Isaiah told it, John told it, Paul told it, Ezekiel told it, Luther told it, Calvin told it, John Milton told it—everybody tells it; and yet—and yet when the midnight shall fly the hills, and Christ shall marshal his great army, and China, dashing her idols into the dust, shall hear the voice of God and wheel into line; and India destroying her Juggernaut and snatching up her little children from the Ganges, shall hear the voice of God and wheel into line; and vine-covered Italy, and all the nations of the earth shall hear the voice of God and fall into line; then the Church which has been toiling and struggling through the centuries, robed and garlanded like a bride adorned for her husband, shall put aside her veil and look up into the face of her Lord and King, and say: "The half—the half was not told me!"

Well, there is coming a greater surprise to every Christian—a greater surprise than anything I have depicted. Heaven is an old story. Everybody talks about it. There is hardly a hymn in the hymn-book that does not refer to it. Children read about it in their Sabbath School book. Aged men put on their spectacles to study it. We say it is a harbor from the storm. We call it our home. We say it is the house of many mansions. We weave together all sweet, beautiful, delicate, exhilarant words; we weave them into letters, and then we spell it out in rose and lily and amaranth. And yet that place is going to be a surprise to the most intelligent Christian. Like the Queen of Sheba, the report has come to us from the far country, and many of us have started. It is a desert march, but we urge on the camels. What though our feet be blistered with the way? We are hastening to the palace. We take all our loves and hopes and Christian ambitions, as frankincense and myrrh and cassia to the great King. We must not rest. We must not halt. The night is coming on, and it is not safe out here in the desert. Urge on the camels. I see the domes against the sky, and the houses of Lebanon, and the temples and the gardens. See the fountains dance in the sun, and the gates flash as they open to let in the poor pilgrims.

Send the word up to the palace that we are coming, and that we are weary of the march of the desert. The King will come out and say: "Welcome to the palace; bathe in these waters, recline on these banks. Take this cinnamon and frankincense and myrrh and put it upon a censer and swing it before the altar."

The Queen of Sheba visits King Solomon.

And yet, my friends, when heaven bursts upon us it will be a greater surprise than that—Jesus on the throne, and we made like him! All our Christian friends surrounding us in glory! All our sorrows and tears and sins gone by forever! The thousands of thousands, the one hundred and forty-and-four thousand, the great multitudes that no man can number, will cry, world without end: "The half—the half was not told us!"

THE QUARREL WITH THE BIBLE.

In a recent address to young men on the Bible, Dr. J. C. Ryle said: "Depend upon it no man is so grossly incredulous as the man who denies the Bible to be the Word of God. Be very sure of this—people never reject the Bible because they cannot understand it. They understand it only too well; they understand that it condemns their own behavior; they understand that it witnesses against their sins. They try to believe it is false and useless, because they do not like to allow it is true. A bad life is the grand objection to this Book."

THE CONVICTS' FRIEND DEAD.

Michael Dunn, ex-Convict and Christian Philanthropist, Expires in The Harness—A Notable Career Ended.

MICHAEL DUNN, the converted ex-convict and philanthropist, whose Christian efforts for the redemption of the criminal class were described at length in a recent issue of this journal, died in Brooklyn a few days ago. He was attacked by cerebral apoplexy while conducting service at the Home of Industry for released convicts on Livingston Street, in that city and only lived a few days. Humble and unassuming as his work has been, Mr. Dunn's name has become widely known as the pioneer through whose earnestness and untiring Christian zeal many hundreds of ex-criminals have been turned from the paths of sin to better lives. Converted in New York in 1878, after spending his early life largely in the prisons of England and America, Dunn consecrated the rest of his life to the work of rescue. He established convicts' homes in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Chicago and Detroit, and succeeded in awakening the interest of Christian congregations to the advisability of assisting in the reformation of the dangerous classes, who, when released from prison, were liable to be at once swallowed up in the vortex of crime unless a helping hand were extended. It was his plan to furnish not only food and shelter but work for these unfortunates; to meet them at the moment of discharge and guide them—as only one with a similar experience could—to honest and industrious lives. Convicts who showed a desire to reform he supplied with work, either as broommakers, bookbinders, shoemakers, or at some other simple industry, the entire income from this source being devoted to extending the missions. While a few of those who were befriended drifted back to crime and prison, a great number clung hopefully and resolutely to the new life, and many are now respectable and trusted citizens, leading Christian lives. To these, and indeed to convicts everywhere, the news of Michael Dunn's death will come with the intensity of a personal affliction.

The story of Dunn's early life and his conversion is full of interest to Christian readers. He was born in England in 1826 and began a thieving career as a boy, varying this practice as he grew older with experiences in till-tapping, pocket-picking, garroting and burglary. He passed over forty years in different prisons in Australia, England, Canada and America. He had never been in a school, and learned the alphabet in jail at twenty-five. He was converted while serving in Sing Sing Prison in 1879, and on his release, at once began the reformatory work among other ex-convicts, which was the means of leading many souls to Christ.

It was in many cases an apparently hopeless task to deal with this class, but the gospel of diligent work, earnest prayer and sobriety which Mr. Dunn taught to his proteges no less by his words than by his life, has borne fruit abundantly. The homes he established with so much effort and self-denial will be continued under other hands.

CHINESE GRATITUDE.

Miss Muir says: "A Hunan lady we recently saved from opium-poisoning, came to see us, and expressed her gratitude for the help given. She seems much more grateful than people usually are for their lives being saved (Chinese people, I mean), and very friendly. We sang and explained a hymn to her, and tried to press on her the need of a personal salvation; but, poor thing, she has never felt her need, and just smiled a placid assent to all we said, which made it so hard to talk to her. We have just been this afternoon to her house, as she wanted medicine; a nice old woman, whom I had previously met, came in, and we spoke a very few simple words to them, to which they listened very fairly, especially the old lady. I spoke of the uncertainty of life, and the need of preparation for death, as two of the women in that compound have lost their husbands lately. The old lady said to me, "You do not need to talk about dying, you are so good, and have saved so many people's lives. 'Heaven' will not take your life." They often seem to have an idea that when people die early, it is because heaven is angry with them.

A NEW HEART.

S. S. Lesson for March 13. By Mrs. M. Baxter Ezek. 36: 25-38. Golden Text, Ezek. 36: 26.

IN the early part of this chapter, the God of Israel repudiates the boasting claim of the heathen powers which he had used to master his own people. God may use worldly men to master his own people and to humble them, but he never delivers them up into the hand of the ungodly, and just as surely as the men of the world through whom God humbles his own people, begin to boast of their power over them, God turns the tables upon them, and humbles the instruments which he has used.

But he does not therefore leave his own people without instruction. "Moreover the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, when the house of Israel dwelt in their own land (alas, now they were captives in Babylon), they defiled it by their own way, and by their doings," and he speaks of their doings in the strongest terms of loathing and disgust.

A Defiled Land!

Exquisite scenery, mountains, plains, lakes, rivers, forests, sea; wondrous fruitfulness; two harvests in the year, "a land flowing with milk and honey," a land of historical associations, telling more of the mighty hand of God than any other land, and yet defiled because its inhabitants had sinned! While God would not allow the heathen to usurp his place with his people, he would not hide from his people the knowledge of their sin, or the reason of his judgments. Because of their way and their doings, he says, "I poured my fury upon them for the blood that they had shed upon the land, and for their idols wherewith they had polluted it: and I scattered them among the heathen, and they were dispersed through the countries: according to their way, and according to their doings, I judged them."

But even God's judgments did not answer, they felt the yoke but did not submit, they were not broken before their God. Punishment does not change a heart, it does not give power against sin, nothing but the poured out life of Jesus, his precious blood can either cleanse us or empower us to overcome sin. "When they entered unto the heathen, whither they went, they

Profaned My Holy Name,

when they said to them, These are the people of the Lord, and are gone forth out of his land!" O how many of God's children have lowered the name of their God in the estimation of the ungodly, who have asked, Are these Christians? What's the difference between them and us? They are gone forth out of his land! Saved souls, but not abiding in Christ; men whose past sins are pardoned, but who live for themselves and for the world; who follow their own way of self indulgence, instead of the Lord's way, "Whosoever will come after me, let him *deny* himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." "Christ pleased not himself;" any one can read it in the Bible, and the worldlings ask: "Are these his followers who are as selfish, or more selfish than we are, who make no profession of following Christ?" The world knows very well whether using stimulants, indulgence in eating, or in lazy habits, in frivolous conversation or light reading is self denial, and taking up the cross. No one will persuade a man of the world that this is anything but self indulgence; he may justify it, but he will not call it by the wrong name, and he never expects a religious teacher thus to indulge himself, for he can read for himself in the Bible that they who do thus live in self indulgence do not follow Christ. He draws his own inference—either the standard is an impossible one, and so the name of Christ is profaned, or the supposed followers of Christ do not follow him, and thus also his name is profaned!

"But I had

Pity for Mine Holy Name."

O is it come to this, that we pray day by day; "Hallowed be thy name," and yet have no pity for the name that we pray may be hallowed? Is it so that the Lord must care for his name because his people are callous about it? Not for *their* sakes, but for his, not for *ours*, but for his! When God succeeds in breaking down his children so that they see themselves in a true light, they can never expect again, never ask again, that God may do this or that for their sake, but for his holy name's sake—this is a cover under which we can hide from our past or from our future, and from our very selves in the present.

But what will God do, and how shall it be done? We have profaned his name who has power to sanctify it. We have lost him ground in the world, who can regain it? It shall be his own doing, and no other hand may touch it. "I will take you from amongst the heathen." Let us look well to it that when in the dispensation of his providence he brings about a separation, that we do nothing to hinder it. It may come through losses, humiliations, sickness. O, let us trust our God without pitying ourselves, let us save all the pity for his holy name, and seek and accept no other compassion than that which he gives us. Many providences which we eannot understand, go to separate us unto himself. "And I will bring you into

Your own Land."

The only possible land for the true child of God is the land of promise. Our only foothold is in the faithfulness of God to his promise; that is a territory where we can be still praising him. "Then," and not till then, "will I sprinkle clean water upon you and ye shall be clean (clean because Christ's blood was shed, 1. John 1: 7); from all your filthiness (your own way and you own doings) and from all your idols will I cleanse you." How? By turning us to his way and his doings; from self to Christ; from our self importance and self-energy to the importance of his name and to his faithful work upon us.

"A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." New: not a patching up of the old. The new heart and the new spirit is Christ dwelling in our hearts by faith. (Eph. 3: 17.) It is not our increased zeal and love to God, it is not our renewed faith, obedience or consecration; it is the newness of life. Our love may change and vary, but his love is eternal as himself: circumstances may change anything which is of us, but nothing changes him, he is eternal life which can never cease to be.

"And I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you an heart of flesh." Some of us have great difficulty in our attention to manage our own hearts, but only the Creator can transform his own workmanship. We can yield ourselves unto God, but he must do the work. And when he really does it, it is in such a way that it is utterly impossible for us to take any credit to ourselves, for it is just when we are the most conscious of our own stoniness and hardship that he manifests Christ in us. God never calls us to impossibilities;

"Yield and Let"

are his words of command to us. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." He kindles it, but opaque-self in us may observe it. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom;" we cannot make it dwell within us, but any self-sufficiency will take its place and hinder it.

"And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them." He is the main-spring of all power to do the will of God. He might separate us, he might cleanse us, but if he did not himself dwell within us to live his own life, we should sink back to the old level again. There is in us no power of continuance, this only proceeds from him, from the eternal life of God within us. And he can only dwell within as we consent to be crucified with Christ, nothing, nobody, of no account, like our Master, "a root out of a dry ground," before men without form or comeliness, "despised and rejected of men," with "no beauty" in their eyes. (Isa. 53: 23.) "And ye shall dwell in the land," out of self and in Christ, out of vacillation into eternal life!

Is This Their Perfection?

Can we now be satisfied and rest upon our oars? Far, far from it; now we begin to see things as they really are. "Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight, for your iniquities, and for your abominations." Sin is never loathed until we are delivered from it. A drunkard never hates the drink until God has made him free from it; a swearer never hates foul language until God has cleansed his lips. A man full of self never loathes himself until God has conquered him to Christ, and he knows something of Christ's indwelling. The man who is most full of God has the most tender conscience, and loathes himself the most.

The whole of this chapter in its primary sense is addressed to God's ancient people, but as his dealings are always conducted on the same principles, we may learn our lessons and reap our precious fruit from it. Let us take home the exhortation: "Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be inquired by the house of Israel, to do it for them." God waits for us to put in our claim.

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

FROM all your filthiness and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. Blessed promise! How oft have we tried and tried and tried again to do the work ourselves, and what miserable failures we have made of it! Let us frankly confess that we are not equal to the task, and let us take God at his word and open our sinful hearts to him for thorough cleansing from all sin and from all unrighteousness, so that to-day we may enjoy this cleansing as a blessed and personal experience.

Come with thy sins to this fountain,
Come with thy burden of grief;
Bury them deep in its waters,
There thou wilt find a relief.

Come as thou art to this fountain,
Jesus is waiting for thee;
What though your sins be like scarlet,
Whiter than snow they shall be.

Then let us come to him just as we are—never mind how dark the stain or how deep the guilt—his blood cleanseth from all sin.

It is recorded of a certain Hindu on the Malabar Coast in India, that he had inquired of various devotees and priests how he might have his sins washed away and find peace for his soul. At last he was directed to drive blunt iron spikes through his sandals; and on these spikes he was to walk on a pilgrimage to a celebrated heathen shrine, a distance of two hundred and fifty cross or about four hundred and eighty miles. He undertook the journey, and proceeded for some distance, in much pain and distress of both body and mind. While halting under a shady tree, he heard a missionary deliver an impressive sermon, in the native language of the people from the text: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth us from all sin." The word came with power to the man's heart; he eagerly drank in the good news, received, and believed, and when the missionary finished his discourse, he rose up, threw off his torturing sandals, and crying aloud, "That is what I need," he became a living witness that the blood of Christ does indeed cleanse from all sin.

O now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save
Points to his wounded side;
The cleansing stream, I see, I see,
O praise the Lord, it cleanses me!

A new heart also will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you. Here we may stop and say a word. Is our heart clean in the sight of God? Has he put a new spirit within us? Do we show in our home, in our daily life, in our business, and in our contact with others that this great change has been consummated? If not, how can we expect to achieve conquests for our Master? David knew the value of what God here promises, for in the beautiful 51 Psalm he cries: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. * * * Then shall I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee."

A young man had become an infidel, and would no longer read the printed Bible, but he could not help seeing the fruits of faith in the life of another.

In his father's house a young lady resided, who was a relative of the family. Her fretful temper made all around her uncomfortable. She was sent to a boarding-school, and was absent some time. While there she became a true and earnest Christian. On her return she was so changed that all who knew her wondered and rejoiced. She was patient and cheerful, kind, unselfish and charitable. The lips that used to be always uttering cross and bitter words now spoke nothing but sweet, gentle, loving words. Her infidel cousin George was greatly surprised at this. He watched her closely for some time, till he was thoroughly satisfied that it was a real change that had taken place in his young cousin. Then he asked her what had caused this great change. She told him it was the grace of God which had made her a Christian and had changed her heart.

He said to himself, "I don't believe that God has anything to do with it, though she thinks he had. But it is a wonderful change that has taken place in her, and I should like to be as good as she is. I will be so." Then he formed a set of good resolutions. He tried to control his tongue and his temper, and kept a strict watch over himself. He was all the time doing and saying what he did not wish to do and say. And, as he failed time after time, he would turn and study his good cousin's example. He would read this living Bible, and said to himself, "How does it happen that she, who has not as much knowledge or as much strength of character as I have, can do what I can't do? She must have some help that I don't know of. It must be as she says, the help of God. I will seek that help." He went into his chamber and prayed to that God whose very existence he had denied. He prayed earnestly. God heard him, helped him, and he became a Christian.

I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin;
With heart made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

Ye shall be my people, and I will be your God. Our Heavenly Father delights to bless his children. Even though they stray far away he never forgets them. Their names are written in the book of everlasting remembrance. Just read this chapter and ponder over God's goodness to the wayward children of Israel. They lost sight of him but he can never lose sight of them. O how he loves them! Every line breathes forth a father's intense love. Sometimes when poverty and misfortune overtake us we fear God has forsaken us. Not so. The Psalmist says, "I am poor and needy yet the Lord thinketh on me," and when God removes one blessing it is only to increase our appreciation of some greater blessing he may have in store for us.

Once, when a minister of the Gospel went to the infirmary of a workhouse, amongst other bedridden patients, he met and conversed with an old man over eighty years of age. As it lay outside the counterpane, he noticed that his arm, after the manner of sailors' tattooing, was covered from the wrist upward, with numerous letters. Upon being asked what they represented he said, "Why you see, sir, I've had nine children, and all are gone; some I know be dead and some I don't know whether they be dead or alive; but they are all the same to me. I shall never see any of 'em again in this world. But I've got all their initials here on my arm. And it's a comfort to me as I lie here to look at 'em and think of 'em." It was all that this poor old man could do for his sons, to hold them all by the aid of these initials in affectionate remembrance. But Our Heavenly Father knoweth and taketh pleasure in all them that are his. He bears them all on his his heart and his power to help and to bless them is as great as his wealth of love. Blessed indeed are the people whose God is the Lord.

My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full, he has riches untold.

REQUISITES FOR THE PULPIT.

A CERTAIN modicum of natural gifts is necessary for those who think of entering the ministry. Here is Luther's list of the qualifications of a minister: 1. He should be able to teach plainly and in order. 2. He should have a good head. 3. Good power of language. 4. A good voice. 5. A good memory. 6. He should know when to stop. 7. He should be sure of what he means to say. 8. And be ready to stake body and soul, goods and reputation, on its truth. 9. He should study diligently. 10. And suffer himself to be vexed and criticized by everyone.

Volume XI., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

A HEROINE FOR CHRIST.

(*Continued from first page.*)

French are a grateful people, and evince their confidence by bringing their friends in embarrassing numbers to be treated.

The Medical Mission

is open each week day at nine o'clock in the morning, except Wednesdays and Sundays. At ten o'clock, the religious service begins. Miss De Broen frequently speaks and one of her evangelists conducts the service. While the patients are waiting their turn to consult the physician, the missionaries speak to them individually.

The iron building, in which the medical mission and the various public meetings and schools are held, was opened, in June 1876. It was imported from London and, with one exception, is the only iron building in Paris. It cost, exclusive of the ground, about $3,000 which was raised by contributions. It accommodates four hundred, and is separated into compartments which can readily be thrown into one large hall. The iron building is erected on the spot where many men, women and children were indiscriminately killed during the reign of the Commune.

Near the mission, are the quarters of the *chiffonniers*, or rag-pickers. Some time ago, a municipal law was enacted which threw them out of employment. There were 40,000 of them in Paris, with starvation staring them in the face and they were on the point of breaking out into lawlessness. Miss de Broen evinced her sympathy with their sufferings in a practical way and fed at her soup kitchen a thousand a day for some time. Besides the physician and evangelist, she employs a number of female missionaries and dispensers of medicine, who live at the Mission. Here, too, numbers of little children have been cared for. The mission staff includes doctor, dispenser of medicine, evangelist, school mistress, bible-women, matron of home and occassional helpers.

Miss De Broen was pleased at the interest shown by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in her mission work in Paris. She said she had been carrying the burden of the mission for nearly twenty years, and that now, with her failing health, the difficulties were increasing. The financial pressure was giving her much anxiety, for she is the responsible head and must provide for all the expenses, which in an institution of such extent are quite considerable. Her work includes, besides the Medical Mission, the Gospel Meetings, Day, Night and Sunday Schools, Sewing class and Bible class. German Meeting, Prayer Meeting, visiting the sick, Girls Training Home, Temperance Meeting, library, sale of the Scriptures, tract distribution, soup kitchen work and in addition to all this, the regular meetings at Aubervilliers. She is bearing a burden that is beyond her financial resources and physical strength.

"What I need," said Miss De Broen, "are more lady workers who can support themselves, and more money, so that my hands can be free for the work. In the temperance work, I am entirely alone, with large expenditures. I am in great need of two earnest white-ribbon women to help in this field. The orphanage is in especial want of funds."

Miss De Broen desired THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to ask if there were any parents in America who had lost a child, who would be willing to help in the support of a little French child at the home. About $75 a year would cover the expense, including instruction.

Infidelity is the curse of the French people; many of them are atheists, and do not believe in the future life. "When we die," they say, "we are quite dead. We die like the dogs." This is really the secret of so many Parisian crimes. As Victor Hugo said, "A Bible in every cottage in France is what is needed to elevate and regenerate our people."

Miss De Broen has recently recovered from a severe illness, due to influenza and blood-poisoning, contracted by visiting a room where

Seven Persons had Committed Suicide.

This family was in deep poverty and misery, and the father, mother and six children agreed to die together, and thus end their earthly existence. They fastened up the doors and windows and arranged to suffocate themselves with the fumes of charcoal. Several days after, they were discovered by the police, all dead, except the mother, who was taken to a hospital in a very precarious condition. Miss De Broen brought her, when convalescent, to the Mission Home. The woman desired a photograph of her dead husband, which was in the room where the children died. Miss De Broen went to the wretched place, which had not been disinfected, and brought it. This incident illustrates the misery among the Paris poor and the means they take to escape it.

Proceeding from the Mission House to Pere la Chaise, Miss De Broen pointed out to the writer the very spot where, nearly twenty years ago, she had received inspiration for this work among the Communists. The wall near the ditch where the 500 men were shot on that memorable day is still decorated with wreaths, while at some points are pillows, circular in form and covered with scarlet cloth, a reminder that the desire for revenge has not even yet died out of the heart of the living sufferers. Close to the wall is a spot about four feet long and two feet wide, inclosed by a long wire fence. and within it were growing a few plants. This is called "The Garden" and was made by an old man as a tribute to the memory of his son

Who Died in "The Commune."

This poor aged man, comes here every evening and weeps for his son.

The Temperance Hotel and Reading Room, is situated in the very heart of Paris, at 205 Rue Saint Honore. In one of the large show windows are illustrated texts of Scripture, Christian papers and books and the open Bible. People stop at this window and read, for the Bible is, to many in Paris, quite a curiosity. The other window advertises the Temperance Restaurant. This is the only temperance restaurant and hotel for the upper classes in Paris. It has been patronized by a number of Americans who find here a quiet Christian home, where prices are not extravagant.

Miss De Broen established it in order to have a Christian centre in Paris, and in the large reading room she intends to have daily prayer meetings, inviting all Christians, irrespective of denomination, to participate. She began these meetings over a year ago but was obliged to discontinue them on account of protracted illness and lack of workers. The reading room is supplied with French and English papers and all travelers, especially Americans, are welcome visitors.

It would be a difficult task to describe the love and veneration of these poor, ignorant people for this noble Christian woman, who has passed well nigh half her life among them. She is now about forty-six years of age, still handsome and with a quiet graciousness in her earnest face that invites confidence.

"Who Wrote the Bible?"

she asked of a woman in chapel one day. The ignorant creature hesitated a moment, then, with a smile responded, "*Cest vous Mademoiselle!*" ("You did Ma'am.") "Ah," said another, "when she (Miss De Broen) prays, it is like holding a conversation with God. It touched me so much, I could not help crying. What is the use of praying to saints when one can go direct to God?"

The work of the Belleville Mission has received the hearty commendation of many prominent men, including Lord Salisbury and the late Pastor Spurgeon. The writer was shown a letter, which Mr. Spurgeon wrote some time ago, expressing his sympathy with and appreciation of Miss De Broen's efforts. Such letters are frequently received at No. 3 Rue Clavel, Belleville, or at No. 205 Rue St., Honore, the business addresses of the Mission.

In the hands of a few such consecrated workers as Miss De Broen, Mr. and Mrs. McAll and others, God's work in Paris has grandly progressed. These devoted laborers have been encouraged and upheld in past years by friends in Europe and America. The Belleville Mission, however, has reached a stage in its history when more substantial aid than it has lately received must be extended if the good work is to go on unimpaired. At present it is under an expense of fully $10,000 a year, and the spiritual benefits that have resulted from its influence is incalculable. Established amid the faubourgs, in the very hotbed of sin, drunkenness, free-thought and infidelity, it has been blessed in carrying the gospel into thousands of godless homes and in bringing multitudes to Christ. It has redeemed from utter lawlessness one of the vilest sections to be found in any capital in Europe. The labors of this godly woman and her band of associates deserve the warmest support of evangelical Christians everywhere.

PASTOR SPURGEON'S TRUST.

Services in His Memory—His Last Resting Place—His Hope for His Institution.

No sentence from what proves to have been Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's last message to his people has had a remarkable confirmation in the utterances evoked by his death. "There is," he said, "more love in the hearts of Christian people than they know of themselves. We mistake our divergencies of judgment for differences of heart; but they are far from being the same thing. For my part, I believe all spiritual persons are already one." No more forcible proof of the truth of the remark could have been given than the unanimity with which Christians of all varieties of creed and all nationalities are deploring the death of the great preacher. Not in his own land alone, not only in the English colonies, is the voice of mourning heard. In New York, in Boston, in Chicago and other great cities of our own land memorial services are being held.

Near his home, a picture of which forms the initial letter of this article, his beloved remains have been interred. It had been his desire to have his last resting place in the centre of the quadrangle at the Orphanage. He loved the children there who were dependent on him as a father loves and the thought that they would play around his grave was very pleasant to him. But a railroad company ran their road close to the quiet place much to his disgust and as he humorously said there would henceforth be no rest there for the living or the dead. Subsequently visiting the grave of his beloved friend and deacon Mr. William Olney at Norwood and noticing that near it were interred the remains of another dear friend Rev. John Brown, the father of Rev. Archibald Brown (whose portrait we published last week) he said he would like to be buried there.

CONVEYING PASTOR SPURGEON'S REMAINS TO THE MENTONE RAILROAD DEPOT, EN ROUTE TO ENGLAND.

THE illustration on this page shows the removal of Pastor Spurgeon's remains from the mortuary at Mentone to the railroad depot, for tranmission to England. A funeral service was held in the Scotch Presbyterian Church, Mentone, after which the entire congregation followed the body to the station.

At the funeral there were comparatively few flowers. The dead pastor's brother and the deacons of his church earnestly requested that none should be sent. To those who would gladly have sent such offerings the suggestion was made that they might manifest their love in a way that Mr. Spurgeon would have better appreciated, by sending the money the flowers would have cost, to the Orphanages. It costs $1,000 a week to support them, and of this about 100 is provided for by endowment.

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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DISTRACTED PRAYERS.

WE are all troubled with wandering thoughts in prayer-time, and how we have to struggle against them. A brother rises in prayer-meeting to lead in supplication. After he has begun the door slams, and you peep through your fingers to see who is coming in. You say to yourself, "What a finely expressed prayer," or "What a blundering specimen! But how long he keeps on! Wish he would stop! He prays for the world's conversion. I wonder how much he gives for it? There! I don't think I turned the gas down in the parlor. Wonder if Bridget has got home yet. Wonder if they have thought to take the cake out of the oven!" or, "What a fool I was to put my name on the back of that note! Ought to have sold those goods for cash, and not on credit!" And so you go on thinking over one thing after another until the gentleman says "Amen!" and you lift up your head, saying, "There! I haven't prayed a bit. I am not a Christian." Yes, you are, if you have resisted the tendency. Christ knows how much you have resisted, and how thoroughly you are diseased in sin, and he will pick out the one earnest petition from the rubbish, and answer it. To the very depth of his nature he sympathises with the infirmity of our prayers.

MATRONS' TRIALS.

GREAT is the trial of non-appreciation. That is what made Martha so mad with Mary. The younger sister had no estimate of her elder sister's fatigues. As now, men bothered with the anxieties of the store, and office, and shop, or coming from the stock-exchange, they say when they get home: "Oh, you ought to be in our factory a little while; you ought to have to manage eight, or ten, or twenty subordinates, and then you would know what trouble and anxiety are!" Oh, sir! the wife and the mother has to conduct at the same time a university, a clothing establishment, a restaurant, a laundry, a library, while she is health officer, police, and president of her realm. She must do a thousand things, and do them well, in order to keep things going smoothly; and so her brain and her nerves are taxed to the utmost. I know there are housekeepers who are so fortunate that they can sit in an armchair in the library, or lie on the belated pillow, and throw off all the care upon subordinates, who, having large wages and great experience, can attend to all of the affairs of the household. Those are the exceptions. I am writing this morning of the great mass of housekeepers—the women to whom life is a struggle, and who at thirty years of age look as though they were forty, and at forty look as though they were fifty, and at fifty look as though they were sixty. The fallen at Chalons, and Austerlitz, and Gettysburg, and Waterloo are a small number compared with the slain in the great Armageddon of the kitchen. You go out to the cemetery and you will see that the tombstones all read beautifully poetic; but if those tombstones would speak the truth, thousands of them would say: "Here lies a woman killed by too much mending, and sewing, and baking, and scrubbing, and scouring; the weapon with which she was slain was a broom, or a sewing-machine, or a ladle." You think, O man of the world, that you have all the cares and anxieties. If the cares and anxieties of the household should come upon you for one week you would be a fit candidate for Bloomingdale—I mean insane asylum. The half-rested housekeeper arises in the morning. She must have the morning repast prepared at an irrevocable hour. What if the fire will not light? What if the marketing did not come? What if the clock has stopped? No matter; she must have the morning repast at an irrevocable hour. Then the children must be got off to school. What if their garments are torn? What if they don't know their lessons? What if they have lost a hat or sash? They must be ready. Then you have all the diet of the day, and perhaps of several days, to plan. But what if the butcher has sent meat unmasticable, or the grocer has sent articles of food adulterated? And what if some piece of silver be gone, or some favorite chalice be cracked, or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any one of a thousand things occur? You must be ready. Spring weather comes and there must be a revolution in the family wardrobe; or autumn comes, and you must shut out the northern blast. But what if the moth has preceded you to the chest? What if, during the year, the children have outgrown the apparel of last year? What if the fashions have changed? Your house must be an apothecary's shop; it must be a dispensary; there must be medicines for all sorts of ailments—something to loosen the croup, something to cool the burn, something to poultice the inflammation, something to silence the jumping tooth, something to soothe the earache. You must be in half a dozen places at the same time, or you must attempt to be. If, under all this wear and tear of life, Martha makes an impatient rush upon the library or drawing-room, be patient, be lenient. O woman, though I may fail to stir up an appreciation in the souls of others in regard to your household toils, let me assure you, from the kindliness with which Jesus Christ met Martha, that he appreciates all your work from garret to cellar.

TRAINED WORKERS NEEDED.

IF you want to succeed in spiritual archery you must have courage. If the hunter stands with trembling hand or shoulder that flinches with fear, instead of his taking the catamount, the catamount takes him. How many good people there are who, by their awkward Christian work, drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to him. All their fingers are thumbs—religious blunderers who upset more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel, and kicks as it goes off. They are like a clumsy comrade who goes along with skilful hunters; at the very moment he ought to be most quiet, he is crackling an alder, or falling over a log and frightening away the game. The archers of olden times studied their art. How clumsy we are about religious work! How little skill and care we exercise. How often our arrows miss the mark! Oh! that there were lay colleges established in all the towns and cities of our land, where men might learn the art of doing good—studying spiritual archery, and known as "mighty hunters before the Lord!"

NOT TEMPTED.

I HAVE heard people say they were never tempted—people who have come to middle life that never have been tempted. Oh, my friends, it is because they have never tried to do right! If a man be handcuffed and hobbled, and he lie quiet, he does not test the power of the chain or the manacle; but let him once try to rise up and break off the handcuffs and the shackles, then he finds out the power of the chain. If, my dear brother, you do not know the power of temptation, it is because you are bound hand and foot to sin, and have never made the attempt to be emancipated.

Why, it is easy enough to go down stream in a boat. You can lie upon your oars. You go just as the tide goes. But suppose you turn around and head up stream, then it is not so easy making progress. As long as you go down with the tide of sin and iniquity it is easy enough to go that way; but when you turn around and head toward God and heaven, then it is a struggle—an awful struggle. Can it be that you have never tested the power of temptation.

SCOWLING.

DON'T scowl, it spoils faces. Before you know it, your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line now from your cowlick to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and O, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think. There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle frowns when something fails to suit. "Cross," we say about the children, and "worried to death," about the grown folks, and as for ourselves, we can't help it. But we must. Its reflex influence makes others unhappy; for face answereth unto face in life as well as in water. It belies our religion. We should possess our souls in such peace that it will reflect itself in placid countenances. If your forehead is rigid with wrinkles before forty what will it be at seventy? There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble—the death angel almost always erases them. Even the extremely aged in death often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. It shows that our souls needs sweetening. For pity's sake, let us take a sad iron, or a glad iron, or smoothing tool of some sort, and straighten these creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraved upon our visage.

* * *

YOU know that a white flag along a rail track means safety, and that a red flag means danger. Now here is coming the Chicago express. Here is a bridge swept down by the freshet. A man goes out with a red flag to stop the approaching train. I go out with a white flag and wave it. The engineer takes my signal, and not that of the other man. The engine rushes on. In another moment a hundred and fifty souls are in eternity. Who is responsible? A man standing by my side says, "You are. What did you wave that white flag for?" In the great day of eternity it will be found who of us, standing in the pulpits, were the kindest and wisest flag-men. He will be resposible who lets men go on down toward ruin without giving the warning, waving the white flag of safety when he ought to have shaken the red flag of peril.

YATMAN'S COLUMN

LEADERSHIP.

EVERYTHING depends on leadership. Napoleon well understood this when he said he would rather have an army of asses with a lion for a leader, than an army of lions with an ass for a leader.

Get a good leader, then obey the following:
Study him and his methods.
Be absolutely loyal to both.
Have faith in him and wait.

Don't wait for his word, but watch for his glance and obey.

Study what you can do for him, and then do it.

This would revolutionize half the churches in the land.

What I Should Like to Be.

While on the cars, with a thousand miles between me and home, surrounded with passengers of every caste—statemen, lawyers, merchants, salesmen, women and children, I asked myself, "What should I like to be?" First, I should like to be a man, every inch of me, inside and out; a real, true man. Then I should like to be a good man, that is, a genuine Christian man, with never an act or word or thought inconsistent with Christian character. Too, I should like to be an earnest, busy man, one whose moments are used to advantage in some way for good. I'd like to be a "round" man, not one-sided or narrow, but able to size up with natures of different mould. With this I would want a heap of common-sense, a goodly measure of grit, and lots of pluck—courage it may be is a better word. I'd like to be a man with power never to swerve from my aim in life. I'd like to be a man whom children would instinctively love, one who would get the "God bless you," from the aged. Then *I'd like to be a poor man* always, it brings such dependence upon God and keeps one in sympathy with the people who received Christ gladly.

As a husband and father I'd like to be a pattern for love and government. As a business man I'd like to make my word better than my bond, my dealings like Job's, my customers my debtors. As a Christian I'd like to be a big faith man, a man of prayer and power. As a child of God I'd like to be just like Jesus.

Tact.

Don't walk up a long aisle with squeaking shoes when the preacher is preaching or a solo being sung.

Don't let a door squeak night after night for the want of your putting a little oil on the hinge.

Don't give a woman with a small babe, apt to cry, a middle-aisle front seat.

Don't rattle a collection together and count it in the service.

Don't take collections. Ask the people to make offerings. Let it be part of the worship.

Don't leave your brains home when you go to church; take them with you for use.

Don't accommodate one and disturb a thousand thereby.

Get your problem of ventilation fixed, and fixed right before preaching.

Don't wait for someone else to do what is needed. You do it, and without noise.

Mr. Always-to-be-Depended-Upon.

This man will bear an introduction to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It's worth a double eagle to rub up against him for a while. He sets the blood running faster; he inspires one with his faith; he makes it so easy for one to do his duty; he gives service in Christ's vineyard a new meaning. There is an air of loyalty about him that reminds you of America and her flag. He is always on time, yet never in a hurry. He makes you feel that his word is better than his bond. He has such a good humor, a twinkle in his eye that says a merry heart doeth good like medicine. Nobody ever thinks of his failing to appear when announced. He fills so many gaps where others fail. Everybody votes him a success, and yet, he is only a one-talent man.

Too Busy.

The people who seldom miss a church fair or sociable, when put to a pinch, are strong supporters of sound doctrine, and can talk religion right smart in argument, in fact don't hesitate to say they belong to Dr. So and So's church. They are not idlers, for when approached about church duties, they quickly speak of "many engagements, so busy," etc. My impression is, they will be too busy to come forth at the resurrection of the just

The BIBLE And the NEWSPAPER

Destitute Pilgrims Sheltered.

HALF clothed, hungry, drenched with rain and shivering with cold, a company of colored people, numbering with the babies and children, nearly two hundred, huddled together on the pavement of a New York street on Sunday morning, February 20th. They had come from the Indian Territory, arriving in the city the day before. They did not know a soul in New York, and had just been turned out of the lodging house where they spent the night. Strangers in a strange city, they knew of no place where they could obtain food and shelter. News of their wretched condition was carried to Rev. Stephen Merritt, and his big, warm heart was moved with compassion. They were soon in the basement of his mission, warming themselves, drying their drenched garments, and reveling in the savory smell that came from huge caldrons of soup, which was being prepared for them. There, their leader, a colored preacher, told their story. In the Indian Territory they had farms and were moderately prosperous; but they heard of Liberia, as the colored man's paradise, and they longed to go there. They were told that they had only to pay their fare to New York, and thence they would be transported free of cost to the African Eden, where twenty-five acres of land would be given to each man, and provision for them and their families for six months. The American Colonization Society was to do all this for them. They sold their farms and stock for what they could get and in some cases, gave them away. On reaching New York, they learned that no ship would sail for Liberia for a month, and then it would be a small one, every place in which was already engaged, and it would be nearly a year before another opportunity occurred. Their disappointment was pitiable. They wept like children. Not for long, however. They were too thankful to be sheltered from the piercing wind and driving rain to remain disconsolate. Efforts are being made to raise money to send them to Liberia, as it is useless to send them back to the Indian Territory now their property is gone. In the meantime they are being housed and fed by Mr. Merritt at his Mission. It is a place well-known in New York. Any unfortunate man is aware that he can get a meal and a bed there and often a garment, too, when people who know what Mr. Merritt is doing, send him clothing to distribute. The mission has never before had quite so heavy a strain on its resources, but Mr. Merritt does not complain. They may stay, he says, as long as they want. They have no money; they are homeless and destitute, and therefore belong to the class whose benefactors are sure of reward. (Luke 14: 13, 14.)

The Mediums Failed.

A GREAT deal of hard work has been done by the family of a farmer who died recently in a village near Bangor, Me. He had been a very industrious and parsimonious man, but no one knew where he kept his hoarded wealth. He did not believe in savings-banks nor in the ordinary forms of investment; so it was concluded that the money must be hidden somewhere. When he was dying he told his family that they would find it buried on some land near the house, on which an old barn had stood. After his death the ground indicated was carefully dug over but no money was found. A spiritualist's aid was then sought and through a medium the clue was given that the money was buried close to a big rock. Every rock on the farm was torn up and the ground around was dug up, but still the treasure was not found. Another medium was then consulted and undertook to get the location of the hiding place from the farmer himself. The medium reported that the farmer said the money was buried under an old shop which he formerly kept. Picks and shovels were again plied but after days and nights of hard labor no trace of the treasure has been found. Evidently it was not from the spirit of the farmer that the medium obtained the clue which proved false. Nor are they likely to obtain any clue from him. If such an avenue of communication between departed spirits and living men really existed, and he could send a message to his family, the knowledge he has gained since his death would lead him to speak to them, not of the money they are seeking, but of that other blessing which Christ compared to "a treasure hid in a field." (Matt. 13: 44.)

Dr. Nansen's Polar Expedition.

THE famous Norwegian explorer of Greenland is now on a lecturing tour through England, raising funds for his projected journey to the North Pole. The Royal Geographical Soeiety has voted him a considerable sum in proof of its confidence in his plans, and other learned societies and persons have contributed. Dr. Nansen's plan is to go the mouth of the River Lena, in Siberia, where the American explorer, De Long, and so many of his brave companions perished. There, on a small steamer of 250 tons burden, specially constructed to resist the pressure of the ice, he will enter the current, which, he believes, will carry him to the Pole, and thence down the other side along the coast of East Greenland to open water. The steamer will have accommodations for his party of twelve men. Provisions to last six years will be taken, and they will be of a kind to furnish the greatesf nutriment while being of the smallest bulk. No alcoholic liquor in any form will be taken. Electric light will be used through the long winter. It will be supplied by the engine when the steamer is afloat, but when it is embedded in the iee-pack the men will be required to manipulate the light-producing machinery, as they will need exercise for the preservation of their health. Gas will be carried in air-tight cylinders to inflate a balloon in case it may be necessary to use that mode of travelling. Tents and sledges are also to form part of the equipment. Dr. Nansen does not talk so airily as some explorers have done of his expedition to this land which no man has yet seen. He appears to have thoroughly studied the subject, and made references from know facts as to the conditions of life in the unknown region, and to have made careful preparation to meet them. It is to the exercise of such forethought that ministers and Christian workers are urging men who must some day set out for "the unknown country" beyond the grave. It is a difficult task, for, although every one knows that it is the spirit and not the flesh that enters that land, it is for the flesh that men insist on providing. (1. Cor. 15: 50.)

A Cunarder in Quarantine.

A LARGE number of distinguished voyagers suffered disappointment on Saturday evening, February 20. They were on board the steamship *Etruria* of the Cunard line which arrived at the Quarantine Station off New York at half-past five. When the passengers learned that they were near home they anxiously asked the captain whether he could not manage to get to the dock in time for them to spend the night on land instead of on the steamer. He promised to do his utmost, and during the day the ship made extra speed. When she reached Quarantine it was supposed there would be nothing to prevent the passengers getting ashore that night, as the captain had frequently passed on former voyages when he reached Quarantine later in the day. There was general disappointment when word was passed round that the vessel would not be allowed to proceed. It seems that among the *Etruria's* 635 passengers there were a number of Russian Jews, and in view of the fact that typhus fever has been brought into the city by former parties of Russian Jews, the health officer felt it his duty to make a more careful examination than could be made that evening. The vessel was accordingly detained until the next day and no one was allowed to leave. The detention was only for one night, but it was annoying to passengers whose friends were awaiting them. They realized then that persons in sound health fall under suspicion when they have been travelling in company with suspected people. The fact may be commended to the attention of Christians whose chosen associates are worldings,

FEEDING THE DESTITUTE PILGRIMS TO LIBERIA, AT REV. STEPHEN MERRITT'S MISSION, N. Y.

and who think no evil will come of their sharing with them in the pleasures and amusements of the world. (II. Cor. 6: 17.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. C. H. Yatman commenced services in the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, on Feb. 24. The blessing which accompanied his labors in St. James' Church and in Brooklyn is being experienced. Mrs. I. S. Kress is assisting in the musical part of the services.

Rev. W. P. George, D.D., of Linden Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, of Greenville, N. J., has accepted a call to the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Seattle, Wash. This was the third call tendered within a recent date to this rising young clergyman, the others having been from the Linden Avenue Church, which was anxious to retain him in the pastorate, and from Simpson Church in Jersey City. His new charge in Seattle is the largest and most influential in that conference. Dr. George enters his new field of labor a benedict, having been united in marriage on Feb. 24 to Miss Henrietta M. Duncan of Newark, N. J. The ceremony was performed at the bride's late residence by Bishop J. N. Fitzgerald, assisted by Revs. D. R. Lowrie, D.D., and James W. Marshall, D.D. Dr. George and his bride go to their new home in the West, followed by the congratulations and hearty good wishes for their future happiness of a host of friends in the East.

SET AS SIGNS.

Prof. Totten's Warnings of Events Portended by the Aspect of the Heavens.

(Continued from page 122.)

GREAT stress is laid by Prof. Totten on the fact that the sun is always responsive to the perihelion passage of a planet, that is the planet's passage over the part of its orbit nearest the sun. Though their distance from the sun may be enormous, as in the case of the planets Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, the sun is disturbed as they approach him, huge spots appear on his surface, and vast limbs of light project from his circumference. The nearer the planet is to the sun and the larger it is, the greater is the disturbance. With the more distant ones the disturbance is not so violent, but it continues longer. The effect of these solar convulsions on the earth has not yet been fully determined. It is known that magnetic disturbance and abnormal weather are experienced when the sun is thus agitated; it is suspected that earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, tidal waves and other extraordinary phenomena may be produced by the same cause; and Prof. Totten and many other scholars believe that human affairs also feel the influence, the sun-spot period being marked by pestilences, wars, and

Civil and Religious Commotions.

It is obvious that if this solar agitation with its corresponding terrestrial disturbance is really produced by the perihelia of the planets, there may come times, at widely separated intervals, when it would become excessive. Several planets may arrive at perihelion at the same time. The planet Saturn requires about twenty-nine years to make a revolution around the sun; Uranus takes abont eighty-four and Neptune one hundred and sixty-four years. If therefore the perihelion of one planet affects the sun, what would happen if one or both of the perihelia of Neptune and Uranus occurred at the same, or near the same, time as those of Jupiter and Saturn? "It is," "says Prof. Totten, "into such a vortex of the combined perihelia of Saturn, Jupiter, Uranus and Neptune, that our solar system has thus literally plunged itself. The planets now involved are all exterior to the earth and all superior to it in size. In the meantime, the planets whose orbits lie between the earth and the sun, with their more rapidly recurring periods of perihelia, and their greater proximity to the abnormally excited sun, swell the flood of influence, while the heavily-laden little earth, with its ever-powerful moon in struggling harness, keeps its own periodic times and seasons—now already out of joint—and its teeming human freight grows yearly more perturbed. When three or four planets thus unite their influences at the same time as in the sixth and sixteenth centuries and at the present time, we have a good and sufficient physical cause to account for much of that which is erratic now transpiring upon earth."

A Scientific Warning.

A warning of this approaching period of disturbance was given as far back as 1879 by Prof. B. G. Jenkins, Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, who, writing to a popular journal on the subject, closed his article with these ominous words: "In conclusion I would say, that within the next seven years (*i. e.*, by about 1886) there will happen that which *has not happened for hundreds of years:* All the planets will be at or near their nearest point to the sun about the same time. It is true of the earth that its magnetic intensity is greater about the time when it is near the sun; the same is probably true of all the planets; therefore we may expect extraordinary magnetic phenomena and great pestilences, about the next seven years." The Professor was right as to the period of commencement, but Prof. Totten contends that he did not allow a sufficient period for the influences to attain their maximum. A more philosophical method of calculation would have shown that not until the present year of 1892, and probably later would the full effect be felt.

Allowance should have been made for the overlapping of the periods. The effect of one perihelion making itself felt before that of a former one has passed, and still another succeeding before the force of the second was spent. The effect of the succession would in all probability be cumulative. "Now," says Professor Totten, "the current perihelion of Saturn is the central one between its two which are commensurate with Jupiter, but it has the remarkable feature of commencing at about the central year (1880) of Jupiter's last

passage and extending over to its next in 1892. It thus spans the two, and centralizes with the descending nodal passages of the latter. This nodal period is also historically noted as one of great disturbance. In the meantime, Uranus, entering into perihelion passage in 1871, made its central record in 1882, and spans its influence also over to 1892, while Neptune began its passage away back in 1863, centered in 1881, and will not pass beyond its maximum sphere of influence until 1899—a year already ominous enough! Examine the history of each of the eras through which we have already passed independently and you will find unusual and abnormal excitement in every department of man's affairs.

"For the past twelve years we have been getting deeper and deeper into a season of special solar activity such as has not been experienced by men since Adam trod the earth. We are at this grander summer solstice now; in my opinion we reached its central noonday in June of 1891, and the heat of its afternoon is yet to come!

"Let any one of well-matured age compare the terrestrial incidents of the past twelve years with any former one to which his memory extends, or measure them against the records of our race. They stand out in direct contrast against all former chronicles and are of diverse and abnormal character. Their annals are crowded with strange prodigies in nature, such as mysterious pestilences, recurring floods, tornadoes, waterspouts, earthquakes in unlooked-for places, widespread mental and physical disorders, moral ruins, and rumors of war. They absolutely laugh to scorn the trite remark with which some try to quell their fears—that 'all things continue as at the beginning.' For in the face of facts this is one of the most brazen lies of the age."

The pertinency of these calculations and observations of celestial phenomena to the subject of prophecy is seen by a reference to the Saviour's description of the events which would immediately precede his second coming and be a warning of his approach (Matt. 24: 29; Luke 21: 25.) In other passages of the Prophets and Revelation similar references are made to the signs in the heavens. Nor do these signs stand alone. The calculations of students of prophecy from the prophetic chronology and the observations of the condition of the world and of the church tend to the same conclusion. The lines on which the various schools of students travel are independent, but they converge on this focal period of the few years remaining between this year of grace and the close of the century as the time when this dispensation shall close, and the cry be heard, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh."

A PROPHETIC ANNIVERSARY.

MEETINGS are widely announced throughout London to be held in several large halls on March 5, addressed by various ministers and laymen proclaiming the translation of 144,000 Christian on March 5, 1896, and the descent of Christ at Jerusalem on April 11, 1901, to convert Jews and heathen, and also that a great European war is to break out this year which will change the twenty-three kingdoms of Cæsar's Roman empire into ten kingdoms, as predicted by Daniel. Similar meetings have been held annually during the last five years as explained by the following paragraph quoted from the English *Christian Herald* of February 29, 1888: The fifth day of March will not pass this year without being observed by some prophetic students as the anticipative anniversary of Christ's Second Advent "in the air," on March 5, 1896, to raise the deceased saints and translate 144,000 watchful living Christians to heaven without dying. This is discovered from the fact that April 11, 1901, is shown to be the End of this Age, as being the end of the 2,345 years from the command to Nehemiah to rebuild Jerusalem in Passover Week, Nisan, B. C. 444-6, and also as being the end of the forty-five years (1,335 minus 1,290), from the Crimean War treaty of peace, ratified on the last day of Passover Week in April (Nisan) 1856 (see Daniel 8: 14; 9: 25; 12: 11-12). Therefore, in the future literal day fulfilment of these dates, the 2,345 literal days will begin with a renewal of the sacrifices in Jerusalem, and also with another future "command to rebuild Jerusalem" on Nov. 8, 1894, at the exact distance of 2,345 days before April 11, 1901, and the sixty-nine weeks of literal days being "determined" or "divided off" from the commencing part of these 2,345 days will necessarily commence also the same day, Thursday, Nov. 8, 1894, and, therefore, will reach "unto" Messiah, the Prince's second advent, when he shall be "made a covenant" to his people on Thursday, March 5, 1896.

GOD'S COVENANT.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing March. 13. Ezek. 36: 27, 28; Heb. 8: 8-12.

IN the iron safe of the business man there are often to be found documents more precious to him than money. They do not represent money, nor estate. They are not shares, nor bonds, nor debentures, nor title-deeds. But they may be more valuable to him than any of these. A contract or agreement duly signed and sealed may be the very foundation of his business. It may be the sole evidence that the fruit of his labor will belong to him when it shall be gathered. It may be his security that he shall receive such aid as will enable him to complete an achievement on the beginning of which he has expended toil and capital. It may give him a claim to the reward of years of self denial, expatriation and hardship. Its value rests on the character ability and wealth of the man whose signature it bears. Will that man honorably fulfil his obligations? Is he able to do what he has therein promised to do? Are his possessions sufficient to cover the sum involved? On the answer to those questions turns the value of the document, to which that signature is attached. A young man goes out among barbarous people to do business for a firm. Money is to be sent to him as he may need it, means for his return journey are to be assured, protection is guaranteed and reward for success is promised. How much depends on that agreement? He goes out staking life and everything dear to him on the faith that it will be fulfilled. A man undertakes a contract which is to bring him fortune, but that contract will require service or funds which he cannot command; but prior to undertaking it he has secured the assurance of co-operation from some one else. His whole future rests on that pledge being fulfilled. A man denies himself that he may pay the premiums of a life insurance policy. When he dies, will the insurance company pay to his widow the money they have undertaken to pay? That is a matter of anxious concern to him, and he examines its financial position and investigates its methods of doing business, and having satisfied himself he pays the premiums with confidence. When anxiety about the welfare of those dear to him enters his mind, the thought of that life policy relieves his anxiety. In all these cases the idea of a covenant appears. How, then, does the Christian regard God's covenant with him? Does he act with respect to that covenant as he acts about the business covenants he holds?

The question touches us in many points. "I shall never be able to quit my bad companions, says the new convert. "I cannot give up my old habits," says another. "I am so weak, I shall surely fall back into sin. When I die I go out into darkness, what will become of me? I shall be ridiculed if I speak for Christ in worldly company; I cannot bear it. If I obey my conscience, I shall be discharged from my occupation and I and my family will starve." Where is the contract? Is God able to fulfil his obligations? What has he promised as to spiritual and temporal matters? The business man is not in terror and dread when he holds a contract from a man of known probity and wealth. He goes forward strong in his confidence. That is what God expects of his children. He expects that faith will be exercised. That we shall go forward perfectly conscious of weakness and frailty but assured that all the strength needed will be afforded when the need for it arises. It is with us as it was with Peter. While his eye was fixed on Christ he trod the waves safely. It was when he looked at the water that he sank.

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A THRIVING CANADIAN Y. M. C. A.

THE Association at Kingston, Ont., was organized in 1885, and has been growing constantly since. It has three or four of its members in the foreign missionary field, and several secretaries of Associations, have been trained by it. Its first President was Mr. Allan McRossie, now the successful pastor of a Methodist Church in Hartford, Conn. Succeeding him came Dr. W. G. Anglin who held the office for four years and did noble work. The only Treasurer the Association has had is Geo. E. Hague, Manager of the Merchant's Bank. The Association has had several General Secretaries during its brief history. Those who

A NEW CANADIAN Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

have served longest are Frank M. Pratt and George E. Williams, the present Secretary. The Association has done a good and growing work in rented rooms, and now rejoices in the prospect of soon entering its beautiful building, a picture of which appeared in this journal on February 3rd. It was then confused with the new building of another Canadian Young Men's Christian Association—that of Ottawa. The description of the Ottawa Association was correct. The picture which appears on this page this week is the correct picture of the building at Ottawa. The whole of the Kingston building will be used for Association purposes. Entering the broad portals, on the right is the parlor and behind that the lecture hall. On the opposite side of the reception hall are the reading room, Secretaries' offices and library. At the rear is the physical department annex, having on the ground floor a large swimming bath, lavatories, dressing rooms with lockers. On the second floor, which is twenty-two feet high under beams is the gymnasium, forty by sixty feet in area. Mounting to the second floor of the main building we find the large hall, boys' rooms, and directors' room. On the third floor are janitor's quarters and a class room. The materials of the building are pressed brick, with a large amount of rock-face stone trimmings.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

AT *Hoopeston, Ill.*, the Leaguers have refitted and refurnished the chapel in which they held their meetings, and the trustees have put in the audience-room a new vocalion at a cost of $800. At Sheffield Avenue Church, *Chicago, Ill.*, the Leaguers have called themselves the Hitchcock Chapter, in honor of Rev. Dr. Luke Hitchcock, through whose instrumentality the church was founded. A Convention of the *Brooklyn, N. Y.*, District League was held recently at the Sixth Avenue Church, Rev. D. A. Jordan, pastor. Valuable papers were read on "How to conduct the literary department of the League," "The relation of the League to the Church." Lively discussions followed each of the papers. G. L. Parker of Centenary Church, *Binghampton, N. Y.*, writes: "Our League is growing and prospering." The officers of *Newburg* District League are planning for a Convention in Trinity Church, Newburg, March 16th and 17th. This will be a great gathering of Leaguers. Hedding League, *Lansingburg, N. Y.*, has a thriving Chapter. The Sunday School evening prayer-meeting is a centre of power. J. W. Emery is President, and A. D. Small, Secretary. The *Skaneateles* Chapter has sent a generous donation of clothing, dolls, picture-books, papers, vegetables, etc., to the Syracuse Deaconess Home. The Junior League at *Rockville* was one year old, January 15th. During the year, under the Superintendence of J. E Lyon, a great deal of excellent work has been done, and the enthusiam of the members has increased at each meeting. A lady who is interested in the work promised the little folks a ride, so at the appointed time, four large sleighs came for the one hundred happy children, who enjoyed the ride very much. On returning to the church the children received a bag of good things, and the Juniors went home happy.

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SPANNING A GAP.

MANY proofs have been given of the excellent service a Christian Endeavor Society can render to a church. It is found to be an agency which may be used to accomplish almost any work that the church wishes to have done, and cases have been known in which the Christian Endeavor Society has discovered opportunities for work which the church did not know of, or had neglected. It remained, however, for a Society in Nebraska to show what it could do with a vacant pulpit. The Congregational Church of Trenton, Neb., about a year ago lost its pastor. Whether it lost heart, too, or whether there were obstacles of another kind does not appear, but it seemed possible that the services might be suspended. In the emergency the Christian Endeavor Society stepped into the breach. The regular services were held, a printed sermon by some eminent preacher was read, and the members of the Society conducted the other exercises. It was found to be a very profitable time and this continued for over nine months until a suitable pastor was found to take charge of the church. How the church would have fared if there had been no Christian Endeavor Society connected with it cannot now be known. It is, however, matter for thankfulness that it was there ready for a duty not usually regarded as one of its functions.

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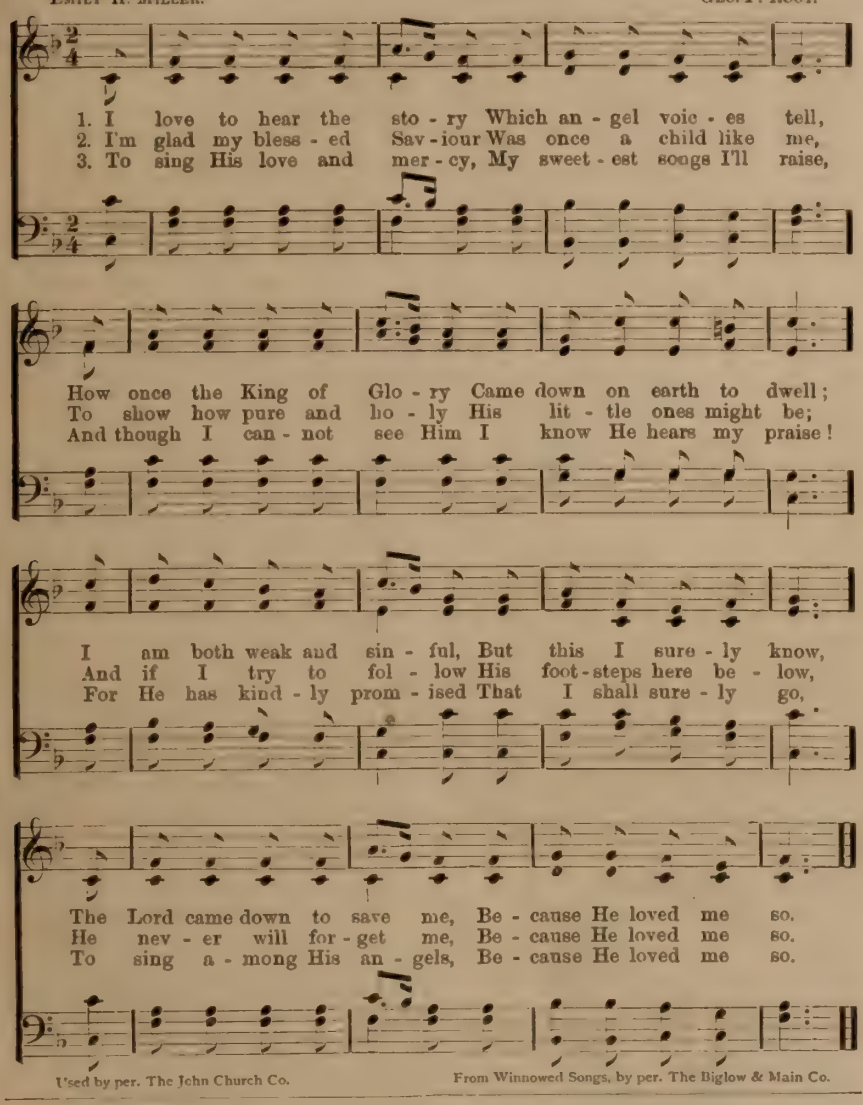
A NEW ZEALAND CIRCLE.

FROM Linwood, New Zealand, comes the report of a circle of King's Daughters which is published in the *Silver Cross*. It is a story of progress and helpfulness. Beatrice M. Harland who signs the report, says: "There are nineteen of us at Christ Church here and this week a circle of 'The King's Sons' is to be organized in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. I think I may say we are seeking to work steadily for the Master, whom we serve as far as in us lies. Our meetings have been held regularly, and after having some devotional exercises we have been busy making bags to give to the sailors who come to our port. We purpose having these finished and giving them, together with a New Testament, as the vessels leave port. We have three committees at work. One for visiting friendless patients at the hospital, another to visit at the Jubilee Home, and the third to hold Sunday evening prayer meetings at the home of one of our number, who is an invalid and unable to attend the church services. Besides this concerted work, we are each looking out for individual cases in which to lend a hand, and really we are sometimes quite surprised to find what we can do when we are ready and willing. One of our members is teaching a poor man, who has hurt his spine, to paint small pictures. This helps him to pass away a few of the tedious hours he has to pass lying on his back. Another is collecting for the Zenana Mission in India. Two or three more joined together to make some shirts for a poor boy, and so on." It is gratifying to learn that the Christian ladies of that far away land find there, as they do here, that there are many opportunities for the exercise of the principles of the Order which have been long neglected and might have continued so, had not an organization specially fitted to meet them been called into existence.

Because He Loved Me so.

EMILY H. MILLER. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voic - es tell,
2. I'm glad my bless - ed Sav - iour Was once a child like me,
3. To sing His love and mer - cy, My sweet - est songs I'll raise,
How once the King of Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell;
To show how pure and ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be;
And though I can - not see Him I know He hears my praise!
I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know,
And if I try to fol - low His foot - steps here be - low,
For He has kind - ly prom - ised That I shall sure - ly go,
The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.
He nev - er will for - get me, Be - cause He loved me so.
To sing a - mong His an - gels, Be - cause He loved me so.

U'sed by per. The John Church Co. From Winnowed Songs, by per. The Biglow & Main Co.

WHEN AND HOW.

IN thine own time, Lord Jesus, thine own way,
Thou'lt take me home;
Thou only knowest when and how for me
The end shall come.

Yet, Master, only let thy call be clear;
And then, although
My life may seem unfinished, poor and small,
I'll gladly go.

Thine is the way, Lord Jesus; knowing this,
I'm not afraid;
Thou hast been through the bitterness of death,
Its deepest shade.

I'll go the way that seems to thee the best,
And trust thy love,
When, letting go of earth, I trembling turn
To that above.

So, Lord, I'll live, and make the most and best
Of time till then;
Content to leave to thee, in quiet rest,
The how and when.

—*The Interior.*

THE BETTER DAY

FILLED with the gladness of the morn,
And strong with strength the day-light brings,
I wait with patience for the dawn
Of a new age of better things.

A time when Christians in good deeds,
And works of love, shall be as one,
And, satisfying all their needs,
The "Christ that is to be" shall come.

When brothers on the heights of life
Shall clasp their hands with those who grope
Deep in the vale of doubt and strife,
And point them to a better hope.

When ever-ready sympathy,
Swift flowing from its Source above,
Shall make each Christian fit to be
A pioneer of light and love.

When none shall only seek his own,
Embitt'ring days with unkind deeds,
But each unto himself be known
A watchman o'er his brother's needs.

When love to Christ and love to man
Shall bend all strife beneath its sway;
This age—the best since life began,
Shall be indeed the Better Day.

GRATITUDE.

WE cannot see before us,
The changing course we sail
In mercy 'tis thus ordered,
Lest heart and strength should fail.

For when the sun is hidden,
And storms are sweeping o'er,
With not a star to steer by,
And distant far the shore.

And in his own good season,
The storms that vexed the night
Are changed into the sunshine
Of his own glorious light.

—*The Occident.*

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

IN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Feb 3d (No. 53), one of our correspondents, Charles M. Price, LaFayette, asked the question:

Do you consider that the cause of Christianity and public morality would be served or injured by the opening of the World's Fair on Sundays? In view of the fact that the Fair would attract many thousands who would ordinarily visit the numerous saloons and low resorts, and that it would thus make Sunday for them a day of pure and profitable recreation, instead of sinful dissipation, would it not be well to advocate Sunday opening?

This being a matter of national interest and of the utmost importance to the readers of a Christian journal, we invited our subscribers generally to send us their judgment on Mr. Price's question. We have received a very large number of replies—quite enough to fill many columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. From these we select the following, devoting the Mail-Bag this week exclusively to the subject:

Mrs. R. C. Brown, Bariboo, Me., writes:

Shall we do evil that good may come? Our Bible teaches that we should overcome evil with good, (Romans 7: 21). It seems to me an opportunity for our nation to raise high its standard for the keeping of God's commands. Can we expect God to bless us as a nation if we transgress his laws any more than he did the children of Israel?

"Reader," Corsica, Pa., writes:

We cannot expect any good, but rather much harm, for disobeying God's commands. As Christians of America, we should set a good example to other nations by opposing the opening of the World's Fair on the Lord's Day, also the sale of liquor on the grounds.

J. W. Pattison, Butler, Mo.: "In the days of Paul it was slanderously reported that Christians said: 'Let us do evil that good may come.' (Ro. 3:8.) Is it going to be truth in the closing years of the 19th century? God forbid. No World's Fair on Sundays."

Subscriber, Eatontown, N. J.

Can we as a nation expect God to bless us, when we disobey his commandments, violate his laws and cause others to be led into temptation? Well may the finger of scorn be pointed at us by other nations, saying "they send missionaries to heathen lands to teach them to worship God, when they themselves disregard his commandments."

Wm. W. Glover, Hugoton, Kansas: "It is neither a work of necessity nor mercy to open the Fair on the Sabbath. It would be a national sin, a direct violation of the fourth commandment."

G. R. Elder, Cambridge Mass.:

There is no argument that can be presented that will convince any Christian or true philanthropist that the Fair should be opened on the Lord's Day. Why should not the evangelical churches, by a grand united effort, provide a great Tabernacle where they could proclaim the Gospel to all who attend the Fair, so that all who may be in Chicago on that occasion may have such an experience as is recorded in Acts 2: 6-11?

A Subscriber, Trinidad, Col. "It would be a blot upon our professed Christian nation and an evidence of insincerity and ingratitude to God for the many blessings given us as a nation. We should not do evil that good may come."

A. H. Ford, Enoree, S. C.:

Let the World's Fair Managers keep it open on Sunday, open-air preaching allowed on such days as the weather will permit. The proceeds over *actual* expenses to be set apart and paid over to some universally benevolent object.

H. L. Young, Lindsay, La. "God's blessing will not be upon the enterprise. I have always thought that the failure of the New Orleans Exposition was largely due to the fact that it kept open on the Sabbath."

Subscriber, Wis.:

I think every working-man should be on the side of the defenders of the Sabbath. Should the Fair be open on Sunday, it would be the means of drawing people into vile places, because they would be almost certain to visit the saloon before going there, and most probably after leaving. They are not the most sober men in the world that want to do away with the Sabbath, nor yet the best citizens. Is there not a law enacted in the States for the observance of the Sabbath? If so why not abide by it, if we are loyal American citizens?

McIlroy McIlvaine, Magnolia, Del.: "The vast amount of labor that is required to be done Sunday is all done in violation of the moral law, and the managers of the Fair are responsible. On the other hand, if those who would attend the Fair if open, go to the saloons, the authorities of the city and state are responsible, not the managers of the Fair. I believe if the Fair is closed on Sunday that the moral sentiment that will grow out of that fact will overbalance all the anticipated evils of having it closed. Representative men and women, from all parts of the world will be in Chicago, ready and willing to filling all the pulpits. Should we not give them an opportunity to leave a moral impression on the vast crowds assembled and increase the public sentiment in favor of a more strict observance of the Sabbath?"

E. S. Quest, Louisville, Ky.:

When so many places of worship are open on the Lord's Day, I cannot conceive it to be the duty of Christians, in order to prevent people from following sinful pleasures, to provide recreation and entertainment which differ from the former only in intensity of sin. Theatres are not saloons and other sinful pleasures, to be permitted on the grounds? What is the difference between the evil within the gates and that without? Let all lovers of our country and of the sanctity of the Sabbath—let all Christian people everywhere unite in closing the gates of the World's Fair on the Lord's day and it will be done.

D. F. Easton, Bound Brook, N. J.: "An open Fair Sunday means temptation to many weak Christians to attend it. Many who might have attended church (not Christians) will not do so but attend the Fair. An ungodly influence not only local but world-wide. Cars loaded with excursionists, open liquor saloons and everything belonging to the Devil in full blast. A closed Fair on Sunday means that God will be honored by its silent influence; that many Christians who, under the pressure of their surroundings, would have attended the Fair will be saved from Sabbath-breaking; many not Christians, not knowing what else to do, will attend church and may hear what will save them."

S. S. Scholar, Lower Gilmanton, N. H.:

What did Christ say when tempted to break God's commands for present good: "Get thee hence Satan, for it is written thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and him only shalt thou serve," which is the summing up of the first and second commandments, and are they not all equally binding upon us? But would it be for present good if open on the Sabbath? Is not a depraved appetite stronger than the pleasure of sight? And would not saloon patrons be more numerous than otherwise? As the law for the observance of the Sabbath has never been abrogated, and in view of the fact that God's people anciently were severely punished for a breach of it, can we a Christian nation break it with impunity? God forbid that we should have any desire to do so.

Rev. Robert F. Smith, Pleasant Unity, Pa.: "The open Fair on the Sabbath would unquestionably be a violation of the fourth commandment. The cause of Christianity and public morality will never be served but always injured by a disobedience of the commands of God. The Christian cannot choose between two evils. All Sabbath-breaking is evil."

J. Reynoldson, Rockseller, Ills.:

If we, as a Christian nation, hold the Sacred Writings as the key to our position, we certainly ought not to lay aside the Divine command, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy," and if we reflect upon the amount of labor required to keep it open, depriving the workers of Sabbath rest and privileges, it is difficult to conclude that the preponderance of good will be on the side of keeping it open, setting aside (which we certainly ought not), the Divine command.

G. H. Harvey, Berlin, Mo.: "World's Fairs are gotten up for man's glory and those that go to such places forget God or are apt to. Now we should honor him at all times and in all places. Close the Fair on Sunday."

Mrs. Dr. Frase, Doylestown, O.: "Should the Fair be open on Sunday, I think our crime will be as bad as the man's that took the wedge of gold and the Babylonish garment from the spoils of war."

O. D. Koontz, Ligonier, Ind.: "It is very true that Chicago is flooded with awful places of sin, and we are aware that thousands of our young men and women spend the blessed Sabbath day in these low degraded places. Speaking of drawing these people from their low resorts and making them become better by opening the Fair to them on Sunday, have we not a large number of churches in Chicago where there is preaching from one to three times a day on Sunday, and is not Chicago full of Bibles and other religious books that will teach this class of people the way to be better? I feel that this class of people cannot find an excuse at the Judgment Bar of God for not having any religious places to go to in Chicago. I believe that a great many church members would leave their church on that day, thinking that the World's Fair would not always last, and Church would, and thus slight the cause of Christ and the ministers as well, and a great many would not leave their business through the week, if they could go on Sunday."

Wm. M. Chapin, Halstead, Kans.: "If it is a question of Christianity, close it Sundays by all means. To open the Fair on Sunday is to work into the hands of worldly men and those who do not confess Christ. It will make no difference to those who attend saloons whether the Fair is open on Sunday or not. A Christian cannot afford to compromise with Satan."

THE TEST OF LOVE.

Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning by Rev R. S. McArthur, D D., at Calvary Baptist Church, New York, from John 14: 15,

"If ye love me keep my commandments."

THIS verse is the beginning of one of the most remarkable sections of this wonderful chapter. It is introduced here with a certain degree of abruptness. As you know, many times during this discourse Christ has spoken words whose design was to comfort his disciples Now, however, he promised, as we shall soon see, to send the Spirit, part of whose office and work was to be the Comforter of his people; but in order to enjoy the comfort

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW YORK.

of the promised Spirit, they must render strict obedience to the Divine requirements.

We have before us, then, in this verse this morning, the practical test of love—obedience. Let this be the topic for the morning. The whole round of Christian duty is here summed up in this one word —obedience. As love is the fulfilling of the law, so that fulfilment in harmony with the principle of love, is manifested by practical obedience to the Divine requirements.

Obedience Gives Comfort.

You will observe that in comforting the disciples, Christ teaches them to keep his commandments. We may not expect a blessing from God, except we render obedience to God. The way of duty is evermore the way of peace and joy. If we do the duty of to-day, God will give us the blessing of to-day. If we fail in our performance, God necessarily fails in his fulfilment. You notice that this practical test of love lies in this chapter between two gracious promises—that contained in the fourteenth verse, "If ye ask anything in my name, I will do it," and that contained in the sixteenth verse, "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever." Almost all commentators have been struck by the abruptness with which the text is introduced. Some have not been ready to see its connection with what precedes and with what follows. If the remarks I have now made are correct, you will not fail to see the connection. This command, then, lies between two promises, and in order that we may receive either promise we must obey the command. God cannot give us the blessing except we obey the command. If we are to ask in the name of the ascended Lord for blessings in prayer, we must render loving and obedient service. After Christ had shown his love to his disciples, he appealed to their love to him. John gives us in his first Epistle, fifth chapter and third verse, the evidence of our conversion, "For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments." Paul speaks in Romans, thirteenth chapter and tenth verse, the same language, when he says, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Love prompts to every duty; love inspires to every sacrifice; love gives wings to our feet as we run in the way of God's commandments; love cushions the yoke of duty so that it becomes easy; love lifts the burden of service so that it becomes light. Evermore, enjoyment of God is the closest neighbor to obedience to God.

The Best Proof of Love.

It is observable, also, that Christ here teaches the disciples that the best way to show their love to him is by obedience. They were overcome with grief at the thought of his departure; he teaches them that there is a better way to show their grief than by weakly sorrowing. He teaches them that actively obeying is a more genuine manifestation of love than pouring out useless tears at his departure. "Obedience is better than sacrifice" is an Old Testament proverb which is abundantly illustrated in the New. Indeed, obedience is the very highest form of sacrifice, for it shows that we make a sacrifice of self and of selfish interests. Not sentimental sighing and crying is the way to illustrate genuine love on the part of the disciples toward their Lord. Love can never be satisfied with mere sentiment; love is never inoperative. Love marches out along the line of practical service; it rejoices in the slightest command of Christ. Love obeys. If the commandment be deemed small, the love that keeps it is thereby the greater love. It never asks, Is this command essential to salvation? Love knows that the keeping of all Christ's commands is essential to obedience. We may, indeed, do what Christ commands us and yet not keep his commandments. No man keeps his commands if he does so with any other motive than that of loyalty to Christ; motives of self-interest, worldly advancement, or spiritual prominence utterly rob even a good act of its true spirit. You may thus obey the command and yet not, in the full sense, keep the command. In order to keep it, it must be done purely and solely because it is Christ's command; that is the Christian's highest authority; that is his last and highest form of service. Christ has said it—that is enough. A Christian inspired by love never asks, How little can I do and win Heaven? He simply asks, as did Paul, when stricken down on the Damascus highway, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" No Christian man ever occupies a more unenviable position than the man who stands beside a cross and asks, "Is the taking up of that cross necessary to my salvation?" He ought to blush to ask such a question. He ought simply to listen to his Lord's voice, which says, "Take up thy cross and follow me." Let him step out and take it up. Observe the minuteness of Christ's language; he says, "Take up thy cross." Too many of us drag it; it is heavy when we drag it. But taken up, it will soon take us up; the cross that we hold will soon hold us. Does Christ command me to believe in him? Then I will do it because Christ has said it. He is the highest authority.

Obedience Brings Blessings.

You observe, also, that when Christ would tell his disciples how to receive conditional blessings, he commands them to obey him. He had given great and precious promises; but their fulfilment depended on certain conditions; their obedience is necessary to God's bestowment. Rewards from God to disobedient children would be putting a premium on disobedience. God will never do it. He loves you too much to give you the richest blessings of his grace while you refuse to render him the obedience of your heart. Men often want all the blessings of the Christian life, before they are willing to take the first step in the Christian life. They linger at the wicket-gate, unwilling to step through until God gives them all the experiences of a long Christian life. God can never give them the Christian's joy until they perform the Christian's duty. The blessings of that pathway are experienced only in that pathway; standing outside, you cannot have the blessing of those who are inside the gate and running in the path of duty. I am sometimes amazed as I speak with inquirers, that they do not discover this truth. They want all the peace which the Christian enjoys, before they are willing to give Christ their trust. Christ commands them to come unto him and assures them that he will give them rest; they want his peace before they give him their trust. You must take Christ at his word. You must obey, you must go, and in the very act of obedience Christ will meet you and flood your soul with joy. On the morning of the resurrection, when the women came to the tomb, they saw not Jesus; but they saw an angel, who told them to "go quickly and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead." They were disappointed; they saw not his body, but they obeyed the command of the angel. We are told that they "did run to bring his disciples word." We read next "that as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them.' How blessed! They were running from his tomb, the very spot where they expected they should see him, at least, in death; and now, as they are running in the path of obedience, Jesus meets them by the way, and his "all hail" filled their souls with joy. Precisely so does Jesus meet with us.

When the ten lepers went, in obedience to Christ's command, to show themselves to the priests, the healing power came upon them. You must obey Christ; you must give him your trust; you must believe in him. Believe him in the dark; anybody can believe in the light. Take him at his word, and my word for it, his word for it, the darkness shall be scattered and the glorious light shall shine upon your souls.

God must obey his own law in the be-

REV. R. S. MACARTHUR, D.D.

stowment of blessings. He is not harsh, not arbitrary, not fickle, not capricious in dealing with men. The spirit of obedience on our part is necessary, that we may receive the highest form of spiritual good. This is the Divine law. Christ cannot be a Prophet to any man to whom he is not a King; not a Priest to any man to whom he is not a King. He is a Prophet to instruct only when he is a King to command. He is a Priest to atone only when he is a King to command. If I refuse his kingship, I refuse also his priesthood, and his prophethood. Only as I bow at his feet and accept his kingly authority, can I receive his prophetic instruction and priestly absolution. Here is the Divine Trinity of offices in which Christ appears Prophet, Priest and King. Rejecting him in the latter office I cannot receive him in either of the former. Now, I hold that this is sound common sense. There is nothing, in one sense, mysterious in religion. The supernatural, in a very real sense, is the natural. This principle of God's government in religious matters holds in all God's relations with men in every sphere of life. It must, I am sure, commend itself to every thoughtful hearer in this audience. It is in harmony with a universal law. To enjoy health, you must obey the laws of health. God bestows health along the line of recognized law; and if you run against that law, God cannot give you the blessing which its observance ensures.

The same is true in matters of intellectual attainment. You must follow the laws of intellectual growth; you must submit to these inevitable conditions if you are to receive the blessings of intellectual possessions. There can be no divorce between the condition and the blessing. In order to make progress in music, or painting, or any art, you must submit to the principles that underlie that art. Obedience is necessary to attainment. This we all understand. The soldier must obey, else he ceases to be a soldier. It will not do for him to set up his own authority. He must march in obedience to the word of the commander. This is the essential condition of discipline in an army and success in war.

Precisely so is it in religion. Nothing is love to God which does not shape itself into practical obedience. It is simply useless for you to indulge in the thought of love to God, if you do not obey God. It is said that after a great battle the officers met in their tent and discussed the question as to who was the bravest soldier of the day. One said "it was he who made a tremendous onset;" another, "he who came into hand-to-hand conflict with the enemy and overcame." "No," said the commander, "the bravest soldier was he who had lifted his arm to strike, and when the sound of retreat was heard, his arm paused in mid-air and he struck no blow; he was the bravest soldier to-day." He rendered absolute obedience.

A Foretaste of Heaven.

Love to God, then, is necessary to the highest enjoyment both here and hereafter. It gives a foretaste of heaven here and now; you have heaven in your souls as you sit in these pews, just in proportion as you have the love of God in your souls. That love makes heaven hereafter absolutely certain. There can be no heaven anywhere to the man who does not love God. There can be no hell anywhere to the man who does love God. That man has heaven in his soul wherever he goes, whatever he does. If it were possible for a Christian man to be in perdition, it would cease to be a place of torment; it would immediately become for him a place of unspeakable bliss and glory.

If all the wretched inhabitants of hell were to be admitted to heaven, it would be no heaven to them while they continue to hate God. That hatred makes hell. There can be no heaven anywhere to a man who hates God. To shut up in the regions of despair men who hate God is a greater kindness to them than to admit them into his immediate presence. Were you to go to these wretched saloons and to take all the people you can find there and bring them into the house of God, they would be perfectly wretched. They would say, "Let us out. We want the ribald song, the blasphemous oath, the intoxicating cup." Some of you have a foretaste of heaven in the place of prayer, but to these it would be a foretaste of hell. Put them into heaven, and they would be unspeakably miserable. What they need is not a change in external condition, but in heart, in life, in purpose, in all their relations to God. So I say, without fear of contradiction, that if a

man loves God he has heaven everywhere. If a man hates him, he can have heaven nowhere.

Obedience Clearly Proves Love.

But, a man asks, can I know whether or not I love God? Most assuredly you can know. We have the practical test, which is the topic of my remarks this morning. It is the test of obedience. Do you obey God? If you obey God, no matter how you feel for the moment, you are doing right. Right feeling will come with obedience. Men act quite too much by impulse. I wish sometimes that the word "feeling" were blotted out of our religious vocabulary. A man says he doesn't go to prayer-meeting "because he doesn't feel like it." What has feeling to do with duty? We are saved by faith, not by feeling. Many a time a man goes into his office when he doesn't feel like doing his work. You can work yourself into right feeling. Often the literary man sits down when he has none of that ecstacy and bliss which come when mind and soul are filled with lofty thought. How often did Dickens sit down, seize his pen simply from a sense of duty, and drive it in cold blood for a time! But soon the right feeling came, and soon joyous emotions would throb for utterance. Soon the words would run from his pen-point, until page after page would testify to the work of the morning. These principles apply with literal truth in the Christian life. Do your duty. Why should a man not bow to Jesus Christ? Why should you not say while I am speaking, "I know that I am a sinner, but I will trust Jesus Christ here and now?" Couldn't you say that, man? Will you thus determine, woman, in the pew at this moment: "Here, O Christ, just as I am, I give myself to thee?" Then say, "I have done it; I will never take it back; I will go out into yonder street, Christ's man, Christ's woman; I will do my duty, and confess him before the whole world." So obeying Christ, be assured that peace and all right feeling will come into your soul, and you shall know by a blessed experience that you are truly Christ's child.

I am glad of this practical test which I have given you this morning. I wanted to talk to you in a plain way. I know many often ask the question, "Do I love the Lord or not?" I know it often gives them anxious thought. Obedience to his commands answers the question. Our own wills must be turned into sympathy with Christ's; running in parallel lines with Christ's, there will be no cross. This is the significance of our baptism — buried with Christ. The old man as dead is to be buried; the new man rises to walk in a new life. Blessed symbol! Glorious obedience! Divine Redeemer, help us to show that we love thee, by keeping all thy commandments.

"IN HIS NAME."

"IN his name" O Words of power!
What may not his children do
In his strength from hour to hour,
When the hosts of sin pursue?
Win and conquer in the strife,
In his name, the Lord of Life.

Jesus! in thy name we glory!
Name of every name the best!
Till all lands shall hear the story
Of thy love, how can we rest?
In thy name, and at thy word,
We would labor for thee, Lord.

"In his name" sad homes shall brighten,
Eyes forget they used to weep,
As we bring his lamp to lighten
Those who lie in darkness deep!
Souls shall wake from sin and shame,
At the sound of his dear name.

"In his name" O sons and daughters
Of the loving, gracious King,
We will sow beside all waters;
To his feet fresh trophies bring;
Grace and strength are ours to claim,
While we labor "In his name."

—MRS. WM. FAWCETT, in *The Silver Cross.*

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

Congo Natives and Their Queer Customs—A Native Burying-Ground at Vivi.

NEW pictures have been regarded with deeper interest than one which was shown to the home circle by Uncle John, a few evenings ago. It was a photograph of a native African burying-ground, at Vivi station, on the river Congo.

"This picture was sent to America by Bishop William Taylor, the veteran missionary, who has devoted many years of his life to gospel work on the Congo," he explained. "It represents a familiar scene in that part of Africa, where a peculiar custom prevails of placing broken bottles, jars and pieces of earthenware on the graves of the departed. The grave shown in the picture is probably that of a native of some consequence—a petty chief, at least."

"Why do they put such odd articles there?" was asked by one of the group.

"The custom is a relic of the old fetish worship and superstition that prevailed in that part of Africa," replied Uncle John. "Indeed, except in Christianized sections, where mission stations like those of Bishop Taylor have been established, rank fetish worship and idolatry still exist along the Congo. The people believe in witchcraft, and this placing of jars and bottles on the graves of their dead, although practised even in the more civilized settlements, is a relic of heathenism and ignorance. The Aztecs, as you probably know, laid water bottles alongside their graves, and there are some tribes among the Indians in our own country that place kettles and provisions by the tomb. The Laplanders, following out the same idea of providing for the wants of the departed spirit, lay flint steel and tinder by the grave, and the Chinese place rice by the side of the lost one to feed him on the journey. Many other nations, including even some who are not idolaters, have followed the same practice for ages. Most of the Congo tribes bury their dead in a sitting posture, facing their native village. But this African grave conveys a special lesson which Christian countries should lay well to heart."

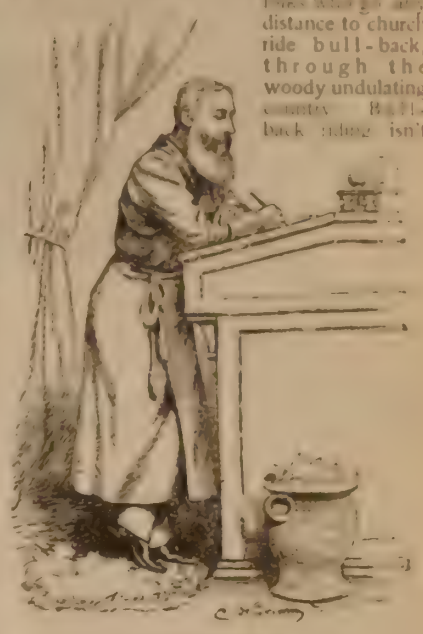
"What is it?" inquired Tom.

"These bottles speak eloquently of the ruin the rum traffic has wrought in Africa. English, Germans, Dutch and Americans, must all alike be held responsible for their share in bringing this curse to the Dark Continent. They have imported liquor there in incredible quantities, and some tribes have been almost wholly extirpated through its influence. Commerce and religion have both suffered from this cause. But now that the Brussels treaty has been signed by all the leading governments, including our own, the rum traffic, in the Congo Free State at least, will practically cease. It has been denounced by the best Christian missionaries and philanthropists, and now all who are interested in mission work will rejoice that the protest has been successful.

A NATIVE GRAVE AT VIVI, ON THE CONGO.
From a photograph sent by Bishop Taylor.

"The Congo region, as you have no doubt read, owes much to the liberality and Christian enterprise of King Leopold II. of Belgium, under whose patronage Stanley, the explorer, did his later work. He is the head of the International African Association and he has spent over $1,000,000 of his own private fortune in opening up and establishing a form of government in the Congo Free State. He takes an active personal interest in the welfare of his Equatorial domain, attending to the appointment of governors and others matters, although it would possibly be too much to ever expect him to visit the Congo in person. Since establishing his rule in that vast territory, he has given every facility to mission workers, but has not neglected to exact ground rent and taxes for every station, except those established at his own suggestion. But in spite of this thrifty trait, his influence has been of the greatest benefit to the whole region, morally and commercially.

"I hope some day" he added, "to show you the more pleasing aspect of native life on the Congo, as some of our missionary friends, with whom I am in communication, present it. Industry has taken the place of savage life. The natives are up and at work at 4 A. M. There are few horses there, and folks who go any distance to church ride bull-back, through the woody undulating country. Bull-back riding isn't



the pleasantest sort of travelling and white people find it hard to get used to it. It is a beautiful country, with a great future, and with God's blessing will yet be a potent factor in the evangelization of Africa."

* * *

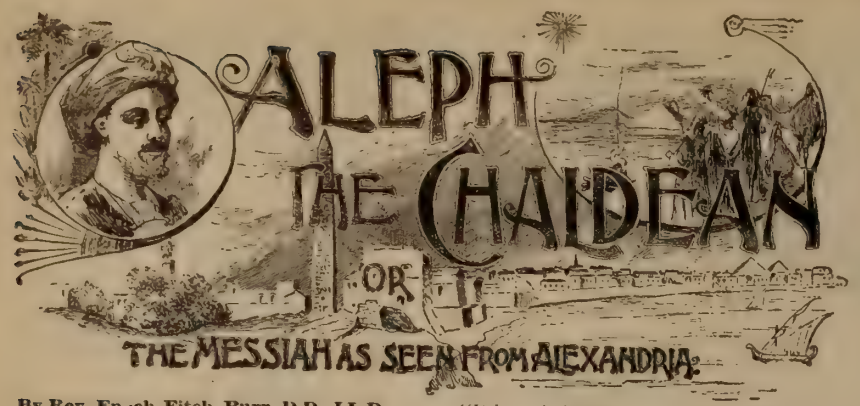
Child Perils at Sitka.

AN affecting story of the experience of little children at Sitka, who have been rescued and sheltered by the Industrial School there, is related by a correspondent. "A few years ago," he writes, "a littles girl was accused of witchcraft. The tribe bound her with a rope, a stalwart chief holding one end of the rope, walking in advance, dragging the child after him, while another came behind, holding the other end of the rope. These men were the admiration of the tribe in holding between them a puny, starved girl of ten years. She was rescued by Prof. Austin, who was in charge of the school, and given a home. A bright boy had been sold twice as a slave before he was brought to the school. Another had been shot as a slave and a bullet sent crushing through his shoulder. Another had been tied up as a witch and kept four days without food, when he was rescued. Another, when born, was about to be killed by his parents, to save the trouble of taking care of him. A neighboring woman took pity on the babe and removed him to her own house. When the school commenced he was placed in it. Many others have come under the protection of the school, through trials and dangers, and all along the coast if a child is to be sold into slavery, or is in danger of being tortured to death as a witch, they know that if they can escape and reach the Presbyterian Mission School at Sitka, they are safe." The horrors of African slavery are little worse than those that exist in this remote part of our own hemisphere.

* * *

The Seven Wonders of Corea.

COREA, like the world of the ancients, has its "seven wonders." First, a hot mineral spring near Kin-Shantao, the healing properties of which are believed by the people to be miraculous. The second wonder is two springs situated at a considerable distance from each other; one is full, the other always empty, and notwithstanding the obvious fact that they are connected by a subterranean passage, one is bitter, the other pure and sweet. The third wonder is a cold-wave cave—from which a wintry wind perpetually blows with such force that a strong man cannot stand before it. A forest that cannot be eradicated, is the fourth wonder. No matter what injury is done to the roots of the trees, which are large pines, they will sprout up again directly. The fifth is the famous "floating stone," in front of a palace. It is an irregular tube of great bulk, and it appears to be resting on the ground free from supports on all sides; but travellers assert two men on opposite ends of a rope may pass it under the stone without encountering any object. The sixth wonder is a "hot stone," on the top of a high hill. The seventh and last wonder is a drop of the sweat of Buddha. For thirty paces around the large temple in which it is enshrined not a blade of grass will grow.



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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CHAPTER XI. (*Continued.*)

"ONE more particular," added Metellus, "and I have finished. The Museum also requests that the testing may be by our professional teachers of equestrianism and fence. The testing is likely to be more scientifically done; and well sustained will be more creditable to the candidate. I hope he will gratify us also in this particular."

"In this particular also," said Aleph quietly—"assuming that nothing unfair is intended, and that I shall not be asked to attempt anything which the trainer is not willing to attempt himself."

"This condition is reasonable—do you accept it?" demanded Cornelius. Receiving a nod of assent, he continued. "Then we will proceed to the gymnasium—under protest. I demur to the whole proceeding. Our new associate is too compliant. The Museum is extravagant and unreasonable. It will bear watching—Gentlemen of the Serapeum!" he exclaimed, after a moment's pause, "I move you that we invite the venerable Seti to accompany us to the gymnasium. It will conduce to order and fairness."

The suggestion was heartily ratified.

The gymnasium was near. The fair occupants of the latticed gallery already mentioned, and of whose presence some faint signs had appeared during the lecture, had only to remove to the opposite side of the same large room to command as good a view and almost as good a hearing of what might pass in the gymnasium as they had been having of the lecture-room. Did they remove? Who knows? Was the Gem of Alexandria, with her lofty brow and shining eyes, among them? Who knows? Certainly not Aleph the Chaldean.

The large court of the temple had been fitted up for athletic exercises. We need only say in regard to it that it was large enough to inclose a small hippodrome at the centre; that on the right and left of a broad passage leading down to this from the main entrance were tiers of movable seats rising one above another. Those on the left were already occupied by the Museum in full force when the Serapeum came crowding in and took the seats on the right. Then appeared Seti and took the seat of honor in the middle of the passage. Last of all came P. Cornelius and our two friends. These walked down at once to the edge of the hippodrome, when Cimon took a seat on the right, and Aleph and Cornelius remained standing—

Before a man, who, a long whip in hand, was holding at full length the rein of a superb-looking horse with a riding-cloth strapped upon him.

"What do you wish?" said Aleph to the trainer in equestrianism.

"Handle this Arabian in all ways—mount, trot around the course, canter and gallop, maintain your seat under shouts and the hissing of this whip."

"Has this horse any peculiarities?" asked Cornelius.

"This the stranger is to find out for himself," said the trainer gruffly.

"The animal has the eye of a demon," continued Cornelius; "and it is agreed between the Museum and us that you, Beco, are not to ask my friend to do what you are not willing to undertake yourself. So I now ask you to mount—in short, do yourself what you ask from him."

"I am here to examine, not to be examined," and the man shrugged his shoulders and tried, unsuccessfully, to look amused.

"Do you refuse?" demanded Cornelius.

"I refuse to be tested myself; I am not a candidate for matriculation," was the surly reply.

Cornelius looked anxiously around, and seeing the trainer of the Serapeum standing not far away, he beckoned to him; and on his approach conferred with him in a low voice for a moment.

"It is as I thought," he then cried out so that all could hear; "our own equestrian trainer judges this animal to be vicious and dangerous—evidently so dangerous that he would not himself venture to attempt mounting him. I appeal to the University against such unfairness!"

No notice was taken of this appeal; for by this time both Serapeum and Museum were watching with breathless interest the proceedings of Aleph.

After his first words to the trainer he seemed to take no notice of what others were doing. His whole attention was absorbed by the formidable animal before him. Soon he stepped forward to the side of Beco, and stood there for a few moments looking steadily into the flaming eyes of the horse. Then he silently took the rein into his hand and motioned Beco with his whip into the background. There they stood alone for a while, confronting each other—the soul of the man looking out of his eyes, and the soul of the brute looking out of his—the one calm, confident, masterful; the other brimful of willfulness, resistance, determination, passion and malignity. Each of them seemed to be asking the other, "Which of us shall be master?"

Aleph began to draw gently on the rein. The horse showed his teeth, champed his bit, struck the ground fiercely with his forefoot, seemed on the point of springing on his enemy. But Aleph gave not the slightest sign of apprehension. Not the smallest movement that looked toward self-protection was apparent. On the contrary, he advanced a step, and, if possible, his attitude grew firmer, his port more commanding, and his eyes shot out their rays into the brute eyes with a still more confident majesty. He saw the fierce eyes before him beginning to soften, to waver. He advanced another step. He laid his hand softly on the thin, quivering nostrils. He began to speak—meanwhile caressing with a gentle hand the soft nostril, the long forelock, the tapering ears.

"You are one of ten thousand—finely formed, powerfully built, full of grace and strength and spirit. A steed for a warrior! But you are not an Arabian. Parthia was your mother. And you are as wild as the wildest of the Parthians. I do not think that you have ever felt the weight of a man. You have been bitted, but never ridden. You have been mismanaged and abused till you think every man an enemy. It is a mistake. You have at last found a friend. Now we understand each other—do we not?"

The noble head begun to droop toward the soothing tones when Aleph, putting both arms with the rein over it, drew it gently still lower, patted it, patted the heavy mane, patted the proud arch of the neck, patted the shapely flank, patted the royal curve of the back, patted that royal curve with both hands—a moment more was seated upon it, rein in hand.

What a bound there was then! The demon that had been cast out came back seven-fold. But the horse seemed to think that he had a demon on his back instead of within him. He sprang into the air with such suddenness and violence that one would have thought him thunderstruck into a resolution to forsake the earth at once and forever in favor of a higher sphere. Then followed a rapid succession of pyrotechnic struggles, in which was tried every sort of device and movement, save that of falling, known to a horse, to free himself from his burden. Such mighty wrath; such desperate and frenzied exertions; such shakings and strikings and kickings and rearings and plungings, and at last such runnings away, had not been seen since the days of Bucephalus. But during it all Aleph sat as if a part of the animal, with no strain whatever on the rein, merely watchfully accommodating himself to the various movements of which he seemed to have some secret intelligence in advance: and when the running began he only used the rein to guide it according to the round of the arena. This was no easy matter—the speed was so great and the round so small. Whether he would be able to prevent the headlong courser from dashing through the seats occupied by the Museum was so doubtful to those in the front seats that they instinctively made a great outcry and flourish of canes at the flying centaur. This added, if possible, new wings to the flight: but Aleph so skillfully combined the use of the rein with limb-pressure and flexions that the round was safely made three times. The quadruped hurricane then stopped of his own accord at the starting point—all in a tremble and covered with foam.

Aleph sprang from his back, caught up a large cloth that lay near, gently wiped off the sweat from the trembling animal, patted and stroked and soothed him with hand and voice till he ceased to tremble.

Then taking his stand a little in front, he beckoned and called. The horse instantly walked up to him. He laid his hand on the mane, both hands; they grew heavier and heavier, and still the animal stood motionless. A moment more and Aleph was again mounted and pacing slowly around the course. Arrived at the starting point, he again dismounted, tightened the band that confined the riding cloth, and then in a very leisurely way resumed his seat.

"Now, friend Parthia, shall we trot?" A gentle shake of the rein and Parthia trotted around the course with a free and stately action.

"Now, friend Parthia, shall we see what you can do in the way of the ornamental?" By this time the steed had recovered his strength and spirit; and in perfect obedience to rein and foot he curveted and pranced and caracoled about the arena after a most wonderful fashion. But the greatest wonder was not the horse, but the horseman. Such unaffected simplicity, ease, and repose of manner! With what grace and even majesty he carried himself! As he went his last round with the sunshine on his royal face and the steed stepping as proudly under him as if he knew that he carried a royal burden—ah, such a shout went up in the Serapeum and Museum both! Aleph happened to look up and lo, on one side of the arena, high up in the Serapeum, latticed windows were all open and bright faces and forms were leaning out waving snowy veils. The ladies of Alexandria, relying on the absorption of the students, and perhaps forgetting themselves in the intense interest of the scene, had gradually pushed the lattice aside for the sake of a better view: and when Aleph looked up and saw them he saw also a bouquet of flowers in the air, and a fair hand that had just parted with it, and a glorious face that he knew behind the hand. The horse sprang to meet the descending token; and as Aleph caught it in his hand, he, as gallant knights should always do, bowed low, even to the horse's mane.

"Who owns this animal, thou villain!" exclaimed Cornelius, with some fire in his voice and more in his eyes, to the trainer.

The man tapped the ground uneasily with his whip, and was silent.

Turning to the students, Cornelius cried, "Whoever was the owner of this horse when he came here has forfeited his claim. Let us declare it forfeited to the University, and present the animal to Aleph, the Chaldean, to be kept at our expense: and if the original owner dares to claim him, let us prosecute the wretch before the courts for intent to kill one of us."

Said Metellus, "I approve of that. It seems to me that it would be a crime against society to reward the man for his crime by replacing a horse worth considerably less than nothing by one worth a thousand gold staters. May I ask what the venerable Seti thinks?"

The venerable Seti thought that under the circumstances the horse had a right to choose his own master—that in fact had already chosen, and chosen well. He should have free keeping in the stalls of the Serapeum as long as his master should choose.

The students ratified lustily.

In the meantime Aleph had dismounted and stood holding the rein over one arm, while the other was thrown carelessly over the arched neck of the horse. As he gave the rein to a servant of the Serapeum who now presented himself he said:

"I am glad if the Museum regards the trial thus far as satisfactory. But there remains another trial to which they have asked me to submit—that by their teacher of fence. For this I am now ready"—and the flowers which till now he had held in his hand he secured under his girdle.

Then up spake Cornelius again. "I cannot but think that the Museum is thoroughly satisfied already with the justice of our matriculation. And to ask a young man after such exertions as we have seen, to pit himself against a fresh man and a famous professional seems to me wonderfully unreasonable. Besides, what has occurred suggests the idea of bad faith somewhere. Of course the Museum does not mean anything of the sort; but in my opinion they are being made tools of by somebody who has a deadly purpose to serve. Unless Draco of Rhodes is a better and fairer man than Beco the Roman, he can be hired to commit a murder."

"It must be confessed," said Q. Metellus, who had come forward and was now standing by the side of Cornelius, "that the Museum has made but a sorry show here to-day, either as a tool or worse; and I should not much blame P. Cornelius if he had taken a worse view of us than he does. We have had a most instructive time, but no thanks to the Museum for it. We were trapped into it. For my part I disclaim all fellowship with Beco and his proceedings; and if I could think it possible that another such scoundrel could be found attached to the Museum I should be tempted to forsake it for cleaner quarters. If I should wish the examination to proceed further it would be solely for the purpose of vindicating our good name and showing that Beco is the only devil among us."

On this arose another young man among the benches of the Museum who commended in a general sort of way the remarks of Metellus; but then said that the Museum had formally taken ground that it was not proper to take any accomplishment for granted, saving as the higher includes the lower. As the candidate did not seem to be at all worn by what he had done, let him have a chance to win new laurels from Draco of Rhodes.

Some of the Museum applauded.

"But Euphemes of Corinth should consider," began P. Cornelius; but Aleph laid his hand on his arm and said, "Excuse me, my friend."

Then turning toward the Museum, he added in a voice that had in it a touch of humor as well as several touches of decision, "I beg that the Museum may be gratified by the complete carrying out of the plan they have proposed. I do not ask for exceptions in my favor, either from my fellow students or from your teacher of fence. Let him do his best—provided he deal fairly and honorably."

This settled the matter, though Cornelius and some others, especially of the Serapeum, looked and muttered discontent. "It is too bad. Talk of fairness and honor in connection with such a desperado as Draco! Depend upon it there is some wickedness in the wind. When such a fellow comes to the front, the gods retire."

And he was a formidable figure to look at, as he presented himself in the arena. A man of unusual stature and weight, with prodigious muscular development about the arms and chest, but without obesity and with every appearance of activity as well as of strength. His face was the worst part of him—shaggy, coarse, hard, cruel, with protuberant bloodshot eyes out of which looked all the passions save fear and pity—the whole made more repulsive by a large swelling on one cheek which Aleph well understood.

To this forbidding figure Aleph walked down (followed at a little distance by Cornelius and Metellus) and stood before him with folded arms and investigating eyes.

Draco proceeded to pass his hands across the shoulders and chest of the young man; felt of his arms; took their length; inspected his hands; stood off a little distance to observe the limbs and general build.

"Very well to begin pon. I think I could make something of you. Not quite enough like Mars, however." Then, taking the attitude of a boxer, he said, "Now deliver some blows at me with your open hand."

Aleph made certain strokes which were more remarkable for the freedom and grace with which they were delivered than for anything else, and which Draco found no difficulty in parrying. None of them were aimed at the face; but once the low stroke was so struck up by Draco in the parrying that the hand touched the swollen cheek. Draco's eyes flashed.

In this preliminary bout it became evident to Aleph, from the force and direction of the parrying, that Draco was aiming to disable as well as to parry. His wards were strokes—his defense an attack.

"Now take your turn at parry," said Draco with a subtle menace lurking in both eye and voice.

Aleph saw that the time had come when he would need all his watchfulness. He erected himself to a fuller stature. His feet and limbs set themselves into new firmness. His eye took on new openness and intensity without losing anything of its characteristic repose.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE SCRIPTURE QUILT.

THE following incident of the Civil War was related by a member of the Christian Commission: "In one of the boxes sent to us by the Sanitary Commission was a patchwork quilt of unusual softness and lightness. When we opened it, we found a note pinned to it. It read as follows: 'I have made this Scripture-quilt for one of the hospital beds, for I thought that while it would be a comfort to the poor body, it might speak a word of good to the precious soul—the words are so beautiful and blessed, and full of balm and healing! May it be blessed to the dear boys in the army, among whom I have a son.'

"It was made of blocks of calico alternated with blocks of white muslin, and on every white block was written some precious Scripture text. On the central block, in letters so large as to catch the careless eye, was that 'faithful saying' in which is all our hope and strength—'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' And below it the prayer we all need to pray: 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' The head border, which should be nearest the sick man's eye, and oftenest read, had the sweetest texts of promise, love, and comfort.

"It was not long before a man sick with pneumonia was brought in, and we put our new quilt on his bed. He noticed nothing at first, he was too ill; but when he grew better, I saw him intent on the texts. 'Handy to have 'em here!' he said, pointing to them as I stood near him.

"'You know how to value them, then?' I said. 'I do,' he answered, with heartiness.

"After that I saw many studying the quilt—almost all who lay beneath it.

"At last came the boy who had best right to the comfort of our Scripture-quilt—the 'son' of whom the good woman who made it spoke in the note attached. It was a strange circumstance that he should have come to lie beneath it, but so it was.

"He had lain there senseless for more than a week, when I saw him kiss the patchwork. I thought he might be wandering, or, if not, had found a text of hope or consolation that seemed to suit his need, and marked with my eye the place he had kissed, to see what it was.

"It was no text, but a calico block, the pattern a little crimson leaf on the dark ground. He kept looking at it, tears in his eyes, and I was almost sure his mind was wandering. Nay; he was most truly in his right mind, and his thoughts were at home with his mother. A bit of the gown he had so often seen her wear had carried him back to her. He kissed it again. I approached him. He looked up, and smiled through his tears.

"'Do you know where this quilt came from?' he asked. 'Some good woman sent it to us through the Sanitary Commission.' 'You don't know her name nor where it came from?' 'No; but I saved a note that was pinned to the quilt.' 'Would you be willing to let me see it sometime when it's convenient?' 'Oh, yes. I'll get it now.'

"I got it for him; his hand trembled and his lips grew white as he opened it and saw the writing.' 'Please read it to me quite slowly,' he said, returning it. 'It is from my mother; shall you keep it?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'I value it very much, as also the quilt.' He put his hands over his eyes. I thought he wished to be alone, and left him. As I stood by his bed the next day, I was wondering if he had not seen his mother's texts, as well as the bit of her gown. He had, and pointed one out to me. It was, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' 'I am no more worthy,' he whispered. I put my finger on the next white block, and read aloud, 'When he was yet a great way off,' his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.'

"A few days after, when he had grown much stronger, he held up to me the text I had shown him; 'I was a great way off,' he said, 'but he met me, and had compassion on me.'

"'Shall I not write to your mother and tell her that her son who was dead is alive again; who was lost, is found?' 'Will it not be too much trouble?' 'Oh, no; a pleasure instead.'

"I wrote the blessed tidings making the mother's heart rejoice. And now our Scripture-quilt was even dearer and more sacred than before."

After the Grip

"A Walking Ghost" was What They Called Mrs. Rumrill.

Mrs. Susie C. Rumrill of Royalton, Vt., voluntarily writes: "For years I had gastric dyspepsia, and recently had the Grip. I got into such a serious condition that I had fits, during which time I could not think collectedly or talk without forgetting what I was saying. I could not sleep, had no appetite, and people said I looked like a walking ghost, I was so pale. When I laid down I

Could Not Breathe

with any comfort. Something suggested to me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before the first bottle was gone I had quite an appetite, which increased until I could eat well without any distress or disturbance afterward. I have taken six bottles, the color has come back to my face, I have no fits, can breathe well when lying down, am perfectly well. I am more than thankful for

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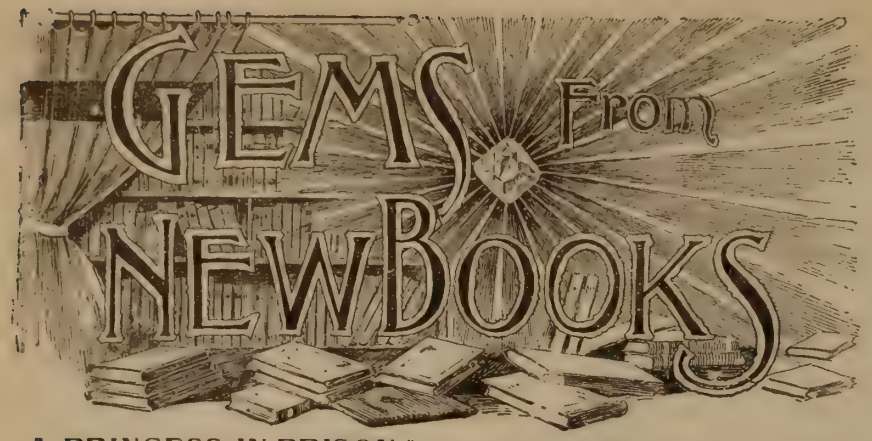

A PRINCESS IN PRISON.*

THE most ardent revolutionists and those most wrought upon by hatred and regicidal passions were not able to pass the tower of the temple when the terror was at its height, without experiencing certain qualms. The vast skeleton of stone, dating from the twelfth century and recalling the baleful history of the Order of Templars, wore an aspect more dismal and fantastic that ever. This dungeon which succeeded Versailles and the Tuileries, for the descendants of Louis XIV seemed a fatal spot—where Louis XVI had not been since the morning of Jan. 51, 1793, but where this Queen, Marie Antoinette, her sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth, her daughter, Madame Royale (the future Duchess of Angouleme), and his son, whom the royalists of France and all Europe styled Louis XVII., but whom his jailers called Capet, still remained. It was known in a vague sort of way that the royal family endured indescribable sufferings in this dreadful abode, and tears came into the eyes of royalists as they gazed at its gigantic walls. More than one republican sought in vain to escape a like emotion. Persons who had seen the royal family resplendent in gala carriages on days when they made triumphal visits to the good city of Paris, could not avoid reflections on the vicissitudes in human affairs, and on catastrophes which no harbinger of misfortune would have ventured to forebode.

A Diary of a Princess.

Marie Antoinette left the temple for the Conciergerie at two in the morning. At that moment our present recital begins. The narrator shall be the heroine of this study, Marie Therese of France, Madame Royale, the future Duchess of Angouleme.

This young girl of fourteen kept a journal in her captivity which she called "A narrative of what occurred at the temple from August 13th, 1792, until the death of the Dauphin, Louis XVII."

Marie Therese thus describes the terrible night of August 2d, 1793: "August 2d, at two o'clock in the morning, they came to wake us up in order to read my mother the decree of the convention which ordered that, upon the requisition of the Procureur of the Commune, she should be conducted to the Conciergerie for her trial. She listened to the reading of this decree without being affected or saying a single word. My aunt and I at once asked to follow my mother, but this favor was not granted. While she was packing up her clothes the municipal officers did not quit her; she was even obliged to dress in their presence. They demanded her pockets, which she gave them. They rummaged them and took all they contained, although it was nothing of importance. They made a packet of the contents, which they said they would send to the revolutionary tribunal, where it would be opened before her. They left her nothing but a handkerchief and a smelling bottle, lest she should faint. My mother, after tenderly embracing me and recommending me to be courageous, to take good care of my aunt, and to obey her like a second mother, renewed the instructions my father had given me; then, throwing herself into my aunt's arms, she intrusted her children to her care. I made no answer, so greatly frightened was I at the thought that I was seeing her for the last time; my aunt said a few words in a very low tone. at us, fearing, doubtless, that her courage might abandon her.

*From *The Youth of the Duchess of Angouleme*, by Imbert de Saint-Amand, translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin, one of the charming series of works on the famous women of the French Court. This volume covers the later months of the Reign of Terror when its heroine, the daughter of the King, was in prison and remained there while her father, mother and aunt were sent to the guillotine and her brother died in his cell. Some of the extracts from her diary here published are among the most pathetic passages in history. Pp. 326; Price $1.25; Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.

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SPURGEON.

(For The Christian Herald.)

O VICTOR, glory-crowned and free!
How wide the "pearly gates" were flung:
When you passed throught their portals fair,
How sweet your "welcome home" was sung.

How can your golden crown contain
The stars which you have nobly won?
In preaching Christ to the fallen men,
And winning souls for God's dear Son.

Ah! *Now* you know what Heaven is,
And all its attributes, I ween!
You've greeted Jesus—met your friends.
And gazed on many a rapturous scene,

Were there not scores in bright array:
Who welcomed you with loving cheer?
Those many happy ransomed souls,
Led up to Christ while you were here.

Rest you in peace—Chosen of God,
Beloved by all in every land,
We mourn because you've passed away,
Though guided by our Father's hand.

—MRS. C. L. A. BENTLEY.

A TRIBUTE TO PASTOR SPURGEON.

REV. CHARLES F. DEEMS, of the Church of of the Strangers, New York, writes: The first time that I saw Spurgeon was in 1860. I was visiting London, and had become acquainted with a daughter of the author of *The Star Spangled Banner*. As we were both Marylanders and born in the same town we formed quite a comradeship and did much of London together. Spurgeon was making a great stir and was to preach in St. James' Hall. I shall never forget the first impression his appearance made on me.

But he grew and grew and ripened as he grew. His influence for good was immense. Twenty years afterward I was in London again, then it was convenient for me to be with him and to hear him several times. He had made good use of the intervening score of years and was rich in the manna of the Gospel and sweet with the temper of Jesus. When last at the Tabernacle, in taking my leave of him I said, "I do like you so much more than I did when I first saw you twenty years ago." "What's the difference?" he asked with a smile. "Charles Spurgeon has been shrinking and Christ Jesus has been growing in you all the while." He dropped his eyes to the floor a moment and then looking at me seriously he said, "I trust that that is just so." He wrote about this interview afterwards and urged that Christian ministers should utter such criticisms of each other to each other for comfort and edification. I saw his article copied in an American paper.

When we parted, I said, "Brother Spurgeon, continue to fight the good fight of faith and lay hold on eternal life." He fairly squeezed my hand until it ached as he said, "Farewell, brother Deems, you and I will win the fight!" He *has* won the fight; *he* has laid hold on eternal life. With tender tears in my eyes I find myself saying, "God grant that I may also."

PASTOR SPURGEON'S BAPTISM.

In the life of the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon just published by the Fleming H. Revell Company occurs the following description of his baptism as Mr. Spurgeon himself related it forty years after the event:

"We went together to the ferry, for the Isleham friends had not degenerated to indoor immerson in a bath made by the art of man, but used the ampler bapistery of the flowing river.

"Isleham Ferry, on the river Lark, is a very quiet spot, half-a-mile from the village, and rarely disturbed by traffic at any time of the year. The river itself is a beautiful stream, dividing Cambridgeshire from Suffolk, and is dear to local anglers. The right depth, with sure footing, may soon be found, and so the delightful service proceeds in the gently-flowing stream. No accident or disorder has ever marred the proceedings. In the course of seven or eight miles the Lark serves no fewer than five Baptist churches, and they would on no account give up baptizing out of doors."

"To me," resumes Mr. Spurgeon, "there seemed a great concourse on that week-day. Dressed, I believed, in a jacket, with a boy's turn-down collar, I attended the service previous to the ordinance; but all remembrance of it has gone from me; my thoughts were in the water, sometimes with my Lord in joy, and sometimes with myself in trembling awe at making so public a confession. There were first to be baptized two women, Diana Wilkinson and Eunice Fuller, and I was asked to conduct them through the water to the minister; but this I most timidly declined. It was a new experience to me, never having seen a baptism before, and I was afraid of making some mistake. The wind blew down the river with a cutting blast, as my turn came to wade into the flood; but after I had walked a few steps, and noted the people on the ferry-boat, and in boats, and on either shore, I felt as if heaven and earth and hell might all gaze upon me; for I was not ashamed, there and then, to own myself a follower of the Lamb. Timidity was gone; I have scarcely met with it since. I lost a thousand fears in that River Lark, and found that 'in keeping his commandments there is a great reward.' It was a thrice-happy day to me. God be praised for the preserving goodness which allows me to write of it with delight at the distance of 40 years."

The ceremony took place on May 3, 1850. Mr. Spurgeon walked to the place from Newmarket, a distance of eight miles. He was dressed in a youth's jacket and wore a boy's turndown collar. He frequently spoke afterwards of the joyous solemnity which filled his heart as he thus publicly declared himself on the Lord's side.

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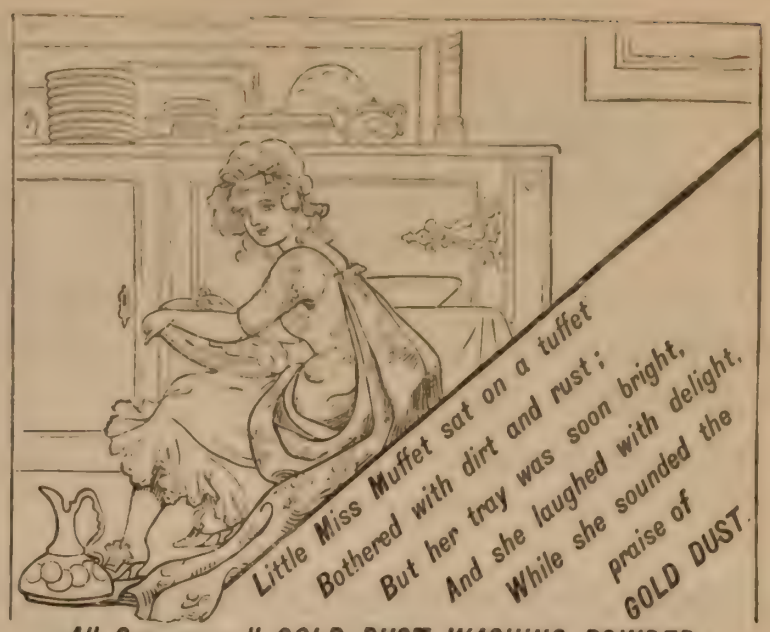
Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
Bothered with dirt and rust;
But her tray was soon bright,
And she laughed with delight,
While she sounded the
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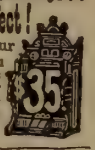

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 15. NUMBER 10.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Office, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 9, 1892.

PRICE 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

Christ's Work in Ceylon.

What a Consecrated American Missionary Family has Accomplished.

The Simple Yet Graphic Story of Mary and Margaret Leitch's Seven Years' Experience—"Two White Faces Amid 20,000 Brown Ones"—The Great Need of Medical Missions.

IN the Indian Ocean, and separated from the mainland of Continental India by the Gulf of Manaar, lies the beautiful island of Ceylon, the "utmost Indian isle" of the ancients. It has for many years been a field of missionary labor and in the northern province, which has a population of 316,000 souls, there are at the present time eight missionary families working in connection with the American Board and two English missions. The story of one of these families, whose members, now on a visit to this country, have for years been active and successful laborers in the Master's vineyard, is told to-day in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In the simple yet earnest recital of Mary and Margaret W. Leitch there is something to stir the holy ambition of the daughters of godly American parents to emulate their lives, and do what they can to give the Gospel to women throughout the world.

The story of the Misses Leitch, as it comes from their own lips to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is as follows:

"We were born in the village of Ryegate, Caledonia County, Vermont, a little distance form St. Johnsbury. Our father and mother were both earnest Christians, and their children were led to think seriously of Christian work in the foreign field through a mother's prayers. Her prayer used to be: 'Oh, Lord; do not let our children set their affections on worldly things. They are not worthy of them.' Would that all mothers would pray this prayer. She prayed, day by day, that God would raise up servants to take the Gospel to the heathen, and these prayers touched our hearts. When the time came, we felt we could not sit idle at home.

"We had our first experience in Christian work among the negroes of the South. We labored for six winters in Alexandria, Va., carrying on mission work at our own charges. In this field we were greatly blessed, and many were led to Christ as the result of our humble efforts. Having become interested in the negroes, we thought of going to Africa and offered our services to the American Board for that field; but the Board decided that our preparation best fitted us for work in Ceylon, from which country they had at that time urgent calls for additional missionaries. With our brother, G. W. Leitch, we landed in Ceylon in December, 1879. Our brother remained in the new field three years and then was called home by the sickness and death of our father. He has since devoted his time to addressing missionary meetings, and familiarizing American audiences by lime-light views of India and Ceylon, with the condition of affairs in these countries. He has been the means of awakening much interest and leading many young people to consecrate themselves to the Master's service. He has helped us in our effort in securing funds for the work in Ceylon. His lectures have also increased the receipts of the Woman's Board of Missions.

"My sister and I were in Ceylon altogether seven years. During most of that time we were the only missionaries in a district of 20,000 people—two white faces among 20,000 brown ones. We had much joy in our work and these seven years were the happiest of our lives. We were never lonely or discouraged, and throughout our district we had the joy of knowing that every house was open to our visits—not a single door closed against us. Wherever we went, the people welcomed us. A mother would come out and say: "Salaam, ammah," ("I am glad to see you.") Another would spread the mat for us, the native women would sit down upon it and would come and sit beside us and the little children would run around us, and very often, we used to take up the wee, brown babies in our arms and sing to them in their own language:

'Easu ennay na-sep-par'
(Jesus loves me.)

These people loved us and used to call us by two pet names, that of Mary being 'Petti-Ammah' and Margaret 'Chin-Ammah,' or 'big mother' and 'little mother.'

MARGARET W. LEITCH.

G. W. LEITCH.

MARY LEITCH.

"In Northern Ceylon, there are at present eight missionary families connected with two English missions and one American mission, and working among 310,000 people. There are about 3,080 Christian communicants in the northern province and these are gathered into twenty-two native churches, each having a native pastor. These churches are, at the present time, almost wholly self-supporting. The native Christians give not only for the support of their churches, for Christian education, for the Bible and tract distribution, but they have formed themselves into native missionary societies and are supporting thirteen native missionaries, sending some of them to the peninsula to work in the south and in the adjacent islands. The rule among the native Christians is to give one-tenth of their entire income to Christ's service. Many of the people are poor and money is scarce, the ordinary wage of a workingman being ten cents a day. The average given by the native Christians is $3 a year each for every communicant—equal to one month's wages of a workingman there.

SHRINE OF THE HEATHEN GOD, PULLIAR, IN CEYLON.

"When the missionaries first went to Ceylon, they found the people sunk in gross ignorance. In the northern part, they were Hindoos, worshipping 333,000,000 gods and goddesses. The missionaries started schools and found the natives willing to allow their boys to attend school, but not the girls. 'What's the use,' they asked, 'of sending girls to school? They can't learn any more than a sheep.' On one occasion, a missionary asked a native to send his daughter to school. The native pointed to a horse by the roadside and said: 'Sir, could that horse learn to read?' 'No,' said the missionary. 'Well,' said the native, 'if an intelligent animal like a horse could not learn to read, how do you think a woman can learn?' This was all that Hinduism had done to inspire respect for woman.

"With much difficulty, the missionaries succeeded in inducing a few girls to attend school. These very soon committed to memory the 240 letters of the Tamil alphabet, and when their parents saw that girls could learn as well as boys, they were much surprised. Now there are 15,000 children (one-third being girls), in the mission schools in Northern Ceylon. In these schools, the Bible lessons are taught one hour each day; Christian hymns and lyrics are taught, and all the usual secular lessons. The children also attend the Sabbath schools. Realizing that the boy of to-day is the man of to-morrow, the missionaries believed that, if they could win the children to Christ, they would have the men and women of the near future. There are also higher education institutions, including several English high-schools and five girls' boarding schools. My sister and I had charge for some time of one of these—the Oodooville Girls' Boarding School, where there were 120 girls in attendance. The school is now entirely self-supporting. While in Ceylon, we were able to raise largely through the natives $7,500 in cash and promises, toward its endowment. In several instances contributors gave one month's salary in order to endow the school. It has been in existence for more than fifty years. One missionary lady (Miss Agnew), had charge of it for forty-one years consecutively, and taught 1,000 girls in the school. The pupils loved her greatly and because she taught so many of them, the people poetically call her: "The Mother of a Thousand Daughters." During the time she was connected with the school, 600 girls graduated and all as Christians. Many came from heathen homes; but they learned of Christ and gave their hearts to him. When we think that Miss Agnew was the means of bringing the light of the Gospel into hundreds of homes in Ceylon, we cannot help reflecting how precious such a life consecrated to Christ must be. Are there not many young women, now living in ease and luxury in this country, who might go to some foreign land and, with God's blessing, do as great a work as Miss Agnew did in Ceylon.

"There is in Ceylon, among other institutions, a Christian College, called the Jaffna College,

(*Continued on page 149.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

BIRDS OF EVERY FEATHER.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday Morning Sermon: Ezekiel 17: 23: "*A goodly cedar and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing.*"

THE cedar of Lebanon is a royal tree. It stands six thousand feet above the level of the sea. A missionary counted the concentric circles, and found one tree thirty-five hundred years old—long-rooted, broad branched, all the year in luxuriant foliage. The same branches that bent in the hurricane that David saw sweeping over Lebanon, rock to-day over the head of the American traveller. This monarch of the forest, with its leafy fingers, plucks the honors of a thousand years, and sprinkles them upon its own uplifted brow, as though some great hallelujah of heaven had been planted upon Lebanon, and it were rising up with all its long-armed strength to take hold of the hills whence it came. Oh! what a fine place for birds to nest in! In hot days they come thither—the eagle, the dove, the swallow, the sparrow, and the raven. There is to many of us a complete fascination in the structure and habits of birds. They seem not more of earth than heaven—ever vacillating between the two. No wonder that Audubon, with his gun, tramped through all of the American forests in search of new specimens. Geologists have spent years in finding the track of a bird's claw in the new red sandstone. There is enough of God's architecture in a snipe's bill or a grouse's foot to confound all the universities. Musicians have, with clefs and bars, tried to catch the sound of the nightingale and robin. Among the first things that a child notices is a swallow at the eaves; and grandfather goes out with a handful of crumbs to feed the snow-birds. The Bible is full of ornithological allusions. The birds of the Bible are not dead and stuffed, like those of the museum, but living birds, with fluttering wings and plumage. "Behold the fowls of the air," says Christ. "Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down," exclaims Obadiah. "Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks?" says Job. David describes his desolation by saying, "I am like a pelican of the wilderness; I am like an owl of the desert; I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop." "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord"—so says Jeremiah.

Ezekiel in my text intimates that Christ is the cedar, and the people from all quarters are the birds that lodge among the branches. "It shall be a goodly cedar, and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing." As in Ezekiel's time, so now—Christ is a goodly cedar, and to him are flying all kinds of people—young and old, rich and poor; men high-soaring as the eagle, those fierce as the raven, and those gentle as the dove. "All fowl of every wing."

First, the young may come. Of the eighteen hundred and ninety-two years that have passed since Christ came, about sixteen hundred have been wasted by the good in misdirected efforts. Until Robert Raikes came, there was no organized effort for saving the young. We spend all our strength trying to bend old trees, when a little pressure would have been sufficient for the sapling. We let men go down to the very bottom of sin before we try to lift them up. It is a great deal easier to keep a train on the track than to get it on when it is off. The experienced reinsman checks the fiery steed at the first jump, for when he gets in full swing, the swift hoofs clicking fire from the pavement, and the bit between his teeth, his momentum is irresistible. It is said that the young must be allowed to sow their "wild oats." I have noticed that those who sow their wild oats seldom try to raise any other kind of crop. There are two opposite destinies. If you are going to heaven, you had better take the straight road, and not try to go to Boston by the way of New Orleans. What is to be the history of this multitude of young people around me to-day? I will take you by the hand and show you a glorious sunrise. I will not whine about this thing, nor groan about it; but come, young men and maidens, Jesus wants you. His hand is love; his voice is music; his smile is heaven. Religion will put no handcuffs on your wrist, no hopples on your feet, no brand on your forehead.

I went through the heaviest snowstorm I have ever known to see a dying girl. Her cheek on the pillow was white as the snow on the casement. Her large round eye had not lost any of its lustre. Loved ones stood all around the bed trying to hold her back. Her mother could not give her up; and one nearer to her than either father or mother was frantic with grief. I said, "Fanny, how do you feel?" "Oh!" she said, "happy! happy! Mr. Talmage, tell all the young folks that religion will make them happy." As I came out of the room, louder than all the sobs and wailings of grief I heard the clear, sweet, glad voice of the dying girl: "Good night; we shall meet again on the other side of the river." The next Sabbath we buried her. We brought white flowers and laid them on the coffin. There was in all that crowded church but one really happy and delighted face, and that was the face of Fanny. Oh! I wish that now my Lord Jesus would go through this audience, and take all these flowers of youth and garland them on his brow. The cedar is a fit refuge for birds of brightest plumage and swiftest wing. See, they fly! they fly! "All fowl of every wing."

Again: I remark that the old may come. You say, "Suppose a man has to go on crutches; suppose he is blind, suppose he is deaf; suppose that nine-tenths of his life has been wasted." Then I answer, Come with crutches; come, old men, blind and deaf, come to Jesus. If you would sweep your hand around before your blind eyes, the first thing you would touch would be the Cross. It is hard for an aged man or woman to have grown old without religion. Their taste is gone. The peach and the grape have lost their flavor. They say that somehow fruit does not taste as it used to. Their hearing gets defective, and they miss a great deal that is said in their presence. Their friends have all gone, and everybody seems so strange. The world seems to go away from them, and they are left all alone. They begin to feel in the way when you come into the room where they are: and they move their chair nervously, and say, "I hope I am not in the way." Alas! that father and mother should ever be in the way. When you were sick, and they sat up all night rocking you, singing to you, administering to you, did they think that you were in the way? Are you tired of the old people? Do you snap them up quick and sharp? You will be cursed to the bone for your ingratitude and unkindness!

Oh! it is hard to be old without religion—to feel this world going away, and nothing better coming. If there be any here who have gone far on without Christ. I address you deferentially. You have found this a tough world for old people. Alas! to have aches and pains, and no Christ to soothe them. I want to give you a cane better than that you lean on. It is the cane that the Bible speaks of when it says, "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." I want to give you better spectacles than those you now look through. It is the spiritual eyesight of divine grace. Christ will not think that you are in the way. Does your head tremble with the palsy of old age? Lay it on Christ's bosom. Do you feel lonely now that your companions and children are gone? I think Christ has them. They are safe in his keeping. Very soon he will take you where they are. I take hold of your arm and try to lead you to a place where you can put down all your burden. Go with me. Only a little while longer, and your sight will come again, and your hearing will come again, and with the strength of an immortal athlete, you will step on the pavement of heaven. No crutches in heaven; no sleepless nights in heaven; no cross looks for old people. Dwelling there for ages, no one will say, "Father, you know nothing about this; step back; you are in the way!" Oh, how many dear old folks Jesus has put to sleep! How sweetly he has closed their eyes! How gently folded their arms! How he has put his hand on their silent hearts and said, "Rest now, tired pilgrim. It is all over. The tears will never start again. Hush! hush!" So he gives his beloved sleep. I think the most beautiful object on earth is an old Christian—the hair white, not with the frosts of winter, but the blossoms of the tree of life. I never feel sorry for a Christian old man. Why feel sorry for those upon whom the glories of the eternal world are about to burst? They are going to the goodly cedar. Though their wings are heavy with age, God shall renew their strength like the eagle, and they shall make their nest in the goodly cedar. "All fowl of every wing."

THE BIRDS IN THE LEBANON CEDARS.

Again: The very bad, the outrageously sinful, may come. Men talk of the grace of God, as though it were so many yards long and so many yards deep. People point to the dying thief as an encouragement to the sinner. How much better it would be to point to our own case and say, "If God saved us, he can save anybody." There may be those here who never had one earnest word said to them about their souls. Consider me as putting my hand on your shoulder and looking in your eye. God has been good to you. You ask, "How do you know that? He has been very hard on me." "Where did you come from?" "Home." "Then you have a home. Have you ever

thanked God for your home? Have you children?" "Yes." "Have you ever thanked God for your children? Who keeps them safe? Were you ever sick?" "Yes." Who made you well? Have you been fed every day? Who feeds you? Put your hand on your pulse. Who makes it throb? Listen to the respiration of your lungs. Who helps you to breathe? Have you a Bible in the house, spreading before you the future life? Who gave you that Bible!" Oh! it has been a story of goodness and mercy all the way through. You have has been one of God's pet children. Who

FEEDING THE SNOW-BIRDS.

fondled you, and caressed, you and loved you? And when you went astray, and wanted to come back, did he ever refuse? I know of a father who, after his son came back the fourth time, said, "No; I forgave you three times, but I will never forgive you again." And the son went off and died. But God takes back his children the thousandth time as cheerfully as the first. As easily as with my handkerchief I strike the dust off a book, God will wipe out all your sins.

There are hospitals for "incurables." When men are hopelessly sick, they are sent there. Thank God! there is no hospital for spiritual incurables. Though you had the worst leprosy that ever struck a soul, your flesh shall come again like the flesh of a little child. O, this mercy of God! I am told it is an ocean. Then I place on it four swift-sailing craft, with compass, and charts, and choice rigging, and skilful navigators, and I tell them to launch away, and discover for me the extent of this ocean. That craft puts out in one direction, and sails to the north; this craft to the south; this to the east; this to the west. They crowd on all their canvass, and sail ten thousand years, and one day come up the harbor of heaven, and I shout to them from the beach, "Have you found the shore?" and they answer, "No shore to God's mercy!" Swift angels, dispatched from the throne, attempt to go across it. For a million years they fly and fly, but then come back and fold their wings at the foot of the throne, and cry, "No shore! no shore to God's mercy!

Mercy! Mercy! Mercy! I sing it. I preach it. I pray it. Here I find a man bound hand and foot to the devil, but with one stroke of the hammer of God's truth the chains fall off and he is free for ever. Mercy! Mercy! Mercy! There is no depth it cannot fathom, there is no height it cannot scale, there is no infinity it cannot compass. I take my stand under this goodly cedar, and see the flocks flying thither. They are torn with the shot of temptation, and wounded, and sick and scarred. Some fought with iron beak, some once feasted on carcasses, some were fierce of eye and cruel of talon, but they came, flock after flock—"all fowl of every wing."

Again: all the dying will find their nest in this goodly cedar. It is cruel to destroy a bird's nest, but death does not hesitate to destroy one. There was a beautiful nest in the next street. Lovingly the parents brooded over it. There were two or three little robins in the nest. The scarlet fever thrust its hot hands into the nest, and the birds are gone. Only those are safe who have their nests in the goodly cedar. They have over them "the feathers of the Almighty." Oh! to have those soft, warm, eternal wings stretched over us! Let the storms beat, and the branches of the cedar toss on the wind—no danger. When a storm comes, you can see the birds flying to the woods. Ere the storm of death comes down, let us fly to the goodly cedar.

Of what great varieties heaven will be made up! There come men who once were hard and cruel, and desperate in wickedness, yet now, soft and changed by grace, they come into glory: "All fowl of every wing." And here they come, the children who were reared in loving home-circles, flocking through the gates of life: "All fowl of every wing." These were white, and came from Northern homes; these were black, and ascended from Southern plantations; these were copper-colored, and went up from Indian reservations: "All fowl of every wing." So God gathers them up. It is astonishing how easy it is for a good soul to enter heaven. A prominent business man in Philadelphia went home one afternoon, lay down on the lounge, and said, "It is time for me to go." He was very aged. His daughter said to him, "Are you sick?" He said, "No; but it is time for me to go. Have John put it in two of the morning papers, that my friends may know that I am gone. Good-bye;" and as quick as that, God had taken him.

It is easy to go when the time comes. There are no ropes thrown out to pull us ashore; there are no ladders let down to pull us up. Christ comes and takes us by the hand and says, "You have had enough of this; come up higher." Do you hurt a lily when you pluck it? Is there any rudeness when Jesus touches the cheek, and the red rose of health whitens into the lily of immortal purity and gladness?

When autumn comes and the giant of the woods smites his anvil and the leafy sparks fly on the autumnal gale, then there will be thousands of birds gathering in the tree at the corner of the field, just before departing to warmer climes, and they will call and sing until the

"IT IS TIME FOR ME TO GO."

branches drop with the melody. There is a better clime for us, and by-and-by we shall migrate. We gather in the branches of the goodly cedar, in preparation for departure. You heard our voices in the opening song; you will hear them in the closing song—voices good, voices bad, voices happy, voices distressful—"All fowl of every wing." By-and-by we shall be gone. If all this audience is saved—as I hope they will be—I see them entering into life. Some have had it hard, some have had it easy. Some were brilliant, some were dull. Some were rocked by pious parentage, others have had their infantile cheeks scalded with the tears of woe. Some crawled, as it were, into the kingdom on their hands and knees, and some seemed to enter in chariots of flaming fire. Those fell from a ship's mast, these were crushed in a mining disaster. They are God's singing birds now. No gun of huntsman shall shoot them down. They gather on the trees of life, and fold their wings on the branches, and, far away from frosts, and winds, and night, they sing until the hills are flooded with joy, and the skies drop music, and the arches of pearl send back the echoes—"All fowl of every wing."

Behold the saints beloved of God
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood
Brighter than angels, far, they shine,
Their glories splendid and sublime.

Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross and scorned the shame;
Now, in the heavenly temple blest,
With God they dwell; on him they rest.

While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul,
And scenes of bliss, for ever new,
Rise in succession to their view.

A SCOFFER REBUKED.

THE Rev. C. L. La Trobe was traveling one night by rail, the only passenger, in the car, when towards morning the door opened, and two young men entered. As the day was about to dawn, perceiving a gentleman in black sitting in a corner of the car and conjecturing him to be a clergyman they proposed to have some sport at his expense. To attract his attention, they began a conversation between themselves as to the merits of the Bible and Mahomet's Koran, declaring their decided preference for the latter. Perceiving this had not the expected effect of arousing him, one of them very gently touched his knee, with the remark, "You seem asleep, sir!" He answered, that they need not wonder if he felt inclined to sleep, as he had been traveling through the night.

"We should be very sorry," said the other, "to disturb you, but the gentleman and myself were conversing on a subject which we thought might not be wholly uninteresting to a gentleman of your cloth,—the comparative merits of the Bible and the Koran; and we both agree, that, whether in respect of the weight of its matter, the depth of its philosophy, or the eloquence of its style, the Koran has decidely the advantage. May we ask, sir, what is your opinion?"

"Gentlemen," said he, "you have indeed chosen a most important and interesting subject for discussion, I have never read the Koran, and my idea of it is, therefore, very loose and general. You, of course, have deeply studied the two works, of the comparative merits of which you have given so decided an opinion. I would therefore, if you will allow me, first ask a few questions, and having gleaned the needful information, shall then be happy to give my opinion. Does the Koran resemble the Bible in being divided into books and chapters?"

The other answered, "I believe so."

"Believe so!" said the reverend gentleman, "it cannot be with you surely a matter of conjecture! Upon the supposition, however, that it is so divided, may I further ask, what may be the subjects of the respective books. Are they historical, or didactic, argumentative, or sententious?"

There was no way of escaping this direct questioning but by a confession of ignorance, and after a little further parleying the truth came out, that the party had never read the Koran.

"Perhaps, then, your knowledge of the Bible, with which you compare the Koran, is more extensive. Will you favor me with the names and contents of the several Books of which the Bible is composed?" Ashamed to confess the full amount of his ignorance, the challenger turned to his companion and said, "You can answer him, Dennis."

Dennis protested, that, though he had read something of the Bible when at school, he had never looked into it since.

"Then," said the gentleman, addressing the first speaker, "I must say, that I have not been fairly treated. You rouse me from my slumber to enter upon a discussion as to the merits of the Bible and Koran, and it turns out you have read neither the one one nor the other. I should recommend you to obtain some acquaintance with the Bible before you venture another time to pronounce upon its inferiority to any book whatever."

Upon this rebuke the challenger was silent.

A HUMBLE PHILANTHROPIST.

The Grand Christian Work William Quarrier is Doing in Great Britain and Canada for Homeless Waifs.

EVERAL years ago William Quarrier, a shoemaker known in Great Britain as the "Shoemaker Philanthropist," settled at Brockville, Ont., Canada, and commenced the work of providing homes for the poor and friendless waifs who were brought to the Dominion from Great Britain. Year by year, as these little charges are taught and trained, they are sent out to homes and occupations, and incorporated into the social, industrial, and religious life of the Dominion. Up to the present time fully 2,000 of these waifs have found homes in Canada through

WILLIAM QUARRIER.

Mr. Quarrier's kindly care, and the good work is still going on and extending, year by year. Many prominent Christian workers in Canada have become interested in the movement, and as they see the young charges growing up to a noble manhood and womanhood, they are encouraged to hope that the good seed sown may yet bear a still more abundant harvest.

The story of William Quarrier's life-work for the homeless children of his native land has an earlier beginning than his philanthropic efforts in Canada. His name and the fame of his Christian work are known throughout the British Isles. Left fatherless in childhood, he learned the shoemaking trade, and prospered in business while still a young man. He was converted in youth through a mother's prayers; and, having passed through much of the poverty, pains and privations of orphanhood, he resolved to make it the task of his life to help those similarly situated. With the first $100,000 he amassed, he founded an Orphan's Home in Glasgow. As the work expanded, other Orphan Homes were built, and at the present time the annual expenditure of the different institutions established by Mr. Quarrier is fully $100,000. His Homes include a Children's Night Refuge, a Young Woman's Temporary Home, a Working Boys' Home, and a Shoeblack Brigade Building. Fifteen miles from Glasgow, at the Bridge of Weir, are forty-two cottages, where eight hundred children are provided for with schools and workshops. All the Homes are conducted on a uniform plan, a large part of the necessary funds being raised by generous donations. Missionaries, bible-women and occasionally policemen bring the little outcasts in the Homes. All the workers in the institutions are converted men and women. In addition to the tuition of the waifs there is a regular evangelistic work carried on in the Homes which has been a source of rich blessing.

Mr. Quarrier (whose portrait appears above) was first led to the consideration of finding homes for the waifs by Miss Macpherson, of London, who as early as 1871 had already done much good work for outcast children by sending them to comfortable homes in the Dominion. Soon thirty-five young children who had been rescued from the streets in Scottish cities were helped on the way to Christian lives and respectable callings. Since then the Homes and other institutions have been built by Mr. Quarrier at a net cost of $500,000, and thousands of children have been redeemed from vagabondage and placed in paths of Christian usefulness.

SPIRITUAL AGE.*

S. S. Lesson For Mar. 20. By Mrs. M. Baxter. I. John 2: 12-14. Golden Text, Heb. 5:12.

IN the family of God as in family life on earth the members which compose the family are of various ages and developments, and the family welfare demands that there should be mutual love and forbearance, each one yielding his individual will and predilections and casting in his lot with the rest for the general good. Family life is destroyed by selfishness, but it flourishes in an atmosphere of love. In God's family

Infant Life Predominates,

few there are who are grown men in Christ, fewer still are "fathers." There are many babes, many who have some measure of spiritual life but are strangely undeveloped. "For when for the time (the time ye have known the Lord) ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God; and are became such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat. For every one that useth milk is unskilful in the word of righteousness; for he is a babe. But strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age (those that are grown up), even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil." (Heb. 5: 12-14.) Converted and yet a babe; converted, and yet unable to teach others; converted, and yet not much blest, nor yet much used in blessing others; converted, yet needing to be fed by other members of the family, not yet able to take food alone; converted, yet unable to walk, always needing to be carried by stronger members of the family—how many there are whose spiritual life exactly answers this description!

These are born again. "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake." (I. John 2: 12.) They will testify with the utmost clearness that their sins are forgiven. They have received Christ. To "as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." (John 1: 12, 13.) The milk of the word is provided for them, but they have not learned to feed themselves. As yet they have failed to obey the exhortation of Peter: "Wherefore laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings, as new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby; if so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious." (I. Pet. 2: 1-3.) Here we see the poisonous atmosphere which stunts the growth of the Lord's little ones: malice, guile, hypocrisies, envies, evil speakings, this is the miasmatic vapor which arises from the self life, and hinders a healthy appetite for the sincere milk of the Word. Converted men and women who would be able to feed upon the Word and to be teachers of others, are held back by their self life. The apostle Paul bears testimony also to this: "And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto

Babes in Christ.

I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able. For ye are yet carnal: for whereas there is among you envying, and strife, and divisions, are ye not carnal, and walk as men?" (I. Cor. 3: 1-3.) Is it not true in all churches that it is the quarrelsome members who never bring blessing with them into the meetings, never help forward the spiritual work, never have any precious light on Scripture which has blest them, to communicate to their fellow members, and yet who are most exacting with those, whose patience they try that they shall bless them, and feed them, and be patient and gentle with them? They are the babes; don't lose patience with them, but put them in the way of doing for themselves, praying for themselves, searching the Word for themselves; don't spoil them by doing too much for them, but love them. God uses them to try the faith and patience of their more developed brethren, and by-and-by they too may grow out of their selfish and baby ways, because they will learn, by the grace of God laying hold of them, to deny themselves, and take up their cross and follow Jesus. Let us not forget that the babes, those which seem to be feeble members are the most necessary (I. Cor. 12: 22) in order to test the faith, and patience, and forbearance of the spirit of Christ, dwelling in stronger members. How many a mother has learned patience, through God's grace, by the discipline of caring for a sick babe! How many an impetuous, impatient, energetic, Christian, has been reduced by God from the lion to the lamb, by accepting, at his hand, a vocation of prayer and fatherly watchfulness over another soul as impetuous as himself, whose every word and action has shown him himself in a new and true light, and made him see how much he must have tried his Lord!

But God would not have his people remain babes. There is no real growth without studying, appropriating and obeying the Word of God. A mere head knowledge will not answer; "Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom." "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." (John 15: 7.) O, how many of the babes get discouraged and pettish because their prayers are not answered, and cry helplessly to their more developed brethren to carry them to the Lord in prayer, just because they do not take time to let the Word of God enter into them, and become a reality in their hearts and lives. They read, by way of duty, a certain portion of Scripture, and when they have finished, they close the book, and turn to something else. They do not let the Word be to them the very message of the living God which demands a response on their part; they do not wait before it, to be taught by the Holy Ghost those truths which cannot be discovered by mere cursory reading. They have not yet gone to the school of the Holy Ghost in reading the Word and in prayer, they are still in the nursery. But why remain there? Paul exhorts, "that we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the slight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive; but, speaking the truth in love, may grow up unto him in all things, which is the head, even Christ."

The apostle John has another message for

Young Men:

"I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one." The young men have learned to feed themselves, they are no longer at the breast of some spiritual mother, nor fed by the bottle at the hand of some spiritual nurse; the Bible has become their Book, they have got possessions in it, and it has got possessions in them; they cannot do without their Bible. The "young men" in Christ cannot afford to leave behind them that Word which is as a lamp to their feet, and a light unto their path. (Ps. 130: 105.) But it is possible to study and study closely, the Word of God, and yet do it in the letter and not in the Spirit. Christ's "young men" are strong, they don't want anybody to carry them, they have learned to make things out with God themselves and they

"Have Overcome the Wicked One."

They are not wishing that they might overcome him; sighing, praying, trying, seeking, to overcome him. They have overcome him, not in the strength of their human resolutions, but "by the blood of the Lamb, by the word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto the death." (Rev. 12: 11.) They have learned the secret of Christ's poured-out life, and they have learned to take their place in the crucified One, as dead with him, to be considered or regarded no more than a dead corpse; and thus the self-life, to which Satan appeals in his temptation, having its claims denied, its demands stilled, the enemy cannot find a hold; they "have overcome the wicked one."

"I write unto you, fathers."

Fathers; Who are They?

Thank God there are many of the "young men" in the Lord, and there are some of the babes, too, who are much blest in winning souls to Christ, who may be counted, in a way, "fathers" in Christ. But "fathers" in spiritual age, "fathers" as being more advanced in the knowledge of God than the "young men" in Christ; where are they? A mountain guide who has never scaled the summit of a certain mountain can do no more than point up. Let us catch any sun beams which rest on the mountain crest, for God may say to any of us; "Come up higher." Why is it there is such a striking difference between the disciple who lay in Jesus' bosom and the other evangelists in the introduction of their writings? Matthew commences with a genealogy; Mark with a curt mention of the birth of Christ, and the coming of John the Baptist; Luke with all the circumstantial details of the same, while John begins in the past eternity of Christ: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God!" (John 1: 1.) Did he not know "him that is from the beginning?" Paul, Peter, James, Jude, all begin their epistles with their own names. John begins: "That which was from the beginning," etc. Who wrote the Revelation and saw into the future, beyond the light accorded to others; was it not John? May we not conclude that he, at least, was a "father," for he knew "him that is from the beginning?"

* This lesson is sent by Mrs. Baxter as a suggestion to teachers in schools where the choice of a subject for the day is optional. The International subject for March 20 is Review of the Quarter's Lessons.

An Evangelist of the Rocky Mountains.

THE GOSPEL IN THE ROCKIES.

Dr. McLean's Work in Assiniboia and the Canadian Rocky Mountains Among the Blackfoot Indians.

MISSIONARY work of a peculiarly arduous character has fallen to the lot of Rev. John McLean, D. D., whose portrait appears on this page. Dr. McLean does not look much like the ordinary conception of a Doctor of Divinity, nor if the reader saw him in his buckskin suit and big sombrero hat riding on horseback across country to keep a preaching engagement fifty miles off, would he be apt to think that the rough hardy looking man was a famous preacher and missionary worker. Yet so it is. Like the first Christian missionary, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, Dr. McLean believes in adapting himself to the people among whom he works. They see that he is able to handle the axe, that he rides fearlessly, has no objection to sleeping on the prairie and never shirks hardships in his work. That is the kind of man they respect and to whom they will listen.

Dr. McLean is well-known over a vast district of the Assiniboia region in Canada reaching out westward to the Rocky Mountains. He is a Scotchman by birth, a native of Ayrshire and is about forty years of age. When quite a youth, he was converted under the ministry of Rev. William Cullum of Dumbarton. In 1874 he sailed for Canada with the intention of devoting his life wholly to the Lord's service. He studied at the Victoria University and won the degrees of B. A. and M. A. In 1880 after two years labor in the Province of Ontario he volunteered to go as a missionary to the Blackfoot Indians. He knew nothing whatever of their language, but his faith never wavered. There were no books from which he could learn, but he engaged an interpreter and spent every moment he could spare from his work in picking up the language by ear. In a very short time he could speak it fluently and was able to dispense with the interpreter's assistance. Then, with a kindly desire to open the way for others by removing the difficulties which he had encountered and overcome, he set about preparing a grammar and dictionary of the language.

The young missionary found the Indians the victims of deplorable superstition. Numbers of them bore on their persons the evidences of their thraldom in maimed hands and scars of painful wounds. When a beloved companion or relative died they would cut off a finger or in some other way injure or disfigure themselves as a sign of grief. Many other still more odious customs prevailed and Mr. McLean labored hard to deliver them from the bondage by preaching Him, who could set them free. At first the work was slow, but with unfaltering patience, and persistent kindness and love, the missionary labored on until the fruit began to appear.

Not less useful has been Dr. McLean's work among the half-breeds and rough whites of the district. However careless and profane these men are, their come times in their lives when they seek and value the services of a clergyman. They do not esteem him any the less if he is clad like themselves and they find him their equal in the feats of prairie life. One who can ride like themselves, who when night came would contentedly roll himself in a buffalo-robe and go to sleep on the snow, who would willingly share in their rough fare and cheerfully bear their hardships was a brother whose ministrations were more welcome than would have been those of a clergyman of delicate manners and immaculate clerical attire. "One evening," Dr. McLean says, "one of these men was so impressed by a personal talk we had together that he urged me to preach a sermon specially to men of his class. I said I would be glad to do so if he would get them to come and hear me. He promised that he would bring an audience that would fill the church. On Saturday evening my friend came to me and said, 'Preach us a sermon on our vices, but don't hit us too hard.' True to his word, the church was packed full of the roughest classes, and I sought to declare the whole counsel of God."

Many incidents are related by Dr. McLean to show the generosity and cordiality which underlie the uncouth exterior of these men among whom he works. "One day," he says, "I was much concerned about a bill for some church work that ought to be paid. I waited and worked but the money did not come. It was fifty dollars and that was a large sum to people situated as we are. Finally I promised that it should be paid on a certain day and I prayed the Lord to send it to me. The day before that fixed for the payment came and none of the money had come. I was in the old town of Macleod that night, where I was well known. I knew only too well where the men were to be found and I walked right into one of their resorts. Going to the head of one of the tables, I took off my hat, and delivered my message. 'Gentlemen, I am here on important business, and as you all know me there's no use beating about the bush. I'm here to-night to get some money. When your comrades have been sick I have visited them without first inquiring whether they were Catholics or Protestants.' 'That's so, parson.' 'When you have called for me at all hours of the night, winter and summer alike, I have gone to see your friends when they needed help.' 'That's true.' 'When they were sick and poor, I have gone around and collected money to help them.' 'That's right, parson.' 'Now I have a church bill to pay to-morrow morning, amounting to fifty dollars, and I want some money to pay it. My friend here, Mr. V., will take a hat and go around to get your contributions.' They gave me thirteen dollars. I went to another rendezvous and finished up with the full amount required to pay the bill."

Dr. McLean is now visiting his native land for a brief period of recuperation and expects to bring back with him funds sufficient to erect a new church on which he has set his heart for the white settlers of Mossejaw, Assiniboia.

Christ's Work in Ceylon.

(*Continued from first page.*)

which was started twenty years ago, the natives themselves raising $8,500 to endow it. It has about 100 students in the collegiate department and 200 in the preparatory, and the majority of its graduates are professing Christians, and many of them are engaged in practical Christian work in Ceylon, various parts of India, Burmah and the Straits settlements. While in Ceylon, we were impressed with the great work this institution was doing and the still greater possibilities before it, in training native young men to become Christian teachers in mission schools through out India. A majority of the native

A HOLY MAN AMONG THE HINDUS.

Christians in Ceylon, being from the high caste, if they receive a first-class college education are most valuable in India as teachers in mission schools and colleges. It was our great desire to see Jaffna College affiliated with a University, and endowed and equipped, so that it might do the larger work that lay before it, sending multitudes of college-educated young men to India. God laid the burden of this work on our hearts, and if any one who reads this has ever had a burden laid on his heart by the Lord Jesus, he will know that such an experience is a very real one.

"The Board of Directors of the College, which is composed of missionaries and native Christians of the three missionary societies working in North Ceylon, delegated us to collect $150,000 toward this object. We went to Great Britain, and although we knew almost no one in that country, we believed that God holds all hearts in his hands and that we would have but to tell the story and trust that his Holy Spirit would carry conviction to the minds of those who heard us. We have spoken in Great Britain and in the United States for about five years, and God who is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that his children can ask or think, has exceeded our weak faith and through his help we have secured in cash and promises not only $150,000 but twice that sum—a portion of it being in legacies legally executed. Nearly one half is for Jaffna College and the remainder is to go toward establishing two medical missions—one for men and one for women. The latter will be in charge of the Zenana Bible and Medical Missionary Society of England, and will be conducted in harmony with the societies already at work in North Ceylon. A benefactor has kindly given $5,000 and promised another $5,000, to build a Mission House and hospital for women, and a lady is now under appointment to go to Ceylon. This appointee is Miss Lucilla Leslie, who is now studying in the Women's Medical School in London. She will graduate next autumn, take a post graduate course, and and go to Ceylon with her sister in the Spring of 1893. We, also, expect to return with these ladies and give our personal attention, as honorary missionaries of this society, to the initiation of this important work. Miss Leslie will not only have charge of the hospital and dispensary but with the aid of native assistants will open a training school for nurses.

"We hope in course of time to secure, from different parts of India, and place as pupils in the Training School for Nurses, several young Brahmin widows, who in the Zenanas have heard of Christ and are anxious to confess his name and devote their lives to his service. There are in India 21,000,000 widows, thousands of them being little children under twelve years of age. On account of the cruel custom of child-marriage, tender babes in arms are often betrothed to each other. If, then, the boy should die, the girl would, all her life long, be a widow. Her beautiful jewelry and clothing would be torn from her; her hair would be shaved off; she would be allowed to wear only one coarse cloth, to eat only one meal a day and one whole day each week she would be required to fast from food and water. It is believe by the Hindoos that on account of some sin committed in this or some former life, the gods, as a punishment, have caused the death of the husband; therefore these Hindoo widows are regarded as murderesses. 'Why,' these poor creatures ask, "does your government take from us the right to perish on the funeral pyres with our dead husbands? For had we been allowed to do this our lot would not have been so hard.' Our Jesus came to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives—the opening of the prison to them that are bound—and to comfort all that mourn. Why do not Christian women in Christian lands arouse themselves and give to their sisters in India the knowledge of Jesus Christ? Before the brightness of his shining the darkness of their despair would flee away. We hope to do what lies in our power for this most needy class through the agency of the Nurses' Training School, and in the years to come, numbers of these bright intelligent young women, being trained, will be sent back to India to become the right-hand helpers of the different missionary ladies. They will thus supply a felt need, as almost every missionary lady in India has oversight of an orphanage or a girls' boarding-school or a community of native Christians. If every missionary lady had as her right-hand assistant a trained nurse, she would find her services of great value in many ways.

"Bishop Thoburn has told us that he could employ in his mission alone all the nurses we might be able to train, and that many of them could earn as much as two rupees per day (about one dollar). Even as Christ came out of Nazareth, a most despised city, it may be that from among this most despised class—namely, the widows of India—may come help and blessing to multitudes in that land."

The Misses Leitch hope to secure $10,000 as an endowment for the Nurses' Home. $2,000 are required for the necessary buildings—four cottages at $500 each. $500 will endow a permanent nurses' scholarship, and $25 will support a nurse for one year in the Training School.

Another department of the work which they hope soon to see inaugurated is the Medical iMssion for Men. The Medical Mission for Men will be under the care of the American Board. Formerly such a mission existed, being conducted for twenty-two years by the late Samuel F. Green, M. D., of Green Hill, Worcester, Mass., who translated many medical volumes from English into Tamil. He trained a number of native Christian young men as his assistants in Ceylon, and with their aid, during the latter years of his life he was accustomed to treat 10,000 patients a year in the hospitals and dispensaries of which he had supervision. After he was obliged to leave the country on account of his health, the work was for a time suspended. This work the American Board has decided to reinaugurate and conduct under its own auspices. Dr. T. B. Scott, B.A., of Kingston, Ont., and Miss M. E. Macallum, M. D., of Canada, are under appointment by the Board. Of the $10,000 needed for the erection of a hospital for the medical mission $4,500 has already been given or promised, leaving $5,500 to be secured to complete the sum required. $500 will build a ward in the hospital; $250 will provide the half and $125 the quarter of the cost of a ward; $50 will provide a share, and $25 a half share in a ward. It would add to the interest of the effort if the donors were to associate with their gifts their names or the name of some one whom they have honored and loved, and if these names were engraved on brass tablets, which would be permanently connected with the hospital. One lady has already promised $500 in memory of her husband, another has given $500 in memory of her father, while the members of a church have promised $500, the cost of a ward, to bear the name of their pastor. It is earnestly hoped that there may be many who will thus offer a thank-offering to God, a permanent aid to the Medical Mission in Ceylon, and a grateful memorial of friends whose work on earth is finished.

MISS MARGARET W. LEITCH AND CEYLONESE PUPILS.

OTLEY HALL, JAFFNA COLLEGE, CEYLON.

The Misses Leitch have published a very interesting volume of their missionary experiences, entitled, *Seven Years in Ceylon*. They will be glad to hear from any who feel interested in the work above described. They can be addressed in care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

The illustrations on the first page of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and also on this page, are specially interesting, in connection with the missionary work now going on in Ceylon. At Manepy, in Jaffna, there is a celebrated temple, which fifty years ago was only a little hut at the base of a large tree, and was believed by the superstitious natives to be inhabited by the god "Pulliar." This god had the reputation of performing wonderful cures, and gifts poured in so liberally from the ignorant devotees that soon Pulliar had a richly endowed temple. The shrine of this heathen god, with his idol, is shown in the illustration on the first page. It is one of eight large temples in the peninsula, but there are five hundred smaller ones, besides, thousands of family shrines and household gods in Ceylon. A great yearly heathen festival is held in the temple at Manepy lasting twelve days from April 1. The idol, bathed in milk and richly perfumed, is decorated with fine garments and jewels, and their offerings and incense are laid before it and songs are sung in its praise.

On this page we give a photograph of Otley Hall, Jaffna College, and also a very interesting group, showing Miss Margaret W. Leitch and some of her bright Tamil girl-pupils. The "holy man" is a personage whom the heathen Ceylonese, some years ago, esteemed as a great and learned preacher. He was a bigoted and relentless hater of Christianity. This strange-looking individual, who preached in the Manepy Temple and elsewhere, was a rigid high-caste, ceremonialist, eating neither flesh nor salt, and speaking in high-flowing Tamil. After a time, even the Temple managers grew tired of the abusive harangues of the long-haired fanatic and refused to allow him to speak there any more, Thus did God hear the prayer of the missionaries and silence an enemy.

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T. de Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE WIDEST PERIL.

THERE are to-day influences abroad which, if unresisted by the pulpit and the printing-press, will turn our cities into Sodom and Gomorrah, fit only for the storm of fire and brimstone that whelmed the cities of the plain. You who are seated in your Christian homes, compassed by moral and religious restraints, do not realize the gulf of iniquity that bounds you on the north and the south and the east and the west; but God helping, you shall be startled and aroused, throwing out one arm for help and the other arm for battle. There are tens of thousands of men and women going over the awful plunge of an impure life; and while we cry to God for mercy upon their souls, we call upon you to marshal in the defense of your homes, your church, and your nation. There is a banqueting-hall that you have never heard described. You know all about the feast of Ahasuerus, where a thousand lords sat. You know all about Belshazzar's carousal, where the blood of the murdered king spirted into the faces of the banqueters. You may know of the scene of riot and wassail when there was set before Esopus one dish of food that cost four hundred thousand dollars. But I write of a different banqueting-hall. Its roof is fretted with fire. Its floor is tessellated with fire. Its chalices are chased with fire. Its song is a song of fire. Its walls are buttresses of fire. It is the banqueting-hall of a libertine's perdition. Solomon refers to it when he says, "Her guests are in the depths of hell."

PAY AS YOU GO.

WE judge of what we ought to have by what other people have. If they have a sumptuous table, and fine residence, and gay turn-out, and exquisite apparel, and brilliant surroundings, we must have them, irrespective of our capacity to stand the expense. We throw ourselves down in despair because other people have a seal-skin coat, and we have an ordinary one; because others have diamonds, and we have garnets; because others have Axminster, and we Brussels; because others have lambrequins, and we have plain curtains. What others have we mean to have anyhow. Society has to be reconstructed on this subject. You have no right to ride in a carriage when you owe the wheelwright who furnished the landau, and the horse-dealer who provided the blooded span, and the harness-maker who caparisoned the gay steeds, and the livery-man who furnished the stabling, and the driver who sits with rosetted hat on your coach-box. I am glad to see you ride. The finer your horses and the better your carriage the better it pleases me. But if you are in debt for the equipage, and hopelessly in debt, get down and walk like the rest of us! It is well to understand that it is not the absolute necessities that we find it so hard to meet, but the fictitious wants. God promises us shelter but not a palace; and raiment, but not chinchilla; and food, but not canvas-back duck. As long as we have enough to meet the positive necessities of life, we ought to be content until we can afford the superfluities. As soon as you see a man deliberately consent that his outgo shall exceed his income, you may know he has started on the broad road to bankruptcy and ruin.

STIMULATED WORK.

GOD intended us all to be busy. The sun and moon in six thousand years have rested only part of a day; and then it took a miracle to stop them. Nothing that God ever made, animate or inanimate, human or angelic, can afford to quit work. But the outlay of human energy often leads to inebriation. Men have so much to do that they think they must have artificial stimulus. Vast multitudes of professional men have found their nervous system exhausted, and their brain lethargic, and have resorted to this dangerous help. Now what a man cannot do without perpetual stimulant I do not believe he ought to do. You are responsible for no more strength than that which you have in your arm, and for no more speed than you have in your foot, and for no more vivacity than you have in your brain. God asks no more, and the world has a right to expect no more. Notwithstanding this, some of the most brilliant men in the law and medicine, yea, even in the ministry, have fallen overboard. It will be a glorious day for Britain and the United States when all their professional men and artisans shall throw the bottle out of the back window. It may require a struggle; but what great and grand and glorious thing was ever done without a struggle?

LIFE INSURANCE.

IN this day, God has mercifully allowed those of us who have limited income to make provision for our families, through the great life-insurance companies all over the land. By some self-denial on our part, we can make this provision for those whom we shall leave behind us. Is there anything so helpless as a woman whose husband has just died, when, with her children at her back, she goes out in this day to fight for bread? Shall she become a menial servant in some one else's household? No; not the one that has been lying on your arm all these years, and filling the household with joy and light. Shall she sew for a living? God knows that they get but six cents and eight cents for making one garment. Ah no! you had better have your coffin made large enough to take them all with you into that land where they never freeze nor starve. How a man with no surplus of estate, but still enough money to pay the premium on a life-insurance policy, can refuse to do it, and then look his children in the face, and say his prayers at night on going to bed, expecting them to be answered, is a mystery to me that I have never yet been able to fathom.

* * *

Is there any art in religion? Why is it that one man starts out in the Christian life and makes rapid advancement? He seems to walk across the field, going from one degree of grace to another, getting stronger and mightier in the Christian life, with no special drawback, his misfortunes and his trials becoming his coadjutors, so that at the end of thirty years he can look back and see that he has made one long, complete triumph; while another man will be thirty years in the Church of God and achieve nothing, standing where he was at the start, or having retreated, not really having so much faith or usefulness as the first year. Why is it that one man goes ahead and the other goes back? Is there any art in religion? There is. No man gets on in the Christian life by accident. There is no such thing as haphazard. If a man advances in the Christian life rapidly and mightily, it is because he employs certain means and does certain things in order to gain those achievements.

* * *

FAMILY prayers often fail in adaptedness. Do not read for the morning lesson a genealogical chapter, or about Samson's setting the foxes' tails on fire, or the prophecy about the horses, black and red and speckled, unless you explain why they were speckled. For all the good your children get from such reading you might as well have read a Chinese almanac. Rather give the story of Jesus and the children climbing into his arms, or the lad with the loaves and fishes, or the sea of Galilee dropping to sleep under Christ's lullaby. Stop and ask questions. Make the exercise so interesting that little Johnny will stop playing with his shoe-strings, and Jenny will quit rubbing the cat's fur the wrong way. Let the prayer be pointed and made up of small words, and no wise information to the Lord about things he knows without your telling him. Let the children feel they are prayed for. Have a hymn if any of you can sing. Let the season be spirited, an appropriate and a gladly solemn one.

* * *

I AM not shocked at the idea recently proposed, of building a railroad to the Holy Land. I wish that all the world might go and see Golgotha and Bethlehem. If we cannot afford to pay for muleteers now, perhaps, when the rail train goes, we can afford to buy a ticket from Constantinople to Joppa, and so we will get to see the Holy Land. Then let Christians travel! God speed the rail trains, and guide the steamships that are panting across the deep, in the phosphorescent wake of the shining feet of him who from wave cliff to wave cliff trod bestormed Tiberias. The Japanese come across the waters and see our civilization, and examine our Christianity, and go back and tell the story, and keep that empire rocking till Jesus shall reign "where'er the sun does his successive journeys run," and the fire-arms, with which the infidel traveller brought down the Arab horseman, and the jackals of the desert, have been surrendered to the church.

* * *

GIVE me the history of your foot, and I will give you the history of your lifetime. Tell me up what steps it hath gone, down what declivities and in what roads and in what directions and I will know more about you than I want to know. None of us could endure the scrutiny. Our feet not always in paths of God. Sometimes in paths of worldliness. Our feet, a divine and glorious machinery for usefulness and work, so often making missteps, so often going in the wrong direction. God knowing every step, the patriarch saying, "Thou settest a print on the heels of my feet." Crimes of the hand, crimes of the tongue, crimes of the eye, crimes of the ear not worse than the crimes of the foot. Oh, we want the wings of humility to cover the feet. Ought we not go into self-abnegation before the all-searching, all-scrutinizing, all-trying eye of God? The seraphs do. How much more we? "With twain he covered the feet."

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

Prayer Meetings in Deadtown.—No. 1.

THE regular weekly prayer meeting in the First Church of Deadtown was altogether a dry affair. "Stale pudding and dried beef," the young boys would say on the corner after the services, when they met to get a whiff of fresh air and iron out the sanctimonious wrinkles from their faces. The church has a membership of four hundred and sixty-three. The usual attendance on Tuesday nights was about sixty. If rainy, from sixteen to twenty would turn out, "to support the dominie," as they said. It was hard to tell just where the fault lay. Some said the minister was to blame, others allowed it was the people.

One day they had a funeral. This was nothing new to Deadtown, but it was new to the First Church folks. Their pastor was very properly laid away to rest. There were tears and flowers and comments and other things peculiar to Deadtown society. Then came the question of a new clergyman. At last he came. Tall—over six feet; black eyes, brown hair, big ears and feet, angular, good.

The third Tuesday night Mr. Lightheart (that was the minister's name) said: "My friends, I am informed by certain parties that your city takes its name from the condition of spiritual affairs here. I believe they are right, but things must change. I have a notion that the first two letters of Deadtown could find better substitutes for themselves, and will, if we do our part. Elder Brown sitting there tells me there are seven bad things about these social services.

"Bad management, bad air, bad light, bad people, bad prayers, bad singing, bad results.

"We are going to have another funeral, to bury either these seven stinking corpses, the church or me. I am not sure which it will be.

"Mr. Smith, if you please, open the window there by you.

"Mr. Sexton, kindly light every gas jet in the room.

"While we rise and sing four verses of 282 will those young men favor me by moving the last five rows of chairs to the closet yonder. Those now occupying them will find others here in front. Now, let us all rise and sing."

Some people went home, some went up front, one woman developed a consumptive cough in three minutes from the fresh air. The wife of the president of the gas company took the front chair in the centre aisle. They sang the first verse of the hymn three times to get the right tune, and then sang the rest with melody and joy. Mr. Long was asked to pray briefly. He was directly at the preacher's side. He usually covered every want, sometimes from Adam down, sometimes from Abraham down, sometimes from Christ down to the coming century. He had just got nicely started when his coat was pulled and a voice whispered "Say amen," and he said it.

Mr. Wrongtune came to speak, as was his custom, but before he could get the words out the preacher was ahead of him. "There are certain matters in our city, well known to all citizens, that savor of anything but honesty and truth. Till these things are straightened out, I want that no one connected in any way with them shall either speak or pray in these meetings. Let us sing, 'A charge to keep I have.' They made the room ring, and I enjoyed it with the rest.

"It is our intention," said the minister, "to have a point and purpose to these Tuesday night meetings, which, if rightly managed, have in them a greater element of drawing power than the Sabbath preaching services. I expect to see the church too small to hold all who desire to come to these gatherings, and would announce that next week we will have a purpose meeting, the week after a praise service, then a promise meeting, then a zeal service, followed by a testimony meeting, an old folks' service, a children's gathering, a sowers' service, and then a reapers' meeting. After these nine are held I will announce further. Let us have a moment's silent prayer before the benediction."

As the members passed out each one was presented with a little card, on which was neatly printed a description and subject of "the purpose meeting." Evidently this was the seed sowing for next week's harvest by one who purposed saving Deadtown from any further spiritual disgrace.

We will come with them next week and see what happens.

The Bible And the Newspaper

RIOTING IN BERLIN.

WHEN the Emperor William of Germany intimated, at a recent banquet at Brandenburg that "it would be better if discontented persons were to shake the dust of Germany from their feet, retiring as soon as possible to some other country," he seems to have applied the torch to some very combustible material. There are a great number of discontented people in Germany, and he has since learned how large a number there are in his own capital. On Thursday, February 25th, a great crowd of them gathered before the office of Burgomaster Forckenbeck and begged to be employed in municipal work. The Burgomaster was unable to satisfy them and they marched to the Emperor's palace to present their grievances to him. He has been fond of posing as the divinely-appointed ruler of the German nation, and the malcontents thus reminded him that one of the functions of such a monarch was to take care of them. Of course they were not permitted to approach the palace. They were met by a strong force of police in the open space shown in the illustration on this page. A fierce fight ensued, the mounted police using their swords and clubs while the crowd fought with sticks and stones. After a desperate struggle, the rioters retreated, leaving a hundred of their number prisoners and from seventy to eighty wounded on the ground. They scattered over the city, raiding butchers' and bakers' shops, but dispersing when attacked by the police. Through the night and at intervals during the following day rioting occurred in various parts of the city. Several attempts were made to reach the palace, but they were repulsed by the police with savage brutality. After sunset the looting of the stores began again. The bread taken from the bakers was eagerly devoured on the street or carried to their homes. The police met one man with three loaves clasped in his arms. They were about to arrest him when he fell on his knees and begged them to let him carry the bread to his children, as they had had nothing to eat for two days, and in pity they let him go. The rioting was kept up in desultory fashion the next day, but there was no such demonstration as on Thursday. As is usual in such disturbances, the rioters were drawn from three classes. Many belonged to the working class and were evidently driven to lawlessness only by extreme poverty. Others were socialists and anarchists who were inciting to violence. A third group was composed of the men to be found in every great city, who never work if they can avoid it, but are ready to join in an outbreak that will give an opportunity for plunder. Berlin has witnessed no such scenes since 1848. Frederick William IV., the grand-uncle of the present Emperor, was then on the throne. He was besieged in his palace by an army of determined citizens demanding a constitution. Three hundred men were shot down and the king resisted the demand until he was warned that the soldiers could no longer be depended upon to fire on the people. Then he granted the constitution and publicly expressed his sorrow for the lives that had been sacrificed. To what extent the recent outbreak is political, cannot be absolutely determined. That it had its basis in the hardships of the poorer classes of the people is evident; but when people are starving they give a more ready ear to socialistic and revolutionary agitators than when they are prosperous, and a bread riot easily develops into a revolution. The fact that the rioters sang the Marseillaise, that handbills containing the socialistic programme were in many hands, that the Emperor was jeered as he rode through the streets, and that the German press sympathizes with the rioters all indicated a condition of social unrest and discontent for which the swords of the police are no remedy. If the Emperor was not so self-confident, one of his chaplains might do him a service by calling his attention to a page of sacred history which recounts how a young king, in a similar crisis, lost five-sixths of his kingdom by treating roughly some of his subjects who petitioned him for a lightening of their burdens. (1. Kings 12: 13-16.)

A Physician Assaulted.

AN exciting scene was witnessed on a street of Chattanooga, Tenn., on Feb. 24. A gentleman and his wife were noticed waiting around as if looking for some one. After a time, a physician of some eminence in the city, who holds an important position in the medical college, passed the pair. They set upon him furiously, the lady vigorously plying a cowhide which she had carried concealed under her cloak. The physician defended himself as well as he could against the combined attack and eventually succeeded in getting away from his assailants and having them arrested. In court, the explanation of the strange fracas came out. The gentleman and his wife declared that the physician was responsible for the death of their child, which occurred two days before. When the child was taken ill, they had placed the case in his hands. While he was in attendance they consulted another physician, who told them that the child had been wrongly treated and would probably die. When it did die, the mother and father were almost frenzied with grief and rage, and relieved their feelings by the personal attack on the doctor. It would be very hard on the medical profession if the practice became common when a patient died, of thrashing the physician who had attended him. Bodily ills are sometimes incurable, no matter how skillful and attentive the physician is. But with spiritual maladies no one need perish, and those who are entrusted with the care of souls have only to direct the sufferer to the unfailing Panacea which is able to save to the uttermost. They must do that, or they incur a fearful responsibility. (Ezek 33: 3, 4, 11).

THE BERLIN RIOTS—THE EMPEROR'S PALACE IN UNTER DEN LINDEN.

A Spurious Marriage Contract.

An application for divorce was heard in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts last week. It appeared that the marriage had been a peculiar one as there had been no ceremony, civil or religious. The parties to it had simply signed a contract reciting that "the undersigned, hereby enter into copartnership on the basis of the true marriage relation. We agree to continue the copartnership so long as mutual affection shall exist, and to dissolve when the union becomes disagreeable or undesirable to either party. We also agree that all property that shall be acquired by mutual help shall be equally divided on the dissolution of the copartnership." This contract was signed in 1877, the parties to it regarding it as a legal marriage and being tired of it, asked the Court to grant a divorce. The judge having read the contract bluntly told them that no divorce was necessary; such an arrangement as that did not constitute a marriage. Evidently the parties thought it did, and many people make the same mistake as to union with Christ. That is no union in which they who call themselves by his name desire to continue to bear it only so long as they can avoid the cross, which to the flesh seems necessarily "disagreeable and undesirable." He will not acknowledge those who, "when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word are offended" (Matt 13: 21).

A Specialist's Opinion.

AN effort is now being made to prove the insanity of a prisoner in New York, whose recent failure in business has resulted in his being arraigned on a charge of fraud. It is attended with difficulty because it is not easy to prove that a man was insane at the time he was executing big contracts, running a large banking business, and conducting affairs generally as though he was sane. His counsel, however, believe they can succeed as they have fortified themselves with an opinion recorded by an eminent specialist in brain diseases written long before the case was dreamed of. The opinion appears in a long article written for a work on nervous diseases and in the course of it are the following remarks: "Persons with acute melancholia are often able to make wills and perform contracts in form and detail as well as ever, when they are filled with insane delusions. There is impaired capacity of recognizing the relations of persons and things to one another, a distinct moral perversion, and a diminished recognition of obligations. In other words, they are not always fully themselves on those points in which they seem to be so." It would however be rash to suppose that these symptoms always indicate acute melancholia. Thousands of intelligent men who are free from the disease exhibit them when they seek the things which are seen and temporal and neglect those which are unseen and eternal. (II. Cor. 4: 18.)

Lost Children at Police Headquarters.

Two little boys living with their mother in the northern district of New York City, pleaded on Feb. 23, for permission to go and play with their cousins, who live a few blocks distant. The children are respectively seven and five years old, but as they knew the way to the house where their cousins lived, their mother thought no harm would come of their going alone. They started out, but the elder boy proposed that instead of going to their cousins', he should take his brother down Third Avenue to see the town. The younger consented and they started downtown. All went well on the journey until the two little travellers saw a German band playing at the corner of a downtown street. They stayed to listen and did not notice that it was growing dusk. Presently the streets became crowded with people going home from business and the two children were separated. The younger boy became frightened when he could not find his brother and after running around for some time vainly looking for him, sat down on a door-step and cried. A policeman found him and [illegible] from whom he lived, took him to police headquarters, where he was put to bed by the matron. The elder brother, with a sense of his responsibility, continued the search much longer. He must have covered several miles, for by ten o'clock he was far over on the west-side of the city and had not the slightest idea of the way home. Tired out at last he sat down and went fast asleep. He was found by the police and sent to headquarters. There, the matron, knowing nothing of the relationship between the two children, put one in the cot next to that occupied by his brother. The waking in the morning led to a scene that brought tears to the matron's eyes. At first the children were bewildered by their strange surroundings, but looking around and recognizing each other they bounded out of their cots and embraced each other with gleeful shouts. Their joy reached its climax a few minutes later when their mother, who had been almost distracted by her children's absence, came to inquire for them and took them home. Such joy is experienced at the restoration of God's wandering children, for all who are found of him recognize their brethren, too. (Matt. 23: 8.)

BRIEF NOTES.

We are informed by Messrs. Henry Gage & Sons that they have received notice by cable that the quarantine against Palestine on account of cholera in Damascus has now been raised and tourists will no longer be delayed ten days on their way.

Dr. L. W. Munhall is holding union services on Jersey City Heights. Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist Churches are joining in the work. The first Sunday services were held in the Baptist Church, as the one most commodious and accessible.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has given a million dollars in bonds bearing five per cent interest to the new Chicago University as a thank offering for his recovery from recent illness. This sum raises the amount the University has received from Mr. Rockefeller to $2,000,000.

The Bible and Fruit Mission of New York celebrated its sixteenth anniversary recently. Visits to the hospitals and to Ward's and Randall's Islands have been regulary made during the year, four thousand free meals have been provided to the needy poor beside other philanthropic work.

King Khama of the Bamangwate tribe in Bechuanaland, Africa, whose portrait appeared recently in this journal, has built a great church in his capital for the use of the missionaries, which is capable of holding three thousand people.

The services being held by Evangelist Bliss at Ashland, Wis., are stirring the whole neighborhood. People come from all the churches and from towns at a distance. The local secular papers are watching them closely and record many remarkable conversions. The *Daily Press* says it will be strange if there is not an improved state of morality in the town after the Evangelist's visit.

A letter from the Post Chaplain of the Army at Fort Niobrara, Neb., just received, contains the gratifying intelligence that many of our readers have sent to the Post boxes of books and religious literature for the use of the library there, the need of which was mentioned recently in our columns. Two readers have also subscribed for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to be sent to the post for one year. "It has been surprising to me," writes the Chaplain, "how quickly, sympathetically and zealously Christian people have responded to your appeal."

Rev. Otto Witt the famous Swedish Evangelist arrived in New York a few days ago. Mr. Witt has done a wonderful work in Africa during the past eleven years. A change of climate became necessary to him and he is spending his time in evangelistic work among his countrymen. He is preaching in Bethesda Church 45th Street, New York every evening in Swedish. He proposes to spend three months in America staying one or two weeks in each of the large cities where there are Swedish congregations.

The Methodist Episcopal Church of Haverstraw, N.Y., of which Rev. J. B. Foulke D.D., is pastor, has witnessed a remarkable revival under the labors of Rev. E. P. Telford. Several striking conversions were among the large number recorded. In one case two business men who had a long standing quarrel were reconciled. In another case a lady who had quarrelled with a friend, and had not spoken to her amicably for six years showed the results of the work of the Spirit by going to her and asking her forgiveness. From Haverstraw Mr. Telford went to Mt. Kisco, N. Y. Thence he goes to Cambridge, Mass.

Boma's Christian King.

Nemlao and his People—An African Arcadia—Shamu, Peace-Officer, Interpreter, Diplomatist and Photographer—The Terrible "Inkubas."

SHAMU.

HIGHER in the scale of civilization and more enlightened in the Gospel than most African communities, the dwellers on the Congo are now regarded as the vanguard of African regeneration. From Banana, at the mouth, to the Upper River, the effects of civilizing influences are everywhere apparent among the dusky tribes. Even the savage customs of the royal courts have given way to forms that approximate more nearly to those of the white races. A few years ago, when a king or queen wished to pay a visit, majesty mounted a litter, borne on poles laid across the shoulders of stalwart half-naked blacks who, preceded by light-footed couriers, swept along in state, admired by all the natives they encountered along the route. Now this is entirely changed and when a monarch of the quality and importance of King Nemlao of Boma goes out among his subjects on business of state or pleasure, he is attired in a semi-civilized costume, and attended by a couple of advisers, who act as body-servants and accept in the king's behalf of the presents an African monarch invariably expects from strangers.

King Nemlao is a Christian potentate and a warm friend of the missionaries. His aged father recently died in the faith, after leaving a glowing testimony for Christ. He was buried near Natombi, in an upright position, as if sitting.

The Congo funeral ceremonial is unique and impressive. The mourners first set up the body by the side of the grave, and then, gathering around, begin to address the dead:

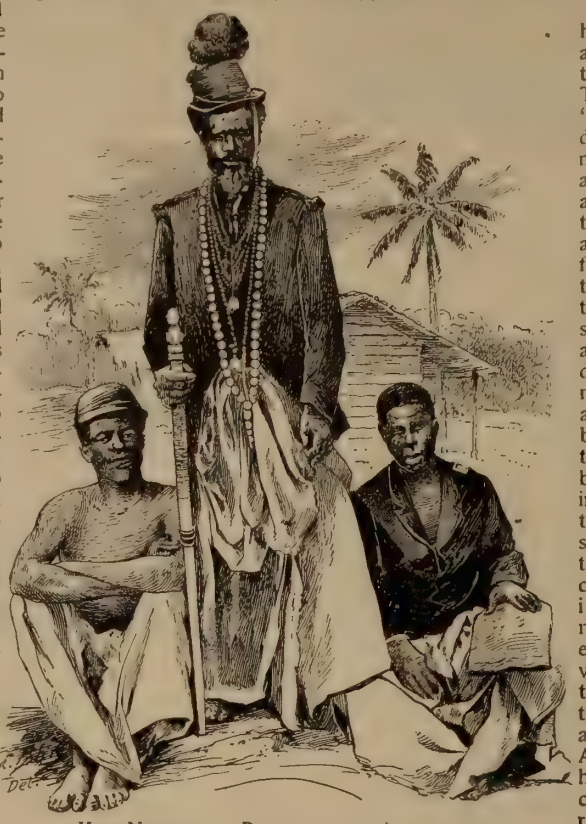
"O, father," they wail, in the Bantu tongue, "if thou hast enemies, make peace with them. We hope thou wilt not remember our quarrels against us in the country where thou art going."

Thus they heal all differences at the grave.

"So many moons ago, my mother died," cries another. "When you get over in the King's fine country, you will see her. Tell her my message." And he delivers to the dead a tender message to his mother. This he does in the belief that the spirit of the newly-dead hovers above the body for a time, before taking its final flight.

King Nemlao, as his portrait in the accompanying illustration shows, is a man of fine, commanding physique, in the prime of life, and with a face indicating intelligence and even kindness, mingled with native dignity. He dwells at Boma, among his people, the whole tribe aggregating several hundred souls. Like other African monarchs—who are very numerous—his kingship is hereditary, descending from father to son through many generations. There is no more ardent professor of the Christian religion at Boma than Nemlao, and he is not infrequently seen at the meetings. His "full dress" for occasions of special importance consists of a somewhat faded but still serviceable sack coat, obtained from some kindly-disposed European or American missionary, a Major-General's hat with a plume, and "a fathom of cloth" depending from the waist. These with a rudely carved cane of native wood borne as a staff of state, and with numerous strings of beads about his neck, constitute a royal regalia that might be deemed startling to civilized eyes but which the Congo natives never weary of gazing at, with deep and unfeigned admiration.

Notwithstanding the rapid spread of the Gospel among the Congo tribes, there still remain many traces of the ancient Voudoo worship which the missionaries found everywhere in that country when they began their evangelizing work. One of our illlustrations shows a secret native society—the much-dreaded "Inkuba"—as it is to be seen occasionally in public. Its members are young men, who are initiated when from 16 to 18 years old. The new members spend a number of months with the older members in the bush, where they are initiated into the secret rites. They whiten their bodies, mask their faces and wear a mat-cloth about the waist. Their depredations and the outrages they commit make them feared by the people. The "Inkuba" is a sort of "Mafia," whose members avenge each other's wrongs and stand by one another generally. When they visit a settlement or village, they come in a body, whooping and yelling like maniacs; women and children fly in dismay to their houses and any who oppose them are either summarily killed or maimed. The "Inkuba," who pose as patriots, are banded murderers and assassins, and a man who is under their displeasure is almost certain to disappear mysteriously. The society has no religion except that it claims to be in league with the devil. Its rites are a species of Voudoo-worship. Each member is known in the Inkuba by another name than his real one.



KING NEMLAO, OF BOMA, AND HIS ATTENDANTS.

Much good work is being done along the Congo by the missions established by Bishop Taylor, who has lately been holding his conference at Bensonville, Liberia. From there he goes to Cape Palmas and along the line of missions on the Cavalla river. Late in March, he will be in England, and in April he will reach the United States, where he will remain several months. He is now having an iron house built in sections in Liverpool, to be used as a church and mission station at Boma. It will accommodate 400 persons. This will be the first mission of any considerable dimensions at Boma. A stone house is to be built at Matadi by the Taylor Mission, for which an iron roof and casings are now being made in Liverpool. Besides the new steamer, which is to run from Banana to Boma, Bishop Taylor's Mission will also shortly have a steel sloop on the Congo. She is now in process of building at Isangila, and will be used on the 88 miles of stream from that place to Manyanga. This will complete the transport arrangements from the Lower to the Upper Congo. The next missionary fleet will sail from the United States for the Congo in April, when eight new and resolute Christian workers will be placed in the field.

The illustrations accompanying this article are made from photographs taken by Shamu, the official interpreter of the Governor-General of the Congo, for Bishop Taylor. Shamu is a most intelligent native, who speaks fluently several languages, and is chief of police and state photographer, as well as a court official. He was formerly in Stanley's service. Better than all, he is a thorough Christian and has at different times contributed liberally toward the support of the missions in the Congo State.

The native houses in Boma are a study in themselves. The walls are "wattled" and daubed with mud, the roofs are thatched and the entrance is generally about three feet high from the ground and two feet square. There are neither windows nor chimneys; the fires are always kept burning and the smoke blackens the interiors and, the natives say, preserves the walls. All cooking is done indoors. At night the sleepers lie down with their feet toward the fire, their bodies in a semi-circle. An entire household occupies a single room. Should a stranger come into the hut, he his welcomed and at night is accommodated in a loft above the general sleeping apartment. Even the king's hut makes little pretence to superiority, being mud-walled and smoke-dried like those of his people. It is, however, generally larger and the main apartment is more spacious than that of the other huts. Kingship in Africa is a very simple affair, and is expressed mainly by native dignity and the assertion of authority, rather than by a pompous display of finery.

THE INKUBA, A SECRET SOCIETY ON THE CONGO.

WIFE AND CHILD SACRIFICED.

IN his efforts to rescue Chinese victims of the opium habit, Mr. Horace A. Randle, who is conducting medical mission work in that land, frequently meets with shocking cases of unnatural conduct. "I have," he writes, "recently had under treatment one man who confessed that in order to raise money to gratify his craving for the drug he had sold his wife and one of his two boys, and said, 'There is nothing before me but to sell the other boy unless I am cured.' With quinine and chlorodyne I sought to cure both him and some others who came at the same time. They were determined to leave off the pipe if they could, and I was anxious to cure them; but how one or two of them suffered! Their eyes watered; their bones ached; they endured insatiable craving; they clenched their fists and writhed about in agony; knelt on their beds and beat them, and tossed about, finding no relief. It was better after a few days; they conquered, but it was a struggle indeed. The damage done to the bodies, minds and souls of the smokers cannot be told."

A TRANSFORMED OHIO VILLAGE.

WHAT the Gospel can do in the transformation of a whole community may be seen in a village of Central Ohio. The Rev. Francis E. Marsten, D. D., of Columbus, O., describes in a letter to the Presbyterian Home Mission Board the work as he has seen it. It appears from his statement that Rev. C. W. Wallace, a missionary of the Board, three years ago went to a village named Black Lick, twelve miles east of Columbus. He found it a den of wickedness. Infidelity, vice and misery were marked characteristics of this community. Every commandment of the decalogue was openly and defiantly broken. Its very name was, in all Central Ohio, the synonym of outrageous iniquity. He began to hold services in a school house. Even Christian people discouraged his efforts. Men thought Black Lick beyond redemption. But the Holy Spirit accompanied the preaching of the simple truth. Souls were converted—first a few, then many. Taunts, sneers and blasphemies were exchanged for prayers, vows and tears of holy repentance.

To-day it is a changed community. A beautiful church edifice stands amid a rich farming district. With its neat tower it is a conspicuous object on the landscape. Within it is tastefully finished and well furnished. "Can this be Black Lick?" said one who had known it when possessed by the evil one. The saloon has gone; not one remains. Strife and turmoil are of the past. Formerly no woman who respected herself dared to go out after dark in that village. Now the most defenseless is safe, night or day. Such is the transformation that has come to pass right here under our very eyes, through the simple preaching of the word, and the acceptance of Jesus as the Redeemer of the soul.

CHILD EVANGELISTS.

AN interesting story of the transformation of a home comes from a little town in Clinton County, N. Y. There is a home there which was almost as heathen as a home in Africa There was no Bible in the house, no church attendance, no sign in any member of the family of the influence of the Gospel which was being proclaimed all around them. The head of the house spent most of his income in strong drink, and the mother and children were wearily carrying the burden such conduct entails upon them, unspported by the hopes and consolations of religion. Some time ago the pastor and deacon of the Presbyterian Church called upon the household and succeeded in getting the mother's promise to send the children to the Sunday School. They came, proved docile and attentive scholars and carried to the godless home the lessons they had learned. The effect was soon seen. A few Sundays ago the pastor of the church had the joy of receiving the mother and two of her children into membership. The other children were baptised and gave evidences of the power of the Spirit in their dispositions. They are all praying for the conversion of the husband and father who hitherto has resisted the influence working in his household.

INNOVATION IN PALESTINE.

THAT "the way of the Kings of the East" is being prepared and the means being provided for that return of the Jews to their own land which prophecy clearly promises, is evident from the following report furnished to the London *Spectator*, by a gentleman who recently visited the Holy Land: "On our first morning in Jaffa we were awakened by the screech of a railway-whistle: there is an electric light just outside the Damascus Gate at Jerusalem: the shadow of a telegraph-post falls upon Jacob's Well, near Sychar: and a steam-mill puffs day and night hard by the ancient well of Nazareth. They are getting on with the permanent-way of the Jaffa-Jerusalem railroad—only they have to rebuild parts of it so often that it can hardly be called permanent yet. It is open as far as Ramleh for goods, it crosses Sharon and passes up the broad vale of Sorek, by Zorah, Eshtaol, and the camp of Dan, Samson's birthplace, and up the way the kine of Bethshemesh brought the ark from Ekron. It will come in upon Jerusalem across the plain to the southwest of the city—with the least possible intrusion on the sacred associations of the district."

Missionary Anecdotes.

DEATH OF A JAPANESE CONVERT.

WRITING recently to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in Philadelphia from Osaka, Japan the Rev. T. T. Alexander says: I have just returned from the funeral of one of the Elders in our "South Church" at Osaka. His name was Nagao, and his age about fifty years. He died in the full triumph of the faith. A sport time before his death he sent for me to come and see him. I went, and as soon as he saw me his face brightened up, and he took my hand in his, and thanked me most warmly for all that I had taught him in years past. He had no fear of death, but rejoiced in the near prospect of heaven, with its peace and rest from pain and care. After I had read a few verses of Scripture and prayed, he began to sing of his own accord "Rock of Ages." (Japanese translation.) We united our voices with his, and with tearful eyes sang the hymn through, he stopping now and then to rest. To-day we sang the same hymn at his funeral. I trust he is now with the Saviour whom he learned to love and serve only a few years ago."

CHINESE ESTIMATE OF FOREIGNERS

IN the course of an article on missionary work in China published in the *Church at Home and Abroad*, Dr. J. L. Nevins, who has long been laboring in that field, thus states the basis of the prejudice which missionaries have to encounter in approaching the Chinese people: "Judged by their standard, and from their point of view, we are greatly their inferiors. In a thorough knowledge and use of the languages of China, especially the classical, and of her historical, biographical, and classical literature, few of the most studious and successful of Western scholars can hope to do more than approximate the Chinese standard. More than this, our manners appear to them uncultivated, our physiognomy abnormal, and our dress unbecoming, even immodest. We sometimes hear ourselves called 'Kwai-muh,' monstrosities; 'Heo-ts,' monkeys; 'Hung mao jin,' red haired men; while the common name applied to us is 'Yang kwei-ts,' foreign devils. It might be imagined however, that the Chinese must certainly appreciate our superior religious knowledge and culture. But it is just here that they think their own superiority most unquestionable. *They regard us as heathen*, since we treat all their deities, from the highest to the lowest, with irreverence. They say of us, 'Pu pai shin,' they do not worship the gods; 'Pu pai tien, ti,' they do not worship heaven and earth; which they regard as still more irreligious and dishonorable. But there is another stigma applied to us which designates the lowest grade of infamy, and is uttered with perhaps something of pity, but more of contempt, 'they do not worship their ancestors?'" Thus at the outset the missionary is not readily accepted as a teacher and is never cordially accepted until the Chinaman has learned by experience the power of Christ in his own soul."

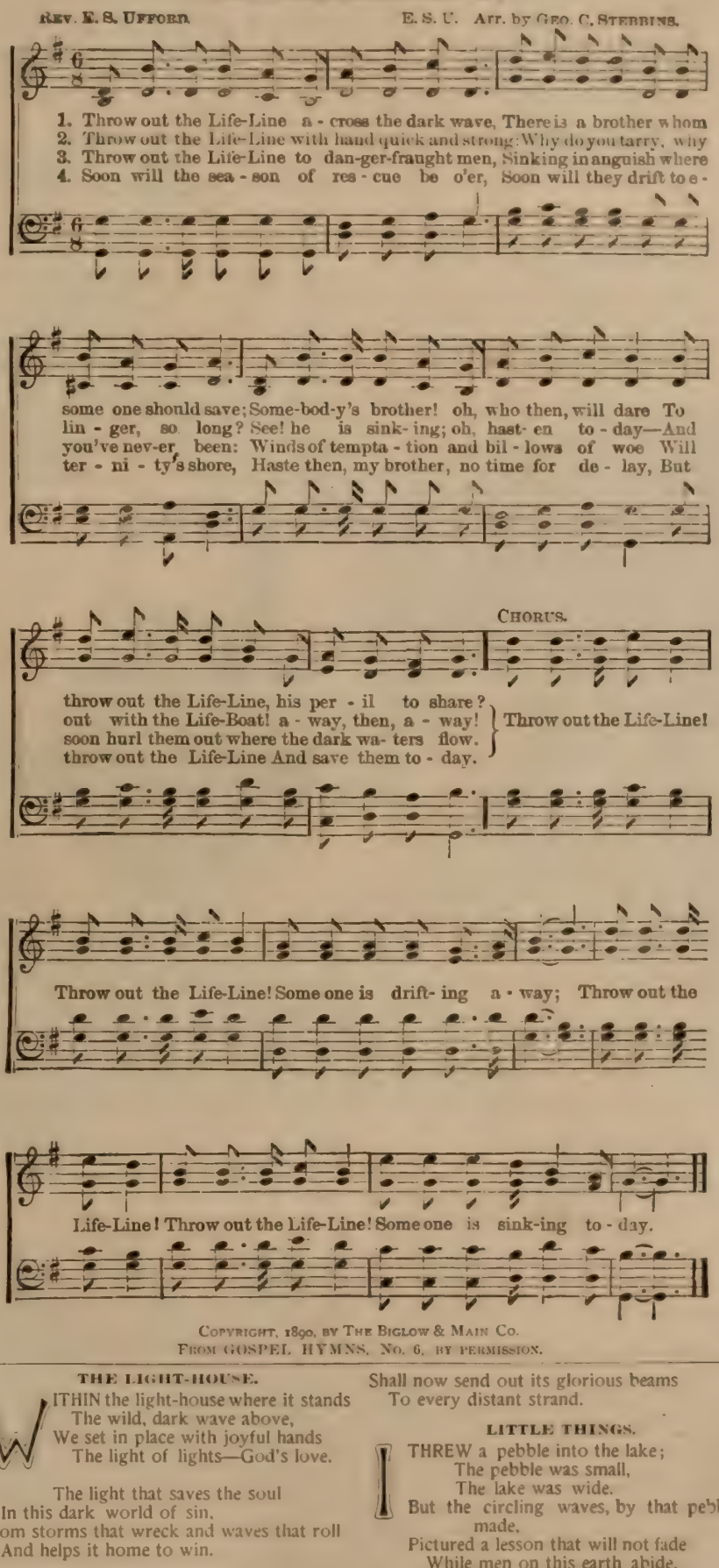
HELP REFUSED BY KAFFIRS.

A CHURCH has recently been finished and dedicated at Kimberley, South Africa, under remarkably circumstances. The foundations were laid and some feet of the walls built up several years ago by Christianized Kaffirs who were anxious to have a Christian place of worship which should attract others Kaffirs in Kimberley who had not yet come under the influence of Christianity. A Kaffir engine-cleaner named Klasse took the lead, contributing forty dollars himself and collecting other sums from his friends. The funds, however, were not sufficient and the work was suspended. Some dissipated Europeans residing at Kimberley went to Klasse and offered to finish the building at their own expense if the Kaffirs would agree to let them have the use of it when required for variety entertainments and dances. Klasse unhesitatingly declined the offer. Much as he wished to see the building finished he realized that it would be better unfinished than to accept help at the cost of desecration. Pressure was brought to bear on Klasse and he consented to submit the matter to the contributors. They unanimously confirmed Klasse's decision. When the facts became known, an appeal was made to friends of the Railway Mission. When the story of the Kaffirs' faithfulness to their principles was told the appeal received a prompt and liberal response, and the church has been roofed in and dedicated. It is not always that men building a church in Christian lands show the firmness of these Kaffirs. Perhaps if they did, their churches might be finished without resorting to the objectionable methods too often adopted to raise the needed funds.

Throw Out the Life-Line.

(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

REV. E. S. UFFORD. E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Throw out the Life-Line across the dark wave, There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tarry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-
some one should save; Some-bod-y's brother! oh, who then, will dare To
lin-ger, so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, hast-en to-day—And
you've nev-er been: Winds of tempta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will
ter-ni-ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de-lay, But
CHORUS.
throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share?
out with the Life-Boat! a-way, then, a-way!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line And save them to-day.
Throw out the Life-Line!
Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a-way; Throw out the
Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to-day.

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FROM GOSPEL HYMNS, NO. 6, BY PERMISSION.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

WITHIN the light-house where it stands
The wild, dark wave above,
We set in place with joyful hands
The light of lights—God's love.

The light that saves the soul
In this dark world of sin,
From storms that wreck and waves that roll
And helps it home to win.

The light that from the Cross
Shines on the ways of men,
To save from ruin, shame and loss,
From endless grief and pain.

The light of hope that streams
O'er all our own dear land
Shall now send out its glorious beams
To every distant strand.

LITTLE THINGS.

I THREW a pebble into the lake;
The pebble was small,
The lake was wide.
But the circling waves, by that pebble made,
Pictured a lesson that will not fade
While men on this earth abide.

I reached to heaven for a sinning soul;
My prayer was weak,
But God was strong,
And sins like scarlet were washed and white,
For the soul that grovelled sprang to the light,
And the weeping became a song.

—*Good Housekeeping.*

NEGLECTED WARNINGS.

The Programme of Future Events Revealed by God, but Ignored by Many of His People.

BY PROFESSOR INDEX.

DANIEL, concerning one of his narratives of heavenly revelation with the remark that he "understood by books the number of the years whereof the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah the prophet." He goes on to say that his next proceeding was to set his face toward God, seeking him by prayer and supplication. He tells us how he prayed and confessed the national sins. The same day an angel touched him and gave him more knowledge. It was a message from God himself, opening up the future beyond the limit surveyed by Jeremiah. The earlier prophet had seen the Jews returning to their own land. Daniel is taken to a higher summit and his gaze is directed across the ages to the finishing of transgression, the end of sins, the reconciliation for iniquity and the grand consummation—the bringing in of everlasting righteousness. We scarcely need to be told that a man so privileged was, as the angel said, a man greatly beloved.

It is strange that there should be a disposition in the world and in the church at the present day to ridicule such studies as those in which Daniel engaged. When a man tries now to understand "by books the number of the years whereof the word of the Lord came" to the prophets, that man is greatly despised. Perhaps it was chiefly in heaven that Daniel was greatly beloved, and there may have been some, even among his own countrymen and fellow-captives, who thought he might have spent his time more usefully than in poring over predictions which seemed very unlikely to come true. But he had his reward. A heavenly messenger brought him intelligence which he set down for the guidance of those who would seek to understand. The words were to be "shut up," or covered; their meaning was purposely hidden. But there was a limit to the period of the concealment. There was to come a time when men would conclude that the revelation received from God and recorded at his command was not given without purpose. Men would realize that "every Scripture given by inspiration of God is profitable." Indeed, Daniel was assured, for his comfort, that, though even he had heard, but understood not, at the time of the end "the wise should understand."

Many generations have passed, but the book has remained shut and sealed. An impression has long prevailed that it was presumptuous, if not impious, to pry into Daniel's dates and periods. Christian teachers have studied the prophecies already fulfilled. They have shown with infinite trouble and pains that the word of the Lord to his prophets surely came to pass, improbable as it appeared when it was uttered. As proofs of the fact they have placed, as it were, in parallel columns, the prediction and the fulfilment. Babylon, Nineveh, Tyre, the Jewish race scattered among the nations, yet unabsorbed, unassimilated—all standing facts corresponding with minute precision to the description uttered centuries before the event. Yet there the majority of Christian teachers have halted. We ask them, has this guide whom you have proved to be unerring, infallible, who minutely described these events before they happened, anything to say about events still future? "Oh, yes; but it is too mysterious for us to understand. It is a profitless study." So the Jews acted in the time of Christ. Had they studied the Scriptures which they professed to revere, they would have recognized in the Nazarene him of whom Moses and the Prophets did write and the evangelist would not have had to write that pathetic lament, "He came unto his own and his own received him not." Is it possible that when he comes the second time, his own will again be unprepared to welcome him?

What a surprise it will be for such men when the prophecies yet unfulfilled come to fulfilment! When the events succeed each other in rapid procession and reach the climax of Christ's appearance; in that day of sudden and mysterious partings, when two shall be sleeping in one bed, and one shall be taken and the other left, what self-reproach will harrow up thousands of souls. "We had the Book," they will say, "we insisted that we believed it; we denounced those who impugned

it, yet we paid no attention to its warnings. It has come to pass exactly as was fortold and we were unprepared. *To them that looked for him* has he appeared the second time unto salvation." The terrible trials that will succeed, will be understood then and the promise that will be precious in those days will be the assurance that for the elect's sake those days will be shortened. There will be no more scoffing among the Lord's people then, at the doctrine of the Lord's second coming. Every eye will be turned longingly to the skies and the cry go up from the lips of every sincere soul, "Lord Jesus, come quickly." Under the cruel persecution of Antichrist, the Christians who, for their unbelief, were left behind when Christ descended into the air, will pine for the day when his feet will tand upon the Mount of Olives. There will be no idea of spiritualizing the prophecies in that time. It will be a living, personal Deliverer for whom they will yearn. The sight they will long to see will be the King desending in his might, with ten thousand of his saints, to scatter the enemies and to reign gloriously over the earth.

Thousands of the Lord's people will escape all that misery. They are looking for him now. At no previous time has so much attention been given to the prophecies. It is now as Daniel was assured it would be, "the wise understand." Like the prophet they are seeking to understand by books the number of the years, and as it was with him, it is with them, light comes to the seeker. Those who turn a deaf ear to their warnings will be like the five foolish virgins who at the critical moment will have no oil in their lamps.

PASTOR SPURGEON'S EPITAPH.

AN interesting reminiscence of the departed minister is given by one of his intimate fnends, Rev. William Cuff: "We were sitting," says Mr. Cuff, "one day in the little churchyard at Wooton Hatch, having that morning wandered together out there. We sat down to rest under a fine chestnut-tree, and all at once Mr. Spurgeon rose, and with his walking-stick marked out the shape of a grave, and said, 'I wonder if they will let me be buried in some lovely spot like this, out of the way of the world? That's all I shall want, Cuff.' 'No sir; they won't bury you here; but if I live the longer of the two I shall remember this place and this talk.' I do remember it, and turning up 'John Ploughman's Talk,' I find on pp. 172 and 173 Mr. Spurgeon's own way of putting it all: 'Let John Ploughman be buried somewhere under the boughs of a spreading beech, with a green grass mound above him, out of which primroses and daisies peep in their season—a quiet, shady spot, where the leaves fall and the robins play, and the dewdrops gleam in the sunshine. Let the winds blow fresh and free over my grave, and if there must be a line about me, let it be: 'Here lies the body of John Ploughman, waiting for the appearing of his Lord aud Saviour Jesus Christ.' That was his idea of a suitable inscription for a Christian man's tomb."

UNRULY TONGUES.

A LADY once called upon her minister, to tell him how much her mind had been hurt, writes Rev. Paxton Hood. Her pastor received her with all tenderness, and inquired into the cause of her distress. She went on to say, "She could assure him that her mind was very much hurt indeed, but she did not know how to tell him." The minister, judging it must be something serious, urged her to be explicit upon the subject of her distress. At last she said, "It is the length of your bands, sir, when in the pulpit." "Oh!" said the minister, "the length of my bands, is it, that so distresses you? I will take care that that shall be a source of distress to you no more." So, fetching his bands, he said, "Here is a pair of scissors; cut them to your wish." After she had done this, she thanked him and professed to feel her mind relieved. "Well, my friend," said the minister, "I may tell you that my mind has been very much hurt; perhaps even more than yours." "O sir, I am sorry for that; what, sir, has hurt your mind so?" He replied, "It is the length of your tongue. And now, as one good turn deserves another, you will allow as much to be cut off as will reduce it to about its proper length."

It need not be remarked that she was speechless, and it is hoped learned an important lesson with respect to that unruly member.

Volume XI., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office: price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

PRAISE SERVICE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing March. 20. Isa. 12; Eph. 5: 19.

IT is only a praise service. How often is the phrase spoken in depreciatory tone! Only praise, as if that were a matter from which one might be excused. Yet self respect, if nothing more, calls for participation in such a duty. If a President, or an eminent man in art, or science, or literature, whom we admired and loved and at whose hand we had received help, were among us, should we not feel it a duty to be present at his reception, if only as an expression of our gratitude? Especially if such a man were misunderstood, misrepresented and defamed, it would be obligatory upon all who knew and loved him to put themselves on record as his friends. The praise service signifies that. We owe it to ourselves that we join in praising the God who is all in all to us.

And we owe it to others. The world is influenced more than we realize by example. Abstract truth makes its way with immense difficulty. The fact that one whom we respect and admire belongs to a certain set, does certain things, believes in certain doctrines, often weighs more on the mind than abstract arguments and is a more potent force in impelling to like conduct. Besides, how otherwise than by our acknowledgment, shall the world know that the service of Christ is a delightful service, that he is a glorious Master whom it is pleasure and honor to serve? Testimony has ever been the most valuable agency in winning souls? Where argument fails, the man gains a hearing, who can say, "One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see." Therefore let none say, "It is only a praise service," but, "It is a praise service and I who have so much to praise him for must not be absent."

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN TEXAS.

A strong testimony to the value of Christian Endeavor Societies is sent to us by a subscriber to lhis journal in Houston, Tex. He writes: "Our Society is not yet three months old and has a list of thirty members, starting with only four or five Dec. 13, 1891. But the Lord was with us, and is doing great things for us. The Christian Endeavor idea is somewhat young as yet iu this section, but is now spreading rapidly under the wise direction of the newly formed State Union. I consider the Christian Endeavor Society a barometer to the spiritual condition of any congregation. Where the Society finds a quick and sure foothold, the Church is sure to be awake and on the alert. Can any other Society show a better record than that one above; we are contending for pure Christian Endeavor organizations out here, and union with Epworth Leagues as against Literary societies under Christian Endeavor names, and without Christian Endeavor principles." To this the Pastor of the Lubbock Street Presbyterian Church in Houston adds his testimony, that the society has given a great impetus to his work among young people and, since its organization, the attendance on church service has increased.

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A GIFT TO THE NEW JERSEY Y. M. C. A.

The announcement is made in a daily Journal of New York that ten acres of land near Asbury Park, N. J. have been presented to the Young Men's Christian Associations of the State of New Jersey. Ir is intended for a recreation ground, for a camping ground in the summer months and for a place of assembly for State Y. M. C. A. Conventions. The donors are a number of capitalists who have formed a stock company to purchase a large tract of land fronting on Deal Lake. The company has also undertaken to erect a large building on the lots donated to the Y. M. C. A. to be used as a training school, similar to that conducted by Mr. Moody at Northfield, Mass. This will be fitted out with a fully-equipped gymnasium, and will be utilized as a sort of general assembly of the State Associations. The grounds will be handsomely arranged, graded, &c., and all the expenses will be borne by the company. This will be made a most desirable resort during the Summer months for the young men who may at a nominal cost, enjoy delightful boating, fishing, bathing, &c. As soon as the weather permits, preparations for clearing and grading the tract will be begun and the building erected.

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A FAMOUS C. E. WORKER.

One of the most energetic and vigorius Christian Endeavor workers in the Maritime Provinces is Mr. John S. Smith, to whom, probably more than to any other individual member of the Society is due the remarkable extension and popularity of the movement in Nova Scotia. Mr. Smith, whose portrait we are permitted by the courtesy of *The Golden Rule*, to present to our readers in this issue, is a native of Halifax, N. S. For several years he has been connected with the Fort Massey Presbyterian Church of which he is an elder. In his case the inheritance of a deeply religious nature is strongly marked, for his paternal ancestors for at least two generations have been elders and men of notable energy in the Presbyterian Church. From earliest manhood, Mr. Smith has been identified with Sunday School

MR. JGHN S. SMITH,
Supt. of C. E. Societies in the Maritime Provinces.

and Y. M. C. A., work and a little over four years ago he became interested in the Christian Endeavor. At that time, there were only two small societies of the Endeavor in Nova Scotia. Mr. Smith at once proved a valuable accession, displaying excellent qualities both as a worker and organizer, and being ever ready to respond to the call of duty in Christian Endeavor work. He is thoroughly familiar with the special field in which he labors and his presence is well known and welcomed among the different Nova Scotia Endeavor Societies, almost all of which he has visited at different times, and with whose life and spiritual growth he has been in close sympathy and contact since their organization. Four years ago, he was chosen a life member of the United Society by the Fort Massey organization, and at the Maritime Christian Endeavor Convention held at Pictou, two years ago, was unanimously elected to fill the responsible office of General Superintendent, which he still holds. One of the best evidences of Mr. Smith's popularity, and the love and respect in which he is held by the young people of the Maritime Provinces is the fact that during 1891 the Christian Endeavor Societies in Nova Scotia have fully doubled in membership and that everywhere the movement is winning new accessions and a strong and enduring foothold.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE first church, Los Angeles, Cal., has organized an Epworth League, with eighty-five charter members. Grace Church chapter, Chicago, is making rapid progress with eighty-three members. The young people form a very fine company and that League will win. The League at Monmouth reports for its Mercy and Help department 375 calls on sick, twenty-seven calls on strangers, nine nights spent nursing sick, four nights spent with the dead, one night spent in jail with an insane woman, and $10 spent in charities. S. L. McCurdy writes: "In Danville, N. Y., we have an active League of more than 100 members with all the departments well sustained. We have devotional meeting every Sunday evening, and literary meetings Wednesday evenings for the study of the Bible.' Asbury League at Terre Haute, Ind., is a veritable host in every good word and work. It holds meetings on Tuesday nights for study, lectures or something useful, which meetings are wonderfully sustained. A religious meeting is held every Sunday evening. At Cherokee, Kansas, the League is flourishing with fifty members, and the members increase at every meeting. Meetings are held in the church every Friday evening. The lesson study is a course on Palestine. At Houlton, Maine, the League has grown from twenty-three to a hundred during the last year. The attendance at devotional meetings averages 120. At Eggleston Square, Boston, the chapter recently received their friends; on the 15th, the department of Mercy and Help gave a good programme and a Demorest silver medal contest was held. Wood Lake, Minn., has a League of forty members and an active Chautauqua Circle of twelve members. A programme for the socials, consisting of readings, essays, is furnished by the literary department. The chapter at Simpson Church, Paterson, N. J., will place a memorial window in the new church, now rapidly approaching completion.

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A SOUTHERN CIRCLE.

AN excellent record of Christian work in trying circumstances is that sent to the *American Missionary* by Miss Clara A. Dole of Thomasville, Ga. She writes: "Our King's Daughters' work was commenced three years ago. At first we held five and ten minute meetings in my room, for prayer and a short talk on Christian living. The next year, having out-grown my room, we met in a recitation room and held longer meetings, the girls taking some part, usually. At that time there were but very few Christians, and it was hard to interest even those who said they were church members. Finally, the Spirit of God descended upon us, and every girl in school who was not a Christian, with the exception of two, became converted. We again changed the time of meeting from Sunday afternoon to Saturday night, and held regular prayer-meetings. Great interest in the meetings was manifested.

We also did some charitable work, such as fitting a poor old woman out with comfortable clothing for winter, and sending over five dollars to the Micronesian Islands to help on the missionary work there. The money was earned by making small fancy articles, which we sold. Some money was also given to the above mentioned women.

Last year, as a church prayer-meeting was established, and each school had its weekly prayer-meeting, it was decided that we would hold a literary meeting every Saturday night, and meet for one hour on Sunday for Bible study. We also devoted the regular time for sewing in school, on Wednesday, to sewing for the society. Several good warm garments were made for the old people in the poor-house, and many fancy articles which we sold. We are working along the same lines this year. An earnest effort is being made to educate thoroughly along the three lines mentioned, viz.: Bible study and Christian work, charitable work and giving, and literary work.

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A remarkable work has been accomplished at Marinette, Wis. under the labors of Mr. M. B. Williams of Atlanta, Ga. The Young Men's Christian Association and the Evangelical Churches of the city united in the movement. No less than 450 persons made profession of faith during the progress of the services. Besides this, many members of churches who had drifted into worldiness renewed their vows of consecration. It is probable that a new Y. M. C. A. buildfng may grow from these services. Mr. Williams made an appeal for funds for this purpose, and the sum of $6,000 was contributed.

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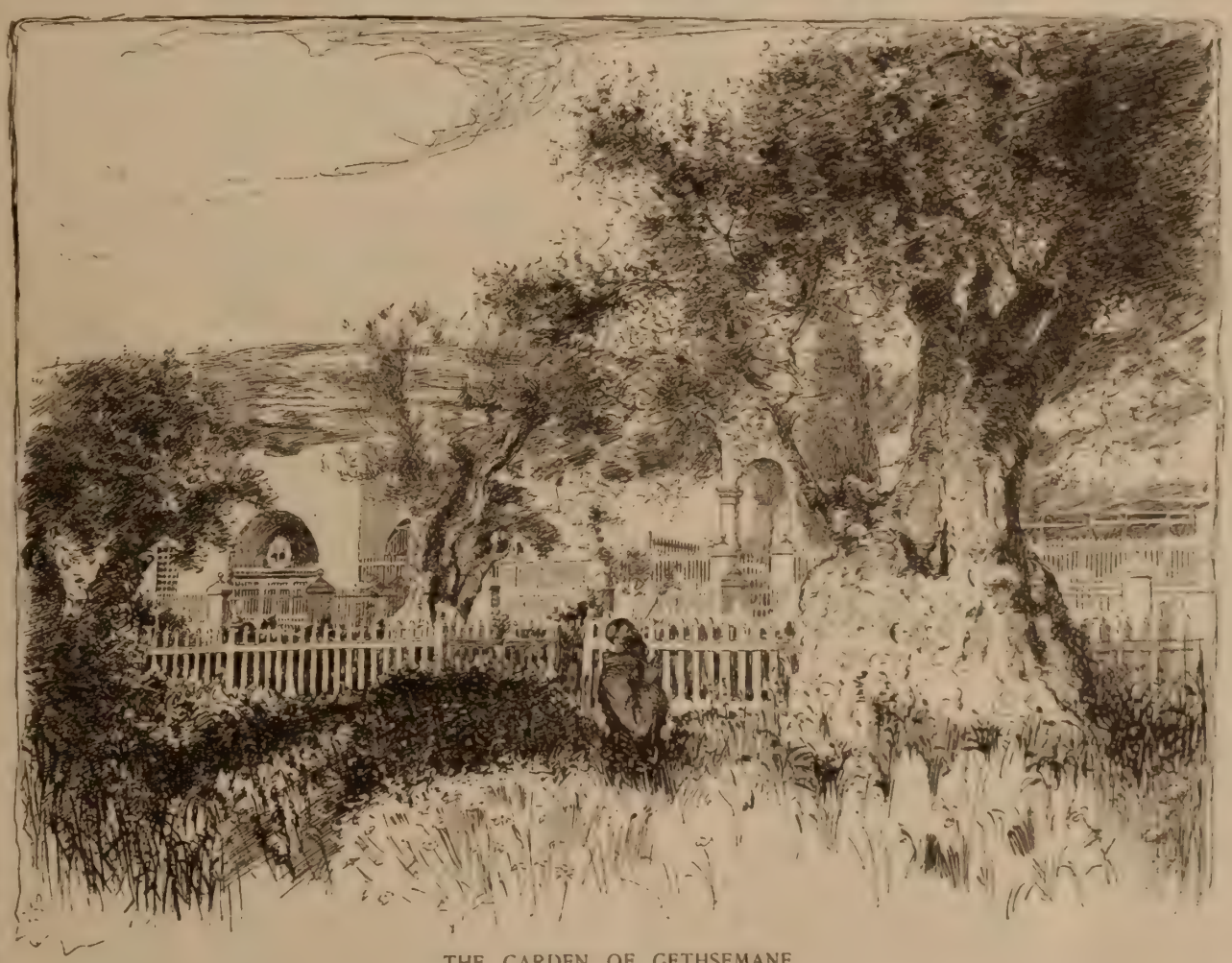
One hundred and eleven Christian Endeavor societies were enrolled in one week recently 24 of these were Christian (Disciples), 20 Presbyterian, 20 Congregational, 9 Methodist Episcopal, 6 Lutheran, 4 Baptist, 4 Cumberland Presbyterian, 2 Friends, 2 Free Baptist, 2 Reformed, 2 United Brethren, 1 Methodist Protestant, 1 Reformed Presbyterian, and 14 union societies.

In Gethsemane's Garden

How the Hallowed Spot, Made Memorable by the Saviour's Agony and Betrayal, Appears to the Modern Traveler.

PASSING out of Jerusalem on the eastern side, by the road that leads to the Mount of Olives, the pilgrim enters a small valley through which, at the bottom of a deep glen, runs the brook Kedron. In ancient times, the suburbs of the Holy City abounded with gardens and pleasure-grounds, of which traces still remain. Near the bridge across the Kedron stands a church known as the Chapel of the Tomb of the Virgin, and a little way further on toward the slope of Olivet, is a Garden whose name and fame are known throughout the entire Christian world. It is the Garden of Gethsemane.

This spot which was identified and enclosed at the desire of the devout Helena, the mother of Constantine, in A.D. 326, is marked by a group of time-honored olive trees, doubtless the growth of many centuries. These are surrounded by a wall and the interior of the plot is laid out in walks and flower-beds, after a quite modern pattern. Guides point out to the traveler "the Grotto of the Agony" and other places of supreme interest; but as the information concerning the exact location of the events connected with the tragedy of Gethsemane have come down to us mainly through traditionary sources, there is a difference of opinion among Biblical authorities that leaves such claims in doubt. All agree, however, in accepting as authentic beyond dispute, the site of the Garden itself and it has been visited and described by nearly every modern traveler in Palestine. It is a never-failing centre of attraction to Christian pilgrims visiting the Holy Land. The wall of the Garden, which faces the city, is continuous and the entrance is by a small door on the eastern side, facing the Mount of Olives. Outside of this door pilgrims are shown the spot where, it is said, the disciples, Peter, John and James, slept during the Agony; and still farther on, to the south and also outside the enclosed part of the Garden, is a spot which local tradition indicates as the place where Judas gave the kiss of betrayal.



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

(From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage during his tour in Palestine.)

The garden itself is a square although somewhat irregular plot—about 160 feet long by 150 in width—divided into well-kept flower beds, bordered by hedges. It is evident that the olive trees are very old; their trunks are seared, dry and hollow, being in some places filled in with rubbish and propped up with boulders; their thin, leafless branches spreading out their arms above the flowers that bloom on the ground beneath. Olive oil from the trees in the garden is sold at an almost fabulous price, and is greatly prized by pilgrims. Gethsemane was an olive orchard, known as "The Oil-press," deriving its name from a rock-hewn trough in which the olives were trodden with the feet, the oil flowing into a vat near by. Long after the days of Christ's sojourn on earth, all the trees round about Jerusalem were cut down by Titus to be used in the siege, and doubtless the trees of Gethsemane shared the common fate; but those that afterward grew in the place of the olive trees beneath whose shades the Agony and betrayal took place, reproduced the general features of the scene. The trees to be seen in the garden to-day are doubtless very ancient and one specially venerable olive (shown in the forground of the illustration) is known as the Passion Tree, tradition declaring it to mark the spot where the Saviour passed his period of most intense agony, immediately before the betrayal.

On that night in which the scene took place that has made the Garden of Gethsemane forever memorable, the Saviour and his disciples left their friends' house in Jerusalem at a late hour. They had partaken of the Last Supper and were preparing to return across the Mount of Olives to Bethany. Crossing the Kedron bridge, they reached the lonely Garden of Gethsemane, whose seclusion Jesus had often sought with his disciples, and to which he had full permission to enter at all times, as it belonged to one who was a friend of the Master and who had invited him to enjoy its cool, flowery paths and the shade of its trees whenever he pleased. So, on that night, they turned aside and entered the Garden, following its winding paths until they came to a pleasant spot where Christ turned and faced his disciples, asking them to sit there while he went on a little further with Peter, James and John, to pray. Then followed those hours of agony, of which the world and even the disciples knew little. When their sleep-burdened eyes were opened, they saw the Master, calm, white, but fearless, standing before them, and in the distance, gleaming through the dark olive branches, the lights carried by the soldiers who were searching for him, led by Judas. A crowd had followed the armed men from the city. Judas hastened to be first and to point out the Saviour to the soldiers. Peter and another would fain have resisted with the sword, but were sternly forbidden, although the impetuous disciple had already delivered a blow. A captive, his hands cruelly bound with cords, his arms roughly grasped by Roman soldiers, Jesus was led out of the Garden into the roadway and back over the Kedron bridge to Jerusalem. The tragedy of the Garden of Gethsemane was ended.

Not Time Enough Here.

A RENOWNED singer is that of the old musician and his pupil. "Why," asked the master, "have you come back to Bologna? You, the most accomplished singer in the world." "Because," said the pupil, "because—because, dear master, I feel that I don't yet really know how to sing." "My son," was the reply, "that is what none of us shall ever know on this earth; in the next world there may be more time. For when we are young we have the voice, but not the art; and when we are old we have the art, but not the voice." So with our better selves. Just as we begin to know the precious secrets of life we lose interest in them here but awaken to a higher life hereafter.

* * *

Be Dignified.

A LITTLE dignity does not destroy ease and geniality, but only heightens their value, writes M. D. L., in *The Ram's Horn*. Freedom of manner is very liable to degenerate into too great familiarity or rough abruptness. A moderate reserve is more sober; the romping and play-wrestling indulged in by large boys and girls, young men and women is not helpful to this and should be discouraged. In these days of education and cultivation in music and other accomplishments, there need be no lack of material and methods to aid in the pleasure of companionship. Manliness and womanliness need not be stiffness or dullness. Young people are apt to think their older friends are unnecessarily anxious. They forget that those who have been over a road can most clearly understand its dangers. The waves laugh and play in the rapids about Niagara, yet the great cataract and the fatal whirlpool are below. Thoughtful people, as they look on society, often seem to see a like picture. Is it strange they call out "Pull for the shore?" Take heed, dear young friends, to this kindly warning. Not only avoid improper associates, but be on your guard with all. A little dignity may be the grappling hook to save you from wreck, or the ballast to give you steady, smooth sailing, while lighter crafts are tossed about and wrecks from their course. It also implies self-respect which always commands respect, without which friendship or love can never be enduring, and these are the foundations of all social joy, and the bulwarks of moral life. So do not be afraid of being called "prim" because you are not rude. Rude you are not, and yours will be the seat of honor.

* * *

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

ALL through the night,
Dear Father, when our trembling eyes explore
In vain thy heavens, bereft of warmth and light,
When birds are mute, and roses glow no more,
And this fair world sinks fayless from our sight,
O Father, keep us then!

All through the night,
When slumbers deep our weary senses fold,
Protect us in the hollow of thy hand,
And when the morn, with glances bright and bold
Thrills the glad heavens and wakes the smiling land,
O Father, keep us then!

* * *

Japanese Women at Home.

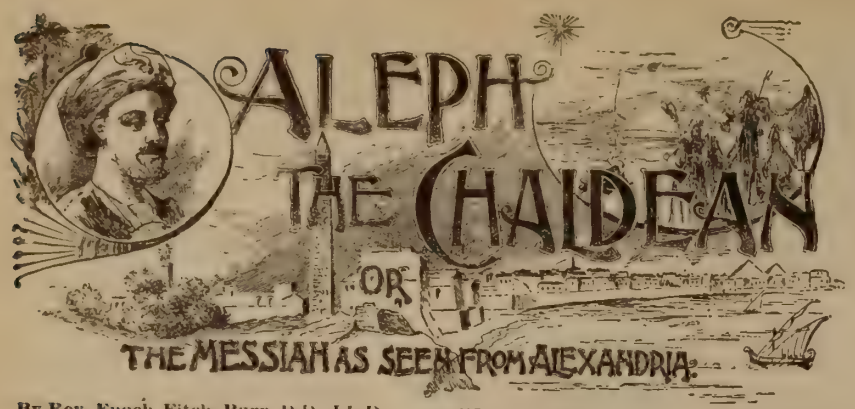
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD writes thus charmingly of the women of Japan and their home life: "If a foreign sojourner must speak favorably of the men, how shall he avoid an apparent extravagance of praise in qualifying these sweet, these patient, these graceful, these high-bred, these soft-voiced, gentle, kind, quiet, unselfish women of Japan? They seem, taken all together, so amazingly superior to their men-folk, as almost to belong morally and socially to a higher race. In a sense that is the case, for though, of course, identical in blood and breeding, Japanese women have been reared for centuries in a separate school from the men. It was the hard school of obedience, of submission, of resignation, with no pretensions to justify the view. I know not by what soft magic of content, by what subtle elasticity of nature the Japanese woman—in theory a slave—in practice has gained very much her own way everywhere; and obtains, without exacting, far more consideration and deference than might be expected. It is an unsolved mystery in what proportion the Mongol, the Malay, and the South Sea Islander, with perhaps the Arab and Semitic peoples, have blended to constitute this unique, gifted, impressionable race. Yet it is a still greater mystery to me how the Japanese woman has developed her gracious sweetness and bright serenity in the atmosphere of unchivalrous malestimation surrounding her from early times. The story of those early times proves abundantly that she was always what she is now—tender, gentle and devoted."

* * *

Little Heart-Aches.

"I KNOW now," said a lady not long ago, "that my mother loved me tenderly; but during all my childhood I doubted it. If I were really dear to her, I queried, why did she never tell me so? Why did she never caress me and assure me of her love? She thought her actions spoke loudly enough without words, and so they did, but I did not comprehend the language they spoke. I could not understand them as I can now, and how I longed to hear her call me loving names and to have her lap me in the sweet embrace of a mother's love."

Many a little heart aches as did this lady's for the spontaneous utterances of maternal affection. Do not withhold love from it.



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D D., LL.D.

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SYNOPSIS OF THE STORY.

Aleph, a young Chaldean student, of a notable family arrives in Alexandria with his friend and companion, *Cimon*, a Greek, who has visited the city many years previously. During the journey down the Nile, the latter points out the various places of interest to *Aleph*. Egypt is under Roman rule, and the period is early in the first century of the Christian era. On landing, the friends encounter an aged Egyptian, *Seti*, to whom a drunken Roman officer is about to offer violence, when *Aleph* disarms the latter, very skilfully. *Seti* is grateful to the youth and on leaving him warns him that he has made an enemy of the dissipated son of *Flaccus* the Roman Governor of the city. He then cautions him against *Flaccus* and also against *Malus*, a crafty Jewish trader of great influence. The two friends pass some time in viewing the sights of the city, after which *Aleph*, who is there on highly important business matters, seeks the great banker *Alexander*. Before visiting him, however, he learns some interesting facts regarding the man he is to see. *Alexander* is the Alabarch or representative head of the orthodox Hebrews of Alexandria, a man of great wealth and influence, to whom the magnates of all nationalities, and even the government officials themselves, frequently resort for financial aid. His place of business is a vast, imposing building of great strength, and here at times come students, travelers with letters of credit, merchants and others. *Aleph* visits *Alexander* and meets *Rachel*, the banker's beautiful daughter. *Aleph* on concluding his business, accepts *Alexander's* invitation to come to the *Diapleuston* Synagogue on the following day. At the Synagogue, impressive services conclude with an address by one *Simeon*, just returned from Jerusalem, who tells the congregation about Jesus, concerning whom he made full inquiry and touching whose Divine nature the Jews were divided. A party of Roman soldiers invade the *Diapleuston*, and attempting to compel the Alabarch and worshippers to render divine homage to an image of the Emperor *Tiberius*, are forcibly expelled, *Aleph* and *Cimon* taking an active part in the ejection. On leaving the synagogue, the two friends are followed by a stranger whom they interrogate. The stranger proves to be a friendly Hebrew who after cordially greeting them, promises to meet them soon again. Aleph loses no time in beginning his studies at the University of the Serapeum, and receives a friendly welcome from the high-priest *Seti*. At *Seti's* request he visits the nurse of *Rachel*, who is sick, and he has a disagreeable encounter with the woman's husband, who is disposed to prevent her recovery. At the nurse's house he again meets *Rachel*, who is there on a mission of charity, and has an opportunity to converse with her. Shortly after this, *Cimon* again encounters the friendly Hebrew, who proves to be one of two brothers, at whose father's khan in Alexandria in their boyhood, the child Jesus and his parents rested after their flight from Herod's persecution. He tells *Cimon* the wondrous story of that visit and its attendant circumstances, which had long been kept secret. Recently the two brothers, who had been waiting for years for tidings of the divine Child, had journeyed to Judea whence the fame of Jesus' miraculous works and teachings had reached them. They had seen the Christ, who had even recognized them, calling them by their names, and giving them a singular proof of his divine power by directing them how to recover a document that had been missing many years and whose loss placed them at the mercy of *Malus*. *Cimon* takes leave of *Shaphan* his new friend, promising to bring *Aleph* to share in their next interview. *Cimon* next visits the Custom House to learn the rates of tribute and on afterwards calling at the leading business houses he finds evidence of improper dealings on the part of *Malus* extending over many years.

The beautiful home-life of *Rachel*, her love for *Miriam*, the nurse, and her intense desire to know more of *Jesus*, furnish material for many pleasant descriptive scenes. She becomes the protecting genius of *Aleph* and his friend *Cimon*. *Malus* takes counsel with *Simon Magus*, a celebrated magician and together they plan an attack on the two strangers, which takes place during a remarkable performance in the Egyptian quarter of Alexandria. Fortunately *Aleph* and *Cimon* are forewarned and avoid the danger. *Aleph* now prepares for matriculation at the University. He passes the intellectual ordeal successfully and next submits to the physical test in the arena of the Museum. After subduing an untrained Parthian horse, he encounters *Draco*, a noted athlete, who tests him at parry.

CHAPTER X. (*Continued.*)

He had hardly made this instinctive preparation before the blows began to come—at first with some show of tentativeness and moderation, but, as they were warded off, they returned with ever-increasing heat and force, and gradually came to be aimed exclusively at the head. Now it was on the mouth, now the eye, now the temple. He seemed bent on at least marring the manly beauty before him, and which contrasted so strangely with his own coarse and brutal features. Gradually the open palm became the knotted fist. Gradually the knotted fist came as fast and fiercely as the whole passionate force of the man could wield it.

Through the whole of this impetuous hail storm, Aleph kept strictly on the defensive. His whole work was parrying. Was not this in the bond? Of course, his hands were full of occupation—his feet also, when Draco began to shift positions and at length attacked him on whatever side and from whatever direction he could. Aleph hardly had time to wonder at the headlong ferocity of the storm that was discharging itself upon him.

"Stop!" cried Cornelius. "This is fighting, not examining. Stop! I say—this is intolerable."

But Draco paid no attention. The glare of a tiger was in his eyes. His face was that of fiend.

"Shall I quit the defensive?" inquired Aleph in a low voice to Cornelius and Metellus—as he gained a moment's respite by a spring to one side.

"Do so!" they both exclaimed. "He means to kill you."

Then was a sight worth seeing. Then the youth fairly awoke. Then his whole frame began to work with the supreme grace and force of some mighty machine. It was Apollo turned to Mars, or rather to Jupiter Tonans himself—so wonderfully sovereign and commanding became his aspect. And perhaps the most impressive thing about it was the mysterious repose and utter self-possession that sat enthroned in every feature.

Compared with his movements now, all his former ones were mere pastime. It was sublime to see such a face, such a figure, such a blending of all the poetries of expression and motion. He still parried, but every parry was followed by a blow delivered. Swifter and stronger flew that young hand. He, too, could be swift and mighty—he, too, could press, now on this side and now on that, and again, seemingly, on all sides at once. And yet his breathing was unhurried—there seemed in him endless reserves of strength and battle.

"Shade of Hercules! how he handles himself," exclaimed young men as they stood on their benches and watched breathlessly.

Almost as soon as the defensive became the aggressive, a severe stroke on his swollen cheek warned Draco that he must begin to look for self-preservation. He could no longer give his whole attention to assault. He became vividly sensible of the great change that had taken place in the aspect and bearing of his antagonist. He saw how cool and collected he was—how perfectly master of himself. The sight angered him, made him furious. He would have given his life for one fair, demolishing stroke on the young man on whom as yet he had not been able to fasten a single bruise. But scant time had he now for even such flashes of thinking. He had all he could do to ward off the blows that came so mightily and swiftly, and yet with a certain deliberate terribleness and ease that seemed to say that such could be delivered forever. Soon another blow passed his ward and reached the cheek hitherto untouched. But it was with the palm of the hand. Was Aleph affecting to be forbearing and merciful to him who had never given mercy nor needed it? Was he, like some perverse boy, being cuffed into good behavior? The thought was intolerable. That a youngster of a score of summers should be sparing him—conquering him with even something less than his utmost, was agony. And yet that was what everybody could now see was bound to happen. It was plain to see that Draco was waning and that Aleph was waxing. The sweat was dropping freely from the face of the one; the brow of the other was not perceptibly moist. Spectators could see that the young man often voluntarily neglected advantages that the passion and precipitation of his adversary gave him, and was seeking to close the contest with as little damage and mortification to him as possible. After one of these plain forbearances he said to Draco in a low voice:

"Need this go on? Say that you are satisfied with the examination and we will stop just here. You have for some time been in my power."

For answer the infuriated man leaped at him with the expression of a fiend, and tried to throw his arms about him and bear him to the ground. So sudden and violent was the movement that Aleph eluded it with some difficulty; but he did it, and, in passing, dealt the ill-balanced man a blow that felled him to the ground. He lay motionless.

"He is not injured—only stunned," said Aleph to Cornelius and Metellus as they came up. They looked at the speaker and wondered. Not a blow appeared to have reached him. There was no visible disarrangement of his dress even. The flowers at his girdle were still in place. And the supremely cool and masterful look that had presided through the whole contest was still sitting in full glory on its throne.

The issue had been anticipated by the students for some time; but their breathless interest in watching the conflict had kept them from any general vocal expression. But now there was such an uproar—such a waving of canes and caps, such stamping and clapping and lung-rending huzzaing as a thousand frenzied young men could make, and such as the old Serapeum had not known for many a day, if ever. Did Seti make any effort to suppress or moderate? Not he. Some even go so far as to say that he was seen unconsciously keeping time to the uproar with his foot. Others say (and I am disposed to think they are right) that he sat as motionless as the statue of Memnon, sat as if in a dream, till the tumult had somewhat subsided. Then he held up his hand. Silence at once reigned.

"Young men of the Museum! I cannot think that any considerable number of you have been knowingly concerned in this conspiracy. Were it otherwise it would be to the eternal disgrace of the University, and especially of your part of it. I prefer to think, and do think, that you have been victims. You could not have supposed that it was intended to assail the very life of a young man under pretense of testing his athletic accomplishments. You have been misled and deceived by somebody. I leave you to find out who inspired and contrived this whole thing. It is necessary for your good name. And I shall not wonder if you decline henceforth to have anything to do with these two professional trainers who have allowed themselves to be used for murderous purposes."

"The venerable Seti is right," cried Metellus. "We of the Museum are no better than we should be; but we are not sunk so low as to take part in a plot against the life or limb of a stranger who has done us no harm—much less against a member of our University. We have been imposed upon. We supposed that nothing but a reasonable and safe testing was intended: we even supposed that less danger would attend it under our trainers than would naturally belong to an emulative contest between students.

"It would be a farce for me," he continued, "to ask the Museum to vote as to whether the examination of the candidate has been satisfactory. There is not one of us but would throw his cap to the moon in token of approval. Of course we adopt the hero into the Museum by a thunder of silent acclamation. We have seen something to-day to tell to the old folks at home—something to tell to our children," he added smiling. * * * "I think we owe it to ourselves to act on the suggestion of the venerable Seti; to express formally our condemnation of these villains (the one lying here where he ought to lie, and the other standing yonder dangling a whip which ought to make many a weal across his own back) and their prompters, whoever they may be. Have we any further need of the services of trainers who are themselves trained by the infernals? I think not. Those agreeing with me will stretch out their hands."

As far as Metellus could see, every hand was lifted.

What congratulations were showered on Aleph, how cordial and admiring both Serapeum and Museum seemed, how profuse the latter were in their disclaimers and apologies and promises to unearth the whole plot, and how modestly Aleph carried himself under it all, I will not attempt to set down in detail.

"Come with me," said Seti to our friends, as the students broke up, "and I will show you your new quarters." On the way they told him of their arrangement to meet Malus at the khan in the evening, but promised to return immediately after to the Serapeum. At the door of their apartments a servant met them and said to the priest that his granddaughter was in her sedan at the gate and wished to see him. Would he come at once? She was looking very pale and ill. Seti at once threw open the door, bade them enter and be at home, and hastened after the servant.

He did not appear again that day. Very likely he went home with Rachel. And very likely Aleph would have followed in the course of the afternoon, had not Cimon happened to mention that he overheard a student saying that news had just came that the emperor had asked the daughter of the Alabarch in marriage for his nephew and heir Germanicus, and that the visit of the Alabarch to Rome had reference to this overture. "Perhaps," added Cimon, "this is what has disturbed her."

"She would never marry a pagan," said Aleph decidedly.

"Perhaps Germanicus is such a pagan as her grandfather," returned Cimon. "He is said to be a very promising young man, and the son of excellent parents; and no doubt the Jewish elders will be greatly in favor an alliance that promises to secure and advance their interests so greatly. They will remember Queen Esther."

Aleph made no answer—unless the silent one of drawing out the knot of flowers from his girdle and setting them carefully with water in a vase which he had discovered in the room. But was this an answer? If so, it certainly was not a very clear one. Did it say no to Cimon? Did it say that his suggestions were not as weighty as they might be? Did it merely say that the rare and lovely flowers were worth preserving for a day or two on their own account—whether they came from a future empress of Rome or not? Or did the heart of the young man really appeal in the act without consulting his judgment—as hearts sometimes do?

XI.

THE TREMBLING.

Seti found Rachel sitting in her sedan and looking more like collapsed alabaster than a human being—her eyes closed, every trace of color gone from her cheek, and yet with an expression that told of a desperate struggle for self-mastery.

She opened her eyes as she felt Seti's hand on her arm.

"O grandfather, how could you allow that dreadful combat to go on!"

"What, have you then been a witness of it all? I had forgotten that it was possible. My poor child—it was indeed too much for any lady, save a Roman accustomed to a Roman arena!"

"I had no idea of what was coming when I went over to the other side of the gallery with the rest. And they pressed me to the best window for seeing and hearing: once there I was under a spell. I could not tear myself away. I felt obliged to see and hear though I died in the act. Every sense was acute beyond anything I can remember. Oh, how I suffered at the earlier stages of that last conflict! It seemed as if I could neither stay nor get away. It was awful. I was amazed that my companions did not seem to mind the scene as I did. Why did you not interfere?"

"I hardly understand why, myself. But probably it was the confidence which the whole bearing of the young man, and his superb physique inspired, that he would be more than equal to the occasion. Still, now that it is all over, I wonder at myself somewhat."

"But suppose that brute of a horse, or that greater brute of a man, had killed him? I shudder to think of it. I had no idea that anything could have shaken me so." She closed her eyes and involuntarily trembled.

"But," she added in a moment, "this is not all. I received this morning from my mother a letter which moved me greatly and perhaps unfitted me to bear the scene in the palæstra as well as did the other young ladies. Between the two I feel too weak to go home alone: besides I want your counsel. Can you not go with me?"

Seti went with her.

The following is a copy of the letter—omitting the usual epistolary preliminaries—which Seti read and pondered that afternoon:

"My dear Rachel, you know how little I thought of remaining in Jerusalem till now. But our relative Nicodemus has been urgent, and such great things have been happening here that I have felt more like sending for you and your father to come to me than like returning home.

"My dear daughter, you doubtless have wondered that hitherto I have said so little in my letters of Jesus of Nazareth (as he is called here), though you have seemed so anxious to hear about him. The fact is that the ideas of the Messiah to which I have been accustomed and which are held by the chief people here, have made it hard for me to feel my way to a definite and settled opinion; and I have been unwilling to write much on a subject in regard to which my mind was in so confused and uncertain a state. But I have at last—after much prayer, and much study of the prophets, and much inquiry of credible witnesses, as well as some seeing with my own eyes—come to see my way clearly. Yes, my dear daughter, I do indeed feel sure at last that Jesus is our long-expected Messiah. If the proofs of this which he furnishes are not sufficient, it seems impossible to prove anything. Even Moses himself did not more clearly establish his Divine mission.

(*To be Continued.*)

A WISE BABYLONIAN.*

"ONE day, while Zadig, a Babylonian philosopher, was walking near a little wood, he saw hastening that way one of the queen's chief eunuchs, followed by a troop of officials who appeared to be in great anxiety, running hither and thither like men distraught, in search of some lost treasure.

"'Young man,' cried the chief eunuch, 'have you seen the queen's dog!'

"Zadig answered modestly, 'A very small spaniel, who has lately had puppies; she limps with the right foreleg, and has very long ears?'

"'Ah, you have seen her, then,' said the breathless eunuch.

"'No,' answered Zadig, 'I have not seen her, and I really was not aware that the queen possessed a spaniel.'

"By an odd coincidence, at the same time the handsomest horse in the king's stables broke away from his groom in the Babylonian plains. The grand huntsman and all his staff were seeking the horse with as much anxiety as the eunuch and his people the spaniel, and the grand huntsman asked Zadig if he had seen the king's horse go that way?

"'A first-rate galloper, small hoofed, five feet high, tail three feet and a-half inches long; cheek-pieces of the bit twenty-three carat gold; shoes silver?' said Zadig.

"'Which way did he go! Where is he?' cried the grand huntsman.

"'I have not seen anything of the horse, and I never heard of him before,' replied Zadig.

"The grand huntsman and the chief eunuch made sure that Zadig had stolen both the king's horse and the queen's spaniel, so they hauled him before the High Court of Desterham, which at once condemned him to the knout and transportation for life to Siberia. But the sentence was hardly pronounced when the lost horse and spaniel were found. So the judges were under the painful necessity of reconsidering their decision, but they fined Zadig four hundred ounces of gold for saying he had seen that which he had not seen.

"The first thing was to pay the fine; afterward Zadig was permitted to open his defense to the court, which he did, in the following terms:

"'Stars of justice, abysses of knowledge, mirrors of truth, whose gravity is as that of lead, whose inflexibility is as that of iron, who rival the diamond in clearness, and possess no little affinity with gold; since I am permitted to address this august assembly, I swear by Ormuzd, that I have never seen the respectable lady-dog of the queen, nor beheld the sacrosanct horse of the king of kings.'

"'This is what happened. I was taking a walk toward the little wood, near which I subsequently had the honor to meet the venerable chief eunuch, and the most illustrious grand huntsman. I noticed the track of an animal in the sand, and it was easy to see that it was that of a small she-dog. Other scrapings of the sand which always lay close to the marks of the forepaws, indicated that she had very long ears; and as the imprint of one foot was always fainter than those of the other three, I judged that the lady-dog of our august queen was, if I may venture to say so, a little lame.'

"'With respect to the horse of the king of kings, permit me to observe that wandering through the paths which traverse the wood, I noticed the marks of horse shoes. They were all equidistant. 'Ah,' said I, 'This is a famous galloper. In a narrow alley, only seven feet wide, the dust upon the trunks of the trees was a little disturbed at three feet and a-half from the middle of the path. 'This horse,' said I to myself, 'had a tail three feet and a-half long, and lashing it from one side to the other, he has swept away the dust.' Branches of the trees met overhead at the height of five feet, and under them I saw newly fallen leaves; so I knew that the horse had brushed some of the branches, and was therefore five feet high. As to the bit, it must have been made of twenty-three carat gold, for he had rubbed it against a stone, which turned out to be a touchstone, with the properties of which I am familiar by experiment. Lastly, by the marks which his shoes made upon pebbles of another kind, I was led to think that his shoes were of fine silver.'

"All the Judges admired Zadig's profound and subtle discernment, and the fame of it reached even the king and queen. From the ante-rooms to the presence-chamber, Zadig's name was in everybody's mouth; and although many of the magi were of the opinion that he ought to be burned as a sorcerer, the king commanded that the four hundred ounces of gold which he had been fined should be restored to him, so the officers of the court went in state with the four hundred ounces; only they retained three hundred and ninety-eight for legal expenses and the servants expected fees."

*From *The Three Circuits*; by Taylor Flick: A study of Natural Forces and Phenomena.

ONLY A BIT OF GLASS.*

AMONG the treasurers of the the newly-acquired kingdom was the famous Koh-i-noor. It was entrusted to the care of John Lawrence; he thrust it into his vest pocket, and forgot all about it in the many other matters that claimed his attention. Six weeks after, a message came from Lord Dalhousie asking for the jewel, which was to be sent home to Queen Victoria. Then it flashed upon him that he had left it in his vest pocket. He sent for his servant and asked about the parcel. "I put it in one of your boxes," said the man. "Open it," said John Lawrence, as the servant produced the parcel that contained the treasure. "There is nothing but a bit of glass," said the man in real or assumed ignorance.

TWO KINDS OF MONKEYS.

HENRY LAWRENCE had gone to his government resolved to do his utmost to justify the confidence he felt in the natives; but his keen insight soon detected the peril of an outbreak, and he began to provide against it. He purchased grain, accumulated guns and ammunition, formed outworks, and prepared to make a stand at the Residency of Lucknow. With a force of only 700 Europeans and 7,000 natives of doubtful fidelity, he resolved to defend the Residency and a fort called Muchee Bawn, about four miles distant.

Some of the natives endeavored to dissuade Sir Henry from these preparations, and one man suggested that if a number of monkeys were kept at the Residency and fed by Brahmins, this would make the British rule powerful in India.

"Come with me, and I will show you my monkeys," said Sir Henry. He led the man to a battery, and laying his hand on a gun, he said: "See, here is one of my monkeys; that is his food;" and he pointed to a pile of shot; "and this is the man who feeds them," pointing as he spoke to a soldier. "Go tell your friends of *my* monkeys."

** Lord Lawrence*, by Rev. James J. Ellis; an interesting biography in continuation of the series of *Men with a Mission*; pp. 99; price 50 cts., Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, N. Y., Publisher.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Sell's Dictionary of the World's Press and Advertisers References Book. (12th year). By Henry Sell; 1632 pages; containing all the Lists, carefully revised and corrected to date, of the American, European, and other publications all over the civilzied globe, including the daily and weekly press, monthlies, quarterlies and other publications. It is the most comprehensive manual of statistical information issued on the subject. Published by Sells Advertising Agency. 167 and 168 Fleet street, London, E. C.

AN UNNATURAL FATHER.

"WE have just been relieved of a great care," says Dr. H. M. Clark of the Amritsar Mission, India. "We have been watching over a young convert who for two years past has been in constant danger of being murdered by agents of his own father, who offered a reward of five hundred rupees to any one who would do the cruel deed. The father was a Mohammedan doctor held in high repute. His son became anxious about his sins. He read the Koran through and through without finding light, when he found in it an expression referring to the Old and New Testaments. The thought came into this young man's heart, "If I can only get possession of a Bible, I might get what I need." From two ladies in the district he got what he wanted. He began as they advised him with the Gospel of St. John, and by the time he got to the third chapter, he was a free man, and desirous of throwing off Mohammedanism. When his father heard of it he was so indignant that he wished nothing so much as to hear of his son's death and he offered the reward I have mentioned. We did not dare trust him out of our sight lest he should be waylaid and killed. Our anxiety is now at an end. The father has been here seeking spiritual help on his own account. A New Testament fell into his hands and he read it to see what had transformed his son. It was blessed to him, and he is to be baptized.

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Mr. W. F. Eltzroth, an esteemed school teacher in the town of Morrow, Ohio, states his case so clearly that no comment is necessary, further than to say to those run down and out of health.

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Wrote My Resignation

to take effect in two weeks, but I was persuaded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Within a week I was so much better that I continued my school and am still teaching. I took 2 bottles, feel like a new man and have over $200 clear from $2 spent for

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Additional replies on the question regarding the opening of the World's Fair on Sundays (which was fully discussed in THE MAIL-BAG last week) have been received from many readers. Subscriber, Devil's Lake City, N. D., writes: "Religious societies should make great provision for the people, each Sunday holding meetings and endeavoring to get sinners into the kingdom." She is opposed to Sunday opening. Warren Dawley, Kenyon, R. I., takes the same view. James Boughton, Brooklyn, N. Y., holds that "no expedient can justify us in violating God's law."

Winters, Yolo, Cal. E. B. Shaefer, Huntsville, Mo., and many other inquirers on the subject of baptism by immersion or sprinkling are referred to the answer to Xela, Ilion, N. Y., on page 77 of our issue of February 3.

Subscriber, Brooklyn. Can you tell me of a Sunday School in Brooklyn, which has a Young Men's Bible Class?

The Brooklyn Tabernacle has such a class and there are others in different churches we believe.

J. F. B., Cherokee, Tex. What is meant in Romans 11: 26, by the fulness of the Gentiles coming in?

That prior to the conversion of the Jews as a race an immense number of the Gentiles would accept salvation through Christ. When the words were written, the Gentiles were regarded by the Jews as outsiders who did not enjoy God's favor. Paul says that the Gentiles would be gathered before them.

J. H. Winter, Monson, Mass. If a man starts at the Equator and goes N. E. will he reach the North Pole, and what will be his nearest way back?

The Pole cannot be reached from any point except by starting due north. A traveller starting N. E. from the Equator, would find until he reached the antipodean equator 12,500 miles distant, that his quickest way back would be to retrace his steps. After reaching that point his shortest way home would be to continue until he had circled the globe.

N. C. B., Schoolcraft, Mich. What is the meaning of Romans 9: 3? Did Paul really wish himself accursed for the Jews' sake?

The Apostle, who had been so bitterly persecuted by the Jews was giving a strong expression of his love for the race. So ardently did he love them and wish that they might be brought to a knowledge of the truth that he declared in the spirit of Christ that if their salvation could have been purchased by his perishing he would gladly have yielded himself to be sacrificed for their sake.

A. S. N., Camden, N. J. Is it possible for a backslider who has fallen into sin, whereby he has lost his character, to become a Christian again? Do not such passages as Numbers 15: 30, 31 and Heb. 6: 4-6, forbid the hope?

It is undoubtedly possible. The passage in Numbers refers to the Israelitish people. The man would lose his privileges as a citizen. The passage in Hebrews has been the frequent subject of dispute, so far as the meaning of the phrase "falling away" is concerned. If the backslider repents, it clearly does not refer to him, because it expressly states that in the condition referred to, the man does not repent.

J. L. G., Callicoon Depot, N. Y. How are we to know for a certainty that the texts referring to the Sabbath apply to the first day of the week? Give the Scripture authority for the transfer from the seventh to the first day.

There is no command mentioned in the New Testament for the transfer. The early Church naturally turned from the Jewish Sabbath with its associations, from the day when Christ lay in the tomb, to the day when he arose. It was a more joyful day to them. Nor was it a Sabbath they were keeping—a day of rest, but a day of religious activity and redemptive work. Modern Christians have the same reason for observing the day. Literalists and formalists may prefer to go back to the law for their rule of life, but the Christian, who is not under the law but under grace, will still prefer to celebrate that day of the week which witnessed the event most precious to him as a Christian.

W. N. Sumter, Minn. Why does not Easter come in the same month each year?

Because it is regulated by the moon. The only means we have of identifying the day of Christ's resurrection is its relation to the Jewish Passover. That festival was held in the lunar month Nisan. After much controversy the Council of Nice, held in 325, made an effort to combine the three data of the day of the week, the lunar month and the solar year. It decreed that Easter should be celebrated on the first Sunday, after the first full moon which happened after the vernal equinox of March 21 in any year.

Sickness Among Children,

Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

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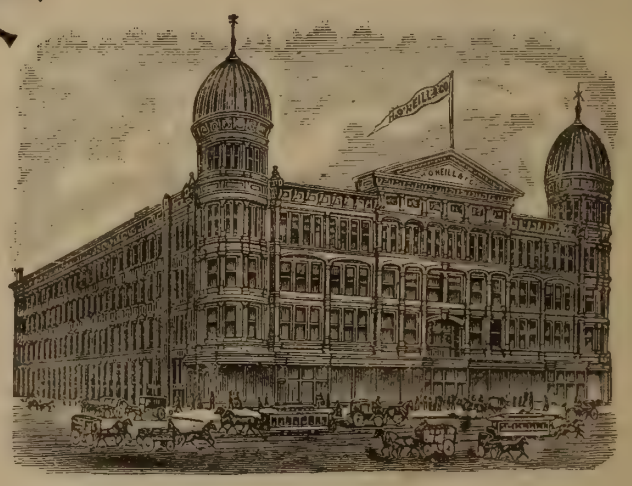

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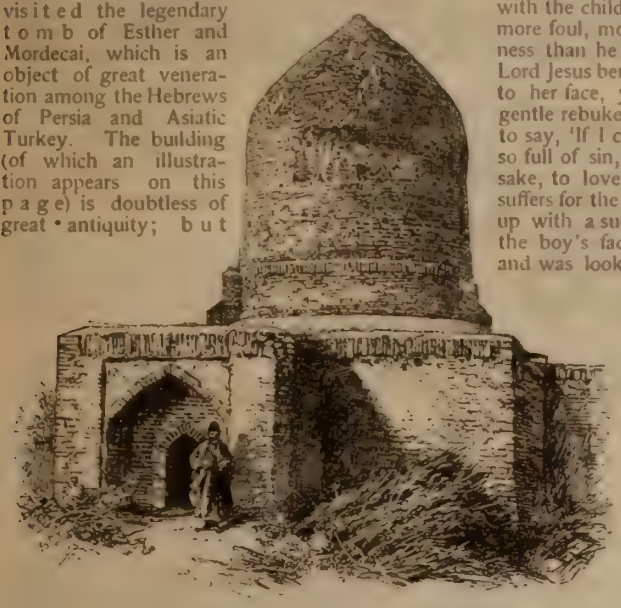
A SCRIPTURAL TOMB.

AN English lady, Mrs. Bishop, has lately penetrated farther into the heart of the Shah's dominions than has been permitted to Europeans heretofore and has recorded her impressions of travel in two volumes recently issued in London. At Hamadan she visited the legendary tomb of Esther and Mordecai, which is an object of great veneration among the Hebrews of Persia and Asiatic Turkey. The building (of which an illustration appears on this page) is doubtless of great antiquity; but whether it is actually the burying-place of the famous queen of Ahasuerus, who saved the Jewish nation, and of the patriotic Mordecai, is not absolutely certain. At all events tradition declares it to be so, and in that part of the East tradition is very generally accepted as fact.



THE TOMB OF ESTHER AND MORDECAI.

A TEXT IN GAS.

"We built a church in Chicago some years ago," says Mr. Moody, "and were very anxious to teach the people the love of God. We thought if we could not preach it into their hearts we would try and burn it in; so we put right over the pulpit in gas jets, these words, 'God is Love.' A man going along the the street one night glanced through the door and saw the text. He was a poor prodigal. As he passed on he thought to himself, 'God is Love! No! He does not love me, for I am a poor miserable sinner.' He tried to get rid of the text, but it seemed to stand out before him in letters of fire. He did not hear the sermon. The short text was lodged in his heart, and that was enough. He stayed after the meeting closed, and I found him weeping like a child. As I told him how God had loved him all the while, although he had wandered so far away, and was waiting to receive him, the light of the Gospel broke into his mind, and he trusted in Christ."

A KINDNESS BLESSED.

A MISSIONARY, writing from the South Sea Islands, gives the following narrative: "A young man, named Tihiri, came to me at Raiatea as an anxious inquirer. I was rather surprised, as I had known him to be a wild, reckless youth, who seldom or never attended the place of worship, and I therefore inquired what had led him to come to me on such an errand. He replied, 'I have been living in the bush with a number of foolish young men like myself, hunting wild pigs, and indulging in all manner of wickedness, without ever thinking of anything good; but one day, as I was passing by the hut of Vaihinano, an old cripple, who was too blind to read the Bible for himself, he called me in and begged me as a great favor to read a chapter for him. I consented, and what I thus read to please him has made me anxious about myself. That is the reason why I have come to you, for I have resolved to cast in my lot with the people of God.'"

A SWEDISH WOMAN'S DREAM.

"A GOOD woman in Sweden," says Dr. J. R. Miller, "opened a home for crippled children. Among those whom she received was a boy of three years, who was a most frightful and disagreeable object. He was almost a skeleton. His skin was covered with blotches and sores; he was always whining and crying. He gave the good lady more care and trouble than all the others together. She did her best for him, and was as kind as possible—washed him, fed him, nursed him. But the child was so repulsive in his looks and ways that, try as she would, she could not bring herself to like him, and often her disgust would show itself in her face, in spite of her effort to hide it. She could not really love the child. One day she was sitting on the veranda steps with this child in her arms. The sun was shining brightly, and the perfume of the autumn honeysuckles, the chirping of the birds, and the buzzing of the insects lulled her into a sort of sleep. Then, in half-waking, half-dreaming state, she thought of herself as having changed places with the child, and as lying there, only more foul, more repulsive in her sinfulness than he was. Over her she saw the Lord Jesus bending, looking lovingly into her face, yet with an expression of gentle rebuke in his eye, as if he meant to say, 'If I can bear with you, who are so full of sin, surely you ought, for my sake, to love that innocent child, who suffers for the sin of others.' She woke up with a sudden start, and looked into the boy's face. He had waked, too, and was looking very earnestly into her face. Sorry for her past disgust, and feeling in her heart a new compassion for him, she bent her face to his, and kissed him as tenderly as ever she had kissed a babe of her own. With a startled look in his eyes, and a flush on his cheek, the boy gave her a smile, so sweet that she had never seen one like it before. From that moment a wonderful change came over the child. He understood the new affection for him that had come instead of dislike in the woman's heart. The touch of human love transformed his peevish, fretful nature into gentle quiet and beauty."

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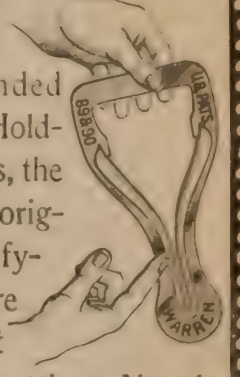

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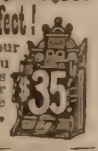

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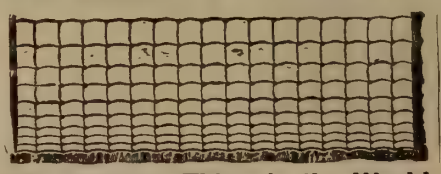

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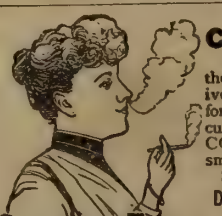

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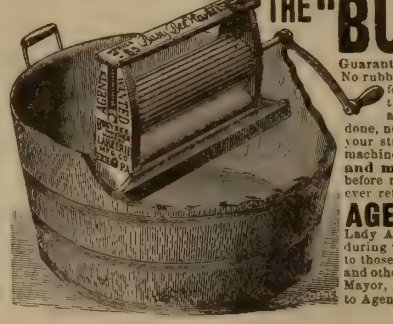

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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A Missionary Family.

One of the Most Remarkable Instances of Consecration to God's Work ever Recorded — The Entire Sessions Household Off for the Congo to Found an Independent Mission.

EVEN in these days of far-reaching missionary effort, when the Gospel call is sounding throughout the world, and ships laden with the glad tidings of salvation are sailing on every sea, it is seldom that an instance of such complete consecration to missionary work occurs as that which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD chronicles below. Not once in a generation has it gone on record that an entire household — father, mother and children — have left home and native land, and the friends they held dear, to go out at their own expense, and preach the Gospel to the heathen. Such devotion argues a courage and resolution akin to that of the old-time martyrs, who deemed no sacrifice too great to endure in the service of Christ.

George W. Sessions and his wife, Mrs. Alice Sessions, for many years past have lived in the town of Correctionville, Ia. Theirs was a model Christian home and the children whom God gave them grew up surrounded by the purest influences. In addition to their own children, Howard and Mary, the Sessions took to their hearth Myrtle Ierne Perry, a niece, and a few years ago, a bright young lad, Nathan A. Webb, was adopted as a son of the family and assumed the name of Sessions. The missionary spirit was strong in the little home at Correctionville. For years Mrs. Sessions and her husband had cherished the hope that, some day, they might be able to go out among the heathen and work for the Master; but domestic ties bound them to the Iowa homestead and made this for the time an impossibility. As their little ones grew up tall and strong and finely developed, the parents again began to indulge the dream of a missionary career. When they adopted young Nathan Albert Webb, they took in one who proved a most congenial spirit, for the desire for a missionary life soon became apparent in the lad, and he talked often to his adopted parents of his ambition to work for Christ in Africa.

The Sessions family prospered as the years passed; but their worldly possessions did not divert their minds a moment from what had now become a settled purpose. Several years ago, it was definitely decided by the family to go to the Congo, and there enter upon that work to which they had so long looked forward. Plans were made with great care and deliberation, for it was an unusually perilous undertaking to emigrate to a new and still savage country, and to take the children with them as companions in the enterprise. Many attempts were made by friends to dissuade them from the step, and some urged that the little ones be left behind; but to all these the parents turned a deaf ear. They were strong in the courage of the cause and would go forward, and they loved their children too well to leave them behind. So it was settled that they should all go together, and leave the issue in God's protecting hand.

This preparation was not the work of weeks, but of months and even years. First, the home had to be sold to supply the funds needed for the journey and the necessary equipment. Then, in consideration for the younger members of the party chiefly, a house had to be provided, so that when the party arrived at their destination, the children need not be unduly subjected to exposure in the tropical African climate. Arrangements were made for the construction in Liverpool of an iron house, 16x24 feet, and two stories in height, which could be taken apart in sections weighing not over 60 pounds each, for it would be necessary to carry the sections up the Congo country on the heads and shoulders of men. Each piece or section is to be numbered to facilitate reconstruction when unpacked in Africa. The entire structure will cost $600, and the expense of ocean freight, carriers on land and rebuilding, will be about $600 more. This outlay, together with that for a general outfit for the party, the cost of passage and all work incident to the establishment of a station on the Congo, will be defrayed by the Sessions themselves, for they have resolved to ask no aid from any denomination, but to pay their own way from the start.

The Sessions partly left their old home at Correctionville, Ia., on Washington's birthday 1892, and began the first stage of their journey to distant Africa. On arriving in New York, they completed arrangements for their outfit. They were in a bright and hopeful mood and anticipated no serious obstacles to the carrying out of their plans. The appointed leader of the little party is Nathan, the adopted son, whose zeal to reach the mission field and begin the work has inspired the others. Mrs. Sessions is a lady of remarkable energy and with a natural eloquence and spiritual force of character that must make her invaluable in the evangelical field. All are deeply imbued with the spirit of the Master and firmly convinced that in going to Africa as missionaries they are acting in obedience to a divine call to plant a mission station on the Congo and lead heathen souls to the Saviour.

THE SESSIONS FAMILY, NOW EN ROUTE TO THE CONGO TO FOUND AN INDEPENDENT MISSION.

We give in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a photograph of this extraordinary missionary group, who sailed from New York, March 3, and are now far on their way to that land, which young Nathan Sessions has described in a mission hymn he wrote for their mutual encouragement and which we print on page 169 of this issue. It is impossible to imagine anything more inspiring than these verses as sung by this missionary band.

What shall be said of the courage, the unselfishness, the supreme devotion of this family, who, tearing themselves away from all that made life sweet and enjoyable at home, have thus rendered a literal obedience to the command of Christ, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." (Mark 16: 15.) They have set out, accompanied by the prayers and hearty good wishes of all who admire Christian loyalty, and by the hope that in their new home on the Congo they may be able to do glorious service in the Gospel cause.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

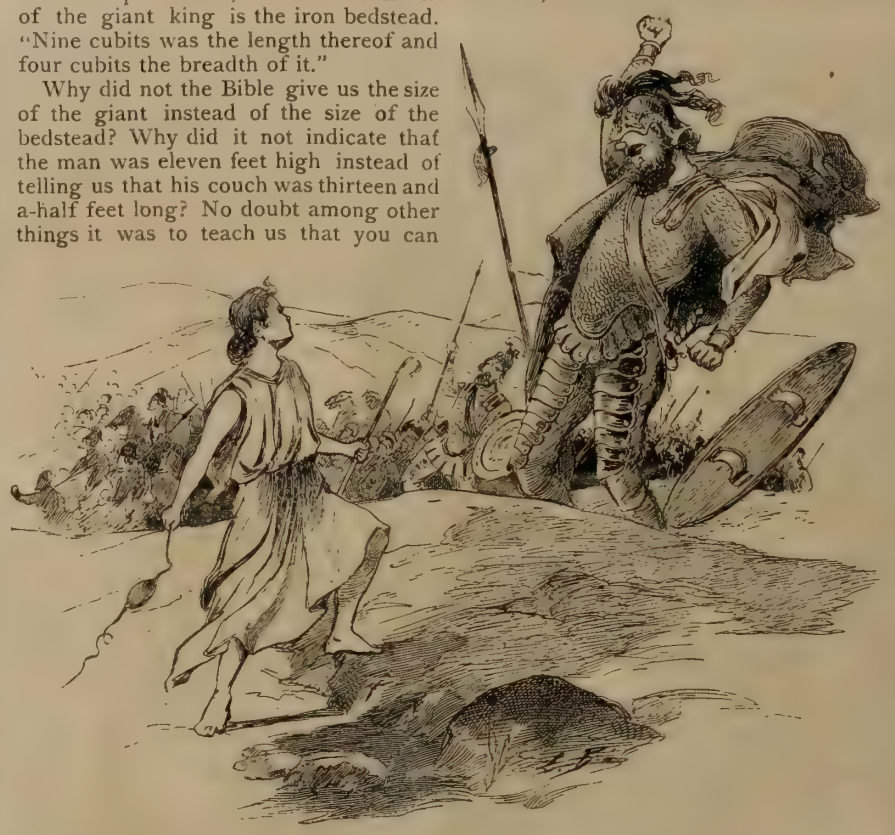
THE GIANT'S BEDSTEAD.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday Morning Sermon: Deut. 3: 11: *"Only Og, king of Bashan, remained of the remnant of giants; behold, his bedstead was a bedstead of iron; is it not in Rabbath of the children of Ammon? Nine cubits was the length thereof and four cubits the breadth of it."*

THE story of giants is mixed with myth. William the Conqueror was said to have been of overtowering altitude, but, when, in after-time, his tomb was opened, his bones indicated that he had been physically of only ordinary size. Roland the hero was said to have been of astounding stature, but when his sepulchre was examined, his armor was found only large enough to fit an ordinary man. Alexander the Great had helmets and shields of enormous size made and left among the people whom he had conquered, so as to give the impression that he was a giant, although he was rather under than over the usual height of a man. But that in other days and lands there were real giants is authentic. One of the guards of the Duke of Brunswick was eight and a half feet high. In a museum in London is the skeleton of Charles Birne, eight feet, four inches, in stature. The Emperor Maximin was over eight feet. Pliny tells of a giant nine feet high, and two other giants nine and a half feet. So I am not incredulous when I come to my text and find King Og a giant, and the size of his bedstead, turning the cubits of the text into feet,—the bedstead of Og, the king, must have been about thirteen and a half feet long. Judging from that, the giant who occupied it was probably about eleven feet in stature, or nearly twice the average human size. There was no need of Rabbinical writers trying to account for the presence of this giant, King Og, as they did, by saying that he came down from the other side of the Flood, being tall enough to wade the waters beside Noah's Ark, or that he rode on the top of the Ark, the passengers inside the Ark daily providing him with food. There was nothing supernatural about him. He was simply a monster in size.

Cyrus and Solomon slept on beds of gold, and Sardanapalus had 150 bedsteads of gold burned up with him, but this bedstead of my text was of iron —everything sacrificed for strength to hold this excessive avoirdupois, this Alp of bone and flesh. No wonder this couch was kept as a curiosity at Rabbath, and people went from far and near to see it, just as now people go to museums to behold the armor of the ancients. You say what a fighter this giant, King Og, must have been. No doubt of it. I suppose the size of his sword and breastplate corresponded to the size of his bedstead, and his stride across the battle-field and the full stroke of his arm must have been appalling. With an armed host he comes down to drive back the Israelites, who are marching on from Egypt to Canaan. We have no particulars of the battle, but I think the Israelites trembled when they saw this monster of a man moving down to crush them. Alas for the Israelites! Will their troubles never cease? What can men five and a half feet high do against this warrior of eleven feet, and what can short swords do against a sword whose gleam must have been like a flash of lightning? The battle of Edrei opened. Moses and his army met the giant and his army. The Lord of Hosts descended into the fight and the gigantic strides that Og had made when advancing into the battle were more than equalled by the gigantic strides with which he retreated. Huzza for triumphant Israel! Sixty fortified cities surrendered to them. A land of indescribable opulence comes into their possession, and all that is left of the giant king is the iron bedstead. "Nine cubits was the length thereof and four cubits the breadth of it."

Why did not the Bible give us the size of the giant instead of the size of the bedstead? Why did it not indicate that the man was eleven feet high instead of telling us that his couch was thirteen and a-half feet long? No doubt among other things it was to teach us that you can judge of a man by his surroundings. Show me a man's associates, show me a man's books, show me a man's home, and I will tell you what he is without your telling me one word about him. You can not only tell a man according to the old adage, "By the company he keeps," but by the books he reads, by the pictures he admires, by the church he attends, by the places he visits. Moral giants and moral pigmies, intellectual giants and intellectual pigmies, like physical giants or physical pigmies may be judged by their surroundings. That man has been thirty years faithful in attendance upon churches and prayer-meetings and Sunday Schools, and putting himself among intense religious associations. He may have his imperfections, but he is a very good man. Great is his religious stature. That other man has been for thirty years among influences intensely worldly, and he has shut himself out from all other influences, and his religious stature is that of a dwarf. No man ever has been or can be independent of his surroundings, social, intellectual, moral, religious. The Bible indicates the length of the giant by the length of his bedstead. Let no man say, "I will be good," and yet keep evil surroundings. Let no man say, "I will be faithful as a Christian," and yet consort chiefly with worldlings. You are proposing an everlasting impossibility. When a man departs this life you can tell what has been his influence in a community for good by those who mourn for him and by how sincere and long-continued are the regrets of his taking off. There may be no pomp or obsequies and no pretense at epitapheology, but you can tell how high he was in consecration, and how high in usefulness by how long is his shadow when he comes to lie down. What is true of individuals is true of cities and nations. Show me the free libraries and schools of a city, and I will tell you the intelligence of its people. Show me its gallery of painting and sculpture, and I will tell you the artistic advancement of its citizens. Show me its churches, and I will tell you the moral and religious status of the place. From the fact that Og's bedstead was thirteen and a-half feet long, I conclude the giant himself was about eleven feet high. But let no one by this thought be induced to surrender to unfavorable environments. A man can make his own bedstead. Chantrey and Hugh Miller were born stone masons, but the one became an immortal sculptor and the other a Christian Scientist whose name will never die. Turner, the painter, in whose praise John Ruskin expended the greatest genius of his life, was the son of a barber who advertised, "a penny a shave." Dr. Prideaux, one of the greatest scholars of all time, earned his way through college by scouring pots and pans. The late Judge Bradley worked his own way up from a charcoal burner to the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. Yes, a man can decide the size of his own bedstead.



DAVID OVERCOMES GOLIATH.

Notice furthermore that even giants must rest. Such enormous physical endowment on the part of King Og might suggest the capacity to stride across all fatigue and omit slumber. No. He required an iron bedstead. Giants must rest. Not appreciating that fact, how many of the giants yearly break down. Giants in business, giants in art, giants in eloquence, giants in usefulness. They live not out more than half their days. They try to escape the consequence of over-work by a voyage across the sea or a sail in a summer yacht, or call on physicians for relief from insomnia or restoration of unstrung nerves or the arrest of apoplexies, when all they need is what this giant of my text resorted to —an iron bedstead. Let no one think because he has great strength of body or mind that he can afford to trifle with his unusual gifts. The commercial world, the literary world, the artistic world, the political world, the religious world, are all the time aquake with the crash of falling giants. King Og, no doubt, had a throne but the Bible never mentions his throne. King Og, no doubt, had a crown, but the Bible never mentions his crown. King Og, no doubt, had a sceptre, but the Bible does not mention his sceptre. Yet, one of the largest verses of the Bible is taken up in describing his bedstead. So God all up and down the Bible honors sleep. Adam, with his head on a pillow of Edenic roses, has his slumber blest by a Divine gift of beautiful companionship. Jacob, with his head on a pillow of rock, has his sleep glorified with a ladder filled with descending and ascending angels. Christ, with a pillow made out of the folded-up coat of a fisherman, honors slumber in the back part of the storm-tossed boat. The only case of accident to sleep mentioned in the Bible was when Eutychus fell from a window during a sermon of Paul, who had preached until midnight, but that was not so much a condemnation of sleep as a censure of long sermons. More sleep is what the world wants. Economize in everything but sleep. William H. Seward, the renowned Secretary of State, in the midst of his overmastering toils longed for the capacity to rest, writing in his memorandum book: "I have never found but one invaluable recipe for having a good night's rest, and that is to have been restless and sleepless the night before." When President John Quincy Adams and the distinguished Josiah Quincy went to hear Judge Story lecture on law to his students, and, when invited to sit beside the Judge and both fell asleep, the Judge appropriately pointed to them, and said to his students: "Behold the evil effects of early rising." In Bible times, when people arose at the voice of the bird, they retired at the time the bird puts his head under his wing. One of our national sins is robbery of sleep. Walter Scott was so urgent about this duty of slumber that, when arriving at a hotel where there was no room to sleep in, except that in which there was a corpse, inquired if the deceased had died of a contagious disease, and, when assured he had not, took the other bed in the room and fell into profoundest slumber. Those of small endurance must certainly require rest if even the giant needs an iron bedstead.

Notice, furthermore, that God's people on the way to Canaan need not be surprised if they confront some sort of a giant. Had not the Israelitish host had trouble enough already? No! Red Sea not enough. Water famine not enough. Long marches not enough. Opposition by enemies of ordinary stature not enough. They must meet Og, the giant of the iron bedstead. "Nine cubits was the length thereof and four cubits the breadth of it." Why not let these Israelites go smoothly into Canaan without this gigantic opposition? Oh, they needed to have their courage and faith further tested and developed! And blessed the man, who, in our time, in his march toward the Promised Land does not meet more than one giant. Do not conclude that you are not on the way to Canaan because of this obstacle. As well might the Israelites conclude they were not on the way to the Promised Land because they met Og, the giant. Standing in your way is some evil propensity, some social persecution, some business misfortune,

some physical distress. Not one of you but meets a giant who would like to hew you in twain. Higher than eleven feet this Og darkens the sky and the rattle of his buckler stuns the ear. But, you are going to get the victory, as did the Israelites. In the name of the God of Moses and David and Joshua and Paul, charge on him, and you will leave his carcass in the wilderness. You want a battle shout! Take that with which David, the five-footer, assailed Goliath, the nine-footer, when that giant cried, with stinging contempt both in manner and intonation; "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and to the

ASLEEP ON GALILEE.

beasts of the field," and David looked up at the monster of braggadocio and defiantly replied: "Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee unto mine hand; and I will smite thee and take thine head from thee, and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air and to the wild beasts of the earth that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel." Then David, with probably three swirls of the sling about his head got it into sufficient momentum and let fly till the cranium of the giant broke in, and he fell, and David leaped on his carcass, one foot on his chest and the other on his head, and that was the last of the Philistine. But, be sure you get the right battle shout, and that you utter it with the right spirit, or Og will roll over you as easily as at night he rolled into his iron bedstead.

Brethren, I have made up my mind that we will have to fight all the way up to the Promised Land. I used to think that after a while I would get into a time where it would be smooth and easy, but the time does not come, and it will never come in this world. By the time King Og is used up so that he cannot get into his iron bedstead, some other giant of opposition looms up to dispute our way. Let us stop looking for an easy time and make it a thirty years' war, or a sixty years' war, or a hundred years' war, if we live so long.

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Do you know the name of the biggest giant that you can possibly meet—and you will meet him? He is not eleven feet high but one hundred feet high. His bedstead is as long as the continent. His name is Doubt. His common food is infidel books and sceptical lectures and ministers who do not know whether the Bible is inspired at all or inspired in spots, and Christians who are more infidel than Christian. You will never reach the Promised Land unless you slay that giant. Kill Doubt or Doubt will kill you. How to overcome this giant? Pray for faith, go with people who have faith, read everything that encourages faith, avoid as you would ship fever and small-pox the people who lack faith. In this battle against King Og use not for weapons the crutch of a limping Christian or the sharp pen of a controversialist, but the sword of truth, which is the Word of God. The word "*If*" is made up of the same number of letters as the word "Og," and it is just as big a giant. *If* the Bible be true. *If* the soul be immortal. *If* Christ be God. *If* our belief and behavior here decide our future destiny. *If. If. If.* I hate that word "*If*." Noah Webster says it is a Conjunction; I say it is an armed giant. Satan breathed upon it a curse when he said to Christ: "If thou be the Son of God." What a dastardly and infamous "If." Against that giant "If" hurl Job's "I know" and Paul's "I know." "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "I know in whom I have believed." Down with the "If" and up with "I know." Oh, that giant Doubt is such a cruel giant! It attacks many in the last hour. It could not let my mother alone even in her dying moments. After a life of holiness and consecration such as I never heard of in anyone else, she said to my father: "Father, what if, after all, our prayers and struggles should go for nothing?" Why could she not, after all the trials and sicknesses and bereavements of a long life and the infirmities of old age, be allowed to go without such a cruel stroke from Doubt, the giant? Do you wonder I have a grudge against the old monster? If I could I would give him a bigger bounce than Satan got when, hurled out of heaven, the first thing he struck was the bottom of perdition.

Another impression from my subject: The march of the Church cannot be impeded by gigantic opposition. That Israelitish host led on by Moses was the Church, and when Og, the giant, him of the iron bedstead, came out against him with another host—a fresh host against one that seemed worn out—things must have looked bad for Israel. No account is given of the bedstead of Moses, except that one in which he first slept—the cradle of aquatic vegetation on the Nile, where the wife of Chenephres, the King, found the floating babe and, having no child of her own, adopted him. Moses of ordinary size against Og of extraordinary dimensions. Besides that Og was backed up by sixty fortified cities. Moses was backed up seemingly by nothing but the desert that had worn him and his army into a group of undisciplined and exhausted stragglers. But the Israelites triumphed. If you spell the name of Og backward, you turn it into the Word "Go," and Og was turned backward and made to go. With Og's downfall all the sixty cities surrendered. Nothing was left of the giant except his iron bedstead, which was kept in a museum at Rabbath to show how tall and stout he once was. So shall the last giant of opposition in the Church's march succumb. Not sixty cities captured but all the cities. Not only on one side of Jordan, but on both sides of all the rivers. The day is coming. Hear it all ye who are doing something for the conquest of the world for God and the truth, the time will come when, as there was nothing left of Og, the giant, but the iron bedstead kept at Rabbath as a curiosity, there will be nothing left of the giants of iniquity except something for the relic hunters to examine. Which of the giants will be the last slain I know not, but there will be a museum somewhere to hold the relics of what they once were. A rusted sword will be hung up—the only relic of the giant of War. A demijohn—the only relic of the giant of Inebriation. A roulette ball—the only relic of the giant of Hazard. A pictured certificate of watered stock—the only relic of the giant of Stock Gambling. A broken knife—the only relic of the giant of Assassination. A yellow copy of Tom Paine—the only relic of the giant of Unbelief. And that museum will do for the later ages of the world what the iron bedstead at Rabbath did for the earlier ages. Do you not see it makes all the difference in the world whether we are fighting on toward a miserable defeat or toward a final victory? All the Bible promises prophesy the latter, and so I cheer you who are the troops of God, and though many things are dark now, like Alexander, I review the army by torchlight, and I give you the watchword which Martin Luther proclaimed: "The Lord of Hosts!" "The Lord of Hosts!" and I cry out exultingly, with Oliver Cromwell at the battle of Dunbar. "Let God arise; let his enemies be scattered." Make all the preparations for the world's evangelization. Have the faith of Robert and Mary Moffatt, the missionaries, who, after preaching in Bechuanaland for ten years without one convert, were asked what they would like to have sent them by way of gift from England, said: "Send a communion service for it will be surely needed," and sure enough the expected in-gathering of many souls was realized and the communion service arrived in time to celebrate it. Appropriately did that missionary write in an album when his autograph was requested:

My album is the savage breast,
Where darkness reigns and tempests wrest,
Without one ray of light.
To write the name of Jesus there,
And point to worlds both bright and fair,
And see the savage bowed in prayer,
Is my supreme delight.

Whatever your work and wherever you work for God—forward! You in your way and I in my way. With holy pluck fight on with something of the strength of Thomas Troubridge, who at Inkermann had one leg shot off, and the foot of the other leg, and when they proposed to carry him off the field, replied: "No. I do not move until the battle is won." Whatever be the rocking of the Church or State, have the calmness of the aged woman in an earthquake that frightened everybody else, and who, when asked if she was not afraid, said: "No, I am glad that I have a God who can shake the world." Whether your work be to teach a Sabbath class, or nurse an invalid, or reform a wanderer, or print a tract, or train a household, or bear the querulousness of senility, or cheer the disheartened or lead a soul to Christ, know that by fidelity you may help hasten the time when the world shall be snowed under with white lily and incarnadined with red

LUTHER'S PROCLAMATION.

rose. And, now, I bargain with you that we will come back some day from our superstellar abode to see how the world looks when it shall be fully emparadised—its last tear wept, its last wound healed, its last shackle broken, its last desert gardenized, its last giant of iniquity decapitated. And when we land, may it be somewhere near this spot of earth where we have together toiled and struggled for the kingdom of God, and may it be about this hour in the high noon of some glorious Sabbath, looking into the upturned faces of some great audience radiant with holiness and triumph.

THE TREASURY REPLENISHED.

No part of his work lay nearer to the heart of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon than that of the Orphanages. His constant concern and unceasing prayer was that the daily wants of these five hundred dependent children should be supplied. His first inquiry when he returned from the trips to Mentone which his declining health of late years rendered necessary was as to the condition of the Treasury of the Orphanage. On one occasion his question of how it fared with the orphans was met by the reply from one of his deacons: "You must work another miracle, Governor, for we have only a balance of $250 left." "Let us ask our Heavenly Father for what we want," replied Mr. Spurgeon. They knelt round the table and prayed. "Now," said Mr. Spurgeon, "let us see what we can do ourselves." He drew a sheet of paper to him, and wrote down $2,500 on it, and passed the paper to his nearest neighbor. When the paper had gone round the table it contained promises of $2,500. "I went home that night," said Mr. Spurgeon, "as if my heart would break." As he was crossing the hall wearily to his study his attention was attracted to an altercation going on at the door. He heard his servant saying, "No one can see the master to-night," and then he heard a gentleman remonstrating warmly. "What is the matter there?" said Mr. Spurgeon. "Oh, Mr. Spurgeon," replied the gentleman at the door, "I have come a long way to see you. I promised when in India to give $3,500 to your Orphanage, and I have brought you the money." The next morning the first letter opened by Mr. Spurgeon contained a like amount. "And," said Mr. Spurgeon, when narrating the story, "I was in the third heaven once more."

A COOK AS A TUTOR.

The credit of being the late Pastor Spurgeon's theological tutor belonged, it appears, to a domestic servant. In the course of some autobiographical remarks published not long before his death, Pastor Spurgeon said: "I got all the theology I ever needed a good many years ago, from an old woman who was cook in the house where I was usher, and I have never had any wish to get a newer sort." This worthy woman, Mary King by name, was a most valued and beloved servant in the family for nearly thirty years, and she often referred to the long talks she used to have with Mr. Spurgeon in her kitchen. Mr. Robert Mattingly says: "About twenty-five years ago I became acquainted with the person referred to, Mary King by name. She was then living in cottage lodgings, and was a member of the Bethesda Strict Baptist Church, close by. She was a staunch Calvinist, logical, clear-headed, and had a wonderful knowledge of the Bible. I have often heard from her lips the account of her intercourse with the youthful Spurgeon, of which she was naturally not a little proud, as he had then attained the height of his marvellous popularity." Professor Everett says: "During my acquaintance with her, I learned that she had outlived all, or nearly all, of a small income (I do not remember from what source), I wrote to Mr. Spurgeon acquainting him with the facts, and received from him a prompt reply, thanking me for my letter, sending a hearty greeting to his old friend, and with his characteristic generosity he enclosed a cheque, with a request that I would minister to her immediate necessities, pay her a weekly sum sufficient to keep her in comfort, and generally use my discretion in dispensing the amount in his behalf. This I did, and reported to Mr. Spurgeon from time to time, always receiving a fresh cheque when the fund in hand became exhausted, and this was continued until her death."

MY LESSON.

I THOUGHT to work for God. I laid my plan
With zeal. This little soul, that needeth care,
Seems sent of God to me; thus may I dare
To undertake the task: the best I can
To train it heavenward. Then, here a man
Walks unbelieveing with his wife: a pair
Sore needing light. How gladly would I spare
For such and others too, whose needs I scan,

My time, my strength, my intellect—I went
To give them what my Lord to me had brought,
But found the doors all barred. In vain, I sought.
Dismayed, in rage, e'en doubt, my strength I spent.
Infinite Love and Patience stooped and lent
This ray of light. I read that Jesus taught:
This is the work for God (had I but thought);
Just to believe on him whom he hath sent.

—Rose Thorn.

Blessings of the Gospel.

S. S. Lesson For Mar. 27. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Isa. 40. Golden Text, Isa. 40: 5.

THE prophecies relating to the coming of the Lord, his reign in righteousness, and the blessedness of his millennial reign, treated of in chapters 32-35, are abruptly interrupted by the history of Sennacherib's siege of Jerusalem and Hezekiah's sickness, God's deliverances in answer to prayer, and Hezekiah's failure in his relations with the ambassadors of the king of Babylon, when he shewed them all which could glorify him, and did not tell them of the God of Israel, although they had come to inquire of "the wonder that was done in the land."

The current of prophecy is resumed in chapter 40. God, who sees the end from the beginning, looks far on to the fruit of all his dealings with his own covenant people, and says: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to (or to the heart of) Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned, for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins." As with the nation, so with his individual children, God anticipates the time when the discipline and chastening which is now so needful shall be at an end, and he shall see in us, his workmanship, the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied.

We speak of his salvation sometimes as though it meant only pardon for past sin and reconciliation to God. Here it means for Israel as a nation, and also for each child of God as an individual, the removal of every impediment in

The Way of the Lord

which hinders the revelation of his glory when "all flesh shall see it together." There are many who work among the Jews in the present day, and seek to arouse them to the earthly glory of their future as a nation, but there needs to be many a valley exalted, many a mountain and hill brought low, much crookedness (especially in financial matters) made straight, and many rough places plain, before the glory of the Lord can be seen on Israel again.

But let us turn from the Jewish nation, and learn our own lesson as individuals. What have we to do do with the way of the Lord? Is not our prayer, taught us by himself: "Thy kingdom come"? Christ is coming, but his way may be made or hindered by those whom he has saved. Just as in the making of a road, and especially a railroad, embankments must be cast up in the valleys by the soil dug out from the hills, in order that an even way may be made, so is it with the life of a true follower of Jesus. There are in our nature high places, such as self-importance, self-will, self-opinionatedness which must come down; there are low places, such as self-accusation, self-introspection, self-occupation, which need to be exalted, that, in place of our uneven way, the way of the Lord may be prepared. The hindrance to the Lord's coming is undoubtedly the inequalities in the Christian character of believers—his wife hath not yet "made herself ready." (Rev. 19: 7.) But

Who is to be the Engineer

of this "way of the Lord;" who can undertake to level such difficulties? None but himself can do it, and he is surely doing it in the lives of numbers of his children who accept his dealings with them, and do not misunderstand him. God's last dealing with Moses was to humble him, he might not lead the children of Israel into the promised land; even the faithful Moses, because of his one failure, was to be brought out of his way into "the way of the Lord." But it was in order that he might be exalted. Before any of his disciples on earth understood, Moses and Elias in glory spoke with Christ on the transfiguration mount "of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem." (Luke 9: 31.) Moses had learned the way of the Cross, the true way of the Lord. The perfect Job must learn to abhor himself, the grand old prophet Elijah must flee before Jezebel, the boasting Peter must forsake his Lord and then deny him,—before each of these servants of God could learn their own nothingness, and come down.

The flesh fights hard, and many a child of God cannot understand or trust the dealings of God with him, and this want of confidence in God results in a continual contest with men and circumstances, which is in fact a continual fighting against God, which hinders the way of the Lord in that soul: the valleys remain valleys, and the high places are still exalted, and the glory of the Lord is not revealed. Men see more in such an one of his own zeal than of God's presence; men are more struck with the character of the individual than of the holiness of God, and man rather than God is to be seen, and heard, and felt. But the voice which heralds the Lord's coming said, "Cry, and he said: What shall I cry?

All Flesh is Grass,

and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." The goodliness? What, the zeal and energy, the perseverance and devotedness—does this count for nothing? Yes; all which has its origin in our own feelings and emotions, our own intellect or wisdom, must perish: the elements of eternity are not in it. It cannot pass through the fire without being consumed, and there must be as with each one of us a fiery trial which is to try us. (1. Pet. 4 : 12.) Nothing but eternal life, the very life of Christ in us (Col. 1 : 27), can pass through the fire; eternal life, eternal zeal, eternal love, eternal faith cannot be consumed; but this is Christ, not us. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it." The Spirit of the Lord, who quickens our spirit into life, is death to the flesh. As a man is really filled with the Holy Ghost, he becomes less and less self-dependent.

But the song of Zion, the voice of the Bride, who is ready for her Lord, says:

"Behold Your God."

And her apprehension of him is a just one; a mighty Ruler and a tender Shepherd. "His arm shall rule for him; behold his reward is with him and his work (or wages) before him." But also, "He shall feed his flock like a Shepherd; he shall gather the lamps with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young." The same Lord who levels the mountains, and comes with a strong hand, will never overdrive the weak, or lead to one impossible step. We have nothing to fear, he carries those who cannot walk. It is our privilege and our vocation so to yield to his dealings with us that he may be seen in us, and his dealings with us justified by the result in our lives.

Then "why sayest thou, O, Jacob! and speakest, O, Israel!

My Way

is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God?" My way, his way! the two cannot exist together! "My way!" the way of man, is to make the best of himself he can, to fall back upon his own resources; his favorite proverb is "God helps those that help themselves." But this is not Scripture, but rather, he "worketh for him that waiteth for him." (Isa 64: 4.) O how many desponding children of God have cried, "My way is hid from the Lord: he does not help me as he once did, I do not see the results I once saw, I have not the same earnestness which I once had, and yet I cannot see where I have gone back?" The Lord is at work teaching: "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of grass; the grass withereth." The very fact that there is a want of permanence in work or in experience show it to be of the flesh; "The Word of our God endureth forever."

"Even the youths (who are still in the flesh) shall faint and be weary, and the young men," the strongest and most active," "shall utterly faint. But

They that Wait Upon the Lord

shall renew (or change), their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint." The flesh cannot wait, it must be doing something. O how many say: "Oh, if I could only know what God would have me do!" The very fact that he has not yet made known his will is in itself the unmistakeable proof that he wants you to do nothing but continue waiting on him. And, even before his answer comes, even while waiting in uncertainty, the strength is renewed, the spirit finds wings and reaches her native air, the faintness passes, and we can feel our feet again, and run in the way of his commandments when he has enlarged our hearts. And running in which he makes us sure of every step does not weary, and a walk in the light of his countenance does not make us faint.

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

PREPARE ye the way of the Lord. What are we doing in this direction? Are we living only for self, hiding our light under a bushel for fear that some ray might fall on the pathway of some poor, struggling, erring brother and thus help him perhaps to espy the City of Refuge, or are we shining bright as the noonday sun for our blessed Immanuel,

Telling to all the world around.
What a dear Saviour we have found?

What a mistake those Christians make who live only for self. How their souls shrivel up within them and become as dry and as lean as a stick of kiln-dried timber. God never can bless the selfish man who does nothing to prepare the way for his coming. How many there are who know the blessed tidings and keep them to themselves while thousands around them are virtually starving for the want of the bread of life. How many there are whom God has prospered in worldly goods, giving them far more than their share and their deserts, and who have the means to send the Gospel to nations sitting in darkness, and yet withhold their hand. May God grant us to know his will concerning the employment of our means and knowing it may we run with alacrity and delight to do it.

There is a tower belonging to an old castle on the Rhine called Bishop Hatto's Tower. People look for it now as they sail up the river Rhine on the way to Mayence. The story says—for it is an old Rhine fable—that a great many years ago, there was a famine through the country. People were dying of starvation. Bishop Hatto had plenty of corn and grain stored in his castle, but he would not part with it. The poor hungry souls pleaded for food before his castle walls, but he turned a deaf ear, and refused to give them any corn, and let them die before his castle gate. At last the castle was invaded by thousands of hungry, starving rats. They ate up every thing they could find in the castle, they up all the corn and grain and last of all, they ate up Bishop Hatto and only left his bones to tell the tale of his destruction. But there wasn't very much for those Rhine rats to eat up in such a man, after the selfishness and meanness of his soul had eaten all that was good out of him, and yet his end was far more tolerable than will be the experience of those who shutting their ears to the "Cry from Macedonia" and their pockets against every generous impulse, do absolutely nothing to prepare the way of the Lord.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the Word of our God shall stand forever. Let us study this verse until we have it indelibly impressed on heart and mind. In times like these when the Word of God is attacked by those whom we expected to rank among its ablest defenders, and the knife of "higher criticism" is sharpened to shape the Bible to conform to the notions of men, and the true believer stands aghast full of fear and apprehensiveness, it is good to have a reassuring and comforting verse like this to lean against.

Henry Ward Beecher, speaking on this subject, eloquently expressed his views as follows: "There are men that are all the time afraid that something will happen to the Bible. I should be, if I had no more faith than they have in it. There is a mountain not far from my dwelling in the country, and I never got up in the night to see if it had not been stolen by somebody. Near by rolls the old Hudson, and I never said to myself on going to bed. 'How do I know that before morning somebody will not run down with a quart pot and carry off that river!' Now to me the Bible stands as firm as mountains stand, and it is in as little danger of being overthrown as mighty rivers are of being carried off in a quart pot. I am never afraid that the Bible will be laid aside. I am never afraid of its being superseded. I feel a certainty that it belongs to God, that it is indispensable to man, and that however much it may be neglected or run against, it will take care of itself, and maintain its rightful place."

Lift up thy voice with strength — be not afraid. We are frequently too considerate of the feelings of others, and rather than run the chances of offending them we take the risk of their being eternally lost, because, perhaps, we do not like Paul, "declare unto them the whole counsel of God," when we might do so to their souls' everlasting good. And there is a tendency of this kind perceptible in many a pulpit. The fear of offending this or that prominent or wealthy member will often deter a clergyman from quitting himself like a man. It is far better to do one's whole duty leaving the consequences with God. "Lift up thy voice with strength—be not afraid."

A certain preacher from the west was visiting New York and was invited to preach in one of the uptown churches on Sunday. Just before the service began the pastor whispered to the stranger, "Don't say anything on temperance to-day, for one of my wealthiest members is a wholesale grocer and deals in wines. I see he is here with us this morning." Soon the pastor made another request, "Please don't dwell on Sabbath desecration. One of our deacons is a steamboat captain and during the season he runs his boat on Sundays." "Well," said the stranger, "what will I be safe preaching about?" "Let me see," replied the pastor, as his eyes glanced up and down the church and galleries, "Bang away at the Mormons, for I don't see one in the audience."

NEWS THAT STRUCK HOME.

AN evangelist who was formerly a sailor relates the following incident: "I was out in a fishing-smack when a great storm arose, and we thought there was no hope of escape for us. The water was lashing over the side and filling the boat; we tied ropes round ourselves to prevent our being washed overboard, and standing with the water up to our knees, we began to sing, 'My Jesus I love thee.' Then two of the crew got on their knees and prayed. One of the men then came up to me and said, 'John, we may be saved yet. I do not see how the boat can sink.' He had faith that the God who heard our prayers would answer them. Our craft was knocked about in the storm for a whole day, then the tempest abated, and we were able to run into harbor. As we came ashore the pier was alive with women and children anxiously awaiting the return of their loved ones. We were plied with questions. 'Did you see number so and so?' to which we kept replying, 'No.' Notwithstanding this disappointing answer, there was a relief that all hope was not quenched. At last, one poor woman put the usual question, 'Did you see such a number?' I had to answer 'Yes, I did see her floating bottom upwards.' Shall I ever forget the fearful scream which that woman gave? No, never, as long as I live. The agony and despair in that heart-rending cry, pierced the hearers and let them know that the very heart-bands of the woman were giving way. For her, there was no hope of meeting her loved ones again in this world. Their boat being capsized, they must be lost. Oh if they had been in that boat which had just come to land! How many such vain regrets will there be over those who are sailing life's stormy sea in boats of their own devising, when the souls who have trusted their all to Christ arrive safely in the harbor!

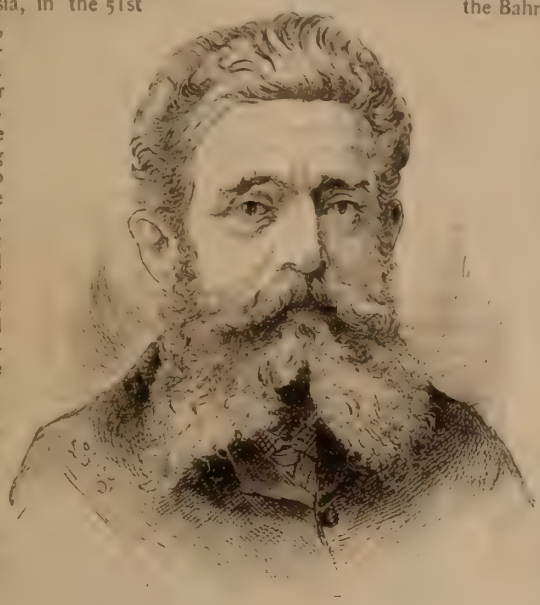
ACCEPTED AS A GIFT

AMONG Mr. Moody's most earnest and indefatigable helpers in Scotland is a builder who gave the evangelist the following description of his conversion: "Eight years ago when you were here, I attended your meeting one night. I had no intention of going to it till a friend suggested and finally I yielded and went. We were late, and had to stand near the door. You were speaking, and I was standing with my hands in my pockets, and gazing at the architecture of the chureh, for I was a builder. I was startled in my thoughts by what struck me as a singular remark of yours. You were pointing towards me, and you said, 'Young man, will you have eternal life as a gift,' 'Eternal life as a gift,' I said to myself. 'I would be a fool if I didn't take it.' From that hour I have had salvation."

A Brave Explorer Gone.

The Late Dr. Junker, the Russian Friend of Stanley and Emin Pasha—His Travels and Researches in Africa—Making Music to the Wandering Tribes on the Way.

WHEN the complete story of the wonderful progres that has been made in African exploration during the past generation comes to be written, it will be found that a modest little individual who died recently at St. Petersburg, Russia, in the 51st year of his age, bore no undistinguished part. Wilhelm Junker was born at Moscow, and while still a very young man, went to Germany, where he was educated as a scientific naturalist and physician. Like Dr. Schweinfurth and Dr. Edward Schnitzler (better known to the world as Emin Pasha) he was fascinated by the mysteries of the unexplored regions of the Mohammedan empire and more particularly of the Nile region in Africa. Dr. Junker's first visits were to Tunis, Tripoli and Egypt, but in 1876 he set forth on a long series of journeys from Khartoum up the White Nile, reached Lado and the Makraka country, and made excursions to Rohl and Gattas in the west, examining the streams which flow north into the Bahr-el-Ghazal; to the land of the Dinkas, Bongos, Mittus and Abaccas, and to the Fajela, Kakuak and Kalika districts in the south, where he saw the famous Blue Mountains, afterwards visited by Stanley, rising in the distance, west of Lake Albert Nyanza. He returned to Lado in June, 1878, and then went to Europe. In 1877 he returned to Africa and sharing with Captain Casati the task of inspecting various countries and savage nations in the sphere of the Equatorial Province. His researches in Monbuttu, and along the Bahr-el-Ghazal, as well as those eastward of the White Nile, were of considerable importance.



THE LATE DR. JUNKER, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.

Toward the close of 1880, Emin Pasha rebuilt and strengthened most of the stations in his Equatorial Province. Slavery had been abolished in a very large section of the country; crime had decreased and peace and order prevailed. It was only when his associate, Dr. Junker, after passing through many dangers, arrived at Zanzibar and asked for a strong armed force to be sent to the relief of his chief, that Emin's true position and peril became known. Two expeditions—one under Dr. Oscar Lenz and another commanded by Dr. Fischer—failed to reach Emin on account of the hostile attitude of Mwanga, king of Uganda. Then followed the relief expedition commanded by Stanley. The original purpose, it was claimed by Emin's friends, was to send the relief party inland from the eastern seacoast, and not by the Congo route; but at the last moment it was placed under the virtual control of the British East Africa Company and made tributary to the territorial interests of the Congo Free State. Before it started, however, both Junker and Schweinfurth agreed with Stanley that the Congo route was likely to prove the best. The history of that expedition is still fresh in the recollection of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Dr. Junker, as was afterward explained, had left Emin Pasha at Wadelai, on January 1, 1886, going up the White Nile by steamer, passing through various countries and visiting Kabba Rega, king of Unyoro, who afterward engaged in a sanguinary war with Mwanga, king of Uganda. There Junker met the Italian explorer, Captain Casati. He then journeyed on toward the east coast, where, on arriving at the port of Bagomoyo, he first met with Stanley. Stanley soon grew to like the short, stout Russian, who was always in excellent humor and ever ready to cheer the hearts of his fellow-travelers. He wore a full beard, his hair was brushed backward, somewhat after the fashion of the late Pastor Spurgeon, and his demeanor was amiable, frank and exceedingly prepossessing. He was true and loyal-hearted, and Stanley, in some of his letters, pictures him as "trudging patiently with his long caravan, making music with his accordion to the wandering tribes, and collecting valuable facts for civilized mankind." When Stanley left Cairo on Feb. 3, he was accompanied by Dr. Junker as far as Suez, where the Russian savant left him with the warmest wishes for his success.

In addition to his connection with Emin Pasha, Dr. Junker made several valuable explorations in Central Africa, especially in the country west of the White Nile and between the Bahr-el-Ghazal and the Equator. This last journey was made in the country of the Niam-Niam tribe, for the purpose of determining whether the river Welle was an affluent of the Congo, as Stanley claimed, or took its course to the northwest, as was asserted by Schweinfurth. It was Dr. Junker's custom to enter a country alone and reside for a considerable time in one place, thus becoming fully acquainted with the people and their manners and language. Then he would push on to another position, following the same course, and making friends wherever he went. His love for science was great and he was insensible to peril when in pursuit of knowledge. He had many narrow escapes from being murdered either by the fierce tribes he encountered, or by Arab slavers, who hated all white explorers, since they were enemies of the slave traffic. Yet to the honesty of an Arab slaver, Dr. Junker once owed not only his safety but his life. He was about to visit King Mwanga's country, and had to pass through the territory of the Wagandi and other hostile tribes. There was little hope that he would be permitted to pass through alive. Acting on a fortunate idea he had himself sold to an Arab trader, and the latter was informed that if he would take his slave to Zanzibar and deliver him alive and well to a firm doing business there, he would receive the sum of fifteen hundred Austrian dollars. Such a price was almost fabulous in Arab eyes, and the trader took unusual precautions, not only to deliver his precious human chattel safely, but at the earliest possible moment. As a slave Dr. Junker saw the court of Mwanga and made many interesting observations there. He was permitted to go about at pleasure, with his owner, without being molested.

WARRIORS OF THE NIAM-NIAM TRIBE.

While Dr. Junker has contributed largely to the literature of African exploration, he has also done much, though in a modest and unassuming way, to forward the interests of Christianity in that country, both as the associate of Emin Pasha in his efforts for the repression of slavery, and also in his individual capacity. No modern explorer was better liked by the missionaries than this kindly, even-tempered Russian, who knew so much more than the most of them about the peoples of interior Africa. With Stanley, he held that the Christian missionaries had been abundantly successful in the Dark Continent, imparting true knowledge and showing men how to live. A portrait of the distinguished Russian is given on this page, together with an illustration showing a group of armed warriors of the Niam-Niam tribe, through whose country he passed, after paying a visit to the Shuli tribe, who treated him well. The Shulis are a mild, docile and industrious people, the reverse of the fierce Niam-Niams, who, though slight physically, are very warlike. In addition to other undesirable traits, the Niam-Niams have the reputation of being cannibals and eating enemies whom they make prisoners. Another illustration shows a wizard or medicine man of the Niam-Niam tribe, whose province seems to be to stir up the worst passions of the warriors and to lead in those hideous orgies that invariably follow the defeat of an enemy in battle.

A NIAM-NIAM WIZARD.

A ROYAL MOTHER'S CONSOLATION.

A LITTLE book has lately been published in England containing a sermon preached by the eloquent Canon Fleming on the death of the eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales. In the course of it is the following incident which the Princess of Wales related and which the preacher had her permission to repeat:

"In 1888 all my five children received the Holy Communion with me, and I gave Eddy a little book, and wrote in it—

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy Cross I cling;

"And also—

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy Blood was shed for me,
O Lamb of God I come.

"When he was gone, and lay like one sleeping, we laid a cross of flowers on his breast, and after we had done so I turned to the table at his bedside and saw the little book in which were written those words: and I could not help feeling that he did cling to the Cross, and that it had all come true."

Thus it appears that it was to the doctrine of the Cross that the royal mother turned in her hour of sorrow, and from the hope that her dead son had clung to it came comfort to her heart as it comes to all hearts that seek it there whether in palace or log hut.

THE DYING INFIDEL.

ONE morning a clergyman received a request to visit a man who was a professed sceptic, and apparently near his end. On entering the room where he lay, he beheld the attenuated form of one who had been a tall, athletic man, struggling under the ravages of a disease at once the most painful and miserable. The preacher (Dr. F——) addressed him by sundry kind inquiries, and expressions of sympathy, reminding him of the sufferings of Christ who gave himself a ransom for sinners, that through his atoning sacrifice they might obtain the forgiveness of sin, and be restored to the favor of God. Hearing this, the dying man said, "Sir, I don't believe that; I wish I could, as my dear wife there does; she believes all you say."

"Well," said Dr. F., "but you say you wish you could, and that is a great point towards attaining it, if you are sincere. Now, what do you believe concerning Jesus Christ?"

"Why," he replied, "I believe such a man once lived, and that he was a very good, sincere man; but that is all."

It was a principle with Dr. F. when reasoning with unbelievers, if they acknowledged the smallest portion of truth, to make it a position from which to argue with them. This mode he now adopted, and said, "you believe that Jesus Christ was a good man—a sincere man. Now do you think that a good man would wish to deceive others? or a sincere man use language that must mislead?"

"Certainly not," he replied. "Then how do you reconcile your admission that he was a good man with his saying to the Jews, 'I and my Father are one.'? When they took up stones to kill him, he did not undeceive them, but still maintained the fact of his Godhead; adding, 'My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me, and I know them, and I give unto them eternal life;' now could any mere man say 'I give unto them eternal life?' could any angel, however exalted?"

"Stop!" cried the dying man, with an excited voice, "Stop, sir! I never saw this before; a new light breaks in upon me—stop, sir!"

Holding up his emaciated hand, as if fearing that a breath might obscure the new light breaking in upon his benighted soul, and with a countenance lighted up with an expression quite indescribable, but with eyes intently fixed on Dr. F., he exclaimed, after a short pause, while big tears rolled down his pallid cheeks:

"Sir, you are a messenger of mercy sent by God himself to save my poor soul! Yes, Christ is God, and he died to save sinners! Yes, even me!"

His feelings almost overpowered his feeble frame. Lest he should be too much excited, his visitor left him, first commending his case to God by prayer, with the promise to see him again on the following morning. The next day he found him propped up in bed literally "a new man," displaying all the eagerness of a hungry man, seeking to be fed with the "Bread of Life," combined with the simplicity of a child, trusting in the promises of God, which are "yea and amen in Christ Jesus." He candidly confessed that though he had rejected the Gospel as unworthy of credit, he had never before read it. As its great truths were presented to his mind, he seized hold of them with an eagerness indescribable, whilst his former almost insupportable pains seemed now to be forgotten in the overwhelming enjoyment arising from his experience of the love of Christ, and in proportion as his bodily frame decayed, his faith triumphed and his joy increased.

He had one little girl, his eldest child, capable of reading. He gave her a copy of the New Testament, with all the passages marked by his own hand, which had been made specially useful in the way of instruction or consolation, and he desired her as the last request of her dying father to read it daily; never to part with it, but to make it her guide through life, that it might be her comfort in death. After this he directed that all his infidel books should be committed o the flames. He lived just one fortnight after Dr. F.'s first interview, and then died under the full influence of Gospel hope. Many, like this poor man, despise and endeavor to discredit the Bible, when they have never read it for themselves, or only looked into it, to find objections with which to strengthen their infidelity.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

GOOD TIMES.

IT is a truth which the croakers would do well to lay to heart that the Lord has always been against them. When Jonah grumbled he was taught the lesson of the gourd, and was afterwards sent down the whale's throat where he could find plenty of blubber; when Elijah grumbled the Lord silenced him; David turned grumbler and lost a battle by it. All through the Bible we hear about grumblers, and are told that the Lord was displeased with them.

People who lament over the good old times forget one thing; they forget that their good old times were when they were children—when they thought and spoke and acted as children;—and so they pass judgment on a constructive excellence the sense of which they drank in from the cup of their child-wonder, a half or three-quarters of a century ago. There is evil around,—the devil enters into the hearts of men while they are busy writing long essays to prove that he has no existence. We hear of a pulpit that is scandalized—a shameless press that is subsidized—of a government official whose hands are soiled with bribes—of faith broken, of trust violated,—characters irretrievably ruined,—we hear of all these, and yet we know that more is to-day being done for the Master than ever before. More numerous and more powerful agencies are being employed than ever before. There is more real humanity manifested in behalf of the destitute, the fallen and the oppressed, —more charity, more toleration of opinion, for expressing which only a century ago men were sent to the stake,—more knowledge of God and his blessed Word than the world has ever seen before. If it be claimed that infidelity is abroad in science it is sufficient to say that infidelity has always chosen one form or another for its expression, and so far from regretting that it has chosen the grand name of Science under which to fight its battles, we rejoice that it has manifested itself in just that particular phase where it can take no refuge in indefinite abstractions, but must stand crucial test.

No! the good times, if we will but believe it, are now;—the better times are not backwards—but beyond. We believe, as in the past, so in the future, the world will grow better and better. Bye-and-bye the world and all that there is therein shall pass away, but in the new heavens and the new earth righteousness, only righteousness, shall dwell; and even then who can doubt that growth, constant growth, will ever mark the progress of the soul? Ah! but there will be no croakers in heaven.

CHRIST THE SYMPATHIZER.

OTHER worlds may fall, but this morning star will never be blotted from the heavens. The earth may quake, but this Rock of Ages will never be shaken from its foundation. The same Christ who fed the five thousand will feed all the world's hunger. The same Christ who cured Bartimeus, will illumine all blindness. The same Christ who awoke Lazarus from the sarcophagus will yet rally all the pious dead in glorious resurrection. "I know that my Redeemer liveth." and that "to him shall the gathering of the people be."

I should like to see the sacred feet going up the stairs of a palace in which all the glories of the Alhambra and St. Marks and the Winter Palace are gathered. I should like to see the world pay Christ in love for what it did to him in maltreatment. I should like to be one of the grooms of the chargers, holding the stirrup as the King mounts. Oh! what a glorious time it would be on earth if Christ would break through the heavens and right here where he has suffered and died have this prophecy fulfilled. "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

But failing in that I bargain to meet you at the ponderous gates of heaven on the day when our Lord comes back. Garlands of all nations on his brow—of the bronzed nations of the south and the pallid nations of the north—Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and the other continents that may arise meantime from the sea to take the places of their sunken predecessors. Arch of Trajan, Arch of Titus, Arch of Triumph in the Champs Elysees all too poor to welcome this King of kings, and Lord of lords, and Conqueror of conquerors on his august arrival.

Turn out all heaven to meet him. Hang all along the route the flags of earthly dominion, whether decorated with crescent, or star, or eagle, or lion, or coronet. Hang out heaven's brightest banner, with its one star of Bethlehem and blood striped of the Cross. I hear the procession now. Hark! the tramp of the feet, the rumbling of the wheels, the shouts of the riders. Ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands. Put up in heaven's library right beside the completed volume of the world's ruin, the completed volume of Shiloh's triumph. The old promise struggling through the ages, fulfilled at last. "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

INDOLENT NATURES.

MANY make a failure in the drama of life through indolence. They are always merchants, artists, and farmers than have making calculations how little they can do for the compensation they get. There are more lazy ministers, lawyers, doctors, ever been counted upon. The community is full of laggards and shirkers. I can tell it from the way they crawl along the street, from their tardiness in meeting engagements, from the lethargies that seem to hang to the foot when they lift it, to the hand when they put it out, to the words when they speak.

Two young men in a store. In the morning one goes to his post the last minute, or one behind. The other is ten minutes before the time, and has his hat and coat hung up, and is at his post waiting for duty. The one is ever and anon in the afternoon looking at his watch to see if it is most time to shut up. The other stays half an hour after he might go, and when asked why, says he wanted to look over some entries he had made, to be sure he was right, or to put up some goods that had been left out of place. The one is very punctilious about doing work not exactly belonging to him. The other is glad to help the other clerks in their work. The first will be a prolonged nothing, and he will be poorer at sixty than at twenty. The other will be a merchant prince. Indolence is the cause of more failures in all occupations than you have ever suspected. People are too lazy to do what they can do, and want to undertake that which they cannot do.

* * *

America is a fruitful country, and we raise large crops of wheat and corn and oats, but the largest crop we raise in this country is the crop of drunkards. With sickle made out of the sharp edges of the broken glass of bottle and demijohn, they are cut down, and there are whole swathes of them, whole windrows of them, and it takes all the hospitals and penitentiaries and graveyards and cemeteries to hold this harvest of hell.

* * *

O, THAT we might in our families and in our Churches try the force of kindness! You can never drive men, women, or children into the kingdom of God. A March northeaster will bring out more honeysuckles than fretfulness and scolding will ever bring out Christian graces. I wish that in all our religious work we might be saturated with the spirit of kindness. Missing that, we miss a great deal of usefulness. There is no need of coming out before men and thundering to them the law, unless at the same time you preach to them the Gospel.

* * *

OBSERVATION and experience prove that the capacity of the heart for suffering is equalled only by its powers of endurance. How often are we surprised to see a shrinking, sensitive nature survive some great anguish. We never know how much we can bear "till trouble comes:"

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape, we weep and pray;
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still;
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

* * *

SONS and daughters of God, mourn not when your property goes. The world is yours, and life is yours, and death is yours, and immortality is yours, and thrones of imperial grandeur are yours, and rivers of gladnesss are yours, and shining mansions are yours, and God is yours. The eternal God hath sworn it and every time you doubt it, you charge the King of heaven and earth with perjury. Instead of complaining how hard you have it, go home to-night, take up your Bible full of promises, get down on your knees before God, and thank him for what you have, instead of spending so much time in complaining about what you have not.

* * *

THERE are times when even the Christian hearts will cry out of the depths of depression, "Nothing pays." This is the language of discouragement, of despair, perhaps of temptation; and in the shadow of this darkness let us draw near to the heart of him who was tempted in all points like as we. Yet after treading the wine-press alone he paid the most inconceivable sacrifice in all time to purchase for us the joys of eternity. When we review our little lives in the light of that eternity, only those things which we have done heartily unto the Lord will seem worth doing. Let us be loyal to the Master. Earnest, well-directed, Christian effort, put forth wherever God has placed us, shall never be in vain.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

Prayer Meetings in Deadtown.—No. 2.

THE lecture room of Deadtown's First Church never looked so clean as on the night when they held their wonderful "purpose meeting." Evidently the "big" minister, as they now began to call him, had no sympathy with dirt in any form, for soap, brushes, broom and duster had brightened things up till they shone, as one woman said, like a new pin. The big high desk had disappeared; where it had gone, not even the sexton knew, though the parsonage girl told Mrs. Haye's sister's cook that the minister had taken to wood-chopping for exercise early Thursday morning.

By actual count there were out to prayer meeting one hundred and thirty-seven, counting babies, boys and all; one hundred and twenty-five chairs were in the room, well arranged; when the service opened fifteen more were added.

Everybody wondered how the purpose meeting would go. Well, it went. I must tell you about it. To begin with, Sally Brown played the piano—that was new. After the opening hymn, when everybody expected the long prayers, Will Smith, with three of his chums from the Choral Union, gathered about the piano and sang a solo and chorus. "Dare to be a Daniel." Then we all read aloud together the converts' chapter of the Bible. Each chair had a Bible. The preacher asked us so naturally and nice to all read that, before I knew it, I read with the rest. The next thing startled the whole company.

He asked Faithful Williams to lead in prayer. She to pray! The modest, quiet, best little woman in the whole parish! Well, she did. I asked her this morning how it came about. She said: "The minister asked me on Sabbath what 'purposes' I had made, and I told him it was to be 'willing and obedient,' from Isaiah 1: 19. Upon the strength of that, I suppose with some future intentions, he said, 'You ought always to pray and not to faint,' and I said, 'Yes, of course,' so I had to do it." After her prayer there was another surprise. Elder Crane, who had trouble with the widow Sayles in some property matter, deliberately got up and said he believed he had done a great injustice to one of the flock, who should have received sympathy instead of sourness at his hands, and wanted then and there to ask forgiveness from all concerned. Mrs. Sayles sobbed aloud, and of course many cried for joy with her.

A ten-minute song service followed. My, such singing! The Choral Union men gave the right pitch and time, and God blessed the music to many hard hearts.

Mr. Lightheart rose, and with so much power and plainness, told of Daniel's purpose not to drink wine, of Paul's purpose to go to Rome, of the Prodigal's purpose to return home, of God's purpose to save all who would believe, and then modestly named the purposes of his own heart—oh, they were so good! —bearing largely on a shepherd's purpose to feed and care for his flock. Then came the open meeting. There was but a moment's pause, when Will Smith said he purposed hereafter to use his voice for Jesus, and sitting down at the piano he sang "Building for Eternity." That purpose must have been born of God for a double reason. If Will Smith could do that, everybody could do something, and they did. More than thirty spoke. One purposed to take part in the meetings; another to live nearer the Cross; a little boy said he was going to read his Bible; Mrs. Johnson, who had never united with the church, said she was going to at the next communion; then a young lady purposed to teach in the Sunday-school; to this purpose the pastor got six others to join; it made them laugh when Mr. Long said he purposed last week never to make long public prayers. When Mr. Hunt arose and said he purposed giving up swearing, and asked them to pray for him, there was a thrill over the house. Mr. Lightheart said "Maybe there are some who will purpose to repent of sin and turn to God this night; if there are such, will they rise and say 'I will.'" There were five, one an elder's son, two sisters, an old man and a boy. It was nine o'clock, and the meeting closed. The pastor announced there would be two hundred chairs in the room a week hence, hoping they would be full. Again, as they passed out, the little printed card was handed each person, announcing the praise service and what it would be.

The BIBLE And the NEWSPAPER

THE BREAD RIOT IN DANTZIG.

OMINOUS evidence of the extent of the destitution existing in the great cities of Germany is given in the demonstration which took place at Dantzig on March 4. Trade has been depressed in Dantzig for some time past. The city is the capital of West Prussia and its population is about 120,000. Heretofore large numbers of men have found steady employment in its numerous flour mills, breweries, sugar-refineries, dye-works, etc. The prevalent commercial depression, however, has of late been felt severely in all the industries, and many men have been laid off till better times. They bore their privations almost to starvation point and then sent a committee to ask the municipal authorities to give them work of any kind that would yield them bread. A promise that work would be found for them satisfied them and they waited patiently a few days longer. Then a notice was issued calling for unemployed men to attend on the landing-stage. Eight hundred answered the invitation, but the authorities were unable to find work for more than 220. The other men were grievously disappointed and listened eagerly to incendiary speeches made by labor agitators. A hint was given them that there was plenty of food in the stores and immediately the crowd separated to attack the bakeries and provision stores. The men were evidently very hungry, for they ate greedily whatever they could lay hands on. The depredations continued for some hours. Meanwhile the police force, scattered through the city, was collected at headquarters, and then a charge was made in force against the rioters. A stubborn fight ensued, but the police succeeded in scattering the mob and restoring order. Apprehensions, however, are felt of a renewal of the disturbances, for the men and their families are starving, and there is a very rough element in the city composed of idlers, who are not workingmen, but are ready to make the emergency an excuse for plunder. On such men, pity is wasted, but for those who are willing and anxious to work every true man is sorry. Their case presents a problem which urgently needs the attention of statesmen in every land. There is work enough and bread enough for all. The world's gratitude and immortal fame await that king, or governor or statesman who first devises a plan by which every man can get his share of both work and food. It is time the Church used its influence to compel governments to undertake the duty. Better than private charity, or public subscriptions to relief-funds, would be such an effort to have the problem solved once for all. How will they who ignore this cry of want and suffering that goes up from the honest and industrious poor, meet the challenge of the Apostle who asks indignantly respecting him who withholds compassion from his brother in need, "How dwelleth the love of God in him?" (1. John 3:17.)

Intermittent Magnetism.

A SCIENTIFIC journal publishes an interesting description of a new device which may be turned to practical account at some future time. It is based on the discovery that nickel is magnetic until it is heated to a certain degree. When it reaches that temperature, it suddenly ceases to be magnetic. A slip of nickel is attached to a disk of copper and suspended by a string so that it will swing like a pendulum. A magnet is fixed at one extremity of the arc which it describes while so swinging. As the swinging nickel approaches the magnet it comes under its attraction and is held by it. It would remain attached to the magnet indefinitely, but a spirit lamp is under it which gradually heats the nickel up to the temperature when it ceases to be magnetic. It then relaxes the hold it had, and swings away. During its passage over its course it is cooled by the air and becomes magnetic again, so that when it reaches the magnet, it is again caught and held until the spirit-lamp beneath does its work and the nickel disk takes another trip. There are some men and women whose natures seem to partake of this quality of the nickel. They come near to Christ and feel the attraction of his glorious nature, but touched by the fire of persecution or ridicule they fall away. His power remains the same, but their nature is changed so that they are not susceptible to it, until bereavement, or trouble of some kind sends them back to him. (Matt. 13; 21.)

A Young Chilian Jurist.

IT rarely falls to the lot of an occupant of the bench so young and comparatively inexperienced as Judge Henry Foster of Chili, to try a case involving issues of international con-

HON. H. FOSTER, CHILIAN JUDGE OF CRIMES.

sequence. Now that the trouble with Chili is over, however, it seems to be generally conceded that Judge Foster conducted the long examination in connection with the attack of the *Baltimore's* crew with marked ability and extreme conscientiousness. The young Judge of Crimes, whose portrait appears on this page, is the son of an American citizen, Mr. Julius Foster, who has for many years been identified with Chilian interests. He brought to the conduct of this famous trial possibly less of legal lore than many other jurists might have commanded, but he also brought a singular freedom from national bias, a calm, judicial patience and a determination to render exact justice. That he has done this is fairly shown by the spirit in which his rulings have been accepted by both Americans and Chilians. It is mainly due to the skill and impartiality with which he tried the case that the Chilian government made such conscessions as averted the war that at one time seemed inevitable. Both nations have reason to be thankful that at the critical moment the office he holds happened to be filled by such a man who, though young, is evidently gifted with wisdom and discretion. As our thoughts go back to the events of our first war and to conflicts in which other nations have engaged we realize the truth of the words of the old Book, "Better is a wise youth than an old and foolish king who knoweth not how to receive admonition." (Eccles. 4: 13.)

A New Prison Boot.

A NEW device for the safe-keeping of convicts is exciting interest among prison wardens and policemen. It was worn by a convict whom the San Francisco police recently took to St. Louis, Mo., to answer a charge of attacking an express train with dynamite. The convict was a desperate character and his guards knowing that he would escape if he could, not only armed themselves thoroughly, but put on him what they called Oregon boots. These boots are of the ordinary rough prison type, but they are fitted with a steel bar which touches both sides of the ankle and passes under the instep. At the ankle a flat band is fixed so as to surround it. Resting on this band, is a steel weight shaped like a bracelet which weighs nearly twenty pounds. This clasps by self-locking apparatus around the prisoner's leg and cannot be opened except by the key, which is in safe keeping. As long as the wearer's foot is on the ground the weight is supported by the steel bar, but when he lifts it, he has to lift about twenty pounds. A prisoner so encumbere would be quickly overtaken if he succeeded in breaking loose from his guards, as he could not run, and even a walk must be slow and painful. No man would voluntarily put on such an encumbrance, but when we are surprised that some Christians are making slow progress in the Christian life, which is compared to a race, it is often found that they are kept back by a means quite as effectual as the Oregon boot, and which they have sedulously sought to put on and are loath to part with. These are the golden fetters which they wear whose riches are hindering their growth in grace, and are one of the weights that the Apostle exhorts every Christian to lay aside. (Heb. 12:1.

Baroness Novikoff's Explanation.

THE spectacle of fourteen millions of the Russian people in the grasp of famine has, for a time, disarmed criticism of Russia's governmental methods, and awakened an almost universal feeling of sympathy throughout the civilized world. In this dire extremity it is pleasing to know that the Russian nobility, casting aside all differences of rank, have entered heartily into the relief movement, and have given generously of their substance to feed the hungry millions of Kasan, Samara, Kiew, Nijni-Novgorod, Novo-Ouzensk and other afflicted districts. The Czar's government has excited surprise by its absolute refusal to accept aid from other governments, although it has expressed its willingness to accept help extended by individuals or unofficial committees. This peculiar attitude is explained by Baroness Novikoff, a Russian lady of high social position, whose portrait is on this page, and, who, in a recent letter published in this country, defends the Emperor with all the fervor of a loyal Muscovite. She declares that Russia's history as a nation proves her to be always anxious to gratefully remember eyery kind act done in her behalf. Aided officially, she would incur international obligations; but unaided she remains free. Private charity, such as all the world is now offering, has a different meaning and places the recipient, Mme. Novikoff explains, under no official obligation as a nation. This will not deter Christian people in any land from making gifts to feed the starving peasants. The very fact that the recipients of their bounty can never make return places them in the catagory of

BARONESS NOVIKOFF.

those with a special claim on the followers of Christ. He is honored by so good a work being done from motives so evidently disinterested. They who give to the cause will do it to please him and to all such his words apply, "They cannot recompense thee, but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." (Luke 14:14.)

Death of the ex-President of Yale.

THE country and the Church have sustained a loss in the death of the eminent scholar and theologian, Dr. Noah Porter the ex-President of Yale, which occurred on March 4th. Dr. Porter was in his eighty-first year. As far back as 1831, he graduated from Yale and became pastor in succession of Congregational churches in New Milford, Conn, and Springfield, Mass. In 1848, he was appointed professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in Yale College, which position he continued to hold until 1871, when he succeeded Dr. Theodore Woolsey as President of the College. He still lectured on his favorite subjects after his appointment to the Presidency, besides doing a great deal of literary work. During his term the appearance of the college underwent extensive changes, many new buildings were erected and the old buildings renovated. In 1885, owing to his advanced age, Dr. Porter felt it his duty to resign the Presidency of the College, but maintained his connection with it and gave occasional lectures, keeping to the last his great popularity with the students. Among his best known works are: *The Human Intellect; Elements of Moral Science*; and *Evangeline, the Plain, the Story and the Poem*. A short time ago he was stricken with paralysis, which recently was complicated by an attack of the grip, and the venerable old scholar and author succumbed. It would not be easy to overestimate the influence Dr. Porter has exerted on the national life. Young men have come from Yale College to lead in politics and the professions, whose lives will never cease to show the effects of his teaching. So the master falls but his life and principles go on bearing fruit. Though he rests from his labors his works follow him. (Rev. 14: 13.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church in America was legally incorporated and a certificate filed at Albany, N. Y., on March 5.

Rev. E. P. Telford commenced a series of services at Port Jervis, N. Y., last Sunday. They have opened under very favorable auspices and there is a hopeful prospect of great blessing. After remaining there two weeks, Mr. Telford goes to St. Luke's Reformed Episcopal Church, Cambridge, Mass.

A Russian physician at Samarov has been treating inebreates with a preparation of nitrate of strychnine. He claims to have had under his care no less than 762 cases, in only three of which did the patients relapse. He believes that the remedy, if administered under the care of a physician will surely and permanently destroy the craving for stimulants no matter how long the patient may have been a drunkard.

Rev. C. H. Yatman is holding services at McKeesport, Pa. The revival at Madison Ave. Methodist Episcopal Church in New York during the series of meetings there, which he has just closed, was deep and extensive. It was not confined to the congregation usually attending the church, but brought in many who are not in the habit of attending religious services. Much good of a real and permanent character has, it is believed, been accomplished.

A letter received from Bishop William Taylor last week conveys the welcome intelligence that at the date of writing (January 28) he was well in health and in good spirits. The Cape Palmas Seminary is becoming a manifest success under the charge of Rev. W. D. Nicholls. There are 100 scholars, thirty of whom are boarders. Besides these, there are in the district 128 children all won from heathenism. The boarders pay little or nothing, but they gladly work four hours a day on the farm belonging to the seminary in return for their board and tuition.

A Revival almost unprecedented in recent times has been experienced at Cincinnati, O., under the labors of Rev. B. Fay Mills. The number of persons who have given in their names as resolving with God's help to lead a new life, trusting in Christ for salvation is stated at over seven thousand. At the culminating services on March 2, the vast Music Hall was crowded morning, afternoon and night. The business men of the city closed their establishments to enable their employees to attend the services. All the evangelical churches of the city united in the movement and held preparatory services before the Evangelist arrived.

Contributions to the Fund for supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgement to the amount of $30.50. They are from: Broughton, Pa., $1.50; Portsmouth, Va., $4; Traverse City, Mich., $3; Meriden, Conn., $1; Fairview, Minn., $1; Berwick, Iowa, $5; Lisbon, Iowa, $5; Mound City, S. Dak., $1. Panama, Central America, 50c; Ephratah, N. Y., 50c.; Newark, N. J., $3; Jardis, N. J., $5. Applications of colored ministers desiring to participate in this fund are placed on file and are transferred to our list in the order in which they are received. Ministers applying who have not yet received the paper through the fund are requested to state the fact in their letters and precedence will be given to them.

MRS. SPURGEON AT HOME.

A Lifelong Invalid, but Leading an Active Career of Christian Philanthrophy —How She Aided Her Husband in His Work—The Book Fund.

IF there is one woman to whom, more than to any other, the great heart of the Christian world has gone out in sympathy with bereavement, it is Mrs. Charles H. Spurgeon. For thirty-five years she has shared the labors and enjoyed the triumphs of her talented and consecrated husband. Her gentle personality and deep spiritual nature have helped him, in large measure, to much of the success that attended his efforts in and out of the pulpit; for although Susanna Spurgeon was for many years almost a confirmed invalid, she has been more active and energetic in God's work than many who, in addition to wealth and opportunity, have their faculties unimpaired

In discussing the qualities of great men who have been long before the public, we are apt to lose sight of the quiet companions who have contributed very largely to their public usefulness. In the lustre of the husband's fame, the wife is too often obscured. Her sufferings and self-denials, her privations and struggles, go unrecorded, because the world knows or hears little of them.

When Charles Haddon Spurgeon, then a young and rising preacher of the Gospel, was married in 1856 to Susanna Fletcher in London, it was a union that gave every indication of being a happy and useful one. Two sons, Charles and Thomas, blessed the pair, and both are now following in their father's footsteps as ministers of the Gospel. After their birth, a shadow hovered over the home and the young wife was prostrated by a painful chronic illness. For many years she bore the burden of unalleviated pain, displaying through it all a Christian patience and fortitude. Ordinarily such a condition would have precluded any thought of working for others; but one of the most precious privileges of Mrs. Spurgeon's condition, as she regarded it, was to be permitted to undertake some useful Christian service which, in the days of robust health, would possibly never have been taken up. More than all, she was helpful to her husband in the true sympathy and encouragement she gave him in the times of his severest trial.

Writing once of her husband, she merrily said: "Dear John is very fond of calling me 'the Missis.' Of course, John Ploughman is the Master, as he ought to be, and *my Master*, too. I am proud to confess his dominion and my sweet thraldom; but equally, of course, I am 'the Missis,' and if I do sometimes yearn to give a lecture, I shall try so to fashion it that dear John shall think he is listening to a lyric, and like it immensely. And he does, but it couldn't be printed."

When the long siege of sickness had partially passed and the invalid was once more able to sit in her accustomed chair in the pleasant sitting-room of the home at Nightingale Lane, in Clapham, she undertook Christian work with renewed energy and zeal. One of her first tasks was to write a history of the Pastors' Book Fund which, during her invalid days, she had devised and thoroughly organized. This Fund was intended to be the means of supplying to poor pastors with limited incomes such books as would be of practical service to them in their ministry. Among the books usually given are seven or eight volumes of the "Treasury of David," and some of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, together with other works. The Fund is not restricted to the Baptist denomination, but extends its favors to needy preachers of every sect and in every land under the sun. Concerning this work, Mrs. Spurgeon wrote:

"It is the joy of my life thus to serve the servants of my Master, and the daily blessings and tender providences which surround my work are more precious to me than words can express. Some of the subjects of my thankfulness may seem small and inconsiderable to others, but to me they are of constant interest and importance. My retired life shuts out the usual pleasures of social intercourse, but opens wide a world of glad delight in thus "ministering to the necessities of the saints." I have scores of friends with whose circumstances I am intimately acquainted, yet whose faces I have never looked upon. I hope to know and greet them on the 'other shore;' and meanwhile their love and prayers are a sweet reward for such pleasant service as the Lord enables me to render to them. Ah, if by his grace we can but win from our Master the approving words, 'Ye did it unto me,' the joy of service is then only 'a little lower' than the supreme felicity of heaven!"

MRS. C. H. SPURGEON,
(From a recent photograph.)

How the Book Fund began is best told by Mrs. Spurgeon herself. During those days of weariness and pain, she wrote:

> All last winter (1874), in the sunniest corner of the south winder of our especial sanctum, there stood a common garden flower-pot, containing a little plant which we deemed a marvel of grace and beauty. We had sown some lemon-pips the preceding autumn, with a lively hope that one or more might possess the wonderful life-germ. In due time, a frail little stem and one or two of the tiniest leaves that ever coaxed their way through the dark mould made their appearance, and from that moment it was watched and watered and tended with assiduous care . . . . Some of the youngest members of the household would occasionly ask, with just a suspcion of sarcasm in their tone, 'If there were any lemons yet?' but we cherished our little plant even more lovingly.'

This tiny lemon-plant had its birth almost simultaneously with the Book Fund.

"I wish," said Mrs. Spurgeon to her husband, one day, after reading the proofs of some of his lectures, "that every young preacher in England could have a copy of these in his hands."

"Well," was the pertinent reply. "How much would you give to do it?"

Her eyes sparkled and then filled with tears. She remembered that in an old bureau up-stairs there was a little hoard of crown pieces in a drawer—her mother's gift. She had looked at them often, lovingly remembering the dear giver, but now in a moment, she decided to part with them, and begin this good work. It was an inspiration; yet she did not give up the shining pieces without a momentary pang. The lemon-pip grew to be a thriving plant and then a tree, and the Fund grew with it. It was an odd fancy of Mrs. Spurgeon that for every leaf of her plant she would get one hundred pounds for the Book Fund. Every bright and shining coin that was contributed was hailed as "a leaf for the lemon-tree," and soon these silver leaves far outnumbered those on the young tree. Up to the present time, the "silver leaves" have been the means of supplying 122,000 volumes to 12,000 pastors in different parts of the world! Mrs. Spurgeon's annual reports of the Fund are prized as little gems of spiritual literature, and abound in beautiful expositions of Scripture passages and incidents drawn from personal experience and observation. A number have been issued by a London publisher under the title of "Westwood Leaflets" and have been widely circulated.

MR. SPURGEON'S SNUGGERY IN THE BIG TREE.
(By permission—Copyright by A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

The Book Fund has made Mrs. Spurgeon's name a household word, but it is only one of many philanthropies with which she is identified. She loves to write, too, and found time to do much with her graceful pen that has been the means of cheering many an afflicted reader. There is in Susanna Spurgeon a strong poetic vein, which occasionally sparkles through her writing with the soft brilliancy of a star, while at other times it steals upon the reader like a strain of hidden music. This little incident, written during her long sickness, is one that carries comfort to the heart:

I asked, "Why does my Lord thus deal with his child? Why does he so often send sharp and bitter pain to visit me? Why does he permit lingering weakness to hinder the sweet service I long to render to his poor servants?" These fretful questions were quickly answered, and though in a strange language, no interpreter was needed save the conscious whisper of my own heart. For a while silence reigned in the little room; broken only by the crackling of an oak-log burning on the hearth. Suddenly I heard a sweet, soft sound, a little clear, musical note, like the tender trill of a robin beneath my window. "What can that be?" I said to my companion, who was dozing in the firelight; "surely no bird can be singing out there at this time of the year and night." We listened, and again heard the faint, plaintive notes, so sweet, so melodious, yet mysterious enough to provoke for a moment our undisguised wonder. Presently my friend exclaimed, "It comes from the log on the fire!" and we soon ascertained that her surprised assertion was correct. *The fire was letting loose the imprisoned music from the old oak's inmost heart!* Perchance he had garnered up this song in the days when all went well with him, when birds twittered merrily on his branches, and the soft sunlight flecked his tender leaves with gold. But he had grown old since then, and hardened; ring after ring of knotty growth had sealed up the long-forgotten melody, until the fierce tongues of the flames came to consume his callousness, and the vehement heat of the fire wrung from him at once a song and a sacrifice. Ah, thought I, when the fire of affliction draws songs of praise from us, then indeed are we purified, and our God is glorified! Perhaps some of us are like this old oak-log, cold, hard, and insensible; we should give forth no more melodious sounds, were it not for the fire which kindles round us, and releases tender notes of trust in him, and cheerful compliance with his will. "As I mused the fire burned," and my soul found sweet comfort in the parable so strangely set forth before me. Singing in the fire. Yes. God helping us, if that is the only way to get harmony out of these hard, apathetic hearts, let the furnace be heated seven times hotter than before.

THE SPURGEON HOME AT NIGHTINGALE LANE.
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The portrait of Mrs. Spurgeon on this page is from a recent photograph. The other illustrations include Helensburgh House, Nightingale Lane, Clapham (so feelingly referred to by Mrs. Spurgeon) and a favorite retreat of the late pastor, in the grounds surrounding that residence, where the pulpit stairs formerly used in the Park Street Chapel were employed as a means of ascending a large tree, amid whose widespreading branches he often sat reading and studying for hours.

Of the home at Nightingale Lane, she wrote: "The heart yearns over a place endeared by an intimate acquaintance of twenty-three years, and full of happy or solemn associations. Every nook and corner both of house and garden, abounds with sweet or sorrowful memories, and the remembrance of manifold mercies, clings like a rich tapesty to the walls of the rooms. On this spot, nearly a quarter of a century of wedded bliss has been passed, and our home has been oftener a 'Bethel' to us than 'Bochim.'"

In addition to the management of the Book Fund, Mrs. Spurgeon is president of a number of different societies, all organized for Christian work. She is the foundress of the Working Missionary Society, the membership of which is largely composed of ladies who attend the Metropolitan Tabernacle. She is also active in Sunday School work and takes pleasure in addressing the scholars occasionally. A glimpse of her inner nature is disclosed in the following written during her illness and when she was unable to attend church services:

> For some time past it has been the dear Pastor's custom, as soon as the text for the Lord's day services had been given by the Master, to call me into the study and permit me to read the various commentaries on the subject-matter in hand. Never was occupation more delightful, instructive, and spiritually helpful; my heart has often burned within me, as the meaning of some passage of God's Word has been opened up.

Her whole life has been of the quiet inoffensive character that is to humble Christians all the more beautiful because undemonstrative, and she is greatly beloved not only as a philanthropist but as a delightful and accomplished hostess, a model wife and mother, and a high-souled Christian woman, whose generous heart never fails to respond to the cry of the afflicted or to comfort the distressed. Since her bereavement she has received and is still receiving many tokens of sympathy with her affliction.

HELPFUL ANECDOTES

A DRUNKEN MOOR HELD.

A NOVEL way of punishing drunken men and restraining them from mischief, was noticed by a newspaper correspondent in Tangier recently, and is recommended by him to the consideration of authorities in other lands. He thinks it would be especially useful where men who drink are in the habit, at a certain stage of intoxication, of indulging in wife-beating. "This morning," says the correspondent, "I saw a Moor who was what is called 'mad drunk,' and for the time being, as dangerous as a wild beast. He was chained to the wall by a collar round his neck, and consequently quite unable to do any harm. Strong drinks are not allowed by the Mohammedan religion; but, unfortunately, the low grog-shops so largely introduced by Spaniards into Morocco are working untold evils with the poorer class of Moors. The Foreign Minister, Sid Torres, told me that this disgraceful traffic is largely on the increase, and the Spanish Government, when remonstrated with, say that by treaty they are at liberty to carry on this trade." The Moorish government apparently has to submit, but exercises the right, with which the Spaniards cannot interfere, of teaching its own subjects a sharp temperance lesson in this summary fashion. While Spain is sending liquor to Morocco, and we are sending it to Africa, and England is encouraging the opium traffic in China, the world is still a long way from the realization of the central principle of Christian ethics, that the welfare of others is the concern of every follower of Christ.

NO ADMITTANCE.

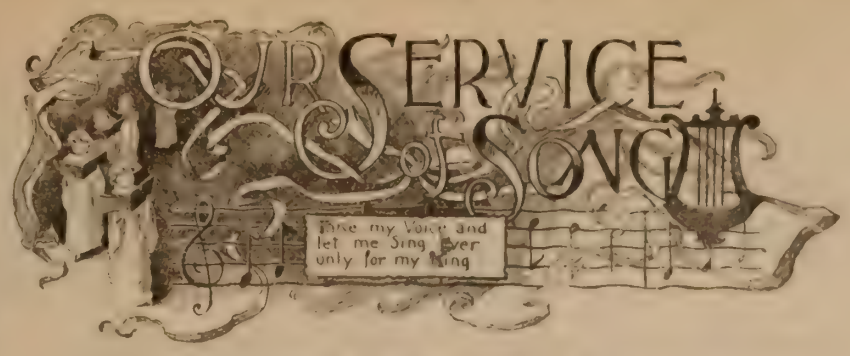
"IN a well-known seminary in New England," says a writer in *Times of Refreshing*, "a notice was placed on the outside of the door of a room occupied by a student. 'No admittance' was the legend inscribed in bold letters on the notice. The occupant of the room was not the kind of a man who would be likely to be so busy with his studies as to dread interruption and he was, besides, a young man fond of society. His motive for affixing the notice was a mystery to most of the students. A few, however, understood it. A revival of religion was in progress in the seminary and some young men interested in it had agreed together to visit every non-Christian member of the institution and plead for Christ personally with the undividual soul. This young man had heard of the arrangement and put up the notice to warn off his expected visitors.

"The words 'No Admittance' were therefore full of meaning to the little band of praying students, and they immediately resolved to test the virtue of prayer in opening the bolted door. Fervently and unitedly they committed the case to God, entreating him not only to unbar the door, but also and especially to unlock and take possession of the stubborn heart within the door. And never can they forget the thrill of wonder and joy which they felt when the message, "Behold he prayeth!" was announced to them. While they were appealing to God one of their number knocked at the bolted door, and, to his great surprise, as he listened for a response, heard the most earnest cries and sobs within. The Holy Spirit had evidently gained "admittance" not only into the room, but into the far more strongly bolted heart, and the bitter enemy of the revival was pleading for mercy.

"In a short time the door was opened, the 'Notice' was removed, the praying student was welcomed; and the result was, that in a day or two the enemy joined the ranks of the friends of Christ."

A SAILOR'S DARING.

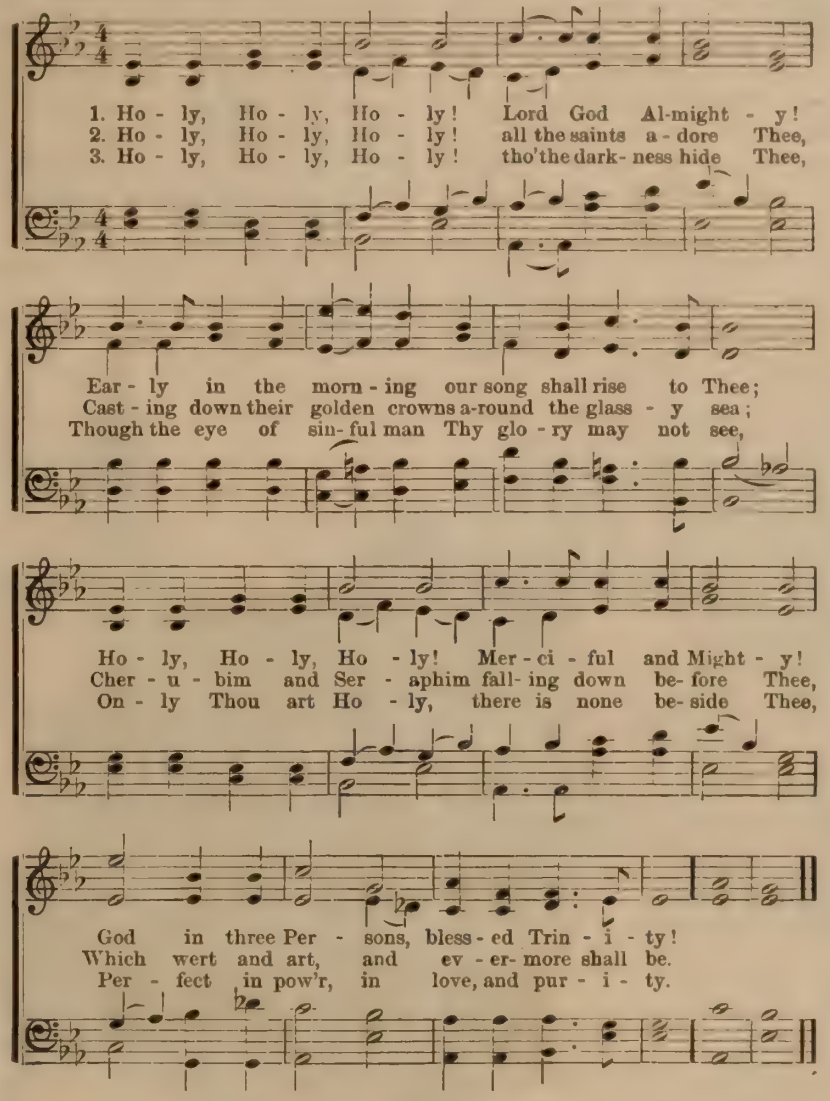
THE Prince Edward Island schooner *Avenger* was driven on the rocks 20 miles from St. John's Newfoundland. The schooner was pounding to pieces in the tremendous surf, and the single boat was swamped in an effort to launch it. Then Murdock Gillis, a sailor, offered to swim ashore with the life-line. He was thrown on the rocks by a big wave, but was unable to obtain a hold, and, after being bruised, tossed, and buffeted, was hauled back. He rested an hour, and then tried again. This time he was thrown into a cleft in the face of cliff, from which he climbed point by point until he obtained good holding ground. He then drew ashore, and fastened a larger line, by which the captain and all the crew were saved. How many a man has bravely risked his own life to save that of others temporally in this world, but it is even more sublime to save the lives of others eternally by bringing them to Christ.



Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

"They rest not day nor night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—REV. 4: 8.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D. Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the dark- ness hide Thee,
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Cast - ing down their golden crowns a-round the glass - y sea;
Though the eye of sin- ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!
Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim fall- ing down be- fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be- side Thee,
God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
Which wert and art, and ev - er- more shall be.
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in three Persons, blesséd Trinity! Amen.

TAKE MY HAND.

MY pathway o'er the hill of life
Is oft-times rough and steep,
The clouds so dark and threatening
I scarce can courage keep.
I tremble oft and cannot stand,
Unless thou, Father, take my hand.

The tempter spreads his many snares
To trip my weary feet:
Perhaps he thinks if once I fall,
His victory is complete.
Alone I cannot them withstand,
I pray thee, Father, take my hand.

Whene'er the way is smooth and bright,
I am more apt to stray,
Because I on myself rely,
Then fall out of the way.
All by myself I cannot stand,
But thou wilt hold me—take my hand.

The close of life comes on apace,
It may be very near;
But if I'm walking close to thee
I have no need to fear.
Thou'lt lead me to the shining strand,
I trust thee, Father, take my hand.

—V. A. BELDIN.

THE CONGO MISSION.*

ON the banks of the rolling Congo
'Way across the foaming deep,
I can see an iron cottage
From the wooded hillside peep.
And, from out its iron chimney,
Wreaths of smoke are borne aloft,
O'er the hilltops and the meadows;
By the breezes low and soft.

'Tis the home of missionaries,
Who, to save the fallen race,
Leaving friends and native country,
Dare to live in such a place.
Heeding nothing but their duty,
Fearing naught but God alone.
Safer than the greatest monarch
As he sits upon his throne.

"All for souls!" I hear them singing,
As they seek to save the lost:
Toiling on for those benighted,
Who know not sin's fearful cost:
Warning of the coming judgment,
Pointing to the gaping grave,
Telling them of one who loves them
And has died, their souls to save.

—NATHAN A. SESSIONS.

*See article on first page of this number.

THE SEVENTY WEEKS.

The Gap in Prophetic Chronology between the First and Second Advents of Christ.

BY PROFESSOR INFREE.

FROM the revelations made to Daniel we obtain not only the definition of various periods, but a clue to the principles of prophetic chronology. The prophet's eye under angelic direction surveys the whole vista of the centuries to the end of time. It is broken by certain striking events described in figurative language. As if gazing from a mountain-top across a wide landscape, he notices the heights and cliffs which are conspicuous objects to the eye. To an observer so situated if two towering peaks were on the line of sight, one far away on the horizon and the other nearer to him, they would appear much closer together than they really were. Accordingly we find Daniel's survey passing over an intervening gap between two conspicuous events and when the measure is given to him, confessing that he was puzzled, or, as he says, "understood not." These two events were the first and second advents of the Lord

A period of seventy weeks was mentioned to him. But it was mentioned in a peculiar form. It was to be seven and three score and two weeks, sixty-nine weeks in all from the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem unto the Messiah the Prince. There can be but one interpretation to these two events. Accordingly we find that the command referred to went forth in the year B. C. 445. The entry of Christ into Jerusalem, when the populace acclaimed him, must have been, if the latest calculations of chronologists are correct, in A. D. 38. That is, if, as is now generally believed, the real date of Christ's birth was five years later than the Christian era. These two dates are 483 years apart. Thus we obtain the prophetic metre. Sixty-nine weeks when mentioned in prophecy represent a period of 483 years or in other words a day represents a year. We may infer, therefore, when the duration of other periods is given in days or weeks, that years are intended at the rate of a day for a year. This an important step gained which Daniel and his contemporaries before the time of Chist could not be sure of. It is probable, however, that the possibility of such a mode of reckoning had occurred to the Jews, as Simeon and Anna were expecting the Saviour about the time that he appeared. Herod also appears to have attached more significance to the inquiries of the wise men (Matt. 2: 1-8) than seems natural for a King to do if there had been no expectation of Messiah's appearance about that time.

The question naturally arises, what becomes of the seventieth week referred to? "Seventy weeks are determined," said the angel. (Daniel 9: 24.) The close of the sixty-nine weeks is marked off, as we see, by the advent. The natural inference would be that the seventieth week would begin with the close of the sixty-ninth week. But we know that it was not so. That last week—or seven years—was to be the most eventful period of the world's history. The events of that period as Daniel describes them, and as John saw them and describes them more minutely in the Apocalypse, have never taken place. Reverting to our simile of a man gazing across mountain tops, the seer saw the summits in the distance but did not perceive the wide valley between them. Nearly twenty centuries have already elapsed since the close of the sixty-ninth week when Messiah was "cut off, but not for himself" and since the city and the sanctuary were destroyed. Of that gap, the prophecy of the seventy weeks takes no account. It simply divides the last week from the former period of sixty-nine and it is only when we study the other and longer measurements of different periods that we find the interval accounted for. It was clear to the foreknowledge of God, but for the purposes of Daniel's message to his own people, the revelation of it was not needed. It has been essentially a parenthetic period, during which the Jewish people have been set aside. The course of prophecy concerning them has been suspended and they have no national existence or history while it continues. When the seventieth week dawns, the last seven years of the period, they will be again a nation in their own land and the stream of prophecy regarding them resumes its course. The seventy weeks of God's dealing with them as a nation will surely be fulfilled to the last hour, though they have waited long for that last week. When it does come it will be a time of dire affliction as we see from the scenes described in the Apocalypse

But they have had repeated warnings. When Moses recounted their sins and rebellions he told them, (Lev. 26: 18.) "If ye will not for all this," [various judgments described and fulfilled] "If ye will not for all this hearken unto me, then I will punish you seven times [another prophetic term for years] more for your sins."

The great gap in the prophetic narrative, this interval of nearly twenty centuries, during which the Jew has been cast off and the wild olive mentioned by the apostle (Romans 11: 17) has been grafted to the stem and has been bearing fruit to God's glory—is described as the times of the Gentiles (Luke 21: 24), and Jerusalem is to be trodden down until those times are completed.

When will the termination come? When will that final seven years, the last of the seventy weeks with its terrible and momentous events, dawn upon the world? The believer naturally turns to the Bible to see if any light is thrown upon the question. As the time of the first coming of Christ was indicated five hundred years before it took place, the time of the second coming may also be indicated. And it is natural to suppose that the same principles of interpretation will apply as applied in the former case.

It is to this problem that students of prophecy have been giving their attention for some years past. The result has been a warning cry from many independent quarters that the end is near at hand. We are warned that we are on the threshold of that final seven years. Dates and periods revealed to Daniel and recorded by him, though at the time he understood them not, have been compared with the book of the world's history and the events figuratively described by him have been identified. As the captain of a vessel at sea accurately locates his position on his chart when he takes an observation, so the student of prophecy locates the stage at which the world's history has arrived, and there is a general consensus of opinion that only a few years remain before Christ will appear to summon all his people who are waiting and looking for him to meet him in the air. Then the vials will be poured out and the time of "the tribulation—the great one" will have arrived, to be followed by Millennial glory.

A PETITION FOR A MISSION.

IN Tai Yuen Fu in China, a mission station is established of which Rev. S. B. Farthing, the Baptist missionary has charge. About a year ago two men visited him and asked for religious instruction. He welcomed them gladly, and after a time being satisfied of their conversion, he baptized them both. Shortly afterward they returned to their own town of Chiao Cheng, forty miles off. Recently they sent him an invitation to visit them and he went. On his arrival he inquired, as directed, for the blacksmith's shop. He soon found it, and while waiting for his friends took a survey of its interior. The niche where the idol usually is placed in such shops was empty. The slab on which the high-sounding title of the god is inscribed had been scraped clean, and on it was written, "The holy Instruction of Jesus." When the blacksmith appeared, he warmly welcomed his spiritual father and told him of what had been done. One after another of their fellow-townsmen had been induced to come to the shop for instruction and study of the Bible until now the blacksmith and his friend have a class of forty persons. They wanted the missionary to examine the class, to set them right on matters in which they were themselves uncertain, and to baptize such as were in his opinion fit for baptism. They were very eager to have a regular teacher and a mission established in a suitable building. They had circulated a petition for such a mission and the signers had undertaken to pay all the expenses of it for a year. Until Mr. Farthing went on that visit, no white missionary had visited the town. The way had been thus thoroughly prepared by the two native converts.

MR. MOODY'S RECIPE.

How to be cured of the habit of lying was the problem submitted to Mr. D. L. Moody at one of his meetings. It was brought to him by a lady who wanted to cure herself of this disagreeable habit. "Oh," said Mr. Moody, "that is a very simple matter. The next time you catch yourself lying just go to the party whom you have lied to and ask to be forgiven for telling a lie" "Oh," she said, "I would not like to be called a liar." "Yes," retorted Mr. Moody, "that is just the difficulty. You would like to tone it down, but the only way to get over your so-called exaggeration is to confess it as a sin."

PREPARING THE WAY.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing March. 27. Isa. 40: 3-5; Luke 3: 10-14.

WHEN some noble, generous, brave character is discovered in Africa or some other heathen land, and we are told how good a life such a one is living, though ignorant of the Gospel, we are often asked why is it necessary to send the Gospel to such people. Sometimes it is insisted that life in some of those secluded heathen settlements is purer before the Gospel is preached there than it is in civilized cities in our own Christian land. The same argument is often used as to unbelievers. It is said that in integrity in general goodness of heart and high morality such and such a one is superior to this and that man who may be a professing Christian. In both cases there is a confusion of the distinctions between men and their circumstances. There are some noble natures which in spite of ignorance or unbelief are grand and admirable. On the other hand there are natures so weak, so selfish, so corrupt that only the power of the Christian religion can make them tolerable to humanity. Both natures need the Gospel. The latter that they may be redeemed from corruption and reach a higher plane; the former because the good material repays the most gracious influence ever known to man. A boy just graduating from one of our grammar schools has knowledge that Socrates never dreamed of. Is the school-boy then, greater than Socrates? He is greater in his circumstances — in the wealth of his advantages. But how immeasurably inferior in greatness of mind! So the Gospel brings light to all who will receive the light. It raises the dull and obtuse, the low, the grovelling, and it opens up still higher paths to those who have climbed high up unassisted.

The mission of the Baptist was a preparation for this fuller revelation. Formalism had taken possession of the Jewish nation. Rites and ceremonies were observed and the personal life was base and sordid. There come such periods to every people. The idea becomes prevalent that by large gifts, membership in certain churches, the observance of certain forms men may compound with God for uncleanness of heart and life. All this the Baptist swept away. He demanded repentance and renovation. The duties of every vocation were to be performed conscientiously. It was not a question of creed but of conduct. This clearing away of ecclesiastical rubbish was necessary, but it was not sufficient. The Baptist did not think so himself. It was the opening of the ground for the sowing of the seed, the excavation of the foundation which Christ would lay, and on which his living temple would be reared.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE League of First Church, *Davenport, Ia.*, is doing good work. Each department is in working order. The Sunday evening meetings are worthy of special mention. The interest is steadily increasing, and never have the young people been so active before. In literary work Smith and Mahood's *History of Methodism*, and Hurlburt's *Studies of the Four Gospels*, are found valuable. There is also a flourishing Junior League. Its members hold devotional meetings Sunday afternoons. The Chapters of Park Street and Hammond Street churches of *Lewiston* were represented by good numbers. The furnishing of a league parlor has proved a stimulus to the High Street Chapter and the example might be followed wisely by all other Leagues. The Leaguers at *Logan, O.*, have taken active measures toward the formation of a library. A monthly lecture course has been arranged. At the recent revival meetings, the first young man who came forward for prayers was brought there by the direct influence of the League, and the first Christian worker who ventured out into the congregation was an Epworth leaguer.

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AN ENTERPRISING SOUTHERN ASS'N.

TANGIBLE evidence of the energy and activity of the Young Men's Christian Association

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, NASHVILLE, TENN.

of Nashville, Tenn., exists in the handsome and commodious building, a picture of which appears on this page. It stands on Church Street covering an area of sixty-one feet by a hundred and five and cost $54,000. The Association which has erected this beautiful home for its work was organized in 1875. The fact that it now has over a thousand members, a library of four thousand volumes and a well equipped gymnasium, shows how thorough and hearty must have been the support accorded to it by the young men of Nashville. In its new home with the latest educational appliances and accommodations for classes and public meetings it has a prospect of a career of usefulness in the future surpassing its achievements in the past.

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THE Y. M. C. A. IN BERLIN.

A CHRISTIAN gentleman travelling in Germany sends the following account of the Young Men's Christian Association work in Berlin: "The Association was celebrating its ninth anniversary. The rooms of their splendid building in the Wilhelm-strasse were crowded; many high officers and ladies and gentlemen of all ranks came to show their interest, and Count Andreas von Bernstorff took the chair. From the report of the General Secretary it appeared that during the year the rooms of this Association were used by 128,000 young men (daily average 350); 1017 new members were received, 900 of these being strangers in Berlin. The extensive work of the Association, which includes a large Sunday-school, classes of lads and boys, visiting, employment-agency, etc., is done by eighteen paid agents, and 150 volunteer helpers. During the year 651 strangers have been provided with lodging; eighty lectures for instructions, and 400 religious meetings were held. Eleven members have entered the home mission, six went to the foreign field.

"Arrangements are made to have special meetings for students, soldiers and others. The meetings for waiters are most interesting. Their only convenient time to come is midnight, but they come even at such an hour and listen with much interest.

"Those who know the spirit of this Association know the prayers, the faith, the devotion of those who have charge, and do not wonder that God has blessed it so richly."

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SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.

IN the large scattered circle of King's Daughters which Mrs. Bottome, the President of the Order, calls her own circle, are some to whom she sends the following words in her monthly talks with them through the *Ladies' Home Journal:* I have just read a letter from one of my circle telling me of a friend of hers, a stranger in the city of New York, and wanting to introduce me to her. All I could think as I read that letter was: What a queenly woman. And she is a servant in a boarding-house. Oh, the princely natures that are earning their daily bread. One young girl says to me, "Do speak an encouraging word to us servants." My dear sisters, all I can say is "act well your part;" be good servants; do your very best; do it in His Name. Be a perfect servant. Be dignified.

But other classes are represented in my circle. Around some of you the chilling winds of wordliness blow—low aims, unworthy desires, no thought or care of God in those you truly love, and you know you must be true. You have no help from the higher path from those who should help you; everything is provided for the physical, while the best in you is so hungry, and at times you feel as if you would starve to death. But you must not die. You must use your will and say "I will not lose myself. I will not be a worldly woman. No power can make me that. Whatever have been my mistakes, whatever my disappointments may have been, I will hold on to myself. I will be a Christian. I will be Christ-like. I will be forgiving."

✠

A LETTER from Ira D. Sankey, states that he will be back from his tour through England to attend the great Christian Endeavor Convention in July. He will attend the Annual Endeavor Convention in England held May 24-25 before his return.

✠

THE total number of young men registered at the Exeter Hall, London, Y.M.C.A. during the year ending Dec. 31st, 1891, taking cognizance alike of the membership, the gymnasium, and the classes, was 4,528.

✠

THE English Y.M.A.C. National Council has forwarded to the Commissioners of the forthcoming World's Fair at Chicago a memorial strongly urging the great desirability of the exhibition and grounds being closed against the public on Sundays.

✠

WE 'LL ENDEAVOR.

(Tune—"America")

"CHRISTIAN Endeavor" bright,
Offspring of truth and light,
Sent from above.
We'll stoutly strive to stand,
For this most glorious band—
Strong pillars of our land—
Our faith and love.

Our banner onward wave,
As guiding star to save,
Souls for our King.
We'll do our best to fight
For all that's true and right,
Until that day of light,
Victory bring.

United Christians we,
Would praise and pray to thee,
Our Saviour, Lord.
We'll strive at last to win,
The mansions free from sin,
Trusting, we'll enter in,
To live with God.

WE shall be glad to receive from readers who are members of Christian Endeavor Societies, the King's Daughters, etc., reports of the progress of the work in their localities and of any new methods which have been found successful.

MORNING-LAND.

IN Morning-land, the radiant, rosy skies
Each moment gleam with some new-born surprise,
Or flush with dawning hope; the balmy air
Is laden with a thousand perfumes rare,
And thrilled with chords of strange rare melodies.
On that blest shore where all around us lies,
Peace reigns supreme, and joyous carols rise
From every shaded copse and pleasaunce fair
In Morning-land.

Knowest thou the land? Wherever friendly eyes
Beam faith and constancy; where true love flies,
Glad tidings of good-will and peace to bear;
Where service is divine—God everywhere—
There dawns the perfect day that never dies
In Morning-land.

—WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

ARAB MUSIC.

The Sweet Sounds They Invoke From the Lyre and the Lute—An Arab Dinner.

ALTHOUGH the Arabs cannot be called a cheerful people, they are hospitable and in spite of nomad proclivities, domestic in their tastes. Strangers rarely fail of a cordial welcome, and in the homes of Cairo, Oman and Yemen, this hospitality frequently becomes even lavish.

When a guest arrives to whom special honor is intended, careful preparation is made for the principal meal, which may consist of boiled mutton or camel's flesh, ground wheat cooked in butter, bread in thin cakes cooked on an iron plate, rice and fish, dates and fruit, and aromatic coffee from India. After eating and the washing of hands, a censer covered with burning incense is passed around and each guest perfumes his face, hands and dress. No wine or fermented liquors are used and the diners are exceedingly temperate, gluttony being unknown among the Arabs.

Toward the close of the repast, the musicians begin their part of the entertainment. Our artist has pictured two typical performers of the class to be met with in almost every Arab community, and especially in Hasa and Oman, where the people are probably among the most musical of their race. One of the musicians in the illustration is playing on a rude, home-made lyre, with five strings—an instrument on which some performers are exceedingly skilful. A favorite lyre is sometimes decorated with sprigs of evergreen. The other is a lute player. The lute is usually played with the fingers alone, but native ingenuity has supplied an instrument—doubtless from some very ancient model—that is played with a bow, violin-fashion. Such music as is produced is usually of a character that would be doleful to American ears, but it possesses a strangely weird quality, especially when the players add their deep, resonant voices to the harmony, that makes it peculiarly attractive to the stranger who hears it for the first time. Even in song, the Arab never forgets his dignity: his demeanor remains serious and placid, and he indulges in no melodic outbursts as he rises to the musical theme. Great as have been the conquests of the Arab sword and far-reaching the influence of Arab literature, it is a remarkable fact that the race possesses hardly a trace of any music, distinctively national in character.

Among the people of the East there is in use a wide and fanciful variety of stringed musical instruments, concerning whose origin the world knows very little. Of the lyre there are probably a hundred different forms, from the ancient lyre of Assyria and Egypt, as it is found pictured in the sculptured fragments of Nineveh, Thebes and other ruined cities, to that in use in Cairo and Alexandria at the present day. Some of the lyres were played with plectrum tips upon the performers' fingers; others with the fingers themselves. Dr. Kitto and other authorities believe that it was a lyre rather than a harp upon which King David played; the Hebrew name *Kinnor*, bearing out this interpretation. The *Kinnor* was a very light and portable instrument, and, according to the rabbinical records, King David used to suspend it by night above his pillow, which could not so readily have been done with the heavier harp. Some of the more ancient lyres of Egypt and Arabia, were highly ornamented, with exquisite carvings of birds, beasts and fishes.

Simpler in construction and narrower in musical range, the lute was probably quite as popular as the lyre, being better adapted to a less skilful class of performers. On the old tombs found at Thebes are sculptured figures of lute-players. the instruments differing little from that in the picture given on this page, save that the fingers were used instead of a bow. The number of strings varied, from one to ten, and some of the many different forms of the instrument bore a close resemblance to the guitar. The lute's "neck" was generally three or four times the length of the body of the instrument, and it was played upon either by the naked fingers or with a plectrum. In none of the ancient sculptures is the lute represented as played with a bow, like that in the illustration, and the latter is probably a comparatively modern adaptation of the lute form to the violin movement, the tones being graduated by the fingers of the left hand, as was done by Paganini, who once charmed his audience by playing the violin on a single string.

ARAB MUSICIANS AT CAIRO.

(From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage during his tour in Egypt.)

* * *

Lost Hours.

IN a pamphlet before me, I notice this incident: A gentleman in passing through an English castle, discovered these lines in the nursery:

> LOST.
>
> SOMEWHERE BETWEEN SUNRISE AND SUNSET TWO GOLDEN HOURS, EACH SET WITH 60 MINUTES. NO REWARD IS OFFERED, FOR THEY ARE GONE FOREVER.

For every idle word that men speak shall they give account in the day of judgment. Accountable, indeed, for the use of words that will benefit no person, and for the spending of minutes uselessly. It will not be difficult to demonstrate the correctness of this sentiment. The fact that the result may not be what was expected does not disprove it. Equally true seems to be the sentiment that we are accountable for the failure to use a word that will benefit another person. The note of warning may save their lives and an immense amount of property on a railroad or other craft; but infinitely more beneficient might be the result in the salvation of souls should a note of warning be given in due time.

Says Thomas Beecher: Before and after birth children are so helpless in the hands of their parents that according to laws human and divine parents are responsible (*Pestalozzi*). The mother is endowed, and endowed by God himself, with all the qualities to render her fit to become the principal agent in the moral and intellectual development of her child. A writer in the *Ladies' Repository* suggests that parents are Heaven's vicegerents until children are initiated into the Divine family. John Harris, D. D., writes, "The parent possesses an influence over his children more powerful than the mightiest monarch over his subjects, *the* image and substitute of the Divine authority.

Dunlap, Iowa. C. C. CADWELL.

* * *

The Old Family Table.

YES, we remember it well, says a writer in the *Religious Telescope*—that plain old table, made of white pine boards, with a drawer in the side in which were deposited the knives, forks and spoons—not silver, but plain iron, substantial knives and forks, with bone handles. That old table was not painted or grained but it was always scoured white and clean. It was of a parallelogram shape, substantially built, rested on four stout legs, and stood on the west side of the large room which, with its great open fireplace, served the three-fold purpose of kitchen, dining-room, and sitting-room for the family and visitors. But it was not so much the old table as those who gathered around it three times a day that made a lasting impression on the writer's mind. When the hour for breakfast arrived, and the plain meal was about prepared, all would assemble in that large room that was ever serving a triple purpose, and father would read a chapter from the old family Bible, then all would join in singing a familiar hymn, and then kneel down and father would offer prayer. After prayer, mother and the girls would quickly place the potatoes, cakes, bread, coffee, and meat (if there was any—often there was none) on that plain old family table, and each would take his usual place at the table. Ah, with the mind's eye we now look back, and with admiring gaze contemplate that family assembled around that old familiar table, partaking of their plain, frugal meal. What would we not give for the privilege of sitting down once more, a member of that company, around that plain old table weighted with its homely fare.

* * *

STARTING IN LIFE.

BE on hand promptly in the morning at your place of business, and make it a point never to be late, and perform cheerfully every duty, says the *Southern Church Advocate*. Be respectful to your employers, and to all in authority over you, and be polite to every one; politeness costs nothing, and it will help you wonderfully in getting on in the world. And above all, be honest and truthful. The boy who starts in life with a sound mind in a sound body, who falls into no bad habits, who is honest, truthful and industrious, who remembers with grateful love his father and mother, and who does not grow away from his church and Sunday School, has qualities of mind and heart that will insure him success to a remarkable degree, even though he is endowed with only ordinary mental capacity; for honor, truth and industry are more than genius. Don't be foppish in your dress, and don't buy anything before you have the money to pay for it. Shun billiard saloons, and be careful how you spend the evenings. Cultivate a taste for reading, and read only good books. With a love for reading, you will find in books friends ever true, and full of cheer in time of gloom.

* * *

A Mother's Pleasant Surprise.

IN one of his sermons, the late Pastor Spurgeon related the following incident: One Sunday night I was urging Christian parents to let there be no delay in speaking to their children about their souls. I said, "Do it to-night, if you have not done it already. You mothers may say, 'My children will be in bed and asleep when I get home.' Never mind; go upstairs and wake them, and talk to them about their souls." A mother—this I know to be true—went home, and her little girl was in bed and asleep. She woke her, and said, "Jane, I have not spoken to you, dear child, about your soul. The pastor has been exhorting us to-night, and saying that if you were asleep you should be wakened." Then said Jane, "Mother, I have often thought that you did not speak to me about Christ; but I have known him these two years." The mother stood convicted. She brought her daughter round on Monday, and said, "Let this dear girl be baptized and join the Church." I said to her, "Why did you not tell your mother?" "Well," said she, "you know mother never seemed to come to the subject; she never gave me a chance." Then the mother said, "Quite right; I have not been to my children what I ought to have been; but, please God, there shall never be another child of mine that shall steal a march on her mother, and find out Christ without her knowing it." God graciously rebuked that mother.

* * *

TRUST.

IT comes to me more and more
Each day as I move along,
That the love of the Father in Heaven
Is over us tender and strong.

It is not alone in the sunlight;
Our lives grow pure and true,
There is growth as well in the shadow,
And pain has it work to do.

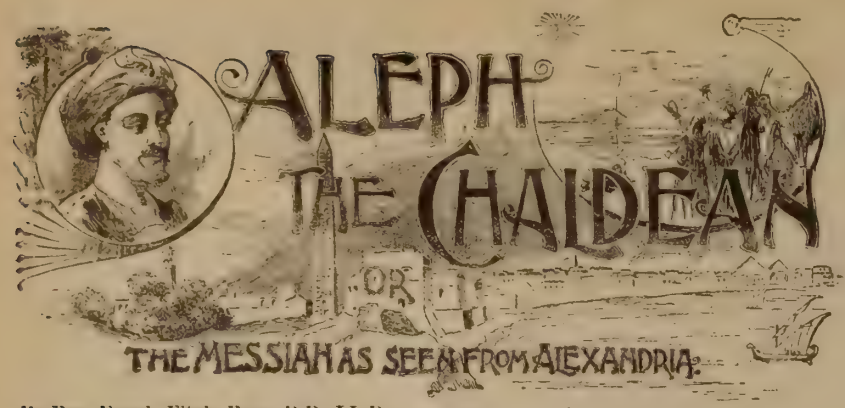
We may not see the profit
Of sorrow, toil and pain;
But if our Father sends it,
It brings not loss but gain.

He feeds the beast of the forest,
He hears the young ravens cry,
And will he not, doubting brother,
Watch over you and I?

Then trust, when the sky is brightest,
Trust when the shadows fall,
The sun is always shining,
And God's love is over all.

—SUSIE ELDER.

State University, Raleigh, N. C.



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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CHAPTER XI. (*Continued.*)

NICODEMUS has helped me not a little," the letter went on, — "I think somewhat too cautious and slow; as is not unnatural to one who has so much to lose—but at home he makes no secret of his conviction that it is impossible to account for the wonderful deeds of Jesus save on the supposition that God is with him. I hope this influential man will soon get courage to speak out.

"When I came here I found the reality of Jesus's miracles admitted; and, after I had learned the character of his life and teaching, I did not see how they could be accounted for reasonably by the magical art and evil spirits. But I have lately fallen in with some of his disciples, and especially with some friends of his at Bethany, who have given me a more clear and connected view of his doings and teachings than I had before. At Bethany I met the mother of Jesus—a wonderful woman, whom to see and hear is to believe. In answer to my inquiries, she told of the strangest possible events preceding and following the birth of Jesus—of an angelic annunciation, of a Divine conception, of the birth at Bethlehem, of shepherds sent by a glory of angels to worship the child, of a caravan of princes from the far East who came, star-guided, to do him homage, of a flight to Egypt, of their return on the death of Herod to live at Nazareth in Galilee till Jesus was thirty years old, of how good and holy he was during all those years, so that she never saw a fault in him, though much that was mysterious. She had sometimes felt oppressed by the mystery which always hung about him like a silver veil, but through which occasionally struggled gleams of a Divine majesty and power. As time rolled on, and the child had long since become the matured man, she wondered that so many years were allowed to pass before his making any public movement. But she knew that it would come in due time: God would be as good as his word; such preparations and heralding would not be an idle flourish and make-believe. Then she went on to tell me about his forerunner and baptism and first miracle, nearly three years ago; and of them any miracles she had seen since. While listening to his teaching, she had been quite as much astonished at his wisdom as she had been at his power. It was a very strange feeling the mother had when she found herself looking us to her son as being immeasurably above her in everything. Still she rejoiced in the fact with a sort of awful joy.

"As she told me all these things there was so much simplicity and truthfulness, as well as intelligence, shining in her face and whole manner, that I could not but accept her testimony. Then how I wanted to see him! This I had never done until a few days ago.

* * * * *

"Since then I have seen Jesus several times, and have talked with him. And I know that he is our Messiah. Would that you and your grandfather and all the dear family could see and hear him, too! I feel that you all would, and must, judge as I do. Both my eyes and my heart recognize him. I seem to know him by a new internal sense.

"Not so, however, our chief men. He does not impress them as he does me. They are getting exceedingly bitter against him. Every new wonder increases their exasperation. I am ashamed to say it—but I have no doubt that they would gladly take his life. It must be that they are judicially blinded; or, if not, that an evil mood of the heart and will wonderfully hinders perception in religious matters.

"I would like to say more; but I hope to see you soon, and to make you a joyful sharer of my faith by a fuller account of what I have seen and heard.

"But what is this that I hear? Hints come to me almost daily about you and the great alliance. And yet you said nothing about it in your last. Just before he left for Rome, your father wrote me that the emperor had made proposals for you in behalf of his nephew and heir; and that this was partly the occasion of his going to Rome. I hope that you will speak freely in your next. I can see what great advantage to our people, not to say to all peoples, might come from such an alliance; especially as I hear the best things said of the young Cæsar. He is said to be like his excellent father. Is it possible that a daughter of mine will become more than a second Esther?"

Such was the letter—omitting the usual formalities of beginning and ending. While Seti was reading it, Rachel kept her eyes fastened anxiously on his face—especially as he approached the end. When at last he looked up, she came and stood before him and put a hand on each shoulder and looked beseechingly into his eyes.

"Grandfather, had you known of this before?"

Seti slowly bowed his head.

"Why did not my father tell me?"

"Perhaps he did not want to agitate you unnecessarily—perhaps he wanted to see the young man and make inquiries about him, and learn more fully from the emperor himself all that was implied in the proposals before allowing you to be troubled with the matter. You see it was possible that such inquiries might show it best to decline the offer without its coming before you at all."

"Grandfather, let it never come before me. In advance, I put it away from me with both hands." And then suddenly: "Do you think father would be willing to sacrifice me, I do not say to ambition, for I know him incapable of that, but to what he thinks to be the interests of his people?"

"I think," said Seti slowly, "that he might be willing to sacrifice himself for such an object, but would feel that he has no right to sacrifice you. Sacrifices of this sort must be voluntary."

"Then I am safe," she exclaimed, "for my will is all another way, and it has passed beyond my control. If a victim is needed for our people, let father lay me on an altar of stone or earth, as did our father Abraham his son Isaac, and I will die by his hand gladly; but to die all my life long on such an altar as Tiberius—this is beyond my power, even for the good of Israel. It seems to me an awful wickedness. I abhor the very thought of it."

"And so do I," said Seti. "I do not believe in doing evil that good may come, pagan though I———" (she put her hand over his mouth). "But they say that Germanicus is not a Tiberius, but is like his father, who was among the very best of the Romans, both in character and accomplishments; and is it not just possible that if the young man should come here in person to plead his own cause you would———"

I would not, grandfather; if he should come to me with his head weighted with all the diadems that ever were worn, and with all the personal accomplishmenrs that ever managed to flourish on a heathen, I would turn my back upon him. There, now! Bear witness, ye heavens!"

"I think I understand you," replied Seti, after a moment. "But do not speak in this way to others. I see that the matter is getting abroad, and you will be likely to get hints, inquiries, counsels, congratulations from many quarters. Take refuge in silence. By all means do not look like an empress, and an angry one, as you did just now. You shall not be crowded into the imperial throne for the sake of Israel, or for any other sake."

She kissed him for answer; laid her head on his bosom; and, exhausted, went to sleep as he softly stroked her shapely head. So he sat and held her in his arms till the day was spent, and the old moon in the arms of the new looked in at the casement, and saw the new moon in the arms of the old. And those moons aloft that are never weary, and worried, and worn, shed tears over the sublunary ones whose lot is so different—tears which the very early risers in Alexandria, the next morning, mistook for dew. They were plain people; and, like most in University towns, were not much wiser for the University.

XII.

THE VANISHING.

Early the next morning Seti knocked at the door of our friends. Getting no answer, he repeated the knock. Still hearing nothing, he opened the door and went in. The room was vacant; as was also the sleeping-room adjoining. Plainly the latter had not been occupied during the night. He was alarmed.

Summoning two servants to follow him, he proceeded to the khan with rapid steps. What was his dismay to learn from the landlord that, shortly after Cimon and Aleph came in, the evening before, a body of the city police appeared and demanded to search their room for jewelry stolen from the warehouse of Malus. Permission being readily given, the Cretan agent of Malus, well known in the city, who accompanied the party and conducted the search, went fumbling about on his hands and knees in the darker parts of the room; and finally held up, with an exclamation of delight a small casket which he declared was the missing article, and had been missing ever since Cimon's visit to the warehouse. Whereupon the chief of the police showed a warrant for arresting Cimon. The young man protested, and declared that he saw the Cretan slyly whip the casket out of the bosom of his own tunic. But the older man thought that the police were right in claiming that they had no option in the case—he would go with them without resistance, and his friend could take such measures on the morrow for his relief as he might find best. So he went off with the party, leaving the young man standing at the gate.

But this party had scarcely disappeared, when a band of Roman soldiers came up and surrounded Aleph. "Are you Aleph, the Chaldean?" demanded the leader.

"So I am called," said the young man.

"Then we have been sent to arrest you."

"For what?" demanded Aleph.

"For assault and battery here last night; and as a suspected enemy of the emperor."

"Show me your warrant," demanded the young man.

The leader produced a document bearing what purported to be the seal and signature of the governor. "Is this document genuine?" said Aleph to the landlord, who was standing by. The landlord looked at the paper and nodded.

"Then I will go with you," said the young man calmly. "But may I not first communicate my situation to my friends, that they may have an opportunity to set me right with the authorities?"

"We were not authorized to allow delay for any purpose."

"You will have to delay," said Aleph, "for the purpose of hearing and allowing these bystanders" (several of the guests of the khan had by this time come up) "to hear me declare that I am innocent of the charges brought against me, and can prove as much, opportunity being given me."

The soldier approached to bind him. Aleph motioned him away with his cane. "I have said that I will go with you. I now say that I will go with you without attempting to escape while going, provided you leave me free and in possession of this cane. Otherwise the manwho approaches me does so at his peril."

After some consultation his demand was granted; and he went off quietly with the party, saying to the landlord as he went, "You can at least tell what you have seen and heard."

Such was the account given to Seti. He remained merely to ask a simple question: "Could there be any doubt as to the party being real Roman soldiers?" The landlord thought not; they had the equipment of Roman soldiers; and, besides, their bearing and step together were professional.

The high-priest hastened back to the Serapeum, assumed his pontifical robes, summoned a larged train of servants, and proceeded in his official chariot, drawn by four white mules, to the Roman headquarters in Bruchium. Arrived at the palace of the governor, a herald stepped before the gate, blew a trumpet, and cried: "Seti of the Serapeum, high-priest of Egypt and metropolitan, desires audience of Avilleus Flaccus, Proprætor and Legate of Cæsar and Governor of Egypt."

In a few moments the gates were thrown open, and the whole party entered a large court, where, at the foot of a flight of marble steps, Seti alighted and was conducted by an obsequious usher into the audience-room and presence of the Roman governor.

Seti was dignified and formal; coolly saluting his excellency with all the usual formalities, but not a jot beyond. On the other hand, Flaccus, an ordinary man to look at but wearing the extraordinary toga permitted to the imperial representative, was exceedingly demonstrative and deferential in welcoming his illustrious visitor. He seemed to feel that, belonging only to the Equestrian Order and with no ancestors save those whose names had been written with water and in water, he was socially far from being equal to the freezingly cold and stately Egyptian pontiff whose sires had reigned in palaces and temples before Rome was founded.

Seti cut short the ceremonial. Would the governor be good enough to say whether he had given an order for the arrest of a regularly enrolled member of the University, an inmate of the Serapeum, and a particular friend of himself and the Alabarch Alexander?

Flaccus appeared to consult his memory. He did not remember to have given any such order.

"An order to arrest one Aleph, the Chaldean, as a disturber of the public peace and a suspected enemy of the emperor?" suggested Seti.

No, he did not think that he could have given such an order.

"An order executed last evening by a company of Roman soldiers?" continued the priest in the same icy tone.

"Certainly not."

"I am glad to hear it, and to have your authority for denying the report that is getting abroad. It may also be for your interest to deny it personally as you have opportunity; for the young man in question is a great favorite, not only with the Alabarch and myself, but also with the young men in the University, who represent the noblest Roman families and a great interest with the emperor and the Cæsar."

"I think," said Flaccus, with a not very successful attempt at an arch look, "that I know of somebody who is likely to have more interest with Germanicus than any of them."

"However that may be," said Seti emphatically, "it is certain that the young man will have such justice as our best efforts can secure."

"What can I do?" said the Roman uneasily.

"I will tell your excellency," said the Egyptian. "It is understood in the city that a party of Roman soldiers, under a written warrant from you, arrested and carried off, we know not where, a privileged member of the University, for whom the best vouchers can be found. But, as I now learn from you, that warrant must have been forged; and what appeared to be Roman soldiers, were not such, but other parties in disguise. Now I would respectfully suggest that you give me and the other friends of the young man written authority to search for and rescue him at whatever cost to those who have carried him off. This will answer our purpose, and at the same time serve to defend you from the suspicions of the people."

Flaccus hesitated, bit his lip, twirled a gold badge that hung from his neck, looked at every object in the room save Seti. Seti looked at nothing save him.

The priest rose to go. "Time is of great consequence to me this morning. Am I to understand that your excelency declines to authorize me in writing to rescue from robbers and murderers a young man for whom the Alabarch and myself, as well as the University at large, offer to stand vouchers?"

"I do not see why you need a written authorization from me," said Flaccus, beginning to sharpen a reed.

"I did not say that we need such a document. You need to give it." He said this last in a low but a very distinct and measured tone of voice.

"Well, I will give it," said the governor with sudden decision—"if it will oblige you and your friends."

"It will oblige us," said Seti; and in a few moments he took punctilious leave with the desired document in his possession.

He returned at once to the Serapeum. Resuming his ordinary dress, he proceeded to the lecture room, where, as yet, he found only two or three students, among whom was Publius Cornelius. He beckoned them to him, and asked such co-operation as they could give in a matter he was about to bring before the whole class. Shortly they came pouring in, rather obstreperously, I fear, as college boys have been wont to do from the beginning; but as soon as they set eyes on their teacher there was a profound hush; for they saw at once that something unusual had happened—that the Seti they had hitherto known had given place to quite a different man.

(*To be Continued.*)

Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

S. R. K., Edwin, Kan. 1. 185,000; 2. Yes.

Lizzie J. Earl, Elmira, So. Dak. See answer to J. L. G., Callicoon, N. Y, in No. 10 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Wright Conan, Lakeport, N. Y. Write to Funk & Wagnalls, Publishers, N. Y., for the life of H. W. Beecher.

Letters condemning the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday have been received from Joseph Mutch, Franklin, N. J.; R. C. Zink, Greenfield, Ill., and others.

Mrs. B. F. Severance, East Shelburne, Mass. 1. We do not know. Write to Mr. Garrett Serviss, care *The Sun*, N. Y. City. 2. We believe *Lippincott's Gazetteer* is the latest.

"A Subscriber," Brooklyn, writes to inform "Subscriber," Staunton, Va., that he can hear of a copy of Huntington's Book of Faith, by addressing Mrs. Allen, 531 Halsey Street, Brooklyn.

Mrs. E. E. Insleer, Lobdell, La. We cannot advise you as to the right to publish a commentary compiled from the Oxford Teacher's Bible. Write to Thos. Nelson & Sons, 33 E. 17th Street, on the subject.

J. D. English, Jefferson, Texas. Was the Lazarus whom Christ raised the Lazarus who was a beggar, who died and was carried to Abraham's bosom?

Presumably not. The Bible does not inform us, but as the Lazarus of Bethany was a well-to-do citizen, the reasonable presumption is that the two were different individuals.

J. W. B., Senatobia, Miss. Does the passage in Solomon's song (1: 4, 5), mean that Solomon was a negro?

No, they are the words of the Shulamite, a woman supposed to have been brought to Jerusalem to become an inmate of the king's household; but who preferred her humble home and her peasant lover and who pathetically pleads throughout the book to be allowed to quit the magnificence of the court and return to her pure and lowly life.

Chas. Smith. U. Pt., Ga. Who invented the screw propeller now in use on ocean steamers?

Dr. Shorter, an English mathematician in 1802, first applied the screw principle experimentally in navigation, but steam engines were not then invented. In 1832, B. Woodcroft patented a screw propeller. In 1837, F. P. Smith and Captain Ericsson together put a small screw-steamer on the Thames. The *Robert Stockton* was the first screw-steamer that came to the United States—in 1839.

An Old Subscriber, Girardville, Penn. Please explain the reference to Teman and Paran in Habakkuk 3: 3.

Teman was the name given to a district to the South of Palestine and was the scene of part of the wanderings of the Israelites before entering the Promised Land. Paran was also a district covered by them, but it was probably to Mount Paran that the prophet referred. It was evidently the scene of some special manifestation of God, as Moses refers to it. (Deut. 33: 2.) Therefore when Habakkuk writes this sublime ode, his reference to Teman and Paran would recall to people familiar with their national history some scene of especial note indicating the majesty of the God of Israel.

H. L. Jones, Wild Cherry, Ark. If the Christian cannot fall away after his conversion what is meant by the following passages. Ezek. 33: 12; 1 Cor. 9: 27; Rom. 11: 20, 21? And what was the condition of the man swept and garnished and he who received seed in stony places?

The condition of both the two men was not that properly called conversion, but the temporary turning away from sin which sometimes precedes conversion and sometimes a return to the world. Such men being rendered callous by their superficial experience of religion are often worse than before. Respecting the passages you quote, there can be no doubt as to their meaning. They are intimations of the danger of apostasy. There are many others in the Bible, and Christians are exhorted to examine themselves and be watchful. But the man who puts his trust in Christ is assured that while he trusts, Christ is able to keep him from falling.

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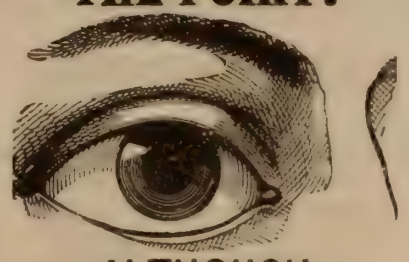

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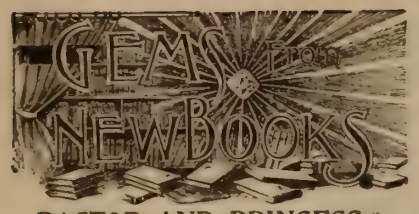

PASTOR AND PRINCESS.*

THE blessing of children had been denied to the king and queen of Wurtemberg, but a Russian neice, Wera, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine, lived with her royal aunt as adopted daughter. At the time that Pastor Christlieb came to Friedrichshafen, Grand Duchess Wera was a maiden of some twelve summers and most difficult to manage. The young pastor was engaged to give her lessons, but the self-willed young princess soon showed him that she intended to do what she thought right, and flatly refused obedience. Hitherto she had found that teachers and attendants gave way to her whims and tempers, but this time, to her surprise, she encountered her master. Pastor Christlieb took his watch and told her with a decision that appalled her, that he would give her five minutes to make up her mind; if she meant to set to work, then he would give her a lesson; if not, he would leave. She bent at once to the stronger will, and from that day Christlieb had no more difficulty with her. Queen Olga asked the young pastor to let her into the secret of his management, for no one had been able before to conquer the spoiled child. Grand Duchess Wera has grown up to be a lovely character; she married young and was early left a widow. Her strong will chastened and her heart given to the service of God and her fellow-creatures, she lives at Stuttgart, a blessing to all around her.

THE CALL OF DUTY.

In the beginning of the summer of 1866, the short war broke out between Prussia and Austria, which, though a great calamity at the time, ultimately proved to have been a blessing in disguise, for it laid the foundation to the after re-union of the different German kingdoms and principalities under one great head. The Franco-German war of 1870–71, would not have been the series of victories on the German side had it not been preceded by the short campaign of 1866. The position was a difficult one for Christlieb, at the anti-Prussian Court of the King of Wurtemberg. He had an elder brother in the Wurtemberg army, but despite the ties of family and fatherland, his clear insight into the politics of Europe enabled him to foresee that the salvation of Germany was in the hands of Prussia and that any augmentation of the power of Austria would ruin the interests of Protestantism. Amid public lamentation and mourning at the success of the Prussian army, Pastor Christlieb rejoiced in private and thanked God, who was guiding events to the ultimate union and aggrandisement of the whole Fatherland. * * * His time of comparative rest was drawing to an end. The Prussian Minister of Public Worship was looking for an able theologian to fill a vacant chair at the Bonn University, and one evening in February, 1868, Herr Von Olshausen, the Minister's right hand, arrived at the Friedrichshafen parsonage, direct from Berlin, and astonished Christlieb by asking his acceptance of the professorship? The young pastor knew too well what is expected of a University professor not to shrink from the gigantic mental labor and strain that the position involves; nor was the emolument offered in any way tempting. But he felt that the chair was one of world-wide influence; to be the teacher and trainer of the future generations of preachers and pastors places power in a man's hand greater than the largest parish can give.

King Carl and Queen Olga felt quite hurt that not even the offer of court preacher at Stuttgart could detain their favorite in their land. * * * Neither the wishes of royalty nor the desire of the aged parents to keep the beloved son near them, nor the parting from warmly attached parishioners could weigh down the balance when Christlieb was clear as to where the path of duty lay. * * * Germany is the poorer for his death; but she has been enriched by his life. Cultured and careful thinker as he was, he held fast by the simplicity of the Gospel. While he could sympathize with honest doubt, he strongly resisted the rash dogmatism of much of "the newer criticism." He has been an inspiration and a strength to many a seeker after truth.

*From *Theodor Christlieb, D.D.*, of Bonn, A Memoir by his widow. Pp. 452; published by A. C. Armstrong and Son, New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Fall of the Staincliffes; by Alfred Colbeck; a prize tale on Gambling, illustrated; pp 199; price $1. Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago and New York, publishers.

The Well-Spring of Immortality; a Tale of Indian Life; by S. S. Hewitt; pp 223; price $1.50; illustrated. A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

Jesus in the Vedas; by a Native Indian Missionary; pp 61; price 35 cents; bound in leatherette. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, London and Toronto, publishers. The Testimony of Hindu Scriptures in Corroboration of the Rudiments of Christian Doctrine.

From the Usher's Desk to the Tabernacle Pulpit; the authorized life of the late Pastor Charles H. Spurgeon, by Rev. Robert Spindler. pp. 316, price $1.50, published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, by special arrangement with Passmore & Alabaster, London. It contains nearly 60 illustrations, including a number of portraits.

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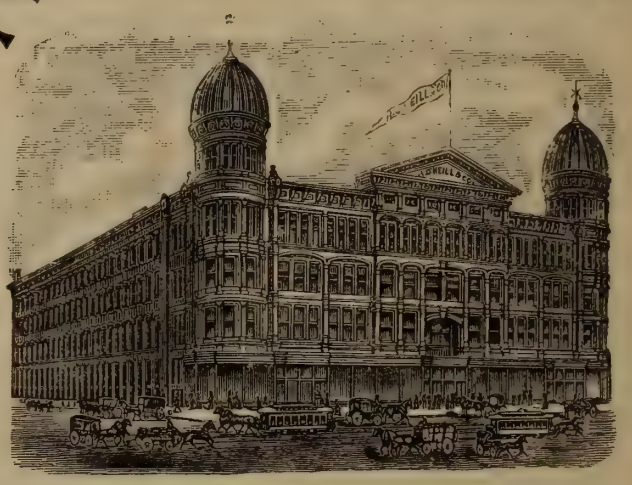

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Still there's hope for thee.
If thou wilt cease to roam,
Still there's hope for thee.
Thou hast stoop'd on husks to feed,
Barter'd flowers to gain a weed,
Sinn'd and brought thyself to need,
Still there's hope for thee.

O what peace once filled thy heart,
Still there's hope for thee.
Though thy sins made peace depart,
Still there's hope for thee.
Now, in Jesus, thou may'st see
Mercy offered, kind and free,
Lo, at peace thy soul may be,
Still there's hope for thee.

Leave the ashes of thy sin,
Still there's hope for thee.
Rise, a name in Christ to win,
Still there's hope for thee.
Thou may'st live for other's weal;
Broken hearts thy love may heal,
Unto death be brave and leal,
Still there's hope for thee.

RUDENESS OF PARENTS.

CHILDREN suffer more pain from the rudeness with which they are treated than from being forced to do needless things which they dislike. Indeed, a positively and graciously courteous manner toward children is a thing so rarely seen in average daily life, the rudenesses which they receive are so innumerable, that it is hard to tell where to begin in setting forth the evil. Children themselves often bring their sharp and unexpected logic to bear on some incident illustrating the difference in this matter of behavior between what is required from them and what is shown to them: as did a little boy I knew, whose father said crossly to him one morning, as he came into the breakfast-room.

"Will you ever learn to shut that door after you?" and a few seconds later, as the child was rather sulkily sitting down in his chair.

"And do you mean to bid anybody 'good-morning,' or not?"

"I don't think you gave me a very nice 'good-morning' anyhow," replied satirical justice, aged seven.

Then, of course, he was reproved for speaking disrespectfully; and so, in the space of three minutes, the beautiful opening of the new day, for both parents and children, was marred and robbed of its fresh harmony by the father's thoughtless rudeness.

Was the breakfast-room door much more likely to be shut the next morning? No. The lesson was pushed aside by the pain, the motive to resolve was dulled by the antagonism. If that father had called his son, and putting his arm round him (oh! the blessed and magic virtue of putting your arm round a child's neck), had said, "Good-morning, my little man,' and then, in a confidential whisper in his ear, "What shall we do to make this forgetful little boy remember not to leave that door open, through which the cold wind blows in on all of us?"—can any words measure the difference between the first treatment and the second, between the success of the one and the failure of the other?

LITTLE WEAKNESSES.

"ONE little weakness," says Professor Drummond, "we are apt to fancy all men must be allowed, and we even claim a certain indulgence for that apparent necessity of nature which we call our besetting sin. Yet to break with the lower environment at all to many is to break at this single point. It is the only important point at which they touch it, circumstances or natural disposition making habitual contact at other places impossible. The sinful environment, in short, to them means a small but well-defined area. Now if contact at this point be not broken off, they are virtually in contact still with the whole environment. There may be only one avenue between the new life and the old; it may be but a small and subterranean passage, but this is sufficient to keep the old life in. So long as that remains, the victim is not 'dead unto sin,' and therefore he cannot 'live unto God.' Hence the reasonableness of the words, 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.'"

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19 and 21 East 14th Street, New York

AN EASY YOKE

"THERE are two sources of peace and strength to the human soul. The one," says the *Quiver*, "is the clear recognition and acceptance of the inevitable—the acquiescence in the fact that we are not our own masters, nor are we possessed of irresistible might, and that therefore there are many things which we cannot hope to accomplish, and there are also many duties and responsibilities which we ought not to avoid. There are different ways in which the inevitable may be accepted. If, for instance, the recognition be made under the influence of sheer compulsion—as a great, disagreeable necessity—there will be but a sullen submission, and life's duties will be bu drudgeries, accepted in a mechanical obedience that covers the smoldering fires of rebellion, which are only too ready to break out on the first prospect of success. Here is neither peace nor strength to be found. It is duty, but duty without love—duty stern, terrible, irresistible. Now, there is a far higher spirit of acquiescence; not that of mere duty or compulsion, but the recognition of the right and goodness of such a yielding, and the apprehension of a goodness which thus inspires and calls, through what it asks. This alone is the spirit of free, spontaneous, and cheerful acquiescence."

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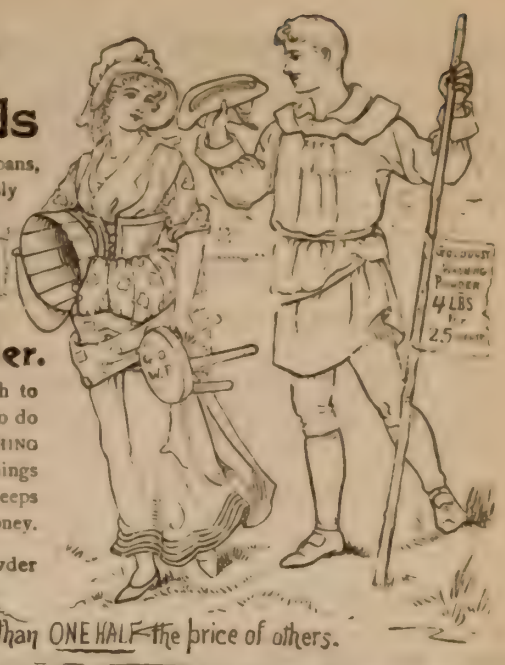

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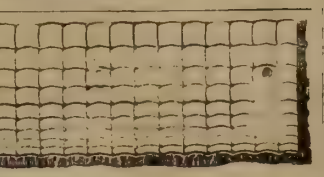

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 15. | NUMBER 12.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor. Office Bible House New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 23, 1892.

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Russia's Cry for Bread.

Christian America Hastens to Relieve her Starving Millions—A Blessed Work in Which all Should Share—Food Cargoes on the Way and More to Follow—Horrors of the Famine.

THE great calamity that has overtaken Russia, is almost without a parallel in modern history. Beside it, the famines that have occurred in Ireland, India, China and other countries fade into comparative insignificance. In our own free and enlightened Christian land, blessed with rich and abundant harvests, it seems impossible to comprehend a condition of affairs that would bring nearly 20,000,000 persons face to face with starvation. Yet this is the exact situation in Russia to-day, where numbers equal to twice the population of the Mississippi Valley, or nearly one-third the entire population of the United States are in the throes of a famine that has already lasted many months and is steadily increasing in severity. The thickly populated basin of the Volga, usually the most fertile section of Russia, is perhaps the scene of the greatest suffering, but the famine extends to sixteen provinces, or one-third of the entire empire. Thousands are perishing from want and thousands more by the ravages of the diseases that want engenders.

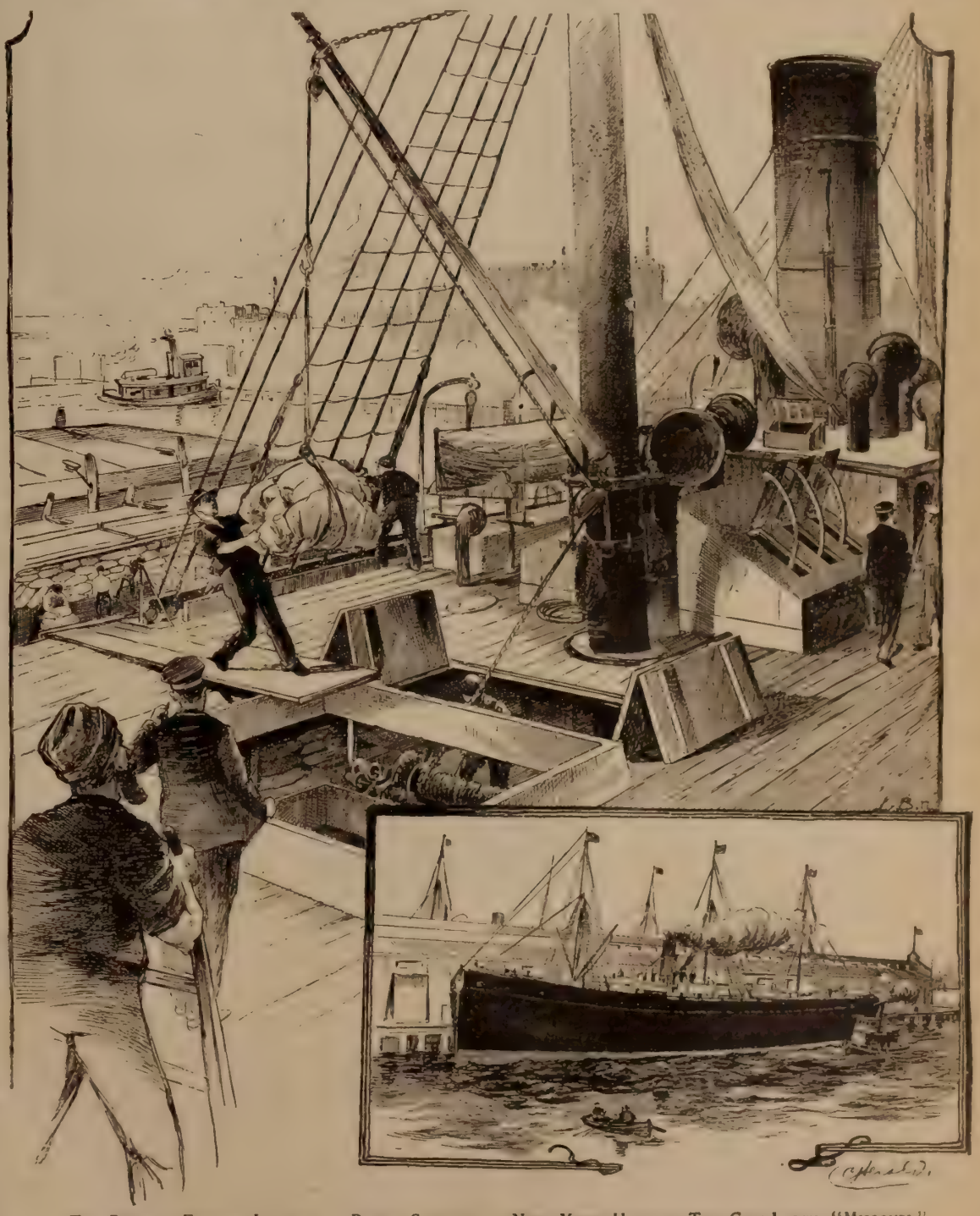
TOLSTOI'S DAUGHTER AT A SOUP-BOOTH.

Meanwhile the Russian government and people are making almost superhuman but fruitless efforts to check the famine. The government has given largely from a treasury already depleted by maintaining the vastest military establishment in the world. Nobles, public officials and private citizens have opened their purses and poured out their riches. Relief Committees have been formed in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kieff, and other large cities, and noble ladies have publicly opened subscription books, devoting their entire time to the movement. Relief trains, carrying bread, grain and other provisions, are run at frequent intervals from St. Petersburg, Libau, and Moscow daily, for the suffering provinces, and are eagerly looked for by the starving crowds that assemble at Nijni-Novgorod, Kasan, Samara, Novo-Ouzensk and many other points where the famine rages most severely. Hundreds of agents have been appointed to supervise the distribution of food among the sufferers; but the relief afforded is little more than a drop of comfort in the wide ocean of human woe. At most, but a few loaves of bread can be served out to a portion of the starving families—a meal or two for some of the most necessitous in the villages; but the great majority are unassisted and suffer all the pangs and horrors of slow death by cold and starvation.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has already described the condition of these wretched people, but it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the real character. Whole families—parents and children—lying huddled together, and half frozen and numbed in body and brain, some already beyond human aid. Granaries bare, and emaciated cattle sold to the slaughterer for a meal. Roofs unthatched that the last cow may be fed, or the dying children warmed ere they expire. Fields and roads littered with the carcasses of animals that have perished of sheer exhaustion. Young girls selling their hair for food—a sacrifice that is harder perhaps to a Russian woman than to any other, since it carries with it a public degradation from which she shrinks in shame and horror. Roots, grasses and other substitutes for food dried and pulverized to make "hunger bread." till the poor abused body falls fever-smitten and the pestilential typhus follows on the heels of famine and finishes its work. Epidemic diseases have increased the death-rate to startling proportions. "Hunger-bread," the chief article of subsistence in the stricken districts, is responsible for much of the mortality. It consists of barks, mosses, weeds, mill-sweepings and even chopped straw and the excrement of cattle. On this frightful substitute for wholesome food, thousands of children are now fed in the provinces of Kasan and Simbirsk; but there are many districts where it is impossible even to get "hungerbread." In Tambov where many have perished, thousands wander about utterly destitute, and begging piteously for food. In Ratchino, it is reported, a widow left her three children at home while she went out to beg a meal. When she came back from the next village she found the little ones dead. Hunger had made them desperate, and in their frenzy they had filled their stomachs with earth and rags and so died! There are thousands of such cases elsewhere. In Riazan, nearly half the population are dead, and many families have left, vainly hoping to escape a like fate. Thousands have emigrated to Siberia from the famine districts, only to find themselves as badly off as before, and far from friends. The towns along the river Don, south, to the Black Sea ports, are crowded with famine fugitives, too weak to work even if employment were to be had. St. Petersburg householders are feeding 16,000 fugitives; but organized charity finds itself wholly unable to cope with such a situation. To crown this chapter of horrors, it is even whispered that isolated cases of cannibalism have been discovered, where parents, driven to madness, have devoured their own children.

A variety of causes are assigned for the famine, among them being the long-continued droughts and the insect pests, producing a succession of crop failures. One of the principal causes is undoubtedly the gross ignorance and improvidence of the peasantry, the great mass of whom have been kept in an unprogressive and dependent condition by a selfish and inhuman government. Ignorance and fatalism are the dark side of the Russian peasant character. They do not even attempt to stem the tide of misfortune, and accept all calamities as "the will of God." But these usually stolid natures have been demoralized

(Continued on page 181.)



THE RUSSIAN FAMINE—LOADING A RELIEF STEAMER IN NEW YORK HARBOR—THE GIFT-LADEN "MISSOURI."

The Tabernacle Pulpit

GOD OF THE STARS.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday Morning Sermon: Amos 5: 8: *"Seek him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."*

A COUNTRY farmer wrote this text — Amos of Tekoa. He plowed the earth and threshed the grain by a new threshing-machine just invented, as formerly the cattle trod out the grain. He gathered the fruit of the sycamore-tree, and scarified it with an iron comb just before it was getting ripe, as it was necessary and customary in that way to take from it the bitterness. He was the son of a poor shepherd, and stuttered; but before the stammering rustic the Philistines, and Syrians, and Phœnicians, and Moabites, and Ammonites, and Edomites, and Israelites trembled.

Moses was a law-giver, Daniel was a prince, Isaiah a courtier, and David a king; but Amos, the author of my text, was a peasant, and, as might be supposed, nearly all his parallelisms are pastoral, his prophecy full of the odor of new-mown hay, and the rattle of locusts, and the rumble of carts with sheaves, and the roar of wild beasts devouring the flock while the shepherd came out in their defense. He watched the herds by day, and by night inhabited a booth made out of bushes, so that through these branches he could see the stars all night long, and was more familiar with them than we who have tight roofs to our houses, and hardly ever see the stars except among the tall brick chimneys of the great towns. But at seasons of the year when the herds were in special danger, he would stay out in the open field all through the darkness, his only shelter the curtain of the night-heaven, with the stellar embroideries and silvered tassels of lunar light.

What a life of solitude, all alone with his herds! Poor Amos! And at twelve o'clock at night, hark to the wolf's bark, and the lion's roar, and the bear's growl, and the owl's te-whit-te-who, and the serpent's hiss, as he unwittingly steps too near while moving through the thickets! So Amos, like other herdsmen, got the habit of studying the map of the heavens, because it was so much of the time spread out before him. He noticed some stars advancing and others receding. He associated their dawn and setting with certain seasons of the year. He had a poetic nature, and he read night by night, and month by month, and year by year, the poem of the constellations, divinely rhythmic. But two rosettes of stars especially attracted his attention while seated on the ground, or lying on his back under the open scroll of the midnight heavens—the Pleiades, or Seven Stars, and Orion. The former group this rustic prophet associated with the spring, as it rises about the first of May. The latter he associated with the winter, as it comes to the meridian in January. The Pleiades, or Seven Stars, connected with all sweetness and joy; Orion, the herald of the tempest. The ancients were the more apt to study the physiognomy and juxtaposition of the heavenly bodies, because they thought they had a special influence upon the earth; and perhaps they were right. If the moon every few hours lifts and lets down the tides of the Atlantic Ocean, and the electric storms of the sun, by all scientific admission, affect the earth, why not the stars have proportionate effect?

And there are some things which make me think that it may not have been all superstition which connected the movements and appearance of the heavenly bodies with great moral events on earth. Did not a meteor run on evangelistic errand on the first Christmas night, and designate the rough cradle of our Lord? Did not the stars in their courses fight against Sisera? Was it merely coincidental that before the destruction of Jerusalem the moon was eclipsed for twelve consecutive nights? Did it merely happen so that a new star appeared in constellation Cassiopeia, and then disappeared just before King Charles IX. of France, who was responsible for St. Bartholomew massacre, died? Was it without significance that in the days of the Roman Emperor Justinian war and famine were preceded by the dimness of the sun, which for nearly a year gave no more light than the moon, although there were no clouds to obscure it?

"AMOS SAW THE SEVEN STARS AND ORION."

Astrology, after all, may have been something more than a brilliant heathenism. No wonder that Amos of the text, having heard these two anthems of the stars, put down the stout rough staff of the herdsman and took into his brown hand, and cut and knotted fingers the pen of a prophet, and advised the recreant people of his time to return to God saying: "Seek Him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion." This command, which Amos gave 785 years B. C., is just as appropriate for us, 1892 A. D.

In the first place, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made the Pleiades and Orion must be the God of order. It was not so much a star here and a star there that impressed the inspired herdsman, but seven in one group, and seven in the other group. He saw that night after night and season after season and decade after decade, they had kept step of light, each one in its own place, a sisterhood never clashing and never contesting precedence. From the time Hesiod called the Pleiades the "seven daughters of Atlas," and Virgil wrote in his Æneid of "Stormy Orion" until now, they have observed the order established for their coming and going; order written not in manuscript that may be pigeon-holed, but with the hand of the Almighty on the dome of the sky, so that all nations may read it. Order. Persistent order. Sublime order. Omnipotent order.

What a sedative to you and me, to whom communities and nations sometimes seem going pell-mell, and world ruled by some fiend at hap-hazard, and in all directions maladministration! The God who keeps seven worlds in right circuit for six thousand years can certainly keep all the affairs of individuals and nations and continents in adjustment. We had not better fret much, for the peasant's argument of the text was right. If God can take care of the seven worlds of the Pleiades and the four chief worlds of Orion, he can probably take care of the one world we inhabit.

So I feel very much as my father felt one day when we were going to the country mill to get a grist ground, and I, a boy of seven years, sat in the back part of the wagon, and our yoke of oxen ran away with us and along a labyrinthine road through the woods, so that I thought every moment we would be dashed to pieces, and I made a terrible outcry of fright, and my father turned to me with a face perfectly calm, and said: "De Witt, what are you crying about? I guess we can ride as fast as the oxen can run." And, my hearers, why should we be affrighted and lose our equilibrium in the swift movement of worldly events, especially when we are assured that it is not a yoke of unbroken steers that are drawing us on, but that order and wise government are in the yoke?

In your occupation, your mission, your sphere, do the best you can, and then trust to God; and if things are all mixed and disquieting, and your brain is hot and your heart sick, get some one to go out with you into the starlight and point out to you the Pleiades, or, better than that, get into some observatory, and through the telescope see further than Amos with the naked eye could—namely, two hundred stars in the Pleiades, and that in what is called the sword of Orion there is a nebula computed to be two trillion two hundred thousand billions times larger than the sun. Oh, be at peace with the God who made all that and controls all that—the wheel of the constellations turning in the wheel of galaxies for thousands of years without the breaking of a cog or the slipping of a band or the snap of an axle. For your placidity and comfort through the Lord Jesus Christ I charge you, "Seek him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two groups of the text was the God of light. Amos saw that God was not satisfied with making one star, or two or three stars, but he makes seven; and having finished that group of worlds, makes another group—group after group. To the Pleiades he adds Orion. It seems that God likes light so well that he keeps making it. Only one being in the universe knows the statistics of solar, lunar, stellar, meteoric creations, and that is the Creator himself. And they have all been lovingly christened, each one a name as distinct as the names of your children. "He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names." The seven Pleiades had names given to them, and they are Alcyone, Merope, Celæno, Electra, Sterope, Taygete, and Maia.

But think of the billions and trillions of daughters of starry light that God calls by name as they sweep by him with beaming brow and lustrous robe! So fond is God of light — natural light, moral light, spiritual light. Again and again is light harnessed for symbolization — Christ, the bright and morning star; evangelization, the daybreak; the redemption of nations, Sun of Righteousness rising with healing in his wings. Oh, men and women, with so many sorrows and sins and perplexities, if you want light of comfort, light of pardon, light of goodness, in earnest prayer through Christ, "Seek him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two archi-

pelagoes of stars must be an unchanging God. There had been no change in the stellar appearance in this herdsman's life-time, and his father, a shepherd, reported to him that there had been no change in his life-time. And these two clusters hang over the celestial arbor now just as they were the first night that they shone on the Edenic bowers, the same as when the Egyptians built the Pyramids from the top of which to watch them, the same as when the Chaldeans calculated the eclipses, the same as when Elihu, according to the Book of Job, went out to study the aurora borealis, the same under Ptolemaic system and Copernican system, the same from Calisthenes to Pythagoras, and from Pythagoras to Herschel. Surely, a

MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST."

changeless God must have fashioned the Pleiades and Orion! Oh, what an anodyne amid the ups and downs of life, and the flux and reflux of the tides of prosperity, to know that we have a changeless God, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

Xerxes garlanded and knighted the steersman of his boat in the morning, and hanged him in the evening of the same day. The world sits in its chariot and drives tandem, and the horse ahead is Huzza, and the horse behind is Anathema. Lord Cobham, in King James' time, was applauded, and had thirty-five thousand dollars a year, but was afterward execrated, and lived on scraps stolen from the royal kitchen. Alexander the Great after death remained unburied for thirty days, because no one would do the honor of shoveling him under. The Duke of Wellington refused to have his iron fence mended, because it had been broken by an infuriated populace in some hour of political excitement, and he left it in ruins that men might learn what a fickle thing is human favor. "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting to them that fear him, and his righteousness unto the children's children of such as keep his covenant, and to those who remember his commandments to do them." This moment "seek him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two beacons of the Oriental night sky must be a God of love and kindly warning. The Pleiades rising in mid-sky said to all the herdsmen and shepherds and husbandmen: "Come out and enjoy the mild weather, and cultivate your gardens and fields." Orion, coming in winter, warned them to prepare for tempest. All navigation was regulated by these two constellations. The one said to shipmaster and crew: "Hoist sail for the sea, and gather merchandise from other lands." But Orion was the storm-signal, and said: "Reef sail, make things snug, or put into harbor, for the hurricanes are getting their wings out." As the Pleiades were the sweet evangels of the spring, Orion was the warning prophet of the winter.

Oh, now I get the best view of God I ever had! There are two kinds of sermons I never want to preach—the one that presents God so kind, so indulgent, so lenient, so imbecile that men may do what they will against him, and fracture his every law, and put the pry of their impertinence and rebellion under his throne, and while they are spitting in his face and stabbing at his heart, he takes them up in his arms and kisses their infuriated brow and cheek, saying, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." The other kind of sermon I never want to preach is the one that represents God as all fire and torture and thunder-cloud, and with red-hot pitchfork tossing the human race into paroxysms of infinite agony. The sermon that I am now preaching believes in a God of loving, kindly warning, the God of spring and winter, the God of the Pleiades and Orion.

You must remember that the winter is just as important as the spring. Let one winter pass without frost to kill vegetation and ice to bind the rivers and snow to enrich our fields, and then you will have to enlarge your hospitals and your cemeteries. "A green Christmas makes a fat grave-yard," was the old proverb. Storms to purify the air. Thermometer at ten degrees above zero to tone up the system. December and January just as important as May and June. I tell you we need the storms of life as much as we do the sunshine. There are more men ruined by prosperity than by adversity. If we had our own way in life, before this we would have been impersonations of selfishness and worldliness and disgusting sin, and puffed up until we would have been like Julius Cæsar, who was made by sycophants to believe that he was divine, and the freckles on his face were as the stars of the firmament.

One of the swiftest transatlantic voyages made last summer by our swiftest steamer was because she had a stormy wind abaft, chasing her from New York to Liverpool. But to those going in the opposite direction the storm was a buffeting and a hindrance. It is a bad thing to have a storm ahead, pushing us back; but if we be God's children and aiming toward heaven, the storms of life will only chase us the sooner into the harbor. I am so glad to believe that the monsoons, and typhoons, and mistrals, and siroccos of the land and sea are not unchained maniacs let loose upon the earth, but are under divine supervision! I am so glad that the God of the Seven Stars is also the God of Orion! It was out of Dante's suffering came the sublime *Divina Commedia*, and out of John Milton's blindness came *Paradise Lost*, and out of miserable infidel attack came the *Bridgewater Treatise*, in favor of Christianity, and out of David's exile came the songs of consolation, and out of the sufferings of Christ came the possibility of the world's redemption, and out of your bereavement, your persecution, your poverties, your misfortunes, may yet come an eternal heaven.

Oh, what a mercy it is that in the text and all up and down the Bible God induces us to look out toward other worlds! Bible astronomy in Genesis, in Joshua, in Job, in the Psalms, in the prophets, major and minor, in St. John's Apocalypse, practically saying, "Worlds! worlds! worlds! Get ready for them!" We have a nice little world here that we stick to, as though losing that we lose all. We are afraid of falling off this little raft of a world. We are afraid that some meteoric iconolast will some night smash it, and we want everything to revolve around it, and are disappointed when we find that it revolves around the sun instead of the sun revolving around it. What a fuss we make about this little bit of a world, its existence only a short time between two spasms, the paroxysm by which it was hurled from chaos into order, and the paroxysm of its demolition.

And I am glad that so many texts call us to look off to other worlds, many of them larger and grander and more resplendent. "Look there," says Job, "at Mazaroth and Arcturus and his sons!" "Look there," says St. John, "at the moon under Christ's feet!" "Look there," says Joshua, "at the sun standing still above Gibeon!" "Look there," says Moses, "at the sparkling firmament!" "Look there," says Amos, the herdsman, "at the Seven Stars and Orion!" Don't let us be so sad about those who shove off from this world under Christly pilotage. Don't let us be so agitated about our own going off this little barge or sloop or canal-boat of a world to get on some "Great Eastern" of the heavens. Don't let us persist in wanting to stay in this barn, this shed, this out-house of a world, when all the King's palaces already occupied by many of our best friends are swinging wide open their gates to let us in.

When I read, "In my Father's house are many mansions," I do not know but that each world is a room, and as many rooms as there are worlds, stellar stairs, stellar galleries, stellar hallways, stellar windows, stellar domes. How our departed friends must pity us shut up in these cramped apartments, tired if we walk fifteen miles, when they some morning, by one stroke of wing, can make circuit of the whole stellar system and be back in time for matins! Perhaps yonder twinkling constellation is the residence of the martyrs; that group of twelve luminaries is the celestial home of the Apostles. Perhaps that steep of light is the dwelling-place of angels cherubic, seraphic, archangelic. A mansion with as many rooms as worlds, and all their windows illuminated for festivity.

Oh, how this widens and lifts and stimulates our expectation! How little it makes the present, and how stupendous it makes the future! How it consoles us about our pious dead, who instead of being boxed up and under the ground have the range of as many rooms as there are worlds, and welcome everywhere, for it is the Father's house, in which there are many mansions! Oh, Lord God of the Seven Stars and Orion, how can I endure the transport, the ecstasy, of such a vision! I must obey my text and seek him. I will seek him. I seek him now, for I call to mind that it is not the material universe that is most valuable, but the spiritual, and that each of us has a soul worth more than all the worlds which the inspired herdsman saw from his booth on the hills of Tekoa.

I had studied it before, but the Cathedral of Cologne, Germany, never impressed me as it did the last time I saw it. It is admittedly the grandest Gothic structure in the world, its foundation laid in

"KNELT BESIDE HIS BURDEN."

1248, only eight or nine years ago completed. More than six hundred years in building. All Europe taxed for its construction. Its chapel of the Magi with precious stones enough to purchase a kingdom. Its chapel of St. Agnes with masterpieces of painting. Its spire springing five hundred and eleven feet into the heavens. Its stained glass the chorus of all rich colors. Statues encircling the pillars and encircling all. Statues above statues, until sculpture can do no more, but faints and falls back against carved stalls and down on pavements over which the kings and queens of the earth have walked to confession. Nave and aisles and transept and portals combining the splendors of sunrise. Interlaced, interfoliated, intercolumned grandeur. As I stood outside, looking at the double range of flying buttresses and the forest of pinnacles, higher and higher and higher, until I almost reeled from dizziness, I exclaimed; "Great doxology in stone! Frozen prayer of many nations!"

But while standing there I saw a poor man enter and put down his pack and kneel beside his burden on the hard floor of that cathedral. And tears of deep emotion came into my eyes, as I said to myself: "There is a soul worth more than all the material surroundings. That man will live after the last pinnacle has fallen, and not one stone of all that cathedral glory shall remain uncrumbled. He is now a Lazarus in rags and poverty and weariness, but immortal, and a son of the Lord God Almighty; and the prayer he now offers, though amid many superstitions, I believe God will hear; and among the Apostles whose sculptured forms stand in the surrounding niches he will at last be lifted, and into the presence of that Christ whose sufferings are represented by the crucifix before which he bows; and be raised in due time out of all his poverties into the glorious home built for him and built for us by "Him who maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."

DENOMINATIONAL OXEN.

PLODDING along a road in a South Western State, a Christian missionary was startled at hearing a voice ahead of him call out in vigorous tones, "Now you Presbyterian get on." The commanding tone was scarcely one that would be used to a man, especially to one identified by his connection with a religious denomination. Presently he heard another ejaculation from the same voice, accompanied by a crack of the whip. "Git up, Methodist," the voice said. The speaker was visible by this time to his amused listener. He was a strong, burly man, noted in the district for his quaint humor. He was urging a yoke of oxen to pull a heavy-laden wagon up a steep hill. He was some distance off, but his words were clearly audible as he addressed each ox in turn. "Now you Camb'lite, what you stan'ning fer, git on. Stop that pulling away, Baptist." With such stimulating and reproving words and occasional cracks of the whip, the oxen were driven to the top of the hill.

"Why do you give your cattle such names as those, Amos?" asked his friend.

"Very proper names, sir," was the reply, "I know em. Look at that ox, there. Mighty good ox he is. He's the one I call 'Baptist.' Won't eat with the others if he can help it. So's the one I call 'Methodist.' Powerful puller, but goin' up hill you got to keep an eye on him. If you don't, his feet slip and he'll backslide. That's Presbyterian, that bluish one thar. Regular puller, steady and no backing. Goes as if he knew he'd got the work to do and no way of getting out of it. Pretty slow, though. Then that other one I call Camb'lite, 'cause he never can see a pool o' water but what he must get into it."

"A queer lot, Amos, how do you manage to get any work out of such a team?"

"Oh, they are all right, I know em," was the reply. "They don't make much trouble 'cept at the start. When they get into the work and get well warmed up there ain't a team anywhere to equal em."

MARY OF BETHANY

HER eyes are homes of silent prayer,
No other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Born down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Twice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

—TENNYSON.

THE WAY OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

S. S. Lesson for April 3. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Ps. 1. Golden Text, Ps. 1: 1.

"THE Lord knoweth the way of the righteous." Everything which concerns his true children is of interest to him. Earthly parents find an importance in everything which relates to their children; where they go, what they see, whom they meet, what they say, and what is said to them, their tastes, their talents, their peculiarities, and above all their faults, are studied by their parents. God is a true Father; he watches his child to the minutest details: every hair of his head is numbered, (Luke 12: 7), his steps are ordered by him, (Ps. 37: 23), his tears put into his bottle, (Ps. 57: 8). His heavenly Father has assumed the post of keeper to him, he never slumbereth nor sleepeth by night, and his eyes are over him by day. (Ps. 121: 4; 34: 15). So close is his watch that not a word escapes the lips of his child but that God knoweth it altogether. (Ps. 139: 4).

What is then "the way of the righteous?" First we learn

What it is Not.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." Sooner or later every child of man is exposed to "the counsel of the ungodly;" the most carefully shielded must go through the experience for themselves. Salvation can never be obtained second hand, and few are humble enough to learn much by the experience of others. The counsel of the wicked may not be limited to the criminal class; it is not the men or women of recognized evil repute who are the most to be dreaded. It is the man whose authority is based upon what everybody does, what everybody thinks, what everybody says. "Everybody" is his god, his conscience is moulded by "everybody," his tastes are formed by "everybody," and thus they follow the fashions of the day. As far as he has any sense of duty, it is to the shrine of "everybody" that he bows; he reads the books which "everybody," reads, goes to the church where "everybody" goes, patronizes the religion which "everybody" respects, and thus has no real life of his own, and no room for God or the Saviour in the world in which he lives.

This is the most common and the most dangerous class of the "ungodly." Their number is countless, they are everywhere, of every clime, of every language, of every denomination, of every class in society. These are they who pervert the consciences of young men and women who have learned at least an outward respect for the will of God. "You are young," they will say, "you do not mean to set up your opinion as being superior to those who are old enough to be your parents; if you have never staked a sixpence on a game of billiards yet, it is high time you should begin. What will people think of you if you make yourself an exception? why should you draw everyone's attention to you? you know everyone does it." And so the unwary, who have been shielded hitherto, turn aside from the old paths to "the counsel of the ungodly."

A young man is needing money, his heart is set upon some self-indulgence, which will cost him twice or three times as much as he possesses. One of these "ungodly" draws out his confidence, and says, "Why don't you borrow?" "Because," says the young man, "I have no present prospect of repaying." "How green you are," retorts the other, "why nobody would borrow if they were to have gloomy thoughts like that; you have the best intentions to repay, and what more can be expected of you? don't be afraid, everybody does it." And so the unsullied honesty of a young man becomes tainted, because he listens to "the counsel of the ungodly," and he borrows money, not foreseeing that his aged father, or a mother, soon, perhaps, to become a widow, will have to reap the bitter fruit.

A Christian Girl

becomes attached to one of these ungodly; he sees in her the grace of God which he mistakes for natural amiability; he seeks her in marriage. She does not ask her Lord, or, if she does, she does not wait for his answer: she looks to see what others do. Just at a moment of crisis, an ungodly friend steps in, and counsels her to marry him for his name, his position, etc. She listens to "the counsel of the ungodly," the grace which was manifest in her is gone, her husband is disappointed in her, she is disappointed in herself, she has walked "with the counsel of the ungodly," of those who did not take God into their counsels, and so she remains unkept.

But blessed is the man who has the firmness to resist the influence of the ungodly, blessed is he who has the Lord for his Counsellor, he does not stand in the way of sinners, however respectable they may be, but escapes their company as quickly as he can. He shrinks from those who do not bring him near to God; he does not sit in the "seat of the scornful." But how does he avoid it? "His delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night." It is utterly impossible for a man to delight in the law of the Lord, and to be hand and glove with the world at the same time. "The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide." (Ps. 37: 31.) God counts that man blessed "whose iniquity is forgiven, and whose sin is covered." (Ps. 32: 1); but his blessedness does not last unless he learns a life of yielding to the will of God in everything. Day by day God permits tests by which we may choose between his will and ours, his will and the way of the world, his will and a condemning conscience. We have the power to yield to God or to resist him. Lot yielded to his herdmen, and to the voice of his own selfish heart, when he separated from Abraham. (Gen. 13: 7-13.) Daniel and his fellows yielded to God and resisted the ungodly, when they would not defile themselves "with the king's meat and with the wine which he drank." (Dan. 1: 8-17.) The blessed man who

Carries His Counsellor Within;

who can say; "Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee" (Ps. 66: 11), is "like a tree planted by the rivers of water that bringeth forth its fruit in its season; his feet also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." The source of his life is the living water, the Holy Spirit of God; the evergreen leaf and the fruit in season are only the working out of a life which is ever active within, While the men of the world have a continual race and struggle to keep up with the world, and the stronger flourish while the weaker go to the wall, it is just the contrary with the man who lives in immediate, unbroken contact with God. What others have to imitate or to assume comes natural to him as the outflow of the life of God. He does not learn to be courteous by the laws of etiquette, but God's love for his creatures comes welling up in his heart from the deep spring of living water which springeth up unto everlasting life within him. He can love the very men whose society he shuns, and can always be ready to come to them with a message of love from his heavenly Father through Jesus who died for them. "The fruit of the Spirit" . . . love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," flourish in the soil which is watered from above. And this fruit of the Spirit is not put on, like the oranges on a Christmas tree, they grow out of the life of God within.

"And whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper." It cannot but prosper. When Joseph was cruelly and unjustly sold by his own brethren for a slave, and carried by the Midianites to Egypt, he listened to no counsel of the ungodly, but his delight was in the law of his God, the presence of God, and no outward circumstances, made a home in Egypt for Joseph. The springs of his life were in God; he was not taken up with his surroundings. "And his master saw that the Lord was with him, and the Lord made all that he did to prosper." The true way of the righteous is a life "hid with Christ in God," doing nothing, saying nothing, until sure of the mind of the Lord. This is a life of power and of blessing, and of fruitfulness; such lives are rare.

"The Ungodly are Not so,"

not blessed, not fruitful, not evergreen, not prosperous. "They are like the chaff which the wind driveth away." A man without God to back him in what he does is very powerless; a breath of wind and he is gone. God could easily dispose of Pharaoh when he had sufficiently made use of him to teach his people. The boasting Sennacherib must see his army melt away in a night by the power of a relentless, invisible hand, because he had boasted against the most high God, and then his own days were numbered, and he fell by the hand of his own sons, "like the chaff which the wind driveth away."

"Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment"—neither in the judgment where the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, nor yet in the judgments of his providence, with which God is trying men day by day. The ungodly are loud talkers, but when they are in real difficulties they are the weakest of men, "chaff," no substance, no solidity in them. Not living for the purpose for which God created and Christ redeemed them, they are a misfit as soon as they touch anything real in life: in sorrow, sickness, death, poverty, they are helpless "chaff!" they cannot stand "in the congregation of the righteous." They know nothing of the permanence of eternal life; they can love, but their love changes; they can resolve, but their resolutions are not abiding; they may have times of joy, peace, etc., but all these things with them are dependent on circumstances, and therefore not abiding——"the way of the ungodly shall perish."

But there is a way, and Jesus is that Way, by which the ungodly may tread the way of the righteous. The sin of turning every man to his own way has been laid on Jesus, (Isa. 53: 6), and he who wills to break loose from his own way may find "the way of the righteous" by taking the Lord's way of salvation through the blood of the Lamb, and forsaking his own way for ever.

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly. The bird chooses a companion of its own kind and color, the fish shows a similar instinct, the beasts likewise, and even vegetable life, in many respects, evinces the same feature. Should rational man be less wise in the choice of his companions? Be careful to choose those who become you in age, circumstances, attainments, and character. Remember the proverb, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

Judge Butler, a famous jurist of England, when in the company of a young man of 18, cautioned him against being led astray by the example and persuasions of others and said, "If I had listened to the advice of some of those who called themselves my friends when I was young, instead of being a Judge of the Queen's Bench, I should have died long ago, a prisoner in the Queen's Bench.

Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear Father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "you must think us very childish if you imagine we should be exposed to danger by it." The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child; take it." Eulalia did so, and behold her beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened, and as it chanced, her white dress also. "We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia in vexation. "Yes truly," said the father, "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken; so it is with the company of the vicious."

One day, as I was in the bath, a friend put into my hand a piece of scented clay. I took it, and said to it, "Art thou musk or ambergris, for I am charmed with thy perfume?" It answered, "I was a despicable piece of clay, but I was some time in company of the rose, and the quality of my sweet companion was communicated to me; otherwise I should only be a bit of common clay, as I appear to be.

Sir Peter Lely, the great painter, made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so his pencil took a taint from it. "Apply this," adds Bishop Howe, "to bad books and bad company."

And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. Very often have I been an eye-witness to the fact that prosperity and religion enter a home hand in hand. And likewise have I noticed that sin and ungodliness are closely connected with poverty and destitution. There are prominent exceptions, it is true, but they are comparatively few and far between considering the innumerable instances to the contrary. As a rule degraded people live in desolate homes, while God's children are much more favorably circumstanced.

A good man once entered a house in Germany and found it very wretched—no fire, no furniture, no food. Everything bore the appearance of utter poverty. But glancing round, he saw, in a neglected corner, a copy of the Bible, and when he went away, he said to the poor inmates: "There is a treasure in this house that would make you all rich." After he had gone, the people began to search the house for what they thought must be a jewel or a pot of gold; and, finding nothing, they proceeded to dig up the very floor, in hopes of discovering the hidden store of wealth. All in vain. One day after that, the mother lifted up the old Bible, and found written on the flyleaf of it, taken from its own pages, these words: "Thy testimonies are better to me than thousands of gold and silver." "Ah," said she, "can this be the treasure the stranger spoke of?" So she told her thought to the rest. She began to read the Bible, became changed in character, and the blessing came in to stay with them. The stranger came back to find poverty gone; contentment, peace and plenty in its place, and a hearty Christian welcome, while, with grateful joy, the family told him: "We found the treasure, and it has proved to us all you said it would."

This holy book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone,
Than all their diadems.

For here a blessed balm appears
To heal the deepest woe,
And those who read this book in tears
Their tears shall cease to flow.

A GIFT OF IDOLS.

IN a letter from Peking, which Mr. Ament sends the *Missionary Herald*, there is the following account of the conversion of a Chinaman of some eminence and culture: "He is a young man whose family belongs to the official class. His eldest brother was chief literary officer for this district (Cho-chou), and had begun a most promising career when he was suddenly struck down by death. This was a terrible blow to the young man, who was affected by it in more ways than one. It threw him out of employment and took away his main hope of promotion. After that, one misfortune followed rapidly on the footsteps of another until even his friends withdrew from his society, saying that an evil demon was pursuing him. He was advised as a last resort to retire from the world and take to reading Buddhist scripture and burning incense to the gods. This he did most faithfully for three years, in the meantime spending all his money in buying books and in the support of his family. At this juncture our chapel was opened, to which he came and, learning of Christ, for the first time in years, found peace in his soul. On coming into the light his first thought was to get rid of the four bronze idols to which he had prayed and offered incense during those three weary years. He could have sold them for money, which he sorely needed. But he could not bring himself to take gain from what might be an injury to some one else. He thought of burying them, but then he feared others might dig them up and they still go on doing their bewildering work. He finally decided to present them to the foreign pastor, who, he was sure, would not be injured by looking at them, and who might put them to good use by having them melted down. They were not melted down, but stand around in various parts of our home, reminders to us of the power of the Lord to dethrone false gods is working in the hearts of this people. Last Sabbath he and his wife, a most intelligent young woman and able to read, were baptized and received into the church. He throws his whole soul into his profession and no amount of ridicule can shake his constancy. He says he never knew before the depths of iniquity in the hearts of the literary men of China. He is a firm believer in the doctrine of the depravity of the human heart and the complete insufficiency of Confucianism to make men better."

RUSSIA'S CRY FOR BREAD.

(Continued from first page.)

by the horrors of the famine, and the awe of government and fear of the law have given place to a spirit of recklessness that has plunged thousands into crime. Bands of thieves and highwaymen abound in the famine districts.

One of the most candid critics of the Russian government in the present crisis is Count Tolstoi, the famous author and philanthropist. Having worked in the fields like a common

THE BREAD WAGON ON ITS ROUNDS.

peasant and thus become familiar with the lot of that class, Tolstoi is qualified to speak with authority on the hardships of the Russian poor. He and his family have personally taken an active part in the relief movement. In the province of Riazan, he has established thirty stations, at which food is distributed free to the famine sufferers. He has also opened free tea-stands, soup-booths and clothing stores, and with his daughters, personally supervises the distribution, which is at his own cost. First the women and children are fed, then the aged men and last, the able-bodied. His wife, Countess Tolstoi, his two daughters and three of his sons are aiding him in relieving the hungry peasants. The food given at the soup-booths consists of black bread and a soup called *shtshee*, made of cabbage. As many as 500 persons are fed daily at some of these booths. Those who are absolutely destitute receive a meal twice a day, the average cost being about one ruble and 30 kopecks (about 60 cents) per month for each recipient. One of the illustrations in this number represents Tatiana, one of Tolstoi's daughters, at work in a soup-booth in the Dankovsky district.

It is roundly estimated that 184,000,000 rubles (equal to $100,000,000) will be needed to supply even the simplest wants of this vast starving population of between 14,000,000 and 20,000,000 persons, scattered over an area of half a million square miles. Russia will accept no official aid from other governments but will gladly welcome all help that comes in unofficial form. Her calamity is one that awakens universal sympathy, and imposes a duty on Christians everywhere. One Russian writer recently estimated that the help thus far extended by England would probably be the means of saving 17,000 lives! The people of France, Italy and several other European countries are already holding out a helping hand. America's first cargo of 6,000,000 pounds of flour has already arrived at Libau on the steamer *Indiana*, and the second, on the steamer *Missouri*, is on the way. A third cargo is now being loaded with the free-will offerings of our sympathetic people, who have ever stood ready to respond to the cry of suffering. Every State should send a cargo; every city can send at least part of one. A Famine Relief Committee has been organized in Washington; Red Cross Societies are energetically at work; boards of trade are moving and every agency that can be summoned into activity is preparing to give the help so sorely needed. Nearly every miller in Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Indiana and Illinois, has contributed either flour or meal. Coal companies have supplied the necessary fuel for the relief steamers; the Atlantic Transport Company has given free ocean transportation and an insurance company has insured the cargoes gratuitously. America, as a nation, if not as a government, is once more performing the part of the good Samaritan in coming to the aid of the old-world people in their distress. Our artist has depicted on the first page the scene at the steamship wharf, during the loading of one of the relief vessels, with flour for the starving Russians. Other illustrations show the bread wagon on its rounds in a famine-stricken village, and a pitiful picture of domestic suffering, where a peasant family, to save its horses and cattle from starvation tears down the weather-beaten thatch of their dwelling to feed their hunger.

Within the last few weeks, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received a number of letters from its readers in different parts of the Union, enclosing sums of money to be used in sending food to the starving Russian peasants. In another column we give the names of these donors, and we shall continue from week to week, to acknowledge the receipt in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of all sums forwarded for this purpose. Every offering, no matter how small, will receive acknowledgment and will be used in the purchase of food supplies to be forwarded through the Famine Fund Committee. A barrel of sound, wholesome flour, weighing 190 pounds, can be bought for $3.50; a sack of flour weighing 140 pounds costs $2.63. A dollar will buy 55 pounds of flour; $5.00 will purchase 275 pounds and $10.00 will purchase nearly three barrels or four sacks—the equivalent of 570 five cent loaves of bread. It is gratifying to be assured that all contributions coming from this country will be certain to reach the afflicted people direct, instead of passing into the hands of Russian officials, as the Czar's government has consented that Americans shall manage the distribution of their country's benevolences.

RUSSIAN PEASANTS AT HOME.

WRITING of Russian peasants and their cottages in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mrs. Isabel F. Hapgood says: "We visited the peasants in their cottages, and found them very reluctant to sell anything except towel crash. All other linen which they wove they needed for themselves, and it looked as even and strong as iron. Here in the south the rope and moss plugged log-house stood flat on the ground, and was thatched with straw, which was secured by a ladder-like arrangement of poles along the gable ends. Three tiny windows, with tinier panes, relieved the street front of the house. The entrance was on the side, from the small farm yard, littered with farm implements, chickens and manure, and inclosed with the usual fence of wattled branches. From the small ante-room, designed to keep out the winter's cold, the store room opened at the rear and the living room at the front.

"The left-hand corner of the living room, as one entered, was occupied by the oven, made of stones and clay, and whitewashed. In it the cooking was done by placing the pots among the glowing wood coals. The bread was baked when the coals had been raked out. Later still, when desired, the owners took their steam bath, more resembling a roasting, inside it, and the old people kept their aged bones warm by sleeping on top of it, close to the low ceiling. Around three sides of the room ran a broad bench, which served for furniture and beds. In the right-hand corner, opposite the door—the "great corner" of honor—was the case of images, in front of which stood the rough table whereon meals were eaten. This was convenient, since the images were saluted, at the beginning and end of meals, with the sign of the cross and a murmured prayer. The case also contained the sacred pictures of the home."

THE RUSSIAN FAMINE—PEASANTS TEARING DOWN THEIR THATCHED ROOFS TO FEED THE STARVING CATTLE.

A MISSIONARY'S HARDSHIPS.

The Life of a Servant of Christ in our Arctic Territority

A THRILLING story of missionary life is sent by Dr. John B. Driggs of Point Hope, Alaska to the *Spirit of Missions*. The tone of his letter is most cheerful, though in that inhospitable land his privations and hardships are evidently extreme. He writes: Although the first part of my missionary career seemed to be one of trials and perplexities, and at times very discouraging, yet I have in the end succeeded in establishing a school that I am beginning to look upon with considerable pride, and can safely say that never has there been any undertaking in which I was engaged where I have found myself so thoroughly interested. Thoughts of what good may come to these people through the work have served to pass the many hours, and I cannot look back to a single day since the first of last October, when I have had the least feeling of loneliness, although *I have lived entirely alone*.

I have had sixty-eight pupils. Among these sixty-eight were two adults, who ultimately deserted the school, as they had to hunt to supply food for themselves and families. Four young men also left from the same cause. All the rest I have retained as scholars. Three I have lost by death. One of these was carried off on the ice and has not been heard from since, and probably froze to death and was eaten by bears. Another lost his life from frozen feet. The thermometer always registers considerably below zero; each eyelash has its bead of ice, which if not frequently broken off will gradually obstruct the vision; the eyebrows and moustache also have their icicles. My rifle is always my companion on these trips during the short days and the long night, I consider it best to be armed on account of the liability of meeting bears. Although I have seen but two living ones far out on the ice I know they have been near the mission as I have seen their tracks.

The last time I had seen the sun was on December 7th, but its total disappearance probably did not occur until the 10th. It was about the middle of the long night that a boy came running late to school, saying that there was a bear on the ice in front. I immediately took my rifle and went out to see as it is not desirable to have any of those troublesome creatures prowling around. No bear was to be seen, but looking far in the south, just above the horizon was the midnight sun! The sight was very realistic and for a time I was under the impression that the sun had returned; the true return did not occur until January 3d, which gave us a night of twenty-four days, although for many days previous and following it is nearly as dark as night. I lighted the first lamps in the schoolroom November 12th, and had to use them constantly up to February 9th. The day portion of the long night is made up of a twilight that travels from east to west and becomes fainter and fainter as the night advances to its middle but the light is never totally extinct. Nature tries to make up the deficiency with brilliant auroras, and the moon does its share by not setting for several days at its full both in December and January. February I am not sure of as the sky was too cloudy to observe. The winter so far has not been nearly as severe as I anticipated, and I have passed through it very nicely, our coldest weather was when the thermometer varied from 27 to 30 or 31 degrees below zero. The average was probably about 15 degrees below. A few miles from here on the main land the thermometer registers very much lower.

Our mission building is the pride of Point Hope, being the first real house that most of the natives have ever seen, they call it *iglo-puk* (big house). It gives me great satisfaction in all but the large formation of ice which covers the walls, ceilings and everything else. Even the kitchen and schoolroom, which are always kept comfortable during the day, have their limited share. When the last thaw set in I was flooded for over a week and was forced *to bore holes through the floors* to allow the water to escape. However, I have plans which will probably limit the ice formation to a certain extent, one is ventilation. It must be borne in mind that the large attendance of people at the mission building and the steam arising from them on coming into the warm room, besides their breath, along with what steam is formed by the fires, all forms ice on the walls and ceilings. This condition lasts from four to six months.

By my third year I expect to have everything in splendid working order. What books are required will be here; all improvements that are necessary will have been made; I shall have mastered the language, and it is my intention, God willing, to make it the golden year of the mission.

A PROSPECTIVE PORTRAIT.

THE use of a picture in leading to the rescue of an opium-smoker is described by Dr. Corbett, of China, in *The Church at Home and Abroad*. It is a most remarkable instance of a conversion which led to the bringing to Christ of many persons. A Christian by the name of Chang was asked one day how he came to know the truth and to begin upon the Christian life. In reply he told the following story: Some three years ago a nephew of his who had been at school at Chefoo, came to spend a vacation at his uncle's, and one day asked him: "Would you like to see your photograph two or three years from now?" Mr. Chang replied that he would, and the lad handed him one of his school-books' while he pointed out a picture of an opium-smoker who was nearing his end. Mr. Chang was exceedingly angry and the boy took to his heels. At that time this man was an habitual smoker of opium, and had wasted his property, and though full of wrath, he could not but see that there was a good deal of truth in the reproof the boy had given him in the picture. He could not get the impression out of his mind, till, much against his will, he read the book that contained the picture. After a terrible experience and struggle he broke off the practice, with God's help, and commenced a new life as a Christian. Mr. Chang then went to an uncle of his who was also an opium-smoker, and told him how he had been delivered from the curse. This man also became a Christian, and his wife and son and son's wife have recently been baptized. Others connected with the family have been reached and seem to be earnestly seeking a new life. So much from the work of a faithful lad who wisely used a picture.

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T. de Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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TO THE AGED.

DO not be fretted because you have to come to spectacles. While glasses look premature on a young man's nose, they are an adornment on an octogenarian's face. Besides that, when your eyesight is poor, you miss seeing a great many unpleasant things that youngsters are obliged to look at.

Do not be worried because your ear is becoming dull. In that way you escape being bored with many of the foolish things that are said. If the gates of sound keep out some of the music, they also keep out much of the discord. If the hair be getting thin, it takes less time to comb it, and then it is not all the time falling down over your eyes; or if it be getting white, I think that color is quite as respectable as any other: that is the color of the snow, and of the blossoms, and of the clouds, and of angelic habiliments. Do not worry because the time comes on when you must go into the next world. It is only a better room, with finer pictures, brighter society and sweeter music. Robert McCheyne, and John Knox, and Harriet Newell, and Mrs. Hemans, and John Milton, and Martin Luther will be good enough company for the most of us. The corn-shocks standing in the fields in autumn do not sigh dismally when the huskers leap over the fence, and throwing their arms around the stack, swing it to the ground. It is only to take the golden ear from the husk. Death to the aged Christian is only husking-time, and then the load goes in from the frosts to the garner. My congratulations to those who are nearly done with the nuisances of this world. Give your staff to your little grandson to ride horse on. You are going to be young again, and you will have no need of crutches.

SIGHT-SEEING.

THOSE who come to New York to see the sights as well as many of our own citizens, need direction as to some of the points of especial interest. Old-time New York is being rapidly forgotten, and it may be well to revive some historical facts. At an expense of three thousand dollars a year men with guide-book in hand go through the pyramids of Egypt and the picture-galleries of Rome and the ruins of Pompeii, when they have never seen the strange and historical scenes at home. Go to No. 1 Broadway, and remember that George Washington and Lord Cornwallis once lived there. Go to the United States Treasury on Wall Street, and remember that in front of it used to stand a pillory and a whipping-post. In a building that stood where the United States Treasury stands, General Washington was installed as President. In the open balcony he stood with silver buckles and powdered hair, in dress of dark silk velvet. (Peo- in those days dressed more than we moderns. Think of Grover Cleveland or Benjamin Harrison inaugurated with hair and shoes fixed up like that!) Go to the corner of Pearl and Broad Streets, and remember that was the scene of Washington's farewell to the officers with whom he had been so long associated. Go to Canal Street, and remember it was so called because it once was literally a canal. The electric telegraph was born in the steeple of the old Dutch church afterward the New York post-office—that is, Benjamin Franklin made there his first experiments in electricity. When the other denominations charge the Dutch church with being slow, they do not know that the world got its lightning out of one of its church steeples. Washington Irving was born in William Street, halfway beteen John and Fulton. "Knickerbocker" was considered very saucy; but if any man ever had a right to say mirthful things about New York, it was Washington Irving, who was born there. At the corner of Varick and Charlton Streets was a house in which Washington, John Adams and Aaron Burr resided. George Whitefield preached at the corner of Beekman and Nassau Streets. But why particularize, when there is not a block or a house on the great thoroughfares which has not been the scene of a tragedy, a fortune ruined, a reputation sacrificed, an agony suffered or a soul lost?

UNANSWERED PRAYERS.

SOME time ago we saw a curious discussion upon the question as to where went all the pins and needles that were manufactured. When so many large establishments are ever turning them out, what becomes of them? Some again enter the earth from which they came forth a metal, some crumble into rust. They are all lost, but where do they go? There is a more interesting question to us however, and that is the question, "Where do all the prayers go to?" Are they answered? Not half of them, not a fourth of them. If there be millions of Christians on earth and each Christian man makes one prayer a day — and we do not see how a Christian man could content himself and maintain his spirituality even with that small modicum — then there are millions of supplications going up before the throne of God. Everything that can be desired for the individual heart, everything that can be desired for the Church, everything that can be desired for all the nations is asked for hour after hour, and moment after moment. Now, we are very conscious that a great many of the prayers that we have offered have been answered. While we may sometimes be in doubt as to whether or not certain temporal successes are best for us—when we come before God and ask him for a spiritual blessing, we know that is best for us. But what has become of all the prayers? We have often asked that we might be perfectly conformed to Jesus Christ; not once has that prayer been answered. We have asked for the redemption of all the people that attend our church on the Sabbath day; that prayer never has been answered. We have asked for the salvation of this entire land, and still are multitudes sitting in darkness, many of them not knowing so much as that there is a Holy Ghost. Yea, there are millions of Christians day by day imploring God for the salvation of the whole world, and the supplication has never been answered.

Does God, then, keep his promise? Is prayer a dead failure? Does God mock the Christian Church? Are we told to bring all our gifts into the storehouse and prove him, only to find out that he breaks his promise? Friends, the answer to prayer is only a question of time. So far from there ever having been a million prayers lost, God not only keeps one promise, but he keeps all the promises, and never since the moment we first breathed the Christian life have we ever offered an unavailing prayer. We repeat, it is only a question of time. Suppose there were coming some great gala day in the city, and the authorities should close the gates at the reservoir so that for twenty-four hours no water should pour down into the city, in order that at the close of these twenty-four hours the water might toss stronger and brighter in the fountains, and the city might have greater refreshment and greater gladness—we could all understand that.

Now, God gathers up the prayers of his children in a great reservoir. At the right time the refreshment and the life and torrent of his mercy shall come down upon the people. The farmer plants corn in May. After a while the green blade comes up; then there is a strong stalk. It is not until September that he strikes the sickle into the stout corn. He does not expect to reap it the same day he plants it. We suppose many of our prayers are century plants, and that they bloom only after a hundred years. Some aged grandfather at the family altar asks for the blessing of God upon himself and upon his children and upon his children's children. Forty years afterward the prayer is honored. Some day you say, "Where did all these mercies come from? I certainly am not deserving." Why, it is an old prayer of your grandfather being responded to! The Lord bottled up the tears, and perhaps it was only yesterday that he looked at the lachrymal in which he has kept those tears from generation to generation, and he said, "Go to, now: there is a prayer that has never been answered. I will answer it now." And God knows what is the best time.

THE FLOOD OF BOOKS.

WE have to say that three-fourths of the novels of the day are a mental depletion to those who read them. The man who makes wholesale denunciation of fiction pitches overboard *Pilgrim's Progress* and the Parables of our Lord. But the fact is that some of the publishing houses that once were cautious about the moral tone of their books have become reckless about everything but the number of copies sold. It is all the same to them whether the package they send out be corn-starch, jujube paste or hellebore. They wrap up fifty copies and mark them C. O. D. But if the expressman, according to that mark, should collect on delivery all the curses that shall come on the head of the publishing house which printed them, he would break down his wagon and kill his horses with the load. Let parents and guardians be especially watchful. Have a quarantine at your front door for all books and newspapers. Let the health doctor go abroad and see whether there is any sickness there before you let it come to wharfage. Whether young or old, be cautious about what you read in the newspapers. You cannot day after day go through three columns of murder trial without being a worse man than when you began. Skip that half page of divorce case. Keep out of the mud. The Burdell and Sickles cases, through the unclean reading they afforded to millions of people long ago, led their thousands into abandoned lives and pitched them off the edge of a lost eternity. With so much healthful literature of all sorts, there is no excuse for bringing your minds in contact with evil. If there were a famine, there might be some reason for eating garbage, but the land is full of bread. When we may, with our families, sit around the clean, warm fire-hearth of Christian knowledge, why go hunting in the ash-barrels for cinders?

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

Prayer Meetings in Deadtown.—No. 3.

"GRACIOUS me, the chairs are all taken!" said Mrs. Sims, as she entered the lecture-room of Deadtown Church on the night of the praise meeting; and she was ten minutes ahead of time.

The sextion found it necessary to bring out every chair he had, two hundred and sixty-four, with four stools additional. It looked queer to see Elder Pond sitting on one of those backless things way in the rear of the room, but that was all there was left for him, as he came late.

When Mr. Lightheart, the minister, came in, there was a perceptible look of expectancy on every countenance. His face shone, there was a glad look in his eyes; he had been alone with God. As he spoke his voice trembled, the words came burning hot from his lips. You could see he was more than full. The one hundreth Psalm gave expression to the feelings of his soul. The whole company was set ablaze, and the sons of Scotland never sang that Psalm with more expression than did they.

Together they repeated the Lord's Prayer standing. As they took their seats the minister's little daughter, led by her mother to the piano, began to sing, "Can Jesus save a little child like me," and when the chorus came they both sang "Oh yes, yes, yes, he loves me tenderly; he died to save a little child like me," both voices were perfect in sweetness.

We all felt the presence of him who loved the children. We became like little children. A stranger asked her to sing the last verse once more. She did. I supposed prayer would then be offered, but 'twas not so. Mr. Lightheart stepped down to a chair where sat a little ragamuffin-no-shoes, pants out at the knees, face only clean. "Deadtown," said he, as he brought the little child out where all could see, "has hundreds of these who know nothing but want and all of sin. It may be that cause for praise will rise quickly in your minds. Let us give our thanks a golden ring. Search your purses for good sized pieces, as this little fellow, a half orphan, has seven others like him in the home where his mother barely keeps the wolves of want from the door. If she gets the means to clothe them decently, they will all be sent to day and Sabbath school."

Gold and silver and bills and pennies were tied in a handkerchief, and Faithful Williams, with boy and money, was dispatched to his house.

One thing I liked, there was no counting of how much there was. All that was in the alabaster box of ointment broke over the head of "one of the least of these."

As the two went out the door, some one over by the window began to sing "Cast thy bread upon the waters." All joined, and there were many eyes filled with tears.

"A praise service should have something more than lip power," said Mr. Lightheart, as he thanked them for their generous offerings to the poor. "Now let us offer our prayers of thanksgiving for mercies to us. Brother George, let your prayer be for spiritual blessings; Mr. Littell, yours for temporal gifts; Mrs. Gibson, you follow with praise for the gift of Christ and his Gospel, then let there be a moment's silent prayer of praise for special providences."

There was a goodly number of the Choral Union present, and they sang so all could hear the words of a most beautiful anthem, Will Smith leading.

"Now," said the pastor, "we will hear the praises, but first let those speak who are not here. I have a message from Sister Noble, who has not left her room for thirteen years. She says: 'Tell them I am so glad to be shut in with God where pain is easy to bear.

'Shut in with a trio of angels sweet,
With Patience and Grace all pain to meet;
With faith that can suffer and stand and wait
And lean on the promises strong and great.'

"Then I have a letter from Brother Task, who was called to the city. He says: 'Praise God for grace to give 36 inches to the yard, 16 ounces to the pound, and not lie about calico washing.' He did not think I would read it here.

"A mother, whose babe keeps her at home, told me to say she was glad God could make a tired and weary woman patient and full of peace.

"Now let us all sing the doxology, then

speak." There were forty-two who spoke. Even Mr. Clarckson, the mill owner, testified of the greatness of God,as well as Judge Gardner. Who would have dreamed it?

There were praises for salvation, for comforts and health. One fellow praised God for a wide-awake minister, which made the big ears of Mr. Lightheart show more than ever. It seems that out of the purpose meeting there came three converts, all of whom testified their praise to God for that meeting. It was a noticeable thing how the minister, in such a nice, easy way, got those to speak who never before took any part. He made it natural for them to do it.

Mrs. Tudor spoke last. She had just buried her babe, and amidst tears she thanked God her first-born was safe with Jesus.

The official brethren were asked to remain to see about buying more chairs. The "promise meeting" was announced for next week; then, with silent prayer he dismissed the service.

People lingered, loth to leave the beloved spot. All at once there was a sobbing voice heard over by the door. Faithful Williams, who had returned, was talking to a young lady whose heart had broken under the influence of the service and grief for her sins. The minister came down, asked them all to be quiet, and they would have prayer. Before he prayed he asked if there were others who would like to give up sin and serve God. Two young men said yes, then he pleaded with God. All three were converted.

BRIEF NOTES.

The many friends in this country of Mrs. Grattan Guinness will regret to learn that she has been prostrated by an apoplectic attack. Her physicians give no hope of her recovery.

The Trustees of Dartmouth College, N. H., have offered the Presidency of the College to Rev. William J. Tucker, D. D., Professor of Homiletics in Andover Theological Seminary. Dr. Bartlett, who recently resigned the Presidency of Dartmouth, will remain with the College as Professor of Biblical Literature.

The Board of Protestant Episcopal Missions has received a gift of $50,000 from an anonymous donor and also a lot on the South-east corner of Twenty-second Street and Fourth Avenue, New York, on which now stands the offices of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The new Missions House will be erected on this lot.

Arrangements are being made to organize a Christian Police Union in New York, which will be on similar lines to the Young Men's Christian Association, except that no one but a policeman will be eligible to membership. Miss Catharine Gurney, of London, who started a similar work there,is aiding and advising in the movment here.

Mayor George H. Hilton is doing excellent work at Los Angeles, Cal. He is in charge of the Gospel Union Mission in that city where Evangelistic meetings are held every night. He has also organized a Gospel Wagon service similar to that which has been so successful in connection with the Central Union Mission in Washington, D. C., with which he was long connected.

Dr. Gregory T. Bedell, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Ohio died in New York on March 11th. He was seventy-five years of age and had been a bishop since 1873, when he succeeded the venerated Dr. McIlvaine. He was a native of Hudson, N. Y. and was educated in Dr. Muhlenberg's school and at Bristol College. When elected to the bishopric he was rector of the Church of the Ascension in New York. The Bishop, who had been a hard worker both with pen and voice has been an invalid for nearly three years past.

The Executive Committee of the International Sunday School Convention is desirous that the project of erecting a model Sunday School Building on the grounds of the World's Fair should receive early attention from superintendents. It is proposed to furnish the building with maps, charts, tables, pictures etc. so as to show all the apparatus of an efficient Sunday School. Also to make the building a Sunday School headquarters and reception-room while the exposition is open, to be used for conferences with Sunday School workers from all parts of the world who are expected to visit the exposition. The amount needed to defray the cost will be $25,000, and it is hoped that it will be raised in the Sunday Schools. The day fixed for the collections to be taken up is Easter Sunday, and the request is made that the amount contributed from any school will not be less than ten cents from each teacher and one cent from each scholar. All contributions to be sent to the treasurer, R. W. Hare, 240 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE BEHRING SEA DISPUTE.

AFTER nearly two years of diplomatic correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Secretary Blaine, with the result that arbitration has been agreed upon and a satisfactory treaty is now before the Senate, the Behring Sea question has again become a matter of controversy between the two governments. Our government has contended, and England till now has agreed, that there was serious danger of ex-

SIR GEORGE SMYTH BADEN-POWELL., M. P.

terminating the fur seal species by pelagic or sea sealing in Behring Sea during certain seasons, and especially when the mother seals were searching in the waters for food for their young. At such times it is necessary to protect them to prevent the extinction of entire herds. This was forcibly illustrated in December last, when United States agents found over 10,000 pup seals dead of starvation in the rookeries of St. Paul Island alone, their mothers having been recklessly slaughtered, as alleged, by British and Canadian poaching sealers. Last year an agreement, or *modus vivendi*, was arranged between the two countries by which poaching and the reckless destruction of seals were to be prohibited until the other questions pending were decided by arbitration. Lord Salisbury, however, acting doubtless on what he believed to be accurate information, has now declined to renew this temporary working arrangement, and proposes, instead, that a thirty-mile radius of protection be established around the sealing islands, beyond which limit the fishing could go on without restriction. Although this new contention over a single season's fishing, which has sprung out of the cupidity of a few vessel-owners, is a disagreeable incident in itself, it cannot be regarded as likely to materially affect the greater questions of the jurisdiction of Behring Sea and the property right in its seal fisheries beyond the three-mile limit that are to be arbitrated, nor can it seriously affect the treaty now awaiting ratification in the Senate. Indeed, Sir George Smyth Baden-Powell, M. P., one of the British Behring Sea Commissioners, (whose portrait appears on this page), has declared that the whole question at issue is so clear that, if discussed in the interest of the seal industries, it could easily be settled in a few minutes. Our government intends to prevent American sealers capturing seals during the period indicated and it wants England and Canada to agree to its preventing English and Canadian sealers doing so. It contends that if such measures are not taken, the seal will be exterminated. That would be disastrous to the sealers themselves, and it might have been supposed that their regard for their own interest would have secured their voluntary abstention from the suicidal practice. Men are not, however, always governed by self-interest when it consists in giving up a present good for a larger good, which is in the future. Ministers and Christian workers have experience of that fact when they plead with them not to set their affections on the things which are seen and temporal but on those that are unseen and eternal. (II. Cor. 4: 18.)

THE PROPOSED NEW NATIONAL LIBRARY IN WASHINGTON.

The Proposed National Library.

THERE appears at last to be a probability of our National Library being housed in a building worthy of it and of the nation. At present, though it ranks sixth in size of the libraries of the world, and contains 700,000 volumes and 200,000 pamphlets, it has no building specially appropriated for it. It is crowded into a corner of the Capitol, so small that the books have to be stacked on the floors, there being no room for them on the shelves. Fifteen years ago the Library was full, and since that time it has been a problem of continuous difficulty to find room to store the volumes which have been sent in. The fact that any work in the Library can be promptly found when needed, is an evidence of the remarkable skill of Mr. Ainsworth R. Spofford, the librarian. A new building ought to have been erected long ago, but it was difficult to get Congress to give the subject its attention. Now, however, a plot of land three acres in extent has been bought,and the walls of the new National Library, a picture of which is here given, are going up. It is expected that a portion of the building,sufficient to accommodate the Library in its present dimensions, will be finished in four years. The completion of it will be left to a later period. How large the building will have to be to meet the prospective need may be inferred from the fact that a copy of every book published in the country has to be sent to the Library, which thus increases by about twenty thousand volumes annually. If the Preacher had lived in these days and visited the National Library,he would have seen more reason than he could see in his day to say, "Of making many books there is no end." But to a young man going there to learn from those vast stores of books his duty in life he would give the same advice he gave then: "Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man." (Eccles. 12: 12-13.)

A Disastrous Import.

AN appropriation of $75,000 was signed by Gov. Russell of Massachusetts on March 12th to defray the expenses of exterminating the Gypsy moth. This was not the first appropriation for the purpose Already $100,000 have been spent in hunting down the entomological pest A little over four years ago an entomologist imported one specimen of the gypsy moth to add to his collection. It escaped and now its progeny are being sought everywhere in the neighborhood Last year two hundred persons were employed searching over an area of a hundred square miles for the eggs and caterpillars of the destructive insect. They destroyed about three quarters of a million egg clusters representing an incalculable number of possible caterpillars, but the entire extermination was not accomplished. Multitudes are still in existence and an appropriation for another campaign had to be made. The insect appears to be as hardy as it is prolific and survives extremes of heat and cold. All this trouble and expense have resulted from the importation of that single specimen. The spiritual and moral world suffers in the same way. A word lightly spoken, or a thoughtless act has often produced far reaching consequences affecting multitudes of lives. It is incumbent on every man to remember the Apostle's warning that "no man liveth unto himself." (Rom 14:7).

The Fatal Mining Disaster in Belgium.

More than a hundred and fifty miners are reported to have lost their lives by the disaster on March 11th in the mine of Anderlues, Belgium. A series of explosions, supposed to have been caused by carelessness on the part of the miners in the matter of lights, destroyed one of the shafts of the mine and stopped the working of the ventilating apparatus. It is believed that there were 236 miners at work at the time, some of whom were women. A party of ten volunteers descended to attempt the rescue of any who might be living. A number were taken out of one of the upper galleries and the rescuing party descended again to search the lower galleries. They came back again quickly, saying that the shaft was bulging and might fall in at any moment. Five of them refused to venture, as if the side of the shaft did fall, it would be certain death to the rescuers. The other five, however, went down again at the risk of their lives and brought up several wounded men. They reported that there were others alive, but, were held by fallen timbers. It was dangerous to attempt to extricate them as any work done in the gallery, where they were, was liable to dislodge the overhanging debris in the gallery and the shaft, and so their own escape would be cut off. A little later, fire broke out in the mine and then it was clear that all hope must be abandoned as all who were in the mine must by that time be suffocated. In all, sixty-three were saved unhurt, twenty wounded were rescued, and 153 perished. It must have cost the five brave men a pang to leave their wounded comrades to die, but it is not surprising that they did so, when they saw that their own lives would almost inevitably be sacrificed if they attempted to rescue them. They had run terrible risks already ; but that last act of self-sacrifice was too great for human nature. By such an incident the Christian is helped to realize what must have been the love of Ghrist who gave his life to redeem a lost world. (Rom. 5:7).

Antiquated Idols.

A DISPUTE over the value of some idols is shortly to be brought for settlement before the courts of Seattle, Washington. Some time ago a jeweler of that city heard that a number of Japanese curiosities had been brought to San Francisco and among them two ivory images of Buddha of great value. The jeweler purchased them and they were duly forwarded to Seattle. But when he examined his purchase he was disgusted by finding that they had turned brown with age and the touch of thousands of devotees. He wrote to the vender complaining that "the gods were old and shop-worn" and he considered that he had been imposed upon. The vender replied that the value of the gods consisted in their extreme age. They were seven hundred years old and had been handed down as sacred treasures from generation to generation. The jeweler, however, was not to be mollified by such representations and he has commenced suit to recover the money paid for them. The great age of the images would have enhanced their value in his eyes if he had been a Buddhist or an antiquary, but to a man who estimates things by their commercial value, it appears a detriment. There can be no appreciation, or love, or reverence for a person or thing in any man's heart, unless there is some correspondence there, also, with that person or thing. That is why Christ is despised and rejected by so many people. They have nothing Christlike in them. (1 Cor. 2: 14).

A Jubilee-Day Sermon.

Preached by the Rev. Thomas Harrison, the Evangelist, in Trinity M. E. Church, New York, on March 20, 1892, Closing a Gospel-Campaign in which Hundreds were Converted.

"Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? They all say unto him, Let him be crucified."—Matt. 27 : 22.

I AM not going to preach for this great throng that has come here this day to hear the Word, as a congregation. There is just one letter in the text that will not permit it, that won't allow it. If I were to take the congregation and preach to them on the text that I did some time ago, that would take in the great mass of the whole congregation in bulk. But there is one letter in this text to-day which prevents my taking this congregation as an assemblage of hundreds. I must single you out and preach to you personally, talk to you individually. That man who said to me in Wall Street, "I want to hear you preach," if he is here, I will preach to that broker; that man that is unsaved, I shall talk to him.

I am not going to generalize or make this a sermon that shall apply to the hundreds here, but a sermon that is individualized, and a personal appeal, because of the one letter in the text, the personal pronoun "I."

The text is a question. As we study the Word of God there are many questions from God to us, questions in regard to our responsibility, questions in regard to our individual dying, questions in regard to the last day beyond the tomb when we stand in the blazing light of a burning world to give an account of our lives. There are questions that come from God to us, questions in which are represented our individual interest, more momentous than the wreck of the world. That question in regard to the escape of the soul when God asks you, "How will you escape if you neglect?" That other question in regard to going from this world to the other without a pilot. May God save any of us from going over the rough sea of dying and death to the other world and having no one to pilot us across; for God asked the question in the Bible, and says, "What will you do in the swell of death?" There is no answer to it. God simply says to the unsaved and to the irreligious and wicked, "What will you do in the swell of death?" Scepticism gives way then, doubts fly, infidelity don't support; there is a feeling after foundations then with those who have not built any foundation, and when they find their feet sinking and themselves going down, then God Almighty says, "What will you do in the swell of death?" What of it? That is a question from God to us.

Another question from God to us will be at the judgment by and by, to the unsaved, to the unconverted, to the irreligious, when God says, "How comest thou hither without the wedding garment?"

Those three questions that I have just noted and stated are scriptural questions from God to you, from the Almighty to us individually. But the text to-day is not a question from God, it is a question from you to him; it is not from the Almighty to you, but from your soul to the Almighty. God help you!

The most important question that a man has to face between birth and death, the most important question that a person has to come in contact with between the cradle and the tomb, the question of money, the loss or gain, sinks into oblivion. The question of social standing goes for nothing. There is no question in the whole Bible, from the first word of Genesis to the last word of Revelation—there is no question in the Word of God in which is wrought more momentous results and tremendous effect than in the question I am going to preach from in the next twelve minutes. God help me! God help you! It is a question to-day, as I said before, more momentous to your soul than the wreck of a world. O, I pray that God will help me now for the next few minutes while I preach, that I may speak in demonstration of the Spirit and in power with the Holy Ghost sent down!

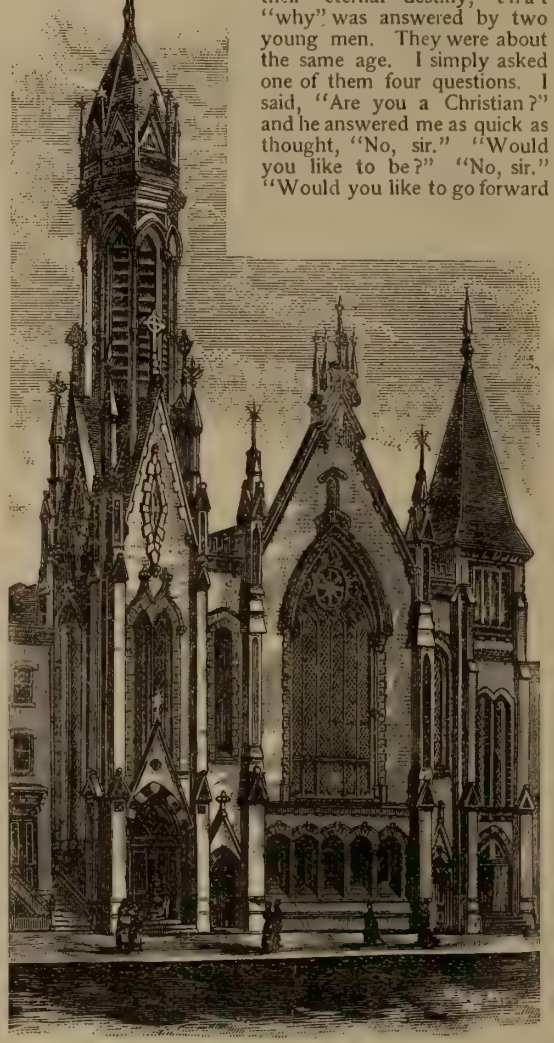
I have a message for you—the question in Matthew 27: 22. God help you? The language of the question is from a person in difficulty, and you would be surprised to know the countless thousands in New York that are in difficulty. They are right before me here to-day, men who have their heartaches and groping with their fears, and they know just as well as they know that I am preaching here at this moment that if they were called suddenly to die they would die in darkness, regret, and remorse. The language used is the language of a person in a dilemma, not knowing what to do, and I have come in contact with thousands of men that way.

When I was preaching in New Haven some time ago I came in contact with hundreds of men who were in a dilemma. They did not want to leave their associates and go that way, and yet they knew they would go to hell together if they did not, and they were under conviction they must go somewhere. They did not want to go to the mourner's bench or to the altar before people, and yet they knew they were sinners, under tremendous convictions in their dilemma; so this afternoon this text I am preaching from presents the soul in a difficulty, the spirit in a dilemma. There are some men here who hardly know what to do, and they are in a threefold difficulty. Their first difficulty is their past sins, and the second difficulty is incurred guilt, and the third difficulty is the judgment to come—threefold. There are a great many passages in which the same thoughts are presented as the one I am preaching from — passages of personality. If persons are in this world in pleasure they go in crowds. I noticed the other evening two men arm in arm, with unsteady step, with a peculiar look, and they seemed to be boon companions for the time being. They were not going alone. They were going together for another drink. Drunkards like joviality, and they want lively companions; and those who drink of the intoxicating stuff do not generally go alone, they want to have some one to go with them. These men are willing to pay for drinks if they can get some one to go to damnation with them. The people who go to the theatre want associates to go and enjoy the play with them. If they have dancing they won't dance unless they have associates; and yet God says that, "Though they join hand in hand, they shall not go unpunished." But God does not deal with them in cliques and in throngs as they go to drink or the theatre or to the dance; neither does he come to this congregation and deal with it as a congregation, but he comes and cries out in the solicitude of his love, "Son, daughter, give me thy heart."

I was preaching some weeks ago in this church from the text: "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself." That is very personal. "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself." That is very individual. There are a great many passages of Scripture in that old Bible just in the line with what I am now preaching. I have heard sceptics. I have talked with them sometimes, quite often come in contact with them at the hotels or in business, and they turn around on me and say, "You are an evangelist?" "Yes." "And you have been many years in the revival work?" "Yes." "And you have seen many converted?" "Yes, I have; about fifty thousand have come to God." "You have had a great deal of experience?" "Yes, sir, a great deal of experience." "Then I want to ask you one question. You are a theologian?" "Well, I am not exactly a theologian, not in the sense of being a graduate of a theological school. My theological tuition has been in the school of the Holy Spirit, and my theological training has been in the college of the Saviour. The other school is good. I have no word to say against it. Some men go to the academy, and go to college, and then go to Germany, and by the time they get through, are ready to go to heaven." But anyway this question here this afternoon is an individual, personal question.

"You are a theologian?" These men know a great deal more of this world and things of the world than I do. I talk with them sometimes, sceptics and doubters, and they turn around on me and say, "You know the Bible?" "Yes, I know the Bible pretty well. I was cradled in it and weaned in it from my mother's knee. I have been like Webster studying the Bible." "I want to ask you one question." "What is that?" "Why is it that God banishes forever those who die impenitent from his kingdom? Why in this scheme of his mercy is there not some hope for those souls in despair to come out? Why does God banish eternally those who die impenitent? Why is it that God in the economy of the atonement of the Son has not provided some way of escape for souls that die impenitent, that in the great future years of the dark shadows of remorse and disappointment the soul may not come up out and have admittance through the pearly gate of the celestial city by and by? Why?"

It is answered in 1. Kings 20 : 40 — that "why?" It was answered in New Haven the other night when walking up the side-aisle after preaching, when that great audience seemed to be under conviction by the Holy Ghost and strong men walked down the aisle and threw themselves at the altar, and children weeping, and women and men in tears, when it seemed to me at the time that the whole congregation was in a throe of conviction; and when I walked down the aisle watching the battle and ready to enter into the fray and looking at those who were interested in their eternal destiny, that "why" was answered by two young men. They were about the same age. I simply asked one of them four questions. I said, "Are you a Christian?" and he answered me as quick as thought, "No, sir." "Would you like to be?" "No, sir." "Would you like to go forward for prayers?" "No, sir." "Wouldn't you like to have me pray for you?" He did not say right out, because it would not be courteous and he did have some manners, but I inferred from his indirect remark, "No, sir." I started pretty quick. I stayed no longer, for my business was through, my work with that man was done. He simply answered the question that I had thrown out here, "Why is it that God shuts the door of light against the soul?" God says in that Bible, "Thyself hath decided it." You shaped your eternity. You made your judgment. God says, "Thyself hath decided it, so shall your judgment be." God leaves the blame where it belongs, on you and on me. Jesus spreads the table and says, "Partake of the banquet." And Christ puts forth his hand and asks you to take it, and if you won't grasp that hand, if you won't partake of that banquet, whose fault is it if you are not saved? God help us! If you will not seek, whose fault is it if you do not find him? If you never knock, whose fault if the door is not opened? Jesus hath said, "To him that knocketh it shall be opened." My Lord, let there be some knocking here now. There may be some one knocking this moment. This is a personal question in regard to death and judgment and God and destiny. Now there are some questions that we can easily throw aside and not bother our mind about. There are other questions that won't amount to that. There are some questions that we can as easily throw off as we can throw down our handkerchief; what difference does it make?



TRINITY M. E. CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY.

There may be something in a man's ledger account that is not quite right. Perhaps it is a dollar or a few hundred dollars, and he will study and examine and go over, and to save him, he cannot get any light; and by and by he says, "I am getting wild over this affair," and he throws the whole thing aside, and he says, "I would rather lose that than to be suffering this way." When I was in the academy I had a problem to solve, and I puzzled over it for a day, and I could not get any solution. The more I puzzled the deeper got the mystery, and the more I tried to solve it the less the solution; and I said, "What shall I do?" And I examined it and tried and could not get it. I always was dull in mathematics anyhow. My mind did not happen to be of a mathematical turn. It turned other ways. "Well," I said, "I will not be bothered this way any more. I will throw the problem and algebra to the wind." I said, "What will be the result? I will lose my standing and my per cent. and my position in the class, but I would rather lose all three than lose my mind." I said, "Here it goes," and I threw it away. That was many years ago; what do I care now?—eighteen years ago nearly, and it don't make any difference now whether I was at the top or the bottom of the class. I am here in the pulpit to-day—the better place. Some questions don't make much difference—some questions in regard to your pleasure in the summer-time. You say, "Shall I go to the mountains to get the invigoration of the mountain air, or to the sea and get the tonic of the salt air—which shall I go to?" and when the time of the vacation comes you don't go to either. Sickness in the family, reversed circumstances, or something else occurs to prevent. What difference does it make, only throwing aside a little pleasure? But this is a question you cannot throw aside. It is in regard to the destiny and eternity of our souls and your future; and you can no more throw aside this question than you can throw aside death when God appoints the time to die. God help you!

Jesus never compels. And yet to-day I say he does; and says one, "That is a strange way to talk, that is a peculiar way to preach; that shows you never have been to college or a theological school, either; that shows where you are." I do not find a place in the Bible where Jesus ever compelled a man to give him his heart. I know he invites them and he beseeches them and weeps over them, but to compel them he never does. He knocks at the door and lifts the latch, but don't break the lock. Yet at this time for a minute I am going to preach on the idea of compulsion. We will hold to it. I want to say one thing now, that in this text there is compulsion. Not the idea of being converted, but the idea of the settlement of this question. In the name of the eternal world, where there is no end of cycles, you cannot cross the door-sill of this church until you have answered this question. I am compelled to—just compelled to hold right to it. If I answer the question that way it is mercy; if I answer it that way it is wrath. If I answer the question in that way it is rejection. If I answer the question that way it is the smile of my Saviour; if I answer it that way it is the frown of my judge. If I answer it that way it is salvation and joy; if I answer it that way, damnation and sorrow. If I answer this question that I am preaching on to-day it is welcome; if I answer it that way it is dismissal. Am I right or wrong? If I answer the question that way it is heaven, heaven, heaven, where my friends have gone, where my father has gone, where many a preacher that I have labored with in the past has gone. If I answer it that way, by the grace of God, as I do and shall; but if I answer it that way it is hell—lost. What is the question! Do tell me.

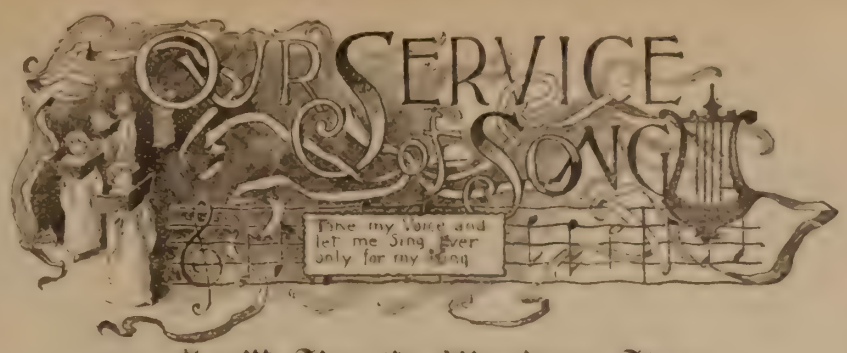
Six o'clock in the morning. Very early. Outside of the palace there are the people and the priests and an angry mob—and nothing will withstand an angry mob—an infuriated mob, and the government with all the power back of them could not keep them back. They said, "Let us in." Eyes aflame, and voices on fire, and hands swift to shed blood. "Let us in." And they go in, and they make their demands. They come before one who in years gone by had his religious impressions. He has reached now the culmination and the

end, and he comes to a crisis—the critical moment. A critical moment here to-day.

It is a critical time. It is the crisis. The one who knew it was no fool. He understood that it was a moment of tremendous import. He knew that he was taking a step that he might never be able to retrace, and he never did. He knew that he was was kindling a fire the flame of which might never go out. He knew that he was taking obligations which he might meet through the everlasting cycles. Then he says, "I will throw off these obligations." I have known thousands of men to do it. I have talked to men of late about giving their hearts to God, and they have tried to throw off their sense of obligation. They say, "See those church members, how imperfect; see those believers, how false they are; I am as good as they." Some of them throw off their convictions and get rid of their obligations, and say to me, "I will go to heaven anyway." And so he did the same thing. He said, "I will try to throw off my sense of obligation," and he tried to throw it off. He said, "I will get rid of the obligation by sending Christ to Herod," and away he sent him to Herod, and Herod sent him right back. Bad as he was, Herod said, "I will have nothing to do with that business;" and so he sent him back. Then Pilate says, "I will try another scheme. Which one shall I release unto you?" He thought they would not ask for Barabbas. But they did, the murderer, one who was a terror to the community. Now he wavers. O, it is the wavering that makes us lose the prize! It is the wavering that forfeits the crown. How many men and women here to-day are just wavering when I ask you the question of the text? It may be that the associations of your life cause you to waver here. It may be that the surroundings of your daily toil cause you to waver. There are many men in New York who are wavering about redemption because of their position in life. God help them! Pilate sends him to Herod, and Herod sends him back. They say, "Give us the murderer," and then he cries out in the language of the text, "What shall I do with Jesus?" What? what? Can I throw that question aside? No. I meet it. Cannot I throw that obligation off? No. It oppresses me. Can I throw that away? No. Death is before me. What shall I do with Jesus? God help me now! Some heart respond, and I will serve him. Some soul will say, "I will go to him." Some troubled heart will say, "I will believe in him at this hour." What shall I do with Jesus? The men whom I am talking to now, their judgment is convinced; and when you get a man whose judgment is convinced you have two-thirds of a man—you have a man who knows within himself what he ought to do. He is a man with his foot on the threshold, on the door-sill; his hand is on the knob, and all he has to do is to enter. There are men here who are ready to go to Christ. They know that there is a judgment, and they say, "I ought, I ought." Their judgment is convinced. They say, "I mean to go, I had better go." In the name of God, come! Come! Come! Come! What shall I do with Jesus? Your conscience is stirred as Pilate's was, and here this morning your reason is convinced that you ought to come? What shall I do with Jesus? That is the question for you now.

I leave this question. I have talked to you for half an hour right at your hearts. I leave it to your immortal spirit. God is asking you now, "What shall I do with Jesus?" "O," you say, "Mr. Harrison, I cannot get to him, I cannot find him. I cannot be received by him; I have sinned so long, I have gone so far. My heart is so hard, my spirit so indifferent, my soul so callous; I cannot get to him, I am so weak." That old Bible says: "To as many as receive him, he will give power." Hallelujah! Hallelujah! To as many as receive him he will give power to become the sons of God. Is not that blessed? We can become as little children. Men and women can come.

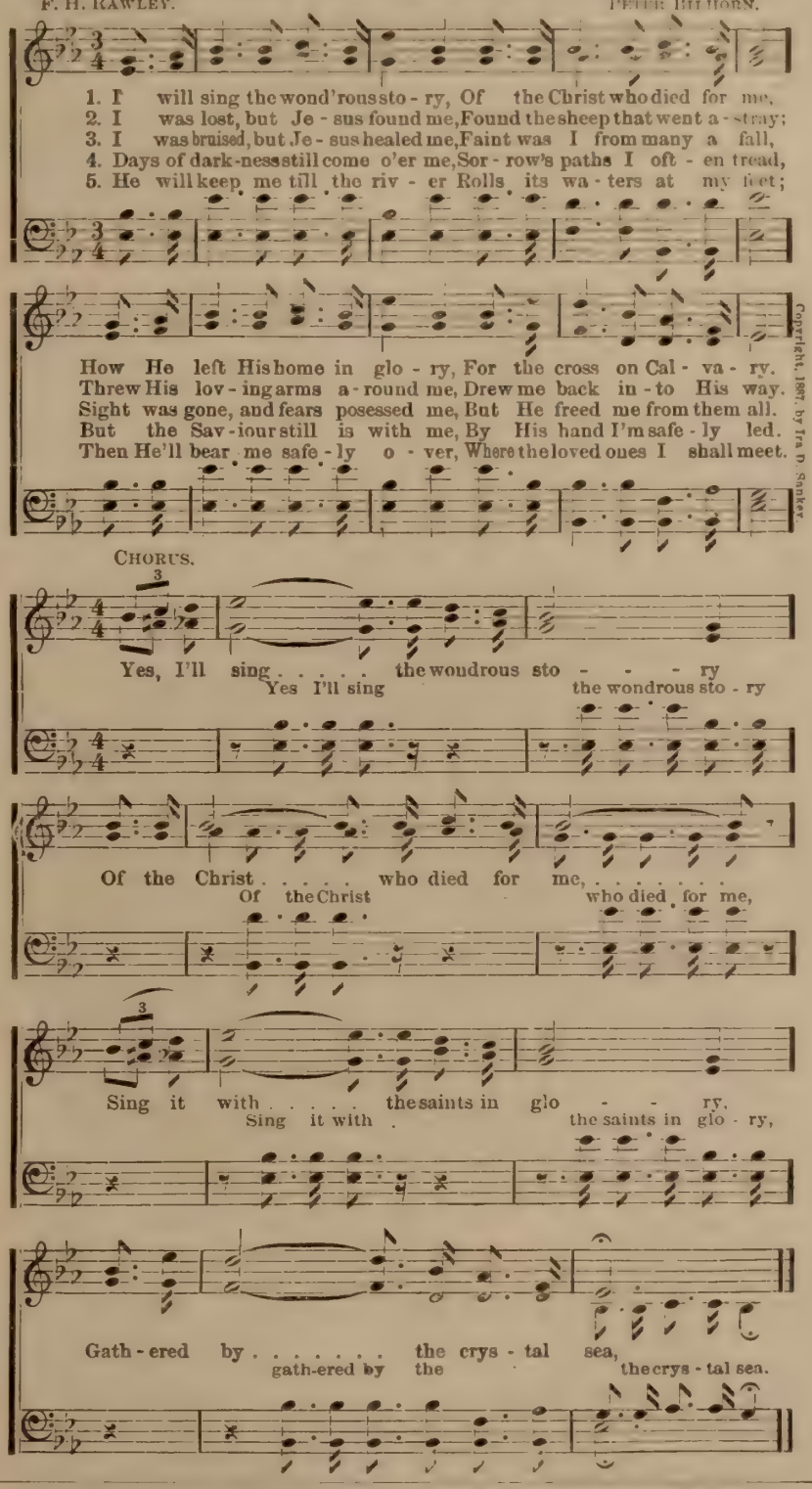
I am preaching to you from my own heart now. My dear fellow-travelers to eternity, the time is not far distant when it will not be a day, when it will be hours—three hours, two hours, one hour. It will not be hours with you after that, it will be minutes—five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute. Hurry up! God help you! The time will come for this congregation, and for you, and for me, when it will not be minutes, but seconds. Seconds! Four seconds, three seconds, two seconds, one second. What shall I do with Jesus? I will take his hand. I will kiss his lips. I will trust his love. I will rely upon his blood. I will put the arms of my faith around the neck of his kindness. I will come to him. Amen.



I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."—Ps. 1: 89.

F. H. RAWLEY. PETER BILHORN.


1. I will sing the wond'rous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me.
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray;
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;
How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears posessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.
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CHORUS.
Yes, I'll sing . . . . the wondrous sto - - - - ry
Yes I'll sing the wondrous sto - ry
Of the Christ . . . . who died for me, ... who died for me,
Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with . . . . the saints in glo - - - ry,
Sing it with the saints in glo - ry,
Gath - ered by . . . . . the crys - tal sea,
gath-ered by the the crys - tal sea.

O HOUSE OF MANY MANSIONS.

O HOUSE of many mansions,
Thy doors are open wide,
And dear are all the faces
Upon the other side.
Thy portals they are golden,
And those who enter in
Shall know no more of sorrow,
Of weariness, of sin.

Thy walls are not of marble,
O house not built with hands;
I sigh for thee while waiting
Within the border lands.
I know that but in dying
Thy threshold is crossed o'er;
There shall be no more sorrow
In thee forevermore.

—*Boston Transcript.*

PRAISE HIM.

I WILL sing to thee in the morning light;
I will sing to thee in the gloom of night.
Though the burden be heavy, the road be long,
I will lighten and cheer the way with song.

I will sing to thee, though my wound be sore;
To thy healing hand I will cling the more.
Oh, in joy and in sorrow, I'll praise thy name,
For thou leadest, thou lovest through both the same.

I will leave with thee all the pain and loss,
And will look alone at the blood-stained Cross,
At the bleeding side and the thorn-pierced head
Of the suffering Saviour who for me bled.

—L. G. B.

THE SECOND ADVENT PSALM.

Notes of an Address by Henry Varley on the Near Approach of Christ's Coming

AFTER reading Psalm 45, Mr. Varley said: St. Peter in his memorable sermon declared that God had sworn with an oath to David that of the fruit of his loins he would raise up one to sit upon [illegible]. Up to date, the Lord Jesus has never occupied the throne of David: that he is to do so is as certain as the fixed stars, for Gabriel, when he appeared to Mary and announced the coming birth of the Saviour, said God would give him the throne of his father David. He should reign over the house of Jacob, and his kingdom should have no end (Luke 1: 32.) The Lord Jesus Christ never has occupied the throne of David according to the promise made to David, which Peter on the day of Pentecost accentuates, and which Gabriel, declared to the Mother of our Lord should take place.

In this Psalm is foretold the King and his coming; the Church, the Bride of the King; the time of the change of our mortal bodies—which shall then be "all glorious within" with intellectual purity, and shining with external beauty. In a moment this corruption shall put on incorruption. Tremendons conflicts will take place: then there will be the manifestation of Christ's wrath, when the kings of the earth shall hide themselves from the wrath of the Lamb.

When Israel came out of Egypt they were only ten days' journey from Canaan. They sinned grievously, and nine months after their deliverance, God passed judicial sentence upon them. They were condemned to forty years' wandering, and not one of them, except Caleb and Joshua, set foot in the promised land; and, because of the rejection of his Son, a judicial sentence is resting on the world to-day. The greatest crime the world could be guilty of was the rejection of God's Son. The world is full of significant illustrations of the madness of driving away Christ. "Away with him, crucify him"—look to-day at the condition of Europe, and see what the world has lost by the rejection of Christ as King. Psalm 62, indicates the sway of Messiah's kingdom upon earth: "His name shall endure for ever;" "Let the whole earth be filled with his glory." The Psalmist is looking upon a world filled with the glory of God; from which war is banished. He has nothing more left to pray for—only praise to the God who has secured this to the whole world. How this harmonises with Christ's prayer, "Thy Kingdom come."

What is the testimony of God's Work as to the imminence of Christ's Coming? In Lev. 26, you have the history of Israel. When spoken to Moses it was prophecy: now in 1892 it is history—the history of Israel in a concrete form 1,490 years before the birth of Christ. Jehovah declares, "I will punish you seven times for your sins." Four times over in this chapter these words occur. What is the force of that expression? "I will scatter you among the heathen" (5: 33.) Look at the Jews to-day in London, St. Petersburg, New York, San Francisco—scattered in every country—yet a distinct people. If you want a proof that this is the very word of God you have it before you. Some of us are taking our stand for the integrity of God's Word—and this is our platform. Who but God could have sketched the history of this people for 2,550 years in a few words: the scattered people—the desolated land—just as they are to-day. Then follows the testimony of God as to the time at the commencement of which our lot is cast. "If they shall confess their iniquity—then I will remember my covenant; and I will remember the land" (5: 40-42.) There is the promise of the covenant made with their forefathers, and Jehovah declares that covenant shall be fulfilled.

To read this story turn to Daniel 2 and see Nebuchadnezzar the king face to face with a vision of a great image of a terrible form: the head of fine gold, breast of silver, belly of brass, legs of iron, and feet part of iron and part of clay. Then the stone cut out without hands smites the image and breaks it in pieces, and the stone becomes a great mountain that fills the whole earth. It was Nebuchadnezzar who took the people away into captivity 610 years before Christ. From the time that Nebuchadnezzar took Zedekiah the last king of Israel, captive and put out his eyes, there has never been a king of Judah. Zedekiah was the last king of Iseael that occupied the throne of David; there was an usurper of another line who attempted to occupy that position but he was never allowed to maintain it; there never has been a king since to occupy the throne of David; the setting aside of

sovereignity took ploce then. Contemporary with the setting aside of Israel there was to come the Gentile power, which is to run on until the time of the Gentiles are run out. "Thou, O King art a King of Kings—for God hath given thee a kingdom, power, strength and glory." Nebuchadnezzar was the most absolute despot the world ever saw. "Thou art this head of gold. After thee shall arise another kingdom inferior to thee," viz., the Medo-Persian which followed the Babylonish. "A third kingdom of brass which shall bear rule over all the earth," viz., the Greek with its great world-conquering head, Alexander, and then a fourth kingdom the Roman Empire represented by a ten-horned wild-beast.

In this image we see God's picture of the whole course and issue of Gentile rule. The first kingdom is over; the second, the Medo-Persian is gone—the third, Greece is past; the fourth kingdom "strong as iron"—Rome in its latest development—is before our eyes. The legs of the image are iron—there is the imperial power of Rome in its early history—a great despotic power. "The toes part of iron and part of clay, the kingdom partly strong and partly broken"—the Roman Empire being broken up into Ten kingdoms. The fulfilment of God's testimony in the light of history is one of the most striking facts. Notice a gradual deterioration: gold to silver: silver to brass; brass to iron; iron to clay. Gold (Nebuchadnezzar) comes to silver in the Medo-Persian; to brass in the Grecian; and to iron in the Roman kingdom; then to iron mingled with clay, the Gentile rule in its latest development. What is God's verdict on the Gentile kingdom? It is to be utterly broken to pieces: there can be no gradual falling of that stone; Christ said, "On whom that stone shall fall it shall grind him to powder."

When I see the awful war-spirit now rife in Europe, with Its diabolical engines for the destruction of life, and remember that life is God's property, I am amazed that God has waited so long! He is coming in supernatural power to put an end to the men who delight in war: to bring peace on earth—to make war to cease. The "stone made without hands" dashes the images in pieces. There is no marked interval between the fourth and fifth kingdoms; but the fourth kingdom must be broken in pieces before the fifth kingdom can come.

A gentleman said to me, "Don't you believe the kingdom of Christ began at the first Advent?" Yes, a spiritual kingdom. We must never confound the throne of the Father in heaven and the throne of Christ on earth. At the end he shall deliver up the kingdom to God the Father. (1. Cor. 15: 24.) Never confound the throne of God in the highest heavens with the throne from which Christ will rule over the earth.

The 2,520 Years From 610 to 1910.

The "Seven times of" Lev. 26 are the Times of the Gentiles mentioned by our Lord. Now these are the expiring days of the times of the Gentiles—they began in the days of Nebuchadnezzar. If, as is probable, they started in the year 610 B. C, the present year 1892 brings us within eighteen years of the time of the outrunning of the times of the Gentiles. The testimony of Moses, David, Daniel, and John all centre to this one result. Christ himself testifies, "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles have been fulfilled." The times of the Gentiles commenced with Nebuchadnezzar—they were to run on until the reinstatement of Israel was to take place. Paul writes, "blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in—and so all Israel shall be saved." (Rom. 11; 25, 26.) Paul endorses Christ's words: he knew Israel could not be restored "until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in."

We may soon expect Christ's advent—"The appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ. He shall show who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, the Lord of Lords." Blessed, as contrasted with all the unjust potentates that have occupied the world.

FOR STARVING RUSSIA.

THE following sums have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to be expended in the purchase of supplies for the Russian famine sufferers:

A Friend, Madison, Ind. - -	$1.00
Subscriber, Jennings, La. - - -	1.00
Friends, Beckville, Tex. - -	5.00
F. W., Mt. Pleasant, Pa. - - -	5.00
Yours in Christ, Grand Rapids, N.D.	10.00
W. S. M., Wheeling, Ark. - -	5.00
V. E. O., Cadmus, Kans. - - -	5.65
G. W. G. & Co., Paisley, Fla. - -	2.00

All contributions forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the famine-stricken people of Russia will be promptly acknowledged.

THE BLESSED MAN.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing April 3. Ps. 1; Joshua 1: 8; I. Thess. 2: 13.

THE blessing pronounced here on the man whose course is sketched is not, all of it, the arbitrary blessing of the Supreme Being. It is that, but, like all the blessings which come from his hands, it has a large subjective side. Such a man is blessed, because he takes the way of blessing. A young man walking in the counsel of the ungodly, standing in the way of sinners and sitting in the seat of the scornful, is leading a life which, must inevitably be miserable. An infidel would regret to see him leading such a life, if he loved him. He is sowing seed—call it wild oats or what you will—which can bear only one harvest. It is fruit after its kind, corresponding with the seed, as all fruit is. Sin leads to sorrow and shame. By a law of our being it brings its own punishment apart from the punishment God metes out for it. The garden which is sown with weeds must either be cleared at labor enormously greater than the trouble of sowing, or it must be ruined. The owner may take his choice; it is his own garden. If he will not expend labor in undoing the results of his foolish act, he must be content to see the plot, which might have been a delight and a thing of beauty, an offence in his neighbors' eyes and his own. He is a loser in any case. If he cannot bear the loss of his garden, then he must lose in toil and effort. He is not a sufferer under some oppressive law or edict, but a sufferer from his own folly. So the man who acquires vicious habits finds that he must either be ruined by them or eradicate them by struggle and suffering which are gigantically disproportionate to the gratification the indulgence in sin ever gave him. The drunkard trying to become a sober man, the opium-habitue crawling painfully toward the goal of emancipation, the gambler struggling to resist the attractions of the gambling-table, must undergo misery in the process for which the past pleasure gave no adequate compensation. Such a man echoes the benediction of the Psalmist on those who have escaped the ordeal.

The delight in the law of the Lord, which is the positive characteristic of the blessed man, as the avoidance of evil is the negative characteristic, is a mystery to many. The Bible is read as a matter of duty, but delight in it is a comparatively rare experience. Special promises may be precious and certain comforting passages may be held a peculiar treasure, but this is not the meditation which brings the blessedness the Psalmist speaks of. A great writer has said, in substance, that the meditation on the Word is an effort to discover from it truth and to learn duty. The two are always wedded. Every truth has its corresponding duty. Truth perceived must be applied. Then it fulfils its mission. Cursory reading cannot have this result. Meditation is necessary. Thus the Word becomes a living force and the life a visible expression of the truth, "known and read of all men." A beneficent life, the influence of a man good and doing good is never fruitless. It is because we adopt our theories from the Word, yet act on fleshly principles that Christianity is misunderstood. There is no surer and quicker way of converting the world than for every Christian to live the truth as he sees it in Jesus.

PROPOSED NEW BUILDING FOR THE PHILADELPHIA WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

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THE PHILADELPHIA W. C. A. BUILDING.

THE accompanying picture represents the building which the Women's Christian Association of Philadelphia has decided to erect on the corner of Eighteenth and Arch Streets. The vast undertaking has been thrust on the Association, but like other providential circumstances the apparent misfortune which entails the effort may be a blessing in disguise. Certainly, if the Association receives the liberal support it deserves and is enabled to carry out the plans adopted, it will have reason to rejoice over the necessity that has been laid upon it.

The need for a new building was occasioned by the building which the Association formerly occupied, and in which it did most valuable work, being required by the Reading Terminal Company for its elevated road. The Association was reluctant to leave its quarters, but the company had legal powers which could not be resisted. The building was surrendered, but the company declined to pay the price at which the Association valued it, which was $275,000. At present the courts have not decided what amount shall be paid as compensation. Whatever *that* amount may be, a deduction of $100,000 will have to be made from it, to pay off a mortgage remaining on the old building and the $85,000 which the site of the new building costs. The balance will be the nucleus of the building-fund.

The design and the arrangements of the new building have been the study of months. Mr. B. D. Price, who has been professional adviser of the Association, has visited and examined buildings now being used for similar purposes in other cities to get the benefit of the experience of their owners. The Association wisely decided to have no waste of money in stucco and pretentious ornamentation, but to erect a solid and substantial building, suitable for the purposes it is to fulfil, yet graceful in appearance and creditable to the taste of its designers. With these provisos, the architect set himself to the task, and the picture on this page shows how completely he has succeeded. The exterior of the building will be an ornament to the city, an edifice of which the citizens may reasonably be proud. The plans for the interior arrangements are of the most perfect kind, the architect having been assisted by the ladies of the Association, who know by long experience exactly what conveniences are needed for successful work.

The house will be 128 by 125 feet, including areas. This gives a large basement, which will be occupied by the engine and boilers, dynamos, elevators, laundry, trunk-room, a large room for supplies, besides the necessary halls and stairways. The boilers to be large enough to heat the whole house and furnish the steam-power to run the dynamos for electric lighting, the machinery in the laundry, and propel the elevators.

The first floor will be occupied with parlors, offices, library and Assembly Hall, with galleries and class rooms so arranged that they may be thrown together, making seating room for over 1,000 people. On the second floor will be the galleries to Assembly Hall, sewing and reading rooms for the boarders, besides a number of other rooms, large and small, which may be used as required. The five floors above the second will be occupied with sleeping apartments, except such portions as may be taken for the industrial or training department. The eighth floor will be used for the restaurant, dining-room, kitchens, bakery and sewing-rooms. The plans provide accommodations for 250 boarders, each of whom will have a room, the smallest of which is eight feet by ten, with closet and window of its own.

The plans show careful forethought and a thorough knowledge of the requirements of the Association. The building will undoubtedly be a model edifice, furnishing a pattern to Associations in other cities which may be erecting their own homes. It is fitting that this particular Association should have a home so beautiful and well equipped, for it has distinguished itself among its sisters by the devotion of its managers and members, and by the enterprise and sagacity with which it has labored for the benefit of the women of the city and neighborhood. Precisely what sum of money will be needed by the Association to carry out its plans is not yet known. Whatever it may be, there is little doubt of its being promptly raised. The character of the Association and the excellence of the work it has done in the past, give it a claim on the generosity of the public which will assuredly be readily acknowledged and cheerfully responded to. The Association is carrying on its work in temporary quarters at 1518 Arch St. It possesses an efficient and courteous Corresponding Secretary in Miss Sarah Cadbury, who will doubtless be glad to furnish prompt and exhaustive information to intending donors, or to testators who are making their wills and wish to devote some portion of their wealth to beneficent Christian enterprises.

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A KING'S DAUGHTER'S WORK.

DEEPLY interesting is the work a King's Daughter is doing in a poor district in Minnesota. It is the work of establishing a Sunday School and supporting it at Tenny Wilken County. It appears from a report sent to the *Silver Cross* that the school is far out on the prairie, on the North Dakota line, and has been carried on for over four years. The people are many of them, so poor, as to be unable to attend Sunday or day schools, until Mrs. G. M. Leland became interested in them through The King's Daughters. She received half-worn clothing, money for school journals, and now a very interesting school is held.

Two years ago a missionary was sent to Tenny, but owing to poor crops and the general depression, he was obliged to leave. This summer, Mrs. Leland has read a sermon at close of Sunday School, and officiated at funerals when requested. The well, the aged, the sick and suffering, call upon her for sympathy and counsel. This school is established out on the prairie, where no church bells ring, and where the collection contributions average from three to six cents a person. The school tried to secure money to buy an organ, and in two years raised fourteen dollars, but finding a family in great destitution, used he money for it, for such sorrow would destroy pleasure of music. The people are poor farmers, but worthy. They regard Mrs. Leland as a ministering angel, in deed and in word a veritable Daughter of the King. It is the King's work that she is doing "in his name."

"I'M GLAD HE KNOWS."

I AM glad that He knows, that He sees it all through,
What I meant to have done and the thing I did do.
And o'er my mistakes His sweet charity throws,
I am glad that He knows.

I am glad that He knows all my wavering trust;
I am glad He remembers that I am but dust.
What force of temptation I have to oppose,
I am glad that He knows.

"ABSALOM'S TOMB."

At which every Hebrew, in Passing, Spits or Casts a Stone to show his Contempt for David's Wicked Son.

DOWN in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, outside Jerusalem, and conspicuous by its loneliness, is a singular monument. It is close by the lower bridge that spans the brook Kedron, so often mentioned in the Scriptures; and as almost all who visit the Holy City go down the valley, it follows that this strange monument is a subject of general inquiry and examination. It appears to have been hewn out of a great ledge of rock in the hillside. It is about 24 feet square and is ornamented on either side with Ionic columns. Above the square are two great layers of stones, which seem to have been brought from some other quarter, being different in general character from the main structure. These layers are surmounted by a spire, also of stones, carried up with mason-work, and this gives the entire structure an elevation of nearly 40 feet.

This remarkable monument, known as "Absalom's Tomb," is the only existing memorial of the undutiful and rebellious son of David, King of Israel. With all his faults, he was very dear to his father's heart.

After Absalom had caused the death of Amnon, his half-brother, at a sheep-shearing festival held at Baal-hazor, he fled to Geshur and was given asylum by his grandfather, King Talmai. (II. Sam. 13: 23-28.) David mourned his absence, although feeling that he deserved punishment, and he commissioned Joab, his military captain, to recall his favorite son from exile. The story of Absalom's return and reconciliation to his father, and of his subsequent plots to secure, by unfair means, the throne which had already been pledged to another, is related fully in the second book of Samuel. Four years after his return, Absalom's plottings changed to open rebellion and he proclaimed himself king at Hebron, the old capital of Judah. During his father's absence at Mahanaim, the royal rebel took possession of the throne at Jerusalem. Then, shortly afterward, came the battle beside the woods of Ephraim between David's troops and the rebellious army, when Joab by strategy slew 20,000 of Absalom's troops. Absalom mounted a swift mule and fled, but as he rode the arms of a great terebinth tree caught his hair and he hung suspended, until Joab discovered and slew him with three darts. The troops then cut down his body and cast it into a pit in the forest, where a great pile of stones was afterwards heaped upon it.

David's love for his unnatural son was intensified by Absalom's tragic fate. There is no more pathetic passage in the Old Testament than that which describes the mourning of the monarch for the boy of his heart. But Israel as a nation, while it might sympathize with the King's grief, did not share his affection for the son who had been a traitor to his parent. Tradition states that the monument know to the world as "Absalom's Tomb" was built by Absalom, who having no sons after him (his three sons were slain in battle), erected it as a memorial to keep his name in remembrance. Originally it seems to have been called "Absalom's Place" or "Absalom's Hand." The monument was found and identified by the pilgrims and ecclesiastical travelers who visited Jerusalem in the fourth century, and among the first to mention it in his writings was Benjamin of Tudela. Josephus, the eminent Jewish historian corroborates the Scriptural account of the wonderful comeliness of Absalom, who, he writes, surpassed in beauty all other men in his father's kingdom. In spite of the hardships he underwent during his rebel campaigns, his physical beauty was unimpaired, and every one was attracted to him. His hair, Josephus adds, grew so thick that it had to be cut every eighth day. Yet this youth with so fair an exterior was ungrateful, treacherous and cruel at heart beyond any other son in Hebrew history. Josephus also speaks of the memorial being originally a "marble pillar" in the King's dale (the Valley of Jeshoshaphat), and it is reasonable to suppose that the simple shaft may have in later generations been replaced by the substantial and enduring structure shown in the illustration. Hebrews all agree in identifying the monument as that of the undutiful son of David and show their detestation of his character by spitting at it as they pass by and casting stones into it, through a hole in the side of the excavated chamber, which was broken through several centuries ago.

ABSALOM'S TOMB, IN THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.
(From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage during his tour in the Holy Land.)

* * *

The Beauty of Old Age.

OLD age is charming or repulsive according to the disposition and character of the men and women who grow old, says the *Religious Telescope*. It make the sweet-tempered more sweet; the gentle more gentle; the patient and trustful more patient and trustful; the true Christian more cheerful, confiding, benevolent, and Christlike. On the other hand, it makes the snappish and snarling more snappish and snarling; the cynical more cynical; the morose and discontented more morose and discontented; the habitual scold more intense and bitter in her scolding; the wicked still more wicked. Habits and traits of character solidify and intensify the older a person grows; and they who would avoid being hateful and repulsive in their habits and character when they are old, must see to it in their younger days that those pernicious spirits be rigidly exercised. One of the most beautiful sights in this world is a genuine, sweet-tempered, happy old man or woman.

* * *

Effect of Trifling Talk.

A YOUNG man who was at church with his parents, says the *Religious Herald*, was deeply impressed by the sermon of the minister, but on the way home the father criticised the discourse, and made several disparaging remarks about it. As the father was a member of the church, as well as a kind father in the family, the effect of his criticisms was that the serious thoughts of the son were dissipated, and the solemn lessons of the sermon entirely lost their power over the young man.

As another instance, a woman who often criticised her pastor in the family, saw her children growing up indifferent to the church and to religious things, and said to her pastor with tears:

"Doctor, can't you help me to save my boys?"

"Madame," he replied sadly, "I have no influence with your boys; you have talked it all away!"

What a striking lesson to all to speak with respect to one's minister and of the truth he proclaims, that those whom you love may be led by that truth to the way of duty and to heaven!

OUR DAYS AND DEEDS.

NEVER are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But like the flashes of the sun
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
It sunshine or its tears:
While the tomorrows stand and wait,
The silent mutes by the outer gates.

—HENRY BURTON.

ENJOY THE HOME LIFE.

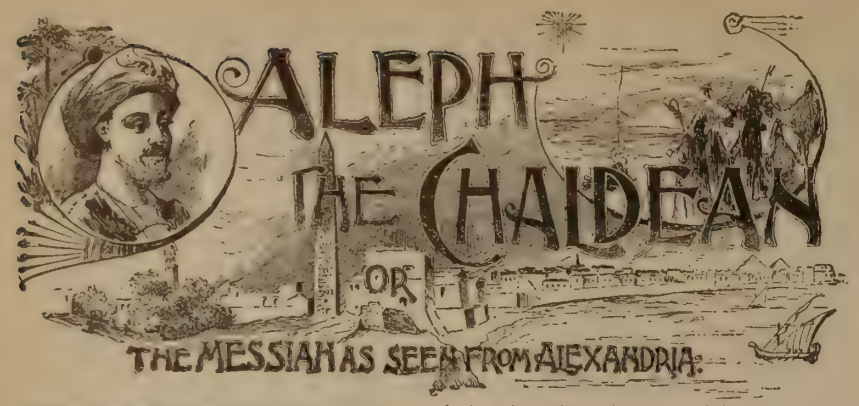
DON'T shut up your house, lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts lest a merry laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere: if they don't have it at their own hearthstone it will be sought at others, and perhaps at less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand.

Don't repress the buoyant spirit of your children; half an hour of merriment around the lamp and fire light of a home blots out many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic circle. Put home first and foremost; for there will come a time when the home circle will be broken; when you long

For the touch of a vanished hand,
For the sound of a voice that is still

And then your greatest pleasure will be in remembering that you did all in your power to put a song under every burden, to make each other happy.

"A Sunday School is the right arm of a church," writes Rev. Dr. Cuyler. "But a right arm is not the main body, and an arm dissevered from the body is a bloodless and impotent thing. All honor to the zealous, devoted Sunday-school teacher! He or she is often an actual pastor or shepherd to guide to Jesus those who have no spiritual guidance at home. But the Sunday School never was ordained to be, and never can be, a substitute for the regular services of the sanctuary. Bring the children with you to church. Are you quite certain as to what your young swallows and sparrows may be about while you are sitting in your pews? Then keep secular desecrators of holy time out of doors, and take all your little ones with you to the place where their young hearts may be led heavenward. Seek their early conversion to Christ.



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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CHAPTER XII. (*Continued.*)

ALL the old dignity and authority were in Seti's face and bearing; but somehow there had come into the old look a roused and forceful expression such as a crisis might be expected to call out in a young man largely endowed both as a man of thought and action. Calm, watchful, mindful of all that is passing and likely to pass, prepared to throw his whole force into action at a moment's warning. All the students of the Serapeum were in a hush of expectation as they saw the new man sitting on the old bema.*

He began with saying that he had no lecture for them that morning. But he had something better than a lecture — an opportunity for a good action. He then concisely and simply narrated his morning experiences, and held up the document the obtained from Flaccus. Perhaps the young man had been killed. Perhaps he was only imprisoned in some out-of-the-way place. It was for his friends to find out the facts as soon as possible. He knew of none who could do as prompt and good service in the matter as the generous-minded fellow-students of the extraordinary young man who had so commended himself to their admiration. Would they undertake it?

The response was instantaneous. Many sprang to their feet, with flushed faces and hot, indignant words

"A conspiracy! cried one."

"An insult to the University," cried another. Some called out "*Draco*" interrogatively; and others, of the bolder and more highly connected of the Romans, among whom was Publius Cornelius, shook their fists significantly in the direction of the Cæsareum. One thing was evident to the watchful eye of Seti—that there would be no lack of sympathetic readiness on the part of the Serapeum to act as he wished. What did he wish?

This was brought out by Cornelius, who declared that they were all of one mind to further any plan that their venerable instructor might have to propose; and moved that a committee be appointed to confer with him as to what had best be done. He also proposed that this committee should secure the co-operation of the Museum, which he had no doubt would be enthusiastically given.

"Besides," he added, as he repeated his sympathetic gesture toward the north-east, "the Museum is nearer than ourselves to the sources of this mischief and can explore them better."

A committee was appointed — including Cornelius. These gathered about Seti. His plan was that some students should find out whether Draco and the son of Flaccus were present in the city all last night—that others should find out whether any soldiers were then absent from their quarters, and if so to whose force they belonged—that still others should watch the gates and harbors for their return and note the time and direction of it—that still others should rummage the streets, especially in the neighborhood of the khan Rachotis, for some who had observed the party, noticed the direction they took, perhaps witnessed an embarkation. The students interested were so many, they could, by properly distributing themselves, make all these inquiries at once. No time should be lost. Let them report to him.

Feeling sure that the young men would need no further impulse, the priest left them, and stopping at his room for the parcel which Cimon had put in his hands, proceeded to the office of Alexander's legal adviser. This was in a wing of the extensive palace of the great banker, whose affairs furnished the greater part of the business of the lawyer. The man was both a Roman and a Greek—his father being from Tusculum, and his mother from Athens. He possessed in a remarkable degree the mental characteristics of both nations—the practical and resolute character of the one, and the acuteness and subtlety of the other. To a profound knowledge of Roman law, especially as applied in the provinces, he added a familiar accquaintance with the usages of Alexandria as a business community—having lived in the city from childhood. Alexander early discovered his abilities, and by degrees made him a confidential adviser in legal matters, especially after he became a proselyte and attached himself to the Diapleuston.

Marcus Piso was not much of a man to look at—at the first look. Small, slender, somewhat stooping, no longer young — it was necessary to be with him for a time and watch his face and manner—his keen eye and protuberant brow—as he dispatched business with one and another. Then he inspired confidence both as to ability and integrity. Then one said, "Alexander is not mistaken in his man."

The little man did not show to advantage as he rose to receive his imposing visitor. But, what was better under the circumstances, he at once conducted Seti to an inner office and listened with all his ears, and eyes, too, to a brief account of our friends, of what had just transpired, and of the measures taken for the discovery of Aleph.

"I tell you these facts," said Seti, "to interest you as much as possible in these men whom the Alabarch and myself intend to support and befriend to the utmost of our power."

"I have been strongly interested in them ever since the affair at the Diapleuston, which I happened to witness; and my thoughts were running on them when you came in; for news of the arrest of Cimon for theft had just reached me."

"As if a man having credit with Alexander to the amount of 200,000 gold staters was likely to pilfer! No, the charge and the arrest were gotten up to prevent or discredit an impending suit by Cimon against Malus. And Aleph has been killed, or spirited away, partly to aid the same purpose, and partly to gratify the malice of certain others whose names you can guess."

Seti then produced Cimon's parcel, and continued: "I am told that you will find in this parcel all needful particulars in regard to the proposed suit against Malus. Please examine it at once and if you find it warrants legal proceedings institute them without delay. Of course Malus is strongly intrenched and will fight to the death; but we will back you with all our forces. I am sure that I speak for Alexander as well as for myself. Meanwhile, whatever you can do to cancel or relieve the imprisonment of Cimon, please do. The case of the young man I will look after myself."

Seti's next visit was to Rachel—not by way of the street, but by a private door in the inner office of the advocate, by which he was accustomed to communicate with the banker. He found his granddaughter in Miriam's room. And he saw at once, in the looks of the two women, that the evil news had preceded him. Miriam looked totally exhausted, and lay on her bed feebly moaning, with closed eyes; her hand held by Rachel. As to Rachel herself, Seti was struck by the change that had taken place. A touch of mingled amazement and suffering was in her face; but into the profoundly emotional expression had come a look of self-control that had been fought for and taken possession of by fire and sword; such a victory that another like it would be ruin. A certain new and powerful expression was in every feature. Lights and shadows of the heroic were hiding in the depths of her eyes and in the curves of her lips. She came and sat on a stool at his feet.

"Grandfather, we have tried to wait patiently for you. You see that we know all. Now tell us what you have done; for I know you have done something."

Seti told of his morning movements.

"Do you think it possible that they have killed him?" she asked with awe in her voice and white lips.

"Sometimes I think not; and yet it would be hard to give my reasons. His enemies are capable of any crime. Perhaps the only ground of my opinion or feeling that he has not been killed is the wonderful resources, both of body and mind, which he has for self-protection. I have never seen a young man with such powers, and such a complete and never-tailing mastery of them. He is a natural prince and hero, and somehow and somewhere has had a training to match. He is just the man for great and desperate situations. He is an empire in himself. I hardly wonder at Cornelius, who says of him that he has in his veins the blood of the immortal gods. Body and soul, he is built like a temple. What Karnac was, Aleph the Chaldean is."

"It is even so, grandfather," murmured the maiden; and she buried her burning face in her hands.

"This gives me hope," continued Seti. "Besides, as I have told you, he refused to be bound or to give up his staff; and the same wariness that led him to retain this means of defense would be apt to keep him on his guard against assault. Yes, such a great and resourceful nature would not be killed easily."

"Say not at all, grandfather. Let us not imagine such a thing, lest it take the heart out of us," and she shuddered.

Seti looked at her keenly for a moment. She suddenly drew herself up as she sat, tossed away with both hands the heavy tresses that had fallen over her face, and looked up with wide open eyes into his. He laid his hand tenderly on her head, and sighed before saying:

"It is as you say. We must hope for the best if we would escape the worst. Aleph the Chaldean is a living prisoner somewhere, and we must find and release him as soon as possible. So I must go."

"Take Miriam and me as active, though invisible, partners in this matter, dear grandfather," pleaded Rachel. "It is necessary for us if not for you. We cannot sit here and wait, and wait, with folded hands till somebody brings us word of what others are doing, or trying to do. It would kill us. We have kept ourselves alive thus far only by praying: now we must have something to do to help our praying. You see how the case stands with me—it is a necessity."

"But what can you do?"

"We can at least try to do in some womanly ways. This will be a relief to us. You are working by means of the famous University; perhaps we can work quite as effectively by a humbler class of agents. At least we can try: and our thinking and planning may save us if they do not save him. In my father's absence I want your approval."

"I think you are right," said the priest slowly. "So be it, then. It may be that your womanly devisings will be the first to penetrate the mystery. I shall not complain if it prove so."

Seti kissed her and departed, saying to himself, "Some trees are killed by decapitation, but this tree becomes thriftier and fairer than ever." * * *

XIII.

THE SEARCH.

RACHEL went and sat by the bedside, in long silence. At length she began unconsciously to think aloud—at first slowly and with long pauses; then more rapidly.

"They have not killed him. Then they have taken him out of the city to confine him somewhere. . . . The shortest and least embarrassed way out of the city would be by the gate of the Moon to Mareotis. . . . Here boat would be taken. Where would it go? There is no place where a prisoner could be confined on the island of the lake or on the southern shore—none in the pleasure-villas on the banks of the canal connecting the lake with the Nile—none on the Nile itself till one come to the fortress that once belonged to the family of Seti, but now is in possession of the Roman governor. I have it—there are dungeons there, and Sextus Flaccus has access to them, and they are well away from observation. That is the place where they have carried him."

Her face flushed, and her eyes flashed with sudden decision. "Grandfather's way may be sure, but it is slow; and by the time he finds his way up the Nile to the Setian stronghold it may be too late. I will leap to a conclusion."

She at once summoned all the domestics of the household. Did any of them know of a travelling merchant, accustomed to carry his wares from house to house along the east bank of the Nile? Several knew of such a person. Was he a Jew? Was he now in the city? Receiving an affirmative answer to all these questions, she at once dispatched a man who professed to know where the peddler could be found, to bring him without delay.

In less than an hour her messenger returned with the very peddler whose acquaintance we made in the first chapter of this narrative. She looked at him narrowly. He was not an attractive object—what with his poor clothes, his unkempt hair, his excessive obsequiousness. But he did look shrewd and to a degree reliable. At all events she must try him. So she told him that she had heard a favorable account of his intelligence and discretion; that she wanted to employ such a man to go up the Nile as far as the Setian palace on a confidential mission. She wished to find out, without the knowledge of any armed force that might be there, whether a young man is held in confinement in the palace. And she thought that, if he would furnish himself with such a pack of goods as seemed likely to attract the servants and others about the premises, he might incidentally contrive to get from them the desired information. She would furnish the goods, and, besides, reward him richly for the service.

"Is the young man tall and marvelously well proportioned?" inquired the Jew.

"He is."

"Has he the face of Moses, and the bearing of a king?"

"So it is said."

"Is it not he who on the last Sabbath, defended our synagogue from sacrilege?"

"It is."

"Then," said the peddler, "I will do what the lady asks of me—not for her rewards, though Father Abraham knows that I am poor enough. I will do it for the young man's sake, who can beat the heathen at their own weapons. I can beat them in trade; but it is a satisfaction to me to see them beaten after another fashion."

"Have you ever been at the palace?" inquired Rachel.

"Often, in the way of trade. An old Egyptian and his wife, a Jewess, keep the place when the governor is not there, and are employed about the premises in some way at all times."

"Here is a purse of gold. Make your pack as attractive to these people as possible. Stay with them as long as you can. Be ingenious. Keep your eyes and ears open. Spare no money nor promises that will help your object. I will see that your promises are fulfilled. Take the first boat going south; be put ashore at a little distance from the palace; then do the best an ingenious man can, to find out whether Aleph, the Chaldean, is confined there, and, if so, how he may be released. Return or send as soon as possible. But stop———"

She went to a desk, and wrote on a small sheet of papyrus as follows: "Your friends have found you. You shall have help soon. —R."

She handed the paper to the Jew, saying, "Should you find him, perhaps you may be able to get this to him."

The man hastened away. What should she do now, and during the days that might pass before she could hope to hear from the peddler? To sit still and wait, she felt to be impossible. Was there anything more she could be doing to keep her heart from preying on itself? She asked the question of Miriam as well as of herself.

Miriam had quickened and strengthened bodily under the rousing of thought and care for one outside of herself, and was sitting up thoughtfully in her bed. Yes, she thought that something further might be done. She doubted whether the students would be as good at getting information from the town-people as would some others. The frequent broils and jealousies between the two classes would put inquirers at a disadvantage. And then, the people who would be most likely to notice the abduction, because most likely to be abroad in the evening, would be the humbler classes, whose homes had little to attract them. The humble stall-keepers; the daily workmen hanging about the street-corners; the street-boys, brimful of curiosity, afraid of nothing, ready to run after anything unusual; the water-men that wait for jobs at the gate of the Moon or on the lake-wharves, would be more likely to notice and more free to speak of, to people of their own class, the passing of the soldiers.

"Suppose we ask the servants," said she, "whether they know any of their own class living on the route from the khan to the Gate —any workmen, or watermen, or waifs likely to have been in that neighborhood waiting for what might turn up. I feel a return of my old vigor—the God of Israel be praised!" and, to the surprise of Rachel, the woman drew herself from the bed into a chair.

(*To be Continued.*)

* The rostrum.

THE DECREE OF CYRUS.*

THE position which Ezra occupied politically was primarily that of a Persian subject. The supremacy exercised by Babylon over the Jewish nation from the conquest of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar to the destruction of the Babylonian Empire by Cyrus the Great passed on the capture of Babylon to Persia and the Achæmenian monarchs thenceforward for about two centuries controlled and directed the destinies of the Hebrew people. They inaugurated their rule by an act of extraordinary grace and favor. The people was found by them split into two great sections. On the one hand there were still in Judæa proper, in the central region of Palestine, in Galilee, and even in the district beyond the Jordan, descendants of Israel who remained true to their religion, and lived peaceably, intermixed with heathens, in the old settlements of the nation; on the other hand there dwelt in Babylon and its vicinity the great mass of the people, and especially the noblest and most distinguished of them, descendants of the elite of the inhabitants of Judah and Jerusalem which Nebuchadnezzar in his various raids upon the land had carried off. Cyrus had no sooner made himself master of Babylon than, in the very first year of his reign there, he issued a decree, whereby the entire population, amounting to tens of thousands, and possessed of considerable wealth, was permitted and exhorted to quit the land into which it had been forcibly transported some fifty, sixty or seventy years earlier, and to transfer itself once more to its old and much loved habitation . . . Cyrus was actuated by a religious motive; he sympathized witn the Jews as monotheists; he identified their God, Jehovah, with his own God, Ormazd; and he considered the restoration of the Jewish temple as a religious duty. It is even quite within the bounds of possibility that the narrative of Josephus is true; and that the action of Cyrus was mainly determined by his having, on becoming master of Babylon, been brought into contact with the Jews who had held high offce under his predecessor, and been by them made acquainted with those prophecies of Isaiah, which announced his victories, and declared him to be God's shepherd, who should perform all his pleasure, even saying to Jerusalem, "Thou shalt be built and to the temple thy foundations shall be laid."

The Return Under Ezra.

IT was on the first day of the fifth month, in the burning heat of July, that Ezra with his company reached the Holy City. They had been just four months on the journey. The direct distance of Jerusalem from Babylon is not more than about 520 miles, but the circuitous route pursued had almost doubled the length of the way. And long halts had probably been made at several places besides Ahava. The king's commissions had to be delivered to the Persian satraps and subordinate governors to the west of the Euphrates, and detours perhaps had to be made for this purpose, as well as to avoid robber tribes and other enemies. The result was that the average rate of progress had been little more than eight miles a day and four months had been consumed in traveling a distance that was usually accomplished in less than three. The wearied travellers moreover on their arrival, required another spell of rest; and it was not till three days after, that Ezra, with his chief priest and Levites felt equal to appearing before the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of the city, to make the king's intentions known to them, and discharge a special commission which they had received at his hands. Then on the fourth day notice was given by Ezra to the temple priests and a solemn conference was held, at which he made over to them the gold and silver vessels for the temple service, together with the gold and silver bullion, which the king and his lords had sent as an offering to the God of Israel, and which Ezra had at Ahava put under the charge of twelve priests and twelve Levites for safe conveyance to Jerusalem. Having made over these treasures to the custodians of the temple, Ezra and the colonists who had come with him offered sacrifice on a large scale to the God of Israel.

Ezra's Literary Works.

THE greatest literary achievement of Ezra, if we may be allowed to regard it as his, was the composition of the important and extensive work known to the Jews as *Dibrey hayyamim* and represented in our authorized version by the two *Books of Chronicles*. Ezra's authorship of the Chronicles is maintained by the entire array of Hebrew authorities, and though disputed by the modern critics has arguments of great weight in its favor. The resemblance between the style of Chronicles and the style of the Book of Ezra is very striking, and extends to those portions of the latter book which are almost universally allowed to be from Ezra's hand. Many of the best scholars hold that the two works were originally one and the identity of II. Chron. 36: 22-23, with Ezra 1: 1-2, seems best accounted for by supposing that some uncertainty prevailed in the Jewish schools as to where the severance should be made between them. The general tone and spirit of the two books is similar. In both what is called the Levitical spirit is dominant; the externals of religion are held in high account; and the temple worship is all-important. The purity of Ezra's style as a writer is generally admitted. "It is elevating to see," says Ewald, "how forcible and how beautiful the Hebrew idiom still appears for general purposes in the memoirs of Ezra and Nehemiah." Simplicity and directness are the main characteristics; but there are places where the composition rises into eloquence, and is entitled to our admiration. Conspicuous examples are found in Ezra 3: 10-13, 9: 3-15; Neh. 9: 9-17.

*From *Ezra and Nehemiah*, a deeply interesting work belonging to the popular series of "Men of the Bible." This volume, which is from the pen of Rev. George Rawlinson, M. A., is especially valuable to students of propheey because it covers he period within which are the dates of starting for the longer calculations of Daniel's prophesies. Pp. 182; Price $1. Published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Company, 38 West 23d St., New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Simple Bible Lessons for Every Christian, by Frederick A. Laing, F. E. I. S., pp. 111; price, $1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son, publishers, New York.

Florence Nightingale, the Wounded Soldiers' Friend, by Eliza F. Pollard; pp 160; illustrated. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago, publishers. A new and exceedingly interesting life of this remarkable Christian heroine

Your Heritage, or New England Threatened, by Rev Calvin E. Amaron, A. M., President of the French Protestant College, Springfield, Mass. pp 213; price 40 cents. French Protestant College, Springfield, Mass., publishers.

The Plan of the Ages, a Helping Hand for Bible Students, by Charles T. Russell; pp 350; price 50 cents; leatherette binding. Saalfield & Fitch, Bible House, New York, publishers. A volume attempting to solve problems connected with unfulfilled prophecy.

The Three Circuits: A Study of the Primary Forces; by Taylor Flick; pp 268; price $1.50. Published by the author, Washington, D. C. Contains an entirely new Theory of world formation and an explanation of the Nature and Cause of the Northern and Southern Aurora, the Zodiacal Lights, Comets' tails and other hitherto unexplained phenomena.

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Merely what you well can spare?
Will you make your God a beggar
When he asks but for his own?
Will you dole him from your treasure
A poor pittance as a loan?

Sound the trumpet! wake God's people,
"Walks" not Christ amid his flock?
Sits he not "against the treasury?"
Shall he stand without and knock—
Knock in vain to come and feast us?
Open, open hearts and hands,
And as surely his best blessings
Shall o'erflow all hearts, all lands.

THE RULES OF GIVING.

AT a meeting in a colored church where the brethren had come together to raise funds for a new building, three resolutions were passed: "First we will all give something. Second, we will give according to our means. Third, we will give cheerfully." According to the usual custom, the box was set in front of the platform and one after another walked up the aisle and deposited his offering. One member, the most substantial in the church, but not the most liberal, looked on for some time and finally walked up and dropped something into the box. The minister saw what it was and addressed the giver. "Cannot accept that, brother," he said "not 'cording to second resolution." The reproved brother went back, muttering to his seat. He saw one after another, poorer than himself go up and make liberal offerings. Eyes were turned on him from all parts of the church. He began to feel uncomfortable. Rising and going to the patform he took out a bill, and fairly flung it into the box. "Won't do, brother," said the minister. "That 'cords with first and second resolutions but not with the third." The brother restored the bill to his pocket and went back. There was singing and prayer and more gifts but still not enough for the purpose. The man was interested in the effort but ill at ease over his own exclusion. Why should he be excluded? He would not be. Stepping briskly down the aisle, with a broad smile on his face and two bills in his hand, he nodded to the minister cheerfully and put the bills into the box. "Right, brother, that fits all three resolutions, let us sing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

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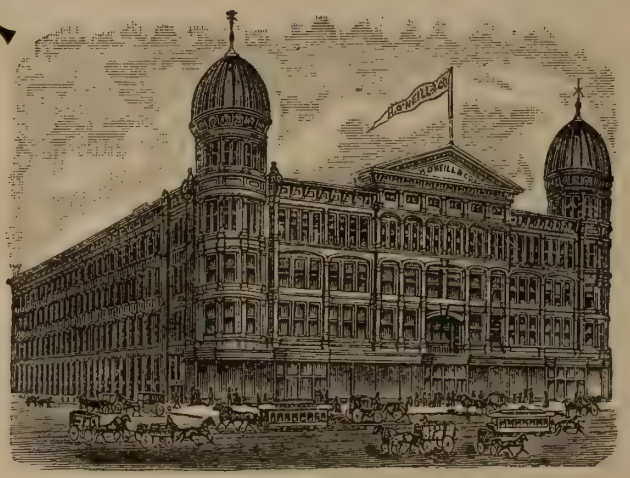

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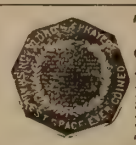

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

E. P., Baltimore. We cannot advise. Submit case to the Pension Bureau, Washington.

C. F. Peirce, Pascoag, R. I., and several others. Where is *The Sidereal Messenger* published?

At Northfield, Minn.

Subscriber, Ont. Is it consistent for an active member of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor to attend dancing parties?

See answer to Reader in No. 5 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Amelia Botdorff, Wicomico, Pa. "Can you give me the name, author, publisher and price of a book written several years ago by one of our literary men in which he takes the position that the Garden of Eden was situated at the North Pole?"

We are not familiar with the publication referred to.

A Subscriber. 1. Where can I obtain *The Missionary Review*? 2. Also the Presbyterian Articles of Faith?

1. Of Funk & Wagnalls, Publishers, N. Y. 2. Write to the Presbyterian Board of Publication, 1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

A. W. A. Jackson, Zachary, La. What became of the head of John the Baptist? I find in Matt. 14: 10, where he was beheaded, and in the 12th verse that his head was brought in to Salome on a charger; also that the disciples took up the body and buried it. (Mark 6: 28, 29.)

Although it is not explicitly so stated anywhere in the Bible, the supposition is reasonable that the head was afterward given to the disciples and interred with the body.

Belle Jarvis, Rockford, Ill. 1. How long did it take Noah to build the Ark? 2. Where in the Scripture is Christ called our "Elder Brother?"

1. According to the ablest chronologists, the order to make the Ark was given by the Lord to Noah about 2448 B. C., and the Ark was finished and the people and animals began to enter it about 2349 B. C., a period of 99 years (see Gen. 6: 14 and Gen. 7: 1.) 2. Christ himself calls his followers his brethren (see Matt. 12: 50; Mark 3: 35; Luke 6: 41, 42 and similar passages.) The expression "elder brother" does not appear in the Scriptures.

Charles E. Taylor, Chicago. 1. Where can I secure a German-English Bible and a German-English Dictionary? 2. What Encyclopædia is the best for a young man to purchase?

1. Write to the American Bible Society, Bible House, N. Y. City for a German-English Bible. The Thieme-Preusser ($4) German-English Dictionary is a standard. That, or Grieb's, ($7, 2 vols) may be ordered through any bookseller. 2. McClintock & Strong's is the best of the Biblical, and the Britannica of the secular Encyclopædias. Both are expensive publications.

S. T. K., New Hope, Va. What is the meaning of Luke 12: 10? Was Christ speaking to his disciples or to unregenerate persons?

The question of what is the sin against the Holy Ghost has often been asked, and many efforts have been made with more or less success to answer it satisfactorily. We have a clue to the meaning which is now generally accepted, in the parallel passage, Matt. 12: 24-31. There, as you will see, Christ was moved to utter the warning by the Pharisees attributing the miracles he was working to power derived from Satan. As the power was the power of the Holy Spirit, their speaking of it as Satanic was blasphemy against the third Person of the Holy Trinity. That sin Christ said, would not be forgiven. It may be supposed to indicate a perversity so deep-seated in the man uttering it, that he would be proof against the influence which leads men to repentance. Whether the sin can be committed in our day is doubtful, but that man comes perilously near it who declares the Word of God, the conversion of sinners, or any other work of the Spirit to be the product of the evil one. Many persons have feared that they have committed the sin and have suffered much distress in consequence. Such fear is baseless. If they had committed the sin they would not be in distress, but would be callous and unconcerned.

B. J., Trenton, N. J. How long have Christian Missions been established in Japan?

For over thirty years, the first Protestant Christian Mission having been planted in Nagasaki, about 1861 by Rev. John Leggins. Catholic missions previously established having been suppressed. No nation was more bitterly opposed to the Christian faith than the idol-worshipping natives of the Middle Kingdom, whose antagonism to the followers of Jesus was displayed, less than two hundred years, ago in placards posted throughout the Mikado's empire which read: "As long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan, and let all know that if he violate this command, he shall pay for it with his head."

Criss Nickelsen, Hood River, Oregon. 1. "What denominations preach that Jesus Christ was not the divine Son of God? 2. What are the seven wonders of the world? 3. Was Abraham Lincoln a Christian—or rather did he profess Christianity?"

1. The Socinians, a sect founded by Socinus Faustus, in the 16th century. Unitarians, Anti-Trinitarians, Anabaptists and to some extent Universalists are allied to this heretical doctrine. 2. The so-called Seven Wonders were: the Pyramids of Egypt; the Colossus of Rhodes, Diana's Temple at Ephesus, Babylon's Hanging Gardens, the Statue of Jupiter Olympus, the Mausoleum of Artemisia and the Pharos of Alexandria. 3. Yes.

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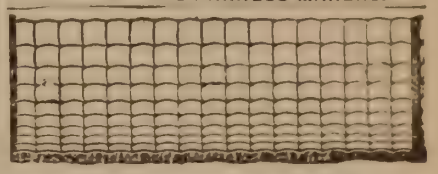

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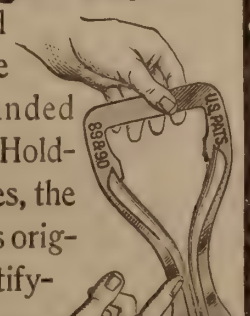

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Another thing to read, to learn and do.
Some read it with design to learn to read,
But to the subject pay but little heed.
Some read it as their duty once a week,
But no instructions from the Bible seek;
While others read it with but little care,
With no regard to how they read, nor where.
Some read it as a history to know
How people lived three thousand years ago.
Some read to bring themselves into repute
By showing others how they can dispute;
While others read because their neighbors do,
To see how long 'twill take to read it through.
Some read it for the wonders that are there,—
How David killed a lion and a bear;
While others read it with uncommon care,
Hoping to find some contradiction there.
Some read as though it did not speak to them,
But to the people at Jerusalem.
One reads it as a book of mysteries,
And won't believe the very thing he sees.
Some read it but to wrangle for their creed,—
Hence understand but little what they read,
Some people read it, I have often thought,
To teach the Book instead of being taught.
And some there are who read it out of spite—
I fear there are but few who read it right.
So many people in these latter days
Have read the Bible in so many ways
That few can tell which system is the best;
For every party contradicts the rest;
But read it carefully, and you will see
Though men do contradict, God's words agree.
For what the early prophets wrote,
We find that Christ and his apostles quote,
So trust no creed that trembles or offends
At any word the blessed Bible sends.

A HINDOO BOOMERANG.

RECENT journals from India show that the Hindoo pundits have been placed in an awkward dilemma. Not long ago a book was issued by the Arya Somaj, the sect of reformers which is thoroughly hated by the orthodox Hindoos. It purported to be a biography of the Hindoo god, Krishna, and was full of gross immorality. The Hindoos promptly denounced the book and prosecuted the Arya Somaj for publishing it. It was a libellous attack on their god, they said. But the legal offence was the publication of an obscene book. The Arya Somaj was found guilty at the trial which tood place at Lahore. It is now proved that the book is an actual and literal translation from the original Sanscrit into the vernacular tongue, of "the exposition of Mahidara," one of the sacred books of the Hindoos. Thus two revelations have been made by the trial: First that the Hiudoo pundits do not, and perhaps cannot, read their own Sanscrit, sacred books; and second, that at least one of those books is, on their own showing, obscene and immoral. That religious teachers should not know what their sacred books contain is sufficiently ridiculous, but their position is made worse when that book, being presented to them by an enemy, they, without recognizing it, pronounced it mischievous.

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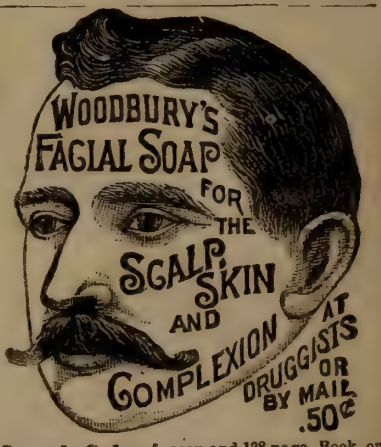

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 15. NUMBER 13.

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Office Bible House New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 30, 1892.

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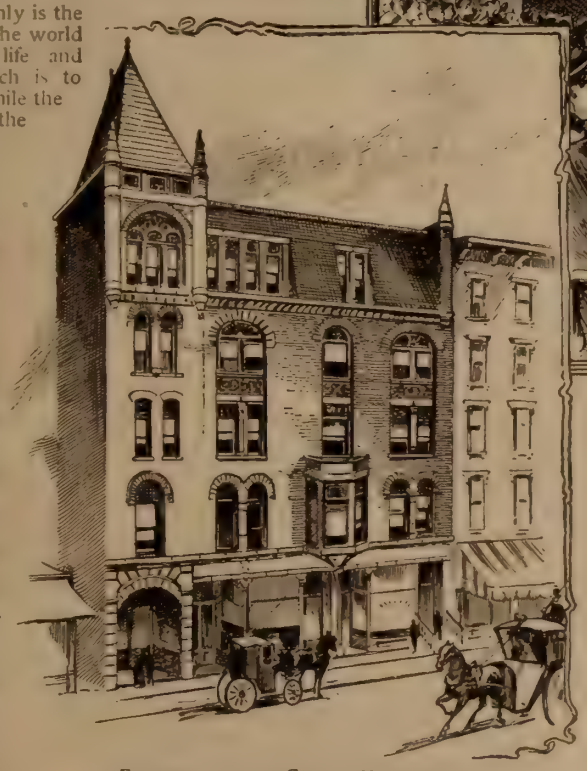
The Christian Alliance.

The Home and Missionary Work of the Gospel Tabernacle, New York—A Living Faith in the Four-Fold Gospel.

THE reproach so frequently made against Christianity that it belongs to a past age, that it has lost its life and vigor and touch with the life of the present, could not be disproved more conclusively than by a visit to the Gospel Tabernacle in Eighth Avenue, New York, pictures of the exterior and interior of which appear on this page, with a portrait of its famous pastor, the Rev. A. B. Simpson. In this building and its adjuncts, in the faces of the people who are found in and about it, in the many phases of work which have their centre there and in the talk of the pastor, an impressive view is gained of Christianity applied to nineteenth century life. There is nothing dead or somnolent about the Tabernacle Church. Everything about it indicates intense life and activity. Every one is in earnest, animated with a profound and deep-seated conviction that Christianity in its purity supplies a remedy for the woes and miseries of life, and the solution of the varied problems that perplex every thoughtful observer of our social condition. There is no doubt or scepticism there, for the people have proved by experience, as other churches who have fed on the pure Gospel have proved, that God is; and is a Rewarder of them who diligently seek him. Nor is that knowledge held in an esoteric spirit. There is constant and persistent endeavor to spread it to the widest extent. Philanthropic labor, efforts to give the Gospel to the heathen, and to make known in manifold ways the blessings which are within reach of unfaltering faith, occupy the thoughts and the time and the financial resources of pastor and people. The charge of fanaticism is sometimes brought against the Tabernacle people, but no one has doubted, or can doubt, their sincerity, their strong faith, or their unwavering conviction that in Jesus only is the hope of the world for this life and that which is to come. While the visitor to the Tabernacle perceives that it resembles other churches in many of its characteristics, he soon becomes conscious of something which distinguishes it from them. What that something is he may not detect until he has an interview with the pastor. He is slight in build with a clear but subdued voice, such as often characterizes men who feel deeply and believe strongly. Here he discovers the personality which has impressed itself on the church. Probably Mr. Simpson would not admit the fact. His theory is that the real power operating there comes through self-effacement as utter as ever Buddhist aspired to. To him the unseen world is very real and very near. He believes that to a man completely surrendering his will and the conduct and direction of his own life, God grants guidance and manifestations of his will so clear as to be unmistakable both in spiritual and temporal things. Beside this, that God will use a man so given up to his use, as a medium of Divine contact with other men. Thus whatever of good there is in the work comes from God through the almost automatic instrument. Such a conviction, if it is to any extent shared by the people, must necessarily impart a very solemn and sacred character to the services.



EXTERIOR OF THE GOSPEL TABERNACLE.

It was about twelve years ago that Mr. Simpson came to New York. He had been pastor of a Presbyterian Church at Louisville, Ky. His ministry there had been successful as success is generally estimated. The numbers of the congregation had increased so greatly that it had been necessary to build a new church. There were many conversions and the people were growing in knowledge and in grace. But the work was not quite the work Mr. Simpson had in view in entering the ministry. He was anxious to reach the masses, to engage in aggressive work on the principles of Christ's teaching as he understood them, free from the restraints and conventionalities which the Church has gradually adopted. High pew-rents and some other customs seemed to him barriers to effectual missionary enterprise. When, therefore, a call came to him from the Thirteenth St. Presbyterian Church of New York, it seemed to him a providential opening, bringing him within reach of enormous numbers lying outside any church organization and also giving him opportunity of entering on a new sphere free from embarrassing restraints. He accepted it and the pastoral relation with that church was maintained for two years. Perfect harmony prevailed, numerous additions were made to the church and there was a very hearty and cordial affection between pastor and people. Still, there was a conservative feeling in the church which prevented Mr. Simpson feeling free to attempt to realize his ideal of a church. He therefore decided to withdraw and he did so with the kindest feeling; his brethren in the Presbytery, Dr. Howard Crosby and others with whom he had been brought into relation, united with the church in expressing the warmest personal regard for him and the best wishes for his future usefulness. Mr. Simpson stated clearly to the church what he proposed doing and with a regard for the interests of the cause, not always manifested by retiring pastors, begged that none of the members would follow him, but stay behind and work to build up a strong church.

THE GOSPEL TABERNACLE, NEW YORK, AND ITS PASTOR.

The work was commenced in a small hall on the corner of Eighth Avenue and Thirteenth St., where Mr. Simpson fully explained his plans. It was to be an undenominational work to reach the people, neither antagonizing nor competing with any other church, but under no ecclesiastical control. Any of the Lord's people who were moved to join in such a work would be welcome, as volunteers. No one joining would be asked for a subscription. The pastor had determined to rely upon the Lord to send supplies for the needs of the work and his own temporal support. It was to be, throughout, a work of faith, and so it has continued to this day. After a few months the little hall became too small to hold the crowds who attended the services. The Academy of Music, and subsequently Steinway Hall and other large buildings were hired for Sunday evenings, and large numbers were gathered there and many conversions took place. A small church was organized on an Evangelical basis, and a church home was needed. For two years the Grand Opera House was used as the headquarters of the work. About seven years ago the attention of the people was directed to an old building in Twenty-third Street which seemed suitable for the use of the rapidly growing organization. It was very much out of repair, and a considerable sum would be needed to fit it up. Still the location and the low rent asked for it were strong recommendations. But while the church was considering it, the place was rented for a term of years to a theatrical manager. Some of the people were grievously disappointed, but fell back on the assurance that "all things work together for good to them that love God." So it proved in this case. The theatrical manager having spent a large sum in fitting up the old building, renovating and beautifying it, found himself unable to carry out his project and threw up his lease. Then Mr. Simpson's people secured it at the rental previously asked for it, and entered upon possession without spending anything in repairs. After worshipping there for sometime, the church was encouraged to attempt the purchase of a building, and the Madison Avenue Church was brought. It proved, however, to be unsuitable for access to the humbler classes, which was the main purpose of the work, and it was sold and the present site on the corner of Eighth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street was purchased.

Here the church building represented in our illustration was erected and was opened with appropriate dedication services in March, 1890. Counting the large tents in which the church had worshipped occasionally during the summer months, it was the twelfth edifice that had been occupied as a church-home in eight years. It is a well-arranged structure standing sufficiently far-back from the avenue to escape the noise of passing vehicles and furnishes seating accommodation for twelve hundred

(Continued on page 195.)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

CHRIST'S WIT

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday Morning Sermon: Matt. 23: 24: *"Ye blind guides, who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."*

A PROVERB is compact wisdom, knowledge in chunks, a library in a sentence, the electricity of many clouds discharged in one bolt, a river put through a mill race. When Christ quotes the proverb of the text, he means to set forth the ludicrous behavior of those who make a great bluster about small sins and have no appreciation of great ones.

In my text a small insect and a large quadruped are brought into comparison—a gnat and a camel. You have in museum or on the desert seen the latter, a great awkward, sprawling creature, with back two stories high, and stomach having a collection of reservoirs for desert travel, an animal forbidden to the Jews as food, and in many literatures entitled "the ship of the desert." The gnat spoken of in the text is in the grub form. It is born in pool or pond, after a few weeks becomes a chrysalis, and then after a few days becomes the gnat as we recognize it. But the insect spoken of in the text is in its very smallest shape, and it yet inhabits the water—for my text is a misprint and ought to read "strain out a gnat."

My text shows you the prince of inconsistencies. A man after long observation has formed the suspicion that in a cup of water he is about to drink, there is a grub or the grandparent of a gnat. He goes and gets a sieve or strainer. He takes the water and pours it through the sieve in the broad light. Then the man carefully removes the insect and drinks the water in placidity. But going out one day, and hungry, he devours a "ship of the desert," the camel, which the Jews were forbidden to eat. The gastronomer has no compunctions of conscience. He suffers from no indigestion. He puts the lower jaw under the camel's forefoot, and his upper jaw over the hump of the camel's back, and gives one swallow and the dromedary disappears forever. He strained out a gnat, he swallowed a camel.

While Christ's audience were yet smiling at the appositeness and wit of his illustration—for smile they did in church, unless they were too stupid to understand the hyperbole—Christ practically said to them, "That is you." Punctilious about small things; reckless about affairs of great magnitude.

There are in our day a great many gnats strained out and a great many camels swallowed, and it is the object of this sermon to sketch a few persons who are extensively engaged in that business.

First, I remark, that all those ministers of the Gospel are photographed in the text who are very scrupulous about the conventionalities of religion, but put no particular stress upon matters of vast importance. There are men like those blind guides of the text who advocate only those things in religious service which draw the corners of the mouth down, and denounce all those things which have a tendency to draw the corners of the mouth up, and these men will go to installations and to presbyteries and to conferences and to associations, their pockets full of fine sieves to strain out the gnats, while in their own churches at home every Sunday there are fifty people sound asleep. Now it is worse to sleep in church than to smile in church, for the latter implies at least attention, while the former implies the indifference of the hearers and the stupidity of the speaker.

I take down from my library the biographies of ministers and writers of past ages, inspired and uninspired, who have done the most to bring souls to Jesus Christ, and I find that without a single exception they consecrated their wit and their humor to Christ. Elijah used it when he advised the Baalites, as they could not make their god respond; telling them to call louder as their god might be sound asleep or gone a hunting. Job used it when he said to his self-conceited comforters, "Wisdom will die with you." Christ not only used it in the text, but when he ironically complimented the putrified Pharisees, saying, "The whole need not a physician," and when by one word he described the cunning of Herod, saying: "Go ye, and tell that fox." Matthew Henry's Commentaries from the first page to the last coruscated with humor as summer clouds with heat lightning. John Bunyan's writings are as full of humor as they are of saving truth, and there is not an aged man here who has ever read *Pilgrim's Progress* who does not remember that while reading it he smiled as often as he wept. Chrysostom, George Herbert, Robert South, John Wesley, George Whitefield, Jeremy Taylor, Rowland Hill, Nettleton, George G. Finney, and all the men of the past who greatly advanced the kingdom of God consecrated their wit and their humor to the cause of Christ. So it has been in all ages. By all means remove all frivolity and all bathos and all lightness and all vulgarity—strain them out through the sieve of holy discrimination; but, on the other hand, beware of that monster which overshadows the Christian Church today, conventionality, coming up from the Great Sahara Desert of Ecclesiasticism, having on its back a hump of sanctimonious gloom,—and vehemently refuse to swallow that camel.

Oh, how particular a great many people are about the infinitesimals while they are quite reckless about the magnitudes. What did Christ say? Did he not excoriate the people in his time who were so careful to wash their hands before a meal but did not wash their hearts? It is a bad thing to have unclean hands; it is a worse thing to have an unclean heart. How many there are chiefly anxious that a minister of the Gospel shall come in the line of apostolic succession, not caring so much whether he comes from Apostle Paul or Apostle Judas. They have a way of measuring a gnat until it is larger than a camel.

Again: My subject photographs all those who are abhorrent of small sins while they are reckless in regard to magnificent thefts. You will find many a merchant who, while he is so careful that he would not take a yard of cloth or a spool of cotton from the counter without paying for it, and who if a bank cashier should make a mistake and send in a roll of bills five dollars too much would dispatch a messenger in hot haste to return the surplus, yet who will go into a stock company in which after a while he gets control of the stock, and then waters the stock and make $100,000 appear like $200,000. He only stole $100,000 by the operation. Many of the men of fortune made their wealth in that way. One of those men, engaged in such unrighteous acts, that evening, the evening of the very day when he watered the stock, will find a wharf-rat stealing an evening newspaper from the basement doorway, and will go out and catch the urchin by the collar, and twist the collar so tightly the poor fellow cannot say that it was thirst for knowledge that led him to the dishonest act, but grip the collar tighter and tighter, saying, "I have been looking for you a long while; you stole my paper four or five times, haven't you? you miserable wretch." And then the old stock gambler, with a voice they can hear three blocks, will cry out: "Police, police!" That same man, the evening of the day in which he watered the stock, will kneel with his family in prayer and thank God for the prosperity of the day, then kiss his children good-night with an air which seems to say, "I hope you will all grow up to be as good as your father!" Prisons for sins insectile in size, but palaces for crimes dromedarian. No mercy for sins animalcule in proportion, but great leniency for mastodon iniquity.

It is time that we learn in America that sin is not excusable in proportion as it declares large dividends and has outriders in equipage. Many a man is riding to perdition postilion ahead and lackey behind. To steal a dollar is a gnat; to steal many thousands of dollars is a camel. There is many a fruit dealer who would not consent to steal a basket of peaches from a neighbor's stall, but who would not scruple to depress the fruit market; and as long as I can remember we have heard every summer the peach crop of Maryland is a failure, and by the time the crop comes in the misrepresentation makes a difference of millions of dollars. A man who would not steal one peach basket steals fifty thousand peach baskets. Society has to be entirely reconstructed on this subject. We are to find that a sin is inexcusable in proportion as it is great.

I know in our time the tendency is to charge religious frauds upon good men. They say, "oh, what a class of frauds you have in the Church of God in this day," and when an elder of a church, or a deacon, or a minister of the Gospel, or a superintendent of a Sabbath-school turns out a defaulter, what display heads there are in many of the newspapers. Great primer type. Five line pica. "Another Saint Absconded," "Clerical Scoundrelism," "Religion at a Discount," "Shame on the Churches," while there are a thousand scoundrels outside the church to where there is one inside the church, and the misbehavior of those who never see the inside of a church is so great it is enough to tempt a man to become a Christian to get out of their company. Oh, this straining out of small sins like gnats, and this gulping down great iniquities like camels.

This subject does not give the picture of one or two persons, but is a gallery in which thousands of people may see their likenesses. For instance, all those people who, while they would not rob their neighbor of a farthing, appropriate the money and the treasure of the public. A man has a house to sell, and he tells his customer it is worth $20,000. Next day the assessor comes around and the owner says it is worth $15,000. Careful to pay their passage from Liverpool to New York, yet smuggling in their Saratoga trunk ten silk-dresses from Paris and a half dozen watches from Geneva, Switzerland, telling the Custom House officer on the wharf, "There is nothing in that trunk but wearing apparel," and putting a five-dollar gold piece in his hand to punctuate the statement.

Described in the text are all those who are particular never to break the law of grammar, and who want all their language an elegant specimen of syntax, straining out all the inaccuracies of speech with a fine sieve of literary criticism, while through their conversation go slander and innuendo and profanity and falsehood larger than a whole caravan of camels, when they might better fracture every law of the language and shock their intellectual taste, and better let every verb seek in vain for its nominative, and every noun for its government, and every preposition lose its way in the sentence, and adjectives and participles and pronouns get into a grand riot worthy of the Fourth Ward on Election Day, than to commit a moral inaccuracy. Better swallow a thousand gnats than one camel.

Such persons are also described in the text who are very much alarmed about the small faults of others, and have no

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

alarm about their own great transgressions. There are in every community and in every church, watch-dogs who feel called upon to keep their eyes on others and growl. They are full of suspicions. They wonder if that man is not dishonest, if that man is not unclean, if there is not something wrong about the other man. They are always the first to hear of anything wrong. Vultures are always the first to smell carrion. They are self-appointed detectives. I

HABITAT OF THE GNAT.

lay this down as a rule without any exception, that those people who have the most faults themselves are most mercileas in their watching of others. From scalp of head to sole of foot they are full of jealousies and hypercriticisms. They spend their life in hunting for musk rats and mud turtles instead of hunting for Rocky Mountain eagles,always for something mean instead of something grand. They look at their neighbors' imperfections through a microscope, and look at their own imperfections through a telescope upside down. Twenty faults of their own do not hurt them half so much as one fault of somebody else. Their neighbors' imperfections are like gnats and they strain them out; their own imperfections are like camels and they swallow them.

But lest any might think they escape the scrutiny of the text, I have to tell you that we all come under the divine satire when we make the questions of time more prominent than the questions of eternity. Come now, let us all go into the confessional. Are not all tempted to make the question, Where shall I live now? greater than the question, Where shall I live forever? How shall I get more dollars here? greater than the question, How shall I lay up treasures in heaven? the question, How shall I pay my debts to man? greater than the question, How shall I meet my obligations to God? the question, How shall I gain the world? greater than the question, What if I lose my soul? the question, Why did God let sin come into the world? greater than the question, How shall I get it extirpated from my nature? the question, What shall I do with the twenty or forty or seventy years of my sublunar existance? greater than the question, What shall I do with the millions of cycles of my post terrestrial existence? Time, how small it is! Eternity, how vast it is! The former more insignificant in comparison with the latter than a gnat is insignificant when compared with a camel. We dodged the text. We said, "That doesn't mean me, and that doesn't mean me," and with a ruinous benevolence we are giving the whole sermon away.

But let us all surrender to the charge. What poor preparation for a great eternity. So the text which flashed with lightning of wit as Christ uttered it, is followed by the crashing thunders of awful catastrophe to those who make the questions of time greater than the questions of the future, the oncoming, overshadowing future. O Eternity! Eternity! Eternity.

THE CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE.

(Continued from first page.)

persons. It is in the form of an amphitheatre permitting every one to be within easy seeing and hearing distance of the pulpit.

Some time previous to the commencement of the work, new light had come to the pastor on a subject which has made the Tabernacle church famous throughout the land. He had a broken down constitution which seemed always on the verge of a collapse. To a man who was relying on the Lord for daily bread, it was natural to take this matter to the Lord, too. Many passages of Scripture gave him confidence in doing so. He committed himself unreservedly to God and was marvelously restored to health and strength. Some members of his family also recovered in the same way. "Thus," Mr. Simpson says, "I came to know the Lord as my healer." The doctrine was not preached nor advertised, but those who knew the circumstances talked of them and numbers of invalids came to inquire if they too could not recover health in the same way. This led to the holding of a meeting every Friday afternoon where inquirers could learn what had been done and those who had been healed could give testimony of their healing. This is now one of the most important features of the work. Sometimes as many as eight hundred persons are present at this meeting. It also led to a home being opened where sick or debilitated persons could stay for a few days learning to trust the Lord with their sicknesses. Subsequently, after several changes of location, the present commodious building called the Berachah Home was erected near the Tabernacle. It is capable of accommodating 120 persons and is generally full. It is not for invalids only; missionaries from foreign lands and any of the Lord's workers visiting New York are welcome there for a few days as to their Father's house. They find congenial associations and pay nothing for their board beyond what they are able and willing to give for the support of the institution.

Many other institutions have grown up around this work at the Tabernacle. Among them is an Orphanage now located in the salubrious neighborhood of College Point, Long Island. Forty children are now being fed, clothed and educated there. It costs six thousand dollars a year to maintain this home for the fatherless and it was not established without much seeking for divine guidance and without some misgivings on the part of some people who heard of the project. The path, however was opened and up to this day the funds have always been supplied for its support. No restriction is made as to the denomination to which the parents of the children belonged. The qualification which makes any child eligible for admission when there is a vacancy is the extremity of the need. There is no endowment, no public appeals for aid; but the God of the fatherless is asked to supply the funds needed to maintain the helpless little ones and the money has always been sent and chiefly from anonymous givers.

In addition to the Orphanage there is now in operation an institution for the rescue and reclamation of fallen girls, which is called "The Door of Hope" and which has proved its claim to the title to many a despairing woman. This institution also depends for its support entirely on voluntary gifts. It was until recently burdened with a mortgage of $15,000, but as related in a previous number of this journal, Mrs. Whittemore, who has charge of it, had the happiness a few weeks ago of receiving from one lady, who had heard of the beneficent work carried on there, a sum sufficient to discharge the whole indebtedness.

One of the most important departments of the work is the Missionary Training College. About eight years ago a number of young men expressed their desire to go out as missionaries to heathen lands. For the most part they were poor and had no means of obtaining the training necessary for such labor. Mr. Simpson formed them into a class, and secured such help as was available in fitting them for the work. Several returned missionaries gave valuable assistance. Dr. Henry Wilson, then assistant rector of St. George's Church but now the devoted and beloved associate pastor of the Tabernacle, rendered efficient aid and other friends assisted. That class has now developed into a College with 170 resident students. The building in which the studies are carried on adjoins the Tabernacle and some of the students reside there, while others are lodged in the Berachah Home and the remainder in other places near at hand. The Bible is of course the main subject of study, with the Christian evidences. Languages are taught by special instructors and methods of Evangelization form the subject of lectures by eminent evangelists. The students get practical training by mission work in the missions and slums of the city, where they only too often find people as spiritually benighted as they are likely to find in China or Central Africa. The majority of the students pay four dollars a week for their board but no charge is made for tuition, and in some cases where there is an evident call to missionary work and the piety and ability which give promise of success in it, yet an absolute lack of funds, the student receives board also free of charge. At the present time abont half of the students are ladies who are studying with as much earnestness and zeal and with as good results as the young men. The college term consists of three sessions of seven months each and in that time a student who is thoroughly in earnest (and no others are received at the college) is able to gain a good equipment for service.

Practical evidence of the value of the college is furnished by the fact that fifty-five missionaries are now in foreign fields who were trained in the college and fifty more are under appointment and about to sail. Of those in the field nine are laboring in Central China, four in Northern China, five in Japan, seven in the Congo region of Central Africa, ten in the Soudan, five in Hayti, seven in India and the others in Bulgaria and Palestine. Of those now in the college several are preparing for labor in the South Seas and the others for various fields. None are pledged to denominational preaching but are simply and explicitly enjoined to preach Christ as the Saviour of the world. Rev. A. B. Simpson is President of the College, Rev. F. W. Farr, Vice-President, and Rev. A. E. Funk, Secretary. The staff includes twelve special teachers in the various departments of study.

That all this varied work should be initiated and carried forward successfully without any visible means of support excites the wonder of people who have never ventured out on a life of faith in God's promises. The work represents an expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars, yet there is no apparent source of income, no pew-rents, no fairs or bazaars, no entertainments. Even the pastor has no salary. He, like the church,looks to the Lord for funds and proceeds on his way without a doubt that God will send whatever may be needed to sustain the work and the workers. There is no attempt to provide for the future, for Mr. Simpson believes as he has taught with voice and pen, especially in his excellent little work *The Gospel of the Kingdom*, that the Second Advent of Christ is very near and consequently provision for the future is unnecessary.

A short time ago, earnest invitations began to reach Mr. Simpson to hold conventions in various places at considerable distances. People who had seen the work in New York and who had been blessed at the services at the Tabernacle, wished that a similar work could be organized in their own cities. Out of these Conventions has sprung the Society known as "The Christian Alliance." This is not an ecclesiastical body or a denomination, but is simply a Society uniting in Christian fellowship, groups of Christians connected with various churches in many cities. These groups each hold a weekly meeting in some convenient place for the mutual help of the members, by communion and prayer. The groups are united in fellowship in the Christian Alliance for the purposes of sympathy and co-operation. Their test of fellowship is their holding the doctrines of *the four-fold Gospel*. These are: Christ our Saviour; Christ our Sanctifier; Christ our Healer and Christ our Coming King. Those doctrines with all that they imply, constitute the platform on which the Societies scattered through the country are united in The Christian Alliance. The members are in thorough harmony with the Evangelical denominations to which they individually belong, but at their own weekly meetings and in the larger general Conventions of the Alliance they come in contact with, and derive help from, souls like-minded on these doctrines.

The idea of co-operation, which was one of the most important motives in forming the Christian Alliance, soon had a development in the organization and regular incorporation of the International Missionary Alliance, to have charge of the mission work. It is under a strong board of twenty-four leading ministers of which Rev. C. N. Kinney, of Sing-Sing, N. Y., is chairman, Rev. Stephen Merritt, of New York, vice-chairman, and Rev. A. B. Simpson, secretary and superintendent. This Alliance has the cordial and hearty co-operation of the various branches of the Christian Alliance throughout the country. Its funds come from the voluntary contributions of members and others who sympathize with the work. As its missionaries do not go out to preach creeds, but to win souls, its supporters belong to many denominations. There has never been any lack of funds to pay the expenses of the missionaries to their field of labor and to support them while there. Indeed, at the convention at Round Lake last July,so remarkable a missionary impulse stirred the people that it was determined to send out a hundred more missionaries as soon as suitable persons volunteered for the work, and the necessary funds were, there and then, contributed. As before mentioned, fifty of these are now preparing to sail, while others are already on the way to their spheres of work.

ONE BRAVE WOMAN'S WORK.

IT is only within the last twenty years that women have been accorded recognition in any of the learned professions, in this country or in Europe. One of the earliest to take advantage of the new era of appreciation was a young Pennsylvanian, the daughter of godly parents, who, although working hard on their farm during the week, thought nothing of walking a distance of fifty miles to Sunday meeting. Ellen E. Mitchell, the daughter, was converted long

DR. ELLEN E. MITCHELL, OF BURMAH.

before reaching womanhood and resolved to consecrate her life to *doing good*. In 1861, in the early days of the war, she responded to an appeal from the New York Relief Association, came on to the metropolis, took a short course of special medical training at Bellevue Hospital, and then served as a volunteer nurse at Washington, Point Lookout, Va., Fredericksburg, Va., and many other places where the hospitals were crowded with soldiers whose wounds had not been dressed since they left the battlefield. She underwent all the hardships of that long campaign, and, besides being physician and nurse, would frequently act as teacher to the grateful patients, many of whom, under her Christian advice, became changed men. After the war, she graduated at the Women's Medical College, and was appointed by the Baptist Missionary Union as a medical missionary to Burmah. There she found a field admirably suited to her energies and abilities. After the first year,she not only paid all of the expenses of her medical missionary work, but for the last three years took no salary and hired a helper out of her own funds. About two years ago, she paid a brief visit to her native land and is now again in her chosen field of labor.

ART AND EASTER.

EASTER has always been an attractive subject for the pencil and brush of the artist, and the present season is no exception to the rule. Among the many beautiful designs for Easter cards, the most attractive yet issued are those by Prang & Co., the well-known Boston Art Publishers. One specially grateful and attractive design is a cross in white perfumed satin, on which is painted, in the most delicate of colors,a lily, the whole surmounted by a silvered crown, tied with a knot of narrow yellow silk ribbon. Other new and beautiful designs in bewildering variety are issued by the same publishers.

THE KING IN ZION.

S. S. Lesson for April 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Ps. 2. (R.V.) Golden Text, Ps. 2: 12.

"WHY do the nations rage and the peoples meditate a vain thing?" (R.V. margin). A question asked, but never answered. Initiated by the people, and affecting in increasing measure their rulers also, antinomianism is increasing more and more. Impatience of authority and repudiation of responsibility are eating away the moral power and manliness of the generations of men. Self-control, consideration for others, and all which goes to give dignity to a man's character, are on the decrease. And that which is most terrible of all is, that in the churches, among professing Christians as well as among worldlings, a great deal of this antinomianism is to be found. Professedly converted people, as well as others, "meditate a vain thing," and stand upon their meditations and ideas of things, more than upon the Word of the living God!

The manufacturer who sacrifices his own time and strength, and the welfare of his workmen to his determination to make a princely fortune, and who never consults the Word of God as to the principles on which he shall conduct his business, "imagines a vain thing." "The money is mine," he says, "and I shall do as I choose;" so he acts in such a selfish way that a time comes when his men turn out, the business is ruined, and he reaps bitter disappointment because he would not have Christ, but followed a vain thing. Lot went this way to work, and regardless of the terrible danger to his herdsmen from association with the depraved men of Sodom, he pitched his tent toward that ill-fated city, because his business prospects demanded it! But it was "a vain thing." In sorrow and disgrace this formerly opulent man died a forgotten and self-exiled man in a mountain cave!

"The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord, and against his Christ."

Set Themselves,

disposed of themselves, and of others too, as though they were amenable to no higher Power! And their counsel among themselves tends to the throwing off of all restraint from God and from his Christ: "Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us." (R.V.) When David, that shepherd king who was after God's heart, reigned over God's people, his custom was to inquire of the Lord whether he should do this or that. The rulers of the earth inquire only whether it will increase their revenue, their power, their territory. Even the wicked Ahab adopted the suggestion of Jehoshaphat before going against Ramoth Gilead to battle; "Inquire, I pray thee, at the word of the Lord to-day!" (1. Kings 22: 5.) But "the kings of the earth," and the merchant princes, look upon God more as one of the characters of ancient history to be celebrated by poets and artists; than as the living, present God, whose hand is to be seen in everything which happens, and who speaks with them that trust him "face to face as a man speaketh with his friend," (Ex. 33: 2.)

A compassionate smile would probably be the only answer if one of the cabinet ministers should propose in one of their sittings that they should pray together and ask God's counsel on some important political question. But why should it be looked upon as absurd to ask for, and expect, counsel from him who has said: "I will guide thee with mine eye?" (Ps. 32: 8.) Why should it be regarded as the right thing for King David, for Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah and Josiah, but quite out of place for princes in the nineteenth century? What is there in the lapse of time which makes man independent of his God? There is

No Reasonable Pretext

which man can urge for independence of God. God explains matters when he says: "The wicked, through the pride of his countenance, will not seek after God: God is not in all his thoughts. His ways are always grievous; my judgment is far above out of his sight: he hath said in his heart, I shall not be moved, for I shall never be in adversity. . . He hath said in his heart: God hath forgotten: he hideth his face; he will never see it." (Ps. 10: 4-6, 11.) The foolish ostrich hides her head in the sand in the presence of a powerful enemy, and we forgive her. But that a man, created to have rational and intelligent intercourse with God, should practically ignore the Lord who made him, and imagine that his silly contempt of him could change, for a moment, the relation which God sustains to him is simply preposterous folly. It is such a sin against the dignity of his own being, as well as such insolence against his infinite Superior, that we can understand the awful irony of our Psalm. Will foolish, sacreligious man mock at his God? Will the laugh be on his side? Will rulers act as though they could trifle with heaven as well as with kingdoms? Nay; but "he that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision."

"Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath and vex them in his sore displeasure." When? Surely when antinomianism shall have reached its climax, probably in the coming time of trouble for which the so-called Christian world seems rapidly ripening. Our Lord is indeed coming again, but not only to seek his bride; he comes also to take vengeance on them that "know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." (II. Thes. 1: 8.) Then will God's king be revealed. "The kings of the earth set themselves," but he says:

"Yet Have I Set My King

upon my holy hill of Zion." God never contemplated leaving authority in other hands. In prophecy Jesus is God's King whom he has anointed with the oil of joy above his fellows. (Ps. 45 and 72.) It was as the "King of the Jews that the wise men from the east sought him out at his birth; it was as "King of the Jews" he died. And it is as "King of kings, and Lord of lords," he shall come again. (Rev. 11: 15; 19, 18.) And he shall reign, "must reign," till he hath put all his enemies under his feet," Patiently God's anointed waits; his "hour is not yet come," iniquity is not yet come so to a head all through Christendom that the angels, who are holding back "the four winds of the earth" (Rev. 7: 1-3), shall be commanded to let go, and the waves and winds of the coming time of trouble shall be upon us. Neverless it is a thing settled in heaven that Christ shall have dominion; the nation and the uttermost parts of the earth are his by right. How mad then is it to resist him and ignore him! The time is quietly creeping on when these words must have their accomplishment; "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron: thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel." He must subdue by force those who will not submit willingly to his sceptre.

"Be Wise Now,

therefore, O ye kings: be instructed ye judges ot the earth." The would-be kings of the earth, those who pride themselves upon their own superiority are such as do not know how to submit. But there are those whom Jesus has made his kings: "Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory." (Rev. 1: 5, 6.) God's kings know how to submit; they are "wise now," he that is chief among them is as the younger, and he that is first is servant or all; this is God's kingliness. The restraint which the kings of the earth fret under, is to Christ's kings an easy yoke. It is no hardship to do the will of one whom we love and fully trust. Paul never regretted all he went through for Jesus, it was his "light affliction" which was "but for a moment." Immediately that he was assured that the crucified Jesus was indeed the King of the Jews he yielded to him and gave him his allegiance: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

But the message of our Psalm is chiefly to the unsaved; "Serve the Lord with fear [with respect] and rejoice with trembling." It is an awful thing for a nation when the fear of God departs from it; when warning after warning comes from God, pestilence famine, war, and yet the nation as a whole remain ungodly: its destruction cannot be very far off. Three times in little more than two years has the fatal influenza epidemic visited our land; high and low, rich and poor, have been cut down. Is the fear of God any more manifest than before? We fear not. What will come next? God must make himself heard. But "kiss the Son lest he be angry." Come near to the Son of God; embrace him who died for you, make assured peace with God through him, "lest ye perish from the right way" and lose your chance of everlasting salvation. For his wrath will, or may, soon be kindled: the time may be at hand. "Blessed are all they that put their trust in him!" Blessed in the day of trouble to be one with the Conqueror, one with God's king!

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

WHY do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? Our glorious faith that elevates mankind and infuses into the heart of man a love for all that is good and pure and noble and truly desirable, and which alone makes life worth living, continues notwithstanding the rage of the heathen and the wiles of its adversaries, to make conquest after conquest, and the time is not far hence when

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,
Doth his successive journeys run.

For never was the prospect more encouraging. You and I have been called to be co-workers with God to bring about the universal reign of our Lord and Saviour and it is for us to occupy till he come. Whatever others may do let us be faithful and true to the cause we have espoused.

Nearly a hundred years ago, Voltaire resided in Geneva. One day he said to some friends in a boastful tone, "Before the beginning of the nineteenth century, Christianity will have disappeared from the earth!" Let us see how true a prophet he was. Since Voltaire spoke these words over two hundred millions have been added to the church of Christ and the same room in which they were uttered is now a depository of Bibles.

When Lord Chesterfield was at Brussels he was invited to sup with Voltaire. In course of the evening the conversation turned on the affairs of England. "I think, my lord," said one of the guests "that the Parliament of England consists of five or six hundred of the best informed men of the Kingdom!" "True, sir," replied he, "they are generally supposed to be so." "What then can be the reason they tolerate so great an absurdity as the Christian religion?" "I suppose," replied Chesterfield; "it is because they have not been able to substitute anything better in its stead. When they can, I do not doubt but in their wisdom they will readily adopt it."

Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance. Never before has the Church of God asked for larger things in this direction than just now, and never before has such wonderful progress been made. Africa is rapidly being opened up for the spread of the glorious tidings—Japan is practically becoming Christianized. In South America faithful missionaries, native and foreign, are breaking the Bread of Life to famishing multitudes, China is a fruitful field for Christian effort and all over the Turkish Empire churches are being established and winning converts by the hundreds. Everywhere in our own country men and women are consecrating their lives to this work and nearly every steamer is carrying some to their distant fields of labor.

Rev. Joseph Cook tells us that in the first four hundred years of the history of Christianity it gained one hundred millions, in the next three hundred years a hundred million more, and in the last one hundred years no less than two hundred and ten millions were added. And now, at the present rate of increase we can safely estimate that before the end of the next century over fifteen hundred millions will be professing Christians. Surely this is progress.

On the door of the old mosque in Damascus, once a Christian Church, but now ranked among the holiest of the Mohammedan sanctuaries are inscribed these remarkable words: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." For twelve hundred years the inscription has remained unimpaired by time and undisturbed by man. And now as though to verify the truth of these words, several Christian churches have been formed in that ancient city and the Gospel of Christ is preached there from Sabbath to Sabbath. Surely our God is marching on.

Blessed are all they that put their trust in him. Yes indeed—blessed now and blessed hereafter. Peace, joy and comfort in this life and life eternal beyond. If we would only trust fully in him, all worriment, all anxiety, all perplexity would be removed and a calm, restful spirit would soon supplant restlessness, fear and doubt.

If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at his word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Let us learn as Luther did, who, looking out of his window one summer evening, saw on a tree at hand, a little bird making his brief and easy disposition for a night's rest. "Look," said he, "how that little fellow teaches trust to us all. He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, leaving God to think for him."

On one occasion when dining at a lady's house in Regent's Park with Dr. Brock, Mr. Spurgeon remarked that £2,000 had to be forthcoming for the builder on the morrow, and though nothing was at hand, the money would be paid at ten o'clock. "I wish you would not say that," Dr. Brock replied; but almost immediately afterward, while they were still at the table, a telegram came to say that A. B. had just sent £2,000 for the Orphanage, and, then confessing that he had never seen anything like that before, the Doctor called upon all to put down their knives and forks and return thanks to God. They never learned who A. B. was nor whence he came.

FOUR AGED CHINESE CONVERTS.

In a letter from Han-Chung Fu, the Rev. William Wilson gives an account of the conversion and baptism of four remarkable converts. He says that at the festival held in celebration of the Chinese New Year, the missionaries hold Christian services. Thousands of people come to the city to spend the three days of the festival, and there is an opportunity of preaching the Gospel to people whom it might be difficult to reach at their homes. There is an open air service which always attracts a crowd; and an invitation is given to those present at it who wish to hear more to go to the Chapel, where another service is held simultaneously. Three old men were among the crowd at the last festival. Two of them were brothers between sixty and seventy years old and the other was a friend of theirs, also verging on seventy. The brothers were both converted and baptized six months afterward. The third was so convinced of the truth of what he heard that, after listening for an hour or so, and asking intelligent questions, he went straight home with the resolve to put away idolatry for ever. On reaching home, to his wife's dismay, he at once began taking down the usual idolatrous inscriptions which are seen in every heathen home. About six months later he was baptized. By that time his wife also had been brought in and she and her husband and the two brothers were baptized at the same time. At one time since his conversion this man, Hscih by name, was in great pecuniary want, and his wife wanted to go and ask help from the missionaries; but he stoutly forbade her, saying that for sixty years he had worshipped false golds, and never asked help of anyone, and he was not going to do so now that he was a follower of the Lord.

A BENEDICTION FOR A DEAD CHURCH.

Few workers have had more experience in raising money for Christian labor than Dr. W. P. Paxson, the famous superintendent of Sunday School work in the South-west. He holds a strong belief that a church is not impoverished by giving and in corroboration of that opinion he quotes the opinion of a colored preacher on the point. The preacher wished to take up a collection for some object outside the regular church programme. "You musn't do it," said an adviser connected with the church. "Collections are too many already. Too many collections will kill a church." The preacher looked at the man in amazement. "Giving kill a church!" he cried. "Whenever was a church killed by giving? Never! Show me a church anywhere, in any State that was killed by giving and I'll walk a hundred miles to see it, and then I'll climb by the light of the moon up to the top of the moss-covered roof and raising my hand toward heaven I'll say "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

A FAMINE EXODUS

Starving Russian Peasants Deserting the Villages—Thousands Dying of Hunger.

EVERY ocean mail brings additional intelligence of the widespread famine in Russia, particularly in the eastern and central provinces. The peasants in many of the afflicted villages have abandoned their homes, flocking in thousands to the larger towns, in the hope of finding, at least, food enough to save their children and themselves from starvation. In the picture on this page is shown one of these mournful processions, where a stream of exiles from their native village is on the way to St. Petersburg. Every country road leading to the capital is crowded with these famine-stricken fugitives, whose destitution is pitiful in the extreme. Haggard men and fainting women, with babes in their weak arms or dragging along children scarcely able to walk through hunger and emaciation, make up the caravans that have now become a familiar scene in the Czar's unhappy empire.

Over 20,000 of these fugitives are being fed and sheltered by private residents in St. Petersburg, and the liberal spirit of the people has been stirred to its depths to provide for the sufferers. Still, among very many of those occupying the highest social and official position there is an indifference that amounts to apathy and instances of self-denial and generous aid being extended by the nobility (as in the case of Count Tolstoi and his family, mentn last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD) are rare.

Count Tolstoi in an interesting statement of the relief work he is conducting, writes:

"The village of Patroff ka (Samara) whither I have come from the town of Samara, may be said to be the centre of the famine region in this government. It is situated some fifty miles from the nearest railway station. This distance I had to traverse in a small, open sled. Towards dusk, after twelve hours' sleighing, I arrived here, and proceeded to the house of Count Lyeff Lyevitch Tolstoi, my son. On the following morning I proceeded with my son on a tour of inspection through the neighboring villages. We visited three, where I saw more misery than I have seen in any other government. We visited also one of the numerous 'free tables' established by my son on the plan of those instituted by myself and his friend the late M. Rajeffsky, who died a few weeks ago of fever contracted in visiting the sick.

"The place was crowded with about fifty emaciated, sickly creatures—more like living skeletons than sturdy peasants, as the majority of them were before the famine came. On leaving this place a poor woman came up to our sledge, and beseeched us, with tears in her eyes, to come to her cottage, as her husband and father were dying. We went to the cottage, and found in the dimly-lighted room two men, who were manifestly *in extremis*. The husband, who a few months ago had been a fine, powerful 'moujik,' with long beard and curly hair, was in a high fever, and in a dark corner at his feet lay another ghastly figure, stretched out, and doubled up with pain and suffering. This was the father, a grey-bearded old man, also dying.

"On leaving this house of death we were stopped by a peasant, who appealed to my companion for help, and who informed us that both his father and mother had just died of starvation.

"The next house we visited was a cottage inhabited by a dying woman, with her son and two children. The owner of this wretched place was lying on a plank-bed, covered with a ragged quilt, while her two children were feebly playing around her. She had given all her extra food to them. And these cases were no exceptions, but were typical of many others. In almost every second house we visited, half, if not all the inmates were laid up with typhus, influenza, or intestinal complaints, caused by insufficient nourishment and exposure to the cold. Their deplorable condition, too, is intensified by the complete absence of either doctors or medicaments for the sick. In this district, indeed, with its population of 80,000, there is only one doctor, and probably one half of those who die might be saved with proper medical attention. During the months of August, September, and October of last year, the death rate was eight times higher than it was during the same period in the previous year, and the death rate is now higher."

Not only among the native Russian peasants but also among the 300,000 German colonists on the Volga, is the distress prevalent. These people are a very industrious class and usually live comfortably, but the general poverty and depression has taken away their sources of income. There are may families who have received no money for years. One who has lately visited this section, writes:

"It is sad to see young children, with pale faces and glistening eyes, working at the looms like galley-slaves. In one cottage that I entered, the owner, an old man of sixty-five, was lying in a half-unconscious condition in his bed. He had not tasted food for several days, and his mind was wandering. In some villages I saw men, women, and children sitting almost naked, unable to go out to seek work because they had no clothes, and excluded from the receipt of Government aid because they had a handicraft. This is, indeed, the worst feature in the administration of relief."

In Kostroma, the men, women and children look haggard and wan, their faces fleshless and drawn, their eyes red, their clothes composed of mere rags, and the lower parts of their bodies swollen to enormous dimensions. The doctors of the district reported hunger typhus. They have lived lately on "hunger-bread," made of oatmeal and tree-bark. In Kasan among those who are receiving tickets for free dinners are 146 noblemen and 76 ecclesiastics—they being utterly unable to procure food. One hundred thousand horses have starved to death in the Voronej province. In the Ephremovsk district out of 70 families only 10 were able to support themselves and these only for a short time longer. Some were living on pig-weed and bran made into bread; others had eaten their last ear of corn and their last pinch of flour. The heart-rending scenes encountered during a visit to the famine-stricken homes are impossible to describe. Hunger, fever, influenza, and their train have demoralized the people and stirred up the lawless tendency in many districts and unless general relief speedily comes, the country will be overrun by robbers and pillages.

Much good has been accomplished by the distribution of the first American relief cargo on the *Indiana*. The cargo was distributed in accordance with arrangements made by the United States Minister, being shipped in 220 car loads to ten provinces, comprising forty-three districts, and there portioned out by trustworthy persons. It has undoubtedly been the means of averting starvation and death in many Russian homes. When the *Indiana* started on her return voyage, she was blessed by the Russian clergy and the popular gratitude was expressed in unbounded enthusiasm.

THE RUSSIAN FAMINE—STARVING PEASANTS ON THE WAY TO ST. PETERSBURG.

AID FOR STARVING RUSSIA.

Up to this date, the following sums have been contributed through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to be expended in the purchase of food supplies for the Russian famine suffers:

Rev. De Witt Talmage, Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD	$100 00
Louis Klopsch, Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD	100 00
P. B Bromfield, N. Y.	50 00
A Friend, Madison, Ind.	1 00
Subscriber, Jennings, La.	1 00
Friends, Beckville, Tex.	5 00
F. W., Mt. Pleasant, Pa.	5 00
Yours in Christ, Grand Rapids, N. D.	10 00
W. S. M., Wheeling, Ark.	5 00
V. E. O., Cadmas, Kans.	5 65
G. W. G. & Co., Paisley, Fla.	2 00
Mrs. W. R. V., Cross Keys, Va.	3 00

All contributions forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the famine-stricken people of Russia will be promptly acknowledged.

A WOMAN'S SERVICE INTERRUPTED.

AT the recent festival at Ch'eng Ku, in China, Mrs. A. H. Huntley accompanied by four Chinese Christian ladies went to the ground where the idol worship was held. Mrs. Huntley says: "The occasion was that on which the 'Ch'en wang lao-yie' (the idol which is supposed to control the spiritual affairs of the city) is taken from its place in the temple, seated in a Mandarin's sedan, and with much pomp paraded through the streets to a slightly elevated plot through the plot of ground outside the city. There a tent is erected, and hundreds of women from the country round come to worship the wooden image. Shortly after the procession passed, we arrived at the place and found a number of women busy burning incense and paper, prostrating themselves on mats in front of the idol. We invited them to come and sit down with us, and many promised that when they had finished worshipping they would come. Until late in the afternoon a quiet, attentive crowd of women heard the Gospel, simply told by us in turn.

Whilst one of the Christians was speaking, a boy dressed in yellow calico, and a hideous mask, suddenly jumped into the little space in front of us, and holding out a large book, asked for money, which of course, as it was idolatry, I refused to give. He then made a mark on the book with a red pencil, which I understood was intended as a horrible curse. The heathen women were much frightened, and an evidently organized crush was made by men on the outer edge of the crowd. One old Christian was knocked down, and in danger of being trodden upon. To do any more work was impossible, and we had to hurry away followed by a crowd of hooting men and boys to the city gate. We have had no open opposition in this place, and probably this little affair was got up by the priests, because their craft was endangered. We rejoice in the certainty that he who is for us, is more than all they that be against us."

IN THY HAND.

LOOSE not thy hold, O hand of God!
Or utterly we faint and fall,
The way is rough, the way is blind,
And buffeted with weary wind;
Thick darkness veils above, below,
From whence we come to what we go;
Feebly we grope o'er rock and sand,
But still go on, confiding all,
Lord, to thy hand.

In that strong hold salvation is;
Its touch is comfort in distress,
Cure for all sickness, balm for ill,
And energy for heart and will.
Securely held, unfaltering,
The soul can walk at ease and sing,
And fearless tread each unknown strand,
Leaving each large thing, and each less,
Lord, in thy hand.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

GOD'S VOICE IN A STORM.

How Three Young Americans were Inspired to Carry the Gospel to Asia.

IN his excellent volume on *Friendship the Master-Passion*, H. Clay Trumbull tells the following interesting incident explanatory of the origin of the foreign missionary movement in this country:

Early in this nineteenth century, a pregnant movement in the direction of foreign missions from America had its potent impelling in a warm college friendship. Samuel J. Mills, Jr., son of a Connecticut clergyman, was dedicated from childhood by his godly mother to the work of Christian missions,—just then brought into prominence by the labors and appeals of William Carey, the pioneer English missionary to India. A knowledge of that dedication impressed young Mills with a sense of the importance of the foreign missionary work; but there was still needed the quickening force of a personal friendship to bring out of his impressions a purpose, a plan and ultimate action. Mills entered Williams' College in 1806. There he formed a close personal friendship with Gordon Hall and James Richards. After a time, in the intimacy of his friendship, he told of the thought of his heart, and was cheered by a sympathetic response from his friends. From that time onward, the three college friends talked much together over the possibilities of missionary work among the heathen; and the idea gained and grew in hearts that were opened toward one another, and Christward, in friendship.

The geography of Asia came into the college studies of these friends. This turned the attention of Mills to Asia as a missionary field, and he waited his opportunity of laying it before his friends for their approval and co-operation. "At a stated prayer meeting, held at hours when most students are engaged in sport or are doing nothing," says young Mark Hopkins, "this idea (of evangelising Asia) was presented by young Mills. Driven by an approaching thunderstorm from the grove where the meeting had usually been held, they took shelter behind a neighboring haystack, 'and there'—in the language of one who was present, 'Mills proposed to send the Gospel to that heathen land, and said we could do it if we would.' The subject was then discussed and as the storm was passing away, Mills said, 'Come, let us make it a subject of prayer, under this haystack, while the dark clouds are going and the clear sky is coming.' So they prayed, and continued to pray and consult together through that and the following season. Then a society was formed, the object of which was, in the language of the constitution, 'to effect in the person of its members a mission to the heathen.' This was the first missionary society on this continent. A similar society was formed at Andover, by Mills and those who went with him, (to the Theological Seminary there), and from that the proposition was made that resulted in the formation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions."

From this beginning, there followed all the many denominational missionary societies which, together with the parent organization, have girdled the world with a belt of Gospel light.

Of these three friends, Mills went to Africa, Howe to India, and Richards to Ceylon. A marble monument marks the site of the naystack where their college friendship culminated in that initial missionary society; and wheresoever, by the agency of any of these societies, the Gospel of Christ shall be preached in all the world, this result of their friendship should be told for a memorial of them.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
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SPOILED CHILDREN.

A WELL regulated home is a millennium on a small scale—the lion and leopard nature by infantile stroke subdued—and "a little child shall lead them." Blessed the pillow of the trundle-bed on which rests the young head that never ached! Blessed the day whose morning is wakened by the patter of little feet! Blessed the heart from which all the soreness is drawn out by the soft hand of a babe!

But there are children who have been so thoroughly spoiled they are a terror to the community. As you are about to enter your neighbor's door, his turbulent boy will come at you with the plunge of a buffalo, pitching his head into your diaphragm. He will in the night stretch a rope from tree to tree to dislocate your hat, or give some passing citizen a sudden halt as the rope catches at the throat, and he is hung before his time. They can, in a day, break more toys, slit more kites, lose more marbles than all the fathers and mothers of the neighborhood could restore in a week. They talk roughly, make old people stop to let them pass, upset the little girl's school-basket, and make themselves universally disagreeable. You feel as if you would like to get hold of them just for once, or in their behalf call on the firm of Birch & Spank. It is easy enough to spoil a child. No great art is demanded. Only three or four things are requisite to complete the work. Make all the nurses wait on him and fly at his bidding. Let him learn never to go for a drink, but always have it brought to him. At ten years of age have Bridget tie his shoe-strings. Let him strike auntie because she will not get him a sugar-plum. He will soon learn that the house is his realm, and he is to rule it. He will come up into manhood one of those precious spirits that demand obeisance and service, and with the theory that the world is his oyster, which with knife he will proceed to open.

If that does not spoil him, buy him a horse. It is exhilarating and enlarging for a man to own such an animal. A good horseback ride shakes up the liver and helps the man to be virtuous, for it is almost impossible to be good with too much bile, an enlarged spleen, or a stomach off duty. We congratulate any man who can afford to own a horse; but if a boy own one, he will probably ride on it to destruction. He will stop at the tavern for drinks. He will bet at the races. There will be room enough in the same saddle for idleness and dissipation to ride, one of them before, and one of them behind. The bit will not be strong enough to rein in at the right place. There are men who all their lives have been going down hill, and the reason is that in boyhood they sprang astride a horse, and got going so fast that they have never been able to stop.

But if the child be insensible to all such efforts to spoil him, try the plan of never saying anything encouraging to him. If he do wrong, thrash him soundly; but if he do well, keep on reading the newspaper, pretending not to see him. There are excellent people, who, through fear of producing childish vanity, are unresponsive to the very best endeavor. When a child earns parental applause he ought to have it. If he get up head at school, give him a book or an apple. If he saw a bully on the play-ground trampling on a sickly boy, and your son took the bully by the throat so tightly that he became a little variegated in color, praise your boy, and let him know that you love to have him the champion of the weak. Perhaps you would not do right a day, if you had no more prospect of reward than that which you have given him. If on commencement-day he make the best speech, or read the best essay, tell him of it. Truth is always harmless, and the more you use of it the better. If your daughter at the conservatory take the palm, give her a new piece of music, a ring, a kiss, or a blessing.

But if you have a child invulnerable to all other influences, and he cannot be spoiled by any means already recommended, give him plenty of money, without any questions as to what he does with it. The fare is cheap on the road between here and Smashupton. I have known boys with five dollars to pay their way clear through, and make all the connections on the "Grand Trunk" route to perdition. We know not why loose cash in a boy's pocket is called pin-money, unless because it often sticks a hole into his habits. First he will buy raisins, then almonds, then a whisk cane, then a breast-pin, then cigars, then a keg of "lager," then a ticket for a drunken excursion, and there may possibly be money enough left for the father to buy for his boy a coffin.

Let children know something of the worth of money, by earning it. Overpay them if you will, but let them get some idea of equivalents. If they get distorted notions of values at the start, they will never be righted. On the other hand, it is a ruinous policy to be parsimonious with children. If a boy find that a parent has plenty of money, and he, the boy, has none, the temptation will be to steal the first cent he can lay his hand on. Oh, the joy that five pennies can buy for a boy! They seem to open before him a Paradise of liquorice-drops and cream-candy. You cannot in after-life buy so much superb satisfaction with five thousand dollars as you bought with your first five cents. Children need enough money, but not a superfluity. Freshets wash away more cornfields than they culture.

FATAL MARRIAGES.

DO not marry a man if he takes strong drink. It never turns out well. We have all seen tragedies that followed such mistake. One is vivid in my own memory. The carriages reached a block each way. Everybody said that Blanche looked beautiful. Dallas Clifford took her hand, and vowed before Almighty God, and a great cloud of witnesses, that he would love, cherish, and protect. The wine poured from the bottles, and foamed in the beakers, and glowed under the chandeliers. Dallas Clifford drank with all; drank again and again. Drank with old and young. Drank with brothers and sisters. Drank until Blanche besought him to take no more. Drank until his tongue was thick, and his knees weakened; and the banquet swam away from his vision, and he was carried upstairs, struggling, whooping, and cursing. Oh! there was an unseen Hand writing on that gilded wall terrible meanings. There was a serpent that put its tongue from that basket of grapes on the table. On the smoke of the costly viands an evil spirit floated. Instead of the ring in the bride's-cake, there was an iron chain. Those red drops on the table were not so much spilled wine as blood. Louder than the guffaw of laughter arose the hiccough of despair.

* * *

I KNOW people sometimes talk very merrily about the departure from this life. I am sorry to hear it. But men do make fun of the passage from one world to another. Byron joked a great deal about it, but when it came he shivered with horror. Many an infidel has scoffed at the idea at fearing a future world, but lying upon his pillow in the last hour, his teeth have chattered with terror. I saw one summer in Westminster Abbey, an epitaph which a poet ordered to be put upon his tomb:

Life is a jest,
And all things show it.
I thought so once,
But now I know it.

I thought how inapt that, in a place of sepulchre, men should try their witticisms. A great German, having rejected Christ, in his last moment said: "Give me light, give me light!" Oh, we may be smart with our criticisms about the last hour; but when it comes and the tides are rising and the surf is beating and the winds are howling, we will each one, my brethren, find for himself that it is "the swelling of the Jordan." Our natural courage won't hold out then. However familiar we may be with scenes of mortality, however much we may have screwed our courage up, we want something more than natural resources.

* * *

THERE was a gentleman in a rail-car who saw in the same car three passengers of very different circumstances. The first was a maniac. He was carefully guarded by his attendant; his mind, like a ship dismasted, was beating against a dark, desolate coast, from which no help could come. The train stopped, and the man was taken out into the asylum, to waste away, perhaps, through years of gloom. The second passenger was a culprit. The outraged law had seized on him. As the cars jolted, the chains rattled. On his face were crime, depravity, and despair. The train halted, and he was taken out to the penitentiary, to which he had been condemned. There was a third passenger, under far different circumstances. She was a bride. Every hour was gay as a marriage bell. Life glittered and beckoned. Her companion was taking her to his father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white locks snowed down upon her as he sealed his word with a father's kiss.

* * *

EVEN sorrow has its sunny side. Many have proved its wholesomeness when "exercised thereby," and are more than willing to pay its price for the precious peace which possesses their souls. It fits us, too, to feel for others—a work to which we are scarcely equal until set apart by this blessed baptism. Thank God, there are sorrows that may be helped; burdens that may be borne for others by us. To this work let us give heart and hand, rejoicing if the dross of our selfishness be consumed, and the gold of our sympathy refined, even in the crucible of suffering. Unspoken sorrow is perhaps the saddest. The griefs we may not tell grow deep. These are generally "living troubles" that eat to the heart's core. God is their refuge, their help. Even they may be transmuted to blessings, if they drive us to the Mercy Seat and make our walk with God closer.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

Prayer Meetings in Deadtown.—No. 4.

SINCE we last wrote, Deadtown has been shaken to its moral centre. The new building of the Young Men's Christian Association has been dedicated, and the stream of young men who go in and out reminds one of the ebb and flow of tides. The Christian young men, full of grace and truth, which gives them a charm because of their hopeful, happy, natures, have given the swing of success to the organization, and it's "the thing" to go there. So say the boys, and they know. As a result of this, many of the young men who never before went to church have turned their faces that way. Mr. Lightheart, pastor of the First church, came in to one of the Gospel meetings and gave a talk. Well, everybody laughed and everybody cried; it was as wholesome as milk for babes. He said he wanted to grip every young man's hand, and he did. There was more gospel in the pinch of his hand than in all the scientific essays ever delivered from the pulpits of America. No wonder that his prayer meetings had to adjourn from the lecture room to the main audience room, and then many of the official men had to sit in and around the pulpit.

The night of which we write saw fully eight hundred crowded into the church; two-thirds were young men and women under thirty. The singing was such as to touch the heart of a pagan. The Spirit of God took the music and melody, and convinced many of their need of heaven, where they sing forever. Hell has no music; heaven has it all. There were no long prayers; the day for them had passed. There were no long faces; even the wrinkles on the brow of weary pilgrims seemed to be ironed out by the permeating joy and peace. Scripture—abundance of it, but given in such a way as to make one relish every verse and want more. Men back by the door rose and spoke with as much freedom as those near the leader. A home-like feeling got hold of everybody and reminded one of a scene in a large farm-house where on a cold winter's night they all gather around the big open fire.

Mr. Lightheart took the last twenty minutes to tell of Christ and heaven for the saved, Satan and hell for the lost. Such plain talking; such grand things for the good; such awful things for the wicked. When he closed there was a hush like that which often just precedes a tempest. Then the storm broke. It was a hurricane of repentance. Men and women, and even children, wept tears of sorrow for their coldness and their sin. Nearly one hundred that night rose, and asked that they might be saved. Old men said it was like in the revivals of 1837 and 1857. Mr. Lightheart, with a faithful lot of workers, were calm and earnest. One by one they was led to the Cross, where their load of sin rolled off into a bottomless sepulchre. The hour was late when a circle was formed in the lecture room by a few who remained to kneel in prayer to thank God for his great salvation. As they passed out I heard one of the town officials—a godly man—say to Mr. Lightheart, "I think, pastor, we had better change the name of our city to Gladtown."

There are a thousand cities where a Mr. Lightheart is needed, and where God is ready to do what has already been done in Deadtown. Reader, are you not chosen to lead? I think so. Move forward, quick.

A Sight of Christ.

Some have seen him. All will see him.
Many will be glad, some will be sad.

In Luke 2, there are three characters who saw him as a babe.

First came Simeon, a Jew, and a sight of Christ did two things for him: fitted him immediately for heaven and secondly, though a Jew, it broadened him out so wide that he actually put the Gentiles ahead of his own race, in speaking of the world's redemption from darkness. No small thing that, I tell you.

Then came a woman, Anna, too old to do much. She was eighty-four, but a sight of Jesus sent her out as nimble as an errand boy, all over Jerusalem telling everybody that looked for redemption, of the Redeemer.

Lastly the wise men saw him, and they were astonished at his questions and answers. Not many wise men see Jesus, their wealth of gold, or brain, or honor, hides him, but when one does see him, they drink the wine of astonishment, which in this case is the wine of joy.

THE GERMAN CABINET CRISIS.

THE Emperor of Germany has been having trouble in his political household. Some two months ago he instructed Count Von Zedlitz, his Minister of Education, to present a bill to the Prussian Diet, providing for changes in the system of primary education. Count Von Zedlitz drew up the bill, it was submitted to the other members of the Cabinet, as a matter of form, as the Emperor explained to them, and not for discussion, and was then introduced to the Diet. That it would raise a storm there, the ministers were well aware, but with the Emperor's support its ultimate passage might be expected. A furious onslaught was made on the bill when its provisions were made known to the Diet. The National Liberals declared that its effects would be to give the control of elementary education into the hands of the Catholic and Lutheran clergy; that it was an unfair bill because, while it gave state aid to schools of certain denominations, it gave nothing to the Methodists, Unitarians and Freethinkers. The opposition to the bill grew stronger as its defects were exposed in debate, but Count von Zedlitz defended it stoutly and was supported by Chancellor von Caprivi. They claimed that the bill was a bill in favor of Christianity against Atheism, and assured the Diet that the Government would force it through, and was strong enough to swim against the stream. To the surprise of the two ministers, however, the Emperor finding that the bill was unpopular, deserted them and expressed his readiness to have it changed in its most vital points or to drop it altogether. In vain the ministers reminded him that they were pledged to the bill, that counting on his support they had made it a government measure, and that having gone so far they could not withdraw without humiliation. Finally, Count Von Zedlitz, whose chagrin was even more intense than that of the Chancellor, he having drawn the bill under the Emperor's orders, tendered his resignation, and thus precipitated a cabinet crisis, in which he has the sympathy of the Chancellor and one or more of his colleagues. These men are learning, as statesmen have often had to learn before, that it is not safe "to put confidence in princes." It is well for the Christian that the King he serves and on whose faithfulness he ventures his all for time and eternity is one who changes not, but will be with him always even unto the end of the world. (Matt. 28: 18-20.)

A Railroad Collision.

TRAFFIC was suspended for several hours on the New York and Hudson River Railroad on March 14, owing to an accident at Yonkers. A heavy train south-bound was divided into two sections, a sufficient interval for safety being kept between them. The first section was delayed at a switch near Yonkers and a danger signal was at once set from the nearest signal tower to warn the engineer of the rear section. The conductor, however, noticed that owing to a bend in the road the engineer would not see the signal until he was so close to the train ahead that he would not have time to stop his train. He therefore sent a brakeman back with a red lantern to meet the rear section. What the brakeman did is not known, but he did not obey the order. While the forward section still stood at the switch the rear section came up at full speed. The light from the signal tower was seen and every available means was taken to reduce the speed. But it was useless. Six cars and the engine were piled in a heap and fragments scattered over the tracks. Happily no lives were lost, though the escape of the engineer and fireman seem almost miraculous. It is evident that the responsibility in this case rests with the brakeman. He probably thought that the warning from the signal tower would be sufficient to prevent a collision without his going to meet the train. Similarly recreant to their duty are those Christians who make no personal effort for the salvation of sinners. It is true that the Bible gives its warning to all, but God requires of every saved man personal testimony and an endeavor to win souls. (1. Cor. 1: 21.)

A Fine Ship Wrecked.

During the severe storm of March 18th a fine new ship was driven on the beach near Deal Lake, N. J. She was the British clipper *Windermere* which was launched in January last. She was coming to New York in ballast where she was to receive a cargo of oil to carry to Calcutta. After passing Barnegat Lighthouse a pilot was taken on board to take the ship to her dock. A gale was blowing and the driving snow made it almost impossible to distinguish the bearings. To complicate matters the ship being lightly ballasted did not obey her helm. The pilot perceiving this, attempted to wear the ship but could not succeed. She drifted before the wind and in spite of the efforts made to control her, went broadside on the beach. The officers and crew, numbering in all forty men, were in imminent danger, for the seas swept over the deck carrying all before them. After several unsuccessful efforts a life line was shot to the ship by the life saving crews, and, one by one, all on board were brought to shore in the breeches buoy. Experienced sailors say that the captain and pilot might have saved the ship from wreck if when they found her unmanageable and drifting toward shore they had cast anchor. There are crises in the voyage of life when that is the only way of saving the soul from shipwreck. When the fierce winds of temptation are blowing and the man finds that to will is present with him but to do right is not, then by the anchor of faith he must take hold on Christ and trust in him for the power that he has not in himself. (Heb. 6:19).

The Gold Cure Reversed.

IN a conversation in one of the rooms of the Capitol recently, the subject came up of the cure of inebriates by Keeley's treatment with bichloride of gold. A well-known Senator said the mention of that remedy reminded him of a conversation he had a few weeks before with an old friend in Vermont. This friend had succeeded in accumulating a small capital which he was anxious to make more productive than could be done by the common forms of investment. He decided to use it in small loans for short terms and in discounting notes. After a time he gave up his business and devoted himself entirely to attending to these investments. It called for all his wariness and enterprise, and he became an adept in making money by looking after the per cents. and bonuses which he obtained for his loans. The man has become rich, but he is discontented with himself. The habit of many years of thinking and planning for the acquisition of money in interest, with none of the distraction that the merchant, dealing in goods, derives from the materials of his stock, seems to have eaten into his soul. Though he does not need to get more money now, he cannot keep his thoughts from continually running on money. Speaking with sorrow of this sordid frame of mind recently to the Senator, and saying how he wished he could emancipate himself from what threatened to become a monomania, he said in a jesting way that he had been thinking of going to Keeley for treatment. If the doctor could get the whiskey appetite out of a man with bichloride of gold, perhaps he could get the gold appetite out of a man with bichloride of whiskey. "It will have to come out of me," he said, "before I feel better." A better plan would be to try to do as much good as he could among the poor with his money. That is the Bible prescription, and he may have confidence in using it because his condition is diagnozed there. (Eccles. 5:10.)

A River Under Ground.

A SURPRISING discovery is reported in a press dispatch from Plainfield, N. J. It states that for certain reasons, connected with a proposed extension of business, a Company in that town desired to test the extent of the water supply which might be obtained from certain wells which it has sunk at Netherwood. Large pumping engines were set to work and pumping went on day and night for a week. At the end of that time, though many millions of gallons had been drawn up, there was no difference in the height of water in the wells. It seemed to be always at the same height whether the pumps were at work or not. Wondering what could be the source of this apparently inexhaustible supply, a consultation was had with some eminent mining engineers who, after investigation, have come to the conclusion that the wells actually tap a vast underground river flowing from northeast to southwest directly under the city, many feet below. Soundings have been taken, and other tests have been made, and it is now announced by the engineers that a stream of extraordinary extent actually exists under the city. It has a swift current, and sweeps over a bed of beautifully white, smooth pebbles. The quality of the water is of the purest, and the quantity inexhaustible. No one seems to have had any suspicion of the existence of the river and it might never have been discovered had there not arisen an occasion for testing how much water could be obtained. In the spiritual world an analogous discovery has been made by George Muller, Pastor Spurgeon and others who have exercised faith in God for large provision in funds for philanthropic work. The supply has always been sufficient for the need. This ought not to have been a surprising discovery because God assured us of the fact in his Word. (Mal. 3: 10.)

Indians Arrested in New York.

A party of twenty-four Indians who have formed part of the Wild West Show which has been on exhibition in Europe, arrived in New York on March 18th. They were dressed in new and fashionable clothes, each had a gold watch and a big roll of bills in his pocket and they declared their intention of having a lively time. But twelve of the party have justified their right to the title of bad Indians, and in fact the manager of the show had them from Fort Sheridan where they were detained as prisoners for their share in the trouble at Pine Ridge Agency. He had given bonds to treat them well and return them safely. He kept his promise and the government was notified that they were on their way back. To their surprise they found an officer and soldiers awaiting their arrival. The twelve good Indians were informed that they might go to Pine Ridge Agency but the bad Indians must go back to their place of confinement in Fort Sheridan and they were sent on, under guard, by the first train to Chicago. They have been admired in England and thousands of persons have paid to see their performances. Thus honored they may have forgotten how they stood with the United States government, and perhaps hoped that their wealth and fashionable attire might lead to their past being ignored here. If so, they were disappointed: Neither their popularity nor their changed appearance availed them. The government regards every Indian as belonging to one of two classes—good and bad. The bad Indian cannot change his classification by acquiring wealth or improving his dress. He must show that his heart is changed and that he is no longer hostile to the whites. Other people beside Indians may learn the same lesson. Not by wealth or learning or position in society or in the church can a man enter heaven; nothing avails but a new creation. (Gal. 6:15.)

A Bride in Exile

THE announcement of an approaching marriage is made in a Maine journal, which also gives a description of the home to which the bride is going with her future husband. It appears that about three years ago a young lady left her home in Auburn, Me. to come to New York. She was a Christian girl and took a great interest in religious and philanthropic work among the poor. Eventually she found so much of this work to do that for the last two years she has given all her time to it. Occasionally she met in the homes of the poor a young medical student from Virginia who has been doing missionary work in Alaska and has established a station there. He left it to acquire a medical training that he might be able to minister to the bodies as well as to the souls of the people. A common sympathy and devotion to Christ's cause drew the two together and eventually a warm attachment sprang up. The young man has now obtained the lady's consent to their marriage and residence with him in Alaska. The prospect is not one that would have proved attractive to many young ladies, for his station is at Kinegan, the most western end of Cape Prince of Wales. That cape is the ice-bound spur of the Alaska peninsula which almost touches the shores of Asiatic Siberia. It has a considerable native population but a white face, other than that of the missionary, is scarcely ever seen there and there is a mail delivery *only once a year*. It is evident that that she must love him very much and have implicit confidence in him or she would not accept exile in such a place. It is such love and confidence that Jesus expects of his people. Those who are truly united to him are happy in his love whatever may be the discomforts of their lot. (Phil. 3: 8.)

BRIEF NOTES.

As many applications are being made to this office for back numbers of this journal, it may save trouble to state that we are unable to supply any numbers of 1891. Nor are there any copies in stock of No's. 3, 4, 6 and 8 of this year, the dates of which are January 20th and 27th and February 10th and 24th.

A very successful series of revival services has just closed at Sanford, Fla. They were conducted by Rev. H. W. Brown of Chicago.

Evangelist F. Schiverea is again laboring in Canada. At Chatham, very marked results attended his services. He expects to commence next week in Georgetown.

The fund of $25,000 required to erect the Infirmary for the use of sick students of Princeton has been raised. It is to be called the Isabella McCosh Infimary in honor of the wife of venerable ex-President.

Successful revival work has been prosecuted at the first Baptist Church, Elgin, Ill., for several weeks past by Evangelist S. Hartwell Pratt, assisted by the well-known Gospel singer, Mr. F. H. Jacobs.

Miss Catherine Gurney has been visiting the Police stations of Chicago, talking with the policemen every evening at roll-call and trying to organize Christian work among them. She was treated with the utmost respect and her remarks were heard with close attention.

At the recent celebration of the twenty-first anniversary of the McAll mission in France a purse containing $900 and a bronze statue of Martin Luther were presented to Mr. McAll as a testimonial from persons who had been helped by his mission.

Rev. George C. Needham has received united invitations from the churches in several towns of North Carolina to hold special services. Mr. Needham says that there are indications wherever he goes of increasing interest in the doctrine of the Lord's Second Coming, and an earnest desire to learn the reasons for believing it to be pre-millennial.

Rev. J. W. Brigham, pastor of Dorchester Temple Church, Boston, Mass., writes that his church has been greatly helped by the services held there recently by Rev. E. W. Oakes. In his sermons, Bible talks and personal dealing with inquirers, he says, Mr. Oakes showed remarkable power and divine leading. Meetings held by him in other Boston churches were followed by a rich blessing.

Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York, has had the courage to arraign the government of the city for its negligence in permitting immoral resorts to exist contrary to law. He has also by personal investigation, secured evidence against some of the most notorious places and has caused the Grand Jury to set the law in motion for their suppression.

Evangelist M. G. McMahan, who has labored for more than twenty years in the Western States, doing house to house visitation as well as holding meetings, writes that he could put to good use in his work evangelistic tracts and books by distributing them in houses where there is no such literature, but where it would be appreciated. His address is St. Joseph, Mo.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's services on Jersey City Heights, N. J., have stirred the whole district. The evening services are held in the First Baptist church which, though the largest available, will not contain near all who desire to attend. The afternoon Bible readings are held in the First Presbyterian Church, and are largely attended. The Palisade Methodist Episcopal Church is giving hearty co-operation in the movement. The number of seekers and converts receives large accessions daily.

The American Institute of Sacred Literature has announced the subject for study for 1892. It is "the founding of the Christian Church as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles" as far as the 35th verse of the 15th chapter. The examination will take place on January 10th, 1893. It will be open to persons in all parts of the world. Full particulars, with a list of the books recommended for study may be obtained by addressing Prof. William R. Harper, LL. D., the Principal of the Institute, 391 Fifty-fifth Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Use of a Cripple.

Sermon preached at The Temple, Philadelphia, on Sunday Morning, March 27, 1892, by Rev. Russell H. Conwell, D.D., from the text, John 5: 6:

"When Jesus saw him lie and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole?"

WOULD not every devout reader of God's Word love to know more about the old cripple at the pool of Bethesda? It certainly is a reasonable desire, although it may not with certainty be gratified. The exact details of his suffering existence may not be fully recited, but the narrative John gives us here, furnishes us with enough of the undisputed facts to present a safe "working hypothesis" such as scientific searchers after truth often use. There are established laws of cause and effect and certain well recognized traits of all human nature, which make it an easy undertaking to read between these lines much of that poor cripple's history. Thirty-eight years before that day on which he aroused the direct compassion of the Saviour, some accident had happened to him; and through all those years he had been almost helpless. As sympathetic thought sweeps over those years of illness and dependence, oh! what

Contrasted Scenes

of hatred and love, of scorn and compassion of self sacrifice and of selfishness, roll before the inner vision! Let us put together these facts stated, as a Zoologist matches the bones of extinct Saurians, or as a Geologist would do who discovers the history of burning eras by the composition of a single grain of sand, or as a Herschel presents an astronomical hypothesis to accord with the complicated relations of the known stars.

Consider that this man was a human being such as you and I. That he slept, ate, breathed, wept, laughed, groaned, shivered as we do; and that he had the same ambitions, likes, dislikes, fears, doubts, love, and gratitude. Notice that he was in Jerusalem, among strangers, that he did his best to help himself, and that Jesus had compassion on him, and healed him alone among the multitude of the afflicted. His history should possess a fascinating interest to the followers of the Christ; for Jesus' great heart found special reason for loving that unfortunate invalid. Poor fellow!

He had Such a Hard Time.

To lie all those years somewhere within hearing of the busy hum of life, recognizing the merchant's call, the herdsman's shouts, the plough-boy's whistle, the caravan's heavy tramp, the fisherman's dipping oars, or listening to the lute, the harp, the song, the psalm, the glee of the revellers, the cadences of the oriental dance or the shouts from the amphitheatre, and feel that he could never, never join in the labor, sport, or song! Yes, we love him now; as we think of him gazing from some window or from some wayside, where kind strong arms have laid him, seeing processions roll by. Sometimes the armies' proud pageant may have dazzled him; sometimes the long serpentine trail of the camels, and heavily packed mules aroused his curiosity; sometimes the gleeful children playfully hurrying by to the synagogue school, and sometimes the stately processional of the Sabbath feast day and of marriage celebrations, awakened in his lonely heart a query, what he had to thank God for. Yet in all of these changing scenes of human pursuits and pleasures there was no place for him. Alas, poor cripple! He was a broken sickle, a harassing suggestion to himself and to others of what a useful reaper he might have been. Do you not suppose that the sighs came up from the deep and that the tears rained fast as he thought how he might have been a wealthy merchant, a brave soldier, a pious priest, a happy farmer, a deep-thinking Essene, or at least, a loving husband and a happy father? Indeed, the days were numerous on which he asked of himself and of God, "What use am I? I live on only to be in the way of those I love, and I am a continual burden and care to those who can never be rewarded by me. Oh! my God! my God! why didst thou permit me to enter this world at all, or why dost thou not take me now from this pain to myself, and this anxiety to others? Let me die now!"

Yet in the wisdom of the heavenly Father he lived on, and, lo, the beautiful and the fearful lessons of his life come down through the ages unceasingly useful. He was useful in a remarkable way while he was an invalid. For many years he made the bad worse, and the good better. He had far more influence on the best, and on the worst traits of human nature than many men in robust health. Roll back, ye years. Take us back eighteen hundred years or more. Open the landscapes of Palestine to the view of this people. Show us the home in which that boy dwelt! Is that his boyhood's dwelling among the Judæan hills, surrounded with patches of green, sheltered by oak and sycamore? Are those his playthings by the door? Is that the stream in which he wades, are those the rocks he climbs, those the sheep he tends, this the garden he assists in tilling? Is that his father in the field, and that his mother grinding near the gate? Are those boys romping about the house his brothers, and is that pale girl sewing by the door his sister? Look at that lusty, boisterous, impatient boy as he comes rushing and shouting through the vines at the garden terrace. That is he, or it is like him. Headstrong and unruly, it may be; thoughtless and careless; the annoyance of his father and the dread of his mother. Fear lest he should become a bad man gives his parents sleepless nights, and arouses much gossip among the farmers. Punishments come to him frequently and the dislike of him among his less robust playmates is increasing. What can be done to curb the spirit of a boy so wild as he? God knows. Yes; God knows.

Come this way with me now. Let us visit that cottage at a later day, and mark what a change has come. Rap at this door, and listen at the sounds of weeping from within. Step cautiously in, as the silent and tearful women open the door. See the family standing about a little bed, their faces hidden in their garments' folds or their eyes looking supplicatingly toward heaven. There, there, is the boy, broken, bandaged, perhaps delirious from an awful fall. He had ventured on forbidden places. He has been brought in bleeding, to be an unseemly cripple for life. Oh, mothers, O, fathers, sitting here this morning amid these thousands. Some of you see this scene as I cannot. To some of you the Holy Ghost sends this reminder of a similar scene. He was not alone in such experiences. Evermore to be helpless. To be fed. Such was the sad fate of that boy. Ever to be a useless lump of animate humanity. Useless. Shall we say, useless? Where is the mathematician who can estimate the good that crippled boy did? What beautiful fountains of love were opened the day of his misfortune, which might ever have been sealed? Who can measure the love of that mother for her crippled son? Who can find words to express the new and tender affection of that father, that sister and those brothers? The wicked and hard-hearted said it was good enough for him and the stony hearts became more flinty still, as they refused him their sympathy. But the family received a holy benediction which filled the home with the incense of heaven,

A Hallowed Place.

An invalid in the house. What a sweetness and grace there is in that declaration. I know it brings care and loss, and sacrifice, and requires patience and love unspeakable. But angels hover over the roof of that dwelling. The shimmer of wings is seen in the chambers, the ineffable smile of Christ gives a sacred glow to the humblest things therein. Oh, that home is not so very unfortunate that has a cripple in it. Oh, my brother, look at me now. Was your mother confined to that chair in her own little room through the years? Oh, what a sacred room that was. "Come in boys, wash your faces, run in and kiss mother before supper." "Come in my bride, I want to take you in first and introduce you to mother." "Come in stranger. Let me show you our good little mother. She is so patient. She is so affectionate and grateful. We have to lift her out of the bed, and take her meals to her. But, ah, she is such a blessing. Those crippled hands. Oh, how beautiful, that benign face. Oh, so patient and so good!" Strang-

Rev. Russell H. Conwell, D.D.

er, did you ever have a crippled mother? Indeed, I am thankful if you have not. But, oh, there is something so rich, so heavenly, so like the shining of the great white throne, so like the glow of an everlasting morning about that room. We step softly in it. We go in with a smile. We think our holiest thoughts. We bring our most loving messages. God bless the invalid mothers!

An Aid to Development.

Perhaps the invalid was not your mother. It may have been your good old father. It may have been your aunt or your uncle or your child or more probably your pale and sainted sister. Are they gone now? Has the Master called them over to his home of radiant health? Then the room remains, the old chair is there. The bed on which she lay; the articles those weak hands made for Christmas, or the worn old Bible she read, is carefully preserved with the hallowed memories of those sweet days. Do you think the invalid's helpless life was useless? No, no, no! Love made the sick-room a Paradise. Sympathy made you nobler men and holier women. Care developed a tenderness, and a lovely side to your character, that all the schools of art could not inculcate, and which all the gold in America's mines could not equal in value. Nothing on this glad earth is so useful as the power to open the windows of a soul to pure and sympathetic love.

That boy was helpless. But such a view of dependent humanity as his history gives us will make any good man better. The helpless babe, the innocent, weak girl, the blind, the lame, the maimed, always awaken nobler impulses in the hearts of the righteous. It is a characteristic of goodness, which is also godliness, to love the helpless, the poor, the unfortunate. It is equally the characteristic of evil minds to ridicule or despise the cripple, and to wish them crushed out of sight or in some way destroyed. This crippled boy may have lived for a while in his affectionate family. But after a time father, mother, frail sister, and perhaps even the strong brothers dropped away until distant relatives only cared for him. Then it may be that at last all who had loved the invalid went to their graves, and the cold, hard world turned from him in disgust or haste. They knew not the value of an invalid's love.

Aged and Neglected.

I saw two little girls, sweet-faced and tender, a few days ago, and one of them I think had recently been a patient in our hospital. The little girl who had visited the other as an invalid had learned to love her there, and until death do part them, their friendship will be sure to continue and radiate into divine love in heaven. But all earthly ties must be broken. So to this man, now old and impotent, there came a time when with great difficulty he found his way to the pool of Bethesda, although there were no friends left to help him into the water when the healing springs bubbled up below him.

Jesus saw him. *How human is divine love and how divine is human love!* Jesus had compassion on him. Of course, he did. There is no person on earth deserving of human sympathy who does not receive the compassionate consideration of Christ. He loves with an everlasting love those who recognize their helplessness and appeal to Him for aid. God's sympathy is so like the tenderness of good men.

That cripple was there doing his best. He had tried often to get into the gurgling waters as they arose, but could not, He had done what he could. Until he had done that, neither man nor Christ is expected to take compassion. A lazy beggar who will not work is best treated by forcing him to work or by leaving him to starve. Man feels that; while God himself says that if he will not work "neither shall he eat." This invalid old man had tried his best to keep from be-being burdensome to others. He had endeavored to provide for himself, but

He Sank Down Unsuccessful

again and again. Then he had the sense to see that he could not hope for salvation from disease unless he secured divine help. He had done all he could and had fully proven that he could be healed only by a higher power. When the sinner who has tried hard to overcome his bad habits, or the Christian contending with temptation becomes seriously convinced that he is helpless to save himself, then he appeals successfully unto Christ. Jesus loves to support the weak who are so conscious of their weakness that they cry unto him for aid. He never refused such a prayer. Hear this cripple's confession, before all the sick and the healthy who fill those porches: "I have no man to help me. I cannot help myself." Hear the answer of the Saviour, the moment he hears that sincere and open confession: "Take up thy bed and walk."

Yet there Christ gives him a burden to carry and a bitter criticism to meet that he may fully enjoy using his God-given strength. Load him now all you will and he is happy. Burdens are not curses when the strength is given to bear them. There is no pleasure like healthy burden-bearing. Pray ever for more strength and never for a smaller burden.

But the interesting biography of this cripple presents its most instructive chapter, after he was healed. Then there came the joy of freedom from a dreadful bondage—the exhilaration of association with people who were well, and the glad assurance of physical strength. The old man is proud of his youthful powers, and elated to extravagant heights by his great and prosperous change. He walked as one who dreams. He advertised the miracle by unnecessary display and noise. He was saved! He was strong! He was forgiven! He was an especially favored son of God! With that excitement and inexperience came temptations. Temptation always follows the baptism of God's grace.

Duty Forgotten.

What wonder he becomes extravagant and magnifies his religious importance. What surprise that as a human being released from thirty-eight years of suffering: he should find it more difficult to look down than it had been to look up. He does not realize that the same humble spirit, which made him so dear to Christ is as necessary to the well as to the cripple. He found prosperity more hard to bear than adversity and his influence less useful. He seems to have determined to enjoy himself in his new liberty and to forget that there was a multitude of cripples in the porches he had left, to whom he was in a special sense bound in duty to minister. His experience and his ability, both fitted him for special work among the cripples, just as any saved sinner can work best for the salvation of his companions or with those of like habits or like experience. As a healthy man, he was in danger of some great sin. It may have been the sin of ingratitude. Many men promise God great things when on beds of sickness or at the bed of the child that is nigh to death. But when God healeth, they forget their promises and go on in sin, He was human. He was not an exception. He was in great danger of falling by pride or neglect of duty into some old sin. His life as a cripple was specially useful, fitting him by experience for special work. But he was in danger of misusing his talents. They meet again, Jesus and the healed one. Not now among the sick at the pool, but in the busiest activities of the city. Now the benefactor and the debtor meet amid throngs. There is a price set on Jesus' life.

The Healed Man is Needed

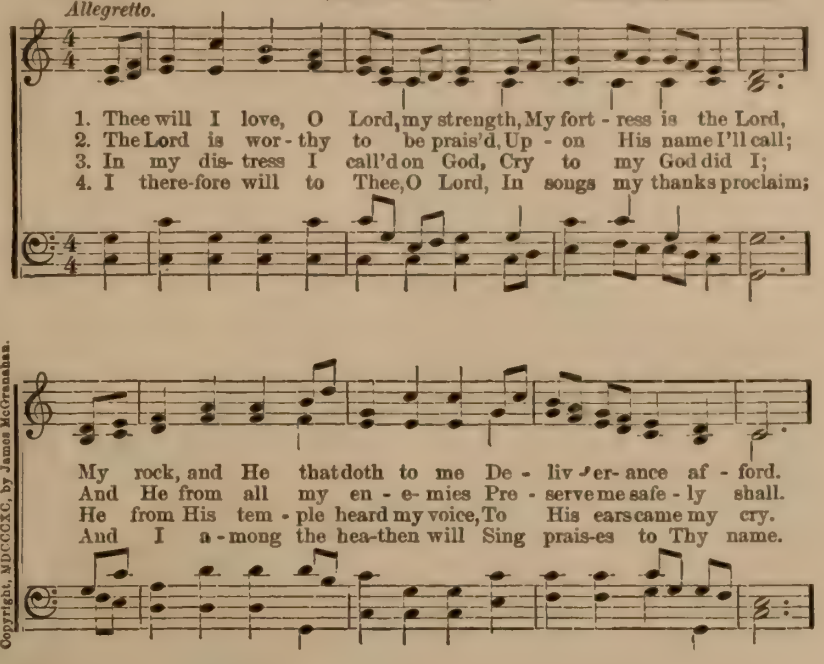
as a witness. He is poor and perhaps proud and might wish for money, as his ambitions overleap themselves. What his great temptation was we may not know. But Christ read his heart. He, the Son of God, changes his demeanor. His voice is no longer as tender as when he addressed the invalid. His touch not now so affectionate. He is indeed kind still; but he is dignified and decided. He addresses the wavering, strong man with open sternness and a half rebuke. I see him pointing toward heaven and hear his clear, decided tones, as with kindness but awful suggestiveness, he commands the restored cripple to remember the pit from which he has been lifted, to recall those experiences which should teach him still to be humble and to try to be helpful to others.

What a warning that was. I hear it now. How it thrills the hearts of guilty backsliders and ungrateful ones about him who are forgetting their indebtedness to God. How it speaks to those of us to-day, whose afflictions have fitted us for greater usefulness, as it was uttered to the healed man in the temple, "Go, and sin no more, lest a worse thing happen unto thee." It is enough. The strong man hastened unquestionably to the porches. Henceforth no poor, friendless invalid there lacked a man to help him into the waters when the angels of God came down.

Thee will I Love.

PSALM 18. (Metrical Version.) JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Allegretto.


1. Thee will I love, O Lord, my strength, My fort - ress is the Lord,
2. The Lord is wor - thy to be prais'd, Up - on His name I'll call;
3. In my dis- tress I call'd on God, Cry to my God did I;
4. I there-fore will to Thee, O Lord, In songs my thanks proclaim;
My rock, and He that doth to me De - liv - er- ance af - ford.
And He from all my en - e- mies Pre - serve me safe - ly shall.
He from His tem - ple heard my voice, To His ears came my cry.
And I a - mong the hea-then will Sing prais-es to Thy name.
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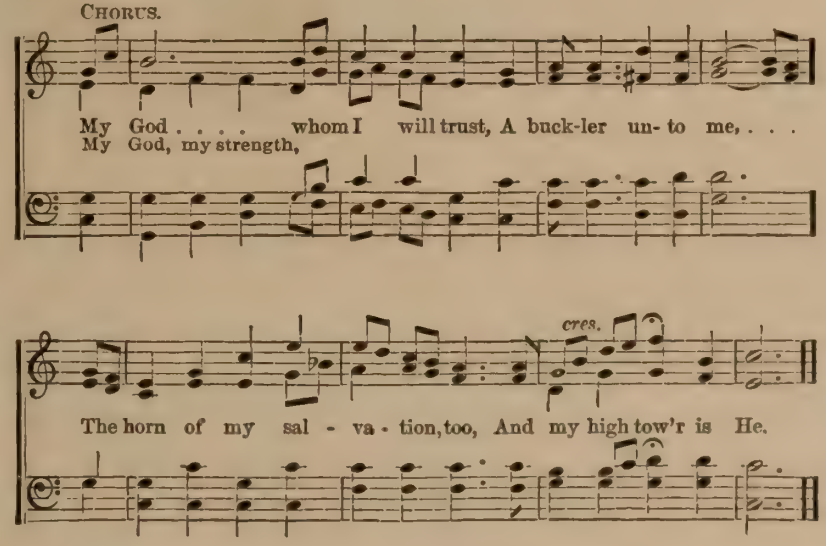
CHORUS.



THE MOUNTAIN.

FROM the plain I gaze on thy brow august,
Till I shrink to an atom of worthless dust,
Less than the thistle-down 'fore a gust
From thy canons weird and wild.
I gaze on thy walls, seamed and rugged and grim,
And I cry, "What is man that thou carest for him?"
And my strength is weakness, my eyes grow dim
With the tears of a helpless child.

Then I note the ant with its hurry and care;
See the rabbit hide in the sage-brush there;
I pluck from my sleeve a falling hair,
And remember the dear Lord's words.
How he maketh wise, "the ant 'neath my tread,"
How "the feeble coney" is sheltered and fed,
How he even "numbers the hairs of my head,"
And his love, the whole world girds.

So I go on my way with a calm heart-beat,
Till I stand where the earth and the heavens meet;
Where the "world's great kingdoms" seem spread at my feet,
And the clouds kiss the mountain's brow.

* * * * * *

Ye are great! Ye are grand! With majesty rife;
Far lifted above the world and its strife;
But God gave to me "the breath of life,"
And so I am greater than thou!

And in that wondrous coming day,
When the heavens shall "roll like a scroll away,"
While the flames lap up the ocean's spray,
And the "mountains be moved from their place."
Then he, who hath made ye of rock and sand,
And gave ye this aspect sublime and grand,
Shall hold me safe in his loving hand,
While in peace I behold his face.

Aye! I feel the quiver of wings to be;
The thrill of the flight and the ecstasy
Of sweeping through space: on pinion free
Cleaving the crystal air.
And I start to find my tingling feet
Still pressing the rocks and the snow-flowers sweet;
The body tethering the spirit fleet;
And the flight but a vision rare.

—GRACE GROWING.

THE APOCALYPSE.

The Plan and Purpose of the Book, Its Subject and the Key to Its Interpretation.

BY P. W. E.*

THE Revelation of Jesus Christ is the title God gives to this, his own book. "The Revelation of St. John the Divine," which is the title given to the book in our Bibles, is given by man, and is not correct. John was the amanuensis of Jesus Christ and wrote only what he saw and was told to write.

This is the book of the disclosure or unveiling of Jesus Christ. He has once been seen in weakness, in shame and in suffering. In this book, he is seen in power and majesty and glory. When our Lord came before, his glory was hidden; at his return it will be unveiled splendor. When the world last saw him, he was on the Cross; when the world next sees him, he will be coming in the clouds "with power and great glory." But before he is again seen by the world, he will be seen by the church in the air, in all his uncreated and divine glory and majesty.

The Subject of this Book

is judgment. Hence the frequency with which God is spoken of as the "Almighty," the "Lord God Almighty," etc. These names represent the character in which he acts.

The church is looked upon as the House of God, where the judgment must begin, (1. Pet. 4:17); for in this house are vessels, "some to honor and some to dishonor," (2. Tim. 2: 20.) The heavenly glories of the church and the heavenly side of the kingdom are also wonderfully brought out in this book. The heavenly Bride, composed of all believers, who have been baptized into the one body, by the Holy Spirit, the head of which is Christ, shall not come into judgment, because all true believers have passed from death unto life. (John 5: 24.)

The Style of the Book

is symbolic, similar to the prophecies of Daniel. The symbols in Daniel, however, are mostly explained in the same chapter in which they occur; while in Revelation, many are left to be explained by other scriptures.

The book is divided into three parts:

1st. "The things which thou hast seen." These include the Son of Man in judicial glory, judging in the midst of seven golden candlesticks—churches, viewed in their completeness, their responsibility and their witness-bearing for God. Chapter 1, 12:16.

2d. "The things which are." These are described in the addresses to the seven churches, showing the testimony of the churches to be in ruins; and the Lord's coming and presenting himself to the hearts of those who hear his voice and open the door unto him. Chapters 2 and 3.

3d. "The things which shall be hereafter," or after them. All the saints of this and previous ages are raised and changed at the coming of the Lord in the air, 1. (Thess. 4: 13–18); are here seated, robed, and crowned in heaven, symbolized by twenty-four elders; the judgments falling on the world before the coming of Christ to reign over the earth for a thousand years, ending in the resurrection of the wicked dead, and their judgment before the great white throne; and leading on till Christ subdues all things; after which he gives all things over to God that he—God—may be all in all. These things are brought out from the beginning of Chapter 4 to the end of the book.

"Things which Thou hast Seen."

"The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gives unto him, to show unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass; and he sent and signified it by his angel unto his servant John; who bore record of the Word of God, and of the testimony of Jesus Christ, of all things that he saw." Chapter 1: 1, 2. "To show unto his servants," not unto the world. God is not looked at in this book as the Father of believers, or even of Christ; but as Sovereign Creator and Judge, communicating to Christ his own counsels. Jesus Christ is not seen as the only begotten Son of the Father, who is in the bosom of the Father, acquainted with all that is hidden; but as the servant, as seen in Mark 13: 32, "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father."

"He sent and signified by his angel unto his servant John." God used angels as the medium of communication with Israel. Stephen says in Acts 7:35, they "received the law

* Many authorities on this subject have been consulted by the writer, including Lincoln, Darby and Baine to all of whom he desires to acknowledge his indebtedness for the suggestion of many ideas and expressions.

by the disposition of angels;" and in Heb. 1:2 and 2:2, the "work spoken by angels" is contrasted with God speaking by his Son. The angel gives the message to John, "who bore record of the Word of God, and of the testimony of Jesus Christ, all things that he saw." So very important is this book, that these words are added, "Blessed is he that readeth and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein, for the time is at hand."

The Greeting.

"Grace be unto you and peace; but not as in most of the epistles "from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ;" but "from him which is and which was and which is to come, and from the seven spirits which are before his throne; and from Jesus Christ who is the faithful witness, and the first begotten from amony the dead, and the Prince of the Kings of the earth." In the greeting we have the Trinity. 1st. The Eternal One, "which is and which was and which is to come." 2d. The Spirit in his perfect activities. The Holy Spirit is described as the seven spirits which are before the throne; and in chapter 4:5, he is spoken of as seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven spirits of God, alluding to the seven lamps of the golden candlestick in the sanctuary. The number *seven* is a symbol of heavenly perfection, and is frequently used in this book.

3d. Jesus Christ, the humbled one, who is now exalted in his three characters—namely *a*. "The faithful witness," giving to his servants the revelation he has received of God: "What he hath seen and heard, that he testifieth." John 3: 32. *b*. The first "begotten from among the dead," and, *c*. "The Prince of the kings of the earth;" just as in Phil. 2: 8-10, because he "became obedient unto death God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name," etc.

The *first* represents his character, while on earth; the *second*, his present position; and the *third*, his coming glory.

The Song of Praise.

As soon as the name of Jesus Christ is mentioned, the Church bursts forth into a song of praise, "Unto him that loveth us and washed us from our sins in his own blood; and hath made us kings and priests unto Cod and his Father, to him be glory and dominion forever, amen." The Church is built on Jesus as *the Christ*, the Son of the living God. (Matt. 16: 16-18.) There are three things in this note of praise, which belong to all Christians: —1st. His present love is expressed "unto him that loveth us." He loveth us! (R.V.) Wonderful! 2d. We have his finished work—"Washed us from our sins in his own blood." What certainty! Able to look back at his cross and say, there is the work that has made us clean; and then, 3d, the large place into which he has brought us, "Kings and priests unto God and his Father." Following this, how properly comes the ascription of glory and dominion to him. How precious is this note of praise, coming in before the solemn trump of warning is sounded.

The Key to the Book,

which is a word of warning. After the salutation, the purport of the whole book is described,—"Behold he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they which pierced him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him, even so, amen. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was and which is to come, the Almighty." These are solemn words. They perfectly meet those who deny the personal coming of the Lord. When he went up, a cloud received him out of their sight. When he comes again, he will come with clouds, "and every eye shall see him."

This is not the Lord's coming for his saints; for then he will appear "unto them that look for him." Heb. 9: 28. Nor is it his coming at the end of the world to judge the wicked dead before the great white throne; but it refers to the time when he comes to judge the living nations; and to establish his kingdom on the earth, as the following passages of Scripture show—namely—"Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." Matt. 26: 64. "And his feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east." Zech. 14: 4. "And it shall come to pass in that day, that I will seek to destroy all the nations that come against Jerusalem." Zech. 12.

Volume XI., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing April 10. Ps. 2; Matt. 11: 11.

CHRIST gave no denial to the question of Pilate, "Art thou a king?" Indeed, he expressly claimed royalty by proceeding to speak of his kingdom. The answer indicating to Pilate's mind an intangible kingdom, appeared to him visionary, but that a sense of his royalty did lodge itself in the mind of the Roman judge was evident by his insisting on putting the superscription on the cross. The Jews wanted him branded as a pretender, but Pilate would not have it, and in spite of protests Jesus was executed as King of the Jews. The end of his earthly life was thus a confirmation of the beginning, for it was as King of the Jews that Herod "sought the young child's life." The kingdom not of this world Jesus described to Pilate, a kingdom in which the King's servants did not fight, was a kingdom of which the practical Roman could not conceive. To him it must have seemed like a poet's dream. Yet how real it is to-day! Not Cæsar, who was Pilate's ideal of a king, had the power in the world or the number of subjects that Christ has now. The silent unresisting Prisoner whom the Roman Governor treated with contempt and subjected to indignities had a grander and nobler conception of a kingdom than that of his judge. In every land multitudes now own him as their King, declare their allegiance and delight to do his will, while the very name of the proud governor is known so widely only because of his connection with the Prisoner.

Of the kingdom which owns Christ as King what is to be said? The subjects of it should be obedient, should be loyal, should be patriotic. Are they so? This is a kingdom above kingdoms to which it is a privilege to belong. How may we recognize the men who belong to it and how may we know whether we ourselves belong to it? When we admit a foreigner to citizenship we require him to abjure allegiance to all potentates and especially to the monarch of the country in which he was born. We require of him some knowledge of the Constitution and a pledge, solemnly made, that he will be faithful to it and obey our laws. If he passes these tests we admit him and he becomes a citizen. The immigrant from the kingdom of this world, which has the evil one as its head, can do no less when he enters the kingdom of Christ. Conversion is naturalization in a sense. Then the obligations of his new allegiance should be studied for they must be fulfilled. And they are not easy to the new comer. He must love his enemy, and pray for him and do him good. He must be utterly unselfish. He must be ready on demand to surrender property and even life itself if required. He must not seek honor or wealth or fame. They may come to him, but they must come, if at all, unsought and in his efforts to gain, not them, but honor for his King. No earthly king exercises a jurisdiction or requires a devotion so absorbing. Let every one who calls himself a Christian and Christ his King, examine himself and see if in his heart and life he is rendering the allegiance to which he is pledged.

AN ENGLISH C. E. WORKER.

WHILE there is a wide difference of opinion as to the wisdom of a free interchange of products between the nations of Europe and ourselves, and while we have of late been inclined to increase the impediments to importation of merchandise, it is matter for thankfulness that all are agreed as to the wisdom and propriety of Christian people of any nationality adopting methods which have been found effective in another land. No one wishes for copyright or tariff on modes of advancing Christ's kingdom on earth. The English nation, accordingly, has our best wishes for the success of its efforts to establish a Christian Endeavor Society on the other side of the Atlantic. John Bull has the reputation of knowing a good thing when he sees it and he has given proof of the fact in the promptitude with which he has seized on this American idea. Societies are multiplying throughout the country and churches of all the evangelical denominations are organizing them. So numerous have they beeome that a great Convention has been called, which will meet in about six weeks at Chester. We shall then learn exactly what has been done and how well the Society adapts itself to the work of the churches in England.

A great part of the labor connected with the Convention and with the regular work of the Societies falls upon the Secretary of the United Society of the English Section. This gentleman, whose portrait we give on this page by the courtesy of *The Golden Rule*, is a well-known Christian worker in London. Mr. Charles Waters is a member of the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's church, and one whom Mr. Spurgeon used, as was his habit with his

MR. C. WATERS, SEC'Y OF ENGLISH C. E. SOCIETIES.

best men, without stint. There are sixty-six institutions connected with the Tabernacle, so that Mr. Waters has had abundaut opportunities of Christian labor. He has availed himself of them freely, and has devoted to them all the time he could spare after his work in the bank, in which he holds a responsible and honorable position, was done. It was natural, therefore, that when a secretary capable of rendering efficient service was needed for the new Society of Christian Endeavor, the choice should have fallen upon him. Mr. Waters accepted the honorary office, and has faithfully and enthusiastically performed its duties. He is fifty-three years of age, and has been a Sunday School teacher for thirty-eight years. He also holds the honorary office of one of the Secretaries of the Sunday School Union and is a member of the International Lesson Committee.

EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

A LEAGUE anniversary was celebrated at the annual session of *Wilmington, Del.*, Conference, in Union Church, Wilmington, Mar. 18. President Grise said that the work in Wilmington district was growing more interesting all the time. At present there are seventeen chapters in the district. At *Carbondale, Ill.*, the Chapter numbers seventy-five members, all earnest and enthusiastic. The State Normal School students add to the numbers and make the various lines of League work fruitful. They know how to work and are continually at It. Miss Finley is president. The Oakland Chapter, *Chicago*, recently gave a reception to the Leagues of various churches. Representatives were present from South Park Avenue, Kenwood, Hyde Park, State Street, and St. Luke's churches. At the Brookline, Mass., Church Junior League, the members hold all the offices, except those of president, vice-president, and chairman of the devotional department. Besides this deparment the League has instructional, temperance, missionary and band of mercy departments, each of the four meetings of the month being under charge of one of these departments. Trinity League, *Worcester, Mass.*, has a beautiful silk banner—the gift of friends in the church and congregation. Systematic and thorough preparation is being made for the League Convention in the fall. Rev. James M. Teager, pastor of the *Hillsdale, N. Y.*, First Church, has four Epworth League Chapters. This is said to be the only church in New York having four Leagues in a flourishing condition. The Senior-League holds its religious meetings Sunday evening with an attendance of seventy-five. Miss Grace E. Dimmick is leader. Nearly all are members of the church. Asbury Chapter, *Buffalo, N. Y.*, is in the front rank as a working League. There are now 225 members. The New York Avenue [Church, *Brooklyn*, has a flourishing Chapter under the leadership of Chauncey W. Brown. All departments are doing good work.

✠

ONE CIRCLE'S WORK.

THE secretary of a Circle of King's Daughters in Newport, R. I., sends to headquarters a very interesting and suggestive report of the work of the past few months, which is published in *The Silver Cross*. "We took as our motto," she says "a quotation from Fenelon, 'You like to behold and even to touch the cross, but, alas, when the command comes to you to bear it.' We have been trying through the year individually and as a Circle to be ready and willing to bear the cross, when the command comes, and to bear it cheerfully.

"The first work we did was to collect good reading, papers, magazines and some of the best paper covered books. These were packed, prayerfully, with here and there a Testament and well-selected leaflets. The box was sent to a camp of lumbermen in New York State, in which were about forty men. The man in charge wrote an encouraging letter, giving a description of the camp life, a dark picture, indeed; but he told of the sunshine our box brought to the scene.

"At Christmas time the proprietor of one of our Newport dry goods stores kindly allowed us to place a hamper in his store, into which gifts of any kind might be dropped until Christmas morning, when our Circle was to distribute them to poor families, who would have nothing to remind them of the happy day except what we should carry into their homes. A card was placed on the hamper with the Maltese cross at the top, and this text was written below: 'Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor.' When the hamper came back to us it was filled. The happiness which the gifts carried to the poor homes and the eagerness with which they were received, well repard us for the little time and trouble we had taken."

Other work has been done since then; thoughtful, compassionate work, which it was a pleasure to do, and the Circle seems to be realizing that the families helped and cheered are not the only persons who derive a blessing from the effort made "In His Name."

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THE Women's Christian Association of Philadelphia has received a legacy of $1,000 under the will of Mrs. Emily T. Eckert.

✠

THE motto of the Young Men's Christian Associations of India for the year is the appropriate text, "Arise, shine." Isa. 60: 1.

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THE Epworth League of Wesley Church, Bath, Me., makes an excellent showing of activity. During the last quarter, religious literature has been distributed, papers sent to hospitals, names secured upon the temperance pledge, 118 persons have been aided by food, clothing or money, 145 calls have been made upon people outside of the church.

✠

A YOUNG Men's Christian Association has been formed in the National Guard of New York State. Col. Alex. S. Bacon is President, and Commissary Richard Oliver of the Twenty-third Regiment is Secretary. The original members organizing the Association number fifty-two. Rapid growth is expected. The expenses amounting to over $600 were promptly raised among the regiments.

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THE Women's Christian Association of Washington, D. C., supports a home where from fifty to seventy-five women have daily been sheltered under Christian influence. During 1890 they averaged seventy-one a month. They are helped to find employment or to seek distant homes, and are housed while learning trades. Six old ladies are there permanently. On a death occurring, the vacant place is promptly filled by some other needy and deserving old lady.

OUR BURDENS.

TO every one on earth
God gives a burden to be carried down
The road that lies between the Cross and Crown.
No lot is wholly free;
He giveth one to thee.

Thy burden is God's gift,
And it will make the bearer calm and strong;
Yet, lest it press too heavily and long,
He says, cast it on me,
And it shall easy be.

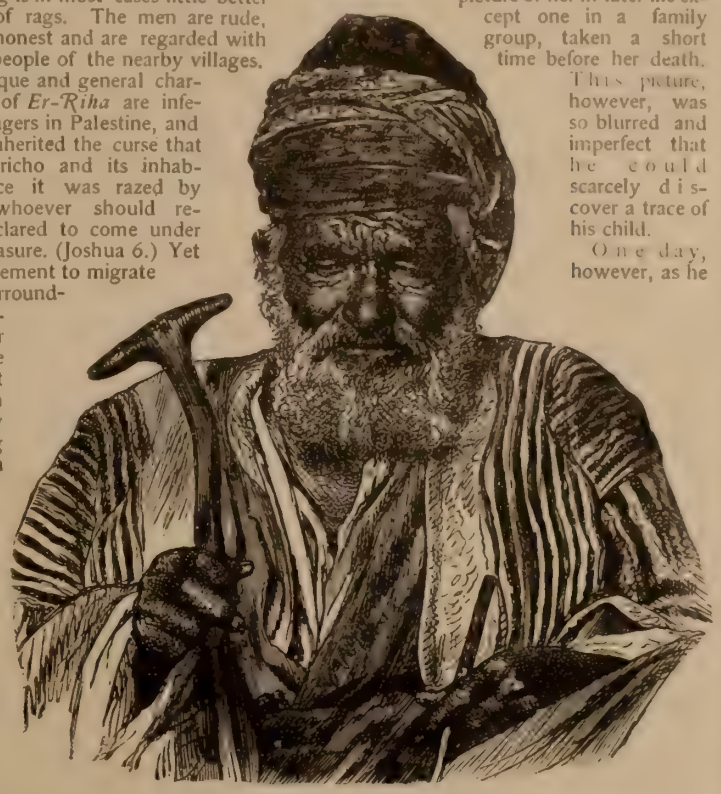
It is the lonely road
That crushes out the life and light of heaven;
But, borne with him, the soul, restored, forgiven,
Sings out through all the days,
Her joy and God's high praise.

—*Christian Register.*

The Homes of Jericho.

Rude Hovels that now Occupy the Site of Ancient Splendor—A City of Ruins.

MEANEST among the villages of Palestine, with perhaps forty dwellings and a few hundred inhabitants, the Jericho of the present day (called *er-Riha* by the Arabs), is still an interesting sight to the traveler. Its people are indolent and their dwellings are little better than sheds, except where, as shown in the illustration, a family is found occupying some ancient patched-up ruin that may, in former generations, have been a residence of almost royal magnificence. For this ruined city was once a scene of pomp and splendor, wealthy and populous, with a king of its own. Situated in a fertile plain traversed by the river Jordan, and with every advantage of location and climate, its beautiful gardens and orchards and the abundance of its palms and balsamic herbs secured for it the name it still bears—Jericho, the "City of Fragrance." Once walled and strongly fortified, it is now defenceless save for a barrier of brushwood which surrounds the village and partially protects it from the raids of predatory Bedouins. The home life of Jericho is very simple. Its villagers are too lazy to cultivate the rich plain that was once a blooming garden, and they live in the most frugal fashion. For the most part the walls of their hovels are merely loose stones, taken from the ancient ruins and piled rudely together, being roofed with earth, heaped on reeds laid cross-wise, or on brushwood or maize-stalks. In the rear of most of these dwellings are short, thorny *nubk* trees, forming a sort of fence for the yards belonging to each family. It is asserted in the East that the crown of thorns worn by Christ was made of twigs of this prickly tree. The cattle, sheep and goats are sheltered under sheds, open at all sides and with roofs of brushwood and earth. The wide-spreading fields are neglected, save a patch here and there, devoted to cucumbers, lentils, Indian corn or wheat. Squalor reigns everywhere. The women present a care-worn appearance, and their clothing is in most cases little better than a bundle of rags. The men are rude, boorish, and dishonest and are regarded with aversion by the people of the nearby villages. In morals, physique and general character the people of *Er-Riha* are inferior to other villagers in Palestine, and seem to have inherited the curse that has rested on Jericho and its inhabitants ever since it was razed by Joshua, when whoever should rebuild it was declared to come under the divine displeasure. (Joshua 6.) Yet with every inducement to migrate to pleasanter surroundings, these villagers cling to their homes in the hovels of that hot and now barren plain. The only ancient building that can be even partially identified in Jericho is known as the "House of Zaccheus," to which tradition points as the home of the publican, whom the Saviour visited. It is now used as a stable. Back of Jericho is the mountain *Quarantania*, or *Mount of Temptation*, from which can be seen the full extent of the ruin of the ancient city, which was also the site of the still more ancient Gilgal.



AN AGED ARAB OF JERICHO.

A FAMILY GROUP AT ER-RAHI (THE ANCIENT JERICHO.)
(From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage during his tour in the Holy Land.)

During their recent tour in the Holy Land, Rev. Dr. Talmage and the publisher of this journal visited the ruins of Jericho, walked among its shattered walls and saw the rude life of the people who occupy its repulsive hovels. Recording his impressions afterward, Rev. Dr. Talmage wrote: "From our campfire I looked up toward Quarantania, the mountain of Christ's temptation. Neither on the sides of it nor on the top is there a spear of grass or a flower. It is a desert mountain. Its robber dens are here visible, and the setting sun makes the mountains look like balustrades and embattlements of amber and gold, and the moon just above the crest seemed to be a window of heaven through which immortals might be looking down upon the scene."

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A Dead Daughter's Blurred Photograph.

IT is a common observation that photographs fade after the lapse of years. Bishop Thoburn, the great missionary preacher, relates the following beautiful incident: Some years ago his child, a little girl between two and three years of age, died. They had her photograph when a few month old, but no picture of her in later life except one in a family group, taken a short time before her death. This picture, however, was so blurred and imperfect that he could scarcely discover a trace of his child.

One day, however, as he looked at that picture in a certain light, he was startled. He thought he saw a look of his lost child. He took the picture and went directly to a photographer. The artist examined it with a glass, and said, "I can make a good picture of it."

In about three weeks, on the day appointed, the bishop went for the picture. The artist had completed the work, placed it in a beautiful frame, and hung it on the wall. The bishop started back in astonishment. There was his child, looking upon him as natural and beautiful as in life.

Said the bishop: "The image was all the while in the old picture, but my poor, imperfect eyes failed to discover it; though it was blurred, the artist with his glass, in the right light, saw it, and brought to my vision the image of my darling."

It may be that the image is blurred in us. Perhaps we are imperfect representations of the Christ. We should strive to bring out the likeness clearly and strongly so that all may recognize it.

***

LIFE'S WESTERN SLOPE.

QUITE lately, writes Rev. H. T. Todd, in the *Mid-Continent* a friend expressed to the writer his feelings and reflections on reaching his fortieth birthday. He realized that he was standing on the high dividing line between the ascending and descending slopes of life's journey. The growth, the swell, the development seemed to have reached its limit. The forenoon of life with its sunshine, brightness, hope and health, seemed to be past. As he looked off adown the western slope to see the sun sinking towards, and finally below the western horizon, with the prospect of impaired health and weakening powers of body and faculties of mind, with hope dwindling and the shadows of night silently gathering around him and a feeling of uncertainty as to the great beyond, the prospect seemed sombre enough, and a feeling of gloom tinged all his thoughts.

But does the view down the western slope warrant such thoughts and feelings? The best years of one's mental life come after the fortieth year. The mind develops more slowly than the body. There is growth in mental sinew and power beyond the age of forty. And even when the mind has reached the full measure of its power and is best able to grapple with the facts and problems of life, it does not by any means begin immediately to decline, to lose its grip and grow weaker. There is a high table-land stretching on for many years. The palmy days of our mental history and happiness are generally found on the western slope. It is then that people do their best mental work and accomplish greatest achievements. Most of our best books are written after that period. Doctors, lawyers, ministers, teachers, scientists generally do their best work after that period. We may gain knowledge in early life but wisdom comes with strengthened faculties, mental discipline and enlarged experience.

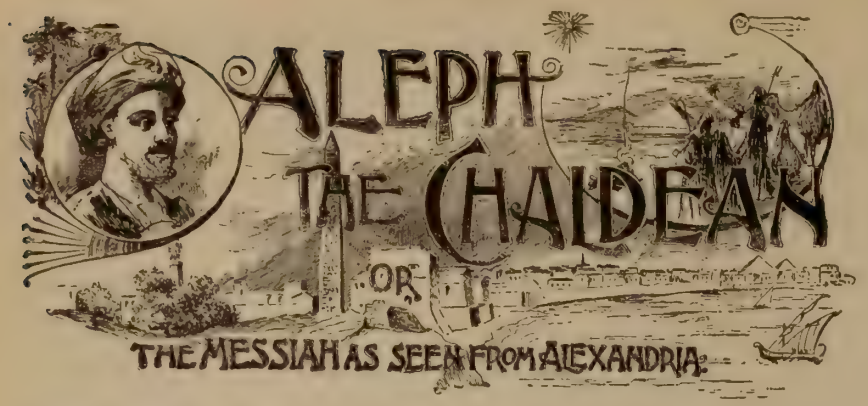
***

Write It Well!

Youth is the highest peak of life, observes a cheerful writer in *The Central Christian Advocate*. From here all the rivers flow that irrigate the after years. It is the fairy book of our existence. Of the morning of the individual as well as of the race it can be said: "There were giants in those days." You are writing your history now, my little lady, my young gentleman, and what kind of a story are you putting down there, to be read by a certain sober woman or man in a few years? Is it a tale of honor and truth and gentleness, or one of shame and cowardice? O write it well, and it will illuminate your coming years like a silver moon that floods the landscape. You shall never pass this way again.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream departs
It takes something from our hearts
And it never comes again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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CHAPTER XIII. (*Continued.*)

RACHEL welcomed the suggestions of Miriam; and soon the many servants of that large household were abroad seeking for information, or seeking those who could seek it better than themselves.

Toward the close of the day, Seti appeared to report that Sextus Flaccus had been found to have been in the city all the previous night, and that, apparently, no soldiers had been absent from their quarters.

The next morning Miriam was still better—indeed almost seemed to forget in her new object of absorbing interest that she was an invalid at all. As yet the servants had made no report; having come in late the night before and gone out again before light in the morning. Inactive waiting is an uneasy business at the best; so Rachel determined to have as little of it as possible. She sent off a servant with a basket of provisions to the house of the peddler to learn at what hour he left the city and in what sort of craft; for there was almost as much difference then as now in the speed of vessels. She found that the active man, within an hour from the time he left her, had managed to provide himself with a more attractive pack than he had ever before carried, and to get on board a well-appointed merchant vessel just starting southward with a fair wind and not a few oars. This was some comfort. * * *

The next day added considerably to the stock of information. Several street-boys who were hanging about the gate, and wharves on the night in question had been ferreted out in their various dens by the servants, and agreed that a company of soldiers with a prisoner passed through the gate while they were there, and took boat to a larger craft lying out some little distance in the lake. On their part the students had discovered that the pleasure-galley of the Flacci had been absent from its station ever since the same evening, and had been seen by a waterman steering toward the canal and the Nile. Rachel was now so satified that her first movement was a wise one that she told Seti of it.

Immersed in her cares for Aleph, Rachel had neglected till to-day to inquire about Cimon and his affairs. For this she blamed herself roundly. But she was glad to learn that her father's solicitor had found Cimon's papers very complete as against Malus, had formally instituted a suit, had been able as Cimon's official advocate to procure admittance to him and arrange for his comfort till his trial should come off, that the chief clerk of Malus, who had been discharged by him as soon as he learned how liberal of business information he had been to Cimon, had come to him with valuable evidence. Three suits were to come off in the following order—(1) The suit of Malus against Shaphan and Nathan, (2) the suit of Malus against Cimon, (3) the suit of Cimon against Malus. Marcus Piso was more than satisfied with this order; for he felt that the first two trials would throw much damaging light on the character and operations of Malus and prepare the way for the success of Cimon's suit against him.

The next day was the Sabbath. The family of Alexander were very strict in their observance of the day, but not so unreasonably strict as to refuse works of necessity and mercy. Miriam (now wonderfully improved) and Rachel would nor have hesitated to plan and do, to any extent, in so urgent a case as that of Aleph if they could have seen opportunity. But, until they should hear from the peddler, what more could be done? Certainly nothing but praying. So they gave themselves wholly to this mighty form of working. The God of Israel, so pitiful and so powerful, and who had said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee," was invoked that day with an energy and whole-heartedness that seemed bound to cross all the spaces and make its way to the very foothold of the Throne. Till the public services at the Diapleuston, the women were scarcely off their knees for a moment.

At the synagogue, to her surprise, Rachel found Seti seated where Cimon and Aleph had been placed on the last Sabbath. She went and sat down by him for a few moments, placing her hand in his; and then went to her own place.

While thus lingering, she noticed a woman of the humbler class trying to make her way somewhat impatiently toward her through the slow-moving crowd. As soon as she came near enough the woman thrust into her hand a paper rudely folded and at once passed on with the rest of the retiring congregation. Rachel opened the paper at once, and with some difficulty deciphered the following:

"He is here. They are trying to starve him. I can prevent that for a little; but the custodes will take no decisive step till they have had my promises in your behalf confirmed by your own lips."

When she had finished reading the scrawl she found Seti standing by her side and drawing her arm within his. It was timely. Unsupported she might have fallen. It was a flash of light that she had longed for, but it had in it something of the threat and terribleness of a flash of lightning. It revealed, but it revealed an urgent danger. Her agitation remained voiceless till they had reached home and Seti had read the letter. It lifted a cloud from his brow. Now they knew that Aleph was still alive, knew where to find him, could make some reasonable plan for his rescue. He congratulated her. Early to-morrow they would go up the river in the gallery of Alexander, well-equipped with resolute men. * * * *

XIV.

THE ARGONAUTS.

EARLY the next morning the pinnace of Alexander was moving toward the Nile as fast as eight strong oarsmen and a fair breeze could carry it. Under a silken awning in the stern sat Seti and Rachel. They were hardly well afloat before Seti began to unfold his plan of proceeding.

"It is very important," said he, "that we implicate the Flacci, both father and son, as little as possible in this affair. The father, bad as he is, probably has nothing to do with the abduction; and so ought not to suffer on account of it. The guilty party is Sextus; who, having access to his father's official seal and blank forms, forged the warrant for the arrest, and then employed some dissolute companions of his among the discharged Roman soldiers to execute the warrant. These having no duties in the city have not yet returned, and so the watch of the students for them has been in vain. Sextus is the great criminal in the case and deserves exposure. But, if we so manage the matter as to expose him both to his mortified father and the public, we shall be sure so to exasperate both of them as to throw their whole influence, under one pretext or another, against us in the impending suit against Malus. And that would be a very serious matter. So we must try to rescue Aleph as quietly as possible—in some way that does not direct public suspicion toward the Flacci at all. So the best way for us is to persuade the custodes to give Aleph the means of making his own escape; and we can be near to receive him and carry him quietly back to the city. If this plan fails we must, of course, resort to rougher methods."

"Do you think," inquired the maiden, "that Aleph would have submitted so quietly to the arrest had he not supposed it made by the proper authorities?"

"Certainly not. He yielded to what he supposed to be the government of the country in which for the time being he was living."

"In that case, if we were assured that the arrest was pronounced unwarranted by the governor, and that he was expressly allowed to free himself by any means, would he not be likely to make great efforts to free himself?"

"Doubtless, if opportunity could be found. But how is he to break down an iron door with his hands, or with his hands dig through massive stone walls settled together and cemented by ages? I know that dungeon well. It is the strongest in all Egypt."

"I knew the castle belonged to your ancestors, and is rightfully yours; but I did not suppose that you knew anything about the interior."

"See here!" said the Egyptian, as he drew from the folds of his robe a parchment discolored by age, and unrolled it before her. "Here is a plan of the whole structure, cellars and dungeon included. This has come down to me through many generations, together with a written description of every part of the structure; and, though I have never set foot in it, I think I could find my way about it without the least difficulty. There has always lingered in the family a vague faith, be it superstition or not, that this noblest of the ancient Egyptian palaces was destined to come back to us some day. This line (pointing) represents the high and massive stone wall that surrounds the whole palace, together with extensive grounds in the rear. There are three gates to this all-surrounding wall—one in front, opening on a flight of steps to the river by which the master and his friends come and go; the others far back on the north and south sides and chiefly used by servants for communicating with the little hamlets that lie, one above and the other below the palace. On the river side of the inclosure rises the quadrangle of the palace. The front and two connected sides contain the state and family apartments: the rear is given up to servants and the various offices belonging to them. Of course the soldiers are quartered in this last. We will only study this part now. It is of only a single story above ground. Right here in the middle is a large room where doubtless the soldiers eat and drink: to the right and left of it are their lodging rooms and the kitchens. Directly under this common and mess room is the single dungeon of the castle, connected by a flight of steps with the mess room, and also by another flight through a heavy iron door with the rear grounds of the castle. One can reach the dungeon only through the iron door or by descending from the common mess room. The wine and provision cellars are to the right and left of the dungeon, and a narrow passage runs before the whole."

"Has the dungeon any light and ventilation?" inquired Rachel anxiously.

"Only through the narrow grated opening in the wall by which food can be introduced without opening the door; and the narrow passage before all the vaults is only dimly lighted by a barred opening near the ceiling at either end."

"Would Aleph have light enough to read a note or this plan of yours?"

"It may be. Such eyes as his can do what mine could not. I have sometimes thought that they furnished their own light. But whoever could put a note through that grate could introduce a narrow lamp or taper also."

"If a pointed iron bar could be secretly introduced by the custodes through the grate, would Aleph be able to pry open the door?"

"Impossible—at least without making so much noise as to rouse the soldiers."

"Perhaps they are revellers," she said reflectively, "and, having free access to the wine cellars, have frequent carousals and even stupid drunkenness."

"Very likely; almost certainly," Seti exclaimed. "They are the boon companions of Sextus; and, like him, will not miss an opportunity of indulgence. If we can only gain over the custodes, we might so drug their wine as to stupefy their drunkenness still more, so that loud noises would not rouse them. This deserves to be thought of; and, fortunately, I happen to have with me for another purpose a drug which I think will answer. But we must not depend on this plan alone. We must persuade the custodes to get possession of the key of the dungeon. This ought not to be impossible, if the soldiers have a drunken carouse every night, as seems to me very likely."

Rachel said nothing more, but pored over the plan of the palace. At length she drew from a small ivory box by her side an ink horn and papyrus, and proceeded to make a fair copy of the plan—adding some jottings of explanation as Seti had given them. She then put both original and copy in his hands. He compared the two, nodded, and looked at her inquiringly.

"I mean, if it is possible, to get this to him with the iron bar."

He silently returned the copy.

Meanwhile the pinnace had been steadily pressing on its way. It passed through the canal, it turned up the Nile, it went sweeping by crocodile and hippopotamus and ibis sporting in the water and sunning by the banks, it met corn ship, and Roman galley, and Nubian dory, and skin-raft loaded with brick and stone, and, occasionally, a pleasure barge freighted to overflowing with the laughter and song of the young and gay. Much silent planning and resolving was done during the latter part of the voyage, but there was more silent praying than either.

And now the castle was in full view. On a promontory that curved out boldly into the river, skirted both above and below by a thick grove of mingled mimosas, acacias, sycamores, and palms, each of which groves screened a little bay and hamlet, stood a quadrangular fortress, with its defiant encompassing wall. Rachel drew her harp toward her and began to play—at first softly and slowly, and then with a stronger and more rapid hand. As the pinnace approached the castle she began to accompany the instrument with her voice: and, when fully in front, the voice surged up over the promontory in melodious billows and seemed to envelop it in floods of exultant song, every word of which was rendered with wonderful distinctness. It was a chant. It was a chant in the original tongue of these words from the Book of Daniel. "Now when he came to the den he cried with a lamentable voice unto Daniel: and the king spake and said to Daniel, 'O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee from the lions?'"

Again and again the words rose and beat their delicious music against the castle like an invading army. Seti narrowly watched the premises as the pinnace glided by, but saw no sign of life. But as soon as they had gone a little farther, rounded the promontory, and then silently veered into the sheltered nook by the hamlet, they saw the peddler on the wharf with his professional pack on his back. When the vessel was fairly moored, the man begged to be allowed to come on board and exhibit his goods, which he protested were the finest and cheapest to be found outside of Alexandria. The beautiful lady would certainly find something she would like among his various stores. In short, his eloquence was so great that he was at length allowed to come on board and ostentatiously spread out his wares about Rachel and Seti.

"Say that he is living," she almost gasped, though scarcely above a murmur.

"He is, my lady."

"Say that food has been given him daily."

"At least since I came."

"Now tell us," she said, with a firmer but still low voice, "while you slowly display your goods, piece by piece, what you have done—in as few words as possible."

"Yes, my lady. I landed at this hamlet, and went at once to the south gate of the palace grounds. Here I found a soldier on guard; but, on making him a small present, he allowed me to enter and seek my old acquaintances, the custodes. Fortunately I found them by themselves in an out-house—the old Egyptian and his much younger Jewish wife; the latter much the leading partner, as I had long known. I warmly saluted them as old friends, hoped they had not forgotten Ezra, assured them that I had never been so well prepared to give them a good trade as now; and proceeded to unpack and display my goods despite their protestations that they did not want anything, could not afford to buy anything, and such like nonsense. But I saw that their eyes followed me as I spread out article after article, and that they listened well as I mentioned prices absurdly low.

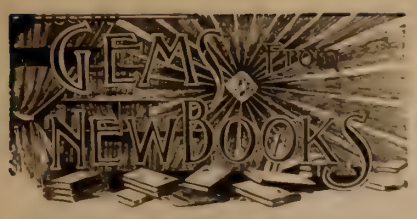
"'You must have stolen these things,' exclaimed the Jewess. 'Alas, that a son of Abraham should turn thief!'

"'I hardly wonder,' said I, 'that you suspect my honesty; for, as you so plainly see, these good are worth many times what I ask for them. How then does it happen that I can honestly offer them so low? I will tell you. I have a very liberal friend—no less a person than the lady Rachel, daughter of the great banker Alexander; and she pities me and other poor children of our people; and it is she who makes it possible for me to let you have the goods at so low a figure. Our father Abraham knows that I could not do it otherwise.'

"'As soon as I mentioned your name, I saw at once that I had touched the right chord. Their eyes opened wider and began to glisten. They drew themselves closer to me.

"'Look you,' said I, 'there has been in the dungeon of this castle for the last few days a young man who is a special friend of Seti and Alexander. He was arrested without right, and spirited away from Alexandria in the night, and brought here by a company of men appearing as Roman soldiers.'

(*To be Continued.*)



SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.*

ONCE, in a "Drawing Room," in the late Earl of Shaftesbury's home, the subject under consideration was the first chapter of Genesis. A distinguished Bible scholar was conducting the study. He called attention to the fact that in this account of Creation, the order of genera is scientifically correct. Heaven earth, water, light, firmament, grass, herb, tree, heavenly bodies, fish, moving things, (amphibia), fowls, creeping things, cattle and man. The possible permutations of fifteen numerals approximates an almost incomprehensible number, *i. e.* 1,307,674,368,000. In order to show how impossible it would be for the writer of this chapter to get these events correct in their order, if he wrote only as a man, he took a slip of paper, and on it he wrote fifteen numbers, from one to fifteen inclusive. Under each one of these numbers he wrote a letter of the English alphabet, choosing the first fifteen, but not writing them in their regular order, but as confusedly as he could. Then he took fifteen slips of paper, and on each one he wrote a number, the fifteen agreeing with the fifteen on his slip. Then he passed these slips to fifteen different persons, one to each, and then asked them as he called the numbers, one by one, for the persons having the slips to write the letters he had written on the slip before him. One can see, at a glance, that these fifteen persons could get the fifteen letters in the same order in which they were written in the slip held by the teacher, by the merest possible chance, if they were to live many years and did nothing else but try.

In the twenty-sixth chapter of Job and seventh verse we are told: "He stretcheth out the north over empty space" Astronomers who were sceptically inclined, turned their telescopes to the northward, and ransacking the heavens in that direction, could find no "empty space;" and then, they would twit the Theologues, by saying: "Job knew nothing about the geography of the heavens. He had better left astronomical matters alone, and attended to the things nearer home with which he was better acquainted—his boils, for instance." Then the Theologues, instead of insisting that Job did know what he was talking about, undertook to parry the thrust by saying: "Job evidently referred to the north pole," feeling quite safe in making such a suggestion with seven or eight hundred miles of impenetrable ice-barrier intervening. Some years ago, the late Prof. Loomis, of Yale University, in speaking about this matter, told me that, "Recently, by the use of the largest telescope in the northern hemisphere, in the Naval Observatory, at Washington, a great vacuum, corresponding to the "empty space" of which Job wrote, has been discovered in the depths of the northern heavens." How did Job know of this?

Herodotus tells us of certain records, wholly independent of the Hebrew account, shown him by priests while in Egypt, containing an account of a "Long Day," which agreed with the Scriptural narrative.

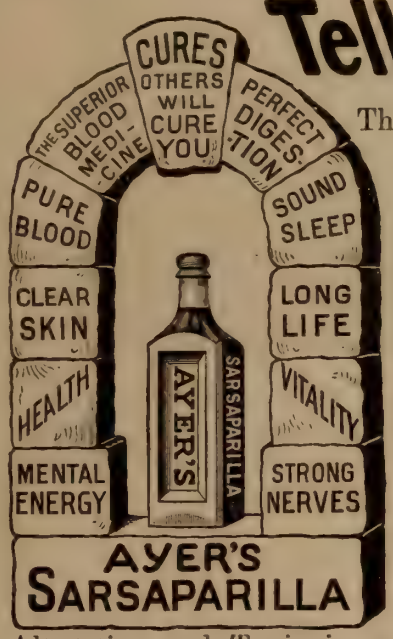
The Chinese, also, have an entirely independent account of a "Long Day" agreeing with the record in the tenth chapter of Joshua, which occurred in the reign of Yeo, who was contemporary with Joshua.

Jesus said that when he would return a second time to earth, it would be "Even" at one point, "Midnight" at another, "Cock-crowing" at another, and "Morning" at another (see Mark 13: 35.) In fact he said that the world was round. And yet, it was thirteen hundred years before a man saw it, and when he did, he was persecuted most unpityingly by the scientific men of his day for believing what he saw.

In these and other cases that might be cited, we see the truth of what Sir John Herschel once said, viz: "All human discoveries seem to be made only for the purpose of confirming more and more strongly, the truths contained in the Sacred Scriptures."

*From *The Highest Critics, vs. The Higher Critics;* by Rev. L. W. Munhall, the well-known Evangelist. A volume of great value to Bible students; pp. 190; price $1. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago, Publishers.

Tells The Story



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NOT long ago a little boy went to the house of a city missionary and holding up a dirty, worn piece of paper, said: "Please sir, father wants to know if you've got a clean leaf like this?" The missionary took it from his hand and found that it was a leaflet on which was printed the well-known hymn beginning, "Just as I am without one plea." The missionary looked down with interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one.

"We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket after she died; and she used to sing it all the time when she was sick, and loved it so much that father wanted me to get a clean one to put in a frame to hang it up. Will you give us a clean one sir?"

The little page, with a single hymn on it, had been cast upon the air like a silken leaf, by Christian hands, humbly hoping to do some possible good. In some little mission school, probably, this poor little girl had thoughtlessly received it, afterwards to find in it, we hope, the Gospel of her salvation. And she seems to have lived so that her family regarded as precious the hymn associated with her. Perhaps the clean leaf the missionary gave them may be the means of leading one or more to seek the heavenly blessings.

AN OPPONENT WORD.

IN the course of some reminiscences of the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, related by Dr. Duncan, is the following story of an opponent being turned to a friend. It occurred at the beginning of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry in London, when the secular press was ridiculing him and the religious press made a feeble defence, often coupled with mild censure. One evening, at a church meeting in the Tabernacle, some of these criticisms were repeated by one of the members whose first name was George and his surname, one afterward well known in the Tabernacle, but which need not be repeated. George spoke strongly, condemning the pastor for his style of preaching and methods of work, quoting freely from the censorious articles in the papers. He ended by moving a resolution of censure on the pastor. It was a surprise to the church to hear the young pastor condemned by one of his own members. They loved him, and though accustomed to hear him abused by outsiders, they did not ever expect to hear such words in their own meetings. Interruptions were frequent, but they were promptly suppressed by Mr. Spurgeon himself, who occupied the chair. "No," he would say, "our friend is discharging what seems to him to be his duty." But if the members could not interrupt, they could show their feeling in another way, and they did so by leaving the meeting. When they were gone, Mr. Spurgeon said kindly to his opponent, "Now, George, we are alone; tell me all about it." Poor George utterly broke down under this sympathy, and had an interview which was the beginning of a lasting friendship with the pastor.

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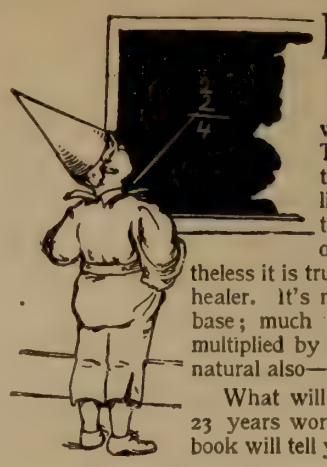

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

L. H. Leamans, Oswego, N. Y. Can you direct me where to find a poem entitled "Recompense," author unknown, and only the latter part of the last verse of which I can recall:

"And as the days go down the western slope,
Know next to Faith, the greatest gift is Hope."

Some of our readers may possibly be able to supply this information.

J. A. Callaway, Lampasas, Tex. 1. See an encyclopædia; any good one will supply the information you want, which cannot be briefly stated. 2. Any bookseller or publisher can procure a *Josephus* for you.

Subscriber, Bullville, Orange County, N. Y. Is there a college or seminary in New York City where poor young men are educated for the ministry?

There is one: the College of the City of New York.

J. F. D., Camden, N. J. How many native Christians are there in India at the present time?

According to the census of 1891, which gave the population at 288,159,672, the religious divisions are set down as follows: Hindoos, 207,654,407; Mussulmans, 57,365,204; Buddhists,7,101,057; Christians, 2,284,191; Jains, 1,416, 109; Sikhs, 1,907,836; Parsees, 89,887; Jews 17,180; forest tribes (animal worshippers), 9,302,083.

Reader, Cross Keys, Va. Is there a Relief Fund in this country for the starving Russians?

Yes; there is a Relief Fund Committee with headquarters in Washington and branches in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. All contributions for the sufferers forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be applied to the purchase of flour and forwarded through the authorized Committee.

M. B. S., Baldwin, Wis. Is it wrong for a church member to lease land for a race-track, provided the contract says: "Liquor shall not be brought on the grounds, nor shall there be horse-racing Sundays?"

We refer you to Rom. 14: 13; Prov. 4: 14. These and other passages of Scripture support the attitude of the Christian Church in opposing horse-racing. Whoever aids or encourages the sin, incurs a share of the responsibility.

Old Settler, Milwaukee, Wis. Who were the more guilty in the Crucifixion, the Jews or the Romans?

Both were guilty, although the onus of the malevolent persecution of Christ rests with the Jews. When they brought him before Pilate and that official, although representing the power of Rome, and even admitting that he could "find no fault" in Jesus, weakly yielded to the fanatical clamor for the sacrifice, he became a principal with a full share of responsibility for the tragedy that followed. A stronger man, backed by the Roman authority and convinced of the injustice of the mob's demand, would have resolutely refused to permit the innocent to suffer. History is full of passages recording the nobility and justice of men whose firmness checked the commission of crimes in the name of law. Roman justice, even in that day, was proverbial. It was therefore the duty of Pilate to have executed justice as Governor of Judea. When he had examined Christ and declared that he "found no fault in him" (John 19: 6), and again when he declined to acknowledge responsibility for the "blood of this just person," he was pledged by his judicial oaths to execute not injustice in obedience to clamor, but justice, even in the face of the whole Jewish nation. Roman laws governed Judea; the native laws, secular and ecclesiastical, could only be recognized and enforced where they did not conflict with those of Rome. Pilate stifled the voice of conscience, set aside the result of his judicial inquiry, disregarded the warning of his wife, and basely consented to a murder in obedience to Jewish clamor. The priests, it is true never wavered in their demand for the Saviour's death and even warned Pilate that if he refused to order the execution he would not be Cæsar's friend. This touched the Governor's weak point: his ambition. To stand well with Cæsar he gratified the populace and ordered his troops to carry out their wishes. The heathen troops of Rome, ever ready for slaughter, made a "Roman holiday" of the crucifixion. While the sin of the Jews must stand without mitigation, it is one in which Pilate must bear his full share of responsibility, while time endures.

Neil Love, Wellsville, Utah. What is the generally accepted theory among well-informed nonconformists in regard to the origin of the Book of Mormon, and what suggested the subject in the mind of Joseph Smith?

The narrative of Joseph Smith's repeated visions, as given by himself, by Oliver Cowdrey, Smith's scribe and his first follower by baptism, and afterward repeatedly told in the official Mormon publications, is generally discredited. All the circumstances relating to the alleged delivery by an angel to Joseph Smith on September 22nd, 1827, of the engraved plates of the *Book of Mormon*, have been repeatedly published and are rejected as an absurd imposture. The late Prof. Anthon, one of the highest philological authorities, declared the characters on the plates to be a confused jumble of "all kinds of crooked characters evidently prepared by some person who had before him at the time a book containing the various alphabets; Greek and Hebrew letters, crosses and flourishes, Roman and Mexican letters," etc. It was, in effect, a literary forgery, like Mc Pherson's *Ossian*, and Chatterton's *Rowley Papers*. Evidence exist to show that the *Book of Mormon* was borrowed or copied nearly *verbatim* by a man named Sidney Rigdon, from a manuscript written many years before by Rev. Solomon Spaulding of Ashford, Conn., who entrusted it for publication to a bookseller named Paterson at Pittsburg, but who died leaving it in Paterson's hands. Rigdon afterwards became Joseph Smith's associate.

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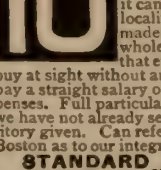
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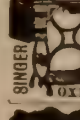
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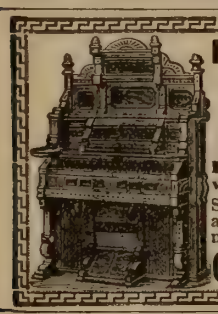

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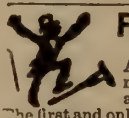

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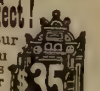

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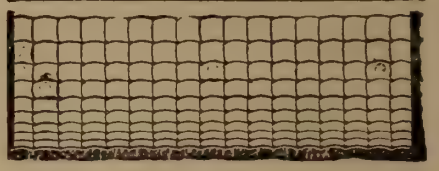

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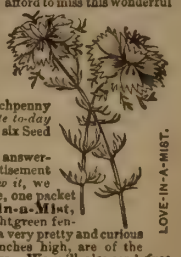

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor. Office Bible House New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1892.

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The Martyrs of Ramleh.

An Ancient Memorial Marks the Spot Where Forty Christians Yielded Up their Lives for the Faith and died Under Mohammedan Swords.

N the undulating plain of Sharon, surrounded on three sides by the low hills of the Shephelah and in the centre of one of the richest and loveliest districts of Palestine, amid orchards of olive and almonds, groves of palm, carob and sycamore, and billows of verdure, in which every flower known to the East seems to mingle, stands the town of Ramleh. It is twenty-four miles north-west of Jerusalem, and less than eight miles distant from Joppa. The town, although wearing a modern aspect, is of great antiquity. Tradition identifies it with Arimathea, and the house of Joseph the rich man who provided the tomb in which the Saviour was laid (Matt. 27 : 57) is still pointed out to travelers. Like many other cities of Palestine, it has at some long distant period been in ruins and was rebuilt, as some records assert, by the Mohammedans about 700 A. D.

Chief among the places of interest in this venerable town, with its shaded streets and solemn-looking houses of stone, its mosques, churches and convents, is a great tower looming up in the western quarter on high land, and visible from every point. It is isolated and stands in the centre of a quadrangular enclosure that may once have been a vast khan, but which is now a ruin. This is the "Tower of the Forty Martyrs," which tradition declares to mark the scene of a sacrifice of many noble Christian lives to the fury of Mohammedan persecution. A spiral stairway leads to the top of the tower, where a magnificent view is afforded, the delighted eye ranging across the Plain of Sharon from the low Judæan Hills and the peaks of Samaria to the blue Mediterranean beyond, and on the other side from bleak Carmel to the deserts of Philistia. This superb landscape is dotted here and there by white villages or shadowed by the cool mountains. It is to many modern travelers a matter for regret that the names of the faithful Forty who sealed their testimony for Christ with their lives at Ramleh have not been preserved. But there are thousands of other disciples who gave their lives for the faith in Palestine, under the pressure of Roman cruelty and Mohammedan fanaticism, whose names have passed into oblivion. The Land of the Saviour is a land of Martyrs, though the resting-places of many whose sufferings have won an eternal crown, are undistinguished by marble pillar or memorial of stone. It is said that in the spacious vaults of the "Tower of the Forty," amid the bats that fly about and the reptiles that crawl across the floors, the remains of the martyrs were found and afterwards given Christian burial.

"TOWER OF THE FORTY MARTYRS" AT RAMLEH.

(From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage in the Holy Land.)

There are in Ramleh probably 5,000 inhabitants, two-thirds being Moslems, and the rest Christians, Armenians and Jews. The town is on the great caravan route between Egypt and Damascus, Smyrna and Constantinople, and many thousands of pilgrims and travelers pass through it annually. It was once a stronghold of the Crusaders, but ever since 1266 A. D., when it was captured from the Christians by the Sultan Bibars, it has remained in Mohammedan hands.

Beggars abound in Ramleh, especially in the pilgrimage season. One encounters them everywhere; in the streets, out on the highway, and at the entrance to the mosques and places of public interest. They are found in greatest numbers around the Martyrs' Tower, and even out on the highway that leads to Lydda, two miles distant, where Peter the Apostle healed Eneas. There is an old Greek church at Lydda, in the crypt of which the bones of St. George, the patron saint of England, are said by tradition to lie. English tourists seldom fail to visit Lydda. St. George is believed to have been born there, and after he had suffered martyrdom at Nicodemia under Diocletian, in the latter part of the fourth century, his remains were transferred to his native city, where a church was erected by Justinian in his honor.

The ever beautiful Plain of Sharon which lies spread out before the traveler on leaving Ramleh, is now greatly neglected. In the time of the Saviour's sojourn on earth, it was a vast wide-spreading garden of world-renowned beauty and fertility; but it has now run wild and is the pasture-ground of the predatory Bedouin tribes from the south, whose horses and cattle leave it bare after each fresh incursion.

The Three Tabernacles.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon on the Occasion of his Twenty-Third Anniversary From the Text, Luke 9: 33: *"Let us make three tabernacles."*

OUR Arab ponies were almost dead with fatigue, as, in December, 1889, we rode near the foot of Mount Hermon in the Holy Land, the mountain called by one "a mountain of ice;" by another "a glittering breastplate of ice;" by another "the Mont Blanc of Palestine." Its top has an almost unearthly brilliance. But, what must it have been in the time to which my text refers. Peter and James and John were on that mountain top with Jesus, when, suddenly, Christ's face took on the glow of the noon-day sun, and Moses and Elijah, who had been dead for centuries, came out from the heavenly world and talked with our Saviour. What an overwhelming three! Moses, representing the law, Elijah, representing the prophets, and Christ, representing all worlds. Impetuous Peter was so wrought upon by the presence of this wondrous three, that, without waiting for time to consider how preposterous was the proposition, he cried out: "Let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, one for Moses and one for Elijah." Where would they get the material for building one tabernacle, much less material enough to build two tabernacles, and, still less, how would they get the material for building three? Where would they get the hammers? Where the gold? Where the silver? Where the curtains? Where the costly adornments? Hermon is a barren peak, and to build one tabernacle in such a place would have been an undertaking beyond human achievement, and Peter was propounding the impossible when he cried out in enthusiasm: "Let us build three tabernacles." And, yet, that is what this congregation have been called to do and have done. The first Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated in 1870 and destroyed by fire in 1872. The second Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated in 1874 and destroyed by fire in 1889. The third Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated in April, 1891, and in that we are worshipping to-day. What sounded absurd for Peter to propose, when he said on Mount Hermon, in the words of my text: "Let us build three tabernacles," we have not only done, but, in the mysterious providence of God, were compelled to do.

We have been unjustly criticised by people who did not know the facts, sometimes for putting so much money in church buildings, and sometimes for not giving as much as we ought to this or that denominational project, and no explanation has yet been made. Before I get through with the delivery of this sermon and its publication and distribution, I shall show that no church on earth has ever done more magnificently, and that no church ever conquered more trials, and that no membership ever had in it more heroes and heroines than this Brooklyn Tabernacle, and I mean to have it known that any individual or religious newspaper or secular newspaper that hereafter casts any reflection on this church's fidelity and generosity, is guilty of a wickedness for which God will hold him or it responsible. One year it was sent out through a syndicate of newspapers that this church was doing nothing in the way of liberality, when we had that year raised $94,000 in hard cash for religious uses. There has been persistent and hemispheric lying against this church. We have raised during my pastorate, for church building and church purposes, $998,000 or practically a million dollars. Not an Irish famine, or a Charleston earthquake, or an Ohio freshet, or a Chicago conflagration, but our church was among the first to help. We have given free seats in the morning and evening services to 240,000 strangers a year, and that, in twenty years, would amount to 4,800,000 auditors.

Dr. Talmage's First Brooklyn Church—1869.

We have received into our membership 5,357 members, and that is only a small portion of the number of those who have here been converted to God from all parts of this land and from other lands. Under the blessing of God, and through the kindness of the printing press, my sermons now go every week into every neighborhood in Christendom and are regularly translated into nearly all the great languages of Europe and Asia. The syndicates having charge of this sermonic publication informed me a few days ago that my printed sermons every week, in this and other lands, go into the hands of 25,000,000 people. During the last year, I am authoritatively informed, over 2,000 different periodicals were added to the list of those who make this publication. And yet there are ministers of the Gospel and religious newspapers that systematically and industriously and continuously charge this church with idleness and selfishness and parsimony. I call the attention of the whole earth to this outrage that has been heaped upon the Brooklyn Tabernacle, though a more consecrated, benevolent, and splendid convocation of men and women were never gathered together outside of heaven. I have never before responded to these injustices, and probably will never refer to them again, but I wish the people of this country and other countries to know that what they read concerning the selfishness and indolence and lack of benevolence and lack of missionary spirit on the part of this church, is, from top to bottom and from stem to stern, falsehood — dastardly falsehood—diabolical falsehood. What is said against myself has no effect, except, like that of a coarse Turkish towel, the rubbing down by which improves circulation and produces good health. But this continuous misrepresentation of my beloved church, in the name of Almighty God, I denounce, while I appeal to the fair-minded men and women to see that justice is done this people, who, within a few years, have gone through a struggle that no other church in any land or any age has been called to endure, and I pray God that no other church may ever be called to endure, viz:—the building of three tabernacles. I ask the friends of the Brooklyn Tabernacle to cut out this sermon from the newspapers and put it in their pocketbooks, so that they can intelligently answer our falsifiers, whether clerical or lay. And with these you may put that other statement, which recently went through the country and which I saw in Detroit, which said that the Brooklyn Tabernacle had a hard financial struggle, because it had all along been paying such enormous salaries to its pastor, Dr. Talmage, when the fact is that, after our last disaster and for two years, I gave all my salary to the church building fund, and I received $6,000 less than nothing; in other words, in addition to serving this church gratuitously for two years, I let it have $6,000 for building purposes. Why is it that people could not do us justice and say that all our financial struggle as a church came from doing what Peter, in my text, absurdly proposed to do, but which, in the inscrutable providence of God, we were compelled to do—build three tabernacles.

The New Brooklyn Tabernacle—1891.

Now, I feel better that this is off my mind. The rest of my sermon will be spun out of hosannahs. I announce to you this day, that we are at last, as a church, in smooth waters. Arrangements have been made by which our financial difficulties are now fully and satisfactorily adjusted. Our income will exceed our out-go, and Brooklyn Tabernacle will be yours and belong to you and your children after you, and anything you see contrary to this you may put down to the confirmed habit which some people have got of misrepresenting this church and they cannot stop. When I came to Brooklyn, I came to a small church and a big indebtedness. We now have this, the largest Protestant church in America, and financially as a congregation we are worth, over and beyond all indebtedness, considerably more than $150,000.

I have preached here 23 years, and I expect, if my life and health are continued, to preach here 23 years longer, although we will all do well to remember that our breath is in our nostrils, and any hour we may be called to give an account of our stewardship. All we ask for the future is that you do your best, contributing all you can to the support of our institutions. Our best days are yet to come; our greatest revivals of religion, and our mightiest outpourings of the Holy Ghost. We have got through Red Sea and stand to-day on the other bank clapping the cymbals of victory.

Yes, 23 years have passed since I came to live in Brooklyn, and they have been to me eventful years. It was a prostrated church to which I came, a church so flat down it could drop no further. Through controversies which it would be useless to rehearse it was well-nigh extinct, and for a long while it had been without a pastor. But 19 members could be mustered to sign a call for my coming. My first Sabbath in Brooklyn was a sad day, for I did not realize how far the church was down until then, and on the evening of that day my own brother, through whose pocket I entered the ministry, died, and the tidings of his decease reached me at six o'clock in the evening, as I was to preach at half-past seven. But from that day the blessing of God was on us, and in three months we began the enlargement of the building. Before the close of that year, we resolved to construct the first Tabernacle. It was to be a temporary structure, and, therefore, we called it a Tabernacle, instead of a Temple. What should be the style of architecture was the immediate question. I had always thought that the amphitheatrical shape would be appropriate for a church. Two distinguished architects were employed, and, after much hovering over designs, they announced to us that such a building was impossible for religious purposes, as it would not be churchly, and would subject themselves and us to ruinous criticism; in other words, they were not ready for a revolution in church architecture. Utterly disheartened as to my favorite style of architecture, I said to the trustees: "Build anything you please, and I must be satisfied." But one morning a young architect appeared at my house and asked if we had yet selected a plan for our church. I said, "No, and what we want we cannot get." "What style of building do you want?" he asked. And taking out a lead pencil and a letter envelope from my pocket, in less than a minute, by a few curved lines, I indicated in the rough what we wanted. "But," I said, "old architects tell us it can't be done, and there is no use in your trying." He said, "I can do it. How long can I have to make out the plans?" I said, "This evening at eight o'clock everything is to be decided."

At eight o'clock of that evening the architect presented his plans, and the bids of builder and mason were presented, and in five minutes after the plans were presented they were unanimously adopted. So that I would not be in the way of the trustees during the work, I went to Europe, and when I got back, the church was well-nigh done. But here came in a staggering hindrance. We expected to pay for the new church by the sale of the old building. The old one had been sold, but just at the time we must have the money, the purchasers backed out and we had two churches and no money. By the help of God and the indomitable and unparalleled energy of our trustees (here and there one of

"WHAT STYLE OF BUILDING DO YOU WANT."

them present to-day, but the most in a better world), we got the building ready for consecration, and on September 25, 1870, morning and evening dedicatory services were held, and in the afternoon the children, with sweet and multitudinous voices, consecrated the place to God. Twenty thousand dollars were raised that day to pay a floating debt. In the morning old Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, the glory of the Episcopal Church and the Chrysostom of the American pulpit, preached a sermon, which lingered in its gracious effects as long as the building stood. Hosannah! Ten million years in heaven will have no power to dim my memory of the glorious times we had in that first Tabernacle, which, because of its invasion of the usual style of church architecture, was called by some "Talmage's Hippodrome," by others, "Church of the Holy Circus," and by other mirthful nomenclature. But it was a building perfect for acoustics and stood long enough to have its imitation in all the large cities of America and to completely revolutionize church architecture. People saw that it was the common-sense way of seating an audience. Instead of putting them in an angular church, where each one chiefly saw the back part of somebody else's head, the audience were arranged in semi-circle, so that they could see each other's faces, and the auditorium was a great family circle.

One Sunday morning, in December, 1872, the thermometer nearly down to zero, I was on my way to church. There was an excitement in the street and much smoke in the air. Fire engines dashed past. But my mind was on the sermon I was about to preach, until someone rushed up and told me that our church was going up in the same kind of chariot that Elijah took from the banks of the Jordan. That Sunday morning tragedy, with its wringing of hands, and frozen tears on the cheek of many thousands standing in the street, and the crash that shook the earth, is as vivid as though it were yesterday. But it was not a perfect loss. All were anxious to do something, and, as, on such occasions sensible people are apt to do unusual things, one of the members, at the risk of his life, rushed in among the fallen walls, mounted the pulpit and took a glass of water from the table and brought it in safety to the street. So you see it was not a total loss. Within an hour, from many churches came kind invitations to occupy their buildings, and hanging against a lamp-post, near the destroyed building, before twelve o'clock that morning was a board with the inscription: "The congregation of Brooklyn Tabernacle will worship to-night in Plymouth Church." Mr. Beecher made the opening prayer, which was full of commiseration for me and my homeless flock, and I preached that night the sermon that I intended to preach that morning in my own church, the text concerning the precious alabaster box broken at the feet of Christ, and sure enough we had one very precious broken that day. We were, as a church, obliterated. "But, arise and build," said many voices. At last, after having worshipped in our beautiful Academy of Music, on the morning of February 22nd, 1874, the anniversary of the Washington who conquered impossibilities and on the Sabbath that always celebrates the resurrection, Dr. Byron Sunderland, Chaplain of the United States Senate, thrilled us through and through with a dedicatory sermon from Haggai 2: 9, "The glory of this house shall be greater than that of the former, saith the Lord of Hosts." The corner-stone of that building had been laid by the illustrious and now enthroned Dr. Irenæus Prime. On the platform on dedication day, sat, among others, Dr. Dowling of the Baptist Church, Dr. Crooks of the Methodist Church, Mr. Beecher of the Congregational Church, and Dr. French of the Presbyterian Church. Hosannah! Another $35,000 was raised on that day. The following Sunday 328 souls were received into our communion, mostly on confession of faith. At two other communions over 500 souls joined at each one. At another in-gathering 628 souls entered this communion, and so many of those gathered throngs have already entered heaven that we expect to feel at home when we get there. My! My! Won't we be glad to see them—the men and women who stood by us in days that were dark and days that were jubilant. Hosannah! The work done in that church on Schermerhorn Street can never be undone. What self-sacrifices on the part of many, who gave almost till the blood came! What hallelujahs! What sacraments! What obsequies! One of them on a snowy Sabbath afternoon, when all Brooklyn seemed to sympathize, and my eldest son, bearing my own name, lay beneath the pulpit in the last sleep, and Florence Rice Knox sang, and a score of ministers on and around the platform tried to interpret how it was best that one who had just come to manhood, and with brightest worldly prospects, should be taken, and we left with a heart that will not cease to ache until we meet where tears never fall.

That second Tabernacle! What a stupendous reminiscence! But, if the Peter of my text had known what an undertaking it is to build two tabernacles, he would not have proposed two, to say nothing of three. On a Sabbath in October, 1889, I announced to my congregation that I would in a few weeks visit the Holy Land, and that the officers of the church had consented to my going, and the wish of a lifetime was about to be fulfilled. The next Sabbath morning, about two o'clock or just after midnight, a member of my household awakened me by saying that there was a strange light in the sky. A thunderstorm had left the air full of electricity, and from horizon to horizon everything seemed to blaze. But that did not disturb me, until an observation taken from the cupola of my house, declared that the second Tabernacle was putting on red wings. I scouted the idea and turned over on the pillow for another sleep, but a number of excited voices called me to the roof, and I went up and saw clearly defined in the night the fiery catafalque of our second Tabernacle. When I saw that, I said to my family: "I think that ends my work in Brooklyn. Surely the Lord will not call a minister to build three churches in one city. The building of one church generally ends the usefulness of a pastor, how can any one preside at the building of three churches?" But, before twenty-four hours had passed, we were compelled to cry out, with Peter of my text, "Let us build three tabernacles." We must have a home somewhere. The old site had ceased to be the centre of our congregation, and the centre of the congregation, as near as we could find it, is where we now stand. Having selected the spot, should we build on it a barn or a Tabernacle beautiful and commodious? Our common-sense, as well as our religion, commanded the latter. But what push, what industry, what skill, what self-sacrifice, what faith in God, were necessary. Impediments and hindrances without number were thrown in the way, and had it not been for the perseverance of our church officials and the practical help of many people and the prayers of millions of good souls in all parts of the earth and the blessing of Almighty God, the work would not have been done. On the third Sabbath of last April, this church was dedicated, Dr. Hamlin of Washington preaching an inspiring sermon, Dr. Wendell Prime of New York, offering the dedicatory prayer, and some fifteen clergymen, during the day, taking part in the services. Hosannah!

How suggestive to many of us are the words spelled out in flowers above the pulpit—"1869" and "1892,"—for those dates bound what raptures, what griefs, what struggles, what triumphs. I mention it as a matter of gratitude to God that in these 23 years I have missed but one Sabbath through physical indisposition, and but three in the 36 years of my ministry. And, now, having reached this 23rd mile-stone, I start anew. During the years I have learned two or three things.

"IT WAS PUTTING ON RED WINGS."

Among others, I have learned that "all things work together for good." My positive mode of preaching has sometimes seemed to stir the hostilities of all earth and hell. Feeling called upon fifteen years ago to explore underground New York City life, that I might report the evils to be combatted I took with me two elders of my church and a New York Police Commissioner, and a policeman, and I explored, and reported the horrors that needed removal and the allurements that endangered our young men. There came upon me an out-burst of assumed indignation that frightened almost everybody but myself. That exploration put into my church thirty or forty newspaper correspondents, from north, south, east and west; which opened for me new avenues in which to preach the gospel that otherwise would never have been opened. Years passed on and I preached a series of sermons on Amusements, and a false report of what I did say—and one of the sermons said to have been preached by me was not mine in a single word—roused a violence that threatened me with poison and dirk and pistol and other forms of extinguishment, until the Chief of Brooklyn Police, without any suggestion from me, took possession of the church with 24 policemen to see that no harm was done. That excitement opened many doors, which I entered for preaching the gospel. After a while came an ecclesiastical trial, in which I was arraigned by people who did not like the way I did things, and, although I was acquitted of all the charges, the contest shook the American Church. That battle made me more friends than anything that ever happened and gave me Christendom and more than Christendom for my weekly audience. On the demolition of each church, we got a better and a larger church, and not a disaster, not a caricature, not a persecution, not an assault, during all these 23 years, but turned out for our advantage, and ought I not to believe that "all things work together for good?" Hosannah!

And, now, as I stand here on my twenty-third anniversary, I see two audiences. The one is made up of all those who have worshipped with us in the past, but have been translated to higher realms. What children—too fair and too sweet and too lovely for earth, and the Lord took them, but they seem present to-day. The croup has gone out of the swollen throat, and the pallor from the cheek, and they have on them the health and radiance of heaven. Hail groups of glorified children! How glad I am to have you come back to us to-day! And here sit those aged ones, who departed this life leaving an awful vacancy in home and church. Where are your staffs, and where are your gray locks, and where your stooping shoulders, ye blessed old folks? "Oh!" they say, "we are all young again, and the bath in the river from under the Throne has made us agile and bounding. In the place from which we come they use no staffs, but sceptres!" Hail, fathers and mothers in Israel; how glad we are to have you come back to greet us. But the other audience I see in imagination is made up of all those to whom we have had opportunity as a church, directly or indirectly, of presenting the Gospel. Yea, all my parishes seem to come back to-day. The people of my first charge in Belleville, New Jersey. The people of my second charge in Syracuse, New York. The people of my third charge in Philadelphia. And the people of all these three Brooklyn Tabernacles. Look at them, and all those whom, through the printing press, we have invited to God and heaven, now seeming to sit in galleries above galleries, fifty galleries, a hundred galleries, a thousand galleries high. I greet them all in your name and in Christ's name, all whom I have confronted from my first sermon in my first village charge, where my lips trembled and my knees knocked together from affright, speaking from the text, Jeremiah 1: 6: "Ah, Lord God, behold I cannot speak, for I am a child!" until the sermon I preach to-day from Luke 9: 33: "Let us make three tabernacles," those of the past the present, all gathered in imagination, and if not in reality, all of us grateful to God for past mercies, all of us sorry for misimproved opportunities, all hopeful for eternal raptures, and, while the visible and the invisible audiences of the present and the past commingle, I give out to be sung by those who are here to-day, and to be sung by those who shall read of this scene of reminiscence and congratulation, that hymn which has been rolling on since Isaac Watts started it one hundred and fifty years ago:

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

GOD'S WORK AND WORD.

S. S. Lesson for April 17. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Ps. 19. Golden Text, Ps. 19: 7.

"THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." Man brings the earth into subjection; crowded streets take the place which once was covered with magnificent forest oaks; dirty collieries and huge square factories cover in the country what once were lovely hills and valleys. Railways run through the most picturesque scenery, and beauty is subject to utility. But above earth the broad expanse of blue looks down from its unaltered calm, or the wild clouds, unbridled by human will, dash on in ever changing grandeur and power, discharging their artillery of thunder or lighting from their natural battery miles of country at once with their lightning flash. Or, again, in calm stillness they bathe in the rays of the setting sun, divulging a wealth of glory and an exquisite harmony of color which baffle the power of the painter to reproduce. What mind has designed, what hand has carried out this glorious work? "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth, (Ps. 33: 6); they are

His Handiwork.

"Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language; their voice cannot be heard." (R. V.) Speech without language, speech without voice! God's works have an unspoken language of their own. They all speak of an unseen Power, of a hidden authority and government. Worlds, planets, systems, clouds of stars, all of which are suns probably with planets revolving around them, tell of a creative and upholding hand. There is no government but only confusion where there is no one to govern. Therefore God counts as inexcusable those who know him not. "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness; *because that which may be known of God* is manifest in them; for God hath shewed it unto them." But how has God manifested and shewed unto men, even ungodly men, that which even they are capable of comprehending? It is thus: "For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things which are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse; because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful." (Rom. 1: 18-21.) Here is

The Secret of Infidelity.

The heavens declare the glory of God; common intelligence says: "There must be a God who made and who rules this vast universe;" and yet the very created beings who have this thought do not follow it up in practice! They know there is a God, they see his eternal power and Godhead, but they will have nothing to do with him. They know there is a superior power at work, but they do not bow to him, and avoid every approach on his part! They do not "seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him and find him (Acts 17: 27), they do not stir themselves up "to take hold of" him (Isa. 64: 7), but remain in supine indifference, and live as though there were no God! And why is this? Because, if they know God, they must obey him, and they could then no longer indulge their animal passions and selfish instincts, regardless of what is due to him and to their fellow creatures.

The testimony of God's works "is gone out through all the earth, and their words (these unspoken words), to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun," that work of God which all must see who have eyes, and all must feel who have not, for "there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

But our God in his gracious love to man has given him, in addition to his unspoken language in his creation—which appeals even to the heathen who lie in darkness and the shadow of death,—

A Written Word.

How great is our privilege and our responsibility, we who possess an open Bible! We can never estimate it. What we owe, under God, to the Reformers who delivered England from the tyranny of a church which forbade the word of God for private and personal use, who can understand? Here is the testimony of one of old, whose Bible consisted only of the five books of Moses, the books of Joshua and Judges, the book of Job and a few of his own Psalms! "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting [or restoring] the soul." This is power. Does David exaggerate? Gather together twenty of God's children, and ask them what it was which finally spoke peace to their souls. Many things may have been used of the Spirit of God to their awakening, but you will find that in almost every case, the converting power, or restoring power, was some passage of Scripture applied by the Spirit. How many thousands have found peace through the blessed words: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16.) How many more through John 5: 24! How many through Isa. 53: 5, 6, or Isa. 43: 25; or 44: 22! It is the word which he speaks unto us, the word applied personally which is Spirit and life to us. But how is it "that the word of God does not convert every soul that hears it? There are some of whom it is written; "The word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it." Man has the power to "resist the Holy Ghost." God does not force his word upon us, whether we will or not; we have the power to choose whom we will serve. But to

Those Who Wilfully Reject

the knowledge of God he speaks in awful terms; they shall "eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices;" they wrong their own souls; they judge themselves "unworthy of everlasting life;" "your blood shall be upon your own head!"

Once truly converted, once really yielded to the Word of God, his child finds firm ground under his feet: "The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple." How many a child of God has been harrassed to the last degree by a feverish anxiety to know the will of God. He sought counsel from many fellow Christians, only to come into greater confusion than before, has, as he calls it, besieged the throne of grace, all in vain. God is not overcome by siege. At last he has learned to be still, because nothing else remained to him, and then, often quite suddenly, some word of God has flashed in upon him with wondrous light, and all has been clear. No more seeking light elsewhere now, the leading is sure, his steps are established, they are on firm ground; the sinful has been made wise.

"The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart." Once converted, and beginning to know the sure guidance of the Word of God, a new joy breaks in upon the soul; it consists in an intense satisfaction in all we know of the mind of the Lord. Even though it may cost us much, it is worth while, as our confidence in him is quickened by finding such sure ground under our feet. It was worth while for Abraham to offer up Isaac, he reaped from that sowing of obedience to God and confidence in him, an untold reward in fellowship with his God. It was worth while for Joseph to accept his slavery and his prison-shame, when his feet were hurt with fetters; he was laid in iron; until the time that his word came; the Word of the Lord tried him. It was worth the trial—God was preparing him to rule. Moses, Joshua, Caleb, condemned to the wilderness wandering because of the disobedience of the people, never pitied themselves; each one of them could have testified, "The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart;" "All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth to such as keep his covenant and his testimonies." (Ps. 25: 10.) "The commandment of the Lord is pure,

Enlightening the Eyes."

No man can see through a fog; the air is thick with vapor, sometimes with smoke. Man's words and his counsel are often like a fog, not pure like the free, fresh air when the mists have cleared away. The thoughts of man, when independent of God, always land one in greater uncertainty, man sees only from his own narrow standpoint. But God sees from above, and the Word of God which looks at things from above, throws heaven's light, the light of eternity on earthly things.

"The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever." Clean? why clean? Because when by grace we have a single eye to the glory of God, mixed and impure motives cannot find entrance. It is our safety to look at everything in its relation to God. Those whose standard is no higher than, "Is there any harm in this or that?"—look at everthing in its

Relation to Themselves.

This is not clean, not pure from selfishness. "I don't see that it hurts me to smoke," says one; "I cannot see what harm it is to read novels," says another. But, how do these things serve God? is the true question. Do I smoke, or do I read novels to deny myself, to take up my cross and to follow Jesus? or do I smoke and read novels to indulge myself, to be an enemy to the Cross of Christ, and to follow my own inclinations? If the latter, it is not clean, not single-eyed in a follower of him who "pleased not himself." One who is converted by the Word of God, who is subject to it, enlightend by it, and rejoicing in it, such an one does not misunderstand his judgment. God may purge him that he may "bring forth more fruit," but he will not complain when he is in the furnace: he will understand the love of the Hand which smites him, and will say, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." He sees them even while he suffers, as more precious than gold, and sweeter than honey; he takes them as warnings now, and looks on the recompence of the reward.

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handi work. An Arab, a wild son of the desert, one more accustomed to fight than to reason, to plunder a caravan rather than argue a cause, was asked by a traveler how he knew there was a God. He fixed his dark eyes with a stare of savage wonder on the man who seemed to doubt the existence of God, and then he met the question by another: "How do I know whether it was a man or a camel that passed by my tent last night?" Well spoken, child of the desert, for not more plainly do the footprints in the sand reveal to thine eye whether it was a man or a camel that passed thy tent in the darkness of the night, than God's works reveal his power and being.

Sir Isaac Newton had among his acquaintances a philosopher who was an atheist. It is well known that the illustrious man who takes the first rank as a mathematician, natural philosopher and astronomer, was at the same time a sincere and consistent Christian. He had in his study a celestial globe on which was an excellent representation of the constellations and the stars which compose them. His atheist friend, having come to visit him one day was struck with the beauty of this globe. He examined it and greatly admiring the work, he turned to Newton and inquired of him "Who made it?" "No one," replied the celebrated philosopher. The atheist understood and was silent.

During the French Revolution, one of its most zealous agitators boastfully addressing a pious peasant, said: "We will pull down your steeples and everything that reminds you of God, and all your old superstitions;" to which the peasant modestly replied: "You had better begin with the stars."

Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults. Some shepherds once saw an eagle soar out from a crag. It flew majestically far up into the sky, but by-and-by became unsteady, and began to waver in its flight. At length one wing drooped and then the other and the poor bird fell swiftly to the ground. The shepherds sought the fallen bird, and found that a little serpent had fastened itself upon it while it rested upon the crag. The eagle did not know that the serpent was there. But it gnawed in through the feathers and while the proud monarch was sweeping through the air its fangs were thrust into his flesh, and he came reeling down into the dust. It is the story of Samson: it is the story of many a life. For a time the promise is great, then suddenly it falls. Some secret sin has long been eating its way into the heart, and at last the proud life lies soiled and dishonored in the dust. Once a famous ruby was offered to England. The report of the Crown jeweller was that it was the finest he had ever seen or heard of, but that one of its facets—one of the little cuttings on the face—was slightly fractured. The result was, that almost invisible flaw reduced its value by many thousands of dollars and it was rejected from the royal regalia of England.

When Canova, the famous sculptor, was about to commence his great statue of Napoleon, his keenly observant eye detected a tiny red line running through the upper portion of that splendid block, which at infinite cost had been brought from Paros, and nothing could induce him to lay a chisel on it.

In the story of the early struggles of the elder Herschel, while he was working out the problem of gigantic telescope lenses, it is recorded that he made scores upon scores before he got one to satisfy him. A scratch like the slenderest spider line sufficed to vitiate what had cost him long weeks of toil and anxiety.

A little rope will hang a great malefactor, a little dross will abase much gold, a little heresy will corrupt much sound doctrine, a little fly is enough to spoil the alabaster box of ointment and a little sin, without God's mercy is sufficient to ruin to all eternity a precious soul.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea than much fine gold. A very poor woman in Edinburgh, who was so nearly blind as not to be able to read her Bible, could get no one to read it to her. She was greatly distressed to live day after day without the comfort and direction of this blessed book. She thought of many plans, and made many inquiries, but all in vain. At last she made a bargain with a woman to read to her a chapter every night, and for this service she gladly shared the scanty pittance which was her only support, thus denying herself of many physical comforts in order that her soul might revel in the joys and consolations which God's Holy Word afforded her.

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy Word
We read thy name in fairer lines.

Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy Word my guide to heaven.

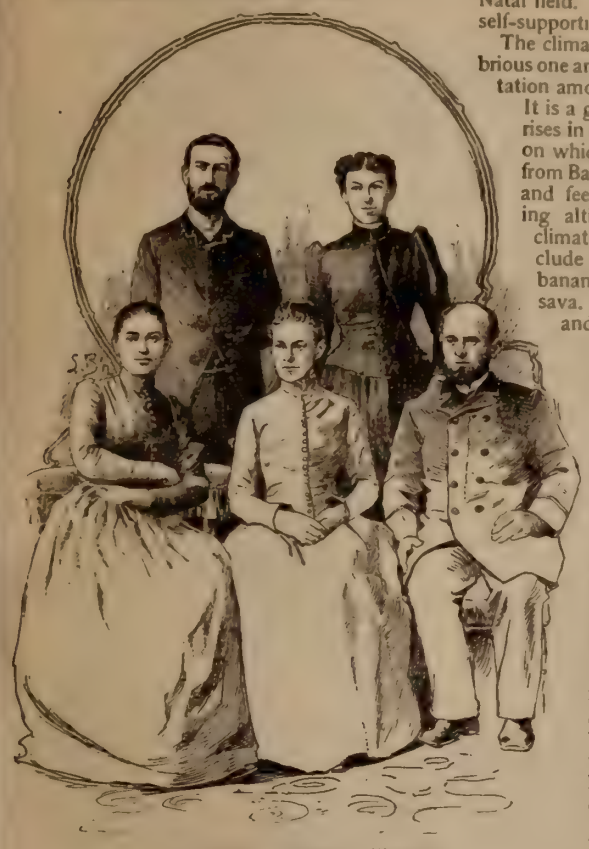
About thirty yearsthe South Sea Islanders had never seen a Bible, nor did they know any way of getting or giving knowledge but by speech. Now they know the value of "speaking leaves," as they call tracts and Bibles. Such is their desire for them that they will travel ten miles in a small canoe, in the open sea, to obtain a single copy, for which they offer fruit and native cloth. Many have come thirty or forty miles on land, carrying a burden all the way, that they might buy a Bible. One of these natives fenced off a plot of ground, planted it with arrow-root, and waited till it was ripe. He then prepared it for use, and getting with it into his canoe, spread its sail to the wind, and steered for a missionary station. After sailing for some miles, a sudden gust of wind filled the little sail, and upset the canoe. The poor fellow soon got his canoe right again, and himself safe in it, but the arrow-root had gone to the bottom of the sea. He turned his canoe round towards home, which he reached with a sad heart. But as soon as he got there, he planted a fresh plot of arrow-root, and waited until it was ready; then he set out once more, sailed again over the open sea, reached the station, and bought a Bible. The next day he was on his return, full of joy that he had got what he had so long wished to possess.

A JEWISH ESTIMATE OF SPURGEON.

In the course of an article called forth by the death of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, the *Jewish Chronicle* says: "He lived what he taught and he taught nothing which was not to his nature a reality. There was much of the old Hebrew prophet about Spurgeon, and like all Puritans his soul was saturated with the Old Testament. In no detail did he manifest the honesty of his Christianity more than in his deep reverence for the faith and people of Israel from which it sprang. Ten years ago he wrote to me these words in reference to the persecution then raging against our people in Russia: 'I tremble for the nations who become a rod to Israel, for after they have scourged her, the rod always breaks them; as if he could not bear the sight of that with which his people had been smitten.' We should record his name among the most zealous of those who raised their voices on behalf of our brethren."

THE GOSPEL IN NATAL.

Four more Missionaries en route to Labor Among the Zulus—What has Already been Accomplished in South Africa.



F. L. DESH. EMMA H. HILLMON.
ROSE MYERS. ANNA JONES. J. J. HAVILAND.

FOREIGN missionary work has received a powerful impetus in the United States within the last few years, and the various Christian denominations are striving to outdo each other in active, energetic, consecrated effort for the speedy evangelization of the globe. Hardly a month passes in which some foreign-bound steamer does not bear away from these shores a band of devoted men and women, who have voluntarily taken up the sacred burden of gospel-bearing to the distant and unenlightened lands. The latest of these missionary companies to sail from this port consisted of four persons, who are now *en route* to Natal, South Africa, under the auspices of the Free Methodist Missionary Society. They are Misses Emma H. Hillmon and Rose Myers, and Messrs. F. L. Desh and J. J. Haviland—and all four are earnest, thorough-going Christians, sanctified for the work they have undertaken and eminently fitted in all respects to be serviceable in the mission field. At the same time and on the same vessel sailed another lady—Miss Anna Jones—who goes to labor as a missionary in India. Mr. Haviland is a graduate of the Medical Training School of Dr. Geo. D. Dowkontt, whose remarkable mission labors in New York and elsewhere were described in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Miss Hillmon is a professional teacher of high grade, Mr. Haviland a trained physician, and Miss Myers has already proved her capacity as a worker and organizer—qualities that will be specially valuable in the field. We present portraits of the five missionaries on this page.

Speaking of the work in Natal, Rev. J. G. Terrill of Chicago, Secretary of the Free Methodist Missionary Society, said: "There are several missionary societies already actively at work and established there. The English Wesleyans have stations and so also have the American Board; the London Missionary Society, the French Protestant Society and others. The Free Methodists have purchased 1200 acres of land in the southern part of Natal, near the ocean, and we have already three missionaries there,—Rev. A. B. Noyes and wife, and Miss F. Grace Allen. These will be now reinforced by the four who have first sailed on the steamer *Amsterdam*.

"We began work in that field about five or six years ago and have now several mission buildings in course of erection. Regarding the latter the two made missionaries who have just gone out are fully instructed. Money is now being raised to supply them. Some progress has already been made, but the work of getting settled has kept us till now from accomplishing anything of permanent value. We intend to place just as many missionaries in the field as the work demands. Our purpose is to develop not only Christian society but Christian industry among the native population, and to instruct them in farming, fruit-growing, etc. These missionaries have the requisite training to do effective work in the Natal field. Our plan is to make the missions self-supporting."

The climate of Natal is regarded as a salubrious one and, indeed, has acquired some reputation among Europeans as a health resort. It is a great hunting country. The land rises in *steppes*, and there are great plains on which game abounds. It is divided from Basutoland by mountains ten thousand feet above sea level, and the varying altitudes afford a great variety of climate and products. The latter include coffee, cotton, grain, pine-apple banana, paw-paw, pea-nuts and cassava. The natives of Natal are Zulus, and are among the finest specimens of the native African in physique. One of the scenes illustrated on this page is that of a Zulu kraal, or homestead. The tall man on the left is probably the eldest son of the family. In the foreground are the living quarters of the household, and a hut in the distance, with cow-horns ornamenting the roof, is the house of the headwife. Some of the members of this family judging by their dress and general appearance, have been attending the Mission Schools. From superstitious reasons, the chief is not included in the group, as the head of a kraal never permits himself to be pictured. The Zulu girl in the immediate foreground is on her way to the native market to dispose of her split brooms. Her wardrobe has, partly at least, been supplied by some white woman, probably a missionary, for the native blanket is supplemented by a jacket of European make. The brooms are manufactured in primitive fashion

A ZULU CHIEF'S KRAAL IN NATAL.

by the women and girls of the tribe from the branches of young trees. Many of the Zulus are becoming deeply interested in the Gospel and the once fierce and warlike race is being won to Christ.

A TREE GROWING FROM A TOMB.

THE story has often been told of the seedling which forced its way out of a grave, displacing the heavy granite slab, which had been placed there by order of the person interred beneath it, who, having been a blatant infidel declared that he would be buried so securely that no power in creation should be able to make his grave give up its dead. A traveller who has recently visited England states that a similar event has occurred there. He visited a church at Watford in Hertfordshire, and while wandering in the graveyard surrounding it, noticed a tree about fifteen feet high growing out of a grave. The vertical stones which formed the sides of the monument were still standing, but the heavy horizontal stone which had once covered it had been lifted and had slipped off by its own weight. The visitor made inquiries about the tomb and was referred to the history of Watford. He looked up the book and found in it the history of the tomb. It stated that the lady who was buried there was a noted unbeliever who had expressed a wish similar to that of the infidel in the well-known story, and, as the visitor saw, with a like result.

THE VISION OF CHRIST.

John's Vision of the Glorified Lord and Reception of the Messages to the Churches.

BY P. W. E.

IN last week's edition of this journal I described the general character and plan of the last book of the Bible; we now come to speak of the solemn circumstances under which the "beloved disciple" heard and saw what he writes about.

I, John, who also am your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the Word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ, v. 9. John was banished for his faithfulness to the truth. In writing to the saints, the calls himself their brother, also their "companion in tribulation and the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ." "If we suffer we shall also reign with him;" and after the tribulation comes the kingdom. But before the kingdom, Christ's enemies must be made his footstool.

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day;" showing he was under the Spirit's influence. The Lord's day is not the day of the Lord. The day of the Lord is the time when Christ comes in power and judgment. The day on which Christ rose from among the dead, a new creation or order of things began, and that day is called "the Lord's day."

"Being in the Spirit on the Lord's day," he adds, "I heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet saying, what thou seest write in a book and send it unto the seven Churches, unto Ephesus, and unto Smyrna, and unto Pergamos, and unto Thyatira, and unto Sardis, and unto Philadelphia, and unto Laodicea," vs. 10, 11. "A great voice as of a trumpet," which signifies that God is speaking with power and majesty. God gave the law on Mount Sinai with the sound of a trumpet; and there will be the sound of a trumpet, when Christ calls the saints to meet him in the air. (1. Thess. 4:16.)

John adds, "I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned, I saw seven candlesticks, and in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, one, like the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the feet, and girt about the loins with a golden girdle." Christ is here represented as the Son of men, clothed in judicial robes. He is in the midst of seven candlesticks, which in the twentieth verse, we learn are the seven Churches here addressed. His garment reaches down to his feet, and he is "girt about the loins with a golden girdle," the symbol of divine righteousness; for when he acts in judgment, "righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins." (Isa. 11:5.) This judicial robe is worn when he pronounces the judgment as distinguished from the warrior's "vesture dipped in blood" (Rev. 19:13), which he wears when he comes in judgment. "His head and his hair were white like wool, as white as snow." His person indicates his divine glory and his human exaltation. In Daniel's prophecy (7:9), when the judgment of the world begins, "the Ancient of Days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like pure wool." The glory of the "Ancient of Days," here belongs to "One like unto the Son of man."

"His eyes were as a flame of fire and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace." These figures signify judgment. Brass was the material of which the altar was made; on which the sacrifice was burnt to meet the demand of God's righteousness. His eyes like fire signify searching judgment. Fire all through Scriptures signifies that which *tests*, purifying the good and consuming the bad. Christ comes like a refiner's fire (Mal. 3:2), and when the Lord restores Jerusalem, he will purge "the blood of Jerusalem from the midst thereof by the Spirit of judgment; and by the Spirit of burning." (Isa. 5:4.) "Every man's work shall be made manifest, for the day shall declare it; because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is." (1. Cor. 3:13.)

"And his voice was as the sound of many waters." This is a Scriptural figure of the glory and majesty of God; and it is in this glory that Christ, through man, now appears. (Ezek. 1:24; 43:2.)

"And he had in his right hand seven stars." These are "the angels of the seven Churches;" and Christ is represented as having complete authority over the Churches, whether for ministry or for judgment. "And out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword." "The sword of the Spirit is the Word of God." (Eph. 6:17.) "The Word of God is quick add powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword." (Heb. 4:12.) "And then shall that wicked-one be revealed whom the Lord shall consume with the Spirit of his mouth and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming." (2. Thess. 2:8.) "And his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength." His transfiguration represents his countenance or face as one that did shine. (Matt. 17:2.) His transfiguration was the testimony which God gave to chosen witnesses of "the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ," and they "were eye-witnesses of his majesty." (2. Pet. 1:16.) Such are the judicial robes and majesty of Christ in connection with "the things which John saw, as he saw Christ "walking in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks," or Churches. "And when I saw him I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not: I am the first and the last; I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore. Amen." Why should he not fear? Because Jesus our Lord "was delivered for our offences and was raised again for our justification." (Rom. 4:25.) Therefore "we may have boldness in the day of Judgment; because as he is, so are we in this world." (1. John 4:17.) Christ has dispossessed Satan of his power; death of its sting and the grave of its victory. He holds the keys of hades and of death. "Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter. "The things which thou hast seen," are those which we have explained above; "the things which are," comprise those mentioned in the second and third chapters. "Things which shall be after these," comprise those brought out in the remaining chapters of the Book. The first and second were seen by John on earth; he then saw "a door opened in heaven," and he was told to come up there, and he would be shown the things which must be after these. (Rev. 4:1.)

We have the symbols, or mystery, explained in the last verse of this chapter. The seven stars are the seven angels of the seven Churches; and the seven candlesticks are the seven churches. The term angels here seems to be used figuratively to represent those who are responsible for their gift and influence for the moral condition of the Churches. Candlesticks are golden symbols of God's righteousness. They are candlesticks and not candles. The Church is not a source of light, but it is responsible for holding forth the light. If in this it fails, it ceases to be useful and the Lord will take it away, removing it out of its place.

"The things which are" comprise the state of the seven Churches, as shown in the following letters: In the first three Epistles the Lord's coming is not named; while in the others it holds a prominent place. Again, in the first three, the exhortation to *hear* is put before the promise to the overcomers, while in the other form it is put after.

Each address contains four parts. 1st. The special character in which Christ presents himself. 2d. The judgment he pronounces, and the words of encouragement or warning he utters. 3d. The reward pronounced to the overcomer; and, 4th. The exhortation to "hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches."

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SILLY FOREBODINGS.

YOU will see in the world chiefly that for which you look. A farmer going through the country chiefly examines the farms, an architect the buildings, a merchant the condition of the markets, a minister the churches; and so a man going through the world will see the most of that for which he especially looks. He who is constantly watching for troubles will find them stretching off into gloomy wildernesses, while he who is watching for blessings will find them hither and thither extending in harvests of luxuriance.

Like most garments, like most carpets, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities. The earth in its revolutions manages about right—it never has darkness all over it at the same time. Sometimes it has night in America, and sometimes in China, but there is some part of the earth constantly in the bright sunlight. Do as the earth does. When you have trouble, keep turning round, and you will find sunlight somewhere. Amid the thickest gloom through which you are called to pass, carry your own candle. A consummate fret will, in almost every instance, come to nothing. You will not go to such a merchant's store, nor employ such a mechanic, nor call such a minister. Fretfulness will kill anything that is not in its nature immortal. There is a large class of persons in constant trouble about their health, although the same amount of strength in a cheerful man would be taken as healthiness. Their digestion, being constantly suspected of unfaithfulness, finally refuses to serve such a master, and says, "Hereafter make way with your own lobsters!" and the suspected lungs resign their office, saying: "Hereafter blow your own bellows!" For the last twenty years he has been expecting every moment to faint. His nerves make insurrection, and rise up against his head, saying: "Come! let us seize upon this armory!" His face is perpetually drawn, as though he either had a pain or expected one.

Others settle down into a gloomy state from forebodings of trouble to come. They do not know why it is, but they are always expecting that something will happen. They imagine about one presentiment a week. A bird flies into the window, or a salt-cellar upsets on the able, or a cricket chirps on the hearth, and they shiver all over, and expect a messenger speedily to come in hot haste to the front door, and rush in with evil tidings.

Away! away with all forebodings as to the future! Cheer up, disconsolate ones! Go forth among nature. Look up toward the heavens insufferably bright by day, or at night when the sky is merry with ten thousand stars, joining hands of light, with the earth in the ring, going round and round with gleam, and dance, and song, making old Night feel young again. Go to the forest, where the woodman's axe rings on the trees, and the solitude is broken by the call of the woodsparrow, and the chewink starting up from the huckleberry-bushes. Go to where the streams leap down off the rocks, and their crystal heels clatter over the white pebbles. Above all and more than all, put into practice our Holy Religion which teaches that all things work together for good to those who love God.

EARLY INFLUENCES.

SPASMODIC education, paroxysmal discipline, occasional fidelity, amount to nothing in the rearing of children. You can as easily hold an anchor by one link as hold a child to the right by isolated and intermittent faithfulness. The example must connect with the instruction. The conversation must combine with the actions. The week-day consistency must conjoin with the Sunday worship. Have family prayers by all means; but be petulant and inconsistent and unreasonable in your household and your family prayers will be a blasphemous farce. So great in our times are the temptations of young men to dissipation, and young women to social follies, that it is most important that the first eighteen years of their life be charged with a religious power that will hold them when they get out of the harbor of home into the stormy ocean of active life. There is such a thing as impressing children so thoroughly with good, that sixty years will have no more power to efface it than sixty minutes. What a rough time that young man has in doing wrong, carefully nurtured as he was! His father and mother have been dead for years, or they are over in Scotland, or England, or Ireland; but they have stood in the doorway of every dram-shop that he entered, and under the chandelier of every house of dissipation, saying: "My son, this is no place for you. Have you forgotten the old folks? Don't you recognize these wrinkles, and this stoop in the shoulder, and this tremulous hand? Go home, my boy, go home! By the God to whom we consecrated you, by the cradle in which we rocked you, by the grass-grown graves in the old country churchyard, by the heaven where we hope yet to meet you, go home! Go home, my boy, go home!" And some Sunday you will be surprised to find that young man suddenly asking for the prayers of the church. Some Sunday you will see him at the sacrament and perhaps drinking from the same kind of chalice that the old folks drank out of years ago when they commemorated the sufferings of the Lord. Yes, my lad, you do not have such fun in sin as you seem to have. I know what spoils your fun. You cannot shake off the influences of those prayers long ago offered, or of those kind admonitions. You cannot make them go away, and you feel like saying: "Father, what are you doing here? Mother, why do you bother me with suggestions of those olden times?" But they will not go away. They will push you back from your evil paths, though they have to come down from their shining homes in heaven and stand in the very gates of hell, and their backs scorched of the fiery blast, and with their hand on your shoulder, and their breath on your brow, and their eyes looking straight into yours, they will say: "We have come to take you home, O, son of many anxieties!" At last that young man turns, through the consecutive influences of a pious parentage, and fidelities innumerable.

ESPECIAL MISSION.

IT seems as if the Lord had ordained woman for an especial work in the solicitation of charities. Backed up by barrels in which there is no flour, and by stoves in which there is no fire, and by wardrobes in which there are no clothes, a woman is irresistible; passing on her errand, God says to her: "You go into that bank, or store, or shop, and get the money." She goes in and gets it. The man is hard-fisted, but she gets it. She could not help but get it. It is decreed from eternity she should get it. No need of your turning your back and pretending you don't hear. You do hear. There is no need of your saying you are begged to death. There is no need of your wasting your time, and you might as well submit first as last. You had better right away take down your check-book, mark the number of the check, fill up the blank, sign your name, and hand it to her. There is no need of wasting time. Those poor children on the back street have been hungry long enough. That sick man must have some farina. That consumptive must have something to ease his cough. I meet this delegate of a relief society coming out of the store of such a hard-fisted man, and I say: "Did you get the money?" "Of course," she says, "I got the money; that's what I went for. The Lord told me to go in and get it, and he never sends me on a fool's errand."

TAKE ORDINATION.

LET us all go to preaching. Send polished Paul up to Athens, and plain Bartholomew down among the fishing-smacks by the sea. Do not look so anxiously into your pockets for your diploma from Yale, or your license from presbytery. If the Lord does not send you into the ministry, no canon of the Church can shoot you into it. But if he has put his hand on your head, you are ordained, and your working apron shall be the robe, and the anvil your pulpit; and while you are smiting the iron, the hammer of God's truth will break the flinty heart in pieces. Peter was never a sophomore, nor John a freshman. Harlan Page never heard that a tangent to the parabola bisects the angle formed at the point of contact by a perpendicular to the directrix and a line drawn to the focus. If George Muller should attempt chemical experiments in a philosopher's laboratory, he would soon blow himself up. And hundreds of men, grandly useful, were never struck on commencement stage by a bouquet flung from the ladies' gallery.

FEEDING A WORLD.

NONE but a God could feed and clothe the world. None but a king's corn-crib could appease the world's famine. None but a king could tell how many wagons to send, and how heavily to load them, and when they are to start. They will stop at noon at your table. Oh, if for a little while they should cease, hunger would come into the nations, as to Utica when Hamilcar besieged it, and as in Jerusalem when Vespasian surrounded it; and the nations would be hollow-eyed, and fall upon each other in universal cannibalism; and skeleton would drop upon skeleton; and there would be no one to bury the dead; and the earth would be a field of bleached skeletons; and the birds of prey would fall dead, flock after flock, without any carcasses to devour; and the earth in silence would wheel around, one great black hearse! All life stopped because the King's wagons are stopped. Oh, thank God for bread—for bread!

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

SCRIPTURE FOR WOMEN.

THIS old world would rot in a year if God took all the women out of it.

It would be a sorry-looking church we would have, if all the Marys, and Hannahs, and Ruths, and Dorcases, and others like them should go to heaven at once.

I'd just like to know what proportion of the one hundred and twenty in the upper room at Pentecost were women. Maybe the Spirit concealed the record on purpose. Who were last at the Cross and first at the sepulchre? I don't know the power of an angel, but if I had to choose now between one of them and a good woman to watch over a boy of mine, I'd take the latter. To fit them for their work, the Bible is full of special scripture, suited to their many needs; like

The wife's chapter, Proverbs 31.
The mother's chapter, Judges 13.
The household chapter, Colossians 3.
The widow's chapter, Isaiah 54.
The marriage chapter, Ephesians 5.
The charity chapter, 1. Corinthians 13.
The woman's psalm, Psalm 45,

and hundreds more found by searching.

Work for Women of Years.

The second chapter of Titus gives in a concise way, the duty of the aged women to girls. Oh! how I wish every woman who has reached fifty or more, would read what Paul writes there by the Holy Ghost, and then fulfil their mission as only a woman of experience can.

Notice—he says: "They are to be teachers of good things," and they are to teach the young women as follows:

1st. To be sober.—The girlhood of to-day sadly needs this lesson. Sober in thought, in word, and in deed; this lack has cursed the close of this century. A thoughtless, giddy girlhood, makes a senseless womanhood.

2nd. To love their husbands and children.—This lesson untaught, has brought the harvest of divorces, and club-houses; saloons supported, and made other worse places to abound.

3rd. To be discreet.—Here is where the snow-flake begins its fall from heaven to hell. "Indiscretion" is the first step in the ladder, whose bottom rung is the pit of perdition.

4th. To be chaste and keepers at home.—When I see the girls out at night; on crowded streets alone, amidst an unchaste crowd, I well know the final outcome of that will be death to virtue of mind, or body, or soul, or maybe all.

5th. To be good.—Girls are like colts, they need to be taught how to go, taught how to be good.

Good grand-mothers are made out of good mothers, and good mothers out of good wives, and good wives out of good women, and good women out of good girls, and good girls out of good babies, and good babies out of good parents, and good parents out of good characters, and good characters out of good principles, and good principles out of the Good Book.

The Grist from the Mill.

How big is it? Will it pay for the running and add a profit besides? It is not the noise of the wheels, or the hum of voices or the bustle and stir that counts, but the Grist. How much of that is there? There are plenty of mills that make noise enough to frighten a six-wheel engine, but turn out less grist than a donkey can carry. There are lots of societies and associations that look like a mighty woolen mill, but the actual outcome of all their work could be stored in a 4 by 6 closet. Let us be honest and look at the facts. Is that church that has 500 members with a $3,000 preacher and a $1,000 choir doing what it ought when it reports nine members on profession of faith in twelve months? Who is responsible if, in the expenditure of $10,000 for the reclaiming of drunkards, only a half-dozen show up at the grist? This is a fair question. If business houses run their work with results like that which Christian societies get, how long would it take for them to go into bankruptcy? Beloved, let us work and labor, but pray for more grist. There is machinery enough now to take the world for Christ in thirty years, or at least enough to carry the Gospel message to every living soul on earth. Oh! may the harvests be greater!

The Bible And the Newspaper

THE BEHRING SEA NEGOTIATIONS.

A MISUNDERSTANDING as to the attitude of England on the question of the seal fisheries has given rise to widespread uneasiness which happily proves to have been needless. It was stated by the press, and apparently believed by our Government, that Lord Salisbury declined to renew the agreement in force last year and the year before, prohibiting the slaughter of the seals. This was a serious check to the negotiations. It appeared probable that there would be another season in which the female seals going out to sea to obtain food for their youug would be caught on the rocks and killed by British and Canadian sealers. The President at once notified Lord Salisbury that the United States intended to prevent the slaughter and would not be responsible for the consequences. There was therefore a strong probability of seizures taking place which might involve a rupture between the two governments, and there was a revival of the war talk which was current at the time of the Chilian trouble. A dispatch from Lord Salisbur'yon March 26, however, removes the apprehension. He declared himself ready to renew the agreement as soon as the treaty of arbitration was ratified. He desires, however, to couple with the agreement a proviso that the arbitrators shall have power to assess damages on either nation for loss incurred during the negotiations. If their decision is adverse to England the arbitrators to have the right of mulcting her for pelagic sealing since 1885, and if the decision is adverse to the United States to say what amount shall be paid to England in compensation for seizures of vessels since the same date. It is understood that the President is averse to this question of damages being submitted to the arbitrators, but the fact of the question being narrowed down to so small a divergence of opinion encourages the hope of an amicable settlement being reached. It is unfortunate that the dispute should have arisen at the time when an election is about to take place in each country. At such times there is always a danger of a politician assuming an uncompromising attitude in negotiation with a foreign power, with the hope that the unthinking multitude may be disposed to give another term of power to statesmen who are tenacious of national claims. It may be hoped that no such spirit will be manifested by either the President or Lord Salisbury. An awful responsibility would rest on either of them who,to secure personal or party advantage, embroiled the two nations in a quarrel. The spirit which should characterize the negotiations on both sides is not that of "envying and strife, from which comes confusion and every evil work,"but that which is "from above and is pure and peaceable, without partiality and without hypocrisy." (James 3: 16-17)

HOW THE SEALS ARE SLAUGHTERED.

Death of Walt Whitman.

The writer whom this generation has come to know as "the good, gray poet," died on March 26. He was nearly seventy-three years of age and had been for several months exceedingly infirm. Nineteen years ago, while holding a position in the office of the Attorney-General in Washington he was stricken with paralysis and, though he rallied from it, he has ever since been partially crippled. In 1888 he had a second stroke which deprived him of almost all power of movement except in his right arm. He was the son of a farmer and had but little education beside what he gathered himself from books and association with distinguished men. Yet he wielded a strong and virile pen and exercised considerable influence as editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, at the same time that Bryant, who was at that time his warm friend, was editing the New York *Evening Post*. The two men subsequently became estranged, owing to Bryant's disapproval of Whitman's most famous book, *Leaves of Grass*. This was a work dealing, in a queer style of metrical prose, with moral, social and political problems in most unconventional fashion and not always with a due regard to decency. For several years Whitman had made his home at Camden, N. J. where he lived in straitened circumstances, his only source of income being that derived from the copyright on his books. This would have been much larger than it was if his books had not been marred by blots which could not be ignored and which prevented their free circulation. The good he might have rendered to the world with such genius as he undoubtedly possessed has been curtailed, if not wholly lost, because that genius was not consecrated to morality and religion. (1.Peter 3:10.)

A Bullet Scarf-Pin.

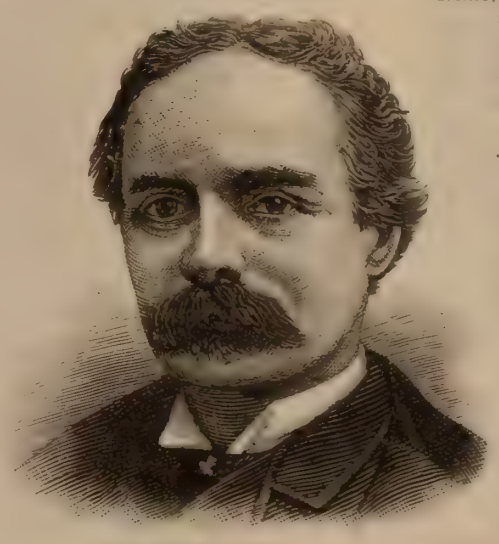
Among the passengers on the steamer *Majestic*, which arrived at New York on March 24th, was a man whom the reporters were anxious to interview on account of his connection with a case which is expected shortly to come before the courts. They noticed that he wore a peculiar kind of scarf-pin. It was an irregularly shaped lump of lead mounted in gold. Being asked why a man so elaborately attired wore so strange an ornament, he said, he prized it more than he would a diamond pin. Five years ago, he was shot in the leg and the surgeons were afraid to extract the bullet. He recovered from the wound, but the bullet remained in the limb. It gave him considerable pain and interfered with his freedom of motion. Eventually he nerved himself to bear its extraction. The operation was successful and the bullet flattened by the bone was taken out. He had it mounted in gold and always wears it as a memento of his danger and suffering. Inelegant as it may appear to those who do not know its history, it is expressive to those who do know it. So it has been with some whom the world now honors. The martyrs and men who endured persecution and trial for the truth are venerated all the more because of their sufferings. Their obloquy is now their glory So will it be with all who bear the reproach of Christ. At the last day their reproach will be turned to a crown. (Heb 11: 26.)

A Panic-stricken Girl.

A girl of sixteen years seriously injured herself and two children a few days ago in a fire on Twenty-ninth Street, New York, through losing her presence of mind. She lived with her parents on the fourth floor of the house. At the time when the fire broke out she and the two children of a neighbor were alone on that floor. The fire started in the room just below the one in which they were and, the door being open, the passage way was soon filled with smoke. It was quickly extinguished, but the girl going out of her room to the stairs saw the smoke and was frightened. She could have easily and safely made her way through it, or she could have climbed to the roof by a ladder set close to her door and so passed to the roof of the next house. Instead of taking either course, she opened the window and calling to the crowd below to catch the children she dropped them one after the other through the window and then sprang out herself. The people shouted to her not to do so, but to wait for the firemen, but she was too much alarmed to heed them. All three sustained severe injuries by their fall and it is feared that at least one of the children will die. Many similar instances have occurred of panic-stricken persons being injured in their frantic efforts to escape from danger which was largely imaginary. The fact shows a singular perversity in human nature as comparatively few people are moved when ministers and Christian workers warn them of a real danger which is eternal in its consequences. (Matt. 10: 28.)

The Banquet to Mr. Reid.

The report the cable brings of the honors paid to Mr. Whitelaw Reid,who has been United States Minister at the Court of France during the past three years, but has now resigned, must be highly gratifying to the Washington Government. The Americans in Paris joined with the members of the French Government in eulogizing Mr. Reid and applauding the manner in which he has performed his duties. An illuminated address setting forth the benefits which Mr. Reid has secured for the United States was presented to him at a public banquet at which distinguished representatives of both nations were present. While Mr. Reid was praised for the skill with which he had conducted the negotiations, the American speakers dwelt chiefly on the impartiality which he had shown in his relations to travellers from America belonging to all sections and political parties. Democrats as well as Republicans, Southerners and Western families equally with those from the East had been treated with uniform courtesy and their interests carefully protected. Mr. Reid expressed his thanks for the appreciative remarks,and said that it was no more than a minister's duty to be impartial. He ought to feel as the French statesman did when he said that in foreign affairs there were no parties—no majority nor minority. All were French. Mr. Reid's principle might be introduced with advantage into religious matters. Christ's kingdom has so many enemies in the world that his followers would do well to lay more stress on their being Christians than on their belonging to this or that denomination. (1. Cor. 1: 12-13.)



HON. WHITELAW REID.

A Noble Life Closed.

The grave has just closed over the remains of a lady whose services have laid her sisters on both sides of the Atlantic under obligation. Her whole life was consecrated to the promotion of the higher education of women, and she labored in that cause unceasingly to the last. Anne Clough, whose portrait is here given, was a sister of the beloved and lamented poet, Arthur Hugh Clough, whom Tennyson mourned in *In Memoriam*. She was born in England, but came to this country as a child. Here she was educated and conceived the project of elevating the standard of female education. On her return to her own land she opened a school for girls in Liverpool. Largely through her persistent efforts a number of University men became interested in her favorite project and organized a system of lectures for women which were delivered in various towns. The north of England Council developed out of the movement,and finally its friends became strong enough to found a college for girls at Cambridge. This was called Newnham College and was placed under Miss Clough's charge. It has since had a friendly rival in Girton College, Oxford.

THE LATE MISS CLOUGH.

Patiently and skilfully Miss Clough labored for the success of the work and retained her influence over it to the last. She died recently in her seventy-second year. Over her grave might be appropriately inscribed as epitaph the words of the Old Book: "She opened her mouth with wisdom and on her tongue was the law of kindness." (Prov. 31:26.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond, D.D., has been holding daily meetings at New Haven, Conn. Various ministers and missionaries assisted. The meetings were held at City Mission Hall.

Major James H. Cole has held services in Kansas City, Kan., for ten weeks. A very deep and extensive impression has been made. The largest church in the city has been filled at every service, and of late it has been necessary to hold overflow meetings.

Major D. W. Whittle began a series of special meetings on March 30 in Philadelphia. Three churches have united in the work. They are the First Baptist, Central Congregational, and Alexander Presbyterian Churches. Mr. George C. Stebbins has charge of the musical exercises.

Mrs. McAuley, the widow of "Jerry" McAuley has resigned the superintendence of the Cremorne Mission in New York. The new superintendents were installed on April 3d. They are Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Ballou who are well known in connection with the Third Avenue Mission of Madison Square Presbyterian Church.

Rev. E. P. Telford's services at Port Jervis, N. Y., have been much blessed. One hundred and twenty persons, of whom fifty were young men made public professiou of faith. On March 27, Mr. Telford commenced a three-weeks' series of services at Cambridge, Mass., in the Reformed Episcopal Church of which Rev. C. H. Tucker, D.D., is pastor.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, is almost as much crowded by persons desiring to hear Dr. Pierson as it was when the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon preached. The Rev. James A. Spurgeon, Mr. Spurgeon's brother, says that the finances of the church are prospering. Dr. Pierson has promised to stay until June, and he is being urged by the church to make a more prolonged sojourn.

Dr. L. W. Munhall commenced union services at Hornellsville, N. Y. on March 27. Seven churches joined in the invitation and are aiding in the work. The meetings in Jersey City Heights which closed March 23 are never likely to be forgotten there. Over six hundred persons made public profession of faith during the continuance of the services. Great crowds thronged every church in which the evangelist preached, and during the last week fully as many were turned away as succeeded in getting into the buildings.

Farewell services were held at the Gospel Tabernacle, New York on March 27th for the missionaries who are setting out under the auspices of The Christian Alliance for labor in China, Japan and Africa. The ten who are going to China and Japan left New York the next day for San Francisco whence they expected to sail on April 4th. Twenty-two who are going to Africa will meet in Liverpool in time to sail thence on May 11th. Another farewell service will be held in the Tabernacle on April 20th.

OUR OWN MISSIONARY.

The Work in Northeast Missouri of the Rev. George W. Sharp, "The Christian Herald" Missionary of the Sunday School Union.

THE blessing of God is resting on the work in Missouri performed by the Rev. George W. Sharp, the missionary of the American Sunday School Union, whose support was undertaken nearly a year ago by the readers and the publisher of The Christian Herald. From all parts of his field testimonies are given that the Holy Spirit is using the efforts put forth to win souls for Christ. All who participated in initiating this work

REV. GEORGE W. SHARP.

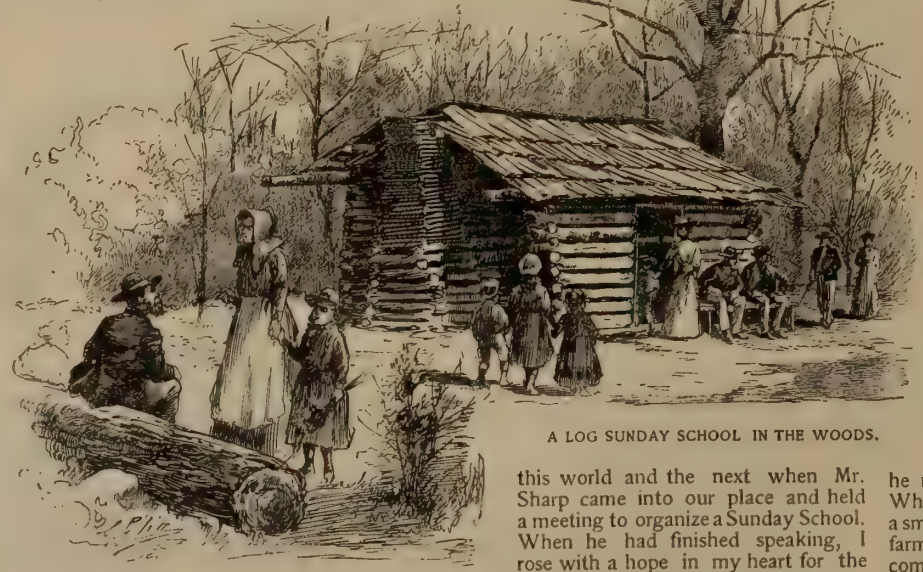
and all who offer the prayer, "Thy kingdom come," have reason to rejoice over the trophies of God's grace, which have been granted to our missionary's labors. Letters from Mr. Sharp himself give records of long journeys performed, of visits to solitary houses on the way, of conversation with travellers whom Providence has brought into his company, of Sunday Schools visited, of new ones established and of preaching services in neglected neighborhoods. From ministers and Christian people in his field who know him and see his work, come other letters containing testimonies to the earnestness and devotion with which Mr. Sharp is prosecuting his campaign. He appears to have made both Paul and Apollos his examples, for he has been both planting and watering, organizing schools where none existed before, and reviving and encouraging the workers in the schools organized by himself and others in former tours.

It is gratifying to notice that Mr. Sharp is adhering strictly to the plan he has always adopted of preaching Christ, not creeds. It would be difficult to tell from his preaching what denomination he belongs to; but there is never any doubt as to his being heart and soul a Christian. Others may follow him who will classify the convert and be able to group them as Presbyterians, Baptists or Methodists; Mr. Sharp is trying to lead them to be Christians. It is pioneer work that he is engaged in. The people he is trying to reach are people who do not know Christ as their Saviour, or having known him, have gone back into the world since they have been situated far away from church and Christian society. So numerous are both classes in this wide field that in the absence of Churches and Sunday Schools there is danger of bad growing worse and the rising generation being reared in godless homes to become a people who know not God nor take knowledge of his commands. Against this threatening evil, Mr. Sharp is working, and in doing so he recognizes only two classes—Christians and worldlings. The former he is trying to stimulate to a higher spiritual development and increased Christian activity, and the latter he is trying to win to the Saviour. Whether the churches which develop from the Sunday Schools he is planting call themselves by this or that name, he regards as less essential than that there should be a church where Christ is preached and the Gospel of the Cross proclaimed. In this effort all Christians can sympathize and can conscientiously support it.

Such work as Mr. Sharp is prosecuting requires a man for its performance who is not easily discouraged. Not long ago he was in a destitute neighborhood where the people were poor not only in Gospel privileges but in this world's wealth. Having eaten his supper in a large barn-like room with a dirt floor, among a crowd of unsympathetic people, he broached the object of his visit. One man, apparently a local leader, and who was the head of a large family, spoke out at once. "I don't believe a single word that is in the Bible," he said. But the missionary was not silenced by the avowal. He went on describing the benefits that would come to the community through a Sunday School and announced that he meant to establish one. A little half-hearted support was given him and in his visits around the neighborhood the next day he found others willing to send their children. A few adults also promised to come. The school was opened and it has grown rapidly. There have been no less than twenty-five conversions there since it was opened.

In the fall of last year Mr. Sharp found another section in which there was neither church nor Sunday school. He went from house to house canvassing for help. One of the farmers was out in the fields, and Mr. Sharp followed him there and told him that he was trying to organize a school, and that a certain family, whom he named, was willing to have it held in their home. "Glad to hear it," he said, "but it is a queer place to have it. I know there have not been six prayers offered under its roof since it was built. Well, I have no children young enough to come; but I have some grandchildren, and I'd like to have them come." There was a public meeting on the question, and before Mr. Sharp left the neighborhood, all difficulties and objections had been overcome, and there was a school organized with twenty-seven scholars, five teachers and a superintendent. The latter, a lady, classified the scholars into five departments, two primary, two intermediate and one aged. She is full of hope and there is good prospect of the school flourishing. Yet when the subject was introduced by Mr. Sharp, though a few wished that a school could be formed, there was not one who thought it would be possible.

The method adopted is to ascertain what religious services are held in a certain section. If they are so far apart that it is difficult for people living midway to attend either, there is the place for a Sunday School. Perhaps there is a day school in the neighborhood. If so the missionary goes there, talks with the children, gets the locality of their homes and visits the parents. If possible, he obtains the use of the day-school on Sundays. If not, then perhaps some farmer will give the use of



A LOG SUNDAY SCHOOL IN THE WOODS.

his kitchen. Dr. W. P. Paxson, the superintendent of the district, tells of one instance in which not being able to get any room or building for a school, he organized it under a live oak tree, and it is now active and flourishing in quarters of its own.

It is not uncommon, when no better accommodation is to be had, or where some central location is necessary for a widely scattered population, to build a log hut in the forest for a Sunday School. A photograph of one of these is reproduced on this page. The quarters are rough and rude, but the people do not despise them. They grow to love them if, as often happens, the rude structure becomes the spiritual birth-place of themselves, or some one dear to them. After a time, a better home is needed and when the need is felt, it is not long before a new building goes up, and as the neighborhood becomes more thickly settled, the spire of a church may by and by be seen as a conspicuous object in the landscape. Thousands of churches have had their origin in those log-hut Sunday Schools. The chief difficulty is encountered in getting the school started. That once accomplished, though the work seem small as a mustard seed, it will surely grow. All honor then to those who like Mr. Sharp are bearing the heat and burden of the day in sowing the seed. The harvest will be reaped by men more famous and more honored in the world, whom God will prepare for the work of reaping and the sowers will be forgotten, but not by him for whom they work. In the day of the distribution of rewards, the long dreary rides through the snow and mud and rain, in the darkness over treacherous roads, the opposition and persecution of opponents, and the patient, persistent, poorly requited labor will be brought to remembrance and the laborer will hear the glorious words, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

That our readers may understand the value of the work which has been accomplished by the missionary whom, through their generosity the American Sunday School Union was enabled to keep in the field, we give a few of the testimonies which have been sent to us. One of these is from the Rev. James H. Brookes, D.D., of St. Louis, Mo., who writes: "Mr. Sharp has labored with untiring industry in the destitute portions of Northern Missouri; and the abundant fruits of his sowing can be gathered only in eternity. Thousands of children have been rescued by him from ignorance and vice, and many hundreds of souls he has led to the knowledge and acceptance of our Divine Redeemer. He is an unusually earnest and intelligent preacher of the Gospel, proclaiming, not his own fancies, but the truth of God; and those who receive his testimony in demonstration of the Spirit and of power, are rooted and built up in Christ Jesus the Lord, and established in the faith."

The superintendent of a Sunday School which Mr. Sharp founded writes: "We are looking forward to a reunion service, and are expecting our dear brother Sharp. Our reunion would be incomplete without him whose labor and service for us was at the foundation of the work. Two of my children were converted under his preaching, so I have personally great reason for thanking God that he came among us." Another who is now an active Sunday School worker and a successful preacher, who has been the means of leading many souls to Christ, writes: "I was a confirmed drunkard with out hope for this world and the next when Mr. Sharp came into our place and held a meeting to organize a Sunday School. When he had finished speaking, I rose with a hope in my heart for the first time since I began my downward course, and asked him to pray for me. He led me to the Saviour, and from that time to this, the Lord has kept me and enabled me to win other such poor creatures as I was for the same Saviour who saved me." Another superintendent of a flourishing Sunday School, writes: "I was in great spiritual darkness, perplexed by doubt and difficulty, of no use to myself or to any one else when brother Sharp found me, talked with me, listened to my difficulties and argued with me again and again, until my doubts vanished and I was brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Now I am working for the Lord, as he gives me opportunity, and God is blessing my efforts."

These are but a few of the testimonies which have been sent by persons who have good reason for thanking God that Mr. Sharp was not taken out of the field last year. At that time there was imminent danger of his services being lost. A great straitness of funds had fallen on the American Sunday School Union and it was reluctantly decided to temporarily abandon some of the spheres of labor, among others that in which Mr. Sharp was working. The publisher of The Christian Herald heard of this decision with regret and finding that only seven hundred dollars was necessary to keep this devoted laborer at his post, offered to bear a portion of the cost if the readers of the paper would subscribe the remainder. One of our readers, Mr. S. Madison Hamilton of Baltimore, Md., immediately wrote us to notify the Union that Mr. Sharp might be retained as The Christian Herald Missionary and that he personally would contribute whatever might be lacking of the $700. This was gladly done and a noble year's work has been the result, to which God has given his blessing. It will afford us much pleasure to hear that our readers wish to renew the engagement for another year and will authorize us to inform the American Sunday School Union that the $700 necessary to keep Mr. Sharp in the field from June 1892 to June 1893 will be forthcoming when required.

AN INVITATION TO THREE FRIENDS.

A successful evangelist relates the following reminiscence of his early Christian life: "Shortly after my conversion, I met three friends who were on their way to a dancing class. It was the first night of the quarter, and, the three young men, having just paid their money, were all going to have a good dance. I stopped them, and invited one of them to come down to a Gospel meeting with me. 'Oh, John,' he replied earnestly, 'if it had not been the first night of the new quarter, I should gladly have accompanied you; but, man, I have paid my money and never have had a dance out of it yet. I must go.' Then I went to the next and asked him to accompany me, but his excuse was the same—he did not want to lose his money's worth. 'Why,' he said, 'if I once began to go with you to these meetings, I should lose my whole money!' 'Well,' I said, after asking the third and getting a similar reply, 'if you would rather get your money's worth of dancing than have everlasting life, I cannot help it.' That way of putting the matter seemed to be new to them and to strike one with the force of reasoning. Turning to his companions, he said, 'Look here, lads, you may go to the dancing if you will, but I am going to the Gospel meeting with Thompson.' We started off, leaving the others to go to their dancing. We had not gone far on our way, when we were surprised to hear hurrying footsteps behind. Glancing backwards, there were the other two, whom we had supposed to be en route for the dancing hall. When they overtook us, they explained that they also had determined to leave their dancing and came to the meeting. All three gave themselves to the Lord that night. Two of them are still laboring for the Lord, while the other has fallen asleep in Jesus."

A POOR SERVICE.

A few weeks ago the venerable Dr. Antliff, a well-known Methodist minister, was delivering an address to a number of theological students. "You must not be disappointed," he said, "if you sometimes preach to a small congregation, nor think that your sermon is wasted. You do not know what the result may be." To enforce the injunction, he related an incident in his early ministry. When a very young man he went to preach in a small village, and found he had to preach in a farm-house kitchen. The congregation was composed mainly of a number of boys and girls. He addressed himself specially to them. On returning home that night, his wife said, "Well, Samuel, what sort of a day have you had?" "Only a poor day," he replied, "hardly anybody present, but a few boys." That was his feeling at the time. "But," said Dr. Antliff, "God has graciously blessed that service. One of the boys, who dates his conversion from that afternoon, is now a Wesleyan minister (giving a well-known name), two more of those boys (giving their names) are now Primitive Methodist ministers." As he mentioned these names a young minister in the congregation became deeply moved, and rising and interrupting the preacher said, "Forgive my intruding on your sermon, Dr. Antliff, but I am another of those boys who were led to Christ at the service in the farm-house kitchen." The young man who thus testified is now doing good ministerial service in a large church.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

A SAUNTER IN SUEZ.

The Traditional Scene of the Passage Across the Red Sea—A Quaint old City and its People—Traces of Ancient Canals.

SMALL, irregularly built and wretched-looking, the town of Suez stands on an angle of land at the northeast extremity of the Gulf of Suez, and about 76 miles east of the ancient city of Cairo by rail. It has few really good thoroughfares, probably the best being that shown in the accompanying illustration. Yet, apart from its commercial and maritime importance as the key to India, the town has a special interest for the Christian traveler, from the fact that it is believed by many eminent authorities to be the scene of the passage of the Israelites across the Red Sea, and of the overthrow and destruction of the hosts of Pharaoh-Menephtah. Brugsch Bey and a few other Egyptologists have held that the scene of the passage, and of the grandest miracle in history was not the Red Sea at all, but a noted morass, known as the *Sabaket Bardawal*—a shallow lake or morass on the northern confines of Egypt bordering on Palestine. Still another class of investigators claims that the passage took place at the "Bitter Lakes," a number of shallow pools or ponds of brackish water, near the head of the Gulf of Suez. These lakes are supposed to have anciently formed a continuous water connection between the Mediterranean and Red Seas. Neither the Bible narrative nor the most distinguished scientific authorities sustain this theory, while the claim that the true scene of the passage was near Suez is supported by a great array of most eminent names including Niehbuhr, Heron, Laborde, Dr. Robinson, and others. The country in the immediate neighborhood is also regarded as bearing out the Bible description, even to the identifying of the tower of Migdol, in the mountain range now known as the *Jebel Atakah*. These conflicting claims have been the subject of much discussion among learned authorities. A fourth class of commentators suggests that the passage may have taken place at Ras Atakah, a point six miles south of Suez and due east of the Jebel Atakah and the fortress of Migdol. Pococke, Bruce, Bonar, Bartlett and other equally eminent writers on Biblical topics also favor Ras Atakah, which is a tongue of land projecting into the sea fully a mile beyond the shore line, and beyond which the water is unusually shoal at intervals. The width of the Red Sea at this point is about five miles and the channel of extreme depth is probably not over three quarters of a mile wide, whereas immediately above and below this point the waters are fully 70 feet deep. If the Israelites chose this passage, they must have emerged near the point now known as *Ayun Musa* (Wells of Moses), on the further shore. Thus, whether they actually crossed over at Suez or at Ras Atakah, the glory of the event by right of immediate proximity would belong to this old, white-walled town beside the sea.

Since the opening of the Canal, and the establishment of the "Overland Route" to India, Suez has grown into considerable importance. There are many English and French houses in the town and offices and warehouses have multiplied, while the bazaars resound with the voices of merchants selling Sinai fowls, cereals and vegetables from the Egyptian provinces (famous through all time for agricultural products) and dates, cotton and fruits. On three sides of the town is a burning waste of sand. For centuries Suez had been in decay, although it is believed that in ages long gone it must have enjoyed a degree of importance at least equal to the present. Tradition asserts—and Herodotus, Strabo, Pliny and Aristotle repeat the statement—that in ancient times (probably in the reign of Pharaoh-Necho or Sesostris, about 600 years B. C.) a canal connecting the Mediterranean Sea and Indian Ocean did exist, and that it was completed either by Darius the Persian or one of the Ptolemies. It was however neglected and allowed to fall into disrepair and finally became choked up with sand. Several monarchs had it cleaned out, but it was not until M. de Lesseps' plans were adopted that the canal proved of any value to commerce in modern times.

In the main, Suez has anything but an attractive appearance to the traveler. It is a collection of flat-roofed, insignificant, mud-brick houses, with here and there a respectable edifice—probably a hotel or a consulate. Yet it has a peculiar beauty of its own. Its intensely blue waters, glowing white cliffs and the fairy-like view presented by the distant Arabian hills make it charming to artistic minds. But there is little or no foliage anywhere, and in the hot season the place is a veritable oven, although cooler than Cairo. There are some excellent mission schools in Suez, where the Arab children are taught to know the Saviour. The domestic servants are mostly Hindoos. Picturesque-looking boats ply on the Red Sea and a favorite excursion is from Suez to the Wells of Moses on the opposite shore, where there is a very cooling and grateful oasis, inviting rest.

COLMAR STREET, THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE OF SUEZ.
(From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage during his tour in the East.)

* * *

A Lesson in Patience.

PATIENCE is a crown of many virtues. A certain lady, says *The Observer*, had met with a very serious accident, which necessitated a very painful surgical operation and many months of confinement to her bed. When the physician had finished his work and was taking his leave, the patient asked:

"Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here, helpless?"

Oh, only one day at a time," was the cheery answer, and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times during the succeeding weary weeks did the thought, "Only one day at a time," come back with its quieting influence.

I think it was Sidney Smith who recommended taking "short views" as a safeguard against needless worry; and one far wiser than he said: "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

* * *

True-Hearted Girls.

You may continually see girls, wrote Mr. Ruskin, who have never been taught to do a single useful thing thoroughly; who cannot sew, who cannot cook, who cannot cast an account nor prepare a medicine, whose whole life has been passed either in play or in pride; you will find girls like these, when they are earnest-hearted, cast all their innate passion of religious spirit, which was meant by God to support them through the irksomeness of daily toil, into grievous and vain meditation over the meaning of the great Book, of which no syllable was ever yet to be understood but through a deed. Give such a girl any true work that will make her active in the dawn and weary at night, with the consciousness that her fellow-creatures have indeed been the better for her day, and the powerless sorrow of her enthusiasm will transform itself into a majesty of radiant and beneficent peace.

* * *

THEN.

WE may live alone
And pass the Saviour by;
But when our eyes grow dim
And we have come to die
We'll want him then.

Clinging to worldly ties,
We may forget a heaven,
But when friends shall fail us,
And all the world has given,
We'll take heaven then.

We may toil in vain,
And long for rest at home;
But when our journey's o'er,
And we have ceased to roam,
We'll have rest then.

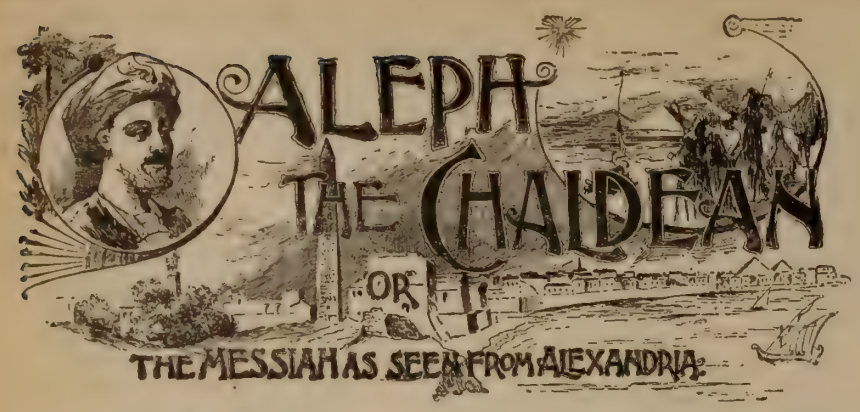
We may long for love
To help us on our way;
But when we've ceased to journey,
And view the light of day,
We'll have love then.

Brooklyn, N. Y. —BEATRICE DEZENDORF.

A Delightful Study for the Young.

ONE of the most attractive home studies for young people is astronomy. In recent years the great telescopes and the spectroscope have given us glimpses of star-depths and great luminaries hitherto unrevealed, but there are many individual stars and constellations that may be studied to advantage with the naked eye. Algol, writes Frank Ballard in *The Young Man*, is well-known by all who look up with any intelligence at the nightly vault of heaven. It has long been the object of special observation because of the extraordinary variations in its lustre which procured for it its name—the Demon Star. Yet there was a periodicity about these changes which might well have sufficed to rule out devilish interference, and suggest a diviner reason. The star remains brilliant, about second magnitude, for two days ten hours—then in a few hours it sinks to two-fifths of this lustre, remains so for twenty minutes, then begins to wax brighter, and in a few hours is as jubilant as ever. What did it all mean? The telescope could give no answer. The distances are too terrific in their inconceivable vastness to give the slightest hint of a disc to any star, even with the very best telescopes. What was wanted was an instrument to which distance was no object. The demand appears preposterous and quixotic. But the spectroscope responds to it with the utmost simplicity and perfection.

Algol itself is revolving round an orbit as definitely as our earth does. But another body, a dark star, is also revolving around the same centre of gravity. The diminution in Algol's brilliancy is caused by its periodic eclipse by this outer dark body. Algol itself is as large as two globes like our own sun rolled into one—yet it is only about as dense as cork. The dark companion is about the size of our sun with a mass of about one-fourth. But it goes at about twice the speed of Algol, or some fifty miles a second.



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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CHAPTER XIV. (*Continued.*)

THE peddler continuing his story said: "The Jewess thrown off her guard asked, 'How did you come to know this?'

"'No matter,' said I, 'it is enough that I do know it; and know further that if you would oblige Seti and Alexander, who have such claims on you, as well as wonderfully advantage yourselves, you have now an opportunity. If you will help them in this matter, they can and will do great things for you. It is the opportunity of a life-time.'

"'But what can we do?'

"I will tell you. But first tell me whether you have seen that goodly young man with your own eyes, and know him to have been safe and sound when he was put into the dungeon.'

"'So he seemed by the torch-light,' said the Jewess.

"'Has he had food and drink since then?' I asked.

"They hesitated; and the woman looked in a troubled way at her husband.

"'Now, by all the patriarchs,' cried I in great excitement, 'have they been starving this friend of Seti and Alexander all these days, and you doing nothing to help him?'

"'Not so,' she hastened to exclaim. 'We thought we could not let the young man perish; and as soon as we found out that no food of any kind was being given him we managed to introduce some secretly through a grate opening in the wall originally made for that purpose. If we should be discovered he would kill us.'

"'Whom do you mean by 'he'?' I asked.

"'The leader among the soldiers. A great, bull-necked, big-fisted man; with fierce and cruel and blood-shot eyes, and cheeks somewhat bruised and swollen. I have heard him called Draco. This man carries the key of the dungeon at his girdle day and night.'

"'Look here, woman!' said I fiercely, 'if you let this Hebrew (for he is of our faith) perish, you will have to account for it to both man and God; but, if you will give him ample food and drink daily, and help us to free him, the lady Rachel promises to reward you richly—beyond what you could dream. If there is risk in the matter there is enough pay in it, too, to make it well worth your while to take the risk. But I do not see that you need to run any considerable risk. Where are these men in the night?'

"'They always pass the best part of the night in a drunken carouse. They have found the wine cellar.'

"'And, I dare say, by midnight they are lying about the floor of the mess-room dead drunk and stupid as logs.'

"'It may be.'

"'And what is to hinder you from taking that time for putting food, and whatever else his friends may wish (this note for example), within reach of the prisoner?'

"The woman threw up her hands in dismay. 'I could not do it. The very idea of such a thing almost frightens me to death. Besides, how do I know that the daughter of Alexander will fulfill all your fine promises?'

"Seeing that nothing better could be done, I said, 'The lady will come and confirm all I have said. But meanwhile (here I drew out my bag of gold pieces) this is what she has given me to reward those who take risks in her service; and if you will daily put into the grated opening plenty of food and drink, together with whatever else I may give you, and will daily come to me in the upper hamlet where you are in the habit of going for provisions, and will swear that you have done so by the beards of our fathers Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, I will, each time, give you two gold pieces. And I will begin now. Swear to me that yon will do it.' And I held up two shining pieces in the sun.

"Her eyes snapped. So did mine—the gold looked so dazzling and lovely in the golden sun. As for the husband, he sat with amazed eyes and open mouth, but said nothing. Neither of them had seen such gold before.

"The woman stretched out her hand. I made her swear, gave her the note you gave me, and them gave her the two coins. Since then the custode has been to me daily, made oath that she has fed the prisoner, and received her gold pieces. She reports that Draco has gone back to the city for a day or two; but that he has left a substitute who wears the key of the dungeon at his belt, and leads off every night in the drunken debauch. I expect her every moment. There she is with her provision basket! I will go and bring Deborah on board."

Rachel was struck with the air of the humbly dressed and somewhat bent woman whom the peddler soon brought up to her. She looked the picture of timidity and uncertainty—as if drawn in opposite directions by powerful forces, and almost torn in pieces in the struggle between them. Her nerves were all on the wing. One could warrant that no sound sleep had come to her for many a night. She staggered rather than walked up to where Rachel was sitting. Rachel saluted her warmly. * * *

"And this is my grandfather, Deborah," at length said Rachel, looking toward Seti, "who, though he is high-priest of Egypt, honors the God of our fathers and loves our people. He shall be witness to what I will now say to you. Ezra was not able to tell you, as I do now, that the young man was not imprisoned by the government, but by a band of ruffians on their own private feud; and that we have in our hands a warrant from the governor to deliver him from his enemies as best we can. But there are reasons why we wish to do it as quietly as possible. Here you can help us. If you choose you shall go with us to Alexandria, and live at your ease for the rest of your life. Now, grandfather, will you tell Deborah what we want her to do?"

"Do you and your husband draw and carry the the wine every night to the soldiers?" inquired Seti.

The woman answered in the affirmative.

He went on, "Put this powder in the wine-skin from which you draw. It will not hurt the taste of the wine, but the drunkards will sleep the sooner and sounder. Doubtless there is somewhere on the grounds a large pointed iron bar: is it not so?"

She replied that there was one in the provision cellar.

"It is well. In the course of the day contrive to introduce the bar, with a note which I will give you fastened to it, into the prison through the grated opening. Will you do it?"

She bent her head in assent.

"One other thing—the hardest but most important of all. As soon as the mess room is quiet after the debauch, and the men are lying stupid with drunkenness and drug, steal in on tiptoe and cut off the key from the girdle of the captain, and unlock the dungeon door, if the young man has not yet succeeded in prying it open. When the young man is free, conduct him to the north gate, which I know you have the key of; where we will meet you with a number of men and conduct you all to the pinnace. Will you do this also!"

"Oh," the woman exclaimed with almost an air of distraction' "I am so afraid. Those wicked, frightful men—how can I go in among them!"

Seti and Rachel talked long with her, and at last had the satisfaction of hearing her promise.

"And then," said Seti to Rachel, "the note and plan to be fastened to the bar!"

She at once wrote thus:

"To-night we expect that the guard will be stupid with wine and drug. When they are fully quiet after their debauch, see what you can do toward prying open your door. If you cannot succeed, you may still hope that the door will be unlocked shortly from without. Make your way out of the castle by means of the inclosed plan, if no guide appears; and meet your friends at the north gate.—R."

She showed this to Seti, who nodded his approval. Folding her copy of the plan into the note, she gave it to the custode. The woman departed some gold pieces richer than she came.

Late in the day, at a signal from Seti, the boatmen who had scattered themselves along the bank, returned, unmoored the vessel, pushed out silently into the stream, dropped silently down past the castle, and as silently warped into another sheltered nook very like that they had just left and about as far from the castle.

Here the servants spread refreshments for Rachel and her grandfather; and then a large outspread was made at the other end of the pinnnace for the others. While these were eating, Seti and Rachel went down among them to speak a few kindly words, to see that their wants were well supplied, and to ask all of them, save two or three needed to stay by the vessel, to be ready late in the evening to escort them in a short walk they were proposing to take. It would not be amiss if they should take bludgeons or other arms with them; they would find a plenty of such below. Is it necessary to state that no person was employed on Alexander's barge unless he was a Jew of his own synagogue?

As soon as the men had finished eating, Seti stepped to the front of the dais with a roll in his hand, and invited all of them to come near while he should read from their Sacred Writings. He then proceeded to read from the Septuagint the 93d and a part of the 94th Psalm. He closed by reading with special slowness and emphasis these words, "Who will rise up for me against the evil doers—who will stand up for me against the workers of iniquity?"

Rolling up the parchment, he looked searchingly about on the upturned faces.

"Friends," said he, "we are not far from a den of evil-doers. In yonder castle, a small band of ruffians, without warrant from the authorities, have shut up in a dungeon the young man who stood up so nobly for our faith in the Diapleuston a few days ago. We are here with a warrant from the governor to rescue him. But we have promised to meet the rescuing party at the north gate of the castle grounds with our men and conduct them to the pinnace. The soldiers are few, at midnight they will be drunk, the castle will be open, and I who know every nook in it will be your guide. Now, who of you will rise up for or against the evil-doers?"

"We will all go," said one.

"Yes, all," said another and another.

"There is none of us willing to be left behind," exclaimed the peddler as he looked around.

"And yet," said Seti, "we must leave some with the vessel. Ten of your stoutest will be enough to go with us; and you may select these for yourselves. * * * Now let us kneel and pray to the God of Israel, who can do great things for us whereof we shall be glad?" and, to the astonishment of all, he kneeled, and spread forth his hands heavenward, and invoked the blessing of the Most High on their undertaking with the manner of one who saw God and stood in his very presence.

In the brief twilight that follows an Egyptian sunsetting, they saw a man running down to them from the high road that skirted the bank. It proved to be the old Egyptian custode. He was spent with running, but at last he managed to let them know that he was much afraid, from his wife's growing agitation, that her courage would fail at the critical moment. He begged that the lady, who only seemed to have power to soothe and hearten her, would not fail to come with the others. It might save everything.

"I will come," said Rachel; and, looking at Seti, she added, "I had rather in any case go with you than remain here in suspense."

He made no reply to her, but said to the Egyptian as he dismissed him with a present: "Do not forget to have the north gate opened early—also the iron door leading to the cellars. Have a lighted lantern ready as soon as the soldiers are quiet."

At last, midnight found Seti and his company at the north gate. It was unfastened. So far, well. They listened. They thought they could hear dull strokes at carefully measured intervals. "Get nearer—as near as you can," said Seti to the peddler, "and see if the sound does not come from the dungeon."

"In a few moments the man returned to say that the prisoner was evidently at work on his door; but that the custodes, both man and wife, were sitting in an apparently helpless state on the steps before the iron door leading to the vaults. He could scarcely get an intelligible word from either of them.

"Let us go to them," whispered Rachel to Seti; "let us go to them alone. The men would only alarm and confound them more."

For answer he drew her arm still further within his; and went cautiously forward through the shadows straight toward the door of the vaults. Sure enough, there were the custodes on the last step, cowering, trembling, moaning faintly, almost stupid with terror. Rachel knelt by the woman, took hold of her hand with one hand and stroked her with the other, bade her to be of good courage, if only for a little.

"You see," said she, "that I have come to help you. Seti also is here; and many other helpers are behind. Look, Deborah, let us go together as far as the prison door and see what progress has been made. Perhaps it will not be necessary to go for the key. Come, lean on me."

So the woman was persuaded to her feet. Seti pushed open the iron door, found a lighted lantern just within, cautiously descended the steps with it, closely followed by the two women. Now the blows were falling strong and fast; as if the prisoner knew that no time was to be lost. They came to the grated opening into the cell. Seti set the lantern by it. At once the strokes ceased.

"Is it Aleph the Chaldean?" inquired the priest in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"Thank Heaven! it is the voice of Seti, my friend and father," answered a voice within.

"Will the door give way?" asked Seti.

"I fear not," replied Aleph. "I cannot see where to apply the bar, and so much of my labor is thrown away. If a light could be introduced through the grating, I could soon tell whether freedom is possible in this way."

"Can you get a narrow sconce that will pass through the grate?" asked Seti of the custode.

The woman, without speaking, pointed in a vague way toward the room above.

"Do nothing till we return," said the priest to Aleph. "We will find you a light, or something better."

Then he whispered to Rachel, "There is but one thing to be done. Seat the woman on this bench and come. We must do without her. She might shriek or fall among the men at any moment. Safer without her."

The woman sank on the bench like a rag. Seti took down the lanterns drew Rachel's arm again within his own, and softly made his way up a flight of steps to the door of the mess-room. He listened a moment. Nothing was audible but the dull hard breathing of the men within.

He gently pressed the door open. The room was full of lights of all sorts—as if the ruffians had been afraid of darkness and meant to have as little of it as possible. And all around—on benches, on the floor, under the great table, hanging limp over the backs of chairs—were the men in a state of swinish intoxication. Broken and upset cups lay about everywhere. Pools of wine were on the table and on the floor. The foul air was almost intolerable.

Seti took up a sword that lay on the floor, and held out the lantern to Rachel.

"No, grandfather," she whispered, "this work is for me. I can tread among them more lightly than you can; and now I can see the key at the belt of yonder man," and she pointed to a man who sat at the head of the table, his arms spread out upon it, and his head resting on his arms.

He expostulated, "Perhaps the woman neglected to drug the wine."

Without replying, the maiden gathered her robes tightly about her, and stepped in among the dangerous brutes. She saw the key. Oh for a knife to sever it from the belt! The man was snoring heavily. She stood breathlessly over him with steady, flaming eyes then, seizing a small sconce from the table, she held it under the string that fastened the key to the belt. In a moment the two parted company. With lamp in one hand, and the key with her draperies in the other, she made her way back to the door and Seti. They passed out. Seti noiselessly closed the door, drew up between it and an angle in the wall a stout bench, and descended to the dungeon. Rachel put her hand with the narrow lamp in it through the grate, and whispered in an unsteady voice, "We have the key. Take the light, and if you have displaced the door somewhat, replace it. Else the key may not work."

He took it, made a few movements with his bar, then said, "Now try the key." Seti inserted it and tried to turn—alas, the bolt would not move.

(*To be Continued.*)

SPURGEON AS A POET.*

The late Pastor as a Hymn-Writer, a Proverbial Philosopher and a Christian Humorist.

MANY of the leaflets used by the Colportage Association contained the Gospel message in verse, written by Mr. Spurgeon, writes Rev. Russell H. Conwell, in his excellent biography of the late Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Often in his sermons, but more frequently in his writings, he introduced original poetry, some of which is positively beautiful, but the greater portion of which was intended directly to teach the most practical thought. If he had given his attention to the composition of poetry, he might not have reached the position of one of the standard poets, but he would have produced poems that would have lived on in the pages of standard literature; but he was too intensely in earnest to save souls to stop long enough to permit his muse to lead him into the fairy realms of poetic imagination. * * * His arrangement of the Psalms in rhyme and his composition of the hymns which were published in the hymn book used in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, showed too clearly a direct and earnest purpose to admit of much poetical ornament.

Probably nothing has appeared in print out of his many hymns and poems, which was more sweetly devout than his composition written at eighteen, entitled "Immanuel." We give a few verses:

IMMANUEL.

When once I mourned a load of sin;
When conscience felt a wound within,
When all my works were thrown away;
When on my knees I knelt to pray,
Then, blissful hour, remembered well,
I learned Thy love, Immanuel.

When storms of sorrow toss my soul;
When waves of care around me roll;
When comforts sink, when joys shall flee;
When hopeless griefs shall gape for me,
One word the tempest's rage shall quell—
That word, Thy name, Immanuel.

When down the hill of life I go;
When o'er my feet death's waters flow;
When in the deep'ning flood I sink;
When friends stand weeping on the brink,
I'll mingle with my last farewell
Thy lovely name, Immanuel.

The hymn "Jesus' Presence Delightful," which has been most extensively used in the hymn-books published by other churches and other denominations, was hastily written on one Saturday afternoon and used the next day at the celebration of the Lord's Supper.

JESUS' PRESENCE DELIGHTFUL.

Amidst us our Beloved stands,
And bids us view his pierced hands;
Points to his wounded feet and side,—
Blest emblems of the Crucified!

What food luxurious loads the board.
When at His table sits the Lord!
The wine how rich, the bread how sweet,
When Jesus deigns the guests to meet!

If now, with eyes defiled and dim,
We see the signs, but see not Him,
Oh, may his love the scales displace,
And bid us see Him face to face!

Our former transports we recount
When with Him in the holy mount;
These cause our souls to thirst anew,
His marred but lovely face to view.

For sound sense and a plain and practical way of putting things, continues the biographer, Mr. Spurgeon's equal has never lived, unless it was the immortal John Bunyan . . . . He was a profound student of the lower strata of society and was never more at home himself than when in the home-spun dress and slouch hat of honest "John Ploughman," he spoke in the familiar tongue of the simple yeomanry. *John Ploughman's Tales* and *John Ploughman's Pictures* are a proverbial philosophy and practical wisdom on the every-day walks and ways of mankind that are worth as much to the world, perhaps, as the sermons he preached from the great London Tabernacle . . . We assure the reader he will not only pardon the digression but be most pleasantly entertained, often heartily amused and, on the whole, richly rewarded by a review of the following selections:

"Last time I made a book I trod on some people's corns and bunions, and they wrote me angry letters, asking, 'Did you mean me?' This time, to save them the expense of a half-penny card, I will begin my book by saying—

Whether I please or whether I tease,
I'll give you my honest mind;
If the cap should fit, pray wear it a bit,
If not, you can leave it behind.

"No offense is meant; but if anything in these pages should come home to a man, let him not send it next door, but get a coop for his own chickens. * * * "

"Pray, do not go on another day as you are, for this very day may be your last. If you will not heed a plain word from John Ploughman, which he means for your good, yet recollect this old-fashioned rhyme, which was copied from a grave-stone:

The loss of gold is great,
The loss of health is more,
But the loss of Christ is such a loss
As no man can restore."

"* * * A mocking word cuts worse than a scythe, and the wound is harder to heal. A blow is much sooner forgotten than a jeer.

Who ridicules his neighbor's frailty
Scoffs at his own in more or less degree:
Much wiser he who others lets alone,
And tries his hardest to correct his own."

"They say 'loth to drink and loth to leave off,' but your drinker never needs persuading to begin, and as to ending—that is out of the question while he can borrow two-pence. This is the gentleman who sings—

He that buys land buys many stones,
He that buys meat buys many bones,
He that buys eggs buys many shells,
He that buys ale buys nothing else.

He will never be hanged for leaving his drink behind him. He drinks in season and out of season; in summer because he is hot, and in winter because he is cold."

"Certain neighbors of mine laugh at me for being a teetotaller, and I might well laugh at them for drinking, only I feel more inclined to cry that they should be such fools. Oh! that we could get them sober, and them perhaps we might make men of them. You cannot do much with these fellows, unless you can enlist them in the Coldstream guards.

He that any good would win
At his mouth must first begin.

As long as drink drowns conscience and reason, you might as well talk to the hogs. The rascals will promise fair to take the pledge, and then take their coats to pledge to get more beer. We smile at a tipsy man, for he is a ridiculous creature, but when we see how he is ruined body, and soul, it is no joking matter. How solemn is the truth that 'No drunkard shall inherit eternal life.'"

"They are most apt to speak ill of others who do most ill themselves.

We're very keen our neighbor's hump to see,
We're blind to that upon our back alone;
E'en though the lump far greater be,
It still remains to us unknown.

* From advance sheets of *Charles H. Spurgeon;* a new, interesting and comprehensive biography of the great English preacher, by Rev. Russell H. Conwell, Pastor of the Temple, Philadelphia; 616 pages; illustrated; price, $1 50; published by The Edgewood Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

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REFERENCES: Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D., and all Commercial Agencies.

THAT FRIEND.

(For The Christian Herald.)

WHERE I go, he shall lead me,
With his loving, tender care,
If my path be dark with tempests,
Or if sunshine linger there.

When I sleep he shall keep me,
Watching o'er me every night,
If my soul pass through the valley,
He will be my guiding light.

I may meet with dire misfortune,
I may suffer every loss,
He will never once forsake me,
But will lead me to the Cross.

I feel his unseen power,
And I know the day will dawn,
When this frail and mortal vision
Will forever be withdrawn.

For now we see but darkly,
But then as face to face;
We shall see him as he is,
With Heaven our resting-place.

Brooklyn, N. Y. —N. S. B.,

THE BEGGAR OF THE BARRIERE.

MONS. ARNAULT, one of the members of the French Royal Academy, died lately, leaving some written memoirs of his early life, in which he relates the following anecdote: When about eighteen years of age, he used frequently to walk from Paris to Versailles, where his mother then lived, and on passing the barriere or gate of the city, he constantly met a beggar who saluted him with the cry of "Charity, charity, my kind sir," and the young Arnault frequently gave the man a "copper."

One day, whilst doing this, a sharp, active-looking little gentleman, well dressed, and with a well-powdered head, passed by; he stopped, eyed the beggar for several moments, and then said:

"My friend, you appear able to work; why do you lead this miserable life? I would gladly remove you from this wretched condition, and instead of your begging, give you at least ten thousand pounds?"

Antoine, for such was the beggar's name, began to laugh.

"Laugh as much as you like," replied the powdered little gentleman, "but attend to my advice, and you will acquire all that I promise; I only ask you to follow my example:—I was once as poor as you are, but instead of begging, I tied an old hamper upon my back, and went from village to village collecting old rags. During the first year, many were given to me, but in the second I had money enough to pay for all, and to buy a donkey and a small cart. I went on, and at this present moment I am a paper manufacturer, and possess two good houses in Paris!"

The little gentleman immediately walked away, leaving Antoine in such a brown study that he let two ladies pass the barriere without screaming after them, "Charity, charity!"

"In 1815, during my exile in Brussels," continues M. Arnault, "I one day entered a book-shop in order to make some purchases. A portly-looking man was walking slowly up and down the shop, giving his orders to four or five clerks. We looked at each other for a few moments, as if a vague idea occurred to each of us that we had met before.

"'Sir,' said the respectable shopkeeper, 'did you, some five-and-twenty years ago, frequent the road leading from Paris to Versailles?'"

"'Antoine,' I exclaimed, 'is this you?'

"'Yes, sir,' he replied, 'the powdered little gentleman was right, his kind and fatherly advice has gained me not less than ten thousand pounds!'"

M. Arnault knew what he meant and was quite aware that it was not the advice that had gained Antoine the fortune, but his own industry and enterprise to which the advice had incited him. The difference is important, and it applies to spiritual as well as temporal matters. In the latter, everyone understands it, but in the former there are many who need to hear the voice of God speaking to them the words spoken to Moses, "Wherefore criest thou to me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." There is abundant encouragement to effort in the Bible and none to apathy or idleness. "If thou seek the Lord, he will be found of thee."

DIED BEFORE HARVEST.

THE famous medical missionary Dr. A. Sims, who is laboring in the Congo Free State, sends a letter to the *Independent* in the course of which he thus refers to the loss the Baptist Mission has sustained in the death of John Luff: He came out in 1890, helped to build the mission launch "Pioneer," and eventually settled down at Lulanga to teach and preach. His heart was constantly gladdened by the attention and hearty reciprocation of the boys and young men of his district. Both he and Mr. McKittrick died from the after effects of bilious hæmaturic fever. In November Mr. McKittrick's death took place, and now, in January, the main topic of talk among us is the work which is so prominent, not only at Lulanga, but at the Equator and Lukolela Baptist missions. At the former I hear twenty men and women have been baptized. A missionary there writes: "We are having a wave of blessing here; about sixty have professed a change of heart and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; many of these are people out of the towns. The Lord's name be praised!" A Lulanga missionary writes me: "Seventeen souls saved at Bonginda." At Lukolela a similar movement is taking place, and some young people cannot be restrained from active testimony and entreaty.

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Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

"The Mail-Bag" within the last few weeks has been so overwhelmed with correspondence that answers to many letters are necessarily delayed, and we ask our contributors to be patient. All inquiries that can be properly answered in this department will receive attention in due course.

J. D. Riley, Chetopa, Kans. Write to J. E. Jewett, Publisher, Bible House, for the books you mention.

Rev. Isaac Hart, Vienna, Ga., J. F. D., Delaware, O., and a number of others write in condemnation of the World's Fair being opened on Sundays.

Annie Waldron, Addison, Vt., and several others. Subscriptions to relieve the famine sufferers in Russia may be sent through The Christian Herald. See list on another page.

An Episcopalian, Brooklyn, N. Y. You will doubtless be able to find in the Brooklyn Library the great Anti-Slavery Debates, and also the addresses of Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher and William Lloyd Garrison, which will give you light on the subject.

Seaton Greene, Boiling Springs, N. C. Who released Jeremiah from prison?

Nebuzar-Adan, a captain of the guard under King Nebuchadrezzar. (See Jere. 39: 13-14 and 40-1.)

W. C. H., Washington, D. C. Can you tell me where I can find a hymn that contains these two lines:

I have an anchor to my soul,
Sure and steadfast while the surges roll.

Some of our readers may be able to supply this information.

L. E. Livermore, Dunellen, New Jersey, referring to a recent paragraph in The Mail-Bag, writes:

John Fitch was the first inventor of steam-boats, having a U. S. patent granted him in 1791. In 1796 he invented the screw propeller, and exhibited it on "Collect Pond," New York.

Mrs. George Graw, So. Schodack, N. Y. Did Dr. Talmage, when in the Holy Land, see the "field of blood" that was bought with Judas' thirty pieces of silver?

Yes; he visited the field, which is known as Aceldama, and inspected it with a party of friends. It is on a slope beyond the Valley of Hinnom, south of Mount Zion, and was used as a charnel-house as late as 1818.

R. L. T. Leck, Run Mills, Pa. Are there any churches or societies in Pennsylvania that teach and practice faith healing?

There are branches of the Christian Alliance at 713 North 10th Street, Philadelphia; 4,703 Hancock Street, Germantown; 113 Centre Avenue, Pittsburgh; and North Park, Scranton.

T. J. F., Macomb, Ill. Was the meal mentioned in Luke 22: 13, the same as the Lord's Supper?

No; it was the Jewish Passover that was prepared. A description of this you will find in Exodus 12: 1-20 and Deuteronomy 16: 1-16. While the preliminary feast was in progress, Christ instituted the Lord's Supper. That is, he made an ordinary part of the ceremony a memorial of himself which should be observed by all his followers until he comes again.

G. G. W. Burnham, North Branch, Balto. In the 4th chapter of Joshua, it says that the Lord commanded Joshua to take twelve men, one from each tribe, to take up twelve stones, and carry them to the place where they should lodge that night, for a memorial to the children of Israel. The Bible says they are there unto this day. Are they really there at the present time or not?

There is no record of the fact beyond that contained in Joshua 4: 8, 9, 21. In the time of Jerome, the twelve memorial stones are said to have been still visible at Gilgal, but modern travellers make no mention of them.

"A young ignorant girl," etc. Should a sin, committed by a girl in her youth, and sincerely repented of later, but not disclosed to the worthy man who afterward married her, be confessed now after many years of severe discipline and faithful service to her family and the cause of Christ?

We do not believe that God requires this of you. If it were a case in which you could make restitution to some one whom you had wronged, then confession and restitution would be your duty. Your confession at this time would not benefit and it might be a source of pain and sorrow to them. If you have confessed your sin to God, have sincerely repented of it, have forsaken it and sought God's forgiveness through Christ (as directed by the Word, see 1. John 1: 9), you have done all that is required of you in the circumstances.

Mrs. C. W. Wrightington, Brookline, Mass. I have just lost a dear little girl, and when I read of Miss De Broen's request and her desire to know if any parents who had lost a child, would help to support a French child, I determined to write and learn more fully in regard to it.

We would advise you to communicate at once with Miss De Broen direct, at No. 205 Rue St. Honore, Paris.

T. W. Newcomer, Rising City, Neb. I have been trying to find a table of weights and measures of the Bible, giving the same in our weights and measures, to figure out the value of gold and silver Solomon used in building the finest city the world ever saw. I have failed to find the information I want.

On turning to pages 132 and 133 of the "Helps" in the Oxford Bible, you will find the desired information.

Mrs. Mark Cannon, Deerfield, Mrss. Where did God disannul the command to keep the seventh day holy?

See answer to J. L. G., Callicoon Depot, N. Y., in The Christian Herald of March 9.

Enquirer, Dover, N. J. How can heirs in America get an estate left in trust for them by a relative in Scotland?

Consult a reputable lawyer, who will forward proofs of your identity and secure your interests properly. Your claim must be made in proper legal form, if you would save time, expense and disappointment.

V. G. Spencer, Walker, Ia. What do the figures on page 5 in the Oxford Bible (that is given as a premium with The Christian Herald), immediately after the New Testament, stand for—such as "Noah's Ark, 134," "Battlefields of Palestine, 82," etc.

They are part of the Alphabetical Table of Contents of the "Helps to the Study of the Bible," which are bound in with all the Oxford Bibles given as premiums to the new subscribers of this journal. They indicate that the subjects mentioned will be found at pages 82 and 134 of the "Helps."

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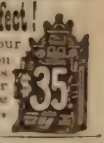

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∴ FOR APRIL ∴

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The Last Days of Shelley.
An article by Signor Guido Biagi, with new documents throwing light upon the cremation of the dead poet, and with portraits of Italians still living who witnessed it.

An Indian Fair in the Mexican Hot Country.
Sylvester Baxter makes this subject the theme of a picturesque and attractive article. Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens.

La Cabane.
Another of McLennan's admirable Canadian Habitant sketches, illustrated by C. S. Reinhart.

The Tempest,
with Edwin A. Abbey's illustrations. A comment on the play is contributed by Mr. Lang.

"Brother to the Sea."
By Julian Ralph, contains a description of Lake Superior and the surrounding region, with illustrations by Frederic Remington and Charles Graham.

The Danube Papers.
From the Black Forest to the Black Sea. The third article in this series of papers by F. D. Millet, with illustrations from Alfred Parsons's and F. D. Millet's drawings.

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Second instalment of W. D. Howells's New Novel.

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A short story, by Richard Harding Davis, illustrated by C. D. Gibson.

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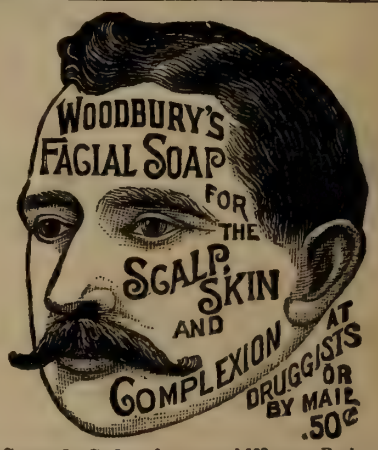

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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RUSSIA'S CRY HEARD!

TWO THOUSAND SACKS OF FLOUR ALREADY CONTRIBUTED BY "CHRISTIAN HERALD" READERS.

The Famine Fund Still Rolling Up—Rich and Poor Alike Share in the Glorious Work of Feeding the Starving Millions—Preparing a Shipment for the Steamer "Conemaugh"—Have You Given Your Mite?

MINDFUL of the Saviour's recognition of service rendered to the poor, when he said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and their friends over all this broad land have nobly and generously responded to the piteous appeal of starving Russia. They have sent spontaneously their offerings through this journal to be forwarded by the authorized Relief Committee. It is a glorious privilege, and they have not been slow to embrace it. During the past week, our mails have been literally burdened with these hospitable missives, enclosing money for Russia. Already the second thousand dollar mark has been passed and the fund still grows apace.

These heart-offerings come as a special god-send to the afflicted people in their hour of sorest distress. It is a movement in which even the smallest gift is not despised. To the poor, who give of their scanty means, and to the well-to-do, who contribute in larger measure in proportion to their ability, will come alike the remembrance of a duty well-done — of timely aid extended in direst need. No offering, however small, can go amiss, when a nickel will more than suffice to buy a loaf of bread and to keep down the gnawings of hunger. But the readers of this journal and their friends have already made it clear that they mean to hold out no half-hearted aid to the starving peasants of Russia. They have come to the work of rescue with their hands filled not with single loaves but with loaves by the hundred thousand!

Arrangements are now being made by the Publisher of this journal for the shipment of two thousand sacks, containing two hundred and eighty thousand pounds of flour, each sack weighing one hundred and forty pounds as the first instalment on account of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Russian Relief Fund. This shipment will be made, in all probability, by the steamer *Conemaugh*, which will sail from Philadelphia for Libau shortly. The flour will be of good, sound quality, clean and wholesome, and the entire shipment will be equal to 140,000 ordinary two-pound loaves. This generous token of Christian sympathy and goodwill, will reach its destination early in June, and will be followed by others at a later date. It will go with the prayers of the senders that it may be blessed to those who share the gift.

RUSSIA'S GREAT FAMINE—STARVING PEASANTS RECEIVING SOUP AND BREAD IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Many of the letters accompanying the contributions received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD give evidence of rare devotion to God's work and deep sympathy with the suffering. Some tell a story of noble self-denial. It is related that the haughty Roman dames, in a great national crisis, patriotically cast their jewels into the Treasury. This has a nobler counterpart in the action of some of these donors, who have actually given up their last dollar to feed the starving people of the Czar's empire. One specially touching letter enclosed a silver pin, studded with brilliants. The writer said: "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I send the enclosed, praying that the Lord will open a heart to take it and give generously for it to help the starving Russians. Oh! how I wish at times I was a millionaire. How my heart aches for all the suffering people in the world! The enclosed was given to me many years ago and I promised I would never part with it, only to buy bread. Now the time has come." We have returned the gift to the generous donor and will send, in her behalf, a barrel of flour to Russia, with the first CHRISTIAN HERALD shipment.

When it is remembered that flour of good quality, fit to bake into nourishing bread, can be purchased at 1 7-8 cents per pound, and that the relief cargoes are generously conveyed from American ports to Libau free of transportation charges, it will be readily understood that the gift is nowise diminished in transit. Every nickel, dime and dollar sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches its destination in full and unimpaired value in the shape of flour. A loaf of bread is to most of us, in this favored Christian land, a very small donation; yet it is enough to support life in an individual for at least two days.

The latest advices from Russia state that the famine is still raging with undiminished intensity in the Central Provinces. The government has been unable to accomplish what might reasonably have been expected in the way of relief measures. Much of the corn and other grain sent by the officials from the South is reported as being of poor quality and adulterated, and one shipment which arrived at Samara, of over seventy tons, was found to contain fifty per cent. of wild-weed seeds and only fifty per cent. of rye; yet this mixture was sold to the government as rye at exorbitant prices by dealers at Odessa. In the Simbirsk district, 900,000 peasants are daily being fed by charity, and a similar condition of affairs exists in the Smikobo district, in the province of Riazan. In the latter section, a noble relief work is being conducted by a very young lady, Mlle. Elizaveta Fedorovna, the daughter of a general in the Russian army, Abandoning the gay life of Moscow society, she has taken with her several other wealthy ladies and all have devoted themselves to relieving the starving peasants. Thus far they have been able to supply several hundreds with two meals a day.

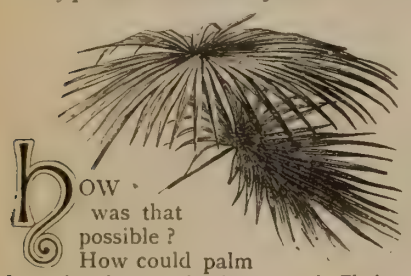
St. Petersburg, the Russian capital, swarms with thousands of refugees, more dead than alive, and many pitiful scenes are witnessed. These wretched people arrive at the gates of the city after a long and toilsome journey, with their wives and little ones, from remote villages of the interior. They are fed and sheltered by various charities and by hospitable private citizens. Indeed, almost every house in St. Petersburg has been turned into a shelter for the exiles, who daily arrive from the central and eastern provinces where the failure of last year's crops left them in absolute destitution. Our artist has shown, in the accompanying illustration, a scene in the refectory of the Alexander Nevsky Convent, where a soup, called *priot*, is doled out to the famine sufferers and gladly accepted by hundreds of starving people. Some

(*Continued on page 229.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

The Palm Branches.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday Morning Sermon: John 12 : 13 : *"They took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet him."*



How was that possible? How could palm branches be cast in the way of Christ as he approached Jerusalem? There are scarcely any palm trees in Central Palestine. Even the one that was carefully guarded for many years at Jericho has gone. I went over the very road by which Christ approached Jerusalem, and there are plenty of olive trees and fig trees, but no palm trees that I could see. You must remember that the climate has changed. The palm tree likes water, but by the cutting down of the forests, which are leafy prayers for rain, the land has become unfriendly to the palm tree. Jericho once stood in seven miles of palm grove. Olivet was crowned with palms. The Dead Sea has on its banks the trunks of palm trees that floated down from some old-time palm grove and are preserved from decay by the salt which they received from the Dead Sea. Let woodmen spare the trees of America, if they would not ruinously change the climate and bring to the soil barrenness, instead of fertility. Thanks to God and the Legislatures for Arbor Day, which plants trees, trying to atone for the ruthlessness which has destroyed them. Yes, my text is in harmony with the condition of that country on the morning of Palm Sunday. About three million people have come to Jerusalem to attend the religious festivities. Great news! Jesus will enter Jerusalem to-day. The sky is red with the morning, and the people are flocking out to the foot of Olivet, and up and on over the southern shoulder of the mountain, and the procession coming out from the city meets the procession escorting Christ, as he comes toward the city. There is a turn in the road, where Jerusalem suddenly bursts upon the vision. We had ridden that day all the way from Jericho, and had visited the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, and were somewhat weary of sight-seeing, when there suddenly arose before our vision Jerusalem, the religious capital of all Christian ages. That was the point of observation where my text comes in. Alexander rode Bucephalus, Duke Elie rode his famous Marchegay, Sir Henry Lawrence rode the high-mettled Conrad, Wellington rode his proud Copenhagen, but the conqueror of earth and heaven rides a colt, one that had been tied at the roadside. As the colt with its rider descends the slope of Olivet, the palm trees lining the road are called upon to render their contribution to the scene of welcome and rejoicing. The branches of these trees are high up, and some must needs climb the trees and tear off the leaves and throw them down, and others make of these leaves an emerald pavement for the colt to tread on.

Long before that morning the palm tree had been typical of triumph. Herodotus and Strabo had thus described it. Layard finds the palm leaf cut in the walls of Nineveh, with the same significance. In the Greek athletic games, the victors carried palms. I am very glad that our Lord, who five days after had thorns upon his brow, for a little while, at least, had palms strewn under his feet. Oh, the glorious palm! Amarasinga, the Hindoo scholar, calls it "the king among the grasses." Linnæus calls it "the prince of vegetation." Among all the trees that ever cast a shadow or yielded fruit or lifted their arms toward heaven, it has no equal for multitudinous uses. Do you want flowers? One palm tree will put forth a hanging garden of them, one cluster counted by a scientist containing 207,000 blooms. Do you want food? It is the chief diet of whole nations. One palm in Chili will yield 90 gallons of honey. In Polynesia it is the chief food of the inhabitants. In India there are multitudes of people dependent upon it for sustenance. Do you want cable to hold ships or cords to hold wild beasts? It is wound into ropes unbreakable. Do you want articles of house furniture? It is twisted into mats and woven into baskets and shaped into drinking cups and swung into hammocks. Do you want medicine? Its nut is the chief preventive of disease and the chief cure for vast populations. Do you want houses? Its wood furnishes the wall for the homes, and its leaves thatch them. Do you need a supply for the pantry? It yields sugar and starch and oil and sago and milk and salt and wax and vinegar and candles.

"And They Cut Down Branches . . . and Strewed Them in the Way."

Oh, the palm! It has a variety of endowments, such as no other growth that ever rooted the earth or kissed the heavens. To the willow, God says: "Stand by the water courses and weep." To the cedar, he says: "Gather the hurricanes into your bosom." To the fig tree, he says: "Bear fruit and put it within reach of all the people." But, to the palm tree, he says: "Be garden and storehouse and wardrobe and rope-walk and chandlery and bread and banquet and manufactory, and, then, be type of what I meant when I inspired David, my servant, to say: 'The righteous shall flourish like a palm tree.'" Oh, Lord God, give us more palm tree. Planted in the Bible that tree always means usefulness. But, how little any of us or all of us accomplish in that direction. We take twenty or thirty years to get fully ready for Christian work, and in the afterpart of life, we take ten or twenty years for the gradual closing of active work, and that leaves only so little time between opening and stopping work that all we accomplish is so little, an angel of God, needs to exert himself to see it at all. Nearly everything I see around, beneath and above in the natural world suggests useful service. If there is nothing in the Bible that inspires you to usefulness, go out and study the world around you this spring-time and learn the great lesson of usefulness. "What art thou doing up there, little star? Why not shut thine eye and sleep, for who cares for thy shining?" "No," saith the star, "I will not sleep. I guide the sailor on the sea. I cheer the traveller among the mountains. I help tip the dew with light. Through the window of the poor man's cabin, I cast a beam of hope, and the child on her mother's lap asks in glee, whither I come and what I do and whence I go. To gleam and glitter, God set me here. I have no time to sleep." "What doest thou, insignificant grass blade under my feet?" "I am doing a work," says the grass blade, "as best I can. I help to make up the soft beauty of field and lawn. I am satisfied, if, with millions of others no bigger than I, we can give pasture to the flocks and herds. I am wonderfully made. He who feeds the ravens gives me sustenance from the soil and breath from the air, and he who clothes the lilies of the field rewards me with this coat of green." "For what, lonely cloud, goest thou across the heavens?" Through the bright air a voice drops from afar, saying: "Up and down this sapphire floor I pace to teach men that, like me, they are passing away. I gather up the waters from lake and sea, and, then, when the thunders toll, I refresh the earth, making the dry ground to laugh with harvests of wheat and fields of corn. A pillar of cloud like me led the chosen across the desert, and surrounded by such as I the Judge of Heaven and Earth will at last descend, for 'Behold he cometh with clouds!'" Oh, my friends, if everything in the inanimate world be useful, let us immortal men and women be useful, and, in that respect, be like the palm tree.

Notice that it was a beautiful and lawful robbery of the palm tree that helped make up Christ's triumph on the road to Jerusalem that Palm Sunday. The long, broad, green leaves that were strewn under the feet of the colt, and in the way of Christ were torn off from the trees. What a pity, someone might say, that those stately and graceful trees should be despoiled. The sap oozed out at the places where the branches broke. The glory of the palm tree was appropriately sacrificed for the Saviour's triumphal procession. So it always was, so it always will be in this world—no worthy triumph of any sort without the tearing down of something else. Brooklyn Bridge, the glory of our continent, must have two architects prostrated, the one slain by his toils and the other for a life time invalided. The greatest pictures of the world had, in their richest coloring, the blood of the artists who made them. The mightiest oratorios that ever rolled through the churches had, in their pathos, the sighs and groans of the composers, who wore their lives out in writing the harmony. American Independence was triumphant, but it moved on over the lifeless forms of tens of thousands of men who fell at Bunker Hill and Yorktown and the battles between, which were the hemorrhages of the nation. The Kingdom of God advances in all the earth, but it must be over the lives of missionaries who die of malaria in the jungles or Christian workers who preach and pray and toil and die in the service. The Saviour triumphs in all directions—but beauty and strength must be torn down from the palm trees of Christian heroism and consecration and thrown in his pathway. To what better use could those palm trees on the southern shoulder of Mount Olivet and clear down into the Valley of Gethsemane put their branches than to surrender them for the making of Christ's journey toward Jerusalem the more picturesque, the more memorable and the more triumphant? And to what better use could we put our lives than into the sacrifice for Christ and his cause and the happiness of our fellow creatures? If he can afford on Palm Sunday to travel to Jerusalem to carry a cross, can we not afford a few leaves from our branches to make emerald his way?

The process is going on every moment in all directions. What makes that father have such hard work to find the hymn to-day? He puts on his spectacles and holds the book close up, and then holds it far off, and is not quite sure whether the number of the hymn is 150 or 130, and the fingers with which he turns the leaves are very clumsy. He stoops a good deal, although once he was straight as an arrow, and his eyes were keen as a hawk's, and the hand he offered to his bride on the marriage day was of goodly shape and as God made it. I will

tell you what is the matter. Forty years ago he resolved his family should have no need, and his children should be well educated, and suffer none of the disadvantages of lack of schooling from which he had suffered for a life-time, and that the wolf of hunger should never put its paw on his door still, and for forty or fifty years he has been tearing off from the palm tree of his physical strength and manly form branches to throw in the pathway of his household. It has cost him muscle and brain and health and eyesight,

"THE STORY OF MIDNIGHT WATCHINGS."

and there have been twisted off more years from his life than any man in the crowd on the famous Palm Sunday twisted off branches from the palm trees on the road from Bethpage to Jerusalem. What makes that mother look so much older than she really is? You say she ought not yet to have one gray line in her hair. The truth is the family was not always as well off as now. The married pair had a hard struggle at the start. Examine the tips of the forefinger and thumb of her right hand, and they will tell you the story of the needle that was plied day in and day out. Yea, look at both her hands, and they will tell the story of the time when she did her own work, her own mending and scrubbing and washing. Yea, look into the face and read the story of scarlet fevers and croups and midnight watchings when none but God and herself in that house were awake, and then the burials and the loneliness afterward, which was more exhausting than the preceding watching had been, and no one now to put to bed. How fair she once was and as graceful as the palm tree, but all the branches of her strength and beauty were long ago torn off and thrown into the pathway of her household. Alas! that sons and daughters, themselves so straight and graceful and educated, should ever forget that they are walking to-day over the fallen strength of an industrious and honored parentage. A little ashamed, are you, at their ungrammatical utterance? It was through their sacrifices that you learned accuracy of speech. Do you lose patience with them because they are a little querulous and complaining? I guess you have forgotten how querulous and complaining you were when you were getting over that whooping cough or that intermittent fever. A little annoyed, are you, because her hearing is poor and you have to tell her something twice? She was not always hard of hearing. When you were two years old your first call for a drink at midnight woke her from a sound sleep as quick as any one will waken at the trumpet call of the resurrection.

Oh, my young lady, what is that under the sole of your fine shoe? It is a palm leaf which was torn off the tree of maternal fidelity. Young merchant, young lawyer, young journalist, young mechanic, with good salary and fine clothes and refined surroundings, have you forgotten what a time your father had that winter, after the summer's crops had failed through droughts or floods or locusts, and how he wore his old coat too long and made his old hat do, that he might keep you at school or college? What is that, my young man, under your fine boot to-day, the boot that so well fits your foot, such a boot as your father could never afford to wear? It must be a leaf from the palm tree of your father's self-sacrifices. Do not be ashamed of him when he comes to town, and, because his manners are a little old-fashioned, try to smuggle him in and smuggle him out, but call in your best friends and take him to the house of God and introduce him to your pastor, and say: "This is my father." If he had kept for himself the advantages which he gave you, he would be as well educated and as well gotten up as you. When in the English Parliament a member was making a great speech that was unanswerable, a lord derisively cried out "I remember you when you blackened my father's boots!" "Yes," replied the man, and did I not do it well?" Yes, the leaves we walk over were torn off some palm tree.

I have cultivated the habit of forgetting the unpleasant things of life, and I chiefly remember the smooth things, and as far as I remember now my life has for the most part moved on over a road soft with green leaves. They were torn off two palm trees that stood at the start of the road. The prayers, the Christian example, the good advice, the hard work of my father and mother. How they toiled! Their fingers were knotted with hard work. Their foreheads were wrinkled with many cares. Their backs stooped from carrying our burdens.

They long ago went into slumber among their kindred and friends on the banks of the Raritan, but the influences they threw in the way of their children are yet green as leaves the moment they are plucked from a palm tree, and we feel them on our brow and under our feet and they will strew all the way until we lie down in the same slumber. Self-sacrifice! What a thrilling word. Glad am I that our world has so many specimens of it. The sailor boy on shipboard was derided because he would not fight or gamble, and they called him a coward. But, when a child fell overboard and no one else was ready to help, the derided sailor leaped into the sea, and, though the waves were rough, the sailor swimming with one arm carried the child on the other arm, till rescued and rescuer were lifted into safety, and the cry of coward ceased and all huzzaed at the scene of daring and self-sacrifice.

When recently, Captain Burton, the great author, died, he left a scientific book in manuscript, which he expected would be his wife's fortune. He often told her so. He said: "This will make you independent and affluent after I am gone." He suddenly died, and it was expected that the wife would publish the book. One publisher told her he could himself make out of it $100,000. But it was a book which, though written with pure scientific design, she felt would do immeasurable damage to public morals. With the two large volumes, which had cost her husband the work of years, she sat down on the floor before the fire, and said to herself: "There is a fortune for me in this book, and, although my husband wrote it with the right motive and scientific people might be helped by it, to the vast majority of people it would be harmful, and I know it would damage the world." Then, she took apart the manuscript sheet after sheet, and put it into the fire, until the last line was consumed. Bravo! She flung her livelihood, her home, her chief worldly resources under the best moral and religious interests of the world.

How much are we willing to sacrifice for others? Christ is again on the march, not from Bethpage to Jerusalem, but for the conquest of the world. He will surely take it, but who will furnish the palm branches for the triumphant way? Self-sacrifice is the word. There is more money paid to destroy the world than to save it. There are more buildings put up to ruin the race than churches to evangelize it. There is more depraved literature to blast men than good literature to elevate them. Oh, for a power to descend upon us all like that which whelmed Charles G. Finney with mercy, when, kneeling in his law office, and before he entered upon his apostolic career of evangelization, he said: "The Holy Ghost descended on me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel the impression like a wave of electricity going through and through me. Indeed it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love. It seemed like the breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings. I wept aloud with joy and love. These waves came over me and over me one after another, and, until, I recollect, I cried out: 'I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me.' I said: 'Lord, I cannot bear any more.'" And, when a gentleman came into the office, and said: "Mr. Finney, you are in pain?" he replied: "No, but so happy that I cannot live."

My hearers, the time will come when upon the whole church of God will descend such an avalanche of blessing, and then the bringing of the world to God will be a matter of a few years, perhaps a few days, or a few hours. Ride on, O Christ! for the evangelization of all nations. Thou Christ who didst ride on the unbroken colt down the sides of Olivet, on the white horse of eternal victory ride through all nations, and may we, by our prayers and our self-sacrifices and our contributions and our consecration, throw palm branches in the way. I clap my hands at the coming victory. I feel this morning as did the Israelites when on their march to Canaan, they came not under the shadow of one palm tree, but of seventy palm trees, standing in an oasis among a dozen gushing fountains, or as the Book puts it: "Twelve wells of water and three score and ten palm trees." Surely there are more than seventy such great and glorious souls

MRS. BURTON BURNS THE MANUSCRIPT.

present to-day. Indeed it is a mighty grove of palm trees, and I feel something of the raptures which I shall feel when our last battle fought and our last burden carried and our last tear wept, we shall become one of the multitudes St. John describes "clothed in white robes and palms in their hands." Hail thou bright, thou swift-advancing, thou everlasting Palm Sunday of the skies! Victors over sin and sorrow and death and woe, from the hills and valleys of the heavenly Palestine, they have plucked the long, broad, green leaves, and all the ransomed—some in gates of pearl, and some on battlements of amethyst, and some on streets of gold, and some on seas of sapphire, they shall stand in numbers like the stars, in splendor like the morn, waving their palms!

THE DEVIL DANCERS.

A Strange Sect of Religionists in Ceylon Practising Weird Rites and Ceremonies

In enumerating the obstacles to the spread of Christianity in Ceylon, Miss Leitch, whose portrait with a sketch of her missionary work in that island appeared recently in this journal, refers to the devil dancers. She has brought away pictures of two representatives of the sect, which are reproduced here. Their worship, if the strange rites they practise may be dignified by the name of worship, is believed to be one of the most ancient of the Tartar faiths. It consists of the sacrifice of an animal and the dramatic representation of a descent to the nether world by the chief performer. The beating of a curiously shaped drum by his assistant and a frenzied dance ending in wild ecstasy and physical collapse accompanies the

DEVIL DANCERS OF CEYLON.

representation. It is an uncouth and shocking spectacle akin to some of the wildest ceremonies of savage tribes.

The object of the performance is not the worship of any heathen God but the propitation of demons. The chief performer claims to have the power of influencing both good and evil spirits and of summoning them to temporarily occupy his own person. Hideous contortions of his frame indicate the moment when the demon is supposed to take possession. The man leaps to an extraordinary height, bells attached to his robes are agitated violently, he appears to go into convulsions and at last falls down as if dead. Then the evil spirit is believed to have exhausted its malevolence and the performer assures those who have called in his services that no evil need be apprehended.

There are no fixed periods for these rites. Births, marriages, deaths or the occasion of any great calamity calls for their exercise. Nor are they performed in a temple or at a shrine. The hut in which live the family desiring the incantation serves the purpose. One of the most frequent causes of application to these sorcerers is the death of the head of a household. The devil dancers are summoned to compel the departed spirit to leave the surviving members of his family in peace, and not to molest them by bringing on them disease or ill-luck. The devil-dancer teaches that his own ancestors being good spirits are powerful in the spirit land and will in obedience to his behests keep the spirit of the recently deceased man in order. They are not to be confused with devil worshippers as they represent the demons as malevolent, vindictive and fierce—powers to be feared and by any means propitiated.

Though we may smile at these childish superstitions, they constitute a very real dread to those who believe them. They are in sore bondage, from which it is the joy and privilege of the missionary to deliver them by telling them of Him through the knowledge of whom they can be set free. To all such, how welcome must be the message the missionaries carry that God is love and that He lives, who has overcome the evil one and is willing to become their Saviour.

THE LORD MY SHEPHERD.

S. S. Lesson for April 24. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Ps. 23. Golden Text, Ps. 23: 1.

JEHOVAH, the Lord of hosts, the King of kings, and the Lord of lords, is my Shepherd! Not only my God, my Lord, not only my Saviour and Sacrifice, but my Shepherd, too. With such a Shepherd, can I, dare I, shall I want? It is he in whose hands is my breath (Dan. 5: 23); my times are in his hand (Ps. 31: 15); my tears are in his bottle (Ps. 46: 8); "He knoweth the way that I take." (Job 23: 10); my steps are ordered by him (Ps. 37: 23); how then can I want? The good "Shepherd and Bishop of our souls" (II. Pet. 2: 25); that "great Shepherd of the sheep" who "through the blood of the everlasting covenant" (Heb. 13: 20), "giveth his life for the sheep" (John 10: 11); how can he fail me? He ever liveth to make intercession for me (Heb 7: 25); his eyes are upon me; his ears are open unto my prayer (Ps 34: 15); he is on my side (Ps 118: 6),

How Can I Want?

Is it possible that with such a Shepherd a murmur can escape from my lips or a burdened sigh from my heart? Can a doubt of his love ever cast a moment's shadow upon me? Can a breath of self-pity enter my heart while I believe that such a Shepherd has taken by choice the responsibility of me for time and eternity—spirit, soul and body? O, with what shame must I own I have not always trusted my Shepherd!

When the Lord Jesus was in Galilee, in the days of his flesh, there was a time when the multitudes, eager to hear and to be healed by Jesus, sought to thwart his purpose of taking and of giving to his disciples, a little interval of repose. "They departed into a desert place by ship, privately. And the people saw them departing, and ran afoot thither out of all cities and outwent them, and came together unto him. And Jesus when he came out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them because they were as sheep not having a shepherd." (Mark 6: 32–34.) It is this want of a shepherd which strikes one in every crowd. O the desolate, anxious, worried, hopeless, despairing faces one meets with—sheep without a shepherd! Not only in the busy haunts of cities, but also in churches and Christian congregations, it is the exception and not the rule, to find the restful, quietly joyous faces which speak the care of a good Shepherd.

But why is this? Surely because the majority of believers know the Lord so little. There are many, even amongst converted people, who accept the pardon of their sins from his hand, but who, down in the depths of their hearts, do not believe that One so great can take, and does take, an interest in every little detail of their lives; and so they worry and trouble over difficulties which he is waiting to master for them, and by their own unbelief remain unshepherded.

How can we live practically in close and blessed relationship with our beloved Lord? First it is necessary that we should trust him absolutely and make it our rule of faith that "all things work together for good to them that love God" (Rom. 8: 28), even those things which seem to be the most unfortunate and disastrous. We must have decided to recognize the hand of our Shepherd in all, and when we cannot praise him, nevertheless, to remain silent until we understand him enough to praise him. "He maketh me to lie down." Until we have learned to

Rest in Him

we do not truly believe. The multitudes were not miraculously fed until they sat down; (Mark 6: 39, 40), the one thing needful was the "hearing heart" of Mary as she sat at the Master's feet, and heard his word. As soon as we learn to rest, we find the resting place to be "green pastures" and "still waters." And there it is he speaks to us; there he shews us his views of ourselves, of the Church, and of the world. There, in the stillness, all becomes real. His views of things take the place of ours, wrong things are put right, humiliation opens the way to wondrous liberty; and to a walk like Enoch's who had learned to walk with God. "He restoreth my soul, he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake." The restoration is in view of the future walk, and the very restoration makes us so conscious of our own powerlessness that we dare not take a step without his leading.

And this is the preparation for "the valley of the shadow of death," or the R. V. (margin), the valley of deep darkness." What! will a good Shepherd lead us in darkness? Will he not always choose the light for his sheep? No; it is in the times of darkness that Shepherd and sheep draw peculiarly near together. Paul prayed for fellowship with Christ's sufferings and conformity unto his death. (Phil 3: 10) He said, "I take pleasure in infirmities or weaknesses (R. V.,) in reproaches, in necessities, in persecution for Christ's sake: for when I am weak then am I strong." (II. Cor. 12: 10.) He had learned to love the "deep darkness" better than the light, because of the intense intimacy with Jesus which accompanied it. And he could agree with Peter where he says "The trial of your faith [is] much more precious than of gold that perisheth." (I. Pet. 1: 7.)

David had so far learned this lesson that he could say, "Yea: though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I Will Fear no Evil:

thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." Fear is unbelief; rest in God is faith. We cannot fear and trust our Shepherd, at one and the same time. He will send us into no dark valley alone; and if he is with us, whether it be an Egyptian or a Philippian prison; whether a fiery furnace or a den of lions; whether the martyr's stake or a still more horrible death through cannibals; yet with our Shepherd as guarantee, whatever happens, we may say: "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." Some there are who fear much more, the continual fret of unspiritual and criticizing relatives at home, than any suffering or persecution abroad. But the same angel of the Lord, who has stood by his martyrs through all time, is with thee, tried child of God. Recognize his presence and praise him in the fires, acknowledge that his rod in the trial which chastens, and his staff which upholds do comfort you." "All things are for your sakes." (II. Cor. 4: 15.) He knows best when to lead his trusting sheep through the valley and when in the green pastures. He cannot make a mistake, his love has made each of his sheep a more intense study to him than ever were the characters of children to their parents. And he has pledged himself that he will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are "able to bear, but will with the temptation make a way to escape that [we] may be able to bear it." (I. Cor. 10: 13.) And he has never yet broken faith with us. How many of us can bear witness, after a time of special trial, to the precious lessons which he has taught us in the darkness, and the blessed reality of his nearness all throughout; so that we can say, "It is worth while to be tried." "Behold, we count them happy which endure." (James 5: 11.)

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." Those who seek for my death, see me sustained in life by my good Shepherd! Every enemy, every trouble, is a gain, a strength, a nourishment to the inner life of God's trusting children. Let us not fear trial; it is never without a purpose of deepest love, it is part of the process whereby we are conformed to the image of God's Son, our table is in the wilderness. David the shepherd-king had to trust for his supplies, and those of his followers, day by day, where supply seemed most unlikely. Let us also trust that where everything seems against us, God will supply our need, and that our life in him will be nourished by his miracle-working hand.

"Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over." "Kings and priests unto God," such is our vocation! (Rev. 1: 6.) "He hath put all things under his feet," and as we learn to look, not at the things which are seen and temporal, but at the things which are not seen and eternal (II. Cor. 4: 18), all things are under our feet too. And we too are anointed, but by the heavenly unction of the Holy Ghost. (I. John 2: 20, 27.)

The Psalmist, who began with the words of assurance, "The Lord is my Shepherd," ends his Psalm with, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." With such a Shepherd, how could it be otherwise? The "valley of deep darkness," the "wilderness," as well as "green pastures," the "still waters," the "table" in the wilderness were goodness and mercy from the Shepherd's hand, and he who had learned to be at home in his God, could add, "I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

LESSON POINTS.

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. The sweetest word of the whole verse, said the late Pastor Spurgeon is that monosyllable "my." David does not say "The Lord is the shepherd of the world at large and leadeth forth the multitude as his flock" but "The Lord is my shepherd." If he be a shepherd to no one else, he is a shepherd to me. He cares for me, watches over me and preserves me.

I may not possess all that I wish for, but "I shall not want." Others far wealthier and wiser than I may want but I shall not, come what may; if famine should devastate the land, or calamity destroy the city, "I shall not want." Old age, with its feebleness, shall not bring me any lack, and even death with its gloom shall not find me destitute. I have all things and abound; not because I have a good store of money in the bank, not because I have skill and wit with which to win my bread, but because "the Lord is my shepherd." The wicked always want, but the righteous never. A sinner's heart is far from satisfaction, but a gracious spirit dwells in the place of content.

He restoreth my soul. I remember meeting a man who, though a Christian, had fallen into sin. The church of which he had been a member had exercised discipline in his case, and for twelve years he had been in a very sad condition spiritually. In answer to my inquiry at a revival meeting, he replied, "I was a Christian once, but fell." "Well," I rejoined, "but have you never been restored?" "No," he replied, "I have been utterly miserable about it, and would give anything to be what I once was." "Would you like to be restored at this moment?" I asked, "For as surely as God lives you may be." He looked at me in amazement. To help his mind I said, "Suppose you had a daughter who had sinned against you and given you great sorrow; but last night she came and threw her arms around her mother's neck, saying, "Oh, mother, I am so ashamed of myself for having given you and dear father such anxiety and sorrow; do forgive me! I ask can your daughter restore herself, or must her restoration be your act?" "Mine," he replied. "Now, how soon would you restore her—in twelve years!" "Surely no," he added. "Well in twelve months?" "No," he replied. "Well in three?" "No," he said. "Then how soon would you restore her?" "Why, at once," he answered. "What!" I said, "Are you prepared at once to restore your child, and do you think that our Father in Heaven is not prepared upon confession to him to restore immediately?" Opening my Bible I read to him the first clause of the third verse of the twenty-third Psalm: "He restoreth my soul." "Notice," I said, "that the word restoreth is in the present tense." I can never forget the joy with which, after prayer, my friend was filled. "Thank God," he cried, "for this night. I see it clearly now: it is God that restoreth."

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death. After the battle before Richmond had been over several days, a man was found dead with his hand on an open Bible. The summer insects had eaten the flesh from the hand, and there was nothing but the skeleton left; but the skeleton fingers lay on the open page, and on this passage: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of death I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." The time will come when all the fine novels we have on our bedroom-shelf will not interest us, and all the famous histories and exquisite essays will do us no good. There will be one Book, perhaps its cover worn out and its leaves yellow with age, under whose flash we shall behold the opening gates of heaven.

Elder Bennett said to his friends just before his death: "I have for years believed and taught that religion was well adapted to the dying—now I know it. My friends talk of my going down into the valley of the shadow of death. I am now in it; and when they think me just going into it, I shall be coming out of it into the perfect day."

The Music of the Bible says Dr. D. J. Burrell centres in the Book of Psalms, which was the hymn book of God's people under the old economy. It is a casket of crown jewels, but the twenty-third is its Kohinoor. God only knows how many of his toiling, troubled saints have been sustained and gladdened by it.

"Not long ago I was summoned to the bedside of an old Scotchman who was dying. He had long been in the far country; and his substance was all wasted in riotous living; but now that the shadows were gathering he would fain go back to his Father's house. The memories of the old days, the Catechism, the village kirk, were crowding fast upon him. The promises made by a gracious God to his wandering children were all very precious to him now; but the best of all was this twenty-third psalm. Sitting there by the old man's bedside, I repeated it in the Scotch version:

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness.
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

I went no further, for the tears were running fast along the old man's cheeks, and he was saying brokenly, over and over, "Oh, my mither! my mither!" And there, at his mother's knee again, the love of the Good Shepherd came back to him.

PSALM 23.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
Supplying all my need,
I shall not want, nor lack for food,
For he is good indeed.

He maketh me to lie
Down in green pastures fair:
Beside still waters leadeth me,
Which flow so peaceful there.

My soul he doth restore;
He leadeth me aright,
Within the paths of righteousness,
For his name's sake, my Light.

Yea, though I walk alone—
Walk through the valley drear—
The valley of the shades of death,
No evil will I fear.

For with me, Lord, art thou,
To lead me right each day;
Thy rod and staff they comfort me—
They comfort me alway.

Before me now thou dost
A table, Lord, prepare:
In presence of mine enemies—
With loving, tender care.

My head thou dost anoint
With oil of joy divine;
My cup of joy now runneth o'er,
E'en now this cup of mine.

His goodness surely shall,
With mercy, follow me:
Throughout the days of all my life,
On to eternity.

And I will dwell with him,
Through all that age to come,
Yea, with the Lord in his own house,
Which is my future home.

—W. W. Stanton

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

AN INSCRIPTION ON A BRIDGE.

In the course of an address to the Auckland Ministers' Association, New Zealand, the Rev. T. F. Robertson said: "I passed over a bridge lately, on the keystone of which are inscribed the words, 'God and We.' The tale is interesting. A humble girl in danger of perishing in a storm, when the stream was in flood, vowed that if God would save her life and help her in the future, she would build a bridge over the dangerous chasm. Her prayer was heard. She lived to build the bridge, and to leave an endowment for the poor of the parish. The inscription on the bridge gives the secret of every Christian worker's success. It is not 'God' alone, for that would mean human idleness; or 'We' alone, for that would be human presumption. It is not 'We and God,' that would be human pride; but 'God and We' gives the Scriptural way of success. 'Fellow-workers with God,' yet depending on Him."

RUSSIA'S CRY HEARD.

(*Continued from first page.*)

of them, more anxious for their wives and children than for themselves, carry the soup in vessels to their places of shelter and there share it with their families.

Tolstoi's Noble Work.

Count Tolstoi's noble work of relief, in which he is aided by his sons and daughters (referred to in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), is still progressing with excellent results; but while these and many other agencies are earnestly succoring the famine stricken, hundreds are actually dying of starvation in remote parts of the interior where the relief movement has not yet extended. Intelligence from those distant localities is of a distressing character. The peasants having exhausted all their resources are feeding on dried grass, weeds and chopped straw and to this abnormal compound they even add common earth. It is impossible to exaggerate the horrors of the famine in these sections; nor can these horrors be alleviated until abundant supplies of wholesome food are forwarded.

The relief movement however is slowly extending to the interior and every fresh arrival of bread and flour is hailed as a heaven-sent blessing. Mr. Blankenburg who has been in charge of the distribution of the American shipments which were sent to the interior from Libau, and who has under his control a number of agents attending personally to the work of relief, has reported that the distress, far from being exaggerated, is really worse than represented. All the relief that can be sent from this and other countries, will be welcome.

Terrible Scenes of Suffering.

Russia and the United States have always been allied by the ties of international friendship, and while the Divine injunction: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him" (Rom. 12: 20) would doubtless have come with equal authority and met with an equally generous response from Christian America, had our relations been otherwise, yet it is specially gratifying to know that we can be made instrumental, under Providence, in succoring a friendly nation in its time of dire distress. It is impossible to hear unmoved the cry for bread that is ascending from the homes of the peasantry, who are fighting the fire of the hunger-typhus and facing an appalling death-roll. Our own famines in Kansas and Nebraska, the great famine in Ireland in 1837, and even the Chinese famine a few years ago, were all tame compared with this sweeping affliction. In many cases, whole villages are almost totally without supplies and where these are near a large city, the population has deserted them and flocked to the city, hoping at least to get food enough there to sustain life. Homesteads, farms, and farm implements have all been abandoned in the mad, despairing effort to secure food. Their cattle, horses and domestic animals all either dead or sold, their larders swept clean of the last crumb, their wives and children gaunt, hollow-eyed and in rags, and their own bodies dulled and weakened with the long hunger, they cannot sit there awaiting the death that seems inevitable.

News has been received of the safe arrival of the steamship *Missiouri* at Libau, Russia, with the second relief cargo from this country. In a short time the steamer *Conemaugh* of the Red Star line, which has been chartered by the Relief Committee at Philadelphia, will sail with a third relief Cargo, carrying THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's shipment of 280,000 pounds of flour as already stated.

A Few Sympathetic Letters.

From among many warmly sympathetic letters, we select the following extracts, which show the true feeling of Christian brotherhood and deep solicitude for those in distress:

Mrs. H. T., Milton, Mass. I am a poor widow, but will give the "widow's mite" My heart aches when I read of those starving people.

A friend, Lawrence, Mass. I send a dollar. It is only a drop, but sent "In His name."

O. R. B., Darwers, Ct. I send this in the name of Him who died on the Cross.

H. M. B., Albany, N. Y. This goes with a prayer for the Master's blessing.

G. W. A., Brockton, Mass. I notice that $3.50 would buy a barrel of good wholesome flour. I would like to feel that I had contributed that much to the suffers in that distant land, so enclose that amount.

Two friends, Whitesboro. Christ taught that it was more blessed to give than to receive; therefore in the name of Jesus we send it, ($2).

Wade, Pa. I send an old man's mite ($1).

K. S., Louisville, Ky. I send $1 which I trust may be expended in beans to make soup for the sufferers—also 15 cents for salt.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE FUND.

We give below a list of the Contributors to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD RUSSIAN RELIEF FUND.
Many names, omitted for lack of space, will appear next week.

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A. F. O. J., Utica, N. Y.	5 00
Mrs. E. W., Winton, Pa.	1 00
M.M. Armstrong, Monica, Ill.	5 00
And over 100 others, aggregating $700 to be acknowlg'd next week.	

M. S. B., Fort Wayne, Ind. I hasten to send one barrel of flour ($3.50), I only wish it was a hundred.

A friend, Glen Spey, N. Y. I enclose $1 to make one suffering family happy for a short time at least.

Mrs. C. L., Harmony, Me. Here is the "widow's mite" ($1), to buy a little bread for some of these poor starving Russians. How I pity them. May a blessing go with this mite.

W. H. W., Allentown, Pa. Enclosed find $5. I feel it my duty to give it.

W. H. M., Applecreek, O. May God's blessing go with it, ($1).

Mindful of the Children.

Friend in need, Centralia, Va. Enclosed find $1. I wish I could get one or two of the little children who are suffering, I could make a home for them.

Friend, Madison, Ind. I send $2. It is all I can do, and God can use the smallest thing to do his will and work.

W. L. M., Wheeling, Ark. My salary is small, yet I feel like trying to help those distressed people a little.

F. W., Mt. Pleasant, N. Y. Enclosed $5. God does not ask more than we are able to give.

Friends, Brockville, Tex. Enclosed find $5. A small sum, but it will relieve hunger for a while.

Sympathizer, Pittsburg, Pa. This amount ($3.) is not large, but it represents one-tenth of my salary for the last two weeks, at which time I thought I would try and give one-tenth to the Lord, as he has commanded. So this, the first tithe, goes to the Russians in their dire calamity.

R. D. S., Philipsburg, Pa. I enclose check for $10. and hope it will do them some good, body and soul.

J. F. V., Woodland, Mich. $3.50 to buy one barrel of flour for the suffering of Russia.

J. C. W., Richmond, Va. I enclose order for $10.50 for three barrels of flour for starving Russia. May God abundantly bless you in your noble effort.

E. E., Augusta, N. C. I am a boy of fourteen and want to help the starving people of Russia. I send $1.50 for that purpose.

W. S., Augusta, N. C. Find enclosed $10. It is all I have. I am a poor young man working my way in school. I pray God's blessing on it.

H. G. T., Hampton, Va. Enclosed find $2. from two little well-fed Americans.

N. E. B., Bonds Village, Mass. I have collected something, ($11) and wish it were my place to go and help distribute, if it were God's will.

Four Friends, Chesterville, Pa. This ($14) is given with the prayer of the contributors that God will bless every effort that is being made for the relief of this terrible distress.

Sent with a Blessing.

J. M. K., Liberty, Ind. I can't contribute more, ($5). May God bless you and the good cause committed to your care is my prayer.

I. S., Minon Grove, Wis. It is very little ($1) but it takes with it the prayer of a lowly sister.

B. K., Boothbay Harbor, Me. Enclosed $3.50. May the Lord bless the noble work.

J. W., Newark, N. J. I wish to aid the poor Russian sufferers with a sack of flour weighing 140 pounds costing $2.63 and enclose that amount.

S. E. S., Robesonia, Pa. Enclosed find from our Christian Endeavor Society, $29.85, and Sunday School, $2.76, for the Russian sufferers.

J. W.K., Fulton, Del. I need the money ($3.) but I can probably get along without it much better than they can, for I have plenty to eat.

J. M., Madison, Ind. ($7.) May the great suffering soon be relieved by those who can help.

M. I. A., Swansea Village, Mass. Enclosed $12.50. I trust your fund will be large.

J. S., Waco, Neb. This ($3.) for the Russian famine sufferers, is a thank-offering to God for deliverance in a certain time of trouble.

Dr. M. Brooklyn, N. Y. Enclose $10. This is a good work.—Go on!

Mrs. J. D. Fayette, Ia. Enclosed is $6.65, a family offering. I am so glad that a way is opened for those in the rural districts not able to join in the collections in the cities, to bestow their mites to alleviate the terrible sufferings of those poor people. May the Lord open the hearts of multitudes to take advantage of the opportunity.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
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HEAR RUSSIA'S GROAN.

WE hope to send a million pounds of flour to Russia. Our CHRISTIAN HERALD has already a quarter of a million pounds. Send on to us your contribution in money. We mean to put on some ship all we can raise of food for starving Russia, and then we will invite all the people who have contributed toward this fund or may contribute and all their friends and all our friends to go down to the ship that shall carry our donation and in a public meeting some afternoon ask God's blessing upon the food we send, and sing a Christian Hymn to waft it on its voyage. By the empty bread-tray of the Russian nation, by the blasted harvest fields, by the blanched cheeks of women and children crying for help, by the graves of those who have already perished we implore you not only to be generous, but to be quick. We gather up the plaint of helpless childhood all over Russia, and the sobbing of mothers whose children are dying on their breasts because the fountains of life are dried up, and the groans of men who can fight back no longer the wolf from the cabin, and by the wailing of uncounted multitudes of the starving—we gather them all up, and we intone them into one heartrending cry for help. We are sure you will be faithful. Then, when your day of distress comes, you will have a right to expect swift relief. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." Then, when the last great day of assize comes, and the whole world shall receive its doom, the great Judge will bend smilingly to you in memory of this generosity, and say: "I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was hungry, and ye fed me; inasmuch as ye did this to poor starving Russia, ye did it unto me!"

BOSTON.

WE like to go to the modern Athens two or three times a year. Among other advantages, Boston always soothes our nerves. It has a quieting effect upon us. The people there are better satisfied than any people we know of. Judging from a few restless spirits who get on some of the erratic platforms of that city, and who fret and fume about things in general, the world has concluded that Boston is at unrest. But you may notice that the most of the restless people who go there are imported speakers, whom Boston hires to come once a year and do for her all the necessary fretting. The genuine Bostonian is satisfied. He rises moderately early, goes to business without any especial haste, dresses comfortably, talks deliberately, lunches freely, and goes home to his family at plausible hours. He would like to have the world made better, but is not going to make himself sick in trying to cure the moral ailments of others. The genuine Bostonian is, for the most part, pleased with himself, keeps his patriotism fresh by an occasional walk near the meat-market under Faneuil Hall, and reads the *Atlantic Monthly*. We believe there is less fidgeting in Boston than in any city of the country. We think that the average of human life must be longer there than in most cities. Dyspepsia is a rarity; for when a mutton-chop is swallowed of a Bostonian, it gives up, knowing that there is no need of fighting against such inexorable digestion.

BLESSED SLUMBER.

MANY think that sleep is lost time. But the style of your work will be mightily affected by the style of your slumber. Sound Asleep is sister of Wide Awake. Adam was the only man who ever lost a rib by napping too soundly; but when he woke up, he found that, instead of the twelve ribs with which he started, he really had nigh two dozen. By this I prove that sleep is not subtraction, but addition. This very night may that angel put balm on both your eyelids five minutes after you touch the pillow!

THE WAY OUT.

UNBELIEVERS have often told us that the story of the prophet swallowed by a great fish was an absurdity. They say that, so long in the stomach of the monster, the minister would have been digested. We have no difficulty in this matter. Jonah was a most unwilling guest of the whale. He wanted to get out. However much he may have liked fish, he did not want it three times a day and all the time. So he kept up a fidget, and a struggle, and a turning over, and he gave the whale no time to assimilate him. The man knew that if he was ever to get out he must be in perpetual motion. We know men that are so lethargic they would have given the matter up, and lain down so quietly that in a few hours they would have gone into flukes and fish bones, blow-holes and blubber. Now we see men all around us who have been swallowed by monstrous misfortunes. Some of them sit down on a piece of whale-bone and give up. They say: "No use! I will never get back my money, or restore my good name, or recover my health." They float out to sea and are never again heard of. Others, the moment they go down the throat of some great trouble, begin immediately to plan for egress. They make rapid estimate of the length of the vertebrate, and come to the conclusion how far they are in. They dig up enough spermaceti out of the darkness to make a light, and keep turning this way and that, till the first you know they are out. Determination to get well has much to do with recovered invalidism. Firm will to defeat bankruptcy decides financial deliverance. Never surrender to misfortune or discouragement. You can, if you are spry enough, make it as uncomfortable for the whale as the whale can make it uncomfortable for you. There will be some place where you can brace your foot against his ribs, and some long upper tooth around which you may take hold, and he will be as glad to get rid of you for tenant as you are to get rid of him for landlord. There is a way out, if you are determined to find it.

THE FAITHFUL SEXTON.

HE is a minister's blessing, the church's joy, a harbinger of the millennium. People come to church to have him help them up the aisle. He wears slippers. He stands or sits at the end of the church during an impressive discourse, and feels that, though he did not furnish the ideas, he at least furnished the wind necessary in preaching it. He has a quick nostril to detect unconsecrated odors, and puts the man who eats garlic on the back seat in the corner. He does not regulate the heat by a broken thermometer, minus the mercury. He has the window-blinds arranged just right—the light not too glaring so as to show the freckles, nor too dark so as to cast a gloom, but a subdued light that makes the plainest face attractive. He rings the bell merrily for Christmas festival, and tolls it sadly for the departed. He has real pity for the bereaved in whose house he goes for the purpose of burying their dead—not giving by cold, professional manner the impression that his sympathy for the troubled is overpowered by the joy that he has in selling another coffin. He forgets not his own soul; and though his place is to stand at the door of the ark, it is surely inside of it. After a while, a Sabbath comes when everything is wrong in church: the air is impure, the furnaces fail in their work, and the eyes of the people are blinded with an unpleasant glare. Everybody asks, "Where is our old sexton?" Alas! he will never come again. He has gone to join Obed-edom and Berechiah, the doorkeepers of the ancient ark. He will never again take the dusting-whisk from the closet under the stairs, for it is now with him "Dust to dust." The bell he so often rang takes up its saddest tolling for him who used to pull it, and the minister goes into his disordered and unswept pulpit, and finds the Bible upside down as he takes it up to read his text in Psalms, 84th chapter and 10th verse: "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness!"

WHAT IS COMPETENCE?

I HAVE been amused to hear people when they start in life say at what point in life they will be contented with worldly possessions. One man says: "I want to get $20,000 and I will be satisfied." Another, "I want to get fifty or a hundred thousand or a million, and then I will be satisfied. Then I will say to my soul: 'Now just look at block of storehouses. Just look at those government securities. Just look at those bonds and mortgages. Just look what lucrative investments you have. Now, my soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry!'" Thou fool! If you are not happy now with the smaller possessions you will never be with the larger possessions. If with decent and comely apparel you are not grateful to God, you would be ungrateful if you had a prince's wardrobe crowded till the hinges burst. If you sat this morning at your table and the fare was so poor you complained you would not be satisfied though you sat down to partridge and pineapple.

If you are not content with an income to support comfortably your household, you would not be contented though your income rolled in on you fifty or a hundred thousand a year. It is not what we get, it is what we are that makes us happy or miserable. If that is not so how do you account for the fact that many of those who fare sumptuously every day are waspish and dissatisfied, and overbearing, and foreboding, and cranky, and uncompromising; with a countenance on which wrath always lowers and a lip which scorn curls; while many a time in the summer evening you see a laboring man going home in his shirt-sleeves, with a pail on his arm and a pickaxe over his shoulder, his face bright with smiles and his heart with hope, and the night of his toil bright with flaming auroras? It is an illustration of the fact that it is not outward condition that makes a man happy. The heart right, all is right. The heart wrong, all is wrong. But I ask you to higher riches, to crowns that never fade, to investments that always declare dividends.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

How to Locate Scripture Texts.

THE Bible is God's storehouse. It is a big one; has numberless rooms, all filled with bins that are heaped to the full with good seed. It is not all the same kind, but it is all good. Where to find what you want is the question. When a farmer wants to plant corn, he does not go to the bin of wheat, nor to the barley sack when he would sow rye. So with the promises, if you want to reap joy you get that kind of seed verses. If you want grace you go to the Scriptures that promise just that, like II Cor. ix, 8. I find it very helpful to lay my finger right on the verse that will cover the need. A five dollar bill will stand one in hand right well if he is hungry and near the restaurant, but though he has it yet can't lay his hand on it because it is lost on his person or in his room, of what value is it to him? Now, thousands of souls go hungry because these promises, which are exchangeable for bread, are lost. Lost here in the Book. How shall we find them? How locate them so when we are in need they can be used at a moment's notice? I tell you, friends, if you don't use the promises of God you will never know their value. You will never love the Bible. Gold as gold, is worth but little, it is only when it is exchanged for our necessities that we see how good it is. So with the word of God.

Some say they can't locate these promises; now that is not so, they can. Put them in as salesmen and they will soon find where the goods are kept in the store. Just the way a clerk locates the wares of a shop, so locate Scripture passages. Here comes a customer. He wants "encouragement in Christian work." You take him over to the Psalm room, first bin, third shelf. "And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of waters that bringeth forth his fruit in his season, his leaf also shall not wither and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." Now you send him away with plenty of goods like that and he will soon set up business for himself. Take a good wife and she knows just where everything is kept in the house. She don't go looking for linen in the refrigerator or searching for china in the clothes closet. Why, she can find the sheets and pillow-cases in the dark. Now in the same way a Christian ought to know where to find the promises. What is the use of looking in Jeremiah, the book of backslidings, for the promise, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you—let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid?" It is not there; John xiv, 27 has that. Often I see Christians searching in the Old Testament for Hebrews, or looking toward the end of the Bible for Leviticus. Might as well look for New York on the Pacific coast.

Take a physician or druggist, he wants certain drugs or medicine for some one that is very ill, does he look from bottle to bottle wondering if it is in this or that? No. He knows what he wants and where to find it. Now these sin-sick souls come to us and we want to rightly divide the word of truth unto them. Some Scripture would be rank poison for them—other promises will be like balm. Christ was the great physician, and we are the lesser ones. Let us know where to find the medicine that will be of service in a critical hour.

Many divinity students know almost nothing about the promises and where to find them. If some poor soul came to them for scripture help, they could much easier deal out a hard theological pill than a strengthening prescription right from the written word.

Friends: Let us get acquainted with our English Bible. Let us know it through and through. We can do it if we have a mind to. The trouble is not that we can't, but that we are too indolent or lazy to do the work necessary.

Have one Bible that you use and mark, that will help a great deal. I feel lost in work without the Bible I've used for years; why, some promises I could find almost in the dark. I know where they lie. Take the three three-sixteens of the Bible, it is easy to remember that, Malachi 3:16, John 3:16, Ephesians, 3:16, and you have what every Christian ought to do, first to speak often, second what to speak about, and third, strength to speak. The great trouble will be in wanting to do too much at once. Build Rome in a day! It can't be done, you can't win in this race with a spurt, slow and sure is the way of winning.

REVOLUTION IN VENEZUELA.

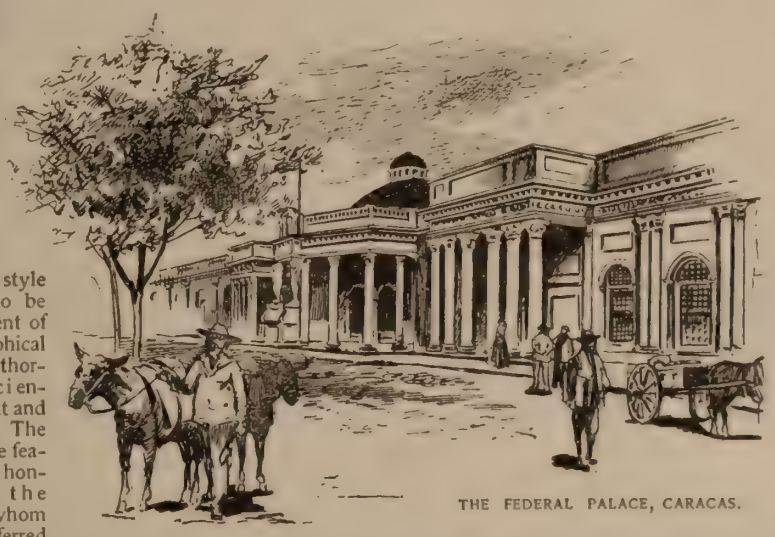
IT would seem that the honored post of President in any of the South American republics is quite as precarious, if not perilous as that of the average European monarch. Revolutions follow each other in rapid succession, clearly indicating that in these countries, the social fabric is yet in the formative stage and may have to pass through many ordeals before it fully crystallizes. The latest of these upheavals is now taking place in Venezuela, where the dictatorship of President Palacio is probably destined to meet the fate which overtook the Balmaceda government in Chili, and that of Fonseca in Brazil. An uprising against Palacio, whose chief offense is an attempt to change the Constitution for political purposes—resulted in a rebel army taking the field, under the command of Gen. Joaquin Crespo, a skilled veteran in war. Crespo's forces met and repulsed a government army near Caracas, and were driving the latter back on the city when heavy reinforcements arrived and turned the tide of battle in Palacio's favor. Though temporarily defeated the popular cause will probably triumph in the end, for Palacio seems to be in general disfavor, and many of the leading men in the country are in sympathy with the rebellion. An indication of the determined nature of the personal antipathy to the President was given a few days ago, when a dynamite bomb was flung against the Yellow House, the executive mansion in Caracas. That assassination was the purpose contemplated is evident from the fact that the hour chosen was the only hour of the day when Palacio was certain to be in the mansion. He was unhurt, but was badly frightened. Valencia, Cabello, Caracas, and several other cities are practically in a state of siege. The struggle threatens to be a prolonged one as the revolutionists have the greater numbers, but the government has more money and better drilled troops. Palacio is now making his headquarters at the Federal Palace in Caracas, which is shown in the illustration. If, as the reports from Venezuela indicate, the President is seeking to perpetuate his own power or that of his party by unconstitutional means he has brought this trouble on himself. He seems to have ignored, if he has ever read, the Bible warning to those who cherish "the inward thought that their houses shall continue forever—that man abideth not in honor, but is like the beasts that perish." (Ps. 49: 11-12)

The Destructive Storm.

SEVERAL Western States are suffering from the effects of the dreadful tornadoes which swept over them on the night of April 1. The fury of the storm seems to have been wreaked chiefly on Kansas and parts of Missouri, but in Iowa, Illinois, Colorado, Wisconsin, Nebraska and Texas, there was also much damage produced. The tornadoes which worked the mischief appear to have formed on the edge of a great cyclone which came from Western Canada, entered the United States in North Western Montana, just east of the Rocky Mountains, travelled in a south-easterly direction as far as Southern Nebraska, then turned north-east and left our borders at the north-east of Minnesota. The tornadoes generated by it followed a parallel curve from Denver to Chicago. One of them struck the town of Towanda, Kansas, and levelled to the ground every building in it. Seventeen persons are reported killed and forty-five injured. Fatalities and heavy loss of property are reported from South Haven, Wellington, Augusta, Homestead and Salina. Other towns probably also suffered seriously, from which no report came, owing to the destruction of the telegraph wires. In Texas, Santa Anna and adjacent towns were visited by a storm. Many houses were wrecked and their inmates killed or injured. St. Joseph, Mo., also suffered heavily. In Chicago the wind overturned a seven story building by which eight persons were killed and about a dozen badly hurt. Several other houses were demolished in different parts of the city. It is feared that the entire death list, in the various States affected, will exceed one hundred, beside those who will die from their injuries. There is something appalling in this mighty invisible force against the fury of which, man is utterly powerless. Such illustrations of its destructive energy enable us to realize the significance of the imagery which the prophet uses to describe the terrors of that day when the Lord will visit the earth in judgment "in the whirlwind that goeth forth with fury, *a continuing whirlwind* which shall fall with pain upon the head of the wicked." (Jer. 30: 23.)

Honors for an Exile.

AN unusual honor has just been conferred on a famous author by the Paris Geographical Society. Heretofore the Society has awarded its gold medal only to explorers who have made discoveries of the first importance; but this year it has deviated from its course by conferring it on M. Reclus who is a writer and not an explorer. The service which has won for him this distinction is the authorship of a work in eighteen large volumes called the *New Universal Geography*. It is a work on which he has expended immense labor in exhaustively describing every country in the world. Although written in popular style it is said to be a monument of Geographical learning, thoroughly scientific in spirit and treatment. The remarkable feature of this honor is that the man on whom it is conferred was once a convict under sentence of penal servitude for life. In 1871 he took part in the rising of the commune in Paris and was captured by the Army of Versailles, sword in hand. He was tried and sentenced to deportation to New Caledonia where he was to be kept at hard labor for the term of his life. But he was already known to scientific men in other lands as a brilliant scholar and author from whom valuable service might be expected, and they interceded with President Thiers for him. The Government was reluctant to extend mercy to him, but, eventually, his sentence was commuted to banishment. He has spent the subsequent years in Italy and Switzerland writing hard on his book, producing a volume nearly every year. Although an exile the book has been published in Paris and now its value has been recognized by the unprecedented bestowal of the much coveted gold medal. Had it not been for the intervention of his friends, the past twenty years would have been spent in servile labor and the world would have lost a valuable work. The church, too, has had no more devoted workers than those who were once rebels against its Head. The intervention in their case, however, was differently directed. The difficulty was not to obtain forgiveness for them but to induce them to be reconciled to God. (1. Timothy 1: 12, 13.)



THE FEDERAL PALACE, CARACAS.

Unrighteousness in the City.

THE arraignment of the authorities of New York City by Dr. Parkhurst, is bearing fruit. The brave clergyman has been assailed on all hands for his action; he has been castigated by the press, the platform, and even by the pulpit, for the methods he adopted in bringing to public notice the iniquities perpetrated in the city. It must, therefore, be gratifying to him ro receive the support which the Grand Jury has given him in its presentments. It finds that the police, though thoroughly organized and well able to cope with crime, have failed to close the disreputable resorts and are open to the suspicion that the failure may have been due to corrupt considerations. Also that advertisements of these resorts, thinly disguised, have appeared daily in the columns of a certain newspaper; and that the ends of justice are defeated by the culprits receiving from officers of the courts private warning of impending raids. These charges practically confirm the arraignment which Dr. Parkhurst made from the pulpit. It now remains for the authorities to take action. They have before them the charges of a legally constituted official body and can no longer characterize them as "the irresponsible utterances of a clergyman." Already the gravity of the situation has been recognized by the wrong-doers. The newspaper proprietor referred to has excluded the objectionable advertisements from his columns and some of the most notorious resorts have voluntarily closed their doors to escape the punishment which would be the natural result of the Grand Jury's presentment. If the others are not suppressed the public has at least learned from the exposure with whom the fault lies; and it has the power to punish for the negligence. So much Dr. Parkhurst has accomplished, and for that work, distasteful as it must have been to him, he deserves the thanks of all good citizens. His method of doing the work need not be too severely criticized, especially by men who have known of the evil and have kept silence, or spoken of it only for the entertainment of their audiences and without practical effort to suppress it. But in receiving censure instead of gratitude, Dr. Parkhurst has the consolation of knowing that in bygone days men who have undertaken such work have been "made offenders for a word and snares have been laid for him that reproveth in the gate," and their appeals turned aside "for a thing of nought." (Isaiah 29: 21.)

Warned by a Dog.

A CORRESPONDENT of a daily journal relates a strange experience which befell him recently while on a visit to a lumberman's solitary hut. The lumberman lived alone, save for a sagacious shepherd dog which guarded his hut during his absences. One day he had occasion to go to the town for supplies, and left his visitor in the hut with the dog. The day proved stormy and before night, a perfect gale was blowing. It was growing late and the lumberman had not returned, when the dog became uneasy and frequently trotted to the closed door and whined in a peculiar manner. He did this several times, when suddenly he sprang up, uttered most piteous howls and pawed and scratched at the door. The visitor opened it, and the dog darting out, went at the top of his speed down a track which led to the main road two miles off. Feeling uncomfortable on account of the dog's strange behaviour, the man followed him. Just at the junction with the main road he overtook him. A tree had been torn up by the wind and lay across the path. The dog was among its branches barking loudly. Human groans could also be heard, and stooping down, the man found the lumberman pinned firmly to the ground by the fallen tree. He went to the nearest cabin and secured assistance. The prostrate man was taken out, but he was so severely injured that at first his life was despaired of. Eventually, he recovered, but the doctors said that if he had remained under the tree a half hour longer nothing could have saved him. He owed his life to the warning of his danger which the dog gave to the visitor. How the dog knew that his master was in peril two miles off is a mystery for which there is no solution. The world regards as equally unaccountable the deliverances from danger, difficulty and embarrassment which the Christian often experiences, and generally describes them as coincidences. To the subject of them, however, they are neither mysteries nor coincidences, but the fulfilment of the promise: "I will be with him in trouble: I will deliver him and honor him." (Ps. 91: 15.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The mailing list of this journal is being carefully examined and set in order. Will our readers kindly notice the address labels on their papers and should they detect any error promptly notify us, that it may be rectified at once? In doing so, please use a postal card and do not write anything on it but the statement of the error and the correction needed.

Dr. William M. Taylor, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, was stricken with paralysis on March 29. The attack was slight and his physicians entertain hopes of his ultimate recovery.

The Domestic and Foreign Mission Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church has decided to open a mission on Kotzebue Sound, about 250 miles below Point Hope. The work will be under the general charge of Dr. Driggs, the missionary of the Society at Point Hope.

We have received from a subscriber who signs "Canada" five dollars and fifty cents for the benefit of the colored people who recently came to New York expecting to be conveyed to Liberia and whom Rev. Stephen Merritt sheltered at his Mission.

Mrs. E. L. Bayertz a converted Jewess from Australia, has been giving a series of lectures in New York. The lectures were interspersed with Bible readings and Evangelistic services. On Sunday last she addressed the Sunday School of the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Mr. Louis Klopsch, the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has been invited to again take charge this year of the Ocean Grove Summer Sunday School and, also to conduct the children's meetings in which work his efforts were crowned with such signal success last year.

Lieutenant Totten, of Yale, has been recently baptized at the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon. He said afterward that he should remain in the Episcopal Church, of which he is a communicant, but that he was prompted to this action by his belief that there was but one baptism required by the Master, and that was immersion. Dr. Gordon, who has long been an intimate acquaintance of Lieutenant Totten, speaks warmly of him as a conscientious and learned Christian man.

A most unique Temperance object lesson was given by J. L. Spicer in the Brooklyn Tabernacle recently. Mr. Spicer, who is agent of the American S. S. Union, 10 Bible House, has an extended acquaintance in the city churches from his former missionary work in the Adirondacks. His talk entitled "A trapper and his traps," held the closest attention of a large audience. The description of the old Bear Trapper with his quaint dialect, and the skillful use of numerous objects to illustrate the truth, was very effective.

Rev. C. H. Yatman sailed on April 6 for Europe by the *City of Paris*. He will spend some weeks in studying the methods of mission work in London and other great cities, especially the extensive and successful work under the charge of Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. The meetings Mr. Yatman has just closed at McKeesport, Pa., were a fitting end to his season's labors. The whole city was deeply moved. The Coliseum in which the meetings were held and which holds 2500 persons was crowded nightly and large numbers of real conversions took place.

Journals recently received from the Bahamas report the arrival of Rev. Daniel Wilshere whose portrait and life recently appeared in this journal. He received a most hearty and cordial welcome from the pastors and people among whom he has labored devotedly and successfully for so many years. They have presented him with a pressing invitation to continue his labors in the Islands. Mr. Wilshere has, however, reserved his decision, as certain changes in the management of the Mission have been made by the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society in London which appear likely to curtail its usefulness. It may be hoped that Mr. Wilshere will see his way to accept the invitation in spite of the changes, as he has the confidence of the people and has been much blessed in his work.

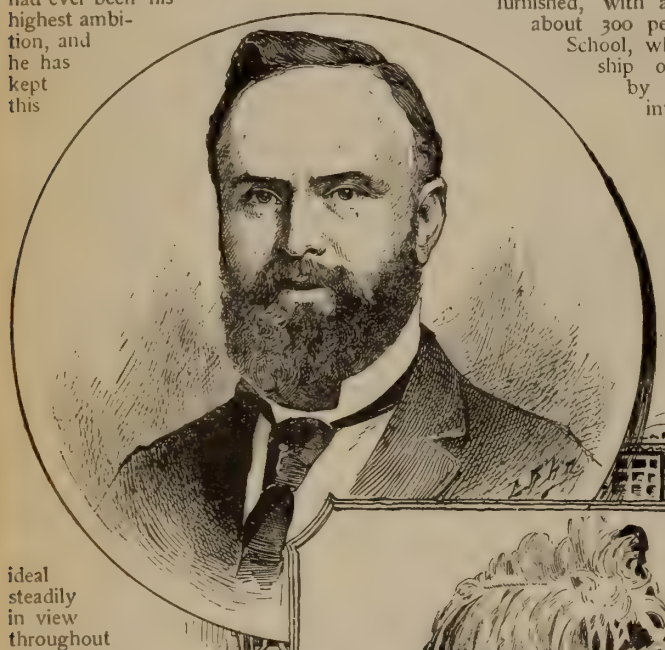
PAYING A DEBT OF LOVE.

The Missionary Labors of James T. Pierce and his Wife Among the Kentucky Miners.

ONE of the truest signs of conversion is the desire to share our happiness with others—to make them partakers of the blessings of the Gospel. A striking illustration of the zeal for the the spiritual welfare of others which glows within the breast of the true follower of the Cross, is furnished in the experience published below:

About thirty years ago, James T. Pierce, a young native of South Wales, entered the service of the London and Swindon Railroad Company for the purpose of learning mechanical engineering. After sometime in that position he was appointed Chief Engineer on one of the Mediterranean fruit steamers sailing from London. He had been converted at 19 years of age, and was even then a most earnest and devoted servant of the Master. In 1867 he came to this country and located in Pennsylvania, being interested in mining and mineral lands. He was appointed Superintendent of the shops of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, after which he took charge of the Iron Works at Irondale, Ala. He found the country richly endowed with coal and iron, while on a prospecting tour, and he subsequently located on coal lands which he successfully operated. He opened mines in Jefferson County, Ala., that now yield handsome revenues.

But amid the multifarious demands of an unusually busy life, Mr. Pierce still found opportunity to devote himself to Christian work. To consecrate his energies and his whole life to the service of the Master had ever been his highest ambition, and he has kept this ideal steadily in view throughout his whole business career. One of his first duties, wherever located, has been to provide a house of worship for the men under his charge. While at Warrior, Ala., he erected a building with a seating capacity of from 150 to 200 and services were regularly held every Sunday, the pastor's salary and all other expenses being borne by Mr. Pierce. The Sabbath School was one of the most interesting features, its attendance being by no means confined to the children of the operatives. Its fame spread from Nashville to Montgomery, and visitors from distant points were frequently present. It has been a cardinal principle with Mr. Pierce that man, being placed on earth for some noble purpose, it becomes him to honor God in all his walks and ways, and that those who are blessed with health, strength and prosperity owe their Master and Preserver a debt of gratitude. God has prospered this man, and in the fervent spirit of gratefulness, feeling the love he owes, he humbly acknowledges it by sharing his material prosperity with his fellowmen, and by devoting his life to bringing others to know and love the Saviour. The Sabbath-School at Warrior was established in December 1874, and has prospered from the beginning, and many have been the seeds of kindness sown that have borne fruit a hundred-fold. The attendance is from 100 to 125 pupils.



THE MINERS' FRIENDS—MR. AND MRS. J. T. PIERCE.

During Mr. Pierce's residence in Warrior, he was a prime mover and leader in the Prohibition movement and he remained long enough in the Alabama home to see intoxicating liquors entirely removed from the neighborhood.

About three years since, Mr. Pierce and his family removed from Alabama to Kentucky, making his home at Drakesboro. At this time the Church at Drakesboro was held in a small school building, ill adapted to purposes of worship, and with a Sabbath School of about twenty-eight members.

Any record of the life-work of Mr. Pierce would be incomplete, unless it included that of the gentle Christian woman who has been the sharer of his labors and his joys in the Gospel field. Mrs. Pierce is a native of South Wales and like her husband, has consecrated her life to the Master's cause, working among the people for their uplifting and redemption through the blood of Jesus. She is the daughter of parents whose lives were dedicated to the cause of Christ, her father being a minister of the Gospel. She is highly educated and a fine musician. Mrs. Pierce has trained a choir of young voices for the Sabbath School, the ages of the little people ranging from six to fourteen years. In many ways she has admirably aided her husband in his efforts for the spiritual elevation of the workmen in the mining districts. They have found the Christian Herald a great aid in their work and have introduced it into many homes. Through their united energy, there is now at Drakesboro a handsome structure dedicated to the service of God, elegantly designed and furnished, with a seating capacity of about 300 persons. The Sabbath School, which has a membership of 115, is conducted by Mr. Pierce, as Superintendent, and is meeting with success equal to the school at Warrior, Ala.

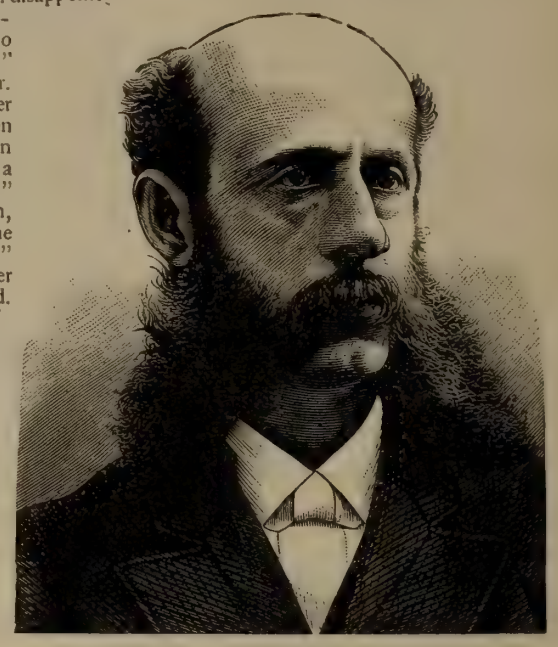
On this page we present portraits of these two active and worthy workers in the Christian field. Both are greatly beloved and widely respected by the rough Kentucky miners, who hope to see them spared to prosecute the good work in the inbringing of souls to Christ for many years to come. They are intensely devoted to the work that has grown so wondrously under their hands, and which has been made a means of blessing to many souls.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

EVANGELIZATION BY MAIL.

A Unique Method of Imparting Religious Consolation Adopted by Rev. C. H. Mead.

IN the course of a tour in the South as a representative of the National Temperance Society, Rev. C. H. Mead conceived a novel and ingenious scheme for reaching many colored people and doing them good. While at Jacksonville, Fla., he noticed a number of them calling at the post office to ask for letters. An old man would come to the window with an eager face and, leaning forward, would give his name and ask if there were any letters for him. The Postmaster would look over a bundle of letters and tell him there were none and the man would turn away apparently much disappointed and shuffle away with a woebegone expression of face. "Do these people receive many letters?" Mr. Mead asked the Postmaster. "No," was the reply, "they never get any. Some of them have been calling almost every day for ten years and have never received a letter yet." "Why do they come" was the next question. "Oh, they see the white people come and they want to do as they do." Mr. Mead thought the matter over and saw his way to doing good. He obtained a list of names of these persistent seekers for correspondence and after leaving Jacksonville, he wrote to each of them. He says he "put as much sunshine into the letters as could be crowded in" and tried to cheer the person addressed and increase his faith.



REV. C. H. MEAD, THE TEMPERANCE EVANGELIST.

"To my surprise," says Mr. Mead "I found in my mail, one day, a letter signed 'Perseverance Thomas,' and I instantly recognized the name as that of one of a number given me by the postmaster. The letter ran as follows:

"'My dear brudder:

"'I's got your letter an' I's mighty glad. I's an ol' man—more'n ninety years old; wuz born a slave an' freed at de time ob de war. I caint 'rite nor read, but I's got a gran'chile dat kin do both. He read your letter to me an' now he's 'ritin my letter to you. I want to tell you now how mighty glad I was to git dat letter. *It dun my soul good.* I's been to de post offis ebery day fur seventeen years, a-lookin' fur dat letter. But why in de worl' didn't you 'rite befoh?'

'Perseverance Thomas.'

"When I opened that old negro's letter and read it aloud to my wife, we both cried over it," added Mr. Mead. "But I could tell you of hundreds of other instances where the writing of letters to persons, I had never seen bore similar fruit. I remember another that interested us greatly. It was was from an old colored woman to whom I had sent an illustrated Christian paper, and it said: 'I tuk dat paper o' yourn an' read it to de nabors and we had de children read it to de ole folks, an' den wen we all had read it, I tuk an' pasted it on de wall across de cracks *to keep out de malaria.* Kin you sen' me anodder paper?'

"My experience in this unique form of evangelical work encouraged me to extend it. In visiting other towns, I made a habit of calling at the post office and getting lists of these old colored folks who were patiently calling and perhaps wondering why no one wrote to them. I have written thousands of letters to them. It was not much trouble, and a letter cost only two cents and it might do much good. What I was doing became known to certain people, with whom I had no acquaintance whatever, and evidently commended itself to some of them, at least, for on different occasions I have received in the mail from entire strangers, checks and money orders to assist in the work.

"Yes;" said Mr. Mead in reply to a question, "when I went South eleven years ago I found urgent need of temperance work among the colored people." In his earnest attempts to organize temperance Societies, Mr. Mead had the hearty support of the white population. Better than any one, they realized the danger to which the colored people were exposed and they welcomed his efforts cordially and did all in their power to facilitate him.

Mr. Mead had also the support of the colored ministers. He gives an amusing illustration of the imposition of a pledge by one of their bishops. An elderly Bishop of the Zion Church had the candidates before him. "Any of you use liquor?" he asked. The reply was prompt, "No sir." "Do you promise never to take it?" was the next question. "Got to promise," he added, as he noticed some hesitancy, "or you can't get through." All promised and then he took up the next question, "Do you use tobacco?" It appeared that no one was guilty. "Will you promise not to use it? Got to promise you know. I know what you are thinking of. There's Father So-and-so, and Uncle So-and-so, they use tobacco and they don't have to promise. But they've got Scripture for it and you haven't." There was a look of surprise on the faces of the embryo ministers and the Bishop went on, "Oh, yes they've got Scripture for it. Don't the Bible say 'he that is filthy let him be filthy still'? But you don't use it and you've no warrant. You got to promise to let it alone." And promise they did.

Most of Mr. Mead's meetings were held in the churches. At one of his first meetings, which was held in a Baptist church, he started his hearers singing. They sang their Jubilee songs, exquisitely beautiful and pathetic. He was moved to tears and was soon crying like an infant. It was infectious. The audience wept, too, and the meeting was so emotional that it was a failure, so far as a temperance effort was concerned. "I know you are a good Baptist," said the minister, "by the way the water runs from your eyes." Mr. Mead could not deny the tears, though, as he is not a Baptist, he could not admit the inference.

Mr. Mead did not confine his work to temperance, but tried to help the people by practical advice when he considered them to be in need of it. Expostulating one day with some men who were basking in the sun, doing nothing, he warned them of the sin of idleness. "We ain't idle," said one big strong man, who seemed the acknowledged head of the party—"We ain't idle, we're just resting; and if you and your fathers had been in slavery for a hundred years and was set free, you'd be glad to sit around a bit, too." But this resting, whether from this quaint reason or some other, does not tend to the progress and development of the race. They need to be stimulated to activity for their own sakes, and it is very difficult to do that. Mr. Mead describes one effort being made by two ladies at Montgomery, Ala., which has been attended by some success. Some years ago, Miss H. M. Beard and Miss Alice L. White opened a school there for colored girls. Their object was, not only to impart the rudiments of education, but to encourage and develop in them a love of neatness and order in the home. As an object lesson their own home is furnished in a peculiar way. A packing box bought for a few cents, is metamorphosed into a bureau, or a wash stand, and the girls see how with a very little cost the unsightly thing becomes an ornament to the room. Other articles of furniture are similarly constructed. Then the girls are taught how to patch and darn and mend. Over and over again, the fathers and mothers of the girls have been seen exhibiting with delight, to the wonder of the neighbors, some garment transformed from a string of rags into a tidy and wearable garment by the hands of daughters who have been taught in the school. Thus in the person and the home the girls are being encouraged to admire cleanliness, and neatness, and are taught how both may be attained even by the poorest people. The work entails much self-denial and unrequited labor, but its resuls are very valuable and are all the more encouraging because they are evidently appreciated.

A PERSECUTING GOVERNOR.

FREQUENT reports have come from Turkey of the difficulties under which missionary work is carried on in that country and its dependencies owing to the weakness of the central government. One notable instance is described in a letter which Miss Mattie R. Wylie, a missionary of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, sends to the *Independent*. She writes: "The mission in Latakia, Syria, has its share of trouble. The Governor sent for four of our teachers and told them they must quit teaching or speaking in the name of Jesus; that they must neither visit the Americans nor receive them into their houses. They answered him courteously, but firmly, that they would obey God rather than man, and they would look to him for help and protection. The Governor is a terrible old man. He is a slave to drink. He is cruel, and when he is enraged will beat his victim most unmercifully. Then he does just what he pleases, paying no heed to the commands of his superiors. A few weeks ago, he took possession by force of the mission house in one of the villages. The ground had been bought from one of the villagers, and the house built by the Protestants of the village and the premises given by them to the mission. He returned both house and lot to the former owners and told them to occupy them. Complaint has been made, but as yet the matter has not been righted. In another village the mission has owned a house and ground for more than eighteen years. For the last twelve years it has been occupied by one of our most successful evangelists, a man originally from the Greek sect.

"About the middle of November the Governor sent him a peremptory order to quit the place at once and deliver the keys to the chief of the village. The villagers, to whom he has ever been a friend, came together and pleaded that he might be allowed ten days till he could find a place to go. Some of his family were sick; he is an old man, and the fall rain set in. In the meantime, the Rev. Mr. Easson sent telegrams to the Governor-General of Beirut and to the American Consul. The Governor-General sent a telegram ordering that neither our schools nor property be disturbed. The Governor said he would see about it, and till now the teachers remains. The Governor inquired about all who had become Protestants. The converts were so terrified that those who had Bibles buried them. We know that God has a purpose in all this, and that he will allow him to go just so far and no further."

DR. PENTECOST IN MADRAS.

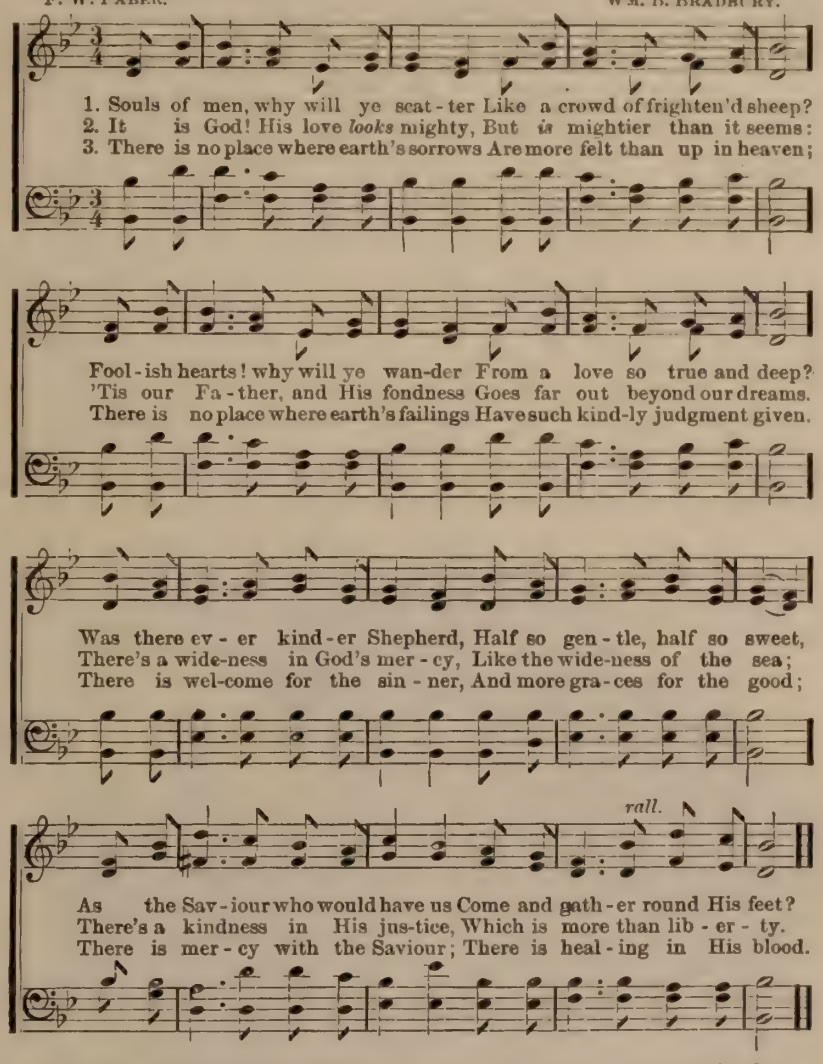
THE meetings which Dr. George F. Pentecost was holding in Madras when the Indian mail left, were reported as "growing week after week with increasing interest, so that it is found impossible to close. The large tent is crowded in every part, every available corner is filled, and there is not standing room even for the numbers who come late from business. It is interesting to note the motley crowd that stand all around the tent, for in this hot climate the sides are not let down; dozens of men with turbaned heads and in Eastern dress press eagerly to hear, and what is most surprising is that thoughtful Hindoos and busy students come night after night and listen with unabated interest. Here, as at Lahore, there has been no difficulty in getting all classes of the community to attend together, so that the audience presents a varied aspect—English civilians, men of business of all grades, students, educated Hindoos, women of all classes, from the grey-headed to the native girls in the Christian schools.

"From day to day, Dr. Pentecost receives letters showing that a spirit of inquiry is abroad, and bringing out in sad contrast the rapidity with which scepticism is spreading among the educated community in India, and how eagerly sceptical literature is devoured among them. Dr. Pentecost does not shrink from discussing with them vexed questions in religion, while never losing sight of the one object of his mission, to bring them to the feet of Christ. It is not the crowd alone that testifies to the good being done in Madras, but night after night, as he asks those who come to step forward and choose the side of Christ, not a few accept the invitation. The hearts of the missionaries and workers in Madras are cheered by seeing those they work among yielding themselves to God. Such testimonies as these were heard yesterday: 'I am glad that I did not miss the meeting last night; three of the girls of my boarding-school came forward, and I was glad to be there to tell them how glad I was.' 'Pray for our college; the students are attending your meetings; some have been converted; we want to be an earnest band and to have more added to our number?"'

Souls of Men, why will ye Scatter?

"All we like sheep have gone astray."—ISA. 53: 6.

F. W. FABER. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Souls of men, why will ye scat-ter Like a crowd of frighten'd sheep?
2. It is God! His love looks mighty, But is mightier than it seems:
3. There is no place where earth's sorrows Are more felt than up in heaven;
Fool-ish hearts! why will ye wan-der From a love so true and deep?
'Tis our Fa-ther, and His fondness Goes far out beyond our dreams.
There is no place where earth's failings Have such kind-ly judgment given.
Was there ev-er kind-er Shepherd, Half so gen-tle, half so sweet,
There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
rall.
As the Sav-iour who would have us Come and gath-er round His feet?
There's a kindness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
There is mer-cy with the Saviour; There is heal-ing in His blood.

4 But we make His love too narrow,
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

5 If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would all be sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

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"HOW BEAUTIFUL IS GOD!"

(For The Christian Herald.)

HOW beautiful is God! His radiant face
Beams on my soul with such a wondrous grace;
I can but lie in silent awe, and wait,
With dying hand upon the opening gate,
Content to linger through these quiet hours,
With dimming, closing eyes and failing powers,
And hear again what once to me he said
When all my soul was filled with pain and dread,
As low I bowed beneath his lifted rod:
"My child, be still, and know that I am God!"

How beautiful is God! Oh, could I tell,
As here I lie beneath the heavenly spell,
What beauteous visions rise upon my gaze,
Like stars of glory through the golden haze!
The soft, sweet radiance of a world unseen
Falls on my face, and vails the earthly scene;
Mine eyes behold the King! All other bliss
Dies in the glorious eclipse of this!
I fear no more the loss, the pain, the rod!
I will be still! I know that he is God!

—REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

East Northfield, Mass.

MY EXPECTATION.

MY expectation is from him,
Therefore I rest;
He placed the pledge Himself within
My breast,
And step by step confidingly
I follow where he leadeth me
Through paths the best.

My hope has a bright, glittering gem,
A radiant star,
Is set within his diadem,
And far
Through the thick darkness of the night
It lights the pathway up the height
Where angels are.

Close by my side, although unseen,
His voice I hear:
The path is smooth, the sky serene,
He's near!
A flame by night, a cloud by day,
The promise sweet: "I am the Way;"
Why should I fear?

My expectation is from him,
Therefore I wait;
He finds when pathways are shut in,
A gate,
With neither iron bolts nor bars.
With flowers 'neath, o'erheard the stars,
Ah, happy fate! —*The Watchman.*

THE IRON AND THE CLAY.

Present Political and Social Conditions Typified by the Feet of the Great Image.

BY DR. B. O. KINNEAR.*

THE whole of the known world to-day is prepared for the second great military explosion spoken of by the Saviour when he said: "Nation shall rise against nation and kingdom against kingdom, in that generation," the one which is to terminate in his own Second Advent. Never before in man's history since the flood, except "this generation," have all the nations of the globe been searched out and known to their fellow-men; and never before have we seen at one time every country on the planet in a condition of instability and anticipated upheaval by a flood of wide, extended and disastrous war.

Independent of prophecy, this aspect of affairs is most startling and unprecedented; but when we consider that prophecy emphatically declares this to be the condition of "the tribes of the earth" in the "last days," with a time of unparalleled tribulation, such as never was before, and never shall be again, should not Christians, at least, be alive and alert, and on the watch night and day, to search and see, if to-day be not that time, when they "are to lift up their heads, because their redemption draweth nigh."?

The Book of Daniel opens to us a concise history of four great earth kingdoms, beginning with Babylon and ending with Rome, under the vision of a great image seen by Nebuchadnezzar; and the vision of four beasts by Daniel. Both visions tell of a fifth kingdom, which the Lord of Heaven shall set up, as an everlasting one, at the final division of the last, or Roman Empire, into ten plain divisions, illustrated by the ten toes in the king's dream, and by ten horns in Daniel's. These kingdoms have never yet been set up, because their leader, the "little horn" of Daniel, synonymous with the Beast of Revelation, and "that Wicked" of Second Thessalonians, is to be destroyed by the Prince of princes, in Daniel; by the brightness of his coming in Thessalonians; and by the King of kings and Lord of lords of Revelation. The "beast" of the Apocalypse and the "little horn" of Daniel both reign over the "ten-toed" and "horned" kingdoms.

Again, those ten toes of Daniel's prophecy were to be partly strong and partly broken, part of iron and part of clay. Until such a compound of power appeared in the old Roman Empire, this aggregation into ten well-defined and not-to-be mistaken kingdoms: united, yet separate: powerful, yet unstable: strong but elementarily weak, could not arise. But when such manifestation does become evident, then, most assuredly, was the dominion to be formed into ten kingdoms, neither more nor less.

Have we in this present year, any such condition visible in the kingdoms composing the old eastern and western Roman Empires? Yes, we have. Thrones are tottering, while democracies, so-called, are rising. Fear in the palace, hope of license in the hut. Anarchy and monarchy now face each other among the Continental powers, and in those of the East; as well as anarchy, and what is called republicanism in the South American States.

I wonder if it ever glides across the mental vision of an American, when he throws up his hat for joy, if informed of the formation of a new republic in Brazil, or in Chili, or even France, to think what are the views of liberty held by the masses of people who have been bound down for centuries by the iron rule of kingly power or priestly usurpation of their rights? Accustomed to obey through fear; ignorant, superstitious, uncontrolled in passion when aroused, what hope is there of what an American would recognize as law and order when such a populace have votes in governmental rule.

Does he ever consider that it was the "best brains" in the American colonies who labored and brought forth American liberty, law, and order? And that the people acquiesced as they slowly perceived the grand depth and equalizing potentiality of the Constitution? The people did not form the American Constitution, but the leading men of that day, and then the people agreed. Why? Because the people, from time immemorial, had been accustomed to fight for and claim individual liberty. They were, and had been accustomed to strike blows at kingly and priestly tyranny for centuries. That is why the American Republic sprang into birth; nevertheless with them it was the "great brains" of the country who led the way.

Even with the example of the British and American constitutions and liberties, bringing

* Quoted by permission from his article in the Boston *Traveler*.

unbounded prosperity and headship to the two branches of the same race, in how great a degree have the other nations imitated their actions? In so small a measure that there is no real liberty on the globe to-day, except among "Our Race."

Then what form of government may we expect, when the masses rule in other nationalities? Certainly that of clay; for if they are ignorant, superstitous, suspicious, and uncontrolled in character, what can we anticipate but dissension and uproar? so that we hear from Chili that there may be further fighting, for the Congressionalists are divided amongst themselves. What was the end of the French Republic of '83? First, a dictator, next an emperor, and a more iron rule than ever.

And so it is predicted of the last "last days" just previous to the coming of our Lord: that "clay" shall mingle with the "iron" of Eastern and Western Rome, then ten kings shall arise there. Next, ten red republics, giving their strength and power to Rome (Rev. 17: 13, 18) seated on her seven hills; and lastly, ten rulers: themselves ruled over by the beast of Revelation, or Antichrist, or the "little horn" of Daniel, who is to "stand up against the Prince of princes, but he shall be broken without hand" (Daniel 8: 25), "his body destroyed and given to the burning flame" (Daniel 7:11.)

Anarchy and monarchy mingled, as shown by the name of the ruler—"That Wicked One," or *Ho Anomos;* synonymous with another Greek term, *Ho Anarchos.* The Anarchist!

In the second form of government referred to, when the scarlet-colored beast reigns supreme, having seven heads and ten horns, John is told in verses 12 and 13 of the 17th chapter of Revelation: "And the ten horns which thou sawest, are ten kings. These have one mind, and shall give their power," etc. And to complete the certainty of the identity of the woman, the last verse adds: "And the woman which thou sawest, is that great city, which reigneth over the kings of the earth." This city was in John's day the city of Rome.

A large number of prophetic writers hold today that out of the next great European war will arise the ten kingdoms of Daniel and the ten kings of Revelation. Because all nations are in a condition of upheaval and preparation for war, in a time when "knowledge is increased and men are running to and fro on the earth." Because Rome is uniting with anarchial democracies to prepare for her final rise, followed by her complete overthrow with the "beast," for she is the "false prophet" who shall work miracles before the "beast," as well as the "scarlet woman" of Revelation, and she is destroyed by the open coming of our Lord. Also because Cæsar's Roman Empire was to have eight heads, seven of which have already appeared; Napoleon First making a seventh, for he took the Emperorship of Rome from Austria, and made his son King of Rome, and according to Revelation, out of the seventh, was to come the eighth, therefore out of the Napoleon family, and the eighth and last, is the Beast, whose body is to be given to the burning flame.

Also because of the "falling away" of 2nd Thessalonians, which is to take place before the man of sin is manifested, is now taking place in religious, political, social and financial life, as demonstrated, firstly, by infidelity, Jesuitry, Spiritualism, Theosophy, and Esoteric Buddhism, the last three of which claim intercourse with the invisible world, and deny the vicarious atonement. Their followers in Christian countries are numbered by tens of thousands, and are daily increasing. Secondly, the political life of to-day, at least in America, is acknowledged to be so corrupt that all men in it are suspected of dishonesty, and but few comparatively have no slur upon their reputations. And, thirdly, business success of this era comes to the sharpest and not to the most honest man.

Again, because the signs of the times which were to immediately precede the second Advent of our Lord are here, the above being some of them. Once more, because all profound observers during the past century, as well as prophetic scholars of the deepest research, pronounce the termination of this century to be the crisis of the world's history.

And lastly, those students who have given their attention to Bible chronology, unanimously voice the cry that the beginning of the twentieth century is the "Time of the End" and the entrance to the Millennium. Prof. Totten, of Yale, and the Rev. M. Baxter, of England, pronounce the time of the Second Coming in 1899 and 1901 respectively, while independent of either of these writers, at a prophetic conference held in London this year, it was promulgated as their unanimous conviction that the Second Coming of the Lord would probably take place very soon.

HE LEADETH ME.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing April 24. Ps. 23; John 10: 4-14.

LEADING is our chief need. Walking amid snares and temptations, with eyes dimmed by the sins of our past, by our prejudices and by our self-love, we are always liable to go astray. We do not always know which is the right path, and when we know it, we have not always strength and resolution to walk in it. In adversity there is often a struggle to hold fast to the faith, and in prosperity there is a danger of forgetting God. In Doubting Castle Bunyan's Pilgrim was hard beset, but it was in the comfortable arbor that he fell asleep and lost his roll. In no condition and under no circumstances does the Christian who knows himself feel safe in walking alone. How comforting, then, are Christ's words, "I am the Good Shepherd!"

"He goeth before them and they follow him." That is the path of safety and blessing. In following Jesus there may be trials and hardships, but they are borne cheerfully for there is joy in the thought that he has gone before. Poverty may come, but he had not where to lay his head; scorn and ridicule may assail, but he was mocked even in his dying hour; family estrangements may result, but neither did his brethren believe in him; persecution may be met, but it followed him to the very grave. Yes, there is no path of suffering that we may have to tread but is marked by his hallowed footsteps. Nor does he only lead; the sheep that followed the shepherd find pasture. That is part of the shepherd's duty. It is not for the sheep to seek sustenance. The shepherd leads them where it is to be found and is the provider for his flock. In constituting himself the shepherd for his people, Jesus expressly undertakes this duty. His sheep go in and out and find pasture. Many of his people when cut off from the ordinary means of grace by sickness or exile have found that he keeps his promise and none are better fed than those who are fed by his own hand.

But does he always lead? Are there not times when his follower walks in darkness? Alas, it is often so! Sometimes the experience arises from impatience. The sheep has not waited for leading but has gone on ahead and has lost sight of the shepherd. Then it is not surprising if a lesson has to be learned. The loss of the guiding hand is soon felt and there is nothing to be done but to wait until in pity the Lord manifests himself again. Leading will always come to those who look for it and wait for it. When prayer is offered for guidance with sincere resolve to accept that guidance when it comes, circumstances will always show the way. He who wants to be led is led; but he who chooses his own path must not be surprised if he is left to his own devices. Sometimes the experience comes from lack of courage, or from mistaking personal inclination for divine leading but in every case the soul that is looking for guidance will be quick to discover its error and to retrace its steps.

The New Y. M. C. A. Building, Wheeling, W. Va.

THE IDEAL Y. M. C. A.

An Associatien at Arbroath, in Scotland, has issued the following four lines as an acrostic conception of what the ideal Association should be and do: The Y. M. C. A.

Y earns for the regeneration and development of the whole man.
M akes men real Christians for the living present and the great future.
C asts overboard all cant and humbug, and adopts the best methods of to-day.
A ims at realising at once Christ's reign and kingdom in business, pleasure, and religion.

A THRIVING ASSOCIATION.

Among the new buildings now devoted to the purposes of Young Men's Christian Associations, one of the most beautiful and homelike is that of Wheeling, W. Va. a picture of which is here given. The Association was organized in 1884 and though barely eight years old it now owns its pretty home and has furniture and appliances of the value of four thousand dollars. It has also a Library of six hundred volumes, modestly estimated to be worth $275. The membership of the Association is 423. The building, which cost $20,000 is beautifully located on the corner of Market and Twentieth streets. It has an excellently equipped gymnasium and is doing an extensive educational work. The enterprise and devotion which could in so short a time bring the Association to so high a plane of efficiency and so remarkable a degree of prosperity deserves the success which has attended its efforts.

WORK FOR KING'S DAUGHTER'S.

If any members of Circles of the King's Daughters among our readers are seeking an opportunity for usefulness beyond what they are now filling, one is offered to them in a letter by Marie E. Ives of New Haven, Conn., which presents a strong case for help. She says that the Moquis Indians of Arizona have for years dwelt apart on high rocky ledges, away from all other people, coming down to the plain to sell their pottery and baskets, or to exchange them for food and necessities. Friends, looking out for their best good and anxious for their future, have long urged them to abandon these remote cliff dwellings and make their homes on the plain where they can be taught agriculture. At last they are yielding, and, giving up their customs of generations past, are coming down to the plains and building homes. "It is a great step indeed. They have about one hundred houses either built or in process of building, and are opening their farms. The government expects to open a school near by within a year, and sooner than that, the Woman's National Indian Association hopes to start mission and hospital work."

These people have not the remotest idea of how to furnish their homes although they evidently admire the arrangements of their white sisters. Miss Ives suggests that it would be a kindly and generous thing if the King's Daughters would send a few useful things to brighten these new homes. It would make the Indians feel that they were being welcomed into civilization and that their Christian sisters felt an interest in the success of the step they are taking. Among the articles suggested are the following: Table covers, bright window curtains or lambrequins; some toweling; a few dishes, knives, spoons, etc.; plenty of combs, coarse and fine, with hair brushes; some bright pictures in cheap frames (wood covered with cashmere look very well); some rather large needles, thread and scissors. To this list might be added, plenty of soap; pin-cushions; picture cards; illuminated texts; remnants of calico, chintz; in fact, anything suitable for a simple, rough house, so that the dwellers in it may be lifted up to higher ideals of life. Any Circle intending to send such articles may write Miss Ives, Box 1065, New Haven, Conn., and, enclosing stamp for reply, can learn how to send them to the Indians.

EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

At *Fairfield, Ill.*, as is the case everywhere when the principles of the Epworth League are earnestly and intelligently applied, the progress made is very gratifiying. The pastor reports that the membership has increased from thirty-five to over one hundred. It would appear also that there is much spirituality among the members, for they have been working in recent revival services and are getting ready to open a room in the central part of the city which will be convenient for mission work. At *Gardner, Me.*, a very blessed work has been going on within the League during the the winter. Many conversions have taken place, and the new converts are working earnestly for the conversion of others. Broad Street Church, *Adrian, Mich.*, has recently been blessed with a revival. The League forms an excellent training ground for the new converts who there derive encouragement during what is the most critical period of religious life. Twenty names were added to the list of members during March. In Oregon, the *Salem* District Leagues have been holding their convention. The meetings were held in the Humphrey Memorial Church at Eugene, and continued through two days. Papers were read on various topics connected with League work, which showed that the young people heartily appreciate the organization, and are giving it something more than mechanical support. The convention closed with a consecration meeting. All the delegates report that in their respective towns the League is growing in favor both with pastors and lay members.

C. E. INITIATION.

Inquiries having been addressed to the Rev. Francis E. Clark as to the best method of receiving new members to the Christian Endeavor Society, he makes the following suggestion in reply:

As is the case in most societies, the names of those who are to join should be read to the society at least a week before they are voted upon, in order that all may know who their fellow-members are to be, and also to prevent the admission of any grossly unworthy person, whose character may not be known to the look-out committee. Then the next week—and is there any better time for this service than the consecration meeting?—let those who are to join stand before the society. Let the President, if he will, speak a word of welcome to them; and then let the new members, together with all the other members of the society, join in repeating the pledge. After this, let some one offer a brief prayer for the new members, that they may be faithful to their vows, and that the whole society may renew its consecration and its covenant obligations.

Such a service is simple, and yet most impressive. It does not overdo the matter, and yet it makes the obligations seem real and imperative; and, above all, it emphasizes the thought of voluntary, pledged service along certain definite lines for the Master; and that is the heart and life of the Christian Endeavor Society. When the associate members are received, their pledge should be read to them; or the associate members could read it or repeat it together, if they would.

SAFE.

GENTLY close the baby's eyes
From the light of morning skies.
Dawns for him a fairer day
Where no evening shadows stray.
Cloud and storm and stress and strife,
All that darkens earthly life—
Weary toil and anxious care,
Blighted hopes or dull despair,
Pain and grief and stain of sin,
Foes that lurk without, within,
None, to him, shall ever come,
Safe within that Happy Home.

Then, O breaking mother-heart,
Let him to thy Lord depart!
Though the home be strange and still
God will help thee bear his will;
Though the blinding tears must flow
Thou shalt his own comfort know.
Heaven, henceforth, will be more near,
Earthly joys and charms less dear.
Where thy treasure waits for thee,
There thy longing love will be.
So, in trust, lean on the breast,
Where thy little one's at rest.

—*The Advance.*

ENTERTAINING IN CHINA.

An American Describes a Visit to a Christian Home—Strange Customs—The Queerest Carriage in the World.

ONE of the greatest drawbacks to missionary work in China is the lack of traveling facilities. River transportation is slow, and travel by land is almost exclusively by mule-wagon. or litter. It is a constant matter for surprise among foreigners in China that a nation with the largest population, and nearly the greatest territorial area of any country on the face of the globe, with an unbroken history of five thousand years, and possessed of mechanical and scientific skill, in some respects far beyond and antedating that of other nations, should be so undeveloped. Railroads are the pressing need of the empire, yet at the present day there is only one small railway a few miles in extent.

In his recent book, on *The Chinese, their Present and Future*, Mr. Robert Coltman, jr., an American physician who has travelled much in China, furnishes the reason for this extraordinary condition of affairs. "The people are too superstitious to permit railroads to be built," he writes. "They are afraid that the passage of engines would interfere with the 'feng shui,' and disturb the spirits of their ancestors by passing near or over their graves. These reasons were valid enough twenty or more years ago, but are only put forward now by those in power to hide the real cause of opposition." The Chinese are preventing their construction, on one pretense or another, simply from jealously between officials who have the power to make immense fortunes for themselves. The great Viceroy Li Hung Chang several years ago made an effort to have a railroad built from Hankow to Pekin, but the scheme was frustrated.

While the almost universal method of locomotion in China, for comparatively short distances, is by wheelbarrow, on which the traveller sits while the lean, athletic barrow-men propel the clumsy-looking machine, the more exclusive means is the mule-litter or "chao." In nearly all the large cities heavy-wheeled wagons with covered tops, not unlike the old-fashioned American "prairie-schooner" in miniature, is used for the carrying of merchandise and occasionally of passengers; but for long distances the wheelless wagon (shown in the illustration on this page) is employed. This is really the most fashionable conveyance in Northern China. To a European or American it has few attractions, but to the Chinese themselves it is the refinement of luxury. Progress in such a vehicle is laboriously slow but not unpleasant, for with sure-footed animals, and with a skilful driver perched on the high seat in front, the occupant feels comparatively safe and comfortable, being less subject to jolting and pitching from bad roads than would be the case in a wheeled-vehicle. These wagons jog from thirty to forty miles a day. Wagons of foreign manufacture would be useless on the present condition of Chinese roads, and harness comes in the same category.

Home manners in China, as described by Dr. Coltman, are interesting. Writing of a visit to a native family, he says:

Our host went out after awhile and came back with several sheets of stout paper and a pot of flour-paste, with which he proceeded to repane the windows, greatly to my comfort, as the wind was rising every moment, and the three-inch crack in the door seemed sufficient for ventilation. Stoves are unknown; the cotton-wadded clothing, although it makes a man look five times as large as he is, keeps out the cold. In the bitterest weather a pan of charcoal is lit to warm the hands and feet by, and a little straw is always burned in the kang before retiring, heating it for the night. Our barrow and coolies were sent to a small inn at the other end of the village and told to remain there during our stay in the village.

After half an hour's chat the female portion of the family withdrew to prepare a meal for us, and the men and boys, with the boys of all the neighborhoods' families, took their place as our entertainers. A Chinese bean-oil lamp was lit and set on the table. As there were only two chairs in the room, Mr. Bergen occupied one and Mr. Li the other; the villagers and boys sat squatting around on the floor. In a remarkably short space of time a boy entered to tell the villagers to clear out, as food was ready and the teachers were tired and must eat. Unlike the crowds at the inns, they all arose, and, politely saying "We will see you again," they went out. Then a steaming-hot bowl of "mien" was placed before Mr. Bergen, followed by three others: two more chairs minus backs were brought back in, and I was invited in, and I was invited to sit up and partake with Mr. Li and his brother, of the viands the "poor state" of his larder afforded. Mr. Li, being a Christian, said grace before his meal, but I was not sufficiently educated to catch the words he used. Although I detest "mien" it was hot and I was cold, therefore I made haste to put as much of it into my interior as the space would accommodate. Afterward, when the fried cabbage and scrambled eggs came along, I did likewise, until I finally felt both full and comfortably warm. All this time I kept my overcoat and hat on, as did all the party. A Chinaman never removes his hat in winter from the time he places it on his head in the morning until night. When we pushed back our chairs, after being urged again and again to eat more by the hospitable Mr. Li, the dishes were removed and conversation flowed smoothly on again. Unfortunately, I could only answer about one in ten of the questions addressed me, my answer for the remainder being the same sentence, "Wo pu tung tei" (I don't understand you). Various neighbors dropped in during the course of the evening, who each in turn nodded to Mr. Li and then squatted on the floor. Some were brought over to my end of the room and introduced. One of these I was told, was the "ti fang," or policeman of the village, and tax-collector for several smaller villages in the neighborhood.

Guests in China always bring their own bedding when visiting, no matter whether the host be poor or wealthy. Relatives visiting relatives, even, always carry their own bedding with them. A basin of hot water was brought us to bathe with next morning, but no towel, we being expected to furnish our own. After a wash, a breakfast of hot millet-gruel, boiled eggs, and momo was served; our visitors, more numerous than the night before were now re-admitted. I found this village to consist of about one hundred adobe houses, an inn, and a school-house. Only ten boys attended the school, the rest of the young male population being left to grow up in ignorance. When I asked why all the smaller boys did not go to school, I was informed that if they did their parents would have to help contribute to the teacher's salary, and they could not afford it. The teacher received but three dollars a month for teaching ten boys, and had to board himself, too. Yet, teaching is considered the best profession in China. There are no such things as public schools in the country.

China is the great Gospel field of the immediate future. Her people are ripe for the truth and the ancient barriers of superstition and ignorance are rapidly crumbling as the missionary work extends. Hundreds are already in the field, but there is work and room for thousands more.

THE "TO CHAO" OR MULE LITTER, THE BEST CONVEYANCE IN CHINA.*

* By permission, from Dr. Coltman's book entitled *The Chinese;* F. A. Davis, Phila., Publisher.

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Children's "Mites."

LEARNING to give to the Lord's work opens the heart of the young and surrounds their lives with a fragrance like the aroma of a bed of flowers in spring. Mrs. Caswell, one of the editors of *The Home Missionary Magazine*, tells the following incident, illustrating the value of juvenile giving as a means of spiritual education and growth: In a little mountain village in Virginia she organized a Home Missionary Society and established a "mite-box meeting." The boxes were sent to the families of the district for the use of the children. On being opened, almost all were found to contain 52 cents each. "Once in a while we found a dollar, but you never saw such a surprised company as we were when we counted up $47 for Home Missions, and all through giving one cent every Sunday morning. Some of us remembered when the minister's wife tried to raise some money for Home Missions, how she went all round and worked hard and got just $10, and the minister gave $5 of that."

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True Friendship's Task.

TRUE friendship is more than rubies and of greater value. When a man takes the hand of a brother to lift him instead of being lifted, then he shows true friendship, remarks a reverend writer. When he showers favors upon one from whom he expects no return, when he aids a brother without hope of a future reward, then, and not till then, does he know what true friendship is in all its higher and nobler meaning. But few instances of true friendship can be found in this selfish world. When one is prosperous he can count his friends by the score; but let misfortune overtake him, and it is but a short time when he finds they have all departed with his prosperity. Fair weather friends are a numerous class, but true friends can easily be numbered.

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Beautiful Faces.

BEAUTY of soul and character is reflected in the features. "Some one has said," writes Rev. W. C. Gannet, "that 'every face ought to be beautiful at forty;' and another that 'no old person has a right to be ugly, because he has had all his life in which to grow beautiful.' That is to say, life's opportunities of nobleness, of even forty years of opportunity, if well used, are enough to make so much beauty within that it cannot help coming through to the surface in graceful habits of the nerves and muscles. The transfiguration of a pleasant smile, kindly lightings of the eyes, restful lines of self-control about the lips, pure shinings of the face as great thoughts kindle inwardly—these things no parent makes inevitably ours, and no fitful week or two of goodness gives them, and no schooling of the visage, either; but only habitual nobleness and graciousness within; and this will give them all. Nor does a wise man think he knows another till he has watched the quick expressions which flit across the face unconsciously. The truth will out, and in these flashing motions sometimes we catch the rascal under a handsome mask, and sometimes catch the angel where we had not looked for one."

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Choosing a Life Partner.

One of the most serious and important acts of a man's life is the selection of a wife. Some excellent hints on this connection are furnished by Rev. Dr. Talmage, who writes: "A man needs more divine guidance at such a time than in almost any other step in life. By the fate of Job, whose wife coaxed him to swear; by the fate of John Milton, who married a termagant after he was blind, and when some one called her a rose, the poet said: "I am no judge of colors, and it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily;" by the fate of an Englishman, whose wife was so determined to dance on his grave that he was buried in the sea; by the fate of the village minister whom I knew whose wife threw a cup of hot tea across the table because they differed in sentiment—by all these scenes of disquietude and domestic calamity we implore you to be cautious and prayerful before you enter upon the connubial state which decides whether a man shall have two heavens or two hells, a heaven here and a heaven forever, or a hell now and a hell hereafter. By the bliss of Pliny, whose wife, when her husband was pleading in court, had messengers coming and going to inform her what impression he was making; by the joy of Grotius, whose wife delivered him from prison under the pretence of having books carried out lest they be injurious to his health, she sending out her husband unobserved in one of the book-cases; by the good fortune of Roland in Louise's time, his wife translating and composing for her husband while Secretary of the Interior—talented, heroic, wonderful Madame Roland; by the happiness of many a man who has made intelligent choice of one capable of being prime councillor and companion, in brightness and in grief, pray to Almighty God morning, noon and night that at the right time and in the right way he will send you a good, honest, loving, sympathetic wife; or if she is not sent to you, that you may be sent to her."

***

The Elements of a Happy Life.

HAPPINESS is a term expressive of man's normal condition, or of man in his best estate, says the *Religious Telescope*. Misery is its opposite, and therefore this term defines man's abnormal condition. While these statements are not questioned, the earnest inquiry is suggested as to how happiness may triumph over misery. The experience of the race thus far is a sad one. If the elements of happiness were well understood and thoroughly incorporated into the souls and lives of all men, would not Paradise be indeed regained? Goodness and badness are terms which define two elements or forces, each of which claims our service and our lives. The happiest life is reached by the symmetrical development of all the faculties of the soul. Wise training, by divine and human agencies, is to be sought with eagerness by all the noble sons and daughters of our age, if they would enjoy the happiness and do the good so grandly opening to the delighted vision of every observer.

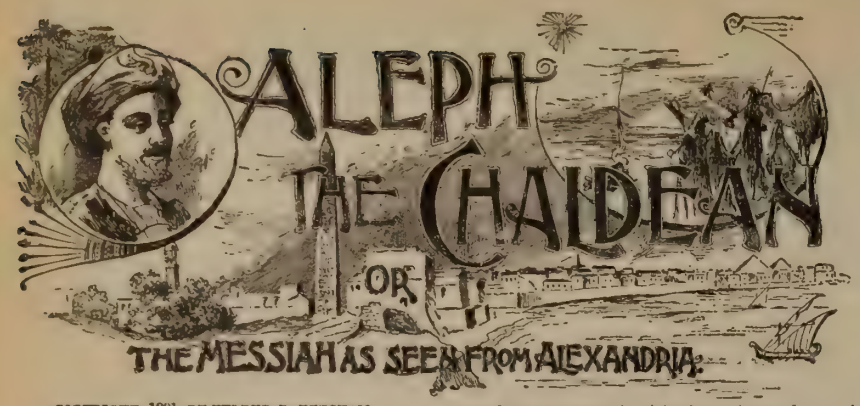
THE ENTERING IN.

SO many, oh so many dear have died,
Yet we who live, no better understand
What death is like—the dead seem satisfied,
As though obedient to some glad command—
But oh, the living weep on every hand.

Some, call death a condition; Man's last state—
Inevitable end to mortal strife;
More say a portal opened soon or late,
Through which he passes to immortal life,
Where souls exult, and love and joy are rife.

O timid Soul! On God thou hast relied—
Why fear death so, since nothing harms, but sin?
Then when for thee the portal opens wide,
Be not afraid, with hushed feet enter in,
Christ went before, thy heaven and mine, to win.

—ANNA J. GRANNISS.



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By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

CHAPTER XIV. (*Continued.*)

"HAND the key to me," said Aleph: "perhaps I can do better from the inside."

It was passed through the grate. The outside hearts stood still as the key was heard groping for its hole, then stoutly pushed home, then beginning to turn in the wards. Would it stop? Has it stopped? Ah, what a moment that was! Human nature could not endure many such strains. But hark! There is a sudden mighty heave and push and wrench; and, oh joy! youth and strength and Heaven have surely conquered. Back flies the bolt with a loud noise that is musical as Paradise; and lo, Aleph stands before them. Seti threw his arms about him, and exclaimed, "My son—thank Heaven!"

"I also thank Heaven and my foster-father," returned Aleph warmly, as he returned the embrace; and then, turning toward Rachel with eyes that even in the dim light throbbed thankfulness into hers and much besides that made her face burn and her heart sing, he added, "And there is another who will not be forgotten, even the angel whom God has sent to shut the lions' mouths so that they have not hurt me. I knew your voice, and even your hand, as well as your chant, as you came."

"We must hasten," interrupted the priest. "We are not yet quite out of the lions' den." Aleph at once went into the dungeon and brought out his staff and the lamp.

"And Deborah? It will not do to leave the poor woman here; and, shattered as she is, she cannot help herself away. She failed us at the last moment, but she did what she could," whispered Rachel to Aleph as she pointed to the custode on the bench.

He bent to look at the woman. "No, she cannot walk, and must not be left. I will carry her."

And he took her up as gently and as easily as one might a babe; and so, following Seti, they went up the steps to the iron door and then out under the blessed stars that seemed to rejoice and exult with them. Seti did not forget to make assurance of safety doubly sure by putting another bolted door between them and pursuit. They found the Egyptian sitting where they had left him. He plainly was able to help himself: so, bidding him follow, they moved on to the gate, where they found the boatmen and peddler much alarmed at their long absence and about going to seek them. This gate also they immediately bolted after them—thus putting a third embarrassment in the way of pursuit. They reached the vessel without further adventure. "Unmoor, men," cried Seti, "and push out into the river!"

Now up, men, with the sails! Now, ye oarsmen with light hearts and strong arms, ply joyfully the oars homeward! Aleph, sitting at the feet of Seti and Rachel, is duly questioned and tells modestly his story. And she saw more eloquent speaking in the two luminaries that occasionally beamed up into hers than she had ever seen in moon and stars—or even the sun.

After the lapse of an hour or so, during which good progress had been made, the boatmen moored again under the screen of another leafy grove that overhung the river and laid themselves down wherever they best could. Seti and Rachel retired below. As for Aleph, he had had enough of inactivity. The sense and delight of freedom once more were strong within him. He leaped ashore; and walked about in the grove, and sometimes on the highway from Alexandria which in general followed the banks of the river, and which the Romans, according to their wont, kept in the best condition. While on this thoroughfare he heard the sound of wheels and the tramp of furiously driven horses coming forth from the north. He stepped into the grove. The noise rapidly grew, and soon became mixed with the voices of men in angry dispute. As the voices came still nearer—could it be?—Aleph thought he recognized the voice of Draco. Then appeared a chariot, drawn by two foaming horses, with four men seated in it. When nearly abreast of him the horses suddenly stopped.

"We will go no farther," exclaimed the voice of Draco, "till this matter is settled. We mean that he shall die; and we also mean to be paid well for what we have done for you. We must have enough to pay us for the loss of our situations, and to keep us in Rome, or wherever we choose to go, for the rest of our lives. We want the talents down—all of them. We are not going to trust you for a yearly stipend, which may and may not be paid; we must have everything in our own power. You did not promise so much? But you promised to pay us liberally; and the pay must be what we call liberal. Cannot get so many talents? You can at least steal them from your father, or from the treasury of the province—we do not care which. We do not care how you come by the money if so be that we get it."

In the course of the violent altercation that followed Aleph recognized three other voices—that of the equestrian trainer, that of Antis, and that of Sextus Flaccus, who seemed in a half drunken state. He also gathered that Sextus had been berating the trainers for their defeat by Aleph until the passionate men had been provoked beyond measure, lost all self-control, and were ready to do almost anything to gratify their resentment. Sextus was too much in wine to see his danger; kept on abusing them roundly; and even went so far as to threaten that he would pay them little or nothing for their services. This had brought matters to a crisis.

"Now," said Draco at last, with an oath as horrible as a pagan or an atheist could swear, "let us have done with this. Tell us, Sextus Flaccus, what will you do—yes or no. Will you promise by the soul of your mother, the only oath you are likely to keep, that within five days, by hook or by crook, you will pay over to us the money we demand? If not, you drunken fool, we will strangle you on the spot and throw your body into the river. It will be said that you fell into the river in a drunken fit. And everybody will believe the story—even your own father. Swear, I say, or die, die. We can help ourselves at the castle to more than you are likely to give us, if it be true, as we hear, that your father hides his treasures there; and then we will take to the desert and have everybody for a prey. Come!"

Nothing came from from Sextus but a new volley of provoking epithets and threats.

The two trainers grasped him. A struggle followed. "Drive on a little farther to a better spot," cried Draco to Antis.

The horses sprang forward under the lash and soon disappeared. But Aleph could hear the noise of scuffle, muffled calls for help, half suffocated cries of terror. He ran after the chariot as fast as possible: at length descried it standing by the roadside empty. At the same time he heard a loud splash and saw three men run up from the river bank, leap into the chariot, and drive off at a furious pace. It was vain to pursue—perhaps he might rescue the victim. So he rushed to the bank which the men had just left; and leaned over the water, holding by a friendly sapling that bent over the stream. At first he could see nothing, coming as he did from the bright moonlight; but in a moment he saw a hand just sinking beneath the water—saw also a crocodile close by in the act of turning over to seize his prey. Quick as thought he struck at the monster with his staff, and then, plunging his arm deep in the water, caught the fingers of Sextus just as they were passing out of reach, and drew the body to the bank. It was apparently lifeless. The proper way of treating such a body is no discovery of modern times. Aleph was not ignorant of it, promptly used it, and found signs that life was not extinct, though flickering in its socket. He took up the body and hastened to return to the pinnace. He found it all alive with anxiety at his disappearance — especially after the sounds of strife and rushing wheels had faintly come to them. Seti and Rachel met him, as he stepped on board with his burden, with a joyful welcome and inquiring looks.

"Sextus Flaccus, nearly or quite murdered by his comrades—first throttled, and then drowned!"

A few swift words of further explanation, and Aleph hastened to the dais with his burden, and for a long time bent every energy to restore the vital warmth—by posture, by friction, by wrapping in rugs, by aiding the ribs in the scarcely preceptible breathing movement, by fanning—Seti assisting with advice and hands. It was a hard fight with death; but at last came signs that their labor would not be in vain. Sextus breathed regularly though feebly. His throat, which they had laid bare, and which was all bruised and discolored by the strangling hands of the ruffians, showed the efforts of the vital fluid to resume a forceful circulation. At last he moaned and opened his eyes. He tried to speak. No sound came. He tried again. Aleph put his ear near the struggling lips.

"Are you Aleph the Chaldean?" came in the faintest of whispers. Aleph nodded.

"Aleph the prisoner?" Aleph nodded again.

"Did you save me from the men, and the Nile, and—the crocodile?" Sextus asked in a stronger voice.

"What, did you notice the crocodile?" said Aleph. "I thought you were beyond noticing anything."

"I saw him preparing to seize me—saw something worse than a crocodile; for all my follies and sins of many years, including my treatment to you, came up before me in one dreadful flash. Ah, it was a dreadful sight—worse than any monster on sea or land?"

"You see that it is possible to escape from monsters that are very near," said Aleph soothingly. "But I would not talk any more just now. You are too weak. Lie down again. You are among friends."

Sextus bent another long wondering gaze at the noble face that was bending over him, and then resigned himself with closed eyes to the gentle hands that laid him carefully down to a smoother and softer resting-place. In a few moments he was asleep.

Sextus slumbered on, hour after hour, as the vessel glided down the silent river and the sun glided up the silent sky. Their morning meal was spread for them and still he slept. But when they raised their heads, after the priest had thanked him who giveth to all their food, they saw that his eyes were wide open and fastened on them. Aleph at once went to him, helped him to a sitting posture, propped him with cushions and rugs, and then brought him fruits and other food. He was now able to eat, though but very slowly. Aleph did not leave him till his slow repast was quite finished, and he was again settled into a restful position. During all this he said not a word.

It wat not long after the meal and the general religious service that immediately followed that they saw in the distance and coming toward them a large galley evidently crowded with people. As it approached they recognized the young men of the University; the young men at the same time recognized the commanding form of Aleph, who had risen for a better view of the craft in which Seti seemed so interested. What a shout from young throats suddenly broke into the sky! They were prepared to fight as well as to celebrate.

"Hail, Aleph the Chaldean!" Three times they had given this uproarious greeting with full lungs and wild gesticulations; and there is no telling when they would have stopped had not Aleph stepped on the bulwark toward the galley and beckoned to them. They instantly became silent.

"You see, my friends, that the venerable Seti has found me, and found me safe and sound—thanks to heaven and him. No matter where, no matter how; he desires that no questions be asked about these things. My arrest and abduction were not by the authorities: they were a private enterprise altogether for which we may hold Draco responsible, if we can lay hands on him. Apart from him all is buried. Many thanks to you for the generous interest you have taken in the stranger, for the efforts and pains you have been at on my account, and of which I have been duly informed. I did not know when I joined the University what a company of generous and warm-hearted associates I would have. If my arm were long enough, I would grasp the hand of every one of you. Suppose it done till we meet again. Once more; in return for your warm greetings, I am sure that I can give not only my own but those of the dear friends in whose hands you see me, and without whom I should not be here to-day."

One great cheer for the speaker; and another for "the empress of Alexandria" as they now discovered Rachel beneath the curtain which she had hastily let fall between herself and the approaching galley; and then the galley silently dropped behind—far behind. When they entered the lake, they quite lost sight and hearing of the galley. So the pinnace came quietly to its old moorings.

Up to this time Sextus had sat silent and almost motionless where he had been placed. He now threw off his wraps and attempted to rise. With the help of Aleph, who hastened to him, he succeeded; but he was not able to stand alone.

"I see a close palanquin on the shore," said Aleph. "I will beckon for it, and if you somewhat muffle the lower part of your face, you will not be recognized. I will order the bearers to take you to Bruchium."

Sextus looked gratefully at him, and said in a low but decisive voice, "I shall not forget this, as you soon will have occasion to know."

So they parted with mutual pressure of the hand.

Then Aleph parted from Seti and Rachel—saying to the latter as she reminded him of his promise to see Miriam, "Shall I also see the empress of Rome?" His voice was somewhat unsteady.

She hesitated for a moment, and then said, impulsively, "You will never see her, if earth and Heaven can prevent it;" and her face shown with a determinatiou that was almost fierce.

"If I only wore a diadem, I know at whose feet it would be laid"—he said it simply, as to himself.

"Aleph the Chaldean already wears a diadem which the daughter of Alexander values more than any that will ever shine on the banks of the Tiber," was the reply.

XV.

THE CONFERENCES.

THERE were several reasons why the first wonder and rush of surmises as to the reappearance of Aleph did not last long. They were let alone severely. And then the rumors of an approaching visit from the Cæsar grew stronger every day; and all eyes and tongues were strongly drawn toward the daughter of Alexander and her probable views and feelings as to the great alliance. In addition, the air was now full of the great trials that were to come off in a few days—Malus against the two brothers, Malus against Cimon, and Cimon against Malus.

The public interest grew exceedingly when it became plain, as it soon did, that the contest would not be between two individuals, but between two great parties. On the one side were Malus and the Flacci with their host of dependents; on the other was Cimon, supported by all the influence and forces of Seti and Alexander, as well as by the good-will and prestige and family influence of both branches of the University, with which Aleph was now unboundedly popular. Though he firmly declined to give any information as to who the chief criminal in his abduction was, and what the place of his confinement, and how he was rescued, the students were not offended—following the lead of Cornelius and a few others who had specially attached themselves to him, and to whom he had said that his silence was to save embarrassment to Cimon and other friends in their affairs. They looked in his face and believed him.

One day an event occurred which unsettled at least the University part of the public on this point. At the close of one of Seti's lectures and before the students had left, a herald appeared at the door and announced his Excellency the Governor. Seti stepped forward after a cool and stately fashion to receive the dignitary; and inquired what he could do to pleasure his Excellency. His Excellency stated that he was fond of young men, and liked to look in upon them now and then, in their curriculum; but that his special object to-day was to congratulate both him and his young friend, who he believed was called Aleph the Chaldean, on the success of the measures for the rescue of the latter.

(*To be Continued.*)

IN PREPARATION:
THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF A NEW AND
Delightful Serial Story
To follow "ALEPH THE CHALDEAN," will appear in
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD early in May.

THE PRAYER-MEETING *

For a blessed prayer-meeting, there must be first of all, agreement concerning the thing which we desire. There must be something that we really desire to have from God; and concerning this we are to be in harmony. There must be inner love and unity among the suppliants,—all that is strife, envy, wrath, lovelessness, makes prayer powerless—and then agreement on the definite object that is desired. For this end it is entirely proper that what people are to pray for should be stated in the prayer-meeting. Whether it be that one of the members should have his particular needs brought forward, or whether others would bring more general needs to the Lord, such as the conversion of the unconverted, the revival of God's children, the anointing of the teacher, the extension of the kingdom, let the object be announced beforehand. And let no one then suppose that there is unanimity whenever one is content to join in prayer for these objects. No; we are to take them into our heart and life, bring them continually before the Lord, be inwardly eager that the Lord should give them; then we are on the way to the prayer that has power. The second feature that characterizes a right prayer-meeting is the coming together in the name of Jesus, and the consciousness of his presence. The Scripture says: The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous run into it and are safe." The name is the expression of the person. . . . Oh, let the name of Jesus be really the point of union, the meeting-place in our prayer-meetings, and we shall be conscious that he is in our midst!

Then there is the third feature of united prayer of which the Lord has told us: our request shall certainly be done of the Heavenly Father. The prayer shall certainly be answered. . . . When we are content with much praying, with continuous praying, without answer, then there will be little answer given. But when we understand that the answer, as the token of God's pleasure in our prayer, is the principal thing, we shall discover what is lacking in our prayer, and shall set ourselves so to pray that an answer may come. And this surely we may firmly believe: the Lord takes delight in answering.

*From *The New Life: Words of God for Young Disciples of Christ;* by Rev. Andrew Murray, 240 pp., price $1; A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, Publishers.

KNOX'S PROTESTANTISM.*

He was called out to free a people from dark superstitions and degradations into life and order. It is very notable that at first he had no idea of being a reformer, although he had a clear sound view that Protestantism must be the true religion, and the Catholic religion false. Though a monk, he deteimined to have nothing to do with Catholicism, and he withdrew from all prominence in the world until he had reached the age of forty-three, an age of quiet and composure. When he was besieged in the castle of St. Andrews along with his master, whose children he educated, he had many conferences with his master's chaplain. The latter having first consulted with the people, who were anxious too to hear Knox preach, suddenly addressed him from the pulpit, saying that it was not right for him to sit still when great things were to be spoken; that he (the chaplain) was not so great a man as Knox, and that all were desirous to hear the latter; "Is it not so brethren?" he asked, to which they assented. Knox then had to get into the pulpit, trembling, with a pale face, and finally he burst into tears, and came down, not having been able to say a word. * * * In Luther we often see an overshadowing of despair, and especially toward the end of his life, when he describes himself as heartily sick of existence, and most desirous that his Master would call him to his rest. Another time he laments the hopelessness of Protestantism, and says that all sect, will rise up at last in the day of judgment. But there never was anything like this in Knox; he never gave up, even in the water of the Loire. Their Virgin Mary was once brought for some kind of reverence to the people in the galley, and it was handed to Knox first; but he saw nothing there but a painted piece of wood—"a painted bredd," as he called it in his Scotch dialect; and on their pressing him, he threw it into the water, saying that the Virgin, being wooden, could swim. There was a great deal of humor in Knox, as bright a humor as in Chaucer, expressed in his own quaint Scotch.

* From the *History of Literature*, a series of Lectures by Thomas Carlyle, delivered in 1838, and reported by Thomas Chisholm Anstey, and now printed for the first time. Pp. 283; price $1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons. 745 Broadway, New York.

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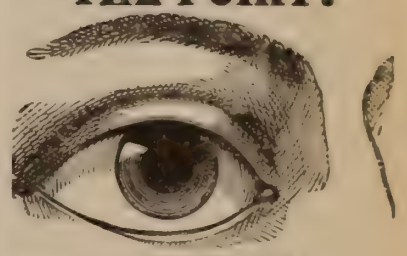

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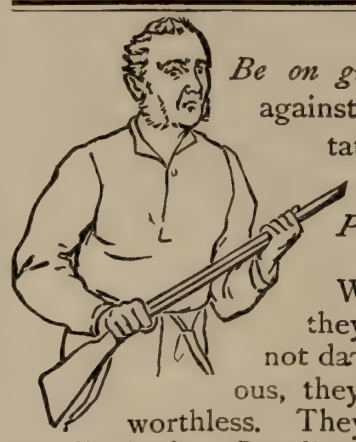
A VILLAGE TRANSFORMED.

A STRANGE story of many conversions in a French town is sent to the *Interior*, by Alice Bertrand. It appears that about six months ago the people of the village of Monteynard on the Savoy Alps were in rebellion against the Romish church. The Archbishop of Grenoble had removed their priest for good cause and installed a new priest who was a stranger to them and unpopular. The whole population declared themselves Protestants. Many of them did not know what Protestantism meant, but took it up because it was understood to be defiance to the Archbishop. But they heard of a Protestant preacher who was called "Father Jacob" and they sent to him at his town on the other side of the mountain, to ask him to come and teach them.

This Father Jacob had been a zealous Roman Catholic, but had been led to study the New Testament through hearing a sermon from a Capuchin monk, which contained what seemed to him horrible teaching and he was anxious to know what the truth really was. He studied on his knees and understood it so well that he soon wanted no other priest but Jesus himself. He happened to hear that there were people called Protestants, who believed what he himself believed, and his happiness was very great indeed. But he had not waited till then to tell the good news of the Gospel to his friends and relations.

As soon as he received a letter from the people of Monteynard, he unhesitatingly crossed on a shaking plank the torrent which rushes between the mountain and the valley and arrived at Monteynard. But he did not mince matters, and plainly told them that Protestantism does not mean protestation against bishops, but repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus the only Saviour. The peasants of Monteynard, however violent they had shown themselves, were sincere and well disposed, and the earnest appeals of Father Jacob were not lost on them.

It would be touching to relate all the conversions that have taken place. Sufficient to mention the case of a man, once a drunkard and a swearer, who lately whitewashed the walls of his cottage, formerly as black as his heart, to use his own words, and with a huge brush, printed on the wall in large blue letters, I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.—Oh !, sir, said his wife to a Christian gentleman who came to see them, I cannot be thankful enough to God who has wrought such a change in my husband. All the pastors and lecturers who have visited Monteynard are unanimous in their expressions of admiration. One of them, writes: The revival of Monteynard is a miracle of Pentecost. The peasants have drawn up a subscription list to pay the rent of a room for public worship. A generous Christian from Geneva came to their help, together with two missionary societies, and the new hall has been dedicated. A Sunday School is organized and 150 have given in their names for instruction.



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Questions and Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

"A Reader" writes to inform Mrs. Amelia Botdorff, Wicomico, Pa., that a book in which the author located the Garden of Eden at the North Pole was written several years ago by the Rev. W. F. Warren, D. D., and may be obtained of Mr. J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.

H. S. M., East Greenwich, R. I. I would like to send a little mite to a mission station of Africa. Can you tell me where to send the same "In His Name?"

You can send it either to Rev. Ross Taylor, Secretary, African Congo Mission, 210 8th Ave., New York, or to Rev. A. B. Simpson, Christian Alliance, 692 8th Ave., New York. Both represent great missionary organizations, laboring in Africa.

W. M. A., Balto, Md. Does God still call and qualify men for various kinds of work? How may we know that we are called?

He does so call and qualify them. See Ephesians 4: 11, 12. Constant prayer should be offered to him for guidance. Indications of his will may be read in the circumstances surrounding the person seeking light. If God has really called, opportunities for service will come. The safe rule is to do the work nearest at hand and continue doing it until opportunities for other and higher service are presented.

A. B. J., Nashville, Tenn. Why does God let a Christian lady be married to a man who loves drink and will not be reformed by her efforts?

Perhaps she did not ask his guidance. Sometimes God lets his children have their own way, that they may see that his will would have been better for them and may learn to trust him. It may be that this trial is intended for her discipline and for the ultimate rescue and salvation of her husband. Being married to him, she should pray for him and by kindness and patience seek to win him to Christ.

Old Settler, Milwaukee, Wis. Is not the electric force due to Satan?

Natural electricity is produced by disturbances in the atmosphere, due either to evaporation, condensation, expansion, or any of the numerous variations in the processes by which nature operates. while artificial electricity is produced by various scientific methods, including friction of glass or amber, chemical decomposition of metals, magnets, galvanic spirals, and other methods. Satan may and possibly does use for his own purposes, the powers God has implanted in nature, just as he sometimes uses men themselves.

R. M. W., Hamilton, Ont. Would a Christian be doing right in contributing to a fund for the erection of a Jewish Synagogue?

If he can reconcile his conscience with the commission of an act which avowedly helps to build up any form of belief antagonistic to Christianity, then such a contribution as you mention might be justifiable; not otherwise. There need, however, be no such scruple as to philanthropic objects. In caring for the sick, relieving the destitute, or helping in any work of common humanity, the fact that the sufferers belong to a race or creed other than his own ought not to lead the Christian to withhold or curtail his contributions.

Celia J. Riley, Moorestown, N. J. I have been teaching in district schools for nearly five years, but have lately felt strongly inclined to change my work. I would like some kind of missionary work. Do you think it right for me to change my work, and, if so, do you know of anything for which I could prepare?

The answer to your question depends upon your physical constitution, your adaptability and training, as well as on your spiritual condition. The Missionary Board of your own church would probably be able to advise you better than others. Foreign missionary work demands a consecrated heart, a sound body and a resolute will. Apply to your Missionary Board and you will then learn whether you can be more useful in missionary work than otherwise.

A Subscriber, New York. 1. Cannot a church prosper without the ladies taking a prominent part in it? 2. What do you think of the Ladies' Aid Societies?

If by a "prominent part" you mean the practical Christian work of the church—visiting the sick, teaching the young and loyally, generously, enthusiastically and prayerfully supporting the pastor, and assisting him in his plans for the spiritual welfare of the flock—we are constrained to reply that it would be very difficult, indeed, for any church to prosper without such aid. There are a thousand ways in which women can serve the Lord in connection with their church organization as effectively as men can. Each sex, in its own proper sphere, would seem to be indispensable. 2. Experience in many churches has shown the Ladies' Aid Society to be a valuable auxiliary in church work, and an excellent means of keeping alive the interest among the feminine portion of the congregation.

An Old Subscriber, Bruce, Ont. Are we justified in keeping up our old sectarian divisions, since by doing so, thousands of ministers, especially in rural districts, preach to empty pews, while millions of heathen die without hearing the Gospel?

The question is not so much whether we are justified in maintaining these divisions, as whether it is possible to unite. Efforts have been made, from time to time, to amalgamate, but not with success. Denominations have been found willing to absorb others, but not to make mutual concessions. Christians who are hoping for union may derive encouragement from the fact that of late, Evangelical churches in several cities have united in revival work under some Evangelist, and that the Christian Endeavor Society has constructed a platform on which members of all Evangelical Churches can meet and work. Perhaps eventually the churches may learn a lesson from those two facts, and economize money and effort in uniting for foreign missionary work.

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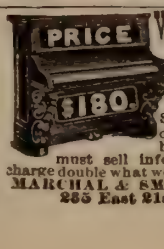

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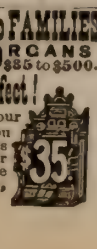

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As the fire is fed from the changing years.

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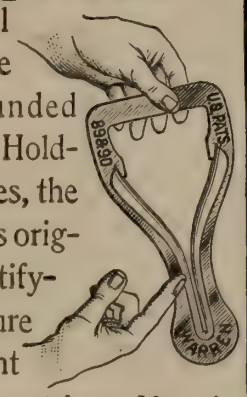

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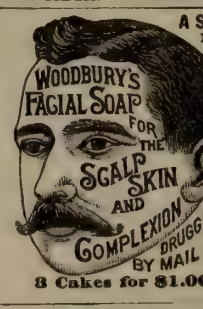

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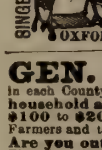

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Annual Subscription, $1.50.

Easter in Palestine.

How the Joyous Festival of the Saviour's Resurrection is Celebrated in the Holy Land—Pilgrims at Jerusalem and Bethehem — An Easter Scene in David's City.

CHRIST is risen! All over the world anthems swell in glad welcome to Easter Day! In Christian lands the festival is hailed as the commemoration of the event that crowned the Christian faith and finished the work of man's salvation. The Easter celebration is of great antiquity. In the ancient Church, the seventh day of Passion-week—which was called "The Great Sabbath"—was observed as a rigorous fast. Vigils were maintained until cock-crowing, when the stillness was broken by joyful cries of "The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen indeed!" Easter Day became at dawn a day of jubilee; sacred songs were sung, neighbor greeted neighbor lovingly, baptisms took place, and demonstrations of joy were universal. Prisoners were released, slaves received their freedom, and the wealthy gave liberal bounties to the poor. These festivities were kept up during the entire week, with vocal and instrumental music, flowers and feasting.

Among many nations the Easter festival is known as the "Paschal Celebration," the name being significant of the Hebrew Passover, in memory of the great deliverance and the "passing over" of the destroying angel. In the early times of the Church there was much diversity of opinion regarding the date of the celebration, but all the churches finally agreed that Easter should be observed simultaneously on a Sunday throughout the Christian world.

Next to Jerusalem, no city in Palestine is a centre of greater interest during Easter than Bethlehem. Multitudes of Christian pilgrims from all parts of the world flock to the city of David and of the Saviour's nativity. In the illustration on this page, the scene before Bethlehem during the great festival is stirringly depicted. Thousands of pilgrims, some on horseback or on asses, but the majority on foot, are entering the ancient city, whose yellowish-white houses of limestone gleam brightly in the April sunshine. Their destinations are the Church of the Nativity, and the Latin, Greek and American convents grouped beside it. In the numerous groups shown in the photograph are many women, in picturesque costumes, while the garments of the male pilgrims proclaim a variety of nationalities. On the housetops and at the balconied windows are seen little knots of Bethlehemites watching the strange scene below. The women of David's city wear a peculiarly attractive style of headdress, the maidens having a light frame worn on the head, covered with a long white linen veil, falling over the shoulders to the elbows and the matrons wearing a round, brimless felt hat, ornamented in front with gold or silver coins. All are profusely adorned with earrings and strings of glittering coins that hang about the neck and down to the breast.

PILGRIMS AND TOURISTS ENTERING BETHLEHEM AT EASTER. (*From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage in the Holy Land.*)

Bethlehem is the most distinctively Christian city in Palestine, its 8,000 population being composed largely of followers of the lowly Nazarene. At Easter, as at Christmas—when the influx of pilgrims is even much larger—the town is exceedingly picturesque. Its main streets are crowded with visitors, buying at the bazaars and workshops, watching the wood-carvers, sitting cross-legged and skilfully plying their trade of souvenir-making with primitive machinery. Rarely does a pilgrim leave Bethlehem without some valued memento, cut in figwood, olive, asphalt from the Dead Sea, or mother-of-pearl from the Red Sea. Easter in the churches of the Holy Land has little in common with the joyful aspect the celebration assumes in Europe and America, beyond the frequent salutations: "The Lord is risen! He is risen, indeed!" uttered in the varied languages of the Christian world. The profuse display of fragrant flowers, the great, creamy, white Easter lilies, the yellow calla and the delicate lily of the valley, with which western nations grace the Easter festival are wanting; but there is a simplicity about the services and an Oriental cordiality that are specially impressive. And there, before the shining altars, is told again the wondrous story of the risen Saviour.

The dumb tomb has spoken! mortality hears
The Song of the Morning that gladdens the spheres!

DEATH AN ADVANTAGE.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday Morning Sermon: 1. Samuel 15: 32: *"Surely the bitterness of death is past."*

SO cried Agag, and the only objection I have to this text is that a bad man uttered it. Nevertheless, it is true, and in a higher and better sense than that in which it was originally uttered. Years ago a legend something like this was told me: In a hut lived a very poor woman by the name of Misery. In front of her door was a pear tree, which was her only resource for a living. Christ, the Lord, in poor garb was walking through the earth and no one would entertain him. In vain he knocked at the door of palaces and of humble dwellings. Cold and hungry and insufficiently clad, as he was, none received him. But coming one day to the hut of this woman, whose name was Misery, she received him, and offered him a few crusts and asked him to warm himself at the handful of coals, and she sat up all night that the wayfarer might have a pillow to rest on. In the morning this divine being asked her as he departed what she would have him do in the way of reward, and told her that he owned the universe and would give her what she asked. All she asked was that her pear tree might be protected, and that the boys who stole her fruit, once climbing the tree, might not be able to get down without her consent. So it was granted, and all who climbed the tree were compelled to stay there. After a while Death came along and told the poor woman she must go with him. But she did not want to go, for, however poor one's lot is, no one wants to go with Death. Then she said to Death: "I will go with you if you will first climb up into my pear tree and bring me down a few pears before I start." This he consented to do, but having climbed into the tree, he could not again come down. Then the troubles of the world began, for Death did not come. The physicians had no patients, the undertakers no business, lawyers no wills to make, the people who waited for inheritances could not get them, the old men staid in all the professions and occupations so that there was no room for the young who were coming on, and the earth got overcrowded and from all the earth the cry went up: "Oh, for Death! Where is Death?" Then the people came to the poor woman and begged her to let Death descend from the tree. In sympathy for the world, she consented to let Death come down on one condition, and that was that he should never molest or take her away, and on that condition Death was allowed to come down, and he kept his word and never removed her, and for that reason we always have Misery with us.

In that allegory someone has set forth the truth that I mean to present on this Easter morning, which celebrates the resurrection of Christ and our coming resurrection—that one of the grandest and mightiest mercies of the earth is our divine permission to quit it. Sixty-four persons every minute step off this planet. Thirty million people every year board this planet. As a steamer must unload before it takes another cargo, and as the passengers of a rail-train must leave it in order to have another company of passengers enter it, so with this world. What would happen to an ocean steamer if a man, taking a stateroom, should stay in it forever? What would happen to a rail-train if one who purchases a ticket should always occupy the seat assigned him? And what would happen to this world if all who came into it never departed from it? The grave is as much a benediction as the cradle. What sunk that ship in the Black Sea a few days ago? Too many passengers. What was the matter with that steamer on the Thames, which, a few years ago, went down with 600 lives? Too many passengers. Now, this world is only a ship, which was launched some six thousand years ago. It is sailing at the rate of many thousand miles an hour. It is freighted with mountains and cities, and has in its staterooms and steerage about sixteen hundred million passengers. So many are coming aboard, it is necessary that a good many disembark. Suppose that all the people that have lived since the days of Adam and Eve were still alive—what a cluttered up place this world would be—no elbow room—no place to walk—no privacy—nothing to eat or wear, or if anything were left, the human race would, like a shipwrecked crew, have to be put on small rations, each of us having perhaps only a biscuit a day. And what chance would there be for the rising generations? The men and women who started when the world started would keep the modern people back and down, saying; "We are six thousand years old. Bow down. History is nothing, for we are older than history." What a mercy for the human race was death. Within a few years you can get from this world all there is in it. After you have had fifty or sixty or seventy spring-times, you have seen enough blossoms. After fifty or sixty or seventy autumns you have seen enough of gorgeous foliage. After fifty or sixty or seventy winters, you have seen enough snow storms and felt enough chills and wrapped yourself in enough blankets. In the ordinary length of human life you have carried enough burdens, and shed enough tears, and suffered enough injustices, and felt enough pangs, and been clouded by enough doubts. We talk about the shortness of life, but if we exercised good sense we would realize that life is quite long enough. If we are the children of God, we are at a banquet, and this world is only the first course of the food, and we ought to be glad that there are other and better and richer courses of food to be handed on. We are here in one room of our Father's house, but there are rooms upstairs. They are better pictured, better upholstered, better furnished. Why do we want to stay in the ante-room forever, when there are palatial apartments waiting for our occupancy? What a mercy that there is a limitation to earthly environments!

"He is Not Here . . . He is Risen."

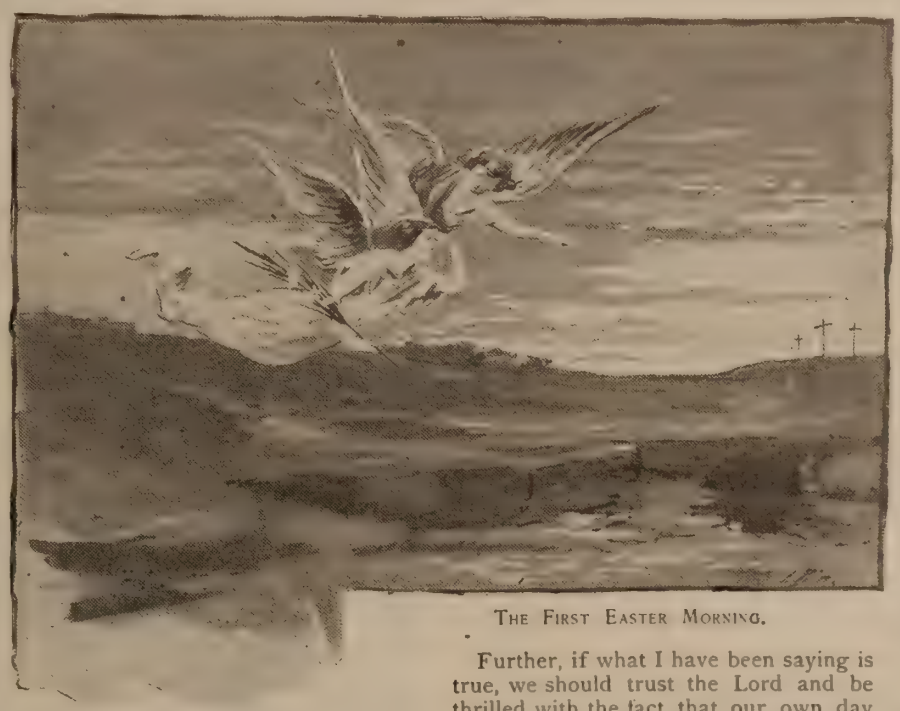
Death also makes room for improved physical machinery. Our bodies have wondrous powers; but they are very limited. There are beasts that can outrun us, outlift us, out-carry us. The birds have both the earth and air for travel, yet we must stick to the one. In this world, which the human race takes for its own, there are creatures of God that can far surpass us in some things. Death removes this slower and less adroit machinery and makes room for something better. These eyes that can see half a mile will be removed for those that can see from world to world. These ears, which can hear a sound a few feet off, will be removed for ears that can hear from zone to zone. These feet will be removed for powers of locomotion swifter than the reindeer's hoof, or eagle's plume, or lightning's flash. Then, we have only five senses and to these we are shut up. Why only five senses? Why not fifty, why not one hundred, why not a thousand? We can have, and we will have them, but not until this present physical machinery is put out of the way. Do not think that this body is the best that God can do for us. God did not half try when he contrived your bodily mechanism. Mind you, I believe with all anatomists and all physiologists and with all scientists and with the Psalmist that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made." But, I believe and I know that God can and will get us better physical equipment. Is it possible for man to make improvement in almost anything and God not be able to make improvements in man's physical machinery? Shall canal boat give way to limited express train? Shall slow letter give place to telegraphy, that places San Francisco and New York within a minute of communication? Shall the telephone take the sound of a voice sixty miles and instantly bring back another voice, and God, who made the man who does these things, not be able to improve the man himself with infinite velocities and infinite multiplication? Beneficent Death comes in and makes the necessary removal to make way for these supernatural improvements.

So also the slow process we now possess of getting information must have a substitute. Through prolonged study we learned the alphabet, and then we learned to spell, and then we learned to read. Then the book is put before us, and the eye travels from word to word and from page to page, and we take whole days to read the book, and, if from that book of four or five hundred pages, we have gained one or two profitable ideas, we feel we have done well. There must be some swifter way and more satisfactory way of taking in God's universe of thoughts and facts and emotions and information. But this cannot be done with your brain in its present state. Many a brain gives way under the present facility. This whitish mass in the upper cavity of the skull, and at the extremity of the nervous system—this centre of perception and sensation cannot endure more than it now endures. But God can make a better brain, and he sends Death to remove this inferior brain that he may put in a superior brain. "Well," you say, "does not that destroy the idea of a resurrection of the present body?" Oh, no. It will be the old factory with new machinery, new driving wheel, new bands, new levers and new powers. Don't you see? So I suppose the dullest human brain after the resurrectionary process will have more knowledge, more acuteness, more brilliancy, more breadth of swing than any Sir William Hamilton or Herschel or Isaac Newton or Faraday or Agassiz ever had in the mortal state or all their intellectual powers combined. You see God has only just begun to build you. The palace of your nature has only the foundation laid, and part of the lower story, and only part of one window, but the great architect has made his draft of what you will be when the Alhambra is completed. John was right, when he said: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Blessed be Death! for it removes all the hindrances. And who has not all his life run against hindrances? We cannot go far up or far down. If we go far up we get dizzy, and if we go far down, we get suffocated. If men would go high up they ascend the Matterhorn or Mont Blanc or Himalaya, but what disasters have been reported as they came tumbling down, Or, if they went down too far, hark to the explosion of the fire damps, and see the disfigured bodies of the poor miners at the bottom of the coal shaft.

Then there are the climatological hindrances. We run against unpropitious weather of all sorts. Winter blizzard and summer scorch, and each season seems to hatch a brood of its own disorders. The summer spreads its wings and hatches out fevers and sun-strokes, and spring and autumn spread their wings

and hatch out malarias, and winter spreads its wings and hatches out pneumonias and Russian grippes, and the climate of this world is a hindrance which every man and woman and child has felt. Death is to the good transference to superior weather: weather never fickle, and never too cold and never too hot and never too light and never too dark. Have you any doubt that God can make better weather than is characteristic of this planet? Blessed is death! for it prepares the way for change of zones, yea it clears the path to a semi-omnipresence. How often we want to be in diffent places at the same time. How perplexed we get being compelled to choose between invitations, between weddings, between friendly groups, between three or four places we would like to be in the same morning or the same noon or the same evening. While death may not open opportunity to be in many places at the same time, so easy and so quick and so instantaneous will be the transference that it will amount to about the same thing. Quicker than I can speak this sentence you will be among your glorified kindred, among the martyrs, among the apostles, in the gate, on the battlements, at the temple, and now from world to world as soon as a robin hops from one tree branch to another tree branch. Distance no hindrance. Immensity easily compassed. Semi-omnipresence! "But," says some one, "I cannot see how God is going to reconstruct my body in the Resurrection." Oh, that will be very easy as compared with what he has already done with your body four or six or ten times. All scientists tell us that the human body changes entirely once in seven years, so that if you are twenty-eight years of age you have now your fourth body. If you are forty-two years of age you have had six bodies. If you are seventy years of age you have had ten bodies. Do you not, my unbelieving friend, think if God could build for you four or five or ten bodies he could really build for you one more to be called the resurrection body. Aye! to make that resurrection body will not require half as much ingenuity and power as those other bodies you have had. Is it not easier for a sculptor to make a statue out of silent clay than it would be to make a statue out of some material that is alive and moving, and running hither and thither? Will it not be easier for God to make the resurrection body out of the silent dust of the crumbled body than it was to make your body over five or six or eight times while it was in motion, walking, climbing, falling or rising? God has already on your four or five bodies bestowed ten times more omnipotence than he will put upon the resurrection body. Yea, we have the foundation for the resurrection body in us now. Surgeons and physiologists say there are parts of the human body the uses of which they cannot understand. They are searching what these parts were made for, but have not found out. I can tell them. They are the preliminaries of the Resurrection body. God does not make anything for nothing. The uses of those now surplus parts of the body will be demonstrated when the glorified form is constructed.

Now, if Death clears the way for all this, why paint him as a hobgoblin? Why call him the King of Terrors? Why think of him as a great spook? Why sketch him with skeleton and arrows, and standing on a bank of dark waters? Why have children so frightened at his name that they dare not go to bed alone, and old men have their teeth chatter lest some shortness of breath hand them over to the monster? All the ages have been busy in maligning Death, hurling repulsive metaphors at Death, slandering Death. Oh, for the sweet breath of Easter to come down on the earth. Right after the vernal equinox, and when the flowers are beginning to bloom, well may all nations with song, and congratulation, and garlands celebrate the resurrection of Christ and our own resurrection when the time is gone by, and the trumpets pour through the flying clouds the harmonies that shall wake the dead. By the empty niche of Joseph's mausoleum, by the rocks that parted to let the Lord come through, let our ideas of changing worlds be forever revolutionized. If what I have been saying is true, how differently we ought to think of our friends departed. The body they have put off is only as when entering a hall lighted and resounding with musical bands, you leave your hat and cloak in the cloak-room. What would a banqueter do if he had to carry those encumbrances of apparel with him into the brilliant reception? What would your departed do with their bodies if they had to be encumbered with them in the King's drawing-room? Gone into the light! Gone into the music! Gone into the festivity! Gone among kings and queens and conquerors! Gone to meet Elijiah and hear him tell of the chariot of fire drawn by horses of fire and the sensation of mounting the sapphire steeps! Gone to meet with Moses and hear him describe the pile of black basalt that shook when the law was given! Gone to meet Paul and hear him tell how Felix trembled, and how the ship went to pieces in the breakers, and how thick was the darkness in the Mamertine dungeon! Gone to meet John Knox and



The First Easter Morning.

John Wesley and Hannah More and Frances Havergal. Gone to meet the kindred who preceded them! Why I should not wonder if they had a larger family group there than they ever had here. Oh, how many of them have got together again! Your father and mother went years apart, but they have got together, and their children that went years ago got together again. Gone where they have more room! Gone where they have more jubilant society! Gone where they have mightier capacity to love you than when they were here! Gone out of hindrances into unbounded liberty! Gone out of January into June! Gone where they talk about you, as we always talk about absent friends, and say: "I wonder when they will come up here to join us. Hark! the outside door of heaven swings open. Hark! there are feet on the golden stairs. Perhaps they are coming!"

I was told, at Johnstown, after the flood, that many people who had been for months and years bereft, for the first time got comfort when the awful flood came, to think that their departed ones were not present to see the catastrophe. As the people were floating down on the house-tops, they said: "Oh, how glad I am that father and mother are not here," or "how glad I am that the children are not alive to see this horror!" And ought not we who are down here amid the upturnings of this life be glad that none of the troubles which submerge us can ever affright our friends ascended? Before this I warrant our departed ones have been introduced to all the celebrities of heaven. Someone has said to them: "Let me introduce you to Joshua, the man who by prayer stopped two worlds for several hours. Let me make you acquainted with this group of three heroes—John Huss, Philip Melancthon and Martin Luther. Aha! here is Fenelon! Here is Archbishop Leighton! Here are Latimer and Ridley! Here is Matthew Simpson! Here is poets' row—James Montgomery and Anna Barbauld and Horatius Bonar and Phoebe Palmer and Lowell Mason." Were your departed ones fond of music? What oratorios led on by Handel and Hayden. Were they fond of pictures? What Raphaels pointing out skies with all colors wrought into chariot wheels, wings of seraphim, and coronations. Were they fond of poetry? What eternal rythms led on by John Milton. Shall we pity our glorified kindred? No, they had better pity us. We, the shipwrecked, and on a raft in the hurricane, looking up at them sailing on over calm seas, under skies that never frowned with tempests, we hoppled with chains; they lifted by wings. "Surely the bitterness of death is past."

Further, if what I have been saying is true, we should trust the Lord and be thrilled with the fact that our own day of escape cometh. If our lives were going to end when our heart ceased to pulsate and our lungs to breathe, I would want to take ten million years of life here for the first instalment. But, my Christian friends, we cannot afford always to stay down in the cellar of our Father's house. We cannot always be postponing the best things. We cannot always be tuning our violins for the celestial orchestra. We must get our wings out. We must mount. We cannot afford always to stand out here in the vestibule of the house of many mansions, while the windows are illuminated with the levee angelic, and we can hear the laughter of those forever free, and the ground quakes with the bounding feet of those who have entered upon eternal play. Ushers of heaven! Open the gates! Swing them clear back on their pearly hinges! Let the celestial music rain on us its cadences. Let the hanging gardens of the King breathe on us their aromatics. Let our redeemed ones just look out and give us one glance of their glorified faces. Yes! there they are now! I see them. But, I cannot stand the vision. Close the gate, or our eyes will be quenched with the overpowering brightness. Hold back the song, or our ears will never again care for earthly anthem. Withdraw the perfume or we shall swoon in the fragrance that human nostril was never made to breathe.

All these thoughts are suggested as we stand this Easter morn amid the broken rocks of the Saviour's tomb. Indeed I know that tomb has not been rebuilt for I stood in December of 1889 amid the ruins of that the most famous sepulchre of all time. There are thousands of tombs in our Greenwood and Laurel Hill and Mount Auburn with more polished stone and more elaborate masonry and more foliaged surroundings, but as I went down the steps of the supposed tomb of Christ on my return from Mount Calvary I said to myself, "This is the tomb of all tombs. Around this stand more stupendous incidents than around any grave of all the world since death entered it." I could not breathe easily for overmastering emotion as I walked down the four crumbling steps till we came abreast of the niche in which I think Christ was buried. I measured the sepulchre and found it fourteen and a half feet long, eight feet high, nine feet wide. It is a family tomb and seems to have been built to hold five bodies. But I rejoice to say that the tomb was empty, and the door of the rock was gone, and the sunlight streamed in. The day that Christ came forth the sepulchre was demolished forever. And the rupture of those rocks, and the snap of that governmental seal, and the crash of those walls of limestone, and the step of the lacerated but triumphant foot of the risen Jesus we to-day celebrate with acclaim of worshipping thousands, while with all the nations of Christendom, and all the shining hosts of heaven we chant, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept."

Oh weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

"And now may the God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus that great Shepherd of the sheep through the blood of the everlasting covenant make you perfect in every good word and work." Hallelujah! Amen!

HOW CHRIST KEPT EASTER.

DO saints keep holy day in heavenly places?
Does the old joy shine new in angel faces?
Are hymns still sung the night when Christ was born,
And anthems on the resurrection morn?

What is their Easter? for they have no graves,
No shadow there the holy sunrise craves.—
Deep in the heart of noontide marvellous,
Whose breaking glory reaches down to us

How did the Lord keep Easter? With his own!
Back to meet Mary, where she grieved alone,
With face and mien all tenderly the same,
Unto the very sepulchre he came.

Ah, the dear message that he gave her then,
Said, for the sake of all bruised hearts of men,—
"Go, tell those friends that have believed on me;
I go before them into Galilee.

"Into the life so poor, and hard, and plain,
That for a while they must take up again,
My presence passes: where my feet toil slow,
Mine, shining, swift with love, still foremost go!

"Say, Mary, I will meet them, by the way,
To walk a little with them; while they stay,
To bring my peace. Watch; for ye do not know
The day, the hour when I may find you so."

And I do think, as he came back to her,
The many mansions may be all astir
With tender steps that hasten in the way,
Seeking their own upon this Easter day.

Parting the veil that hideth them about,
I think they do come, softly, wistful, out
From homes of heaven that only *seem* so far,
And walk in gardens where the new tombs are

—Mrs A D Whitney

PRAYER OF THE PENITENT.

S. S. Lesson for May 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Ps. 51. Golden Text, Ps. 41: 10

A FALLEN believer! A child of light in whom the light has become darkness! A child who has lost the instincts of home; one, born from above, yet groveling in the things of earth; a companion of the living God who has come to shun him, and who sees him "as a hard man" whose presence was once his joy—is there in all creation any creature who is such a dishonor to his God, or so much to be pitied?

Is there any way back for such an one? All praise to our loving God, yes! "Return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity." (Hos. 14: 1.) Our gracious God issues this invitation to such. But, says some miserable believer who has fallen into sin; "How shall I return? My heart is cold, I am hopeless and in despair; How can I expect ever to stand again? I have disgraced God and myself; there is no hope for me." O despairing brother or sister, "Take with you words, and turn to the Lord; say unto him, Take away my iniquity, and receive [use] us graciously." (Hos. 14: 2.) "But how do I know he will hear me? I am ashamed, I cannot bring myself to approach him. I have lost my power of will, and my heart is unutterably hard." O fallen brother, pray David's prayer; look away from your despairing self right up into the heart of God, and plead: "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions."

God is Not Like Us,

circumstances do not change him; "If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful. He cannot deny himself." (II. Tim. 2: 13.) God is always true to himself, we can always reckon upon him. If there is any being, under heaven who needs loving kindness it is a fallen child of God, a son in the far country. Disappointed in himself, dissatisfied, utterly at sea; earth cannot satisfy him, and he has no hold on heaven; too miserable to be at home in the world, and yet having lost his real oneness with God's people, and he feels as though God and man were against him. Look up, thou burdened one, thy God has a heart open even to thee. Thou mayest feel, as one such expressed it the other day, that thou art so degraded that Christian people seem to thee like gods compared to thee; but God's loving-kindness reaches out to thee still; He is still "kind to the unthankful, and to the evil." (Luke 6: 35.) "According to the multitude of thy tender mercies

Blot out my Transgressions."

Is it too bold a prayer? Not for such a God as our God. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." And just because he "bore our sins in his own body on the tree," it is his joy to pardon, and to show, even to the vilest of sinners, that he has blotted them out, effaced them from every record, cast them behind his back to be remembered no more! Loving kindness! tender mercy! Yes; but bought by blood; the precious blood of Christ. What then? Does such ready pardon make it easy to sin? "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" This was not the thought of the broken penitent. David prayed for a deep work, not only for him, but in him. "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin, for I acknowledge my transgression and my sin is ever before me." Unless the work were thorough, this fallen child of God feared it might not last. And yet David never knew what we may know. "How shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" Condemned to execution, cut off from the land of the living, in our old self-life—that life which considers itself and its own—and really executed with Christ, as we take our place out of self and in him by faith. How then can one whose very existence is owing to the death of Jesus, which he deserved, live any longer in the sins for which Jesus was executed? If his death, in which we take our part, does not separate us from our self-life and our sin, it is clear that we have never been

Baptized into His Death.

We have never really lost ourselves in him. We may have taken advantage of his death to obtain pardon, but we are still alive in our self life, and no thorough washing from our sin has taken place. Buried with him, self has lost every claim on earth, its claims to have likes or dislikes, rights or privileges, honors or reputation; all which the world insists on, and counts on, belongs no more to a dead man, crucified with Christ. He who is crucified with Christ lives in a new world, in true newness of life—a world where Christ takes the place which he himself once occupied. Thus all which once appealed to him, to his tastes, his will, his prerogatives, etc., he now allows to pass by him and to appeal to Christ who lives in him on the ruins of his buried self. This is the true and thorough washing and cleansing of the New Testament, and all the life of a true child of God is subject to it.

Then all is seen in the light of God: "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight." The Holy Ghost so anoints the eyes that man, and all which touches man, is seen to be swallowed up in God and all which touches him. Every sin against man is in itself a yet deeper sin against God. David's sin against Bathsheba, against his own child, against his family and nation, was great indeed, but in all this sin the name of God was involved, and the more heinous side of the sin was that which touched him. When we see only our sin against man, we find it possible to dwell on extenuating circumstances. Not so with God. This leads him to see his utter depravity and how every spring of his being was tainted: "Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." And he feels the piercing eye of the Allseeing One penetrating every corner of the heart and cries: "Behold thou desirest truth in the inward parts; and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom." The penitent king would conceal nothing, all should come out into daylight, no more plotting with Joab to put a better face upon a hideous sin, God has looked him through and through, and now it is a little matter if man should know the worst.

But the depth of humiliation which comes from God's light upon us

Never Hinders Faith.

The Psalmist grows bolder as he loses all confidence in himself. All he is, and all he can be or do, has faded away from his horizon; only one remains upon the scene; it is his God, the God of loving kindness and tender mercy. David does not study his sin, he does not go back to the past and dissect his thoughts and motives; he is bent upon being right with God, and he takes his hands off the past. "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Clean! whiter than snow! joy, gladness!—is it becoming for one who has bent so low to speak thus? Should he not rather be crushed and overwhelmed with shame because of his sin? No; David looks to what God is, not to what he is, and there is far more true humility in the confident faith, which accepts that which God offers him, than in any amount of self-made humiliation It is the goodness of God which leads to repentance; there is human pride in self-inflicted humiliation. Truth established in the inward parts, how can a returning son but rejoice when his Father takes him back to his heart! If the return is real, if the reconciliation is real, it is impossible to be otherwise. But that very joy in God, not in himself makes him look at all things in their relation to God; man, circumstances, himself and his resolutions, all vanish from his view; he looks at God and he knows that God is looking at him. "Create in me a clean heart," he says, "and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me." "Create:"—he knows no other hand can do it. "Renew:"—he is completely aware that of himself this cannot be; and he invites, instead of shunning

The Presence of God.

These are marks of a true return, a real work of God upon him. "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee." A man with a burden on his heart cannot teach others not to bear burdens; a man with a doubt in his heart as to how he stands with God can never guide another into the way of peace. The joy of God's salvation is an absolute necessity for successful winning of souls. But should one who had so deeply fallen attempt to teach others? What would he teach? The Samaritan woman, whose life of sin was a household word in the city of Sychar, testified the same day on which she found the Messiah; "Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" (John 4: 29.) That woman was in her right place. There was nothing to exalt, but everything to humble her in such testimony. And so, when David says, "I will teach transgressors thy ways," he is on safe ground, he is not exalting himself.

David is deeply conscious from how much he needs saving; "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God;" the most terrible of crimes he had at his door, and yet he speaks of singing aloud of God's righteousness. Surely a strong ray of Gospel light had fallen on the soul of the penitent king! He looks beyond all forms, all sacrifice and burnt offering—he knew the heart of his God, and says: "The sacrifices of God are

A Broken Spirit,

a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." This is just the touchstone of a real return to God. If we do not let God break us he cannot restore us. O, how many make offerings to God, and renew consecration, but remain unbroken, and their offerings are unaccepted! If we let God break us to nothing, and make us ashamed of ourselves, if we yield to his discipline, then he can "build the walls of Jerusalem," his church can make progress. Then, too, the sacrifices and burnt offering coming from such a heart will please and glorify him, and communion is fully restored.

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

HAVE mercy upon me O, God according to thy loving kindness. David knew when he pleaded for mercy according to the loving kindness of God that he pleaded for mercy from the uttermost to the uttermost.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

One of the most beautiful manifestations of human love is thus told by Mr. Moody. "At the time the war broke out a young man of Brooklyn was engaged to a young lady in New England, but the marriage was postponed. He was very fortunate in battle after battle, until the Battle of the Wilderness took place, just before the war was over. The young lady was counting the days at the end of which he was to return. She waited for letters, but no letters came. At last she received one addressed in a strange handwriting and it read something like this: 'There has been another terrible battle, I have been unfortunate this time, I've lost both my arms. I cannot write myself, but a comrade is writing this letter for me. I write to tell you that you are as dear to me as ever; but I shall now be dependent on other people for the rest of my life, and I have this letter written to release you from our engagement.' This letter was never answered. By the next train she went clear down to the scene of the late conflict, and sent word to the captain what her errand was, and got the number of the soldier's cot. She went along the line and the moment her eyes fell upon that number, she went to that cot and threw her arms around the young man's neck and kissed him. 'I will never give you up,' she said. 'With these hands I am able to support you and I will take care of you!'" We cannot help admiring such self-sacrificing love for one she held dearer than her own life, but what shall we say of the loving kindness of him, who while we were yet sinners gave his only begotten son that his enemies might have eternal life! Surely David did not plead in vain. Saving mercy is for all. She turns not aside from the foulest, blackest, most despicable wretch that seeks her favor. Like the wind that kisses the cheek of the poorest traveler as readily as the richest, like the light that shines into the cell of the condemned criminal as well as into the room of the devout Christian—mercy is free to all who will open their arms to embrace her. The harlot, knocking at her door, may have a smiling welcome, be washed, robed, forgiven and adopted, while the proud Pharisee may stand without in profound astonishment.

For I acknowledge my transgression and my sin is ever before me. David made no attempt to palliate his guilt. He made a broad, frank confession without any reservation whatever, and threw himself upon the mercy of his God. This is the only safe plan to pursue seeing that he has promised that whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall have mercy. When we have done wrong let us tell God all about it, freely, fully, frankly. To conceal part or to try to minify our guilt only aggravates it in God's sight, while an honest confession like that of David will surely be rewarded with abundant pardon.

In the early part of the reign of Louis XVI, a German prince traveling through France, visited the arsenal at Toulon, where the galleys were kept. The commandant, as a compliment to his rank, said he was welcome to set free any one galley slave whom he should choose to select. The prince, anxious to make the best use of the privilege, spoke to many of them in succession, inquiring why they were condemned to the galleys. Injustice, oppression, false accusations, were assigned by one after another as the causes of their being there. In fact they were all injured and ill-treated persons. At last he came to one who, when asked the same question, answered to this effect: "Your highness, I have no reason to complain. I have been a very wicked, desperate wretch. I have deserved to be broken alive on the wheel. I consider it a great mercy that I am here." The prince fixed his eyes upon him and said, "You wicked wretch! It is a pity you should be placed amongst so many honest men. By your own confession you are bad enough to corrupt them all, but you shall not stay with them another day." Then turning to the officer he said, "This is the man, sir, whom I wish to be released."

Then I will teach transgressors thy ways. David was burdened down with a load of sin, and he sighed for deliverance. He knew, as many of God's children have learned from personal experience, that until they had confessed their sin and been assured of God's pardon, God could not and would not use them. But when the burden was taken from them and they had become reconciled to God, joy unspeakable filled their souls, and with happy heart in joyful strain they sang:

O, could I speak the matchless worth,
O, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

An artisan who labored in the service of a rich master, by some gross imprudence got largely indebted to an unmerciful creditor, who told him that, unless he settled accounts before the close of the year, he would have him imprisoned for debt. His wife and children knew of this perplexity and by practising the strictest economy endeavored to aid him in paying what he owed. But unfortunately it was absolutely impossible. He might as well have tried to build up a tower as high as Babel in one night. Meanwhile his master noticed that his work was falling off more and more every week. Nor was it so thoroughly and accurately done as it used to be. One day he spoke about this to the foreman. "Why, sir;" the foreman replied, "that poor fellow cannot possibly do good work. He cannot manage his tools because his hands tremble. Nor can he see well what he is doing, for his eyes are often filled with tears. He often sits down as in despair and sighs heavily; and sometimes he makes himself drunk to forget his misery. A heavy debt is pressing upon him, sir, and until that is paid he will not be able to do good work." "Tell him then," replied the generous master, "that I have paid his debt." The foreman sent to the workman and delivered his message. Picture to yourself the joy of that poor man! From that moment fresh vigor was poured into his veins. His hands trembled no more, nor were his eyes dimmed with tears. He swung his hammer with a will, so that it was a pleasure to see him. His little dwelling rang with his merry songs, and he performed his work even quicker and better than ever before.

A LETTER FROM COREA.

Dr. W. J. Hall, the Medical Missionary, Describes for "The Christian Herald" his Landing in Corea—The Country and People.

OUR readers will be glad to hear of the safe arrival in Corea of the Rev. W. J. Hall, M.D. Many of them have followed him with their prayers and will rejoice that he has had journeying mercies and that after his long voyage he has reached the scene of his labors. On Oct. 7th, of last year, we published Dr. Hall's portrait and described his successful evangelical work in New York and his medical studies under Dr. Geo. D. Dowkontt in the Medical Missionary College. Having received his diploma as a physician from the University of New York, he sailed for his chosen field of labor in Corea.

On February 24th last, we also published a letter which he wrote to this journal from Japan, where he stayed a few days on his way. We have just received a letter which he wrote soon after landing in Corea. This we have much pleasure in now laying before our readers, with some illustrations which by the courtesy of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, we have permission to reproduce from a deeply interesting work they have recently published, entitled, *Corea: the Hermit Nation*, by W. E. Griffis.

Dr. Hall is one of that noble band of Christian workers who have left home and kindred to carry the Gospel to heathen lands and who are doubly welcome there because they have had medical training and are thus able to minister to the physical needs of the people as well as to their spiritual necessities. They find that many doors are opened to them for preaching the Gospel, when they are able to relieve physical sufferings and that those whom they have healed will listen to them when they tell them of the Great Physician. As the man in the Gospels who was born blind said of Him who opened his eyes, "Is not this the Christ?", so these people are prepared to accept spiritual teaching from the healer of their bodies. It is to this confidence, so inspired, that Dr. Hall and men like him, look for their reward.

A COUNTRY HOUSE IN COREA.

This is Dr. Hall's letter:—On a dull winter afternoon we first sighted Corea, or the "Land of morning calm," which occupies the peninsula hanging down from Manchooria and Russian Siberia, between China and Japan, and extending from the 33d to the 43d parallels of north latitude.

The area of the country, including the outlying islands, is about one hundred thousand square miles. The population, according to the most reliable estimate, is a little more than sixteen millions. Yet, as the bulk of the people live in cities, towns and villages the country does not seem to be thickly settled.

The climate varies much at the extremities of the peninsula, owing to the fact that the southern portion is somewhat affected by the warm southern currents that give Japan its tropical climate, but which are warded off from Corea proper by the Japanese Islands. The climate of the central and northern provinces is much the same as that of the northern central United States, with fewer changes, and considerably milder than Canada. But the large river at the capital is not uncommonly frozen over for weeks at a time during the winter so thickly that heavy carts pass over on the ice. There are a few falls of snow which usually only remains for a few days.

The country is decidedly mountainous and well watered. Heavy timber abounds in the northeast. The valleys are fertile and are fairly well cultivated.

Our steamer stopped for a day in the harbor of Fusan, a city at the southern portion of Corea and about 350 miles from Seoul, the place of my destination. Dr. Hardy came on board to meet us and we were taken ashore in a sam-pan (native row boat), and very soon found ourselves in a little upper room where several missionaries were gathered in a prayer-meeting. The Master was with us and we had a very profitable time together.

The following morning as we came on deck we noticed a large company of natives returning in row-boats from a fishing expedition. They had been successful and were announcing their good fortune by making a great noise which resembled the beating on tin pans. The Coreans dress in garments made from bleached cotton (imported) which are heavily padded with cotton batting in the winter. Their pantaloons look more like bags than anything else and are four times as large as ours. They wear shoes made of straw or wood. The coolies scarcely ever wear any covering on their heads.

The boys have their hair braided and hanging down their backs. The men have it done up in a bunch about an inch and a half in diameter and three inches long, sticking up straight on the top of their head. (See initial illustration.)

Their skin is of a dark brown color, resembling very much our North American Indian. They have very scanty beards and mustaches. Many of the coolies or laboring class have racks fastened to their backs on which they carry immense loads. Cows and small ponies are used as beasts of burden but a great deal of the labor is done by men. Their cows are scarcely ever milked except for the use of foreigners. We saw a large number of Coreans walking along the road with heavy burdens on their backs and one side of their face stamped with the same mark that was on the goods.

We met a number with loads of cash (Corean money.) These are made of an inferior metal about an inch and a quarter in diameter and an eighth of an inch in thickness. A hole about three-eighths of an inch square is punched in the centre through which a straw rope is passed and one hundred strung on each rope. There are five cash in each piece and at the present time two thousand eight hundred and thirty cash are worth a dollar.

The majority of the Coreans live in mud huts. The floor is made of stone and mud underneath which the fire is built which heats their room and boils their rice. Each room is about eight feet square, and usually two rooms to each house. The roofs are thatched with straw. They have no furniture, and therefore sit, sleep and eat upon the floor. The door is about four feet high and two feet and a half wide. It is made of slats covered with paper which answers the place of a window.

In future letters I will tell of our work among them as missionaries and its results.

A COREAN PLEASURE BOAT.

A DEVOTED WORKER FALLEN

The Life-Work of the Late Rev. L. Milton Marsh of the Sunday School Union.

SINCERE sorrow will be felt by Christian people of all denominations, in many sections of the country, when they learn that death has taken from the field of service the devoted Secretary of the New York district of the American Sunday School Union, Rev. L. Milton Marsh. Thousands of men and women, now active workers in Christ's army, owe their position in the Church and their hopes for eternity to the blessing of God on the efforts which Mr. Marsh made in his early manhood for the spread of the Gospel in neglected districts. Of late years, the arduous part of the work has been done by others, but Mr. Marsh was still actively engaged, where he was most needed, in organizing, inspiring, and directing the workers. None knew so well as they, how helpful was the sound judgment, the excellent executive ability, and the unwavering fidelity with which he conducted the affairs of his district. Other workers, too, who were not in his jurisdiction, found him a warm and sympathetic friend, ever ready to advise them in a difficulty and help them in a strait. Courteous and affable with all who came in contact with him, he impressed every one with the nobility of his Christian character and with the thoroughness of his consecration to the grand work to which he had given the best years of his life.

Mr. Marsh's death was very sudden. Though he was seventy-two years of age, his vigorous constitution, his erect bearing and his alert manner gave the impression that he might have many years of life and service still before him. A recent bereavement, however, fell heavily upon him. He spoke of it as a man does who has received a crushing blow. Tears filled his eyes as he dwelt on the love and tenderness which had unexpectedly passed out of his life. One who had business with him, seeing him so deeply affected, postponed for a few days the business he had to transact with him. There was so much apparent elasticity in the man that he would probably be in his normal condition after a brief interval. But on calling at his office five days later, he was shocked by the information that Mr. Marsh had died a few hours before. The life of devoted labor and successful service had closed abruptly and he had entered into "the rest which remaineth for the people of God."

It was in Oneida County, New York., that Mr. Marsh first saw the light. His parents and grandparents were Christian people, and were all thankful to God when in early life he gave himself to the Saviour. He was preparing to enter college at the age of sixteen years, when the business reverses which, in 1836–7 blighted the hopes of so many families, swept away the property of his parents and caused them to begin life anew on a prairie farm in Illinois. He accompanied them, and gave his young strength and energies to the dutiful task of helping them retrieve their losses. The chances of personal advancement through a college education were cheerfully abandoned that he might fulfil the duties of a son. After six years spent on the farm he entered into business in Milwaukee, Wis. He had, however, always taken a deep interest in Sunday School work, and had been very successful in organizing schools in neighborhoods where such work had little prospect of success. He loved such labor, and when in 1859 the needs of neglected districts were brought to his attention and the opportunities for valuable service were placed within his reach, he willingly gave himself to the work.

THE LATE REV. L. MILTON MARSH.

Early in 1860 he began his labors in Northern and Eastern Wisconsin, and had the joy of organizing no less than thirty Sunday Schools. For seven years he labored undefatigably in that field and then the American Sunday School Union urged him to transfer his services to Western Massachusetts. He consented, but his heart was in his first field, and after four years he obtained permission to return to it. He was appointed Superintendent of the Rocky Mountain Dictrict, which position he held for over ten years. In the total twenty-two years of service he organized nearly five hundred schools with a membership of close upon twenty thousand. In 1881, Mr. Marsh was summoned to Philadelphia to become acting Secretary of Missions during the temporary absence of the Secretary, and he so efficiently performed the duties af the office that, when shortly afterward, the Secretaryship of the New York Branch fell vacant the appointment was offered to him. He accepted it and proved his fitness for the office by nearly nine years of valuable service. To his bereaved family and many friends his death is a heavy loss, but for the man who has labored so earnestly in the Master's service, "to depart and be with Christ is far better."

FOUND TWO MARKS.

TO A friend with whom he was speaking on the unexpected application of sermons, the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon related a remarkable experience. "Two weeks ago," he said, in my Sunday evening sermon I supposed the case of a young man who had got into fast company, and meaning to have his fling unfettered, was on the eve of starting to India, in order to escape the restraint of a godly, widowed mother's influence. I spoke as if I knew such a young man was present and pleaded witn him to retrace his steps ere yet he had broken his praying mother's heart. At the close of the Monday evening prayer-meeting a young man was shown into my room. As soon as he was alone with me he wished to know who had informed me as to his movements. He could scarcely believe me when I told him I had received no information concerning him, and did not even know his name. The same week, after the Thursday evening service, another young man wished to see me alone; wanted to know who had been telling me about him? I asked, What about him? About his fast life, and his intention to leave the country, and escape his praying mother's influence. He had been very distressed ever since. He said I appealed to him on Sunday; he wished to see abut it, but could not come on Monday evening as he had intended. 'But,' said he, 'there is one mistake you made, Mr. Spurgeon; you told the people I was going to India, and it is China I am booked for."

Volume XI., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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CITY SNARES.

I HAVE made up my mind that our city life is destroying too many young men. There comes in every September and October, a large influx of those between sixteen and twenty-four years of age, and New York and Brooklyn damn at least a thousand of them every year. They are shovelled off and down with no more compunction than that with which a coal-heaver scoops the anthracite into a dark cellar. What with the wine-cup and the gambler's dice, and the scarlet enchantress, no young man without the grace of God is safe ten minutes.

There is much discussion about which is the worst city of the continent. Some say New York, some say New Orleans, some say Chicago, some say St. Louis. What I have to say is, you cannot make much comparison between the infinities, and in all our cities the temptation seems infinite. We keep a great many mills running day and night. No rice-mills or cotton-mills. Not mills of corn or wheat, but mills for grinding up men. Such are the grog-shops, licenced and unlicenced. Such are all the gambling-saloons. Such are all the houses of infamy. And we do the work according to law, and we turn out a new grist every hour, and grind up warm hearts and clear heads; and the earth about a cider-mill is not more saturated with the beverage than the ground about these mind-destroying institutions is saturated with the blood of victims.

We say to Long Island neighborhoods and villages, "Send us more supply;" and to Westchester and Ulster and all the other counties of New York, "Send us more men and women to put under the wheels." Give us full chance, and we could grind up in the municipal mill five hundred a day. We have enough machinery; we have enough men who can run them. Give us more homes to crush! Give us more parental hearts to pulverize! Put into the hopper the wardrobes and the family Bibles, and the livelihoods of wives and children. Give us more material for these mighty mills, which are wet with tears and sulphurous with woe, and trembling with the earthquakes of an incensed God, who will, unless our cities repent, cover us up as quick and as deep as in August, of the year 79, Vesuvius avalanched Herculaneum.

But sin does not stop here. It comes to the door of the drawing-room. There are men of leprous hearts that go into the very best of society. They are so fascinating—they have such a bewitching way of offering their arm. Yet the poison of asps is under the tongue, and their heart is hell. At first their sinful devices are hidden, but after a while they begin to put forth their talons of death. Now they begin to show really what they are. Suddenly, although you could not have expected it, they were so charming in their manner, so fascinating in their address, suddenly a cloud, blacker than was ever woven of midnight or hurricane drops upon some domestic circle. There is agony in the parental bosom that none but the Lord God Almighty can measure—an agony that wishes that the children of the household had been swallowed by the grave, when it would be only a loss of body instead of a loss of soul.

What is the matter with that household? They have not had the front windows open in six months or a year. The mother's hair suddenly turned white; father, hollow-cheeked and bent over prematurely, goes down the street. There has been no death in that family—no loss of property. Has madness seized upon them? No! no! A villain, kid-gloved, patent-leathered, with gold chain and graceful manner, took that cup of domestic bliss, elevated it high into the air until the sunlight struck it, and all the rainbows danced about the brim, and then dashed it down in desolation and woe, until all the harpies of darkness clapped their hands with glee, and all the voices of hell uttered a loud ha! ha! Oh, there are scores and hundreds of homes that have been blasted, and if the awful statistics could be fully set before you, your blood would freeze into a solid cake of ice at the heart.

LOST LITERARY TREASURES.

SOME old books, during a fire in a seraglio of Constantinople, were thrown into the street. A man without any education picked up one of those books, read it, and did not see the value of it. A scholar looked over his shoulder and saw it was the first and second decades of Livy, and he offered the man a large reward if he would bring the book to his study; but in the excitement of the fire, the two parted, and the first and second decades of Livy were forever lost. Pliny wrote twenty books of history; all lost. The most of Meander's writings lost. Of one hundred and thirty comedies of Plautus, all gone but twenty. Euripides wrote a hundred dramas, all gone but nineteen. Æschylus wrote a hundred dramas, all gone but seven. Varro wrote the laborious biographies of seven hundred Romans, not a fragment left. Quintilian wrote his favorite book on the corruption of eloquence, all lost. Thirty books of Tacitus lost. Dion Cassius wrote eighty books, only twenty remain. Berosus's history all lost.

Nearly all the old books are mummified and are lying in the tombs of old libraries, and perhaps once in twenty years some man comes along and picks up one of them and blows the dust off, and opens it and finds it the book he does not want. But this old Book, much of it forty centuries old, stands to-day more discussed than any other book, and it challenges the admiration of all the good, and the spite, venom, animosity, and hypercriticism of earth and hell.

"Well," says one, "now I am ready to take the New Testament as from the heart of Christ, and I am ready to believe the prophecies. The evidence is beyond all dispute. But you must remember," says my friend, "that the prophecies are only a small part of the old book; you don't expect us to believe all the old book." If you found one of your good, honest letters in an envelope with ten or twenty obscene, cruel, lying, filthy letters, how long would you allow that honest letter to stay here. In a half minute you would either snatch it out of the envelope, or you destroy the whole envelope. Now, do you suppose the Lord God would allow these pure prophecies, these prophecies which you admit must have come from the hand of God, from divine inspiration, to be bound up and put in the same envelope with the Book of Job, and the Book of Psalms, and the Book of Deuteronomy and the other books, if those books were not good books?

Beside all this, you must remember that the most of the writers of this book were uneducated men. How can you account for the fact that when Thomas Babington Macaulay, standing in the House of Parliament in London, wants to finish off a magnificent sentence, he quotes from the fishermen of Galilee? or, sitting in his house, wanting to finish one of his great paragraphs of history, he quotes the words of the fishermen of Galilee?

Why is it that those uneducated men have more influence on modern times than all the scholars of antiquity? Because they were divinely inspired, because God stood back of them.

A DREAM.

I AM in the burnished Judgment Hall of the Last Day. A great white throne is lifted, but the Judge has not yet taken it. While we are waiting for his arrival I hear immortal spirits in conversation. "What are you waiting here for?" says a soul that went up from Madagascar to a soul that ascended from America. The latter says: "I came from America, where forty years I heard the Gospel preached and Bible read, and from the prayer I learned in infancy at my mother's knee until my last hour I had Gospel advantage, but for some reason I did not make the Christian choice, and I am here waiting for the Judge to give me a new trial and another chance."

"Strange," says the other: "I had but one Gospel call in Madagascar, and I accepted it, and I do not need another chance."

"Why are you here?" says one who on earth had feeblest intellect to one who had great brain, and silvery tongue, and marvellous influence. The latter responds:

"Oh, I knew more than my fellows. I mastered libraries, and had learned titles from colleges, and my name was a synonym for eloquence and power. And yet I neglected my soul, and I am here waiting for a new trial." "Strange," says the one of the feeble earthly capacity: "I knew but little of worldly knowledge, but I knew Christ, and made him my partner, and I have no need of another chance."

HEAVEN RIGHTS ALL WRONGS.

IN the midst of the city of Paris stands a statue of the good but broken-hearted Josephine. I never imagined that marble could be smitten into such tenderness. It seems not lifeless. If the spirit of Josephine be disentabernacled, the soul of the Empress has taken possession of this figure. I am not yet satisfied that it is stone. The puff of the dress on the arm seems to need but the pressure of the finger to indent it. The figure at the bottom of the robe, the ruffle at the neck, the fur lining on the dress, the embroidery of the satin, the cluster of lily and leaf and rose in her hand, the poise of her body as she seems to come sailing out of the sky, her face calm, humble, beautiful, but yet sad—attest the genius of the sculptor and the beauty of the heroine he celebrates. Looking up through the rifts of the coronet that encircles her brow, I could see the sky beyond the great heavens where all the woman's wrongs shall be righted, and the story of endurance and resignation shall be told to all the ages. The rose and the lily in the hand of Josephine will never drop their petals. Beautiful symbol of the fact that heaven rights all wrongs.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

What Consecration and Sanctification Mean.

FOUR great chapters that go with this theme:
Consecration chapter. Romans 12.
Separation chapter. II. Corinthians 6.
Abiding chapter. John 15.
Charity chapter. I. Corinthians 13.

I.—Definitions—Sanctification.

Consecration is our part; sanctification is God's part, and both mean "The setting apart for service."

Sanctification is the perfecting of the work wrought at conversion, and is an act of God's free grace by the Holy Spirit making us to love God with all our heart and ready for his work.

There is progressive sanctification, like afflictions being sanctified unto us.

Christ was made perfect through suffering.

Study the many names given it by sect and individuals.

Must be wrought on us to be understood, like conversion.

Justification is not sanctification.

Read and study the following texts:

I. Thes. 5. 23; Romans 15: 16; I. Cor. 1:30; John 17: 17, and Col. 1: 12, 21 and 22; II. Cor. 3: 5.

The character of consecrated or sanctified persons may be found in the following two chapters: Romans 12, and II. Corinthians 6.

This is to be prayed for and expected.

Mr. Moody says it is "being filled with the spirit."

Sanctification and services always go together.

How shall our sanctification be known?

a—By a holy life.
b—by abundance of good works.
c—By communion with God.

Sanctification makes us more like Christ, giving us these three:

1—A perfect Saviour.
2—A perfect love.
3—A perfect obedience in desire.

One who is sanctified will, like Him, seek to save the lost.

II.—Definitions—Consecration.

Consecration is the giving ourselves fully to God to do his will, whatever it may be.

It includes:

1. The giving of our hearts.
2. The giving of our minds.
3. The giving of our bodies.
4. The giving of our possessions.

All a consecrated person has belongs by the act of consecration to God.

Thoughts for Study.

Progressive consecration—what is it?
The blessing of God given at consecration.
The divine side of consecration.
All doubtful things go at consecration.

Consecration to God's service is the fuller meaning of

1. A physician's consecration to his profession.
2. A merchant's consecration to his business.
3. A lawyer's consecration to his practice.
4. A wife's consecration to her husband and home.

III.—How the depths of one's consecration may be determined.

1. As a Christian—where would you go to work for Christ?
2. Your money and possessions—how much would you willingly give to God's cause?
3. Your bodies—are they constantly kept as temples of the Holy Ghost?
4. In service—what and how much are you willing to do.

Theatre, Cards and Dance.

In some of my meetings I am bothered to death by Christians and others asking me: "Is it right to dance?" "Is it right to play cards?" and other similar questions, and I suppose the readers of this column by the thousand would like answers to the same questions.

Let me help you.

The following four great chapters from the Bible will do more to help you on these lines than all the preachers born. They give you the *rules* for your life from which all acts are to proceed and be judged, right or wrong:

Romans, fourteen; John, fifteen; II. Corinthians, six, and Romans, twelve.

As God guides you here—follow.

The Bible and the Newspaper

ANARCHIST PLOTS IN MADRID.

GENERAL alarm has been caused in the Spanish Capital by the discoveries which have followed the arrest of two anarchists. The two men, one of whom was a Frenchman and the other a Portugese, were noticed loitering near the door of the Chamber of Deputies. They were arrested and searched. Each man was carrying a dynamite bomb large enough to blow up the whole building. Papers were found in the house they occupied, showing that they were anarchists who had been charged by the International Society, to which they belonged, with the duty of destroying not only the Cortes but the Royal Palace, a picture of which is here given. If they had been successful in both cases, they were to have attacked the Law Courts and the Bank of Spain. They had sufficient dynamite to accomplish the whole plot. The discovery, following closely on the arrest in Paris of Ravachol and others, who were running a factory where bombs were made, has caused a widespread panic. It is evident that the societies of anarchists are more numerous as well as more resolute than had been supposed. Their headquarters are said to be near Geneva, and the ominous statement is made that their doctrines have been disseminated in the French army, the officers and soldiers of which spend considerable time in Geneva while their regiments are waiting at the adjacent town of Bonneville for departure to the various military districts of France. M. Martinet, Madame Bruguiere and other members of the Anarchist colony are very sociable with the French visitors and win converts among them. By this means the Anarchist doctrines are spreading rapidly throughout France. So serious do French statesmen consider the danger, that a bill has been introduced into the Legislature making it a capital offence to blow up a building with dynamite, even though no one may be killed by the explosion. In England also, owing to the prevalent distress, the Anarchists find converts, and in most of the great cities of the Continent there are groups proclaiming "the gospel of dynamite" and instructing desperate men in its use. It is feared that, although the police everywhere are on the alert, explosions will take place. What the Anarchists expect to gain by these isolated outrages is not clear, but the theory is advanced that they believe the social fabric will fall to pieces if monarchs, statesmen, judges and the police can be so intimidated that they will be afraid to perform their duties. Students of prophecy will remember that one of the indications of the last days was to be the appearance of presumptuous and self-willed men who despise government. (II. Peter 2: 10.)

A French Expedition in Peril.

THE French expedition in Western Africa is threatened with extermination at the hands of the King of Dahomey. It has for some time been harassed by Samory, king of the vast region of the Upper Niger, but has succeeded in maintaining its ground and has defeated him in several battles. It is now at Porto Novo, and numbers about seven hundred men. Against this small band Behanzin, King of Dahomey, is marching at the head of an army six thousand strong, armed with rifles of the Manzer pattern, which, the French insist, he was supplied with by Germany. Urgent appeals for help have been sent to France, and the Government is hastening the departure of reinforcements in the hope that they may arrive in time to prevent a massacre. It is supposed that Behanzin has become alarmed by the successes the French have won over his rival, Samory, and dreading an attack on himself has assumed the offensive. It is known that the French were contemplating seizing his coast line and driving him into the interior. If they had succeeded in such an attempt they would have prevented his carrying on the slave trade from which the principal part of his revenue is derived. That the peril which menaces the expedition is a serious one cannot be doubted. The King of Dahomey, whose portrait with a picture of the house he calls his palace is here given, is one of the most powerful and barbarous of African potentates. He boasts of being able to muster an army of fifteen thousand, of whom three thousand are Amazons who are more fierce and bloodthirsty than the male soldiers. He is dreaded by all his neighbors. He is in the habit of making periodical raids on the surrounding country and carrying off droves of prisoners. When these are driven to Dahomey they are divided into groups, some of which are sold as slaves and the others reserved as sacrifices to the fetish gods. A grand celebration called "a custom" is held in which these human beings are slaughtered to propitiate the heathen deities. At the "custom" held on the king's accession to the throne over five hundred human sacrifices were thus offered. It is time that such barbarities should cease, and, perhaps, in provoking a war with France the king may be opening the way, unwittingly, to this end. Although we could wish that the suppression might have come through the introduction of the Gospel into Dahomey, it may be that God will use the French for the purpose, as he used the Israelites, for the extermination of the Canaanites who were guilty of similar barbarities. (Deut. 18: 12.)

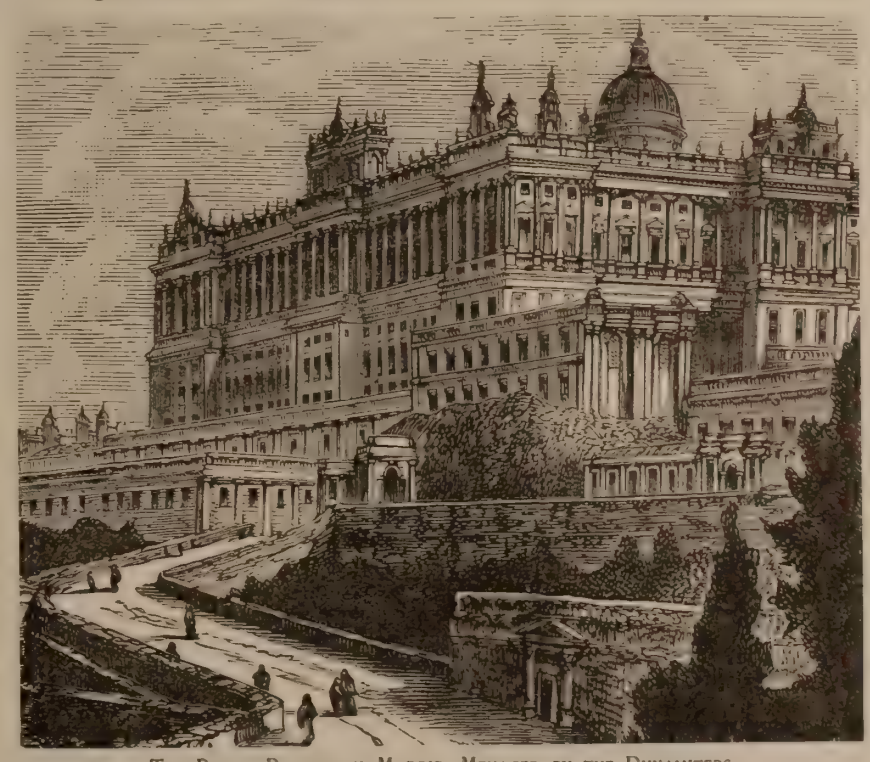
A Disinherited Son's Suit.

JUDGMENT was recently pronounced in a suit brought in a New York Court by a disinherited son against his brother. It appears that a short time ago a wealthy landowner died in a town in northern New York, leaving an eccentric will. He divided his property into five portions and left one portion to each of his four sons, unconditionally. The fifth portion was left to his fifth son, but only on condition that he obtain a divorce from his wife or abandon her. The father had conceived a prejudice against his son's wife, and during his lifetime had urged him to cast her off. But the son loved his wife and she had always been loving and faithful to him, so he rejected his father's proposals. The old man, therefore, determined by his will to force him to abandon her or be disinherited. The son did not oppose the probate of his father's will and declared that he would not give up his wife to gain a fortune. His portion therefore went to one of his brothers. Its chief part consisted of a farm worth $40,000 which he had occupied and worked prior to his father's quarrel with his wife. It was discovered that the father had formally conveyed this farm to the son whom he now disinherited with the proviso that the deed of conveyance was not to take effect until his own death. The son therefore sued his brother for the farm which he had taken possession of under the will. Judgment has just been given in favor of the deed, and the son therefore obtains the farm without having to give up his wife. It must, however, be very gratifying to the wife to remember that her husband was faithful to her when it seemed probable that his fidelity would cost him all his fortune. It is such fidelity that Christ expects of his followers. They must be ready to sacrifice everything for his sake, but those who show themselves willing to make the sacrifice frequently find, as Abraham did on Mount Moriah, that the sacrifice is not required of them. (Hebrews 11 : 17-19.)

THE KING OF DAHOMEY AND HIS PALACE.

The Marine Sentry.

NAUTICAL experts are much interested in a novel invention which is intended to take the place of the leadsman on board ship. The heaving of the lead has hitherto been the only way of ascertaining the depth of water under a ship's keel. It is obvious that unless the captain suspects that he is approaching land and orders soundings to be taken, a ship might run aground in the night or in a fog. The new invention to which the name of "the sentry" is appropriately given, is designed to avoid this danger by automatically giving notice of shallow water. It is made of wood weighted so as to sink and is towed after the ship. A metal rod is attached to it in such a way that when it strikes the bottom it releases a catch, which changes the strain on the rope by which it is towed. The change rings a bell on deck and calls attention to the fact that the ship is in shallow water. The length of rope by which the sentry is attached may be regulated so as to cause the warning to be given on reaching ten or twenty fathoms or any required depth. Without the sentry the ship might pass into shallow water just after heaving the lead and the captain would not discover it until the next time came for heaving the lead; but with the sentry he would receive immediate notice. The inventor says that the *Eider* and many other ships which have been stranded recently would not have gone ashore if "the sentry" had been in tow. That, of course, assumes that the warning it would have given would have been heeded. There is little doubt of it for the Captain of a ship would not neglect such a warning as do the voyagers on the ocean of life who persist in spite of warnings in courses which must end in moral and spiritual wreck. By God's Word, by the preaching of the Gospel and often by witnessing the ruin of others who have been destroyed in similar courses, the warning is given, yet men continue in their sins until it is too late and, having hardened the neck after being often reproved, they are "destroyed and that without remedy." (Prov. 29: 1).



THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID, MENACED BY THE DYNAMITERS.

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. S. Madison Hamilton of Baltimore writes us that he will give $25 toward the sum necessary to support for another year Rev. George W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD missionary of the Sunday School Union.

The membership of the Friends (Quakers) in Great Britain and America is now 102,889, *The Friend* reports. This is an increase on the year of 2, 742.

The welcome intelligence comes from England that Mrs. Grattan Guinness who was stricken with paralysis about six weeks ago is recovering. She is now able to converse with her family and to use her right arm.

Wanted, for Christian service to save unruly boys, young men who have given themselves to God. Hard work, simple fare, small pay, on an industrial farm, where some manual labor will be required. There will be thorough training for institutional work in the methods of Rauhe Haus. Address Director, Burnham Industrial Farm, Caanan 4 Corners, N. Y.

Evangelist E. W. Bliss has been holding services at Waterloo, Iowa. Congregational, Presbyterian and Methodist Churches united in the movement. Mr. Bliss held services in the various churches every evening, and on Sunday the Opera House was filled several times in the day. The *Daily Courier* of that city says that the meetings have been the most profitable ever held there.

At the recent meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society a letter was read from Mr. Bingham of Honolulu stating that the entire Bible in the Gilbert Islands' language, on which he has been engaged for many years, is now finished and he is coming to New York to superintend the printing of it. Missionaries in South Eastern Africa also wrote calling for new supplies of the Zulu Bible for which they report an unprecedented demand.

A Rescue Mission has been opened at Utica, N. Y. The premises occupied are at 24 Liberty St. Mr. C. W. Roberts has been appointed Superintendent. Gospel meetings are held every night and every Sunday afternoon. At the public dedication on March 30th, Rev. Riley A. Vose of the Tabernacle Baptist Church and Rev. Thomas J. Brown of the Westminister Presbyterian Church took part.

Rev. Jacob Freshman conducted a service of thanksgiving on April 10th at his Church, 17 St. Mark's Place, New York, in celebration of the payment of the remaining debt on the building. The extinction of this mortgage relieves the work of a heavy burden and gives corresponding relief to the workers who need all the funds available for Christian literature to distribute among the Jews of the city. Mr. Freshman has now the assistance of Rev. W. Gabelein, a German minister, who has resigned his pastorate to engage in the work at the Hebrew Christian Church.

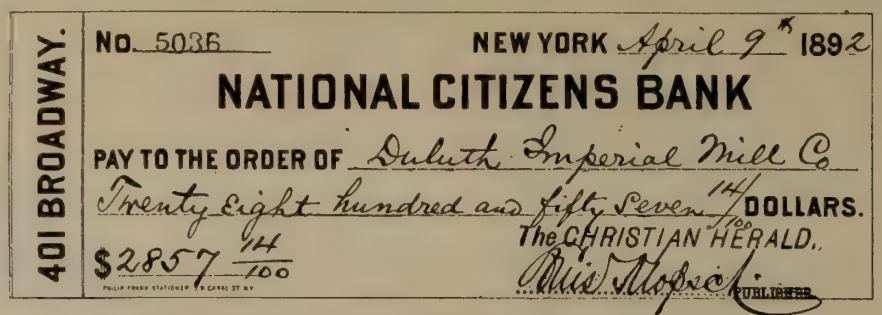
The Gospel Union Hall at Los Angeles, Cal., is crowded every night and a wonderful work is going on there. Major Geo. A. Hilton is the Superintendent and he is applying successfully the methods adopted at the Central Union Mission in Washington, D. C., of which he was so long one of the chief leaders. No less than fifty-one persons have been rescued and have made confession of Christ during the past month. At a meeting of friends of the Mission on March 26th, it was decided to commence a Midnight Mission in connection with the work, and Mrs. Miller of East Los Angeles, opened a subscription to defray the expenses.

Still Rolling in for Russia.

The "Christian Herald" Relief Fund Mounting up in the Thousands. One Shipment of 2000 Sacks on Board the "Conemaugh" and a Second in Preparation.

RUSSIA'S appeal for food for her hungry children has not been made in vain, and right nobly is our own land doing its part in the Christian work of relief. Already THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund generously contributed by our readers and their friends approaches the $5,000 mark, and it still grows with every mail, demonstrating the fact that the givers are not of those of whom the Apostle spoke (1. John 3: 17), when he said: "Whoso hath this world's good and seeth his brother have need and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God love of God in him?" Their generosity has been an inspiration to others and in the contributions acknowledged in this week's issue are many Church Societies, Sunday Schools, C. E. Societies, and similar organizations, besides a multitude of gifts from the home circle and individual readers, that show how deeply Christian hearts have been touched by Russia's distress.

On the next page is told the story of the 2,000 sacks of flour on the steamer *Conemaugh*. The second shipment will shortly follow. Meanwhile we trust that those who mean to aid will remember the urgent need of this suffering people and that "he gives twice who gives quickly." The total contributions received through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to date amount to $4,566.50. We give below a list of contributions, some of which were not acknowledged last week, owing to the pressure on our columns. A number of others arriving late this week, are also necessarily deferred till the next issue.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"Blessing The Meal."

Dr. Talmage Conducts an Impressive Service on Making the First "Christian Herald" Fund Shipment of Flour to Russia—The Gathering on the Inman Line Dock in New York.

AMID a forest of masts and smoke funnels, where fleets of great ocean steamers lie straining at their cables in New York harbor, and where the bosom of the Hudson is most thickly dotted with busy craft of every size and degree, a remarkable scene took place one afternoon a few days ago. Hundreds of men and women assembled on Pier No. 43, North River, many coming from distant points. They were there to unite in a hearty "Godspeed" to the relief steamer *Conemaugh* and to join in asking the divine blessing upon the 280,000 pounds of flour shipped on her by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as the first instalment of the one million pounds which our subscribers propose to send to starving Russia.

It was a sight to gladden the heart of generous and sympathetic Christians everywhere. On the lighter were the eight freight cars containing the 2,000 sacks of flour which had been purchased of the Imperial Mills, Duluth, Minn., and forwarded by rail to the East, and which now were ready for transfer

On a platform which the Inman Co., had constructed and beautifully decorated with Russian mats, and over which were draped the American and Russian flags, sat a number of gentlemen including M. A. E. Olarowsky, the Consul-General of Russia in the United States, Rev. Stephen Merritt of Jane Street M. E. Church, New York, Louis Klopsch, Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and others.

The service opened with the long metre doxology and prayer, which was followed by a reading of the Scriptures. The hymn: "Blest be the tie that binds;" was then sung, all the audience joining. Rev. Dr. Talmage, editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, made a brief address his remarks being congratulatory and sympathetic. He paid a high tribute to the noble generosity that had prompted Christian men and women to render such substantial and timely aid to the starving Russians, and invoked the divine blessing upon the food to be sent to Russia and prayed for its safe arrival. After another hymn the benediction was pronounced and the gathering dispersed.

On the arrival of the *Conemaugh* at Philadelphia, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD shipment was formally transferred by the Rev. Russell H. Conwell of the Temple, to the care of the Citizens' Relief Committee, which had chartered the steamer for the voyage to Riga, and had kindly granted cargo space for the 2,000 sacks. The following telegram from the Philadelphia Committee speaks for itself:

PHILADELPHIA, April 11, 1892.

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Publisher,
CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

Philadelphia Citizens' Russian Famine Relief Committee accept with thanks your two thousand sacks of flour which, at your request, we will transport to Russia on American steamship *Conemaugh*, sailing from this port this week.

EDWIN S. STUART,
Mayor and Chairman.

Transportation by rail to Philadelphia was generously tendered free by the Pennsylvania Railroad, which has already carried large quantities of food for the Russian sufferers free of cost; but as the *Conemaugh* had to call at New York, it was decided to make the shipment there and through the courtesy of the Inman and Red Star steamship lines, this was accomplished.

More Sympathetic Letters.

From the thousands of letters received from contributors to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Russian Relief Fund—all couched in the kindest and most sympathetic vein, we can only find space for a few extracts:

S. K. D., Mandau, N. Dak. (Enclosing $40.75.) The thought came to me that perhaps our Sabbath School would be willing to help; so yesterday, instead of reviewing the lesson, I laid the case of the starving, dying children of Russia before them, reminding them that they were a part of our Heavenly Father's family, whom he dearly loved. I then read them extracts from your issues of March 23 and 30. A motion was carried to give $15 from the School Treasury. What a help it would be if every Sabbath School in our land would send them much or little.

A. E. D., Philippi, W. Va. Last winter here a number of young men were converted. We hold meetings weekly. We took up a collection in behalf of the Russians and I enclose check for the result ($23.60.) We send it with our prayers that it may accomplish some good.

A. C. B., Lochiel, Ind. Find enclosed $5 for starving Russia. I think there are one million bushels of corn in crib in this country. O, rescue the perishing.

A. J. P., E. Northfield, Mass. I thought it would be nice if I could get enough money to buy a barrel of flour, so I got up in our C. E. Society here and told them all about it. Then we took up a collection. ($3.50 enclosed.)

W. C., Middleville, Ont. I send you $1 for my daughter; one for my boy; and one for myself; and may the Lord bless the giving to these poor people. God be with you in helping the Russians.

J. E. W., Hammondsburg, Pa. Our church and Sunday School are small and would like to have sent a large sum, but feel that this ($7) will do a little good.

Mrs. E. A. S., Viola, Ills. My little neice Carrie, came to me yesterday after reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, saying: "here, take all my money and send it to these poor folks." It was 92 cents. I told her I would give $1. She went to her papa and grandpa and soon had $5. So here it is.

C. T., Independence, Ia. I am only a workingman and can only give the cup of cold water, but God can bless even that little ($2.)

Subscriber, Canton, N. Y. I enclose $5. It is a small sum, but we thought every little would help.

J. C. B., Evart, Mich. The reports in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD moved us to make an offering for the relief fund. Mr. and Mrs. B., furnished maple sugar for a social, which netted $23.68.

V. J., Ripley, Miss. I feel it my duty as a Christian to give something, be it ever so small. This ($1) is almost the tenth of my income this year.

C. B., Carrollton, Pa. Enclosed $10. We would like to be one of five hundred, who will give $10 each for starving Russia. Can this be done?

A. L. P., Chicago. I know my little sacrifice ($1.50) is a small one, but I hope it will do some little good. Sister Kitty, Cousin Gracie and myself were saving our gift money (mostly from grandpa and grandma) to buy gold beads with, but when I read about the Russian famine in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I thought if I sent my money to you, and it would feed some poor hungry peasant. that it would do one more good than the golden beads would.

A. C., Chittenango, Mo. Our Christian Endeavor Society held a meeting for the famine stricken people of Russia, and I forward to you the sum of five dollars, hoping and praying that other Y. P. S. C. E.'s may do likewise.

L. M., Maynard, Mass. Please find enclosed my check for $50, to give bread to the starving Russians. Please put this mite so that it will give a dinner to some hungry families.

E. P., Jamestown, N. Y. I thought that we as brothers and sisters ought to help one another in this great distress and famine. I enclose $4.

M. G. T., Maryville, Mo. My wife (one of your subscribers) showed me a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, containing an account of the Russian suffers, and the matter worried me so that I felt I had to do something. $60 enclosed.

M. C., Frederickton, O. I told my pupils of the sufferings of the little boys and girls of Russia, and they and myself desire to express our sympathy and also help relieve, although in a very small measure, their distress. $2.50 enclosed.

E. B., Peekskill, N. Y. It is not much, (I.) I will give as God gives to me.

Little Girl, Bloomington, Ind. Please accept a little girl's offerings for the starving Russians.

King's Daughter, Woodland, Mich. I have longed for a way to give to God. Your paper opens ways to help various causes, and I hasten to begin. I am not rich, only in being a daughter of the King. It is so little that I can really do after all. Enclosed $10.

W. B. L., Vienna, Va. Enclosed are $2 from baby Vera L——, two years and four months old. We were talking around the supper table of the suffering, and she said "I's so sorry and I'll send 'em my bess doll." Mother and grandma each gave a dollar to redeem her promise.

B. C., Sparata, Ill. $5. Every little helps. Those who have abundance to eat and pretend sympathy for the suffering, ought to prove it by giving a portion.

Mrs. J. C. T., Rushmore, Minn. Enclosed find $10 from the M. E. Church here for the Russian sufferers. God bless THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

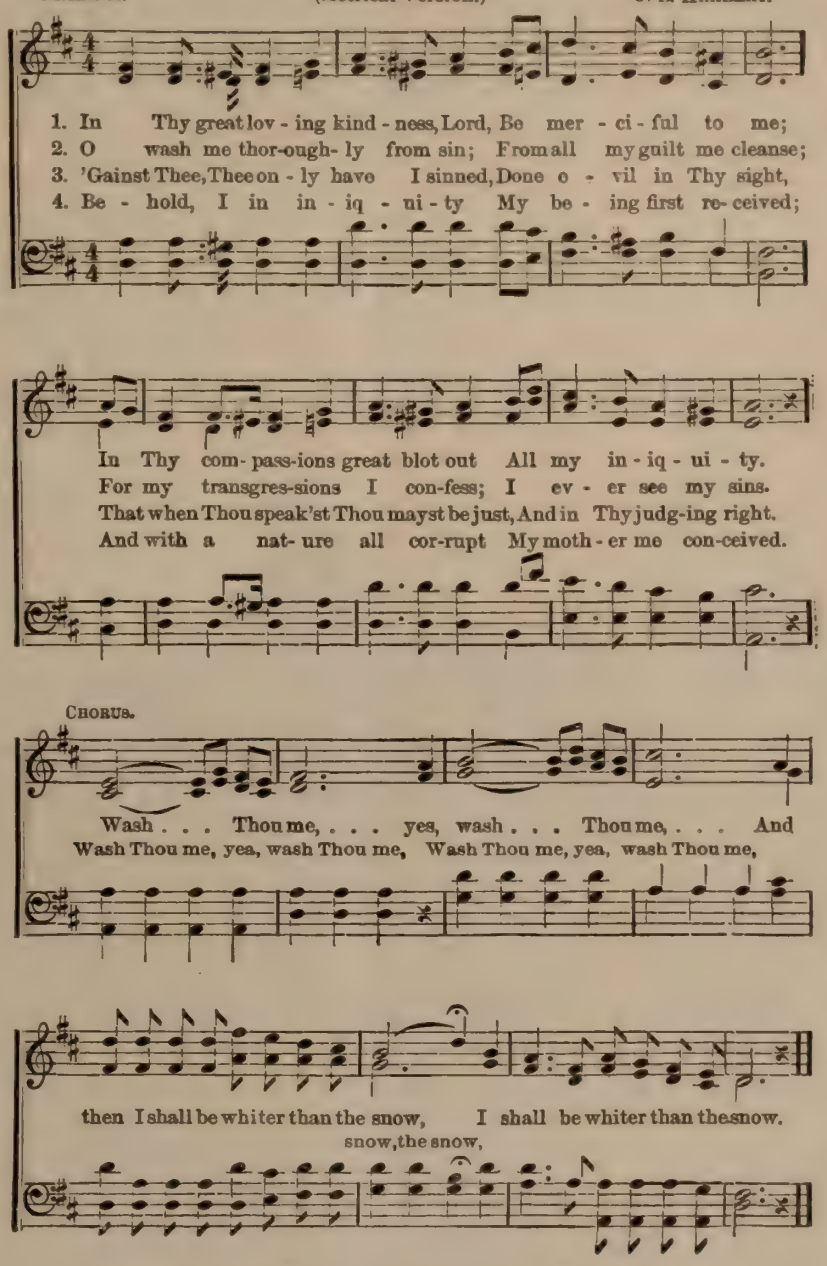
Subscriber, Denver, Col. I send a dollar for the sufferers in Russia, with the prayers that those who are benefited may hunger and thirst after the Bread of Life.

Mrs. D. L. M. We send $10 with our prayers.

Mrs. C. W. L., Montgomery, Ala. This gift ($7.75) goes with our prayers and sympathy for those destitute and suffering ones.

Whiter than Snow.

PSALM 51. (Metrical Version.) J. B. HERBERT.


1. In Thy great lov - ing kind - ness, Lord, Be mer - ci - ful to me;
2. O wash me thor-ough- ly from sin; From all my guilt me cleanse;
3. 'Gainst Thee, Thee on - ly have I sinned, Done e - vil in Thy sight,
4. Be - hold, I in in - iq - ui - ty My be - ing first re- ceived;
In Thy com- pass-ions great blot out All my in - iq - ui - ty.
For my transgres-sions I con-fess; I ev - er see my sins.
That when Thou speak'st Thou mayst be just, And in Thy judg-ing right.
And with a nat- ure all cor-rupt My moth - er me con-ceived.
CHORUS.
Wash . . . Thou me, . . . yes, wash . . . Thou me, . . . And
Wash Thou me, yea, wash Thou me, Wash Thou me, yea, wash Thou me,
then I shall be whiter than the snow, I shall be whiter than the snow.
snow, the snow,

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THE APOCALYPSE.

The Revelation of God as Creator in the Fourth Chapter of the Book.

AFTER this I looked and beheld a door was opened in heaven, and the first voice which I heard was as it were of a trumpet, talking with me, which said, "Come up hither, and I will show thee things which must be hereafter," or after these. This shows John to be summoned up through an open door into heaven. The voice that he heard, was like that of a trumpet. When Christ comes for his saints, he comes "with the voice of an archangel, and with the trump of God." All saints will know that voice and they will go to meet the Lord in the air. John is no longer in Spirit, on Patmos, hearing the Lord's judicial estimate of the churches down here; but he is in heaven witnessing the events that are to occur after those things mentioned in the two preceding chapters take place or are finished.

John is translated to the place from which the Church will behold the judgments as they are poured out, during that "hour of temptation which will come upon all the world."

The Great Coming Events.

It may be well for the benefit of those who have not made a study of unfulfilled prophecy, if we should give a brief outline of the coming events, as taught in the Scriptures.

The first thing—and it may occur at any time—is the

Lord's Coming for his Saints.

According to his promise in John 14: 1-3; and the desire of his heart, John 17: 24. The manner in which they are taken up into heaven, and the change that the body undergoes is recorded in 1. Thess. 4: 13-17; and 1. Cor. 15: 51-54.

The Great Tribulation.

After the church is taken up to be with the Lord, there is to be a period, in which Christ is to pour out judgments upon the world, preparatory to his restoring the remnant Jews and establishing his kingdom on the earth. This period is known as the seventieth week of Daniel's prophecy, consisting of seven years. It is also known as the time of temptation," and "the great tribulation." The fourth chapter of Revelation begins with this period. As soon as the Church is translated, God commences his dealings with the world Nothing is here said about the rapture of the Church, because in the Revelation the Church on earth is not considered in its privileges and hopes; but in its responsibilities and failures Moreover prophecy is not a continuous narative of events; but a succession of scenes, often far separated as to time and circumstances. By way of illustration, who would have thought that between two clauses of a verse in Isaiah's 61st chapter, only separated from each other by a comma, an interval of over eighteen hundred years would have come in? Any one reading or hearing the prophecy in Isaiah's day, would have concluded that "the acceptable year of the Lord," and "the day of vengeance of our God," were one and the same period. But when our blessed Lord read these words in the Synagogue at Nazareth, he knew that there was to be an interval between them, and that he then had come to preach only "the acceptable year of the Lord," and not to introduce

"The Day of Vengeance.

of our God." Accordingly he only read as far as to the comma, and then "He closed the Book and gave it again to the minister and sat down. (Luke 4: 20.) So it is here—the judicial estimate of Christendom comes first, then the preparatory work follows, before the judgments are poured out upon the world. Between these events, the true church, Christ's body, is to be taken up to be with himself. We learn from other Scriptures how this is done. After these judgments are poured forth,

Christ Comes With His Saints,

and overcomes all his enemies, and establishes his kingdom here on the earth. He then reigns over the world, during the period, known as the millennium. At the close of these one thousand years, there will be a new heaven and a new earth. We will now proceed with the narrative: "And immediately I was in spirit and behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat upon the throne. And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and sardine stone; and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald." This is God as Creator seated on the throne. The jasper is called "a stone most precious, clear as crystal," chap. 21: 11 It is a period of judgment, for "out of the throne proceed lightnings and thunderings and voices,

This throne is encircled with a rainbow, the sign of God's "everlasting covenant" with creation. (Cen. 9: 16.) At the time Ezekiel observed that God was about to give up Jerusalem to desolation, he saw "the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain." (Ezek. 1: 28.) We see how that God, even in judgment, remembers the covenant he made with the world—not with the church—and its appearance in connection with the throne clearly indicates that God is acting with the world, where Israel is always the central object. "And round about the throne were four and twenty seats — thrones — and upon the thrones I saw four and twenty elders sitting, clothed in white raiment; and they had on their heads crowns of gold." Their number is symbolic, and clearly refers to the four and twenty courses of priests, instituted by David. (1. Chron. 24 chap.) Their "white raiment" is such as is promised to the overcomer; and such as is subsequently used as emblematic of the righteousness of the saints." (Chap. 19: 8.) The thrones on which they are seated, and the golden crowns are promised to believers and suited to those who "shall judge the world." (1. Cor. 6: 2.) The figure of these elders, suggests that they are the class who sing "unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto his God and Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, amen." (Chap. 1: 5-6.) Everything here indicates that the scene is one which follows the coming of Christ for his saints; and that the elders represent believers who have been taken up and changed into Christ's own likeness.

The Throne And Its Surroundings

are then described. "And out of the throne proceeded lightnings and thunderings and voices; and there were seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven Spirits of God. And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal." The lightnings and thunderings indicate the throne to be one of judgment, and not of grace. The Spirit symbolized by the "seven lamps of fire" is seen in his manifold activity in judgment. The "sea of glass like unto crystal," typifies fixed purity, in contrast with the sea of water in the court of the temple. There was need of purifying on earth; but no need of it in heaven; so the sea is no longer water, but crystal, that spotless purity of holiness, on which Ezekiel saw the throne of God standing. (Ezek. 1: 22-26.) Besides the lamps of fire and the sea of glass, "in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, were four beasts—living creatures—full of eyes before and behind." These living creatures resemble the seraphim whom Isaiah saw above the throne of Jehovah, crying: "Holy, holy, holy," (Isa. 6: 1-3), and in part like the living creatures of Ezekiel's vision, where the same emblems of the lion, the ox, the man, and the eagle appear. (Ezek. 1.) They are in the midst of the throne as well as around it, which show they are symbols of God's ways in providence and judgment, rather than separate beings. The man, the ox, the lion and the eagle show four chief types of the living creation, in which God displays his power, and they signify the intelligence, the utility, the power and the swiftness of his judgments. On both of the former occasions, when these living creatures were seen, God was acting in judgment at the temple in Jerusalem.

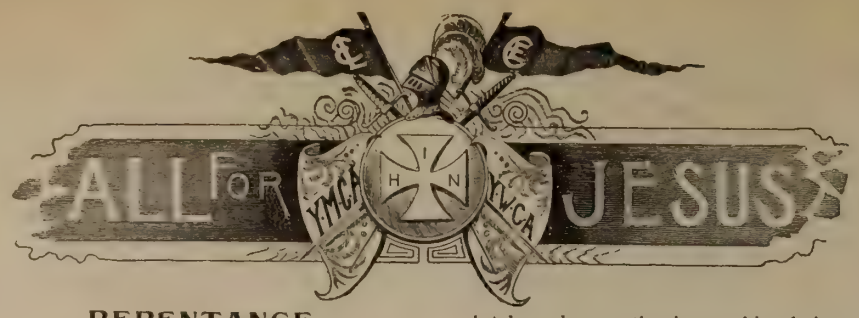
The Proclamation of God's Holiness

draws forth the worship of the elders. This worship is not addressed to the Father, but to the God of creation and providence. Jesus is never separately named or seen in this chapter. In creation he is the person of the Godhead who actively works, for "all things were created by him and for him, and he is before all things, and by him all things consist." (Col. 1: 2: 16-17.)

The Father is not here the object of worship as distinct from the Son, but God the Creator, including Father, Son and Spirit. All creature glory is derived, and the elders, though crowned and associated with God in judgment, cast their crowns before the throne, and worship the ever living One, owning that he only is worthy of honor, glory and power; for by him and for him all things exist and were created.

FORTY COMING WONDERS.

A NEW and enlarged edition has been issued of Rev. M. Baxter's famous work on the unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible entitled *Forty Coming Wonders*. It contains 540 pages and fifty full-page illustrations of the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. In an appendix is a resume of the opinions of eminent expositors of prophecy, ancient and modern. Price (including postage), seventy-five cents. May be had of Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York.



REPENTANGE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing May 1. Ps. 51: 3; Luke 19: 8-10; I. John 1: 9.

FALSE and michievous ideas of repentance are at the basis of all that is deplorable in the Church. The inconsistencies of its professing members have their origin in a misunderstanding of that word. The idea is prevalent that the man who weeps and trembles in terror under a powerful sermon is "under repentance." He may be repenting, but it is a great deal more likely that he is afraid he is going to be righteously punished for his sins and is terrified at the thought of the extent of that punishment. A child may have the same feeling when he has been caught in a lie, or in some other misconduct and is obliged to bear the castigation which is to be administered. The thief has the same feeling when he stands up to receive his sentence, and the murderer has it when he is going to the scaffold. It is simply dread of the consequences of wrong doing, and is not repentance. The difference appears distinctly if we can imagine that there is no punishment for sin. If men could sin with impunity, how would they feel and act? Would the occupants of the mourners' seat continue to cry to God for salvation, if they were assured authoritatively that there was no hell? Any man among them, who on such assuranee, ceased to seek salvation is not truly repenting. All too long have we held for ourselves and encouraged in others the conception of conversion as a transaction begun and finished by an outward formality —an idea that it consists in escaping hell and acquiring a claim on heaven by a process not differing in principle from the process by which we might acquire an estate. The converts who backslide, or who keep up their membership while feeling no heart in their religion are, as a rule, those who have been taught that they have simply to accept Christ as their Saviour, simply to believe that God has punished him instead of them and to rest content with their escape.

As St. Ambrose said, "True repentance is to cease from sin." Salvation is not mainly to escape hell, though that is included, but to be saved from the guilt and power of sin. It is to change our standpoint. To see sin as a hateful loathsome thing in itself and not simply because disagreeable consequences are attached to indulgeance in it. Repentance stands at the entrance of a Christian life because nothing can be done for the renovation of a man until he does repent. The Holy Spirit's office is to enlighten a man, to show him that sin is abominable and hateful and injurious. Like a man in a dark cellar full of filth and miasma who sees his surroundings when light is brought in; like a traveler who discovers that he is on the wrong road, the truly repentant sinner does not linger, but resolutely and promptly changes his relations. He quits and does not desire to return. Sin is no longer to him what it used to be; he has lost his delight in it. He does not need any one to threaten him with punishment, or to reiterate the command, "Thou shalt not." He is deeply sorry that he has committed it, would undo the past if he could; but is resolved that he will quit it now and forevermore. Is that impossible to man? Then we know of him of whom it was said that he was exalted *to give repentance* and the forgiveness of sins.

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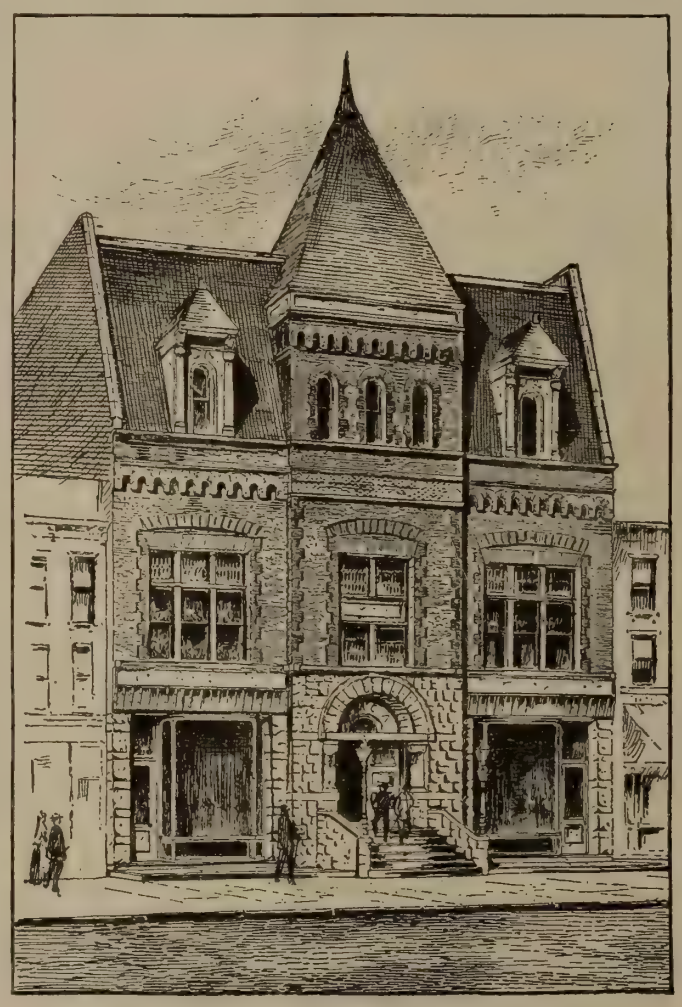
A NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

THE Young Men's Christian Association, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., has now taken its place among the Associations which have a home of their own. The substantial and commodious building, a picture of which appears on this page, has been erected for its use and is a credit to the Association and the town. It stands on Fourth Avenue, a site easily accessible from all quarters. Its dimensions are fifty by a hundred and five feet, and it is four stories high including the basement. As the Association was not organized until 1881, and the population of the town is now not much more than 15,000, the fact of so imposing and well equipped an edifice being in possession of the Association argues a wonderful amount of energy and enterprise on the part of its members. Its cost including the lot on which it stands, was $51,000, of which about one-half has been paid, and the balance remains on mortgage. It has a gymnasium with all the modern appliances, a library of 375 volumes and furniture valued at $5,000. A large membership in a town of the size of Mount Vernon is not to be expected, but it has no less than 240 members, which is a number larger in proportion to its population than many older Associatlons in larger towns can boast. The Association has also a Ladies' Auxiliary, which is an evidence of its wisdom, and which is of mutual advantage to both parties.



THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT MT. VERNON, N. Y.

THE NEW JERSEY B. U. CONVENTION.

ACTIVE preparations are being made to assure the success of the convention of Baptist Young People's Unions at New Brunswick, N. J., on May 11 and 12. The meetings will be held in the Remsen Ave. Baptist Church and it is expected that all the seventy Unions in the State will send delegates. All delegates having regular credentials will receive free entertainment. Besides the business which will necessarily take up much of the time of the delegates, there will be papers read by the officers and pastors. Among those who have promised to participate are Rev. M. V. McDuffie, Rev. M. H. Pogson, D.D., Rev. R. F. Pierce, Rev. E. T. Tomlinson, Ph. D., Rev. J. K. Manning and Rev. J. W. Lyle. The list of subjects set down for discussion includes: "Elements of Successful Church Work," "Social Evils," "Social Power," "Elements of Strength in Christian Work," "Undeveloped Power in the Church," etc. Five minute papers are also called for from delegates on the following subjects: "Power of Personal Work," "Responsibility of Chairmen of Committees," "The Associate Members," "Missionary Work," "The Willing Worker," "Opportunities," Model Prayer Meeting," "Society Socials." There will be five sessions. The first at two o'clock on Wednesday, May 11. On Thursday the exercises are to commence with a "Sunrise Prayer meeting."

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THE PHILADELPHIA W. C. A.

A PARTIAL disappointment has fallen on our friends of the Women's Christian Association of Philadelphia. The jury appointed to assess the value of the building they were obliged to give up to the Reading Terminal Company and the extent of damage they would sustain in the interruption of their work has awarded the Association $215,000 with interest from the date of taking possession. "This sum," says Miss Sarah Cadbury, the Secretary, "is very much below the valuation as we believe, justly made by us of $275,000. Thirty days are allowed, following the decision, for either side to appeal. In accepting the sum named we are influenced by our necessities rather than by our opinion. The latter has not changed as to the valuation, based, as it is, on the price paid for properties in that neighborhood. But our needs press keenly. Three years of waiting for the event of our property being required by the Company wherein development, necessitating outlay in requisite buildings was paralysed, culminated in the year just passed. Only by energetic effort and through much inconvenience our work crippled and diminished, has bravely held on its way, regardless of discouragement. Every day as it passes, until we possess our own building. is a direct loss to the work—a loss to the thousands of young women whom we represent. Therefore we cannot afford to lose more time."

Possibly the Association might have obtained a larger sum by an appeal, but the delay would have been disastrous and the continued uncertainty depressing. True wisdom dictated acceptance of the verdict inadequate as it is, so that a commencement might be made with the new building. It is estimated that to finish the building according to present plans about $100,000 will be needed.

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THE EDUCATIONAL CHAPTER.

THE project of aiding King's Daughters in home study, which was launched a few months ago is, we are glad to learn, approaching realization. The response of King's Daughters in all parts of the country to the offer has been so prompt and enthusiastic that the Chapter will soon be organized. The object, as previously stated, is to help the members, by correspondence, in pursuing their studies at home, when they are unable to secure a teacher or attend classes. The *Silver Cross* announces that: "Teachers are now enrolled to instruct in English branches, including primary and advanced studies; Latin, Greek, German, French and single-entry bookkeeping. Two teachers, well qualified, are willing to criticise art work, and to direct pupils studying Art and Practical Designing. In studying modern languages, it must be understood that it is impossible to teach a pupil to speak a foreign tongue who never hears its sound; but the knowledge of the construction of these languages can be obtained and the pleasure of reading foreign books secured. All particulars may be obtained by writing, with stamp enclosed for reply, to Miss Kate Bond, 230 West 59th Street, New York.

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ACTIVE preparation is being made by the Societies of Christian Endeavor in England for the national convention to be held at Chester in May next.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells of "Blue Galilee" and the Quiet Villages that Fringe its Lovely Margin.

SEVERAL weeks have passed since Uncle John had one of his familiar chats with the little men and women of the household, and they have missed the good-natured old traveler and his entertaining tales of people and places he has seen and visited in other lands. So, when his return to town the other evening was announced, the younger members of the household were in a state of delightful perturbation. They welcomed him as only hearty, whole-souled American children can.

"Well, little ones, have you been growing right along in inches and goodness since I saw you last, eh?" he inquired, on reaching the family sitting-room, after rest and refreshment. "Ted, you rogue, you look as solemn as a sea-captain in a fog. And the young ladies here" —as he playfully poked Millie under the chin—"they look as grave as owls."

But the gravity soon gave place to smiles when, after much coaxing and a playful pretense of indifference, Uncle John yielded to the vociferous request for what Tom denominated a "picture story."

"This is the glad Easter-time, dear children," he began, "when the whole earth gives signs of joy. Thoreau, a famous philosophic writer has said 'the spring is a natural resurrection—an experience in immortality.' But to children who know and love the Saviour it means much more, for Easter brings to them every spring a reminder of Christ's resurrection and an assurance that if while here on earth they lovingly obey his commands, they will rejoin him above.

"I have witnessed some of the Easter processions in Palestine," he added, "and have been greatly interested by the numbers of children taking part in them. The different roads leading to Jerusalem are sometimes crowded with pilgrims, mostly Russians, who are flocking to the Greek churches to be present when the Easter services begin. They string out on the highway for miles, and among them are decrepit grandmothers and little prattlers like some of yourselves. Not a few die on the journey, of sheer fatigue.

"Far away on the western shore of the sea of Galilee, lies a little village that is seldom visited by tourists, but which, at this Easter-time, is of singular interest. It is the village of Magdala, now a mere group of wretched mud huts, but once no doubt a proud and beautiful city, in the days when Tiberias, Bethsaida, Capernaum, Chorazin, Hippos and Scythopolis were the centre of population and culture. Jesus passed some of the years of his boyhood on the borders of Galilee and there many of his miracles were afterward performed. Even then Magdala or *Migdal*, as the Hebrews knew it (it is also called *Magadan* in the most ancient manuscripts), was probably in its decay. Beautiful in situation and with many natural advantages, it is now almost a ruin. It was the probable birthplace, as the Gospel tells us, of that Mary of whom we read in the 20th chapter of John, 1st verse, that she came to the sepulchre of the Saviour when it was yet dark and was the first human living witness of the glorious fact of the resurrection. Then, perceiving that the stone had been rolled away, she ran and told Peter and John. And after they had examined the empty tomb and gone to their homes, she remained weeping and was comforted by two angels, and a little later by Jesus himself, who appeared to her before he was even manifested to his disciples. In a moment Mary recognized the Master and fell at his feet in praise and adoration. Thus was the peasant girl of Magdala honored above all other women in the world by hearing the first words that fell from the lips of the risen Christ.

"In the many generations that have passed away since that first Easter morning," continued Uncle John, "Magdala has almost passed out of history and recognition. Indeed, so great have been the ravages of time that even its true location is now sometimes doubted, although the little village, which the Arabs called Mejdel (and which is shown in this illustration), is in all probability identical with the Magdala of the time of Christ. The name signifies "a tower," and there are yet remains of a square, castle-like building visible among the other edifices, some of which appear very ancient. A sweet poet has written this of Mary:

> Lift, Magdalena, lift thy face
> All speechless to thy new-born Lord,
> Adore that brow's benignant grace,
> And be those five-fold wounds adored!
> On him like glistening pearls they shine,
> The jewels of the life divine
> Let glad hosannas ring."

THE VILLAGE OF MEJDEL, OR MAGDALA, ON LAKE GALILEE.

* * *

A Humane Process.

WE are told that Alexandra wife of the Prince of Wales has given orders that no lady in her household shall wear a bonnet with a bird on it, remarks the *Apostolic Guide*. She regards it barbarity to encourage the slaughter of birds for the sake of mere adornment and is determined so far as she is concerned that no responsibility shall rest at her door. It is a noble stand by a noble woman and is worthy of imitation by all women in America. The most shocking cruelty in this line we have recently known is the killing of humming-birds, those "loveliest bits of nature's gallery of beauty," the brilliancy of whose plumage is said to be preserved by their heartless slayers by skinning them alive! The wonder is that a tender-hearted woman will consent to wear any kind of a bird on her bonnet.

* * *

A Hint for Summer Studies.

WILL you take from me a little word of advice—a hint which I will warrant, before a summer is over, to add very much to your stock of happiness in the present and to the store of sweet memories you would treasure up for the future? Begin at once the study of some branch or other of nature's workshop. Let it be what you will, according to your taste or opportunity—botany, geology, entomology, ornithology—anything that will bring you face to face with the thoughts of God written on tables of stone or illumined like golden missals on the petals of the flower, or shining on the insect's wing, or "made to be twittered or sung" by the bird. The handbooks or introduction to these cost but a few pennies, and are easily mastered, but the wealth for heart and mind these humble keys open up will exceed all your power to estimate.

> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear Lord who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all.

* * *

The Moral Value of Exercise.

"EXERCISE is as essential to spiritual as it is to physical health," writes Rev. Dr. Cuyler. "There is great pith in the apostle's injunction, 'Exercise thyself unto godliness.' God has entrusted to you (not given them to you 'in fee simple') certain powers, faculties, possessions, and capacities for his service. For want of use these limbs of the soul may become as powerless as the legs of a fever patient three weeks in a hospital. Inactivity is the 'dry rot' of thousands of Christian young men. You will never gain a good appetite for God's Word, or a flush of joy on your countenance, until you lay hold of some earnest, self-denying work and keep at it. Nothing will impart such a holy vehemence to your prayers as to spend an hour by a sick-bed, or in close labor with an impenitent heart. Nothing will stiffen your muscle more than tough up-hill work in behalf of some unpopular cause or moral reform. The only cure for indolence is honest work; the only cure for selfishness is self-sacrifice; the only cure for timidity is to plunge into duty before the shiver benumbs you; the only cure for unbelief is to put Christ to the test every day.

* * *

MOTHER'S HANDS.

> SUCH beautiful, beautiful hands!
> Though heart were weary and sad,
> These patient hands kept toiling on,
> That the children might be glad.
> The tears well forth as, looking back
> To childhood's distant day,
> I think how these hands rested not
> While mine were at their play.
>
> But, O, beyond the shadow land,
> Where all is bright and fair,
> I know full well these dear old hands
> Will palms of victory bear.
> When crystal streams through endless years
> Flow over golden sands,
> And where the old grow young again,
> I'll clasp my mother's hands.

—*Presbyterian Journal.*

* * *

HOW ONE FAMILY WORSHIPPED.

"I was out Gospel-ranging, and was quartered for the night with a brother who had five children; four were at home with him and one had gone to be with the Lord," writes Rev. John Crawford, in the *Christian Statesman*. "The bright rays of the early sun, as they poured between the pot-plants and into the warm sitting-room on that winter week-day morning, were no more cheery than the six faces which greeted me when I sat down with the family for its morning meal. Nor was the meal itself, although it seemed to be absolutely perfect in its quality, preparation and appointments, any more simple, savory and substantial than the dish of family worship which followed it. I noticed that those children were not compelled to worship God on an empty stomach, as are some unfortunates. Right joyously they trooped into the front room and took their places for the daily family worship.

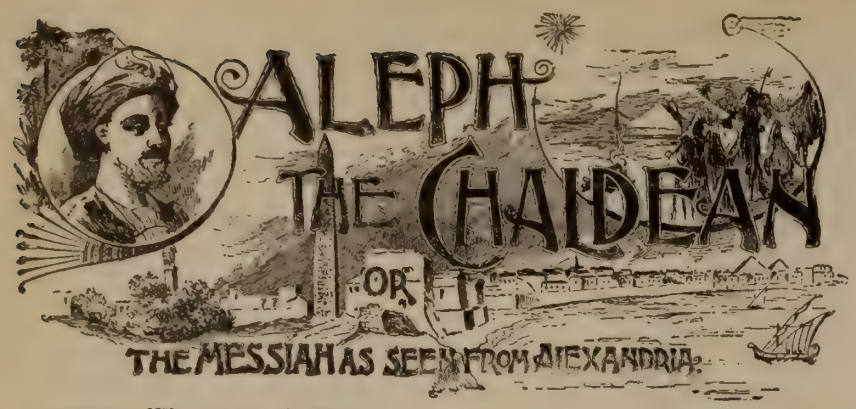
"First came the reading of the Scripture, which was interspersed with bright and earnest questions and with reverent remarks. The portion read struck me as wonderfully vivid and real. Then came a commandment from this one, and a beatitude from that, with some sweet little application to the family life of the day before. Then followed two or three questions from the Catechism, and I saw that in the answering, accuracy was encouraged. Next we prayed, and after a short and simple prayer by the leader, the older ones added each their special petitions, when all repeated the Lord's Prayer in unison. Then there was sung one of the standard hymns of the church.

"Anything more? Yes; while the baby lay in the mother's lap, the rest rose, and after joining hands so as to make a complete circle, in which the stranger also was invited to a place, the doxology was sung. When the third line was reached and they sang, 'Praise God above, ye heavenly host,' I noticed that they all glanced toward the mantel-piece, and on it I saw the photograph of a little boy who bore the family likeness, but was not present. There was method in that family worship."

* * *

Humble-Mindedness.

THE humble-minded man," writes Edward Garrett, "does not kick down the ladder by which he has risen. If his origin be lowly, he does not vaunt himself, in season and out of season, for having left it so far behind; but he mentions it candidly and tenderly. He does not thrust aside the simple old belongings that are redolent of his youth, and which he holds very dear. Above all, cherishes his old friends."



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By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

CHAPTER XV. (*Continued.*)

I DO congratulate you, venerable Sir" Flaccus began, "as I know that you are much interested in the young man. Is he present?" And Flaccus looked about on the students as if to discover him.

"Will Aleph the Chaldean come forward?" said Seti: "His Excellency wishes to congratulate him in person on his safety."

The young men were too much interested in what was passing to stand on ceremony. The better to see everything, they stepped on the seats and pommelled down obnoxious shoulders and heads. And they saw Aleph advance, not only without embarrassment, but with a grace and even majesty that would have become a king. And yet the kingly way was so unaffected and so modest in its expression, as not to be offensive.

"May it please your Excellency," said Seti with emphasis, "this is the young man for whom you have asked and whom you authorized us to rescue at all costs."

"I am glad I did it. It was one of the best acts of my life," exclaimed Flaccus, as he looked up with undisguised astonishment at the figure and face before him.

Then with some hesitation he continued, "You do not seem, young man, to have suffered much from your confinement. It could hardly have been very severe without leaving some marks upon you. I see none whatever. I would not object to being confined myself if I could reappear in as good a condition as yours."

"Still, such a confinement as mine is not one which I can conscientiously recommend to your Excellency," returned Aleph. "It had some features about it rather trying to the average constitution. I think that the fact that I am here to-day in a sound condition is due to my having a constitution considerably tougher than the average."

"No doubt it is so," said the Roman. "I am glad that you have come off so well. I have come here to say so; to express my pleasure at your safe return; to congratulate you upon it; and also to congratulate you on having secured in so brief a time such warm and most desirable friends as I see about you. I trust you will count me among them. My son, who is sick, begs that you will visit him at the Cæsareum. Your nation, I believe, is well versed in leech-craft; and perhaps you can help him. If you will take a seat with me in my chariot it will gratify both him and me."

"I will go to your son almost immediately," said Aleph.

To say that the students were astonished hardly does the facts justice. Three things amazed them—that the Governor should take a step so likely to be understood by the public as against Malus; that Sextus Flaccus, sick or well, should send for Aleph; and that Aleph should carry himself in so unembarrassed and independent and yet courtly manner in the presence of the chief Roman.

Both that day, and daily for many days afterward, Aleph found his way to the Cæsareum, and to the slowly recovering Sextus. What was said or done in these interviews never transpired—at least among the students. I am not prepared to say but that Seti and Rachel came to know of pleasant and hopeful things.

The very next day after his return Aleph fulfilled his promise to see Miriam—and all the more readily because Seti had domiciled himself at Alexander's until the return of his son-in-law. He found not only Miriam but also Seti and Rachel in the family apartment.

"You see," said Rachel, "that Miriam has wonderfully improved within the last few days; but I doubt whether you can guess to what the improvement is owing."

"The skill of the leech?" suggested Aleph, smiling.

"Nay—as if you did not know her leech!" and she lifted her eyebrows. "Shrewd as you are, you will not be likely to guess: so I must tell you. She took a new medicine; and it was *Aleph the Chaldean.* Devising ways and means to get you out of your difficulties, O much enduring Ulysses, O pious Æneas, beaten about in all seas,—this is what has made the change that you see. It is very healthful business this rescuing Aleph the Chaldean."

Then followed a pleasant explanation of the part which Miriam had taken in the rescue, and such a grateful recognition of it as it deserved. Aleph proceeded to ask her many questions suggested by her former narrative of what she had heard and seen of Jesus. Rachel joined him in this. As a result they found not a few difficulties removed or diminished by a better knowledge of circumstances.

During this questioning and cross-questioning Seti sat a silent but alert listener.

A parcel was brought in and given to Rachel.

"From my mother," she exclaimed, as she glanced at the superscription. "This doubtless contains further news of the Christ that will interest us all. Let us see."

She broke the seals. In a moment she became so absorbed in her reading that, evidently, she was quite oblivious of her surroundings. Her face became a mirror behind which appeared the whole changing heaven of her moods and feelings. The first glance at the letter brought a shadow on the beaming countenance. As she went on the shadows deepened apace—as when clouds add themselves to clouds in advance of the storm. At last the storm itself came. Her face became a picture of mingled astonishment, compassion, indignation, and dismay. She dropped the letter on the floor, exclaiming, "*Can it be! Where is the Almighty Avenger!*" And the tears streamed between her fingers as she buried her face in her hands.

Seti and Aleph had both watched her changing expressions with alarm—had both risen and were now standing by her side.

What dreadful thing has happened, my child?" asked Seti.

"They have murdered Him—*murdered* Him—have murdered the CHRIST!" she exclaimed: then turning to Aleph, "And you were right. You feared the worst, and the worst has come. Can there be a bright side to such a picture?"

She tried to brush away the tears that she might better see the expression of his face.

He said gently, "I think I can conceive of a brighter side even to such a terrible picture. But I see that you have not finished your reading. Perhaps the remainder of the letter will contain the brighter side." He took it up from the floor and handed it to her.

Thus encouraged, she resumed her reading. Almost immediately a change appeared on her face. Her eyes opened widely with a new light. As she went on the shadows thinned away as fast as they had thickened; the light and sweetness grew apace as does the fairest morning; and at last the sun rose on every lovely feature as she finished the manuscript and exclaimed:

"God be praised—there is indeed a brighter side!"

She turned to Aleph, "You are right again. Jesus lives. He has passed through death to his throne."

"I do not think," said he, "that you are now able to read to us the whole wonderful account as your mother has written it. But perhaps you can give us a briefer account in your own words—suiting the length to your strength, and passing lightly over details that have tried you most."

"I will try. But I think that I could not even do this were it not for the strength and courage which this last reading has given me."

After a moment she proceeded; (the letter giving a graphic narrative of the Saviour's arrest, trial and crucifixion.) * * *

On the third day after the crucifixion, Nicodemus came home in great excitement, saying that the Roman guard which Pilate, at the solicitatiou of the Jewish chiefs, had set about the tomb where the body of Jesus had been placed, came into the city early in the morning and reported to the chiefs with scared faces and trembling lips that One with a form bright as the lightning had flashed down from the sky in their sight, rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it. They fell to the earth, and became as dead men. When they came to themselves they found the angel gone and the tomb open and empty. Great was the perplexity of the leaders on hearing this; but they finally resolved, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea protesting, to fortify one crime by another, and gave a large sum of money to the soldiers to say that the body was stolen while they slept. This recalled vividly to my mother's mind what Jesus had once said, but which, in common with the other disciples, she had taken as having some figurative meaning, 'And the third day I will rise again.'

Soon after, one of the maids of the house, who also was a disciple and had been out at the market, came hastily home, saying that some of the apostles and others had seen angels at the sepulchre who told them that Jesus had risen—had even seen Jesus himself and spoken with him. My mother could no longer restrain herself, but hurried away to a place where the disciples were wont to gather; and found many assembled. The room was in a fever of restless pacings to and fro, of eager questionings and answerings. Seen him? Spoken with him? Sure there is no mistake? Peter and certain women were in great request, for they could say Yes to all such questions. The joy of assured conviction shone in some faces; a hope that still feared in others. It seemed too good to be true. Thomas, one of the Twelve, declared it could not be true: there must have been some delusion in it—either of the senses, or the nerves, or the imagination. He would not believe without the concurrent witness of at least three senses. He had scarcely said this, when, though the doors were closed, they saw Jesus himself standing among them with the well-known form and features and voice; and he said to Thomas "Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless but believing." Thomas broke down at once. Doubt was impossible. Not a ray of hesitation remained with any. None understood the sublime march of events; none knew what prodigies were yet to come, whether his enemies would now be s cpt away and a visible Divine Kingdom set up, or not; but of this all were sure that he who had died on the cross was again alive among them. And they rejoiced with exceeding great joy—though the joy yet felt the swell and tossing of the just departed storm.

Since then my mother has seen the Messiah several times. But he never shows himself to the people at large. It is now understood among the disciples that in a short time, after meeting them in Galilee, he will return to Heaven—leaving his disciples to preach in his name forgiveness of sins to all nations who will repent and believe. * * *

"Of course," the letter added, "I have written to your dear father and brothers at Rome—hoping that amid their great schemes of business and ambition they will find room for faith, *my* faith. May they not be among 'The rulers who take counsel together against the Lord and against his Anointed?' As to you I have no doubt, even though the lot of Esther"—the maiden broke off abruptly with a flush and a shudder, and busied herself for a little in adjusting the leaves of the manuscript.

This letter led to a long conversation; I should say to long conversations. Daily, for many days, Aleph came to his friends; and daily the great theme was Jesus the Christ.

The unfailing and unwearying topic of topics again came up: and after a delightful talk about the past and the future of the Messianic history, Aleph inquired about the attitude of Seti.

"My own impression has been," said he, "that it was better for a mind like his, so fair and penetrating and judicial, to be left largely to feel its own way to the truth. So I have made no formal effort to commend our own faith to him—by shaping my inquiries of Miriam and our talks with each other so as to furnish answers to questions which a great and philosophic mind would naturally ask on its way to a just conviction. I could wish to see him pronounced in favor of Jesus before I leave the country."

"That, I trust, will not be soon?" said Rachel, with a startled look.

"As soon as these trials are fairly over, I suppose."

"What!" she exclaimed with a look of dismay, "I thought you would remain a long time studying our institutions, enlarging your knowledge of the Western World, especially getting an inside view of our University life and teachings. Seti had rather lose all the rest of the University. I do not think he could be persuaded to part with you at all. And I think," she stammered, "all your friends here feel very much the same."

He replied, "My father did not propose for me a long stay in this city. Through my Greek preceptor I was already considerably acquainted with the matters you mention. They have been merely collaterals to two main purposes—which were, first, to learn what could be learned about the Messiah who, as my father believed, was born at Bethlehem some thirty years ago; and, second, to investigate the proceedings of Malus. As side issues my father wished me to get such improvement as a young man might from seeing the world, and from being under the necessity of judging and acting for himself among all sorts of men and under all sorts of conditions. And as soon as the great objects of my visit could be accomplished he wished me to return. I am an only child: the father wishes to see his son, and the son wishes to see the father. And if I can return through Judea and see the Messiah, and carry away from him to my parents a blessing, I shall consider my mission accomplished. But it will cost me something—very much indeed—to go away, even though it be homeward. I never expected to find such friends in Alexandria as I have found; and, as the day approaches for me to say farewell to them, I find I am approaching one of the greatest trials of my life. I feel that my heart is less and less under my control with every passing day. You see (he added with a sad smile) that, if there were no other reasons, I must go away to escape from you: Rachel is too mighty for Aleph the Chaldean. When one cannot conquer it is best to leave the field."

"Flight is disgraceful," exclaimed Rachel with sparkling eyes. "Better die on the field. But I will be merciful to my captive. He shall live."

"To be dragged at your chariot wheels—to grace the triumph of her at whose feet lies the empire of the West?" He rose.

She also rose and came toward him. "You are quoting; or you are thinking of a distant somebody of whom you have heard and whom you have despised. Surely you are not thinking of *me.* It is true, if I must say it, that I have been offered the Roman purple in the person of the heir-apparent and that to-day the elders of my people have been here to urge my acceptance of the proposals—for the public good. I listened to what they had to say and was silent—following the counsel of my grandfather. But to you I will not be silent. I have never seen Germanicus, and never want to see him. The empire of the West will have to wait long at my feet before I take it up. I will have none of it. I had rather die."

She hesitated a moment and then went on, while a celestial blush spread a new loveliness over every feature, "So you see that you need not go away to escape from me. The daughter of Alexander was glad, beyond measure, to hear that she was beloved by Aleph the Chaldean. She accepts his love and gives him as large in return.."

Even Aleph could be transfigured. And it was nothing less than a transfiguration that now took place in his face at this frank declaration."

"Can it be that I hear aright" Can it be that the greatest good fortune of my life thus far has come to me to-day; and that the maiden for whose favor princes strive can give her heart and hand to one who is to her merely Aleph the Chaldean—the unknown?"

"You are not unknown," she replied with a face as radiant and transfigured as his own. "It is true that I do not know whether you are rich or poor, whether prince or peasant, but this I know, that in yourself alone you deserve the warmest love that woman can give; and I give it. You shall be my emperor."

"What will Seti say?"

"He will say as I do—proud old Pharaoh as he is."

"What will your father say—the rich, the ambitious?"

"He will say as Seti says till he comes to know better; and then he will say as I do. Much as he values money, I happen to know that he values merit more."

"What will the city say? That the Gem of Alexander, who might have chosen the greatest and best in the land, has thrown herself away on a nameless adventurer?"

Perhaps. But I do not propose to marry to suit the city."

In a moment she found herself in his arms, and felt his warm, lingering lips on her forehead. She looked up at him archly and said:

"And what will your father say?"

"Ah, that is a very serious question!" he answered with a smile; "but fortunately I can answer it better to-day than I could have done yesterday. This morning I saw Cimon, and, on my telling him my feelings toward you, he surprised me by saying that it was my father's hope that during my absence I might find among the chosen people some suitable maiden to share my lot and be to him a daughter—that his wandering Jacob might somewhere find a Rachel. And Cimon, from whom I have kept nothing, is satisfied—nay, more, is delighted. So thus I answer your question. My father will say as Cimon does, and Cimon will say as I do."

(*To be Continued.*)

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A BLIND INDIAN BOY'S DEATHBED*

LITTLE David caught the whispered word. "Am I dying?" he asked. "Muhkam Chand, am I dying? Mother, what is this? Is it the valley of the shadow of death?" And then, after a quiet pause, "Where is my *faqir?* Come here, Baba. I have never seen you; I have only thought of what you may be like. Let me feel once more your face, that I may know you again when we meet in the land where I shall be able to see."

For a moment the rugged, care-worn face of the old man, who had so late entered into the light and love of God, was almost touching the child's in strange and beautiful contrast, as the fevered hands, so thin and weak, so hurried and eager, passed over the features of the *faqir*; and then the child said, "Now, Baba, I shall not forget; I shall know you again when you come to heaven."

He was very exhausted with this effort, but after a moment's rest he was trying to speak again, and as his mother leaned over him she caught the words, "Where is father?" In a moment Mohindranath was beside him, and the child said, "Father, I always used to watch for you to come from school; and now, from that happy land where I shall be able to see, I shall always be waiting for dear father."

David's mother, from the depths of her own unfathomable sorrow, lifted up her comforted heart with one glad cry of gratitude as she realized that her dying child was leading the father, so long indifferent and careless, to the "Well-Spring of Immortality." Muhkam Chand's eyes met those of the weeping mother, and each felt that in the meaning look of praise on the other's face they had read the fact that to each the other's hidden grief on behalf of the schoolmaster had been an open secret.

David's labored breath and failing consciousness told all too plainly moment by moment that the watchers' sad task would soon be done. Once again his lips moved, and he named his dear brother, Muhkam Chand, and then "my old *faqir;*" and after a moment, with a last effort and a bright look upwards, "I see! I see!" and while some among the almost breathless watchers whispered, "He is gone," Muhkam Chand said in a clear, quiet voice, "'They shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads."

*From *The Well-Spring of Immortality;* a tale of Indian Life, by S. S. Hewlett; price $1.50, illustrated. A. D. F. Randolph & Co., N. Y., Publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Problem of Jesus: by Rev. Geo. Dana Boardman, D.D., L.L.D.; pp. 36; price 35 cents. Fleming H. Revell & Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

Peace Rents and the New Tabernacle, can they be reconciled; by Robert C. Ogden; price 35 cents. Fleming H. Revell & Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

The Life Beyond; adopted from Mrs. Prosser by M. A. T., 44 pages; price 40 cents. Fleming H. Revell & Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

Women's Thoughts for Women; chosen and arranged by Rose Porter; pp. 128; price 75 cents. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

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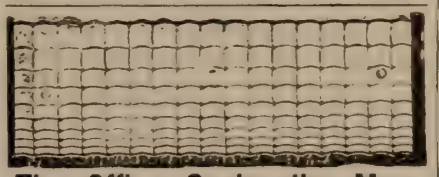

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Poised lightly on radiant wing;
Let your golden harp-strings re-echo
The anthems we joyfully sing.
Then up through the depths of blue ether
Bear our service of song away,
All fragrant with perfume of lilies
On this glorious Easter Day.

CHORUS:
Round the Cross sweet incense is clinging,
In the garden white lilies abloom;
And the followers of Jesus are singing,
"He has opened the door of the tomb."

Oh, we sing of that lowly manger
Where the infant Saviour was laid;
Of a world in darkness and bondage,
Whose ransom so freely was paid;
We think of the love that enwrapped us,
A refuge from sorrow and sin,
Of the Life that so freely was offered,
Our pardon eternal to win.

CHORUS:—Round the Cross, etc.

Bend closer, ye beautiful angels;
Our voices are trembling and low,
We sing of that grave in the garden
Where the sorrowful Marys go.
There are odors of myrrh and of spices
For the Lord in his narrow bed,
But the fetters of death had been riven,
An angel was watching instead.

CHORUS:—Round the Cross, etc.

Now join in the chorus bright angels,
The music is gladsome and free;
Rolling on through the portals of heaven,
To that throne by the jasper sea.
The cradle, the Cross, and the garden
Are fresh in our hearts as we pray;
But we sing of the risen Jesus,
And the triumphs of Easter-day.

CHORUS:—Round the Cross, etc.

Richmond, Va. —C. E. BOLLES.

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AT a school in Grande Ligne, Belgium, a French Testament was given to a little girl of Romanist parents, who, for four months, had been at this Protestant school. When she went home her father asked her if she had a Bible. She said she had. "You must give it to me, or put it away, never to take it out." She put it in the bottom of her trunk, and the treasure remained hidden for ten or twelve years. Then she was married, and had more liberty. She began to read the Testament in the family; she and her husband were converted. After many months of labor and prayer, a brother and sister were led to Christ; and so on, until the whole family of sixteen children besides the parents were converted. A brother wrote in 1986: "Through that little Testament, given to Julia at Grande Ligue thirty-five years ago, and in answer to the prayers of Madame Feller that followed it, our families, numbering eighty-five souls, are all in the light."

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Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. A. B. Thorndike, Wilton Junction, Ia?

We have no information on the subject.

H. K. P., Findlay, O. Is it right for a minister of the Gospel to accept of any political office?

We submit H. K. P.'s question to our readers and will be pleased to have brief expressions of opinion on the subject.

Mrs. J. A. Brinton, Boone, Ia. 1. Who is the author of the words: "The conscious water saw its Lord and blushed?" 2. What is Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's address?

1. Crawshaw. It is from his *Epigram on the Miracle of Cana*. 2. Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, Eng.

Letters discussing the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday have been received from a number of readers, including Jones C. Vancannon, Worthville, N. C.; F. G. Herman, Nordhoff, N. J.; Mrs. M. A. Rowell, Rome, N. Y.; T. M. Forman, Talula, Ill.; John R. Weedon, Elkville, Ill.; Joseph Porter, Angola, Ind.; Charles F. Mayhew, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mrs. A. Burrar, Olena, O.

Subscriber, Camden, J. N. What is, 1, an atheist; 2, a deist; 3, an infidel, and 4, an agnostic?

1. One who denies the existence of a personal God. 2. One who believes in God, but not in revealed religion. 3. One who is totally without faith or belief in God or in his Word. 4. One who professes ignorance or doubt, and neither affirms nor denies the existence of God, but falls back upon the limitations of the human mind as incapable of proving or disproving the things that are regarded by the orthodox as the essentials of religion.

Mrs. Kate E. Wyand, Keedysville, Washburn County, Md. What is the origin and history of the Easter Egg?

Most of the popular observances connected with Easter are supposed to be of pagan origin The Christian Church gave significance to the festival. The use of Pasch (or Easter) eggs is one of the oldest rites. They are used by the Hebrews in the Passover feast; the Persians present each other with colored eggs; in North Britain, the young people search for wild-fowl's eggs on Pasch Sunday or roll hens' eggs, cooked and dyed in various hues, downhill, eating them when broken. For full details of the Easter egg custom see *Brand's Popular Antiquities*, or *Chambers' Book of Days*.

A Subscriber, Oswego, N. Y. I am trying to engage in Christian work and to do all I can for the Lord, but people say I am doing wrong and they quote I Corinthians 14: 31 and 35 to show that the Bible forbids me to work in this way. Please tell me the meaning of those verses.

We do not believe for a moment that the Apostle intended to exclude women from Christian work. The literal interpretation of the verses you mention would prevent a woman even singing in church. In those lands and at that time women occupied a very different position from that they occupy here and now. She may do many things now which at that time would have been construed as an evidence of immodesty. We do not know the character of the work you are doing, but if God is blessing it, you must not suffer men to hinder you.

George W. Morris, Bradford, Pa. Permit me to answer in further reply to the question, "What is the generally accepted theory among well-informed non-conformists in regard to the origin of the Book of Mormon, and what suggested the subject in the mind of Joseph Smith?" The grave of Solomon Spaulding is in Amity, Washington Co., Pa. A portion of his tombstone lies before me which (head and foot) had nearly all been broken off and carried away, when I secured this portion above a year and a half ago. It seems that he had sought relief from ennui by writing a work of fiction called the *Lost Manuscript Found*. Portions of this he had read to others particularly to the village blacksmith. After his death the manuscript was placed in the hands of Mr. Patterson of Pittsburg, and afterward published, as you have stated. To identify the book with the work of Mr. Spaulding, a copy was read to the village blacksmith. He recognized the work as the same and gave further proof of his knowledge by telling the contents of the unread portions.

C. L. S. Dickson, 646 Quincy Avenue, Scranton, Pa. Who was Raymond Lull, when did he live and where, and what was his mission?

Raymond Lull or Lully was a distinguished Spanish philosopher and theologian, born at Parma in 1234. He was a soldier for several years, and in 1266, sick of sin and the world, he retired to lead the life of a hermit. He studied Arabic, claimed to have visions, and to be called to the conversion of the Mohammedans. He founded a convent and a college, established missions among the Jews and Saracens in Majorca, and others in Cyprus, Armenia and Africa. He also taught philosophy at different European capitals. He was stoned to death in Africa in 1315. He is said to have written no less than 4,000 volumes. He was an earnest and sincere missionary, but speculative and zealous to a degree of intensity rarely paralleled.

Lizzie Chrisman, Warwick, Chester Co., Pa. "What was the cause of the downfall of the Spanish Inquisition?"

Charles III of Spain forbade the execution of capital punishment without royal warrant and thus set limits to the power of the Spanish Inquisition. In 1762, the grand Inquisitor was exiled to a convent and subsequently the King forbade the imprisonment of any subject unless his guilt was well substantiated. Such was the revulsion of popular feeling against this infamous institution, that even the Pope was compelled to restrict its powers, and finally it was abolished in 1808 by a writ of Joseph Napoleon. In Spain over 31,000 persons were put to death by the Inquisition. Ferdinand VII tried in vain to re-establish it and it was temporarily revived in 1826, but finally suppressed in 1834 and its possessions seized by the Crown.

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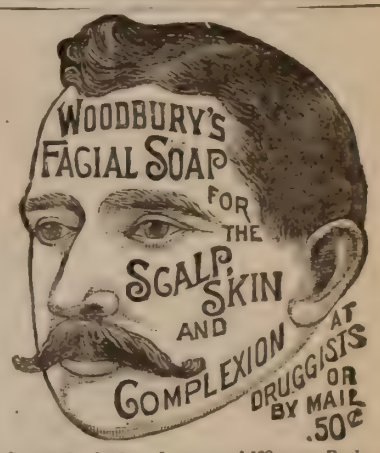

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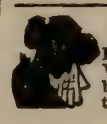

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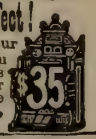

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 15. Copyright 1892, by Louis Klopsch. NUMBER 17.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor. Office Bible House New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 27, 1892.

PRICE 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

God Speed the "Conemaugh!"

The Food-freighted Relief Steamer on the Way to Russia, Followed by Our People's Prayers. A Second Shipment of 720,000 Pounds of Flour Preparing to Complete the Million.

FREIGHTED with food enough to save many thousands of human lives, and accompanied by the prayers of Christian America for a speedy voyage and safe arrival at her destination, the relief steamer *Conemaugh* is now on the broad Atlantic on her way to Riga. She carries the cargo supplied by the Citizen's Famine Relief Committee of Philadelphia, consisting of corn and flour, and she also takes with her THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S shipment of 280,000 pounds of flour, the first instalment of one million pounds which the readers of this journal propose sending to feed the starving peasants of Russia. For this noble mission of love and mercy, the *Conemaugh* has been chartered free to the Philadelphia Committee by the International Navigation Company of that city. She is one of a fleet of five American steamers owned by the company, and, with her sister ship, the *Indiana*, has been generously given for the conveyance of the relief cargoes free of hire. The International Navigation Company also owns the American, Red Star and Inman Lines, including among the vessels of the last-named the famous steamers *City of Paris* and *City of New York*.

On the arrival of the *Conemaugh* at Riga, her cargo will at once be sent by rail to the famine-stricken districts, where, as in the case of previous American cargoes, it will be distributed under the supervision of special agents and not through the Russian officials. Preparations are already well under way for the second shipment in behalf of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund, which will be made within the next two or three weeks. The Fund has grown beyond all expectations, owing to the liberality of the Christian men and women who, advancing "in troops and battalions," have given of their substance to this sacred work of charity. The children, too, have done nobly, and will share with their elders the rich blessing that follows such service. Up to this time OVER EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS have been forward to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for this purpose, and we have consequently been enabled to make an important change in the original programme, which contemplated the sending of a million pounds of flour to Russia in several instalments. This change will be to send 720,000 pounds as the second instalment, thus completing the million, and assuring a third shipment in the near future.

The officers of the relief steamship *Indiana*, which lately returned to Russia, after delivering her cargo of food, state that the gratitude of the people to America for the help so graciously given was unbounded. Late letters from the famine district contain graphic and affecting descriptions of the scenes attending the distribution. In some districts where the distress had been unusually severe, the peasants fell on their knees before the distributors of the American flour and could not be prevented from kissing their garments. Others, who had been lying in some out-of-the-way corner, waiting for death, on hearing the news that the long-prayed for relief had come, summoned sufficient strength to go to the distributing points and obtain a share of the food. Many were found, in some of the remotest villages who had not eaten bread in several months, having subsisted meanwhile on the terrible hunger-food, composed of grass, tree-barks and sea-weed, and gaunt famine, rags, distress and death ruled the afflicted provinces. It is impossible to estimate the good that has already been accomplished by the food sent from this country, which has unquestionably been the means of saving hundreds, if not thousands of lives and averting much suffering. The first shipment of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund will, it is estimated, suffice to keep alive 6,000 persons for a period of three months. When it is understood that in the province of Samara alone 1,500,000 persons—or more than three-fifths of the population—were in absolute want and of these, 500,000 were actually starving, the value of the aid extended by our readers and their friends may be appreciated. Samara is only one of sixteen provinces similarly situated.

A correspondent writes: "All the Volga country from Kazan to Astrakhan, is under the distress of the famine. It seems hardly possible that relief can come in any substantial form until the next crops are harvested. It is only with the utmost difficulty that communication can be had with many of the famine sections in the interior. The peasants in these districts have made almost superhuman efforts to reach points where relief could be obtained, sometimes traveling as far as 400 versts in their carts. In Zlatoust, at one time early in the winter, there were thousands of these farm-carts whose owners had driven their families there from great distances, braving unspeakable perils and not infrequently dropping their animals dead by the way. Some of the families waited nearly three weeks at Zlatoust, until their turn came to share in the relief distribution. During their stay, the city presented a remarkable sight, with the crowds of lean, famished-looking people, who lived in their wagons or wherever they could find a temporary shelter."

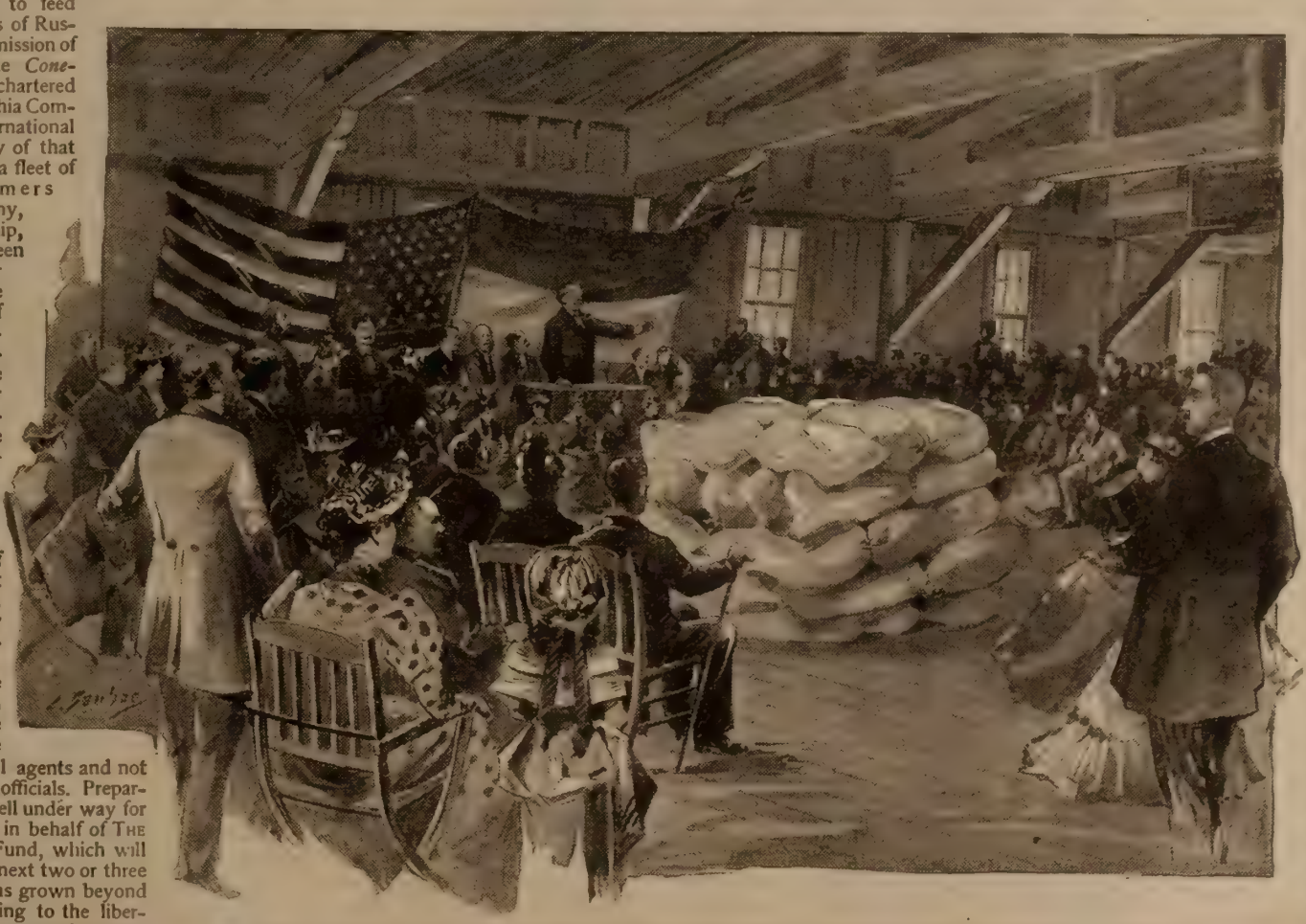
The Russian Government is now taking a very wise precaution whose full effect, however, will not be appreciated for many weeks to come. It is erecting barns throughout the empire in which it proposes to store quantities of grain, brought from parts of Russia where no famine exists. These stores will be used for seed and it is expected that they will be sufficiently abundant to assure a full harvest. The Government believes that all the corn, wheat, and flour devoted to relief purposes both by Russia itself, and by sympathetic foreign nations, will be quickly consumed during the coming months, and hence it recognizes the necessity of making provision for future subsistence when these temporary stores are exhausted.

In last week's issue, we described briefly, the ceremonies that took place at the Inman pier in New York, where an audience assembled to unite with Rev. Dr. Talmage in invoking the Divine blessing upon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S gift of flour to Russia. Mr. Klopsch, the Publisher of this paper presided, and the occasion will long linger in the memory of those who listened to the fervid eloquence of Rev. Stephen Merritt, who having fed and succored thousands in his own field of mission labor in New York, was ready to extend the hand of the Samaritan to Russia in her need; to the hearty cordial talk of Rev. Ezra Tinker, who spoke as an old soldier of the love America bears to the nation that stood nobly by our own in a great emergency; and to the simple pathos of the Rev. Ross Taylor, son of America's great missionary Bishop, who pointed his audience to that Saviour who fed the hungry multitudes on the slopes of the Galilean shore and who commanded his children to feed the destitute and clothe the naked.

After thanking the International Navigation Company for its generous co-operation in the relief movement, Rev. Dr. Talmage said:

"There is no sadder sound on earth than a nation's cry for bread. Such a cry came up when Hamilcar besieged Utica, and Titus besieged Jerusalem, and the Assyrians besieged Samaria, and the Spaniards besieged Leyden, and other besieged cities where soldiers gnawed the left arm in hunger while with the right arm they fought. But now in time of peace from that Russia which has been one of the richest wheat-fields of all the earth, comes the groan of nearly twenty million people dying for lack of food. The horror of the reality would require more than Dantesque power to depict. Famine is a monster which has at some time put its paw upon almost every nation, with hot tongue lapping up the fevered blood of the starving. As yet, thank God, our nation has been spared. Through a merciful Providence, the most of us have been kept from hearing in our households the unavailing cry for food. No parent's heart is stout enough calmly to hear a cry like that. In a world of ripe orchards, and golden harvests it is an awful thing to starve. What a blessing that this Russian appeal comes at a time when our barns are full of wheat, and our cribs are full of corn! Much relief has already gone to that stricken land, and we assemble here to-day to start 280,000 pounds of flour, the first instalment of a million pounds of flour contributed from all parts of the land through the hand of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which has been pleading this cause. Look off upon yonder 2,000 sacks of flour! What do they mean? They mean life for a great multitude. They mean children given back to their parents and parents given back to their children. They mean sunshine

(*Continued on page 265.*)



REV. DR. TALMAGE BLESSING THE FLOUR SENT BY "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" FUND CONTRIBUTORS TO RUSSIA.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

GOOD GAME WASTED.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday Morning Sermon: Prov. 12 : 27: "*The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting.*"

DAVID, and Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, and Micah, and Solomon of the text showed that some time they had been out on a hunting expedition. Spears, lances, swords, and nets were employed in this service. A deep pitfall would be digged. In the centre of it there was some raised ground with a pole on which a lamb would be fastened, and the wild beast not seeing the pitfall, but only seeing the lamb would plunge for its prey and dash down, itself captured. Birds were caught in gins, or pierced with arrows. The hunters in olden time had two missions, one to clear the land of ferocious beasts and the other to obtain meat for themselves, and their families. The occupation and habit of hunters are a favorite Bible simile. David said he was hunted by his enemy like a partridge upon the mountain. My text is a hunting scene.

A sportsman arrayed in a garb appropriate to the wild chase lets slip the bloodthirsty hounds from their kennels, and mounting his fleet horse with a halloo and the yell of the greyhound pack, they are off and away, through brake and dell, over marsh and moor, across chasms where a misstep would hurl horse and rider to death, plunging into mire up to the haunches or into swift streams up to the bit, till the game is tracked by dripping foam and blood, and the antlers crack on the rocks, and the hunter has just time to be in at the death. Yet, after all the haste and peril of the chase, my text represents this sportsman as being too indolent to dress the game and prepare it for food. He lets it lie in the dooryard of his home and become a portion for vermin and beaks of prey. Thus by one master-stroke, Solomon gives a picture of laziness, when he says: "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting." The most of hunters have the game they shot or entrapped cooked the same evening or the next day, but not so with this laggard of the text. Too lazy to rip off the hide. Too lazy to kindle the fire, and put the gridiron on the coals.

The first picture I ever bought was an engraving of Thorwaldsen's "Autumn." The clusters of grapes are ripe on the vine of the homestead, and the returned hounds, panting from the chase, are lying on the door sill, and the hunter is unshouldering the game, while the housewife is about to take a portion of it and prepare it for the evening meal. Unlike the person of the text, she was enough industrious to roast that which had been taken in hunting. But the world has had many a specimen since Solomon's time of those whose lassitude and improvidence and absurdity were depicted in my text. The most of those who have made a dead failure of life can look back and see a time when a great opportunity opened but they did not know it. They were not as wise as George Stephenson, "the father of railways," who, when at sixteen years of age he received an appointment to work at a pumping engine for twelve shillings a week, cried out: "Now, I am a made man for life." God gives to most men at least one good opportunity. A great Grecian general was met by a group of beggars, and he said to them: "If you want beasts to plow your land, I will lend you some. If you want land, I will give you some. If you want seed to sow your land, I will see that you get it. But I will encourage none in idleness." So, God gives to most people an opportunity of extrication from depressed circumstances. As if to create in us a hatred for indolence, God has made those animals which are sluggish to appear loathsome in our eyes, while

THE HUNTERS.

those which are fleet and active, he has clothed with attractiveness. The tortoise, the sloth, the snail. the crocodile repel us, while the deer and the gazelle are as pleasing as they are fleet, and from the swift wings of innumerable birds God has spared no purple or gold or jet or crimson or snowy whiteness. Beside all this the Bible is constantly assaulting the vice of laziness. Solomon seems to order the idler out of his sight as being beyond all human instruction when he says: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." And Paul seems to drive him up from his dining table before he gets through with the first course of food with the assertion: "If any will not work, neither shall he eat."

Now, what are the causes of laziness and what are its evil results? I knew a man who was never up to time. It seemed impossible for him to meet an engagement. When he was to be married, he missed the train. His watch seemed to take on the habits of its owner and was always too slow. He had a constitutional lethargy, for which he did not seem responsible. So indolence often arises from the natural temperament. I do not know but that there is a constitutional tendency to this vice in every man. However active you may generally be, have you not on some warm spring day felt a touch of this feeling on you, although you may have shaken it off as you would a reptile? But some are so powerfully tempted to this by their bodily constitution that all the work of their life has been accomplished with this lethargy hanging on their back or treading on their heels. You sometimes behold it in childhood. The child moping and lounging within doors while his brothers and sisters are at play, or if he join them, he is behind in every race and beaten in every game. His nerves, his muscles, his bones are smitten with this palsy. He vegetates rather than lives, creeps rather than walks, yawns rather than breathes. The animal in his nature is stronger than the intellectual. He is generally a great eater and active only when he cannot digest that which he has eaten. It requires as much effort for him to walk as for others to run. Languor and drowsiness are his natural inheritance. He is built for a slow-sailing vessel, a heavy hulk and an insufficient cut-water. Place an active man in such a bodily structure and the latter would be shaken to pieces in one day. Every law of physiology demands that he be supine. Such a one is not responsible for this powerful tendency of his nature. His great duty is resistance. When I see a man fighting an unfortunate temperament, all my sympathies are aroused, and I think of Victor Hugo's account of a scene on a war-ship, where, in the midst of a storm at sea, a great cannon got loose, and it was crashing this way and that and would have destroyed the ship; and the chief gunner, at the almost certain destruction of his own life, rushed at it with a handspike to thrust between the spokes of the wheel of the rolling cannon, and by a fortunate leverage arrested the gun till it could be lashed fast. But that struggle did not seem so disheartening as that man enters upon who attempts to fight his natural temperament, whether it be too fast or too slow, too nervous or too lymphatic. God help him, for God only can.

Furthermore, indolence is often a result of easy circumstances. Rough experience in earlier life seems to be necessary in order to make a man active and enterprising. Mountaineers are nearly always swarthy, and those who have toiled among mountains of trouble get the most nerve and muscle and brain. Those who have become the deliverers of nations once had not where to lay their heads. Locusts and wild honey have been the fare of many a John the Baptist, while those who have been fondled of fortune and petted and praised have often grown up lethargic. They have none of that heroism which comes from fighting one's own battles. The warm summer sun of prosperity has weakened and relaxed them. Born among the luxuries of life, exertion has been unnecessary, and, therefore, they spend their time in taking it easy. They may enter into business, but they are unfitted for its application, for its hardships, for its repulses, and after having lost the most of that which they have invested, go back to thorough inaction. This costly yacht may do well enough on the smooth, glassy bay, but cannot live an hour amid a chopped sea.

Another cause of indolence is severe discouragement. There are those around us who started life with the most sanguine expectation. Their enterprise excited the remark of all compeers. But some sudden and overwhelming misfortune met them, and henceforth they have been inactive. Trouble, instead of making them more determined, has overthrown them. They have lost all self-reliance. They imagine that all men and all occurrences are against them. They hang their heads where once they walked upright. They never look you in the eyes. They become misanthropic and pronounce all men liars and scoundrels. They go melancholic and threadbare to their graves. You cannot rouse them to action by the most glittering offer. In most cases these persons have been honorable and upright all their lives, for rogues never get discouraged, as there is always some other plot they have not laid and some other trap they have not sprung. There are but few sadder sights than a man of talent and tact and undoubted capacity giving up life as a failure, like a line of magnificent steamers rotting against wharves, from which they ought to have been carrying the exportations of a nation. Every great financial panic produces a large crop of such men. In the great establishments where they were partners in business, they are now weighers or draymen or clerks on small salary.

Reverie is also a cause of indolence. There are multitudes of men who expect to achieve great success in life, who are entirely unwilling to put forth any physical, moral or intellectual effort. They have a great many eloquent theories of life. They are all the while expecting something to turn up. They pass their life in dreaming. They have read in light literature how men suddenly and unexpectedly came to large estates, or found a pot of buried gold at the foot of the rainbow of Good Luck, or had some great offer made them. They have passed their lives in reverie. Notwithstanding he is pinched with poverty and any other man would be downcast at the forlorn prospect, he is always cheerful and sanguine and jovial, for he does not know but that he may be within a day or two of astounding success. You cannot help be entertained with his cheerfulness of temper. All the world wishes him well, for he never did anybody any harm. At last he dies in just the same condition in which he lived, sorrowful only because he must leave the world just at the time when his long-thought-of plans were about to be successful. Let no young man begin life with reverie. There is nothing accomplished without hard work. Do not in idleness expect something to turn up. It will turn down. Indolence and wickedness always make bad luck. These people of reverie are always about to begin. They say: "Wait a little." So with the child who had a cage containing a beautiful canary and the door of the cage was open and a cat was in the room. "Better shut the door of the cage," said the mother. "Wait a minute," said the boy.

While he was waiting the feline creature, with one spring, took the canary. The way that many lose the opportunity of a lifetime is by the same principle. They say: "Wait a minute." My advice is not to wait at all.

Again, bad habits are a fruitful source of indolence. Sinful indulgences shut a man's shop and dull his tools and steal his profits. Dissoluteness is generally the end of industry. There are those who have the rare faculty of devoting occasionally a day or a week to loose indulgences, and, at the expiration of that time, go back with bleared eyes and tremulous hands and bloated cheeks to the faithful and successful performance of their duties. Indeed their employers and neighbors expect this amusement or occasional season of frolic and wassail. Some of the best workmen and most skilful artisans have this mode of conducting themselves, but, as the time rolls on, the season of dissipation becomes more protracted and the season of steadiness and sobriety more limited, until the employers become disgusted and the man is given up to a continual and ruinous idleness. When that point has arrived he rushes to destruction with astonishing velocity. When a man with wrong proclivities of appetite has nothing to do, no former self-respect or moral restraint or the beseechings of kindred can save him. The only safety for a man who feels himself under the fascination of any form of temptation is an employment which affords neither recreation nor holiday. Nothing can be more unfortunate for a man of evil inclination than an occupation which keeps him exceedingly busy during a part of the year and then leaves him for weeks and months entirely unemployed. There are many men who cannot endure protracted leisure. They are like fractious steeds that must constantly be kept to the load, for a week's quiet makes them intractable and uncontrollable. Bad habits produce idleness and idleness produces bad habits. The probability is that you will either have to give up your loose indulgences or else give up your occupation. Sin will take all enthusiasm out of your work, and make you sick of life's drudgery, and though now and then between your seasons of dissipation, you may rouse up to a sudden activity and start again in the chase of some high and noble end, even though you catch the game, you will sink back into slothfulness before you have roasted that which you took in hunting. Bad habits unfit a man for everything but politics.

Now, what are the results of indolence? A marked consequence of this vice is physical disease. The healthiness of the whole natural world depends upon activity. The winds, tossed and driven in endless circuits, scattering the mists from the mountains and scooping out death damps from the caves and blasting the miasma of swamps and hurling back the fetid atmosphere of great cities, are healthy, just because of their swiftness and uncontrollableness of sweep. But, after a while, the wind falls and the hot sun pours through it, and when the leaves are still and the grain fields bend not once all day long, then pestilence smites its victims and digs trenches for the dead. The fountain, born far up in the wild wood of the mountain, comes down brighter for every obstacle against which it is riven and singing a new song on every shelf of rock over which it bounds, till it rolls over the water wheels in the valley, not ashamed to grind corn, and runs through the long grass of the meadow, where the willows reach down to dip their branches and the unyoked oxen come at even-tide to cool. Healthy water! Bright water! Happy water! While some stream, too lazy any more to run, gathers itself into a wayside pool, where the swine wallow and filthy insects hop over the surface and reptiles crawl among the ooze, and frogs utter their hideous croak, and by day and night there rises from the foul mire and green scum, fever and plague and death. There is an endless activity under foot and overhead. Not one four-o'clock in the flower bed, not one fly on the window pane, not one squirrel gathering food from the cones of the white pine, not one rabbit feeding on clover tops, not one drop falling in a shower, not one minnow glancing in the sea, not one quail whistling from the grass, not one hawk cawing in the sky, but is busy now and is busy always, fulfilling its mission as certainly as any monarch on earth or any angel in heaven. You hear the shout of the plow-boys busy in the field and the rattle of the whiffle-trees on the harrow, but you do not know that there is more industry in the earth upturned and in the dumb vegetation under foot than in all that you see. If you put your ear to a lump of riven sod you may hear nothing in the roots and spiculæ of grass, but there are at work spades and cleavers and pile drivers and battering rams and internecine wars. I do not wonder that the lively fancy of the ancients saw in the inanimate creation around Floras and Pomonas and Graces and Fauns and Fairies and Satyrs and Nymphs. Everything is busy. Nothing is inanimate, except the man who cannot see the life and hear the music. At the creation the morning stars sang together, but they were only the choir which was to lead all the stars and all the mountains and all the seas in God's worship. All natural objects seem at

The Calling of Simon.

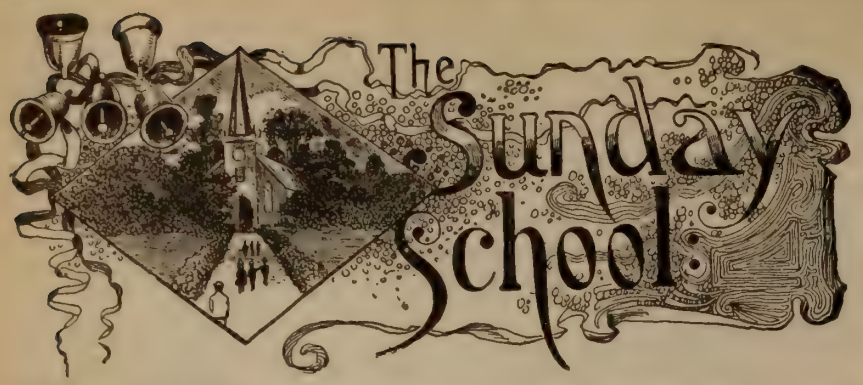
one and the same time uniting in work and joy and worship. In God's creation there is no pause in either the worship or the work or the joy. Amid all natural objects at one and the same time it is Hallow E'en and Whit Sunday and Ash Wednesday and All Saints's Day. All the healthy beauty of that which we see and hear in the natural world is dependent upon activity and unrest. Men will be healthy—intellectually, morally and physically—only upon the condition of an active industry. I know men die every day of over-work. They drop down in coal pits and among the spindles of Northern factories and on the cotton plantations of the South. In every city and town and village you find men groaning under burdens, as, in the East, the camels stagger under their loads between Aleppo and Damascus. Life is crushed out every day at counters and work-benches and anvils. But, there are other multitudes who die from mere inertia. Indulgences every day are contracting diseases beyond the catholicon of allopathy and homeopathy and hydropathy and eclecticism. Rather than work they rush upon lancets and scalpels. Nature has provided for those who violate her laws by inactivity, what rheum for the eyes and what gout for the feet and what curvature for the spine and what strictures for the chest and what tubercles for the lungs and what rheumatisms for the muscles and what neuralgias for the nerves. The laws of nature will not stop their action because men may be ignorant of them. If there were not so many lies written on tombstones and in obituaries, you would see what multitudes of the world's inhabitants are slain in their attempts to escape the necessity of toil. Men cross oceans and continents, and climb the Alps, and sit under the sky of Italy or the shadow of Egyptian Pyramid, and go down into ancient ruins, and bathe at Baden Baden, and come home with the same shortness of breath and the same poor digestion and the same twitching of the nerves, when at home with their own spade they might have dug health out of the ground, or with their own axe hewn health out of a log, or with their own scythe garnered health from the grain field. There are many who estimate the respectability of an occupation by the little exertion it demands, and would not have their children enter any employment where their hands may be soiled, forgetting that a laborer's overalls are just as honorable as a priest's robes and an anvil is just as respectable as a pulpit. Health flies from the bed of down and says: "I cannot sleep here;" and from the table spread with ptarmigan and epicurean viands, saying: "I cannot eat here;" and from the vehicle of soft cushions and easy springs, saying: "I cannot ride here;" and from houses luxuriously warmed and upholstered, saying: "I cannot live here;" and some day you meet Health, who declined all these luxuriant places, walking in the plough's furrow or sweltering beside the hissing forge or spinning among the looms or driving a dray or tinning a roof or carrying hods of brick up the ladder of a wall.

Furthermore, notice that indolence endangers the soul. Satan makes his chief conquests over men who either have nothing to do, or, if they have, refuse to do it. There is a legend that St. Thomas, years after Christ's resurrection, began again to doubt, and he went to the Apostles and told them about his doubts. Each Apostle looked at him with surprise and then said he must be excused for he had no time to listen any longer. Then St. Thomas went to the devout women of his time, and expressed his doubts. They said they were sorry but they had no time to listen. Then, St. Thomas concluded that it was because they were so busy that the Apostles and the devout women had no doubts. Idleness not only leads a man into associations which harm his morals, but often thrusts upon him the worst kind of scepticism. It is not among occupied merchants, industrious mechanics and professional men always busy that you hear the religion of Jesus maligned, as in public lounging places, given up to profanity and dissoluteness. They have no sympathy with the book that says: "Let him that stole, steal no more; but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." I never knew a man given up to thorough idleness that was converted. Simon and Andrew were converted while fishing, and Lydia while selling purple, and the shepherds of Bethlehem watching their flocks heard the voice of angels, and Gideon was threshing on the threshing-floor, but no one was ever converted with his hands in his pockets. Let me tell the idler that there is no hope for him either in this world or in the world which is to come.

Alas, my hearers, that in this world there should be so many loungers and so few workers. We go into the vineyard of the church, and we hear the arbor groan under the heft of the vines and the clusters hanging down, large and thick and ripe, cluster against cluster, fairer than the bunches of Eshcol and Engedi, and at a touch they will turn into wine more ruddy than that of Libanus and Helbon. But, where are the men to gather the vintage and tread the wine-press? There comes to your ear a sound of a thousand wheat-fields ready for the sickle. The grain is ready. It would fill the barns. It would crowd the garners. After awhile it will lodge, or the mildew and the rust will smite it. Oh, where are the reapers to bind the sheaves! The enemies of God are marshalled. You see the glitter of their bucklers. You hear the pawing of their chargers, and all along the line of battle is heard the shout of their great captain, and at the armies of the living God they hurl their defiance. Where are the chosen few, who will throw themselves into the jaws of this conflict? King James gave to Sir John Scott, for his courage, a charter of arms with a number of spears for the crest and the motto, "Ready! aye, ready!" and, yet, when God calls us to the work and the cause demands our espousal and interests dreadful as the judgment and solemn as eternity tremble in the balance, how few of us are willing to throw ourselves into the breach, crying "Ready! aye, ready!" Oh, I should like to see God arise for the defence of his own cause and the disenthralment of a world in bondage. How the fetters would snap and how the darkness would fly, and how heaven would sing.

But, my text is descriptive also of those who hunt for opportunities, and, when they get them, do not use them. The rabbit they overcome by an early morning tramp lies for weeks uncooked in the dooryard. The deer that they brought down after long and exhausting pursuit in the Adirondacks, lies on their door-sill undressed, and the savory venison becomes a malodorous carcass. They roast not that which they took in hunting. Opportunities laboriously captured, yet useless, and that which came in invitingly like a string of plover and quail and wild duck hung over a hunter's shoulder turns to something worse than nothing. So with Agrippa when almost persuaded to be a Christian. So with the lovely young man who went away from Christ very sorrowful. So with tens of thousands who have whole hands full, whole skies full of winged opportunities which profit them nothing at all, because they roast not that which they took in hunting. Oh, make out of this captured moment a banquet for eternity. The greatest prize in the universe to be won is the love and pardon of Christ. Win that and you can say:

Now I have found a Friend
Whose love shall never end,
Jesus is mine!



DELIGHT IN GOD'S HOUSE.

S. S. Lesson for May 8. By Mrs. M. Baxter
Ps. 84. Golden Text, Ps. 84: 4.

GOD'S house! In David's time it meant the tabernacle, where the presence of God, in the pillar of cloud or the pillar of fire was manifest above the blood-sprinkled mercy seat. "For the cloud of the Lord was upon the tabernacle by day, and fire was on it by night; in the sight of all the house of Israel, throughout all their journeys." It was because of that Holy Presence that the Psalmist broke out into the cry: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." It was

God Himself

that David longed for: he says in another Psalm: "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." There are many people who are zealous for stones and mortar, beautiful architecture, vaulted roofs, colored windows, and red cushions, who know nothing of this real thirst after God. One who has a zeal for "the house of God," sees in it "the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." A simple building cannot be the dwelling place of God, although he may often manifest his presence there, and it may be holy from blessed associations which recall times of power from the presence of the Lord. But "God that made the world, and all the things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands: . . . as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life and breath, and all things." (Acts 17: 24–25.) And yet he has a dwelling place on earth, for he says by his servant Paul to the Corinthians, and through that Epistle to the whole Church of God; "Ye are the temple of the living God: as God hath said; I will dwell in them, and walk in them."

A Living Temple of the Living God!

Many there are whose zeal consists in collecting money for the outward building of a church or Mission Hall, who know nothing whatever of the true indwelling of God; they want to have a church which man can admire, which will reflect credit upon them, or be comfortable or convenient to them; the presence of God in those who worship there is perhaps the last thought that comes upon the hearts of such. The first thing which David sought in the tabernacle was "the living God;" not fine architecture, not fretted stone work, not marble pillars, not stained windows, not cushioned seats, but "the living God."

When a building is erected to hold a church already full of the presence of God, it is a blessed thing, and God is with them that build it. Some forty or fifty years ago such a church was built. It was in a remote part of the country where neither church nor schoolhouse existed. A man of God was appointed to the charge of a newly made parish where the inhabitants were wont to spend their Sundays in cock fighting, and dog fighting. He was a man who believed in his God. With no other canopy than the open heaven, and no other arm to lean on than the arm of the Almighty, he went in among these men, alone, but for that Presence which David's "heart" and flesh cried after. That Presence subdued those rough and desperate men, and their souls were smitten, and yielded to their God. Many a soul was saved before two stones were set together for a place of worship.

The Living Church

was in progress and God was already in his temple. Winter came on, and with the help of some whose souls had been won, and who gave their time to the Lord after work-hours, a temporary church was set up. At the end of a year, the real everlasting temple of the Lord, built with "living stones" had gone on increasing, and the blessed man of God, whom he had sent to shepherd them, said: "We must have a church." Again ready hands and hearts gave their all; the labor was almost entirely freewill labor, an offering to the Lord; the vicar was his own architect, the owner of the soil gave land and stone, and nothing remained to be paid for but some of the timber, glass, etc., which had to be purchased. Should they go in debt? There were no rich men at hand to help them. The vicar said, "I will not have a new coat till the church is paid for." This was an appeal which the living church understood. By personal self-denial the church was paid for; there was no debt; no human pride exalted itself in that building, no selfish motives prompted it; it was indeed of God, to God, for God!

"Yea; the sparrow hath found a house, and

The Swallow a Nest

for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, My King and my God." The royal singer was not as "a sparrow, alone upon the housetop." (Ps. 102: 7.) When God's children come out of their self-life into the broader, truer life of the Church of God; when their personal and selfish interests become subordinate to those of the whole church, the sparrow finds a house. God cannot dwell in a selfish heart, he is too great to find room where all is narrowed by selfish interests. Just in proportion as we enter into the oneness of his body, the church, God finds room to manifest himself in us. God coming in makes room for himself and for his people also. Exclusiveness cannot live in the presence of God. Many a "swallows" in the present day does not know where to "lay her young." How bring young converts into an atmosphere where everything is worldly? If the churches were holy, and separated to the Lord, mission work would be easy, and the churches would be the right home for the converts; but with ritualism on one hand, and worldliness on another and exclusiveness on another, the "swallow" also are winning souls, find no rest for the sole of their feet, until they find the true church of God, consisting of all the truly living souls in all denominations, in all countries. Though not outwardly united, they speak the same language of the Spirit of God, they have the same purpose in life, they are members one of another. They do not need to leave the churches to which they belong to manifest their unity, it is a fact which needs no such demonstration. "Hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us." (1. John 3: 24.) "As the house always shows the kind of people who are in it, whether they are luxurious people or economical, worldly or Christian, tidy or untidy, clean or dirty, intellectual or frivolous, by the traces they leave in every room, so the presence of God manifests itself by his Spirit in the members of his true church which is the house of God. A God-filled man brings God into every company he enters, everything he undertakes. One striking mark by which such may be known is the spirit of praise which is in them. "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be still praising thee." They who are filled with the Spirit speak to themselves "in psalms, and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in [their] hearts to the Lord." (Eph. 5: 18, 19.) The spirit of self says: "O how tiresome! How very annoying! I can't bear that!" The Spirit of God says: "Thank God for a difficulty which throws me more on him." "Blessed is the man

Whose Strength is in Thee,

in whose heart are the highways," (R. V.) *i.e.* God's highway, Jesus Christ, who is "the way, the truth, and the life." What is the effect of having God's highway in our hearts? "Passing through the valley of Weeping, they make it a place of springs; yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings." (R. V.) A man whose strength is in himself finds the "valley of Weeping" a place of stones; he feels badly treated when trouble comes to him, he cannot accept it, feels he does not deserve it, and that God is hard upon him. But a man whose strength is in God, and in whom Christ dwells has quite another tale to tell. He has as much acquaintance with "the valley of Weeping" as the other, generally much more; but he sees God in everything, his faith and love meet the will of his God, and accept it; thus every sorrow is a seed which blossoms into fruit. Because he sees God in it, he finds a joy in every trial, a good in every evil, a gain in every loss, a peace in every conflict, a glory in every cross. Having yielded his will to God, conflict between God and him has ceased, and he has ceased to fear sorrow since he has learned to receive it at the hand of his God.

"They go from Strength to Strength,"

Many believers go from strength to weakness they have been blest for a season, but after a while they become more lax in prayer and in work for God, and generally there is a decline in their Christian life. These are such as have not the highway in their hearts, such as do not know experimentally an indwelling God; they need to be wound up every now and again to make them go at all. But every one of those who "go from strength to strength" lives in the presence of God, they appear before him in Zion. The lowest office in his court, though it be but a doorkeeper, is a cherished privilege to such.

And such really know their God, he is truly the Lord of Hosts, but he is their individual Shield as well, he is the God of Jacob, but he is their God also. A shield against the enemy while yet a sun to them, full of his own gracious light and heat, which manifests his grace and his glory; both so free, both undeserved, both purchased by precious blood; and both assuring those who will put their faith in him, that "no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." How could he, when he makes "all things work together for good to them that love God?" Let us echo the words for they are true, "O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee."

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

BLESSED are they that dwell in thy house. David here means to convey the idea of an uninterrupted, continuous worship of God. Not spasmodic, not occasional, not on certain stated days, or for any given period, but an unceasing, ever-present all the time, all satisfying, spiritual feast. Oh the blessedness of a constant communion with our gracious Lord.

But blessed are they that dwell in thy house because of the safety it affords against the snares and pitfalls that Satan adroitly lays to entrap the feet of those who are not established in the courts of their Lord.

An old sea-captain was riding in the cars toward Philadelphia, and a young man sat down beside him. He said, "Young man, where are you going?" "I am going to Philadelphia to live," replied the young man. "Have you letters of introduction?" asked the old captain. "Yes," said the young man, and he pulled some of them out. "Well," continued the captain, "haven't you a church certificate?" "O yes," replied the young man, "I didn't suppose you would want to look at that." "Yes," said the sea captain," "I want to see that. As soon as you get to Philadelphia, present that to some Christian Church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world, and it's my rule as soon as I get into port, to *fasten my ship fore and aft* to the wharf, although if may cost a little wharfage, rather than have her out in the stream, floating hither and thither with the tide."

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion City of our God.
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows, our thirst to assuage?
Grace which like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. God only knows what is good for us, and if we trust him and walk uprightly before him all that is needful and good for us will be provided. Not an abundance but a sufficiency for all our requirements. Sometimes he chooses to give us as he did the children of Israel in the wilderness our manna day by day, but he has promised to provide, and he that hath promised is abundantly able to fulfil.

"Mother, I think God always hears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel," said a little boy to his mother one day. His mother was poor. She had often used up their last stick of wood, and their last bit of bread, before they could tell where the next supply was to come from. But they have so often been provided for in unexpected ways, just when they were most in need, that the little boy thought God always heard when they scraped the bottom of the barrel. This was only the little fellow's way of saying what Abraham said when he called the name of the place where God had delivered him "Jehovah-Jireh."

"My grandfather," said Charles Spurgeon one day, "was a very poor minister, and kept a cow which was a very great help in the support of the children—he had ten of them, and the cow took the staggers and died. 'What will you do now?' said my grandmother. 'I cannot tell what we shall do, but God knows we need milk for the children and he has promised that he will withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly. So I am sure that some how or other he will provide.'"

The next morning there came £20 to him. He had never "made application to the fund for the relief of ministers, but in that day, there were £5 left when they had divided the money," and one said, "There is poor Mr. Spurgeon down in Essex, suppose we send it to him." The chairman, Mr. Morley, said, "We had better make it £10, and I'll give £5." Another £5 was offered by another member, if a like amount could be raised to make it £20, which was done. They knew nothing about my grandfather's cow, but God did, you see, and there was the new cow for him. And those gentlemen in London were not aware of the importance of the service which they had rendered.

All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too,
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

Blessed is the man that trusteth in God. Put your trust in friends and they may prove false, put it in your wealth and it may take wings and fly; but put it in God and you are safe, come what will.

About the beginning of this century when an invasion of England by Napoleon was much taked of and dreaded, a pious governess and her pupils were conversing on the subject. The young people told what places of concealment they had thought of, and after each had spoken, one of them asked her governess: "And where would your refuge be?" With a look of calm confidence and peaceful resignation the lady replied: "My refuge would be in God."

An officer, being in a storm, his wife filled with alarm, cried out: "My dear, how is it possible you can be so calm in such a storm?" He arose, drew his sword, and pointing at his wife's breast, asked: "Are you not afraid?" "No; certainly not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because the sword is in the hand of my husband and I know he loves me too much to hurt me." "Then," said he, "remember, I know in whom I have believed, and that he holds the winds in his fist and the waters in the hollow of his hands."

LOOKING UP.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." Psalm 121: 1.

UPWARD I look to thee! Indeed I must
Not venture to look down, or lose my trust
In thee! Thou hast the guiding hand, the eye
To lead me on to rest beyond the sky.

Upward I look! for, should I dare to try
To gaze into the busy world, or sigh,
For the lost pleasures that my soul would crave,
Then would my hopes all perish in the grave.

Upward I look! for thou alone can'st shed
The oil of joy and gladness on my head;
Thou who did'st call me in my early youth,
And warned me that I should hold fast to truth.

Upward I look! for I remember how,
When hanging on the accursed cruel bough,
Thine eyes looked upward to thy Father's face,
Pleading for all the sinful human race.

Upward I look! for thou alone hast power
To change the heart till, like the opening flower
It buds and blossoms forth with heavenly flame
To praise and glorify thy wondrous name.

Upward I look! nor question when the day
Will come when I from earth shall pass away;
Enough for me to know that I shall see
Thy face through all the vast eternity.—S. M.

MONTREAL'S NEW MISSION.

How the Consecrated Efforts of a Band of Christian Ladies Developed into a Grand Work—The Brewery Mission's New Home.

WHAT'S in a name! One hardly chooses to bear the name of a foe and yet what can be more the foe of the Mission than the Brewery, the great manufacturer of drunkards and the drunkards' homes. But still there is a certain charm in the name of "Old Brewery Mission," for it seems to carry the flag of victory in the van and announce a force stronger than the strong, and mightier than the mighty.

Two years ago last February, a few young Canadian ladies rented some apartments in a small house on Dalhousie Street in the lower part of the city of Montreal. They fitted it up in simple, inexpensive fashion to be used for benevolent purposes. Here about the beginning of March, 1890, under the auspices of the Young Women's Home Missionary Society, was opened a soup-kitchen, where for two cents a pint of nutritious soup and a quarter of a pound of bread could be obtained. A comfortable room with an ample supply of literature invited the hesitating. Meetings were held in the evenings and in a quiet way, seed was scattered for the reaping by-and-by. Several gentlemen were induced to take an interest in the work, and being obliged to vacate the premises, in the fall of 1890, a much more commodious building was rented on College Street, which had been built and for many years utilized as a brewery, but was then lying vacant. It seemed admirably adapted for the work. The soup-kitchen flourished, the noonday meetings were largely attended, and encouraging numbers gathered nightly to join in song and prayer.

Gradually it became known as the "Old Brewery Mission," and much sympathy was evinced in the work. Up to this time, the meetings had been conducted by Christian workers from the various Methodist churches: but the lack of some central figure to follow up the work from night to night, became manifest, and before stepping out into a wider field and assuming heavier responsibilities, it was deemed advisable to consult with some one of experience in mission work. The eyes of the workers were turned to New York and fastened upon Colonel H. H. Hadley and in response to an invitation, he came to Montreal in April, 1891. He captured the hearts of the people and kindled enthusiasm in the work. Before leaving he suggested a man, who he thought, was well-adapted to the needs of the Old Brewery Mission, and the result was that John R. McConica, formerly of the Brooklyn Rescue Mission, came to Montreal.

Finding that the Old Brewery was situated in a strong Roman Catholic district and not on a leading avenue, Mr. McConica suggested a change of locality. After some delay a site was chosen, the property of the Trustees of Dominion Square Church, who offered to put up a suitable building, the Mission Committee to pay six per cent. on the investment. and in the meantime a hall was rented. While the building of the new mission was progressing, the soup-kitchen and evangelistic work were carried on. In November, 1891, Mr. McConica entered upon his labors, and God has crowned his efforts with success.

The Old Brewery Mission now occupies its new building on Craig Street, Montreal. A bright hall, seating about three hundred, with restaurant in the rear occupies the first flat. The second and third flats are appointed for reading-room and dormitories to accommodate about one hundred and fifty, with bath appliances, all light, airy and thoroughly ventilated. With God's blessing upon the consecrated efforts of Mr. McConica and his estimable wife, it is believed that this Mission Hall will witness many glorious conversions.

This opens a new era of hristian work in Montreal and, it is hoped, will be the precursor of many similar institutions in that city.

Mr. John R. McConica, was born in the town of Prescott, Ont., Canada, a little more than forty years ago. When very young his parents removed to the Maritime province. He passed through the common schools, and then took a course at the collegiate or grammar school, preparatory to entering King's College, in Fredericton, N. B. Lack of means prevented the fulfilment of his dreams, and he was apprenticed to the printing business. Leaving home he went out into the world of business and visited nearly every country on the globe. He held various positions of trust and responsibility, and at one time amassed a considerable fortune. He acquired bad habits, among others a thirst for alcoholic stimulants. By degrees, as the chains of appetite were fastened upon him, he descended lower and yet lower in the social scale, until at last he reached the level of a tramp, and became a poor wandering outcast in the streets of New York. He had in the meantime, married, and God had blessed him with a faithful, loving Christian wife, and to her love and patience and prayers, and those of a dear old mother he ascribes under God his reclamation. He was converted at the old Water Street Mission nearly seven years ago. After his conversion he was led out into the Master's work, being called to take charge of the "Helping Hand Night Mission" of Brooklyn, where the Lord blessed his labors and many souls were led to Jesus. Then he took charge of the Viaduct mission work in Albany which he lately resigned to enter upon the old Brewery Mission work in Montreal. An illustration of the new building of the Old Brewery Mission in Montreal is given on this page.

SUPERINTENDENT M'CONICA.

THE MARGARET STRACHAN HOME.

THE Margaret Strachan Home in West Twenty-seventh St., New York, has just issued its annual report. The Home has prospered under the administration of Miss Maria Sibthorpe the new superintendent, and has done very valuable work during the past year. The trustees have wisely decided to limit their efforts to the rescue and reformation of fallen women which was the specific object for which it was founded by Miss M. Strachan and to discontinue the general evangelistic meeting. The Home has given shelter during the past year to about 500 women of whom situations were found for 267. Twenty-one were restored to their families and twenty-nine are still in the Home. The expenses for the year amounted to $3,382.80.

VENEZUELA'S REVOLUTION.

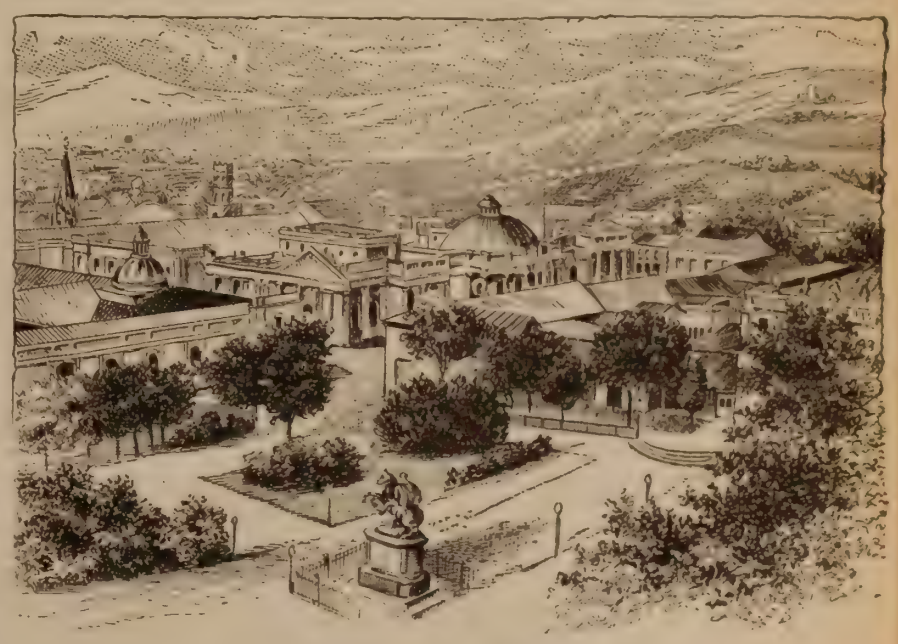
The South American Republic Convulsed by an Effort to Overthrow the Dictator.

PRESIDENT PALACIO. GEN. CRESPO.

ONE man's ambition and his attempt to retain power for two years is involving a whole nation of two and a half million souls in civil war, with an enormous loss of life and property.

The trouble had its origin in a proposal emanating from Raimunda Andueza Palacio, who was elected President of Venzuely in 1890. Palacio, whose portrait appears on this page, contended that a president had not time to carry out a policy of national development in the short space of two years, which is the limit of the Presidential term in Venezuela. He proposed that the term should be four years and the country appears to have approved. Palacio's term is now nearing the end of its second year, and he is anxious that the new system should be immediately inaugurated, so that he may remain in power until 1894. His opponents in Congress and the country insisted that as Palacio was elected for two years, he must retire at the end of that period and a new election should take place of a President for the first four years' term. Palacio might have yielded if there had been a prospect of his re-election; but the constitution of Venezuela provides that a President shall not have two consecutive terms. He is eligible for re-election but not until after at least one other President has held office for a term. Palacio, finding the opposition too powerful to be overcome, adopted unconstitutional methods to accomplish his designs. His opponents had a majority in Congress but were not sufficiently numerous to form a quorum. He thereforefore induced his supporters in Congress to absent themselves and thus rendered the legislative branch of the government helpless. The majority protested in vain and finally declared the Congress dissolved, denouncing the President as a traitor and a usurper. The President retaliated by a series of arrests, and when the courts decided against him, he arrested the judges. In a short time Venezuela was under a rule as absolute as that of a Czar.

The whole nation was stirred with indignation, but with a man so unscrupulous as Palacio in control of the national resources, there was no remedy but an appeal to arms. Volunteers from all the eight States which form the Republic offered themselves for service and a leader was found in Gen. Joaquin Crespo, a soldier who has won distinction on many battle-fields and who was President of Venezuela from 1884 to 1886. Crespo, whose portrait appears on this page, is popular throughout the country and bears the soubriquet of *el Heroe del Deber*, the hero of duty. He was serving in the Senate when the crisis came, but not being an orator, he took no prominent part in the debates. On the field, however, he has no equal in ability and the troops have unbounded confidence in him. He left Caracas the capital, where Palacio's chief power lies and went into the State of Zamorra to organize the national forces, among which are many soldiers who have fought under his command in previous wars. He intrenched himself in the city of Valencia, from which Palacio has been unable to dislodge him. Recruits are said to be pouring in from all quarters and only the lack of arms and ammunition has hindered Crespo hitherto from marching on the capital. His appearance there would cause a rising to take place within the city against Palacio.



THE CITY OF CARACAS, VENEZUELA.

Caracas, the capital, a picture of which is here given, is a city of about 71,000 inhabitants, beautifully situated on the slope of the Avila Mountain. It is nearly four hundred years old and is noted as the birthplace of the famous Simon Bolivar, the pioneer and the hero of South American independence. Though endowed by nature with a delightful climate, its position as the capital, and therefore the central point of political disturbance, renders it an undesirable residence for any but the political adventurers who thrive on unrest and social disorder.

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HOME RELIGION.

FAMILY prayers are often of no use. Perhaps they are too hurried. We have so much before us of the day's work that we hustle the children together. We get half through the chapter before the family are seated. We read as if we were reading for a wager. We drop on our knees, and are in the second or third sentence before they all get down. It is an express train, with amen for the first depot. We rush for the hat and overcoat, and are on the way to the store, leaving the impression that family prayers are a necessary nuisance, and we had better not have had any gathering of the family at all. Better have given them a kiss all around; it would have taken less time and would have been more acceptable to God and them.

Family prayers often fail in adaptedness. Do not read for the morning lesson a genealogical chapter, or about Samson's setting the foxes' tails on fire, or the prophecy about the horses, black and red and speckled, unless you explain why they were speckled. For all the good your children get from such reading, you might as well have read a Chinese almanac. Rather give the story of Jesus, and the children climbing into his arms, or the lad with the loaves and fishes, or the Sea of Galilee dropping to sleep under Christ's lullaby. Stop and ask questions. Make the exercise so interesting that little Johnny will stop playing with his shoe-strings, and Jenny will quit rubbing the cat's fur the wrong way. Let the prayer be pointed and made up of small words, and no wise information to the Lord about things he knows without your telling him. Let the children feel they are prayed for. Have a hymn if any of you can sing. Let the season be spirited, appropriate and gladly solemn.

THE BACKSLIDERS.

BETWEEN eleven and twelve o'clock one June night, Gibbon, the great historian, finished his history. Seated in a summer garden, he says that as he wrote the last line of that wonderful work he felt great satisfaction. He closed the manuscript, walked out into the moonlight in the garden, and then, he said, he felt an indescribable melancholy come upon his soul at the thought that so soon he must leave all the fame that he would acquire by that manuscript. The applause of this world is a very mean god to worship. It is a Dagon that falls upon its worshipers and crushes them to death. There are many Christians being sacrificed to appetite. There was a time when they said: "I will not surrender to evil appetites." For a while they seemed to break away from all the allurements by which they were surrounded, but sometimes they felt that they were living upon a severe regimen. They said: "After all, I will go back to my old bondage;" and they fell away from the house of God, and fell away from respectability, and fell away forever. One of the kings in olden times, the legend says, consented that the devil might kiss him on both shoulders, but no sooner were the kisses imprinted upon the shoulders than serpents grew forth and began to devour him, and as the king tried to tear off the serpents he found he was tearing his own life out. And there are men who are all enfolded in adders of evil appetite and passion that no human power can ever crush; and unless the grace of God seizes hold of them, these adders will become "the worm that never dies." Alas for those who, once having broken away from the mastery of evil appetites and passion, go back to the sins that they once renounced.

NATURE GOSPELIZED.

IT is a good sign when a Christian finds company, and suggestiveness, and refreshment in the beautiful things of God's world. There may be means of grace in a hyacinth or japonica. It is well when in the small door-yard of a city residence a patch of luxuriant grass is cultivated, or a clematis is taught to climb. A man can preach better of love and faith and heaven when there are camellias on the pulpit. It is no evidence of weak sentimentality when a Christian loves natural beauty. Jesus resorted to a garden, on a memorable occasion. No doubt Christ selected the garden of that country-seat as a place for private devotion. He who has no spot for secret prayer is a starveling Christian. A man has sorrows, temptations, sins and deliverances that are no one else's business. He is a fool who tells the world everything. There are prayers that belong only to God's ear. Better have some place consecrated to private prayer. Choose a pleasant place if possible—not the garret, not the cellar, but a room warm, lighted, cheerful. There is no use in penance. When you invite Jesus to meet you, open for him the most cheerful and pleasant place you can find.

QUOTATION.

QUOTATION marks are cheap, and let us not be afraid to use them. Do you know why "quotation" marks are made up of four commas, two at the head of the paragraph adopted and two at the close of it? Those four commas mean that you should stop four times before you steal anything. If there were no question of morals involved, plagiarism is nevertheless most perilous. There are a great many constables out for the arrest of such defrauders. That stolen paragraph that you think will never be recognized has been committed to memory by that old lady with green goggles in the front pew. That very same brilliant passage you have just pronounced was delivered by the clergyman who preached in that pulpit the Sabbath before: two thieves met in one hen-roost. All we know of Dr. Hayward of Queen Elizabeth's time is that he purloined from Tacitus. Be dishonest once in this respect, and when you do really say something original and good the world will cry out, "Yes, very fine! I always did like Joseph Addison!"

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

THE great Gospel ship is the finest vessel in the universe and can carry more passengers than any craft ever constructed, and you could no more wreck it than you could wreck the throne of God Almighty. I wish all the people would come aboard of her. I could not promise a smooth voyage, for ofttimes it will be tempestuous, and a chopped sea, but I could promise safe arrival for all who took passage on that Great Eastern, so called by me because its commander came out of the East, the star of the East a badge of his authority.

But a vast multitude do not take regular passage. They are like those who at Paul's shipwreck came in on broken pieces of the ship. There is something about them that excites in me an intense interest. I am not so much interested in those that could swim. They got ashore as I expected. A mile of water is not a very great undertaking for a strong swimmer. But I cannot stop thinking about those on broken pieces of the ship. Their theology broken in pieces, and their life broken in pieces, and their habits broken in pieces, and their worldly and spiritual prospects broken in pieces, and yet I believe they are going to reach the shining shore, and I am encouraged by the experience of those people who are spoken of in the words, "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

The object I have in view is to encourage all those who cannot take the whole system of religion as we believe it, but who really believe something, to come ashore on that one plank. If you can come in on the grand old ship, I would rather have you get aboard, but if you can find only a piece of wood as long as the human body, or a piece as wide as the outspread human arms, and either of them is a piece of the Cross, come in on that piece. Come in on that one narrow beam, the beam of the Cross. Let all else go and cling to that. Put that under you, and with the earnestness of a swimmer struggling for his life put out for shore. There is a great warm fire of welcome already built, and already many, who were as far out as you are, are standing in its genial and heavenly glow. The angels of God's rescue are wading out into the surf to clutch your hand, and they know how exhausted you are, and all the redeemed prodigals of heaven are on the beach with new white robes to clothe all those who come in on broken pieces of the ship.

WILL THEY HOLD OUT?

WHEN a candidate for admission comes before my church officers in revival times, I ask him only seven or eight questions; but when he comes during a cold state of religion, I ask him twenty questions, and get the officers to ask him as many more. In other words, I have more faith in conversions under special religious influence than under ordinary.

The best luck I ever had in fishing was when I dropped the net, brought up at one haul twenty bluefish, with only three or four mossbunkers, and the poorest luck I ever had was when, after standing two hours in the soggy meadow with one hook on the line, I felt I had a bite, and began to pull, more and more persuaded of the great size of the captive, until I flung to the shore a snapping-turtle. As a gospel fisherman I would rather run the risk of a large haul than of a solitary angling. I can soon sort out and throw overboard the few mossbunkers. Oh, for great awakenings all over Christendom! We have had a drought so long we can stand a freshet. Let the Hudson and the Thames and the Susquehanna rise and overflow the lowlands, and the earth be full of the knowledge of God as the waters fill the seas.

* * *

CANNOT the soul sing? How often we complement some exquisite singer by saying: "There was so much soul in her music." In heaven it will be all soul, until the body after a while comes up in the resurrection, and then there will be an additional heaven.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

SIN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THE object of this article is to give the Christian knowledge of that which separates the soul from God, the divine remedy provided, and to deepen convictions of the immediate necessity of carrying the Gospel to those who, if they repent not, must be forever lost.

Seed Thoughts.

1. What sin is.
2. What sin does.
3. Who have sinned.
4. How God looks at sin.
5. Various kinds of sin.
6. Final result of sin.
7. The only remedy for sin.

The above thoughts when expanded, give a clear picture of the most awful thing known to God, man or devil, *i. e.*, SIN.

I.—What Sin is.

Sin is the transgression of God's law, whether found written in his word or on the heart. 1. John 3:5; Psalm 40:8; Jer. 31:33.

Neglect is sin. James 4; 17. "Know to do good and doeth it not;" also see John 9:41.

Whatsoever is not of faith is sin. Romans 14:23.

A thing doubtful to us in practice is sin. Romans 14:14, 22-23.

Sin described. Romans 1:18-32.

Unbelief is the great sin. John 3:18.

All Satan's work is sin. John 8:44.

A carnal mind is sin. Roman 8:6, and Eph. 2:3.

The outflow of an evil heart. Matt. 15:10.

II.—What Sin Does.

Sin brings death of three kinds:

First—Bodily death. Gen. 2:17.

Second—Spiritual death. Eph. 2:1.

Third—Eternal death. Roman 6:23; Rev. 20:14 and 15.

Adam's sin entailed death on the whole race.

Separates from God.

Brings condemnation.

Destroys hope, kills love and blasts joy.

III.—Who Have Sinned.

All have sinned. Rom. 3:23.

All we like sheep have gone astray. Isa. 53:6.

There is none righteous, no, not one. Psalms 14:2 and 3.

There never was but one man on earth who was without sin, and he was Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

"If we say that we have not sinned we make God a liar, and his word is not in us." 1. John 1:10.

IV.—How God Looks at Sin.

The abominable thing that he hates. Prov. 15:9; Jer. 44:4-11.

The awful thing that must be punished. Rev. 14:8-11, and Rev. 21:8.

The sin of angels turned them into devils.

The suffering of God's Son for sin, reveals to us the terrible sinfulness of sin in the sight of God.

If nothing but the death of Christ could redeem the soul, which by sin was lost, what a wonderful, ugly, hideous monster it must be. Sin is of the devil.

V.—Various Kinds of Sins.

Sins of omission. James 4:17.

Sins of commission. Deut. 9:7.

Secret sins. Psalms 90:8.

Besetting sins. Hebrews 12:1.

Scarlet sins. Isaiah 1:18.

Great sins. Rev. 18:5.

National sins—Mormonism.

Sins of a great city, like Sodom.

Sins of Society—fashion, dress, custom, etc.

Particular Sins, like Galatians 5:19 to 21.

Individual sins.

All individual sins are but the outgrowth of the root of sin in an evil heart, and the yielding to satanic influences.

VI.—The Final Result of Sin.

Eternal punishment of the sinner.

Banishment from God and heaven and all that is good.

The wicked will receive their reward of punishment according to the deeds done in the body.

VII.—The Only Remedy for Sin.

Is the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

God only can forgive sin. Micah. 7:18.

No man can cleanse himself from sin. Proverbs 20:9.

The Bible and the Newspaper

INVESTITURE OF THE KHEDIVE.

THE new Khedive of Egypt has been solemnly invested with the vice-regal powers he inherited from his father. The Sultan of Turkey sent Ahmed Eyoub Pasha as a special envoy to Cairo to carry his firman, or decree, constituting Abbas the ruler of Egypt. The ceremony was performed with Oriental pomp. The Khedive was seated at the entrance of his palace under a magnificent canopy. The Turkish envoy ascended the steps and placed the Imperial document in his hands. It was then read to the assembled thousands by one of the Khedive's ministers. The military bands played the Turkish and Khedival hymns and the inaugural ceremonies closed amid the cheers of the troops and the spectators. The city of Cairo, a picture of which appears on this page, was brilliantly decorated and illumined in honor of the event. The ceremony was not brought about without a severe diplomatic struggle. The Sultan demanded that the young Khedive should go humbly to Constantinople to receive the firman from him. England, however, was jealous of the Khedive's dignity, and insisted on the investiture taking place in Cairo. The Sultan was obstinate and was urged by France who is jealous of England's occcupation of Egypt, to refuse the demand of England. He was then informed that as England was supreme in Egypt she would dispense with the firman and Abbas should reign as an independent sovereign. The Sultan was alarmed by the threat and yielded the point, but with reluctance. When the firman arrived, the English agent demanded to see it before it was read. The demand seemed arrogant, but it was justified by results. The agent discovered on reading the firman that the Sultan was playing false. He had excluded from the Khedive's jurisdiction the whole of the Sinaitic peninsula which has always belonged to Egypt. Another interference was necessary on the part of England to save Egyptian territory. Again the Sultan was forced to yield. He sent a supplementary firman which gave the Khedive the possession of the peninsula, which belongs to him of right. Though not intrinsically valuable it is strategically important and is interesting from its associations, as it was the scene of the forty years' wandering of the Israelites, and contains Mount Sinai from which the law was given. That Egypt would have lost this territory but for the intervention of England is an evidence of how literally the prophecies uttered against her in the days of her prosperity and power have been fulfilled. "Egypt shall be the basest of the kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations."(Ezek.29:15.)

The Bulgarian Appeal.

THE circular note addressed by M. Stambouloff to the European Powers, who signed the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, threatens to set all Europe aflame. It is virtually an appeal to the Powers to compel Turkey to perform her duties and a threat that if she does not fulfil them Bulgaria will declare herself independent. There is a proverb about the folly of disturbing sleeping dogs, which M. Stambouloff seems to have set at defiance by his circular. He is raising a question which is a sore subject with Russia, France, Austria, Germany, England and Turkey. Prince Ferdinand, whose portrait appears on this page, was chosen ruler of Bulgaria by its Sobranje in 1887, but he has never received the endorsement of Russia or Turkey which was deemed necessary to the validity of his title. He has, however, continued to rule that country and Roumelia which joined itself to Bulgaria, and has waited patiently for the approval of the Powers. He was encouraged to hope that it would be given in due time, if he ruled well and maintained public order. Germany, Austria and England would have been glad to see Russia recognize the Prince, but so long as she did not make war on him, they thought he might consider himself fortunate. Russia has been so anxious to absorb Bulgaria that there was a general fear of her availing herself of the excuse of Prince Ferdinand's elevation to lead an army into Bulgaria. As she refrained from doing so, it was hoped that Bulgaria would remain quiet and unobtrusive giving no cause of offence to any one. M. Stambouloff, who is an astute statesman, was credited with a clear perception of the fact that being like a man surrounded with barrels of gunpowder he should not play with fire. His circular therefore causes surprise. It is a complaint that the Sultan of Turkey, who assumes to be the suzerain of Bulgaria, and therefore is responsible for its good government, actually shelters Bulgarian political assassins on Turkish soil, and makes no protest against Russia also sheltering them. M. Stambouloff goes on to intimate that there is no reason why Bulgaria should acknowledge the Sultan's suzerainty any longer if he does not perform a suzerain's duties. Every one perceives that this intimation is a threat to declare Bulgaria an independent nation. That Russia would consent to such a step, no European statesman believes. But if she attempted to seize Bulgaria she would incur the hostility of Germany, Austria, and England, who are determined to bar the extension of her territory southward. The issue of the circular appears like a deliberate attempt to provoke war and it may be that M. Stambouloff believing that a war must come eventually, thinks that it would be better that it should come before the triple alliance is dissolved. The responsibility of precipitating such a war as that must be, in which Russia and France would probably be ranged on one side. and Germany, Austria, and England on the other, is a responsibility that no wise statesman would voluntarily assume. It is more like the act which Solomon describes as that of a madman "casting firebrands, arrows and death." (Prov. 26 : 18.)

THE CITY OF CAIRO, THE CAPITAL OF EGYPT.

The Race for the Homesteads.

AT the opening of the Sisseton Reservation on April 15, there was a wild rush of intending settlers. Three companies of cavalry were deployed along the line on the north and east sides of the reservation shortly before noon. At exactly noon the notes of the bugle rang out and a volley from the carbines of the troops announced that the reservation was opened. Instantly men on horseback dashed forward at a wild gallop. Men followed on mules and in wagons, some alone and others with their families, all pressing forward at the utmost speed they could attain toward the lands. Before nightfall five thousand settlers were on the reservation busily erecting temporary shanties on their claims. In some places four or five squatters claimed the same lots, and fighting took place, but the deputy sheriffs, who were heavily armed and well drilled, succeeded in preventing bloodshed. All kinds of artifices were employed to get precedence in the rush. The troops had driven everyone off the reservation the previous night, but some men had eluded their vigilance and had secreted themselves at points where they could make an early start. Several settlers when about to take possession of claims found them already in the hands of others and make charges of illegal seizure. Among the successful settlers on valuable claims are several women who rode in on horseback or in wagons. Two of them are school-teachers from Iowa who were well forward in the van of the eager crowd. The reservation is in the shape of a triangle, the greater part being in South Dakota and the remainder covering two counties of North Dakota. The lands are described as rich, well-wooded, with numerous lakes and within easy reach of railroads. The eagerness of the people to secure possession of a share of them was perfectly natural. It is strange, however, that a like eagerness does not characterize the people who sit Sunday after Sunday in the churches and hear that God has made provision in the land of many mansions for all who trust in his promises and seek an entrance through Christ. (Heb. 11:16.)

A Dangerous Shoal.

MARINERS will learn with regret that the contract to erect a lighthouse on the famous Diamond Shoal near Cape Hatteras has been abandoned. Congress appropriated half a million dollars two years ago for the erection of a lighthouse at the place, but the contractor after spending $100,000 in the vain effort to lay a foundation has given up the attempt in despair. The Diamond Shoal is described as "the nastiest bit of water on the earth's surface." The wind and water at that point seem to be carrying on a continual warfare, with the result of making it well nigh impossible to even make soundings, in preparation for the more difficult task of anchoring a caisson in which to construct the foundation for a superstructure. The Coast Survey officers sent a force to the place to make soundings at one time and, although they remained in the vicinity two months, there was not a single day in all that time when it was possible for the boats to anchor so that the men could work. At about the same time petitions to Congress were sent from vessel owners and pilots asking for the establishment of a lightship on the shoals. It is hoped that some other contractors will try to erect the lighthouse, and in the meantime a lighted buoy with a whistling attachment is to be placed there. As more wrecks take place on that shoal than on any part of our coast, it is important that some warning should be set on it. There is the more encouragement to make the attempt because captains seeing the warning light would be sure to avoid the danger. Those who are in danger of moral and spiritual shipwreck are not so careful. The voice of conscience, the warnings of God's Word and of his servants though uttered earnestly and solemnly and with disinterested concern for his safety often fail to arrest the course of the heedless voyager. (Prov. 29: 1.)

FERDINAND, PRINCE OF BULGARIA.

BRIEF NOTES.

The New Baptist Year-Book gives a total membership or 3,269,366, an increase over last year, of 105,579. The number of baptisms reported last year, was 160,247. The number of ministers ordained in 1891, was 407.

Rev. E. P. Hammond was assisted in his recent revival services at New Haven, Conn., by Rev. M. Hume, who has been laboring for several years as a missionary in India. Mr. Hume was converted when a boy under Mr. Hammond's preaching.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has closed his campaign at Hornellsville, N. Y. The *Morning Times* of that city says that hundreds have confessed Christ during the services and the closing meetings in the Park Church were the largest and most successful of the whole series.

Rev. Stephen and Mrs. Merritt started last Monday on an extended tour of the United States. They will visit the principal cities and hope to spend some time in California and Alaska. Mr. Merritt is sure to receive a warm welcome from his brethren in the distant States many of whom have had personal observation of the grand religious and philanthropic work which he has carried on in New York for many years.

Bishop William Taylor's many friends will be glad to hear of his safe arrival in New York. The bishop is in excellent health, and though his beard is somewhat whitened by the passage of the years and the storms and hardships incident to his labors in Africa, his form is still erect and his step elastic. He is accompanied by several native African Christians.

A gift of $75,000 has been placed at the disposal of the Presbyterian Church in Washington, D. C., of which Rev. George B. Patch is pastor. It comes from a lady who desires to have a church erected as a memorial to her father and husband. The only condition attached to the gift is that it shall be called, The Gunton Temple Memorial Church.

The Bible Institute of Chicago, is sending out trained workers into home and foreign fields. Three of its students are now working in India, four in China, the same number in Africa, six in Turkey, two in South America, one each in Central America, Bulgaria, Persia, Burmah, and Japan, and four among the North American Indians.

MAKING IT A MILLION.

Another Shipment of 720,000 Pounds of Flour Soon to be Sent to Russia —"The Christian Herald" Relief Fund Still Growing.

WHEN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, several weeks ago, announced its readiness to co-operate with its readers and their friends in forwarding food supplies to the Russian famine sufferers, it did so with the most modest expectations. The result, however, has been surprising beyond all measure. Instead of sending 100,000 pounds of flour to Russia, as was first intended, the initial instalment sent by the International Navigation steamship *Conemaugh*, in behalf of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund, was 280,000 pounds. Money has poured in from sympathetic readers in every part of the Union until the Fund has reached most noble proportions, the total at the time of this issue being fully $8,000.

This will enable us to send to Russia without unnecessary delay a second shipment of **720,000** pounds of flour, thus *making the round million* in two shipments. This is a glorious work, and one that must bring a blessing on all who are privileged to share in it.

These offerings are the spontaneous gift of Christian men, women and children in many states, of Christian Endeavor Societies, King's Daughters, Sunday Schools, Epworth Leagues, Ladies' Aid Societies, and a host of private individuals. The letters that accompany their contributions show how deeply in earnest they are in the desire to aid the famine-stricken millions. Some send largely, others little; but the blessing of God goes with all. Some of the largest contributions have been begun by little children. Some have sent their gift as a thank-offering for recovery from some severe sickness, others in memory of a dear one who has passed away, and all because they esteem it a duty and a pleasure to give of their abundance to God's suffering, dying poor.

THE RELIEF STEAMER "CONEMAUGH," NOW ON THE WAY.

What will the people of Russia say when they receive the food sent them by the contributors to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund and their noble-hearted friends? They will say *"blagodaru vam."* That means much more than "Thank you." It means "I give you the blessing." Tangible, visible bread, is given to thousands; but tens of thousands of blessings will return to the cheerful givers. Below we give acknowledgment to the contributions received during the week.

Am't ack'g'd last week $4,566.50
Orville Nalle, Brandy Sta. Va. 10 00
Fannie M. Harris " " 1 00
Mrs. O. Nalle, " " 1 00
W. J. Carr " " 2 00
O. W. Spindle " " 1 50
M. W. Spindle " " 1 50
Mrs. T. B. Nalle " " 5 00
D. C. Gordon " " 1 00
H. H. Ratrie " " 1 00
W. A. Bennett " " 1 00
L. C. Major " " 1 00
Miss L. F. Major " " 0 60
Robt. McGuinn " " 0 50
W. H. Parr " " 0 50
A. M. Crigler " " 0 50
J. W. Eaton " " 0 50
L. Nalle " " 0 50
L. M. Wood " " 0 25
J. O. Fant " " 0 25
Geo. W. Hume " " 0 25
P. L. Humphreys " " 0 25
Mrs. S. Miller, Norfolk 3 50
Mrs. F. H. Pettengill 1 00
R. E., East Dennis, Mass. 1 00
A. B. H., Ware, Mass. 3 75
A. W. H. " " 0 75
R. V. H., " " 0 50
Friends, Blue Earth City, M. 15 00
Sympathiser, Ashland, Va. 1 00
W. Nordine 5 00
K. S., Gladstone, Mich. 10 00
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S.V.P., Friendship 2 00
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Mrs. Mary A. Nuckols 5 00
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P. M. Clifford 5 00
M. C. Mitchell, S. Dak. 1 00
——, Whiting, Vt. 1 00
Henry Kinsman 10 00
D. J. Lambert 2 00
H. Sidebotham 1 00
G. C., Albany, N. Y. 4 00
Friends, Mountain Mills, Ala. 6 75
Annie Waldron 4 00
Julia Pilcher, Ida Co., Iowa. 1 00
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Lester Pilcher " " 0 25
Myrtle Pilcher " " 0 25
William Pilcher, " " 0 50
Harry Pilcher " " 0 25
Pearl Garner " " 0 50
Henry Shearer " " 1 00
John Skyes " " 0 25
M. Garner " " 0 50
George Porter " " 0 50
C. Corrie " " 0 50
Mary Garner " " 0 50
Sarah Geigar " " 1 00
G. W. Geigar " " 2 00
Everet Geigard " " 1 00
Jennie Geigar " " 1 00
Edith Geiger " " 1 00
Raym'd Shearer " " 1 00
J. L. Sherrer " " 0 ,
W. L. Garner " " 0 50
Irwin Pilcher " " 0 50
Wm. O'Meara " " 1 00
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Dace Payne " " 0 50
Frank Payne " " 0 50
M. A. Sturtevant, 3 00
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Margie Rollins, 3 65
Anna Frank, 1 00
Name of Christ, W't'b'y, Ct. 2 00
A Friend, Pecose, Texas, 5 00
T. S. Milhouse, 2 00
Mrs. Parnell, 1 00
A Friend, Meriden, Ct. 1 00
A Reader, Montpelier, Vt. 1 00
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J. F. H., Westerly, 1 00
Sub'r, Knoxboro, N.Y. 1 00
G. S. Stancliff, 2 00
F. G. A., Albany, N.Y. 1 00
Mrs. C. C. Palmer, 1 00
E. C. Murray, 1 00
Lizzie Yon, 0 25
Jessie Sculler, 0 25
John W. Murray, 1 00
Reea Buckingham, 0 25
George Keler, 0 25
C. H. Roop, 0 50
R. A. Roop, 0 50
N. E. Franklin, 0 25
Perry Franklin, 0 25
Friend, 0 25
Thomas Kelly, 0 25
Mrs. Greenwood, 0 25
Mrs. Edward Naille, 0 25
Lillian Trayer, 0 25
Mrs. W. W. Naill, 1 00
J. F. Stein, 0 50
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TheY. L. F. M. S., Marion, Ind 5 00
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Susan M. Porter, 5 00
Ch'tan C'h, Banksville, Pa. 5 00
Mrs. J. G. Breese, 5 00
Cons't Rd'er, W'dhaven, N.Y 5 00
Robt. Douglas, 1 00
Amos Long, 1 00
C. A. Marshall, 3 00
G. F. Losche, 5 00
M. E. Boodwin, 6 50
Civilla Ludington, 0 25
Mrs. E. Bailey and others 10 00
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A Friend, Lake Mait'ld, Fla. 5 00
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Friend, Hackensack, N. J. 2 00
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Alex. Cummings, 1 00
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M. L. Moore, 0 50
Flora Moore, 0 05
Lena Croom, 0 25
A. Croom, 0 25
P. Moore, 2 00
Judson Coffey, 0 05
Walter Moore, 0 25
Amos Heuhy, 0 25
Mrs. Ams Heuhy, 0 25
T. C. Buchanan, 0 25
J. L. Francis, 0 10
Waits Greene, 0 25
Mrs. Sarah Moore, 0 50
Mrs. M. C. Moore, 0 50
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Others, 0 50
F. P. Moore, 2 00
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Daniel Drummond, 5 00
A. G., Iona, Mich., 1 00
Ellen McArthur, 1 00
Wilton Kellar, 1 00
Mrs. Pratt, 1 00
J. Johnson, 0 50
Mamie B. Gallagher, 0 50
Rev. D. W. Andrew, 0 50
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In His Name, Chicago, Ill. 1 00
Mrs. H. G. A., Beloit, Wis. 10 00
P. A. H., Rockford, Ill. 3 50
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A Young Beginner, Illinois, 2 00
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S. C. H., Henniken, N. H. 5 00
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Jesse Moore, 1 00
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Mrs. N. L. Denman, 1 00
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James H. Tucker, 1 00
E. D. C. & Fr'd, Deerfi'd, N.Y. 3 50
Mrs. A. M. Farrow, 1 50
Mrs. S. C. McLean, 5 00
Friend, Deansville, N. Y. 11 00
Mrs. Anna Hiller, 1 00
Mrs. H. R. Hiller, 1 00
M. S. Larnnere, 5 00
Edgar P., Sidney Centre, N.Y. 0 48
Cas. P., " " " 0 46
Other in's " " " 2 31
Mrs. Foot, " " " 0 50
Mrs. Simpson, " " 0 25
P. C. H., Plattsv'e, Ont. Can. 0 25
Mrs. Woodbridge, 2 00
" Philip, 2 00
" Smith, 0 75
M. Philip, 1 00
A. Hallguist, 0 25
Arthur D. Holmes, 0 50
Leroy L. Holmes, 0 50
E. J. Nicholson, 0 50
Ellis & Southworth, 1 00
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H. ——, Ellery, N. Y. 1 00
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Friend, Warren Plains, N. C. 1 00
Sub'r, Council Bluffs, Iowa. 1 00
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A Friend, " " 2 00
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Ruth, New Baltimore, N. Y. 1 00
H. W. Bartlett and family, 5 00
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Mrs. A. C. Fuller, 1 00
In His Name, Lunenb'g, Mass. 2 00
———, Madison, Ind. 1 00
Steuben, No. Western, N. Y. 1 00
Miss P. L. S., Wt'rville, N. Y. 5 00
Lizzie Kagey, 5 00
Reader, Stroudsburg, Pa. 1 00
Mrs. Annie Miner, 3 00
" Lucy R. Bush, 2 00
J. Davis, 5 00
A Few Ladies, Ashby, Mass. 2 00
J. H., Wales, Mass. 2 00
H. E. Austin, 10 00
Friend, Rockville, Md. 1 00
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Geo. W. Slater, 2 00
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Mrs. G. M. Bush & Friend, 5 50
W. H. Parker, 1 00
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N. Hazen, 3 50
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A Shut In, Olney, Ill. 1 00
W. L. Helman, 1 00
A Friend, Palatine, Ill. 1 00
Mary & Martha, Chicago, Ill. 2 00
W'r. & M'h. Mills, P'rson, Ia. 1 00
Mrs. W. H. Mann. 2 00
A Laborer, Wellsville, Utah, 1 00
Letta Mead, 1 00
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———, Havensville, Ks. 0 50
F. K. Hiekok, 2 00
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Mrs. A. Beeler, 1 00
Fred. Gollrick, 5 00
Geo. Moore, 1 00
Mrs. Frank Allan, 1 00
J. D. Kerr, 1 00
Mrs. S. L. Kerr, 1 00
H. P. Kerr, 1 00
J. M. Kerr, 1 00
W. H. Dickson, 1 00
R. D. Kerr, 0 25
Lizzie L. Kerr, 0 25
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Mrs. S. M. Stewart, 5 00
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Sub'r, St. Paul, Minn. 1 00
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Alex. Stewart, 0 25
Maria F. Newcomb, 0 25
C. A. Neweomb, 0 25
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E. S., 1 00
A. C. A., 3 50
C. Dalenberg, 4 00
Jos. B. Williamson, 5 00
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Edw & Reuben Hafenrichter, 5 00
Family in Shabbona, Ill. 20 00
M. K. U., Co. Essex, Ont. Can. 1 00
Mrs. E. Martinott, 5 00
A. C. Creeg and Family, 1 25
Mrs. L. B. Saunies, 3 50
C. Shepperson, 0 90
H. I,, Waterbury, N. Y. 2 00
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Friend, Ritchie. W. Va. 1 00
Mrs. R. F. Schmucher, 2 00
Gustar Bertram and Family 1 50
Friend, Minneapolis, Minn, 1 00
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——— Yantisville, Ill. 1 00
A Friend to the Suffers, Williamsburg, Tex. 100 00
W. H. M. 1 00
D. M. W. 10 00
Kings Daughters, 20 00
C. D. C., Altoona, Kans. 1 00
Wm. C. B. Rhodes & Family, 2 00
J. Gowling, 1 00
First United Pres. Church, St. Louis, Mo. 50 00
G. F. A., Milwaukee, Wis. 2 00
F. H. Wilson, 5 00
Mrs. Henry Mann, 1 00
D. G. Harrison, 2 00
——— Inland, Neb. 1 00
Mrs. Montgomery, 1 00
Anna Cramer. 1 00
Rev. Mrs. J. Alderson, 2 00
S. S. Garnike, La Grange, Ind. 5 00
Chas. Bote, 1 00
Sub'r, Omaha, Neb. 1 00
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Miss I. Hough, 0 50
J. F. Millard, 0 25
G. Fossum, 0 50
Martin Negaard, 0 25
Elmer Johnson, 0 25
Gordliamer & Hough, 0 50
E. B. Crone. 0 25
F. G. Berge, 0 50
A. Westerdahl, 0 25
O. E. Soland, 1 00
John Finstrom. 0 50
Allen Weatherby, 0 25
H. W. Roll, 0 25
A. A. Amundson, 0 25
O. A. Strom, 0 25
Mrs. E. Biddle, 0 25
Mrs. Ben. Johnson, 0 25
John A. Holmgren, 0 25
Mrs. J. F. Hall, 0 25
Miss Ida Hall, 0 25
Mrs. Bertha Erickson, 0 25
Miss Anna Cox, 0 25
Miss Martha G. Jelhoug 0 25
Mrs. Westberg, 0 25
J. B. Cooper, 0 25
J. B. Prather, 0 50
H. C. Odney, 0 50
G. Y. Pritchard, 0 50
E. B. Segerstrom, 0 25
Iver Lunde, 0 50
Ole Wisdall, 0 25
Mrs. J. F. Shelgren, 0 50
Mrs. Malmgren, 0 25
Mrs. Merryman, 0 50
A. P. Backlund, 0 25
A. Westgaard, 0 25
C. C. Anderson, 0 25
Mrs. M. P. Malsed, 0 25
J. Arnold, 1 00
Mrs. Margaret Williams, 1 00
Mrs. V. Loomis, 2 50
Mrs. E. H. Reed, 2 50
Kate E. Judd, 5 00
B. W. C., Holdrege, Neb. 1 00
W. H. Lichty, 5 00
Sub'r, Iowa City, Iowa. 1 00
N. H. Barber, 1 00
E. H. Y., Nora Springs, Ia. 5 00
Sub'r, New Haven, Vt. 1 00
Reader, " " " 5 00
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Annie Smallberger, 1 00
Reader, Decatur, Ill. 1 00
Sister, " " 1 00
J. B. Beattie, 3 50
Annie Windhoe, 1 50
Mrs. C. H. Bacon, 4 00
J. G. McKinney, 10 00
Henrietta La Rue, 1 00
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Fred Zabriske, 1 00
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Jas. H. Atkins, 1 00
A Friend, Charlottesville, Va. 1 00
Good People, Biverton, Va. 13 51
M. L. P., Janesville, Wis. 1 00
E. H. P. 1 00
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Mrs. D. B. A., Delavan, Ill. 3 50
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Louisa C. Schindler, 5 00
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G. E. S., Garrison, Md. 5 00
Chas. W. Houghton, 3 00
Thomas Jones, 2 00
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Mrs. James C. Houghton, 1 00
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Rev. T. D. White, 5 00
Sylvanus Styles, 5 00
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C. P. Smith, 0 50
J. J. Rosback, 0 50
T. C. Mott, 0 50
Mrs. Fox, 0 50
Baptist Church collection, 1 36
Other contributions, 0 95
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Isadore Thorpe, 1 21
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Friends, White Horse, Pa. 2 50
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Mrs. J. B. Everson, 3 50
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Friend, Orange Bluff, Fla. 10 00
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Congregation. Cutler, Ills. 13 20
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M. M. E., Elsah, Ills. 1 00
Mrs. P. M. Morgan, 1 00
Henry Wagner, 1 00
G. W. Swigers, 4 00
Two Friends, Chicago, Ills. 1 00
Maggie McKercher, } Dellah Lindow. } 10 85
Jennie McF'rcher, }
Mrs. L. M. Wooster, 1 00
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Mrs. J. F. Clement, 5 00
Wm. Lawton, 5 25
Edgar & Howard, Ealt., Md. 2 00
T. R. Satterfield, 1 00
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A Man, Brooklyn, E. D. 5 00
Sub. Normandy, Mo. 2 10
For Jesus, Mauricetown, N.J. 5 00
R. R., Speeht, O. 5 00
Mrs. M. J. Wick, 5 00
W. H. S., Toronto, Can. 1 00
W. H. Utjen, 2 00
Hiram Edmonds, 1 00
Orson Earle, 0 25
Rev. S. H. Stevenson, 1 00
Wm. H. Wilson, 5 00
Miss Bessie Wilson, 0 50
Miss Wilson's Class, 2 50
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Etel Igov, 1 00
Walter Igov, 0 50
Lester Igov, 0 50
Mrs. E. H. Thompson, 5 00
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Sub., Carlyle, Ill. 10 00
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S. A Pruett, Rosville, Ill. 2 50
Broth'ly Love, Amboy, Minn. 5 00
Ralph W. Wood, 7 00
Mrs. Mary Whittaker, 5 00
C. E. S., Rokeby, Ont. Can. 22 00
Mrs. J. A, Harrell, 2 00
J. A. I. Cassedy, 0 50
Sub'r, Alto Pass. Ill. 2 00
M. A Beel, 2 00
C. S. W. Ankona, Fla. 3 50
Mrs. E. J. Hamilton, 1 00
Mrs. T. J. Elliott, 1 00
List of names from Subl'e, Ill. 4 50
A. F. Soria, 10 00
J. W. Jr., Newark, N. J. 3 00
Robt. Pugh. 3 50
Sub'r, North Kingsville, O. 2 50
Mem. Ch'l., Ivoryton, Conn. 27 50
The R'lte Cl'le, K. D. " 3 50
Emily R. Brown, 2 00
W. M. C., Merrill, Iowa. 1 00
Cash Boys, Denver, Colo. 1 25
B. A. Jones, 10 00
H. Ziegler, 1 00
Augusta W. Walter, 2 00
J. Lewe, 1 00
M. B., Tiskilna, Ill. 1 00
J. B., " " 1 00
——, Rockford, Ill. 1 00
Mrs. E. B. Morehouse, 2 00
Friends, Freeport, Mich. 3 00
Lottie T. Phelps, 1 00
J. H. Hinen, 1 00
Mrs. A. H. Benn, 2 00
A. S. Benn, 1 00
Lizzie Knight, 1 00
J. D., Emerson, Ill. 2 00
E.W.F.A., " " 8 00
Mrs. E. C. H., Tyler, Wash. 5 00
Col'n, Mt. Vernon S.-S. on Long Hill, 7 00
R. W. Mitchell, 1 00
Chas. Dery, 0 50
John Sealey, 0 50
John Hardwick, 0 50
G. H. Harvey 2 50
Rev. W. P. & C. Caldwell, 7 00
Wm. A. Dunlop, 5 00
Ki'gs' Dah'tr, Escandedo, Cal. 0 25
Mrs. Julia B. Wilcox, 1 00
R. L. Brewster, 1 00
Reader, Worcester, Mass. 5 00
James Boughton, 1 00
Dr. & Mrs. J. W. Good, 5 00
J. E. Virgo, 1 00
Della Edmondson, 2 00
S. A. Cochrane, 3 00
Sweetsburg, Que., Can. 10 00
Mrs. Annie M. Hull. 5 00
A friend, New York, 1 00
Henry Kent, 25 00
Mrs. N. Sheek, 1 00
Miss Jenckes, 1 00
J. L. & A. L., 10 00
Sub'r, Heislerville, N. J. 1 00
" Fairburg, Neb. 1 00
Gilbert McClure, 1 00
Mrs. T. H. Webb, 1 00
Mrs. S. H. Nutting, 1 00
A Brother & Sister, 1 00
Friend, 2 00
Chas. E. Taylor, 5 00
T. L. & family, 2 00
A. M. Kemmel, 2 00
Twin Val'y Grange, L'bg, O. 10 00
Sub'r, Guilford, Conn. 1 00
R. Kendrick, Brooklyn, 0 50
Friends, Kosse, Ill. 4 50
Friend, Pittsfield, Mass. 1 00
D. L. R., Jersey City, 2 00
———, Olneyville, R. I. 2 30
O., Glen Rock, Pa. 1 00
Sub'r, Harensville, Kans. 2 00
Reader, Wilcox, Neb. 2 00
James Aitken, 2 00
G. G. W., So. Manchester, Ct. 3 50
——, Brooklyn, 1 00
Sub'r, Athol, Mass. 1 00
M. W. Stephens & wife, 2 00
———, Harrisonburg, Va. 1 00
A friend, Sebena, Mich. 1 00
Isaac Nolestein, 2 00
Friend, Worcester, Mass. 1 00
J. G. Southern, 1 00
M. C. & L. A. Caraway, 2 00
I. E. C., Chicago, Ill. 1 00
S. E. Emory, 2 00
Friend, Xenia, O. 1 00
Sub'r, Dartford, Wis. 1 00
" Battle Creek, Mich. 3 00
L. M. Barto, 1 50
Friend T., Providence, R. I. 1 00

And over 300 others, aggregating $700, to be acknowledged next week.

GOD SPEED THE "CONEMAUGH!"

(*Continued from first page.*)

for eyes that are closing in darkness. They mean new pulsation to hearts that are ceasing to beat. They mean prospered American home giving salutation to agonized Russian home. They mean the prayer of lips that are too weak to do more than whisper, answered from the throne of God, by the way of American sympathy. They mean resurrection. This food will be taken by the ship *Conemaugh* to the Russian port, and then by rail-train, and after that by bread-wagons, and then on its arrival the clean, white, sweet flour will be handed out, and there will be one word passing through the cabins of the Russian peasants, and flung far and near. That word will be sounded by the clapping hands of childhood and by the tremulous accents of old age. It will go up in shout, and song and thanksgiving. A plain word, but it will thrill through fainting hearts, and bound from white lips, and fill all the air with light and gladness, and that word will be—Bread! Ye western winds! tell them that the food is on its way! Standing on this Atlantic coast with prayer and song, we launch it for the Russian coast. Lift up your heads, ye perishing thousands of Russia, while we put upon your lips this solemn sacrament of bread in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!

"O thou! who didst walk the sea of Galilee when thy disciples sailed, walk beside the *Conemaugh*, as it shall plow the deep, carrying this mercy from a prospered nation to an afflicted land. O thou! who holdest the wind in thy fist, let no hurricane whelm this treasure. May the angels of thy protection hover over the bread-wagons. Upon all who have contributed, whether from large means or small, may the blessing of God descend, and they and theirs never know what it is to be hungry when there is no flour in the house. May the relief which is sent to-day be multiplied, until upon all America, and all Europe, may come the blessing of him who said. 'I was a-hungered and ye fed me.' Put an end to all suffering on both sides of the sea, and may universal plenty dawn, and there be bread enough and to spare, bread for the body, and bread for the soul, and the world that started with a garden close with a garden. Lord God of nations, hear our prayer in the name of him who came to seek and save that which was lost. Amen and Amen!"

Mr. Blankenburg, who is in charge of the distribution of American contributions of flour and corn in the interior of Russia, and who is now operating in the very heart of the famine district, has telegraphed that rice is badly needed for the invalids. He suggests that in future cargoes, quantities of rice should be included. Many of the invalids, he says, have sunk so low in vitality that they can digest no other food. Rice can be brought much cheaper and to better advantage in Europe than here, and the suggestion will doubtless be of practical value to the foreign relief committees.

Meanwhile THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund is still growing and promises to attain noble proportions. It is a work that will bring to the givers the pure satisfaction of knowing that they have been the means, in God's hands, of bringing health, joy and happiness to thousands of afflicted homes in far-off Russia.

In Novo Zemsk, Saratoff, Nicholaivsk and all through the Volga country from Kazan to Astrakhan, the death-rate from hunger, typhus and kindred diseases induced by long deprivation of nourishing food has reached startling proportions. Many villages are without medical assistance, and the scenes of suffering are heart-rending. A correspondent writes that placards bearing the word "typhus" are hung on the contaminated houses in the town of Ekaterinenburg. It is feared, moreover, that a fresh element of horror may be added to the famine by the introduction of cholera from Persia. Baroness d'Uxkull, widow of the former Russian Ambassador at Rome, declares that the aid distributed in the famine-stricken districts on the Volga (where she has done much to alleviate the prevalent distress and established numerous kitchens) is totally insufficient to cope with the wants of the people. "The general wretchedness," she says, "is terrible, and hundreds of men and women wander from place to place to procure a crust of bread, others sit in their huts with bowed heads scarcely ever moving or speaking. Many of the peasants possess no fuel of any description, and their impoverished condition and enforced idleness have made life almost intolerable to them."

Still More Touching Letters.

From the many letters received during the past week we select the following extracts:

D. T. W., Herman, N. Y. Enclosed please find $24.46. This is a small village. Put this where it will do the most good to the starving. It is the poor men's, women's and widow's gift, earned by the day and hour—with the needle in some cases.

Widow, Baltimore, Md. It is more blessed to give than to receive. ($1.)

C. C. S., Philadelphia. Enclosed $5 goes with a silent prayer for God's blessing upon this most noble work.

B. and O. A. Enclosed find $5—our little mite which please invest in flour.

S. E. A., Kokomo, Ind. I enclose $1, and ask God's blessing on it as it goes to feed the body, that the soul may be fed also.

W. E. R., N. Y. God bless this ($1) to their spiritual as well as physical good.

Teacher, N. Y. Enclosed is $1; a small contribution from the infant class in Sunday School. The pennies were collected in a week by the little ones.

E. A. F. C., Chicago. $5. This is a family donation to the starving Russians. We do hope it will be in time for the next ship load. May the good Lord help and bless you in the work.

C. C. R., Versailles, Ky. $7. An offering for the starving children of Russia, from the primary class of the Presbyterian Sunday School.

A Subscriber, St. Paul, Minn. $1. Reading the accounts in your paper brought me to see I should have given in my mite before.

Boys of the Presbyterian Orphanage, Paschalville, Pa. We, the little boys of the Tenbrook College, as you know, not able to do much, but after reading "Russia's Cry Heard" in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we were touched, and took up a collection among ourselves, and now send you $2.76 for them, with the prayer that some life may be saved that will speak and work for Jesus.

Isadore T., Jersey City. I am a little girl 11 years old, and because I love Jesus and am very sorry for the Russians, I have collected this money ($1.21) to send for flour.

R. B. F., Richwood, Dooly Co., Pa. May our Father grant his choicest blessing on this noble work. (Enclosed $2).

J. B. P., Cutler, Ill. Please find enclosed $20 of which $5 is from our Sunday School, $13.20 from our congregation, and $1.80 from W. E. B. May it be the means of doing much good.

L. M., Pawtucket, R. I. (1.) From the Watching Ten (King's Daughters) for the Russian Relief fund.

M. S., Weedman, Ill. Enclosed $5.35 from the Weedman Y. P. S. E. of Weedman. I wish it was more, but may God bless the work and what we have to give.

Mrs. H. G. A., Beloit, Wis. Ten dollars for the relief of the Russian sufferers. Giving ten dollars seems like trying to dip up the ocean with a teaspoon; but we hope it will find other ten dollars.

P. A. H., Rockford, Ill. I could not afford $3.50 for my comfort, but I will for my starving brother.

E. H. T., Bushnell, Ill. $1. It is but little and needed at home, but God wants it for the starving people. I don't sit down to my table but what I think of their need.

F. P., Globe, N. C. My little boy, Claude, 10 years old, after reading in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an account of the famine in Russia told me he wanted to do something for those poor people and he handed me 75 cents to forward to you. I mentioned the matter to our Sunday School, and the Lord moved them to respond to the appeal. May the Lord open the hearts of his people so that they may be willing to listen to the cries of the needy and feed them with bread temporal and spiritual.

D. B. T., Hastings, Minn. $4. A family gift. We have little money, but plenty to eat. May God open the hearts of the people to the wants of the suffering.

Mary and Martha, Chicago. We desire to contribute our mites to the starving poor of Russia. We are widows with not much of this world's goods, but desire to have our interest in the *Conemaugh's* cargo. ($2.)

Subscriber, Waverly, Ill. $2 for the relief of the sufferers in Russia from myself and husband. I am so glad to be permitted to have a space in this noble work, though a small one. Our hearts ache for those who are perishing for bread, especially for the children.

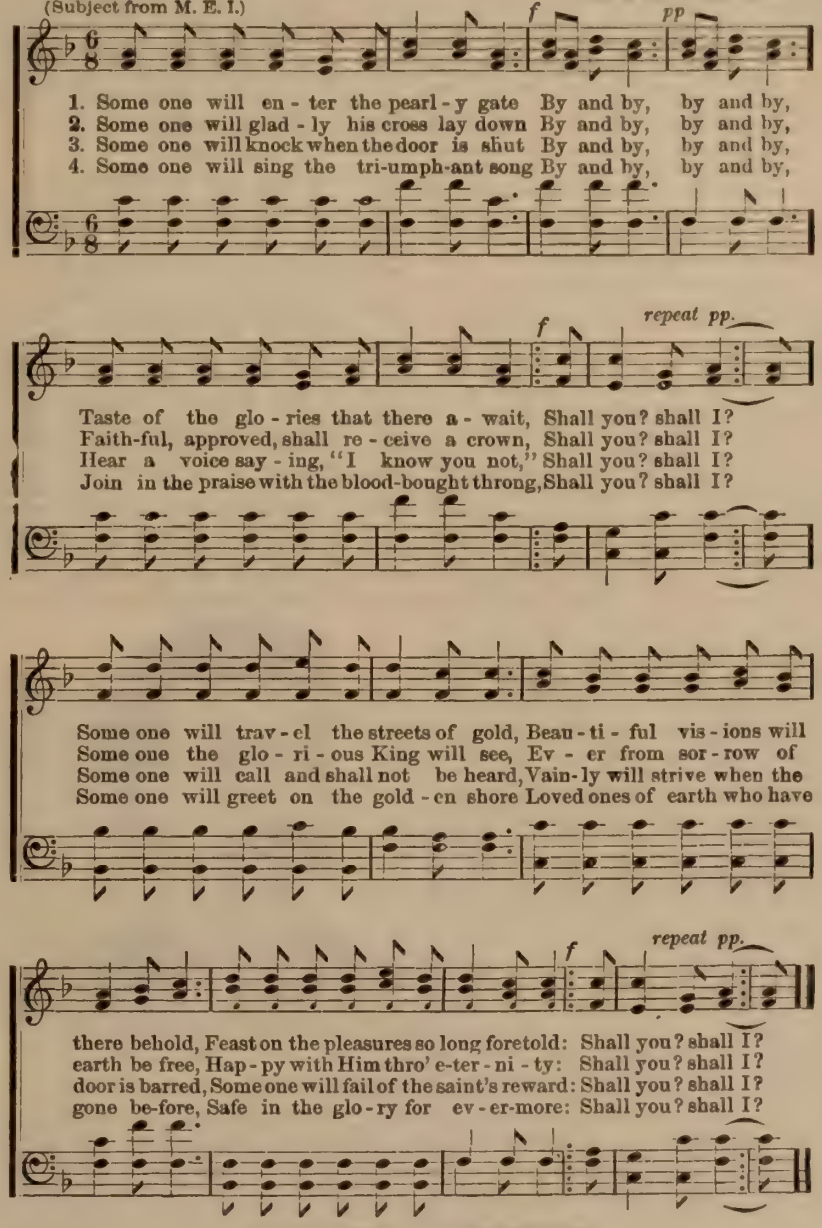
Mrs. T. G. G., Carlin, Nev. Accept $1 for the famine stricken people of Russia. We have much to be thankful for here in the West. Our climate is delightful and plenty of food.

Shall you? Shall I?

LUKE 13: 24.

G. M. J. (Subject from M. E. I.)

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by,
2. Some one will glad - ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
4. Some one will sing the tri-umph-ant song By and by, by and by,
Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I?
Faith-ful, approved, shall re - ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I?
Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I?
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng, Shall you? shall I?
Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions will
Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of
Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain-ly will strive when the
Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Loved ones of earth who have
there behold, Feast on the pleasures so long foretold: Shall you? shall I?
earth be free, Hap - py with Him thro' e-ter - ni - ty: Shall you? shall I?
door is barred, Some one will fail of the saint's reward: Shall you? shall I?
gone be-fore, Safe in the glo - ry for ev - er-more: Shall you? shall I?

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THE SEALED BOOK.

John Sees in a Vision the Judgment of the World Committed to Christ.

BY P. W. E.

IN the fourth chapter of the Revelation of Jesus Christ, we saw that God was worshipped as Creator. In the fifth we see him as "Judge of the Earth committing all judgment unto the Son," and giving "him authority to execute judgment also because he is the son of man." John 5: 22, 27.

"I saw in the right hand of him that sat on the throne a book, written within and on the back, sealed with seven seals. And I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice, Who is worthy to open the book and to loose the seals thereof? And no man in heaven, or in earth, neither under the earth, was able to open the book, neither to look thereon."

According to law in Lev. 25: 25, if a possession was sold or lost, it could subsequently be redeemed, and when repurchased, it was customary for the redeemer to have a sealed document, signed by witnesses, as evidence of its redemption. Jer. 33: 6-15. Through the first Adam, that is through sin, the world was lost—"sold under sin." In Eph. 1: 14, the inheritance has been purchased, but not yet redeemed or taken possession of.

The treasure in the parable in Matt. 13: 44, refers to the remnant Jews; for in Exodus 19: 5, God says the children of Israel "shall be a peculiar treasure unto me," and in Psalm 135: 4, we read that "the Lord hath chosen Israel for his peculiar treasure." Christ found this "treasure hid in a field . . . and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field." He tells us "The field is the world." Matt. 13: 38. In order to secure this treasure, he buys the field—the world, in which the treasure is. This book written within and on the back

Is the Title Deed of the World;

and it is given to Christ. He takes the deed and gains possession of the world by a series of judgments, which these seven seals represent. God always designed to govern the world by a man. To Adam it was given in trust; but he failed in obedience and ruined the whole creation. Subsequently Noah proved unworthy. Israel failed. The judges fell short of maintaining God's government in the land. Saul failed, also the house of David. The Gentile monarchs were each set aside. All human resources have been tried, and on all have been written the words which foretold the doom of the first Gentile monarchy. "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting."

Well might John weep at the inability of man to carry out the purposes of God. When man's resources are exhausted, then God brings forth the "Man of his own counsels." "And one of the elders saith unto me, weep not: behold, the Lion of the tribe of Judah the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof." What others have failed to do, the "Lion of Judah" can and will do.

Compare this scene with that in Dan. 7th chap., where one like the Son of Man comes to the Ancient of Days. There we are informed by way of additional interpretation, that there is "given him dominion, etc., that all nations should serve him." See also Ps. 24.

The Lord Jesus, who was rejected in his humiliation, has been seated on the Father's throne, while the Spirit has been on earth gathering out a people to keep the word of his patience, aud baptizing them into one body with their glorified Head in heaven. This people constitute the "Pearl of Great Price," the Body or Bride of Christ. Matt. 13: 45, 46. This Pearl, the Church, is heavenly; while the treasure—the remnant Jews—is earthly. Possession of the field must be had before the treasure can be properly secured.

Not until the church is caught up to himself, does Christ arise from the Father's throne to commence the preparatory work of gaining possession of the world. Christ comes forth as

"The Lion of the Tribe of Judah,"

the executor of God's judgments, and as "the Root of David," the centre of his earthly counsels. "And I beheld, and lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four living creatures, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven Spirits of God senth forth into all the earth."

At the time God's praises as Creator are being celebrated, Christ is in the midst of the throne in his own essential glory, the glory of God. But now, when earthly government and judgment are in question, he stands forth in his own derived human glory as the Lamb that had been slain.

He is clothed with perfect power, indicated

by the seven horns; and possesses perfect knowledge and wisdom, as symbolized in the seven eyes, "which are the seven Spirits of God." He receives

His Commission

from God. "And he came and took the book out of the right hand of him that sat upon the throne." This brings out the homage to "the name of Jesus." "And when he had taken the book, the four living creatures and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb. And they sang a new song, saying: Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wert slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign over—not on—the earth." Here Christ is worshipped not as God, but as the slain Lamb, because "He humbled himself, and became odedient unto death, even the death of the cross." The elders worship as priests. As a "royal priesthood," they celebrate "the praises of him who hath called them out of darkness into his marvellous light." (1. Pet. 2: 9.) Also as heavenly priests, in "the holiest of all, which had the golden censer." They have "golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints."

The Praise of Angels

follows. "And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the living creatures and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice: Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

There is a great difference between the worship of the angels and that of the elders. To the angels the central object in the cross is the perfect obedience there manifested on the part of Christ: to the elders, the central object in the cross is the redeeming work there accomplished by the Lord Jesus Christ. Now comes

The Universal Adoration.

"And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying: Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. The redeemed in heaven, the angels, and all creation join in celebrating his praise. We here have the fulfilment of the one hundred and third Psalm. All this praise grows out of the anticipative results, which are to flow out of the sad scenes of judgment now about to commence.

STRICKEN RUSSIA.

(*Written for "The Christian Herald."*)

SITTING in my cosy corner
By the glowing cheerful grate,
I was reading in THE HERALD
Of the Russian peasants' state;
How the hideous monster Famine
Raged throughout the Czar's domain;
Women, men, and little children
Suffered hunger, want, and pain.

And a picture rose before me
Of the land so far away,
Where somebody's little darling
Wan with want and fever lay.
And I thought of some sad father,
Seeking all the day for bread,
And at night perhaps returning
But to find his loved ones dead.

Then I clasped my darling closer,
While the teardrops fain would start;
For an awful thought possessed me,
Seized and filled my very heart.
What if I should see my dear ones
Wasting slowly day by day,
With no power to help or save them,
What if then I could but pray.

And the prayer removed my terror,
Brought instead sweet trust and peace;
But with it a stern conviction
That would not its hold release.
"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"
O'er and o'er the message came;
"Send thy mite to aid the Russian,
See! his tottering, weakened frame.

"If you cannot feed a thousand,
You perhaps *one child* may save;
And some mother's heart will bless you
That there shall be one less grave."
So I read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Thanking God that o'er the land
We can send from out our plenty
To our brother's outstretched hand.

CONSTANCE ENTWISTLE.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for May 8. Psalm 84: Hebrews 10: 25.

THE radical distinction between the Jewish and the Christian conception of the object of religious assembly is clearly marked in the contrast between the two passages selected for the week's topic. The Psalmist is crying out for the courts of the Lord's house, his soul is fainting to be there, and he declares that they are blessed who are there continually. The writer of the epistle to the Hebrews urges his readers to attend the assemblies and exhort one another, and in the context he speaks of provoking one another to love and to good works. In the former the primary idea is that of coming into God's presence as it was to be found in the courts of his house, absence from which meant absence from God's presence. In the latter, the idea is that of mutual edification, help and development. The real worship, the adoration of God, communion with him, the presentation of petitions, the thanksgiving for special mercies have already taken place. The Christian has, in obedience to Christ's injunction, entered into his closet and having shut the door has prayed to his Father who is in secret. He comes forth now and meets with others like-minded, to get instruction, stimulus and encouragement, and to impart them to others to the best of his ability. He is there, too, to place himself on record as a follower of Christ, to join in the breaking of bread and to unite with the brethren in the study of the Word. The singing of God's praises, the prayers to him for blessings needed in common by all there, are appropriate exercises in such an assembly. We could not conceive of such an assembly meeting and separating without such exercises. They are the spontaneous, the natural expression of emotions which such converse would arouse. Love to Christ and fealty to him form the bond of union which holds together men of different races, conditions and habits of life. In politics, in business, in mental culture, in social relations there may be no community of thought or feeling between the men gathered together, but a closer fellowship than is found in any of these is found in the sense of a common love of Christ, and that sense makes them brethren. They have, too, a common duty and object in meeting. The prayer "Thy kingdom come" is no mere empty wish. Other subjects are to be sought for that kingdom. The Gospel is to be preached that souls may be won from the service of Satan to the service of Christ. It is not ceremony, gorgeous ritual, or meaningless ordinances, conducted by a salaried performer, that constitute Christian worship. We rightly speak of our services as "means of grace" They should be the happy communion of kindred souls, drawn together by a common love, common desires for holiness and usefulness and a common expectation of future eternal blessedness.

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Y. M. C. A. ACTIVTY IN THE NORTHWEST

THE Executive Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the Northwest is undertaking a vigorous work of an organizing and revival character. The field under its jurisdiction is of vast extent. It is divided into five districts, any one of which would be larger than many of the fields covered by the State secretaries in many of the eastern States. The programme as described by the *Young Men's Era* is to hold in each district a general conference at which a representative of the Executive Committee shall attend to give advice and encouragement. The conference for district No. 1, including all of British Columbia, has already been held in Victoria. The four city associations in the province were represented; and there were also delegates from two college associations in district No. 2, and corresponding members from other districts. The executive committee was represented by International College Secretary John R. Mott. The meeting for men only was held in the Victoria opera house and attended by five hundred men, when Mr. Mott gave a very able address on social purity. At the close of the address a number requested prayer that they might be enabled to live a Christian life. At the farewell service, after a very earnest address by Mr. Mott, Travelling Secretary Dummett presented briefly the work of the executive committee. At the close of the address $175 were subscribed for the work. At one of the meetings the Hon. John Robson, premier of British Columbia, presided. In his words of welcome to the delegates he said that "of all the titles attached to his name there was none that he was more proud of than the title of president of the Victoria Young Men's Christian Association."

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AN ACTIVE FIELD SECRETARY.

THE Baptist Young People's Union is to be congratulated on the possession of an energetic and devoted field secretary. The extension and development of the Union will depend very much on the efficiency with which the duties of that office are performed. The explanation of the principles of the Union, the stimulating of the churches to organize Unions and the settlement of difficulties which will inevitably arise—will all lie within the province of the Field Secretary. Energy, patience, tact and enthusiasm will be indispensable for the performance of these duties, and they are not often found in one man. It is therefore a matter for congratulation that the Union has secured the services of so earnest and accomplished a man as the Rev. J. C. Thoms for the work. Mr. Thoms, although only a young man, has an excellent record in three communities in which he has held pastorates. From Palmyra, N. Y., from Elyria, O. and Erie, Pa. come reports of his success as a preacher and—what is more important in his new office—as an organizer. His appointment has elicited approving words from all who have come in contact with him. That he will find the office no sinecure is evident from the number of invitations which have already been sent to headquarters from churches desiring his services. Mr. Thoms, whose portrait is here given, is a graduate of Brown University. He acquired his theological training at Rochester and subsequently, with the view of fitting himself for medical misssion work, he studied medicine at Cleveland Medical College. He has had the advantage of an extensive experience in the Christian Endeavor Society which will aid him materially in his new work.

REV. J. C. THOMS, FIELD SECRETARY B. Y. P. U.

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KING'S SONS IN CHICAGO.

A VALUABLE work is being done in connection with the Third Presbyterian Church of Chicago by a Circle of King's Sons. There are thirty-three members, each of whom has special work assigned to him. The circle has four committees—*a Devotional Committee*, which has charge of all the religious work of the Circle and is the Cenral Executive Committee. *The Invitation Commitee*, which has charge of all invitation and reception work, the distribution of topic cards and all means adopted for bringing the work to the notice of those among whom the Circle labors. It is the duty of the Chairman of this Committee to see that a sufficient number of the Committee are at the church doors at each service to faithfully carry on this work. *The Outlook Committee*, whose duty is keeping in touch with young men who are regular attendants at the church or any of its meetings. Upon the absence of any such from two meetings in succession the Committee looks up such absentees, and in case of sickness or need of help, it acts as a Relief Committee. And *The Fellowship Committee*, which consists of all members of the Circle who, doing active work in other parts of the Master's Vineyard, cannot serve on any of the foregoing Committees. It is the duty of those on this Commlttee, as it is of each member of the Circle, to interest those they meet in the work of the Order, and to secure the active interest of those who "In His Name" will "Lend a Hand."

As a specimen of the work being done by the Circle the following letter placed in the hands of a young man may be cited. It is an invitation to the early Sunday morning Prayer Meeting, and is neatly lithographed for the use of members:

"We believe the Young Men's Prayer Meeting which is held every Sabbath morning, would be interesting and helpful to you. If a Christian, you can help us: if not, the meeting might help you. We will be so glad to have you meet with us and get acquainted. This early hour has proved a blessing to many; will you not make an effort to be with us next Sabbath?"

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DEFINITIONS OF ENDEAVORERS.

IN an article on the three classes of members of the Christian Endeavor Society which Rev. F. E. Clark publishes in the *Golden Rule* he thus defines their respective standing and functions: An *active member* should not be any young person who wants to join the society because there is something to join. He should know what he is doing. He should be posted in the constitution. He should, at least, thoroughly understand the importance and obligation of the pledge; and it is the solemn duty of the lookout committee to know that every active member understands what he is about before his name is proposed. If any active member through unfaithfulness or carelessness is negligent of his vows, and for three consecutive consecration meetings fails to answer to his name, under all ordinary circumstances, he should be dropped from the roll. He is not only no blessing to the society, but he is a positive hindrance; and his own moral sense is being deadened and degraded by his unfaithfulness.

The *associate members*, it has been well said, are those who are looking toward the kingdom. It makes great difference whether one is going up the hill or down the hill. He may be at exactly the same point on the road, but whether he is facing upward or downward as he moves forward will make a vast difference in his final destination. The associate members are those who are facing up the hill. They have not yet entered the Christian life, but they are looking in the right direction. I have no hesitation in saying that no church member, in fact, no one who believes himself to be a Christian, should ever be found in the ranks of the associate members.

The affiliated or *honorary members* are the older persons in the church who are interested in the Society, especially the pastor and officers of the church. This is a very flexible membership. It may take within its generous bounds any who are sympathetic with young people, and desire to advance the interests of the society; but it should not be a resort for the lame and lazy among the young people who ought to be active members.

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A VETERAN'S TESTIMONY.

AN address was delivered recently at an annual meeting of a London Christian Association, by Mr. George Williams, who is called the "Father of Young Men's Christian Associations." He has taken a deep interest in the progress of the work from its commencement to the present time and has contributed largely of both money and personal effort to its development. In the course of his remarks he said, that he regarded the Association as a health resort and as a school of divinity. Half a century of city life had shown him that there was no title more honorable than that of a Christian. In his view the Association was a sort of junction where young men might change from the down train to perdition into the up train for righteousness and eternal glory.

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WE shall be glad to receive from readers who are members of Christian Endeavor Societies, the King's Daughters, etc., reports of the progress of the work in their localities and of any new methods which have been found successful.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells of the Mount of Olives and the Great Tower Russia has Built on its Summit.

PEACEFUL Easter had passed, and when the children once more gathered around Uncle John for their familiar talk, their thoughts ran on the pleasant picture he had spread before them a week ago of the quiet little village on Galilee, where Mary was born.

"At the present time," the traveler began by way of explanation, "all Palestine is at rest. Fields long untilled are being cultivated, railroads are building although very slowly, as things always go in Oriental lands and the people—though they can never be happy under Moslem oppression—are enjoying some degree of prosperity. To the traveler in the Holy Land, the general aspect is that of a country where peace has long folded her wings. Yet no land on the wide earth has so many battlefields, or has been so often drenched with blood. And though all be quiet and uneventful now, a time must come when war shall again ravage and desolate that beautiful country."

"That is the time foretold in the Bible, is it not?" interrupted Tom.

"Yes," was the reply. "You known that the prophet Ezekiel (chap. 38:) foreshadows a great war, which is to be followed by the return of the exiled Hebrews, from distant lands where they are now scattered, to the home of their fathers. There are evidences at hand, even now, showing that these events cannot be very far off. In a most interesting article by the Rev. W. H. Daniels, who has just returned to England from Jerusalem, the writer calls the attention of the Christian world to the fact that, on the very summit of the Mount of Olives, which is to be the scene of the second coming of Christ, a great stone tower 220 feet in height, has been erected by the Russian authorities. Mr. Daniels has inspected this singular structure (here is a picture of it which you can examine), and has come to the conclusion that it is too large for use as a church and was evidently designed to be a fortress and signal station in the event of a military campaign. It is visible from a great distance, and could therefore be used in directing the movements of land troops. The tower is built of stone, and has an iron stairway inside, with successive floors or platforms, at each of which the walls are pierced with slender windows. These windows might be used in war for rocket or torpedo service, or even for offensive operations. In any event, the tower would be a most effective point from which to direct military movements on a large scale. It overlooks the Valley of Jehoshaphat where, as revelation affirms, the great battle of Armageddon will be fought. From its lofty height, the sacred city can be seen spread out like a panorama."

"Is Russia a greater power in Palestine than other nations, except the Turks?" asked one of the group.

"I will answer you by giving what Mr. Daniels says about it. He writes: 'The prevailing impression in Protestant missionary circles in the East, is that the Great Northern Bear (that's the Czar, you know), very much desires to put his huge paw upon this portion of Asia, for strategic as well as religious reasons. Palestine may be said to reach to the Suez Canal, so, of course, England could not consent to a Russian protectorate over that country; and in the event of an effort on the part of Russia to capture it, of which there appears to be a plain prophecy, it may readily be believed that the Roman Church would make common cause with Britan, and that all Papal countries would unite to prevent the Holy places from falling into Muscovite hands.' As between Russia and the Moslems, while the former is a Christian nation, its love of war and lust for power make it almost as much to be dreaded in Palestine as the latter. You remember that I once told you of the famous saying about Mohammed's armies, which passed into a proverb: 'where the Moslem swept, grass never grew.' Russian supremacy in the East would be just as terrible in its effects. This tower, as Mr. Daniels points out, is erected on the summit of the Mount of Olives, and at the supposed spot of the ascension of our Lord to heaven. It has within it a monster bell, or tocsin, weighing twenty tons, cast in Russia, and dragged upon a strong carriage, brought for the purpose, by 3,000 or 4,000 Russians, principally women, all the way to the base of the tower. It is now fixed in the tower, together with a peal of seven smaller bells above it. Higher still is an electric chamber, with wires to all the monasteries and convents in the Holy Land. On its summit is an electric light, and it is said that when this great bell is tolled, it will be heard at Jaffa, Jericho, and Mount Lebanon. It is also said that the convents and monasteries are well supplied with arms, and that quantities of land have recently been purchased around them.

"There are now fully 40,000 Jews in Jerusalem," said Uncle John, in conclusion, "and it would seem that the time of their general return cannot be very far off. Whether the great tocsin of the Tower on Mount Olivet will ere then sound its war-peal or whether it will be a note of peace and good-will, time alone can show. We must wait patiently for the fulfilment of God's promises and the completion of his purposes."

The New Russian Signal Tower on the Summit of the Mount of Olives.

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Everything in Its Place.

"I never knew what convenience was," a practical housekeeper writes to the *Ram's Horn*, "until I had made several trips in a dining car on one of the best equipped railroads in the country. The culinary arrangements interested me very deeply, and I was greatly pleased to find, among the passengers, an officer of the road, with whom we had some slight acquaintance. Upon expressing my surprise that such complete arrangements could be made in such small space, the official invited me to inspect the kitchen department of this restaurant on wheels. I found that a space but little longer than the width of the car was required as storage for provisons for the entire train. Some articles were bought in quantity to serve on the return trip, others were supplied by contract at points along the line. There was no confusion, no crowding, and no waste room, of course. On the basis of such an arrangement an ordinary family would require a kitchen not larger than the average china closet. Ice, butter, meats, vegetables and other provisions, were stowed away with the most perfect system. Whenever one of the several employees had finished using any article, it was immediately put exactly into the place designed for it. This is, to some extent, the secret of successful management in these cars. It would be impossible to get about in such limited space if every article was not religiously kept in place. No confusion, even for a moment, would be allowed. One article thrown down in the careless way in which housekeepers frequently indulge would be as disastrous to perfect service as a misplaced switch would be to the train. Everything would be in disorder in an instant. I think it would be a most useful thing if housekeepers could examine such equipments occasionally."

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Love's Domain Universal.

Love, the expression of unselfish affection, is not confined to the human race by any means. Nature obeys the law of the Divine Master and amid her many moods evinces a capacity for affection that sometimes puts sinful, selfish men to the blush. An incident is told of a celebrated lion-tamer named Martin, who died lately. After he had retired to private life he one day paid a visit to his former large menagerie, which he had not seen for five years; it was in Brussels, and he started for that city from his country-seat near Rotterdam. At four o'clock, the time for feeding, he entered the menagerie. It was winter time and Martin was wrapped in a long cloak. He mingled with the crowd, and waited until the animals had received their food, for which they were waiting with wild impatience. While they were eating he began to cough. Suddenly the animals stopped eating and listened. Then they broke into wild howls of joy, and tore at the iron bars, so that many of the timid visitors fled from the menagerie. The parrots, kangaroos, pelicans and monkeys began to screech and scream. The hyenas and wolves howled. In short, it was a perfect bedlam. Then Martin stepped forward. With a movement of his hand, and with his powerful voice, he commanded silence, and suddenly everything was quiet. He swung himself over the bars which separated the visitors from the animals, and put his hands in the cages and fondled the beasts. A big tigress showed more joy than any of the others. When Martin's hand glided over her magnificent fur, her limbs trembled nervously, she uttered weak, tender grunts, and through the iron bars with her rough tongue she licked the face of her former master. When he went away, she lay down without eating any more food. Who shall say these brutes were incapable of loving?

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MOTHERHOOD'S SONG.

DOES it not seem but yesterday
They lay within your arms,
So innocent, so helpless,
A bundle of sweet charms?
You loved them so devoutly;
And yet, with half a frown,
You sighed to think "How babies
Do hold a mother down!"

To-day the house is quiet;
How free your brain and cool!
The cradle's in the garret,
The boys away at school.
Your time's your own; but strangely
You care not now to roam,
And why? 'Twas baby taught you
To truly love your home.

O motherhood, be earnest!
The years will not be long
That little ones shall hearken
To the teaching of your song.
'Tis yours, oh, grand vocation!
To implant the noble seeds
That, warmed with high endeavor,
Shall harvest glorious deeds.

—*Western Christian Advocate.*

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Noble Young Manhood.

There are many things very attractive to a young man in themselves says a writer in *The Young Man*, many things to which companionship or fashion urges, but about which conscience asks, "Are you sure it is right?" Then is the time for decision. To be right to far more important than to be rich, or to be admired, or to be pleased. Such a principle of action will preserve from many a deadly precipice, to which a doubtful path alluringly leads. Young men should not only save themselves from harm, but others. Especially, they should be helpers of those younger and weaker. Ancient chivalry was proud of giving such protection. Let all young men be knight-errant in the best sense. Let them be protectors of all children, and maidens, and women; guarding them when in danger, denouncing their betrayers, frowning on every action or word which might dishonor or lead to injuring them. Of course, young men will abhor the thought of themselves leading others astray. Young men, hoping one day for a wife who shall be like an "angel in the house," will feel that the purity they expect in her they will in all fairness and honor preserve for her in themselves. A noble, virtuous, industrious young manhood is likely to be followed by a successful maturity and a happy and honored age. For this the absolute requisite is faith in God; a full surrender of body, soul and spirit to His service, through Jesus Christ, the perfect example and all-constraining motive.

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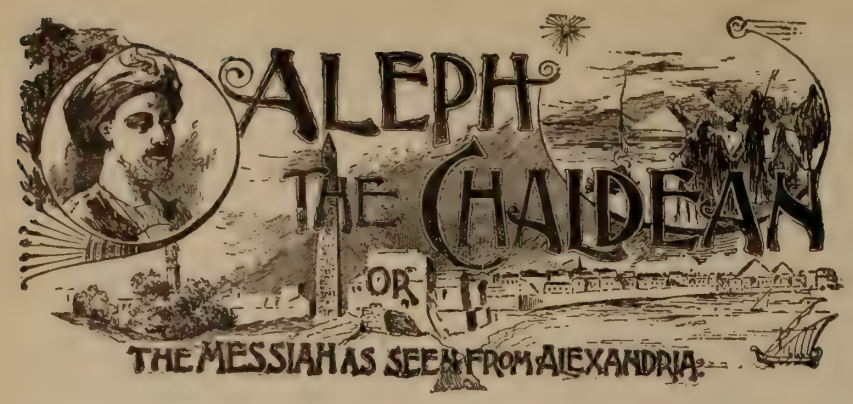
Home Life in China.

The training of children in China, and more particularly that of young girls, is exceedingly strict. In his interesting book on *The Chinese*, Dr. Robert Coltman Jr. thus describes the rearing of the daughters of the upper classes: "From their tenth year, girls are not allowed to go out. A widow is to teach them obedience, tenderness and good manners. They are also taught to work in hemp and linen, to manage silk-cocoons, to braid trimmings and fringes, to learn all kinds of women's work and to make garments. They are to learn to look after the condiments and sauces, pickles, meats and fruits. On reaching their fifteenth year, they are to receive ornaments for their hair, to show that they are full grown. In their twentieth year they may be married, unless they are in mourning for a dead parent, in which case the marriage is deferred three years.



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By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

(*Continued.*)

XVI.

THE BASILICA.

THE courts of Alexandria were held in the great Basilica at the intersection of Emporium Street with the Street of Canopus. The suit of Malus against the two brothers, Shaphan and Nathan, for the non-payment of the sum they had agreed to give for his rights in their khan business, together with interest on the same for nearly thirty years (time did not outlaw debts in Alexandria), being between Jew and Jew, came before Jewish judges, who happened to be equally divided between the two chief synagogues.

In suits of this kind, and indeed of almost every kind, it was customary for the more immediate friends of either party to give him moral support by taking seat with him in the court-room. Of course, Malus was not unprovided with sympathizers. Nor were Shaphan and Nathan. On their side of the room sat Seti and Aleph, as well as some of the principal men of the Diapleuston.

The advocate of Malus first stated briefly the accusation. Then Malus made oath that the statement was correct. Next the defendants made oath to the contrary. Then Piso, as advocate for the defendants, proceeded to question Malus. Piso inquired why he had not brought suit before. Malus replied that he had not been pressed for money; but that the leading motive for his long delay had been mercy.

Here the advocate suggested that he probably was in the habit of giving a receipt for moneys paid him.

"Do you recognize this?" inquired Piso, producing a discolored sheet of papyrus, and handing it to Malus. The man's hand visibly trembled as he took it; and as his eye glanced along the page he could not prevent a ripple of dismay from passing across his features. But it was gone in an instant.

"A very clever forgery!" he sneered.

Piso took back the paper and handed it to the judges, together with some letters which he himself had received from Malus in course of years on business matters.

"The honorable judges will perceive," said he, after a few moments had been allowed for a comparison of the papers, "that if the receipt is a forgery, it is an exceedingly clever one—perhaps will perceive that it is so clever that none but an expert scribe, who has made a close study of the plaintiff's handwriting in many specimens, could possibly have done it. This is what the leading scribes in the city tell me, and are here to testify. But Shaphan and Nathan are not skilful scribes—as you may see from these specimens received from them in course of business,"—and he passed over to the judges a parcel.

After a few moments he resumed. "But the honorable judges should further notice that the receipt bears the signatures of two witnesses, as was customary years ago in transactions of such magnitude. These witnesses have given me some trouble. They left the city shortly after signing this document, and I could not find any one who knew where they were. The probability was that they were dead; for they were not young when they disappeared, and thirty years make havoc with old people. But yesterday, without concert and from opposite directions, they for the first time returned to the city. They are in this room now."

Turning again to Malus, Piso said, "You say that this receipt is a forgery—to whom do you attribute the forgery?"

"Of course, to those who could hope for advantage from it—to Shaphan and Nathan."

"The honorable judges and all here present will please notice," exclaimed Piso, "that Malus has publicly charged my clients with the crime of forgery; a charge which I deny in their name, against which their general repute testifies, and for which I propose to bring suit against him at fitting opportunity. He shall prove what he now asserts, or suffer the penalty prescribed by law to false accusers. Meanwhile, my clients are held innocent by the law as not yet having been proved guilty; and this case must be decided on the assumption that they have not committed a forgery."

The advocate on the other side was voluble and shrewd. The four judges were equally divided—the Diapleuston pair deciding for the brothers, the others for Malus. So the case went the next day to the Roman Court.

Malus was not discouraged. He counted on the Flaccan influence being in his favor; and, quite as much, on his reputation of being on good terms with the Roman authorities. He still hoped that the powerful magnates at Bruchium were surely, though secretly, at work for him.

The case was reviewed, the arguments for and against were repeated without material change, the same testimonies were given as before—save that Piso was now able to bring forward witnesses to show that, when his clients informed Malus of the loss of the receipt and asked for another, he did not deny having given one, but deferred giving a duplicate just then because of press of business. The verdict was against the plaintiff.

Malus was astonished at this unusual experience. It was a blow at his prestige. There was no telling but that other victims of his craft and greed, encouraged by this defeat, might turn upon him. The next day brought on his suit against Cimon the Greek—to be tried in the same place, before the same Judges and Prætor. He was on the ground very early, with an enlarged body of sympathizers and a cheerful aspect. His friends copied his example, and beat the copy. They were almost hilarious. They thought that it would help to gain a battle, to assume it to be already gained. The real object of Malus, however, in being at the Basilica considerable in advance of time, was to get, if possible, an opportunity to convey a note, or a word, through some sub-official of the court, to one or more of the judges before they took their seats. This he was able to do. When the Prætor and Judges came in he watched their faces for some auspicious sign. But they were still very prudent—unnecessarily so, he thought.

Cimon had come in escorted by two officers; whom, however, he seemed escorting. Seated near him were, not only Seti and Aleph, but Alexander, who had arrived from Rome during the last night, together with a large delegation from the Diapleuston Seventy. This was not a pleasant sight for Malus; but it was a relief, as he looked about from under his bushy eyebrows, to see seated with his own company several Roman officers well-known as the intimates of Sextus Flaccus.

According to custom, the court opened with an outline-statement from the advocate of the plaintiff. The defendant had visited the warehouse of Malus, was shown by his conductor through the department of eastern goods, was observed to notice particularly the jewels. Soon after he left, and before any other person had come in, the young man who had conducted him, becoming disturbed as he thought of the suspicious appearance of the stranger, returned to the jewelry room and found a certain casket, containg gems worth fifty thousand *aurei*, to be missing. Whereupon Malus set inquiries on foot, found out where the stranger lodged, obtained a search warrant, found the casket hidden in his room but empty, and had him arrested for theft. Malus made oath that the facts were as stated.

Then Piso outlined his defense. "Some facts had been correctly stated. Cimon did visit the warehouse, was conducted through the jewelry department, did notice the cabinet of jewels in passing. Also, the casket was found in his room. But he did not carry it there. That was done by the agent of Malus who conducted the searching party, in order to make out a case against Cimon, whom Malus had reason to fear and wished to discredit and remove. His client would say whether the facts had been correctly stated." Cimon made oath that, to the best of his belief, the facts were as stated.

Piso's plea came last. He began with gravely ridiculing the idea that anything in the appearance of Cimon should have suggested to his conductor that he was a thief. "The Judges can see for themselves that the story is incredible. So far as appearances go, there is not a man here less likely to do what has been charged upon him than Cimon, the Greek. Further, it appears from the testimony of the Alabarch that this man, whose face is written all over with the natural remarks of honesty and high character, has a credit with him for 200,000 gold staters; and so is a very unlikely person to steal what might be, as everybody knows, a box of sham jewels, or even an empty box. Further, the superintendent of the jewelry department has testified that he saw the casket in its place after Cimon had left; and it cannot be claimed that he gave this testimony in revenge for his dismissal from his post, because he brought me the information before his dismissal took place. Further, the young man called Aleph the Chaldean, and a much esteemed member of the University, has testified that he was present when the search was made, and actually saw the Cretan agent of Malus furtively slip the casket from the bosom of his own tunic as he pretended to grope for it on his knees in the dimmer part of the room; and the Cretan himself, at last tired of the wickedness he has been set to do, and fearing the avenging heavens and his own awaking conscience, has confessed that such was the fact—that Malus had employed him to play that part, and, lest he should be tempted to run away with the casket, had opened it in his presence and showed that it was empty, instead of containing gems to the value of 50,000. The Prætor and Judges might do well to consider whether it would not be well to reserve their decision of this case until after the suit of Cimon against Malus has been tried. They can safely be promised great additional light."

Strong opposition was made to his proposal for postponement by the Malus party; but it was at length decided to reserve the decison in hope of additional light on the morrow.

Malus was now thoroughly roused. Under the stolid and uninterpretable exterior with which he retired from the Basilica everything was ablaze—all his shrewdness, all his determination, all his wrath, all his daring. He was a born gambler, and could coolly stake everything on a last throw. To-morrow he must conquer. He spent the whole night with his lawyer—trying to forecast the course of accusation and evidence which the other party would take, and the best ways of resisting the same. Among these ways he decided should be a more and potent invoking of his Roman Friends to come to his aid. He thoroughly believed in the venality of Romans, from the governor downward or upward. The governor should have an offer that he could not misunderstand; and one that even a governor would find worth his while to accept. So of the city Prætor and Judges. Each should have his gratification, and a large one.

The Basilica was crowded long before the hour. Malus had with him all his friends of the day before, and, in addition, the leading men of his synagogue. On the other side, besides those of the day before, was a large delegation from the University, with Philo and Cornelius at their head—also a large number of small traders and shop-keepers, whose "moral support" the students seemed at first inclined to laugh at, but, at a hint from Piso, ended in making much of. Among these last was the Phenician sitting between his Cretan oppressor and Malus's discharged clerk. It was now almost time for court to open, when an unusual stir was heard at the main door of the Basilica; and shortly the Governor made his appearance, attended by several sub-officials and supporting his son Sextus. The young man was very pale, and leaned hard on his father, and, before he had advanced far, became faint and motioned toward the first vacant seats they came to—which chanced to be on Malus's side of the house. Malus was overjoyed. The powers had at last shown their hand. Now he was sure what the result of the trial would be.

According to Roman forms, the advocate of the plaintiff first stated briefly his accusation. Some thirty years ago a merchant from Chaldea visited the city; made Malus his agent for the sale of certain costly goods to be sent to him from time to time; and, from that time to this, made frequent and heavy consignments—at first satisfactorily, but with growing dissatisfaction as the years went on, on account of the smallness of the returns; this smallness being ascribed by Malus partly to losses in transit from shipwreck and robberies, partly to enormous custom-house exactions, and partly to poor markets. Finally, the suspicions of the merchant became so strong that he sent his friend Cimon to Alexandria to make inquiries and to take such action as his representative as should seem fitting. Inquiries had shown that the statements of Malus were false at all points—the receipts which he had given as harbor-master show that all the goods sent have been received in good condition; the registers of the custom house, which his excellency the Governor has allowed to be examined, show that only a part of the goods received have been entered for duty, and that the duty actually paid on the part entered has been far less than reported: finally, the testimony of the leading houses engaged in the eastern trade, including that of Malus himself, shows that the market price for nearly all the thirty years has been far higher than Malus has reported. Proof of all these statements would be submitted at the proper time. In view of them it appears that Malus is indebted to Cimon, the agent, in the sum of one million gold staters, exclusive of interest. The Judges could now see why Malus could wish to discredit Cimon as a low criminal and remove both him and his companion from the scene.

Then the advocate of Malus briefly denied the charge, and stated as chief points of the defense—that the harbor-receipts, beyond those for goods actually found registered at the custom house, are forgeries; that what purported to be Malus's accounts to his Chaldean principal of exorbitant duties and poor markets were also forgeries; that very many of his accounts and remittances had been ignored; that, instead of owing the Chaldean anything, he had dealt wtih him on a principle of large liberality, and had paid him considerably more than he could equitably claim. He expected to show that his client was the object of a great conspiracy.

Here Sextus Flaccus struggled to his feet, and with the help of his father and the well-meant hindrance of the other Romans about him, feebly and slowly made his way to the opposite benches. As soon as the room was quiet, Piso produced his documents and witnesses. After these had been canvassed by both parties, Piso proceeded to sum up for Cimon somewhat after this manner:

"It is a very easy thing to cry 'forgery' and 'conspiracy.' Anybody can do that, provided he has no conscience. I demand that my client be proved a forger and conspirator. Until this is done he has a legal right to be considered innocent. I happened to foresee what course the defense would take, and so was very glad to meet, yesterday, in the city, the Superintendent of Customs at Myos Hermos. This man, who had held his post for more than forty years, and is well known to the authorities here as reliable beyond question, has testified that all the parcels of goods which we claim to have been sent from the East were duly received and recorded at this port, and thence forwarded to Alexandria, and acknowledged by Malus as harbor-master. This settles the matter. Malus has received in good condition all the goods sent him—his sworn denials and charges of forgery to the contrary notwithstanding. Has he duly accounted for them all to his principal? The accounts which have been submitted to the Court—accounts apparently in his own handwriting, and which legal experts pronounce to be genuine—say No. They say that many parcels have never been received; that others came to hand in a damaged condition; that the duties on all received were much larger and the market-prices much smaller than the actual. But Malus declares that these accounts are not genuine; they are clever counterfeits, gotten up for the purpose of robbing and ruining him. The accounts which he actually sent were very different, and correctly represent duties and prices and everything. All this he simply asserts. No merchant here, least of all Malus, would go on sending accounts with moneys, year after year for thirty years, without getting acknowledgments for the same in the handwriting of the receiver or his authorized proxy. Let Malus produce such acknowledgments. He cannot do it. *(To be Concluded.)*

IN PREPARATION:

THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF A NEW AND

Delightful Serial Story

To follow "ALEPH THE CHALDEAN," will appear in

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in a few weeks.

FORTY DAYS IN THE WILDERNESS.*

WHAT an added glory and tenderness is given to the character of our Lord, what depth of love to mankind, if, instead of surrender to the hand of a loving Father, our Lord consented to subject himself to the tyrannical power of the devil with all the spiritual humiliation and suffering that it meant! How great that humiliation and shameful sorrow were, we can never know till we pass into the light his presence will give us; till then only the faintest type of that degradation for our sakes would be that of a pure bride with her love and his devotion just pledged, compelled to leave her husband at the altar and to go away to a fate worse than death—to consort as our Lord did, for forty days and nights, with the lowest and vilest being, the most degraded creature imagination can picture, but accepting her degredation to save all who were dear to her from misery and persecution at the hands of this brutal creature. And yet how seldom, if ever, we bestow a thought on that suffering so terrible and so humiliating. . . . To us this appreciation may not come till we enter the realm of perfect intellectual and spiritual insight, and stand in the presence of him whose mission on earth we have misunderstood. Then we shall know that it was only infinite sorrow and measureless suffering with man in his enthrallment by Satan—not the demand for expiatory sacrifice — that prompted the Father to accept the loving redemptive sacrifice of our Lord.

A HINT TO TOURISTS.†

IF you are coming to California for your health, don't undertake to make a tourist's picnic out of your trip. I have seen many who have done so wear themselves out by sight-seeing. I have seen many more come by roads which they should have avoided, because they wanted to come one way and return another, so that they might see more. If you are after lost health, attend to that, and don't convert yourself into a tourist or a picnicker, as you probably require more rest and quiet than revelry or ham-sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, and pic-nic cakes and pies. Make it your sole business to do what you left your home and friends for—the regaining of your health. Keep out of crowded parties; eat regularly, go to bed regularly, dress conveniently, live generously, be patient; do not expect to be transformed into a Samson or a Goliath in three weeks; expect ups and downs; stay in the open air as much as possible; be rational; don't lie, like a Strasburg goose, broiling your liver in a "sun-bath," and if there is any "build-up" to you, it will come at its proper time.

*From *Not on Calvary:* A Layman's Plea for Mediation in the Temptation in the Wilderness. The book is evidently the work of a devout mind perplexed by difficulties connected with the common conception of the Atonement. The author believes that Christ came to earth not to appease the wrath of God, nor to atone for sin by his death on the Cross, but to redeem the world from the power of Satan by meeting him, submitting to his temptations and overcoming him. The argument is ingenious and plausible and is stated sincerely and reverently. That it would remove difficulties which have troubled intelligent minds is admitted, but it cannot be accepted by any one who acknowledges the authority of the Epistles of Paul, Peter and John in which the doctrine of atonement by blood is distinctly and explicitly stated. Pp. 46; Price 35 cts.; Published by Charles T. Dillingham, 718 Broadway, New York.

†From *The Mediterranean Shores of America, Southern California;* by P. C. Ramondino; illustrated; 160 pages; price 75 cents; The E. A. Davis Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.

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*From *A Square Talk to Young Men about the Inspiration of the Bible;* by H. L. Hastings; pp. 94; illustrated; H. L. Hastings, Boston, Publisher.

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WHEN the first relief steamer *Indiana* returned lately, she brought several evidences of Russian gratitude and affection—a beautiful silver cup, gold-lined and inscribed, presented by the mayor and citizens of Libau, a huge loaf of Russian brown bread and a pair of silver salt-cellars filled to the brim, the latter being the strongest expression of gratitude known among the Czar's people. The cup is about eighteen inches high. The crown piece is surmounted by the head of a Russian reindeer in bronze bearing a miniature imperial crown in gold. Below are the coats of arms of the provinces in which starvation reigns, fashioned in gold and platinum, each of itself a triumph of the goldsmith's art. The bowl is of chased silver, relieved by two shields bearing the inscription: "In remembrance of Libau, March 7, 1892," and "But the greatest of these is charity." The *Indiana* also brought a piece of bread baked from the *Indiana's* cargo and consecrated by the Bishop of the Greek Church, together with many other testimonials of the kindly feeling our timely aid had awakened in Russian hearts. But she came also freighted with the blessings, the prayers, the grateful aspirations of those who had been restored to life by the gift of bread.

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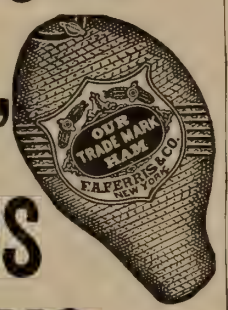

FOR Frying never use a Ham of less than 13 or 14 pounds, and a heavier one is equally as good. Hams from young pigs though good for boiling, if broiled or fried, will serve juiceless and dry. Only the centre of the Ham should be sliced. Both ends may be used for boiling, served in various ways as suggested in our little booklet of recipes. Cut from each side of the Ham with a very sharp knife cleanly to the bone, dividing the slices in the centre You will thus avoid the necessity of sawing. The slice should never be cut more than one-quarter of an inch thick, and one-sixth of an inch is still better. Trim very closely the skin from the upper side of each slice, and also cut from the lower edge the outer rim of muscle that has been somewhat hardened by smoking.

Have the frying-pan very hot before the meat is put in. Turn the slice quickly, and as soon as the fat is nicely browned on each side, add one-half cup of boiling water. Cover the pan tightly and place where the water will boil slowly for fifteen minutes. By this time much of it will have disappeared. Serve at once.

The first process retains the juices of the meat, and the second makes the muscle tender and moist, if these suggestions are closely followed.

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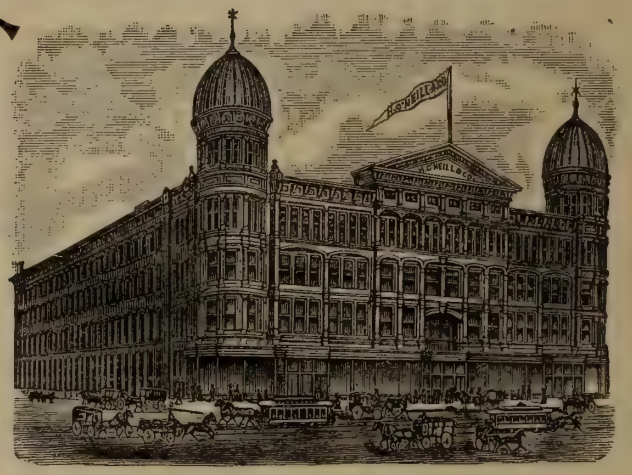

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Questions & Answers

Miller, N. Y. Mr. Moody's address is Northfield, Mass.

D. A. P. J., Oakland, Minn. What is the national flower and what the national song?

We have no national flower, accepted as such, although there has been a very lively school contest over the matter in late years, in which the golden-rod seemed to be the favorite. "The Star-Spangled Banner" is the national song.

M. A. Jackson, Apsley, Ont. Will some reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD inform me of the name of the author of the lines containing this verse:

There is a time, I know not when—
There is a point, I know not where—
That marks the destinies of men
For glory or despair.

M. W. S., Wigginsville, O. John W. Taylor, Snow Hill, Mo. P. T. C., Boston and others write informing W. C.H., of Washington, D. C., that he will find the hymn:

We have an anchor

in "Songs of Joy and Gladness" (No. 1), and also on page 84 of "The Finest of the Wheat."

Philadelphia Young Men. Is it right for a party of religious young men, who want to see the Brooklyn Tabernacle and to hear Dr. Talmage preach, to go to New York on Saturday night, stay over Sunday and come home Monday morning? These young man have duties to perform in a certain church, but they intend to leave some one in their places.

As no Sunday traveling is involved and as your duties will not suffer during the temporary absence, we consider the arrangement an entirely proper one.

Percy Parker, West Bay City, Mich. Please give an idea of the cost of a trip from New York City to the Pyramids of Egypt and to Palestine, by the most direct route and return. 2. What is the cost per month of board in Palestine? 3. When and where will the next Prophetic Conference meet?

The expense for one person, traveling comfortably but by no means luxuriously, would be about $400. 2. About $20 American money per month. 3. The date has not yet been fixed.

Thos. Ellis, Wylam, Ala. Wnat lesson did Christ intend to teach by his words recorded in Luke 14: 23 "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them," etc.?

That the invitation of the Gospel was to be given to the lost, the outcasts and the fallen, and that not perfunctorily, but with urgency. The same lesson was repeated by a special vision to Peter. (Acts. 10: 9-17.)

C. J. Brown, Meadow Gap, Pa. What is the meaning of Gen. 13: 15; 17: 8; Ps. 37: 29, and other passages referring to the Holy Land being inherited forever?

Abraham's descendants will return to their own land in the last days and will be there when Christ comes again in judgment at the great battle of Armageddon. That the present dispersion was foreseen is evident from the wording of Deut. 30: 1-6; Isaiah 11: 10-16 and other passages and the promises there made will yet be fulfilled.

R. E. Smith, Veedersburgh, Ind. 1. Who were the spirits in prison mentioned 1 Peter 3: 19? When was it that Christ went and preached to them?

The spirits were clearly those of the Antediluvians. The passage, however, is mysterious and has puzzled Bible students in all times. Peter is the only Bible writer who mentions the occurrence, whatever it may have been, so that there are no other passages to shed light upon it. The Apostle was speaking in the context of the operation of the Holy Spirit and it has been generally thought by Augustine among the Fathers and by Dr. Adam Clarke and other modern commentators that he referred to the Antediluvians as having, like others who lived before Christ, been under the Spirit's influence though they repelled it. In that case his meaning would be that Christ had from the beginning been preaching through, or by, the Spirit to men in all ages, as he preaches to men now by his Spirit through his ministers. Other theologians, Dean Alford among them, contend that somewhere in the universe these Spirits were imprisoned and that Christ preached to them in the interval between his death and resurrection, though that view is surrounded by other difficulties which are obvious. The reference is incidental and does not practically concern us so much as does the lesson Peter is enforcing, that through the Holy Spirit we are enabled to live to the spirit and not to the flesh.

Anonymous. See answer to "Young Ignorant Girl" in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of April 6, page 223.

A. G. S., The Glades, Ga. Are the words quoted in a sermon you published on March 23. "What will you do in the swell of death?" to be found anywhere in the Bible?

No; the preacher was probably paraphrasing Jer. 12: 5.

Mrs. Nolan, Montpelier, Idaho. What are the rules of the Order of King's Daughters? How can badges be secured?

You can obtain all information by writing Mrs. I. C. Davis, 158 West 23d Street, New York.

A Subscriber, Clarksville, Tenn. Please explain Mark 16: 17, 18. "These signs shall follow them that believe. In my name shall they cast out devils: they shall speak with new tongues," etc.

It was a promise which was fulfilled, as you may read in many passages of the Acts of the Apostles. The small company of believers who were charged with the duty of spreading the Gospel through the world needed such powers to prove to an unbelieving world their credentials and the divine authority for their message.

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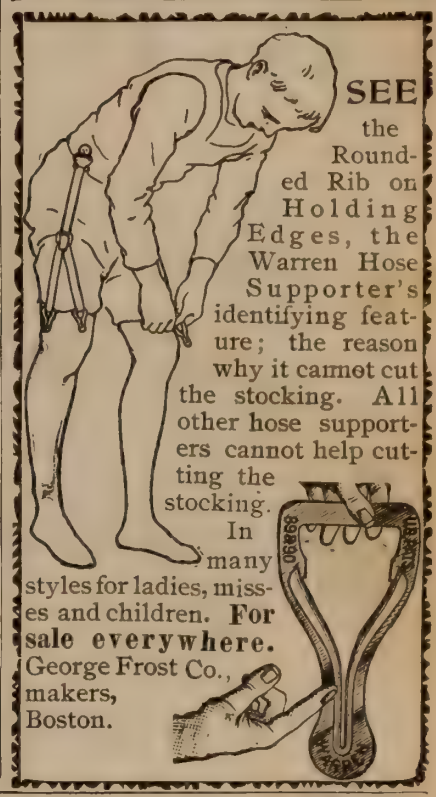

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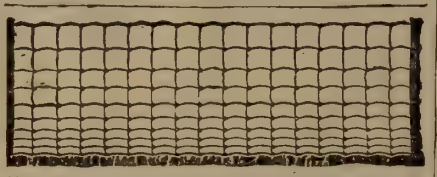

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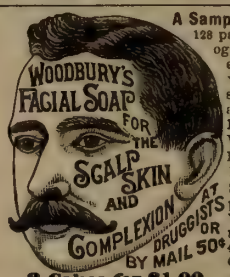

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Office Bible House New York.

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SOUL-SAVING ON THE CONGO.

The Methodist Missionary Bishop of Africa Visits us—He tells of a Wonderful Work for Christ in the Dark Continent—Native Kings Renounce their Idols and with their People Adopt Christianity—Bishop Taylor's Little Heathen Protege, Diana, the Grebo Maid.

TALL, white-bearded, venerable-looking, with a skin bronzed by long exposure under tropical suns, but with the glow of a high enthusiasm kindling his noble features, William Taylor, the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Bishop of Africa, is now in this country on a brief visit. He comes here with the purpose of attending the Methodist Episcopal Quadrennial Conference and also in connection with the extension of his missionary work. The Bishop, who is now in his seventy-second year, has proved by his wonderfully successful career, his special fitness for the duties of a Gospel pioneer in heathen lands. During the seven years he has already devoted to the Master's service on the Congo, he has been instrumental under God's blessing, in giving the light of the Gospel to many tribes and nations who were formerly bound over to their idols.

Experience has taught Bishop Taylor that if the heathen races are to be won to Christ, the triumph must be achieved by first bringing the children to a knowledge of the Saviour. In all his mission work, child-training has been a prominent feature, and the schools he has established in connection with his mission stations in Africa are sowing seed for a rich harvest of souls in the coming years. In the portrait of Bishop Taylor, given on this page, the veteran missionary is shown together with one of his bright, little proteges, "Diana," the three-and-a-half year old daughter of Tia and Wah, of the Grebo tribe. "Diana," who, less than a year ago was a "raw heathen," has since last August been in the mission family of Miss McNeil at Pluka station in Liberia. She is photographed in the gala dress of the Grebo children.

In his long missionary career, Bishop Taylor has dealt with kings, civilized and savage, and with potentates of every race, degree and color. During forty years, he had been carrying the Gospel to the remotest parts of South America, India, and South Africa, long before his work on the Congo. In South Africa, he labored among the old established missions, and he recalls with enthusiasm the great Gospel campaign of 1866, when 7,000 native Kaffirs were converted to Christ in a single season. One of his many missionary tours occupied thirteen years, during which he never saw kindred or native land. He left home in 1862 and returned in 1875, after doing evangelistic work in the Australian colonies, New Zealand, Tasmania, British Guiana, South America, India and Ceylon. Of Brazil and its kindly ruler, the late Dom Pedro, he preserves the pleasantest recollections.

"I called on the Emperor," he said, "and was very cordially received. He listened to my explanation of the missionary work I proposed to do in Brazil, and then suggested that, as he was specially interested, I had better submit my plans in writing. I was prepared for this and drew from my pocket a complete written statement, which I handed to him. The result exceeded all my hopes. He gave me the amplest freedom of action in spreading the Gospel message, and not only so, but within six months, one of my missionaries had the imperial authorization to perform marriages and do all the regular duties of the clergy of that country."

When it had been decided to open up the Congo mission field, and before any steps had been taken in the matter, Bishop Taylor paid a visit to King Leopold of Belgium, the ruler of the Congo State. He was very cordially welcomed by that Christian monarch, who applauded his plans and put a steamer at his service. In every way, the Congo State authorities, acting under the imperial command, have facilitated the mission work. The success attending the seven years' consecrated labor has been phenomenal, and promises to surpass, in the magnitude and value of its spiritual and civilizing results, all previous efforts on the West Coast. Where, less than a decade ago, the savage tribes sacrificed to their idols and where barbaric cruelty and cannibalism were rampant, cultivated farms, peaceful villages and chapels have sprung up, and the weapons of war are laid aside for the implements of peaceful husbandry. At every available point, mission stations have been established and these are being constantly recruited by the arrival of new and devoted workers in the field. Within the past week, two new missionaries sailed from the port of New York for Africa, to labor there under Bishop Taylor. Miss Lawson of Oregon went to assist Miss Wilcox at Pluka Station, where the latter had taken the place of Miss McNeil, the regular incumbent, now absent on sick leave. At this station there is a native town with a mission chapel and a Christian church of about twenty members, belonging to the Grebo tribe. Miss Lawson is a highly educated young woman, and goes well equipped to her new duties. Miss Anna White from Iowa, is the other new accession. She goes to join her sister at Baraka station.

"We had a somewhat interesting experience at Baraka," said the Bishop, smiling. "About a year ago, the king and chiefs of the tribes there drove out my missionary and his wife. I sent word to the king that I would place a new missionary there. I then brought forward a bright lady missionary worker, and introduced her to the king, and we had a short talk, at the conclusion of which the monarch said with great emphasis: 'We like him; we take fast hold of him; we catch him and keep him.' I may explain that 'him' and 'her' are convertible terms among the African tribes, and 'him' applies to either sex. Well, the result of this diplomatic way of adjusting a difficulty is that the new worker, Miss White, has made a grand success and has now written for her sister to come and help in the work."

The reminiscences of Bishop Taylor would in themselves fill a volume and are replete with thrilling experiences. One of the many kings of the West Coast, who ruled over the Grebo

(Continued on page 277.)

REV. WILLIAM TAYLOR, THE METHODIST MISSIONARY BISHOP OF AFRICA, AND "DIANA," THE LITTLE HEATHEN.
Forty millions of this sort and size stretching out their hands to be led to "Niswa" (Jesus), who says, "Suffer them to come unto me."

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE GREATEST NAME.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday Morning Sermon From the Text: Philippians 2: 9: *"The name that is above every name."*

PAUL is here making rapturous and enthusiastic description of the name of Christ. There are merely worldly names that sometimes thrill you through and through. Such was the name of Henry Clay to a Kentuckian, the name of William Wirt to a Virginian, the name of Daniel Webster to a New Englander.

By common proverb we have come to believe that "there is nothing in a name;" and so parents sometimes at the baptismal altar give titles to their children, reckless of the fact that that title, that name, will be a lifetime hindrance or a lifetime help. You have no right to give your child a name lacking either in euphony or moral meaning. It is a sin to call a child Jehoiakim, or Tiglath-pileser —or by anything that is disagreeable. Because you have had an exasperating name yourself is no reason why you should inflict it upon your progeny. And yet how often it is that we see a name full of jargon rattling down from generation to generation, simply because a long while ago some one happened to be afflicted with it. Institutions and great enterprises sometimes without sufficient deliberation take nomenclature. Mighty destinies have been decided by a name. While we may, by a long course of Christian behavior, get over the misfortune of having been baptized with the name of a despot or a cheat, how much better it would have been if we could have all started life without any such incumbrance!

When Paul, in my text and in other passages of Scripture, burst forth in aspirations of admiration for the name of Christ, I want to inquire what are the characteristics of that appellation, "The name which is above every name." In the first place, speaking to you in regard to the name of Christ, I want to tell you it is an easy name. You are sometimes introduced to people with long and unpronounceable names, and you have to listen cautiously to get the names, and you have to hear them pronounced two or three times before you risk trying to utter them; but within the first two years the little child folds its hands and looks upward, and says "Jesus." Can it be that in all this church this morning there are representatives of any household where the children are familiar with the names of the father and mother and brother and sister, yet know nothing about "that name which is above every name?" Sometimes you forget the name of a quite familiar friend, and you have to think and think before you get it; but can you imagine any freak of intellect by which you should forget the name of Jesus? That word seems to fit the tongue in every dialect. Down to old age, when the voice is tremulous, and uncertain, and indistinct, even then this regal word finds potent utterance.

When an aged father was dying, one of the children came and said, "Father, do you know me?" and in the delirium of the last sickness he said, "No, I don't know you." Another child came and said, "Father, do you know me?" "No," he said, "I don't know you." Then the village pastor came in and said, "Do you know me?" He said, "No, I don't think I ever saw you." Then said the minister, "Do you know Jesus?" "Oh yes!" said the dying man, "I know Jesus; chief among ten thousand is he, and the one altogether lovely." Yes, for all ages and for all languages, and for all conditions it is an easy name.

Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear:
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That heaven and earth might hear.

But I remark further in regard to this name of Christ, that it is a beautiful name. Now you have noticed that you cannot disassociate a name from the character of the person who has it. There are some names, for instance, that are repulsive to my ear. Those names are attractive to your ear. What is the difference? Why, I happened to know some persons of that name who were cross, or sour, or queer, or unsympathetic, and the persons you have happened to know of that name were kind and genial. Since, then, we cannot disassociate a name from the character of the person who has the name, that consideration makes the name of Jesus unspeakably beautiful. I cannot pronounce that name in your presence, but you think of Bethlehem and Gethsemane and Golgotha, and you see his loving face and you hear his tender voice, and you feel his gentle touch. As soon as I pronounce his name in your presence you think of him who banqueted with heavenly hierarchs, yet came down and breakfasted on the fish which the rough men hauled out of Gennesaret; you think of him who, though the clouds are the dust of his feet, walked footsore on the road to Emmaus. I cannot speak his name in your hearing this morning, but you think right away of the shining one who restored the centurion's daughter, and who helped the blind man to sunlight, and who made the cripple's crutch useless, and who looked down into the laughing eyes of the babe until it struggled to go to him; then, flinging his arms around it, and impressing a kiss upon its beautiful brow, said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Oh, beautiful name, the name of Jesus, which stands for love, for patience, for self-sacrifice, for magnanimity, for everything that is good and glorious and tender and sympathetic and kind! It is aromatic with all odors. It is accordant with all harmonies. Sometimes, when I look at that name of Jesus Christ, it seems as if the letters were made of tears, and then they seem to be gleaming crowns. Sometimes that name seems to be twisted out of the straw on which he lay, and then it seems to be built out of the thrones on which his people are to reign. Sometimes I sound that word Jesus, and I hear in it the sob of Gethsemane and the groan of Calvary, and then I speak his name and it is all a-ripple with gladness and a-ring with hosanna. Glorious name!

Take all the glories of bookbindery and put them around the page on which that name is printed. On Christmas morning wreath it on the wall. Let it drip from harp's string and let it thunder out in organ's diapason. Sound it often, sound it well, until every star shall seem to shine it, and every flower shall seem to breathe it, and mountain and sea, and day and night, and earth and heaven acclaim in full chant, "Blessed be his glorious name forever." "The name which is above every name."

"GIVE MY LOVE TO JESUS."

Have you ever heard in a Methodist church, during a time of revival, a score of souls come to the altar and cry out for mercy under the power of just two lines of glorious old John Wesley?

Jesus, the name high over all,
In heaven, or earth, or sky.

To the repenting soul, to the exhausted invalid, to the Sunday-school girl, to the snow-white octogenarian, it is beautiful. The aged man comes in from a long walk, and he tremulously opens the door of his home, and he hangs his hat on the old nail, and he puts his cane in the usual place, and he lies on his couch, and he says to his children and his grandchildren: "My dears, I am going away from you." And they say: "Why, where are you going, grandfather?" "Oh!" he says. "I am going to Jesus;" and so the old man faints away into heaven.

And the little child comes in from play and she flings herself in your lap, and she says, "Mamma, I'm so sick, I'm so very sick;" and you put her to bed, and the fever is worse and worse, and some midnight, while you are shaking up the pillow and giving the medicine, she looks up in your face and says, "Mamma, I'm going away from you." You say, "Why, where are you going, my darling?" And she says, "I am going to Jesus." And the red cheek that you take to be the mark of the fever turns out to be only the carnation bloom of heaven.

Oh! was it not beautiful when a little child heard that her playmate was dying, and she went to the house, and she clambered upon the bed of her dying playmate, and she said to the dying playmate, "Where are you going to?" and the dying girl said, "I'm going to Jesus." Then said the little girl that was well, as she bent over to give the parting kiss to her dying playmate, "Well, then, if you are going to Jesus, give my love to him." It is a beautiful name, whether on the lips of childhood or on the lips of the old man. When my father was dying, the village minister said to him, quoting over his pillow this passage: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and there he stopped. Then my father finished the quotation by saying, "of whom I am chief."

But I remark again, in regard to this name of Christ, that it is a mighty name. Rothschild is a name mighty in the commercial world, Silliman is a name mighty in the scientific world, Irving is a name mighty in the literary world, Washington is a name mighty in the political world, Wellington is a name mighty in the military world; but where in all the earth is a name so potent to lift, and thrill, and arouse, and rally, and bless, as the name Jesus? Why, the sound of that one name unhorsed Saul, and threw Newton on his face on ship's deck; and that one name to-day, while I speak, holds a hundred million souls under omnipotent spell. That name in England to-day means more than Victoria. In Germany that name to-day means more that Emperor William. Oh, mighty name!

I have seen a man bound hand and foot of the devil and captive of all evil habits, at the sound of that name dash down his shackles and march out forever free. I have seen a man overcome of misfortune and trial, every kind of trouble had he; but at the sound of that name the sea dropped and the clouds parted, and the sunburst of eternal gladness poured upon his soul. I have seen a man hardened in infidelity, defiant of God, full of jeer and scoff, jocose of the judgment day, reckless of eternity, at the sound of that name blanch, and cower, and groan, and kneel, and weep, and repent, and pray, and believe, and rejoice, and triumph.

Oh! it is a mighty name. Under its power the last temple of superstition will come down, and the last Juggernaut of iniquity will be shattered to pieces. The red horse of carnage, spoken of in apocalyptic vision, and the black horse of death must come back on their haunches, while the white horse of victory goes forth, mounted of him who hath the moon under his feet, and the stars of heaven for his tiara. Mighty name! It will first make the whole earth tremble, and then it will make all the nations sing. Mighty name!

Other dominions seem to be giving way; France had to give up some of her favorite provinces; Spain has lost a great deal of her power; many of the thrones of the world are being lowered; many of the sceptres of the world are being shortened, but every tract-distributor, every Bible printer, every Christian institution established, spreads abroad the mighty name of Christ. It has already been heard under the Chinese wall, and in the Siberian snow castle, and in the Brazilian grove, and in the Eastern pagoda. That name will swallow up all other names. That crown will yet cover up all other crowns. That empire will yet compass all dominations.

All crimes shall cease and ancient frauds shall fail,
Returning justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed innocence from heaven descend.

But I remark again, taking a step forward in this subject, that the name of Christ is an enduring name. You get over the fence of the graveyard and you pull the weeds back from the name that has nearly faded from the tombstone, and you wish that Walter Scott's "Old Mortality" would come along and rechisel it so that you might really find out what the name is. Why, that was the name of the greatest man in all the town, in all the country, in all the State, now almost faded from the tombstone. And so the greatest names of this word either have perished, or are perishing. Gregory VI., Sancho of Spain, Conrad I. of Germany, Richard I. of England, Catharine of Russia. Those names were once mighty, and they made the earth tremble. Who cares for them now? None so poor as to do them reverence. But the name of Christ is enduring forever. It will be preserved in the world's fine art. There will be other Bellinis to sketch the Madonna, and other Ghirlandaajos to present the baptism of Christ, and other Bronzinos to show Christ visiting the spirits in prison, and other Giottos to appal the vision with the Crucifixion. It will be preserved in the world's literature. There will be other Alexander Popes to write the "Messiah," and other Dr. Youngs to celebrate his triumph, and other Cowpers to sing his love. It will be preserved in the world's grand and elaborate architecture, and Protestantism shall yet have its St. Mark's and its St. Peter's. It shall be preserved in the world's literature, for there will be other Paleys to write the "Evidences of Christianity." More than all, it will be embalmed in the hearts of all the good of earth, and all the great ones of heaven. Shall the emancipated bondman ever forget who set him free? Shall the blind man ever forget the divine physician who gave him sight? Shall the lost and wandering ever forget who brought them home? Why, to make the world forget that name would be to burn up all the Bibles, and burn down all the churches and then, in the spirit of universal arson, go through the gate of heaven and put the torch to all the temples and mansions and palaces, until in the awful conflagration all heaven went down, and the people come out to look upon the charred ruins: but even then they would hear the name of Christ in the thunder of falling towers and in the crash of temple walls, and see it interwoven into the flying banners of flame, and the redeemed of heaven would say: "Let the temples and the palaces burn; let them burn; we have Jesus left." Blessed be his glorious name forever. "The name which is above every name."

My friends, have you made up your mind by what name you will accost Christ when you see him in heaven? Now, that is a practical question. For you will see him, child of God, just as certainly as you sit there and I stand here. By what name have you made up your mind to call Christ when you first meet him in heaven? Will you call him "Anointed One," or "Messiah?" or will you take some one of the symbolic terms which you read in your Bible on earth—terms by which Christ was designated?

Some day perhaps you will be wandering among the gardens of God on high, the place abloom with eternal springtime, infinite luxury of lily and rose and amaranth, and perhaps you will look up into the face of Christ and say, "My Lord, thou art the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." Some time there will be a new soul come into heaven to take its place in the firmament and shine as the stars forever and ever, and the lustre of a useful life will shine forth tremulous and beautiful, and you will look up into the face of Christ and say, "My Lord, thou art a brighter star, the Morning Star, the Star of Jacob, the Star of the Redeemer." Some day you will be walking among the fountains that toss in the sunlight, falling in crash of pearl and amethyst into golden and crystalline urn, and wandering up the round banked river to the place where the water first tinkles its silver on the rock, and from chalices of love you will be drinking to honor and everlasting joy, and you will look up into the face of Christ and say, "My Lord, my Lord, thou art the Fountain of Living Water." Some day you will be wandering among the lambs and sheep of heaven feeding by the rock, rejoicing in the care of him who brought you out of the wilderness world into the sheepfold, and you will look up into his face, and say, "My Lord, my Lord, thou art the Shepherd of the Everlasting Hills."

But there is another name by which you can call him. Perhaps that will be the name I have not mentioned yet. I imagine that heaven is all full. Every throne has its king. Every harp has its harper. All the wealth of the universe has come into heaven. There is nothing to be added. The song full. The ranks full. The mansions all full. Heaven full. The sun will set afire with its splendor the domes of the temple, and burnish the golden streets into a blaze, and be reflected back from the solid pearl of the twelve gates, and it will be noon in heaven. Noon on the river. Noon on the hills. Noon in the valleys, High noon. And then you will look up, gradually accustoming your vision to the sight, shading your eyes at the first lest they he extinguished with the insufferable splendor, until after a while you can look upon the full irradiation, and you will cry out, "My Lord, my Lord, Thou art The Sun that Never Sets."

But at this point I am staggered with the thought that there may be persons in this house for whom this name has no charm, though it is so easy, though it is so beautiful, though it is so potent, though it is so enduring. Oh! come to-day, and see whether there is anything in Christ. I challenge you to test with me this morning whether God is good, and whether Christ is precious, and whether the Holy Ghost is omnipotent. Come, my brother, I challenge you. Come, and we will kneel at the altar of mercy. You kneel on one side of the altar and I will kneel on the other side of the altar of mercy, and we will not get up from our knees until our sins are pardoned and we are able to ascribe all honor to the name—you pronouncing it and I pronouncing it—"the name which is above every name."

His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him, too.

I pray God he may move upon this assemblage now, that we may see him walking all through these aisles, that the Holy Spirit may spread his wings over this auditory. Now is your time for heaven. O my friends! meeting once, perhaps never again until the books are opened, what shall we say of this morning's service? Have I told you the whole truth? Have you listened to the whole truth? Now is your time for heaven. Come into the kingdom. If you never had an invitation before, I give it to you now. I do not ask what your sin has been, or what your wandering. That is not pertinent to the question. The only thing is whether you want Christ. Come in, the furthest off. Come, the nearest by. "Where sin abounded, grace shall much more abound." Is there in all this august assemblage a man who feels he is too wicked to come? You are mistaken. Come now. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

O ye who are young! come now. It is no gloomy religion that I preach. It will take no lustre from your eye. It will take no color from your cheek. It will take no spring from your step. I know what I am talking about. I have felt the consolation of this grace in my own heart. It is not a theory with me. I know in whom I believe, and he has been so good a friend to me, I have a right this morning to commend his friendship to all the people. Oh! come into the kingdom. Do not say you are too bad. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts." "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth." How is he going to do—drive you into the kingdom? He will not do it. If you get in at all, it will be because you are drawn in by his love. What does he say? "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth." He was lifted up. What for? To drive? No! lifted up to draw. Oh! come now, come now into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus. You have heard of that warrior of ancient times who went into battle against Christ. He hated Christ, and he went into battle, fighting Christ; but in the battle he got wounded, he was struck by the arrow and he fell, and as he lay with his face up to the sun, and the life-blood was oozing away, he put his hand to his heart and took a handful of blood from the wound, and held it up towards the sun, and cried out: "O Jesus! thou hast conquered." And if to-day, my hearer, struck through by the arrow of God's gracious Spirit, you realize the truth of what I have been saying, you would surrender yourself to the Lord who bought you; you would say: "I will no longer battle against Christ's mercy. Lord Jesus, thou hast conquered." Glorious name! I know not what you will do with it; but I will tell you one thing before I stop—I must tell it. I will tell you one thing here and now, that I take him to be my Lord, my God, my pardon, my peace, my comfort, my salvation, my heaven. Blessed be his glorious name forever. "The name which is above every name."

"O JESUS! THOU HAST CONQUERED!"

Restrictions on Missionaries.

An effort is being made by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to enlist the aid of our State Department and those of other Protestant governments in relieving the missionaries of some harassing restrictions recently imposed upon them by the Turkish Government. The Board has been informed that a notice has been served on the missionaries in Armenia and other parts of the Turkish Empire, requiring them to report all schools and places of worship to headquarters, and warning them that they must be provided at once with government permits (firmans), or else closed. This is a direct blow at missionary work, and if the order is executed untold evil will result. The order is directly contrary to the existing law; for in accordance with this law all schools are authorized which accept government supervision of the course of study and of the books used. All Protestant schools have long since conformed to this law, and their suppression is entirely illegal. Every one knows that, as matters go in Turkey, a firman can be obtained only with the greatest difficulty, never until after months, commonly only after years, of effort. To depend upon such special authorization of these schools would be fatal. Yet the government seems determined to enforce this requirement, as is shown by an incident happening in the interior of Turkey since the present year came in. The government sent for a native preacher in Aziziye, an out-station of Cesarea, demanding by what authority he was there and had a school. This man had been quietly working in this place for several years, and the Protestant community with which he had labored numbered forty-five. The preacher was told that this long-established school must be closed unless within three months he had a governmental permit. The American minister at Constantinople has called the Sultan's attention to this injustice, and the British and German ministers are supporting his plea for its reversal.

TRUST.

Lead me on Father, I would fain still further
Go with my hand clasped close, clasped close in thine,
While the storm-clouds round about me darkly lower,
Or searching sun-beams down upon me shine,
Oh, lead me on.

Lead me through joy, my Father, and through gladness,
So that my feet too widely cannot stray,
Temptations flee thy presence, be thou near me;
At night and at the dawning of the day.
And lead me on.

Lead me, I pray, o'er this dark mount of sorrow,
Mine eyes so dim I cannot, cannot see;
Yet so, thy hand so strongly, gently guiding,
Firm, true and sure I know each step must be,
Each step with thee.

See! see the dawn at last is gently breaking,
Dark night of sin and sorrow, thou art past;
Thy hand hath led me safely through the darkness,
Safe, safe beyond the vale, safe, safe at last—
Safe home at last. —L. G. B.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

S. S. Lesson for May 15. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Ps. 103. Golden Text, Ps. 103 : 2.

PRAISING spirit,—there is nothing like it! For nearly three thousand years the royal psalmist, David, has held undisputedly the first place as a master-teacher of praise to the living God. It was the intense, personal, reality of his Psalms, inspired by the Holy Ghost, and lived out in the author's own life with God, which gave them the undying power, and the elastic adaptability which makes them fit men of every age, of every nation, and of every degree of spiritual development.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name." This is true worship! There was nothing in David's heart which did not acknowledge God; face and voice and manner must all have testified to those around him, the conviction of his heart: "God is good;" that man has a shining face whose heart is full of praise; he brings heaven's sunlight with him wherever he comes. He sees everything in the light of a firm persuasion that God is doing right, and not in the darkness of a fear that such and such things may happen, and that all will go wrong. He cannot be apprehensive, for he knows that God controls everything. He may not understand all God's dealings, but he can trust him in the dark, because all his experience of God has gone to prove that he is to be trusted. Such a man can say with truth: "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name." A jealous spirit, a wounded spirit, an unrestful spirit, a selfish spirit, cannot say: "All that is within me, bless his holy name." All these clouds upon the spirit veil the sunshine of God from the world, while a praising spirit reflects the light and heat of God's truth and love all around. It is a good test of our spiritual condition to ask ourselves: "Do I, under these present, trying, perplexing, mortifying circumstances say, in every part of my being: "Bless the Lord, for the Lord is good, and his mercy endureth for ever?"

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

"Benefits,"

says one who has not yet a praising spirit; "I don't see much of God's benefits in my life; it's all difficulty and trouble with me." Dear soul, it depends on how you look at things. Side by side in the same school are two lads. The one has a rich father: when he is at home he gets plenty of riding, shooting, and amusement, and he does not care for books. The other has a poor father, who has greatly denied himself to give his boy a good education. The same lesson is placed before the two of them. "What an intolerable bore," says the one; "I hate Greek, and I don't see the use of it." He sets himself against the study, and so never masters it, and treats the lesson as a hardship. The other lad makes no remark, but you see his whole mind bent on mastering the lesson. He sees, through it, a step in his future career; the reality of life, and of his part in it, makes that which is a hardship to another a privilege to him. And does not the great reality of Christian life, conformity to the image of Christ, give a value and a preciousness to everything which God permits to happen to you? Shall we consider, in the light of what God may be doing upon us through these trials,—whether or not they are against the grain? Shall we consider ourselves in any way? Are we not, or should we not be "crucified with Christ," and therefore no longer to be considered? Then let him permit what he will, to us it must come as a benefit; "Forget not all his benefits."

"Who forgiveth," not once only, but always, "all thine iniquities." Oh, what a beginning of his benefits! And that through his precious bloodshedding, at the cost of his own laid-down life! "Who healeth," not can heal, not will heal, but "healeth," while the moments pass "all thy diseases." Forgiveth and healeth, one as freely as the other, soul and body equally. But as the forgiveness must be personally applied for, and received in his way, not in ours, so with the healing—by grace, purchased by his blood, not to be worked for, not to be bargained for by man. "Who redeemeth thy life," spiritual and physical, "from destruction." Oh, what a life guardian! He "holdeth our soul in life." (Ps. 66:9.) "Because I live, ye shall live also." (John 14:19.) "Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies," although he himself was crowned with thorns! It is the mercy and kindness of God which raises us above circumstances so crowning us and making us kingly. And he "satisfieth," so that our "youth is renewed like the eagle's," for flights upward.

"The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for

All that are Oppressed.

An oppressed Joseph, he made a prime minister of Egypt; an oppressed David, the king of his own people Israel; he delivered his oppressed ones from Egyptian bondage; his oppressed children from the fiery furnace; he delivered his prophet from the lions, his apostle, Peter, from the prison, and David, more than once, from one of the commonest and most galling of oppressions—"the strife of tongues." (Ps. 31:20.) Shall we fear oppression, with such a certain Deliverer? Does he not make "all things work together for good to them that love him?" (Rom. 8:28.) Persuaded of this, we are in a condition to know, like Moses, the ways of our God, to understand the principles on which he works; to "know him, whom to know is life eternal."

David saw more than a glimmer of the ways of God when he was able to declare as an ascertained fact: "The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy." David knew it by the then written Word of God (Ex. 34:6), but he knew it also by his own blessed experience, which translated all God's dealings with him as "benefits;" and he enlarges on these "ways" of God which he had learned to know and love: "He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger forever." Limited anger but

Endless Love

and mercy: this was what David saw in his God, and what he would have everyone else see in him. And the Psalmist, as he takes in the character of his God, declares: "He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him." Not according to us or our doings, but according to him and his doings, are the dealings of our God! According to what he is, not according to what we are, so does he deal with us. Thus he makes use of our very sins to reveal himself in his wondrous, long-suffering love. And because it is his glory not only to forgive, but to recreate us after his image, he, by his own blood and by his own mighty, keeping power interposes an endless space—"as far as the east is from the west"—between us and our sins! It is as though they had never been ours.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." A true father has a fellow-feeling with his children; that which touches them touches him, too. "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye." (Zech. 2:8.) "For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." The question will arise in many hearts: "How then can he permit the physical suffering which there is upon earth, and more especially among his own people?" All gold must pass through the furnace; the trial of our faith is more precious than of gold that perisheth." (1. Pet. 1:7.) In circumstances where external persecution for righteousness' sake is almost unknown, the furnace must be of another order; it may be intense family trial, great business troubles, terrible inward temptations, and if not these, what is there left but physical suffering?

The Education of His Children

is the nearest thing to the heart of God, and there are some who can be conquered no other way than by physical suffering. But where he can lead his children into another line he does so, and heals the body that it may become "a living sacrifice, and "pass through the fire" in some other way.

And yet how little, how frail is man, considered in himself! "As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." Let it go! Let all that is of man, of the earth, of self go. Let it be burnt: it is fit only for the fire! "But the mercy of the Lord"—which makes us temples of the living God, which gifts us with an eternal life, which passes through the fire and is indestructible—"is from everlasting to everlasting." Yes: "from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them." On his part, mercy; unfailing, changeless mercy; but

On Our Part Obedience

or his mercy would be nothing but weakness. "The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all." Don't be ashamed of loyalty to such a Potentate, although your loyalty to him may draw down the scorn and derision of those who know him not. Don't be ashamed of owning him whom angels own in heaven. "Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word. Bless ye the Lord, all ye his host; ye ministers of his that do his pleasure." None can bless the Lord without obeying him, be they in heaven or on earth. Let the obedient heart, the gladly-surrendered will, look up with joy to him, and say without ceasing: "Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

BLESS the Lord, oh, my Soul. Surely David must at this time have lived at what Stephen Merritt calls the corner of Hallelujah avenue and Thanksgiving street. The contemplation of God's mercy and loving kindness causes his soul to overflow, while his inspired pen indites this immortal song of gratitude and praise. David couldn't help singing, his soul was so full of joy. God had healed his diseases, forgiven his iniquities, redeemed his life, crowned him with tender mercies, satisfied his mouth with good things and renewed his youth like the eagle's. And many others with David find it difficult to contain the joy that fills their hearts. They must give expression to it—they cannot help it.

Billy Bray's whole life was spent in praising the Lord, and for the most part aloud. He couldn't help himself. With a heart always in tune, every influence, every breath shook from its tremulous chord some note of thanksgiving. "As I go along the street," he said, "I lift up one foot and it seems to say 'glory!' And I lift up the other and it seems to say 'Amen.' And they keep it up all the time I walk." Probably you would have come upon him singing. "Bless the Lord I can sing," he would say. "My heavenly Father likes to hear me sing. I can't sing as sweetly as some, but my Father likes to hear me sing as well as those who can sing better than I can. My Father likes to hear the crow sing as well as the nightingale, for he made them both.

And forget not all his benefits. We receive so many blessings at the hand of God that we become quite accustomed to them. They do not call from us any expressions of gratitude. We take them as a matter of course. But when things go contrary, even for a little while, we get discouraged and despondent and even imagine that God has forgotten us. At such times let us sit down, take pencil and paper and like David make an itemized statement of all that God is doing for us and soon our despondency will pass away and with the Psalmist we too will cry out "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

A New England scholar, who finally became a very eminent man, when young and newly-married went with his bride to a remote and unattractive part of the West to enter on his profession, both of them leaving behind great social advantages, a brilliant group of friends, charming homes, beautiful scenery and fine libraries. Both of them were home-sick. One calamity after another fell upon them—ill health, loss of eyesight, the death of a child, poverty. Some months of discouragement and depression had passed, and the courage, patience and cheerfulness of the delicately-bred and desolate young mother, were nearly gone. One evening, after a peculiarly hard day, the husband called his young wife into his darkened room, where he was lying with his eyes bandaged, and said to her, as she sat down by him dejected and complaining, "My dear, suppose we try to make out a complete list of our mercies." They went about it. It lengthened a good deal beyond their expectations, and the result was that in that family, and in a somewhat wider circle, "Let's count our blessings" has become a never-failing panacea in hard and trying times.

A Christian sailor, who lost one of his legs in the battle of Trafalgar, said that he could often measure the faith of the people who conversed with him by the way in which they alluded to his misfortune. Nine out of ten would exclaim, "What a pity that you lost your leg!" and only one in ten would say, "What a blessing that the other was preserved!"

Slow to anger and plenteous in mercy. Only the ungodly feel that God is an angry God, whose wrath is not easily appeased, but we who know him, know that his name and his nature is love.

"God is love" is the motto on the weather-cock of a country friend's barn. We have seen many curious vanes, but never one that struck our attention so much as this: "God is love." Our friend was asked if he meant to imply that the love of God was as fickle as the wind. "No," he answered, "I mean that, whichever way the wind blows, God is love. If cold from the north, or biting from the east, still God is love, as much as when the warm south and genial west wind refreshes our fields and flocks." Yes, so it is, our God is always love. We saw our friend the other day, when he had lost his dearly beloved wife, but amidst his heartache and crushing loss, he still said, "My vane teaches me the truth I put over it in my prosperity, when the desire of my eyes was by my side—God is love."

A mother whose daughter had behaved very badly, and at length had run away from home, thought of a singular plan in order to find the wanderer and draw her back to her home. After having exhausted the ordinary means, she had her own portrait printed on a large poster and pasted on the fences and walls of the town where she supposed her daughter to be concealed. The portrait without name had these words: "Come home; I love thee always." Crowds stopped before the strange handbill, trying to guess its meaning. Days elapsed, when a young girl at length passed by, and in her turn lifted up her eyes to the singular placard. "Can it be? Yes, truly it is the picture of my own dear mother. These eyes, so full of tenderness; I know them from childhood! Why is this here?" She approaches nearer and reads: "Come home, I love thee always." She understood it all. This was a message for her. Her mother loved her—pardoned her. Those words transformed her. Never had she felt her sin or ingratitude so deeply. If she had ever doubted that love; if, in moments of distress she had feared to return home, these doubts were all gone now. She set out at once for the house of her mother; at last she crosses the threshold and is in her mother's arms. Poor, wayward child, far away from home, come back. Your Heavenly Father waits to welcome you. He loves you still.

AT EVENTIME.

THE week with its toil and care is past,
The "rest" of the Sabbath Eve has come,
Enter my heart, dear Lord, and fast
Seal it for thy eternal home.

Cast out all that displeaseth thee,
Sin and uncleanness, doubt and fear,
Let thy salvation so full and free,
Fill me, and make thee still more dear.

Give more strength when temptations beset,
Give more courage to meet the foe,
Finish thy work in my heart, and let
Me, cheered by thy presence, holier grow.

Make me conscious of others' need.
Willing and helpful would I be,
Using my chances to sow the seed,
Doing my work till thy face I see.

Be very near me through all the days
Of the months and years that still may come,
Through the crooked path and devious ways
Till thou shalt say, "Thou art welcome home."

—E. L. B.

SOUL-SAVING ON THE CONGO.

(*Continued from first page.*)

tribe, is a potentate named Hodge. Through the Bishop's ministrations, Hodge was led to embrace Christianity, and soon many people were brought into the Gospel fold. By royal mandate, the idols which the tribe had worshipped for generations, were broken and the native shrines and fetiches destroyed. Chapel and meeting-house, Sunday School and day school, well-kept farms and neatly-tilled gardens, with rows of clean, wholesome-looking cottages, took the place of the former dilapidated structures in Hodge's dominion. Christianity was to him both a spiritual and material gain, and the progress of his people soon made the Greboes respected among the other tribes.

A King Turns Missionary.

The chief of an adjoining tribe — the Grewas—got into trouble with a neighboring chief, and war seemed imminent. Intelligence of the situation reached Hodge, and, with native shrewdness combined with Christian zeal, he discerned an opportunity to further spread the Gospel and advance his own interest, as well. He sent an embassy to the chief of the Grewas, (who were still in idolatry) informing him that he had learned of his trouble and stipulating that, if the Grewas would renounce their idols and adopt the Christian faith, he would become their ally and come to their aid should they be attacked. The chief of the Grewas accepted the terms, banished his idols and clung to the new alliance. Since that time, the progress of the Gospel among the tribes in that section of Africa has been rapid. The incidents related are illustrative of the remarkable methods the Lord sometimes uses in spreading his word abroad, when mere human expedients fail.

Happiest when at work in Africa, Bishop Taylor is seldom long away from his ecclesiastical realm. It is a realm larger than many a civilized kingdom, and whose natural beauties are not least among its attractions.

Africa Not Unhealthy.

"Many persons have a very wrong impression about tropical climates," remarked the Bishop, "and this seems to be specially the case as far as Africa is concerned. Now, Dr. Livingston declared that there were fewer diseases in Africa than in any other country in the world. African fevers are very manageable and readily yield to treatment, except where they run into bilious fever. On the whole, I regard the climate of Africa as not so bad for the health as that of Northern Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Mississippi was fifty years ago. I have been in almost all the tropical countries of the world, and I believe that Africa is as good as anywhere. It is a high, mountainous country, and for me, at all events, it is a salubrious country. The thermometer ranges between seventy and ninety degrees the year round."

"What of the progress of your missionary work in Africa?" was asked.

"In reviewing the work of our missionary board—a work of about sixty years standing and for many years known organically as the Liberia Annual Conference, with a change of name in 1884 to the Africa Conference—I may first say that we have had a full membership of 3,064 with 202 probationers and fifty-four local preachers," replied the venerable missionary. "We have thirty-eight Sunday Schools with 320 officers and teachers, and 2,750 scholars. We have also thirty-one churches valued in all at $28,526, on which the debt is a mere trifle, being only $322.09. Since 1885, we have opened a number of mission stations among the 'raw heathen' tribes. In Angola district we have six mission stations. The first is at St. Paul de Loanda, where the mission property is valued at $7,934. Here we have one Sunday School of sixty native children, and also a small day school. It is a very hard, yet a hopeful field for missionary work, and as our workers become more familiar with the languages of the people, it will grow better. We have at least one sound convert from heathenism here.

The Work in the Field.

"At Dondo, 240 miles inland, we have a good mission residence and church, which with tools, machinery, etc., represents a cash value about equal to the St. Paul de Loanda property. Here we are doing a grand preparatory work, but as yet have few converts. A friend presented Dondo with a new mission-house as a memorial of Miss Stella Withey, who sleeps there awaiting the call of the Master in the morning. At Nhanguapepo, fifty miles by trail from Dondo, is the next station, and there we have mission property worth $4,249. We have regular preaching services, and there have been several converts. The work there has been such as to give us assurance of success.

"Ben Barratt Station is fifteen miles further inland. We have here a new mission house in construction—the gift of a dear brother whose name it bears. Our property at this station is probably worth $5,000. Although the mission here is but a year old, in the regular attendance of the natives at the church and Sunday School it gives promise of great soul-saving success. The Rev. W. P. Dodson is in charge and Jenny, his wife, is developing a nursery mission of little children adopted from heathenism.

Practical Christian Training.

"The fifth station in the Angola district is at Pungo Andongo, where we have regular preaching and Sunday School, and where a few have been brought to Christ. We have here a sub-station with a good farm and house, where there is an infant training school conducted by Mrs. Irene Withey and her daughters, Lottie and Flossie. The property at Pungo Andongo is worth $5,000. Malange, the sixth station, is 150 miles by caravan trail from Dondo, and 390 from St. Paul de Loanda. Our native church at Malange has over forty persons, who have been rescued from heathenism and who give proof of the saving work of the Holy Spirit in their hearts and daily conduct. Our property at Malange station is worth over $4,000. Besides the stations I have mentioned, we have a trust fund of $2,000 administered by the District Conference, and used to help the cause of self-support all along the line. The total valuation of the stations of the Angola district is $36,053, and we have no debts. All the stations are self-supporting and accumulating resources to help extend the work in the regions beyond. These are the only Protestant missions in Angola."

"How soon, after arriving may a missionary be said to be of service in the Congo field?"

"Our missionaries were not prepared to teach or preach till they had mastered two languages—the Portuguese and Kimbunda. The superior Gospel success of the Malange station is an illustration of the wisdom of our plan of the nursery mission training of little children, and of the advantage of keeping efficient workers in the family they found. Some step-mothers excel mothers in family training, but they are the exception and not the rule. Rev. Sam and Ardella Mead have been working at Malange ever since I settled them there, nearly seven years ago. At many other stations there have been changes, but the prevalence of itinerancy among the workers was owing to the death of some and the retirement of others from the field. We have now twenty-four missionary workers in this district and there are several others soon to embark from the United States for the same field.

The Congo District.

"In the Congo district, our mission property, including the steamer, has an aggregate value of $24,800. This is also a most promising field. Some missionary work has been done in opening seven stations, but the spiritual work is yet in its infancy, although we have no question about the possibilities of a grand ultimate success, when our workers are sufficiently conversant with the Congo language to "pass the Word." We purpose soon to largely reinforce them and push the work in this district, which extends geographically from the Atlantic, 1,200 miles inland, to the head-waters of the Kassai river. We have now in this district eighteen missionary workers, five of whom are absent on sick leave.

"In the Cape Palmas district, which has appeared on the minutes of the Liberia Conference for many years, but represented only one circuit of two appointments, namely: Mt. Scott and Tubmantown, we have made considerable spiritual progress. By the conversion of King Hodge and many of his Grebo people, Bigtown was added to this circuit during the past year. We have now in organic church union with this district sixteen new missions, all of them among the unmixed heathen, and we employ thirty-five missionary workers. The mission property represents a value of $14,400."

"You make a feature of child-training, do you not?"

"Yes; one of the most interesting features in the work in this district is the adoption from heathenism of many children who are now under Christian training in these missions. There are eighty-nine boys and forty-three girls whom we have adopted. Our native church in the district comprises a membership, including probationers, of 385. We have repaired the old Cape Palmas seminary and have now there a school of over a hundred pupils, under the superintendence of the Rev. W. D. Nicholls, who was transferred from the Oregon Conference for this work a year ago.

"The fourth and last of our fields is the Sinoe district, which also had its place in the Liberia conference for many years, but which, till now, has only represented three small stations—Greenville, Lexington and Louisiana. We have lately added to this district, purely in heathen tribes, seven new stations, which are manned by eleven missionary workers, and school-work and preaching go on regularly at each station. Still, the work here is young, and only a few converts have been made; but the outlook is very hopeful. We have also two mission stations in Grand Bassa district where four missionaries are energetically at work among the natives." The total aggregate is 40 new stations among the "raw heathens."

William Taylor was born, May 2, 1821, at the base of North Mountain, Rockbridge County, Va. His father was a tanner, and until he was twenty-one years of age the future Bishop spent his working hours in the tannery. The family were Presbyterians, but the father, having attended a camp-meeting at Cold Sulphur Springs in 1833, profited so much under the preaching of a Methodist minister that he resolved on joining the Methodist church. William was converted while a youth, and it became his highest ambition to preach the Gospel. He applied for and received an exhorter's licence from the Baltimore Conference, and was subsequently licensed as a preacher and appointed missionary to San Francisco, Cal. He entered upon his duties in an apostolic spirit, and devoted himself without reservation to the service of the Master.

In 1862, he commenced his first foreign evangelizing tour. His destination was Australia. At the Ecumenical Council a member inquired of the Wesleyan ministers from Australia, regarding the success of the American and European evangelists who had visited that country, and without exception they stated that the permanent effects of the evangelistic labors of William Taylor in Australia were greater and more blessed than those of any other. From Australia he went to Africa; labored in Cape Colony, Natal, and Caffraria, where great additions were reported, both among foreigners and natives, twelve hundred colonists and seven thousand Kaffirs professing conversion. He went to India in 1870. He had no salary, but he set to work in faith, believing that God would feed him as long as he had need of him. He had written eight or nine books, which supplied him with funds for traveling. He preached throughout Southern India, opening preaching-stations everywhere, and where churches already existed, doubling and trebling the number of the worshippers. He left India in 1875, to assist Mr. Moody in England. Space will not permit a description here of his work in Palestine, Ceylon, Canada and South America. At the M. E. Conference, in May, 1884, Mr. Taylor was present as a delegate from Southern India, and when it was resolved to elect a Bishop for the African field, he was unanimously chosen for the office.

The illustration on the first page of this issue is from a photograph of Bishop Taylor by Davis Garber, 747 Broadway, New York.

யேசுவைச் சேர்.	Yea-su-vayt chare.
1. யேசுவைச் சேர்—இன்றே.	1. Yea-su-vayt chare—eun-day.
2. மீட்பார் உன்னே—இன்றே.	2. Meurd-pär une-ney—eun-day.
3. அன்பு கூர்வார்—இன்றே.	3. Än-pu koor-vär—eun-day.
4. நம்பி வாறேன்—இன்றே.	4. Num-pe vä-rane—eun-day.
5. அல்லேலூயா!—ஆமென்.	5. Al-le-lu-iah—ä-men.
"COME TO JESUS," IN TAMIL.	HOW THE TAMIL WORDS SOUND.

THE GOSPEL IN TAMIL.

Difficulties Overcome in Preaching and Translating the Bible into Tamil.

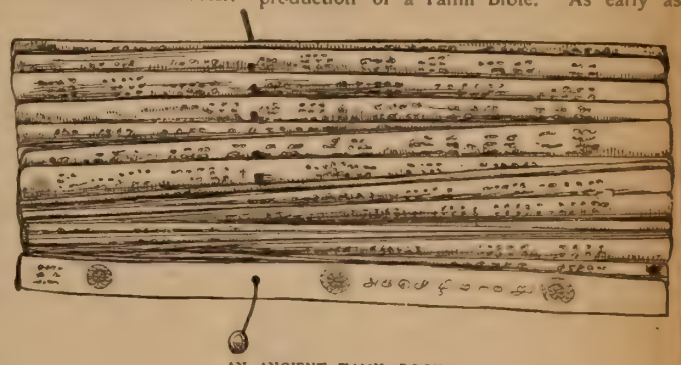
SOME idea of the difficulty which stands at the outset of the missionary's work in Ceylon and certain districts of India may be realized by a glance at the curious characters in the accompanying illustration, which represents the Tamil version of the hymn, *Come to Jesus*. Miss Margaret W. Leitch, whose portrait and a sketch of her work appeared recently in this journal, says in her interesting book entitled *Seven Years in Ceylon*, that this hymn was her first acquisition in the Tamil tongue. She learned to sing it before she understood the words, and while she was talking with the Tamil people through an interpreter. Like other missionaries there and elsewhere she has now successfully mastered the language of the country and is able to teach the people in their own language.

Tamil, it appears, is spoken by over thirteen million persons. These people are a thriving, pushing, active race who are fast driving out the less energetic Singhalese people from the places of profit and industry, even in their own island. They retain their native language wherever they settle, whatever may be the vernacular of the district. The majority of the servants of Europeans in Southern India also are Tamils and speak that language; so are the camp followers in the Presidency of Madras. At Bangalore, at Bellary in the Telugu country, and at Secunderabad, where Hindustani is spoken, the Tamil language is heard in the bazaars and on the streets as frequently as Hindustani. Beside these, there are the vast districts in Ceylon where no other language is spoken. If, therefore, the people are to be reached with the Gospel the missionary must be able to speak to them in Tamil.

The language embraces two distinct dialects. One of them is the ancient Tamil, called *Shen*, or High Tamil, which is the classical language, in which the poems, the higher literature and the ancient inscriptions are written. Some of the books in that dialect now extant date as far back as 750 A. D. They are of peculiar shape and construction as represented in the accompanying illustration. The writing is generally on talipot or palm leaves. Each leaf is punctured and a cord or piece of wood is threaded through them, holding the book together. The other dialect called Kodun, or low Tamil, is the modern colloquial language of the people. It contains many Sanscrit words and differs so much from the classical dialect that the uneducated Tamilian cannot understand it. Its alphabet is very imperfect, and the learner is often confused by the fact that several letters have the same sound though differing in value and meaning.

Immense labor has been expended in the production of a Tamil Bible. As early as 1708 a translation of the New Testament was commenced by Ziegenbalg, the first Protestant missionary to India and finished in 1714. Ziegenbalg commenced the translation of the Old Testament also, but died before he could complete the task. The work was taken up by Schultze a missionary from Halle, and was issued in 1727. Since then, numerous revisions have taken place and many versions have been published. None of these were without fault and there was much inconvenience experienced from the varied versions being in use by different religious bodies. It was therefore decided to have an entirely new version, which should be acceptable to all denominations. Each missionary society represented in the Tamil country was invited to send delegates to undertake the work in consultation.

The new Testament was begun in 1861, and was finished and in the hands of the people in 1863. The Old Testament was finished in 1869. So large was the demand for this new translation that in ten years nearly two million copies were sold. This is said to be an absolutely accurate translation and is highly appreciated by the Tamil Christians, both in India and Ceylon.



AN ANCIENT TAMIL BOOK.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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OUR RUSSIAN FUND.

WE wish to breathe, with hearts full of thanksgiving, a word of praise and congratulation to those who, in all parts of this land, have contributed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Russian Relief Fund. Many people who were in warm sympathy with this national suffering, were uncertain what channel they had better choose for their offerings; and these, when they found that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was giving special attention to this great anguish and would forward contributions, at once heartily responded to the cry of Russia for bread for her famishing children. Although it is only a month ago since the distress in Russia was briefly pictured in these columns, and no appeal was then made to the liberality of our readers, the divine sympathy which every Christian feels for those in affliction was instantly kindled. Offerings poured in from all parts of the Union. Soon the generous tide became a deluge, and up to the present writing, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received, for the purpose of purchasing food supplies for this afflicted people, over **fifteen thousand dollars.** The first shipment by the Fund, of 280,000 pounds of flour, is now nearing its destination, and the second and final shipment of about **2,000,000** pounds will soon follow.

* * *

"How great a matter a little fire kindleth," wrote the Apostle James. And this has a special application to loving, consecrated, Christian work in behalf of "God's poor." Starting out with the modest purpose of sending 100,000 pounds of flour to Russia, the enthusiasm of our friends expanded as the work of love and duty progressed. We know, by the hundreds of letters that have covered our table daily, that they esteemed it a precious privilege to give in such a cause. The fires of Christian love and pity once lighted, they spread like a conflagration on the prairie. Children and octogenarians, the manual worker and the student, the business man and the invalid, mothers crowded about with household cares, poor working-girls and the daughters of the rich—all classes and conditions of men and women, who believe on and desire to follow Him who went about doing good even as he had opportunity, have hastened to send their offerings "In His Name!" They all wanted to be of service and they all hoped to share in the blessing that follows such service. And thus it came about that the modest tribute originally intended to be sent to Russia was multiplied, not twice, nor five-fold, but twenty-fold!

IT has afforded us unalloyed pleasure to observe, in the letters that have accompanied these donations, the extent to which the spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to high Christian principle, prevails among the contributors to this Fund. What they have written has given us in many cases, a glimpse into their inmost hearts. We love them the better for this experience, since it has revealed to us that their spontaneous offerings have been wholly free from vanity or the desire for the mere approval of men, but rather "a pleasing sacrifice," yielded with reverent humility, in secret, which He who seeth in secret shall yet reward openly. This is the right kind of giving.

* * *

SOME of the sacrifices made were peculiarly touching. Two ladies, having no money at hand, forwarded their jewelry to be sold for the Russian poor. In one of these instances, having the sender's address, we returned the jewels which she had long treasured and had promised never to part with, "except for bread;" and "now," she explained, "the time has come, for Russia needs bread." We could not let such generosity pass unappreciated, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent a barrel of flour on the *Conemaugh* in her name. The other jewel-giver sent neither name nor address with her offering. An aged Christian, poor and needy himself, sent two gold coins, his sole hoard, which he had kept for years, probably against a day of sickness.

* * *

PERHAPS the most remarkable of all was a queer-looking letter, that came one day, written in a boyish hand and evidently with infinite pains as to the chirography. This is what it said:

CHRISTIAN HERALD Publisher.

I send you P. O. note for $3.50 for the Russians to git a bar'l of flour: it is the cost of blacking 70 pair of boots. A LITTLE BOOT-BLACK.

There is neither name nor address on the letter, although the envelope bears the postmark of Tustin City, Cal. All honor to the little boot-black of Tustin, in whose heart runs a vein of gold, more precious even than that of the Golden State in which he lives. We can picture him, brushing away merrily at his task and patiently tallying the pairs, until they had reached the seventieth, in order that he might make glad some little Muscovite lads, like himself, but ah, how wan and worn with hunger and weeping!

* * *

SIDE by side with this letter, we place another. It is in a woman's delicate handwriting and tells a story of gentle sorrow and love. She, too, thinks of the poor children in that far-away land and her heart goes out to the anguished mothers. She writes:

REDDING, CAL., April 16, 1892.

I send you by Well's Fargo Express some old money my boy, who died a year ago, was collecting. Please sell it for as much as you can and use the proceeds to send bread to the starving Russians. Credit it to Willie ——, and may the kind Father bless it to the suffering children. M. J. K.

In the little canvas bag, tied with a string, and sealed, came the precious coins—the gift of the dead child to the living. It was wet with a mother's sacred tears. Such a gift, wrung from the heart at such a sacrifice, carries a double blessing. We could multiply instances like these, where the senders have literally yielded up their heart's treasures, so far as worldly possessions are concerned, to render obedience to the Divine Master, who commended charity as among the highest of Christian virtues.

* * *

WITH the next shipment to Russia, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund will have accomplished its object, and no more food supplies will be forwarded. It is probable that the relief measures that are now being taken in Russia and other lands will be sufficient to cover all contingencies until the next harvest. All contributions received for the Fund will be acknowledged and we also hope in due time, to have the pleasure of laying before our readers a statement showing how their gifts have been distributed in the famine field. They have been conducting a grand and noble work and it should be to all who have aided in the movement a cause for deep thankfulness and rejoicing that they were made instrumental, under divine favor, in saving many lives and in bringing back health, happiness and plenty, to stricken Russian homes.

SORROW AND SUNSHINE.

EVEN sorrow has its sunny side. Many have proved its wholesomeness when "exercised thereby," and are more than willing to pay his price for the precious peace which possesses their souls. It fits us, too, to feel for others—a work to which we are scarcely equal until set apart by this blessed baptism. Thank God there are sorrows that may be helped; burdens that may be borne for others by us. To this work let us give heart and hand, rejoicing if the dross of our selfishness be consumed, and the gold of our sympathy refined, even in the crucible of suffering. Unspoken sorrow is perhaps the saddest. The griefs we may not tell gnaw deep.

WIDE-AWAKE SERMONS.

THERE never was a time when in all denominations of Christians there was so much attractive sermonizing as to-day. Princeton, and Middletown, and Rochester, and New Brunswick, are sending into the ministry a large number of sharp, earnest, consecrated men. Stupidity, after being regularly ordained, is found to be no more acceptable to the people than before, and the title of Doctorate cannot any longer be substituted for brains. Perhaps, however, there may get to be a surfeit of fine discourses. Indeed, we have so many appliances for making bright and incisive preachers that we do not know but that after a while, when we want a sleepy discourse as an anodyne, we shall have to go to the ends of the earth to find one; and dull sermons may be at a premium, congregations of limited means not being able to afford them at all; and so we shall have to fall back on chloral or morphine.

CHRIST'S SYMPATHY.

CHRIST is sensitive to human touch. We talk about God on a vast scale so much, we hardly appreciate his accessibility. God in magnitude rather than God in minutiæ, God in the infinite rather than God in the infinitesimal; but here we have a God arrested by a suffering touch. When in the sham trial of Christ they struck him on the cheek we can realize how that cheek tingled with pain. When under the scourging the rod struck the shoulders and back of Christ, we can realize how he must have writhed under the lacerations. But when a woman's sick and nerveless finger just touches the long threads of the blue fringe of his coat, he looks around and says, "Who touched me?"

We talk about sensitive people, but Christ was the impersonification of all sensitiveness. The slightest stroke of the smallest finger of human disability makes all the nerves of his head and heart and hand and feet vibrate. It is not a stolid Christ, not a phlegmatic Christ, not a preoccupied Christ, not a hard Christ, not an iron-cased Christ, but an exquisitely sensitive Christ that this word unveils. All the things that touch us touch him, if by the hand of prayer we make the connecting line between him and our selves complete. Mark you, the woman might have walked through the crowd all day and cried about her suffering, and no relief would have come if she had not touched him. When in your prayer you lay your hand on Christ you touch all the sympathies of an ardent and glowing and responsive nature.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

AIDS TO SOUL-WINNING.

TO be a soul-winner, either in a broad or narrow sphere the worker ought to have

Deep piety and constant communion with God.
Ability to set others to work.
Ability to illustrate truth—make it plain
Sympathy that opens the fountain of tears.
Knowledge of the surroundings of men.
Humility that exalts God.
A knowledge of God and his power.
Ability to cover critical points successfully.
A pure motive to glorify God.
Good common and uncommon sense.
Tact.
Ability to rightly divide the world of truth.
A knowledge of the plans of the soul-winners.
Willingness to do little things and look after details.
Power to discern the workings of Satan.
A conscience as tender as the apple of your eye.
The courage of your convictions.
A joy from heaven in soul and countenance.
An intense love for souls.
Ability to look at men as God sees them.
Unction in public and private prayer.
Liberty in address by the Spirit.
Power and love to deal with the individual.
Power to quicken cold churches and individuals.
A living personal testimony.
Command of your voice.
To live as though this were your last day.
A reliance on God for temporal care.
Perfect unconcern about yourself.
Ability to discern the signs of the times.
Power to be hopeful under all circumstances.
Willingness to preach to one person or ten thousand.
Aim for immediate results.
Reach the feelings, the conscience and the will.
Aim for conviction of sin.
Preach a full and free Gospel.

"There are two sides to soul-winning work, the human and the divine, God will always do his part if we do ours."

Be filled with joy and the Holy Ghost—Power and strength.
Have boldness and great courage—Better than an army.
Have zeal with knowledge—This insures success.
Perseverance and earnestness that's on fire.
Get a knowledge of human nature—This is power.
Have the power to comprehend situations—This is mighty.
A knowledge of sin and its consequences.
Aptness in putting truth—Strike in the right place and at the right time.
Big faith, mountain-moving kind.
Love that not only constrains, but wins.
Plain preaching, well illustrated.
Great and wise use of Scripture.
A thorough knowledge of sound doctrine.
An intense hatred of sin.
A burning love for souls—born of God.
Knowledge of opportunities.
Prayer—Prevailing and persistent.
Untiring work—"Stick-to-it-ive-ness."
Ability to create measures and use them.
Power to adapt others' measures.
manner.
Wisdom from above, as in James 1:5.
A right putting of the invitation.
Fearlessness before all men, especially the rich and educated.
Perfect obedience to God's word and will.

Some "Won't Do's."

It won't do to look for results out of fine churches, big choirs, large rooms, great programmes, and the like. All these may help and do greatly, but real results come from head, hand and heart work, done by those who abide in Christ. I have seen mighty big mills that turned out awful small grists. I call up one man and to my certain knowledge he is more to the Master's service in winning souls to the Cross than a half-dozen so-called swell churches.

It won't do to give the best energy of the church to the secular half. That's where we ail. We have ten pounds of effort, and the best of it—the grist five (often it is seven or nine) go to the human side. Give the best time, plans and thought to direct soul-saving work and building Christian character.

The Bible and the Newspaper

THE AFRICAN RAILROAD.

INTELLIGENCE from Eastern Equatorial Africa indicates that rapid progress is being made with the railroad which will connect the coast with Victoria Nyanza. The road will be four hundred miles long, and three hundred miles have already been surveyed. The engineers are now in the neighborhood of the abrupt elevation known as the Man escarpment, and the country near this wall, which suddenly rises for hundreds of feet above the general level of the plain, is very rough. The engineers, however, believe that they will find a comparatively easy place to scale the escarpment. When they get to the top of this new plain level they will find the plateau sloping very gently all the way to the lake. The estimated cost of constructing the road is six million dollars. It starts from Mombasa, a port on the Indian Ocean, once notorious as one of the busiest slave depots in Africa, where the gangs of slaves collected in the interior were brought by the Arabs to be sold and sent to foreign lands. The town, a picture of which appears on this page, is rapidly changing its appearance and character. Though only forty miles of the new railroad are open for traffic, the influx of business in legitimate products, which it has brought to the town, has transformed it. Its excellent harbor is now alive with shipping and its streets are crowded with merchants. When the railroad is open to the great lake, Mombasa will be one of the most prosperous ports in the world, for the railroad passes through populous and cultivated districts which will send their produce to Mombasa for shipment. It may be hoped that the introduction of railroad facilities will do more for the country than increase its material prosperity. The appliances of civilization will not fulfil the chief part of their mission unless they are ulilized to give the people the blessing of a pure Gospel and to inculcate the righteousness which can alone exalt a nation. (Prov. 14: 34.)

An Electrical Discovery.

THE principle which is the basis of many machines now in operation was, it appears, discovered by accident. A working man who was in charge of several electrical machines at the exhibition in Vienna noticed two wires hanging loosely from a rapidly revolving dynamo. Another dynamo which was not in motion was standing near. The man took the two wires and applied them to the stationary dynamo to see what the effect would be. The dynamo at once began to revolve and a high rate of speed was attained. Thus the discovery was made that the machine which gives out electricity, when it is supplied with motive power, will give out motive power when it is supplied with electricity. The principle thus discovered is now applied in a variety of ways for motors on cars, in factories, elevators, etc. We have long been familiar with a similar principle in the spiritual world. The man whom the love of Christ constrains to work for him gives out love too to his fellowmen and under his influence they, too, become active workers in the same cause by the same power which energizes him—the power of the Holy Spirit. (Col. 1: 28, 29.)

A Divorce Refused.

THE necessity of hearing both sides of a case in order to arrive at a just conclusion was shown recently in a court at Topeka, Kans., when a divorce case was on trial. The husband alleged that his wife, whom he had married five years before, deserted him two years ago and had continued "to live separate and apart from him during that time against his wish and consent." He produced evidence in proof of the charge and it appeared probable that the divorce would be granted. When the wife appeared on the witness-stand, however, she testified that her husband, though a strong, able-bodied man in good health, had never done a day's work during the three years that she lived with him. The only income they had was derived from her earnings. She grew tired of working to keep her husband in idleness, so she left him and had since that time supported herself by her own exertions. The husband did not contradict her statement and the judge therefore refused the divorce, lest the man should become a burden upon some other woman, whom he might persuade to marry him. He told the man that in this country marriage was not intended to be a provision for a man's laziness and he must find some other means of livelihood. There is reason to believe that the motive which led the lazy man to marry an industrious woman sometimes impels men to make a profession of religion. They hope that such a profession will improve their social or financial standing. It may do so in these days, when religion is fashionable, but a profession made with such motives does not bring men into union with Christ, and he will disown them in the day of his glory when only those will be recognized as his people who took up their cross and followed him. (John 6: 26.)

The Earthquake in California.

SEVERAL towns in California are suffering severely from the effects of the earthquake of April 19. *Vacaville* seems to have been the centre of the disturbance and to have suffered most. The streets of the city were rendered impassable by the debris of fallen houses and the chief street had not a single brick house left standing on the south side of the street. The fronts of the stores fell forward into the roadway and the chimneys toppled over and crashed into the interiors. Public buildings shared the same fate. *Winters* also sustained heavy loss. Few buildings were thrown down, but nearly every chimney in town was overturned and crashed through roof and ceilings. In the drug-stores, the bottles on the shelves were thrown down and several fires resulted from the mingling of the contents. In *Dixon* similar disasters were experienced. The office of the local journal was turned into a scene of chaos. The forms were pied, the type emptied out of the cases and a heavy press was overthrown. *San Francisco* was more lightly visited, but the houses shook and swayed like a pendulum and the inmates were stricken with consternation. Happily, although there is serious loss of property reported from various parts of the State, there is no record of loss of life. If the shocks had come in the day time when the streets are full of people there would have been many fatalites. As it was, there were many narrow escapes which seem almost miraculous. It is twenty-four years since the State experienced a shock so severe. That the earthquake proved so disastrous in the three towns of the Sacramento Valley is due to the fact that they are built on an insecure foundation. The soil is rich but it lies on a bed of quicksand and the buildings were generally lightly constructed, some of the walls having only one course of bricks. We naturally wonder that any one should have been willing to risk their lives by living in dwellings so frail; but a similar kind of folly is too common to cause surprise. The men who risk their souls by a course of conduct which Christ compared to a man building his house on the sand are all around us and are living unconcerned. (Luke 6: 49.)

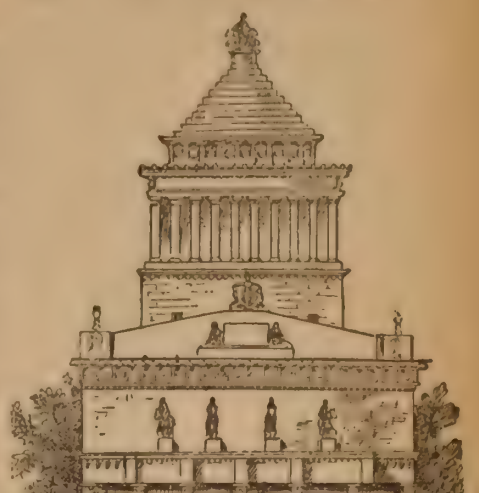
MOMBASA, THE TERMINUS OF THE NEW AFRICAN RAILROAD.

The Drift of a Sealed Bottle.

THE Hydrographic Office at Washington has begun an official inquiry respecting a bottle which was washed ashore at San Fernando, Spain. It contained a postal card addressed to a citizen of Hull, Mass., which the finder was requested to mail. The request was complied with, and a short time ago the postal card duly arrived at the Hull Post-Office with a statement on it of the place and time of the finding of the bottle. More than four years had been occupied in making the journey. The Hydrographic Office is seeking to discover all the details as to the launching of the bottle with the view of getting information to aid in solving the problem of the ocean currents. The citizen who sent the bottle out on its long journey says that he has sent out eight such bottles during the past five years, always choosing the time when the tide was on the turn of the flood. The first heard from was washed ashore at Marblehead, the one just found on the coast of Spain was the second and nothing has been heard of the other six. He expected that all the eight would have found their way across the Atlantic and is surprised that only one did so, and that that should have been four years in making the journey. It is evident that a drift is a very uncertain process and a very slow one even when safely accomplished. It is much to be wished that young people would realize the fact and apply the lesson to their own voyage over the ocean of life. Those who are content to drift with the current, rejecting the help and guidance God offers to all who seek them of him will probably never reach the haven of blessedness and will surely waste much of their lives. (Ps. 32: 8-10.)

Gen. Grant's Tomb.

THE hope of erecting a noble mausoleum for the body of Gen. Grant appears now to have a good prospect of realization. On April 27, the seventieth anniversary of Gen. Grant's birth, President Harrison performed the ceremony of laying the corner stone. It is proposed to spend $500,000 on the memorial, but thus far, only about one-third of that sum has been collected. It is thought, however, that when the citizens of New York perceive that the work of erection is well in progress, the long continued apathy on the subject will disappear and subscriptions will pour in. The committee in charge are now thoroughly in earnest and are making an organized effort to arouse public interest. The tomb, if the present plans are carried out, will be one worthy of the great General and an edifice of which the city of New York may justly be proud. The style of architecture to be followed is Doric. The main edifice is to be 100 feet square, and will rest upon a foundation of rising tiers of steps. The pyramidal dome which surmounts it rises to an extreme height of 170 feet. The site itself is commanding, being 150 feet above tide water, near the Hudson, opposite the Palisades. The body is to be placed in a black granite sarcophagus in the crypt below the main floor in the centre of the building and directly under the dome, which will receive light from the sky. The interior is to be of pure white, with the exception of such ornamentation as may be deemed advisable, which will be of black. New York has been reproached by the whole country for allowing seven years to pass without erecting a suitable memorial over Gen. Grant's remains. The delay, however, is not unprecedented. Although a man's character and services may be admired in a community, it is notoriously difficult to collect money for a memorial of him. The performance of a duty often comes a long time after the realization of the duty and sometimes does not come at all. Pastors and Christian workers know this from their own experience. They can get men to admire Christ and to acknowledge that they ought to be among his followers, but to get them to take their place there is more difficult. (Luke 6: 46.)



PROPOSED TOMB OF GEN. GRANT, IN NEW YORK.

BRIEF NOTES.

One dollar has been received from "Subscriber" Florence, for the colored people whom Rev. Stephen Merritt sheltered at his Mission.

An important result of Mr. D. L. Moody's visit to Scotland is that arrangements are being made to establish training schools in Glasgow and Edinburgh similar to that at Northfield, Mass.

An Auxiliary League to the Salvation Army has been organized in connection with Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Dr. Lyman Abbott and Mrs. Abbott are among the members. Its object is to aid the Army in its work in the slums of the city of New York.

The Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church has received during the past eleven months of its financial year $634,451.57. As the Board has appropriated, as authorized by the General Assembly over a million dollars, it would need to collect about $350,000 this month, or it will have to carry a deficit forward to next year.

Rev. B. Fay Mills hopes to begin his work in California this month. The first few weeks will be spent in the southern part of the State. Preparatory services are being held in the towns he has promised to visit, to entreat God's blessing on the Evangelist's visit. The Evangelical churches are everywhere uniting in the movement and will join in the work under Mr. Mills.

Pastor Chiniquy is much distressed at the reports which have been circulated that he has renounced Protestantism and has returned to the Romish Church. He begs the religious press in a letter over his own signature to emphatically contradict the report. He was never more decided in his adherence to Evangelical Christianity than he is now. Father Chiniquy is eighty-three years of age and his life is threatened by a serious malady.

Rev. E. P. Telford's meetings in the Reformed Episcopal Church of Cambridge, Mass., were very successful. Large audiences gathered at every service and many went to the inquiry room to get personal help from the Evangelist. Mr. Telford went from Cambridge to Newburyport, Mass. Sixty persons have joined the Presbyterian Church of Port Jervis, N. Y., since the meetings there, who attribute their conversion to God's blessing on those meetings.

Subscriptions to the fund for supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $18. They are from: J. M. Jackson, Ont., 50 cents; J. A. Marlbro, O., $1.50; Mr. and Mrs. Everett Chenango, $2; A. E. J., Newark, N. J., 50 cents; J. W. J., Bloomingburg, N. Y., $1.50; W. M., Omaha, Neb., $2; W. H. M., Milwood, Va., $1; Annie Calder, Chicago, 50 cents; S. M. H., Cleveland, O., $1.50; R. P. Bloomington, Wis., 50 cents; S. E. G., Canterbury, N. H., $1; J. W. V. A., Filer City, Mich., $1.50; L. A. J., Jersey City, N. J., $1.50; M. E. A., Prophetstown, Ill., $1.50; H. C., China, Me., $1.

IT WILL BE TWO MILLIONS!

Preparing for the Final Shipment to Russia by "The Christian Herald" Relief Fund—A Noble Showing by Generous Contributors.

DURING the past week, contributions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Russian Relief Fund have flowed in a steady and undiminished stream. At the time of this issue going to press, the total amount received aggregates fully **$15,000.** Advices from Russia indicate that the extraordinary efforts made on every hand to alleviate the horrors of the famine are already producing a most beneficial effect. The *Conemaugh* with the first CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund shipment aboard, may be expected to arrive at Riga in a few days. The second and final shipment will be made as soon as the arrangements now in process of negotiation, can be completed. A large part of the flour for the final shipment has already been purchased, and will shortly arrive in New York whence the shipment will be made. Concerning the purchase of the remainder, the date of the shipment and all other matters of interest in this connection, we expect to be able in our next issue to fully inform our readers and all others interested in the Fund.

Much interest is shown in Russia in the American relief movement. Another steamer, the *Tynehead*, sailed last week from New York, having been chartered by Miss Clara Barton, President of the American National Red Cross Society, who, with Dr. J. B. Hubbell, General Field Agent of the Society, and Mr. B. Tillinghast, Secretary of the Iowa Russian Famine Relief Committee, has been instrumental in collecting a cargo of breadstuffs for the famine sufferers. This cargo may be regarded in large part as the gift of American women to the women of Russia. It will be distributed under the auspices of the Russian Red Cross Society, and Dr. Hubbell, the Field Agent of the American Red Cross Society, will probably have personal supervision of the work.

In the province of Kasan, the suffering and destitution are represented by recent letters as being still very great. Many villages are snowbound, and in the towns the hospitals are full of sick peasants, who have been made ill by hunger-fever. The government, however, has recognized the famine and has adopted relief measures which, when in full operation, will greatly mitigate the distress.

Below we give acknowledgment to the contributions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund received during the week.

Am't ack'g'd last week $7,609 24
Mrs. F. A. Stokes, 0 50
Mrs. F. Stone, 0 25
Mrs. A. S. McBrier, 0 50
Mrs. Jas. Kelly, 0 25
Mrs. Henry Sayers, 0 25
Mrs. R. Coffee, 0 25
Rye! & Conkey, 0 50
Mrs. Ruth Musgrove, 1 00
Mr. & Mrs. H. M. Turner, 2 00
In His Name, CapeVin't, N.Y. 0 50
Sub'r, Brockton, Mass. 1 00
A mother, Rockford, Ill. 1 00
Reg'r Bapt. Ch., Peattsville, Ont., Can. 7 00
L. Vanderbilt, 1 00
A. Van Zanten, 0 25
Daniel Dunmire, 1 00
Friend, East Prov., R. I. 1 00
Mr. & Mrs. D. Fest, 3 00
J. Best, 2 00
Mrs. Geo. Stevenson, 10 00
J. A. Williamson, 10 00
Dea. Anderson, 1 00
Daniel Sandford, 1 50
Mrs. Lizzie Nutting, 0 25
Miss L. A. Sanford, 0 25
Mary J. Howe, 1 00
John McDonald, 0 75
Robbie Kelly, 0 20
Geo. M. Newland, 1 00
L. W. Newcomb, 0 50
A. M. Newcomb, 0 50
L. M. Newcomb, 0 25
Fred F. Newcomb, 0 25
B. A. Howe, 0 50
Carrie A. McCabe, 0 25
E. W. Barney, 0 25
E. K. Barney, 0 25
Rev. J. P. Harvey, 0 25
Miss M. R. Howard, 0 50
F. Fisherdick, 0 25
Sanford Converse, 0 50
A. N. Hunter, 4 00
C. L. Turner, 2 00
Sub'r, Alexandria, Pa. 5 00
Munia Savage, Norman, Neb. 5 00
A. H., Webster, Mass. 5 00
Mrs. M. G. Bates & daughter, 2 00
E. R. & W. N. Gough, 3 75
C. & I. Baldwin, 2 00
Mrs. & Mrs. W. R. B., Barre, Mass. 3 00
Sub'r, New Bedford, Mass. 2 00
F. L. Shecks, 5 00
Friends, Rens'vlle, N.Y. 10 00
Sub'r, Kansas, 3 50
Friend from Los Angeles, 12 00
Sub'r, W. Alexandria, O. 2 00
S. E. J., Mooresville, N. C. 5 00
S. T. Smith, 2 00
Mrs. G. S. Orcult, 3 00
Wm. Crawford, 2 00
Wm. L. Hull, 2 00
Mrs. & Mary Little, 7 00
"Yours in Christ," Pleasant Valley, 2 00
S. A. Fleming, 5 00
Friend, 2 00
Y.P.S.C.E., Morland, N. Y. 7 00
D. Shelhart, 3 50
T. L., Ivesdale, Ill. 2 00
T. W. Beaver, 3 00
W. R. Evans, 12 00
A. E. Bond, 3 50
F. R. S. Bond, 2 00
H. U. P. E., Thetford, Vt. 2 00
Chas. Holmes. 10 50
A friend, Jackson, Mich. 5 00
A friend, Cross Hill, Me. 2 00
Friends, Danby, N. Y. 2 00
M. F. Caltrider, 2 00
S.-S. of 1st Pres. Ch., Springville, N. Y. 8 30
C. H. Allen & family. Carbondale, Ill. 3 50
J. H. Wilcox, 5 00
J. H. Toper, 2 50
H. B., Chicago, Ill. 2 25
E. W. Strong, 1 25
Two widows, W. Stockb'dge, Mass. 2 00
Ella E. Coburn, 2 00
E. B. Thomas, 6 00
Sub'r, Wasco. Ill. 3 00
Edwin Baldwin, 5 00
"In His Name," Pisgah, 5 60
S. C. Satterthwait, 2 66
Swendolen & Hazel, 3 00
A. Lord, 5 00
L. Gordon, 5 00
J. B. Webster, 7 00
Sub'r, Sherwood, Mich. 7 00
Wm. Wright, 2 00
O. O. Hitchcock, 5 00
W. A. Replogle, 2 00
C. W. O., College Corner, O. 5 00
Sub'r, Alaska, N. Y. 5 00
C. A. & O. B. Powelson. 6 00
O. K. Guiles, 2 00
H. Bennett, 3 50
C. F. Hamblin, 2 50
L. Scovel, 3 00
A family of Granville, Iowa, 10 00
Wm. S. Hollingsworth, 3 00
R. S. Donaldson, 7 00
M. Sambrook, 2 50
Sub'r, Warren, O., 3 50
V. & family, Shushan, N. Y. 3 50
F. E. Farrell. 2 00

M. H. K., 2 50
Reader, Princton, Ill. 5 00
Lawlon & Sackett, 2 00
F. E. Gilmore, 5 00
A friend, Wheeling, W. Va 35 00
W. B. C., Veedersburg, Ind. 10 00
Sub'r, Pella, Iowa, 2 00
M. V. Bowman, 3 00
Sarah Bowman, 2 00
H. Mominell, Jr, 2 00
Sub'r, New Holland, O. 2 00
Mrs. E. Leonard, 2 00
Friends, Wilson, Kansas, 1 50
Readers, So. Westerls, N.Y. 20 00
J. G. Cooley, 2 00
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Mrs. F. B. Lobenstein, 3 50
Emma Lehs, 10 00
Mrs. James Tapson, 5 00
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J. F. & R. H., Cleveland, O. 5 00
——, Gilmore City, Ia. 2 00
J. C. Kennan, 5 00
J. W. Lornor, 2 00
Hugh Mack, 1 50
J. R. Wallace, 2 00
J. Y. S., Makertown, Pa. 2 00
Sub'r, Jackson, Michigan, 2 25
H. C. Keeler, 2 50
Sub'r, Ind. 2 00
J. A. S., Wilmington, Del. 5 00
Thos. H. Hemdon, 5 00
F. Chase & wife, 5 00
G. C. E. Society, 5 18
H. S. C., Lake Forest, Ill. 5 00
Family offering, Three Oaks, Mich. 6 00
Sub'r & friend, Green Bay, Wis. 1 50
Pope Boad'g H'e, Oberlin, O.
A Sub'r, " " 4 10
B. E. Smith. jr., & N.M. Smith 10 00
Richard Roberts, 1 35
Sub'r, Chattanooga, Tenn. 10 00
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Francis H. Milburn, 1 50
Eliz. Lehr. 10 00
T. W. Smith, 2 00
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G. K., Baltimore, Md. 2 00
W. C. T. U., Woburn, Mass. 20 35
J. M., Heintley, Minn. 5 00
Sub'r, Mifflintown, Pa. 2 00
Mrs. J. A. Lester. 2 00
Mrs. A. L. G., Vernon, N.Y. 3 00
N. M., Brooklyn, N. Y. 5 00
Chas. J. M., Piseley, Minn. 5 00
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G. H. W., Greenwich, N. Y. 5 00
A Friend, Brewer, Me. 2 00
Mrs. L. L., Neffsville, Pa. 2 00
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F. A. Meikle, 5 00
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Sub'r, Flint, Mich. 2 00
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Friend, Monson, Mass. 5 00
J. McCollum, 5 00
R. B. Gould & family, 3 50
M. Jackson, 3 00
W. F. G., Brooklyn, N. Y. 3 50
M. V. C., Erie, Pa. 2 00
R. J. Quale, 2 00
Mrs. M. L. Milliken, 10 00
Sub'r, Little Falls, N. Y. 2 00
H. & M. of N. H., 2 00
Col. of Platteville Ch. Wis. 8 60
Col. of Big Patch Ch. Wis. 6 35
H. A. Fluck, 3 00
Hettie J. Fluck, 2 00
Ida Whitaker, 5 00
J. S. Silvers, 5 00
J. H. Whitaker, 2 00
J. S. Davison, 2 00
N. F. Cabies and family, 5 00
M. J. White, 2 00
Jos. Sheafy, Sr. 2 00
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J. M. Kelly, 5 00
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Neighbors, Berryville, Va. 3 00
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M. S. Rees, 3 50
S. E. Robinson, 3 50
Fred Higgins, 5 00
Reader, Drakes Branch Va. 2 00
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Kings' Daughters, Rogersville, Tenn. 31 00
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Esta & Margt. Smith, 1 50
E. McKee, 2 00
E. H. Lone, 5 00
M., Chicago, Ill. 2 00
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H. Wheeler, 2 50
Mrs. H. Wheeler, 2 50
Geo. Skidmore, 2 50
Mrs. Geo. Skidmore, 2 50
M. N. P., New Britain, Conn. 6 60
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M. B., Callicoon Depot, N. Y. 2 00
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S. R. & J. McClurkin, 3 50
S. A. Gibson, 2 00
G. W. Drake, 5 00
J. M. Schwul, 2 00
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A. friend, Baltimore, Ind. 5 00
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Sub. East Dorset, Vt. 2 00
A Sister, Waterbury, Conn. 5 00
I. D. Williams, 5 00
Fr'nd, New M'k't Ont. Can. 25 00
G. W. Brown, 5 00
P. M. Stegenga, 7 00
Wm. Ives, 1 50
E. S. Bran, 1 50
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C. Panchand, 6 50
E. Bracket, 2 00
M. Shellabarger, 5 00
In His Name, 2 00
Jos. Yule, 5 00
Sub'r, Damascus, O. 2 00
Alice & Ray, Wick, 2 00
C. B. Cautharn, 1 25

V. Dickens, 5 00
John Rutherford, 5 25
E. McNeely, 5 00
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F. C. Brown, 5 00
V. Ballard, 5 00
C. Arnold, 5 00
Reader, Ewing, Neb. 5 00
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A. Buter, 5 00
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A friend, S. Britain, Conn. 5 00
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T. K. Passaic N. J. 3 50
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Family of five Omaha Neb 5 00
A friend, Moingona Iowa. 2 50
C. W. Proctor 1 50
M. Murphy 4 00
Kings Dauh'rs Wilcox Neb. 5 00
L. A. E., Nevada City Cal. 4 00
S. J. Hill 2 00
Emma G. S. Omaha Neb. 10 00
Wm. T. B. Inch 5 00
T. W. Jenkins 10 00
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A Cheerful Giver, Charlevoil Mich. 10 00
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M. S. Surg. 3 50
Mrs. H. S. Simonds, 1 00
Ruby Simonds, 0 25
Friends, Mardin. Ill. 1 00
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S. E. Kennan, 1 00
J. T. Heller, 1 00
J. Heller, 1 00
Belle Reynolds, 1 00
C. Kennan, 0 25
Mrs. Schlofret, 1 00
D. Stevenson, 1 00
O. M. Whitcomb, 1 00
Frank Earley, 0 25
David Jones, 0 25
Mrs. Wm. Dougall, jr., 1 00
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R. A. H., Belding, Mich. 1 00
Mary E. Ehresman, 1 00
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E. W. H., Flushing, N. Y. 1 00
M. L. Simonds, 1 00
Alberta, 0 25
R. G. Weast, Brook, Me. 1 00
E. E. Robinson, 1 00
Frank Lormor, 1 00
J. A. Kennan, 1 00
E. W. Jeffery, 1 00
N. E. Reynolds, 1 00
J. Farris, 1 00
G. Schnoor, 1 00
Roger Bros., 1 00
F. B. Robinson, 0 10
Wm. Honey Church, 0 25
Herman Storm, 0 25
Frank White, 0 50
Sub'r, Brooklyn, N. Y. 0 50
Friend, Worcester, Mass. 1 00
Cornelia, Savannah, Ga. 1 00
Sub'r, Calais, Me., 1 00
S. R. N., Wyncote, Pa. 1 00
A friend, Northampton, Mass. 1 00
A. E. Forry, 0 50
E. S. Forry, 0 50
Alida E. Forry, 0 50
Jennie, Decatur, Ind. 0 50
G. H. Candee, 1 00
W. Magges, 0 50
Sub'r, Sing Sing, N. Y. 0 50
T. E. A., Thomasboro, Ill. 1 00
Fred. W. Gottrick, 0 50
Mrs. N. Meyer, 1 00
An orphan, Nashville, Mich. 1 00
Dr. O. W. Jewett, 1 00
Mr. H. Baker, 0 25
H. Rollinson, 0 35
John Yankiser, 0 25
Wm. Duglass, 0 20
N. Telaser, 0 25
Darby, 1 00
Lynch, 0 25
Kerry, 0 10
Jones, 0 10
C. Hoagland, 0 25
M. J. Forry, 0 50
Frank Forry, 0 50
Glenn, Decatur, Ind. 0 50
Alex. Duff, 1 00
J. Flemings, 1 00
P. Hary, 1 00
G. H. O., Jersey City, N. J. 1 00
E. D. B., Broome, N. Y. 1 00
J. T. Neff, 1 00
Mrs. J. G. Hill, 0 50
Friend, Aris Mills, N. Y. 1 00

Mr. Martin Whetson, 0 50
James Rollinson, 0 25
B. J. Welch, 0 15
James Lynch, 0 25
Wm. Horsman, 0 25
S. A. Baker, 0 25
Mrs. Harrison, 0 35
Mrs. Harris, 0 25
Mrs. Dunhelly. 0 05
Miss E. Frampton, 0 50
Miss M. Rollinson, 0 10
Mr. S. H. Perrine, 1 00
Mr. A. S. Cole, 1 00
Mrs. E. Van Dusen, 0 60
Miss A. H. Miller, 0 50
Mr. G. B. Mershon, 0 50
Jacob Gates, 1 00
R. R. Mills, 0 50
H. Willoughby, 0 25
E. Kreitsburg, 0 25
Louis Cuddy, 0 25
C. Eyster, 1 00
Thos. Murray, 0 50
Wm. Knott, 1 00
J. C. Smith, 1 00
M. Campbell, 0 50
G. F. Knott, 0 25
A friend, 0 50
F. Stephens, 0 25
Ed. Hardcarter, 0 25
R. Robinson, 0 50
D. Wilkinson, 0 25
B. Parker, 0 25
Mr. Chas. Applegate, 1 00
Mr. A. H. Snow. 1 00
Miss R. Adams, 0 50
Mr. F. A. Brown, 0 50
Mr. E. Casterlin, 0 50
Mrs. Jacob Gates, 1 00
A. E. Hayes, 1 00
J. A. Frantz, 0 25
H. Willets, 0 50
F. Culbertson, 0 50
Joseph Magin, 0 25
Mrs. E. E. Stanbury, 0 50
Wm. M. Oakes, 0 50
Ernett Knott, 0 50
A. C. Spink, 0 25
A. Stephens, 1 00
Mrs. Moses, 0 25
Mrs. Minnick, 0 25
Dr. Willis, 0 25
Mrs. D. Wilkinson, 0 50
Mrs. Light, 0 20
Mrs. Bundrum, 0 25
V. M., Greenville, Pa, 2 00
J. R., Ont., Can. 5 00
Friends, Aftell, Kans. 2 25
Girls in Columbia Mills, Middleton, N. Y. 1 80
Mrs. Mary A. Woodward, 5 50
Mrs. J. D. C., 3 00
A. C. P. & A. M. P. Salb'y, Ind. 2 00
Armstrong Bros. Elmira, Ills. 20 00
Sub'r, Fisherman Bay, Cal. 2 00
Miss Hazel W. Truax, 15 00
I. A. N., Newark, N. J. 2 25
A. D. New London. 2 00
Two fri'ds of the cause, Worcester, Mass. 20 00
A friend, Cadillac, Mich. 2 00
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H. M., Campbell, Geffstown, N. H. 2 00
J. B. Patterson, 5 50
Mrs. Blake, 5 50
Mrs. C. J. Davis, 5 00
Scott Fry, 3 50
G. W. Johnson, 1 00
Edw. Molfe, 2 00
Mrs. R. A. Kent, 2 00
No Name, N. Y. City, 2 00
John E. Stewart, 5 00
John A. Fordham, 10 00
Wm. I. Suenberry, 2 00
E. H. Newton, 5 00
M. McChisney, 2 00
A. Wakefield, 2 00
A. I. Phelps, 5 00
L. M. Brigham, 5 00
Mary A. Brigham, 5 00
M.E.S.S. Teacher and Class, 1 50
H. H. Webster, Iowa, 2 00
J. L. M., Paterson, N. J. 5 00
A. Sym., Sairk Centre, Minn. 5 00
Unworthy, Lodge Pole, Neb. 10 00
M. J. Pence, 3 00
A. M. Spaulding, 1 70
Mrs. B. F. Pease, 3 50
Mrs. T. G. Lewings 1 50
Mrs. Emma Allen, 2 00
Mrs. C. Allen, 2 00
Mr. and Mrs. T.C.E., Lincoln, Neb. 2 00
Wm. Chalmers, 5 00
Reader, New Brunswick, N.J. 2 00
Two friends, Livermore, 2 00
Sub'r, Intercourse, Pa. 5 00
Elsie G. Marsh, 2 50
Elliot C. Marsh, 2 50
Mrs. M. B. Gerrish, 10 00
Friends in Nova Scotia, 3 50
W. W. Myers, 5 00
E. Miller, 1 25
Mr. & Mrs. J. L. E. David, 2 25
O. S. Curtis, 5 00
E. Edmunds, 5 00
M. E. Bowen, 30 00
S. W. Hammond, 5 00
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W. E. Aitken, 25 00
Mrs. D. Y. Farnsworth, 4 50
A laborer of Illinois, 5 00
Mrs. A. Barton, 2 00
Mrs. O. Shanklin, 5 00
"Family of Five," Denver, C. 5 00
G. W. Bassett, 2 00
Mrs. Child's S. S. Class, 6 50
A Sub'r Com. 5 00
An Australian, 3 50
Mrs. J. B. Newman, 3 50
G. H. M., Fultonville, N. Y. 2 00
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Mrs. M. H. Pratt, 2 00
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C. G. Munch, 6 00
O. F. A., Belgrade, Neb. 5 00
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L. H. Beals, 10 00
N. Compton, 3 00
F. G. S., Palmyra, Pa. 6 00
Mr. and Mrs. J. Smoker, 25 00
Mrs. A. Moberston, 2 00
Mrs. E. H. Albright, 5 00
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Kate Stein, 2 00
Carrie Stein, 2 00
John Stein, 2 00
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B. Parker, 5 00
A. S. Ludlam, 5 00
Mrs. A. A. Harris, 2 60
Jas. M. Beak, 5 00
J. P. Mason, 2 00
Mrs. D. Slatter, 7 00
Mrs. M. L. Brown, 5 00
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Chas. S. Bryan, 2 00
Mrs. A. H. Walker, 3 50
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THE WOMAN IN CALICO.

THE afternoon train had just whistled, says a writing in *Missionary Tidings*, and we all rushed to the front veranda to observe the throng of new-comers as they sauntered up the path to the hotel. My attention soon turned to a quiet, dignified little woman, who wore a neat grayish calico dress and a very plain, straw hat.

"How sensible she is," thought I, "for traveling in calico such a hot, dusty day. No doubt she will put on something more dressy after a while—something that will set off her bright, handsome face to advantage."

The next day was Sunday, and other attractions had almost crowded yesterday's interesting arrival out of my thoughts, when, as we were gathering into the great tabernacle for morning services, who should take her seat beside me, but the very same woman, in calico still, this time a very light, dainty pattern, faultless in its fit and spotless in its purity.

"I cannot forget you again for a single hour," was my silent soliloquy. "You are perhaps the only woman dressed in calico in this vast assembly. I mean to know you. I intend to discover, if I can, the secret of your self-denial."

The following morning this marvelous being was early at the six o'clock prayer-meeting, and, in clear and reverent tones, quoted the words of our Saviour:

"And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Her face was so illumined with a joyous, majestic expression that I think some of the fair ladies sitting there must have taken the lesson to themselves—ladies whose costly morning wrappers would have faded into common-place things besides the Lord's own lilies—Christian ladies whose great Saratogas were a terror to the porters and a nuisance in the hallways.

At the women's twilight prayer-meeting this plain sister in calico raised her voice in thanksgiving and earnest entreaty to the good Father. It was not what would be called a fine prayer, but it was prayer—one that we could all join in, and it warmed our hearts and melted our eyes to tears.

The Woman's Missionary Society was holding its annual convention, and when pledges and contributions were asked for to meet a need; the little woman in calico made a liberal offering, more than many who were very much better dressed.

During her brief visit I met this rare woman several times, and after each interview, though her manner was so quiet and unassuming, I felt that I had gained something—something of great value to me, and something that would cling to me always. A short time before her departure, a little accident turned conversation upon our dresses, she laughing about her calico costumes serving her so well.

"Was it hard for you to do it?" I asked, feeling that it was my last opportunity.

"Have I seemed to be laboring under very grave difficulties?" she queried, with a provoking, merry laugh.

"No, you have seemed to me the very happiest woman on the grounds."

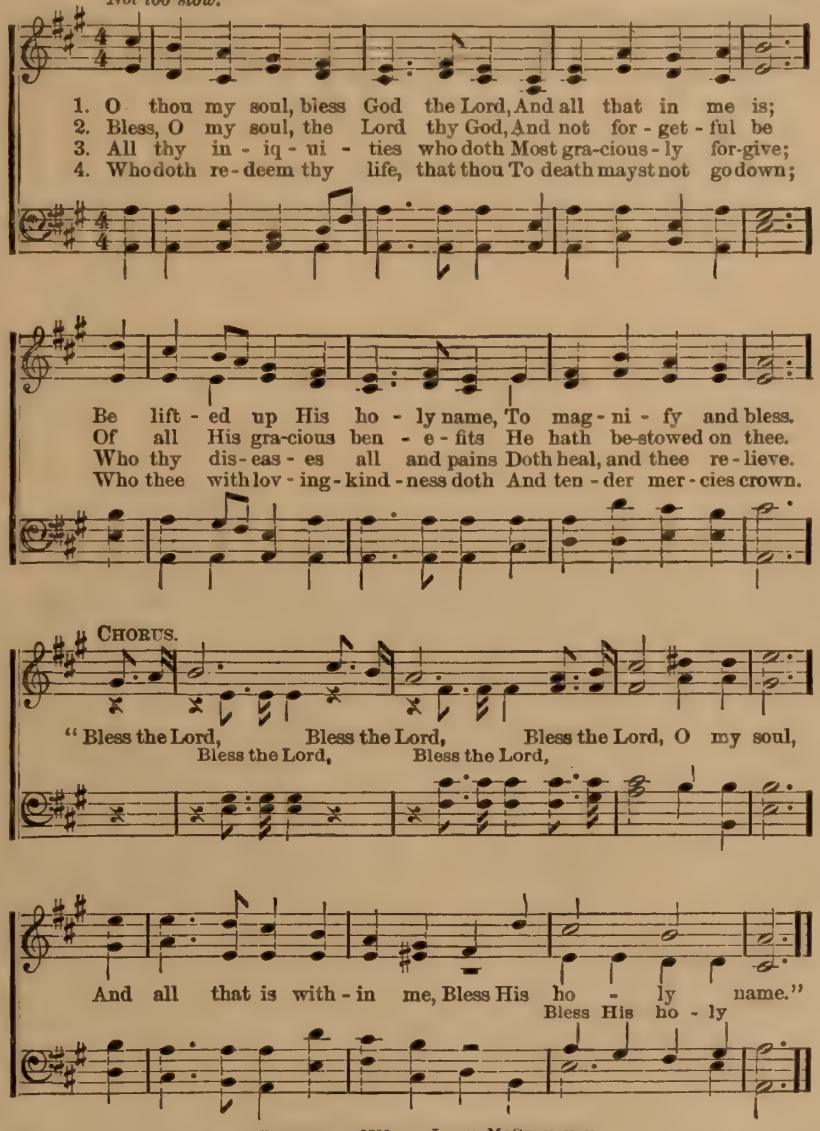
"I certainly have been happy. But if I could not have responded to the calls for help to carry on the dear Christ's work, I should not have been happy. Had I worn more costly clothes, I must have given less for his cause. What will I care, when I stand face to face with him and feel that my whole past life is on review before his tender, loving, pitying gaze? What will I care then about the dresses I wore to this meeting? But, oh, I will care how I have improved these opportunities to do something for his sake. I didn't want to come to this great meeting so disturbed with thoughts of packing and unpacking clothes that I should find it difficult to obey the command that tells me to wear the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. I wanted to come as near taking no thought for these things as possible. I wanted to give a helping hand to these sisters in their great work. I wanted to come here all in tune, so that I could join, voice and heart with them in song and prayer. I don't care if I am the only one who wears calico. I've been repaid over and over. If that means sacrifice then sacrifice is easy—it is sweet."

She paused, seeing she had touched the little group about her more deeply than she had intended. A common impulse seemed to move us to go our several ways to the seclusion of our own rooms. As I went, I wondered if Mary's love-offering was any more precious to Jesus than was this that this woman had done.

Bless the Lord.

PSALM 103. (Metrical Version.) JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Not too slow.


1. O thou my soul, bless God the Lord, And all that in me is;
2. Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God, And not for-get-ful be
3. All thy in-iq-ui-ties who doth Most gra-cious-ly for-give;
4. Who doth re-deem thy life, that thou To death mayst not go down;
Be lift-ed up His ho-ly name, To mag-ni-fy and bless.
Of all His gra-cious ben-e-fits He hath be-stowed on thee.
Who thy dis-eas-es all and pains Doth heal, and thee re-lieve.
Who thee with lov-ing-kind-ness doth And ten-der mer-cies crown.
CHORUS.
"Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul,
Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,
And all that is with-in me, Bless His ho-ly name."
Bless His ho-ly

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THE TWO GLASSES.

THERE stood two glasses; filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.
One was ruddy, and red as blood,
And one was clear as crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to his paler brother,
"Let us tell tales of the past to each other;
I can tell of the banquet, and revel, and mirth,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch, as though struck with blight.

"From the heads of kings I have torn the crown.
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name,
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his fortune a barren waste.
Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.

"I have made the arm of driver fail,
And sent the train from its iron rail.
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said, 'Behold, how great you be!
Fame, Strength, wealth, genius, before you fall,
And your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds so great as mine?"

Said the water glass, "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;
But I can tell of hearts that were sad,
But my crystal drops make light and glad.
Of thirst I have quenched, and brows I've laved;
Of hands I have cooled and lives I've saved.
I have leaped through the valley and dashed down the mountain;
Slept in the sunshine, and dripped from the fountain;
I have burst my cloud fetters, and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.

"I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain.
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
That ground out the flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of the manhood debased by you,
That I have uplifted and crowned anew;
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid,
And gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine-captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

Those are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine, and its paler brother,
As they sat together filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

—ELLA WHEELER.

THE DATE OF THE PAROUSIA.

The Clear Prediction of Scripture of the Date of Christ's Coming to Resurrect the Righteous Dead and to Translate the Wise Virgins or Watching Christians.

BY DR. B O KINNEAR.

IT behooves all those who love their Saviour to follow his commandments; and his special behest in regard to his second coming given to the Christian world, was: Watch! "Blessed is that man whom the Lord shall find watching, when he cometh." "Let your loins be girt about and your lamps burning, etc." And so on, all through the Epistles, and into Revelation we are urged to watch for his return to earth. The subject of the "day and the hour," has been expounded in former articles in this journal by other writers, and it has been demonstrated that Scriptural teaching declares that the time of Second Coming shall be known, rather than that it shall be hidden; and I see it stated by a prophetic writer, that the Saviour did not even say: "No man knoweth the day or the hour;" but "Concerning that day and hour, *knoweth* no man, no, not even the Son," etc., which makes it very clear that he was speaking of himself *at that time*, and of the men of his own generation, and not at all of the generation which was to precede his Advent. So understood, we see that his statement did not conflict with Daniel, who said—referring to the time of the Resurrection, and the last 1260, 1290 and 1335 days terminating the Christian era—that "The wise shall understand!" nor with that of Paul in 1. Thes. 5: 4, when, speaking of this very Parousia, he says: "But ye, brethren, are not in darkness that 'that day' should overtake you, unawares."

Beyond and above these clear declarations, it seems to me evident that the Book of Books gives us a very plain indication of the time of the Lord's coming to the air, in the assurance that it will be preceded by a certain event; and that it will not occur until after that event has taken place. If, therefore, we can find out what that occurrence is, and its date; we may now know, almost the day and the hour of his coming; and as these hurrying years pass, and the coming is almost upon us, then the very day and hour may actually be known to us with absolute certainty. I did not know when I wrote the articles in the *Boston Traveller* that there was any Scripture data as to the date of the Parousia (the Lord's coming to *the air*). Later, however, I was led to look for such testimony by a remark which Professor Totten made in dealing with the subject of the Epiphaneia (the Lord's coming to *the earth*), which, as he teaches, is to take place in 1899. That year will be 5897 1-2 A. M., or years since Creation. Professor Totten's remark was that the year 5894 A. M., which corresponds with September, 1895, promised to be a remarkable time and was to witness a great event. The date will be just three and a-half years from March, 1892, which is the first month of the last seven years of Daniel's prophecy of the seventy weeks, according to the Professor.

Therefore, September, 1895, will be the time when Antichrist breaks his compact with the Jews, by the same chronology. But it is very evident that no man living in the Eastern Roman Empire, has made in the March just passed, any compact for seven years with the returned Jews in Palestine, therefore Prof. Totten has been in error, so far as an exact placing of the compact, at this date; yet this fact does not necessarily or at all, show him to be wrong as to last March being the beginning of the last week of years of this age. And the reason is, that although Antichrist makes a compact with the Jews for seven years, that full time according to the Bible, or Revelation particularly, will be shortened, in the last three and a half years of the seven, of compact.

In Matthew 24: 22 and Mark 13: 20, the Saviour, speaking of this time of awful trouble to come upon the earth, says: "Unless those days be shortened, no flesh should be saved," while Rev. 8: 12 shows how the time is to be shortened; viz., "And the fourth angel sounded, and the third part of the sun was smitten, and the third part of the moon, and the third part of the stars; so, as the third part of them was darkened; and the day shone not for a third part of it, and the night likewise." Thus from a certain time, beginning in the last three and a half years or 1260 days of the Beast's power, the length of the day will be reduced to sixteen hours, instead of the usual twenty-four; therefore each year after this change takes place will be only eight months long, instead of twelve, as at present.

Thus Totten may be perfectly correct in his declaration, that the seventieth week of years

of Daniel 9, begins in March 1892 in full solar years, yet the compact with Antichrist may come some months later, and so he may be quite exact; for, while the "compact is made in good faith by man, for seven full solar years, we are distinctly told in Scripture, that the last three and a half years of the seven are to be veritably curtailed so that while seven full years will pass, the latter three and a half of the compact seven will be full years according to the earth's increased rotation; and yet not at all years of 365 days duration, agreeably to our present reckoning.

One thing is perfectly clear in Daniel; that "the little horn" does not make this compact with the Jews in Palestine, until after Ten Kingdoms have been formed out of the territories, or land area governed by ancient Rome; because "the little horn" arises after the Ten Horns or Kingdoms arise. (Dan. 7: 8 and 24. Dan. 8: 23), and thus far these Ten Kingdoms have not yet made their appearance in that territory.

It is now controlled by about twenty-one or twenty-two powers. Yet every prophetic writer of the futurist school of prophecy to-day (and by futurist school I mean those who believe that Antichrist's forty-two months, or 1260 days of power, are actual days, and only possibly typified in years), is looking for the Ten Kingdomed form of government, after the next great European war, which all thoughtful men, independent of prophecy, hold to be imminent. Now suppose that war arises this year; it is the opinion of military authorities that it will be short, awful, and volcanic, and that it will change the face of Europe. Biblically, and from the Scriptural aspect of the "signs of the times" evidenced to-day, out of it will spring the ten kingdoms of Daniel, and the Seventh Head of the Roman Empire from which arises the Eighth or The Beast of Revelation. Suppose it to be over by September next, and to watching Christians a very minute power rises in the eastern portion of this territory forming an eleventh, or Little Horn who then makes a compact with Judah in Palestine, for one week of years. Then the middle of that week would end in March, 1896, three and a half years after. And in order to have Totten's chronology correct, the days would have to be shortened six months in the last three and a half years. And it is possible that this may be the case, for we know that the tribulation period is to be shortened, and yet the years fulfilled.

So much in favor of the truth of Professor Totten's chronology, and you will presently see why it has been referred to at such length. Let us now look at the Biblical statements in regard to Christ's advent to the air, to raise the dead, and take to himself the wise Virgins. (1. Thess. 4: 13-18.) In II. Thess. 2: 1-4, Paul says, speaking to the Thessalonians who were then looking for Christ's Parousia, "Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering unto him, that ye be not soon *shaken in mind* or be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter as from us, as that the 'day of Christ' is at hand. Let no man deceive you by any means; for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of Perdition. And then (ver. 8) shall that wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his epiphaneia," or coming to the earth.

Now when is that wicked one to be revealed? After or at, the middle of the last seven years of this age: "because "in the midst of the week," (Dan. 9: 27) he (Antichrist) shall cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease for the overspreading of abominations. And in 11: 31 it declares: "And arms shall stand on his part (Antichrist's) and they shall pollute the sanctuary of strength, and shall take away the daily sacrifice, and they shall place the "abomination that maketh desolate." Again, (12: 11) "And from the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, shall be 1290 days. Blessed is he that cometh to the thousand three hundred and thirty-five days." That is in all, 75 days added to the 1260 of the Little Horn's power; or limit of time before he is destroyed by the brightness of the Saviour's open manifestation, when he descends to earth. Once more, in Dan. 7: 25, the Little Horn's power, is to last "a time and times and the dividing of time," which means one year, two years, and half a year; or three years and a half. The Lord refers to the very time of the "setting up of the abomination of desolation," — the image of Antichrist in the holy place of the future temple in Jerusalem— as the beginning of a time of "great tribulation," such as "was not since the beginning of the world, to this time; no, nor ever shall be."

(To be concluded next week.)

PRAISING GOD.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for May 15. Psalm 103: 1-5; Ephesians 3: 20, 21.

WHAT priceless boons are they which the Psalmist cites as reasons why his soul should praise God! Iniquity forgiven, spiritual maladies healed, life redeemed from destruction, and a coronation of loving kindness and tender mercies—such are the boons he had received. The spiritual man could imagine no higher good. It would be interesting to find out from every young man setting out on his career in the world what is his ideal of the best thing in life. The world all before him, what would he choose? If God came to him, as we are told he came to Solomon, and said, "Ask what I shall give thee?" What would he ask? Wealth, power, health, long life—there is no question how these are esteemed by the world. Any one of these might be had to the full and yet the highest good might not be attained. It is not any of these that moves the Psalmist to pour forth gratitude and praise. He addresses his own soul and calls upon it to praise God for blessings quite other than those. God had done much for him, but it is for the precious boons which have come to the soul that he is specially grateful. The others—the temporal and physical blessings by which we set so much store, are not deemed worthy of mention in this catalogue of choice gifts. Yet these priceless boons are open to all who seek them. Those who attain them have the all important good of life and have reason to thank God with all their hearts whether worldly good is added to them or not.

If this fact were appreciated and realized as it should be, there would not be so many depressed, gloomy Christians as there are. The truly spiritual man, having these blessings that the Psalmist recites must be a joyous man. He may be poor, or sick, or unnoticed of the world, or despised, but with his spiritual blessings he is happy. And what can he do but praise the Being from whom they came? God has a claim on him for that tribute not from his lips only but from his life. Thanks, there should be and those not in the perfunctory expressions of "We bless thee; we praise thee; we thank thee" of our rituals and extemporaneous prayers, but with a glad and joyful and sincere heart. But beyond these there should be a readiness to speak of this divine Giver to people who do not know him. Silence is sin on the part of a man who hears his benefactor derided. Shall a man receive these gifts and not tell the world from whom he has received them? He must speak and his testimony is blessed. There is no power to move men like it. "He has done this and this for me. He is the best and kindest and most bountiful of all givers." That testimony will move others to seek God, too, and so the kingdom would extend. And beyond speech there is the praise of the life. The world does not see a man cheerful, happy, benevolent, unresentful, unselfish and uniformly kind without wonder. That man is loved and admired. He is a living testimony of what God can do with human nature. As a beautiful statue impresses the beholder with the genius of the sculptor, so does a noble life impress society with the power of God who has made it what it is. God is seen in the man. He is "the candle of the Lord" and in proportion as the medium of the body, in which it is placed, is free from flaws and "unspotted from the world," is that light helpful to the world. That is living praise, of all kinds the most pleasing to God.

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MRS. J. L. SCUDDER.

WELL known to members of Christian Endeavor Societies all over the land, and especially to Junior Societies, is the name of Alice May Scudder, whose portrait appears on this page by the courtesy of the *Golden Rule*. Mrs. Scudder was among the earliest friends and supporters of the Christian Endeavor movement and one of the first Societies organized in the State of Minnesota was that which she started in connection with her husband's church in Minneapolis. It is, however, by her services to the Junior Societies throughout the country that Mrs. Scudder is best known. She received and answered the letters from the officers and members of the Junior Societies who wrote to headquarters for information, advice and encouragement. The answers to these questions, many of which were published by Dr. Clark, show how wise and kindly and genial a correspondent the young people had. More even than by her introduction and exposition of the weekly topic, able as that was, did the correspondence, which she styled her "scrap-bag" help the Juniors. It often led to the formation of Junior Societies, where only Seniors previously existed, as the young people saw the difficulties connected with the formation of Societies removed by her pen. It was only when the number of the Societies and the consequent number of her correspondents grew so large that, not even by neglecting home and church work, could she deal with the letters that poured in upon her that she, a few weeks ago, relinquished the congenial work.

Mrs. Scudder comes of an old New England family which settled here soon after the arrival of the first Pilgrims. It was in Brookfield, Vt., that Alice May Abbott first saw the light some thirty-eight years ago. She was educated chiefly in Brooklyn, N. Y., and it was there, when she was little more than thirteen years of age, that the important change occurred, which was to give her life its force and power. Though she had received a careful religious training, she resisted the Holy Spirit's influence for some time, but after a hard struggle she yielded and found peace in Christ. In 1877, she became the wife of the Rev. John L. Scudder, who is now the famous pastor of the Tabernacle in Jersey City, N. J. There, she has been a true help-meet to her husband in his work, and is immensely popular with the young people of the church. She has organized a Boys' Club, and in other ways aided her husband in his religious and philanthropic labors.

MRS J. L. SCUDDER.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

ONE of the vigorous Leagues in the San Francisco, *California* district is Centilla, San Jose. There is not a drone in the hive. They are all truly active members in the full swing of success. *Los Gatos, Cal.*, League has over 100 members. Prof. Lewis and his wife have made a liberal donation to the League in the way of a new carpet and chairs for the League room which is now very attractive. Central San Francisco has one of the great societies on the Pacific coast. They hold a service every Sunday evening after the sermon, and have been blessed with from three to ten conversions at a meeting. Simpson Memorial, San Francisco, is especially busy preparing for a convention. They will give the delegates a royal reception. Howard Street, San Francisco, has a fine growth this year. The League now numbers about 200; their chief effort has been directed toward their Sunday School which has made marked improvement. *Missouri Valley, Iowa*, Chapter organized last November under the Presidency of Mrs. Kate Creager and is flourishing and making itself felt in the Master's work. The Chapter recently decided to stir things up a little and sent out invitations for a local convention. Sixty delegates from Logan, Woodbine, Modale, Magnolia, Loveland, and Council Bluffs, Iowa, and Blair, Neb., were present. A fine programme was rendered. The Chapter of the Second Church, *Kittery, Maine*, recently gave a reception to the members of the church and the friends of the society. The literary exercises were somewhat brief, but interesting and appropriate, consisting of singing by the Junior League, recitations and a short address by the pastor. A bountiful supper was served, and then a delightful social hour followed. The League numbers sixty members and is doing a good work. The League of St. John's Church, *Boston, Mass.*, is thriving. Thirty-two members added in the last two months. The Chapter ter of Flint Street Church, *Somerville, Mass.*, has gained in numbers, twenty-four new names since last September, which makes the present membership forty-seven. The League at *Lyons, Michigan*, has seventy-six members, takes care of its full share of the benevolences of the church, furnishes good, wholesome amusements for the young people, has live spiritual devotional meetings and is meeting with encouraging success. The League at *Greenville, S. C.*, is in a flourishing condition. Its meetings are all well attended and the League is using its best endeavors to "Look up and lift up."

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WEEDING OUT.

WHAT is a Society to do with members who have ceased to take an interest in its work, or who are untrue to their obligations? Provision is generally made for the mode of procedure in outrageous cases, but there are others in which when the novelty of the work has worn off there is simply apathy and negligence of duty. What is the Society to do with such? The Model Constitution of the Christian Endeavor Society requires members who withdraw to present their reasons in writing. It is a duty from which they sometimes shrink and their names remain on the list simply because they do not like to write the humiliating confession. Dr. Clark suggests that the stipulation be dropped in order to facilitate the departure of such members as desire to leave. He says: "The words in writing were inserted, in the first place, because it was feared that many might drop out for trivial and unimportant reasons who would be deterred from this step when they came to reduce their reasons to writing. The more frequent problem, however, is not to induce those to remain who ought to remain, though that is sometimes a difficulty, but to induce those to go who ought to go, because of unfaithfulness, indifference, or the pressure of other duties. The way out should not be hedged up and made difficult. A society is never weakened by losing those who ought not to be in it, however it reduces the numbers. I do not think we ought to attach any undue opprobrium to leaving the Society, even when the reason for leaving may be unfaithfulness to vows. Do not make this step like excommunication from the church, with a moral stigma attached. Let the member go quietly, even without announcement often; simply cease to call his name at the consecration meeting, so that it will be easy for him to come back again when he is willing to be faithful to covenant vows."

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MR. J. W. BAER reports that during the first week of April, One hundred and Eight Christian Endeavor Societies were enrolled on the lists. Ohio led with 24; Pennsylvania had 11; Minnesota, 9; Indiana, 7; Illinois 7; Missouri, 6; Oregon, 5; Ontario, 4: New York, 4; New Jersey, 3; Iowa, 3; Texas, 2; Tennessee, 2; California, 2; Wisconsin, Washington, Vermont, Utah, South Dakota, Rhode Island, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Nebraska, Michigan, Massachusetts, Kentucky, Kansas, Delaware, Connecticut, Alabama, and Assiniboia, one each.

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Forty-two young men professed conversion in the meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association of Detroit, Mich., during last month.

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WE shall be glad to receive from readers who are members of Christian Endeavor Societies, the King's Daughters, etc., reports of the progress of the work in their localities and of any new methods which have been found successful.

HIS LOVING CARE.

MY little child has passed away,
He kissed my cheek but yesterday;
Trembling he let go my hand,
Trembling he passed down the strand
And out alone on unknown sea.
But God is there,
His loving care
Will guide and keep him through eternity.

—*Christian Secretary.*

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He tells of the Old-World City of Hazazon-Tamar, of Patriarchal Days, which Vanished Utterly from the Earth.

"YES," said the traveler, in response to an observation by one of the family group, regarding the lost cities of the world. "In the East, in Europe and in our own country, traces have been found in recent years of ancient cities, whose existence had long been held as legendary."

"In America, too, Uncle John?" inquired Tom, somewhat incredulously.

"Yes; in Colorado some of the ruined cities of the prehistoric race known as the cliff dwellers, have been pretty thoroughly mapped out. In New Mexico, also, similar traces of an ancient civilization have been found in abundance, and so in Southern California and the Mississippi Valley. Wales and Holland have their legendary cities, that are said to have been swallowed by the sea, and there is a tradition among the Tripolitan fishermen on the Mediterranean, that on days when the sea is calm and unruffled and the sky cloudless, there may be seen, far down under the blue waters, the white roofs and slender, trembling towers and pinnacles of a submerged city concerning which history is silent. You have heard, too, of the Atlantean myth, mentioned by Pliny and some of the earlier historical writers, which deals with the tradition of the sinking of a vast continent, with many great and populous cities, in a single night. But leaving aside tradition and conjecture, many buried cities have been discovered since the first excavation was made at Pompeii and Herculaneum, at the foot of Vesuvius. One of the most interesting of these is the old-world city of Hazazon-Tamar, which disappeared utterly."

"Is nothing known about it at all?" asked Ted, coming up closer to the speaker.

"Just enough to indicate its location. Here is a picture of the valley of En-gedi, or as it is now known, Ain-Jeddy. It is on the road from Nazareth to Jerusalem, and was doubtless frequently traversed by our Saviour and his disciples. You can see, looking at the side of the cliff, that it is covered with terrace-like formations. The rock is a chalky substance, and the soil is light, with very little vegetation. Yet this valley of Engedi was in ancient times one of the most fertile in Palestine. The terraced sides of the hills were embowered in foliage, and the vineyards of Engedi were famous throughout the land. Innumerable springs flow from the mountain side, and on many of the terraces can yet been seen the remains of large, rock-hewn, cemented cisterns, and also traces of a system of pipes used to carry water to the vine roots. But the grape has long since vanished from Engedi, and it is now a great, arid ravine and plain, barren and uninviting, giving the impression to the traveller of a region that had been wrecked by volcanic action. The soil is strongly impregnated with bitumen. Some little distance from the ravine is a lake, and near it are sulphur springs bubbling up at a temperature of ninety-five degrees, the waters from which blacken your hands and cover your boots and clothing with a yellow deposit."

"But what of the lost city you spoke of, Uncle John?"

"Thousands of years ago," resumed the traveler, "in this same valley of Engedi, stood a city. It was probably there when Abraham was a sojourner in that land and when Lot had his flocks and herds near Sodom. It was called *Hazazon-Tamar*, and is believed to have been the place near where the battle of the kings, mentioned in Genesis 14: 7, occurred. Only once again in the Scriptures is this vanished city referred to, when good King Hezekiah was warned of the approach of the great army of Ammonites, Moabites, and men of Mount Seir, who came to invade Judah and who were destroyed by a panic in the valley of Berachah.

"By what means the city was obliterated—whether by fire, the sword or a convulsion of nature—no one can tell. All we do know is that it was a populous city, with great rows of palm trees from which its name was probably derived (*Engedi* meaning Volley of Palms.) Long after the city disappeared, the valley was the scene of warlike incidents. We are told in the Bible that it was in some of its numerous caverns that David hid himself when Saul hunted him with three thousand men 'upon the rocks of the wild goats.' The only vegetation now found in this desolate region is a few henna shrubs, with their yellow and white blossoms, and here and there a stunted acacia or a tamarisk tree. Mounted travelers occasionally pass on the way to Bethlehem, and those who select this route generally go armed, as there are dangers to be guarded against and the men of Moab still make periodical incursions by this valley for purposes of plunder."

"This forgotten city then, may be one of the 'cities of the Plain,' which God overthrew and destroyed with their inhabitants?" one of the group suggested.

"It is certainly probable," was Uncle John's reply. "You remember in Genesis 19: 25, we are told that not only the cities and their people but everything 'that grew upon the ground' was destroyed. That might have been accomplished by a volcanic upheaval. Many opinions have been advanced by scientific men regarding the cause of the destruction of Hazazon-Tamar, but, as the whole region round about abounds in evidences of volcanic disturbance, it is not improbable that this lost city may have been included in the frightful judgment that was visited by the Lord upon the wicked Cities of the Plain."

THE VALLEY OF EN-GEDI, OR AIN-JEDDY, THE SUPPOSED SITE OF THE LOST CITY OF HAZAZON-TAMAR.

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A Truth-loving Girl.

IN Lossing's history of the life of Martha Washington, we find this incident regarding Nellie Custis' love of truth: "She was young and romantic, and was fond of wandering alone in the woods of Mount Vernon by moonlight. Her grandmamma thought it wrong and unsafe, and scolded and coaxed her into a promise that she would not wander into the woods again unaccompanied. But the young lady was missing one evening, and was finally brought home from the interdicted woods to the drawing-room, where the general was walking up and down with his hands behind him, according to his wont. Mrs. Washington, seated in her great arm-chair, opened a severe reproof. Poor Miss Nellie was reminded of her promise, and taxed with her delinquency. She admitted her fault, but essayed no excuse, and when there was a slight pause, moved to retire from the room. She was just shutting the door, when she overheard the general attempting, in a low voice, to intercede in her behalf. 'My dear,' he was remarking, 'I would say no more. Perhaps she was not alone.' His intercession stopped Miss Nellie in her retreat. She reopened the door, and advanced to the general with a firm step. 'Sir,' she said, 'you brought me up to tell the truth, and when I told grandmamma I was alone, I hope you believe I was alone.' The general made one of his most courtly bows. 'My child,' he replied, 'I beg your pardon.'"

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FOOLISH WISHES.

WISHING they were somebody else is a common foible of men and women. How prone we are to think, remarks the *Episcopal Recorder*, that the burdens of others are lighter than ours, that others' talents are of a higher order, that the circumstances in life of others are more pleasant and favorable and others' work easier and more honorable. Dissatisfaction with one's self is indeed not a bad thing provided it springs from a consciousness that we are not making the most of ourselves and of our opportunities. But when it springs from envious glances at the lot of others, then it becomes both foolish and sinful—foolish because it cannot change matters in the slightest, sinful because it is a reflection upon our Creator.

If our wish to be someone else were but gratified, it is morally certain that we should be more dissatisfied than ever. It is related that heaven once granted the children of men to exchange burdens, so that each could choose the one that suited him best; and that before a twelve-month had rolled away, they were crying out with one voice for their old burdens to be given back again—even to the man who by exchange had gotten rid of a scolding wife! And it is altogether likely if we were given to choose also our own talents and work and place in life, it would be the same thing. One wiser than we has decided all this for us

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Homeless Waifs.

THEY are upon the streets, they are in the alleys. Hardship's hand is on them all the time, the kiss of love is seldom theirs, vice is about them, the doors of evil are open to them. They are growing into maturity, says a writer in the *United Presbyterian*, without better influences touching them. They will be found in the saloons, in the gatherings of evil-doers, in the assemblies of the discontented and the lawless. They are hastening to eternity. What stronger appeal can be made to Christian sympathy and effort? There our work should begin. When the hands of Christ touch them and his blessing is given, all will be changed. A man who is a Christian, and the only member of a large family who has any connection with the Church, said recently in our hearing: "I owe all that I am to-day, and all that I ever hope to be, to the fact that in childhood, through the influence of a young companion, I was led from a godless home into the Sabbath school, where I remained until I became a member of the Church." We put his testimony on record for the sake of the encouragement it may give to some discouraged worker. There are many thousands of little ones being reared in homes destitute of religion, to whom a place in the Sabbath school may mean after awhile a place among God's redeemed.

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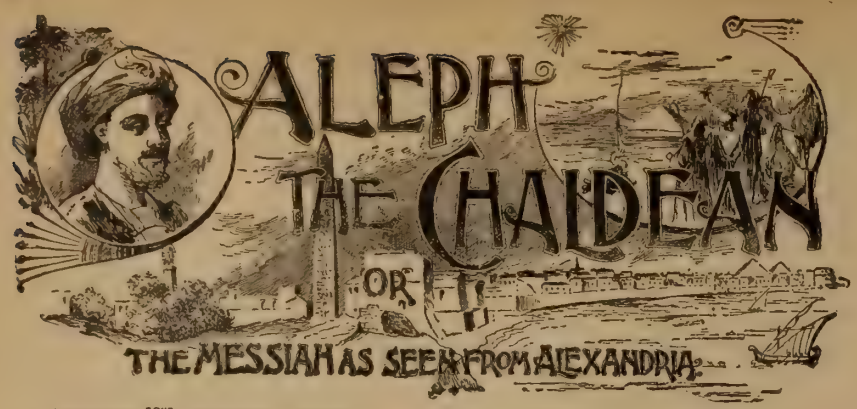
A Recipe for To-day.

TAKE a dash of water cold
And a little leaven prayer,
And a little bit of sunshine gold
Dissolved in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment
And a thought for kith and kin,
And then, as your prime ingredient,
A plenty of work throw in.



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By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

CHAPTER XVI. (*Concluded.*)

"BUT Malus alleges," continued Piso, "that the case is one of contest of reputations. It is the assertion of a Nobody against the denial of a Somebody. * * * Would Malus like to hear from some of his victims?"

On this Sextus Flaccus rose, and slowly, with feeble voice and many a pause, proceeded to say that he was a victim, though not an innocent one. Without any help from Malus, he had been hostile to Cimon the Greek, and Aleph the Chaldean. The latter had hurt his pride, and so humbled him in the presence of others that he burned for revenge. Malus whetted his passion, and prompted him to measures for gratifying it which, bad as he was, he would not otherwise have thought of.

"Malus proposed," continued Sextus, after pausing to recover breath, "that we make common cause against the two men. He told me frankly what reason he had to fear them, and dwelt artfully on the reasons I had for being revenged upon them. He tried to make me feel that we had a common interest in humbling and suppressing them. He plied me with wine. This and the violence of my passions for a while carried me away and made me a ready tool in his hands. But I have changed my mind. I have been at death's door; and the light that came to me from behind it has shown me three things: my own folly and guilt, the utterly unscrupulous character of my tempter, and the thorough goodness of at least one of the men (and presumably of his friend and preceptor) whom we had been seeking to injure—may heaven forgive me, as he has done! To him I owe my life and an opportunity to mend my ways. We had sought to dishonor him, and he knew it. We had done our worst to give him a felon's name and fate, and he knew it. And yet he delivered me from my enemies, rescued me from death, nursed back my flickering life with the carefulness of a mother. I will tell the whole painful story, if Malus chooses to have me; but it would be to his disadvantage as well as to my shame. I propose, heaven helping me, to mend my ways after thus publicly confessing the sin of them. I advise Malus to do the same."

Sextus sank into his seat exhausted.

Piso resumed: "The testimony we have just heard is as weighty as it was unexpected. What Sextus Flaccus has now said about the principles and practices of Malus has long been said under breath by great numbers who have dealt with him. This is the eminent citizen who thinks that nameless Nobodies ought not to have their testimony taken as against him. I am unwilling to have my clients rest their claim to respectability and consideration on the dignity of any other people, however high, who are unwilling to vouch for them. It is unnecessary. They have an honorable standing of their own. It is written in their very faces and bearing. Who is Cimon the Greek? It appears from this certified copy of the records of the University that thirty years ago a young man with that name and of illustrious Athenian descent greatly distinguished himself above all his companions in all branches of learning and gentlemanly accomplishment. This young man is Cimon the Greek—as two of the older teachers in the University have been able to recognize and are here to testify. And who is Aleph the Chaldean? You have only to look upon him to know that he is Somebody: how much of a body, so far as social standing is concerned, this packet which I now take up from the table ought to tell. Those of you who sit near me can see that the seal is yet unbroken. I now break it; and, on removing certain wraps, come to this" (he held up to view a roll of vellum richly blazoned and bearing a broad seal.) "This document is bordered with many jewels, the value of which some of you can judge of better than myself, but which yet my limited knowledge of such matters assures me to be quite enough to authenticate the written contents. So costly a credential as this is beyond the reach of an imposter, and was doubtless chosen for this reason. What are the contents?'

He paused, and read in silence. Then, holding up the vellum so as to display the seal, he resumed:

"This seal bears on it the figure of a crown. The script is in three languages—Latin, Greek, and Chaldean. I will read the Greek:

"'TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

"'I, Jasper Daniel Atropates, King of Median Atropatene and pontiff of the Most High God, foreseeing that occasion may arise for such a document as this, do hereby certify that the bearer is my only son, Prince Aleph Daniel, whom I send with his Greek preceptor and my chief counsellor into Egypt for purposes altogether peaceful, viz.: to study the institutions and learning of the West, to enlarge his knowledge of life and man, and to act for me, in conjunction with his companion, in all my business affairs in that land.

"'To this I affix the seal of my kingdom.'

"Such is the document," said Piso, handing it to the judges for inspection. After a few moments he resumed:

"In explanation of this document, I would remind the Court that Atropatene is a Chaldean kingdom of great beauty and fertility, unassailably entrenched among the mountains of Media, where for five hundred years have ruled the descendants of the Hebrew prophet Daniel, to whom it was given by Cyrus the Persian, and to whose descendant, Atropates, it was confirmed by Alexander the Macedonian. The monarchs of this dynasty have not thought it beneath themselves to do as did Solomon the Magnificent—to engage in commerce with foreign countries and make the superfluities of one land supply the deficiencies of another. Accordingly, when, thirty years ago, Jasper with two other princes pass through this land, he arranged with Malus, then not so well known as he is now, to receive and dispose of such eastern goods as might be sent him by way of the Red Sea, Myos Hermos, and Coptus. Malus did not know that his employer was a sovereign; probably has never known it till now. This is the man whom he has defrauded—trusting that the remoteness of his principal would secure him from detection. But the Heavens have decreed against him—the Heavens which he seems to have forgotten."

The advocate of Malus made only a brief reply. He dealt in generalities. He asserted and reasserted in many forms, and with much strength of voice, the innocence of his client. Whatever the appearances against him, they were deceptive. He had no doubt but that they would some day see their mistake, and be sorry for it. He trusted that the eminent judges would see the peril to which they and all people of consideration are exposed, and, would not ruin one of their own citizens for the sake of a foreigner, whether prince or peasant. A verdict against Malus would send a large sum out of the country, never to return. Alexandria would be impoverished for the sake of Chaldea.

So the case was submitted. The Judges conferred among themselves for a few moments, and then one of them spoke in a low tone to the Prætor.

The public crier summoned attention, and the Prætor announced:

"I. The Judges have decided that the suit of Malus against Cimon is unsustained, and order that the defendant, discharged from custody, receive damages to the amount of 50,000 staters, the estimated value of the jewels said to have been stolen.

"II. Also, the Judges have decided that the suit of Cimon against Malus is sustained; and order that the latter pay to the former the arrears for thirty years as determined by certain dealers in eastern goods, hereafter to be designated, in view of the actual duties and prices during that period, and counting as genuine both the harbor receipts of Malus and his accounts to his principal as they have been shown here.

"III. Also, it is ordered that Malus be taken into custody until the payment now decreed has been made, and until it has been legally determined whether he is guilty of the crime of smuggling. LICTUM EST DECEDERE."

Aleph and Cimon were overwhelmed with congratulations. The Governor pressed them to become his guests and occupy a vacant palace at Bruchium; but they excused themselves, and begged to be allowed to return unceremoniously with Seti to the Serapeum. Before they reached the temple they met nearly the whole enthusiastic membership of the University, whom nothing could prevent from rending the air and shaking the city with cries of "LONG LIVE ALEPH THE PRINCE!"

XVII.

THE CONCLUSION.

WITHIN a few days from the close of the trial, the authorities had placed in the hands of Cimon the full amount of his claim against Malus, together with interest on all delayed payments. This, in itself, was not sufficient to ruin the rogue financially. But he had already drawn considerably on his resources in his attempt to bribe the judges and secure the countenance of other influential people: for they had not hesitated to take silently his gifts, though no equivalent was rendered. But the greatest drain upon him came from another quarter. Other victims of his rapacity, encouraged by the result of Cimon's suit, attacked him successfully; and before long it seemed as if there would be no end to the suits. Under these circumstances, Alexandria was not much surprised, one fine morning, to hear that Malus was nowhere to be found—nor any of his remaining assets. No one knew where he had gone.

But our friends had a still more important object in coming to the commercial metropolis of the West. It was to learn about Him who was born King of the Jews. Some things they already knew from the Magi—that his coming was divinely heralded and accompanied by supernatural events, that his mission was a great and glorious one, having significance for all nations. What had they learned in addition? That the life which had opened so grandly amid the ministries and songs of angels, and the worship and gifts of star-led pilgrims, had come to a still grander sequel—that into the glowing dawn had at length come the sun in his strength; a mingled glory of miracles and character and teaching such as never before gathered about a single life—that Jesus is surely the Messiah of the Sacred Books and their sufficient credential—that this Messiah is not, as has been commonly supposed, a secular warrior, conqueror, and king; but a spiritual monarch ruling over willing hearts in the interest of truth and righteousness.

So all the ends proposed in the visit of our friends to Alexandria were accomplished and more. For these unknown men had been the means of introducing not only a loftier moral element into the student life of Alexandria, but the influence of Aleph on Sextus Flaccus was still more remarkable. His frequent interviews with that penitent man ended not only in his thorough reform, and in his renouncing idolatry, but also in his accepting Jesus as a Divine sacrifice for sin. * * *

His first sense of relief came when Aleph told him the story of Jesus, and suggested the idea of a Divine incarnation and atonement for sin. The wretched man clutched the idea as a drowning man does a plank. Here was something solid to rest upon. Here was a sufficient sacrifice for even his enormities. The weight began to lift from his oppressed breast. At last one day, as Aleph was reading to him the sublime description which Isaiah gives in his 53d chapter of Him on whom "were laid the iniquities of us all," a mighty deliverance came. Suddenly all his doors and windows sprang open musically to welcome Jesus as the Lamb of God. The sense of need opened them. From that day the sick body mended wonderfully; and soon the streets of Alexandria saw a new man under an old name. The name continued to be Sextus Flaccus, but it stood for a very different person. It stood for the first Roman Christian of rank who dared to avow himself. Paul on his arrival at Rome some years later, found him a member of Cæsar's household and ready to help him with all his influence in founding the first Roman church.

Though Alexander had reached home early in the evening before the last trial, it was very late before he could get to his rest—he had so much to tell and so much to hear. And this was what he had to tell. He had succeeded in both the objects for which he had hastened to Rome. Of course, one of these objects was to prevent the disturbance at the Diapleuston from being misrepresented to the emperor as a personal affront. It was not reported at all. For some reason Flaccus had not thought it best to say anything about the matter in his dispatches. Probably he thought that some of the circumstances would not bear telling; and then the presence of Alexander at the ear of the emperor was in itself a caution to be prudent. So Flaccus was dumb.

The other object which Alexander had in view was really to find out some safe way of declining the marriage proposals in behalf of the Cæsar. * * *

Of course Rachel was vastly delighted at her escape; and showed that she was by flinging her arms about her father's neck and rapturously kissing him.

But the father wanted to hear as well as to tell. Something of what had transpired had reached him by letter; but he wanted to know all. And Seti rehearsed all that had happened since that memorable Sabbath at the Diapleuston. Rachel sat uneasily silent, leaning against her father and toying with the splendid jewelled badge of the Order of the Golden Eagle which Tiberius at parting had, with his own hands, fastened on his breast—listening with burning cheeks as her grandfather in his graphic way reproduced the events and expressed the confidence and admiration with which Aleph had inspired him. Every now and then she stole an anxious look at her father's face; not quite sure how the shrewd man of affairs, professionally accustomed to deal with men on a principle of suspicion and abundant caution, would view the eulogiums of the priest and philosopher, founded on so brief an acquaintance. When Alexander had heard all, he said slowly:

"If I had never seen the young man, nor known Seti so well, I might have challenged the sobriety of the account I have just heard. But, having seen him twice, and you a thousand times, I have nothing to say, save that I wish he was emperor of the West, or at least the Cæsar. In that case, perhaps, I would not take so much trouble to keep the Cæsar at arm's length, as I have been lately taking in another quarter"—and he nodded smilingly at Rachel. * * *

Then the whole matter came out. The Alabarch found that his daughter had no serious objection to being a princess provided the prince was of the right sort. He was in very much the same mood himself.

So, before many days (but not until the arrival of Rachel's mother from Jerusalem, and her express sanction, and even her joyful confession that Aleph was a very welcome substitute for even so good a Cæsar as Germanicus) a formal betrothal took place; and all Alexandria took to busily talking over the gracious ceremonial. Now they understood why Germanicus had been respectfully declined. The ground had been pre-empted. Another prince had spoken, and spoken in person. "And no wonder," said they, "that he was successful; for never did we set eyes on a goodlier person or a princelier." So Alexandria was in excellent humor, and for once all the five quarters of the city ceased their mutual wrangling and railing and consented to say the same complimentary things.

And these were the ulterior arrangements. Cimon and Aleph would return home at once by the way of Palestine, with the hope of falling in with the Messiah ere his return heavenward. Then, as soon as possible, Aleph would come again with his father's formal sanction to claim his bride; and then her father and mother and dear mother-father would take a long vacation and accompany her and Miriam (henceforth inseparable) to their new home. Alexander even went so far as to intimate that, mindful of the uncertainty of the imperial favor and of the Jewish position in Alexandria, he was thinking seriously of transferring the bulk of his fortune to a safer region; and to facilitate this had already arranged to open a branch banking house at Ecbatana, where converged many routes of commercial travel.

A brilliant caravan files through the gate of Canopus. Our friends are moving homeward. They came by the way the Magian fathers returned; they are returning by the way those fathers came. They have just said farewells to Shaphan and Nathan: a little before they had said still more tender ones at the palace of Alexander. Flaccus had insisted on sending with them an escort of cavalry as far as the frontier; and Alexander, and Seti, and Cornelius at the head of a large delegation from the University, will go with them a day's journey. We will say our farewells and godspeeds just here before the khan where Shaphan and Nathan once reluctantly parted with the Divine Child. Partings must be; and so, comforting ourselves with the expectation of seeing you again when all Alexandria is ablaze with that rare thing, a royal marriage made in Heaven, we gather courage to say ADIEU. [THE END.]

Aleph, the Chaldean; or, The Messiah as seen from Alexandria. By E. F. Burr, D.D., LL.D. This entrancing story; the concluding chapter of which appears in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is published in book form by Wilbur B. Ketcham, 2 Cooper Union, New York. It is one of the most remarkable stories, dealing with events in the time of Christ, that has ever been written. Cloth; price, $1.75.

AN ARTIST MONARCH.*

OBLIGED by his infirmities to remain constantly seated in an armchair, Louis XVIII. was artist enough to make the chair a sort of throne. I see him gravely installed there in clothes half-military and half-civilian. He wanted to wear boots, for a king is a general and a general should be booted. But leather boots hurt his legs, which were gouty. So he had to be content with velvet boots reaching to his knees. He never laid his sword aside, even in his arm-chair, for a sword is a distinctive sign of a nobleman, and the most Christian King is the first nobleman in the whole world. His breast is covered with heraldic orders. The blue "cordon of the Holy Ghost" stands out in relief on his white waistcoat. His blue coat is neither civilian dress nor uniform. Two small golden epaulettes glitter upon his shoulders, to remind people of the military nature of kingship. His hair, dressed with white powder according to the old fashion, and crimped at the temples by the barber's curling-irons, is brought together at the nape of the neck and bound with a black silk ribbon that falls down over the collar. A three-cornered hat, adorned with a cockade and a small white plume, is now on the monarch's knee and now in his hand. His entire costume, reminding one of two different eras, is at one and the same time that of a man of the Court of Versailles and a man of the nineteenth century.

THE DEATH OF MARSHAL NEY.

THE morning is cold and gloomy. An icy mist almost prevents the eye from distinguishing the leafless branches of the mighty trees. The horses move slowly. The condemned man listens respectfully to the words of the priest. He believes he will be taken to the plain of Grenelle, the common place of execution. Suddenly the carriage stops and enters the gate of the Luxembourg and the Observatory.

The Marshal now gives his gold snuff-box to the cure of Saint Sulpice, in keeping for his wife, and also some louis to be distributed among the parish poor. Then he walks firmly toward the platoon of veterans ranged before him. The officer proposes to bandage his eyes. "Do you know," says Ney, "that for twenty years I have been accustomed to look straight at bullets and cannon-balls?" Touched by such pride and courage, the officer hesitated before giving the word to fire. "Before God and my country," cried the noble victim, "I protest against the verdict that condemns me. I appeal to mankind, to posterity and to God. Long live France!" Gen. de Rochechouart, whose lot it is to see that the sentence is carried out, orders the commander of the platoon to do his duty. The marshal takes his hat in his left hand, as he held it at the last charge at Waterloo, and placing the right on his breast cries: "Soldiers, straight at the heart!" Three bullets strike him. It is nine o'clock in the morning. The hero has lived his life.

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY.†

THE medical care of the missionaries and their families will form no small nor unimportant part of his duties, but, with this exception, the medical missionary should have as little as possible to do with practice among Europeans; he should certainly decline such practice where other medical aid can be obtained, and while ready, under other circumstances, to stretch forth the helping hand whenever and wherever his aid may be needed, he will never fail to put the disinterestedness of his motives beyond all suspicion by placing to the credit of the mission whatever fees he may receive.

While his time will generally be well occupied in attending to his own special department of work, still, by taking full advantage of native help, he will, by and by, find both time and opportunity for promoting, in co-operation with his ministeral colleagues, schemes for the physical, social and intellectual improvement of the people, and occasionally for more or less extended medico-evangelistic tours.

It is of the utmost importance that harmony should exist between the medical missionary and his ministerial colleagues, and in order to maintain this, both must esteem each other very highly for the work's sake, must consult one another, and manifest mutual sympathy in all that pertains to their respective spheres of labor. There must be perfect equality, perfect confidence, and hearty co-operation. They must look upon the work in all its departments as one, and work hand in hand in all their efforts. Carried on in this spirit, and on the lines which we have indicated, the value of medical missions can hardly be over-estimated.

*From *The Duchess of Angouleme and the Two Restorations*, by Imbert St. Amand, translated by James Davis; pp. 403; price $1.25. Chas. Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York.

†From *Medical Missions, their Place and Power*; by John Lowe, F. R. S. C. E., with introduction by Sir William Muir, late Lieut. Gov., North West Province of India. Pp. 292; price $1.50. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, Publishers.

LOSS AND GAIN.*

MY thoughts come back like wanderers,
Outwearied to my breast;
What they sought for long, they found not,
Yet was the unsought best.
For I sought not out for crosses,
I did not seek for pain;
Yet I find the hearts sore losses
Were the spirits surest gain.

DORA GREENWELL.

LONGING

WHEN I reflect how little I have done,
And add to that how little I have seen;
Then furthermore, how little I have won
Of joy or good, how little known or been,
I long for other life more free, mere keen,
And yearn to change with such as will have run;
Yet reason mocks me—nay, the soul, I ween,
Granted her choice, would dare to change with none.

JEAN INGELOW.

*From *Women's Thoughts for Women*, chosen and arranged by Rose Porter; pp. 126; price 75c. A. D. F. Randolph, N. Y., Publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Anglo-Israel and the Jewish Problem. The Ten Lost Tribes of Israel found and identified in the Anglo-Saxon race. By Rev. Thomas Rosling Howlett, B. A., A.M. Pp. 158; price $1; published by the author.

The Life and Light of Men; Expositions of John 1-12, by F. B. Meyer, B.A., pp. 251; Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

C. H. Spurgeon, his Life and Ministry; by Jesse Page; handsomely illustrated; pp. 160. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

Poems; by George Murray; pp. 46; published by the author, New York City.

Strength and Beauty for Boys and Girls; Adapted from Prof. J. H. Agnew's Translation of Kummacher's Parables; Illustrated; 64 pages; A beautiful Gift Book; Published by John Dalziel, Plainfield, N. J.

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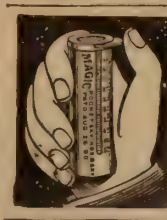

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THE LOVE OF GOD AND SUNSHINE.

(Written for "The Christian Herald.")

RIGHT glorious is the sunshine,
More glorious is God's love,
Beyond all fancy reaching,
Below, around, above.
O love of God! O sunshine!
So deep, so high, so broad,
Vast worlds may bask in sunshine,
All worlds in love of God.

Disease and death and darkness,
In sunshine may not stay,
The gloom and curse of Sinai
In God's love flee away.
The fragrance and the beauty
Of flowers are sunshine gleams,
In God's love every Christian
With fragrant beauty beams.

The dewdrops in the sunshine
Are gems of sparkling light;
In love of God abiding
All souls are jewels bright.
The song of birds is sunshine,
In love the Christian sings,
The eagle's flight is sunshine,
Love spreads the Christian's wings.

Live in the sunshine, Christian,
The sunshine of God's love;
From heaven to earth it reaches,
Below you and above.
No need of earthly sunshine
In heaven, where God's the Sun,
For there His love is sunshine,
And light and love are one.

—REV. W. T. SLEEPER.

A THIEF'S MISTAKE.

A REGULAR member of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's Church was astonished one Sunday on returning from worship to find a handsome gold watch in his pocket. It was not his own and he had no idea to whom it belonged or how it came into his pocket. Inquiries were made and a man was soon found who had lost a gold watch. He gave a description of it which tallied completely with the watch so mysteriously found. As the two men had not sat near each other and the character of the man who had found it in his pocket was above suspicion, there seemed no way of explaining the mystery. The explanation came long afterward. A reformed pickpocket in relating his experiences to one of the workers in connection with the Tabernacle, told how on one occasion, when Mr. Spurgeon was about to preach, he had entered the building, and during the service had relieved one of the worshippers of his watch. During the sermon, however, he was so greatly moved by Mr. Spurgeon's words, that he experience a terrible feeling of remorse, and there and then determined to lead a new life. His first course was to restore the stolen watch to its owner, and this he attempted to do in the crowd when the congregation were leaving the building at the conclusion of the service. In the confusion he must have slipped the article into the wrong person's pocket.

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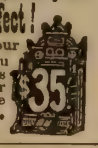

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Ignorance, N. Y. Where can I find the names of the generals of the war of 1812?

Consult any standard American history; even the school histories will furnish what you want.

C. G. F., Monongo, N. Dak. Are the lodges of our different secret societies of divine appointment?

They are nowhere so regarded.

G. E. L., Sargent, Neb. 1. What proof have we that the Book of Revelation was not made up by some one? 2. What is the sin against the Holy Ghost? 3. Where did Cain get his wife?

The best scholars and critics are convinced by the internal evidence of the book that it was written by the Apostle John. Justin Martyr, who wrote about the year 150, quotes the book which was evidently well known in his time and Irenæus who wrote in 195 says explicitly that its author was he who leaned on Jesus' breast at the Supper. Other ancient writers also refer to it as being the work of John. 2. See answer to W. B. Hammondmore in our issue of Jan. 6, page 13. 3. The Bible does not say and there is no other source of reliable information on the subject. She was probably one of the "daughters" mentioned in Genesis 5: 4.

G. H. P., Garland, Mo. What is the most ancient history—the Bible excepted—that can be obtained, giving an account of peoples, countries and customs?

Herodotus' Travels, Josephus' Antiquities and *Plutarch's Lives* will probably meet your requirements, and these you might follow with the histories of ancient Greece and Rome. It is difficult to indicate the most ancient. China claims to possess historical records, covering nearly 4,000 years, but they are not accessible. India, Japan and Corea also have very ancient histories. Graven hieroglyphic tablets and papyrus scrolls from Egypt and Assyria point to a still remoter antiquity. Herodotus is accepted as the father of travelers and historical writers.

Wm. Edwards, Tremont, Mich. 1. Prof. Sutton says in his writings that the stone that served Jacob as a pillow was that upon which David sat when he was crowned as king; that it was taken to Ireland and thence to England, and that Queen Victoria, when she was crowned, sat upon this identical stone, and fifty years later, at her jubilee, she again sat on it. Is this historical fact or is it romance? 2. How many miles from Joppa to Jerusalem? 3. Is the railroad complete between these points? 4. Where can I obtain your book on Palestine?

1. The story that "Jacob's Pillow"—the stone of Luz—was carried to the British isles and served successively for the coronation stone of the Scottish kings at Scone and the monarchs of the United Kingdom at London, is purely traditional and cannot be traced to any authentic historical foundation. 2. About thirty-six miles. 3. It is not yet complete. 4. Address Mr. Jewett, publisher, Bible House, New York.

W F., B., Richland, Ill. Please explain Acts 2: 31. How does it harmonize with Luke 23: 43?

Peter was quoting Psalm 16: 10 as to the resurrection of Jesus and in effect said that neither his flesh nor his spirit was permanently affected by his death. His flesh did not decompose, nor was his spirit left in Hades (that is the place which the Jews commonly spoke of as the abode of departed spirits.) They were reunited on the third day. The clause in the Apostles' Creed: "He descended into hell," has a similar basis and is interpreted as signifying the absolute death of Christ as shown by his body being laid in the grave and his spirit completely separated from it.

M. J. H., Bethany, Pa. Have the trustees of a church, the power to allow the church-building to be used for a dramatic or operatic entertainment for the benefit of the church and society; and is the holding of such entertainment in accordance with the best Christian church policy?

Consult the trust-deeds of your church or the book of discipline. The trustees have more power in some denominations than in others. It would not be so difficult to prove that the holding of such an entertainment was in accordance with church *policy*, as it would be to prove that it was in accordance with church *principles*. The church is continually exhorted to look to God for help and if instead of doing so, she adopts worldly methods of raising money, such as the one you describe, she is acting very much as those did against whom the prophet cried, "Woe unto them that go down to Egypt for help," etc. (Isa. 31: 1.)

George Babcock, Brockport, N. Y. From what source were your pictures of the mummies of the Pharaohs obtained?

They were reproduced from photographs of the mummies which Dr. Talmage saw in the Museum at Boulak, near Cairo, in Egypt. The inscriptions on the coffins and on the wrappings around the mummies show that they are the bodies of Rameses II. and his youngest son Meneptah. Egyptologists and Biblical students are now generally agreed in believing that the former monarch, Rameses, was the oppressor of the Israelites—the Pharaoh for whom they built the treasure cities. (Exodus 1: 11.) His death is mentioned Exodus 2: 23. If that theory is correct the ten plagues must have occurred under Meneptah. The fact of his body being at Boulak would show that he was not drowned at the Red Sea when his army was overwhelmed. Historians describe him as a weak and timid man and, as at that time he must have been very old, he probably did not go with his army farther than the shore of the sea and left them to pursue under a general.

Frank Bowser, Bernal, Reno Co., Kas. 1. What does 1. Peter 3: 19 mean? 2. Who was the founder of the Baptists? 3. What did Diogenes teach? 4. To what denomination does Mr. Gladstone belong?

1. See reply to R. E. Smith last week, page 271. The first Baptist Churches were Armenian, and Calvinistic Baptist Churches were established in 1633 in England. Baptist principles were held, however, as early as 1530. Simon Menno, who seceded from Rome about 1536 and organized a Baptist denomination in Germany and Holland, is believed to have been the real founder. The Mennonites were the forerunners of the Baptists. 3. Practical good, the greatness of truth and nature and the extreme littleness of human pomp, vanity and ambition. He was a Cynic and held most human attainments in contempt. 4. Protestant Episcopal.

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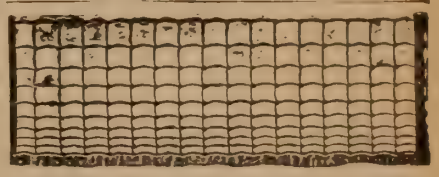
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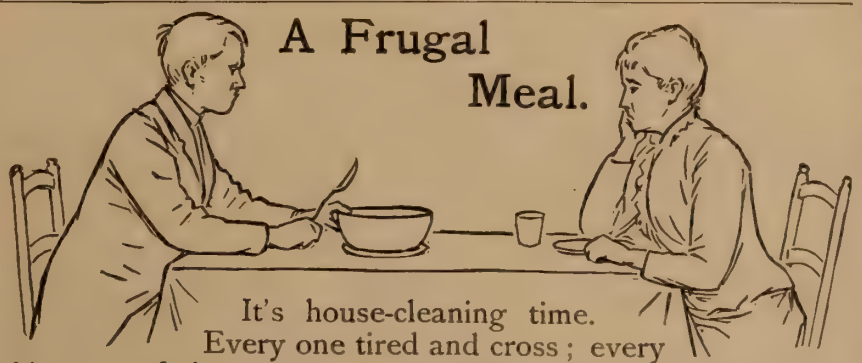
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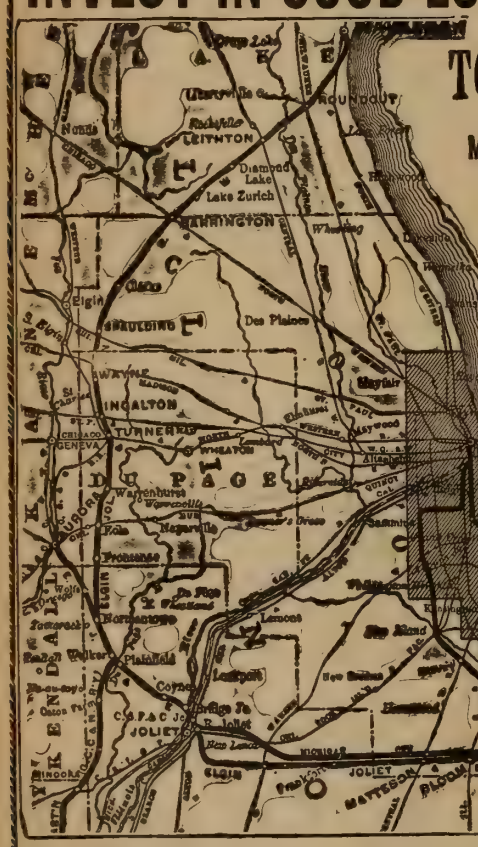

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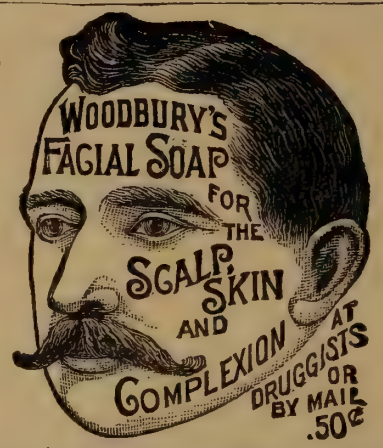

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 15. NUMBER 19.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Office Bible House New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1892.

PRICE 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, $1.50.

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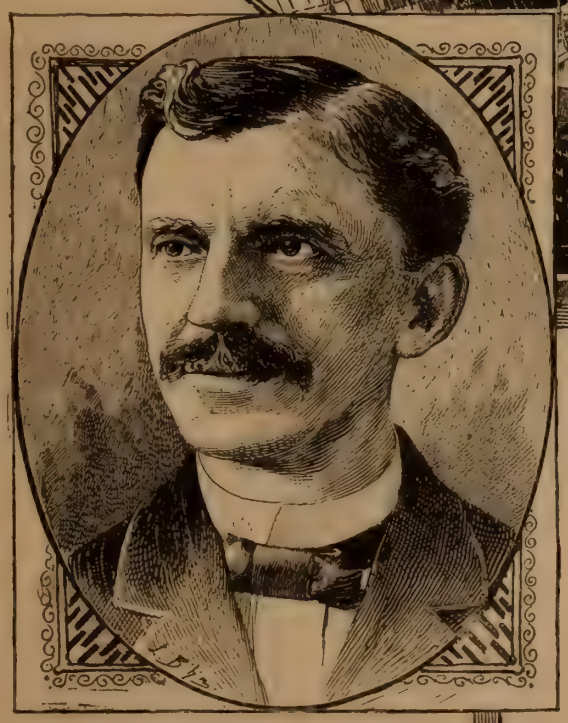
A BUSY CHRISTIAN HIVE.

The Religious and Philanthropic Enterprises of the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, Organized by Rev. Russell H. Conwell.

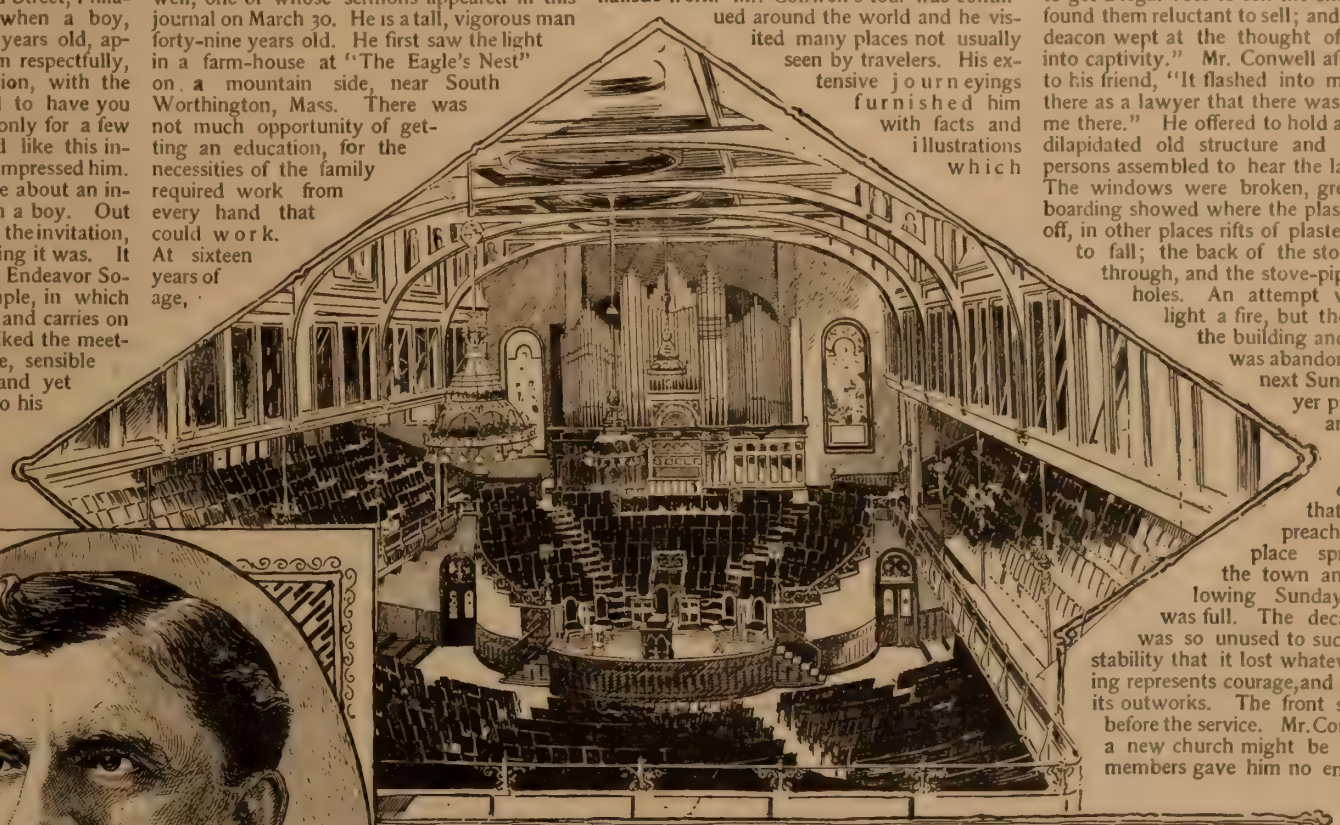
A GENTLEMAN was asked a few weeks ago what had led to the conversion of so unlikely a man as he. This is the story he told: He was walking down Broad Street, Philadelphia, one evening, when a boy, apparently about fifteen years old, approached him, and greeting him respectfully, offered him a card of invitation, with the words, "We would be pleased to have you visit our meeting, sir, if it is only for a few minutes." The oddity of a lad like this inviting him to a prayer-meeting impressed him. There must be something unique about an institution that could interest such a boy. Out of curiosity, he decided to accept the invitation, and find out what kind of meeting it was. It was a meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society connected with The Temple, in which Grace Baptist Church worships and carries on its varied Christian work. He liked the meeting; the people seemed awake, sensible and sincere. He went again and yet again, and those meetings led to his conversion.

There are now more than eighteen hundred members in Grace Church and among them probably a large number who could tell a similar story. The people there are in earnest, are active, enthusiastic and well organized for aggressive work. The discourses they hear from the pulpit may and do give instruction, warning and comfort, but their most conspicuous influence seems to be a decidedly stimulative one—an impartation of motive power. A certain poet tells us of a man who, after boasting of his regular attendance at church, said, as to the results, that he "supposed the parson said what he ought to ha' said and he comed away." It would not be easy for the most ignorant or indifferent person to come away from a Temple service in that mood. He learns that he must get saved himself without loss of time—that it is a really urgent matter, to be attended to immediately, and that being secured, he must go to work to help save others. It is said of the men who listened to Demosthenes, that when they came away they were not heard praising the matchless eloquence of the orator, but saying to each other "Let us go and fight Philip." That was the feeling the orator had been trying to arouse, and he would have been disappointed if his hearers, instead of being stirred to action had contented themselves with admiring his words. A similar conception of what constitutes success obtains at The Temple. The Christianity which allows its boasted possessor to be satisfied with his own salvation without trying to save others is not held in high esteem.



REV. RUSSELL H. CONWELL, PASTOR.

A remarkable man, with a history, is the pastor of this church, the Rev. Russell H. Conwell, one of whose sermons appeared in this journal on March 30. He is a tall, vigorous man forty-nine years old. He first saw the light in a farm-house at "The Eagle's Nest" on a mountain side, near South Worthington, Mass. There was not much opportunity of getting an education, for the necessities of the family required work from every hand that could work. At sixteen years of age, however, he managed to get parts of three years for study at Wilbraham Academy dividing his time between studying and teaching school and working on the farm. In 1861 he took the bold step of entering himself as a student at Yale College, but the next year he quitted college to go with the 46th Massachusetts Infantry to the field of battle. He went through those terrible years to the end, was severely wounded at Kennesaw Mountain, Georgia, and when peace came, was serving as a staff-officer with the rank of Lieut. Colonel. After the war he gained a connection with journalism by letters to the New York *Tribune*, the Boston *Traveller* and other journals, and afterward he traveled in Europe with Bayard Taylor of the *Tribune* engaged in journalistic work. Mr. Conwell's tour was continued around the world and he visited many places not usually seen by travelers. His extensive journeyings furnished him with facts and illustrations which abundantly enrich his sermons and lectures at this day. He also started the well-known and influential *Minneapolis Tribune*. Subsequently he settled down to the practice of law in Boston and resided at Newton Centre, Mass. An old army comrade describes, in a work recently issued, the circumstances which led Colonel Conwell to quit the law for the ministry. It appears that he was consulted professionally about the sale of an old church-building at Lexington, Mass., belonging to an extinct Baptist society. He summoned a meeting of the former members of the society to get a legal vote to sell the church. But he found them reluctant to sell; and one good old deacon wept at the thought of "Zion going into captivity." Mr. Conwell afterward wrote to his friend, "It flashed into my mind while there as a lawyer that there was a mission for me there." He offered to hold a service in the dilapidated old structure and about sixteen persons assembled to hear the lawyer preach. The windows were broken, great patches of boarding showed where the plaster had fallen off, in other places rifts of plaster hung, ready to fall; the back of the stove was rusted through, and the stove-pipe was full of holes. An attempt was made to light a fire, but the smoke filled the building and the attempt was abandoned. On the next Sunday the lawyer preached again and there were about forty persons present. The news that a lawyer was preaching in the old place spread through the town and on the following Sunday the church was full. The decayed structure was so unused to such a trial of its stability that it lost whatever in a building represents courage, and succumbed at its outworks. The front steps fell just before the service. Mr. Conwell thought a new church might be built, but the members gave him no encouragement. Something, however, must be done, if only by way of repairs and Mr. Conwell, having no money for the purpose, went to the church the next morning axe in hand to try his own hand at the unaccustomed employment. Passers-by greeted him and expostulated with him for working in that way, but he explained that a new church was needed and must be built and as no money was to be had he must work himself. Mr. Conwell mentioned incidentally that any one disposed to contribute money to hire suitable laborers could leave his



INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE BAPTIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

(Continued on page 293.)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE LIONS LOCKJAWED.

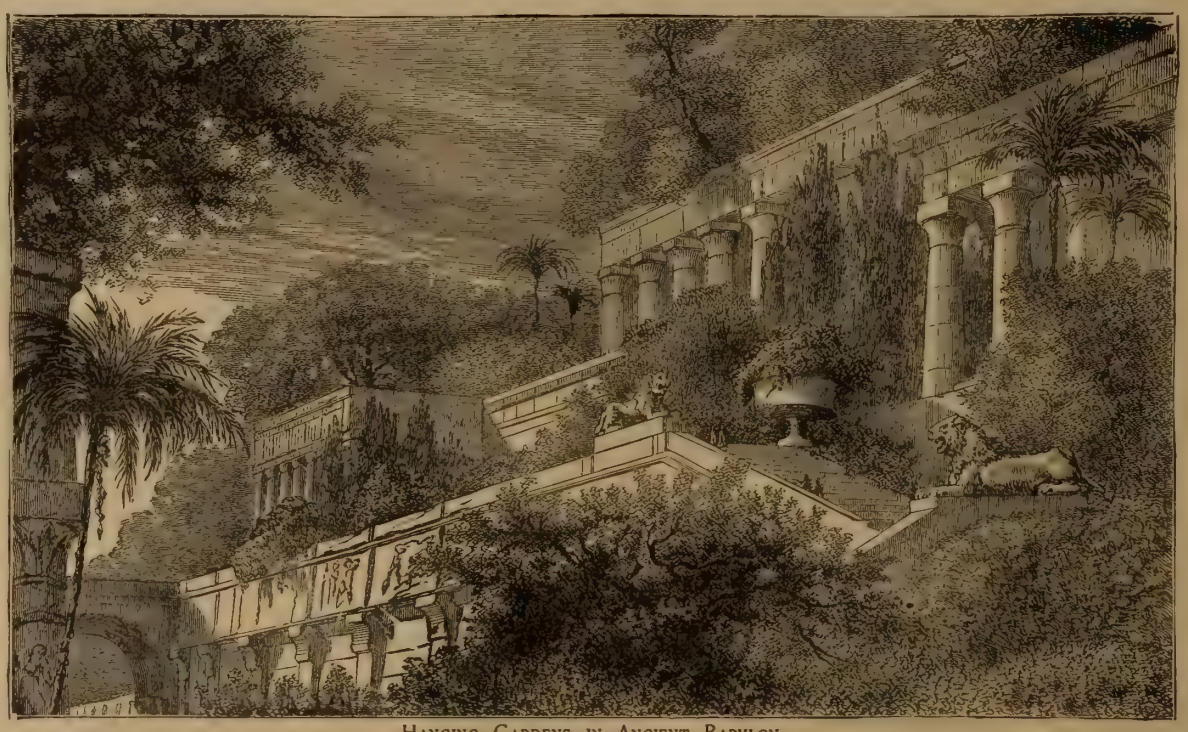
Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday Morning Sermon From the Text: Daniel 6: 2: *"Daniel was first."*

WHERE in romance can you find anything equal to what Daniel was in reality? A young man, far away from home, introduced into the most magnificent and most dissolute palace of all the earth. The king, wishing to make this young man a prodigy in personal appearance, orders his attendants to see that he has plenty of meat and wine, and Daniel refuses these delicacies and insists on a vegetable diet, refusing everything but pulse and water, waving back all the rich viands with a determined, "No; I thank you." He surpasses all the princes in brilliancy. As this sun rises higher and higher in the firmament, it puts out all the stars, and if there is anything the stars hate it is the sun. Daniel becomes so much of a favorite with King Darius that our young hero is promoted to be prime minister or Secretary of State—the Frelinghuysen or the Bismarck of the ancients. But no man ever attained such high position without exciting the envy of others. The meanest and wrathiest passion of the soul is jealousy. You see it among all professions and occupations. I am sorry to say you see it as much among clergymen as among other classes of men. It is a passion bitter as hell and it is immediately recognized, and yet, though it blackens the man who indulges in it, men will kindle this fire which consumes only themselves. There were demagogues in Babylon, who, highly appreciative of their own capacity, doubted the policy of elevating such a young man as Daniel. They said: "Why, we know more than he does. We could manage the public affairs better than he can manage them. The idea of putting Dan in such a place as that." Old Babylon was afraid of young Babylon. They began to plot his ruin. He was an illustrious target. The taller the cedar the more apt to be struck with the lightning. These demagogues asked Darius to make an unalterable decree that any man who within thirty days shall ask a petition of anyone except the king, shall be put to death. Darius, not mistrusting any foul play, makes such a decree. The demagogues have accomplished their purpose, for they knew that Daniel would not stop sending up petitions to his God, and Daniel, instead of being affrighted by the decree, went three times a day to his house-top for prayer. He is caught in the act. He is condemned to be devoured by the lions. Such a healthy young man will be for the leonine monarchs the best banquet they ever had. By the rough executioners of the law he is hurried away toward the den. I hear the growl of the monsters, and their pawing of the dust, and as their mouth is placed to the ground, the solid earth quakes with their bellow. The door is removed and Daniel shoved into the den, which was all agleam with fiery eyeballs that seem to roll and snap in the caverns. They approach the defenceless man. Their appetite was sharp with hunger. One stroke of their paw, one crunch of their teeth and he would have been lifeless. How strange a welcome Daniel receives from the monsters. They fawn about him. They cover his feet with their long mane. They are struck with the lock-jaw. That night Daniel's sleep is calm and undisturbed, with his head pillowed on the warm neck of the tamed lions. But King Darius was not so happy. He loved Daniel and he hated the stratagem by which his favorite had been condemned. He paces his floor all night. He cannot sleep. At the least sound he starts and his flesh creeps with horror. A bad conscience will make the bravest man a coward. He watches eagerly for the dawn, which seems so long in tarrying. At the first streak of light, he starts out to find the fate of Daniel. The palace gate opens and jars heavily behind him while yet the city is asleep. He comes to the den. He looks through the crevices but sees nothing. He dare not speak. Expecting the worst, his heart stops. Gathering strength he puts his mouth to the rifts in the rock and cries: "Oh, Daniel, is thy God whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee from the lions?" An answer comes rolling up out of the deep darkness: "Oh, king, live forever. My God hath sent his angel and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me." The young man is brought out and the demagogues who made the plot are thrown in. But they hardly struck the bottom of the den when their flesh rent, and their bones cracked, and the blood spurted through the rifts, while the fierce monsters shook the rocks with their terrible roar, announcing to all ages the truth that while God defends his people, the way of the wicked shall perish.

Now, you see from this subject that in the eyes of many the greatest offense you can commit is success. Of what crime had this young man been guilty, that he should come under the bitter hatred of the demagogues? Why, he had got to be prime minister of Babylon. That they could not forgive. Behold in this sketch a touch of human nature. As long as poverty pinches you and you run the gauntlet between tax-gatherer and landlord, and you have hard work to educate your children, there will be multitudes of men to say: "Poor fellow. He ought to succeed. How sorry I am for him." But, after awhile, you begin to emerge from the darkness. That was a capital investment. You purchased at just the right time. Fortune became good-natured and smiled. You builded your own house. You got to be one of the first men on the street. Now, as you pass, a number of those late sympathizers stand on the corner of the street. They scowl at you from under the rim of their hats. You have more money now than they have and you ought to be scowled at from under the rim of their hats.

Before you get fully past, you hear a word or two: "Stuck up," says one. "Didn't get it honestly," says another. "Will burst soon," says a third. Every stone in your new house was laid on their heart. Your horses' hoofs went over their nerves. Your carriage tire cut their neck. What have you done, outrageous culprit? You ought to be cast to the lions. You have dared to achieve success. Depend upon it that if in any one respect you rise far above your fellows—if you are more truthful, more wise, more eloquent, more influential—the shadow of your success will chill somebody. The road of honor and virtue is within reach of the enemies' guns. Jealousy says: "Stay down, or I will knock you down." In mid-air a snow-flake said to a snow-bird: "I don't like you." "Why don't you like me?" said the snow-bird. "Because" replied the snow-flake, "you are going up and I am coming down." Success is often a synonym for scorn. The first thing a man wants is religion. The second is grit. If you do not want to face wild beasts, you must never get to be prime minister. If you are now, as a young man, rising in any one respect, I bless God for your advancement, but I wish to say before I quit this thought, look out for the lions. Young merchants, young lawyers, young physicians, young ministers have much sympathy, and kind advice is given them at first, but, as you become your own masters and begin to succeed in your different occupations and professions, how is it then, young merchants, young lawyers, young physicians, young ministers? How is it then?

Again, behold in our subject an exhibition of true decision of character. Before Daniel were condemnation and death, if he continued faithful to his religion. Yet, just as before, three times a day he prayed with his face toward Jerusalem. There is nothing more fatal for the religious or worldly advancement than a spirit of indecision. How often youth is almost gone before the individual has determined upon his profession. There are those who for thirty or forty years have accomplished nothing anywhere because they have not felt themselves settled. They have thought of the law, of medicine, of merchandise, of mechanism. They have some idea of going West. Perhaps they will go East. Perhaps they won't. They may go North or South. Perhaps they will invest their money in railroads or in real estate. Perhaps they won't. They are like a vessel starting from New York harbor, which should one day decide on going to Liverpool, and the next on New Orleans, and the next on Marseilles. How many men have for a long while been out on the great sea of life and they do not know to what port they are destined? It is an everlasting tacking of ship, but no headway. The man who begins to build a house in the Corinthian style and when half way up concludes to make it Doric, and then completes it in Ionic, will have an unseemly pile and be cursed of every school of architecture. These men that try everything get to be nothing. God wrote in your brain and engraved on your bones what you ought to be. Then be that, nothing more or nothing less. In that direction is your success. Every other road is ruin. Having adjusted your compass, go ahead. Set your teeth together. Small difficulties, do not notice. Great difficulties, by God's grace strike them down. Onward! Let cowards skulk. Act you like sons of God. If you want to sail to the land of gold, you must double the Cape. To usefulness and strong character there is no overland route. Over the great deeps you must fly. Most of the way it is either head wind or tempest. Character, like the goldfinch of Tonquin, is magnificent when standing firm, but loses all its splendor in flight. There is no such thing as failure to those who trust in God. Paul got to be an Apostle by falling off his horse. Stephen was stoned into heaven. When a young man resolves on a religious life, he does not always find it smooth sailing. Old companions laugh and say with sarcastic tone: "He has got to be pious." They go on excursions, but do not ask him. They prophesy that his religion will not hold out. They call him "long-faced." They wonder if he is not getting wings. They say sharp things about him for themselves to laugh at. When he passes, they grimace and wink and chuckle, and say loud enough to be heard: "There goes a saint." If you have never seen



HANGING GARDENS IN ANCIENT BABYLON.

life as it is, you know not what strength of resolution it often requires for a young man to be a Christian.

Again, let this story of Daniel teach us that the way to future success is through present self-denial. Not only did Daniel show his willingness for self-restraint by refusing the luxuries of the king's table, but he must have denied himself much social enjoyment and sight-seeing, in order to have attained most wonderful proficiency in study. The rush of the chariots under his window and the sound of mirth that rung out on the air of Babylon would have attracted most young men into the streets and to expensive places of amusement. But Daniel knew that it was only through severity of application he could attain the honorable position for which he was intended. Indeed you may carry this truth into universal application. The most of those who have succeeded in any profession or occupation have come up from the very bottom of the ladder. The brightest day began with the twilight. The admirals who commanded the navies of the world started as cabin boys. The merchant princes whose messengers are ships and whose servants the nation's custom houses, once swept the store and kindled the fires. Amos must be a herdsman before he becomes a prophet. Daniel must be the humble student before he rises to be the prime minister of Babylon. If a young man start in life with large notions of what he must immediately have, willing to consider no economy, but expecting with a small ship to unfurl as much sail as an ocean frigate, he will find himself capsized by the first northeaster. It is the small sprig that you can carry in one hand which will thrive best when planted. But if, by levers and huge lumber wagons, you bring down from the mountain a century oak, though you may plant it, you cannot make it live. So he who begins life on such a grand scale and with such exorbitant notions, will never succeed, while some young man who went to town without means, but having a right spirit, through his self-denial, planted a tree which has reached above Wall Street and flung its shadow in one direction over the granite palaces on the Avenues and in the other far out over merchant vessels anchored in the bay. Men say success in life is all a matter of good luck, but industry and economy and self-denial put together always make good luck.

Show me a man, who, refusing many of the frivolities of gossiping youths, can see more to attract his attention in the pages of a treatise or a history, than in the flash of bright eyes, or the airy step of those who find more skill in their heels than their heads, and I will show you a man who will yet master languages and sway a very sceptre over his fellows. Many an education which is now considered complete is made up of a smattering of newspapers and the last page of a fashion magazine. The parlor and the drawing-room cannot educate us. They may give us outward adornments of manner, but getting valuable knowledge is like sweltering at a forge, bellows in one hand and hammer in the other—like digging in mines with crow-bars, prying under the ledge and the constant bang of blasted rocks.

Especially is it true that no growth in grace is possible unless, like Daniel, we are willing to take up the cross, however heavy it may be and rough with nails. Moses chose affliction with the people of God rather than the pleasures of sin, and if we would be anything like him, we must be willing sometimes to choose the hard bread of self-denial rather than the imperial clusters from royal vineyards. To get strength and depth enough in rivers for turning mill wheels and manufactories, dams are built across them, and then through the mill-race the quick floods leap on the water-wheel to turn it with tremendous power. So natures that would otherwise have been powerless and insufficient by self-restraints have been dammed back and deepened, until, with concentrated power, they rush into the world, turning its ponderous machinery of important interests. Unrestrained men may have much good in them, but it is so scattered that you see no positive effects. Electricity in the air does not strike, but gathered in the cloud with its bare red arm it cleaves the mountain. Passions harnessed and yoked make excellent beasts of burden. However attractive may be the sinful offers of the world, though rich and luxurious as the provision of the king's table, we must be willing to refuse them, if nothing be left us but plain pulse. Oh, how we want the faith and courage of a Daniel and a Paul, but how we dread the hot atmosphere of trial, in which their graces ripened. The richest fruits of religion grow in the sultry tropics of trial. If you want pearls, you must dive for them. If you want gold, you must dig for it. The richest part of California and Australia are under ground. Depend upon it if no pruning, no fruit, no climbing, no elevation; no battle, no victory; no cross, no crown. Had there been no Nebuchadnezzar, there would have been no Daniel. Even so it has been in all ages. The flames that have flashed up from the stake have been so many illuminations of Christian triumph. When God would make a great light of truth and holiness in the world, he often takes great persecutions and with them strikes fire. The devil's hate is God's glory. Had it not been for the persecutions of Emperor Valerian, the world would not have known of the courage of a Cyprian, and if the tyranny of Diocletian had never been known, the triumphant grace would not have been seen which made Maximilian, when sentenced to death, exclaim: "God be praised!" Had not the bandits of Piedmont pursued the Waldenses through the valleys of the Alps, and the infuriate decree put to massacre the Albigenses of France, the world would have had fewer illustrations of Christian heroism. Be Joseph before Pharaoh. Be Paul before Felix. Be Daniel before Darius.

"MY GOD HATH SHUT THE LIONS' MOUTHS."

Again let the story of Daniel teach us the beauty of that youthful character which remains unblemished and upright when away from home. Had Daniel, on arriving in Babylon, plunged into every excess, his friends in Jerusalem would never have heard of it. His dissipation and renunciation of religion would not have cast one sorrow on the family hearth where he had lived or the old family Bible which he used to read. But, though far away from home, he knew that God's eye watched him and that was enough. It is not every young man who maintains the same character when absent that was maintained at home. I probably address young men now, distant from their father's house, and others who, still under the parental roof, look forward to a time when they will depart alone to conflict with the world and among strangers be called to build up characters for themselves. Happy for you, oh, young man, if you shall, like Joseph, be the same when living with wicked Pharaoh as with pious Jacob, or Daniel as pure in Babylon as in Jerusalem. There is no passage in a man's life of more thrilling interest than the day in which he leaves home and goes off to seek his fortune. The novelty and romance connected with the departure may keep the young man from any poignant sorrow, but parents, who have seen the destruction among strangers of those who were considered promising youths, cannot help feeling that this step is full of momentous importance. Before the youth left home all his conduct was under affectionate guardianship. Outbursts of folly, carelessness, and impropriety of manner, and looseness of speech, were kindly reproved, and although the restraint seemed sometimes too severe, yet hours of sober reflection have convinced him that it was salutary and righteous. But behold, how the scene changes. The father, through the interceding of

GOING AMONG STRANGERS.

metropolitan friends, has secured the son a place in some bank or store or office. Schoolmates on the night before his departure come to take their farewell of the young adventurer. That morning he takes a last walk around the old place, and going past some loved spot, a sly tear may start, but no one sees it. The trunk is on the carriage, and after a warm good-by, away they speed over the hills. Set down amid excitements and among companions not over scrupulous as to their words or deeds, temptations troop around the stranger. The morning comes, but no family altar, and the Sabbath, but no real quiet, and perhaps at the sanctuary the faces are all strange and no one cares whether he goes to church or whether he does not go. Long winter evenings arrive, and how shall they be spent? On his way home from his place of business he saw flaming placards announcing rare performances and that this was positively the last night. At the door of his cheerless boarding-house, no one greets him, and the evening meal is insipid. The room in the third story that evening seems doleful and repelling. A book snatched up from the stand proves to be dull, for no sister is there to look over with him. In despair he rushes out reckless as to where he goes if only he can see something that will make him stop thinking. That night may be the turning point in his history. Once within the fatal circle of sin and the soul has no power to repel it.

In many a country churchyard is now the grave of some youthful spirit that went away lithe and bounding, but came home diseased and crushed and blasted to disgrace the sepulchre of his fathers. Yet this exodus must be made. As from far distant hills, rivers find their way through tunnels to great cities, so from far distant points of the country it is necessary that a stream of uncorrupted population shall pour into our great thoroughfares to keep them pure and manage the traffic of the world. Multitudes of such are constantly making their departure from home. The Lord stretch forth his arm for the deliverance of these Daniels away down in Babylon. Wherever your lot may be cast—in far inland town or in some great seaport—maintain in your absence the same principles of morals and religion which may have been instilled by parental solicitude. And while you may feel in your heart and life the advantages of early religious culture, forget not those to whom you are chiefly indebted, and pray that as age comes upon them and the night of death begins to fall on their pathway, the hope of heaven may beam through the darkness, lustrous and steady as the evening star. The Lord forbid that by our conduct we should ever bring disgrace on a father's name or prove recreant to the love of a mother. The poet did not exaggerate when he exclaimed:

> How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
> To have a thankless child.

DAVID AND HIS COMPANIONS.

S. S. Lesson for May 22. By Mrs. M. Baxter Dan. 1: 8-21. Golden Text, Dan. 1: 8.

GOD'S choicest instruments are prepared in the furnace of affliction. Like Israel, Judah had sinned against the Lord "till there was no remedy;" and his poople were gone into captivity. In the midst of the national and personal humiliation of subjection to heathen masters, Daniel, who had been carried away captive in the third year of Jehoiakim's reign—grew up. Nebuchadnezzar, who, in spite of his almost boundless conceit, had some fine points of character, allowed his captives considerable advantages. Amongst others, he arranged that some of them, at least, should enjoy the benefit of superior education. He was a tyrant, but was not guilty of that vulgar, brutal tyranny, which rejoices in insulting all superior to itself, who come under its power.

The king of Babylon had enough natural wisdom and good feeling to develop what was of worth, even in his captives. Thus he ordained that certain "of the king's seed and of the princes" should pass an examination which should qualify them for graduating in "the learning and the tongue of the Chaldeans." In order the better to fit them for their studies the king commanded they should be provisioned from the palace. This was no common distinction; it was one of the greatest marks of honor which he could confer upon them. To accept his bounty with unfeigned gratitude was but becoming in those whose lives were in his hand, and yet it was in this great bounty and condescension of the king, that David experienced the testing which left its mark on the whole of his after life.

Much of the meat of the king's table had been offered in sacrifice to idols. Now the young Jewish prophet, who was one of the king's chosen students, a kind of undergraduate in Babylon, was not in a position in which he could bear testimony to his God by preaching. He was as yet a learner under subjection. How then could he witness for his God? There lay before him the crucifixion of the flesh. The dainty fare which was appointed by the king could do him no harm; he was steadfast enough in God to withstand all the absurdities as well as the blasphemies of heathen worship; why then, if this delicious food would not hurt him, should he not enjoy it as the others did? This was one side; it was the logic of the flesh; but here was another side. If he abstained, it would certainly be noticed; questions would be put to him, and so an opening would be given to testify for his God. How long the conflict may have lasted, we know not, how often he may have paused to review the arguments on either side, before he had light from God, we are not told, but this we know: that it grew to

An Earnest Purpose.

Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank." Once fixed in his purpose he made it known to Ashpenaz, the prince of the eunuchs, to whose care these Jewish students had been committed. It was a bold move: it might, if Ashpenaz spoke of it to the king, bring down wrath, not on Daniel only, but also on his three friends, who joined him in this testimony against the idolatry of the king and the people of Babylon. The king might be indignant to the last degree, when he knew that youths, whom he had taken captive and then so befriended, had the impertinence to attempt to teach him a lesson. The idea was preposterous! But it is in cases of a similar nature that men learn to know their God. Daniel acted on the principle that if he did what was right before God, the result and the consequences were God's responsibility, not his. So he made the bold request of Ashpenaz "that he might not defile himself."

This heathen man tenderly loved Daniel; undoubtedly the grace of God was already apparent in him, and now this heathen courtier saw how great a hold the God of Daniel had upon him. He saw before him a young man at the very outset of life, with brilliant prospects before him who yet, for the love of his God, was willing to risk them all, rather than partake of animal food which was in any way connected with the idolatry of Babylon! It was a new experience, a kind of revelation to this man! Heathenism makes a convenience of its religion, but here was a man making personal sacrifices at a great risk and cost to himself for a God whom he could not himself see nor make visible to others! Men esteem a thing by what it costs; when unbelievers see that God's children can make sacrifices for him, they can no longer fail to see that he is a reality to them. But Daniel was in earnest; that was clear. So Ashpenaz did not put the matter from him as unworthy of attention. Something in this young student commended itself to him, but he said: "I fear my lord the king, who hath appointed your meat and your drink; for why should he see your faces worse liking than the children which are of your sort? [or term]? Then shall ye make me endanger my head to the king" It was

A Crucial Moment

for Daniel, for his friends, and for Ashpenaz. If Daniel had not been sure in his God, he must have yielded just now. The students would certainly be inspected, they must pass the physicians as well as the professors, the heathen students would have all the advantages on their side; dare Daniel put his God to the test? Daniel weighed the matter, not in the light of his own understanding, but in the light of the character of his God. It was impossible that God should so drive him into a corner as to abandon him at a critical moment. Daniel rose to the occasion. He said to Melzar, the steward of Ashpenaz, to whose care he had confided Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah: "Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days; and let them give us pulse to eat, and water to drink. Then let our countenances be looked upon before thee, and the countenance of the children that eat of the portion of the king's meat; and as thou seest, deal with thy servants." It was

A Step of Faith

as well as of consecration, and well may we picture to ourselves the glad hearts, full of praise, with which the young students took their humble repast in the fear of God. We may believe also with what cutting ridicule and sarcasm the heathen students treated them. But Melzar was looking on, and Ashpenaz too; this was no mere conflict between students regarding articles of food: God's name was engaged in this conflict. It was Daniel's first step into his prophet vocation and the commencement of a life of witness for God on his part and on that of his companions. These young men little knew how much honor God would put on them, and how much their personal witness would in future times, go out to the ends of the earth.

Daniel prevailed, and the Jewish youths were put to the test they desired. And God was with them; "At the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the [youths R. V.] which did eat the portion of the king's meat." It was unanswerable, a silent proof to those men of Babylon that the God of Daniel was the living God. Day by day as these Jewish young men developed, Melzar and Ashpenaz saw that, with the living God on their side, the advantage lays with the coarser food and the spirit of self-sacrifice with which he had inspired them. And it was an advantage, rather than a disadvantage, intellectually for "God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom: and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams."

How Far Should Self-denial Go

in matters of food, sleep, recreation, etc.? This question will occur, perhaps, to some readers. And it is a question impossible to answer. The good Shepherd leads his sheep individually. Elijah, and John the Baptist, were called to an unusual life by the direct intervention of God, and all their habits of life corresponded to their calling. The spirit of the age in which we live is a self-indulgent spirit. "Men shall be lovers of their own selves." (II. Tim. 3: 2); the church and the world are, alike, full of selfishness. But self-imposed austerity is only another form of selfishness; for it makes other people unnecessarily uncomfortable; and, so long as it has its root in self, it is not acceptable to God. The fast which God has "chosen" is, to deny ourselves for the benefit of others, (Isa. 58: 6, 7); or, as in Daniel's case, when a distinct gain to other souls and for the cause of God, is to be obtained by it, or when we are impelled to a time of undistracted prayer. (Matt. 6: 6-18.) Fasting for fasting's sake is more of the flesh than of the spirit.

An important day was approaching for the four young students in Babylon. There was to be an examination, conducted by the king himself. Probably the young Babylonians counted on taking honors. They had everything on their side: complete masters of the language, used to the books which would be used at the examination, possessing the interest of the nobles of Babylon, strengthened in body as they thought, by superior food,—how could young foreigners compete with them? The king should be the judge. The number who came up for examination is not left on record, but it is recorded, as a matter of history, more than two thousand five hundred years ago, that "in all matters of wisdom and understanding, that the king inquired of them," he found these four Jewish students "ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm." Thus God manifested his power in his young servants, who were willing to go all lengths for him and with him; and thus they were prepared for the fiery furnace, and for the lions' den, and for bearing a witness for their God which shall stand when heaven and earth shall have passed away. Let us also be true to our God in the midst of this selfish age.

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

BUT Daniel purposed in his heart. His was not a passing enthusiasm, but a definite, deliberate, clear-cut purpose which had its root in the very depths of his brave and noble heart. What a pity that the great majority of mankind lacks a purpose. Shilly shally, wishy washy, backboneless, weak, vacillating, driven hither and thither, hoping and doubting and fearing, they wander to and fro without any definite aim or object in view. But, thank God, the race of Daniels has not altogether died out. There are still those with us who live for God and humanity, who live for a purpose and with a purpose, and all the inducements the world can offer do not suffice to swerve them from the line in keeping with their conscience and character.

He has a purpose, that miner's son. That purpose is the acquisition of knowledge. He speedily surmounts natural difficulty, reads hard, devours the lectures at Magdeburg, and at the age of eighteen has outstripped his fellows, has a University for his admirer, and professors predicting for him the most successful career of the age. He has a purpose, that scholar at Erfurt. That purpose is the discovery of truth, for in an old library he has stumbled on a Bible. With Pilate's question: "What shall I do with Jesus?" on his lips and in his heart, he foregoes his brilliant prospects, parts without a sigh with academical distinction, takes monastic vows in an Augustine convent; until at last, Pilate's question answered upon Pilate's stairs—there comes the thrice repeated Gospel whisper: "The just shall live by faith;' and he rises into moral freedom, a new man unto the Lord! He has a purpose, that Augustine monk! That purpose is the Reformation! Waiting with the modesty of the hero until he is forced into the strife, with the courage of the hero, Martin Luther steps into the breach to do battle for the living truth.

That was a grand action of old Jerome, when he laid all his pressing engagements aside to achieve a purpose to which he felt a call from heaven. He had a large congregation—as large a one as any preacher could want—but he said to his people: "Now it is of necessity that the New Testament should be translated; you must find another preacher. The translation must be made. I am bound for the wilderness, and shall not return till my task is finished." Away he went with his manuscripts, and prayed and labored, and produced a work—a most wonderful translation of Holy Scripture—the Latin Vulgate, which will last as long as the world stands.

When Kossuth was an exile in Turkey, the government was strongly pressed by Russia and Austria to give him up. The expedient was resorted to of making his protection contingent on his embracing Mohammedanism. Hear his reply: "My answer admits of no hesitation. Between death and shame, the choice can neither be dubious nor difficult. I know what I owe to my country; I know my duty as a private individual. I am prepared to die."

Their countenances appeared fairer. The same is true of abstainers to-day. Temperance and intemperance have each their peculiar trade-mark and these are recognizable at a glance. They do not only affect the countenance, but everything else that pertains to their respective votaries: cash, clothes, manners, morals, home, family, eternity.

A drunkard sneered at a Washingtonian, and bawled out: "There goes a teetotaler!" The gentleman waited until the crowd had collected, and then, turning upon the drunkard said: "There stands a drunkard! Three years ago he had a snug little fortune, now he cannot produce a dime. I know he cannot. I challenge him to do it, for if he had a dime he would be at a grog-shop. There stands a drunkard; and here stands a teetotaler, with a purse full of money, honestly earned and carefully saved. There stands a drunkard! Three years ago he had a watch and decent clothes, now he has nothing but rags upon him; his watch is gone and his shoes take in the water at the toes and let it out at the heel. Here stands a teetotaler with a good hat, good shoes, good clothes, gold watch and all paid for. And now my friends which of us has the best of it?" The bystanders testified their approval of the teetotaler by loud shouts, while the drunkard slunk away crestfallen and glad to escape further attention.

God gave them knowledge. Here we have the secret of Daniel's steadfastness. God was with him, and when God is with us, who can prevail against us? But without God all our efforts are vain. He only can give us grace to overcome and withstand. We may boast of our own strength, bnt our strength is simply weakness.

The Hon. Thomas Marshall of Kentucky made a ten minutes' speech in the Broadway Tabernacle in the course of which he said, "Were this great globe one chrysolite and I offered its possession if I would drink one glass of brandy I would refuse it with scorn; but I want no religion, I want simply the temperance pledge." With that wonderful voice of his he thundered out, "We want no religion in this movement; let it be purely secular and keep religion where it belongs." Poor Tom Marshall! With all his self-confidence he fell and died at Poughkeepsie, in clothes given him by Christian charity.

THE REVIVAL IN MADRAS.

IN a letter from a missionary in India occur the following remarks about Dr. George F. Pentecost's services in Madras, a city of about half a million population: Dr. Pentecost is with us in Madras. He has been here for a fortnight, and expects to be with us still for a fortnight. Drops of blessing were early granted to us, gentle showers are beginning to fall, and we are hoping that they will yet be copious and widespread. As soon as he came, he was able to begin with a good audience. His large tent, which holds between eight hundred and a thousand people, was pitched between Fort St. George and Black Town, on the Esplanade, and it has been always well attended, and generally full to overflowing. In it a service has been held five evenings of the week, and on Sunday afternoons a meeting has been held at 4 p. m., to allow those to attend who cannot come on the week evenings. On Sundays the Doctor has preached in the churches morning and evening. Among the audience are well-educated and well-to-do Hindoos and Mohammedans; and a few of the better classes of Europeans have also attended pretty regularly.

As one looked on these crowded congregations, and saw the same intelligent people there service after service, and going from one service to another, which they know will be equally long, and as one saw their rapt attention, one was led to the conclusion that the cause of decay of pulpit power, wherever it exists, is not due to the absence of learning or ability, but to the preaching on topics of little interest to any, to the neglect of the truths that God has given, and which he uses to save men from sin and to fit them as the true children of God for the proper work of life. In spite of the heat and distance a thousand people meet every day of the week to hear the Gospel of Jesus preached simply and sincerely. The pastors of churches are rejoicing over many that have taken the decisive step, and we rejoice with them.

A BUSY CHRISTIAN HIVE.

(*Continued from first page.*)

money at a certain place in the village. When he had finished his first day's work and axe on shoulder went wearily homeward he learned that more than half the sum required to build the new church had been deposited. The church was built, and was filled Sunday after Sunday with an overflowing congregation.

Mr. Conwell remained at Lexington until the close of the year, 1882, when a call came to him from Grace Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

THE SAMARITAN HOSPITAL OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

It was not in quite so desperate a condition as the Lexington Church, but that it was very low may be inferred from the fact that only twenty-seven members could be assembled to give the call. The church was then worshipping in a building at the corner of Berks and Mervine Streets. It soon became evident that under Mr. Conwell's preaching the church would outgrow its quarters. A pathetic incident gave an impetus to the project of erecting a new building. A little girl applied for admission to the Sunday School. The school being already overcrowded, she could not be received. She was grievously disappointed, but her practical little mind set itself to the task of overcoming the difficulty. She would save up her pennies toward building a larger school so that she and other children could be admitted. But one day, a few weeks later, the minister was summoned to her home, for the child was dying, and the next day she was dead. In a battered red pocket-book was found the sum she had saved toward the enlargement of the school. It was only fifty-seven cents, but when Mr. Conwell showed the purse and told the story every heart was touched and the project on which the child had set her heart, but which she did not see realized, was fairly launched. At the head of the list of contributors for the $250,000 church stood the child's name with her dying bequest of fifty-seven cents.

The Temple, pictures of the exterior and interior of which appear on the first page, is an imposing edifice. It is built of hewn stone and is 150 feet long and 107 feet wide. It has 4108 separate numbered seats, those in the auditorium being plush-covered opera chairs. Beside these there is a possible seating accommodation for eight hundred more persons, so that some five thousand can hear the preacher there, and it is unusual to see a vacant space at either of the Sunday services.

But these services are not by any means all the use to which the building is devoted. Under its roof no less than fourteen organizations connected with the church's religious and philanthropic work have their headquarters; and there is no day in the year when its doors are closed, or the vast edifice untenanted. The Sunday School room is below the auditorium, in "The Lower Temple." It is 146 feet long and 48 feet wide and accommodates 1500 children. On the same floor are the Business Men's Union, the parlors, offices and reading-rooms of The Young Men's Association and the reception-room and library of the Young Women's Association, the armory for The Temple Cadets" and, in an annex, the boiler rooms, the engine room where the electric lights are produced, the kitchen and other necessary offices. The cost of the whole was over $250,000.

This vast building is a hive of busy Christian activity all the year round. The pastor seems to have made a study of the personal character of his members and to have discovered in each some faculty which he could turn to account. Every one apparently is interested in some congenial enterprise for the good of his fellow men. In a sense not generally read in the passage, Dr. Conwell has applied the declaration Paul made to Timothy, that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Godliness, as it is preached at the Temple is intended to apply to both lives. The man to whom it comes has not only a hope beyond the grave but a brighter and better life here. An incident which occurred recently will give a clue to the methods. A business man who joined the church found that he could not consistently carry on the business after his conversion which he was engaged in before his conversion. He sold out and entered a new business. Being unfamiliar with it, he blundered in his purchases and found himself in difficulties. His capital was locked up in a stock which could not be sold in time to meet his engagements. The fact came to Dr. Conwell's knowledge and the problem was referred to the committee specially fitted to solve it. This was "the Business Men's Committee." The embarrassed man's affairs were investigated. It was found that his stock was valuable and was more than sufficient to cover his liabilities if sold in the ordinary way and not at a sacrifice by a forced sale. Several thousands of dollars, however, were needed to enable him to tide over the crisis. The Business Men's Committee supplied the money and the man was saved.

Help of another kind is extended to another classs by the Temple. Numbers of young women attending the services are engaged in business during the week. They need society, amusement, congenial associations and home comforts which they cannot always find in their boarding-houses. A spacious room in The Temple is devoted to their use. Bright carpets, rich portieres give it an air of luxury. Pictures are on the walls, the latest publications are on the tables, there is a pipe-organ and a grand piano for those who would like to use them and a maid is in attendance ready to give her services to any who may need them. In another part of the building the young men have rooms devoted to their use which are open every evening of the week. A library, a reading-room, with conveniences for writing are at their service with warmth and light. In addition to these arrangements provision is made for younger boys between the ages of nine and fifteen. They are formed into a military company known as The Temple cadets and for them there is an armory and the appliances of a gymnasium.

Reaching out farther afield is the institution of the College. Its object is to meet the needs of three classes, who have been prevented by circumstances from taking a college course, and, being employees, could not take such a course without quitting their situations. The college has one department for such young men as desire to fit themselves for home or foreign missionary work; a second department for young men who want to improve their capacity for taking higher positions in business houses; and a third is a full college course, fitting students for professional life. The arrangements are made with the view of meeting the conditions of life of the students. Recitations take place in the evening after business houses are closed, and special recitations are held on Saturdays for those who cannot come on other evenings. At these they are examined in the studies they have made during the whole week. Among the students is an engineer, a married man, who, on entering the college, had but an imperfect knowledge of reading and writing, and who has so utilized his leisure time when off duty that, aided by the facilities of the college, he is now successfully studying his Xenophon in the original Greek. Another, who has recently left the College to carry on a mission work in a very hard neighborhood, was an illiterate sailor when he entered the College, and supported himself while he studied in a situation ashore at four and a half dollars a week. He is very successful in the mission to which he has gone, and is organizing a church.

The latest addition to the agencies of practical helpfulness connected with The Temple is the Samaritan Hospital. This is an institution for the reception and treatment of persons who have been injured or who may be in need of prompt and skilful medical or surgical attention. The need of such an institution was realized by the Pastor and the visiting committees early in their acquaintance with the working people and with the poor. Provision existed for the treatment of chronic and contagious diseases, but there was need of a place where the poor man overtaken by accident, or remediable illness, could be received and have the best medical attention, careful nursing and surroundings more favorable to his recovery than those of his humble home. Mr. Conwell's idea was that a greater benefit would be conferred by opening a number of smaller institutions of this kind in various parts of the city than one large central building with many wards. An opportunity occured last year for initiating the experiment, when the North Philadelphia Hospital was contemplating a suspension of its work. A committee of the Church of The Temple had some negotiations with the hospital trustees which issued in the acquisition of the charter and appliances for the new institution. A large double house was purchased in a neighborhood where accidents were frequent, owing to the contiguity of three lines of railroad. It was equipped with beds and surgical appliances, a resident physician and nurses were engaged, and on January 30 last the building, of which a picture is given on this page, was publicly dedicated. This building is Ward No. 1, of the Samaritan Hospital. When Ward No. 2 becomes an accomplished fact it will not be in the same or an adjoining building, but, according to Mr. Conwell's plan, in a distant part of the city where it may be needed. The object of the institution being to help the sick and suffering, as its name indicates, the spirit of the Samaritan in the Parable will be its pecuniary support. It is estimated that the cost to the institution of each patient will be about five dollars a week and already several gentlemen have endowed beds for a year. The President of the Hospital set the example by paying the required $250 for one bed, as a memorial of his deceased wife, who, he said, would have been better pleased with such a memorial of her than with the most handsome marble monument he could erect.

It will be seen, from this brief sketch of its most prominent organizations, that the church at The Temple is entitled to the name which we have given this notice. It is a church at work for the redemption and blessing of the world. It is teaching by its varied operations the great truth of the Saviour's love to humanity; and those whose lives are brightened and whose burdens are alleviated through what it has done and is doing, see in it the spirit of Christ, as he manifested it in his life, and are attracted to him who is the life and the light of men.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

How the Blind Beggars of China are Trained as Scripture Readers

ONE of the most interesting phases of missionary work in China is the effort to spread the Gospel among the blind. It is estimated that there are in the Celestial Empire 500,000 sightless individuals, the great majority being among the very poor. Of this vast army, thousands are mendicants, dependent upon public charity, utterly ignorant and untrained to any occupation whatever, as the Chinese, though they feed and clothe their blind, regard them as an incubus.

A friend has sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some very interesting information concerning a work that is now being carried on among those afflicted ones by Rev. W. H. Murray at Pekin—a work that promises to be greatly blessed as an aid in the evangelization of China. For a number of years, Mr. Murray was a Bible colporteur in Scotland. In 1871, he went to China, in connection with a Protestant mission, and at once began work at Chefoo. He made numerous excursions into Mongolia and Manchuria, and observed with surprise the extraordinary prevalence of ophthalmia and the wretched condition of the blind. Soon he began to plead their cause among the missionaries, and after great personal effort and many discouragements, awakened their interest in this long-neglected class. He succeeded in procuring an outfit of embossed alphabets in Chinese characters, somewhat similar to those in use in our own country, among the blind who have been trained to read by raised letters. As the Chinese know nothing of alphabetic symbols, he invented a sytem of his own to represent the 408 distinct symbols of the Chinese language, no word being represented by more than three symbols. Instead of numerals, he uses mnemonic letters, thus:

t or d reprents		1	sh represents		6
n	"	2	k	"	7
m	"	3	f or v	"	8
r	"	4	p or b	"	9
l	"	5	s	"	0

CHINESE TEACHER AND BLIND PUPILS AT REV. MR. MURRAY'S MISSION, PEKIN.

It is now nearly seven years since the Mission to the Chinese Blind was established in Pekin by Mr. Murray, and the work has been prosecuted faithfully and uninterruptedly ever since. Every pupil, as soon as he or she is thoroughly taught to read and gives evidence of true conversion, is sent back to the native villages where they teach others in turn.

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LET US PRAY.

LET not the prayer of him that conducts public service go up solitary and alone, but accompanied by the heartfelt ejaculation of all the auditory. We sit down on a soft cushion, in a pew by architectural skill arranged to fit the shape of our back, and are tempted to fall into unprofitable reveries. Let the effort be on the part of every minister to make the prayer and the Scripture-reading and the giving out of the hymn so emphatic that the audience cannot help but respond with all the soul. Let the minister, before going into the pulpit, look over the whole field and recall what are the styles of bereavement in the congregation—whether they be widowhood, orphanage or childlessness; what are the kinds of temporal loss his people may recently have suffered—whether in health, in reputation or estate; and then get both his shoulders under these troubles, and in his prayers give one earnest and tremendous lift, and there will be no dullness, no indifference, no lack of multitudinous response.

The reason that congregations have their heads bobbing about in prayer-time is because the officiating clergyman is apt to petition in the abstract. He who calls the troubles of his people by their right names, and tenderly lays hold of the cancers of the souls before him, will not lack in getting immediate heartfelt, if not audible, response. While we have not as much interest in the agitated question of liturgies as would make us say ten words about it, we are interested more than we can tell in the question: How shall the officiating ministers, in all the churches, give so much point, and adaptedness, and vigor, and blood-red earnestness of soul to their public devotions as shall make all the people in church feel that it is the struggle for their immortal life in which the pastor is engaged? Whether it be in tones that strike the ear, or with a spiritual emphasis heard only in the silent corridor of the heart, let all the people say Amen!

COMFORT YE.

IN the days when men lived five or six or seven hundred years, I suppose that troubles and misfortunes came to them at very great intervals. Life did not go so fast. There were not so many vicissitudes; there was not so much jostling. I suppose that now a man in forty years will have as many vexations and annoyances and hardships and trials and temptations as those antediluvians had in four hundred years. No one escapes. If you are not wounded in this side, you must be wounded in that. There are foes all around about you. There is no one who has come up to this moment without having been cleft of misfortunes, without having been disappointed and vexed and outraged and trampled on. The world comes and tries to solace us, but I think the most impotent thing on earth is human comfort when there is no Gospel mixed with it. It is a sham and an insult to a wounded spirit—all the comfort that this world can offer a man; but in his time of darkness and perplexity and bereavement and persecution and affliction, Christ comes to him with the solace of his Spirit, and he says: "Oh, thou tempted one, thou shall not be tempted above that thou art able." He tells the invalid, "There is a land where the inhabitants never say, 'I am sick.'" He says to the assaulted one, "You are no better than I am; they maltreated me, and the servant ought not to expect to have it easier than his Lord."

He comes to the bereaved one and says: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." And if the trouble be intricate, if there be so many prongs to it, so many horns to it, so many hoofs to it, that he cannot take any of the other promises and comforts of God's word to his soul, he can take that other promise made for a man in the last emergency and when everything else fails: "All things work together for good to those that love God." Oh, have you never sung of the comforting mercy of God? But notwithstanding there are so many comforts in Christ's Gospel, I do not think that we can stand the assault and rebuff of the world forever. We all were so weary of the last war. It seemed as if those four years were as long as any fifteen or twenty years of our life. But how could we endure one hundred years, or five hundred years, or a thousand years of earthly assault? Methinks the spirit would wear down under the constant chafing and the assault of the world.

Blessed be God, this story of grief and trouble and perplexity will come to an end!

THE FASHIONS.

WE have no sympathy with the implication that women are worse than men in regard to dress. Men wear all they can without interfering with their locomotion, but man is such an awkward creature he cannot find any place on his body to hang a great many fineries. Men wear less than women, not because they are more moral, but because they cannot stand it. As it is, many of our young men are padded to a superlative degree, and have corns and bunions on every separate toe from wearing shoes too tight. Neither have we any sympathy with the implication that the present is worse than the past in matters of dress. Compare the fashion-plates of the seventeenth century with the fashion-plates of the nineteenth, and you decide in favor of our day. The women of Isaiah's time beat anything now. Do we have hot irons for curling our hair? Isaiah speaks of "wimples and crisping pins." Do we sometimes wear glasses astride our nose, not because we are near-sighted, but for beautification? Isaiah speaks of the "glasses, and the earrings, and the nose-jewels." The dress of to-day is far more sensible than that of a hundred or a thousand years ago.

But the largest room in the world is room for improvement, and we would cheer on those who would attempt reformation either in male or female attire. Meanwhile, we rejoice that so many of the pearls, and emeralds, and amethysts, and diamonds of the world are coming into the possesion of Christian women. Who knows but that the spirit of ancient consecration may some day come upon them, and it shall again be as it was in the time of Moses, that for the prosperity of the house of the Lord the women may bring their bracelets, and earrings, and tablets, and jewels? The precious stones of earth will never have their proper place till they are set around the Pearl of Great Price.

THE MINISTER'S SALARY.

THE poorest paid class of men is clergymen. But perhaps this is necessary to keep them from being worldly. There is nothing more ruinous than to pay a pastor too much salary. Let every Board of Trustees look over their books and see if they have erred in this direction; and if so, let them cut down the minister's wages. There are churches which pay their pastors five hundred dollars per annum. What these good men do with so much money we cannot imagine. Our ministers must be taken in. If by occasional fasting for a day our Puritan fathers in New England became so good, what might we not expect of our ministers if we kept them in perpetual fast? No doubt their spiritual capacity would enlarge in proportion to their shrinkage at the waistcoat. The average salary of ministers in the United States is about six hundred dollars. Perhaps by some spiritual pile-driver we might send it down to five hundred dollars; and then the millennium, for the lion by that time would be so hungry he would let the lamb lie down inside of him. We would suggest a very economical plan: give your spiritual adviser a smaller income, and make it up by a donation visit. When everything else fails to keep him properly humble, that succeeds. We speak from experience. Many years ago we had one, and it has been a means of grace to us ever since.

MONDAYISH.

ALMOST all pastors know by experience the meaning of that word which is not found in the dictionaries. The Mondayish feeling sometimes comes to the ministry because that is the day the clerical profession do what they call "odds and ends," and visit the sick. Instead of taking it easy that morning, they are worried about the many errands they have to do. Monday is a poor day for visiting the sick. It is bad for the minister and for the invalid to whom he goes. When I am sick, save me from a minister who himself has "the dumps." We need to be strong when we go to help the weak. What the sick most need is a dose of sunshine; and how shall we pour it out for them unless we have a steady hand? There is no use of going in to sit on the bedside and help the invalid groan. Better take to him your tuning-fork and give him the pitch of "the new song." Sunday is a trying day; let Saturday on one side of it, and Monday on the other side of it, take hold its arms and help it through. Do not spend Monday in going round to see "how the sermon took." If it was faithful, I warrant that in some quarters it did not take at all. Do not ask a child afterward whether he enjoys calomel and jalap; of course he does not.

The Mondayish feeling often comes to the minister through worriment at the inefficiency of Sunday's work. But what is the use of fretting if we did as well as we could? We ought not to expect to make "a ten strike" at every roll. What though the sermon was spoiled by the poor ventilation of the church, or the elder with creaky shoes who went out twice during the sermon to see what was the matter, or the old man's clearing his throat with a racket that seemed to imply that he had taken a contract for removing all the colds of a lifetime at one spit? Do not let us fret over the poor sermons of yesterday, for brooding over them will only hatch more of the same breed. Besides that, our most insignificant effort may be raised in greatest power.

YATMAN'S COLUMN

WAKE UP!

EVERY denomination would do well to put some man in the field with a strong voice and set him going east and west crying: "Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!"

A number of preachers are asleep, and they need a visit. Some of them even snore when awake. Visit these first. Then half of the official men over the land have gone napping. They need a call. Many of them sleep sound and will need more than a voice. Lay your hands on them.

Committees? Yes, they, too, are asleep. Some of them have gone to rest—forever. Others may awake with a trumpet voice. Give them a call to work or judgment.

Meetings, as well, need to wake up. Leader and all have gone dosing. Let some one with power slip in and speak with voice that will raise the dead.

Cities—when seven out of every ten young men are going to hell with the speed of the wind, these need to awake and build barriers across the broad road to ruin.

Reader, maybe you need to wake up. Now you are nothing but a half dead and alive sort of a Christian. No good to yourself or anybody else. Wake up! Wake up! and let earth and heaven and hell know you are alive.

Keep-Awake.

IT's one thing to wake up, but a bigger thing to keep awake in church work. This epistle is for those who seldom or never read Proverbs 6: 9 to 11. I've seen with my own eyes seventy-five or a hundred men get together and plan work for Christ. There was enough enthusiasm to set the whole town on fire, and carry constant success to every movement made. My! How they did bubble and boil. Then I have gone back in a few months to the same field and found one man, their leader, awake, while the rest had gone back to sleep until once more aroused by some trumpet call. Let us wake up and then keep awake. Sleeping men are no better than dead men as far as work is concerned. Christ's work will never succeed to the extent it should till officers of the church and committeemen and members keep awake seventeen hours every day of the three hundred and sixty-five in the year.

Hear the Trumpet Call.

LIFE or death—which shall it be? The young men of America, shall they be saved or lost? Thousands upon thousands of souls in our own bright land going down to ruin with the speed of the wind. Shall we Christianize the Pagan world and see our own sons and daughters buried without Christ, and no hope of heaven? Never! Never!! Never!!!

It must not be. It shall not be. With ceaseless energy and untiring zeal, let us carry the Gospel to the very ends of the earth. But let us awake to the awful fact that right about us, within sound of the church bells, within arm's reach, at our very doors, there are millions of lost ones. For these we must answer at the judgment bar of God.

Let the fires kindle in your soul, let the Spirit of the God of Salvation speak and tell you to help, to act quick, to sacrifice, if need be, till the body feels it, to agonize till the soul quivers with emotion and the will acts with the heart to control your actions to do what you can.

Hundreds of young men are giving themselves nobly to foreign mission work. Are there not men who will answer to the call to save the lost sheep of the home fold? I believe there are.

The Neglecters.

THIS is no new society.

They have been, are now, and always will be.

It is not a secret organization either.

There are different branches, such as the home branch, church branch, business branch, salvation branch, and many others.

It is of the "church branch" we write.

The corps of officers and membership are usually embodied in single individuals.

They are usually faithful to their duties, which are:

1. Neglect of prayer.
2. Neglect of grace at meals.
3. Neglect of the Bible.
4. Neglect of preaching.
5. Neglect of the weekly prayer-meeting.
6. Neglect of giving.
7. Neglect of others' happiness.
8. Neglect of 4th commandment especially.

The BIBLE And the NEWSPAPER

THE NEW MINISTER TO FRANCE.

IN filling the place left vacant by Mr. Whitelaw Reid's resignation, the President has made a selection which receives general public approval. He has nominated Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge of Boston, Mass., whose portrait appears on this page. Mr. Coolidge is a grandson of Thomas Jefferson. He is sixty-one years of age and is well-known as an able business man, a fair scholar and a cultured gentleman. He has never given much attention to politics, nor sought political office, though he willingly served as a delegate to the Pan American Congress and aided materially in the discussion of economic and financial questions. Several magnificent public gifts have proved the liberal spirit of the new minister. One of these was the erection of the Jefferson Physical Laboratory at Harvard, which cost $115,000; and another was the recent gift of $40,000 toward the endowment of a Free Library at Manchester. Mr. Coolidge is specially qualified for the duties he will have to perform as our minister in Paris, by a thorough acquaintance with the French language and literature, which he completed during a residence of three years in France, in his early manhood. His position will give him opportunities for usefulness which we hope he will turn to good account. France is now in a critical position through the revival of anarchism, which twice before in her history has worked havoc in the nation. While she is naturally cautious in accepting the advice of foreigners who represent interests in conflict with her own, she will probably listen to counsel from the accredited representative of a sister republic. The wisest counsel he can give her is to return to God, whom she has ignored as a nation for many generations, profaning his day and neglecting his commands, and to assure her that it is righteousness which exalteth a nation while sin is a reproach to any people. (Prov. 14: 34.)

HON. T. JEFFERSON COOLIDGE.

An Experiment in Morality.

AN extraordinary project has been devised by Dr. Tanner of fasting fame. To a reporter of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* he recently stated that he was engaged in a scheme for producing absolutely perfect men and women. He said: "We have bought a New Mexico ranch, near Las Cruces, and on it built a home for 100 poor orphans. We bring these children up in absolute ignorance of the existence of alcohol, tobacco, or narcotics of any kind. We give them a good education and plenty of exercise. When any of them reach a marriageable age we shall bring them to some city and allow them to see the world. They can remain in and of the world if they wish, but if they prefer our colony life they can return to us, but with the understanding that they can marry only among themselves. Is it not reasonable to suppose that in time their descendants, free from any hereditary taint, will be as near perfect men and women as can be made on this earth? It is simply the plan which the breeders of fine horses or cattle carry out successfully. In man it will result in physical, mental, moral and spiritual betterment." It is certain that Dr. Tanner would be disappointed if he lived to see the result of his experiment. Evil does not come from association only, though much of it is so orginated. It comes from within, and in the seclusion he proposes he provides no remedy for that spontaneous kind which is sure to manifest itself. The only true way of producing perfect people is to have the heart changed by the grace of God. (Matt. 15: 19)

A Novel Funeral.

A LOS ANGELES, California, dispatch describes the singular ceremonies which were performed there on April 29, at the obsequies of a Buddhist. The deceased man was one of the high officers among the Theosophists whose doctrines are those of Buddhism. His remains were incinerated at the crematory in Rosedale Cemetery, with the ceremonies enjoined by his creed. A member of the Theosophical propaganda, solemnly recited the Buddhist ritual. Fires had been maintained in the furnace for forty-eight hours, and it was heated to 1,800 degrees. It took two hours for the body to be consumed. The ashes were then gathered up and taken into the open fields, and scattered to the four winds, so that no man should know where they had gone. What would have happened if any man had known where they were gone, we are not told. It was of no concern then to the departed what was done with his body. The momentous question for him at that time was as to how he stood before God: whether as the godly who, when "the house of this tabernacle is dissolved, have a building of God, eternal in the heavens." (II. Cor. 5: 1); or as the ungodly, who are "as stubble before the wind and as the chaff that the storm carrieth away." (Job 21: 18.)

A Magnetic Bowlder.

AN interesting natural curiosity was discovered a few days ago in Missouri. A correspondent of the New York *Herald* at Ironton, Mo., reports that while hunting with a party of friends on the mountains about five miles away from that city, they sat down under the shadow of a large bowlder to eat lunch. They laid their guns on a flat rock near them, and had no sooner done so than they were surprised to see the weapons slide toward the bowlder. The guns were drawn to the bowlder and there stuck with such force that it was difficult to take them away from it. On investigation it was discovered that the bowlder was an immense magnet and with such power that it attracted pieces of iron and steel from a distance of many feet. The party made several experiments to test its power. One was that of holding a piece of soft iron four feet from the ground and four feet from the bowlder. When released, instead of falling to the earth, it flew to the bowlder, "thus proving," says the correspondent," that the magnetic influence was stronger than the attraction of gravitation." But, as every one knows, it would be stronger only over certain substances. A piece of wood or a stone, would have obeyed the attraction of gravitation and the loadstone would have had no power over it. The same law applies in the spiritual world. Some natures feel no attraction but that of the world and worldly objects, while others yield to the power of Christ which draws them away from the world to himself. But to all who seek it, he imparts the responsive power which they do not naturally possess. (John 6: 65.)

A Friend of the Afflicted.

VERY busy weeks have been the last few for the energetic, active lady whose portrait we give here. Miss Clara Barton, the well-known President of the American Society of the Red Cross, has been in New York superintending the dispatch of relief to the starving people of Russia. The cry of suffering in any part of the world never reaches Miss Barton's ears without response, and this cry of the millions of Russia for bread has awakened all her sympathies. The collection of supplies, the securing of steamers and the arrangements for distributing the food directly to the famishing people have involved thought and labor which have occupied her almost day and night. The people of Iowa—chiefly the ladies of that State—furnished provisions for one cargo. These were collected and sent forward to New York by Mr. B. F. Tillinghast, of the Iowa Relief Committee, whose energy and devotion to the work are beyond all praise. Food arrived in such quantities that the steamer *Tynehead*, which had been engaged to convey it to Russia, was too small to hold it. The *Tynehead* has been loaded with all the wheat, corn, flour and rice it would hold, and on May 2 it sailed for Russia. On its arrival, Dr. Hubbell, the Field Agent of the Red Cross Society in the famine district, will receive it, will superintend its conveyance eastward, and will personally see that it is given to those whose need is most pressing. As President of the Red Cross Society, the burden of making these arrangements has naturally fallen on Miss Barton, and it could have devolved on no one better fitted to carry it to a successful issue. Many a kindred work of mercy has her skill for organization, her patient mastery of details and her untiring energy executed. Her first experience came in the war, when she organized a field-hospital service; and at Cedar Mountain, Fredericksburg, the siege of Charleston and other battles, worked bravely and indefatigably in the relief of the wounded and the comfort of the dying. Thousands of people owe their lives to-day to what she did years ago, and her name awakens enthusiasm in many communities. "She was a ministering angel to me," said a veteran the other day. But in that he was wrong; the service she rendered him was that of a compassionate sagacious woman, and an angel could not have rendered it. We too often forget that God expects us to help each other, and is not pleased when we pray to him to relieve the

MISS CLARA BARTON.

misery of some one in trouble, which we might relieve ourselves by effort or the sacrifice of money. He does not send angels to do the work that should be done by human beings. (James 2: 15-16.)

Chinese Misrepresentation.

THE antipathy of the native population in some districts of China to the missionaries and Europeans generally, is reported to be again causing apprehension. The stern measures adopted by the Chinese government after the riots in the Yangtse Valley last year have awed the people but it is evident that only dread of punishment restrains them from a renewal of the outrages. They hate the foreigner in their hearts and would be glad to kill him, or, at least, to drive him out of the country. Their dislike is partly due to their intense conservatism and hatred of all innovation. This is chronic, but it becomes acute when a few leaders inflame the passions of the lower classes by well-known adroit means. The outrages in the Province of Hunan were the direct result of a fiendish effort of this kind. An illustrated book was issued in the Province just before the outbreak, with the evident object of exciting hostility. It was called *A Complete Picture Gallery* and was full of false allegations against the missionaries. The Mission Press at Hankow has published an edition of this book with facsimiles of the pictures and a translation of the letter-press into English. One of the pictures is here given. They are all of a similar character representing the foreigner either engaged in horrible barbarities or being punished for committing them by the Chinamen. The letter-press charges the foreigners with practising foul and cruel rites, gouging out the eyes of their converts, performing indescribable surgical operations on their patients and viciously perverting the morals of the young. The author's animus against the Christians is evident throughout, and he knows enough of the ceremonies of the Catholic Church and the surgical operations in the Missionary Hospitals to provide a basis of truth for the false changes he makes. By artfully perverting facts he has constructed a tissue of wicked allegations which ignorant Chinamen easily believe. The lower classes, which are the most dangerous, were too poor to buy the book, but care was taken that it should reach their hands through a fund raised to pay the cost of free distribution. Happily, the missionaries have a host of native converts who know by experience and can testify to the purity and beneficence of their lives and teachings, or these gross misrepresentations

A CHINESE ANTI-CHRISTIAN CARTOON.

would be more dangerous than they are. The ingenious combination of truth and falsehood is evidence of their satanic origin, for the adversary has always adopted those tactics which are especially difficult to meet. He used them against our Lord at his trial when he perverted his saying about destroying the Temple in three days. (Matt. 26: 61.)

BRIEF NOTES.

A marble slab, with the inscription, "C. H. Spurgeon," has been affixed to Mr. Spurgeon's grave, in Norwood Cemetery. At Mrs. Spurgeon's desire, one other word, "Waiting," is to be added to the inscription.

Rev. Thomas Harrison has been holding meetings for the past two weeks in St. John's M. E. Church 53d Street, New York, of which Dr. J. M. King is pastor. There has been a large attendance, and the interest has been increasing daily. It has been decided in view of the wonderful work, evidently only just beginning, to continue the meetings for some time to come.

The sad news comes from the sick-room of Dr. Charles Cullis that his physicians have abandoned hope of his recovery. The great and good man who, for more than a quarter of a century, has toiled in the interest of humanity, and whose life has been a blessing to thousands here and in foreign lands, is at last prostrated by exhaustion resulting from labors which would have worn out more robust men years ago.

Rev. S. Edward Young, pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Asbury Park, N. J., is endeavoring to provide religious services for all the Life-saving Stations of the United States, having already arrainged services in the Stations of New Jersey and Long Island. Mr. Young is the father of the present movement to increase the wages of surf-men and keepers, which has passed the Senate and has been recommended unanimously by the House Committee on Foreign Commerce.

We are anxious that Rev. George W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the American Sunday School Union, should be kept in the field another year. He has done grand work for the Master in planting Sunday Schools and in personal labor in neglected districts. It will cost $700 to continue his work. Toward this in addition to Mr. Hamilton's promise of $25, we have received $5 from F. F., Brooklyn, O.; $2.50 from B. J., Norton, Va.; $1 from A Subscriber, Bishop, Ill., and $1 from A. Y., Ionia, N. Y.

DEATH OF REV. GEORGE A. SPARKS.

A SAD announcement, which is called from us this week, will, we are sure, be read with regret by many friends. It is that of the death of Rev. George A. Sparks, an old and valued employee of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Mr. Sparks was sixty-seven years of age and he entered the service of this journal at the beginning of its publication in this country in 1878. He was a punctual, methodical, trustworthy worker and took a deep interest in the progress of the paper. He had a robust constitution and until last winter, though feeling the weight of advancing years, he continued in good health. During the winter, however, he was prostrated by an attack of the grip, which tried him severely. His recovery was slow and when he resumed his place in the office, he had evidently lost his former elasticity and vigor. He was fully conscious that his days were numbered, but he was not depressed having a firm faith in Christ. On April 16, he left his desk for the last time. He lingered two weeks, suffering little pain and then the end came and his life of service closed in death.

THE FUND IS NOW $20,000.

Arrangements for the Final Shipment Not Yet Complete—To Take Place About June 10th, Next.

TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS means a **million loaves of bread,** each loaf weighing two pounds of sweet, wholesome, nutritious American flour. This, in brief, is the present status of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Russian Relief Fund, the marvellous result of the spontaneous movement among our readers to extend succor to the suffering peasants. How the Fund has grown and multiplied itself over and over, has already been told in these columns. Probably there has never been a more remarkable spectacle of disinterested Christian charity than this: no more beautiful and complete obedience to the command of the Master, who, when he preached to his disciples and the multitude on the Judean plain, admonished them to "do good and lend, hoping for nothing again * * * Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over shall men give unto your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again."

(Luke 6: 35-38.) It is expected that during the next two weeks all the arrangements for the final shipment by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund will be completed. This shipment will be much larger than was foreseen at any time during the progress of the Fund. We are now negotiating for a steamer to carry the cargo to Russia, where it will be transferred to the Field Agents of the Red Cross Society for distribution in the afflicted districts. As soon as the negotiations are completed, the full programme will be published in these columns.

The arrival of the Philadelphia Citizens' Relief Steamer, *Conemaugh*, with the first CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund shipment on board, has been welcomed with many warm expressions of gratitude by the Russian government and people. It is probable that much of the *Conemaugh's* cargo will be forwarded to the province of Samara, where the famine is still unabated, and the mortality and suffering are still very great.

Owing to the very large number of contributors to the Fund and the limited space at our disposal, acknowledgment of late contributions has been delayed until the following week. These will appear continuously until every contribution, no matter how small, is duly accredited. Below we acknowledge a number of the contributions to the Fund received during the past week:

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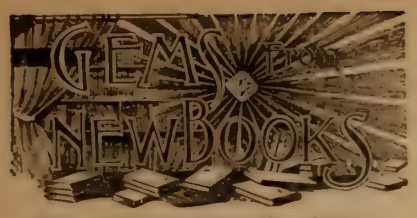


The Princess and the Stars.*

THE little room no longer bounded their existence,—it was one of a long suite,—and at dusk, when it was too late to work over the paper flowers, they were put aside, and the "princesses," lying in state upon the couch, called for lights, and watched the stars as they came out one by one.

"It seems to me the 'tendants are a long time lighting up to-night," Katie ventured.

"You forget how large the palace is," Sallie returned, severely.

"They don't seems to make very much light either."

Katie's imagination was more limited; it could not always keep pace with her sister princess's.

"The King is not here, to-night, and of course we don't have so much light till he comes."

"When is he coming?"

"I don't know; I think, maybe, by Christmas. Didn't you say Miss Winthrop told you he came then?" Princess Sara asked, coming to realities abruptly.

"She said he did once; but he came then a little baby. I don't believe he'd come that way now. Have you thought what to do for him?"

"No; I tell you, Katie, there's a mistake,—if I was his daughter, really, he'd tell me what to do. I wish we knew more about it. Why do you s'pose that lady hasn't been to the palace?"

"Maybe she forgot the way. I'll find out more next Sunday; but it's long to wait."

"Yes, sometimes I think I won't have time enough."

"Why, what do you mean?" Katie asked, her eyes big with alarm.

"I get so tired, now-a-days, and I can't sit up as long as I could; maybe by and by I can't any."

"Do you mean you might get worse and go,"—Katie stammered over the hard words.

Sallie nodded slowly.

"Yes, it seems queer to think of it; but I can't do much but think of things, you know and somehow, lately, I've thought I might never grow up like other folks. I couldn't with this, anyway," and she touched the twisted limb softly.

"There, Katie, don't feel bad,—maybe I'll get stronger instead;" for the golden head had sunk lower and lower, and the tiny frame beside her was shaken with hard internal sobs, as Katie, young in years, but womanly of intuition where the child of her childish maternity was concerned, heard expressed in words for the first time what had been like a dark shadow before her for many weeks. It seems an unnatural talk for children; but these little "prisoners of poverty" are aged unnaturally always; and thrice welcome should bodily weakness and isolation be, if it result in preserving any degree of childish innocence.

THE DYING CHILD'S DREAM.†

"OH hark! what wondrous sound I hear?
A music rapturous, divine,
Like voices softly singing near,
A thousand voices sweet as thine!

"Tell me, whence comes this melody,
That stills, that drives away my pain?
Ah! happy, happy would I be,
If ever thus I might remain!

"And what is this light that fills mine eyes,
So soft, so radiant, so fair;
That seems from no place to arise,
Yet falleth softly everywhere?

"Hush, mother! The voices are dying now,
And a sweet, sweet peace doth o'er me creep,
And I feel a soft breath on my brow;
Hush, for I fain would fall asleep."

THE BIBLE REASONABLE.‡

You admit that God can order events, but would hesitate to admit that God can order events through men. Besides, you must not forget the peculiarity of the Biblical history. It is religious history. It is the religious side of historical events that is depicted. The writers are tracing a divine intervention in its progress unto the great intervention. Its point of view is God and his ruling and overruling. All things are seen as through the lens of the Divine Eye. Once get this point of view, and many a form of expression in the narrative is explained. Hallam writes his history from the point of view of the English Constitution. Macaulay writes from the point of striking biographies. Greene sees all things as related, not to the crown, but to the common people of England. Moses wrote from the point of view that sees a moral design in all things and all events. A mere naturalist, writing of the facts recorded in the first chapter of Genesis, would have given us the scientific outlook upon the creative process. Moses writes: "In the beginning, God." And he never drops from that key for a moment, whether he depicts nature, the doings of individual men, or the development of the world's history. Results, which an ordinary historian would refer to secondary causes, are here referred to God's hand, or God's will, or God's word. They are seen as if they originated with God—not indeed in any such way as to make the moral acts of men free from praise or blame; but the end is seen when speaking of the origin. A potent influence in the mind of a great moral leader is written down as a command of God, and the formula is "and God said." It is the air and the tone of the narration, colored by the idea that all things are tending toward the advent of the Messiah. God has adopted human history—especially the history of the people foremost in moral ideas—as his way of developing his plan of restoration and salvation. He has taken a series of men, a series of facts; and, so, if he will have himself understood as doing it, this constant idea must appear in the record which he directs and inspires. A narrative written from this point of view, and correctly written, would seem to be as necessary as is the ordering of the events themselves. Given, the facts with such a tendency, there is also required a Bible in which this tendency is everywhere evident. It would not do to trust the record of these events to any chance historian who did not see the trend and the determinative end. If it were worth while to have the story of it accurately given. The facts warrant the Book.

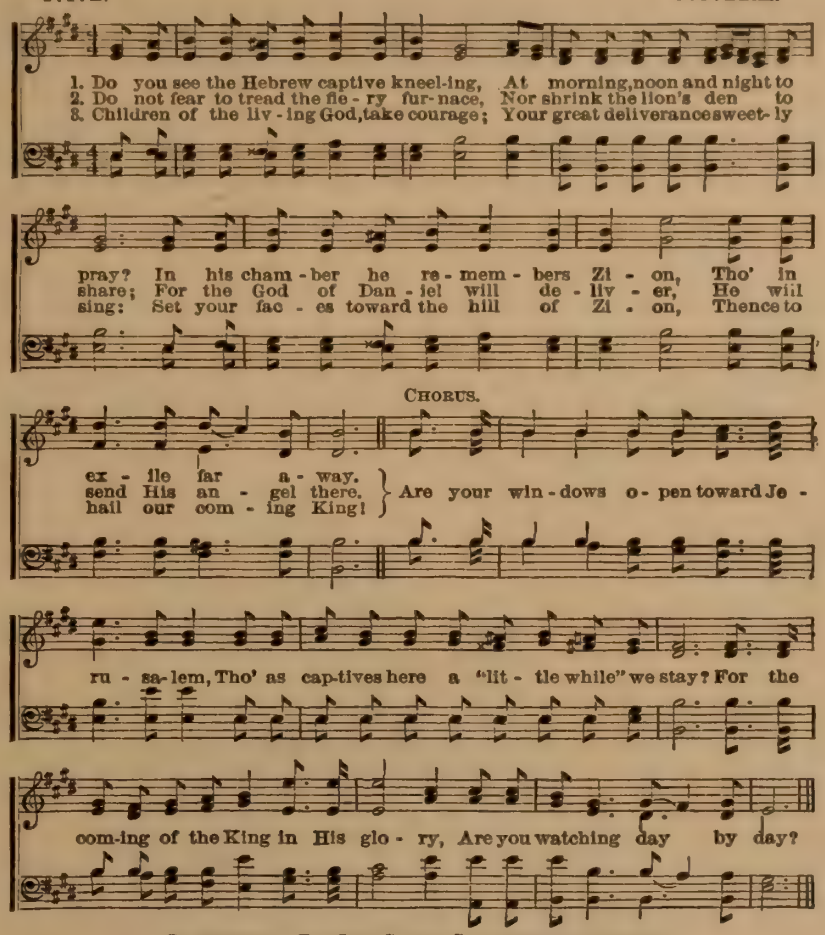
*From *Katie, a Daughter of the King;* by Mary A. Gilmore; pp. 84; illustrated; Randolph & Company, N. Y., Publishers.

†From *Poems*, by George Murray, New York, pp. 46; published by the author.

‡From *Hours with a Sceptic*, by Rev. D. W. Faunce, D. D. The difficulties in the way of accepting the facts and doctrines of the Bible which are most commonly addressed are stated and met in this volume by Dr. Faunce in the form of a series of conversations. The work is a very able one and will be very useful to ministers and others who have to deal with sceptics; pp. 240; price $1. Published by the *American Baptist Publication Society*, 1420 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Windows open toward Jerusalem.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.


1. Do you see the Hebrew captive kneeling, At morning, noon and night to
2. Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace, Nor shrink the lion's den to
3. Children of the living God, take courage; Your great deliverance sweetly
pray? In his chamber he remembers Zion, Tho' in
share; For the God of Daniel will deliver, He will
sing: Set your faces toward the hill of Zion, Thence to
CHORUS.
exile far away.
send His angel there.
hail our coming King!
} Are your windows open toward Je-
rusalem, Tho' as captives here a "little while" we stay? For the
coming of the King in His glory, Are you watching day by day?

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WE HAVE AN ANCHOR

[Kindly forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Miss Sarah de Brisay, Bathurst, N. B., Can.]

WILL your anchor hold in the storm of life,
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife;
When the strong tides lift and the cables strain,
Will your anchor shift or firm remain?

CHORUS:

We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure when the billows roll;
Fastened to the rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love.

It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand,
For 'tis well secured by the Saviour's hand;
And the cables passed from his heart to mine
Can defy the blast through strength divine.

It will firmly hold in the straits of fear,
When the breakers have told the reef is near;
Though the tempest rave and the wild wind blow,
Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.
It willl surely hold in the floods of death
When the waters cold chill our latest breath;
On the rising tide it can never fail,
While our hopes abide within the veil.

When our eyes behold the gathering night,
The city of gold, our harbor bright,
We shall anchor fast by the heavenly shore,
With the storms all past forevermore.

THE DATE OF THE PAROUSIA.

The Clear Prediction of Scripture of the Date of Christ's Coming to Resurrect the Righteous Dead and to Translate the Wise Virgins or Watching Christians.

BY DR. B O. KINNEAR.

(*Concluded from last week*)

LET us turn to Rev. 17. Herein is a vivid description of ecclesiastical Rome, as shown by verse 18, ruling over ten Red Republics, having seven heads and ten horns, the Republican form of government, has thus overthrown the ten kings which will arise after the next European war, Antichrist ultimately rules over three of the Ten Anarchies, Dan. 7: 24, yet is subject at this time to Rome, and is not yet revealed as "the man of sin," but as "the scarlet colored Beast, Rev. 17. Verse 8 tells us that the Beast thou sawest, was; and is not; and shall ascend out of the bottomless pit and go into perdition. The seven heads are seven mountains on which the woman sitteth—and the beast that "was" and "is not;" he is the eighth, and is of the "seven kings or headships (ver. 10), of the Roman Empire and goeth into perdition." Of the seven kings or headships John is told; "five are fallen, that is in his own day; one is: the Emperors then ruling, and who continued supreme to the division of Pagan Rome into its eastern and western empires, and the other is not yet come, and when he cometh (this headship), he endureth but a short space."

Since the days of the Pagan Roman Emperors, there has never been a headship over the eastern and western Roman Empires combined; and the seventh head does reign over them both, in Revelation; therefore this seventh head (Rev. 13 and 17), must be the scarlet colored Beast; or the Antichrist at this period ruled over by Rome, or the great dissolute woman. But the ten horns or Red Republics hate this woman, as the chapter shows, and give their kingdom to the Beast. The Ten Horns of Daniel cannot be the seventh head because the Little Horn or Beast comes after them, but Rome, in chapter 17 rules over the "scarlet colored Beast," and yet is overcome by the Ten Horns or Red Republics, who agree to give their power and strength to this very scarlet colored Beast she rules over, or to *Ho Anarchos*, the Anarchist. Therefore Rome, ruling over the whole of the territory of Pagan Rome, "sits upon the scarlet colored Beast," which is the "Seventh head" of Revelation, and out of this seventh which in chapter 13, is slain and resuscitated, comes the eighth, as is plain from the chapter.

Now we have seen that the Little Horn of Daniel arrives at his great power, in the midst of the week of years, and that power is to last 1260 days and 75 days; or 1335 days. Verse 8, of Rev. 17; exclaims, that all the world shall wonder when they behold the Beast, that was, and is not, and yet, is. "*Was*"—the Scarlet Colored Beast ruled by Rome "*is not*"—being slain; "*yet is*," being revivified by Satan.

Turn back to Rev. 12. In this chapter is related to us, the story of the fight between Michael and his angels, and the Dragon and his angels; the casting out of Satan and his followers upon the earth, and the freeing of heavenly places from all evil principalities and powers. Mark the expression, "Now is come salvation and strength," and "The Kingdom of our God" etc. Verse 10.

Therefore, not until Satan and his angels are cast out of heaven does the "Kingdom of God" come, and only then is that holy country prepared and made ready for those who take part in the first resurrection, and the living watchers are caught up to meet the Lord, who descends to the air which is thus purified and cleansed of every evil and contaminating power.

Thus, if the kingdom of our God has only come, when Satan is cast down upon the earth, and out of heaven, it evidently follows, that then, and not until then does Christ descend to resurrect the righteous dead and to change those who are watching for his coming "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," into his likeness, and draw them to him to meet him in the air.

It is plainly seen also by chapter 13 that Antichrist is not revealed as "the man of sin" until after Satan is cast out, into the earth, because the Dragon gives him Antichrist, or the Anarchist "his power and seat and great authority." Thus we behold the beast wounded to death or slain, according to the Greek, Rev. 13, and resurrected," his deadly wound being healed, and all the world wondered after the beast."

Here then is the beast who "*was*," sat upon by the woman, the acknowledged seventh head, sitting upon the then unac-

knowledged but *real* seventh head of the old Roman territories. He is wounded to death, actually slain, therefore he "is not!" Restored to life and given his power, seat and great authority, by Satan, and therefore once more "he is."

Truly the man of sin *revealed*. But never before revealed as the man of sin, because never before had he been given the seat and power and authority of that old dragon, Satan. Verse 5 informs us that power was given him to continue forty and two months; the same period precisely as the 1,260 days, and the "time, times and dividing of time" of Daniel.

Referring again to II. Thessalonians 2, we see that the Parousia, or coming of the Saviour was not to take place until that Man of Sin be revealed. Here then we have the time that he is revealed. At the termination of the first three years and one-half of the compact seven, for the Abomination of Desolation is not set up until after he is revealed, as declared in the rest of this chapter. The image of him is then erected in the holy place "in the midst of the week," as Daniel makes plain. Lastly: the fourteenth chapter of Revelation emphatically demonstrates, the Wise Virgins to be redeemed from, or bought from, among men, being the first-fruits to God and the Lamb at this period. This rapture — this being caught up — happens immediately Satan is cast down on the Earth, the Man of Sin, or Beast, revealed, and the Abomination of Desolation set up. Thus it appears from Scripture that the Watchers or Wise Virgins must not expect the immediate coming of Christ to the air, to raise the dead and translate these living ones, until the end of the first three and one-half years, after Antichrist's compact.

Thus setting, as Totten does, the end of the seven years in March, 1899, the beginning of them, if they were ordinary years, would be in March 1892. But if the last one or two years of the seven are shortened years, owing to the earth's increased rate of rotation—if, as we are told, "the day shines not for a third part of it and the night likewise" (Rev. 8: 12) —six or more months may be lost. Then there may be seven years between September, 1892 and March, 1899, and the end may come in March, 1899, as Totten says, even though the making of the compact which was to be the sign of the beginning of the seven years has not taken place and may not take place before September next.

I feel impelled to express in writing what has been a rapidly growing and has now become a settled conviction, that the first portion of Christ's coming to withdraw the Philadelphian or prophetic Church out of the world from that "hour of tribulation" the great one; which is to "try the whole world" will not take place, and cannot be expected until that Man of Sin be "revealed."

Watchers to-day know that the coming is "near, even at the doors," both from the "falling away" having in part taken place, from the signs of the times, and the declarations of the two leading Scriptural chronologists of the day; Professor Totten of Yale, and Prof. Dimbleby, Premier Chronologist of Great Britain, as well as by the chronological statements of prophetic students during the past forty years, all pointing to the end of this century as the end of the age, or dispensation, but none have yet openly declared the time of the Parousia from the declarations of holy writ. I place this paper before all those who "love his appearing" for criticism and correction; and if I am wrong I shall be only too glad to be set right.

The Scriptures quoted demonstrate that the days of grace to allow Christians to become wise through God's loving-kindness and mercy are not yet ended, but will continue until the true midnight cry arises, sometime during the first three and a half years of the seven, when the now largely indifferent Christian Church will arise in response, and begin to study the prophets in earnest, but while the cry is in progress the Saviour will come, and they to their horror, will be too late to become part of the Bride of Christ. These same Scriptures also tend to prove that after these wars forming the Ten Kingdoms are over the Church will not admit that the prophecies of the "last days" or the time of the end are fulfilling before their very eyes, so that they will have no excuse when their eyes are really opened, to say the signs were so vague it was impossible to make them out; but they will then realize fully that had they "taken heed unto prophecy, as to a light in a dark place," they would have had a full supply of oil, and not have been suddenly dismayed by the delayed and fatal discovery, viz., that "their lamps are going out." (Matt. 25: 8.) May the Almighty bless the paper to all readers, and may they find themselves in "that day" welcomed by the Lord from heaven.

STEADFASTNESS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing May 22. Daniel 1:8; I Corinthians 15:58.

WHAT multitudes since the days of Daniel have derived new strength and courage in times of difficulty and danger from the story of his life! Every generation has found men in situations demanding the qualities which distinguished the young captive Hebrew. The ordeal has varied in its features with the times, but it has always been present in some form. He that would live godly in the world in any age has been required to do battle. In one shape or another he meets with opposition. With either the world, the flesh or the devil he has to contend, and sometimes all three have allied their forces against him. When the heart sinks with dread at the thought of the approaching struggle, it takes courage from the example set by the Hebrew exile in Babylon. That example has given fortitude to the martyr on the way to the tortures of the Inquisition, and courage to the school-boy who is going to kneel down and pray amid scoffing companions in the dormitory. The way of the righteous lies through the arena, and by no other path can he reach his crown.

The present time is no exception to the rule. Churches abound, religion is fashionable, our land is called a Christian land, but the days of conflict are not past. There is still need for the qualities which Daniel exercised in Babylon. Many a young man to-day has to meet a temptation similar to that which he met. The prizes of the world — dignities, honors, power seem as far off from thousands of our young men as they appeared to be from that seventeen-year-old lad when he arrived in Babylon among the gang of prisoners. Poverty and obscurity seem to be his distined lot. But, unexpectedly, a way is opened to a brilliant position. A golden opportunity is presented of getting the best education of the day, with a clear path to wealth and distinction. At such a time few would closely scrutinize the conditions attached to the opportunity. The young stranger in the city would be slow to take any course that might offend the influential patron who proposed to help him to make his fortune. Why should he sacrifice his brilliant prospects by scruples which trouble none of his competitors? Why should he make himself conspicuous by a course of conduct that will bring ridicule upon him? If he adapts himself to the customs of the city, takes part in popular amusements, mixes in irreligious society, does not obtrude his religious opinions and lives as other young men do, he will establish his position in society, will make friends and become popular. It is an easy course and one suggested by worldy wisdom. It was in this shape that the enemy met Daniel, and it is in the same form that he meets men to-day. Yonder are the prizes of political eminence, of the millionaire's palace, of social distinction. The eager young man sees them, appreciates their value and is eager to attain them. If the path thither lies through the mire what must he do? We know what Daniel did. He "purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself."

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A SUNRISE MEETING.

EASTER morning was appropriately celebrated by the Christian Endeavor Society of the Christian Church at Decatur, Ill., by a Sunrise Prayer Meeting at six o'clock. Mr. J. N. Martin, Jr., the President of the Society, sends us one of the invitation cards, and says: "We had a grand meeting, full of the Easter spirit. The church was almost full. Many prayers went up for the services of the different churches of our city. The Decatur Christian Endeavor Union is alive and doing what they can for the Master."

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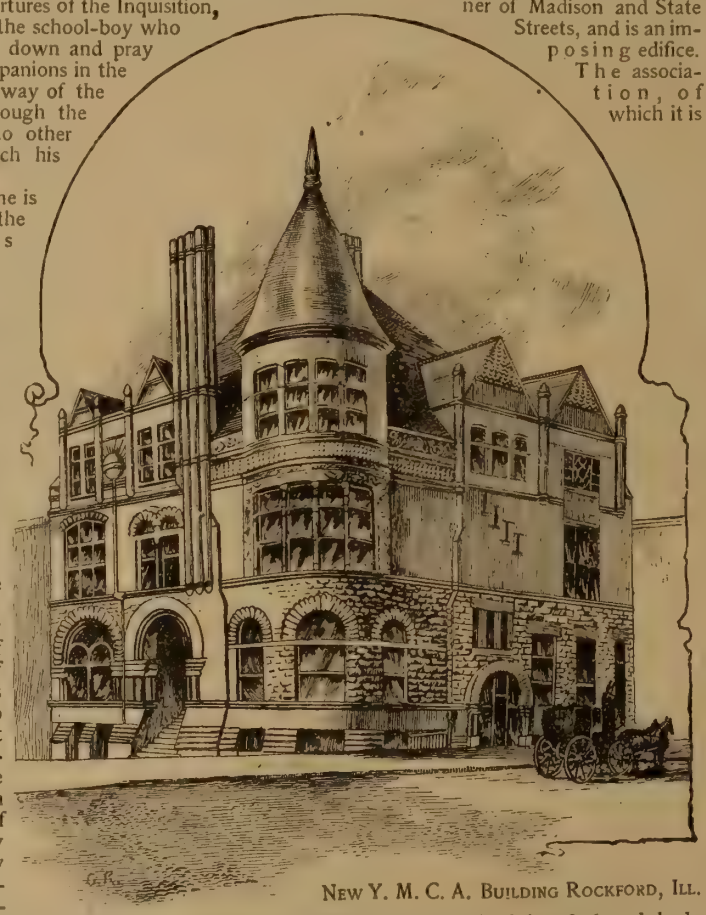
AN ILLINOIS Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

AMONG the new buildings devoted to Young Men's Christian Association work, one of the most commodious and substantial is that of Rockford, Ills., a picture of which appears on this page. It is centrally situated on the corner of Madison and State Streets, and is an imposing edifice. The association, of which it is the home, was organized in 1876 and had a steady growth until better quarters than those which had sufficed for a beginning became a necessity. Then the association made an effort to secure a building of its own and triumphantly succeeded. The cost of the new home including the lot on which it stands was forty-three thousand dollars and it was furnished at an additional cost of $3,650. The whole of the money excepting the proportionately small sum of seven thousand dollars has been paid. The Association has a well equipped gymnasium and reading-room, a ladies' auxiliary, and is in all respects a well organized thriving Association.



NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING ROCKFORD, ILL.

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THE SOCIETIES FEEDING THE FAMINE SUFFERERS.

WE notice with pleasure that many Societies of Christian Endeavor and Circles of King's Daughters are among the contributors to the fund which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is raising for the relief of the starving millions in Russia. This is particularly gratifying because these organizations have many local claims on their treasuries which must be met. That they have so liberally responded to this cry of suffering from the far-away land, shows that they have imbibed the spirit of the Master and like him have been moved with compassion for the multitude who have no bread. Doubtless many other Societies and Circles intend joining in this Christlike work and we should be glad to have every organization represented that desires the privilege. It will, however, be necessary to take prompt action. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is now making arrangements for its second and final shipment of flour to Russia. This will certainly be sent within the next three weeks. Any subscriptions received before May 30 will serve to swell this last great gift to the famishing people. After that date it will be too late and the money raised, will have to go through some other channel. As THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund is distinctively the gift of Christian people it is appropriate that the gifts of the Christian societies should be included in it. Christ should have the glory of this benevolence. It will carry with it a lesson of infinite value. When the hungry people ask the men who distribute the food how it is that the stranger and the foreigner have come to their help in their extremity, they will be told that their benefactors are succoring them for Christ's sake. They will hear that Jesus loves them and that because he loves them his people are giving them food. Such an explanation may lead many to love him, too, and to seek of him that bread whereof if a man eat he shall never hunger more. We are anxious on this account that this shipment may be large enough to feed a great multitude and we invite the Societies and Orders to join in the glorious privilege of adding to the quantity. The gifts bring their own reward in the consciousness of lives saved and suffering relieved; and, in addition, is the reward secured by the promise of our Father in heaven: "If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in darkness and thy obscurity be as the noonday."

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

VIROQUA, WIS., has a League of 100 members, most of them probationers in the church. A course of study, embracing the Bible, and history and doctrines of Methodism, is pursued with great interest and profit. Lessons consisting of six or eight chapters in the New Testament are taken, and the pastor puts out a list of questions on the same, duplicating the list by use of a copying-press. Five or six "articles of religion" from the "Probationers' Handbook" are sometimes used as a lesson. Meetings are held once in two weeks, on Friday evenings, and these studies reviewed, also an essay or talk given on some points in church history. The course is limited so as to be within reach of all, but is proving very popular and instructive.

The Epworth League work in Norway is in a prosperous condition. Recently sixteen Leagues were reported, six societies for young people, that are a result of the League movement, and one Junior League with a membership of from 1,200 to 1,500. In some places there have been great revivals, with the Epworth League as a means. They have translated and published several Epworth League leaflets, and also have a League department in the church paper.

The Juniors of Roseville League, Newark, are flourishing. They are finding the "Probationer's Handbook" is by no means a dry study, and are fast becoming a band of active Christian workers.

St. Paul's Chapter, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has sixty members. Devotional meetings are held an hour before Sabbath evening preaching service. There have been ten conversions in League meetings this winter. The members have helped in the revival, holding fifteen minute preparatory prayer meetings each evening after which they are subject to the call of the pastor.

Arrangements are being made for an interstate Epworth convention for Maryland, at Mountain Lake Park, the Christian summer and health resort of the Alleghany Mountains. It is intimated that there may be erected an interstate Epworth League headquarters building in the park.

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THE New York State Committee of the International Board of Young Women's Christian Associations at its recent meeting in New York City, appointed committees to perfect organizations in smaller towns where there are no such organizations now. The following officers were elected: Mrs. Clarence E. Beebe, President; Miss M. A. Stimson, Vice-President; Mrs. Annie Gordon, Treasurer; Mrs. S. B. Hills, Secretary.

THOU AND I.

STRANGE, strange, for thee and me,
Sadly afar;
Thou safe, beyond, above,
I 'neath the star;
Thou where flowers deathless spring,
I where they fade;
Thou in God's paradise,
I 'mid the shade.

Thou in eternal peace,
I 'mid earth's strife;
Thou where care hath no name,
I where 'tis life.
Thou without need of hope,
I where 'tis vain;
Thou with wings dropping light,
I with Time's chain.

Strange, strange for thee and me,
Loved, loving ever;
Thou by Life's deathless fount,
I near Death's river;
Thou winning Wisdom's love,
I strength to trust;
Thou 'mid the seraphim,
I in the dust. —PHŒBE CARY.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells of the Negroes of Upper Egypt, their Great Antiquity and Strange Customs.

UNCLE JOHN'S recital, last week, of the strange story of the lost city of Hazazon-Tamar, had awakened the interest and curiosity of the young people to a considerable degree, and when, a few evenings ago, the old traveler dropped into his accustomed seat by the fire, they crowded around him and plied him with questions, until he was fain to cry for a truce.

"A pretty lot of antiquarians you are, aren't you?" he remarked, playfully poking Tom in the ribs. "You want to dig up these old places, six thousand miles away, and you're too lazy to go there and do it for yourself, but must make an old fellow like me do your digging."

"But we mean to go there and see 'em for ourselves some day, Uncle," said Ted.

"Yes, and you'll take Milly here and the rest of the girls along to see the goats and pick the pretty flowers, won't you, eh? But what will you do, if some wild, savage-looking Moabite or Bedouin should swoop down and carry you all off and sell you as slaves?"

The contemplation of such a disaster seemed to cool their adventurous ardor a bit.

"Well, we could sing to them and play music, too, as that good Dr. Junker did when he was caught by the Arab negro-catchers. We read all about him in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last month."

"Let us hope you may never be placed in such peril as Dr. Junker was," said Uncle, gravely. "The negro race has for thousands of years been enslaved in many parts of the world, indeed its loss of liberty, as the Bible tells us, began with the curse that came on Ham and his descendants. Still all the hardships and persecution the race has undergone has not broken it down, for it is to-day as numerous and powerful as ever. Many great races have sprung up and passed away, being destroyed by others, but the negro, who is the real aboriginal or first inhabitant, remains."

"Where did the negroes come from at first?" inquired Tom.

"From Asia. And as we were speaking a little while ago about lost cities, I may remark that while the negro race has such a wonderful history, it is probably the only race in the world that has never raised a monument to tell future ages of its greatness, never left a book or written a scroll to record its wars and conquests, or the fame of its philosophers. It has reared great cities and enduring monuments for others, and where the negro has come in contact with other races he has shown himself capable of a high degree of culture and civilization."

"Are there not negro cities in Africa?" was asked.

"Yes, some of them along the Nile and others in the interior. Stanley found a number of fairly populous towns, and Mungo Park discovered Sego, the capital of Bambasa, which had 30,000 population living in two-story houses, with mosques, and other signs of progress. Here is a picture of a native negro-girl of Upper Egypt. You see the type is the same everywhere, and it has not changed in 2800 years, for we find negroes represented on the Egyptian monuments over 1000 years before Christ. The girl is a type of the young negro women to be found in almost all the towns and villages of Upper Egypt. Pleasant-featured, sunny and childlike in nature and easily influenced for good or evil, songful, merry, superstitious, fond of the beautiful, reverent in spiritual things and easily satisfied with the things of this world — that is the character of the race. It is faithful and loving, capable of great devotion and heroism, and can acquire much skill in many of the arts, but originates little or nothing."

A YOUNG NEGRO GIRL OF UPPER EGYPT.
(From a photograph brought from the East by Rev. Dr. Talmage.)

"Do they make these pretty water-jars, like the one the girl has on her lap?" asked Ted.

"Yes; the jars are frequently real works of art, although the methods employed at the native potteries are quite simple. And, speaking of jars, reminds me of an erroneous impression that is quite general even among well read people. One hears constantly about the 'unchanging East,' but research shows that the East has been as changeful in all its moods and fashions and tastes as any other part of the world. Even in the matter of water jars and other domestic utensils, our archæologists can distinguish with absolute accuracy, those that are Egyptian, Syrian, Amorite, Hittite, Hebrew and negro, and can also point out the different changes that have taken place in the form of these articles during a period of 2,500 years. So, you see, that although the nature of a thing may not change, the outward form may be capable of infinite variety. It was with some such jars as this that the Israelites dipped up the water that flowed from the rock struck by Moses. Rebekah's pitchers, which she carried when she met Eleazar at the well, were like this, but probably larger. So also were the pitchers or jars mentioned as having been used by Gideon's army. And the same general form, with great variety of molding and decorations, is used generally all over the East to-day and nowhere more than Middle and Upper Egypt, the land of ruined temples and half-forgotten gods and goddesses, of hieroglyphics and mysteries.

"A hopeful missionary work is going on among the negroes of the Upper Nile Valley and many have been brought to a knowledge of the Saviour. Some are able to read the Gospel in the Arabic Testament. Thus the story of salvation is gradually penetrating to the remotest sections of the ancient land of Khem."

* * *

Tell Your Fault—Don't Hide It.

Boys and girls, never hide your faults from your parents. Tell them outright, and trust to the parent love for forgiveness. It will never fail to come. Mr. S. H. Hadley, of the Water Street Mission, New York, tells of a little boy about fourteen years of age. He says, "He came to our mission, and said, 'Mr. Hadley, won't you please give me a piece of cloth to mend my trousers?' I looked at him and said, 'Well, my boy, it seems as if you hardly had any trousers to sew a piece of cloth to.' Then," said Mr. Hadley, "I put my arm round him; opened up the Bible and told him about God. Then I asked him where he came from, and he said he came from Philadelphia. He had stolen some money from his father and had run away from home. So I said to him, 'Can't I write to your father and ask him to forgive you?' 'Oh, no,' said he, 'my father is a very hard man, he won't forgive me.' I took him and put him in my home, then sat down and wrote to his father asking him to wire me at once what to do. The next morning he got the letter, and before eleven o'clock I had a telegram with just these words: 'Thank God. Send the boy home. Tell the dear boy he is forgiven.'" That is just like God, "I will remember your sins no more forever."

* * *

CONFESSING OUR MISTAKES.

IT is difficult to account for the almost universal dislike manifested to acknowledge mistakes. In a general way, every one knows that he makes them, and freely admits the fact. It is indeed, merely admitting that he is fallible, which is a truism that no sane person would dream of denying. But when it comes to some particular case—some notion held that has been proved incorrect, some step taken which is seen to have been unwise, something done thoughtlessly which second thought shows to have been wrong—there is a strange unwillingness to avow the error. People will enter into long explanations, make excuses, allege reasons, set forth arguments to vindicate themselves, or, at least, plead all the extenuating circumstances; will do anything, in fact, except utter the simple and true words, "I was mistaken." Many, doubtless, resist the conviction within their own minds that they have been in error, and persuade themselves, by specious arguments, that they were right; but many more too clear-sighted for this illusion, are equally unwilling to acknowledge to others what they can not help confessing to themselves. Knowing that they have been in error, they will yet resort to almost any other course than that of frankly saying so.

* * *

Laughter as a Moral Tonic.

FOREIGNERS traveling in this country have more than once commented upon the singular gravity of Americans as a race, observes *Golden Days*. The Puritans were inclined to frown upon laughter as frivolous, and therefore wicked. Life was a very grave affair to them, and an almost constant struggle for existence, and they had no time to make merry. The first two centuries of our national life were busy years. It is no wonder our forefathers rarely enjoyed a hearty laugh. Perhaps all these wars, troubles, and privations may have fixed gravity in our national heart. Then it may be that the idea was widely entertained that it was undignified to laugh. We knew that the eyes of the world were upon us, and it would never do to act like children. Philosophers and cynics sneer at laughter. Many people are afraid to laugh because they think it common; so they repress their merriment with a smile. They do wrong. Nature evidently intended us to laugh, or children would not know how.

* * *

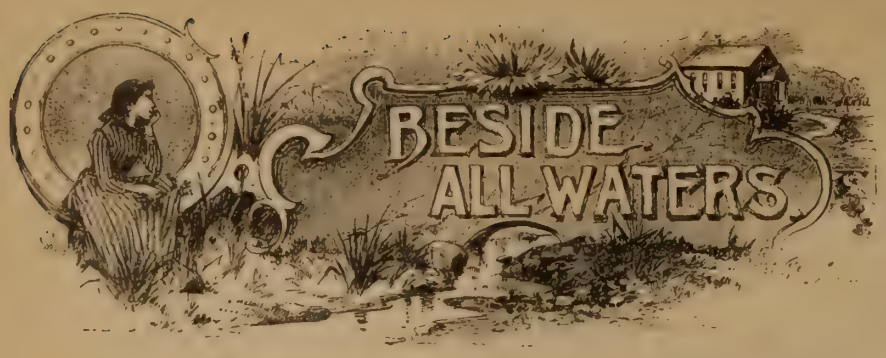
Work as an Aid to Virtue.

THERE can be no enjoyment of vacation to one whose whole life is vacation. People who do not work do not know what rest is. Those who have no regular employment find their leisure a burden, and their life is full of *ennui* and restlessness, remarks a writer in the *Sunday School Times*. A daily task is a sure preventive of such a result. It is, in great part, the divine ordinance of six days' work which makes the day of rest so great a blessing to man. Then, too, the daily task is a great aid to virtuous living. Idleness and vice have very close affinities. The vicious and criminal classes are not recruited, in any great measure, from the ranks of the regularly employed. They are made up of the lazy and shiftless, whose work is at most an occasional odd job. If the physical and mental powers are steadily employed in the performance of some daily task, there is little of time and energy left for the pursuit of those indulgences to which idleness is so favorable.

* * *

Don't Expect too Much.

PARENTS must not expect too much of their children. Men and women of great talent are rare, and the mass of us expect to walk in the humble paths of life. Let the parent watch the bent of the child's inclinations, and judge from them only what calling he seems most fitted for. In the vast majority of cases where it is essential that the child should be a bread-winner as soon as he attains years of discretion, it may be necessary for him to do much work that is irksome and for which he has no special adaptation before he can choose a calling of his own. The man who is compelled by penury to carve out a career for himself acquires a rugged strength by the means that often enable him to out-distance his rival who has molded his life from more plastic circumstances.



BY

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

THE RED SCHOOLHOUSE.

IT was not in the least like the red schoolhouses one may see every day in the city. They are great piles of brick, usually all the uglier for the attempts at ornament bestowed upon them. They have any number of rooms for any number of grades, with A classes and B classes, and all the other machinery for grinding out scholars by the hundred, all done to one pattern. My red schoolhouse was more like the little "custom mill," built by the side of a dashing, flashing mill-stream, with trees growing about it, and a row of sheds where stand steady, sober old horses, patiently waiting while their owners sit inside, or about the mill-door, discussing politics and neighborhood news, and waiting in their turn for their separate "grists" of sweet-smelling meal and flour. There was just such a mill not far from the red schoolhouse; and the hum of the machinery could be heard in the schoolroom when the boys and girls were particularly quiet, as was the case on the special occasion when my story begins.

There had been a talk two or three times, in school-meeting, of refurnishing the schoolhouse on modern principles; but it had never been carried out. A long desk ran around two sides of the room, with a bench before it, where the elder scholars sat; in front of this bench was another, mostly used for recitations; and before all, a still lower seat for the little ones who were just learning their letters. The rest of the furniture consisted of the teacher's desk and chair, standing on a platform by themselves; a good serviceable blackboard, a little the worse for wear; and a map of the world, and another of the United States, which was so many States behind the times that it must needs be an old inhabitant.

There were not more than twenty scholars present that June afternoon; and those were mostly girls or very little boys, for the big boys of the district were busy with another branch of their education,—helping their fathers on the farm. All the children were seated with their faces toward the teacher, and the room was so still that the hum of the mill sounded like the drone of the big bumble-bee. Miss Armstrong was standing on the platform, her hand resting upon a book which she had apparently just laid down. She could not be called a very pretty woman, and yet there was that in her face and manner which made one look at her again. She had a certain air of peace and cheerfulness overlaying steadiness and resolution—what you would call a face to be trusted. "She looks as if she had come through the wars, and beat," said Patience Fletcher, who, poor thing, had been beaten many times in her warfare.

"Now, let me hear you say that verse all together," said Miss Armstrong; "and then we will join in repeating the Lord's Prayer. I hope I shall hear every voice. Stand up, if you please."

Every voice was heard as the children repeated, in tones that were reverent from true feeling, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." All the children joined in the repetition of the Lord's Prayer, with one exception. A thin, dark little girl, with black, crispy hair, stood looking down at her closely clasped hands with a curious movement about her lips. You would say she had much ado not to burst out crying. As the school was dismissed, and this little girl made her courtesy at the door (for this school was so far behind the times that "manners" were still taught therein), she suddenly raised her eyes, and looked her teacher in the face. Those eyes of Kit's were always a kind of surprise. They were dark violet-blue, with black level brows, and very long black lashes—Irish blue eyes—and had an extraordinary brilliancy about them, like precious stones or sunlit water. They now flashed upon Miss Armstrong with a look of love and thankfulness which went to the teacher's heart.

"She has taken in something, at any rate," thought Miss Armstrong. "I must talk more with her. I wonder why she did not join in the prayer."

Somebody else wondered also; for, the moment she was outside the door, Kit was met with the sharp question:

"Kit Mallory, why didn't you say the Lord's Prayer?"

"I don't know it," replied Kit, coloring up to the roots of her hair; and then, after a moment, she added, as if with an effort, "Our folks don't believe in such things."

"You wicked girl!" exclaimed the first speaker, a pretty well grown girl of sixteen, very neatly dressed. "You wicked child, not to believe in the Lord's Prayer!"

"I didn't say I didn't believe in it: I said I didn't know it," replied Kit with some spirit. "How can I believe in what I don't know anything about?"

"Well, you ought to know it, then," said Selina. "You could have learned it if you had chosen, I know."

Kit did not seem disposed to pursue the subject. She walked a little way down the road, climbed the bars, and was soon ascending the rocky hill-pasture.

"I declare, I don't think that girl ought to be allowed to come to school," said Selina. "Phin Mallory is a regular infidel, and Melissa makes all kinds of fun of religion. Kit isn't Phin's niece, either, though she calls him uncle. She is only a little foundling taken out of the poorhouse; Melissa told me so herself."

"If she had been out of the orphan-asylum, it would have been all right, I suppose," said a girl who had not yet spoken. It was now Selina's turn to color. Her eyes flashed, and she turned absolutely white with anger.

"For shame, Sarah!" said Faith Fletcher. "It isn't Selina's fault."

"Nor Kit's, either."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself to take my part, Faith," said Selina in a voice which trembled with anger. "If Sarah" — But here she stopped; and, tying on her bonnet, she walked rapidly away in a direction opposite to that which Kit had taken.

"You are too bad, Sarah," said Faith. "Now she will go home and cry half the night."

"Why am I too bad, any more than she?" asked Sarah. "What did she say about Kit?"

"Two wrongs don't make a right," said Faith, very truly.

"And as to her crying, what is there to cry about?" continued Sarah. "I think she might be thankful that she has a good home. Nobody would ever think of her being an adopted child if she did not put on such airs. I must say I do like to take her down."

"And how do you like it when somebody takes you down?" asked Faith.

"When it happens, I will tell you," said Sarah lightly. "Where is that child?—Come, Gerty. You can't stay to play to-night: I promised to be home early, and help mother."

"And I must go home and help sister," said Faith, with a little sigh, as if the prospect were not the most alluring in the world. "Come children. Eddy, see how you have mussed up your clean apron; and Eben has got his knees all green on the grass. What do you think sister will say? Take hold of hands now, and walk along pretty."

The prospect of what sister would say seemed to have a very sobering effect on the little boy and girl,—twins of six years old. They at once gave up their play, and marched off in the most orderly manner. Faith followed them; and when Miss Armstrong came out of the schoolhouse, and locked the door, there was not a human being in sight. She hesitated a moment, and then took the same road that Kit had followed. She had gone about a quarter of a mile, when she stopped, and looked about her with a puzzled expression. As she did so, a light figure sprang over the stone wall, and Kit Mallory stood beside her.

"Please, Miss Armstrong, ain't you taking the wrong road?" said she as soon as she could gather breath enough to speak. "Don't you want to go to Mr. Weston's to-night?"

"To be sure I do, Kitty," answered Miss Armstrong. "I was just thinking I had made a mistake. Have I come very far out of my way?"

"Well, quite a piece," answered Kit; "but if you don't mind going cross-lots, I could show you a shorter way than the road. Its real pretty, too, only it is kind of steep part of the way."

"I don't mind the steepness at all, and I love to go cross-lots," answered Miss Armstrong. "I am not sure that I can climb that wall quite as easily as you did, however."

"There are bars only a little way from here," said Kit: "I can take them down for you."

"How did you come to my help so opportunely, Kitty?" asked Miss Armstrong as they walked along toward the bars.

"I saw you from the hill," answered Kit as she took down the bars, and then carefully put them up again. "There is a little hollow up yonder, where I always stop to rest. It is real pretty when you get there. Now we have to go up, you see; but it isn't so steep very far."

Miss Armstrong not only saw, but felt the steepness of the path, which taxed all her strength for a few minutes, for she was not used to mountain-climbing. Presently, however, they came to a kind of break or niche in the steep rocky ledge which crowned the hill like a rampart. The grass in this hollow was short and fine, and beautifully green; and lovely tufts of lady-fern and maiden-hair grew about the rocks. A low, wide-spreading oak-tree stood at the entrance of the nook; and a bright, clear spring, bursting to light from under the ledge, made quiet a deep pool, and then prattled cheerfully away down the mountain-side. The view from the spot was lovely enough to have pleased a more cultivated eye than Kit's. The long valley, with the river and the road winding through it, was spread out like a map; and the "folded hills" rose one behind the other, till the prospect was closed by the top of a great blue mountain. Almost at their feet lay the school-house, and Bassett's mill with its flashing mill-dam. Miss Armstrong uttered an exclamation of delight.

"I'm glad you think it pretty," said Kit. "Please sit down and rest."

As she spoke she pointed out a flat rock as a desirable seat; and then, disappearing for a little, she presently came back with one hand full of young wintergreens, and the other of the last year's stems, each with its coral berry.

"I can get you a drink if you like," said she; and, searching in a hollow among the rocks, she brought out a cracked teacup, which she filled at the spring-head, and offered to Miss Armstrong.

"Thank you, my dear; this is very refreshing," said Miss Armstrong. "You have made me a nice little treat. I do not wonder you like to stop here."

"I think it is pleasant," said Kit: "you can see so far, and the colors are so nice. Folks say red houses are ugly and old-fashioned, but somehow the red schoolhouse and mill seem just to fit in—I don't know to say what I mean."

"I understand you," said Miss Armstrong. "They do just exactly fit in, as you say. You have an eye for color, Kitty."

"I love colors, I know that," said Kit; and then, her face darkening as if with an unpleasant recollection, "Melissa says I am a fool because I love flowers, and because I am always picking up stones and snail-shells. She threw away all my pretty stones that I got up on the mountain, but I'll be even with her some day."

"You should not speak like that," said Miss Armstrong gently. "Don't you know that it is wrong to wish for revenge?"

"Is it?" asked Kit.

"Yes, my dear. Do you never read the Bible?"

"I never saw only the outside of one," answered Kit. "Uncle Phin won't have one in the house. He says all pious people are humbugs, and that it was religion that made aunt Martha crazy."

"Is your aunt crazy?" asked Miss Armstrong.

"Yes, ma'am. She isn't raving crazy all the time; but she just sits still in her chair, and takes no notice of anything. Sometimes she would not eat anything for days together if Symantha or uncle Phin did not coax her. They are real good to her, but Melissa hasn't a mite of patience with her."

"And would you like to read the Bible, Kitty?"

"Yes, ma'am, if there are nice stories in it," answered Kit doubtfully. "I love stories."

"And so do I," said Miss Armstrong. "Yes, there are plenty of beautiful stories in the Bible. But that is not the reason we love it; it is because the Bible is God's word—his letter or message to us, to teach us about him. If you had a kind friend out in California, and he should write you a letter saying he had a delightful home all ready for you, and telling you what you must do in order to come to that home, you would think a great deal of that letter, wouldn't you? You would want to read it over and over."

"I guess I would!" said Kit with emphasis "I would learn it off by heart, and think about it all the time."

"Well, the Bible is very much such a letter to us. In it our heavenly Father tells us about himself, and all he has done for us."

Kit looked puzzled for a moment, and then her eyes lighted up.

"I believe I read about him in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" said she. "Isn't he the Lord that it tells about?"

"Yes," answered Miss Armstrong. "So you have read the 'Pilgrim's Progress'?"

"Not all of it. I found an old, torn book of it up in the garret when we came here; and it was a story, so I read it. Uncle Phin said it was all a heap of nonsense, like 'Bluebeard' and 'Jack the Giant-Killer;' but it always did seem to me more than that. So there really is such a person?"

Miss Armstrong looked at the child for a moment in amazement. With all her experience, she found it hard to realize that here, in the midst of a Christian community, was a child of twelve who could ask such a question. Kit did not understand the teacher's glance, and took it for one of displeasure.

"I don't know anything, hardly," she said, humbly, "only to read and write a little. Where we lived out West, there was hardly ever any church or meeting, and we only had school three or four months in the year. When we came here, Miss Celia Claxton called, and asked uncle Phin to let me come to Sunday School; but he wouldn't, and he talked so to her she has never been near us since. He says religion is all priestcraft and lies, and that nobody believes in it."

"That is a great mistake, and one that I fear he will be very sorry for some day," said Miss Armstrong. "Kitty, my dear child, before I go, I want to teach you a verse out of the Bible. Listen, and say it after me."

It was with a very serious face that Kit repeated after her friend, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." One or two repetitions enabled her to say the verse perfectly. Then Miss Armstrong took out of her pocket a pretty little card, on which was printed that time-honored and always beautiful prayer which begins—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

and also a verse for the morning.

"I will give you this for your own," said she. "Learn these verse, and say them night and morning. But, Kitty, if you want your heavenly Father to give you anything else, you can ask Him in your own words."

"And will he always give it to me?" asked Kit eagerly.

"Yes, if it is best for you to have it. But he knows better than we do what is good for us; and, when we ask for what we ought not to have, he does not give it."

"I see," said Kit thoughtfully.

"Have you always lived with your uncle, Kitty?" asked Miss Armstrong as they walked down the hill.

"No, ma'am. Melissa says uncle took me out of the poorhouse; but I don't believe it," said Kit in a confidential tone. "I remember a place that was not a bit like the poorhouse."

"What was it like?" asked Miss Armstrong.

Kit stopped for a instant, seeming to send her thoughts inward. "It was a room with a bright carpet on the floor," said she. "I used to sit on the floor, and run my fingers over the figures. And there were plants, like Miss Claxton's, and a big bird. That is all that I can remember when I am awake. Sometimes I dream about another place where I have been, but I can't tell what it is like. And it doesn't seem to me as if my name was Keturah, either."

"Perhaps it was Catherine," suggested Miss Armstrong.

"I can't tell," said Kit, knitting her brows. "It doesn't seem as if that was it exactly. I asked Symantha one day; but she hushed me up, because uncle Phin would be very angry if he knew. But I think about it a great deal, they can't keep me from thinking."

"Here is Mr. Weston now," said Miss Armstrong as they came out of the pasture into the lane which led out to the road beside a great barn, and she bade her little guide good night.

(To be Continued.)

"COME UNTO ME."

(For The Christian Herald.)

COME unto me with your loss
And lay down your wearisome Cross,
Ye hearts that are broken with sorrow
And heavy with care for to-morrow.
O, learn ye the holier part
Of one who is lowly in heart.

Share in the joy of my rest,
My peace like the peace of the blest;
Ye fainting that strive for the guerdon
And ye that fall under the burden;
My yoke is so easy to wear,
My load is so easy to bear. —O. E. F.

A BACKSLIDER RESTORED.

IN effort to carry the Gospel to the Sikhs of the Tarn Taran district of Northern India has been made by the Rev. E. Guilford of the Church Missionary Society. There to his surprise he found a man and his family who had already been instructed in Christianity but had fallen back into heathenism. It appears that many years ago he had been a servant to Rev. R. Clark of the same Society while he was working at Peshawar. When Mr. Clark left the country this man returned to his village home in the Tarn Taran district. The man, having a house and a good deal of land of his own, settled down to farming. But alas! like too many white people when far way from the surroundings of Christianity, and the ordinances and helps of our faith, he became careless and forgetful. No missionary had as yet gone forth to the homes of the Sikhs, and there was no Christian friend or teacher for many miles. Other children were born, and though taught in a rough way, they grew up almost heathen. When Mr. Guilford commenced working amongst the people, finding a very warm welcome in most places, and a hearty response to the Gospel message, he heard of this man. Soon afterwards some of the ladies of the Zenana Mission followed and commenced work among the women. Among the first to come under conviction of sin was the eldest son of the man above-mentioned. As a little boy he had been taught by Mrs. Robert Clark, and now the lessons of his childhood came back to him. Alas! the heathen wife to whom he had been married was greatly enraged at her husband's state of mind, and vowed she never would embrace "the religion of the foreigner." However, months passed, and the ladies diligently sought her out, and after a time she became as eager as her husband to accept Christ and become one of his true followers. After this couple followed a little band of nineteen relations out of that village, among them the old father and mother, who became penitent.

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Prompt to Act
sure to cure.

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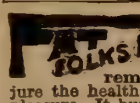
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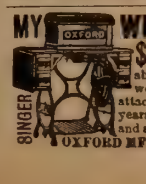

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WORTH TRYING WITH THE "FERRIS" FAMOUS HAMS.

FOR Frying never use a Ham of less than 13 or 14 pounds, and a heavier one is equally as good. Hams from young pigs though good for boiling, if broiled or fried, will serve juiceless and dry. Only the centre of the Ham should be sliced. Both ends may be used for boiling, served in various ways as suggested in our little booklet of recipes. Cut from each side of the Ham with a very sharp knife cleanly to the bone, dividing the slices in the centre You will thus avoid the necessity of sawing. The slice should never be cut more than one-quarter of an inch thick, and one-sixth of an inch is still better. Trim very closely the skin from the upper side of each slice, and also cut from the lower edge the outer rim of muscle that has been somewhat hardened by smoking.

Have the frying-pan very hot before the meat is put in. Turn the slice quickly, and as soon as the fat is nicely browned on each side, add one-half cup of boiling water. Cover the pan tightly and place where the water will boil slowly for fifteen minutes. By this time much of it will have disappeared. Serve at once.

The first process retains the juices of the meat and the second makes the muscle tender and moist, if these suggestions are closely followed.

We invite every housekeeper to supply her table regularly this summer with

The "Ferris" Delicious Hams and Bacon.

If you are not familiar with their high quality, please TRY THEM. When you decide in their favor, don't let your Grocer put you off with anything else.

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BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER is now introduced into America, and will very shortly be on sale at all the principal retail stores. Meanwhile every American lady is invited to send to ALFRED BIRD & SONS 2 WOOSTER ST., NEW YORK, for the Dollar Sample Box of Bird's exquisite English Home Specialties and to entertain her family and friends with a few choice English dishes by way of a change.

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contains four of the articles for which Bird's name has been a household word throughout Great Britain and her Colonies for more than half a century.

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FIRST, a packet of BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER, sufficient to make four pints of the richest custard without eggs, which may be served either from a dish or

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CONVERSIONS AT A PARIS MISSION.

THE story of the founding and development of Miss De Broen's Mission in Belleville, Paris, was recently told in this journal by a special correspondent who visited it and interviewed Miss De Broen. How the good work, there described, is still going on will be seen in the following extracts from a letter from Miss De Broen herself:

"Now it's done!" said a young man, whose serious face had long caught the attention of the preachers in the Iron Room. He meant that he had accepted the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, and believed on him from the heart. His young wife shared her husband's feelings, and on being asked if she had accepted the Saviour, she replied, "Yes, indeed, I have?" Of course, these persons have been faithfully visited, to see if the happy news is true; it appears to be true, and we ask the prayers of Christian friends for these and many others, that they may be brought into complete light and freedom.

"A few weeks ago, a request was brought from a poor woman to be visited, in order that she might receive spiritual instruction. Very lonely in her home, she told the story of her life. '*A servant in America*, years ago, she worked in a Christian household, and scoffed much at the religion and prayers of the family. For some time past, she has attended our meeting in the Iron Room, and truly regrets the mocking laughter she used to indulge in at the expense of her pious employers. She says: 'Such great peace overflows my soul, that I desire to give myself up entirely to the Lord Jesus. But how am I to do this?' 'Oh!' said a constant follower of Jesus, 'his arms are open to receive you; just let yourself drop into them.' 'That I shall do.'"

How true are the words, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." How encouraging that a steady testimony for God, such as was borne by the unknown American family, cannot be neutralized in spite of the mockery with which it may be received.

We are glad to learn that Miss De Broen is receiving so much encouragement in her work. She is doing good service for France. If the classes, among whom she works could be brought to Christ,—there would be no more anarchists among them.

Where Is He Going?

Gentle reader, he is hurrying home. And it's **house-cleaning** time, too—think of that!

Fifteen years ago, he wouldn't have done it. Just at this time, he'd be "taking to the woods."

But now, things are different. His house is cleaned with **Pearline.** That makes house-cleaning easy.

Easy for those who do it—easy for those who have it done.

No hard work, no wear and tear, no turmoil and confusion, no time wasted, no tired women, no homeless men.

Everything's done smoothly, quickly, quietly, and easily. Try it and see.

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Mothers

by thousands unite in giving grateful testimony to the virtues of Malted Milk as a food for babies.

At all druggists. Endorsed by all physicians. Send to us for a free sample.

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That's the happy combination found in

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You drink it for pleasure, and get physical benefit. A wholesome, refreshing, appetizing, thirst quenching drink.

One package makes five gallons.

Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, tells you some other kind is "just as good"—'tis false. No imitation is as good as the genuine HIRES'.

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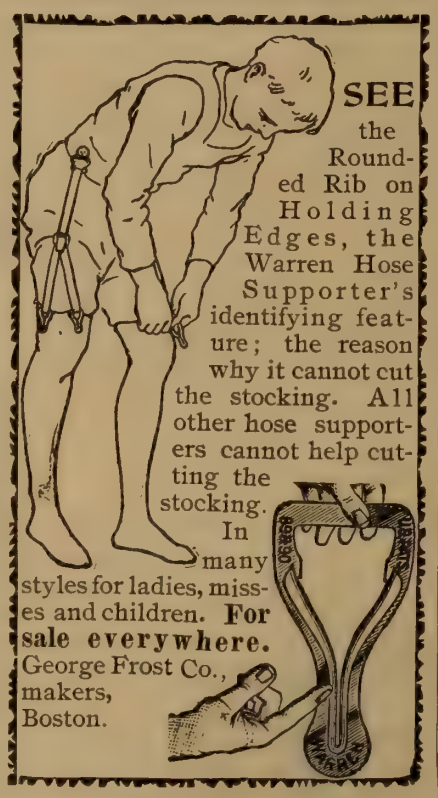

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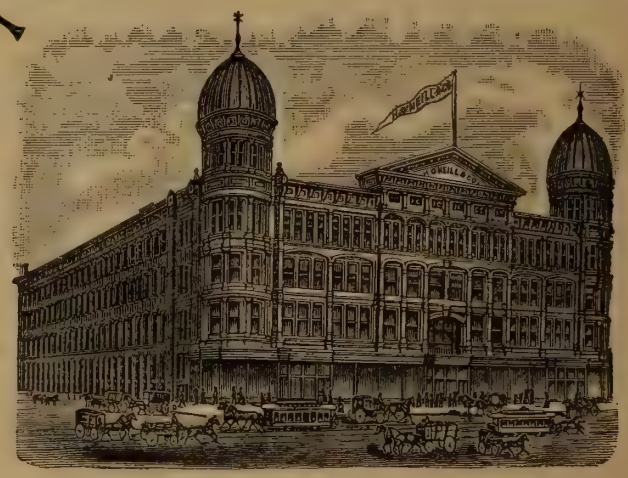

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F. H. Dabney, Hooper, Neb. You will find the statistics you want in the Baptist Year Book, fully and accurately stated. It is published by the Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Inquirer. In what condition did Dr. Talmage find the site of Babylon when he went to the Holy Land?

Dr. Talmage did not visit Babylon.

J. M. H., Bellville, Pa. Why was Acts 8:37 omitted in the New Version?

Because it was an interpolation in the Old Version and is not contained in the oldest MSS.

F. M. S., Chicago. Did the United States take any part in the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882?

No, nothing beyond adopting the necessary precautions for the protection of American citizens and interests. The bombarding power was England.

J. D. Pierre, Dyersbury, Tenn. What is the best way to worship the Lord?

The best worship is a faithful, loyal, adoring, prayerful service; an upright, reverent walk before men, "bringing forth fruits of righteousness" for his glory. The Samaritan woman asked the same question of Christ, and you will find his answer in John 4:21-24.

Mrs. Emma H. Sumler, Leslie, Texas. Is there an established home for lepers in the U. S.?

In the Eastern States there is no established home. Isolated cases of leprosy are secluded in some locality devoted to the reception of contagious diseases, as was the case with the Chinese lepers recently discovered in New York, who was sent to North Brother's Island. Write to the President, Board of Health, San Francisco, for accurate information as to lepers' lazarettos in the West.

Subscriber, Philadelphia, Pa. Is their any rule of the Masonic Order requiring a Chaplain of the Order to omit the name of Christ in his prayers at Masonic funerals and dedications?

The rules of the Masonic Order are known only to members of the Order who are pledged to keep them secret. It may be that there is no rule requiring the Chaplain to omit the name of Christ from the prayer, and yet, if he is required to use a prayer which is a part of the Masonic ritual, and if the name of Christ is omitted from that prayer, it may be said that the name is omitted in obedience to a rule of the order.

A. C., Wapello Co., Ia. 1. Please inform me where numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD or other religious literature would be acceptable? 2. Where can I obtain information about the King's Daughters?

1. Their distribution in hospitals and prisons has been much blessed. The Rev. Orville J. Nave, the army chaplain at Fort Niobrara, Neb., writes us that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is highly appreciated by the soldiers and sailors and wishes that copies could be sent to every barrack and ship and military hospital in the United States. 2. Write to Mrs. Isabella C. Davis, 158 West 23d St., New York, enclosing stamp for reply.

W. H. Millhouse, Ballietsville, Pa. If a young student for the ministry has been in the habit and feels ably to make speeches extemporaneously, should he be compelled to commit speeches during the course, and should he during the first year of his ministry memorize his sermons, as urged by many?

Memorizing is preferred by some professors but not by all. Those who urge it have probably their own reason for doing so. The cultivation of the memory and the forming of a habit of accurate, logical speaking are among the advantages accruing from the enforcement of the rule. Doubtless a very large per centage of the finest orators have followed this rule. As a general thing, extemporaneous speaking even of the highest order, is full of inaccuracies in syntax and faults in construction that are quickly detected by analysis.

Young Reader. Is it wrong to write letters on Sunday?

A strict Christian observance of the Sabbath excludes the writing of letters or the performance of any other purely secular work, except such as may be works of necessity and mercy. We can readily conceive of a case in which it would be perfectly proper to write a letter on the Sabbath.

H. Malson, Seattle, Wash. May young Christians read books of fiction of the higher class, such as Sir Walter Scott's and E. P. Roe's works?

We see no harm in doing so. Both were unimpeachable writers, but in different schools, Scott being a historical romancer, and Roe a delightful illustrator of the light and shade of Christian character. But persistent novel-reading, even of the very best class of works, enervates the mind and is therefore objectionable.

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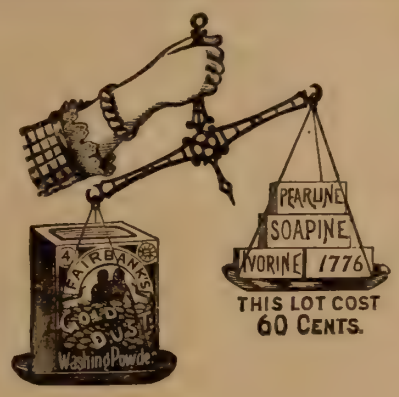

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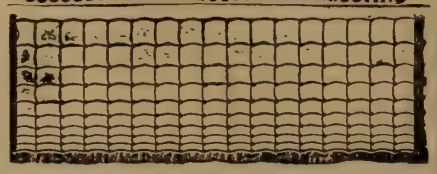

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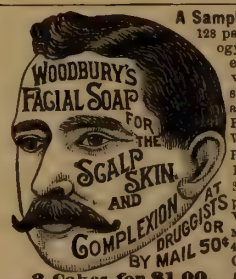

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Office Bible House New York.

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A Visit to Mar Saba.

The Oldest and Most Remarkable Religious Refuge in the World—Standing 1400 Years in the Judean Wilderness—A Strange History.

IN one of the loneliest regions in Judea and hard by the Jordan Valley, lies the strange old monastery of Mar Saba. It is a point of special interest to the traveller in the Holy Land, for it furnishes one of the oldest links connecting early Christianity with the present age.

The story of Mar Saba is probably partly legendary. It is related that a renowned theologian named Saba, who was noted equally for his piety and his ability — becoming weary of the world, decided to retire to this lonely region which the Scriptures refer to as "Jeshimon," meaning "The Solitude." Saba came originally from Cappadocia, where he was born A. D. 439, and after contending for the true faith in many places and enduring a multitude of trials, he went to live in a natural cave in the white, limestone rock which is so abundant throughout the Jordan Valley. He dwelt there many years, surrounded himself with a band of faithful adherents, and founded the monastery that has since borne his name. Another biographer of this wonderful recluse says that he turned hermit at eighteen years of age.

Descending the Kedron Valley, the whitish-gray walls of the convent, with its towers and domes, rise to view. It is in a most desolate region, among low hills and sterile valleys, where stones and rocks abound; yet, despite the difficulties of access, a visit well repays the traveller. The first impression on reaching the outer walls is that Mar Saba is a series of precipices of natural rock, surmounted by artificial battlements. Looking upward, men may be seen walking upon the rocky ledges, far overhead; peering through the apertures in the walls, gardens at a much higher altitude than the valley become visible, with here and there a palm tree, and a luxuriance of vegetation that seems surprising amid such a wilderness.

The band of monastics who dwell in Mar Saba are exceedingly suspicious of strangers, and exercise great caution in admitting them; they have suffered so much from Bedouin raids and robbers in the past, that no Bedouin can hope for an entrance. Visitors having letters of introduction from the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, or from any other official of recognized authority in the church or state, are cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained. Under no circumstances are ladies admitted to the convent; they are invited to remain in a sort of a tower immediately outside, the doors of which are carefully locked and guarded over night. On being admitted at the outer gate, the visitor passes down a paved way and, further on, down winding stone steps, until an open court is reached, in the centre of which is the Mausoleum of Saba, the founder. But it is an empty tomb, for Saba's bones were centuries ago removed to Venice.

Walking about the convent, which is a seemingly incongruous jumble of buildings of various styles of architecture—or as one traveller has described it, "a confusion of small courts, chapels, churches, cells and cloisters, with a solitary palm at the very verge of the plateau,"—the visitor is shown several places of remarkable interest, concerning which, however, the information is largely legendary. He is taken to the rocky cell where Saba prayed and meditated, and thence to the chapel of St. Nicholas, in which there is a cave containing the skulls of over 500 of Saba's monastic followers, who were slaughtered by one of the Persian kings, named Chosroes, who invaded Palestine 1,200 years ago. These skulls are piled in a ghastly pyramid. Near by, a cave is shown, which is also said to have been much frequented by Saba, and where, so the legend says, he encountered a lion and expelled it from the cave without difficulty. The guides also state that the famous hermit, Banius, mentioned by Josephus, the historian, passed his days in this secluded place, and that John the Baptist spent a period of meditation in Mar Saba, before appearing on the Jordan on his mission of calling men to repentance and preparing the way for the Saviour's ministry.

To cultured minds, probably the most attractive feature in this oasis of the wilderness, is the library. Many years ago, the famous commentator, Tischendorf, visited the place, and, being admitted to the library, expressed his astonishment at the number and rarity of the volumes it contained. It has unquestionably some most valuable manuscripts, in parchment and vellum, but these are now so jealously guarded that they may never see the light; and as many of the inmates of the monastery cannot read, these literary treasures are of little service to mankind.

Mar Saba was founded at a time when, amid the havoc and ruin that followed the breaking up of the Roman empire, multitudes craved seclusion and shelter. It was, above all others, an age of hermits and recluses. The deserts of Arabia, Egypt and Western Asia were invaded by bands of Eremites, who dug out for themselves dwellings in the rocks and the woods. In the mountain gorge in this Kedron Valley round about Mar Saba, there are thousands of these rocky cells, each of which sheltered at least one anchorite. The valley seems to have been a favored retreat for the religious exiles, and out of their defenceless and lonely condition, rendering them liable to attack by Bedouin plunderers, grew the desire for the erection of a permanent resting-place, of which Mar Saba was the outcome. When the convent had been built, the Emperor Justinian, always willing to aid the cause of religion, gave it a watch-tower (seen in the background

MAR SABA, THE OLDEST MONASTIC RETREAT IN THE WORLD.
(From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage during his Tour in the Holy Land.)

(Continued on page 309.)

THE DUMB DEVIL.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday Morning Sermon From the Text: Mark 9 : 25 : *"Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him."*

HERE was a case of great domestic anguish. The son of the household was possessed of an evil spirit which, among other things, paralyzed his tongue and made him speechless. When the influence was on the patient, he could not say a word—articulation was impossible. The spirit that captured this member of the household was a dumb spirit—so-called by Christ—a spirit abroad to-day and as lively and potent as in New Testament times. Yet in all the realms of sermonology, I cannot find a discourse concerning this dumb devil which Christ charged upon in my text, saying: "Come out of him."

There has been much destructive superstition abroad in the world concerning possession by evil spirits. Under the form of belief in witchcraft, this delusion swept the continents. Persons were supposed to be possessed with some evil spirit, which made them able to destroy others. In the 16th century, in Geneva, 1,500 persons were burned to death as witches. Under one judge, in Lorraine, 900 persons were burned to death as witches. In one neighborhood of France 1,000 persons were burned. In two centuries 200,000 persons were slain as witches. So mighty was the delusion that it included among its victims some of the greatest intellects of all time, such as Chief Justice Matthew Hale and Sir Edward Coke, and such renowned ministers of religion as Cotton Mather, one of whose books, Benjamin Franklin said, shaped his life — and Richard Baxter, and Archbishop Cranmer, and Martin Luther; and, among writers and philosophers, Lord Bacon. That belief, which has become the laughing stock of all sensible people, counted its disciples among the wisest and best people of Sweden, Germany, England, France, Spain and New England. But, while we reject witchcraft, any man who believes the Bible must believe that there are diabolical agencies abroad in the world. While there are ministering spirits to bless, there are infernal spirits to hinder, to poison and to destroy. Christ was speaking to a spiritual existence, when, standing before the afflicted one of the text, he said, "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, come out of him."

Against this dumb devil of the text, I put you on your guard. Do not think that this agent of evil has put his blight on those who, by omission of the vocal organs, have had the golden gates of speech bolted and barred. Among those who have never spoken a word are the most gracious and lovely and talented souls that were ever incarnated. The chaplains of the asylums for the dumb can tell you enchanting stories of those, who never called the name of father or mother or child, and many of the most devout and prayerful souls will never, in this world, speak the name of God or Christ. Many a deaf mute have I seen with the angel of intelligence seated at the window of the eye, who never came forth from the door of the mouth. What a miracle of loveliness and knowledge was Laura Bridgman, of New Hampshire, not only without faculty of speech, but without hearing and without sight, all these faculties removed by sickness when two years of age, yet, becoming a wonder at needle work, at the piano, at the sewing machine, and an intelligent student of the Scriptures, and confounding philosophers, who came from all parts of the world to study the phenomenon. Thanks to Christianity for what it has done for the amelioration of the condition of the deaf and the dumb. Back in the ages, they were put to death as having no right, with such paucity of equipment, to live, and for centuries they were classed among the idiotic and unsafe. But in the 16th century, came Pedro Ponce, the Spanish monk; and in the 17th century came Juan Pablo Bonet, another Spanish monk, with dactylology or the finger alphabet; and in our own century, we have had John Braidwood and Drs. Mitchell and Ackerly and Peet and Gallaudet, who have given to uncounted thousands of those whose tongues were forever silent, the power to spell out on the air by a manual alphabet their thoughts about this world and their hopes for the next. We rejoice in the brilliant inventions in behalf of those who were born dumb. One of the most impressive audiences I ever addressed was in the far West two or three years ago—an audience of about 600 persons, who had never heard a sound or spoken a word, an interpreter standing beside me while I addressed them. I congratulated that audience on two advantages they had over the most of us—the one that they escaped hearing a great many disagreeable things, and, on the other fact, that they escaped saying things they were sorry for afterward. Yet, after all the alleviations a shackled tongue is an appalling limitation. But, we are not this morning speaking of congenital mutes. We mean those who are born with all the faculties of vocalization, and yet have been struck by the evil one mentioned in the text—the dumb devil to whom Christ called, when he said, "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him."

"I CHARGE THEE, COME OUT OF HIM."

There has been apotheosization of silence. Some one has said silence is golden, and sometimes the greatest triumph is to keep your mouth shut. But sometimes silence is a crime and the direct result of the baleful influence of the dumb devil of our text. There is hardly a man or woman in this house today who has not been present on some occasion when the Christian religion became a target for raillery. Perhaps it was over in the store some day when there was not much going on and the clerks were in a group; or it was in the factory at the noon spell; or it was out on the farm under the trees while you were resting; or it was in the club-room; or it was in a social circle; or it was in the street on the way home from business; or it was on some occasion which you remember without my describing it. Some one got the laugh on the Bible and caricatured the profession of religion as hypocrisy, or made a pun out of something that Christ said. The laugh started and you joined in, and not one word of protest did you utter. What kept you silent? Modesty? No. Incapacity to answer? No. Lack of opportunity? No. It was a blow on both your lips by the wing of the dumb devil. If some one should malign your father, or mother, or wife, or husband, or child, you would flush up quick, and either with an indignant word, or doubled up fist, make response. And yet here is our Christian religion, which has done so much for you and so much for the world that it will take all eternity to celebrate it, and yet, when it was attacked, you did not so much as say: "I differ. I object. I am sorry to hear you say that. There is another side to this." You Christian people ought in such times as these to go armed, not with earthly weapons but with the sword of the Spirit. You ought to have four or five questions with which you could confound any man who attacks Christianity. A man ninety years old was telling me a few days ago how he put to flight a scoffer. My aged friend said to the sceptic: "Did you ever read the history of Joseph in the Bible?" "Yes," said the man, "it is a fine story, and as interesting a story as I ever read." "Well now," said my old friend, "suppose that account of Joseph stopped half way?" "Oh," said the man, "then it would not be entertaining." "Well now," said my friend, "we have in this world only half of everything, and do you not think that when we hear the last half, things may be consistent, and that then we may find that God was right?" Oh friends, better load up with a few interrogation points. You cannot afford to be silent when God and the Bible and the things of eternity are assailed. Your silence gives consent to the bombardment of your father's house. You allow a slur to be cast on your mother's dying pillow. In behalf of the Christ, who for you went through the agonies of assassination on the rocky bluff back of Jerusalem, you dared not face a sickly joke. Better load up with a few questions so that next time you will be ready. Say to the scoffer: "My dear sir, will you tell me what makes the difference between the condition of woman in China and the United States? What do you think of the sermon on the Mount? How do you like the golden rule laid down in the Scriptures? Are you in favor of the ten commandments? In your large and extensive reading have you come across a lovelier character than Jesus Christ? Will you please to name the triumphant death-beds of infidels and atheists? How do you account for the fact that, among the out and out believers in Christianity were such persons as Benjamin Franklin, John Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, Babington Macaulay, William Penn, Walter Scott, Charles Kingsley, Horace Bushnell, James A. Garfield, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Admiral Foote, Admiral Farragut, Ulysses S. Grant, John Milton, William Shakespeare, Chief Justice Marshall, John Adams, Daniel Webster, George Washington? How do you account for their fondness for the Christian religion? Among the innumerable colleges and universities of the earth, will you name me three, started by infidels and now supported by infidels? Down in your heart are you really happy in the position you occupy antagonistic to the Christian religion? When do you have the most rapturous views of the next world?" Go at him with a few such questions and he will get so red in the face as to suggest apoplexy, and he will look at his watch and say he has an engagement and must go. You will put him in a sweat that will beat a Turkish bath. You will put him on a rout compared with which our troops at Bull Run made no time at all. Arm yourself, not with arguments but interrogation points, and I promise you victory. Shall such a man as you, shall such a woman as you surrender to one of the meanest spirits

that ever smoked up from the pit—the dumb devil spoken of in the text?

But then there are occasions when this particular spirit that Christ exorcised when he said: "I charge thee to come out of him," takes people by the wholesale. In the most responsive religious audience have you noticed how many people never sing at all? They have a book and they have a voice and they know how to read. They know many of the tunes, and yet are silent while the great raptures of music pass by. Among those who sing not one out of a hundred sings loud enough to hear his own voice. They hum it. They give a sort of religious grunt. They make the lips go but it is inaudible.

BURNED TO DEATH AS A WITCH.

With a voice strong enough to stop a street car one block away, all they can afford in the praise of God is about half a whisper. With enough sopranos, enough altos, enough bassos to make a small heaven between the four walls they let the opportunity go by unimproved. The volume of voice that ascends from the largest audience that ever assembled ought to be multiplied about two thousand-fold. But the minister rises and gives out the hymn; the organ begins; the choir or precentor leads; the audience are standing so that the lungs may have full expansion, and a mighty harmony is about to ascend, when the evil spirit spoken of in my text—the dumb devil—spreads his two wings, one over the lips of one-half the audience and the other wing over the lips of the other half of the audience, and the voices roll back into the throats from which they started, and only here and there anything is heard, and nine-tenths of the holy power is destroyed; and the dumb devil, as he flies away, says: "I could not keep Isaac Watts from writing that hymn, and I could not keep Lowell Mason from composing the tune to which it is set, but I smote into silence or half silence the lips from which it would have spread abroad to bless neighborhoods and cities, and then mount the wide-open heavens." Give the long-metre doxology the full support of Christendom, and those four lines would take the whole earth for God.

During the cotton famine in Lancashire, England, when the suffering was something terrific, as the first wagon-load of cotton rolled in, the starving people unhooked the horses and drew the load themselves, singing, until all Lancashire joined in with triumphant voices, their cheeks sopping with tears: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." When Commodore Perry, with his war-ship, the *Mississippi*, lay off the coast of Japan, he bombarded the shores with "Old Hundred" played by the marine band. Glorious "Old Hundred," composed by William Franc of Germany. In a war prison, at ten o'clock at night, the poor fellows far from home and wounded and sick and dying, one prisoner started the "Old Hundred Doxology," and then a score of voices joined, then all the prisoners on all the floors took up the acclaim until the building, from foundation to top-stone, fairly quaked with the melodious ascription. A British man-of-war, lying off a foreign coast, heard a voice singing that doxology, and immediately guessed, and guessed aright, that there was an Englishman in captivity to the Mohammedans; and in the small boats the sailors rowed to shore and burst into a guard-house and set the captive free. I don't know what tune the trumpets of resurrection shall play, but it may be the doxology which is now sounding across Christendom. How much more hearty we would be in our songs, and how easily we could drive back the dumb devil from all our worshipping assemblages, if we could realize that nearly all our hymns have a stirring history. That glorious hymn "Stand up for Jesus" was suggested by the last words of Dudley Tyng, who was dying from having his right arm torn off by a threshing machine. That hymn "What a Friend we have in Jesus," heard through a telephone, converted an obdurate soul. "Shall we gather at the River?" was a hymn first sung in our Brooklyn Prospect Park, at the children's May anniversary, and then started to encircle the world. "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" is a song that has saved hundreds of dissipated young men. Tom, the drummer-boy in the army, was found crying, and an officer asked him what was the matter! "Oh!" he said, "I had a dream last night. My sister died ten years ago, and my mother never was herself again, and she died soon after. Last night I dreamt I was killed in battle, and that mother and sister came down to meet me." After the next battle was over, some one, crossing the field, heard a voice that he recognized as the voice of Tom the drummer-boy singing "Jesus, lover of my soul." But at the end of the first verse, the voice became very feeble, and, at the end of the second verse it stopped, and they went up and found Tom, the drummer-boy, leaning against a stump, and dead.

That hymn "O for a thousand tongues to sing," was suggested to Charles Wesley by Peter Bohler, who, after his conversion, said: "I had better keep silent about it." "No," said Wesley, "if you had ten thousand tongues you had better use them for Christ." And then that angel of hymnology penned the words:

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

While much of the modern music is a religious doggerel, a consecrated nonsense, a sacred imbecility, I would like to see some great musician of our time lift the baton and marshal Luther's Judgment Hymn, Yarmouth, Dundee, Ariel, Brattle-street, Uxbride, Pleyel's Hymn, Harwell, Antioch, Mount Pisgah and Coronation, with a few regiments of mighty tunes made in our own time, and storm Asia, Africa and America for the Kingdom of God. But the first thing to do is to drive out the dumb devil of the text from all our churches.

Do not, however, let us lose ourselves in generalities. Not one of us but has had our lives sometimes touched by the evil spirit of the text—this awful dumb devil. We had just one opportunity of saying a Christian word that might have led a man or woman into a Christian life. The opportunity was fairly put before us. The word of invitation or consolation or warning came to the inside gate of the mouth, but there it halted. Some hindering power locked the jaws together so that they did not open. The tongue lay flat and still in the bottom of the mouth as though struck with paralysis. We were mute. Though God had given us the physiological apparatus for speech, and our lungs were filled with air which, by the command of our will, could have made the laryngeal muscles move and the vocal organs vibrate, we were wickedly and fatally silent. For all time and eternity we missed our chance. Or it was a prayer-meeting, and the service was thrown open for prayer and remarks, and there was a dead halt—everything silent as a grave-yard at midnight. Indeed it was a grave-yard and midnight. An embarrassing pause took place that put a wet blanket on all the meeting. Men, bold enough on business exchange or in worldly circles, shut their eyes as though they were praying in silence, but they were not praying at all. They were busy hoping somebody else would do his duty. The women flushed under the awful pause and made their fans more rapidly flutter. Some brother, with no cold, coughed, by that sound trying to fill up the time, and the meeting was slain. But what killed it?—the dumb devil. This is the way I account for the fact that the stupidest places on earth are some prayer meetings. I do not see how a man keeps any grace if he regularly attends them. They are spiritual refrigerators. Religion kept on ice. How many of us have lost occasions of usefulness. In a sculptor's studio stood a figure of the god Opportunity. The sculptor had made the hair fall down over the face of the statue so as to completely cover it, and there were wings to the feet. When asked why he so represented Opportunity, the sculptor answered: "The face of the statue is thus covered up because we do not recognize Opportunity when it comes, and the wings to the feet show that Opportunity is swiftly gone."

But do not let the world deride the church because of all this, for the dumb devil is just as conspicuous in the world. The two great political parties will soon assemble to build platforms for the presidential candidates to stand on. A committee of each party will be appointed to make the platform. After proper deliberation, the committees will come in with a ringing report: "Whereas," and "Whereas," and "Whereas." Pronunciamentoes all shaped with the one idea of getting the most votes. All expression in regard to the great moral evils of the country ignored. No expression about the liquor traffic, for that would

TOM WAS LYING AGAINST A STUMP, SINGING.

lose the rum vote. No expression in regard to the universal attempt at the demolition of the Lord's Day. No recognition of God in the history of this nation for that would lose the vote of atheists. But "Whereas," and "Whereas," and "Whereas." Nine cheers will be given for the platform. The dumb devil of the text will put one wing over the Republican platform and the other wing over the Democratic platform. There is nothing involved in the next election except offices. The great conventions will be opened with prayer by their Chaplains. If they avoid platitudes and tell the honest truth in their prayers, they will say: "O Lord, we want to be Postmasters and Consuls and Foreign Ministers and United States District Attorneys. For that we are here, and for that we will strive till the election next November. Give us office, or we die. Forever and ever, Amen." The world, to say the least is no better than the church on this subject of silence at the wrong time. In other words, is it not time for Christianity to become pronounced and aggressive as never before? Take sides for God and sobriety and righteousness. "If the Lord be God, follow him; if Baal, then follow him." Have you opportunity of rebuking a sin? Rebuke it. Have you a chance to cheer a disheartened soul? Cheer it. Have you a useful word to speak? Speak it.

Be out and out, up and down for righteousness. If your ship is afloat on the Pacific Ocean of God's mercy, hang out your colors from mast-head. Show your passport if you have one. Do not smuggle your soul into the harbor of heaven. Speak out for God! This morning close up the chapter of lost opportunities, and pitch it into the East River, and open a new chapter. Before you get to the door on your way out this morning shake hands with some one, and ask him to join you on the road to heaven. Do not drive up to heaven in a two-wheeled "sulky" with room only for one, and that yourself, but get the biggest Gospel wagon you can find, and pile it full of friends and neighbors, and shout till they hear you all up and down the skies, "Come with us, and we will do you good for the Lord hath promised good concerning Israel." The opportunity for good which you may consider insignificant may be tremendous for results, as when on the sea, Capt. Haldane swore at the ship's crew with an oath that wished them all in perdition, and a Scotch sailor touched his cap and said, "Captain! God hears prayer, and we would be badly off if your wish were answered." Captain Haldane was convicted by the sailor's remark and converted, and became the means of the salvation of his brother Robert who had been an infidel, and then Robert became a minister of the Gospel, and under his ministry the godless Felix Neff became the world-renowned missionary of the Cross, and the worldly Merle D'Aubigne became the author of *The History of the Reformation*, and will be the glory of the Church for all ages. Perhaps you may do as much as the Scotch sailor who just tipped his cap, and used one broken sentence by which the earth and the heavens are still resounding with potent influences. Do something for God, and do it right away, or you will never do it at all.

Time flies away fast,
The while we never remember;
How soon our life here
Grows old with the year
That dies with the next December.

THE RELIEF SHIP.

ON! on! thou gallant ship, nor pause
At island or at sea,
As swift-winged bird of hung'ring brood,
So let thy passage be.
Furl not thy sails till thou hast gained
Poor starving Russia's shore,
And tell her where thy sacks were filled,
At garners running o'er.

Remember that thy errand now
Across the mighty deep,
Is not to load the groaning board
For pampered lords to keep.
But let thy crying prompter be,
"The starving millions wait."
O God! forbid to one poor soul
These alms should come—too late.

Thou pitying God who hold'st the waves
In thine Almighty hand,
Should tempests rise, stretch forth thine arm,
The wind and storm command!
O, bless the gift, convey it safe,
And sanctify its use,
Whether 'twere poured from plenty's home
Or drained from widow's cruse.

Napa, Cal. MRS. C. W. PLASS.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S DREAM.

S. S. Lesson for May 29. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Dan. 2 : 36 : 49. Golden Text, Heb. 4 : 13.

THERE are few of God's children who are sufficiently true to him to be trusted with the difficult, almost impossible task of glorifying him in a life at court. To fit Joseph for it, he must needs first become a slave, and then a prisoner. To fit Daniel for it, he must be taken captive into Babylon, and first pass through the test of self-denial in the renouncing the food from the king's table, that he might thereby set up a standard for his God, before a greater and more critical task was applied to him. "Daniel had understanding in

All Visions and Dreams."

(Dan. 1:17.) God, in those days, spoke by dreams far more than in the present day, seeing we have now "a more sure Word of prophecy." (2. Pet. 1 : 19.) Thus in Egypt, not only Joseph had prophetic dreams, but also those for whom he prayed; the chief butler and the chief bakers of the king of Egypt, and, later on, the king himself began to have visions. Daniel's prophet-heart must have borne upon it the soul of the powerful and distinguished Nebuchadnezzar. No wonder then that the king dreamed; or, in other words, that God spoke to him.

Nebuchadnezzar was a despot. He did not himself profess to understand the mysterious things which came to him unbidden in his sleep, and he commanded those in his kingdom who assumed to have supernatural powers — magicians, astrologers, sorcerers, and Chaldeans — to make known to him the meaning of his dream. It had left an impression upon him that he could not shake off, although, as he affirmed, the details of the dream had passed from his memory.

Consternation seized upon all the wise men in Babylon. Their hold upon the supernatural was about to be put to a very severe test. They protested, but the king insisted that, on pain of death, they must both recall the dream and show the interpretation. Nebuchadnezzar was in no mood to be trifled with or deceived; if these men had communication with the other world, let them give proof of it. "I know of certainty that ye would gain the time, because ye see the thing is gone from me . . . Ye have prepared lying and corrupt words to speak before me, till the time be changed: therefore tell me the dream, I shall know that ye can show me the interpretation thereof." In vain did those men plead that the command was unreasonable, impossible; that none but the gods could be equal to it—they laid claim to the supernatural. It was but consistent that they should be expected to do supernatural things. These heathen pretenders betrayed themselves and proved that they had no real communication with God. The king was firm, and the command went forth that all the wise men of Babylon should be slain. Arioch conveyed the news to Daniel. Far from being at his wit's end, Daniel was in his element; he boldly went in and desired of the king time, and he would show the king the interpretation. What gave this young man such intrepidity in face of such dangers? It was his

Personal Acquaintance.

He knew his God, not from books, not second-hand from the experience of other men, but by habitual intercourse with him. Leaving the presence of the king, he called together his three friends "that they would desire mercies of the God of heaven concerning this secret." Just when the wise men of Babylon were in utter despair because there was no power in their gods to help, these four young men of God were at home; they knew their God was equal to this emergency. "Then was the secret revealed unto Daniel in a night vision." He must have slept, or he could not have dreamt. So completely had he been able to rest the matter with his God, on which his life and the lives of all the wise men in Babylon hung. Probably he woke with this revelation, and his whole soul burst out into praise. A few hours before, the sentence of death lay on him, and now he was to be

A Messenger of Life

to all the wise men of Babylon. So is it with God's children: we must have our times of death and of darkness, out of which God brings his glorious resurrection life. It did not take long for Daniel to apprise Arioch that his God had revealed the secret; it did not take long for Arioch to obtain him an audience with the king. The young prophet was not unnerved by the searching question with which he was greeted; "Art thou able to make known unto me the dream which I have seen, and the interpretation thereof?" He answered: "There is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets, and maketh known to the king Nebuchadnezzar what shall be in the latter days." There was nothing of apology, there was nothing of mere suggestion as though he were not quite sure of his ground. Quietly, deliberately, but with the utmost clearness, the young prophet recalled the king's dream, as a proof that the God whom he worshipped, and who had revealed it to him, was the true and living God, and he declared that this secret was not revealed to him for any wisdom that he had, more than any living, but "for the intent that the interpretation may be made known to the king."

Daniel recalled to the king that in his dream he had seen a great image with its head of gold, its breast and arms of silver, its thighs of brass, its legs of iron and its feet, part of iron and part of clay. And that then the king had seen a mysterious unhewn stone, which smote the image upon its feet, causing the destruction of the whole; and the stone became a great mountain and filled the whole earth. Had there been any mistake in this recalling of the king's dream, a man such as Nebuchadnezzar would not have failed to detect it. Already Daniel was gaining ground for his God, and seeing many prayers answered.

From the relation of the dream, the young prophet went on to speak of the interpretation. "Thou, O king, art a king of kings: for the God of heaven hath given thee a kingdom, power, and strength and glory." From the very commencement, Daniel gives God his place as this heathen king's Master, and that without any apology, for his assertion was backed by the patent facts that God had revealed the king's dream, that he was a God of power, and that he did hold communion with men. Thus the great, proud, mighty king found himself, for the first time in his life, in the presence of his Superior. "And wheresoever the children of men dwell, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the heaven hath he given into thine hand, and hath made thee ruler of them all.

Thou art this Head of Gold,

And after thee shall arise another kingdom, inferior to thee, (the Medo-Persian), and another third kingdom of brass, (that of Alexander of Macedon, the Grecian empire), which shall bear rule over all the earth." Gold, silver, brass! More and more degenerating, always becoming inferior! And yet in strength of arms, and in extent of territory there was increase instead of decrease. Extent of country, strength of armies, amount of revenue,, prestige among the nations,—it is by these things that men weigh the kingdoms of earth. But God weighs things in other scales, and measures the nations by their appreciation of the God that made them. Little Palestine, because it was the country where the people of God dwelt, has become more known in ancient history than any other country.

God would show Nebuchadnezzar, who was a man full of ambition, that in measure as the power of man increased so

Human Nature Deteriorates

in its intrinsic worth. The greatest and strongest kingdom, that of Rome, in its iron-like power could "break in pieces," "subdue" and "bruise," and then it had exhausted its resources; it could do no more. Human nature at its best can only destroy what God created! The last manifestation of universal dominion is typified by the toes of the image, which were part of iron (despotism or supreme rule), and part of clay (democracy the rule of the people.) This struggle of the people for dominion is going on in our days. Ever since the first Napoleon attempted universal dominion, the formation of the toes of the image has been going on. The clay and the iron are strangely mixed in the very countries which have formed parts of these four great empires. And "in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed (the kingdom of Christ); and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever."

God is fulfilling his Word. Just as surely as one after another, those mighty empires have arisen, stood for a time, and then passed away to be superseded by their successors; so surely, also, shall the last great universal empire arise. This shall be in the time of the great Anti-christ, called "the little horn" (Dan. 7: 8,24), and the "beast" (Rev. 13:—17), and it shall be superseded by the reign of Christ on earth, whose kingdom shall

Not Pass to Another People.

How near we are to the reign of the Anti-christ and the coming of our Lord let the events which are taking place around us tell. The Jews, who, as a nation, have ceased to exist for eighteen centuries, are now on the move all over the world. They are wanted nowhere, but God will surely restore them to their own land. The power of the people is rising, armies are assuming gigantic proportions, every thinking man says we are on the eve of a great crisis. The "stone, cut out without hands," is at work; nations, churches, old customs, the state of society,—all is becoming disorganized, all is preparing for the reign of Christ. "Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." (Matt. 24: 44.)

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

GOD hath made known to the king what shall come to pass hereafter. How often we hear people sighing for the gift to discern the future, entirely unconscious of the fact that God has given to each and every one of us facilities for foretelling with accuracy what we may expect with confidence. We know that when we sow wheat we shall reap wheat, that from an apple tree we may expect apples, from a pear tree—pears, and from a peach tree—peaches. No one would expect to reap plums from a fig tree, or cherries from a vine. And as God in his word has told us that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, we need not the gift of prophecy to know the future as far as it pertains to ourselves. Let us carefully consider the sowing of to-day and we shall know the reaping of to-morrow. Sow righteousness—reap joy, peace, happiness, such as the world cannot give, nor take away. Sow sin—reap misery, ruin, despair, death. Thus has God made known not only to the king, but to you and to me, what shall come to pass hereafter.

One day the master of Lukman (an Eastern fabalist), said to him, "Go into such a field and sow barley." Lukman sowed oats instead. At the time of the harvest his master went to the place, and seeing the green oats springing up, asked him, "Did I not tell you to sow barley here? Why then have you sown oats?" He answered: "I sowed oats in the hope that barley would grow up?" His master, full of indignation, cried out: "What a fool you are. Have you ever heard of the like?" Lukman replied: "You yourself are constantly sowing in the field of the world the seed of evil, and yet you expect to reap in the Resurrection Day the fruit of virtue. Therefore I thought I might get barley by sowing oats." The master was abashed at the reply and set Lukman free.

All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do. There is nothing hid from God's sight. Whether it be good or evil he knows it all, even the secret thoughts of our hearts. There is no deceiving him. We may mislead our friends as to our true character, and persuade them to believe us good and true, but if we are indulging ourselves in secret sins God surely knows it, for the eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good. Sometimes we commit sin and believe that nobody has seen us and the days and months and years glide by, and we almost forget about it, but as sure as the sun rises and sets, it will confront us on the Judgment Day.

When Dr. Dorre took possession of his first church, he walked into the churchyard as the sexton was digging a grave; and on his throwing up a skull, the preacher took it into his hands, to indulge in serious contemplation. On looking at it, he found a headless nail sticking in the temple, which he secretly drew out and wrapped it in the corner of his handkerchief. He then asked the gravedigger whether he knew whose skull it was. He said he did, adding that it had been a man's who kept a tavern—a drunken fellow, who one night, having taken two quarts of ardent spirits, was found dead in his bed the next morning. "Had he a wife?" "Yes." "Is she living?" "Yes." "What reputation does she bear?" "A very good one, only her neighbors reflect on her because she married again the day after her husband was buried." This was enough for the pastor, who in the course of visiting his parishioners, called on her. He asked her several questions, and, among others, of what sickness her husband had died. She gave him the same answer as the sexton, he opened his handkerchief and pulling out the nail, demanded in a bold voice, "Woman do you know this nail?" Horrified and confused she at once acknowledged her guilt for which she was tried and executed. For twenty years the secret had slept but at last it came to light, yet the confusion of that woman will not admit of comparison with what those will suffer who having rolled sin as a sweet morsel under their tongue, imagining that it was effectually hidden, find it suddenly exposed clear as the noonday sun, when God shall call them to an accounting of their stewardship here below. Then will they realize with a horrifying vividness that "all things are naked and opened, unto the eyes of him with whom we have to deal."

GOD UNDERTOOK HER CAUSE.

MORE than fifty years ago, when people were imprisoned for debt, a Mrs. Chadsey was left a widow with a considerable sum owing for rent. It was not long after her husband's burial, that a person came to her house, and said, "Mrs. Chadsey, you are much indebted to your landlord; and he has sent me to demand the rent that is due to him." She answered, "Sir, I have not so much money in the world; indeed I have none at all." "But," said he, "have you nothing that will fetch money?" She replied, "Sir, you see all that I have: I have nothing in the house but these six children." "Then," said he, "I must execute my writ, and carry you to Newgate. But it is a hard case. I will leave you here till to-morrow and will go and try if I can persuade your landlord to give you time." He returned the next morning, and said, "I have done all I can; I have used all the arguments I could think of; but your landlord is not to be moved. He vows, if I do not carry you to prison without delay, I shall go thither myself." She answered, "You have done your part; the will of the Lord be done." He said, "I will venture to make one trial more; and will come again in the morning." He returned in the morning, and said, "Mrs. Chadsey, God has undertaken your cause; none can give you any more trouble now; for your landlord died last night, and he has left no will; and no one knows who is heir to the estate."

A SONG OF TRUST.

WE know not, but thou knowest
All things, Most Good and Wise!
The light is all about thee,
The mists are in our eyes.
Thy children love this solace
In hours of strain and strife,
What we know not thou knowest,
Oh, God of all our life!

Why sicknesses and sorrows
Should dare to touch thine own,
Why loving hearts are breaking,
And weak ones sad and lone;
Why those who cry for morning
Are lost amid the night,
We know not, but thou knowest,
And all thy ways are right.

Why from the world that needs them
Thou call'st thy best away,
Though hosts besiege thee for them,
And they are fain to stay,
We ask, but find no answer;
We cannot understand,
But thine is perfect knowledge,
Our times are in thy hand.

From beat of stormy waters,
From waves of restless care,
From tumult of great trouble
And waste of wild despair,
Our souls find ample refuge
In faith as in an ark,
We know not, but thou knowest.
And light shines through the dark.

A VISIT TO MAR SABA.

(*Continued from first page.*)

of the illustration on the first page) which, like a great portion of the main buildings, has been rebuilt at different times. At this watch-tower the visitor applies for entrance. The sentinel on top lets down a basket, in which the visitor places his credentials, and this is drawn up again. If satisfactory, a small iron-barred door is opened and the applicant is admitted, after which the door is closed, and the convent is again tightly sealed.

Three small bells, with tones of peculiarly liquid cadence, hang in the tower of the church of St. Saba, and it is affirmed that the sound of these bells can be heard as far as the western side of the Dead Sea. The church itself, while it cannot be compared in architectural beauty with many buildings in other parts of Palestine, is exquisitely decorated. Not many years ago, an emperor of Russia fitted it up richly with gold and silver, and costly paintings, after the style usually found in Greek churches. The monks, all of whom belong to the Greek church, are in the main lazy and idle. Life at Mar Saba seems to have stagnated them, intellectually and physically. At the religious services, indications of zeal and fervor are totally absent, and the same apathy extends to everything the visitor observes within the walls.

In his work entitled *The Holy Land and the Bible*, Rev. Cunningham Geikie, D.D., thus describes an evening at Mar Saba: "There are nearly always travellers of different nationalities visiting so curious a place during the season. As they arrive, their tents are set up in the little glen on the west, the crowd of mules and horses attending them being picketed before the monastery, which, for the time, is turned into a hospice on a large scale. Peasants offer memorials of Mar Saba sticks, rosaries, and the like, at wonderfully low prices for the locality; Arab guides, mule-drivers, Greek monks, and travellers, perhaps from France, Germany, England and America, talk, each in his own language, till it seems like a reproduction of the noisy confusion of the gift of tongues. In the refectory, long tables are covered with pleasant white cloths, and wax candles in tasteful holders light up the shining plates.

"The men connected with the tents bake their bread outside the cloister, in the hot ashes of the fire, turning the dough carefully and often, that it may not burn; just as Sarah did when she 'made (round) cake on the hearth,' that is, on the wood ashes, for the three mysterious visitors to her husband's tent. This is the common way of preparing bread among the Orientals at the present day, when they are in haste or on a journey, but it has been practiced from the earliest times. The bread baked by the Israelites on the night of their departure from Egypt was made thus. Even their manna-bread seems to have been cooked by them under the ashes, into which it was put in earthenware dishes."

Mar Saba is most appropriately named, the word "Mar" signifying black: for wilder or more dismal surroundings could not have been chosen for the site of this lonely retreat. There are many historical associations connected with the locality. In this gloomy gorge, the wicked Queen Athaliah, the mother of Ahaziah, was executed by the command of Jehoiada, the priest (II. Kings : 1 : 15, 16), who directed that she be taken "without the ranges," and slain. Here also the various abominations of idol worship, of which the Israelites have been guilty, were conveyed and destroyed. David, in his various campaigns, doubtless passed through this valley with his armed host many times, and also during his flight from Jerusalem after the rebellion of Absalom.

The mountains, from which one looks down on Mar Saba, are much below the height of those of the West, where there is a wall of lofty hills stretching onward to the cliffs that overhang the Dead Sea. El Muntar (the "Watch-tower"), one of the peaks immediately west of Mar Saba, is noted as the scene of a yearly event of considerable interest among the Hebrews. It is related that many years ago, one of the scape-goats which had been led to the wilderness and there set free, found its way back to Jerusalem. This was considered so ominous that the priests decided thereafter to take the goat to some high peak, whence it could be rolled downward, dying before it reached the bottom. El Muntar was selected for this purpose, and each year the scapegoat was hurled from its summit into the gorge beneath.

The illustration on the first page of this issue showing Mar Saba as it now appears, after fourteen centuries of existence, is from a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage, the editor of this journal, while in Palestine, two years ago.

Incidents of the Russian Famine.

WHILE the American gifts of food are being distributed among the famine sufferers in Russia, and while other relief ships are speeding across the ocean on the same benevolent mission, thrilling stories of the terrible suffering are received in this country. In some of the Central and Eastern provinces, very little has yet been accomplished in mitigation of the famine. The government has acted with an unusual degree of liberality, however, granting the peasants the privilege of cutting wood from the imperial forests for fuel, and also sending relief wagons among them. In the illustration on this page, a group of peasants is shown huddled together in a stable, where they have sought temporary shelter while on the way from their native village to some one of the large cities of the empire. It is but just to state that the rich proprietors throughout Russia are rising to the emergency, and giving alms and food generously to the afflicted.

One of the saddest features of the famine is the apparent want of human feeling that has in many cases followed long-continued abstinence from food. It is said that in some of the stricken districts, peasant fathers and mothers have actually sold their children for a few coins,

STARVING RUSSIAN PEASANTS RESTING IN A STABLE.

one man residing in the Gaisinsk district being reported as selling his little daughter for six rubles (about $3), while another, who decided to abandon his native village, sold his family of four children for a small sum, and a third, in a village called Namiroff, sold his little girl and boy for eight rubles (about $4.) Yet, without knowing all the circumstances, it might be unjust to blame those wretched people for doing what they did, since it may be possible that the so-called sales were merely transfers of their children—whom they were unable to support, and could not bear to see perish—to other hands who would care for them lovingly and faithfully. Such sales are illegal in Russia.

THE LAST HALF HOUR.

ONE Sunday evening, a party of gipsies were gathered round a fire, and a friend went to talk with them about their never-dying souls, and of the great danger they were if on being lost forever unless they sought the forgiveness of their sins which was purchased for them by the precious blood of Christ. After his arrival one of them walked away to his own van, muttering to himself. Leaving those around the fire, the friend followed him, and had some heart-searching talk to him; impressing upon him the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death and the judgment, entreating him to make his peace with God. At last he cried out:

"I'll tell you how it is, master; at the last half hour I mean to cry for mercy."

The friend said, "But how do you know you will have a chance to cry for mercy at the the last half-hour? Hundreds are called out of time into eternity without a moment's warning."

He replied, "Yes, it is so; one of our men went out one morning, and as he was walking down the street, he fell down dead."

"Yes," the friend said, "He had no time to make his peace with God, no time to say even, Lord save me, and it may be so with you. God's word says: Now is the accepted time. God loves you, Christ died for you, and is willing and able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him."

For the rest of the day, the gipsy sat silent and thoughtful.

PERSECTION IN JERUSALEM.

WHAT shall be done for the Jews is fast becoming a question of world-wide importance. The recent action of the German government in refusing to allow Russian Jews even to pass through Germany is a startling evidence of the prejudice against them. Attempts are beings made to induce the English government to close the gates against the Russian refugees. Where can they go? Will not the time come when the statesmen of Europe will see that some solution of the problem must be found and that the only fitting solution is that of settling them in their own land? At present, however, that land is no more a place of rest for them than other lands. A traveller there sends word that two hundred Jews from Persia made their way with great difficulty to Jerusalem. There they found shelter with their brethren; but suddenly the police authorities seized and locked up a number of men, women and children in a ware-house, where they remained without food, light or fire, and ordered them all to leave immediately for Jaffa, and there take ship for somewhere! Then ensued a most distressing scene. The women and children assembled in the synagogue; the roll of the law was brought out by the Rabbi; prayer was offered for mercy amid wailing and weeping—the poor women holding up their babies to the Sacred Books. English gentlemen appealed in vain to the authorities. Soldiers with fixed bayonets were placed on guard over the poor people, and pushed and beat the the women with the butt ends of their rifles. The prospect of having to toil on foot down to Jaffa was a terrible one, as there had been much rain. A short respite was granted at the urgent entreaty of the Chief Rabbi, and Mr. Scott Moncrieff was thus enabled to arrange for carts for the women and old people, and to provide for a hot meal at the first halting-place. Can anything be imagined more humiliating than this of their being cast out of the land God gave to their fathers for a perpetual possession?

EMPEROR MENELIK'S RULE.

MENELIK, Emperor of Ethiopia," writes Count Antonelli of Italy, who was long a resident in Ethiopia, "was married to the princess Taitu in 1883, and is now forty-eight years old. He is a man of medium height and powerful body, with dark brown skin and course, although not irregular features. He is not naturally cruel, and the signing of death warrants often makes him sorrowful and reflective. He understands his people and is able to gain their love and rule them wisely. Although he now bears the title of emperor of Ethiopia, commands an army of 130,000 men with 60,000 guns, and displays at times oriental splendor, he is not ashamed to subject himself to physical labor. He saws wood, makes house models, and superintends the construction of buildings. A short time ago a terrible disease carried away many of the oxen, and Menelik and his courtiers used rakes and spades in order to prepare the fields for the reception of the seed. He worked also three months as a stone-mason on a church which he ordered built not long ago. He understands the main facts about railroads and steamships, and the principles of telegraphy, He would gladly acquaint his people with the technical advances in science and the arts, but his advisers would not consent to it.

"Since the early eighties, Menelik has kept up his connection with Europe. In mercantile affairs he is the equal of experienced tradesmen. In diplomatic matters he well understands the art of prolonging the discussion until he has reached a decision. One who has to carry on business with him must be observant and attentive. The emperor takes great interest in European newspapers. He is fond of talking with Europeans also, in order to increase his knowledge of Europe. He always receives Europeans in a friendly and flattering manner.

"As a rule the emperor breaks his night's rest at three o'clock in the morning. He prays then for two hours. From five o'clock till seven he dictates letters to his secreties. At seven o'clock he receives his ministers and visitors of importance and listens to their reports of the state of the empire. He gives his orders for the day after the reports and makes his appointments. During the day he also finds time to regulate watches, draw architectural plans, give medicine to the sick and take care of his army."

A MOTHER'S RICH LEGACY.

"ISABEL, this is the key of your mother's wardrobe," said a father to his motherless daughter, on her eighteenth birthday. "Take it, and, at your leisure, look over your mother's things. You are at an age now to value them."

With these words the father, a great scholar and bookworm, left the room. Isabel was soon looking over her young mother's possession She could just remember being taken as a kindly child to kiss a sweet, pale lady in bed, and the next day being told that her mother was in heaven. As she looked on the long-unused things, she yearned to have that fair mother by her side, for she was often lonely and cheerless. Suddenly Isabel came on a well-worn book, bound in red morocco, with a silver clasp. It opened at once about the middle, the place being marked by a bunch of dry and colorless flowers. She saw that the volume was a small Bible, and that it opened at a place where was a text strongly marked in red ink That text was, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted;" and by the side was written, "My little motherless Isabel." "It is almost like my mother speaking to me from the dead," Isabel said solemnly, "she must have known I should find this some day," and eagerly she kissed the page again and again. The young mother had known that some time her daughter would probably find these words, watered by her dying prayers. And richly God answered those prayers, for that well-worn Bible soon became her child's greatest treasure. From it she learned the plan of salvation, and from it she drew heavenly comfort and joy that brightened her solitary life.

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T. de Witt Talmage
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YOUR PLACE.

THERE are thousands of persons in places where they do not belong. The bird's wing means air, the fish's fin means water, the horse's hoof means solid ground; and what would happen if the bird tried the water, and the fish tried the air happens when men get out of their natural element. In my watch, the spring cannot exchange places with the wheels, nor the cogs with the pivots. "Stay where I put you!" cries the watchmaker, "if you want to keep good time!" Now, the world is only a big watch that God wound up, and the seasons are the hands which tell how fast the time is going. "Stay where I put you!" says our great Creator. Or, if you prefer, human society is a ship. Some are to go ahead; they are the prow. Some are to stay behind and guide those who lead; they are the helm. Some are to be enthusiastic and carry the flag; they are the masts. Some are to do nothing but act as a dead weight; they are shovelled in as ballast. Some are to fume and fret and blow; they are the valves.

Our happiness and success depend on being where we belong. A scow may be admirable, and a seventy-four gun-ship may be admirable, but do not put the scow on the ocean, or the ship-of-the-line in a mill-pond. Fortune is spoken of as an old shrew, with hot water, shovel and tongs, pursuing the innocent. But, though sometimes losing her temper, she mostly approves those who are in their sphere, and condemns those who are where they do not belong.

How, then, account for the success of such persons as Elihu Burritt and Hugh Miller—the former a blacksmith, yet showing unbounded capacity for the acquisition of language; the latter a stone-mason, and yet, as though he were one of the old buried Titans come to life, pressing up through rocks and mountains, until, shaking from his coat a world of red sand-stone, and washing off from his hands the dust of millions of years, he takes the professor's chair in a college? We answer, different men want different kinds of colleges. The anvil was the best school-desk for Elihu Burritt, and quarry-stone for Hugh Miller. The former, among the cinders and horse-shoes, learned that patient toil which was the secret of his acquisition in the languages. The latter, from observations made while toiling with chisel and crowbar, laid the foundation of his wonderful attainments, one shelf of rock being worth to him more than the hundred shelves of a college-library.

Some men get into an occupation below that for which they are intended. They have their "seventy-four" in the mill-pond. They do not get along as well in that position as somebody with less brains. An elephant would make wretched work if you set it to hatch out goose-eggs, but no more wretched than a man of great attainments appointing himself to some insignificant office.

Men are often in a position a little above that for which they were intended. Now the old scow is out on the ocean. The weights of a clock said: "Come! come! This is dull work down here! I want to be the pendulum!" But the pendulum shouted upward: "I'm tired of this work! It does not seem that I make any progress going backward and forward! Oh! that I were the hands!" Under this excitement, the old clock, which had been going ever since the Revolutionary War, stopped stock-still. "What is the matter now, my old friend?" says the gray-haired patriarch. For very shame, not a word was said, until the old man set it a-going. Then the striking-bell spoke up and said: "Nothing! only the weights wanted to be the pendulum, and the pendulum wanted to be the hands!" "Well! well!" said grandfather, "this is great work!" and the old man, losing his patience, gave the clock a gentle slap in the face, and told the pendulum hereafter to hold its tongue, and said to the weights: "You be hanged!"

THE MINISTERS.

SO much has been written of the hardships of clergymen, small salaries, unreasonable churches, mean committees, and impudent parishioners, that parents seeking for their children's happiness are not wont to desire them to enter the sacred calling. Indeed, the story of empty bread-trays and cheerless parsonages has not half been told. But there is another side to the picture. Ministers' wives are not all vixens, nor their children scapegraces. Pastors do not always step on thorns and preach to empty benches. The parish sewing-society does not always roast their pastor over the slow fires of tittle-tattle. There is no inevitable connection between the Gospel and bronchitis. As far as we have observed, the brightest sunshine is ministers' sunshine. They have access to refined circles, means to give a good education to their children, friends to stand by them in every perplexity, and through the branches that drop occasional shadows on their way sifts the golden light of great enjoyment.

SUMMERING.

ALL the world may be divided into two classes—those who go to watering-places, and those who wish they could. In summer, the unemployed trunks, valises, and carpet-bags up in the attic, swell with envy until they almost burst their straps, pry off their lids, or demolish their buckles, as the express-wagons rattle the street, piled up with baggage marked for Lake George, Newport, or Clifton Springs. If the "castle in the air" that many of our business men are building should alight, it would probably come down on the Beach, or at the Springs.

For tens of thousands of our people the most delectable event in their home-life is their going away. Nothing must interfere with this. Papa's business may have been poor during the year, and every dollar may be necessary to keep the firm from a capsize, but walk the beach they ought, climb the mountains they must, sip sulphur water they will.

There are three orders of American nobility. To the highest belong those who spend all the summer away. Give them full swing! Feel honored if they tread on your corns. They hold in their hand letters patent of nobility, namely, a hotel bill for eight or ten weeks' board at Bedford Springs. The second order are those who stay two or three weeks. Let them be honored! They were at six "hops," rode out twice to the races, and formed the acquaintance of the nephew of one of the staff officers of General Burnside. All hail! Put down a strip of carpet from carriage to door-step as they come back. Make way for them on the church aisle. Here they come after three weeks at Ballston Spa. The lowest order are those who can say only that they were gone "a few days." We would not by any means class them with those who stay at home, or merely go into the country, for they are on the way up, and in a few years may compass a whole month away. Many who once had no better prospects than they, have lived to spend six weeks in an attic at five dollars a day. Many people, no doubt, gain great physical and mental advantages from their stay at watering-places. Toiling men and women find here a respite, make valuable acquaintance, and come home with stronger and steadier pulse. But there are a multitude that crowd these places, unhappy while they stay, and sick when they come home.

FARMING.

THERE are only two conditions in which farming pays. The first, when a man makes agriculture a lifetime business, not yielding to the fatal itch for town which is depopulating the country, and crowding the city with a multitude of men standing idle with their hands in their own or their neighbors' pockets. The other condition, is when a citizen with surplus of means, and weary of the excitements and confinements of city life, goes to the country, not expecting a return of dollars equal to the amount disbursed, but expects, in health, and recreation, and communion with nature to find a wealth compared with which all bundles of scrip and packages of Government securities are worthless as the shreds of paper under the counting-room desk in the waste-basket. Only those who come out of the heats of the town, know the full enchantment of country life. When we had a place in the country, the banquet lasted all summer, beginning with cups of crocus, and ending with glowing tankards of autumnal leaf. At Belshazzar's feast the knees trembled for the finger that wrote doom, but the handwriting on our wall was of honeysuckle and trumpet-creeper.

* * *

ALAS! for this day of naked facts! We deplore this unromancing of everything. We have a rail-track to the top of Mt. Washington. The trees under which Henry Clay walked are cut up into walking-sticks. Men have turned Passaic Falls into a mill-race. Be not surprised if Independence Hall gets to be an oyster-cellar. Dear old Santa Claus has been pushed off the top of the chimney and had his neck broken. Facts! Facts! Facts! Give us in our family newspaper a little romance. It will do no harm to hear of moonlight ramble, and sail on the lake with only two in the boat; and while you despise elopements as unwise and dangerous, do not fear to tell us of the father who wanted his daughter to marry some rich old Disagreeable, while the young man was ready with hard hands and loving heart to earn for her a home in the cottage. I am glad that the ladder did not break, and that Timothy Hardfist won the prize.

* * *

YOU know that in telegraphy there are two currents of electricity. So when you put out your hand of prayer to Christ there are two currents—a current of sorrow rolling up from your heart to Christ, and a current of commiseration down from the heart of Christ to you. Two currents. Oh, why do you go unhelped?

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

A BIT OF TONIC THIS WEEK.

IT'S a fact that some people think Christianity is dead or at least dying. It was only a little while ago that an infidel proclaimed the Bible would soon be out of print. How we laugh at such thoughts. They hit so wide of the mark we call it a jest.

Christianity dead! Hardly, when the greatest city in the world—London—will celebrate the one great day of Atonement—Good Friday—by closing every shop and store, factory and mill, saloon and storehouse, banks and business alike; calling a halt in the affairs of life to remember the day when Jesus was nailed to the cross and gave his life for sinners. If you call that the sign of disintegration, give me more of it.

* * *

Some folk see little because they get in a bad position, lost in the woods of doubt or surrounded by the mists of worldliness. The heavens show far different to one beside the Lick telescope and one face downwards in a jungle path. My brother, my sister, ask God to help you out on some hill top for an hour's clear breathing in the fresh breeze of facts and clear sky of realities of success in this mighty course of ours. It will do you good. The day you read this there will be more than two thousand converts made for Christ. Think of that.

I saw with mine own eyes, only a few weeks just gone by, more than a thousand converts gathered at one time from a three-week's mission in McKeesport, Pa. Mind you, that is just one spot out of the many where the smile of God has kissed the harvest into full ripeness for gathering.

* * *

Maybe the kiss of the world has left blisters of sorrow on your lip and life; well, let me give the cure, the same as others have tried with success. The Balm of Gilead, the love of Jesus and grace of God. I've been watching of late the effects of God's remedy on broken hearts and lives, and so sweet has been the outcome I want you to try it.

* * *

Thousands come to me for help. How foolish! Why not go to God. It was he who said, "Fear not, I will help thee," and behind the promise was the strength of Omnipotence.

* * *

You will find written on my opening fly-leaf in the Bible, I use these words:

"Be careful for nothing."

"Be prayerful for everything."

"Be thankful for anything."

Little favors of God often outweigh the biggest gift of the world. Satan knew this when he offered Christ this entire planet for one bow.

PRAYER MEETINGS.

The regular mid-week prayer-meeting in your church could be made a mighty power and filled to overflowing if the following simple rules and suggestions were carried out:

1. Let some one call together in his home twenty-five people of the parish, who have brains enough to take part to edification.

2. Give them a happy social hour with a nice luncheon, never mind if it does cost time, trouble and money.

3. After lunch, tell them what you want and pledge them to it.

Be present rain or shine.

Get there early with cheering faces.

See that everybody has books to sing from.

Have the room well lighted.

Keep the temperature at sixty-five degrees.

Get the people together, and front seats full.

Squelch long preludes, and interludes, and afterludes, on organ or piano.

The twenty-five should sing strong, clear, and with good time.

Every one be ready to offer a short, very short, pointed prayer.

Let the twenty-five demand reverence, mingled with joy, by their every act.

Have ready some good Scripture, testimony or song.

Permit no one to be lengthy, not even the preacher.

Never follow the same order; vary the services.

See that sinners are urged to accept Christ.

Close the meeting promptly.

The twenty-five then speak to everybody in the room.

Ask them to bring some one else next week.

NATURE IMITATED BY MUSIC.

IN a recent article, Mr. L. E. Elson, a distinguished musical authority, discusses the various attempts on the part of the great masters of music to reproduce the sounds of nature in their compositions. As long ago as 1570, the composer, Scandelli, in a vocal work, pictured the cackle of a hen; Beethoven, in one of his stirring pieces, produced trumpet-calls as heard on the battle-field and also the effect of cannonading at intervals; Volkmann, another composer of the strong dramatic musical school, produced a score representing a fierce conflict, amid which the notes of a soft and tender melody could be clearly distinguished rising above the battle-din. Rossini has given us a musical tempest, Wagner a storm with the sighing of the wind, the rushing of mountain torrents and the falling of cascades, while Rubenstein has depicted, with grand effect, a tornado. Berlioz, more ambitious than any of the others, has striven faintly to picture in musical grandeur, something of which no human being has yet conceived—the crash and tumult attending the final mundane cataclysm, and he does this with a jargon of stringed instruments, a fierce tempest of trombones and a thunderous roll of drums. Necessarily, this last-mentioned attempt falls unappreciated on the ears of the critics. While it is appropriate that the masters of tone should endeavor, with all the art and skill at their command, to reproduce phases of nature with which they are more or less familiar, and pictures of things they know, it is wholly beyond the grasp of the human mind to portray, however faintly, the scenes and sounds that will attend the grand final conflagration. Even John, the prophet-evangelist, with his eye and mind intent upon the scene, failed to portray the coming destruction of the world so that the human intellect could obtain more than a mere faint impression of the terrible glory of that event; and if he, with divine inspiration resting upon him, failed to do this, it is not surprising that one whose ambition is merely to delight the physical senses, should fall short in the treatment of a subject so stupendous in its sublimity. (Rev. 6: 13-16.)

An Alleged Sacred Relic and Its Cures.

AN interesting and instructive sight was witnessed by thousands of persons in New York city, a few days ago. In front of a French Catholic Church, great crowds gathered, jostling and crowding to secure admittance. Those who were fortunate enough to get in, elbowed their way forward to the altar where, guarded by half a dozen priests, was a stand on which was a box with a glass lid. Within the box was a fragment of a human skeleton, and this fraction of decayed mortality the priests were exhibiting to the crowd at frequent intervals and amid the greatest excitement. The bone is alleged to be a portion of the arm of St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary, and its appearance in this country, the possessors claim, has been signalized by a number of miracles. Wonderful cures of long-standing, chronic diseases are reported, although it is noticeable that the names of the beneficiaries and all other information necessary to authenticate these claims are withheld. This is not the first instance in which a so-called sacred relic—before unheard of—has been exhibited in the United States, with all the accompaniments and paraphernalia of superstitious jugglery that characterize such exhibitions in Europe. The alleged miracles at Knock and Lourdes, the absurd spectacle at Treves, where the "Holy Coat" (a rival and duplicate of which was simultaneously exhibited in another city), was paraded in the public streets and its healing properties hawked by the miracle-mongers among the superstitious multitudes,—these events recall similar occurrences in mediæval times when all Europe was plunged in darkness and superstition, and when the so-called relics were multiplied so alarmingly that they were a scandal even to Rome, and were suppressed by wholesale. Their comparatively recent advent here proves that the spirit of superstition still lingers even in enlightened Christian lands. Blind belief in such claims is neither pleasing to God nor creditable to the human intelligence, and we are expressly warned against the pretences and devices of false ministers and charlatans who shall arise in these latter days to delude and mislead the minds of men, by directing them to things that have in themselves no special worthiness, instead of pointing them to the Great Physician who stands ready to soothe our sorrows and heal all our diseases. (II. Peter 1: 3.)

Hawaii Seeks Annexation.

RECENT letters from the Hawaiian Islands indicate the renewal of a very pronounced sentiment in favor of annexation to this country. The Hawaiian diplomatic representative at Washington, Dr. Mott Smith, admits the probability of such an event at no distant day, and says that although some of the native chiefs and the present ruling element oppose it, a very large and influential part of the population of the islands advocates it strongly. The trouble with Hawaii is that for many years past its government has been in a most unstable way and unsatisfactory condition. Torn by conflicting interests,—English, German, American and native—the Islands have never realized the advantages of a civilized government, having the true interests and material development of the people at heart. Those having trade there care only for what wealth they can extract from the plantations. Under existing conditions, trade in Hawaii cannot be said to be profitable to the producer, prices being wholly regulated by foreigners. The experience of the last half dozen years, with the various changes following on the death of King Kalakaua and the repeated insurrectionary risings, have turned the popular desire in the direction of some hope that would give assurance of stability in the government. Meanwhile, it is said that the matter may shortly be expected to come up in some form before Congress, the initiative having been taken by Hawaii. The American national idea, however, is naturally slow about forming alliances that may lead to future entanglements and therefore the present agitation may result in nothing. The experience of Hawaii is by no means unprecedented. Other countries, some of them much larger and far more populous, have tried the experiment of varied service, and changeful alliances, sometimes for generations, before discovering the true secret of national development and prosperity. In proportion as a people serves God and loves righteousness, will that people become enduringly great and powerful. All anticipations based on other foundations than this will be certain to prove disappointing in the end. (Ps. 144: 15.)

A Remarkable Kleptomaniac.

THE trial of a lady of high social position who is charged with stealing will shortly take place in St. Louis, Mo., if her family cannot succeed in settling the case out of court. According to the police accounts, she is not only a clever thief but possesses vast capacity for remembering her crimes. As Police Headquarters when confronted with representatives of the stores she had robbed, she confessed her guilt, and classified a Saratoga trunk full of small articles she had stolen between the holidays and April 25th without making a single mistake. The goods included dress patterns, laces, bonnets, shawls, and every sort of feminine lingerie, numbering several hundred pieces, but she named the owners of each accurately. She said her thefts were simply in obedience to an irresistible craving, for she had no use for the property stolen. So far as known, she has neither used nor disposed of any of the goods, everthing missing having been found in her big Saratoga trunk. Her husband is in good circumstances and she had always sufficient money to purchase the articles which she stole. She is evidently deranged, to some extent, though she talks rationally. The fact that she had no use for the plunder confirms her statement that she was laboring under an irresistible impulse. Probably the majority of criminals and even of sinners who are not criminals, might make the same plea. The power of resistance always decreases in any person in proportion to the number of times he yields to temptation. Eventually the sinner becomes powerless to resist and there would be no hope of reclamation if God had not provided a remedy. (Ezek. 36: 26, 27.)

Is Emin Pasha Dead?

SHOULD the reports of the death of Emin Pasha, the famous German explorer, brought from Wadelai to Zanzibar by Arabs, be confirmed, the world will have lost one of the most interesting figures of the present century. Emin—whose real name was Dr. Schnitzer, a German by birth—was the friend and co-laborer of General Gordon, the hero of Khartoum. Gordon appointed him as Governor of the Equatorial Province of Southern Egypt, which he held and ruled absolutely for several years after the Soudan had been wrested from Egypt by the Mahdist uprising. Emin has passed through many perils and remarkable adventures. Cool, sagacious and brave, he has done much to enlighten the civilized world regarding the mysterious interior of the great continent, and has also exerted a wonderful influence as a civilizing agent. It is said to have been Emin's dream to found an empire in Africa, but there were obstacles that made this an impossibility. The chief enemy of European colonization there is the deadly climate, and the next the hostility of the natives. For more than a decade, a tremendous struggle has been in progress among the different European powers for the possession of valuable territorial tracts in the "Dark Continent." Portugal, by right of prior discovery and settlement, claimed much; but Portugal has been compelled to stand aside when stronger powers came on the field and disputed its title. France, Germany, England and Italy are all contending for supremacy in the African Colonies and from the mountains of Masai-land to the borders of the Transvaal on the South, and the Guinea Coast on the West, the strife goes on intermittently. Side by side with this covetous contest for land, gold and ivory, another and a nobler battle is being waged. It is the warfare of Christ and civilization against sin and ignorance. Many Christian denominations are pouring into this great field, their best life-blood; every month sees new missionary recruits sent on to the front. While kings and potentates are simply obeying their own selfish and ambitious desires for wealth and aggrandizement,—things that must soon pass away,—the soldiers of the Cross are building an empire that will grow with each successive generation, until the Sun of Righteousness illumines the darkest valleys and forests in Africa, and the Gospel of peace and immortality has been brought home to every creature in that distant land. (II. Cor. 10: 3-4.)

Another Polar Expedition.

NOTHING daunted by the successive failures of previous expeditions to the Arctic regions, still another venture is proposed during the coming summer. It is to be commanded by Colonel Gilder, and will be under the auspices of the American Geographical Society and the National Academy of Sciences. Colonel Gilder will have as associates several scientific experts and a full crew of able seamen, and his vessel will be equipped with all the appliances necessary to make the perilous voyage with as little risk as possible. His purpose is to journey to some extreme northern point, and there make a magnetic survey of the region immediately surrounding the pole. Some of the most distinguished scientific men of the day approve this plan, and believe that, as a result of this expedition, the magnetic pole may not only be definitely located, but the whole world of science greatly benefited. Some in their enthusiasm even look forward to the locating of the true magnetic polar centre, and the ultimate establishment of telegraphic communication between it and the rest of the world. One by one, the difficulties to polar exploration disappear with each new expedition; but there yet remains the apparently impassable ice barrier, which rises up to check further advance, and the key to unlock whose fastnesses has never yet been discovered by man. Whether Col. Gilder and his crew succeed in finding the magnetic pole or not, it is fairly certain that their effort will add to the already large stock of scientific information. It will also be the means of further revealing to men's minds glimpses of the wondrous mechanism and infinite wisdom and skill of the Great Architect who swung this planet of ours on its central poles amid the firmament, and whose loving hand sustains his people, from the equatorial sea to the strange and wonderful land, whence cometh the cold and where "the breadth of the waters is straitened" by the frosty breath of the Almighty. (Job 37: 9, 10.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Two thousand Methodist women are now studying Greek, and in other ways preparing themselves for practical work in pulpit and on platform.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has given $40,000 to erect a building in Atlanta, Ga., for the Spilman Institute, a school in which there are now eight hundred colored women and girls studying in various branches.

The next Christian Workers' Convention will be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., in November. The first meeting will be on November 10. Early announcement is made because large numbers of our readers look forward to these conventions as times of blessing which they would be sorry to miss.

Rev. George H. Simmons and Professor and Mrs. Towner have been doing excellent work at Winchester, Ky., by holding meetings of the Christian workers of the neighborhood, of various denominations and organizing an aggressive and united movement. Similar meetings are now being held by them at Mt. Sterling, Ky., and arrangements are being made for a series in North Carolina and Georgia.

Dr. N. B. Randall of Long Island City, N.Y., has been holding revival services in the Baptist Church of Keyport, N. J., which has recently been repaired and beautified at a cost of $5,000. He remained there three weeks holding meetings daily, afternoon and evening. A deep interest was aroused and it is expected that there will be a large accession to the membership of the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Johnston, who formerly conducted the Margaret Strachan Home in New York, have been distributing tracts and making personal appeals on recent evenings to the crowds on Broadway between 23d and 34th Streets. They are endeavoring to get the churches in the neighborhood to unite in opening a mission hall at that part of Broadway, to reach the vast numbers of men who walk to and fro there every night.

"Little Diana," Bishop Taylor's African protege, who was first introduced to the American public by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was presented at the Omaha Conference, and took the delegates by storm. The tiny "raw heathen" was cheered until she became frightened. "Diana" will carry back to the Congo very vivid recollections of her trip to the "white man's country."

The McAll Mission in Paris has been doing specially effective work during the recent Anarchist excitement. Meetings are held three nights a week and the attendances average from 50 to 200. There is also on Sunday and Thursday afternoons, a school for children which is well attended, besides working girls' meetings, and women's meetings.

At a Communion Sunday evening, recently Bethany Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, of which the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., is pastor, sixty-nine persons were received into the church, thirty-seven men, and thirty-two women, making a total of more than nine hundred received during the pastorate of less than two years, one especial feature of all the other additions being that at least half the number were men.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's meetings at Jackson, Mich., have been greatly blessed. The Assembly Hall in which they were held was crowded nightly, and large numbers were unable to gain admission. Afternoon prayer-meetings and Bible readings were held in the various churches of the city. A very deep interest has been manifested. At one service on a Sunday evening over two hundred persons came forward publicly to declare they acceptance of Christ and their determination in his strength to live for him and the advancement of his kingdom henceforward.

Mr. Jacob A. Riis, who probably knows more about tenement-house life in New York than any one else in the city, has an article on the subject in *Scribner's Magazine* for May. In the course of it he says that the official figures of the census returns of the tenement-house district indicate the existence there of 160,708 children under five years of age. Another census taken more than a year ago, for a special purpose, of the Jews in the east side Sweater's District, showed a total of 23,405 children under six years and 21,285 between six and fourteen, in a population of something more than 111,000. All of these were foreigners, most of them of Russian, Polish or Roumanian birth.

TO CLOSE THE RELIEF FUND.

It is now over $23,000—No more Contributions to be Received after May 30—Final Arrangements.

DURING the past week, substantial progress has been made in arranging for the last shipment of flour to Russia by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund. While some important details yet remain to be arranged, we are now in a position to state that the shipment will be somewhere between **2,000,000 and 2,500,000 pounds** which, together with the original shipment of 280,000 pounds of flour, will make a showing that does credit to the Christian liberality of the numerous contributors.

We have throughout had the benefit of cordial co-operation with the American National Red Cross Society, of which that estimable philanthropist, Miss Clara Barton, is President. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cargo will be consigned to the Red Cross Society whose officers under Dr. J. B. Hubbell, General Field Agent, will personally distribute it to the Russian sufferers in the famine districts. It will thus be in safe and reliable hands, and every pound of flour may be depended upon to reach some one who really needs it. Miss Barton writes assuring us that the Red Cross will receive the cargo and deal with it as it is doing with the cargo of the *Tynehead*, which sailed from New York two weeks ago. The Society has already established channels for distribution in the stricken provinces, and is thus better able to do the work than any other organization that could undertake it.

Very gloomy news comes from the famine districts, showing the urgency of the need of help. Disease has swept over them and in some places—notably in Saratov—the suffering is still very great. Wasted by long hunger, the peasants are in no condition to resist the ravages of disease, and as nurses are hardly to be had, the general condition is deplorable. It is believed, however, that the suffering must soon subside before the generous relief measures that are now going into operation.

The relief steamer, *Conemaugh*, with the cargo supplied by the Citizens' Committee of Philadelphia and the first shipment on behalf of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund, has arrived at Riga, Russia. The distribution of her food cargo will be pushed vigorously.

Below we give acknowledgment to the contributions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Russian Relief Fund, received during the week:

Am't previously ack'd. $19,845.30
W.Griffiing & F'ly,E.Marion,2 00
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And nearly 500 others aggregating $1,500 to be acknowledged next week.

THE TURNING-POINT.

How an Habitual Swearer was Convicted of Sin and Converted.

IN a certain rural district there lived a prosperous farmer. Now, of all conditions in life, that of a farmer who is thriving and well-to-do seems the very happiest. He lives amid the pleasant sights and scenes of country life, beholds his fields rich in verdure and fruitfulness, his barns full of plenty, his cattle fat and flourishing. Every object that meets his eyes, has something to interest and please him.

But it is not what a man sees around him, in the beauties of nature, and the bounties of Providence, that can make him happy. It all depends on the spirit in which he beholds and receives his daily mercies, whether they are enjoyed or not.

Farmer Drake, in all his prosperity, was not a happy man. His spirit was discontented; and as out of the fulness of the heart, the mouth speaketh, his heart being full of bitterness and wrath, it overflowed in wicked words and shameful oaths. No habit grows more upon a man, than the habit of swearing. Farmer Drake when the weather was bad, swore at the weather; when the days were fine, he swore at his men. When any mistake occurred at his home, he swore at his family. The poor dumb creatures on his farm were not free from his curses. Nay, many times of every day, he swore at himself.

It could not be said that holy names were not mentioned by him, but, I tremble to write it, they were profanely used to curse with. Farmer Drake the Swearer," was a name he justly merited.

Many people were shocked and indignant at this swearing man. They avoided him, or if they were obliged, in the way of business, to meet with him, they talked about his foul tongue among themselves, but none had the courage to speak to him.

One servant of Farmer Drake was a pious man. He never heard the oaths of his master without a shudder, and an inward prayer that he might be led to see the exceeding sinfulness of his sin. John Grey was rich in his Saviour's love. He had felt the burden of his sins, and carried them to the foot of the Cross, and there they had been all taken away, and his soul was set free. When he felt the joy that filled his own heart, he longed that others should feel the same; and having been long in the service of Farmer Drake, he made it a matter of special prayer, that his master might be brought to see his sins in their true colors—red with the reflection of the fires of Hell!

Once as John Grey rose from his knees, a thought entered into his head. He dared not speak to his master on the subject. He could not write such a letter as would be read by him. Yet he felt he must do something to try to arouse him. A tract called "The Swearer's Prayer," had fallen in his way. John read it carefully. Yes, the swearer prays, but it is not for salvation, but for perdition. He prays, not that he may escape the wrath to come, but that it may fall on himself.

So, getting an envelope, John put this tract into it, and in his very best hand-writing, with great care he wrote his master's name on the outside, putting the words, "From a friend," in the corner. He placed this just inside the barn door, where it would be seen when Farmer Drake entered.

Early the next morning the master went alone into the barn, and the first thing that met his eye was the letter. "Why, what's this?" said he, taking it up and looking at it in great perplexity; he turned it about, and at length opened it.

"The Swearer's Prayer"—the name "swearer" smote his heart; yes, that was himself, nothing could be plainer. He was constrained to read. "Prayer," what did that mean?—a calling upon God. And had he really in his horrid oaths and deadly blasphemy been praying for curses on himself, his family, and his possessions? Yes! that's what he had been, and what he was constantly doing. A profuse sweat broke out upon him, the bright rays of the blessed morning sun as they fell upon him seemed to scorch him as with fire. He could not look up, his knees trembled under him, and with the paper shaking in his hand he fell down saying, "Oh, what shall I do?" It was a dreadful moment—every horrid oath he had uttered seemed to ring in his ears. He could not bear his feelings.

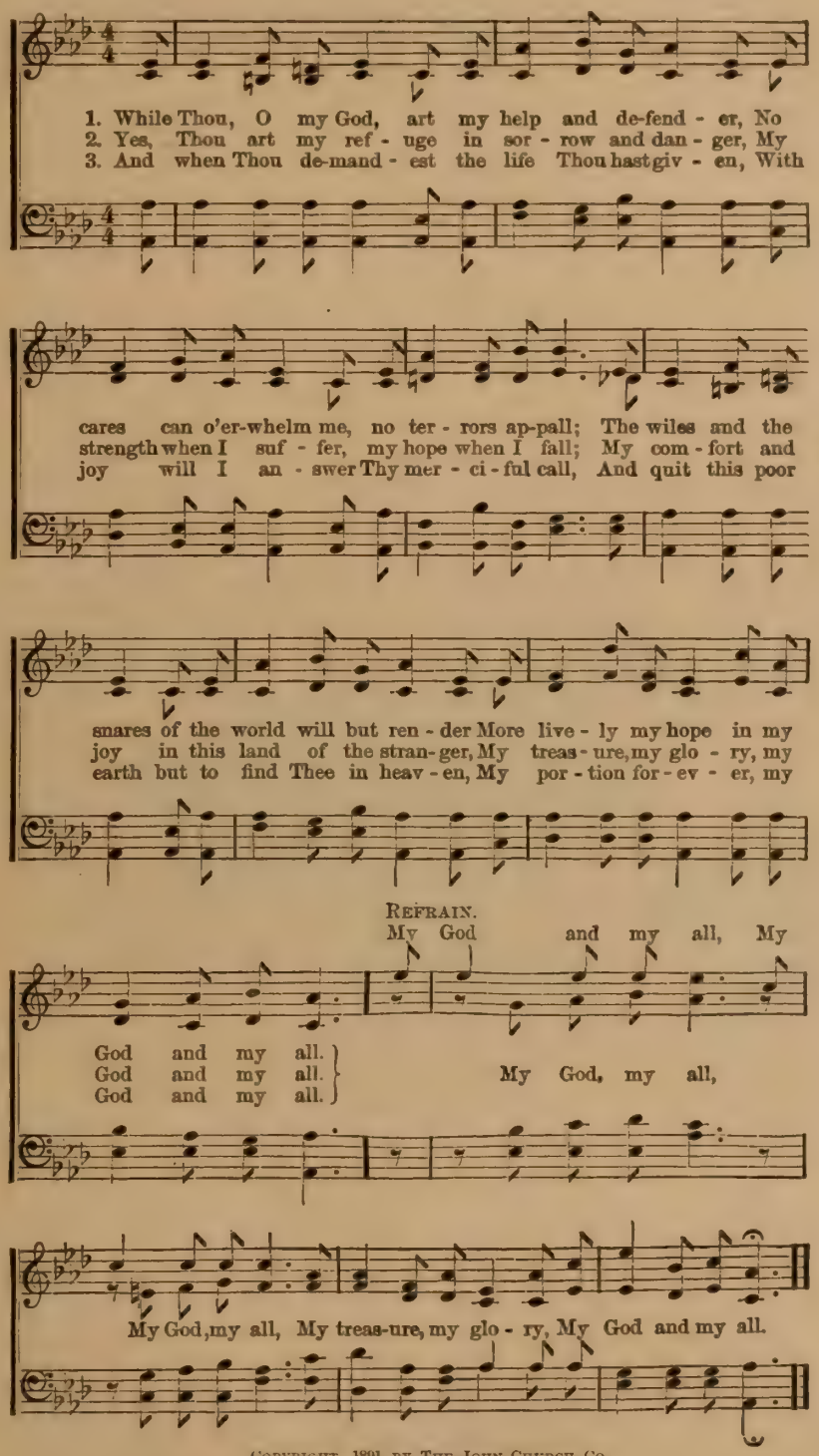
Reader! God always opens a door of escape for everyone who really wants to leave his sins.

Farmer Drake rose from his knees, wiped the moisture from his face. It was the turning-point in his history. From that time he became a changed man, and no oath ever passed his lips again.

My God and my All.

"Behold, God is mine helper."—Ps. 54: 4.

WM. YOUNG. J. R. MURRAY.


1. While Thou, O my God, art my help and de-fend - er, No
2. Yes, Thou art my ref - uge in sor - row and dan - ger, My
3. And when Thou de-mand - est the life Thou hast giv - en, With
cares can o'er-whelm me, no ter - rors ap-pall; The wiles and the
strength when I suf - fer, my hope when I fall; My com - fort and
joy will I an - swer Thy mer - ci - ful call, And quit this poor
snares of the world will but ren - der More live - ly my hope in my
joy in this land of the stran - ger, My treas - ure, my glo - ry, my
earth but to find Thee in heav - en, My por - tion for - ev - er, my
REFRAIN.
My God and my all, My
God and my all.
God and my all.
God and my all.
My God, my all,
My God, my all, My treas-ure, my glo - ry, My God and my all.

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THE LESSON OF THE ROSE.

I T was peeping through the brambles,
That little, wild, white rose,
Where the hawthorn hedge was planted,
My garden to enclose.
All beyond was fern or heather
On the breezy, open moor;
And within was sun and shelter,
And the wealth of beauty's store;
But I did not heed the fragrance
Of flower or of tree,
For my eyes were on that rosebud,
And it grew too high for me.

'Tis wiser far to number
The blossoms at my feet,
Then ever to be sighing
For just one bud more sweet.

My sunbeams and my shadows
Fall from a pierced Hand;
I can better trust his wisdom,
Since his heart I understand,
And maybe in the morning,
When his blessed face I see,
He will tell me why my white rose
Grew just too high for me!

TRUE HAPPINESS

I F love and faith and truth were but a dream,
And found no place within the human heart:
What could we live for, conquer or redeem,
When that salvation and that love depart?

But where devotion and sincerity
And kind word swell the heart and prompt the mind,
Sweet joy and happiness eternally
Crown the abode of future humankind.

THE APOCALYPSE.

The Events accompanying the Opening of the Seven Seals.

BY P. W. E.

AFTER Christ has taken the book with the seven seals, as described in the fifth chapter of Revelation, God begins to do his work—his strong work, and bring to pass his act—his "strange act." (Isa. 28: 21.) From the sixth to the close of the eleventh chapter, the judgments succeed each other in regular order. The first series are those brought in by the opening of the seven seals; the second, those heralded by the sound of the seven trumpets. These two series embrace the whole space of time from the taking of the Church up to heaven to the beginning of Christ's reign over the earth.

The First Seal.

"And I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seals, and I heard, as it were the noise of thunder, one of the four living creatures, saying, Come and see. And I saw and beheld a white horse, and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given to him; and he went forth conquering and to conquer." (Rev. 6: 2.) This first scene discloses a victorious warrior going forth on his career of conquest. He is armed with a bow, indicating the rapidity and wide range of his acquisition. A crown is given him, showing that he is not originally of royal descent, but obtains imperial dignity by his success as a warrior. This seems to be nothing more than a providential scourge, no more remarkable perhaps than many others, which have taken place in the history of the world. "And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars; see that ye be not troubled; for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet." (Matt. 24: 6.)

Second Seal.

"And when he had opened the second seal, I heard the second living creature say, Come and see. And there went out another horse that was red: and power was given him that sat thereon, to take peace from the earth; and that they should kill one another; and there was given unto him a great sword." (Rev. 6: 3, 4.) The rapid and wonderful success of the conqueror under the first seal is followed by another outbreak of war. The red horse and the great sword given to the rider, clearly symbolize blood-shed. Peace was taken from the world. War and slaughter on a gigantic scale are indicated by the second seal. "For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom. (Matt. 24: 7.)

Third Seal.

"And when he had opened the third seal, I head the third living creature say, Come and see. And I beheld, and lo, a black horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand; and I heard a voice in the midst of the four living creatures say: A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny; and see thou hurt not the oil and the wine." (Rev. 6: 6.)

The black horse signifies mourning and consternation. Devastating wars have brought in famine. See how the account given here perfectly coincides with that given by the Lord in Matt., 24th chapter, from which we have quoted. "And there shall be famines." verse 7. The "pair of balances" in the hand of the rider recalls the prophecy of Ezekiel concerning the seige of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar's army. "I will break the staff of bread in Jerusalem; and they shall eat bread by weight and with care; and they shall drink water by measures and with astonishment." (Ezek. 4: 16.) It is a figure that suggests great scarcity and suffering; but not among the rich, as the wine and oil are not touched, but among the poor; the cost of even the coarsest food is almost beyond their means.

Fourth Seal.

"And when he had opened the fourth seal, I heard a voice of the fourth living creature say, Come and see. And I looked, and behold a pale horse; and his name who sat on him was Death and Hell—Hades followed with him, etc. (Rev. 6: 8.) This crowns the misery of these four preliminary, hastening judgments. Conquest, leading to war and famine, has wrought desolation and suffering. The pale horse, signifying want and despair, has Death as its rider. Hades, the unseen world, follows in his turn, as if to devour his victims according to the description given in Isa. 5: 14. "Therefore Hades hath enlarged herself and opened her mouth without measure; and their glory and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth shall descend with it." Death receives power over "the fourth part of the earth," there to destroy with the "four sore judgments" of God, "the sword

and the famine, and the noisome beast, and the pestilence." (Ezek. 14: 21.)

Lands devastated by the scourge of war, the wretched survivors with wasted fields, are lef to die of hunger and plague; and the noisome beasts, coming out of their liars, go prowling through the country, also famished, feed on the bodies of the dead. Such is the picture of the woes, hanging over this world, which are likely to occur at no distant day. How blessed are those who keep the word of Christ's patience, as they shall be kept out of this "hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world."

Fifth Seal.

"And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain, etc. (Rev. 6: 9, 10.) War, famine and pestilence are here followed by persecution. The same thing is seen in the Lord's prophecy, from which we have quoted. Our Lord says: "Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you, and ye shall be hated of all nations—Gentiles—for my name's sake . . . and this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all the nations"—Gentiles. (Matt. 24: 11, 14.)

"This Gospel of the kingdom," which was preached by John, the forerunner of Christ; and by the Lord himself, until the Jews were set aside, was also set aside after the day of Pentecost; and "the Gospel of God, concerning his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord"—took its place. After the Church is caught up into heaven, the remnant Jews will then resume the preaching of "this Gospel of the kingdoms" according to Christ's injunction in Matt. 28: 19, 20. Our Lord says. "Ye shall be hated of all the nations—Gentiles—for my name's sake." The Revelation says that these saints "were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held." No wonder, for while each Gentile nation is striving for supremacy, the believing Jews will be proclaiming, not the Gospel of the grace God; but this Gospel of the kingdom—the coming of the Messiah, who will overthrow all earthly dominion and establish his throne on Zion, and exalt his people above all nations. This will provoke the persecution.t

These saints under the fifth seal are slain after the Church is taken; and God has resumed his purposes toward Israel. They now cry that their blood may be avenged. The Psalms are filled with the prayers. "Arise. O Lord, let not man prevail; let the Gentiles be judged in thy sight. Put them in fear, O Lord; that the nations may know themselves to be but men." (Ps. 9: 19, 20; Ps. 10: 15.) "White robes" are given them as tokens of Christ's approval. But as souls they are left under the altar, as there are other martyrs yet to die, and they must remain till these also have suffered.

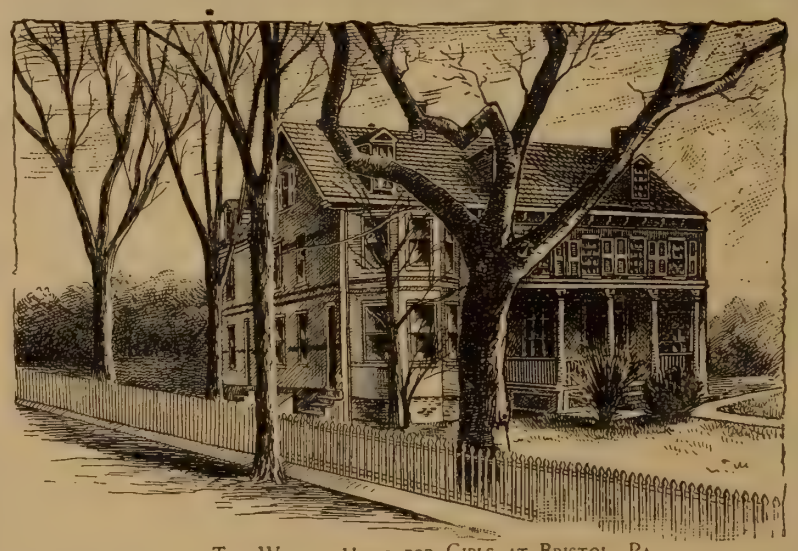
Sixth Seal.

"And I beheld when he opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake," etc. (Rev. 6: 12-17.) This a figurative description, similar to the prophecy of Joel, concerning the events preceding the day of the Lord. "I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood and fire and pillars of smoke. The sun shall be turned into darkness and the moon into blood, before the great and terrible day of the Lord come." (Joel 2: 30-31.) This is also similar to the words of Isaiah, when he describes "the indignation of the Lord upon all the nations—Gentiles—when he says, "All the host of heaven shall be rolled together as a scroll, and all these hosts shall fall down, as the leaf falleth from off the vine, and as a falling fig from the fig tree." (Isa. 34: 2-4.) These passages show not only the time and circumstances, but the correct interpretation of the figures used in the Revelation. The time is before the coming of "the great and terrible day of the Lord." The circumstances are God's judgments of the nations. The interpretation of the figures is the overthrow of the powers of the world by great social and political convulsions. This is the meaning to be attached here to the "great earthquake." The sun, the supreme authority or government becomes obscured; and the smaller powers, the moon and stars, are either seriously disturbed or utterly overthrown. Places of strength and security, symbolized by the mountains and the islands, are removed; and a general shaking of all the kingdoms follows the wars that have raged, and the devastation and anarchy they have brought in their train. The terrible convulsions among the nations fill all hearts with dismay, and the coming judgments of Christ alarm the people. Then will be the day of judgment, and every shaft of judgment will be barbed by the memory of Christ's rejected grace.

A SEASON OF CONVENTIONS.

THE coming weeks will be very busy and important ones among the different Orders. It is Convention season and extensive preparations have been made all along the line, especially by the Christian Endeavor, for the various gatherings. The New York Convention of Christian Endeavor Societies, which meets in Madison Square Garden, July 7, will be a leading event, and is to be attended by delegates from all parts of the Union. The Park Avenue Hotel has been taken by a single delegation. The Missouri headquarters will be at the Sturtevant House, and the Kansas headquarters at a nearby hostelry. The chairmen of the various transportation committees have been busy night and day, arranging hotel accommodations for the different delegations, and all the prospects point to a very large attendance.

The Fifth Annual Convention of the Missouri Christian Endeavor was held in Kansas City, Mo., May 4-6. Among the prominent workers present were, Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., Rev. J. A. Ronthaler, D.D., of Indianapolis, Ind ,and Rev. J. H. Brooks, D.D., St. Louis, Mo. There was a large attendance and the exercises were exceptionally interesting. Among the conventions just closed we note those of the C. E. Branches at Geneseo, N. Y., Freehold, N. J., Corning, N.Y., Pleasant Mount, Pa., Chariton, Ia., and Salem, O. Those scheduled for the current week include Conventions at York, Pa.,



THE WHELEN HOME FOR GIRLS AT BRISTOL, PA.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Fitchburg, Mass., Brooklyn, N. Y., and for the following week at London, Ont., Westfield, Ind., and Worcester, O.

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NOTABLE Y. W. C. A. ENTERPRISES.

IT is to the credit of the members of many of our larger Y. W. C. Associations throughout the country that their energy and enterprise invariably reach out in the direction of practical Christian work. The Y. W. C. Home at Washington, D C., was organized in 1877, and has been a means of blessing to many girls who have been sheltered there, and saved from hopeless lives and possibilities of crime, besides being encouraged to industry, comfortably fed and clothed, and supplied with work. The aim of the Home has been to help every woman who applied to procure work, shelter and food at least. During the year 1891, it has dispensed over ten thousand free meals. Miss Anna A. Shellabarger is the President of the Home, which is really independent, financially and otherwise, of the W. C. A. of Washington. Institutions of a similar character are in successful operation in Peoria, Ills., Norwich, Conn., Germantown, Pa., Cincinnati, O., Pittsburgh and Allegheny, Pa. and Halifax, N. S., and the histories of these institutions speak volumes for the generous hearts and Christian activities of the women who founded them.

The "Whelen Home for Girls," at Bristol, Pa., which is the special enterprise of the Philadelphia W. C. A., is shown in the illustration on this page. It has now been in operation for several seasons. The requisites for admission are that an applicant must be respectable and dependent upon her own exertions for support—in other words, a working-girl. This Home was originally established with the view of affording a comfortable summer retreat for hard-worked girls, with surroundings conducive to health and recreation, and in this programme it has been singularly successful. A nominal sum is paid for board; each girl keeps her own room tidy; family worship is conducted daily; the conduct of the boarders must be satisfactory to the committee in charge. A cosy home atmosphere pervades the whole place, and the appreciation of the girls is shown in the fact that there are more applicants every season than can well be accommodated. It is a home in which a young woman is made to feel that she is not an object of charity, and where she can retain her self-respect and have a season of complete enjoyment and rest, combining innocent amusement with instruction and pleasant surroundings.

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THE W. C. T. U. AND ITS PRESIDENT.

THERE is no nobler figure in the field of consecrated Christian Work to-day than Miss Frances C. Willard, the President of the World's W. C. T. U., whose portrait appears on this page. It had been Miss Willard's purpose to go abroad this season on a protracted tour, partly for relaxation and partly for the furtherance of the work of organization; but this pleasant program has been frustrated, and Miss Willard has been compelled to sacrifice all her engagements in order that she may devote herself to watching over her sick mother. Miss Willard's connection with the Women's Temperance Crusade in Ohio and other states in 1874 was the cause of her adopting the advocacy of the temperance movement, and since that time, she has championed it with so much success, that the W. C. T. U. is now well-known in every civilized land. One sacrifice followed another in the interest of the sacred crusade; tempting offers of high-salaried positions in leading institutions were refused, and the life Miss Willard led during these years of the upbuilding of the W. C. T. U. was one of arduous toil. She frequently travelled from 15,000 to 20,000 miles a year, her meetings averaging one each day. In a single year she visited every State and territory in the Union, and also a part of Canada. Amid this active life she still found time to write books, pamphlets and tracts bearing on the temperance question, and to answer an enormous mail.

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REV. LOUIS PAYNE, D.D., writing to *The Epworth Herald*, makes some interesting and practical suggestions, looking to a revision of the names of the departments in the Epworth League. He offers for the consideration of Boards of Control and of members these suggestions for amendment, viz.: "That the work of the League shall be carried on through six departments: of Christian Worship, of Christian Work, of Literary Work, of Social Work, of Correspondence and of Finance." These changes, he believes, would simplify and harmonize the work, and more clearly define the object of each department, besides giving greater uniformity to the titles of all. We commend his suggestion to the consideration of our League readers.

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A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY.

THREE years does not seem a very extended period, as we count anniversaries nowadays; but if we measure the passage of time by the progress accomplished, the Epworth League, which is now in its third anniversary, is a young giant among organizations. At the close of 1890, its record was 1820 Chapters; a year later the figure stood 5402 Chapters; and on the anniversary of 1892, the League list embraces, in all 8102 Chapters!

Speaking of the anniversary, its lessons and encouragements, *The Epworth Herald* says: "Not quite so many Chapters have been organized as during the preceding twelve months, but this was not expected. The field is now pretty well occupied, and opportunities for extension are becoming more and more limited. But notwithstanding, nearly three thousand new Chapters in one year is a fact which should thrill our hearts with gratitude and joy. But the growth of our movement may be seen chiefly in the almost boundless cordiality which the Church has come to feel for this latest-built among her departments of work. During the first months of its existence the League was compelled to defend itself against all sorts of unreasonable objections. But that day has gone by. With only an exception here and there the ministry and membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church are now the solid friends of the League. Praise God! The year just closing has been crowded to the rim with activity. Let the command 'Forward!' ring all along the lines."

MISS FRANCES WILLARD.

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KING'S DAUGHTERS IN THE WEST.

DURING the year, there has been a steady increase in the number of Circles in Western States, and the Order is undoubtedly doing a great work in affording a spiritual stimulus to many lives. Some of these Circles, we learn, are choosing special subjects of study at their meetings, taking up such topics as are calculated to advance and uplift, while all are making the effort to be of real service in the Christian field. One Circle in Michigan has pledged its members not only to guard against unkind expressions concerning others, but to seek out every opportunity to elevate the tone of general conversation. This is very desirable, and may be the means of curing some of the propensity to gossip and frivolous small-talk in which much valuable time is wasted. Another Circle has pledged itself to try "to make some life brighter every day of the year," either by pleasant words or kind services.

From Minneapolis, Duluth, Belgrade and St. Paul, comes news of steady progress. The Forget-me-not Circle of Duluth is composed of young girls from thirteen to sixteen, who devote some time each week to making garments for poor children, carrying delicacies to the sick in homes and in hospitals.

The names selected by many of the Circles are peculiarly appropriate and indicate, in some cases, very distinctly the field in which they mean to labor. Thus, the Watchful Circle of Newark, N. J., keeps a special lookout for the poor and spends a portion of each day in study and prayer. The Whatsoever Circle of the same city aids wherever opportunity offers. The Cross-Bearers of Ridgefield, N. J., delights in denying itself luxuries, that those who need food may be supplied, and the Never Refuse Circle of Anniston, Ala., shrinks from no opening where a simple service can be done either among the sick or suffering.

A THOUGHT.

ONE day, as I opened my Bible,
There came forth fragrant perfume
As sweet as the odor of lilies
Under my window abloom.

I turned and I turned the pages,
But no flower fresh and fair
Could I find to solve the mystery
Which had left its impression there.

Only a lily forgotten,
No longer pure and white,
But faded, torn, and unseemly,
Met my bewildered sight.

And so it is with the Christian,
Though he lie forgotten in death,
His influence lives forever
Like the lily's lingering breath.

—SUSIE K. WADE.

Richmond, Va.

A BRAVE WOMAN'S WORK.

Mrs. Teter Tells of Her Missionary Life in Africa—A Mountain Adventure—A Young Bride's Christian Death—Attacked by a "Spite Snake."

SINCE my return to the United States I have frequently been asked concerning my work in Africa. I have thought, when speaking of the three little boys who did my house-work, that some might think and perhaps say about me what a dear, good sister said about a returned missionary who was talking on the same subject:

"She must have an easy time, if the natives do all her work."

Some may think there is nothing to do but to teach the Way of Life to eager, waiting, hungry souls. Some have said, "It is easy for you to be a missionary, you have no family."

A young lady friend, who had spent about four years in Africa, told me she had taught school when she could not stand on her feet, but had to walk on her knees. Was it easy because she had no family? There are mothers in Africa who have watched by the bedside of their little ones, until the spirit had flown home to God, and the lifeless body was laid in the grave. Such mothers are not surrounded by sympathizing friends, but remember the Friend that "sticketh closer than a brother," and hear the sweet voice say, "All things work together for good to them that love God." Such a one whispers back, "Yes, Father, it is all for thee." She thinks of the mothers around her, whose children may be taken from them to be slain for the death of another, sold to some king, or taken far away and sold as a slave, which is worse than death. There is no time for weeping. She goes forth, has a smile, a pleasant word for each one, "comforting them which are in any trouble, with the comfort wherewith she is comforted of God."

A young man with his bride-wife entered the mission field in Africa. The wife spent a few days with me while her husband went twelve miles inland, to pitch their tents and arrange the building of a small native house, to shelter them from the coming rains. He returned, took his young wife to live in a tent until the house could be built. About five months later, she spent a few hours at my house, told me of her comfortable home, her work, and how good the Lord had been to her. A few months afterward, I spent a few days with her, found her bright and happy, learning the language rapidly and feeding with the Bread of Life all who came in her way. We visited native villages and I never heard her speak to a native, man, woman or child, without trying to point them to God.

On a Monday, I returned to my station. Friday after, I received a note saying she was sick; could some one cross the river for the state physician? I was alone, my husband about one hundred and fifty miles from home. What could I do? Nothing, but wait for brother White, who would be home for dinner. Anxious waiting; at last he came. There was no time to waste. It would take at least four hours to cross the river and return. About five o'clock, he brings back word that it is impossible for the doctor to go. I hastily arrange my work, and, just as the sun is sinking below the mountain, we are off. I say we, but I was alone except the seven native hammock-men who were to carry me twelve miles over a rocky, mountainous foot-path, through grass from five to eight feet high.

I am snugly wrapped in a ground sheet, to protect me from the dampness. The men press forward; the shades of night are gathering around; thick black clouds overspread the sky. We are ascending the mountain, the men leaping from rock to rock, the perspiration dropping from their bodies. I close my eyes to the scene, commit myself to God, with the dear one who is suffering. Perfect peace reigns within. A flash of lightning, a peal of thunder and the rain begins to fall. A native village stands but a short distance from the wayside. They ask, "Shall we stop?" I answer: "No." We reach the summit and

the rain has ceased. The rocks are wet and slippery. We begin the descent; one man slips and falls. To his pitiful cry, "Mammie," I answer, "I am not hurt." I am soon on my feet and one man comes forward with a lantern to lead the way. Another takes my hand, we step from rock to rock, down, down. We reach the foot of the mountain and find we are in advance of the hammock. I am drenched with the rain and must not stop. We walk on till the carriers reach us. I wrap myself in the wet blankets, and soon realize that I am carried rapidly along. At 9:30 the destination is reached.

I am soon seated in a comfortable room, supplied with dry clothes, a good supper, and a cup of hot tea. At ten o'clock I stand with the husband and a colored missionary woman, at the bedside of the sufferer. She has suffered without sleep for thirty-six hours, yet she is calmly resting on Christ, he sustaining her. We patiently watch all night, all day. Still she suffers on, without sleep. She is so tired.

We watch for the morning. It begins to dawn, bright and clear. She becomes restless. With gentle, loving hands, her husband smooths her pillow. She says that she is better. Then with a surprised look, she says to her husband, "Dear, I believe I am dying." He answered, "The Lord's will be done." A bright smile lights her countenance. She whispers, "Blessed Jesus!"

The words are sealed with a husband's kiss—she is gone!

All has been done that loving hearts and hands could do. Her work is finished, but not ours.

What a bright Sunday morning dawned upon us! At one o'clock many of the native women came to see the lifeless body laid in the grave, for they had learned to love her.

I return to my station. My husband comes home; while at tea, he chills; while I am getting him wrapped in blankets, one of my little boys comes to tell me the fowls will not go in their house. As soon as I can leave the room, I go to search for a snake that has probably crawled in during the day, and concealed itself about the roof. I cautiously open the door and look about. I am conscious of something like a spray being darted into my face. I was standing near a nest; looking down, I saw a dark object; supposing it to be a fowl, I stoop over and am about to thrust in my hand, when I realize that I am standing over a spite-snake that is filling my eyes with poison. Before I can reach the house I am totally blind and suffering terribly. My husband is out of bed and at my side in a moment. All is done that can be done, yet the night is spent in suffering. Those that watched thought that I, too, would soon pass away. Morning came; my face and eyes were terribly swollen. For a few days I was not able to move either eye-lids or eye-balls, and it was some time before I could leave the house. Several months of suffering followed.

I have for seven days and nights watched by the bedside of a sick and suffering husband, bathing his fevered brow, chafing his cold hands and feet, doing all that can be done. During this time there has not been a meal cooked in my house. I had not changed an article of clothing, or lain down to rest, but the dear Lord sustained me and answered my prayer.

There are villages to visit, sick ones to care for, sores to bind up, and fallen women to lead to Christ. We must not forget those of our own household; our little boys must be taught to cook, wash dishes, and do general housework. We have agreed to do this, besides teach them the Book. We cannot speak their language, but we must learn it.

I have told you some of woman's work in Africa, but not all.

Some ask, "Do you like that kind of a life?" We do not stop to ask ourselves the question. We go forth in the name of Jesus, to raise the fallen and point them to the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." We do not think of self, but of those who are dying without the love of God. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It brings such sweet peace to go forth, trusting in him who hath commanded, "Go ye into the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and who says to us, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

MRS. TETER, MISSIONARY AT VIVI, AND HER CONGO HOME.

Like Luther's bird we sit and sing,
Not knowing what the day may bring;
Nor have we any need to know,
Our Father doth protect us so.

MRS. JAMES C. TETER.

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Better than her Diamonds.

IF all the royal folk would win for themselves God's jewels, there would be more love spent upon them by the humbler people of this world. Princess Eugenie, the sister of Oscar II. of Sweden, was a pious, self-sacrificing invalid. She spent her summers on the isle of Gothland, and saw that a poor-house was much needed there. As the people were too poor to erect one, the princess quietly sold her diamonds, and gave the money to build a house of shelter for helpless old men and women.

The next summer, when she visited the island, the poor-house was ready for guests, and the people gave her an enthusiastic welcome. But one old man wept bitterly. On asking the cause of his grief, the princess was told that he was a hardened sinner, who had learned in the house to turn to God. No one had ever seen him weep until his tears flowed at the sight of the princess, whom he called "the saviour of his soul."

"In these tears I see my diamonds again," said the princess, as she took the old man's hand.

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A KIND VOICE.

THERE is no power of love so hard to get and keep, writes Elihu Burritt, as a kind voice. A kind hand is dead and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing which love so much needs as a sweet voice, to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and at play, to get and keep a voice which shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or tone which is sharp, and it sticks to him through life, and it stirs up ill will, and falls like a drop of gall upon the sweet joys of home. Watch the voice day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light which sings as well as shines.

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Home Reading for the Young.

WHAT sort of a library have you in the house? asks *The Christian Standard*. In some homes, even where there are children growing up, two or three stupid old books comprise all the reading there is. We are afraid there not a few families where even a copy of the Bible is wanting. This is not as it should be. Every household should have a supply of wholesome reading and read it. Some of the best stories, works of popular science, history, biography and travel, should find a place in the collection. Books are cheap, and the pleasure they give inexhaustible. The farmer's library should contain in addition to the kind of books mentioned, a few standard works on topics bearing especially upon farming operations. There are valuable works on agricultural chemistry, on the management of stock, on special crops, on poultry raising, etc. The list is a long one, but if a judicious selection is made, a few volumes will answer the purpose as well as many.

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A Mother's Lament.

"I WISH that you would talk to my daughter, sir. Perhaps you can have some influence for good over her. She won't listen to anything that I can say." What sad words were these to be wrung from the lips of a mother! "She won't hear me!" Alas! who, then, will she hear? She will not listen to that mother whose eyes watched over her infancy, which have grown dim with many tears shed for her sake—she will not listen to the mother whose heart has never beat one throb that was not true to her real interests. The self-willed girl knows not half the anguish contained in that one expression and lament—"She won't hear me!"

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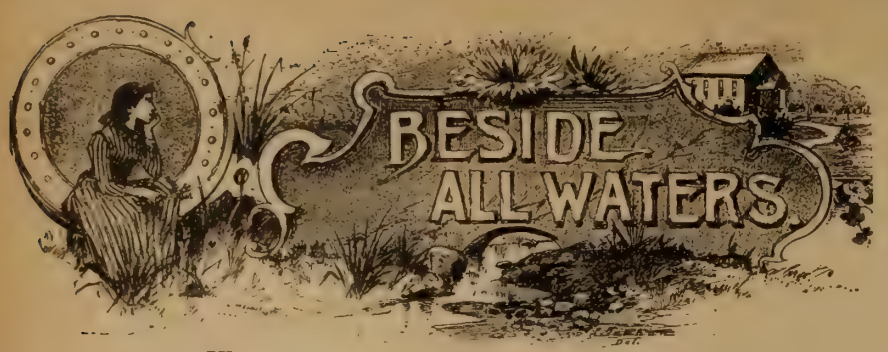
A Story with a Moral for Young Men.

THERE is an old fable, which has a special application for young men of the present day, who are over-anxious for riches. It tell of a man who, after long trying, had never made a cent over expenses, and who prayed to the god of wealth: "If thou wilt give me wealth, I promise to give thee half." At the end of the first year his books showed a saving of one dollar. He divided. The second year showed a saving of ten dollars. He divided with thanks. The third year showed a saving of one hundred dollars. He divided reluctantly. The fourth year showed a saving of one thousand dollars. He looked at it longingly a few times, then exclaimed, "I can't afford to give five hundred dollars; if it were five I could," and so saying he put it all in his pocket. Next day the god of wealth sent the god of fire to take it all from him.



BY

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

"WELL, I declare! I was just going to hitch up, and go after you," said Mr. Weston. "You staid so long, I thought you must be lost."

"That is exactly what happened to me," replied Miss Armstrong. "I took the wrong turn coming out of the schoolhouse; and I don't know where I should have been by this time if Kitty had not come to my rescue, and brought me over the hill. We should have been here long before, only that we sat down for a rest and a chat."

"Did you put up the bars, Kit?" asked Mr. Weston.

"Yes, sir, I always do when I take them down; but I generally climb over," answered Kit. "I must be going," she added with an effort. "Symantha will want me."

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Weston. He went into the barn as he spoke, and came back with a basketful of June russet apples.

"There! you don't see many such apples this time of the year," said he.

"Oh, thank you!" said Kit gratefully. "Aunt Martha will eat an apple sometimes when she won't touch anything else."

"That child has hard times, I am afraid," said Mr. Weston, as Kit disappeared behind the barn. "But what has become of Selina?"

"I have not seen her at all," replied Miss Armstrong. "I supposed she came directly home."

"Here she is now.—Why Selina! how was it you did not wait for Miss Armstrong?"

"I forgot," answered Selina, coloring; "and when I went back she was gone."

"Your wits were wool-gathering, as usual, I guess," said Mr. Weston. "Only for Kit Mallory, Miss Armstrong might have been halfway to Oldbury by this time. However, all's well that ends well. Run into the house now, and help ma. Aunt Betsy Burr and Miss Claxton have just come in, and will stay to tea."

"Just my luck, exactly," said Selina to herself. "Somebody always gets my chance. I wanted to walk home with Miss Armstrong, and have a nice talk with her; and now she will think me a perfect fool. It is all Sarah Leet's fault, putting every thing out of my head. And now Aunt Betsy has come, and no one else will have a chance to put in a word. It is too bad!" Selina was in an irritable mood, but she went into the house after her teacher, who was receiving the greetings of the company.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

"WELL," said Aunt Betsy as she finished buttering her biscuit, and began stirring up her tea, "well, and how do you like your school?"

"Very well, so far," answered Miss Armstrong; "but these are early times, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Aunt Betsy, with a solemn shake of the head. "New brooms sweep clean. There is Malvina Spencer: she was going to do great things, but she almost broke up the school with her nonsense. And there was that Miss O'Hara. But what could any one expect of her?" added Aunt Betsy with scornful emphasis. "Any one might have known how it would turn out."

"Yes, it was easy to see how it would turn out," said Mr. Weston dryly. "So long as so many were prejudiced against her beforehand, and determined not to see any good in her, whatever she did, it was no great wonder she failed."

"Why were they prejudiced against her?" asked Miss Armstrong. "She had a pretty name in her favor, and a distinguished one, if that is any thing."

"Pretty, indeed!" said Aunt Betsy with a sniff. "Why, her father was an Irishman,—just a regular Irishman,—who came here, and hired out to old Judge Davis down at the cross-roads. No, it was to Abner Davis, up at the Corners, he went first, come to think. When he had saved a little money, he bought the Mudge place, and mended up the old house so it was quite smart. But he was a regular Irishman, for all that, and came from Ireland, for I heard him say so; and he said he wasn't ashamed of it, that's more!" And Aunt Betsy looked triumphantly at her host, as if to defy him to dispute her position.

"He was a Protestant, and very regular at church and communion; and he was a clever man, too," said Mr. Weston, using the word "clever" in its New-England sense. "I remember how he used to do your chores for you, Aunt Betsy, when Uncle Jonathan had the fever."

Aunt Betsy became suddenly busy with her tea.

"But what had the fact of Miss O'Hara's being Irish to do with her success in the school?" asked Miss Armstrong.

"Well, you see, it rather set people against her," answered Miss Celia, a mild elderly lady, who had not yet spoken. "We think a great deal of descent in these parts, Miss Armstrong; and though I had nothing against Miss O'Hara myself,—indeed, I always thought her a very nice girl,—yet it did not seem as if she were a fit person to be set over children whose ancestors are buried all over Oldfield County,—the daughter of a new-come-over Irishman."

"According to that, our first teachers in this country must all have been very unsuitable persons," said Mrs. Weston. "They were all new-come-over then, you know."

"To be sure," said Miss Celia. "Really, cousin Abby, I don't know that I ever looked upon it in that light. Certainly, we were all new-come-over once,—at least, our ancestors were, unless they were Indians like old Abner Kettle."

"Indians, indeed! I wonder at you, Celia Claxton," said Aunt Betsy indignantly. "You whose grandfathers and great-grandfathers are buried in this very graveyard, to compare yourself to old Abner Kettle, whose daughter married a Feejee Islander or something like that! But, as to the school, I am glad Miss Armstrong likes it; though these are new times, as I said. There are some dreadful wild girls in the district. There's"—

"Excuse me, Aunt Betsy; but suppose we leave Miss Armstrong to find out for herself," interposed Mr. Weston. "What is that I hear about the stone house? It seems we are to have new neighbors before long."

Aunt Betsy tossed her head, but the bait was too tempting not to be taken.

"Why, yes, haven't you heard? Of course you know all about it, Celia. You have a right if any one has; for that place ought [to belong to you and Delia, if every one had their dues."

"We have never laid the least claim to it," said Miss Celia calmly. "Richard Van Zandt was only a very distant relation, and we had no expectations whatever from him."

"Not in that line, perhaps," said Aunt Betsy with an ill-natured laugh. Miss Celia's fair old face flushed a little, but she took no notice of the remark. "Anyhow, Dick was your mother's own second cousin, if you call that very distant. I don't."

"It is not very near, at any rate," said Miss Celia. "We were always friendly with Richard, but we saw nothing of him for many years. His sister-in-law, Mrs. Barbara Van Zandt, was very kind to him, and he died at her house; so it is no wonder he left his property to her. Delia and myself would hardly have known what to do with such a house. It would have been a great trouble to us."

"You would have known what to do with the money, though."

"We have enough," said Miss Celia with dignity, "and that is as good as a feast."

"I don't suppose there was much money in the case," observed Mr. Weston. "Dick Van Zandt was never rich, and he was one who gave away with both hands whatever he had. I understand from Squire Davis that the place was left to Mrs. Van Zandt, who is very wealthy, on condition that the place should be kept up, and that some member of the family should now and then spend a summer there."

"Yes: the old lady and two or three of her nieces or grand-nieces are coming pretty soon, so Aunt Aggy told me," said Mrs. Weston. "I was up there yesterday, and found her sweeping and cleaning up at a great rate. She took me through the house, and it was quite a wonder to see the order it was in."

"I have heard that Mrs. Van Zandt is a very nice lady."

"She is," said Miss Armstrong. "I know her well. And I am glad she is coming here; she is a blessing wherever she goes."

"Do tell!" exclaimed Aunt Betsy. "Real liberal with her money, I expect."

"Yes; and better than that—very kind and judicious with it."

"She won't have very nice neighbors on one side, at any rate," said Aunt Betsy. "I shouldn't like to live next to those Mallorys."

"I don't suppose they will trouble her very much, unless the poor woman gets one of her screaming fits," said Miss Celia. "Is it true that the little girl—Kitty, or whatever her name is—comes to school, Miss Armstrong?"

"Yes; she was at school to-day; and a very bright, interesting child she seems."

"Well, I don't think it ought to be allowed," said Aunt Betsy: "her folks are regular infidels."

"So she tells me."

"She doesn't know the Lord's Prayer: she said so to-day," observed Selina. "She said her folks didn't believe in such things."

"Just so. Who knows what mischief the children may learn of her?"

"I do not think there is much danger in that direction," said Miss Armstrong. "From what little talk I had with her to-day, I should say Kitty is rather a heathen than an unbeliever; she is as ignorant of the Christian religion as any little South-Sea Islander. But she seemed much interested in what I told her. It would be a great pity to deprive her of any chance, when she has so few. How does it happen that a family like the Mallorys should be found in such a place as this?"

"Well, as to that, you know there are heathens everywhere," replied Mr. Weston. "Tom Mallory, the grandfather, was a great disciple and admirer of Tom Paine. Phin was always a wild fellow. But the women of the family were communicants of the church, and old Tom never interfered with them; he said religion was a safe plaything for women. And, to do him justice, he was really kind to his daughter-in-law and her boy, for Phin's father was killed before he was born. Phin went away West, and nobody heard anything about him till he came back and took possession of the place last fall, when the old man died. There was another grandson, who was a favorite with old Tom, and some say the farm was left to him; but he has never turned up, and Phin says he died out West."

"Maybe Phin murdered him, to get the property," said Aunt Betsy. "Who knows?"

"Nobody knows, and therefore we won't suppose so," said Mr. Weston, somewhat sharply. "He and Phin were always good friends. I always supposed Kit was his child, but Phin says she is not related to them at all. He says Symantha took a fancy to her, and adopted her."

"Yes, that is very likely, that she would go adopting a child," said Aunt Betsy. "Depend upon it, there's more than that about it."

"Melissa says they took her out of the poorhouse," said Selina.

"I wouldn't have much to say to Melissa if I were you," observed Mrs. Weston. "Well, ladies, if you have finished your tea, we will go into the other room, where it is cooler.—You may clear the table, and put away the things, Selina; and I will help you with the dishes by and by."

"Yes, that is always the way," muttered Selina: "always something to remind me that I am not one of the family." It did not occur to Selina, that, if she had been one of the family, the same work would naturally have fallen to her share. She had lately taken to looking out for affronts; and affronts are like the spooks of the old Dutch proverb,—those who go to look for them can always find them.

"You are going to have other neighbors this summer," remarked Miss Celia as she took out her company knitting, a child's fine white stocking. "The Richmonds are coming back to Mrs. Gleason's."

Mr. and Mrs. Weston exchanged looks which were not by any means expressive of joy. "I thought they said last summer they would not come again," said Mrs. Weston.

"It seems they have changed their minds; for Agnes Gleason told me she had just taken from the office a letter from Miss Amelia Richmond, in which she announced her mother's intention of passing the summer months in this neighborhood, and entering into negotiations for Mrs. Gleason's rooms. I confess I was sorry to hear it. I do not consider the influence of that family a very desirable one in this neighborhood."

"I quite agree with you, cousin Celia," said Mrs. Weston. "I am sorry they are coming back. I do not think the rush of summer boarders we have had of late years has been any special advantage, as you say."

"From what I know of Mrs. Van Zandt and her nieces, I venture to predict that you will see them in Sunday School the very first Sunday," said Miss Armstrong.

"Then I think they might just as well wait till they are asked," retorted Aunt Betsy. "We don't want city folks poking in their noses, and finding fault with their betters, and with folks old enough to be their mothers:" all of which Aunt Betsy delivered with a vengeful rattle of her knitting-needles, and a glance at Miss Armstrong which seemed to include her in the number of obnoxious "city folks."

"Mrs. Van Zandt is a Christian woman, then?" asked Miss Celia.

"That she is, and a very excellent and energetic one," said Miss Armstrong, "It is the delight of her life to fit up boxes for missionaries and their families. I have known her to buy four or five dozen each of napkins, towels, sheets, and so forth, have them all hemmed by hand by some poor old ladies she knows (for she has never become reconciled to machine work), and within a month send them all to different missionaries' wives in the West and South, or in the city. My only wonder is, that she can make up her mind to remove so far from her beloved shops."

"Well, I didn't suppose there were many people of that kind in New York," said Aunt Betsy. "I supposed they were all given up to dress and fashion and frivolity."

"There are as many good Christian people in New York as in any place in the world," said Miss Armstrong with some emphasis. "Why, Mrs. Burr, who do you suppose keeps up and manages all the charities,—the hospitals, and missions, and schools, and orphan-asylums, and nurseries, and all the rest!"

Not having any answer at hand, Aunt Betsy took a pinch of snuff,—a practice not desirable in itself, but a convenience in such cases.

"I wonder what has become of Selina," said Mrs. Weston, rising. She went into the wide, airy kitchen, which served as a dining-room in summer, and found Selina just finishing the last of the dishes.

"Why, my dear, you need not have washed the dishes," said she. "I told you to put them together and leave them, and I would help you."

"Oh, I could do them well enough: it is the hired girl's place, I suppose," said Selina in a voice which trembled in spite of her.

Mrs. Weston took no notice of this speech for the present. When the company was gone, and family prayers were over,—a custom never omitted in the family in the busiest season,—she followed Selina to her own neat, pretty room.

"Selina," said she gravely, "you have two or three times lately used the expression 'hired girl.' I want to know what you mean by it."

Selina was already growing ashamed of her ill humor. Perhaps it would be more correct to say she was growing tired of it, more especially as its exercise had deprived her of the pleasure of hearing the remainder of Aunt Betsy's news. She twisted her handkerchief, and answered in a somewhat embarrassed tone,—

"Oh, well, every one knows what a hired girl is."

"A hired girl, as I understand it, is a woman who works for money in a place which is not her home. It is a very useful calling, and, when faithfully fulfilled, worthy of the highest respect," said Mrs. Weston, who had been a "school-ma'am" herself, and was habitually choice in her use of words. "Is that your condition? Do you work for wages? and are you in a strange family?"

"No, mother," answered Selina in a low tone. Her better self was getting the upper hand, but she was not quite ready to give way.

"Do you think you have more work put upon you than usually falls to the eldest daughter? More than Agnes Gleason, for instance?"

"I don't have so much to do as Agnes," replied Selina frankly. "She never gets to school before half-past nine when the Richmonds are staying there."

"And do you think that the things provided for you are given you as wages? Is this room, for instance, such as people usually give to servants?"

"No, mother," replied Selina. She paused a moment, and then added frankly, "I was cross, I suppose. Something happened at school which put me out."

(*To be Continued.*)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. Hetty Shackland Witt, Lebanon, Ind. Will we love our relatives in Heaven better than other people?

Unanswerable—in this life, at least.

J. H. Gardiner, Jr., Philadelphia. On which side of the Nile is the Sphinx situated?

The Great Sphinx is on the left bank of the Nile, going toward the sea.

A. F. Mosebach, Pa. Where did the word "Easter" originate?

It is of Saxon origin. The goddess *Estera* or *Ostera* (of the East), had a sacrifice offered to her every spring, about the Passover time.

S. A. D., Moorestown, N. Y. What are the best books for the use of a young minister in his studies?

A good Bible Encyclopedia (McClintock and Strong's), a Concordance, a Bible Commentary (Jamieson, Fausett and Brown's), and Josephus' *Antiquities of the Jews*. These are a good basis for a working library.

H. F. McMahon, Fairfield, Ind. Why do big boys not attend Sunday School, and how can we get them in? I am Superintendent of a country Sunday School, and do my best to interest the big boys.

We find that mixed Bible classes, with thoroughly competent teachers, generally result in a good attendance of young men in Sunday School.

A. J. B., Philadelphia, writes to inform M. A. Jackson, Apsley, Ont., that the lines she quotes will be found in a poem entitled: "The Doomed Man," by J. A. Alexander (1809-1860.) Some of the verses are set to music in *Baptist Hymnal* No. 247. Another correspondent who signs M. furnishes similar information.

G. H. Wells, Greenwich, N. Y. All the accessible facts regarding the Russian tower on Mount of Olives are contained in Rev. W. H. Daniel's article, published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The tower was not built when Rev. Dr. Talmage was in Palestine.

Miss Katharine P. Bennett, Retirement Plantation, near Natchez, Miss., writes requesting any readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who have back numbers of the International Sabbath School lessons, old Sunday-school books, Sankey's singing books, or other religious reading, to forward them to her for use among the colored people by whom they will be greatly appreciated.

Martin J. Millard, Bertrand, Neb. Describe the tower of Babel? State its height and when it fell?

See Genesis 11: 1 to 9; that is the only authentic description of the Tower of Babel of which we are aware. It is believed to have been built of brick and bitumen. Local tradition identifies it with the modern *Birs Nimrud*, the ruins of the "Temple of the Seven Lights of the Earth" at Borsippa.

A. C. Williams, Iuka, Kas. What is the highest art or calling for which a young person may study—something higher than the artist's work or than music?

It depends entirely from what point you view the different arts, which is to be ranked as the highest. Painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry, literature, music, are each in turn, and in their own special sphere, capable of affording scope for the loftiest intellect.

Reader, Hopedale, Ills. 1. Is it not probable that the rainbow was seen before the flood? 2. What is held as the chief objection to woman suffrage?

1. In Gen. 9: 13-17 it is distinctly stated that the bow was set in the cloud for a token of a covenant "that the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh." We know nothing beyond the inspired record and guessing at probabilities is futile. 2. Many urge as a prime objection, that it would practically give a married man two votes, the wife being supposedly under the control of her husband. Others urge that woman's inability to bear the burden of military service should exclude her from the suffrage, as the sex can "neither execute nor assert the law in the event of rebellion;" and that as law and government, in their ultimate analysis, rest on force, the basis of both is male. We cite these views on their own merits.

B. M. Rowland, Republic, Mo. Is conscience a creature of education?

Not wholly, as is demonstrated by the fact that even a savage or a heathen is possessed of a conscience. But like other spiritual qualities (as for instance, the inherent quality of veneration, which is found everywhere in the human race), conscience is influenced and developed by cultivation. Thus we find in the man of business a conscience that forbids the indulgence of what is known as "sharp practice" in commercial dealings, whereby he gains an advantage over his brother trader. This is one step upward in conscience-culture. Again, we find the moral, upright citizen, who progresses a step further, and believes in doing what he conceives to be his duty toward God and his fellow-man in every particular. The highest degree of conscience-culture of which we know is reached when the true Christian attains such close and loving relations toward his God and Saviour, that acts and thoughts which previously passed unchanged are now avoided, and his every effort and desire is to lead a life that will please the Divine Master he serves.

Mrs. E. H. Jones, New Albany, Ind. If Jesus was crucified on Friday and rose on Sunday, as tradition teaches, how could he have been in the grave three days and three nights, as is stated in Matt. 12: 40?

We are not certain that he was crucified on Friday, as the Gospels nowhere say that it was on the fifth day of the week. The idea arose from the statement that it was "the day before the Sabbath," (Mark 15: 42), but as the Jewish day is reckoned from six in the evening of one day to six in the evening of the next, it may have been on a Thursday. But if it was on a Friday, the Jewish idiom would account for the apparent discrepancy. They were accustomed to speak of days as "evening-mornings," (see Gen. 1: 17 and other passages) and also to speak of parts of days as whole days. Thus three evening-mornings might refer to Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Examples of this mode of reckoning will be found by comparing I. Samuel 30: 12 with the next verse. Also II. Chronicles 10: 5 with verse 12 of the same chapter. In the last case the people came on the third day, which was their way of understanding Rehoboam's order "after three days."

We have received a large number of replies to the question of H. J. P., Findlay, O. "Is it right for a minister of the Gospel to accept of any political office?" E. B. Buckley, Annin Creek, Pa., writes referring H. J. P. to II. Timothy 2: 4, and Acts 6: 1-5. J. B. Robertson, Rochester, writes: "Under the Old Testament dispensation, it was right, as Samuel and many others held civil and religious offices at the same time. Under the New Testament we enjoy much liberty. Paul says, 'All things are lawful unto me,' but adds, 'all things are not expedient.' There is nothing morally wrong in it; yet a minister who is set apart and consecrated to the Lord's work, should abide by that work. (Act 6: 2.) The Apostles said it was not reasonable that we should leave the Word and go and serve tables; neither is it reasonable that a minister of the Gospel should leave the Word and serve politics." A. Keeler, Prescott, Ont., refers to John 17 and says, "Our blessed Lord prayed to the Father for his own, which were in the world, but not of it; 'They are not of the world even as I am not of the world. Sanctify them through thy truth; thy Word is truth.' As pilgrims and strangers, we are passing through the wilderness toward our eternal home. Politics are of the world and for the world. What have we to do with the things that don't concern us? The world loves its own. Was Jesus a politician? His conduct was the very reverse of the politician's. Am I a disciple of his? Neither, then, am I to be a politician. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master. * * * The Christian is not to entangle himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please him who has chosen him to be a soldier. (II. Tim. 2: 3-4.)

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REFERENCES: Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D., and all Commercial Agencies.

AN IVORY RANSOM.

IN South 'Ngoni Land, Central Africa, a Baptist missionary named Robertson is laboring. Writing home, he states that it is now only five years since the Gospel was first taught there, and no white man had then been seen in the land. A convert from Nyassaland, who had taken the name of Albert, went as a messenger to ask the chief's permission for the white man to enter his dominions. For some reason an audience was denied to Albert for a whole month. Mr. Robertson recently visited the place where Albert camped while waiting the chief's pleasure. Unhappily for him an elephant had entered the land and committed great depredations at the time, and it was assumed that the misfortune had fallen on the people because the white man's messenger was within their borders. The chief considered the matter, and sent his executioner to Albert with an intimation that his life was forfeit, but he might redeem it by killing the elephant and sending the tusks to the chief. As he would die if he did not kill the elephant and he could but die if he tried to kill him and failed, he determined to make the effort. Trusting in him who has promised to deliver his servants from all evil, he went out and succeeded in killing the animal. Next morning he personally presented its tusks to Chikusi, the chief, and succeeded in getting his permission for the missionary to teach his people of Jesus. Mr. Robertson closes his letter with a picture that should call forth prayer and sympathy for dark 'Ngoni Land: "On our way we were surprised to see great numbers of eagles and vultures in groups, on going up to the first group, what was our horror to see a human skeleton picked almost clean! A few steps further was another, scarcely yet touched, and another, and yet another—thirty in all—a ghastly sight! On inquiry we learned that, probably in spite, somebody had accused the inhabitants of a village of disturbing the souls of their ancestors by eating their bodies. The 'Mevave' poison was, as usual, resorted to for proof, and these thirty corpses, thrown out to the hyenas, as unworthy of burial, was the result. Such are the horrid works of darkness carried on around us, which only the knowledge of Christ, the Light of the World, can check."

"SEND ME."

OH! for a touch from the altar, a touch of a living coal,
Burning the dross that is dimming the light of a trembling soul,
Trembling, to speak for the Master; fearing his name to extol;
Oh! for a touch from the altar, that touch that alone makes whole.
Often, we've caught like the prophet, sweet glimpses of Blessed Light;
Often, like him we have murmured, "Undone! undone! at the sight;
Naked, unrighteous, unfit altogether to work for right
Plainly we saw in the vision, our way, not his, our delight.

Only a coal from the altar, can purge all the sin away!
Only a touch from the Master, can give the strength for the day!
Only continual contact, to-day, to-morrow, for aye!
Touched, yea, retouched every moment, each step all along our way.
Then, when his voice is repeating, "Oh! whom shall I send to be
Messengers to the weary, to set some sin captive free?"
Gladly, with heart all aflame, yet so humbly, on bended knee
Quickly we'll answer the Master, "Send me, here am I, send me."

—*The Mid-Continent.*

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300,000 PRESENT Circulation. Circulation WANTED, **1,000,000**

And this offer must bring about the desired result.

OUR EDITOR, MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.

The "Home Magazine," as conducted by Mrs. John A. Logan, is undoubtedly to-day the standard family magazine. The famous White House Cooking Chart alone is worth many times the price of subscription, but in order to increase the circulation to 1,000,000 copies, we will give to anyone sending us **25 cents in stamps or silver, the "Home Magazine" from now until January 1, 1893, and the famous White House Cooking Chart absolutely free.**

No paper is better illustrated or so finely or artistically printed as the "Home Magazine." From its first issue it has been phenomenally a success. It was started in November, 1888, and has, at the present date, an actual paid circulation of over ***300,000 Copies;*** therefore, it has to-day a grand army of fully ***1,500,000 regular readers.*** It goes to every State and Territory in the Union, and is equal in quality and quantity to any of the three-dollar publications.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

To give our readers some idea of the quality and quantity of contributors, the galaxy of high talent which the "Home Magazine" gives to each reader each month, we will quote herewith a few of the names:
Its contributors include, in addition to its editor,

Mrs. John A. Logan.
Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins,
Wife of the Secretary of War.
Mrs. Miller,
Wife of the Attorney General.
Madame Mendonca,
Wife of the Brazilian Minister.
Mrs. Stanley Matthews.
Marquise Lanza.
Rose Terry Cooke.
Mrs. Lew Wallace.
Bishop Hurst.
Juliet Corson.
Maria Parloa.
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Robert Burdette.
Bishop Vincent.
Madame Romero,
Wife of the Mexican Minister.
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Wife of Representative Holman.
Harriet Prescott Spofford.
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And many others whose names are household words in new world literature, science, diplomacy, statecraft, and society.

Wives of prominent cabinet officials, diplomats, senators, representatives, and army and navy officers, furnish articles on social and household topics; sketches of life in every part of the globe, and matters of society.

In coming numbers, Mrs. Logan, in her "Personal Recollections," will give, with specially engraved portraits, a personal sketch of **Mrs. U. S. Grant,** entitled **"Mrs. Grant in the White House."**

This splendid White House Cooking Chart goes free with every name sent us accompanied by twenty-five cents, which will also pay for the "Home Magazine" from now until January 1, 1893.

Our great Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers, superbly illustrated and embellished, are included in this offer.

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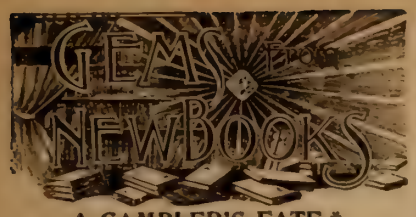

A GAMBLER'S FATE.*

THERE was one dead fly in this sweetly smelling ointment of an altered life. It was not seen by everyone. Herbert knew that the dead fly was there, and to himself the savor of his life was spoiled thereby. Gambling had obtained a firm grip upon his nature; but the fascination had enthralled him. He was continually under temptation. The habit he had formed at home, and quietly indulged, even when other habits had been broken, asserted itself with prevailing power. Kate kept a strict watch upon him. She feared to let him go out of her sight. She proposed that they should turn their steps homeward, and spend the remainder of the honeymoon in Paris and London. But Herbert played with the proposal, and lingered in Mentone day after day. One afternoon a Frenchman engaged him in conversation, into which he entered with unwonted eagerness. Kate was a little way from them, and could not hear what was said, but she observed the Frenchman's animated manner, and shrugs and grimaces, with some amusement, and thought by Herbert's remarkable attention, that what he was saying must be of uncommon interest. Next morning he was gone. He procured a card for the Casino. Very soon he was deeply engaged in roulette. He placed his money time after time upon certain numbers on the table, and watched the cylinder and ball revolve with feverish interest. His calculations were nicely made, but lo! the ball dropped into the wrong place, and he had lost, instead of won. He would try a second time. As the game again proceeded, his interest deepened, and, when the time came for him to win, according to the system he was carefully following, his interest became intense; but the second time he lost, and his money was swept away. He began to doubt the system, and thought he would return to Mentone. But he was tempted to try the third time, and the third time he won. He became greatly excited. He felt convinced that his failures the first and second time were owing to miscalculations. He had now got well hold of the system. He was on the high road to fortune. He tried again, and again, and again, failure succeeding failure, however, almost without a break, his excitement increasing all the while, until he became oblivious of everything but the spinning cylinder and ball. When his money was all gone he suddenly realized his position. The system was a fraud, as cleverly devised as most others, but the most cleverly devised cannot defeat the purpose of the "Bank," at Monte Carlo.

*From *The Fall of the Staincliffes;* by Alfred Colbeck, illustrated; pp. 199; price $1; a prize gambling tale. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago, Publishers.

A young man hired a boat at Mentone that evening. The boat was found, three hours later, floating without an occupant; and during the night a body was washed ashore—the body of Herbert Staincliffe.

BLUNTED MORALITY.*

A GOOD layman, said: "You cannot convict a man for carrying concealed weapons when everyone of the jury has a pistol in his pocket." The same principle, modified, applies to the user of tobacco. It is very hard to convince him of its harmfulness, when he is under the dominion of the habit. It is remarkable what a hold tobacco takes on some persons. We maryel at the strength of the chains with which opium and whisky blind their victims; but in some cases it seems that the narcotic plant, tobacco, is almost as hard to master.

"You are wasting away under it," pleaded one minister with another.

"Alas! my brother, it is true; but I cannot help it," was the response.

"Would you take that excuse from a sinner?"

"I cannot answer you. I cannot leave it off; it is out of the question; I cannot! I feel what you say, but —"

Furthermore, the mind seems disinclined to listen to anything which would go to show that tobacco-using is wrong. It blunts the edge of the moral perceptions.

Says Dr. Graham: "Tobacco has impaired the delicacy of his moral sense. It has in some sense impaired the nice powers of his understanding to perceive moral truth. It has established in the physical economy of his body an appetite whose despotic and often irresistible influence upon the intellectual and voluntary powers vehemently urges, and even absolutely compels the understanding and will to comply with its demands."

*From *Tobacco; Its Use and Abuse*, by Rev. J. B. Wight; p.p. 232, cloth; price 80 cts.; A. W. Hall, Syracuse, publisher.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Modern Faith-Healing Scripturally Considered, by Rev. W. McDonald; p.p. 112; price, 35 cts., cloth; Macdonald, Gill & Co., Chicago, publishers.

Dixon on Ingersoll, ten discourses, by Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr.; price 25 cts: J. S. Ogilvie, New York, publisher.

Angels' Visit to My Farm in Florida, by "Golden Light;" p.p. 283; price, $1, cloth: John W. Lovell Co., New York, publishers.

Born of Flame, a Rosicrucian story, by Mrs. Margaret Peeke; p.p. 299; price, $1.25, cloth; a remarkable and interesting book: J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

Indications of the Second Book of Moses, Called Exodus, by Edward B. Latch; p.p. 350; price, $1.50: J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

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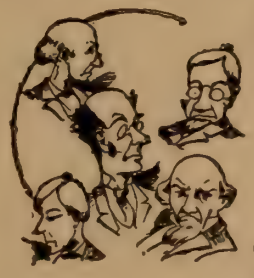

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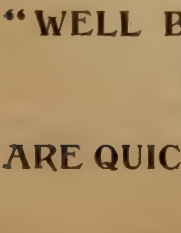

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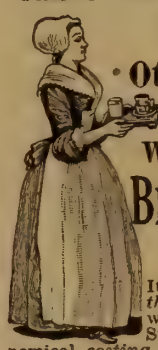

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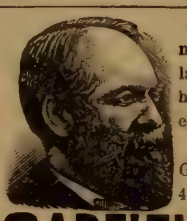

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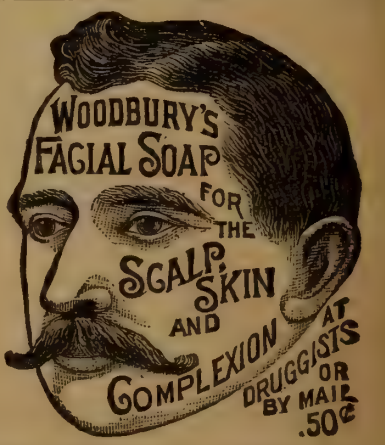

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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TO THE RESCUE OF THE VETERANS.

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" FIGHTS THEIR BATTLES AND CASHES THEIR PENSION CHECKS.

The New G. A. R. Mission in New York Opens With a Crusade to Free the Pensioners from the Saloons—A Christian Work that is Praised by Army Men—Let it be a "Grand Army of the Redeemed" Throughout the Union.

A STRANGE and interesting sight might have been witnessed by people passing in the neighborhood of the United States Pension Office, Nos. 396 and 398 Canal Street, New York, during the first days of the present month. At the beginning of every quarter, the government army pensions are paid to the veterans in different cities throughout the country. In New York alone, between 12,000 and 14,000 checks are distributed, each being signed by the pension agent, Colonel Frank C. Loveland, and drawn to the order of the pensioner, whose name appears on the face of the check as the payee. The checks vary in amount, from $6 to $216 according to the grade occupied by the pensioners while in active military service.

THE CASHIER'S OFFICE.

With many of these pensioners, "Quarter Day," while it brings joy to their homes, is not without its troubles. In a very large number of cases, difficulty is experienced in cashing the checks, and the old soldiers fall an easy prey to saloon-keepers and others who charge a commission for cashing the government's paper. It is no uncommon thing to find the rum shops in the immediate neighborhood of the Pension Office during the days of payment, densely crowded with veterans, all ready to yield tribute to the saloon-keepers for cashing their checks, and to give him their very free patronage besides. Thus it happens that many of the veterans, instead of going home to their wives and families with their pension money, leave the bulk of it in the saloon-keeper's till. "Quarter Day" becomes with them a regularly recurring period of dissipation and what should be a blessing has grown to be in some homes little short of a curse. This condition of affairs is not peculiar to New York, but is duplicated in many large cities of the Union.

How to abate this evil is a question that has been wholly overlooked by our philanthropists, who, while energetically and successfully working for the amelioration and betterment of others, leave the old soldier at the mercy of his worst and strongest enemy, intemperance. So long as the enemy possessed the sinews of war to carry on the campaign unopposed, so long did it seem impossible to give him battle. Every quarter, the saloon-keepers were ready with all the available funds at their command, to cash the checks and, having no other means of realizing on them, the veterans regularly fell into the gold-baited trap and were fleeced and debauched by thousands. Millions of dollars are paid over the saloon-bars of America on Uncle Sam's checks to Uncle Sam's gallant old soldiers, because a majority of them can get their money nowhere else! Thus the old blue-coats, the heroes who fought bravely at Chickamauga, Antietam, and Gettysburg, and who upheld their country's honor and flag on many a bloody field are in their last days left to be fleeced and besotted by an enemy they are powerless to resist.

Several months ago, the editor and publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD decided to adopt, experimentally at least, a practical means of rescuing the old soldiers from the avaricious clutches of the saloon-keepers. This, if successful, would be a welcome boon to thousands; but it involved the use of a large sum of ready money—approximating $200,000 every pay-day. They had confidence, however, in the plan, and on full consultation, resolved to put it into operation by paying *absolutely without charge*, all checks presented at the end of the second quarter of the present year. Rev. Dr. Talmage—himself an old army chaplain and now chaplain of the 13th Regiment N. G. S. N. Y.,—heartily approved the experiment. The funds necessary for the work were supplied personally by the Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. How the plan was carried into effect and with what success, are told below.

Col. Henry H. Hadley, the well-known mission worker and evangelist, who is himself a converted drunkard, became interested in the matter. He it was who first suggested the check-paying plan as an adjunct to the spiritual work of the new Grand Army Mission. He rented the basement under the United States Pension Office in Canal Street, and fitted it up for a Grand Army Mission, with a special view to Gospel work among the veterans, and also of co-operating with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in saving them from the tyranny of the usurious saloon-keepers. Captain Killiaen Van Rensselaer, a gallant soldier and a member of one of the oldest families in the metropolis, was chosen as President and Treasurer, General A. S. Wells and Mr. James Talcott, Vice President, and Col. Hadley, Superintendent. Among the Trustees are General O. O. Howard, Col. Loveland, General Wager Swayne, General Locke, and others of prominence.

On Tuesday May 4, the real work began at the Mission. For several days and nights during the preceding week, workmen had been busy in the large hall and the result was its complete transformation to a roomy, comfortable-looking Mission. In front, was an enclosed office for the accommodation of the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and his clerks, who were to pay out the money for the checks. Out in the hall, and to the right, was another desk where Rev. Geo. W. Mooney would supervise the endorsement of the checks, his duty being to see that the signatures of the payees corresponded with the names upon the face of the government checks. At each of the entrances to the basement, police officers were to be stationed to keep the pensioners in line. On Tuesday night, the G. A. R. Mission was formally opened. The veterans had been accustomed for many years to assemble in the neighborhood of the Pension Office long before the hour for distributing the checks arrived, and it was a familiar sight in the neighborhood to find the entire block surrounded by a cordon of these old warriors, some half or wholly blind, others lame from wounds received thirty years ago. Soon the Mission was fairly filled with the waiting crowds, many women being among the number. Some of the latter were in sore distress, and needed their pension money badly, for bread for hungry children, or to pay the long-overdue rent to exacting landlords and avoid eviction. Mr. and Mrs. Baker the blind evangelists, sang and played some of their most beautiful hymns; addresses were made by Colonel H. H. Hadley, Capt. Van Rensselaer, Mr. Louis Klopsch the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and several others, and refreshments, consisting of fragrant coffee and abundant sandwiches, were served free to the veterans. At six o'clock next morning, the distribution of checks was begun at the Pension office by Colonel Loveland and his aids. The line formed from the Pension Office, extending down the steps into the new Mission hall, along its entire length and back again, up to the cashier's desk. Meanwhile the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was ready for the veterans. He had drawn a large sum in gold, silver and bills from the Citizen's National Bank, whose management gave its heartiest co-operation and extended the neces-

(Continued on page 325.)

THE NEW G. A. R. MISSION, NEW YORK—"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" PAYING THE PENSIONERS' CHECKS.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

A TREMENDOUS WORD.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday Morning Sermon from the Text: Psalms 61: 4: "*Selah.*"

THE majority of Bible readers look upon this word of my text as of no importance. They consider it a superfluity, a mere filling in, a meaningless interjection, a useless refrain, an undefined echo. Selah! But I have to tell you that it is no Scriptural accident. It occurs seventy-four times in the Book of Psalms and three times in the Book of Habakkuk. You must not charge this perfect book with seventy-seven trivialities. Selah! It is an enthroned word. If, according to an old writer, some words are battles, then this word is a Marathon, a Thermopylæ, a Sedan, a Waterloo. It is a word decisive, sometimes for poetic beauty, sometimes for solemnity, sometimes for grandeur, and sometimes for eternal import. Through it roll the thundering chariots of the Omnipotent God.

I take this word for my text because I am so often asked what is its meaning, or whether it has any meaning at all. It has an ocean of meaning, from which I shall this morning dip up only four or five bucketfuls. I will speak to you, so far as I have time, of the Selah of poetic significance, the Selah of intermission, the Selah of emphasis, and the Selah of perpetuity.

Are you surprised that I speak of the Selah of poetic significance? Surely the God who sapphired the heavens and made the earth a rosebud of beauty, with oceans hanging to it like drops of morning dew, would not a make a Bible without rhythm, without redolence, without blank verse. God knew that eventually the Bible would be read by a great majority of young people, for in this world of malaria and casualty an octogenarian is exceptional, and as thirty years is more than the average of human life, if the Bible is to be a successful book it must be adapted to the young. Hence the prosody of the Bible—the drama of Job, the pastoral of Ruth, the epic of Judges, the dithyrambic of Habakkuk, the threnody of Jeremiah, the lyric of Solomon's Song, the oratorio of the Apocalypse, the idyl, the strophe, and antistrophe and the Selah of the Psalms.

Wherever you find this word Selah, it means that you are to rouse up to great stanza, that you are to open your soul to great analogies, that you are to spread the wing of your imagination for great flight. "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder: I proved thee at the waters of Meribah. Selah." "The earth and all the inhabitants thereof are dissolved: I bear up the pillars of it. Selah." "Who is this King of glory? The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah." "Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah." "Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah." "The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah." "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth. Selah." "I will hide under the covert of thy wings. Selah." "O, God, when thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou did'st march through the wilderness. Selah."

Wherever you find this word it is a signal of warning hung out to tell you to stand off the track while the rushing train goes by with its imperial passengers. Poetic word, charged with sunrise and sunset, and tempest and earthquake, and resurrections and millenniums.

Next I come to speak of the Selah of intermission. Gesenius, Tholuck, Hengstenberg, and other writers agree in saying that this word Selah means a rest in music; what the Greeks call a diapsalma, a pause, a halt in the solemn march of cantillation. Every musician knows the importance of it. If you ever saw Jullien, the great musical leader, stand before five thousand singers and players

A HALT IN THE MUSIC.

upon instruments, and with one stroke of his baton smite the multitudinous hallelujah into silence, and then, soon after that, with another stroke of his baton rouse up the full orchestra to a great outburst of harmony, then you know the mighty effect of a musical pause. It gives more power to what went before; it gives more power to what is to come after. So God thrusts the Selah into his Bible and into our lives, compelling us to stop and think, stop and consider, stop and admire, stop and pray, stop and repent, stop and be sick, stop and die. It is not the great number of times that we read the Bible through that makes us intelligent in the Scriptures. We must pause. What though it take an hour for one word? What though it take a week for one verse? What though it take a year for one chapter? We must pause and measure the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the universe, the eternity of meaning in one verse. I should like to see some one sail around one little adverb in the Bible, a little adverb of two letters, during one lifetime—the word "so" in the New Testament passage, "God so loved the world." Augustine made a long pause after the verse, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ," and it converted him. Matthew Henry made a long pause after the verse, "Open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise," and it converted him. William Cowper made a long pause after the verse, "Being freely justified by his grace," and it converted him. When God tells us seventy-seven times meditatively to pause in reading two of the books of the Bible, he leaves to our common sense to decide how often we should pause in reading the other sixty-four books of the Bible.

We must pause, and ask for more light. We must pause, and weep over our sins. We must pause and absorb the strength of one promise. I sometimes hear people boasting about how many times they have read the Bible through, when they seem to know no more about it than a passenger would know about the State of Pennsylvania who should go through it in a St. Louis lightning express train and in a Pullman "sleeper," the two characteristics of the journey, velocity and somnolence. It is not the number of times you go through the Bible, but the number of times the Bible goes through you. Pause, reflect. Selah!

So also on the scroll of your life and mind. We go rushing on, in the song of our prosperity, from note of joy to note of joy, and it is a long-drawn-out legato, and we become indifferent and unappreciative, when suddenly we come upon a blank in the music. There is nothing between those bars. A pause. God will fill it up with a sick-bed, or a commercial disaster, or a grave. But, thank God, it is not a breaking down; it is only a pause. It helps us to appreciate the blessings that are gone; it gives us higher appreciation of the blessings that are to come.

The Selah of Habakkuk and David is a dividing line between two anthems. David begins his book with the words, "Blessed is the man," and after seventy-four Selahs, he closes his book with the words, "Praise ye the Lord." So there are mercies behind us, and there are going to be mercies before us. It is good for us that God halts us in our fortunes, and halts us with physical distress, and halts us at the graves of our dead. More than once you and I have been halted by such a Selah. You wrung your hands and said, "I can't see any sense in this Providence; I can't see why God gave me that child, if he is so soon going to take it away. O my desolate home! O my broken heart!" You could not understand it. But it was not a Selah of overthrow. It gave you greater appreciation of the blessings that have gone; it will yet give you greater appreciation of the blessings that will come.

When the Huguenots were being very much persecuted in France, a father and mother were obliged to fly from the country, leaving their child in the possession of a comparative stranger. They did not know whether they would ever return, or returning, if they would be able to recognize their child, for by that time she might be grown. The mother was almost frenzied at the thought of leaving the child, and then, even if coming back again, not being able to know her. Before they left, the father drew his sword, and he marked the wrist of that child with a deep cut. It must have been a great exigency to make a father do that. Years of absence passed on, and after a while the parents returned, and their first anxiety was to find their lost child. They looked up and down the land, examining the wrists of the young people, when lo! after a while the father found a maiden with a scar upon her wrist. She knew him not, but he knew her. And O, the joy of the reunion! So it is now. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." He cutteth, he marketh, and when he comes to claim his own the Lord will know them that are his; know them by the scar of their trouble, know them by the stroke of their desolation.

Oh, it is good that the Lord sometimes halts us. David says, "It is good that I have been afflicted. Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy Word." Indeed, we must all soon stop. Scientists have improved human longevity, but none of them have proposed to make terrene life perpetual. But the Gospel makes death only a Selah between two beatitudes—between dying triumph on the one side of the grave, and celestial escort on the other side of the grave. Going out of this life, to the unprepared, is a great horror. "Give me more laudanum," said dying Mirabeau; "give me more laudanum, that I may not think of eternity and what is to come." And dying Hobbes said, "I leave my body to the grave, and my soul to the great perhaps." It was the discord of an infidel's life breaking down into the jargon of despair; but the Gospel makes the death of the Christian a Selah between redemption and enthronement. "Almost well," said dying Richard Baxter; "almost well." "Play those notes over again—those notes which have been so great a delight and solace to me," said the dying Christian Mozart. "None but Christ, none but Christ," exclaimed dying Lambert.

Richard Cameron, the Scotch covenanter, went into the battle three times praying, "Lord, spare the green and take the ripe. This is the day I have longed for. This is the day I shall get my crown. Come, let us fight it to the last. Forward!" So you see there is only a short pause, a Selah of intermission, between dying consolations on the one side and overtopping raptures on the other.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

I next speak of the Selah of emphasis. Ewald, the German orientalist and theologian, says that this word means to ascend: and wherever you find it, he says, you must look after the modulation of the voice, and you must put more force into your utterance. It is a Selah of emphasis. Ah! my friends, you and I need to correct our emphasis. We put too much emphasis on this world, and not enough on God and the next world. People think these things around us are so important, the things of the next are not worthy of our consideration.

The first need for some of us is to change our emphasis. Look at Wretchedness on a throne. Napoleon, while yet Emperor of France, sat down dejected, his hands over his face. A lad came in with a tray of food, and said, "Eat, it will do you good." The emperor looked up and said, "You are from the country," The lad replied, "Yes." "Your father has a cottage and a few acres of ground?" "Yes." "There is happiness," said the dejected emperor. Ah! Napoleon never

put the emphasis in the right place until he was expiring at St. Helena. On the other hand, look at Satisfaction amid the worst earthly disadvantage. "I never saw until I was blind," said a Christian man. "I never knew what contentment was while I had my eyesight, as I know what content is now that I have lost my eyesight. I affirm, though few would credit it, that I would not exchange my present position and circumstances for my circumstances before I lost my eyesight." That man put the emphasis in the right place.

"HE MARKED HER WRIST WITH A CUT."

We want to put less stress upon this world, and more stress upon our God as our everlasting portion. David had found out the nothingness of this world and the all-sufficiency of God. Notice how he interjects the Selahs. "Trust in the Lord at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him. God is a refuge for us. Selah." "Blessed be the Lord who daily loads us with benefits, even the God of our salvation. Selah." "The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there. Selah." Let the world have its honors and its riches and its pomp. Let me have the Lord for my light, my peace, my fortress, my pardon, my hope, my Heaven.

What sinners value I resign;
Lord! 'tis enough that thou art mine.
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

This world is all an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And sin and sense no more control
The endless pleasures of my soul.

But when I speak of the Selah of emphasis I must notice it is a startling, a dramatic emphasis. It has in it the Hark, the Hist of the drama. That wakening, and arousing emphasis we who preach or instruct need to use more frequently. The sleepiest audiences in the world are religious audiences.

You Sabbath-school teachers ought to have more of the dramatic element in your instructions. By graphic Scripture scene, by anecdote, by descriptive gesture, by impersonation, urge your classes to right action. We want in all our schools and colleges and prayer-meetings, and in all our attempts at reform, and in all our churches, to have less of the style didactic and more of the style dramatic. Fifty essays about the sorrows of the poor could not affect me as a little drama of accident and suffering I saw one slippery morning in the streets of Philadelphia. Just ahead of me was a lad, wretched in apparel, his limb amputated at the knee; from the pallor of the boy's cheek the amputation not long before. He had a package of broken food under his arm—food he had begged, I suppose, at the doors. As he passed on over the slippery pavement cautiously and carefully, I steadied him until his crutch slipped and he fell. I helped him up as well as I could, gathered up the fragments of the package as well as I could, put them under one arm and the crutch under the other arm; but when I saw the blood run down his pale cheek I was completely overcome. Fifty essays about the suffering of the poor could not touch one like that little drama of accident and suffering.

Oh! we want in all our different departments of usefulness—and I address hundreds of people who are trying to do good—we want more of the dramatic element and less of the didactic. The tendency in this day is to drone religion, to whine religion, to cant religion, to moan religion, to croak religion to sepulchrize religion, when we ought to present it in animated and spectacular manner.

Sabbath morning by Sabbath morning I address many theological students who are preparing for the ministry. They come in here from the different institutions. I say to them this morning: If you will go home and look over the history of the church you will find that those men have brought most souls to Christ who have been dramatic. Rowland Hill, dramatic; Thomas Chalmers, dramatic; Thomas Guthrie, dramatic; John Knox, dramatic; Robert McCheyne, dramatic; Christmas Evans, dramatic; George Whitefield, dramatic; Robert Hall, dramatic; Robert South, dramatic; Fenelon, dramatic; John Mason, dramatic; Dr. Nott, dramatic. When you get into the ministry, if you attempt to culture that element, and try to wield it for God, you will meet with mighty rebuff and caricature, and ecclesiastical council will take your case in charge, and they will try to put you down; but the God who starts you will help you through, and great will be the eternal rewards for the assiduous and the plucky.

What we want, ministers and laymen, is to get our sermons and our exhortations and our prayers out of the old rut. I see a great deal of discussion in the religious papers about why people do not come to church. They do not come because they are not interested. The old hackneyed religious phrases that come moving down through the centuries will never arrest the masses. What we want to-day, you in your sphere and I in my sphere, is to freshen up. People do not want in their sermons the sham flowers bought at the millinery shop, but the japonicas wet with the morning dew; nor the heavy bones of extinct megatherium of past ages, but the living reindeer caught last August at the edge of Schroon Lake. We want to drive out the drowsy, and the prosaic, and the tedious, and the humdrum, and introduce the brightness and vivacity, and the holy sarcasm, and the sanctified wit, and the epigrammatic power, and the blood-red earnestness, and the fire of religious zeal, and I do not know of any way of doing it as well as through the dramatic. Attention! Behold! Hark! Selah!

Next, I speak of the Selah of perpetuity. The Targum, which is the Bible in Chaldee, renders this word of my text "forever," Many writers agree in believing and stating that one meaning of this word is "forever." In this very verse from which I take my text Selah means not only poetic significance, and intermission, and emphasis, but it means eternal reverberation—forever! God's government forever, God's goodness forever, the gladness of the righteous forever. Of course, you and I have not surveyor's chain with enough links to measure that domain of meaning. In this world we must build everything on a small scale. A hundred years are a great while. A tower five hundred feet is a great height. A journey of four thousand miles is very long. But eternity! If the archangel has not strength of wing to fly across it, but flutters and drops like a wounded sea-gull, there is no need of our trying in the small shallow of human thought to voyage across it.

A sceptic desiring to show his contempt for the passing years, and to show that he could build enduringly, had his own sepulchre made of the finest and the hardest marble, and then he had put on the door the words, "For time and for eternity;" but it so happened that the seed of a tree somehow got into an unseen crevice of the marble. That seed grew and enlarged until it became a tree, and split the marble to pieces. There can be no eternalization of anything earthly. But forever! Will you and I live as long as that? We are apt to think of the grave as the terminus. We are apt to think of the hearse as our last vehicle. We are apt to think of seventy or eighty or ninety years, and then a cessation. Instead of that we find the marble slab of the tomb is only a milestone, marking the first mile, and that the great journey is beyond. We have only time enough in this world to put on the sandals and to clasp our girdle and to pick up our staff. We take our first step from cradle to grave, and then we open the door and start—great God, whither? The clock strikes the passing away of time, but not the passing away of eternity. Measureless! Measureless! This Selah of perpetuity makes earthly inequalities so insignificant, the difference between sceptre and needle, between Alhambra and hut, between chariot and cart, between throne and curbstone, between Axminster and bare floor, between satin and sackcloth, very trivial. This Selah of perpetuity makes our getting ready so important. For such prolongation of travel, what outfit of guidebooks, of passports, and of escort? Are we putting out on a desert, simoom-swept

"I HELPED UP THE BOY."

and ghoul-haunted, or into regions of sun-lighted and spray-sprinkled gardens? Will it be Elysium or Gehenna? Once started in that world, we cannot stop. The current is so swift that once in, no oar can resist it, no helm can steer out of it, no herculean or titantic arm can baffle it. Hark to the long-resounding echo "forever!" O wake up to the interest of your deathless spirit! Strike out for heaven. Rouse ye, men and women for whom Jesus died. Selah! Selah! Forever! forever!

A THIEF'S STRANGE CONVERSION.

"MANY years ago," says a writer in the *Golden Censer*, "a minister who had been preaching in a village was returning home, when he was stopped by a highwayman, who presented a pistol and demanded his money. The minister allowed him to take his watch and money, and the thief, feeling some papers in his pocketbook, took them also away with him, saying, that for anything he knew, there might be bank notes among them. These papers were, however, manuscript sermons, written out at length in a fair and legible hand. Some months afterward, a respectable man called upon the same minister, recalled to his recollection the robbery, stated that he was the robber, restored the watch and a sum of money equivalent to which he had taken away, and stated that the cause of his making restitution was, upon looking over the papers, he found a sermon with the words, "Thou shalt not steal." The singularity of this circumstance induced him to read it; and the impression produced upon him by its warnings was so powerful that he abandoned his profligate course, became an altered man, devoted himself to honest labor, and took the earliest opportunity of restoring the property he had stolen.

MR. MOODY AT CALVARY.

The Well-Known Evangelist Preaches on the Supposed Site of the Crucifixion.

MR. MOODY, with his wife and son, and a party of friends now in the Orient, recently visited the supposed site of Mount Calvary, and on Easter Sunday, Mr. Moody preached there. Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who recall the accounts of the tour of Rev. Dr. Talmage, the editor of this journal, to the Holy Land, will remember his graphic description of his visit to Mount Calvary, where he was stirred to the depths of his soul, as never before, by the sublimity of the surroundings, while he read aloud, with new spiritual understanding the tragic story of the Crucifixion. Some such feeling must have taken possession of Mr. Moody when he visited Calvary. The weather was propitious and before 4:30 o'clock P. M., the hour for which the service was announced, a large number of natives and visiting Christians assembled.

On the crest of the grassy slope (which is marked here and there by Moslem tombstones), when Mr. Moody began to speak, there were in all, probably 400 people, and the great variety of costumes, the rapt attention of the listeners and the inspiration afforded by the sacred spot, made the occasion one to be remembered. The meeting was under the direction of the Church Missionary Society. A choir of sixty young boy and girl-scholars of the Hebrew Mission School sang a number of hymns, and Rev. E. Carr-Glyn of London, Rev. A. H. Kelk and others assisted in the service.

Mr. Moody in the course of his remarks, said: "It is hard to speak. You cannot understand my feelings; it is hard to keep back the tears. Yonder is the field where the angels came to the shepherds. 'Good tidings of great joy,' they sang; and their chorus might have been heard on this hill where we stand. Yonder is Mizpeh, where Samuel anointed Saul, King of Israel. Yonder is Olivet and Bethany, where Jesus, when weary of work, found one house always open to him. I read the words, 'Every man went to his own house. Jesus went to the Mount of Olives.' He, the Son of God, who was with God before the morning stars sang together, he that had glory in heaven, became a wanderer on the earth, and had not where to lay his head. I think of that great sermon he had preached the Jews in the temple yonder, where he had tried to tear away their mask of hypocrisy, and show them how false their professions of faith in God were. His great heart was breaking. He had finished with the Jews. They had rejected him. He went out with his disciples and sat on the mountain over there. His disciples wanted to talk about the temple stones. He, with his vision full of Gethsemane and Golgotha, yet yearning for his people, said, 'Not one stone shall be left upon another. Oh! Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, but ye would not. Behold your house is left unto you desolate.' Hitherto he had said, 'My father's house,' 'my house,' but now it is 'your house.' 'I have left it, and it is desolate.' He saw Titus with his armies besieging the city, and he saw the fearful ruin that would follow their rejecting him.

"I have tried to picture him passing this way when a boy; for he must have come down the road yonder when coming from Nazareth to Jerusalem, and I pictured the shadow of the cross falling upon it as he said, 'On that spot I am to offer up my life.'"

Besides the large number of Arabs and natives of Jerusalem, there were many notable persons present, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mackinnon, Miss Love, Rev. E. Carr-Glyn and Lady Glyn, Rev. John Zeller, Mr. Frank Cook (grandson of Thomas Cook), Rev. Abram Baez, Mrs. Dixson, wife of English Consul; Dr. Selah Merrill, American Consul; Miss Jennie Street, of London Sunday School Union; Mr. Herbert Clark, Manager for Thomas Cook & Son; Rev. Mr. Joseph Jamal, and Rev. Mr. Ben Oliel.

THE FIERY FURNACE.

S. S. Lesson for June 5. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Dan. 3 : 13-25. Golden Text, Isa. 43 : 2.

THE spirit of bold unbelief and of cruel tyranny, which had gone out of Nebuchadnezzar, when young Daniel, by Divine power, recalled to him his dream and declared to him the interpretation, left him still "empty," of faith in the living God. He honored and appreciated Daniel, but he did not bow before God. It may be a first step in the life of an unbeliever to discern and acknowledge the superiority of God's children to other men, but if they stop short there, they are still entirely on the level of other men, and Satan may take more advantage of them than if they had never heard of God at all. Daniel had declared, when interpreting the king's dream,

"Thou Art this Head of Gold."

The king, instead of being humbled and grateful to God that he had deigned to reveal to him the future, was puffed up with the distinction paid to him. Pride and ambition laid hold of him, and in his self-importance he ordered an image to be constructed, but not on the plan which he had seen in his dream, with its head only of gold. The king's image, probably a statue of himself, was to be all of gold, about 110 feet high; and was set up in the plain of Dura. Although Nebuchadnezzar had confessed to Daniel, "Of a truth it is, that your God is a God of gods, and a Lord of kings, and a Revealer of secrets," yet now in the fulness of his pride he passes over all that is due to Daniel's God, and gives command that all who hold government offices throughout his dominion shall be gathered together to the dedication of the image which he has set up. The king, in fact, ordered that divine honors should be paid to himself, in the homage rendered to the image; and this must be done publicly, just when the immense orchestra, which he had gathered together, sounded out their burst of music. The alternative was the awful penalty of being cast alive into "a burning fiery furnace." It is just at such a crisis that God tests and brings to light the faith and the loyalty of his children. It is at such times that in his own people he can make himself known. The very same Jews who, as students, were not afraid to be peculiar and to take their stand for God among their fellow-students in rejecting the king's meat from conscientious motives, were bold now to oppose themselves to the idolatrous command of the king. These men were undoubtedly objects of jealousy among the Chaldeans whom they had excelled in learning and in influence, and they were glad enough of an excuse to accuse them to the king: "These men, O king!" so ran the indictment, "have not regarded thee; they serve not thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

If a man has been in any measure awakened and then goes back, he always gets lower down into sin than before. Nebuchadnezzar's tyrannical fury had been averted in which he had thought to put to death all the wise men in Babylon. Now that he has set his heart on attaining the acme of his ambition in having divine honors paid to him, he is so determined in his course that his tyranny is more tyrannical and more cruel than before. To be burnt alive shall be the lot of all who will not worship him as God! And now that men are found who will dare to face his displeasure, who can risk the carrying out of his threat to cast them into a furnace already kindled, he is mad with fury.

The accused are cited to appear. The king speaks: "Is it true, O Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, do not ye serve my gods, nor worship the golden image which I have set up? Now, if ye . . . fall down and worship the image which I have made,—well: but if ye worship not, ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of a burning, fiery furnace; and

Who is that God

that shall deliver you out of my hands?" The gauntlet was thrown down, not to man but to God. It was no longer a matter between the king and these Jewish rulers of the province of Babylon. Nebuchadnezzar had invoked God, and the case must go on to trial: compromise was impossible. "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful [or, we have no need, R.V.] to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

What power inspired these men with such unparalleled boldness? It was the reality of a God well, and long, and personally known. Only because they had put him to proof in private, could they count on him in this supreme moment. Men do not acquaint themselves thus in a fiery furnace until they have known the Refiner's fire. (Mal. 3: 2, 3.) There was an absolute surrender. "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver." This was an absolute certainty. "He will deliver us out of thy hand, O king." This also is absolutely certain. "All his saints are in thy hand." (Deut. 33: 3.) These men of faith dealt with God; the king was but his instrument: in the furnace and out of the furnace they are still in the hand of their God.

"But if Not,"

if their God in his wisdom does not save them from the fire, if the worst comes to the worst, and they lose their lives, they have still counted the cost and were unchanged in their purpose; "we will not serve thy gods." Nebuchadnezzar is in no mood to brook opposition: he is full of rage and fury. The victims of his wrath are full of faith and peace. He will not be overcome by those young upstarts; at any cost they must be overcome. He commands the furnace to be heated seven times more, calls for the mightiest men in his army to bind his unresisting captives, and bear them thus bound and cast them into that awful grave of fire in their clothes, which are inflammable, so they will instantly become the prey of the fire. The mighty warriors in their armor who serve as their executioners cannot escape: they are burned to death; but the king's prisoners walk unbound, amid the raging flames!

Do his eyes deceive him, as the enraged king looks to see his victims feed the mounting flames, and then fall into charred ashes while he beheld them? "Did we not cast three men bound into the midst of the fire?" he asks. "True, O king." "Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God." "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. . . Fear not; for I am with thee." (Isa. 43: 2-5.) It is the history of many of God's saints. A time comes when to choose God means to lose all else,—position, usefulness, influence, health, life itself. The only step forward seems to be into certain death. It may be, or it may not be, the death of the body: it may be the death-blow of all our hopes for children, family, Christian work; it is a moment when

Everything is at Stake;

when all the ropes are cut, which bind to earth and things present. No one will understand us, we shall be counted fools,—yet there is no other way to glorify God. "They loved not their lives unto death." It is the Gethsemane for us; the resisting "unto blood:" and it may recur more than once in the lives of those "who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." (Rev. 14: 4.)

But one, only, was called in such an hour to tread the winepress "alone." (Isa. 63; 3.) As surely as our Master leads us into the fire, just so surely he is with his children, and the same presence, hidden at other times, becomes manifest then, even to the ungodly. It is in the furnace that the gold is discovered in the ore; in moments of supreme testing the Christ in us is visible to the naked eye of the worldly and unbelieving. Nebuchadnezzar was not mistaken in his estimate of that mysterious Companion who walked with his unharmed followers into the midst of the fire: "the form of the fourth is like the Son of God." With an awe, which had been foreign to him before the king approached the furnace by which he had condemned to death those whom God had not condemned, and he said: "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, ye servants of the most high God, come forth, and come hither."

The orchestra was dumb. Intense silence, breathless silence was upon the audience, and in the sight of representatives from all the provinces in the dominion of Babylon, these men came forth out of the midst of the fire. The assembled company were witnesses that the faith of these men in their God, was built upon no false foundation; upon their bodies

"The Fire had no Power

nor was an hair of their head singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed on them." The presence of God had overcome the presence of the fire. Tried reader, is it the furnace which leaves its odor upon thee, or is it the presence of the Master which leaves its glow? Trial leaves behind it either desolation or glory, as the presence of God is in it or not. Here it was glory, and glory which outshone all the carnal assumption of the proud king of Babylon. At last he had seen something of God; God with his people, and thus he speaks: "Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who hath sent his angel, and delivered his servants that trusted in him, and have changed the king's word, and yielded their bodies, that they might not serve nor worship any god, except their own God."

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

We are not careful to answer thee in this matter. In other words, there is no need for reflection on our part; our mind is settled. We do not care to deliberate. Their decision was immediate, and they committed themselves without delay. These Jewish captives acted the wise part. He who dallies in matters of conscience is lost.

Nero once tried to disgrace some of the great Roman nobles to as low a level as his own by making them appear as actors in the arena, or on the stage. To the Roman noble such an appearance was regarded as the extremest shame and disgrace. Yet to disobey the order was equivalent to death. The noble Florus was bidden thus to appear in the arena, and, doubtful whether to obey or not, consulted the virtuous and religious Agrippinus: "Go, by all means," replied Agrippinus. "Well, but," replied Florus, "you yourself faced death rather than obey." "Yes," answered Agrippinus, "because I did not deliberate about it." To deliberate about matters of conscience is to be a secret traitor, and the line which separates the secret traitor from the open rebel is thin as a spider's web.

It is related of Alexander the Great that, being asked how it was that he had conquered the world, he replied: "By not wavering." Not infrequently one's whole future depends on one decision. If right, success will follow; if wrong, sure defeat.

On the summit of a hill in a western state is a court-house, so situated that the raindrops which fall on one side of the roof descend into Lake Erie, and thence through the St. Lawrence into the Atlantic. The raindrops which fall on the other side, trickle down from rivulet to rivulet, until they reach the Ohio and the Mississippi, and finally enter the ocean by the Gulf of Mexico. A faint breath of wind determines the destination of these raindrops for three thousand miles and so a single decision determines, sometimes, a human destiny for all time and for eternity.

Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us, for "they that put their trust in him shall never be confounded." All earthly avenues of escape may be shut up and darkness and impenetrable gloom may surround us, yet if we put our trust in God, deliverance will come. "For the Lord shall help them and deliver them; he shall deliver them from the wicked and save them, because they trust in him."

Mr. Barber, a Protestant, was in the reign of Queen Mary, condemned to the flames. The morning of execution arrived. The intended martyr walked to Smithfield, and was bound to the stake. The faggots were piled round him, and the executioner only waited for the word of command to apply the torch. Just at this crisis tidings came of the Queen's death, which compelled the officers to stop their proceedings until the pleasure of the new queen (Elizabeth) should be known.

John Knox was accustomed to sit at the head of the table in his own house, with his back to the window; yet on a certain night, such was the impression on his mind, that he would neither sit in his own chair, nor allow another person to occupy it. That very night a bullet was shot in through the window, purposely to kill him, but the conspirators missed their man. The bullet grazed the chair in which he used to sit, lighted on the candlestick, and made a hole in the foot of it which is yet to be seen. "The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth, but the Lord shall laugh at him."

We will not serve thy gods. No compromise, out-and-out for God. What a noble example these Jewish lads have set for every child of God to pattern after. The king's fury, his threats, his displeasure, the ruin and death staring them in the face had no effect on them. They were steadfast and immovable, unwavering to the end.

Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause
Or blush to speak his name?

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die,
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

While Col. Wilayat, an English officer, who used to preach at Delhi, was speaking, a number of Sepoys on horseback rode up to his house, and knowing him to be a Christian, said, "Repeat the Mohammedan creed, or we will shoot you." But he would not deny his Lord. "Tell us what you are," said one. "I am a Christian," replied he. "And a Christian I will live and die." They dragged him along the ground, beating him about the head and face with their shoes. "Now preach Christ to us," some cried in mocking tones. Others said, "Turn to Mohammed and we will let you go." "No I never will," the faithful martyr cried. "My Saviour took up his cross and went to God, and I will lay down my life and go to him." The scorching rays of the sun were beating on the poor sufferer's head causing him the intensest agony. With a laugh one of the wretches exclaimed, "Wouldn't you like to have a little water?" "No," replied the Colonel. "When my Saviour was dying he had nothing but vinegar mingled with gall." Finding him immovable one of the Sepoys lifted up his sword and while the martyr called aloud, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," with one stroke severed his head from the body.

MY NAME IN MOTHER'S PRAYER.

'TWAS in the days of careless youth—
When life was fair and bright,
And ne'er a tear and scarce a fear
O'er cast my day and night—
As in the quiet eventide,
I passed her kneeling there,
That just one word—my name—I heard—
My name in mother's prayer.

I thought but little of it then,
Though reverence touched my heart
For her whose love sought from above
For me the "better part."
But when life's sterner battles came
With many a subtle snare,
Oft that one word, in thought I heard—
My name in mother's prayer.

Then with a sacred influence,
Came back her mem'ry sweet,
And from the brink, where many sink,
It drew my tott'ring feet.
But though thus kept from open sin,
For him I did not care,
Who died for me on Calv'ry's tree,
Who heard my mother's prayer.

I wandered on and heeded not
God's oft-repeated call
To turn from sin, to live for him
And trust to him my all.
But when, at last convinced of sin,
I sank in deep despair;
My soul awoke, when mem'ry spoke
My name in mother's prayer.

That kneeling form, those folded hands
Have vanished into dust;
But still with me for aye shall be
The mem'ry of her Trust.
And when I cross dark Jordan's tide,
And meet her "over there,"
We'll praise the Lord, who blessed that word,
My name in mother's prayer.

To the Rescue of the Veterans.

(*Continued from first page.*)

sary facilities for the transaction of so large a volume of business. The shining piles on the cash desk, visible through the railing, excited the enthusiasm of the waiting soldiers. Everything proceeded in the most orderly manner possible. In single file, but closely press-

BRINGING MONEY FROM THE CITIZENS' BANK.

ing on each others' heels, came the veterans. First to the endorsing-clerk, who saw that the checks were properly signed, and who was authorized to sign for those who could not write. On leaving the endorsing desk, each applicant stepped up to the cashier's window, gave his name and presented his check. Payments were made swiftly and with the dexterity of practiced bank officials. Hon. W. S. McPheeters, LL.D., of New York, who has taken a deep interest in the movement, personally assisted. In the first hour over $4,000 was paid out in gold, silver and bills. The crowd increased and as the day wore on there was no diminution in the extent of the line.

Meanwhile, the saloon-keepers felt as though they had been struck by a cyclone. Their usual harvest of customers—which had never before failed them when pension day arrived—instead of being counted by the thousand, had dwindled down to a mere handful. They threatened and fumed, and finally sent out scouts to investigate. In vain they spread their most attractive lunches, and sent word around to the veterans to come in and drink, and eat, and cash their government checks. The old soldiers knew better; for too many years they had been paying tribute to the rum power on quarter day. All the enticements of smoking hot "free lunch" and the blandishments of the bar-men failed to capture them. Loud and deep were the objurgations of the baffled rum-sellers against THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its new departure. The enemy had really captured the field while they were asleep and was in full possession; but they would not capitulate readily. Signs and placards were hurriedly hung out, notifying the pensioners that the saloons, too, were ready to cash the checks free. A few stragglers dropped in, but when they learned the true situation they quickly dropped out again. Temperance had won the day, and when the pension checks were all distributed and cashed, the old soldiers were sober, happy and contented, richer by thousands of dollars than they had been on quarter days for many years.

The scenes enacted at the Mission during the week when the cashing of the veterans' checks by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was in progress, were interesting in the extreme. Morning after morning, the line formed shortly after daylight, and by 7 A. M. the volunteer paymaster and aids were energetically at work. From the sidewalk, the crowded stair-ways and the more crowded Mission hall, the soldiers watched the arrival of the messengers from the bank, bearing their burden of gold, silver and bank notes—often a load that two men were needed to carry. With them went two others as escorts from the bank on Broadway, down Canal street to the Pension Building; for carrying a large quantity of specie through New York streets is not unattended by danger. With the arrival of every fresh installment of funds, the interest increased, and as the payments began to mount up toward a hundred thousand, the enthusiasm was unbounded. Expressions of thankfulness at the new departure were heard on every side. Many of the pensioners gave the rein to their feelings when they came up to the endorsing clerk's desk or the cashier's window. We give a few characteristic incidents:

A young man walked up to the endorsing desk and laid down his pension papers.

"Why, this is not your name," was objected.

"No, but it's my father's name; he's blind."

A blind man rose from a bench and came forward. "Father, come this way," said the son.

"Ah!" exclaimed the sightless old veteran, "this is a grand thing for me. I am blind, and I can't sign. You'll sign, won't you?" (to the the endorsing clerk.) "Yes? Well, I'm glad the day has come when the old soldier is to receive attention. I went to give my life for my country, ' he went on, his face lighting up with enthusiasm, "I didn't lose my life, but I lost my sight. They tell me that Dr. Talmage is giving out money for the checks, through his paper, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. True, is it? Well, I heard Dr. Talmage preach several years ago, but I never expected his paper would cash my check. God bless the doctor for looking after us old boys who won't trouble anybody much longer." And he groped his way back to his seat.

Presently another pensioner—a tall, oldish woman, whose thin, gray hair framed a pleasant face, stepped up and made the usual inquiry.

"I cannot write me name," she explained.

"I will write it for you," was the accommodating reply.

"Who is doin' this?" continued the old lady, looking around the office curiously. "Who is it that's payin' the checks?"

"It's THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

"'Tis, eh? Well, whin I say me prayers I'll remember THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and all the men in it. God save their souls!" she added, fervently. "Sure, I had a hard toime goin' round among the groceries afore, an' they trated me as if I wor a pauper. Sure, I'm not a pauper!" she exclaimed. "Didn't the ould man die for his country? But never mind (in a more subdued voice), I'm all right now and I've got me money. Good day."

One of the most unexpected callers at the paying teller's window was a bright-looking, middle-aged Chinaman. It was something of a surprise to find him in the role of a United States pensioner; but a few words of inquiry proved his claim to be a valid one.

"You cashee check fol me?" he inquired, smiling as he reached the window, his turn having come in the long line.

"Name, please."

"Chin Phin," came the answer in the mellifluous accent of the Flowery Land, as the check, properly endorsed, was passed through the window. Chin was not only a good soldier, but he could write. He looked around, apparently somewhat apprehensive of the crowd; but they were all in the best of humor. "That my namee; yes, siree," was his final answer to an interrogation as the money was handed out to him.

"Is Dr. Talmage in?" politely inquired the next caller, a buxom, fresh-faced, elderly woman. On being informed that he was not, she asked for the publisher, and, after a few more sentences, burst forth, in the fulness of her heart.

"I came to thank you for what you have done for my family. The old man came home yesterday with all the money for his pension check for the first time in his life. He told me he got it cashed downstairs, in the office of Dr. Talmage's paper, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Before now, he would go to the saloons to cash it, and often he would have no money at all when he came home to me and the children. And oh, sir," she went one, with eyes full of tears, "if you knew how good his coming this time, sober as he was, made me feel. I bought some garments for himself and some shoes for the little ones and a pair for myself, for my feet were nearly on the ground. And now, if you'd come round, you would see the old man sitting there by the window, just like his own self, for the first time since he received his pension from the army. I know Dr. Talmage and the publisher would be glad to see him. Last night my heart was so full over it all that when I knelt down to say my prayer, I offered up a word to the Lord above us to bless these good men."

Tremblingly, an aged colored man came forward, and said:

"Is dis de place w'ar I kin git mah money foh mah check?"

"It is."

"But I kan't rite mah name," he explained. He was informed that even that obstacle could be surmounted, and seemed greatly pleased.

"I won't git many moah checks," he said, with a sad smile that lighted up his seamed and wrinkled face. "De ol' man's mos' gone. Ah, w'en I's in de a'my, I was stout-h'a'ted and able ter wuk; but now ol' Jim's nearly played out, ye see. Who cares? Well, guess som'b'dy cares, after all," he chuckled. "Ol' Jim hasn't got ter go hanging roun' de s'loons foh his money to-day. Dis papah's all right, boss, is it?"

"Yes; will you have the money in gold, silver or bills?"

This was too much for the old colored warrior. Opening wide his eyes, he clung to the outer edge of the desk and inquired in a hurried whisper:

"W'at's dat you said? W'at? (raising his voice). Beggahs musn't be choosers. Gimme anythin' 't all. My! My! Ol' Jim nev' thought it'd be ast whether he would take gol' or silvah. My word! But it's all right. If de ol' woman wuz heah, suh, she'd sing you a song, dat she would, an ol' plantation song, lak' we uster sing befo' de wah. You know, I's a slave once, but bless de Lo'd I's a free man now, and I dies a free man. I tell you, its *good ter be free!* God bless you, gentlemen, good day."

One of the check-bearers was a handsomely dressed lady, whose stylish clothing and jewelry formed a strange contrast to the faded garments of some of the other women in the line.

"I don't really need the money for this check just now," she explained as she came to the window. "I can deposit it in bank; but I thought I would come and test it here. I read in the newspapers that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was paying the pension checks, and I merely came to see for myself if it were true." And she looked around at the throng, the nearer part of which was listening intently to her words. "Yes," she added; "I will sign it and get the money, now that I'm here. Dr. Talmage is a good man, and they tell me that the publisher is a man of wonderful energy. Is he in there now? No; I wish I could have met him. What! Do you give lunch to the old soldiers, too? Well, that's generous. I don't think," she added, turning half around to the throng, as she placed the bills in her satchel. "I don't think Dr. Talmage or the publisher knows how much good this will do to those poor people, who cannot get their checks cashed without paying heavily or spending money in the rum-shops. The Lord will bless you for caring for the old soldiers and their widows and children. Thanks. Good bye." And with a smile and a swish of her elegant dress, she mounted the stairs leading to Canal street.

THE G. A. R. MISSION, CANAL STREET, NEW YORK.

These are a few instances among hundreds, where the warmest approval of the work was expressed. Some of the holders of checks were touching in their demonstrations of gratitude. One poor woman, who had come with her lame husband, was several hours in the line before her turn was reached. When she received and counted the money on her check she turned to him and in loving tones said: "Ah, Tom; many a dollar we would have saved for them that's dead and gone, if this had been done sooner,—many a good dollar that was sorely wanted at home, Tom; but they all went for the cursed drink."

"It's true, Mary, all true, as you say it," replied the lame man. "You keep it fast, Mary, this time; I've wasted it for you long enough. God will reward the man that has helped an old soldier who lost his leg in the trenches."

And the old pair passed out.

Colonel Frank C. Loveland, the United States Pension Agent in New York, who has given the greatest encouragement and practical assistance to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the new departure, was outspoken in praise of the work. He said, "there are to-day in the whole country, about 975,000 army pensioners. The large pension offices are at Columbus, O., Indianapolis, Ind., New York City, Topeka, Kan., Boston, Mass., and Philadelphia, Pa. Every quarter there is paid out in the aggregate at these offices, about $32,500,000, or about $130,000,000 per annum, a larger number of pensions being paid in New York than any other city. I consider that it would be a most desirable reform if the checks could be cashed to all the pensioners without charge, and without the necessity of going to the saloons or other places, where they have to sacrifice something for the accommodation. When I came to this office, on June 1, 1889, I discovered the great need of such a reform as this, and ever since, I have been trying in various ways to bring it about. The army veterans," he added, "owe to Mr. Louis Klopsch, publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a debt of gratitude, since the cashing of the checks is wholly due to him, and he has done his work well. I understand that he furnished the money for this purpose from his own private account. Too much credit cannot be given him in this matter. The old veterans, for the first time during any quarterly payment ever made in New York, are given a substantial benefit that they will not forget and very large sums have been saved to their families."

Other army officers of high standing, speak in terms of warm approval of the work, and the suggestion is now made, that what has been done in New York, should be duplicated in all the cities where pension checks are paid to the veterans. Said one army officer:

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has shown the way out; now it is for others to emulate its admirable example. We old soldiers cannot help regarding this as a remarkable Christian work, for it not only saves the men and their families, from the curse of intemperance, but it puts money in the pockets of the poor fellows who have earned it on the field, in long and severe campaigns. Indeed it may be regarded as the equivalent of increasing the pension in most cases, since it saves the veterans from paying what they have been giving out to the usurers for many years. I believe millions have been wasted in this way, that might just as well have been saved; and this is entirely apart from any consideration of the moral effect such a degraded system has upon the soldiers. In a multitude of cases, at the end of the quarter the pensioner, having already mortgaged his money to these sharks, has little or nothing left for himself and family. It would be a blessing to all concerned if THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's plan could be put into operation in every part of the United States, as far as pensions are concerned. I am sure it would be hailed with real pleasure by army officers generally."

The old army officer's suggestion is an excellent one In every large city there are numbers of good Christian men and women of means, who devote much of their time and substance to the advancement of the Master's cause. Here is a new field open to the workers—a field that is full of promise. To cash the checks of the old soldiers in any one of the cities we have already named, requires the use of a large sum; but the ultimate expense is very small in comparison with the good accomplished. No better opportunity could be opened for those who are earnest in the wish to do Gospel work than to establish G. A. R. Missions in the cities where pensions are issued every quarter, and to adopt the free check-cashing system described above. It would be a service to a whole nation; saving men's souls and bodies from the curse of intemperance and making hundreds of thousands of women and children happy.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be pleased to answer any inquiries on the subject from those who believe in the work, and who desire to put a similar missionary work into practical effect in other cities.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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CLOSING THE RELIEF FUND.

WE are full of congratulation and thanksgiving for the bounteous liberality of the response made to the publication through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the relief of the Russian famine sufferers.

Much of the food has already been sent to Russia, a very large quanity of the remainder is now in New York awaiting shipment, and the balance is now on the way from the mills in the West. All will be shipped very soon. There will be no cessation of the suffering in Russia—except that which is brought about by such contributions—until the next harvest.

We feel honored in the fact that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been made the channel through which these magnificent donations have been sent. No newspaper ever undertook such a work with more gratifying results. It has been in every way successful, beyond even our most sanguine expectations.

When this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches our readers, the Fund will be receiving its final contributions, as none can be accepted after May 30. We again urge all who desire to share the blessing that follows such service to the Master, to send in their mite in time.

HARD ON OTHERS.

WE often sit with amazement and hear people tear to pieces reputations that have been a quarter of a century forming. Men and women too, seize with avidity evil reports, and like maggots run in and out the carcasses of fallen character. Society becomes a great slaughter-house in which honorable names are strangulated and butchered. When a man begins to totter a little in his integrity or Christian principle, instead of gathering around to steady him, and keep him from complete prostration, we come out from our homes and our associations to push him flat down. Tale-bearers almost alway deal in superlatives. If a man shows a little impatience, they say he was livid with rage. If he was seen taking a glass, they call him a besotted inebriate. They put the blow-pipe of their exaggeration into the slightest inconsistency, and blow till the cheeks are distended, and the bubble swells, and the story is rounded into a great orb in which swim all the rainbows of conceit, and you can see almost anything you want to see. They are hounds, good for nothing but a chase. When you hear evil of any one, suspend judgment. Do not decide till you have heard the man's defense. Be lenient with the fallen. You see a brother fall and say, "I never could have done that!" Perhaps you could not, because yonr temptation does not happen to be in that direction; but you have done things in the course of your life that these fallen men would never have done, because their temptation was not in that direction. Perhaps the devil that inhabits you is avarice, a more respectable vice. You grind the faces of the poor. You have an infernal clutch for the throat of the unfortunate. There is no more mercy in your heart than there is grace in a lion's paw or a rattlesnake's tooth; and though your sin does not bring upon you so much of social opprobium as the conduct of the man you condemn, I do not know but that your sin in the sight of God is as loathsome and damnable as his. He surrendered to one temptation; you surrendered to another. Do not say in boasting, "I never could have done such a thing as that!" You don't know what you would do if sufficiently tempted. You have an infinite soul-force. If grace direct it, a force for the right; if evil influences seize upon it, a terrific force for the wrong. There are passions within your soul that have never been unchained. Look out if once they slip their cables!

In our criticisms of others, let us remember that we have faults which our friends have to excuse. How much would be left of us if all those who see inconsistencies in us should clip away from our character and reputation? It is an invariable rule that those who make the roughest work with the names of others are those who have themselves the most imperfections. The larger the beam in your own eye, the more anxious are you about the mote in somebody else's eye. Instead of going about town slashing this man's bad temper and the other man's falsity, and this woman's hypocrisy and that one's indiscretion, go home with the ten commandments as a monitor, and make out a list of your own derelictions.

Our mode of deciding upon others will be the mode which others will employ in deciding upon us. A harsh man, with casi-iron criticisms, will some day meet cast-iron. You flay others, and others will flay you. Let one of these merciless critics of character, overcome by temptation, some day step a little out of the right path, and he will find himself in hail-storms of denunciation. You have not the entire monopoly of spikes and goads, and pincers. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." More than all, we ought to be induced away from all harshness by the fact that we ourselves are to be brought into high tribunal at the last, and that he shall have judgment without mercy that has shown no mercy. You who are accustomed with rough grip violently to shake men for their misdeeds, waiting for no palliations and listening to no appeals, what will become of you, when, at last, with all your imperfections you appear at the bar of your Maker?

RELIGIOUS EMETICS.

THERE is a verse in Revelation that presents a nauseated Christ: "Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." After we have been taking a long walk on a summer day, or been on a hunting chase, a draught of cold water exhilarates. On the other hand, after standing or walking in the cold air and being chilled, hot water, mingled with some beverage, brings life and comfort lo the whole body; but tepid water, neither hot nor cold, is nauseating. Now, Christ says that a church of that temperature acts on him as an emetic: "I will spew thee out of my mouth." The church that is red hot with religious emotion, praying, singing, working, Christ having taken full possession of the membership, must be to God satisfactory. On the other hand, a frozen church my have its uses. The minister reads elegant essays, and improves the session or the vestry in rhetorical composition. The music is artistic and improves the ear of the people so that they can better appreciate concert and opera. The position of such a church is profitable to the book-binder who furnishes the covers to the liturgy, and the dry-goods merchants who supply the silks, and the clothiers who furnish the broad-cloth. Such a church is good for the business world, makes trade lively and increases the demand for fineries of all sorts, for a luxurious religion demands furs and coats, and gaiters to match. Christ says he gets along with a church, cold or hot. But an unmitigated nuisance to God and man is a half-and-half church, with piety tepid. The pulpit in such a church makes more of orthodoxy than it does of Christ. It is immense on definitions. It treats of justification and sanctification as though they were two corpses to be dissected. Its sermons all have a black morocco cover, which some affectionate sister gave the pastor before he was married, to wrap his discourse in, lest it get mussed in the dust of the pulpit. It gestures are methodical, as though the man were ever conscious that they had been decreed from all eternity, and he were afraid of interfering with the decree by his own free agency.

Such a pulpit never startles the people. No strong meat, but only pap, flour and water, mostly water. The church prayer-meeting is attended only by a few gray heads who have been in the habit of going there for twenty years, not because they expect any arousing time or rapturous experiences, but because they feel only a few will be there, and they ought to go.

The minister is sound. The membership sound. The music sound. If, standing in a city of a hundred thousand people, there are five or ten conversions in a year, everything is thought to be "encouraging." But Christ says that such a church is an emetic. "Because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."

Now, you had better warm up or freeze over. Better set the kettle outside in the atmosphere at zero, or put it on the altar of God and stir up the coals into a blaze. If we do not, God will remove us. Christian men are not always taken to heaven as a reward, but sometimes to get them out of the way on earth. They go to join the tenth-rate saints in glory; for if such persons think that they will stand with Paul, and Harlan Page, and Charlotte Elizabeth, they are much mistaken. When God takes them up, the church here is better off. We mourn slightly to have them go, because we have got used to having them around, and at the funeral the minister says all the good things about the man that can well be thought of, because we want to make the funeral as respectable as possible. I never feel so much tempted to lie as when an inconsistent and useless Christian has died, and I want in my final remarks to make a good case out for the poor fellow. Still, it is an advantage to have such a man get out of the way. He is opposed to all new enterprises. He puts back everything he tries to help. His digestion of religious things is impaired, and his circulation is so poor that no amount of friction can arouse him.

Now, it is dangerous for any of you to stay in that condition. If you cannot be moved, God will kill you, and he will put in your place those who will do the work you are neglecting. Let all arouse! The nearness of our last account, the greatness of the work to be done, and the calls of God's word and providence, ought to stir our souls. After having been in the harvest field so long it would be a shame in the nightfall of death to go home empty-handed. Gather up a few gleanings from the field, and beat them out, that it may be found that Ruth had at least "one ephah of barley."

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

Brainless, Boneless Young Men.

MAYBE you are one of them. How do we know it? Why, by the way you work in Christ's vineyard. Real men would never crawl out of service and away from duty as you have done and are doing now. Men with moral backbones like black diamond steel stand to their work, irrespective of what others do or say. Long past noon, yes, long past sunset, they are found where the sheaves lie waiting for the harvestmen. Your field has ripened over and over again, and the harvest is yet ungathered. Tell me, would men, real true-blue men, men with brains, men with grit, permit such to happen? Never, never, never! You call yourself a Christian man? Well, to call dirt gold may do for fools and fun, but not for men. To call one a Christian, or to be called a Christian doesn't make one such. Think a minute. Do you believe that Christ Jesus, who went about doing good, calls you one of his servants? Where is the evidence of it? To know to do good and not do it is sin, as wilful, as black and damning as murder or arson. Look at the good any young man can do in the Church of to-day. Why never in all the God-given hours of time did the call come so long and loud and clear as now, when absolutely thousands upon thousands of unsaved young men are thronging the churches of our land. They meet the Christian on common vantage-ground. They meet us half way. They willingly and of their own free choice put themselves where men of brain and heart, men of grace and gumption, where men of Christ may speak of the "good news" heaven sent to them for salvation. If you have brains you will not wait for a preacher or a committee, but will go to the work at once; nothing will, for nothing can, hinder you. If you are a Christian man, a man with soul purpose, a man made like unto Christ, if you are such, you will either work or die.

Questions:

What kind of a man are you?
Is your name mentioned in heaven?
What good have you ever done?
What work are you now doing for Christ?
Are you not a hypocrite?
Is not Matthew 23 your chapter?

Grumblers.

Some members of the church live on Grumble Avenue, hard by Discontent Street. They dump their moral (?) ashes in the street, never wash the sidewalk or paint the front door. Take it altogether they are a poor, miserable lot. Many die early and are buried in unmarked graves. They seldom leave any money, but when one does it is willed away to the "Society for Fault Finding," that spares no pains to invest it to the best advantage. Now and then members of this society get on the committees and in the boards of direction. We need some machinery whereby these can be ground up and baked over, or melted down and moulded over into men of praise, whose dwellings shall be on Thanksgiving Street, close by Avenue Content.

* * *

I wish I could get the one hundred thousand subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and their friends who read it with them, to put to the dead-weight test on that diamond of truth Matthew six, verse thirty-three, and see if it does not more than meet,—not meet, but more than meet, all expectations.

* * *

The Church has been running wild in giving people the notion that the kingdom of heaven is meat and drink, and so it happens that the one who can give the biggest supper, dealing out the most loaves and fishes, gets the crowd. I like the order.

"Soap, Soup and Salvation," but when the thing begins and ends with the two first-named, I withdraw, for with me it has got to be, first, last and always Christ.

* * *

"I can't give up" is the mental answer many young persons give to the question of conscience about serving God. The world is so fair to them, the pleasures are so many, and the promises so big that they hesitate. The words of Mary Atkinson with a double meaning might well swing a faltering spirit into the narrow path:

As we climb Heaven's stairway we need not grieve
For the fine carved work of the step we leave.
For brighter than all which has gone before
Is the near approach of the Palace Door.

NEW GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA.

LOUISIANA deserves the congratulations of the whole country on the result of the election which places in the Governor's chair the Hon. Murphy James Foster, whose portrait is here given. Mr. Foster stood before the people as the representative of the men who have been struggling to free the State from the grasp of the Lottery which has so long debauched it. The election was not conducted on party lines and the result is not a party triumph. Mr. Foster's chief opponent was a

HON. MURPHY JAMES FOSTER.

Democrat like himself, and the only difference between them was that Mr. Foster was opposed to the Lottery, while Judge McEnery favored it. It was therefore on the Lottery that the people voted and they condemned it by a plurality of 32,000 votes. The decision is honorable to them because it means the rejection of a sum of money—so large that it would have relieved them almost entirely of taxation for a long term of years. The lottery managers made the offer of this vast sum out of their prospective profits, for a renewal of their charter; though the offer was withdrawn, there is little doubt that it would have been renewed, had the election placed their friends in power. The people have proved by their votes that they value the honor of their State above money and that they will no longer shelter within their borders men "in whose hands is mischief and whose right hands are full of bribes." (Ps. 26:10.)

A Disappointed Prodigal.

A TALL, sturdy man crossed the railroad ferry from Jersey City to New York on May 10th, and made his way uptown to Fifteenth Street. His dress and bearing were those of a man more accustomed to a cattle ranch or a Western mining camp than to a city. He looked closely at the numbers on the doors of the houses until he stopped before one of the poorest—a house let out in tenements. He made an inquiry at the door and then strode up the miserable staircase. In about half an hour he emerged with a look of misery on his face, in sharp contrast with the joyous, eager expression it had worn when he entered. A woman came down to the door with him and pointed along the street. Following the direction she gave, he walked rapidly to Bellevue Hospital. On his arrival he asked if a woman whose name he gave had been there. The clerk referred to the register and told him that she died about forty-eight hours before. He asked to see the body and was told that as she had no money nor anything of value, the body had been sent to the Morgue for burial in Potter's Field. Then the man broke down. They gave him a glass of water and he revived sufficiently to tell his story. He said he had just come from the far West to see his mother and give her a surprise. He had not seen her for twenty-five years. He had written to her but a few times in all that long period. He had been living with cattlemen and rangers, had made a good deal of money, wasted it and made more. He had led a wild, hard life, seldom thinking of home or the mother who loved him. Suddenly an overpowering longing to see his mother and do something to atone for his long neglect of filial duty came over him, and he started for the East. He lost no time on the way and on reaching Jersey City had hurried to the address where his mother was living when she last wrote to him. There he heard that she was dead—had died in the hospital while he was on his way to her. All he could do for her now was to take her body and give it decent burial. The strong man was utterly broken-hearted by his disappointment. She could never know now, he said, that his heart had turned to her at last, and that he came back to see her and to be good to her. She had died thinking him ungrateful. He had pleased himself all through the journey thinking what her joy would be when she saw him. He covered his face with his hands and wept bitterly. Repentance had come to him too late, as it comes to so many men. Nearly every man who has had a religious education intends to repent and turn to God before he dies. He must establish his business first, or provide for his family, or settle up his affairs; God can wait as he has waited twenty or forty years. Death often comes to such men suddenly, giving them no opportunity for fulfilling their long-deferred intention. (II. Cor. 6: 2.)

The News of Emin Pasha.

CONFLICTING reports about Emin Pasha have arrived during the past two weeks. At one time he was reported to be marching triumphantly to his old capital of Wadelai, having defeated the Mahdists in a great pitched battle. Another rumor had it that he had fallen sick in crossing the desert and was dead. A third report, which appears to be better authenticated than the others, comes from Zanzibar under date of May 10. It states that Emin had advanced as far as Bora Equatoria, but had been obliged to retreat on account of a lack of ammunition and provisions. Heavy rains had converted the whole country into a vast swamp. Emin had fallen ill and become totally blind. This report is confirmed by Lieut. Ehlers' dispatch which appears in the German journal *Vossische Zeitung*. In spite of the calamity which had befallen him, Emin is said to be determined on proceeding to Wadelai as soon as he can obtain supplies. This town is in the southern part of the Equatorial Province, of which Emin was governor from 1878 until 1889, when he was brought away by Stanley. It lies on the Nile near the northern edge of Albert Nyanza in the midst of a thickly populated country. Emin removed the seat of government thither early in his administration, when the Mahdi took possession of the Soudan to the north of the Province, cutting off his communication with Egypt. Prior to that time the seat of government had been at Lado, a town on the Nile, about two hundred miles north of Wadelai and nearer the centre of the Province. There Gen. Gordon fixed his headquarters in 1874, when he was governor of the Province. The house he occupied and which subsequently became Emin's residence is still standing and a picture of it is here given. In the disturbed state of the Soudan, Emin feared that parties might make their way up the river and attack Lado; he therefore withdrew to Wadelai as a safer place. Why he should be so anxious to return to a position from which Stanley rescued him only three years ago at so great labor and expense does not appear. He must be aware that, even if he succeeds in establishing himself at Wadelai, he will be surrounded by enemies and his life will be in continual peril. When he was there before, the Mahdists from the Soudan threatened to overwhelm him, and he was in perpetual danger from the intrigues of the people whom he ruled. These blacks, who under his administration were protected from the ravages of the slave-hunter and were treated by Emin with uniform kindness, repeatedly conspired against him. His object in returning is probably to save them from relapsing into anarchy and barbarism and they will repay his concern for their welfare by killing him. We wonder at their ingratitude, but it is not unprecedented. So it was that men treated the Son of God, himself. He died at the hands of the race he came from heaven to redeem. (Acts 2: 22, 23.)

EMIN PASHA'S RESIDENCE AT LADO, EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

Swallowed by Quicksand.

A PRESS-DISPATCH from Halifax, N. S., describes a distressing fatality which occurred near Sable Island on May 12. Early that morning a Norwegian bark bound for Ship Harbor, N. S., ran ashore on the Island. After considerable effort on the part of Captain and crew she was worked off. It was supposed that she had suffered no injury, but though her keel was intact as was proved by there being no leak, her steering apparatus was deranged for she did not obey her helm. Before she had proceeded half a mile she began to drift and finally settled on a sand bar. Twelve men were on board and of these the Captain, first-mate, and four of the crew decided to remain on the ship as she was making no water. The other six were taken off by an American schooner. Late that night distress signals were seen on the stranded ship. Nothing however could be done in the darkness to respond to them. The signals continued for some time and then ceased. The next morning nothing could be seen of the bark, and there was no trace on the bar of it or of the men who were on her. It was found that the portion of the bar on which the bark had rested was quicksand and it is believed that bark and men were swallowed by it in the night. When the men who remained on board found their vessel sinking and realized the awful fate which awaited them they must have bitterly deplored their rejection of the schooner's offer to take them off which was accepted by their shipmates. How often has the rejection of the Gospel offer of salvation through Christ been thus deplored! They who reject it when they think they are in no danger are often unable to avail themselves of it when they realize their need. (Isa. 59: 9-11.)

Tests for Immigrants.

THE Congressional Joint Committee on Immigration is struggling with the difficult problem of devising measures for keeping out of the country undesirable immigrants. There is a general agreement by all political parties that some measure more effective than the present is necessary. Released convicts, the inmates of European poor-houses, nihilists and anarchists succeed in passing the immigration commissioners at our ports and settle here to become a public burden, or to propagate their pestilent doctrines among our working men. Various tests have been suggested to the committee by members of both Houses of Congress, but none of them are free from objection. An educational test has been suggested, but as Senator Peffer points out, there are many worthy men who could not pass a literary examination who would make good farmers and valuable citizens. Another suggestion is to require that the immigrant bring a certificate of good conduct from his own government, but to this Representative Lodge objects that European governments might object to grant such certificates to men liable to military duty, who might yet be desirable citizens. Only one point of agreement seems to have been reached. It is that whatever tests are applied should be applied in the immigrant's own country, and before he sets out on his journey here. He should bring a certificate from the nearest American consul to his own home, who, before granting it, should ascertain what manner of life the intending immigrant has been leading in his native land, and should not give a certificate to any one who has misbehaved himself there. Such a provision will undoubtedly be effective, if the American consuls do their duty, but it will exclude some who have sincerely repented of wrongdoing and want to make a clean start in a new country. It is well for us all that God does not make such a restriction as to those whom he will receive into heaven when they die. The sinner who has repented and sought forgiveness through Christ is assured of welcome though he may have been the chief of sinners. (I. Cor. 6: 10-11.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The expenses of the McAll Mission in Paris exceeded its income last year by $2,500. Mr. McAll received over $30,000 from America and the Treasurer has $1,836 ready to send as his next remittance.

Dr. S. Hartwell Pratt has been holding successful services in St. Louis. A Baptist minister writes that "the Lord is blessing the churches he visits. He helps the Christian to a higher plane, and presses the sinner hard for a decision. Mr. Pratt is helpful to a pastor and people."

A testimony to the value of Medical Missionary and Zenana work in India was recently given by a Brahmin, who said: "We do not care for your sermons, for we need not listen; nor your books, for we need not read them; but your doctors steal our hearts, and your women steal our homes."

The First Congregational Church of Detroit, has appointed a missionary to labor among the Polish families of the city. He brought in five converts on May 1, to join the church as the first fruits of his labors. Others are desirous of joining also, but are afraid to do so on account of the opposition of their countrymen who are Roman Catholics.

The Society of Deaconesses connected with St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, of which Dr. Rainsford is Rector, have now a permanent home near the church. It has been purchased and fitted up and opened free of debt. The church contributed $3,500 as an Easter offering which will be applied to defraying the expenses of the Seaside Home for the summer.

Ben Tillet, whose name appears among those of speakers at the labor demonstration in Hyde Park, London, on May 1, is a member of a Congregational Church. He is a very effective speaker, and when he was invited to address the meeting on Sunday he accepted readily; but instead of making such a speech as he usually makes at workingmen's meetings, he preached a sermon which was well received.

The Society of Christian Workers whose work was described in this journal on October 28 last, has added to its Bureau of Supplies a model Gospel Wagon. It is being used by the Secretary, Rev. J. C. Collins, for Gospel work, and the Bureau will supply duplicates at low rates to any Y. M. C. A. or Mission which desires to enter upon this work of itinerant evengelization which the Central Union Mission of Washington has found so successful.

Rev. Herman Faust, formerly a Jewish Rabbi at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was baptized on Sunday, May 15th, by Rev. Jacob Freshman at the Hebrew Christian Church, New York. Mr. Faust, who is a graduate of a university in Berlin, has held the office of Rabbi in several European cities, and his father is still a Rabbi in Germany. His wife and family were baptized at the same time on a profession of faith in Jesus Christ.

A series of revival meetings of unusual interest have been held by Rev. B. Fay Mills, at Tacoma. It is believed that during the three weeks of their continuance, over 2,300 persons have been led to Christ. The meetings were held in a great tabernacle, capable of seating 4,500 people, which was built specially for them. It was filled at every service and during the last week overflow meetings were held in the churches. On Wednesday of the last week the stores of the city were closed at the suggestion of the Mayor and services were held all day long in the Tabernacle. The Evangelists are now at Los Angeles, Cal.

LAST WEEK OF THE RUSSIAN FUND.

"The Christian Herald" Relief Subscriptions Now Over $28,000 — Russia's Gratitude for the "Conemaugh's" Cargo.

THIS is the last week of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Russian Relief Fund, and, as already announced in these columns, no contributions will be received after May 30. The Fund now amounts to fully **$28,000.** The final shipment of food for the famine-stricken Russian peasants, will represent a cash value far in excess of anything that was anticipated when the movement was started with exceedingly modest expectations about two months ago. During the week, the Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been busy with the negotiations for a steamer to carry the flour to Russia, and the probability points to an arrangement whereby the whole shipment of over 2,500,000 pounds will be loaded on a vessel which will sail from this port early in June for St. Petersburg, direct. About one-fourth of the entire purchase of flour has already reached New York City from the Duluth Imperial Mills, Minn., one of the largest milling establishments in the country, and the balance has been ordered and is on the way. We have received letters from a number of readers in different States, advising us that they intend to forward for shipment with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cargo, quantities of flour, corn, wheat and potatoes, and some of these consignments will possibly reach us during the coming week. To others, who may desire to contribute grain instead of money, we would state that in order to make such contributions available, they must be of sound material, done up in strong sacks, tightly sewed, and sent all charges prepaid. *In no other form can they be handled for the Russian Fund.* A multitude of details, such as land transportation, lighterage, loading, etc., have yet to be arranged and these will, in all probability, consume at least a week after all the flour and other contributions have reached New York.

It will gratify the numerous contributors to the Relief Fund to know that the cargo of the *Conemaugh*, on arriving at Riga, was found in perfect condition. The morning after arrival, the work of discharging was begun and the flour was transported by rail to the interior provinces, where the famine is still raging. A number of Russian officials and prominent citizens of Riga, visited the *Conemaugh* at her wharf, and expressed the warmest gratitude for the gift from America to their suffering fellow-countrymen.

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E. B. Paint, Post, N. Y. 1 00
H. J. Paint Post, N. Y. 2 00
Jerry Jackson, Keenyville, Pa. 1 00
Mrs. S. Day, " 1 00
Mrs. L. Costley, " 1 00
Mrs. C. Newton, " 1 00
O. R. Combs, " 1 00
Miss M. Day, " 50
T. O. Philips. New Mexico, 50
F. H. McBride, " " 50
J. Law, " " 50
J. A. Lucero, " " 1 00
W. J. Fari. " " 25
L. T. Nehl, " " 2 50
A. S. McBride, " " 1 00
Mrs. Cable Anderson, W.Va. 5 00
W. Turner. & Wife. Law'rc, K. 5 00
A. Clewell, Freemansburg, Pa. 1 00
L. M. Beck, " 1 00
A. Cornwell. Braidinto'n, Fa. 5 00
Three Friends, Ware, Mass. 3 00
M. E. S. S., Cedarville, Ind. 13 02
Mrs. T. Buswell. Rindge. N.H. 2 00
Rev. P. Klopp, Y'gsville, N. C. 2 00
From Friends, Essex, Mass. 5 00
Little Jennie. Balimone, Md. 25
Friends of Flechville, Vt. 20 25
Mrs. E. Edwards, Glen, N.Y. 5 00
I. Vandewater, Fr'tld Prk, Fla. 5 00
Cash, Anburn, Me. 5 00
R. A. Minnard, Auburn, Me, 2 00
M. M. Moore, " 1 00
F. M. Perry, " 1 00
E. S. Stubbs, " 1 00
G. W. Wing, " 1 00
Cash. " 1 00
E. E. Spinny, " 50
E. E. Hackett, " 50
Geo. Robinson, " 50
J. Lachame, " 30
F. E. Davis, " 50
D. Beede, " 50
Cash, " 25
E. M. Monetan, " 25
E. F. Fisher, " 25
D. McArel Cow Bay, N.S.Ca, 10 00
Tompkins C'tr Ch. Albion, Ch. 2 25
Mrs. Horton, & Mrs. N.B. Heath and Sister. Providence, R.I. 6 00
Mrs. Small. Provincet'n, Mass. 2 00
S. Bushnell, Oneida Lake, N.Y. 1 00
C. R. Bushnell, " " 1 00
E. Rienertsen, Milwaukee, 1 00
Subscriber, Blossvale, N. Y. 3 00
A Friend. Warren Co. Pa. 1 00
W. C. Curtis, Grant Park, Ill. 1 00
E. A. Curtis, " " 1 00

Miss S. King, " " 25
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Mrs. Perrottet, Engelwood, Ill. 2 00
J. Dudley, Detroit, Mich. 1 00
Mrs. Moore, Renssel'vl, N.Y. 3 00
A Friend, Carlisle, Mass. 1 00
Mary Stuart, Otego, N. Y. 1 00
Mary Blakely, " 1 00
Mrs. DeBoer, Grd. H'vn' Mich. 2 00
Sympathy, Cornish, N. H. 5 00
M. Botts, Buena Vista, Ky. 1 35
Three Sisters, Oak Park, Ill. 3 00
F.S., Main St. Camden, N. J. 2 00
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Julia Peterman. Chicago, Ill. 4 00
Edgewood, S. S. Pratts, Va. 8 00
———Chas. Lowe. 2 62
W.H. Swartwood, Falls, Pa. 1 00
W. T. K., Redding, Cal. 6 79
Aquebogue, S.S. R'vrhed, L.I. 1 75
Daniel Wells, Riverhead, L. I. 20
Charlie Young, " 75
Roswell Corwin " 50
Mrs. D. H. Young, " 1 00
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L. Thornton, Ankeny, Iowa. 1 00
Jennie McGowin, Cuba, Ala. 1 00
Mrs. P. H. Booth. " " 25
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Mr. L. Pool, " " 25
W. E. McGowin, " " 50
I. Phelphs, " " 25
Mrs. M. Kennedy, " " 25
Chas. Rew, Cuba. Ala. 1 00
Mrs. W. Lewis, " 1 00
E. Matthews, " 1 00
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Ruth Baker, Reading, Pa. 1 00
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R. Brown, Montreal, Can. 5 00
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Subscrib'r, Hawkinsville, Ga. 5 00
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P. L. " 50
Mrs. A. " 50
D. V. " 50
N. S. " 50
C. A. W., Newark, N. J., 1 00
Community Chocaluske, Fla. 11 00
Sisters in Christ, Sigel, Pa. 10 00
Congr't'l Ch. Hopkin, tn, N.H. 37 62
A Friend, Baltimore, Md. 2 00
A. A. Crain, Monticello. 5 00
W. H. K., Laurel Distr. Md. 1 00
J. Loggie, Church Point, N.B. 1 00
A. Patterson, So. Albany, Vt. 1 00
Friends of " " 7 75
Chr'tn Advt Ch. Scotstn. Q. Ca. 5 00
J. Wyatt, Scotstown, Que. Can. 1 00
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R. B. Scott, " " 2 00
J. M. Boy, " " 55
D. McLenan, " " 1 00
J. Black, " " 50
E. McKay, " " 1 00
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T. Muir, " " 50
J. Scott. " " 1 00
A. Reid, " " 50
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R. Scott, " " 1 00
C. A. Leger. " " 50
W. Bowman, " " 1 00
M. McDon'ld " " 1 00
Three Fr'nds " " 1 25
A Friend, " " 2 00
V. Vaughan, " " 1 00
P. Boy, " " 1 00
Wm. Taylor, " " 25
S. Clark, " " 1 00
L. White, Atlanta, Ga. 2 00
M. McCarroll. Beddow, Mich. 1 00
Mrs. I. Corfman, Mt. Cory, O. 49 00
J. Ritchie, Stockham, Neb. 1 00
S. Deike, Detroit, Mich. 1 00
W. B. Johnson, " " 1 00
W. A. Hall, Oxford, Ala. 1 00
Mrs. Daniels, N. Newport, Me. 5 00
A. Sclater, Mobile, Ala. 2 50
M. Applin, Chelsea, Mass. 2 00
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J. P. Bellaws, Allen, Kan. 1 50
Mrs. McElroy, Sherman, Tex. 50
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J. M. Clark Sparta, Ill. 1 00
B'thl U. S. S. Deerfield, Mo. 3 85
Mrs. Schoser. St. Joseph. Mo. 5 00
T. Johnston, Dickson, Tenn. 5 00
Subscriber, Creston, Ill. 2 00
E. N. Baptist Home. N. Y. 1 00
Jane Cowart, Cowart, Ohio. 1 00
C. Sheldon, Pomona, No. Cal. 5 00
M.A., & M.M., Holyoke, Mass. 2 00
Four Friends, Whhling, W. Va 2 00
And nearly 800 others aggregating $2,000 to be acknowledged next week.

RESCUING THE FALLEN.

Mrs. Armstrong's and Mrs. Schaffner's Work among Prisoners.

RECORDER SMYTH of New York, in a recent issue of *Scribner's Magazine*, said: "A strange omission, which is greatly to be regretted, is that the law provides, in New York at least, no method by which young women accused of a first crime can be sent to a reforming institution, instead of the penitentiary. I sincerely hope that the State may soon be relieved from the shame of this omission in its criminal statutes." In an article on missionary work among the criminal classes, which appeared in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we had occasion to refer to the excellent work now being conducted by a worthy Christian woman, Mrs. Armstrong, among female criminals in Brooklyn. Further inquiry shows this lady's efforts to have been more extensive and commendable than at first supposed. Her services have been given without cost, under the auspices of the City Mission of Brooklyn.

It is now nearly two years since this lady, who had already done much good missionary work in the West, undertook the effort to rescue

MRS. ERNESTINE SCHAFFNER.

young women, who, while they had come under the criminal laws, were not yet to be classed among hardened offenders and were therefore good material for the Christian missionary. She was touched to see young women driven in a police-wagon publicly through the streets, to be arraigned before a police-court and sent to prison. It was clear to her that if they had not yet hopelessly fallen, they might be reclaimed from the first slight misstep that brought them into the hands of the law. She began to visit the police-courts daily. Connected with these courts are two rooms, one for male and the other for female prisoners. "Here I find," she says, "women who have been arrested for various offences: the inebriate, the well-dressed shop-lifter, the young girl who has either stolen from her employer, or been arrested for vagrancy. I talk with them and offer, if possible, to take them from their surroundings. During the year, I have never received an uncivil or unkind word from any of them, profuse thanks and blessings over and over again falling on my ear. I meet girls from rural homes who have visited the city and gone astray. To intercede with the judge to send them back to their places, rejoiced to be saved from disgrace and prisons is part of my work. I encounter many cases that do not directly come under my care; yet by interesting myself in them, wives have been restored to their husbands and daughters to their parents.

Mrs. Armstrong has been instrumental in the rescue of over one hundred girls in the last two years, very few of whom have wandered back to sinful paths. All they needed was a chance.

Mrs. Armstrong's hope is ultimately to secure a building for a home, to which she can have the girls committed by the justices with whom her plea for leniency has been successful. After a short period spent there, the girls could then be placed with good Christian families where they would have every inducement to continue the moral reformation already begun, and to lead better lives. Mrs. Armstrong's plan is not to impose undue physical restraint upon those who are committed to her care, but to treat them kindly, like children, and not to make them feel as though they were incarcerated behind the walls of a prison. She endeavors to attain her object and win their hearts and obedience by moral suasion, giving her charges the amplest liberty within the precincts of the Home, and after at time permitting them to leave it if they so desire. She has been greatly blessed in her efforts in this field in the past, and her missionary work has met with the warm approval of the police justices who recognize its value to those unfortunates who, if left without a helping hand at a most critical point in their lives, would in all probability drift into a career of hopeless vice and depravity.

A similar work to that of Mrs. Armstrong has been conducted in New York for a number of years, by Mrs. Ernestine Schaffner, a Christian German lady, whose benevolences toward those who have come under the punishment of law have won her the kindly appellation of "The Prisoners' Friend." Mrs. Schaffner, who is a lady of considerable means, several years ago began to take an active and sympathetic interest in the welfare of criminals of both sexes. She visits the various criminal courts and searches out those cases in which the accused is too poor to hire counsel. Her generous purse is always at the disposal of those whom she believes, on investigation, to be really deserving.

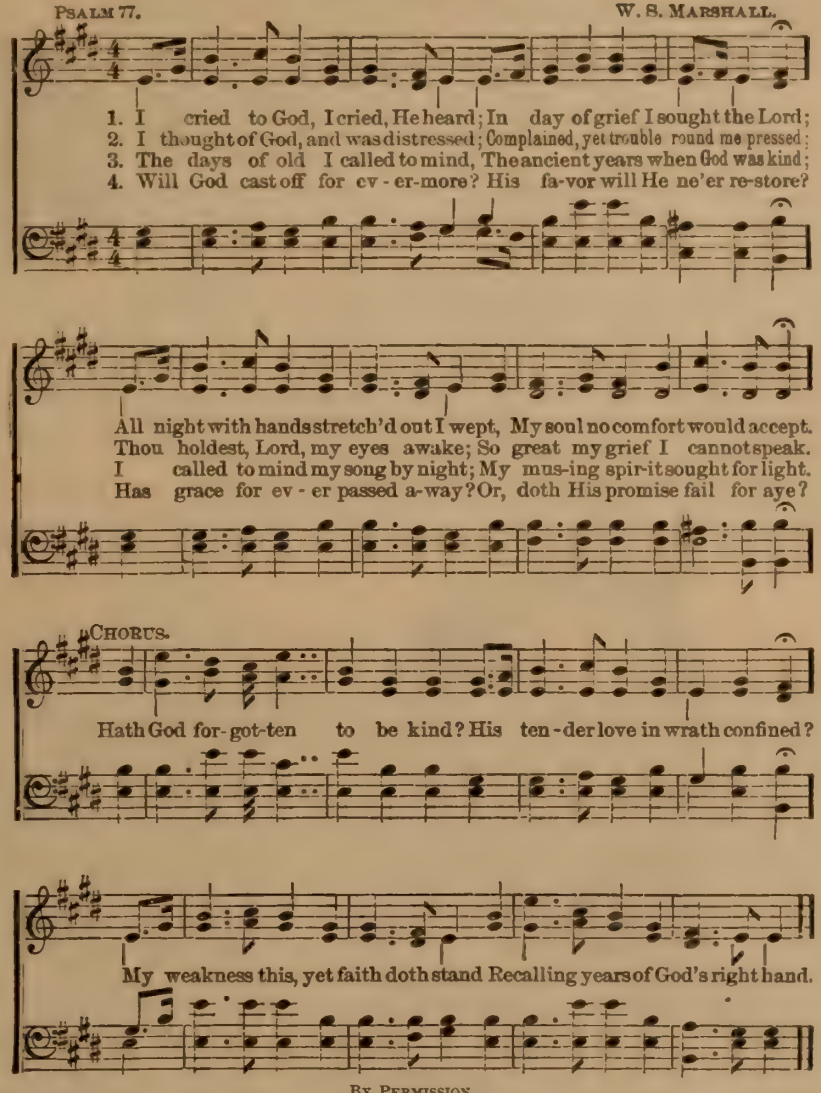
This Christian woman has furnished bonds in various amounts for a large number of prisoners who otherwise would have been compelled to remain in jail and whose release was all important to their dependent families. Before taking such a step, however, she makes diligent inquiry, and such is her judgment of human nature, that she rarely errs in the bestowal of her favors, while the beneficiaries in most cases accept the help with due thankfulness and take the lesson to their hearts and their future lives. It is no exaggeration to say that Mrs. Schaffner has been made instrumental in God's hands, in redeeming many men and women from the paths of sin. There are now in New York and elsewhere many who bless her name as one who was the means of leading them back to honest, upright lives and good citizenship.

Mrs. Schaffner's charity is not confined strictly to the relief of those accused of crime; she goes out among their destitute families and aids the suffering wherever she finds them. She is widely known in the poorer districts of New York, and it is creditable to those whom she has succored to know that the lady has never had her confidence misplaced, nor has she ever been victimized by those for whose liberty she has become surety. She has aided many ex-convicts to employment and better lives, and some of the incidents she can relate are sufficiently strong to kindle faith in the heart of the most unbelieving. She has encountered much opposition at times in her missionary work, for she is essentially a missionary, never failing to point the criminal or the distressed in their necessity to the great Succorer; but these obstacles have not prevented her from going on steadily and courageously in the life-work so well begun.

I Cried to God.

(Metrical Version.)

PSALM 77. W. S. MARSHALL.


1. I cried to God, I cried, He heard; In day of grief I sought the Lord;
2. I thought of God, and was distressed; Complained, yet trouble round me pressed;
3. The days of old I called to mind, The ancient years when God was kind;
4. Will God cast off for ev - er-more? His fa-vor will He ne'er re-store?
All night with hands stretch'd out I wept, My soul no comfort would accept.
Thou holdest, Lord, my eyes awake; So great my grief I cannot speak.
I called to mind my song by night; My mus-ing spir-it sought for light.
Has grace for ev - er passed a-way? Or, doth His promise fail for aye?
CHORUS.
Hath God for-got-ten to be kind? His ten-der love in wrath confined?
My weakness this, yet faith doth stand Recalling years of God's right hand.

BY PERMISSION.

THE APOCALYPSE.

The Seventh Seal and the Events of the Interval Separating it from the Sixth.

BY P. W. E.

AFTER the sixth seal there is a pause, during which there is a definite number of Jews sealed, from each of the twelve tribes of Israel; and a countless multitude of Gentiles reserved or selected for salvation and blessing. First: The sealed remnant of Israel. "And after these things I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth, that the wind should not blow on the earth, nor on the sea, nor on any tree, and I saw another angel ascending from the East, having the Seal of the living God; and he cried with a loud voice to the four angels, to whom it was given to hurt the earth and the sea, saying: Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of God in their foreheads." Rev. 7: 1-3.

The "four angels standing on the four corners of the earth," are God's ministers or servants, occupying the most remote regions in the world. "The four winds of the earth," are those disturbing elements composed of different nations, which God can use at any time in inflicting judgment upon each other. Thus God is said to "ascend and come like a storm." Ezek. 38: 9; and God, when delivering Israel from her enemies is described "as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest." Isa. 32: 2.

Symbols Explained.

The earth in Scripture is frequently used for nations under established, settled government; while the sea is a figure suggesting multitudes of people in a disorganized or unsettled condition. In chapter 17: 15 of this book we learn that "the waters which thou sawest, are peoples, and multitudes and nations, and tongues." In another place, the last Gentile monarchy is described as rising "up out of the sea," chap. 13: 1; and in Daniel all the four beasts representing the four Gentile powers, are seen, coming out of confusion and anarchy, when "the four winds of the heaven strove upon the great sea." Dan. 7: 2. The Psalmist speaks of the Lord as stilling "the noise of the seas, the noise of the waves, and the tumults of the people." Ps. 45: 7.

A tree, is a well-known Scripture figure, representing some great person. "The day of the Lord of hosts shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty, and upon every one that is lifted up; and he shall be brought low; and upon all the cedars of Lebanon, that are high and lifted up, and upon all the oaks of Bashan." Isa. 2: 12, 13.

The inference of these figures then is, that God is about, through his providential agents, the angels, to let loose the various elements of social and political convulsion upon the nations under settled governments; also on those of unsettled governments; and the great men of the world. But before these national convulsions begin, God provides for his people. An "angel ascending from the earth" provides for their safety. The elect will then be looking towards the East, for "the sun of righteousness to arise with healing in his wings." Mal. 4: 2. This angel comes, as one of those "ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation," Heb. 1: 14; and "sets the seal of the living God," the pledge of life and deliverance, in their forehead. "And I heard the number of them which were sealed, and there were sealed an hundred and forty and four thousand of all the tribes of the children of Israel."

Second: Besides this sealed number from Israel, we see another countless multitude of Gentiles, also saved. "After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude which no man could number of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, saying, salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." This multitude are "clothed with white robes," the symbol of righteousness; and "have palms in their hands," the symbols of victory. The throne before which they stand is not one of mercy, but of righteousness and the Lamb is here seen, not as one slain for sin, but as executing judgment. As the souls under the altar prayed that their blood

might be avenged, so these saints have been crying for deliverance by the judgment of their adversaries. Christ's coming is to them deliverance from earthly tribulation, and establishing them in earthly blessing. The angels' response to the cry of this multitude is in a like strain. "And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders, and the four living creatures, and fell before the throne on their faces and worshipped God saying: Amen, blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen." (Rev. 7: 11, 12.)

The true character of this scene unfolds as we advance. "And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? And whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of the great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." (Rev. 7: 13, 14.) These victors are persons who have come out of "the great tribulation." It is the period spoken of by Daniel, who says "it is a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time; and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book," the period named by our Lord himself, as "the great tribulation, such as was not, since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be." (Matt. 24: 21.)

This is "the great tribulation" out of which these Gentile victors come. This tribulation reaches out to "all the world to try them that dwell upon the earth." The hundred and forty-four thousand are sealed beforehand as the special object of God's care; the others have the marks of victory upon them.

Both classes are an earthly people: the fruits of the millennial glory. This multitude wash their robes and make them white here on earth, therefore it is here they wear them. Those in heaven are said to stand "around the throne;" while these on earth stand "before the throne." Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among, or rather "tabernacle over" them. Believers in heaven dwell in the Father's house, that is with Christ; but it cannot be said that God tabernacles over them. This he will do to his earthly people, when he shall "create upon every dwelling-place of Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night; and over all the glory shall be a covering. And there shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the daytime from the heat, and a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain." (Isa. 4:5,6.) Thus the blessings which these multitudes enjoy are those promised to those living on earth during the millennial age. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." These are promises fitted for an earthly people. (See Isa. 49 : 9, 10.) Although these blessings are promised to Israel the same prophecy shows us that a Gentile remnant shall share in part, the same prophecy. "It is a light thing that thou shouldest be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel. I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth." (Isa. 49 : 6.)

The Prophet in speaking of the time "when the Lord shall reign in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem, and before his ancients gloriously," says: "He will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the evil that is spread over all nations. He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away all tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off the earth." (Isa. 24: 23; and 25: 7, 8.) The time then in which this prophecy in the Revelation conceives its fulfilment is during that blessed age when Christ having judged his enemies, establishes his kingdom and reigns in righteousness and peace over the nations of the world—known as millennium.

FORTY COMING WONDERS.

A NEW and enlarged edition has been issued of Rev. M. Baxter's famous work on the unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible entitled *Forty Coming Wonders*. It contains 540 pages and fifty full-page illustrations of the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. In an appendix is a resume of the opinions of eminent expositors of prophecy, ancient and modern. Price (including postage), seventy-five cents. May be had of Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York.

IDOL WORSHIP.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing June 5. Daniel 3:13-25; I Peter 3: 12, 13.

VERY far removed from modern life is the scene on which the topic is based. Men are not now required to worship idols on pain of death. But the fidelity of the true Christian would sustain such an ordeal. Knox proved it when while a galley-slave he was required to kiss the wooden image of the Virgin. "This the mother of God!" he said, "No, this is only a painted board," and he flung it into the Loire, though he risked his life in doing it. In 1837 during the Indian Mutiny the Mohammedan official, accompanied by a butcher from the market, entered the prison where the white officers stood with their hands bound behind them and offered life to all who would renounce Christ and declare for Mohammed. A young Christian officer, to whom life had unusual attractions, hesitated, but another called out to him, "Do not deny your Lord," and, so encouraged, he boldly refused the offer of life. So the world has found again and again when the test has been applied, that there are some whom it cannot compel to worship its gods even by torture and death.

But because the world has ceased in our day

REV. H. F. MCEWEN, CHAIRMAN OF C. E. COMMITTEE.

to apply such tests, it must not be supposed that it has changed its spirit. He that will live godly in this generation does not escape opposition. He is still required to pay homage to other gods and the world has its penalties ready for him if he refuses. It is a mistaken idea that the second of the ten commandments has become superfluous. True, men do not now make a graven image and worship it, but they have their idols, nevertheless.

A formal act of adoration such as was required of the Babylonians on the plain of Dura is not now demanded, but the idols of the day must have the more real homage of obedience and active service. Political life, social life and business life, we are told, are very exacting. He who would achieve success in either must give all his mind to the pursuit. The competitor in the race must not be weighted with any scruples if he would reach the goal. "You will never be a business man if you act so," the employer tells the clerk who has missed making a bargain by some frank statement of the truth. "It is a social custom; every one does it," says some whose compliments or excuses are evidently false. The Lord's day is desecrated, Christian activities droop for lack of personal help, private devotion is omitted—all because men are too busy to spare the time—busy serving other gods.

And what happens to men who, like the three Hebrews, declare that they will not worship the gods that the world has set up. Poverty, obloquy, scorn, ridicule, heat the furnace to which they are consigned. They are called cranks, fanatics, fools by the world, and even the professing church taunts them with not being so wise in their generation as the children of this world. But they accept their lot. God is able to deliver them—of that they are sure—but if he does not, they are willing to suffer. They will not worship the gods that have been set up. The worldly arts which they have disdained to employ, they see other Christian's use and grow rich by them. But they do not repine. Believing their Lord's assurance, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," they have made their choice of whom they will serve, and in the fire they are not consumed, for one like the Son of God is with them.

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SCHOOL FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

PRACTICAL proof of growth and development is given by the School for Christian workers at Springfield, Mass., in the new building it is erecting, a picture of which is given on this page. The fact that increased accommodation is required for the work of the School shows that that the advantages it offers are appreciated by those who are giving their lives to aggressive Christian work. The new building which adjoins the main school will furnish accommodation for thirty students, beside classrooms. It has a frontage of fifty-four feet and is eighty feet in depth. Like the main building it is of brick, faced with brown stone and is substantially built. With the improved facilities which the school will possess, when this addition is completed and furnished, it will be able to largely extend its work and as it now receives lady students, the opportunities of usefulness will be duplicated. The need of schools of this class is every day becoming more apparent, as greater efficiency is demanded of Y. M. C. A. Secretaries, S. S. Superintendents and lay Mission workers. Numbers of young men who have abundant energy and are anxious to serve the Saviour in the world feel their need of special training, yet are debarred by their circumstanced from taking a regular college course. Nor if they could take such a course would it give them just what they need, which is not general learning, but a thorough knowledge of the Bible and such training in speaking and singing as will fit them for labor in the field. This school, like the excellent institution at Northfield, aims to supply this need. It is essentially *a training school* for the equipment of lay workers who are often the Pastor's most valuable assistants in his work in great cities and country districts.

THE SCHOOL FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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THE CHAIRMAN OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR COMMITTEE.

THOSE of our readers who attended the Christian Endeavor Convention at Minneapolis last years will be prepared to honor the courage and devotion of the eminent pastor whose portrait we publish on this page by the courtesy of *The Golden Rule*. It is by no means a sinecure that Rev. Henry T. McEwen has accepted in becoming Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements for the great convention of 1892. The responsibility of entertaining and arranging for the meeting of so enormous a company as will be gathered in New York in July next, is one that few men would be willing to undertake. Mr. McEwen, however, is not a man to shrink from work which promises results so beneficent as those that come from these conventions. He thoroughly believes in Christian Endeavor principles, and is willing to make sacrifices of time and labor in serving the Society. It was largely due to the earnestness of his speeches and the effective presentation of the claims of New York that the Minneapolis Convention decided to meet there this year, so to some extent Mr. McEwen may be said to have brought this onerous office on himself. That the work will be well and thoroughly done, there is no doubt in the mind of any one who knows Mr. McEwen and has seen the energy and organizing faculty he brings to bear on any enterprise he undertakes.

Mr. McEwen is still a young man, not over thirty-five years of age. He is a graduate of Western Reserve College and of Union Seminary. His first charge was at Covenant Chapel, New York City, where he labored for six years with remarkable success. Five years ago he was called to the pastorate of Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church, which he accepted with a full knowledge of the difficulties connected with such a charge. It had been his desire to go to Africa as a missionary, but at Fourteenth Street he has had missionary work to do of a similar though more trying character than he would have found in the Dark Continent. In the populous district surrounding the church are natives of Ruussia, Poland, Bohemia, Hungary and many other lands noted for the irreligious character of their peoples. It is among these that Mr. McEwen has done some hard work. It is not always religious ignorance that he encounters, though there is a great deal of that, and of a very dense kind; it is prejudice born of a misconception of the true character of Christianity, which is the greatest obstacle to Christian work. This, his genial manner and persuasive eloquence have overcome wherever he gained a hearing, and his readiness to help in philanthropic movements has commended him, and the cause he represents to the cosmopolitan colony among whom he labors.

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THE KING'S DAUGHTERS AT THE TABERNACLE.

ENTHUSIASTIC meetings of the King's Daughters of Brooklyn, N. Y., were held in the Tabernacle on May 14th, with the object of forming a union of the many circles of the city. At the afternoon meetiug after devotional exercises Miss Marie L. De Comps sang "Let Thine Hand Help Me," from Handel. Mrs. M. F. Pettingill, who was recently appointed secretary of Kings County, made an earnest address upon the necessity of better organization for more effective work. She outlined the plan adopted by the central council. It was thereupon determined to form a local union of councils of King's Daughters and Sons. Reports were read and approved from Zion's Home, the Factory girls' improvement club, the Council on trained nursing for the sick poor, the Wayside Home and other branches of the work.

In the evening, after devotional exercises, the work of organization was again taken up. Mrs. Pettingill read the constitution prepared by the central council. This called for the formation of chapters on foreign missions, home missions temperance, church work, tenement house work for working women, and working men, kindergarten work and day nursing. Mrs. Pettingill was elected chairman uhtil November, Dr. Mosher vice-president and Miss Florence Teale secretary.

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The Kansas City Y. M. C. A. is agitating the need of a library. General Secretary Boyd is arranging for a "book social," through which it is hoped to secure the nucleus of a library fund. One of the great necessities of many Y. M. C. A. branches throughout the country, is good literature.

THE MUSIC-ROOM.

(For The Christian Herald.)

IT has well been said, the Bible
Is like some great palace fair,
And the Psalms a room within it,
Where sweet music fills the air.

Harp of David, still resounding
Songs of praise to God above;
And through all the ages telling
Of his greatness and his love.

Oh, sing on, musician Royal!
Tune our hearts, touch every chord;
That in harmony celestial
Thou and we may praise the Lord.

Until all the nations join thee,
And ten thousand millions sing:
Hallelujah, Praise and Honor,
Glory be to Christ our King.—B. V.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

In the Month of Flowers, he tells of the Shah's Beautiful Gardens at Ispahan.

BESIDES being a traveler, Uncle John is something of a botanist and horticulturist, and any early riser, these sunshiny May mornings, can find the old gentleman in his conservatory, busily at work amid a vast variety of flowering plants and bulbs, surrounded by nodding ferns and graceful palms, or out in the garden tending his seed-beds. Flowers are, next to his nephews and nieces, the delight of his heart, and he is never happier than when digging among his rose-bushes, training his fine double-dahlias or his asters, and inspecting the progress of his vines. A flower to him is almost a sacred thing, and the tender, nay, affectionate way in which he trims and straightens and props his Chinese lilies, gladioluses, tea-roses, and the hundred or more other varieties in his old-fashioned garden, shows him to be a true lover of nature.

"It's the oldest occupation in the world, dears," he remarked to the children, as he put aside his rake and sat down beside them in the little arbor, by the syringa bushes and the pink-and-purple lilacs. "Adam was a gardener, you know. You remember the beautiful story in the Bible about the birth of the flowers, how the Lord after he had divided the dry land and the seas, created the grass, the trees and the herbs on the third day, even before the animals had been called into existence. And after man was made and the dry earth had received its first refreshing shower in the form of a mist or dew, God, seeing the beauty of the flowers that sprang up out of the soil, chose the loveliest spot on all the earth as a garden. Indeed, the good book declares of this garden that the Lord God himself 'planted it' and put in it 'every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food,' and further, that he put Adam there and instructed him to 'dress it and to keep it.'"

"And where was that beautiful garden, Uncle John?" asked one of the listeners, eagerly.

"Ah, no one now knows. The exact location of the Garden of Eden, the scene of man's greatest happiness, is known only to the Lord who himself planted it. Some travelers and explorers have believed that the site of Eden was at the point where the rivers Euphrates and Tigris unite in western Asia; others hold that the high table-land of Armenia, which is amazingly fertile and full of springs, was very likely the place, while still others think that Persia—which is, above all others, a land of magnificent gardens—was the true Eden."

"Do you think it was really in Persia, Uncle?" interrupted one of the children.

"Even if I were as wise as all the patriarchs who have lived since Noah's time, I could not answer that question, little one. But there are rarely beautiful gardens in Persia, especially at Ispahan, and it is not surprising that the Shah's people should claim that Eden was in that lovely country. Ispahan is a strange city, perhaps one of the very oldest and it was doubtless in former ages, a place of marvellous magnificence and grandeur. For thirty miles, the land is a succession of gardens and buildings, for, except in the bazaar section, there is no continuous inhabited area. Visitors look with wonder on this great city gone to ruin; where once a million people lived there are now less than 40,000 and the 50 colleges, 60 mosques and 100 luxurious baths are for the most part utterly neglected. So with the gardens. In the garden of Sa'adetabad, known as the Shah's garden—the loveliest of them all—there are acres upon acres of rare flowers, flowering bushes with noble palm and poplar trees. The view in passing through some of the parterres is extremely fascinating, a dream of delight such as one can only find in the East. Avenues of stately trees, rich in foliage, cool the place, and fountains toss their sparkling spray up to the sunlight. There is a palace and other noble buildings there, with many fine sculptures. These structures are ornamented with gilding and mirrors in every style of arabesque decoration, and large pictures of the Persian type adorn the walls of all the chief apartments.

"This royal residence was called the Palace of the *Haft Dast* ('Seven Courts.') The Garden is on the south bank of the *Zindeh-rud*, or 'River of Life,' which rises about ninety miles to the west. Besides this garden of Sa'adetabad, there are many others of great extent and beauty attached to the different palaces. Some of the palaces are of modern construction, although few are now used as princely residences. The Shah and his predecessors have spent fortunes on these magnificent gardens, but much of their original beauty has vanished through neglect. Some of the finest were constructed during the reign of Shah Abbas the Great, at his two famous palaces, *Chihil-Sutun* 'the Forty Pillars,' and *Hasht Bihisht* 'the Eight Paradises.'

"What funny names!" remarked Ted, as he reached out to pick a spray of sweet alyssum.

"But though the River of Life and these gardens of delights are found in Persia," added Uncle John, "the legendary claim that Eden was a Persian garden must be classed with others, as in doubt. Few subjects have so completely baffled conjecture and investigation as this of the geographical position of the primeval garden, for it remains a mystery and will probably do so until the end of the world. Among the ablest Biblical scholars, opinions are about evenly divided between Armenia and the neighborhood of the Euphrates River, not far from the site of Babylon. Persia, as you probably know, is a Mohammedan country and there are thousands of Mollahs, or priests, in every large city; indeed they seem to be the most thriving class of all. There are a number of Protestant missions in Persia, making excellent progress. Mission schools have been established at many points, and evangelical work has been extended from the cities to the villages. The land is becoming a rich spiritual garden for Christ, and there are many young buds, just like yourselves, blossoming there into noble Christian men and women. Now, Tom you may pick some pansies for boutonnieres if you like."

* * *

THE SHAH'S GARDEN, AT ISPAHAN, PERSIA.

An Indian Girl's Daily Life.

THE following document, says *The Christian Observer*, has been translated into English from the vernacular language in which it was written by a heathen girl of India of about sixteen years. At the examination of a girls' school by the local committee of managers, the pupils were requested to write the story of their daily life and avocations. The exercises which they produced were very similar in many points, but this was one of the best:

After getting leave from school on Saturday, I went home and put away my slate and books. I next took off my school-dress, and, having put on other clothes, I attend to household work. When evening came, I lit the light in the house, and, taking my beads, I went to worship our god Jugonath. Having prostrated myself before the great lord Jugonath, I went into the house, and, taking my book, sat down to read. When the night was somewhat advanced, I put away my book. Then, having taking my food and washed my face and hands, I spread my bed on the ground and sat down. Then I gave praise to the great Father and supreme Lord, and I went to sleep.

In the early morning I got up, and, after having performed my household duties, I took my book and sat down to read. When the sun was well up, I anointed myself with oil and went out to bathe. Then I came home and changed my wet clothes, and put them in the sun to dry. Then, having made my reverence to our spiritual teacher, I made my prostrations to the sun and, having received spiritual comfort, returned to the house. I then took food, and, having washed my face and hands, ate some betel-nut and sat down to write. When the day was spent, I returned to my household work, and again worshipped the god Jugonath. Now I have come again to school; and if there are any faults or mistakes in this exercise I hope they will be forgiven.

* * *

LOVE YOUR MOTHER.

IN a recent biography of Washington, in the *Century Magazine*, some of the charming incidents of his life — not hitherto related by biographers — are brought out, which show his domestic character and beautiful nature. One of his strongest traits was the love he bore his mother. When the news reached her that the General had won the day at Yorktown, this patriotic lady exclaimed: "Thank God! the war is ended, and we shall be blessed with peace, happiness and independence, for at last our country is free." Shortly after Cornwallis surrendered, Washington started out for Philadelphia, and on the way he stopped at Fredericksburg to see his mother. Seven years had elapsed since he had last seen her; he had left her a young, ardent patriot, his honors yet to be won on the field; he returned a hero, admired and almost worshipped by his countrymen. But it was not of the hero or the soldier she thought, but of her dear boy. He sent a courier ahead to notify her of his arrival and, with that fine old courtesy that prevailed in those days, to inquire when it would be "her pleasure to receive him." When he did come, it was not with pomp and surrounded by brilliantly-decorated companions in arms, but alone, and on foot. The mother's eyes kindled with love as she greeted him and after a fond embrace she said: "You are growing old, George; care and toil have been making marks in your face since I saw it last." Her voice is said to have been singularly sweet, and he loved its cadence as she called him by name. She inquired as to his health, and she spoke much "of old times and old friends, but of his glory not one word."

* * *

Why the Hand Came Down.

THE force of parental example was probably never better illustrated than in the following incident, related in *The Christian Standard:* A lady, in addressing a children's meeting, asked all the children who had pious mothers to hold up their hands. Little Bertha, the pastor's daughter, put up her hand partly, but quickly drew it down again. The lady said: "Bertha, why do you not put your hand up?" "Well," said Bertha, "I was just thinking." "Well, Bertha, what were you thinking?" Bertha replied, "Well, mother prays, and she goes to prayer-meeting, and she goes to the sacrament, and I guess she must be a Christian." "Well, Bertha, put up your hand." Hesitatingly she put it up partly, and quickly drew it down again. The lady again asked Bertha why she did not put up her hand, when she answered: "Well, I guess mother is a Chnstian, but she scolds awfully when she has to wash the dishes." A lady who was present ventured to tell the mother, and I reckon a more astonished woman you never saw. Parents cannot be too careful in what they say and do in the presence of their children. We may well fear that things are not right at home when our children can only say, "I guess father and mother are Christians." They should be able to say, "The best Christians that I know anything about are my father and mother."

* * *

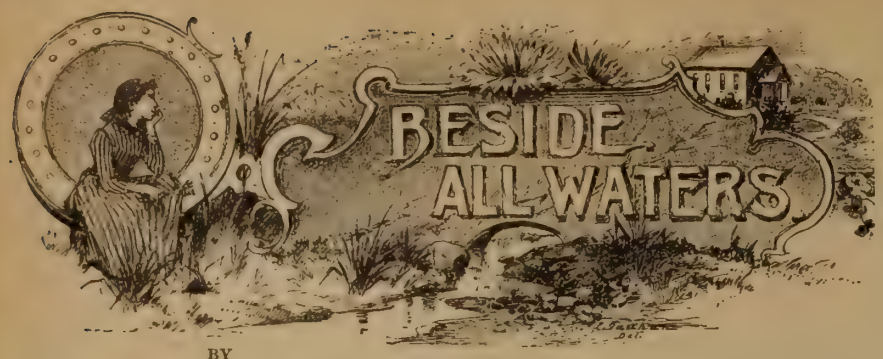
Be Cheerful and Helpful.

"WE cannot always be cheerful, our own burdens weigh us down," is the thought that springs up. Yes, "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," but the best panacea for our own heartaches, says the *Epworth Herald*, is trying to heal those of others. It may seem strange, but it is certainly true, that—

The face you wear, the thoughts you speak
A heart may heal or break.

All about us there are those with—

Hearts that break in silence,
With a sorrow all unknown;
There are those who need companions
Yet walk their way alone.



BY

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*

Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

AND so you came home and revenged that annoyance on me by saying something to hurt my feelings. Was that right?" asked Mrs. Weston.

"No, mother. But I did not think it was as bad as that. I'm a wicked girl, and always shall be," said Selina bursting into tears. "I wish I'd never been born."

"You will not mend matters by looking at them in that way," said Mrs. Weston. "A little sober, honest self-examination and repentance will do more good than any amount of that sort of passion." She paused a moment, and then added very seriously,—

"Selina, Mr. Weston and myself have treated you as a dear daughter ever since you came to us. We have tried our best to make you happy and good. But for the last year you have made us both very uncomfortable."

"I don't see how," murmured Selina.

"You can see well enough if you choose," replied Mrs. Weston. "Your father is very much displeased with you; and though we shall never cast you off, more than if you were our own, I fear, unless you turn over a new leaf, we shall have to make some different arrangement. My dear girl, why don't you trust your best friends, and try to be what they would have you?"

Selina sobbed that she was very sorry; and Mrs. Weston, thinking she had said enough, kissed her good-night, and left her. Selina, left alone, cried for some time longer, told herself how hard it was to be an orphan cast on the cold charities of the world, and shed a great many tears, as she imagined to the memory of the mother she had never seen. Then, growing tired of this mood, she said to herself that no doubt Mr. and Mrs. Weston meant to be kind to her in their way, and that it was her duty to be grateful. She would show that she was so, by being amiable and affectionate, and bearing the trials of her lot patiently. If her own dear mother had lived, it would have been very different; but, as it was, she must be resigned. And, feeling by this time very virtuous indeed, she went to bed.

KIT AT HOME.

KIT MALLORY went swiftly over the high pasture till she reached the little spring; and then, taking a oblique direction, she descended till she came to an old wooden house standing on the lowest ridge or terrace of the hill. It had once been a roomy, comfortable farm-house, with a well-house, sheds and barns; but the buildings were out of repair, and the whole place looked as if it had suffered from a long course of neglect. Nevertheless, the stones at the back-door were white and clean, and the windows bright; and a row of milk-pans turned up on a shelf showed that some one in the house was neat and pains-taking. The back-door stood open; and, as Kit approached, a middle-aged woman appeared in it, making a sign for silence. She was tall and dark, and would have been handsome but for the look of hopeless weariness and despondency which had settled on her face.

"Is aunt Martha bad again?" asked Kit in a whisper.

"Yes, I have had a terrible time with her all the afternoon. She has just dropped asleep, and I hope she will not wake for a good long while. What kept you so late?"

Kit gave a short account of herself.

"That was all right," said Symantha. "Is Miss Armstrong a nice lady?"

"She is just lovely!" answered Kit with enthusiasm.

"I hope she will be a good friend to you. You must try to learn all you can, and make the most of your time while you are here."

"Ain't we going to stay here, then?" asked Kit in a tone of anxiety and disappointment. "I thought uncle Phin owned this place."

"So he does—at least—yes, I suppose he does," answered Symantha with a curious tone of hesitation, which made Kit look at her in surprise. "But I have moved so many times, and about every time for the worse, that I don't believe I shall ever feel settled any where. What nice apples" she added, as if hastening to change the conversation. "Where did you get them?"

"Mr. Weston gave them to me, and I brought them home for aunt Martha. Where are all the folks?"

"Pa has gone over to Oldbury after a load of lumber. Aunt Melissa is down at the Corners, I suppose: I haven't seen her since morning. She always goes away if she can, you know, when ma gets one of her bad times; and perhaps it is just as well."

"How tired you look!" said Kit. She hesitated a moment; and then, postponing a plan she had meant to put in execution as soon as she reached home, she added, "You lie down and rest, and let me get supper. I can do it as well as not."

"Well, you may if you like," replied Symantha. "You are a good little thing, Kit. I don't know what I should do without you sometimes." As she spoke her face softened; and she bent down and kissed Kit, who returned the embrace with interest.

"I'm sure I don't know what I should do without you," said she. "If it was'nt for you I'd run away and seek my fortune."

"Hush," said Symantha sharply. "Don't ever let father hear you say such a thing as that: I don't know what he would do to you. Yes, you may get the supper ready, and I will rest till milking-time."

Left to herself, Kit went about her work, doing everything with marvellous quickness and quietness. Just as she had finished her preparations, she heard the sound of wheels and horses' feet; and presently a man entered the back kitchen. Kit made a sign for silence.

"Where's Symantha?" was the first question.

"She's lying down. Please don't make such a noise, uncle Phin: aunt Martha has just gone to sleep."

"Has she had a bad time?"

Kit nodded.

"Where's Meliss?"

"I don't know; I haven't seen her. Symantha says she has gone to the Corners."

"I'll teach her to run off and leave all the work for her sister," muttered Phin Mallory to himself; and then aloud, "Here, child, here's a reader and spelling-book for you. Halloo, what's that?"

"A picture-paper, I guess," said Kit: "and a little book," she added, taking out of the parcel an illustrated Sunday School paper, and a copy of that time-honored tract, *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*, with a pretty wood-cut on the cover. Mr. Sandford at Oldbury was fond of this method of sowing seed, and seldom sold a book or parcel of books without putting in some similar document to that which Kit held in her hand.

"What stuff is that?" said Phin. "I'll teach old Sandford to be sending his rubbish into my house." He made a step toward the stove as he spoke, as if to throw the papers into the fire.

"Oh, please don't burn them up," entreated Kit, holding his hand. "I don't hardly ever see a picture, and these are so pretty. Please let me have them."

Phin still held the papers over the fire; but something in the pleading, upturned face seemed to move him, for he put them into her hand.

"Here, child, take them, then. You don't see many pretty things, that's a fact. There, put the supper on the table; I'll be back in a minute."

Kit carried her prizes off in triumph to her own little room up-stairs, and hid them away till she should have leisure to examine them. Then she hastened to finish her supper preparations, and had a comfortable meal ready on the table when Phin returned. He was a lithe, alert little man, looking as if he had seen some hard times and some dissipation; and there was a watchful, furtive expression in his face, not pleasant to see.

"So you got beat out," said he to Symantha, as she appeared and took her seat at the table. "It was too bad in Melissa to run off and leave you with all the work. I'll tell her what I think about it when she comes home."

"She is just as well out of the way when ma has one of her bad times," replied Symantha. "But I don't see how any one can like to go visiting so, forever. I like to let other folks alone, and have them let me alone."

"Yes, you and pa would like to shut me up from one year's end to another," said Melissa, speaking for herself, as she came into the room with her hat on. "It has always been just so. But I'm not going to stand it. I like company, and I'm going to have it, so there!—Kit, take my things up-stairs, and get me a chair."

"Sit still, Kit," said her father. "You just wait on yourself, my girl. Kit has been at work while you have been at play."

Melissa muttered something, but it seemed as if she did not care to provoke a dispute. She threw her hat and shawl into a corner, and took a seat at the table.

"We're going to have new neighbors at the stone house," she said after a little silence, "some people from New York,—Van Zandt, or some such name."

"It was a Van Zandt that owned it before," remarked Symantha.

"Yes; he has left it to some old lady in New York, and she is going to have it all fixed up for a summer house. She has got no end of money, and is going to bring her horses and servants and carriages, and some young ladies, from New York; so we shall have quite a gay time."

"I don't see how we shall have much to do with it," said Symantha. "I don't suppose you mean to go and call on them, do you?"

"Why not!" asked Melissa. "I should just like to know."

"Because I say you sha'n't, and that's enough!" exclaimed her father, striking the table with his hand so as to make all the dishes rattle. "I won't have you go near them, do you hear? not one of them. You mind me, too, Kit: don't you go near the house."

"Don't, pa; you will wake mother," said Symantha.

"Dear me, what a fuss about nothing!" said Melissa. "One would think pa thought these people had the small-pox, or that he was afraid they would find out something."

Phin gave his daughter such a menacing glance that she evidently thought it better to say no more, and the meal was finished in silence. Kit washed the dishes, brought in wood, and arranged matters for the next morning. By that time it was dark, and she was weary enough to go to bed. Tired as she was, she did not forget to take out the card Miss Armstrong had given her, and read over the little prayer. She stood for a moment after she had finished, as if thinking, and then said, half aloud—

"Please, our Father in heaven, I should like to have a Bible." Then she crept into bed, and was asleep in a minute.

The next morning Kit was up early, so early that the sun was only just gilding the very top of Blue Mountain. Nobody else was stirring in the house. It was a good time to put her plan into execution.

There was a large, high garret to the old house, in which was stored the accumulated rubbish of a hundred years. Here was a tall eight-day clock, the case of which would have thrown a collector into ecstasies, side by side with a broken and disused loom; there, a shelf full of bottles and more or less disabled crockery. A little room was roughly partitioned off at one end, and made a famous playing-place on a rainy day. It was in this garret that Kit had found her precious fragment of the *Pilgrim's Progress* lying on the top of a box full of old books and papers. It had occurred to her that in this same box she might possibly find a Bible.

She took out the volumes one by one, and looked at the titles. They were mostly old books of theology and collections of sermons; but there were two or three volumes of travels and memoirs, which looked, Kit thought, as though they might be interesting, and she laid them aside for future consideration. At last, near the bottom of the box, she found a small volume handsomely bound and closely printed. She looked at the title page.

"The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour." Was that the same as the Bible! Kit thought so, but she was not sure.

"I'll take it to school, and show it to Miss Armstrong. Anyhow, it tells about him. What is this, I wonder? Never mind, I can't look at it now." Kit brushed the dust from her dress, washed her face and hands, and sat down to examine her new treasure. The first chapter seemed to be all hard names, so she opened about the middle of the book, and read about the shepherds who were watching their flocks by night, and were sent by the angels to find the babe lying in the manger, who was Christ the Lord. She read slowly, and had to spell some words; but the story lost nothing of its force by that.

"The very one Miss Armstrong was talking about," said Kit. "How strange? If he was a little baby once, and grew up into a man afterward, there must have been a time when he was just as old as I am now."

Kit had no time to follow out her meditations. A call from below summoned her.

"You can't go to school to-day," was the salutation which met her as she entered the kitchen. "Symantha's sick, or thinks she is, and I want you to help me."

"Oh, dear! and I did want to go so much!" said Kit. "Can't you do without me, Melissa? I hate to be so irregular."

"Let her go, Melissa," said Symantha's voice from the little bedroom. "I sha'n't want anything. I dare say I shall be able to get up presently; it is only one of my dizzy headaches."

"Yes, that is very likely,—that she is going to school, leaving me with you and ma to wait on, and all the work to do. I don't believe pa will let her go, anyway, when he finds out about Miss Armstrong. They say she is a regular Methodist, has prayers in school, and teaches the children out of the Bible. I mean to tell pa about it; and then he won't let you go at all, Miss Kit, and serve you right, too."

Kit was used to Melissa's tongue, and generally gave her back her sharp words with interest; but the prospect of losing her precious schooling and the society of her new friend was too dreadful, and she burst into tears.

"Hush, Kit; don't cry," said Symantha, raising her head, but obliged to drop it again. "Pa won't take you out of school. Oh, my head!"

"Is it so very bad?" asked Kit, forgetting her own trouble for the moment. "Can't I do anything for you?"

"You may look in the front-room cupboard, and see if you can find the alcohol bottle." As she passed the door of her own little room, she remembered her prayer of last night, and also that she had forgotten her promise to say one in the morning.

"What a shame!" she said to herself. "And when he was so good, and gave me the Testament." She went into her room, shut the door, and reverently repeated the verse,

> Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
> Look upon a little child;
> Pity my simplicity;
> Suffer me to come to Thee.

"Jesus! That is the very one I was reading about—that very one that was a little baby. I wonder if he ever had to do things he didn't like. Perhaps he had to stay at home sometimes to help his mother, but I don't believe she was one bit like Melissa. But they were poor, I guess, and he must have had a great deal of trouble in his life; so he knows all about it. Perhaps he would like it if I was good-natured, and stayed at home." Kit had not been gone ten minutes when she came back with the bottle, and set herself to bathe Symantha's head and brush her hair; but in that ten minutes a great change had come over her. She had entered into a new life. The little untaught, ignorant heathen had found her Saviour, had entered into conscious relations with him, and made a sacrifice for him. The little seed dropped by a skilful sower into her heart had taken root and sprung up. The plant was young and tender as yet, one would say, easily crushed by a careless foot, or nibbled off by some passing animal; but one was watching over it who is greater than all the changes and chances of this mortal life, and who makes them all work together for good to them that love him.

Kit said no more about going to school. She went into her aunt's room, washed her face and hands, and coaxed her to drink a cup of coffee and eat a bit of toast. Mrs. Mallory must once have been a beautiful woman, judging by her regular features and still fair complexion; but her hair was streaked with gray, her large dark-blue eyes, very much like Kit's in shape and color, were wild and wondering, and she had a despairing, anxious expression, pitiful to see.

"There, that is real good," said Kit, speaking as one would to a sick and wayward child. "Now you shall have a nice apple."

She produced one of the apples she had brought from Mr. Weston's, and the poor woman took it with some show of pleasure. Something about Kit seemed to arrest her attention, for she held the child's hand, and looked earnestly into her face.

(*To be Continued.*)

* By special arrangement with Thomas Whittaker, publisher, New York.

MARTIN'S VISITORS.*

MARTIN again took up his work and began to stitch. After working some little time, he saw that it was growing dark and he could no longer see to sew. Looking through the window, he saw a lamplighter pass by. "Well," he thought to himself, "it is time for me to have a light." He arose, and after trimming his lamp and lighting it, he hung it up and again prepared to work.

Presently he put his tools away and brushed up the scraps, after which he placed the lamp on the table. He next took down the holy book from the shelf. He intended opening it at a place which he had marked with a piece of leather, but on placing the book on the table, it opened at an entirely different place, and as he did so he remembered yesterday's dream. At the same time he heard a noise in the room, as if some one was moving behind him. He turned suddenly around and fancied he saw a number of people standing in the corner, but he was unable to recognize them. Presently a voice whispered:

"Martin, ah Martin, did you not know me?"

"Whom?" muttered Martin.

"Me," repeated the voice. "It is I," said Stepanovitch (whom he had fed), smiling pleasantly as he advanced from the dark corner: and then like a cloud he vanished.

"And this is I," said another voice, when the woman with her child (whom he had succored) stepped forth. The woman also smiled, while the infant laughed gleefully; and they, too, quickly disappeared.

"And here are we," said a third voice; when both the old women and the boy, with an apple in his hand, came forward. They also smiled, and instantly faded away.

Martin was now almost overcome with a feeling of joy, more sweet than he had ever before experienced. He began to read the following passage, at which the Bible had accidentally opened:

"For I was hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

And Martin understood that his dream had been realized, and that the Saviour had in very truth visited him that day, and that he had received him in the proper spirit.

NOT FOR RUPEES, BUT FOR JESUS.†

IN want of a teacher for the fierce Bghais, that eminent missionary, Dr. Mason, of Burmah, asked Shapon, his boatman, if he would venture. At the same time he reminded him that, instead of fifteen rupees a month which he had previously received, he could now only grant him four rupees a month.

The boatman committed the subject to prayer, and upon his return Dr. Mason inquired, "Well, Shapon, what is your decision? Can you go to the Bghais for four rupees a month?" Shapon replied, "No, teacher, I could not go for four rupees a month but I can do it for Christ."

Constrained by that highest of all motives, he went forth eventually to fulfill a joy-bearing and successful career in the mission-field.

*From *Life is Worth Living* and other Stories, by Count Leo Tolstoi. Translated from the Russian by Count Norraikow; pp 108; price $1. Charles L. Webster & Co., New York, publishers.

†From *Missionary Points and Pictures*, by the Rev. James Johnston; 127 pp.; price, 50 cts.; The Religious Tract Society, London: Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago, publishers.

O LORD, THY EYE IS OVER ALL.*

LORD, thou dost tend with loving care
The lilies in the fields;
The birds within the forests share
The joy thy presence yields;
And thou dost note each sapling small
Change into perfect tree;
O Lord, thy eye is over all;
So watch and guard thou me!

The clouds which float the mountains o'er,
And winds which sweep the plain,
Thou bid'st them go, they own thy pow'r
And come—they come again.
Thou calmest, Lord, the troubled sea;
Its waves obey thy will,—
Bid thou the doubts and fears in me
To evermore be still!

As oak upon the mountain side
The lightning rends in twain,
As leaflets scatter far and wide
Before the hurricane,
So scatter, Lord, all wrong, all sin,
And rend my stubborn heart
With love, if need be, Lord, in twain;
Then sanctify each part.

*From *Rural Legends and Lyrics*; by Arthur E. Smith, cloth, illustrated, pp. 128; price $1. John B. Alden, New York, publisher.

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Is the time to purify your blood and fortify your system against the debilitating effects of spring weather. At no other season is the bitter taste in the mouth more prominent, the breath so offensive; the drowsy dizziness so frequent, or **that tired feeling** so prevalent. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to build up the system, purify the blood, cure biliousness and headache, overcome that tired feeling and create a good appetite. Remember

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Have the frying-pan very hot before the meat is put in. Turn the slice quickly, and as soon as the fat is nicely browned on each side, add one-half cup of boiling water. Cover the pan tightly and place where the water will boil slowly for fifteen minutes. By this time much of it will have disappeared. Serve at once.

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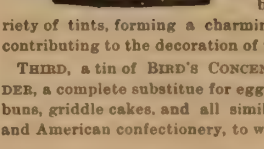

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CHRISTIAN PROGRESS IN FIJI.

ACCORDING to official returns in 1887, the total population of the Fiji Islands was 124,658 or eighty-four less than 1886. The falling off was mainly in the Indian and Polynesian laborers. Education, which is almost exclusively in the hands of the missionaries, is in a satisfactory condition. At the Wesleyan Mission Schools, 41,724 children were in attendance, and about 1,000 at the Roman Catholic Schools. In the Government Industrial School, native youths were being trained in boat and house-building, cattle-tending, and other useful occupations. Of pure Fijian Islanders, the aggregate number in 1887 was 110,754 souls. The Wesleyan places of worship that year were attended by 102,890 persons, and at the churches of the Roman Catholic Missions 9,830 people assembled. Taking into consideration the late disappearance of the old customs of cannibalism, these figures have peculiar significance. In her work in Fiji, Miss Gordon Cumming states that about the year 1876 she saw men who had eaten their fellow-creatures. When they were asked if *bokola*, the Fiji work for human flesh, was better than beef or pork, they replied that it was superior to any kind of meat with which it could be compared. Scores of the native Christians testify to-day their former relish for it; and so vivid is the recollection, that the missionaries have been afraid in time of storms or famine they should temporarily revert to their heathenish practices.

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ARRANGEMENTS have been made in the Musical Department of the Bible Institute in Chicago, of which Mr. Moody is President; to have special free music classes thoughout the summer which will meet the needs of ministers, teachers and others who during the vacation wish to take advantage of an opportunity to study music-reading and singing, either for their own development or with the idea of improving the music in their congregation. This term will begin on Tuesday, July 5th, and will continue three months. Such students will also have advantage of the daily lectures on the Bible and instruction in methods of Christian work by specially selected teachers. The tent work, will also give unusual facilities for observing the methods used for doing mission work among the masses. Inquiries relating to the study of music may be addressed to H.H. McGranahan, 80 W. Pearson St., Chicago, Ill.

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. A. Grover, Lynn, Mass. We know nothing whatever about the matter you mention.

Further answers to H. K. P's question regarding the propriety of a minister of the Gospel holding a political office have been received from a number of readers including Joseph Mutch, Franklin, N. J.

Subscriber, Hittsburg, Pa. Is the new version of the Old Testament published and on sale in the U. S?

You can procure it from the Oxford Bible warehouse, 22 E. 17 St., New York City.

Correspondent, Bethany, W. Va. It was reported lately that Mr. Gladstone's mind was greatly weakened. Is it true?

Evidently not if we may judge from the cable despatches which show him to be as active and vigorous, intellectually, as ever.

Subscriber, Hampshire, Ills. Why should young men save their money? How should they spend what they do spend?

1. He should save money as a provision for old age, but not perniciously or regardless of the claims of others. Regarding the acquisition of riches see Proverbs 22: 1, 4, 16; 23: 4, 5; Eccles. 5: 13, 19, and many other passages all illustrating the wisdom of proper thrift and economy. It should not be forgotten that many of the saints and patriarchs were men of great earthly possessions, among them Abraham, Lot, Isaac, Boaz, David, Hezekiah, Job, Zaccheus, and Joseph of Arimathea. 2. Riches are conferred not for the gratification of physical appetites and desires, but to enable the possessor to be a blessing and benefactor to his fellow men and to serve God by advancing his kingdom. Money spent on pleasure or gluttony leads to poverty. (Prov. 21: 17.) Charity, philanthropy, Christian work, education, and a thousand other avenues of usefulness furnish opportunities for spending money in a way to merit the approval of God's servants

Subscriber, Toronto. Should a converted person marry an unconverted, or would it be advisable to break off an engagement made under such circumstances, the facts not being known at first?

It should be a matter of conscience and patient prayer. Many a Christian wife has been the means of leading a godless husband to the Saviour and a devout husband is almost certain to exercise a great influence for good over his wife even should she be an unbeliever. But there are many points to be considered and these differ in individual cases. Paul's advice to the faithful, "be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers" (II. Cor. 6: 14), will probably hold good in a vast majority of cases and if followed would same many heart-aches and regrets in after life.

Bessie Davis, Eureka, Mo. 1. Does every church claim to be the one Christ established, when he said, "Upon this rock I will build my Church?" 2. Does every church get its doctrine from the Word of God? 3. Which Church did Christ establish?

1. Not in the sense that it and no other Christian Church was then established. The Church of Rome arrogantly makes that claim on the mere historical ground of antiquity, which is a very weak ground as compared with purity. 2. Protestant Churches acknowledge no other authority. The Romish Church acknowledges the authority of the Fathers, (that is the early Christian writers of the first few centuries after Christ.) It also holds that the dictum of the Pope on all questions of faith is infallible. 3. If you mean the system of Church government, Christ did not establish any. Each existing denomination had its origin in a conviction that the church organizations of the time were corrupt, either in doctrine or practice. There has been a commendable effort all through the centuries since Christ, to attain and fulfill his ideal of a Christian Church. When a man or body of men believed that the church with which they were connected held doctrines which neither Christ nor his Apostles taught, or practiced methods of church government not sanctioned by the Bible, they have separated from the Church and founded other church societies which *they* believed to be more in accord with the Bible in those points of doctrine or practice. Thus it might be that the church youngest in years might be the most ancient in doctrine. You will see this if you imagine a farmer ordering that a certain field be plowed from north to south. The first servant after plowing a few feet southward turns eastward. A second servant, perceiving the error, procures a plough and in avoiding the blunder of the first bears westward. A third sees that he, too, is wrong and plows due south. It is he, rather than the other two servants, who can rightly claim the farmer's authority for his work though they were first in the field.

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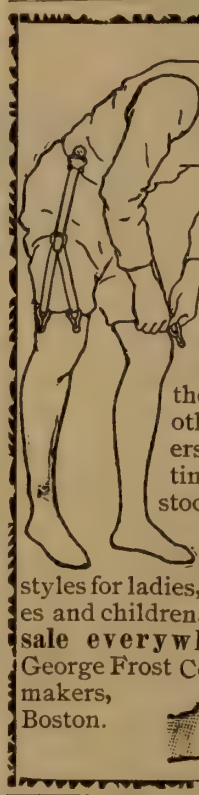

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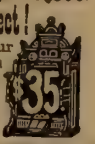

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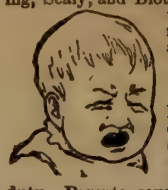

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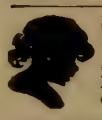

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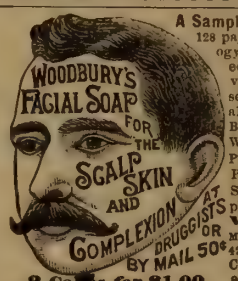

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 15. NUMBER 22.

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor. Office Bible House New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 1, 1892.

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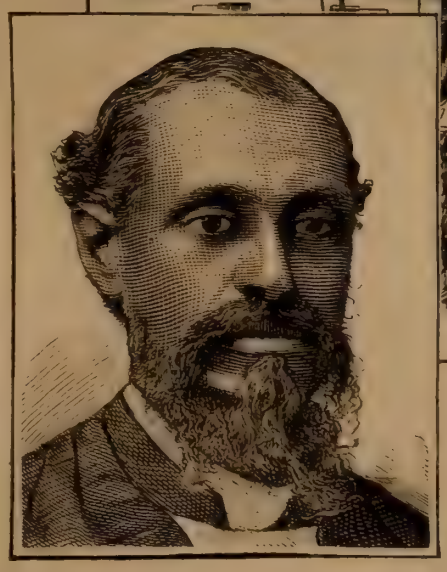
LIBERIA'S TRIBES FOR CHRIST.

How the Gospel Spreads in the Little African Republic — Bishop Ferguson's Good Work — A Liberian Military Parade—A King Baptized.

SEVENTY-SIX years ago, the first colony of American negroes was planted in Liberia by the American Colonization Society. The object was to give the negro a chance for self-improvement and to demonstrate that the institution of negro slavery was unrighteous and degrading; but the locality chosen was unfortunate, the climate proving deadly to the new-comers. In 1821, a new and more salubrious location was selected; more emigrants arrived by thousands from America; land was purchased from the native princes, and settlements quickly sprang up as population spread and new lands were acquired. Monrovia, Edina and Caldwell became the centres of an active, industrious population. In 1847, Liberia was declared an independent government, under the name of "The U. S of Liberia," with a President, senate and house of representatives modelled on the pattern of our own Congress. It was recognized by the governments of Europe and, despite many disadvantages, its history has been one of steady advancement in evangelization, civilization and material wealth. It is the only Christian negro republic in the world to-day. Its original settlers built churches and schoolhouses, and by intermingling with the native tribes, were instrumental in spreading the Gospel far inland, to the verge of the Soudan.

There are numerous missions in Liberia, including those of the Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian and other churches, besides a large number unattached. Bishop William Taylor, of the M. E. Church, whose soul-saving work on the Congo was described in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has established over twenty mission stations in the interior of Liberia, among the "raw heathen" tribes.

Of the 800,000 population, it is estimated that not over 20,000 are Americo-Liberians, the vast majority being aboriginal inhabitants, or the descendants of a union of aboriginals with colonists. The leading native tribes in the little republic are the Veys, the Pessehs, the Barlines, the Bassas, the Kroos, the Greboes, and the Mandingoes, the last-named being the most intelligent, although all are more or less progressive and Christianized, except the Pessehs, who are an inland race of pagans and slaves. The Veys and Mandingoes each have a written language. The Bassas are a nation of traders, and are great producers of palm-oil and cane-wood. The Kroos, who are the sailors of the West Coast, are a very intelligent people and intense lovers of freedom.



RT. REV. S. D. FERGUSON, BISHOP OF CAPE PALMAS.

Rt. Rev. Samuel D. Ferguson, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Cape Palmas, Liberia, whose portrait appears in this issue, is a native of Charleston, S.C., and is now in his 50th year. He was taken to Liberia in 1848 by his parents. At that time, foreign missionary work had just begun to make headway there. Young Ferguson attended a mission school. In 1862 he was appointed by Bishop Payne as a teacher. His advancement was rapid and in 1865, he was ordained, and three years later he assumed spiritual charge of St. Mark's parish as rector, being at the same time superintendent of the Cape Palmas School and Orphan Asylum, and having the general management of all the mission work in the district. His experiences with the heathen tribes and their "devil doctors" were often perilous and exciting. His zeal for Christ and the remarkable success that attended his labors were rewarded in 1884 by the American House of Bishops electing him as Bishop of Cape Palmas. One of his most noted converts was His Majesty, King Yiba Wa, of the Palmas Grebo tribe, whom he baptized in presence of the principal men of the tribe and many native Christians, at Bigtown, the capital. A large number of heathen tribesmen with their wives and children witnessed the ceremony. Shortly afterward, the wife of the king expressed a desire to be baptized and her example was followed by a number of other influential personages.

Cape Palmas, the scene of Bishop Ferguson's labors, is the centre of a group of 8 mission stations and lies almost upon the equator. In addition to the regular stations, there are many preaching places in the towns and villages. Material progress has been made in culture and wealth, and in many of the towns the buildings are as attractive and comfortable as any to be found in our American villages, while the people lead an apparently contented and happy Christian life. Our illustration shows a spirited scene, the occasion being a parade of the Liberian troops—a section of the regular army of the little republic, which fortunately has little need for display of military force, everything within its borders being peaceful. The soldiery, who are martial-looking and fairly well drilled, naturally excite admiration, as they march down the village street to the parade ground, to the inspiring strains of a drum and fife corps, while their color-bearer holds aloft to the tropical breeze the Stars and Stripes of the African Republic.

There are many other noble consecrated Christian men of their own race and color, to whom, like Bishop Ferguson, the Liberians owe a lasting debt of gratitude and honor for their efforts at the moral and spiritual elevation of the little republic. Several of these are now visiting the United States. Rev. Wm. T. Hagan, Presiding Elder of the M. E. Church in the St. Paul River District, Liberia, is now in this country attending the Omaha General Conference. He is accompanied by Mr. F. C. Freeman, a deacon of the M. E. Church in Liberia. Mr. Hagan, who is a colored man and a native of North Carolina, went to Liberia in 1852, where he has now under his spiritual charge fifteen churches in seven different circuits. He reports the Methodist work as in excellent condition, the year 1891 having been one of great refreshing and strengthening to the church. Two new churches were added last year—one at Crozierville and one at Brown's Station. His total church membership is now about 1200, while the congregations probably aggregate 3000. He has nine workers in the field which covers twenty-five miles of territory. During a revival last season at Careysburg and Bensonville lasting two weeks, there were fifty conversions, many of them being native Africans. The proportion of native converts is increasing every year. The only set-back was in the Mount Coffee District where the missionary, Rev. W. P. Kennedy, Sr., was compelled to leave and come in, owing to a war breaking out in which Ponda, a chief of the Golahs, was killed.

"We would like to see a large number of emigrants coming out," explained Mr. Hagan. "We can find them places to live in and land to cultivate. Many who come expect to find a land flowing with milk and honey; but they have to work hard if they wish to realize anything. For healthy, industrious men and women, there is a good prospect in Liberia. We need good schools out there; educational facilities are greatly lacking, and, there as elsewhere, educational and physical training are essential to success. We have a college and a seminary at Monrovia and schools on the river."

Liberia is just north of the equator while the Congo is about equi-distant, south of it. Both have become potent agencies in the work of lighting up the dark heathen places of the interior with the Gospel of Christ. It is a most encouraging reflection to those who are laboring and praying for the evangelization of the heathen that these two sections of Africa, which only a generation ago were full of idolatry, darkness and cruelty, have become lighthouses of salvation, to which all the dusky tribes of the West Coast are learning to look for spiritual guidance and safety.

A PARADE OF LIBERIAN NATIONAL TROOPS AT CAPE PALMAS.

(From a photograph received from Bishop Wm. Taylor.)

THE PLACE OF THUNDER.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday Morning Sermon from the Text: Psalms 81: 7: "*I answered thee in the secret place of thunder.*"

IT is past midnight, and two o'clock in the morning, far enough from sunset and sunrise to make the darkness very thick, and the Egyptian army in pursuit of the escaping Israelites are on the bottom of the Red Sea, its waters having been set up on either side in masonry of sapphire, for God can make a wall as solid out of water as out of granite, and the trowels with which these two walls were built were none the less powerful because invisible. Such walls had never before been lifted. When I saw the waters of the Red Sea rolling through the Suez Canal, they were blue and beautiful and flowing like other waters, but to-night, as the Egyptians look up to them built into walls, now on one side and now on the other, they must have been frowning waters, for it was probable that the same power that lifted them up might suddenly fling them prostrate. A great lantern of cloud hung over this chasm between the two walls. The door of that lantern was opened toward the Israelites ahead, giving them light, and the back of the lantern was toward the Egyptians, and it growled and rumbled and jarred with thunder; not thunder like that which cheers the earth after a drought, promising the refreshing shower, but charged and surcharged with threats of doom. The Egyptian captains lost their presence of mind, and the horses reared and snorted and would not answer to their bits, and the chariot wheels got interlocked and torn off, and the charioteers were hurled headlong, and the Red Sea fell on all the host. The confusing and confounding thunder was in answer to the prayer of the Israelites. With their backs cut by the lash and their feet bleeding and their bodies decrepit with the suffering of whole generations, they had asked Almighty God to ensepulchre their Egyptian pursuers in one great sarcophagus, and the splash and the roar of the Red Sea as it dropped to its natural bed were only the shutting of the sarcophagus on a dead host. That is the meaning of the text when God says: "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."

Now, thunder, all up and down the Bible, is the symbol of power. Small wits depreciate the thunder and say, "It is the lightning that strikes." But God evidently thinks the thunder of some importance or he would not make so much of it. That man must be without imagination, and without sensitiveness, and without religion who can without emotion see the convention of summer clouds called to order by the falling gavel of the thunderbolt. There is nothing in the natural world that so awes and solemnizes me as the thunder. The Egyptian plague of hail was accompanied with this full diapason of the heavens. While Samuel and his men were making a burnt offering of a lamb, and the Philistines were about to attack them, it was by terrorizing thunder they were discomfited. Job, who was a combination of the Dantesque and the Miltonic, was solemnized by this reverberation of the heavens, and cried: "The hunder of his power, who can understand?" and he challenges the universe by saying: "Can'st thou thunder with a voice like him?" and he throws Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" into the shade by the Bible photograph of a war horse, when he describes his neck as "clothed with thunder." Because of the power of James and John, they were called "the sons of thunder." The law given on the basaltic crags of Mount Sinai was emphasized with this cloudy ebullition. The skies all around about St. John at Patmos were full of the thunder of war and the thunder of Christly triumph and the thunder of resurrection and the thunder of eternity.

But, when my text says, "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder," it suggests there is some mystery about the thunder. To the ancients the cause of this bombarding the earth with loud sound must have been more of a mystery than it is to us. The lightnings, which were to them wild monsters ranging through the skies, in our time have been domesticated. We harness electricity to vehicles, and we cage it in lamps, and every schoolboy knows something about the fact that it is the passage of electricity from cloud to cloud that makes the heavenly racket which we call thunder. But, after all that chemistry has taught the world, there are mysteries about this skyey resonance, and my text, true in the time of the Psalmist, is true now and always will be true, that there is some secret about the place of thunder.

"THE RED SEA FELL ON ALL THE HOST."

To one thing known about the thunder, there are a hundred things not known. After all the scientific batteries have been doing their work for a thousand years to come and learned men have discoursed to the utmost about atmospheric electricity and magnetic electricity and galvanic electricity and thermotic electricity and frictional electricity and positive electricity and negative electricity, my text will be as suggestive as it is to-day, when it speaks of the secret place of thunder.

Now, right along by a natural law, there is always a spiritual law. As there is a secret place of natural thunder, there is a secret place of moral thunder. In other words, the religious power that you see abroad in the church and in the world has a hiding-place and in many cases it is never discovered at all. I will use a similitude. I can give only the dim outline of a particular case, for many of the remarkable circumstances I have forgotten. Many years ago there was a large church. It was characterized by strange and unaccountable conversions. There were no great revivals, but individual cases of spiritual arrest and transformation. A young man sat in one of the front pews. He was a graduate of Yale, brilliant as the North Star and notoriously dissolute. Everybody knew him and liked him for his geniality but deplored his moral errantry. To please his parents he was every Sabbath morning in church. One day there was a ringing of the door bell of the pastor of that church, and that young man, whelmed with repentance, implored prayer and advice, and passed into complete reformation of heart and life. All the neighborhood was astonished and asked: Why was this? His father and mother had said nothing to him about his soul's welfare. On another aisle of the same church sat an old miser. He paid his pew rent, but was hard on the poor and had no interest in any philanthropy. Piles of money! And people said: What a struggle he will have when he quits this life, to part with his bonds and mortgages. One day he wrote to his minister: "Please to call immediately. I have a matter of great importance about which I want to see you." When the pastor came in, the man could not speak for emotion, but after a while he gathered self-control enough to say: "I have lived for this world too long. I want to know if you think I can be saved, and, if so, I wish you would tell me how." Upon his soul the light soon dawned, and the old miser, not only revolutionized in heart but in life, began to scatter benefactions, and toward all the great charities of the day he became a cheerful and bountiful almoner. What was the cause of this change? everybody asked; and no one was capable of giving an intelligent answer. In another part of the church sat, Sabbath by Sabbath, a beautiful and talented woman, who was a great society leader. She went to church because that was a respectable thing to do, and in the neighborhood where she lived, it was hardly respectable not to go. Worldly was she to the last degree, and all her family worldly. She had at her house the finest germans that were ever danced, and the costliest favors that were ever given, and though she attended church, she never liked to hear any story of pathos, and, as to religious emotion of any kind, she thought it positively vulgar. Wines, cards, theatres, rounds of costly gaiety were to her the highest satisfaction. One day a neighbor sent in a visiting card, and this lady came down the stairs in tears, and told the whole story of how she had not slept for several nights, and she feared she was going to lose her soul, and she wondered if someone would not come around and pray with her. From that time her entire demeanor was changed, and though she was not called upon to sacrifice any of her amenities of life, she consecrated her beauty, her social position, her family, her all to God and the church and usefulness. Everybody said in regard to her: "Have you noticed the change, and what in the world caused it?" and no one could make satisfactory explanation. In the course of two years, though there was no general awakening in that church, many such isolated cases of such unexpected and unaccountable conversions took place. The very people whom no one thought would be effected by such considerations were converted. The pastor and the officers of the church were on the lookout for the solution of this religious phenomenon. "Where is it?" they said, "and who is it, and what is it?" At last the discovery was made and all was explained. A poor old Christian woman standing in the vestibule of the church one Sunday morning, trying to get her breath again before she went upstairs to the gallery, heard the enquiry and told the secret. For years she had been in the habit of concentrating all her prayers for particular persons in that church. She would see some man or some woman present, and, though she might not know the person's name, she would pray for that person until he or she was converted to God. All her prayers were for that one person—just that one. She waited and waited for communion days to see when the candidates for membership stood up whether her prayers had been effectual. It turned out that these marvellous instances of conversion were the result of that old woman's prayers as she sat in the gallery Sabbath by Sabbath, bent and wizened and poor and unnoticed. A little cloud of consecrated humanity hovering in the galleries: That was the secret place of the thunder. There is some hidden, unknown, mysterious source of almost all the moral and religious power demonstrated. Not one out of a million—not one out of ten million prayers ever strikes a human ear. On public occasions a minister of religion voices the supplications of an assemblage, but the prayers of all the congregation are in silence. There is not a second in a century when prayers are not ascending, but myriads of them are not even as loud as a whisper for God hears a thought as plainly as a vocalization. That silence of supplication—hemispheric and perpetual—is the secret place of thunder.

In the winter of 1875, we were worshiping in the Brooklyn Academy of Music in the interregnum of churches. We had the usual great audiences, but I was oppressed beyond measure by the fact that conversions were not more numerous. One Tuesday, I invited to my house five old, consecrated Christian men—all of them gone now, except Father Pearson, and he, in blindness and old age, waiting for the Master's call to come up higher. These old men came, not knowing why I had invited them. I took them to the top room of my house. I said to them: "I have called you here for special prayer. I am in an agony for a great turning to God of the people. We have vast multitudes in attendance and they are attentive and respectful, but I cannot see that they are saved. Let us kneel down and each one pray and not leave this room until we are all assured that the blessing will come and has come." It was a most intense crying unto God. I said: "Brethren, let this meeting be a secret," and they said it would be. That Tuesday night special service ended. On the following Friday night occurred the usual prayer-meeting. No one knew of what had occurred on Tuesday night, but the meeting was unusually thronged. Men accustomed to pray in public in great composure broke down under emotion. The people were in tears. There were sobs and silences and solemnities of such unusual power that the worshipers looked into each other's faces as much as to say: "What does all this mean?" And, when the following Sabbath came, although we were in a secular place, over four

hundred arose for prayers and a religious awakening took place that made that winter memorable for time and for eternity. There may be in this building many who were brought to God during that great ingathering, but few of them know that the upper room in my house on Quincy Street, where those five old Christian men poured out their souls before God, was the secret place of thunder.

The day will come—God hasten it—when people will find out the velocity, the majesty, the multipotence of prayer. We brag about our limited express trains which put us down a thousand miles away in twenty-four hours, but here is something by which in a moment we may confront people five thousand miles away. We brag about our telephones, but here is something that beats the telephone in

"SHE PRAYED FOR JUST THAT ONE."

utterance and reply, for God says, "before they call, I will hear." We brag about the phonograph, in which a man can speak and his words and the tones of his voice can be kept for ages, and by the turning of a crank the words may come forth upon the ears of another century, but prayer allows us to speak words into the ears of everlasting remembrance and on the other side of all the eternities they will be heard. Oh! ye who are wasting your breath and wasting your brains and wasting your nerves and wasting your lungs wishing for this good and that good for the church and the world, why do you not go into the secret place of thunder.

"But," says some one, "that is a beautiful theory, yet it does not work in my case, for I am in a cloud of trouble or a cloud of sickness or a cloud of persecution or a cloud of poverty or a cloud of bereavement or a cloud of perplexity." How glad I am that you told me that. That is exactly the place to which my text refers. It was from a cloud that God answered Israel—the cloud over the chasm cut through the Red Sea—the cloud that was light to the Israelites and darkness to the Egyptians. It was from a cloud, a tremendous cloud, that God made reply. It was a cloud that was the secret place of thunder. So you cannot get away from the consolation of my text by talking that way. Let all the people under a cloud hear it. "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."

This subject helps me to explain some things you have not understood about certain useful men and women. Many of them have not a superabundance of education. If you had their brain in a post-mortem examination, and you could weigh it, it would not weigh any heavier than the average. They have not anything especially impressive in personal appearance. They are not very fluent of tongue. They pretend to nothing unusual in mental faculty or social influence, but you feel their power; you are elevated in their presence; you are a better man or a better woman, having confronted them. You know that in intellectual endowment you are their superior, while in the matter of moral and religious influence they are vastly your superior. Why is this? To find the revelation of this secret, you must go back thirty or forty or, perhaps, sixty years to the homestead where this man was brought up. It is a winter morning, and the tallow candle is lighted, and the fires are kindled, sometimes the shavings hardly enough to start the wood. The mother is preparing the breakfast, the blue-edged dishes are on the table, and the lid of the kettle on the hearth rattles with the steam. The father is at the barn feeding the stock—the oats thrown into the horses' bin and the cattle cranching the corn. The children, earlier than they would like and after being called twice, are gathered at the table. The blessing of God is asked on the food, and, the meal over, the Family Bible is put upon the white table-cloth and a chapter is read and a prayer made, which includes all the interests for this world and the next. The children pay not much attention to the prayer, for it is about the same thing day after day, but it puts upon them an impression that ten thousand years will only make more vivid and tremendous. As long as the old folks live, their prayer is for their children and their children's children. Day in and day out, month in and month out, year in and year out, decade in and decade out, the sons and daughters of that family are remembered in earnest prayer, and they know it, and they feel it, and they cannot get away from it. Two funerals after awhile—not more than two years apart, for it is seldom that there is more than that lapse of time between father's going and mother's going—two funerals put out of sight the old folks. But where are the children? The daughters are in homes where they are incarnations of good sense, industry and piety. The sons, perhaps one a farmer, another a merchant, another a mechanic, another a physician, another a minister of the gospel, useful, consistent, admired, honored. What a power for good those seven sons and daughters! Where did they get the power? From the schools and the seminaries and the colleges? Oh, no, though these may have helped. From their superior mental endowment? No, I do not think they had unusual mental calibre. From accidental circumstances? No, they had nothing of what is called good luck.

I think we will take a train, and ride to the depot nearest to the homestead from which those men and women started. The train halts. Let us stop a few minutes at the village graveyard and see the tombstones of the parents. Yes, the one was seventy-four years of age and the other was seventy-two, and the epitaph says that "after a useful life, they died a Christian death." On over the country-road we ride—the road a little rough, for the spring weather is not quite settled, and once down in a rut it is hard to get the wheels out again without breaking the shafts. But, at last, we come to the lane in front of the farmhouse.

Let me get out of the wagon and open the gate while you drive through. Here is the arbor under which those boys and girls many years ago used to play. But it is quite out of order now, for the property is in other hands. Yonder is the orchard where they used to thresh the trees for apples, sometimes before they were quite ripe. There is the mow where they hunted for eggs before Easter. There is the door-sill upon which they used to sit. There is the room in which they had family prayers and where they all knelt — the father there, the mother there, and the boys and girls there. We have got to the fountain of pious and gracious influences at last. That is the place that decided those seven earthly and immortal destinies. Behold! Behold! That is the secret place of thunder.

The reason that we ministers do not accomplish more, is because others do not pray enough for us, and we do not pray enough for ourselves. Every minister could tell you a thrilling story of sermons—sermons hasty and impromptu, because of funerals and sickbeds and annoyances in the parish; yet those sermons harvesting many souls for God. And then of sermons prepared with great care and research and toil uninterrupted; yet those sermons falling flat or powerless. Or of the same sermon mightily blessed on one occasion and useless on another. How well I remember a sermon I preached at a great outdoor meeting in the upper part of this State. For several days in that place prayers had been offered for the success of the service, and I had myself been unusually prayerful, and we had a Pentecostal blessing while I was preaching it. That afternoon I took the train for a great outdoor meeting in Ohio. I said to myself: "This sermon was blessed to-day and it is fresh in my mind, and I will preach it to-morrow in Ohio." And I did preach it, but not in as prayerful a spirit, and I think no one else had been praying about it, and it turned into the most inane and profitless discourse that I ever delivered. It was practically the same sermon, but on Wednesday it had on it a power that comes from the secret place of thunder, and on Thursday it had on it no such power at all.

Oh! pray for us! Poor sermons in the pulpit are the curse of God on a prayerless parish. People say: "What is the matter with the ministers in our time? So many of them seem dissatisfied with the Bible and they are trying to help Moses and Paul and Christ out of inconsistencies and contradictions by fixing up the Bible." As well let the musicians go to work to fix up Haydn's "Creation," or Handel's "Israel in Egypt," or let the painters go to fixing up Raphael's "Transfiguration," or architects go to fixing up Christopher Wren's St. Paul's. But I will tell you what is the matter. There are too many unconverted ministers. Their hearts have never been changed by the grace of God. A mere intellectual ministry is the deadest failure this side of perdition. Alas for the Gospel of icicles! From apologetics, and hermeneutics, and dogmatics, good Lord deliver us! They are trying to get their power from transcendental theology, or from profound exegesis, or from the art of splitting hairs between North and Northwest side, instead of getting their power from the secret place of thunder. We want the power a man gets when he is alone, the door locked; on his knees; at midnight; with such a burden of souls upon him that makes him cry out, first in lamentation and then in raptures.

Let all the Sabbath School teachers, and Bible Class instructors, and all reformers, and all evangelists, and all ministers know that diplomas, and dictionaries, and encyclopedias, and treatises, and libraries, are not the source of moral and spiritual achievement, but that the room of prayer, where no one but God is present and no one but God hears, is the secret place of thunder. Secret? Ah, yes! So secret that comparatively few ever find it. At Boscobel, England, we visited a house where a king was once hid. No one, unless it were pointed out to him could find the door in the floor through which the king entered his hiding-place. When there hidden the armed pursuers looked in vain for him, and afterward through an underground passage, far out in the fields he came out in the open air. So this imperial power of spiritual influence has a hiding-place, a secret place which few know, and it comes forth sometimes in strange and mysterious ways, and far off from the place where it was hidden. You can find it only by diligent searching. But you may find it, and some of you will find it, and I wish you might all find it, the secret place of thunder.

At nine o'clock Wednesday morning, June 15th next, on the steamer *City of New York*, I expect to sail for Liverpool, to be gone until September. It is in acceptance of many invitations that I am going on a preaching tour. I expect to devote my time to preaching the Gospel in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Sweden. I want to see how many souls I can gather for the kingdom of God. Those countries have for many years belonged to my parish, and I go to speak to them and shake hands with them. I want to visit more thoroughly than before those regions from which my ancestors came, Wales and Scotland.

But who is sufficient for the work I undertake? I call upon you who have long been my coadjutors to go into the secret place of the Almighty, and every day from now until my work is done on the other side of the sea, to have me in your prayers. In proportion to the intensity and continuance, and faith of the prayers, yours and mine, will be the results. If you remember me in the devotional circle, that will be well, but what I most want is your importuning, your wrestling supplication in the secret place of thunder. God and you alone may make me the humble instrumentality in the redemption of thousands of souls. I shall preach in churches, in chapels, and in the fields. I will make it a campaign for God and eternity, and I hope to get during this absence a baptism of power that will make me of more service to you when I return than I ever yet have been.

Dear brethren and sisters in Christ, our opportunity for usefulness will soon be gone, and we shall have our faces uplifted to the Throne of Judgment, before which we must give account. That

"THE BLESSING OF GOD IS ASKED."

day there will be no secret place of thunder, for all the thunders will be out. There will be the thunder of the tumbling rocks. There will be the thunder of the bursting graves. There will be the thunder of the descending chariots. There will be the thunder of the parting heavens. Boom! Boom! But all that din and uproar and crash will find us unaffrighted, and will leave us undismayed, if we have made Christ our confidence, and, as after an August shower when the whole heavens have been an unlimbered battery cannonading the earth, the fields are more green, and the sunrise is the more radiant, and the waters are the more opaline, so the thunders of the last day will make the trees of life appear more emerald, and the sardonyx of the wall more crimson, and the sapphire seas the more shimmering, and the sunrise of eternal gladness the more empurpled. The thunders of dissolving nature will be followed by a celestial psalmody the sound of which St. John on Patmos described, when he said, "I heard a voice like the voice of mighty thunderings!" Amen!

THE DEN OF LIONS.

S. S. Lesson for June 12. By Mrs. M. Baxter
Dan. 6 : 16 : 28 Golden Text, Dan. 6 : 23.

DANIEL, with eyes opened by God to see the judgments coming on Belshazzar, put no value upon the reward promised him by the king, if he should be able to decipher, and interpret, the mysterious handwriting upon the wall. "Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another," had been his answer to the cringing, terror-stricken king. Nevertheless, the last act of Belshazzar's reign had been to give a command, "and they clothed Daniel with purple, and put a chain of gold about his neck, and made proclamation concerning him, that he should be the third ruler of the kingdom." (R.V.)

The prophecy of Daniel's dream was coming to pass. Already the Babylonian empire, the "head of gold" had ceased to be. On its ruins the Medo-Persian empire was now being founded by Darius. Like Nebuchadnezzar, he established subordinate rulers, princes or satraps, and over these three presidents, of whom the now aged Daniel was one. God had so ordered it that Daniel should be brought out of his obscurity into public notice on the eve of the victory of Darius, in order that in the new empire he might have his witness; and also that in this new generation of men, as in Nebuchadnezzar's time, there should be a world-wide testimony to the God of Israel.

Darius made the hundred and twenty princes accountable to the three presidents, and they again accountable to himself. The king found Daniel so much more reliable than any other of his princes that he "thought to set him over the whole realm." Very naturally it awakened the jealousy of the Medes to see a foreigner, one who was a mere captive of the former king of Babylon, rise to a position which might be envied by the leading nobles and princes of the land. It was intolerable to them. When jealousy takes hold of a man, he comes under the direct power of the devil.

The Median princes instituted an investigation, with the object of detecting some unfaithfulness in Daniel's government. The accounts were audited, and were found faultless. Magistrates were interviewed and closely questioned how he had judged in such and such a case, but all this close inquiry only brought more fully to light the truth, the wisdom, and the faithfulness of the man who had God for his Counselor: "They could find

No Occasion nor Fault;

forasmuch as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him." They were driven to a contemptible expedient. They knew how true Daniel was to his God, and how his faith, instead of being a fashionable convenience, like their own, was the ruling motive of all his life and actions. If they could bring about distrust and division between Daniel and the king on the ground of Daniel's faith they would succeed. It was an ignoble mean device. The conclusion they came to was: "We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against the law of his God." What a testimony! Would to God it could be said of every one of God's witnesses in the present day! If we were asked the question: "What is the greatest hindrance to the progress of the Gospel?" we should say without any hesitation,

"The Inconsistency of Christians."

Self loving, money loving, pleasure loving, world loving Christians! Unkind, backbiting, spiteful, dishonest, crooked Christians! Idle, proud, encroaching, sponging Christians!—these ruin the work of the Lord. With every show of zeal for the establishment of the king's authority these unworthy conspirators "came tumultuously to the king" (R.V. margin) with the petition that a royal statute should be made, that no man should make any petition to any god or man during thirty days (a whole month) save to the king himself! It was as much as to say that the king was the fountain of all power, of all beneficence. This was too strong an appeal to the unregenerate heart of King Darius; it flattered his conceit; he did not see through the motives of these men, for he was not like Nebuchadnezzar who so deftly caught the wise men of Babylon in a snare. Darius was himself caught; he "signed the writing" and "according to the law of the Medes and Persians" it was irrevocable. And he ordained that the penalty of disobedience was to be cast into the den of lions.

The enemies were on the watch, and having obtained proof that Daniel continued to pray to his God, they hastened to the king with the news; so precious to them that their hitherto faultless rival had broken the king's decree. Darius began now to perceive the trap into which he had fallen. He "was sore displeased with himself;" he had been taken unawares, and he could not forgive himself: he "set his heart on Daniel to deliver him, and he labored till the going down of the sun to rescue him." (R. V.) All in vain; his own signature stood to the document which condemned Daniel. He ought to have given the matter more consideration; he ought to have done nothing without consulting Daniel. Yes; all this was true, but it did not alter matters: he had bound himself. It must go on to the end, to the den of lions: his beloved, trusted, revered counsellor must become the prey of the savage beasts, and all because he had listened to the subtle flattery of the prophet's enemies. Yes; it must go on to the lion's den: a greater hand than that of the king must interfere, a greater Presence than that of Darius must guard the "man, greatly beloved." The command was unwillingly given, and God's grey-haired witness was cast in among the lions. But before the stone which sealed the den was laid upon it, a gleam of heaven's light shot into the king's heart, hardly conscious of the meaning of his words, he "Said unto Daniel, thy God whom thou servest continually,

He will Deliver Thee."

But this was not a word of faith. "We which have believed do enter into rest." (Heb. 4: 3.) There was no rest for the Median king; his appetite left him, his sleep fled from him: all his heart was centered on one spot, and very early in the morning he betook himself to the den of lions. There was some means of making himself heard, and with a lamentable voice, fearing the worst, in spite of the prophecy he had uttered, he said: "O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee from the lions?" What words are these from a heathen king? "The living God," does he say? Who taught him that God lived? Surely, during that wakeful night of fasting, God had revealed himself to the heathen king!

To his intense joy there was an answer From the depth of the lions' den came, not an empty growl, but Daniel's well-known voice, bearing witness to his faithful God. "O king, live for ever. My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me: forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt." The king commanded, and Daniel was brought up out of the den, without a scratch or a bruise; "no manner of hurt was found on him, because he had trusted in his God." (R.V.) And Daniel's accusers! The very deliverance of Daniel was in itself their condemnation; they must take Daniel's place. They who would have hindered him from faith in his God must be themselves torn in pieces by the lions, because they would not know the God who could deliver.

A truly converted man cannot but seek to bring others into the light. Darius made another decree now, not by force but willingly, "That in all the dominion of my kingdom men tremble and fear before the God of Daniel: for he is the living God, and steadfast forever, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed, and his dominion shall be even unto the end: he delivereth and rescueth, and he worketh signs and wonders in heaven and in earth: who hath delivered Daniel from the power of the lions." (R.V.)

In every generation God seeks for those whom he can count upon, those who will not fail him in moments of crisis. But it is a ripened acquaintance with him which fits for hours like these. Daniel, whether in power or in obscurity, whether in favor or in disfavor with the reigning king, so lived that God could manifest himself in him and through him whenever he willed. The Lord raise up Daniels in these days.

LESSON POINTS.

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

THY God whom thou servest continually he will deliver thee. Darius admired Daniel's consistent godly character and he evidently believed that no harm would befall this faithful worshipper of the only true and living God. And so by way of encouragement he says to him, while about to descend into the lion's den, "Thy God will deliver thee." And no doubt these words of encouragement, even from such a source, were welcome to Daniel. They remind us of the words of the noted military commander, George Von Frundsberg,

THE TOMB OF DARIUS.

who, as Luther was passing to the Assembly room of the Diet, touched him on the shoulder and said: "My dear monk, thou art about taking a step the like of which neither I nor many a commander on the hardest-fought battlefield has ever taken. If thou art right and sure of thy cause, proceed in God's name, and be of good cheer; God will not forsake thee."

Surely, it was a strange thing for this king, after having issued the decree that condemned Daniel to the lions' den to thus encourage him. But it affords us a lesson that we will do well to profit by. Many a man's life has been changed for the better by a word thus spoken in season and not a few have been led to strive for higher things because their efforts in that direction met with the appreciation and the encouragement of others.

When Benjamin West was a small boy, he sketched the outlines of his little sister's face. The mother was pleased with the sketch, and with natural pride kissed her boy. In after-life the renowned artist said, "That kiss made me a painter."

An officer in the British navy, who, when a midshipman in his fourteenth year, made his first boating expedition in the company of Sir Alexander Ball, said: "As we were rowing up to the vessel of attack, amid a discharge of musketry, I was overpowered with fear, my knees shook, and I was ready to faint away. Lieutenant Ball seeing me, placed himself close beside me, took hold of my hand, and whispered, 'Courage, my dear boy! you will recover in a minute or so. I was just the same when I went out this way.' It was as if an angel had spoken to me. From that minute I was as fearless and as bold as the oldest of the boat's crew. But I dare not think what would have become of me if at that moment he had scoffed at and exposed me."

And his sleep went from him. Can a man rest on a pillow of thorns? Can a man rest with the heart-ache? Can a man rest with his soul disturbed with the horrors of guilt?

For every sin, great or small, conscience which is the voice of God, has a reproof more or less emphatic. Charles IX, responsible for the St. Bartholomew massacre, was chased by the bitter memory of his deed, and in his dying moments said to his physician, Ambrose Parry, "Doctor, I don't know what's the matter with me; I am in a fever of body and mind, and have been so for a long while. Oh, if I had only spared the innocent, and the imbecile and the crippled!" Rousseau declared in his old age that a sin he committed in his youth still gave him sleepless nights. Charles II, of Spain could not sleep unless he had in the room a confessor or two friars. Cataline had such bitter memories he was startled at the least sound. Cardinal Beaufort, having slain the Duke of Gloucester, often in the night would say, "Away, away, why do you look at me?" Richard III, having slain his two nephews, would sometimes in the night leap from his couch and clutch his sword, fighting apparitions.

And they brought those men which had accused Daniel and they cast them into the den of lions. Solomon had said "whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein," and these men, with their children and their wives, found it to be true. Let us be careful lest their experience be ours.

A bee in inflicting a sting, leaves its barbed weapon in the wound, and being thus mutilated, inevitably dies. The bee stings itself to death in trying to sting some one else. Your stinging may hurt others and kill yourself. This was the experience of the robber who was found drowned with a bag of gold, that he had stolen from a western steamer, tied round his neck. The treasure had sunk him.

The Scotch proverb, "He that invented the maiden first hanselled it," alludes to the well-known historical fact that Regent Morton, the inventor of a new instrument of death called "The Maiden"—a sort of anticipation of the guillotine—was himself the first upon whom the proof of it was made.

An elderly woman, a Roman Catholic, residing near Montreal, having obtained a Bible, was visited by the priest, who earnestly endeavored to prevail upon her to give it up. Finding he could not persuade her to relinquish her treasure, he attempted to induce her to sell it, offering first five, then ten, fifteen and at last twenty dollars for it. The good woman after refusing these offers, at length consented to sell it for twenty-five dollars. The priest agreed, the money was paid, the obnoxious volume was given up, and he departed in triumph. But the old woman set off immediately for Montreal, and with the priest's twenty-five dollars purchased twenty-five new Bibles, for herself and her neighbors.

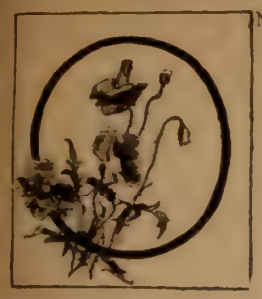
THE TOMB OF DARIUS.

ON this page is a picture of the tomb of the king who fills so prominent a place in the Sunday School lesson this week. The tomb has been found at a place called Naksh-i-Rustam, four miles from Persepolis, which is in the interior of Persia, about forty miles northeast of Shiraz. It is one of seven tombs cut out of the perpendicular solid rock. These tombs are mentioned by the historian Ctesias, who says that they are tombs of kings, and could only be reached by an apparatus of ropes. When the clue to the reading of the cuneiform character was obtained a few years ago, the identity of this tomb as that of Darius was discovered, as its facade bears an inscription bearing his name and enumerating the victories he had won and the lands over which he had ruled. The names of twenty-eight countries are memtioned, among which are those of India and the "Scythians beyond the Sea." The tomb is still in excellent preservation and the inscription is legible. It was excavated as was the custom with Oriental kings long before the death of Darius and under his inspection. The tombs are now surrounded with ruins of colossal buildings all constructed of the exquisite dark grey marble of the adjacent mountain. The buildings were probably king's palaces, or the temples of gods.

Though nothing is said of the subsequent history of Darius in the Bible, except an incidental reference, it is gathered from secular history that he lived about thirty years after the events recorded in this chapter. He was making gigantic preparations for the invasion of Greece when Egypt revolted from his rule. While engaged in an effort to suppress the revolt he died in the year 486 B. C.

SAVING THE GAMBLERS.

John Philip Quinn, a Converted Gambler and his Gospel Crusade.



ONE of the greatest curses of the present age is gambling, which, next to intemperance, is doing more to demoralize the youth of America than any other of our national besetting sins. A few days ago, there arrived in this city, a man who during the greater part of his lifetime was a thorough gambler, but who by God's grace, has been led to see the folly and wickedness of that vice, and has renounced it utterly. Since coming under conviction of sin, he has been led by God to begin a movement for the reclamation of other gamblers and more particularly of young men.

John Phillip Quinn was born in Randolph County, Mo., in 1846. His early surroundings and lack of educational and Christian influences led him into vicious habits, and while still a youth he became a confirmed gambler. His young manhood was devoted to the cultivation of those games that have ruined thousands. He became an expert in every form of wickedness, in which cards and other implements are the paraphernalia. His associates were desperate and lawless characters. Many times he was in perilous straits and once, while in the company of other gamblers, he was arrested, tried and convicted of complicity in swindling and was incarcerated at Jeffersonville, Ind., but fortunately his innocence was established and the real culprits were discovered. Governor Gray of Indiana ordered his release. His experience of prison life had afforded time for reflection and when he emerged a free man, he resolved, with God's help, to begin a new life and walk thereafter in the paths of truth and virtue. His old companions continued in the downward path, with the inevitable result. Three men with whom he associated in Randolph County, Mo., were Bill Brown, his son Hade Brown, and Lige Enyart. Enyart, while insane with drink, shot and killed a man named Orr and afterward disappeared. Hade Brown shot and killed his wife's parents in the public highway and was hanged for the crime. The elder Brown, who like the others, was a confirmed gambler, was fatally stabbed during a brawl in a gambling den in Mexico, Mo. The dreadful fate that overtook these three served as a solemn warning to Quinn and admonished him to a better life.

Since his conversion, Mr. Quinn has consecrated himself to the duty of exposing every form of gambling and of warning young men against its temptations. He has delivered addresses before public audiences in many cities throughout the country, and has been rewarded with abundant testimonies, showing that his efforts have produced excellent spiritual results. Recently he has been speaking before large audiences of young men at Springfield, Mass., New Haven, Conn., Hartford, Conn., Amherst, and a number of places in New England, and also before the Young Men's Christian Association in New York City.

Some of the incidents of his work, as related by Mr. Quinn, are remarkably interesting. At the close of an address at Hammond, Ind., a man came up to the platform and said to him: "You can tell by my hand that I'm a working-man. You have opened my eyes to something I never would have believed. For fifteen years I have distressed my family by practicing the vice of gambling. My salary is twenty-one dollars per week, and they have got very little of it in that time; but what you have shown me of the folly of this sin has decided me. I will not distress them any more, and, God helping me, I will endeavor hereafter to lead a Christian life."

At Wilbraham, Mass., where he lectured in the M. E. Church, a number of students from the Academy were present. Mr. Quinn spoke not only of the sin of gambling, but showed convincingly that the professional gamblers had the players at their mercy. They could arrange matters so that there were no opportunities of winning, and thus the so-called game of chance was literally a game of stealing. He claimed that no gambler could remain honest and truthful, that the vice was one that broke down every honorable feature of man's character, and effaced God's image. The gambler generally turned out to be a drunkard, thief, liar and swearer—these vices being the natural concomitants of the first. On the morning following the lecture, as he was walking past the Academy grounds, the janitor came up to him and, with a smile, told him:

"Mr. Quinn, your words of warning must have gone home very deep to some of those young men last night. We did not believe there was any gambling among our student lads here; yet this morning I found on the grass no less than five packs of cards, which they had thrown away during the night."

One of the packs he handed to Mr. Quinn and the others were destroyed. It was evident that a good effect had been produced on the hearts of the young men, which in some instances, at least, might influence their whole lives. One of them afterwards declared: "I have been cured, and if God will help me I will never touch a card again." This young man, with a number of others who had attended the lectures, had signed a pledge to renounce the gambling vice.

At Springfield, Mass., an elderly lady, who sat on one of the benches, was observed to be crying during Mr. Quinn's address. Afterward she came up to the platform and said:

"How I wish my boy was here to have heard you speak! I am afraid he will lose his soul in gambling for he's already begun to love the cards and loose companions. Won't you

JOHN PHILIP QUINN.

give me a pledge, sir, so that I can take it to him and try to get him to sign it?"

A card was given to her and she went away, with a prayer on her lips for the salvation of her son.

"A young man came into my office in Chicago," said Mr. Quinn. "He had been going to school in New York, where his mother lived in moderate circumstances; but since coming to Chicago he had yielded to the seductions of the gaming-table, and all his money had gone and now he had appealed to his mother for funds without success. Finally he telegraphed her, saying that he was very sick and asking her to send $100 immediately. She did so, and the young man had that money less than fifteen minutes in his possession before he had staked and lost it on the roulette wheel. Thus you see this hateful vice led to both lying and practical stealing—even from his own mother! When I met him, he seemed penitent enough; after a short talk he broke down and declared his resolve to quit the table forever. I have seen him several times since then, and have every reason to believe he has been enabled, by divine help, to keep his pledge, and is in a fair way to become a good truthful citizen and dutiful son.

"There is no feeling in a gambler's heart," continued Mr. Quinn. "One of the most marked peculiarities of this vice is, that those who become addicted to it grow callous to human suffering. They have no bowels of compassion for any one; love, pity, sympathy are dead in their hearts. Even among themselves there is no such thing as affection; all are devoured by intense selfishness and the passion for gain.

"I recall one very striking incident, which illustrates this: 'Canada Bill,' one of the most noted three-card-monte gamblers in the world, probably, had died and was about to be buried at Scranton, Pa. There was a considerable gathering of gamblers at the funeral, but no evidence of affection among those with whom the dead man had been all his life associated. A minister had been invited to conduct the service, but he was so annoyed by the vulgar, unchristian remarks of the gamblers, that he made a very short address and then left the scene, as the interruptions prevented him from proceeding. At last they prepared to lower the coffin into the grave, and the gamblers crowded up to the edge, smoking, and spitting, and chaffing each other over the body of poor 'Canada Bill.' Said one:

"'I want to bet $500 to $50 that Bill ain't in the box.'

"'Double the bet and I'm in with it,' instantly spoke up another.

"There was only one man there who showed that he had a heart, and when the last spadeful of earth had been shovelled over the dead gambler, this man stood apart a little and, addressing the crowd, said: 'Boys I've known Bill for many years, and I've seen him win and lose many a time. Poor Bill! He got little good of gambling, and I tell you it is little good any one of us gets out of it. Now he's dead and we stand here jaying around the old man's grave, as if he was little better than a dead dog, when he was just as good, ay, and just as bad, as anyone of us; and it's my opinion, boys, unless we change our lives somehow, that when we come to die, we will find ourselves on the wrong side of the game, and the devil will get everyone of us—that's my conclusion! And now,' he added, with sudden determination, 'I'm done with cards and lay-outs from this time on. Good-bye!' And he walked off and from that day he gambled no more."

These are a few among hundreds of similar instances that might be cited from Mr. Quinn's experiences, since he began his war on gambling. He has unquestionably been made instrumental in leading hundreds of young men to see the sinfulness of this baneful indulgence. Even in the upper walks of life, among those regarded as substantial men of business, he has found opportunities for missionary work and more than one merchant in Chicago, after hearing from his lips how cards nearly ruined him, body and soul, has taken a pledge never again to touch them or to allow them in his house. In his book, entitled *Fools of Fortune*, Mr. Quinn has thoroughly unmasked the gambling, evil and this volume, together with his earnest and energetic work on the platform and elsewhere, has secured for him the most cordial approval of many leading clergymen including Rev. David Swing, LL.D., Chicago, Revs. Lyman Abbott, John T. Patey, B. F. DaCosta, C. H. Parkhurst of New York and others. Ex-Governor Johnson of Mo., and Miss Frances E. Willard, President W. C. T.U., have also commended his work. Mr. Quinn is President of the Anti-Gambling Association of Chicago, an organization recently incorporated in Illinois, and which he hopes soon to see extended to every large city in the Uuion. Rev. O. S. Palmer is Secretary and Treasurer of the Association whose headquarters are in the Pontiac Building, Chicago. Both gentlemen are now actively conducting the anti-gambling Gospel crusade in the Eastern States, where they have met with much encouragement from churches, colleges, and Y. M. C. A's. A portrait of Mr. Quinn is given on this page.

CARTWRIGHT AND THE DANCERS.

IN one of Peter Cartwright's "pleasant preaching tours" away back in the beginning of this century, before canals, railroads, or covered spring buggies were invented, and the country a wilderness, circuits large, large streams and rivers to ford, the famous missionary went on horseback, or on foot, says a writer in the *Times of Refreshing*. After a long day's ride, tired and hungry, he called at a log tavern to be fed and lodged over night. The landlord told him that, as there was to be a dance there that evening, he thought he had better pass on. But he pleaded that he was tired, and, finally, consent was given. At the time appointed the fiddlers and dancers came, and Cartwright went and sat down in the ball-room and saw them dance. He had not been in the room long before he had a polite invitation to join them in the dance. He excused himself by saying that he never had danced in his life, and did not know how. "Yet," he said, "if the party will let me do as I always do before I begin anything that I am not sure is the proper thing for me to do, to kneel down and ask God to bless the work, and you will kneel down with me while I pray, then, if you want to go on with the dance, I will join you and do the best I can." To this proposition they all agreed. And they all knelt down, and he prayed as none but a pioneer preacher could pray. When he was done nearly every face in the room was bathed in tears. "Now," says he, "proceed with the dance, and if you wish I will join with you." But they did not proceed. "If you don't continue the dance, if you have no objection, I will preach you a sermon."

They readily agreed. He preached, and before morning nearly all the party were hopefully converted. Before he left them he organized a class. And, from that beginning in a ball-room, a large church arose.

DEMONIACAL POSSESSION.

A Strange Affliction of a Chinaman Described by Dr. Nevins.

A REMARKABLE experience was related in the chapel of the University of New York, by Dr. John L. Nevins, the celebrated missionary to China. He said that during the first 25 years of his residence in China he heard of several cases of demoniacal possession, but attached no importance to them, as he regarded them as merely cases of epilepsy which Chinese superstition had imputed to demoniac influence. In 1878, however, he was induced by a native Christian to visit a man said to be possessed by a devil. The man was a prosperous farmer, but an ignorant man. He found him sane and rational, but subject at intervals of about two weeks to curious paroxysms. He then spoke in a voice unlike his own, referred to himself not as "I" and "me" but as "he" and "him;" demanded that offerings should be made at a certain shrine, that incense be burned there and acts of adoration performed. The man spoke with more culture than he ordinarily showed, and exhibited knowledge, especially of language, that he did not possess in his normal condition. Before these paroxysms, the man was conscious that they were coming on and did his utmost to resist them. On his recovery he was unconscious of what he had said and done during the time they were upon him. He regained his own identity and consciousness with an effort, and was then very weak and bewildered for a time. Dr. Nevins was impressed with the similarity of the manifestations to the cases of demoniacal possession recorded in the New Testament, and noticed that the symptoms were not those of ordinary idiocy or epilepsy. He inquired about other cases and found them precisely like those he had observed. The man in his normal condition was convinced that the visitations were due to the possessions of a demon, whose power he dreaded, but whom he was less able at every attack to resist. He was told that Christ was able to protect him and that by believing in him he would be set free. He was afraid to trust Christ, and was sure that the only way to save himself from falling altogether under the power of the evil spirit was to do as he was bidden, and have his family appease the demon by sacrifices and incense. Eventually, however, he was made to understand the cases recorded in the New Testament and to believe in Christ's power. Then he destroyed the shrine and ordered his family to refrain from the former methods of appeasing the demon when he should be next attacked. When the premonitory symptoms appeared again, he gave himself up to prayer, calling on the name of Christ and beseeching him to save him from the demon. To his joy and surprise the attack passed off, and he did not lose consciousness and identity as at former times. His faith was strengthened, and from that time on the attacks had yielded to the same means. The whole family has become Christian. Dr. Nevins said that since that time he had investigated other cases, and precisely the same results had followed the victim's faith in Christ. Whatever explanation physicians may give, Dr. Nevins is fully convinced that the explanation is that Christ is fulfilling his promise. (Mark 16 : 18.)

WAITING.

I STAND and wait, while all around me lies
Work that, to me, seems fitted for my hand;
An angel holds me, and with grief I see
My task accomplished by another's hands.

I sit and wait; upon my desk are laid
A score of problems which I fain would solve;
An angel clouds my thought; another comes
And solves the problems which I long to solve.

I lie and wait; and from my couch I hear
My loved ones summoned, taken from my side;
An angel calls them and they tarry not,
He leads them from me to the other side.

Pain Weariness and Death you call their names;
I call them angels, for they do his will,
And I would be submissive, though they crush
The fondest, dearest purpose of my will.

I know that thou has sent them, Father God,
I know that thou art good and kind and wise,
And I will bear whatever they will do
And try not e'en to wish it otherwise.

—*The Advance*

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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GOOD COMPANY.

IT is always best to keep ourselves under Christian influences. It is not possible, if you mingle in associations that are positively Christian, not to be made better men or women. The Christian people with whom you associate may not be always talking their religion, but there is something in the moral atmosphere that will be life to your soul. You choose out for your most intimate associates eight or ten Christian people. You mingle in that association; you take their counsel; you are guided by their example, and you live a useful life, and die a happy death, and go to a blessed eternity. There is no possibility of mistaking it; there is not an exception in all the universe or ages—not one! For this reason I wish that Christians engage in more religious conversation. I do not really think that Christian talk is of so high a type as it used to be. Some of you can look back to your very early days and remember how the neighbors used to come in and talk by the hour about Christ and heaven and their hopes of the eternal world. There has a great deal of that gone out of fashion. I suppose that if ten or fifteen of us should happen to come into a circle to spend the evening, we would talk about everything but religion. That is not Christianity; that is heathenism. Indeed, I have sometimes been amazed to find Christian people actually lacking in subjects of conversation, while the two persons knew, each of the other, that he was a Christian.

You take two Christian people of this modern day and place them in the same room (I suppose the two men may have no worldly subjects in common.) What are they talking about? There being no worldly subject common to them, they are in great stress for a subject, and after a long pause Mr. A remarks: "It is a pleasant evening."

Again there is a long pause. These two men, both redeemed by the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, heaven above them, hell beneath them, eternity before them, the glorious history of the Church of Jesus Christ behind them, certainly after a while they will converse on the subject of religion. A few minutes have passed and Mr. B remarks: "Fine spring we are having."

Again there is a profound quiet. Now you suppose that their religious feelings have really been dammed back for a little while; the men have been postponing the things of God and eternity that they may approach the subject with more deliberation, and you wonder what useful thing Mr. B will say to Mr. A in conversation. It is the third time, and perhaps it is the last that these two Christian men will ever meet until they come face to face before the throne of God. They know it. The third attempt is now made. Mr. A says to Mr. B: "Feels like snow!" My opinion is, it must have felt more like ice. Oh, how little real, practical religious conversation there is in this day! I would to God that we might get back to the old-time Christianity, when men and women came into associations, and felt, "Here I must use all the influence I can for Christ upon that soul, and get all the good I can. This may be the last opportunity I shall have in this world of interviewing that immortal spirit." But there are Christian associations where men and women do talk out their religion; and my advice to you is to seek out all those things, and remember that just in proportion as you seek such society will you be elevated and blessed.

A DEBT TO CHILDREN.

THE old adage that a girl is worth a thousand dollars, and a boy worth fifteen hundred, is a deprecation of values. I warrant that the man who invented the theory was a bachelor, or he would not have set down the youngsters so far below cost. When the poorest child is born, a star of joy points down to the manger. We are tired of hearing of the duty that children owe their parents. Let some one write a disquisition on what parents owe their children. What though they do upset things, and chase the cats, and eat themselves into colic with green apples, and empty the castor of sweet-oil into the gravy, and bedaub their hands with tar? Grown people have the privilege of larger difficulties, and will you not let the children have a few smaller predicaments? How can we ever pay them for the prattle that drives our cares away, and the shower of soft flaxen curls on our hot cheek, and the flowers with which they have strewn our way, plucking them from the margin of their cradles, and the opening with little hands of doors into new dispensations of love?

But there are children who have been so thoroughly spoiled they are a terror to the community. As you are about to enter your neighbor's door, his turbulent boy will come at you with the plunge of a buffalo, pitching his head into your diaphragm. He will in the night stretch a rope from tree to tree to dislocate your hat, or give some passing citizen a sudden halt as the rope catches at the throat, and he is hung before his time. They can, in a day, break more toys, slit more kites, lose more marbles than all the fathers and mothers of the neighborhood could restore in a week. They talk roughly, make old people stop to let them pass, upset the little girl's school-basket, and make themselves universally disagreeable. You feel as if you would like to get hold of them just for once, or in their behalf call on the firm of Birch & Spank.

It is easy enough to spoil a child. No great art is demanded. Only three or four things are requisite to complete the work. Make all the nurses wait on him and fly at his bidding. Let him learn never to go for a drink, but always have it brought to him. At ten years of age have Bridget tie his shoe-strings. Let him strike auntie because she will not get him a sugar-plum. He will soon learn that the house is his realm, and he is to rule it. He will come up into manhood one of those precious spirits that demand obeisance and service, and with the theory that the world is his oyster, which with knife he will proceed to open.

If that does not spoil him, buy him a horse. It is exhilarating and enlarging for a man to own such an animal. A good horseback ride shakes up the liver and helps the man to be virtuous, for it is almost impossible to be good, with too much bile, an enlarged spleen, or a stomach off duty. We congratulate any man who can afford to own a horse; but if a boy owns one, he will probably ride on it to destruction. He will stop at the tavern for drinks. He will bet at the races. There will be room enough in the same saddle for idleness and dissipation to ride, one of them before, and one of them behind. The bit will not be strong enough to rein in at the right place. There are men who all their lives have been going down hill, and the reason is that in boyhood they sprang astride a horse, and got going so fast that they have never been able to stop.

THE LAITY.

I have a sly suspicion that the layman who has for seven years given the most of his time to the study of the truth is better prepared to preach the Gospel than a man who has given that length of time in theological seminaries to the study of what other people say about the Bible. In other words, we like water just dipped from the spring, though handed in a gourd, rather than water that has been standing a week in a silver pitcher. After Calvin has twisted us one way, and Arminius has twisted us another, and we get our head full of the old Andover and New Haven theological fights, and the difference between Ante-Nicene Trinitarianism and Post-Nicene Trinitarianism, it is a luxury to meet some evangelist who can tell us in our common mother-tongue of him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. I say let our learned institutions push theological education to its highest excellency, preparing men for spheres which none but the cultured and scholarly are fit for, but somehow let us beat the drum and gather a battalion of lay-workers. We have enough wise men to tell us about fishes, about birds, about rocks, about stars—enough Leyden jars, enough telescopes, enough electric batteries; but we have not more than one man where we ought to have a hundred to tell the story of Christ and the soul. Some cry out, "It is dangerous to have laymen take such prominent positions in the Church." Dangerous to what? Our dignity, our prerogatives, our clerical rights? It is the same old story. If we have a mill on the stream, we do not want some one else to build a mill on the same stream. It will take the water off our wheel. But, blessed be God! the river of salvation is deep and strong enough to grind corn for all nations.

If a pulpit is so weak that the wave of religious zeal on the part of the laity submerges it, then let it go under. We cannot expect all other shipping to forsake the sea, lest they run down our craft. We want more watchmen on the wall, more sentinels at the gate, more recruits for the field. Forward the whole Christian laity! Throw up as barrier to their advancement. Do not hang the church until dead by the neck with "red-tape."

REVIVALS.

WHEN a candidate for admission comes before session in revival times, I ask him only seven or eight questions, but when he comes during a cold state of religion I ask him twenty questions, and get the elders to ask him as many more. In other words, I have more faith in conversions under special religious influence than under ordinary. The best luck I ever had in fishing was when I dropped the net in the bay and brought up at one haul twenty blue-fish, with only three or four moss-bunkers, and the poorest luck I ever had was when, after standing two hours in the soggy meadow with one hook on the line, I felt I had a bite, and began to pull, more and more persuaded of the great size of the captive, until I flung to the shore a snapping-turtle. As a Gospel fisherman I would rather run the risk of a large haul than of a solitary angling. I can soon sort out and throw overboard the few moss-bunkers.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

THE Summer months are fast approaching. Thousands upon thousands of Christians will leave their homes for sea-side and mountain. They want change, they seek rest. Where shall they go? Let me answer:—

Go where you can get good pure air.

Go where good people go.

Go where you can take Christ and not be ashamed of him, or he of you.

Go where you can get time to read good books and especially the Bible.

Go where you can hear good music: either of warbling birds, or brooks, or swelling tides of sound from the assembled worshippers.

Go where some man of God will voice the message of the highest to your heart.

Go where the soul as well as body will get refreshment.

Go where you can learn something new and helpful.

Go where you can come away and say, "I'm glad I went there—I'm better for the going."

* * *

Let every Committee and every man who is now making arrangements for speakers at Summer gatherings remember that the day demands and the people require not doubtful men or men of doubt, but faithful men and men of faith to deliver the messages.

Let every Christian assemblage have speakers and preacher who will do seven things as they stand before the crowd:

1st. Remember they speak as a living man to living men.

2nd. Have something fresh to say. It may not be new material, but let it be served as fresh as berries just from the vine—dead ripe.

3d. Say it and say it well. Say it naturally. Say it in earnest.

4th. Quit when you are through. It's an awful bore to listen to a man talking after he has finished.

5th. Don't try to tell all you know in one address or sermon. The man who does this is not fit to preach.

6th. Get out from behind high desks. Give the people a chance to see if the sermon has gone shoe-deep in your own life.

7th. Have a purpose every time you speak and hit the mark. Its wonderful how people like to be hit, and hit hard. The man who don't make me squirm a little is apt to find my seat vacant next time.

Rich or Poor?

What say you to the question—are you rich or poor—not in dollars, but devotion; not in gold, but in grace; not on earth, but in heaven. There be many who at death will exchange hovels for mansions; too, there be many who will exchange mansions for misery. Should you wake in the morning amidst the splendors that surround the Judge of quick and dead would you be rich or poor?

In heaven it's not the weight of one's purse that counts, but the heft of one's purpose. Not the amount of stocks and bonds, but the amount of good deeds and mercy shown.

If 'twere a question of rich or poor in grace, how would you answer? Be honest now. Are you known as a millionaire on this line, and do people come to you for spiritual help, like hungry children to a well-spread board? It might be so, for Jesus, full of grace and truth, drew men to him, as open fires draw men on cold and cheerless days And we are to be like him, especially in this. There is no excuse for poverty-stricken, lean and graceless souls. If II. Cor. 9: 8, means anything at all, surely it is that you can have enough grace to make you a mighty power for good.

It may as well be understood at first that a bankrupt man in grace can do no good in the church. Give us a man poorer than poverty, so far as gold is concerned, but rich in faith, mercy and good works, and let him have the swing of things for a month, and the church where he labors will strike the line of conquest without doubt.

It's not dying grace you want, though that would be good both for individuals and societies, we all know, if it were only used; but living grace, plenty of it, till by its plentitude we feel able to say, "Here am I, send me, send me," and into the harvest field we go, feeling the need of earnest work in our very blood.

We meet many who seem to be rich, but their wealth of grace and purpose in January gives out by July, and they come to the fall work as poor as a church mouse, and about as useful.

The Bible and the Newspaper

THE GREAT WESTERN FLOODS.

ONE of the most frightful disasters known to the present generation has been occasioned by the great floods in the Mississippi, Missouri, Wisconsin and Arkansas rivers, during the past two weeks. Part of the States of Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas and Minnesota were submerged by the rising of the rivers and their tributaries, causing widespread ruin and misery. Many towns were almost wholly under water and the number of persons who perished is variously estimated at from 50 to 100. In Iowa alone, over twenty towns were temporarily cut off from all communication with the outer world, and many persons are reported to have been drowned at Sioux City. The towns of Alexandria, Keokuk and Des Moines were threatened with destruction and the people were panic-stricken. In Missouri, the situation was equally appalling. We have received from Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest, the most distressing accounts of the condition of affairs in his district. The great rivers were never before known to attain such a height. Levees have been swept away, dikes broken and thousands of laborers, with sacks of sand and tons of rock, worked in vain to stop the crevasses. The water overflowed the low lands, inundating many of the towns and villages, ruining plantations and forming a vast inland sea, on which floated great masses of debris, shattered farmhouses, hay stacks, and rafts, to which terror-stricken people were clinging, with no prospect of succor. Many were drowned, while others died from hunger and exposure. Those who were fortunate enough to leave their homes in the low lands in time to escape the flood, sought refuge on the bluffs, where they were fed by relief wagons, sent with meat and bread from the cities. The distress was general throughout the whole Mississippi Valley. Railroads were completely blocked and steamboat navigation almost so. Business in nearly all the flooded States was practically brought to a stand-still. It is estimated that the material damage by the floods will not fall short of $50,000,000 and may be even larger. It is impossible to adequately describe the suffering in the flooded districts, a condition that must be aggravated unless substantial relief is soon afforded. Many thousands of families are totally ruined, their entire possessions having been swept away by the rising waters. Some farms have been cleared of every vestige of vegetation, crops and buildings, and nothing left but a waste of wet sand. Thousands of carcasses of horses, cattle and hogs floated on the surface of the flood. In some towns, the cedar-wood blocks with which the streets were paved, became detached, and they floated as high as the tops of the houses. Boats, rowed by sorrowful searchers, were out on the waters looking for the dead and rescuing those still in jeopardy. It will be some time before the full extent of the death-roll, by this great national disaster is definitely ascertained. Just what public relief measures will be most serviceable, it is difficult now to state, for there are thousands unquestionably suffering from hunger, cold and exposure. There should, however, be no hesitation on the part of the sympathetic Christian population of this country. Food and clothing are the immediate necessities. It is quite probable that Congress will be asked to appropriate for the relief of the sufferers; but considerable time must elapse before anything can be realized from that quarter, and meanwhile the suffering goes on. Any of our readers, who desire to render aid, can do it in the most direct and practical manner, by forwarding their donations to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. All such contributions will at once be forwarded by us to Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, our missionary in Missouri, whose field of labor is in the very heart of the flooded district, and who will personally attend to the distribution of such gifts among those who are in the sorest need. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth." (Ps. 41: 1, 2.)

Two Ocean Waifs.

Two passengers who have had a thrilling experience arrived at New York last week on board the *Hesbaye*, an Antwerp steamer. They were found in an open boat five hundred miles from land. They belonged to the fishing schooner, *Orient*, of Gloucester, Mass., and four days before they were found, they had been sent out from the schooner trawling for cod. A thick fog sprang up obscuring the schooner, and when the time came to return they were unable to find her. They rowed about until nightfall but failed to reach the ship. A fresh wind blew all night, and the little boat drifted far out to sea. In the morning there was no sign of the vessel nor of the land. There were neither provisions nor water in the boat and the two men were tired, hungry and thirsty. They could not rest, however, for the sea was high and threatened to swamp their frail boat if they relaxed their efforts to keep her across the waves. Continual bailing also was necessary, as with all their care they could not avoid shipping water.

THE FLOOD BELOW SIOUX CITY.

During the whole day the sun was obscured so that they could not tell in which direction the land lay. Their spirits sank as night closed in, and they realized that even if the sea spared them, starvation stared them in the face. Another night of watching and work was passed by the weary, hungry men, and still there was no sign of land or ship. It was not until the fourth day from leaving the schooner and after eighty-four hours of fasting and watching that they descried a sail on the horizon. It proved to be the steamer *Hesbaye*, which rescued them and brought them to New York. There are many men whose spiritual condition is very like the situation of the two castaways. Separated from their church by some grievous sin or by their own religious doubts, and unable to return to it, they drift around helplessly without guide or compass. Happy are they, if some church of large charity and strong faith, sees their condition and receives them into fellowship and guides them to a haven of safety. (Galatians 6: 1.)

Poisonous Wall Paper.

A PRESS-DISPATCH from Boston, Mass., says that the physicians of Newton and Wellesley have just discovered the secret of a mysterious malady which has attacked many residents of those towns. A young lady of Wellesley was one of the first sufferers. Her symptoms were those which usually attend poisoning by arsenic, but as she had eaten nothing but what had been eaten by the rest of the family and had used none of the complexion powders which often contain the poison, the physician who attended her was puzzled. A short time after her seizure, a child at West Newton was attacked by similar sickness and died. Other persons suffered and the same symptoms were observed. Lately a dentist who has his office in Boston, but resides at Wellesley, was seized by the prevailing malady. He continued to attend to his business but was so weakened by his suffering that a few days ago he fainted in his office. In describing his illness to the physician who was summoned he casually remarked that he was always worse on a Monday after spending the Sunday at home. This gave the clue to the secret. The physician asked him what kind of wall-paper was on his room, and a piece of it was taken to him for analysis. It was found to contain a large quantity of arsenic, and subsequent inquiries elicited the fact that similar paper was on the walls of the rooms occupied by the other sufferers from the malady. Since it has been replaced by another kind of paper the sick people have recovered their usual health. Ministers, who are sometimes puzzled by the spiritual maladies of members of their churches, may, perhaps, find a clue to the cause of the trouble in an analogous situation. It is not surprising that professing Christians are afflicted with a lack of enthusiasm in Christ's cause, are lifeless and inert and do not grow in grace if they spend their time in places where the amusements, conversation and general atmosphere are impregnated with worldliness and irreverence. (1. Cor. 15: 33.)

Storm-Swept Mauritius.

THE news of an appalling calamity which occurred a month ago, has just arrived from Mauritius, an island in the Indian Ocean about 460 miles east of Madagascar. The island is liable to sudden storms of wind and rain, but seldom, if ever before, has such a calamity overtaken it as the one now reported. It was on April 29th that a violent hurricane swept over the island and a terrific downpour of rain swelled the mountain streams which poured into the valleys in a flood and added to the destruction wrought by the wind. So sudden was the storm that people in the fields had no time to seek shelter. They were taken up by the wind and borne along irresistibly, their limbs broken, and in many cases, their lives crushed out. Houses were overthrown, gigantic trees uprooted and several large sugar mills levelled with the ground. The shore was strewn with the wrecks of vessels and the whole island devastated. The capital, Port Louis, suffered severely, the Royal College and twenty-four churches, besides stores and private residences were demolished. The Governor of the island reports that at least twelve hundred persons were killed and seven thousand injured. Some were crushed to death in their houses, others were struck by flying debris and others dashed by the wind against buildings and trees. The island belongs to England and has a population of about 300,000. It is thirty miles long and thirty-two wide. The inhabitants have a curious natural warning of approaching storms by a gigantic rock of black basalt which rises out of the sea off the coast to a height of forty feet. A circular hole penetrates the rock from the summit to the base and when one of the periodical wind storms is coming, loud rumblings proceed from the hole, which can be heard all over the island and have caused the name of "The Souffleur" to be given to the rock. It would appear that even if the people heard the warning and went to their homes for refuge, they would not in this instance have been safe, as the houses were blown down and crushed the people who were in them. We are warned in prophecy that in the last days there will be a panic of which such a storm as this is a type. There will be but one safe shelter then and that one will be that which God's people have sought in all ages: "The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runs into it and is safe." (Prov. 18:10.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. George Muller has returned to the Bristol Orphanages from his latest protracted preaching tour through Italy, Switzerland and Germany. He is in good health in spite of his eighty-six years.

A Mission House to cost half a million dollars is to be erected by the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, New York.

A fine piece of land, about 2,400 acres in extent, on the east side of Jordan, has been bought by a Society called "Lovers of Zion," for a colony in which distressed Russian Jews may settle. The tribe of Manasseh originally possessed this territory.

There are now fifty-one Congregational churches and seventy-four Sunday Schools within the city limits of Chicago. Four new churches were formed the past year. The ministers preach in German, Norwegian, Swedish, Bohemian and English.

Mr. Moody's Students' Convention, at Northfield, Mass., is now definitely fixed for July 2, to continue until July 13. Dr. Wilton Merle Smith, of New York, Dr. H. Clay Trumbull, of Philadelphia, and Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, have promised to take part in the proceedings.

The receipts of Mr. Spurgeon's Pastor's College for the year 1891 amounted to over $42,000, while the expenditure was $36,655. There are now seventy-three students in residence; and during the year, seventeen have left the Institution to take home pastorates or missionary work abroad.

The receipts of the American Bible Society during the past financial year amounted to $556,527, and its disbursements to $563,588, being $7,061 in excess of receipts. The invested funds of the Society amount to $383,961. The number of Bibles in various languages circulated during the year was 1,293,631.

Dr. George F. Pentecost has concluded his mission to India, and is now on his way home by way of England He has preached several times to the church at Marylebone, London, of which the late Dr. Donald Fraser was pastor. The church is anxious to secure his services permanently and it is expected that Dr. Pentecost will stay at least for a year.

Major D. W. Whittle lectures through this month at the Bible Institute in Chicago, and also holds evangelistic meetings in the city. His united meetings in Philadelphia were a source of great blessing to many churches. He was assisted in the musical exercises by the Princeton Quartette. One of its members is Mr. Paul T. Bliss, son of the lamented P. P. Bliss, the famous hymn writer, who perished in the terrible disaster at Ashtabula in Dec. 1876.

Relief for the starving poor of Russia is being taken to them by a party of eleven King's Daughters who sailed from New York on May 21. The leader of the party is Miss Amelia Eustrom of St. Louis, who, having read the accounts of the suffering from the famine and conversed with some Russian immigrants newly arrived in this country, made an appeal to the King's Daughters for help. About $10,000 was raised and Miss Eustrom, with ten other King's Daughters from St. Louis and Chicago are now on their way to Russia to distribute it. Free passage for the party to Russia and back was given by the Agents of the Thingvalla line of steamers.

Several letters were received at this office last week expressing the hope that the excellent work being done by the Rev. George W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the American Sunday School Union, might be continued for another year. All that is needed for the purpose is the comparatively small sum of $700. Toward this amount the following sums have been received since our last acknowledgment: From South Hadley Falls, Mass., $5; Darlington, Md., $1; Sidney Centre, Mo., $1; White Horse, Pa., $1; Worcester, Mass., $1; C. D., Rantoul, Ill., $1; G. T. J., $3; E. W., Mt. Pleasant, O., 50 cts.; A Reader, Providence, R. I., $5; E. C. R., Philadelphia, $5; A. M. W., Jefferson, O., $1; W. R., Sterling, Ill., $10. Mr. Sharp's work being undenominational and essentially pioneer Christian work in neglected districts, deserves the hearty support of the Lord's people by whatever name they are called.

READY TO SHIP THE FLOUR.

"The Christian Herald" Relief Cargo for Russia Consisting of about 16,000 Sacks Now being Loaded—A Glorious Consummation to the Fund.

WHEN this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches our readers, the Russian Relief Fund, which they have been so grandly swelling during the past two months, will be closed. The total, including contributions from all quarters, has nearly reached the aggregate of **$30,000.** In addition to the money contributions, which have been used in the purchase of flour for the famine sufferers, we have received consignments from several quarters consisting of wheat, corn and potatoes, all of which will go in the general cargo. At this writing, a very large portion of the flour has arrived from the mills, and the balance is expected in ample time for shipment. A freight steamer has been chartered by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at an expense of $7,000, for the purpose of conveying the cargo to Riga. The whole cargo, when all has arrived, will make about 1,200 tons, equal to ninety loaded freight cars. The flour weighs in all nearly 2,250,000 pounds, capable of saving and sustaining 100,000 persons for two months, or up to the time of harvest.

Part of this magnificent tribute of sympathy to the suffering people of Russia from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and their friends, was purchased from the Imperial Mills, Duluth, Minnesota, by the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and part by the Rev. Dr. Talmage personally in the Chicago Board of Trade, through G. Montague & Co., one of the largest houses in the West. Before reaching New York, it has traveled over thousands of miles of railroad, some of it occupying weeks in transit. The balance of the flour was purchased through Mr. Granville Perrin, of the New York Consolidated Milling Company.

Notwithstanding the fact that the mills from which the flour was bought are the largest in America, the placing of such heavy orders taxed some of their facilities, and the consignments came forward in some instances very slowly. Delays were occasioned by the transfer of cars from one railway company to another, as they crossed the country, and in one instance the cars became detached from the general load during the transfer, and had to be traced. However, all are now arriving safely and in superb condition, ready to be transferred to the steamer.

It is expected that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund steamer, will sail from New York about June 10, for Riga, Russia. The relief cargo will be consigned to our American Consul-General, J. N. Crawford, at St. Petersburg. Mr. Louis Klopsch, the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will go to Riga and personally witness the distribution of the cargo, which will be conducted under the auspices of the American Consul, probably aided by Count Andre Bobrinskoy, a high Russian official, who has done excellent service in facilitating the distribution of previous relief cargoes. Arrangements have been made for placing the flour in those districts where the suffering is greatest. When all has been accomplished, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will lay before its readers a detailed report of the work, showing how their consecrated gift to Christ and humanity has been disposed of.

Notwithstanding the vast quantities of breadstuffs that have poured into Russia during the past two months, and the very generous appropriations made by the Imperial Government, the suffering remains practically unchanged. Mr. W. C. Edgar, Editor of the *Northwestern Miller*, and one of the commissioners sent out by the State of Minnesota to distribute the cargo of the steamship *Missouri*, has returned from Russia. Mr. Edgar informs THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that the famine is yet very far from being ended, and that the widespread suffering must continue for months to come. Starvation, typhus and the various diseases induced by prolonged want are general in the afflicted provinces. Food sent now will be hailed as a gift from heaven.

He was rejoiced to learn of the cargo about to be dispatched to Russia by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Not one quarter of the actual story of misery and suffering in Russia had been told; it was appalling beyond description. The famine district lies Southeast of Moscow and embraces in all seventeen provinces or governments, with an aggregate population of 20,000,000 souls. Mr. Edgar confirms, in every respect, the stories of suffering and destitution that have been published in these columns. Among the worst sufferers were the babies. The cattle, where any still were left alive, gave no milk; the mothers, weak and, almost dying were unable to give nourishment and the tender babes withered and perished by thousands. In a single districts over 1000 infants perished within a few days from this cause. This was one of the many heartrending features of the famine.

Mr. Edgar has brought with him some loaves of Russian "Hungerbread," on which the peasants in a number of the afflicted provinces are now subsisting. One specimen of this repulsive compound, which he gave to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, had the appearance of a mixture of earth, straw, stable refuse, tree barks, and a very small modicum of bran sweepings. When baked, it presents a surface so hard as to almost turn the point of a knife; and, indeed, it is not unlike a rude kind of cement, such as might be used in plastering the mud walls of some savage's hut in Africa.

It is stringy and porous, with the color of dried and blackened turf or Irish "peat-moss," and has the pungent odor of dog-feed or tobacco. Upon this compound, hundreds of thousands have been living for many weeks and are still subsisting. Looking at it, one can readily understand how such a substitute for food, taken into the human system, generates fever and death. It is, indeed, the bread of want and bitterness and despair: yet it is being daily fed to sick women and to tender children as their only nourishment. Even the coarsest rye loaf is a king to "hungerbread." Who, then, can wonder at the joy with which those simple Russian peasants welcome the American gift of beautiful, fragrant flour, fresh from the farms of our own Heaven-prospered land? Who can deny that every loaf given to Russia "In His Name," carries with it a benediction?

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Continued on 3d cover page.

A NOTED BRAHMIN CONVERT.

Finding in Christ the Peace he had Vainly Sought Through Years of Asceticism

A WONDERFUL trophy of God's grace is a man who is now in Jaffna, Ceylon. He is a man of the Brahminical caste who has attained the highest eminence in his caste, yet has resigned all his honors and emoluments and has accepted Christ. The story of his conversion and the persecution which has followed it is graphically told by Miss Margaret W. Leitch, whose portrait and a sketch of her missionary labors in Ceylon were published in this journal on March 9.

The name of this converted Brahmin is Seel-hara-nantha-swamy. He is about fifty years of age, and is a native of a village called Parputy-puram, in the Nizam's dominions, in Central India. Like the Apostle Paul, he could boast of the observance of the most minute requirements of the religion of his parents. In his youth he underwent the ceremony of being invested with the Brahminical cord. Twelve years later he took the vow of *Nash-dig* (celibacy). In his twenty-fourth year he took the vow of Sunniasi (ascetic), when his Brahminical cord was taken off and the tuft of hair cut and both were cast into the sacrificial fire. He then took his place as *guru* (teacher), of the Brahmins. What this elevation signifies in India may be realized from the fact that the Brahmin is the highest of all castes. To its humblest members the ascetics of all other castes bow down; but to the Brahmin Sunniasi even the Brahmins themselves bow down.

Soon after he took this ascetic vow he went to Benares and dwelt there five years. Subsequently he went further north to a place near the source of the river Ganges at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains. There he was *seven years in penance* and meditation, spending his day time in penance and ablutions, and in reading and expounding Vedantic treatises. A portion of the night in this stage is invariably spent in an undisturbed sitting posture, with both the eyes immovably looking at the top of the nose, constantly muttering worship to the Brahm or God. According to the assurances of his guru he was to be freed at the expiration of seven years from all tempting desires and to be filled with peace and happiness. When the time came for this result he looked into his heart and it was evil and unhappy as ever. He was deeply grieved and disappointed, and went to his guru to acquaint him with the failure. His reply was, "Wait; the growth of a child is only gradual, continue longer in meditation." So he spent one more year in penance, and finding no improvement he went to other ascetics who had been even longer than himself in penance in the adjacent cells. Their reply was, "We are as you are; neither do we find any change in our hearts" Then he began to suspect the truth of the whole system. He travelled southward and came to the Central Province. While there a momentous event occurred.

One afternoon as he was walking in company with several Brahmin followers, he met a missionary engaged in street preaching in the Hindi language. His words drew his attention and he listened to him with deep interest, for they were on the subject which had perplexed him. His followers did not understand his listening. They said to him, "Sir, these are the words of the white barbarian and are unfit for your hearing; by listening to them our ears will be polluted." Yielding to their importunity he went to his lodging, which happened to be opposite the dwelling place of the missionary. On the day following he stealthily visited the missionary, who read and explained to him our Lord's conversation with Nicodemus, and also gave him a copy of St. John's Gospel, with several tracts in Hindi. Light began to dawn upon him. Travelling by rail still further, he came to the city of Poona and there he met a catechist belonging to the Church Missionary Society who had originally been a Brahmin. This man gave him a book written by another Brahmin convert. It contained a comparison between the Shastras of the Hindus and the Christian Bible. The reading of this book added more light; yet it was not full and produced no thorough change in the man. He was reluctant to abandon his ancient religion and sought to strengthen his faith by going on a pilgrimage to the holy places, and crossed over to Jaffna in Ceylon. The object of his visit was two-fold. First, that of visiting Trimomali, which is famed as the southern heavenly abode of Siva. His second object was that of seeing more Christians and knowing more of their ways.

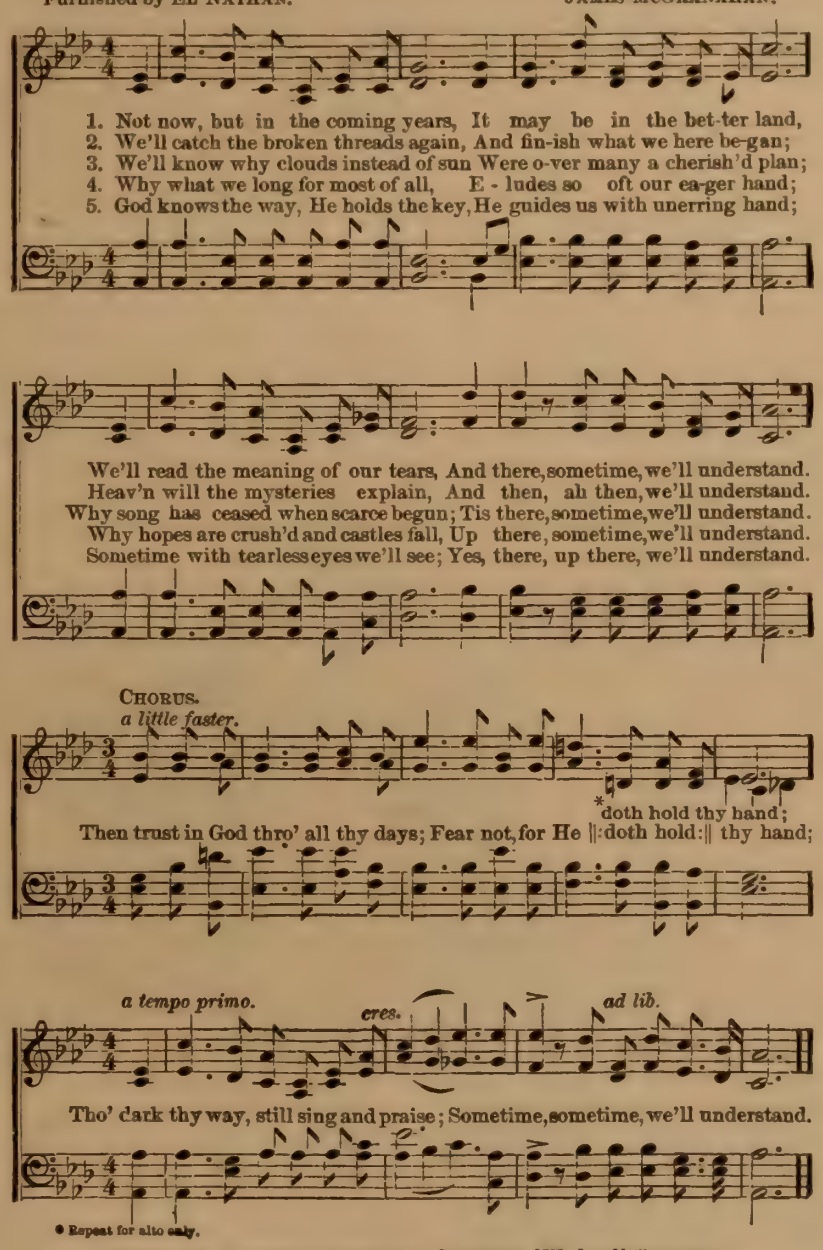
He landed in Jaffna in June, 1890, and first fell in the way of some respectable Brahmins learned in the Sanscrit language. They received him with every mark of respect and entertained him with great attention. While there he heard of Pastor Eliatamby in the adjoining village of Panditcrippa and made several visits to him. Through these visits his remaining doubts in the way of redemption through Jesus Christ were cleared. He now began to associate with Christians and had even been seen eating with them. This act at once roused the opposition of the Brahmins who had entertained him. They repaired to the place where he resided and entreated him to quit the country. They said to him, "We fell at your feet as our guru, the people know that we reverenced you; if you turn Christian it will be the greatest disgrace that could be inflicted upon us. Go back to India and we will bear all the expense and accompany you across the water." This failing, they began to abuse and threaten him, saying that they might themselves do him no harm but their followers in the land were bigoted and they might one day nip off his head. Now he began to declare himself openly a Christian and commenced gradually to preach the glad news of salvation by Jesus Christ.

"He is very intelligent," says Miss Leitch, "and extraordinarily fond of reading. He reads and understands seven languages: Sanscrit, Hindi, Bengali, Marathi, Malay, Telegu, and Tamil. His faith in Christ as a divine Saviour is decided and clear. He has been with us for about eleven months. About two months ago he publicly professed Christ and received the rite of baptism in our church at Batti-cotta accompanied by the missionaries and pastors of the three Protestant denominations. He is visiting the various villages and proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ. His addresses are very effective. Several have been led by God's blessing on his efforts to see the truth of Christianity and have made a public profession of their faith in Christ. He has also been preparing for circulation in Ceylon and India among his former disciples articles and tracts in refutation of Hinduism and in defence of Christianity. He is much opposed to caste distinctions, fond of reading the Scripture and Scriptural books, apt to understand things and store them in his memory and evidently destined to do a good work for Christ."

Sometime we'll Understand.

"Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."—1 COR. 13: 12.

Furnished by EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Not now, but in the coming years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
2. We'll catch the broken threads again, And fin-ish what we here be-gan;
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o-ver many a cherish'd plan;
4. Why what we long for most of all, E - ludes so oft our ea-ger hand;
5. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with unerring hand;
We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll understand.
Heav'n will the mysteries explain, And then, ah then, we'll understand.
Why song has ceased when scarce begun; Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.
Why hopes are crush'd and castles fall, Up there, sometime, we'll understand.
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.
CHORUS.
a little faster.
*doth hold thy hand;
Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He ‖:doth hold:‖ thy hand;
a tempo primo.
cres.
ad lib.
Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise; Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.
* Repeat for alto only.

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THE APOCALYPSE.

The Opening of the Seventh Seal Followed by the Judgment Trumpets.

BY P. W. E.

"AND when he had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour." (Rev. 8: 1.) The prophecy then goes on: "And I saw the seven angels which stood before God; and to them was given seven trumpets." The opening of the first six seals discloses a number of judgments preceding the great tribulation. There is then a pause, or intermission, while God seals a hundred and forty and four thousand from Israel; and saves a vast multitude from the Gentiles, amidst the sorrows of the dreadful time. After this the tragedy proceeds. The last seal is opened, and the response is the appearance of the seven angels to whom the trumpets are given. The various judgments of the great tribulation are unfolded, as these seven trumpets are successively sounded.

The opening of the seventh seal is a most momentous event; and its solemnity is marked by the impressive silence in heaven. The sounding of the last trumpet introduces the sign of Christ on earth; and there is heard "great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ." The "silence in heaven" is as appropriate to the opening of the seventh seal, as the "great voices in heaven" are appropriate to the sounding of the seventh trumpet. The opening of the last seal inaugurates the period of extreme suffering here on earth, and the sounding of the last trumpet introduces the age of supreme blessing.

The Trumpets.

The silence in heaven is followed by the vision of seven angels. "And I saw seven angels which stood before God; and to them was given seven trumpets." The sound of a trumpet is a figure frequently used in Scripture. It was the loud sound of a trumpet that accompanied the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the thick cloud at the giving of the law, when "Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because Jehovah descended upon it in fire." (Exod. 19: 18.) This is a fitting symbol to herald the dreadful judgments which are about to follow.

Before the sounding begins, a new personage appears. "And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer, and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God out of the angel's hand. And the angel took the censer and filled it with fire of the altar, and cast it upon the earth; and there were voices, and thunderings, and lightnings, and an earthquake."

During the opening of the seals, Christ appears as "the Lamb that was slain;" but now he presents himself in angelic form. This he has frequently done in dealing with Israel. In Isaiah 63: 9, it is said, "In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them." In Mal. 3: 2, Christ's coming is similarly described. "The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger (or angel) of the covenant, whom ye delight in; behold he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts," etc. It is in this character as

The Angel of the Covenant

that Christ is seen during the sounding of these judgment trumpets. The sealed remnant of Israel, named in the last chapter, are now about to be cast in the sevenfold heated furnace of the great tribulation. Already the cry is heard, "How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? for ever? How long wilt thou hide thy face from me?" Ps. 13: 1. See also Ps. Ps. 79: 9, 10. The time of their deliverance has not yet fully come; but their cries for judgment on their oppressors are heard. Their prayers are presented before God by the angel of the covenant—who is Christ—with "much incense." The incense burnt on the altar at the time of prayer (Luke 1: 10), symbolizes the perfect acceptance of Christ giving efficiency to the people's petitions. In this scene, the altar stands before the throne of judgment, not of mercy; and from this golden altar the prayers of the remnant rise to God, perfumed with all the fragrance of Christ, and bring a speedy answer. Burning coals from the brazen altar of judgment (not the golden altar of intercession), where the consuming fire of God's righteousness continually burns, are put in the censer and cast down upon the earth. The "voices, and thunderings, and lightnings, and the earthquake," mock God's indignation.

Voices, and thunderings, and lightning had issued from the throne before; but the earthquake is an additional feature, inaugurating the most disastrous scenes in the overturning which will continue until Christ comes, whose right it is to rule. Then follow the trumpets. "And the seven angels which had the seven trumpets prepared themselves to sound."

"The first angel sounded and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood; and they were cast upon the earth; and the third part of the earth was burnt up; and the third part of the trees was burnt up; and all green grass was burnt up."

The sore judgments restrained in the preceeding chapter are now let loose; and the earth, the trees and the grass are visited with the pent-up wrath that is poured out upon them. Hail is a symbol of sweeping desolation. "Behold, the Lord hath a mighty and strong one, which *is a tempest of hail* and a destroying storm, as a flood of mighty waters overflowing, shall cast down to the earth with the hand." (Isa. 28: 2.) It is written of this very time. "The hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies." (Isa. 28: 17.) Fire is another symbol of judgment. In the plagues of Egypt, the two are combined: "And the Lord sent thunder and hail, and the fire ran along upon the ground." (Ex. 9: 23.) Here in Revelation the hail and fire are "mingled with blood," showing that the judgments are destructive of life.

The third part of the earth was burnt up; that is, these judgments were poured out over a third part of the civilized nations of the world. "The third part of trees," signifies the great ones of the earth. The burning up of "all green grass" may refer to the destruction of sources of subsistence, or if grass is used here as a figure of man in his frailty, as in II. Peter 1 : 2–4, "All flesh is as grass," then it indicates a destruction of the most vigorous portion of mankind, such as a great slaughter of young men called out to serve in war.

"And the second angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea; and the third part of the sea became blood; and the third part of the creatures which were in the sea, and had life, died; and the third part of the ships were destroyed." Scripture furnishes the key to this vivid symbol. "Behold, I am against thee, O, destroying mountain, saith the Lord, which destroyest all the earth: and I will stretch out mine hand upon thee, and roll thee down from the rocks, and will make thee a burnt mountain." (Jer. 51: 25.)

Such was the sentence pronounced upon the city and the Empire of Babylon. The "great mountain burning with fire," is some powerful state, nation or dominion, ablaze with revolutionary passions, falling as a conflagration among the masses of the people, represented by the sea, causing frightful wars, great slaughter of life, and wide-spread ruin in commerce, all vividly represented by the sea being turned into blood, the living creatures killed and the ships destroyed.

"And the third angel sounded, and then fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood; and the third part of the waters became wormwood; and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter."

The inference of this figure is, that some person in high, though subordinate authority, falls from his eminence, corrupts and poisons the minds of men. It does not appear to be so much of a political as a spiritual apostacy, diffusing some dreadful infidelity and satanic poisons, corrupting the heart and conscience, producing moral rather than physical death. This trumpet is a judgment consisting of a great moral scourge.

"And the fourth angel sounded, and the third part of the sun was smitten, and the third part of the moon, and the third part of the stars; so as the third part of them was darkened, and the day shone not for a third part of it, and the night likewise."

As before stated, the sun symbolizes supreme, the moon derived and the stars subordinate, authority. All authority, high and low, supreme and subordinate over a third part of the earth is obscured. A similar figure is used to express subordinate position of all other powers during the millennial reign. "Then the moon shall be confounded, and the sun ashamed, when the Lord of hosts shall reign in Mount Zion, and in Jerusalem, and before his ancients gloriously." (Isa. 24: 23.) In this passage, however, it is the obscuring of earthly authorities before the brightness of Christ's kingdom, while in the Revelation it is their prostration before the cyclone of judgments then sweeping over the earth.

DANIEL'S DILEMMA.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing June 12. Daniel 6: 16-28; II. Timothy 2: 3.

HOW difficult is the position of a godly man in a place of trust and honor, if his subordinates are jealous and unscrupulous! The plot of the presidents and princes of Babylon against Daniel has had its counterpart time and again in modern life. We need not go for illustrations to palaces and courts and cabinets; they may be found in the office, the factory and the store. It is considered fair game to help in the overthrow of a superior if that will open the way for personal advancement. The vicious system of competition is early implanted in the child's mind. He is encouraged to push forward to the head of his class. He is praised more for his rating in school if his school-mates do not get so high a rating. Though his achievement would be the same if a dozen others were rated at the same percentage, the fact of his surpassing them and standing above them is counted to his credit. Knowing this he refrains from helping a competitor, or from sharing with him any advantage he may have in acquiring knowledge. To do so would be no hindrance to his own progress, but it might result in placing another on a level with himself. He must not only get on himself, but he must get ahead of his fellows. When he leaves school and goes into a profession or a business he carries the principles with him which he has learned. He is anxious to rise. If the man above him can be supplanted his opportunities are improved. If the tradesman can extend his business by adding a new department to it he is not deterred from doing so by the thought that a man whose livelihood depends on that department will be ruined. The spirit of selfishness — the readiness to take advantage of others, the ambition which will climb up though another has to be pulled down to be used as a stepping stone, is changing us from men to brutes, is causing us to regard our brothers as our enemies.

The princes and presidents in Babylon were carrying that spirit into action. They plotted Daniel's downfall. It was a clever scheme because it placed Daniel in the dilemma of being false to his God or being disobedient to the king, who had advanced him to honor and power. Many a time have godly men been placed in a similar dilemma. To be the only one in a workshop or factory who refuses to oblige his employer by working on Sunday or doing something else that his conscience condemns, requires no little fidelity and courage. Though his refusal will not involve his being cast into a den of lions it will probably involve him in poverty and hardship, which in these days are to most men almost as painful as death. The man so situated may take courage from Daniel's example. The penalty of obeying conscience may seem as unavoidable as death from the lions may have appeared to Daniel, but he is serving the same God whom Daniel served. He who shut the lions mouths is still able to avert calamity, or out of the calamity to bring a blessing.

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THE BROOKLYN C. E. CONVENTION.

AN enthusiastic meeting of the Brooklyn Christian Endeavor Societies was held on May 19th in the Central Congregational Church. The exercises opened with a sunrise prayer-meeting at 6:30 A. M., at which three hundred members were present. At the afternoon session, Mr. A. V. Heely, the President of the Union, said that there were now seventy-six societies in the Brooklyn Union. The fifty-seven societies which had sent in statistics had 2,067 active members, 981 associate and 308 honorary members. Estimating the numbers of the nineteen societies which had not reported, he believed that the full number of members of Christian Endeavor Societies in the city was not less than 5,278. "The extent of the organization," he said, "is simply marvellous when the brief time which has elapsed since its organization is considered." Addresses of encouragement and congratulation were given by Dr. A. J. F. Behrends, Dr. T. L. Cuyler and Dr. John Humpstone of Brooklyn, Rev. H. T. McEwen of New York, and Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman of Philadelphia.

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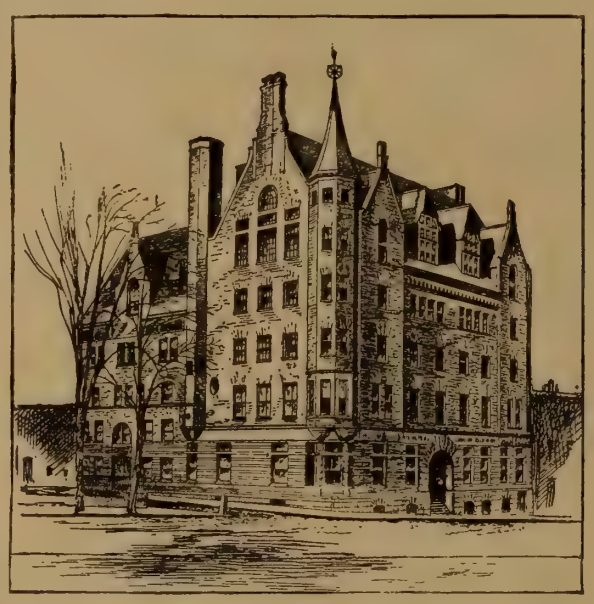
"HE DID IT UNTO ME."

THE poor and the afflicted are Christ's representatives in this world. He said when he was here that when services were rendered to them for his sake he should consider them as services rendered to him. Two King's Daughters in a far-away land seem to have entered into the spirit of his words. The story of the work they are doing is sent to the headquarters of the Order by Miss Annie M. Budden, who writes thus from Pithoragarh: "In our school are two small children of one or two years old. The one-year-old boy was frightfully diseased; and though now his sores are healed, the memory of them, and the possibility of their breaking out again, made all unwilling to care for him. One of the King's Daughters, Sunpa, by name, said nothing, but just took him. She is fifteen years old, and night and day she cares for that child, doing all the dirty work without a murmur, and when he is ill, nursing him without hesitation. Don't you think the King is pleased with his daughter? The two-year-old girl is much more winsome, and a pet with all, but she has had a very persistent illness this year; and as I have watched her self-installed care-taker, Kali, see to all her needs, over and over again, night and day, without one word, I have felt that she has learned the lesson of her Silver Cross, or a proud, selfish girl could never have done a work like this.

"Another girl, named Madura, has taken as her charge a young woman in the Home very badly diseased. Her food is sent to her daily from the girls' school, and it is Madura's self-imposed duty to take it up morning and evening. I was much touched the other day to find that every evening she prayed with her. We are aiming more and more to have each member of our Circle find something of this kind for herself that she can do steadily for the King, and in his name; but I am thankful to say that the spirit of helpfulness is strong among them all."



THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE Y. M. C. A. SECRETARIES AT PROVIDENCE.

AN important conference was that which was summoned to meet at Providence, R. I., on Thursday last and to continue its sessions until this date. The conference was that of the general secretaries of Young Men's Christian Associations in this country and foreign lands. They were called together for the consideration of plans of work, for the comparison of methods and for mutual advice and suggestion. The results of such a conference cannot but be beneficial to every Association represented. The General Secretary is the mainspring of the Association and on his sagacity, enterprise, and energy depends very largely its aggressive power in any city. Mnch of the success, of course depends on the fidelity with which his plans are executed by the members of the Association, but it is for him to suggest and to form the plans of campaign. It is, therefore, a most helpful thing to be brought in contact with men engaged in the same work and to learn what they have done and tried to do. The proceedings of the conference have not been made public at the time we go to press but that they have been valuable to those who participated in them there is no doubt; and their influence will be felt in far distant cities for a long time to come. On this page is a picture of the handsome building of the Young Men's Christian Association of Providence in which the Conference was held. It was built in 1890 and with the lot on which it stands is estimated to be worth $185,000. It has a library worth $4,000 and its furniture and appliances cost $12,000. It has over two thousand members of whom more than half are active members. With its well equipped gymnasium and its large reading room it is one of the most efficient associations in the country.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE League of the First church, *Marion, Ind.*, is rapidly increasing. It has an enrollment of 100 members. The Sunday School services are well attended and are doing good. The next state convention will be invited to Marion. J. E. Diggs is secretary. Northwest church, *Chicago*, has a Junior League of 150. During the past winter two leagues have been organized at *Logan, Iowa*. One at Whitisboro Point and the other at Bethel. Each started with twenty-three members, and both are doing well. The Bethel Chapter has already increased its membership to thirty-four. There are now 110 leaguers on the charge against thirty-five six month ago. April 21 a Junior League of twenty-one was organized at *St. Mary, Kansas*. Mrs. M. Shaw was chosen President and Mrs. S. Angle Vice-President. St. Mary is a Catholic strong-hold. About three-fourths of the people belong to that church. The League at *Deshler, Ohio*, was organized a year ago with a few members. They have now sixty-one active members all of whom are good workers. Old and young are very much interested in the League, and they expect before the convention at Mt. Vernon to have 100 members. *Osage, Iowa*, reported the work of the Junior League at that place. A League was organized at *Centreville, Iowa*, April 20th with eleven members. The pastor, Rev. J. B. J. Rhodes was elected President. Much enthusiasm was manifested by the young people. ✠

NOTES OF THE ORDERS.

The Y. M. C. A of Texas held a large and enthusiastic convention at Dallas, lately, at which interesting papers were read, giving many valuable suggestions for the strengthening and extension of the work. A pleasing feature of the convention was the large delegation of college students from seven of the educational institutions of Texas.

A convention of the Women's Auxiliary District workers of the Y. W. C. A. was held at North Troy recently, at which over eighty delegates attended.

A Subscriber in Williamsport, Pa., writes as follows: "I wish to ask whether the King's Sons have any badge or emblem, and if so what it is like and where I can procure it?" Write to *The Silver Cross*, No. 158 West 23d St., New York, for the required information.

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A convention of Secretaries of C. E. Societies took place at Toronto, Ont., lately. The object was to arouse greater interest in the work and to exchange ideas.

WORKMEN are preparing to tear down the old buildings on the lot recently bought by the Chicago Y. M. C. A., and the erection of the new building for this progressive Association will be rapidly pushed. $324,500 have already been raised. The new building and lot will represent a value of $1,500,000, and the structure will be the finest association building in the world.

CONFIDENCE.

(For The Christian Herald.)

PRAISE God, although the path be rough
Unto your weary, tender feet;
Give thanks, and know—it is enough
The way leads to the mercy-seat.

Reprove not God because his ways
Be dark and tedious to your soul;
You must trust both his works and ways,
If you would reach the promised goal.

His chastening hand is sweet, indeed,
To those who trust him—all in all—
And, on his every promise feed,
Gain strength where weaker vessels fall.

Gird on all courage, faith and strength;
Nor care what loss the battle bring,
So in the fight—through all its length—
You meet the approval of your King.

Ft. Ogden, Fla. —REV. LEE MULFORD.

A GREETING FROM JAPAN.

An Interesting Letter to "The Christian Herald" from the Presiding Elder of the M. E. Church in that Country—Japan's Imperial Rulers Photographed and Described.

WE are frequently in receipt of letters from the most distant parts of the world, commenting on articles which the writers have read in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Some of these letters are of special interest, as showing the progress of Christian work in remote places and also as evidence of the cordial welcome that is extended to this journal by Christian people in these far-off lands. We take pleasure in publishing below a communication just received from a prominent Christian worker, Presiding Elder J. W. Wadman of the M. E. Church in Japan. Writing from Hirosaki, under date April 20, 1892, he encloses two very excellent photographs of the Emperor and Empress of Japan, which are far better than any that have yet appeared in this country, and which were secured expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by a friend of Elder Wadman. Mr. Wadman's letter says:

"At my request, he also wrote a few lines about their Imperial Majesties. These I am sure you will be glad to receive and you will also be glad to hear that no such paper as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD comes to these shores with more welcome. I only wish I could afford to subscribe for a dozen copies, every one of which I could use to blessed advantage. My preachers like to get the paper for the sake of the sermons; students who drop in to see me, like to take it up from the table, because of the illustrations; the children like to look at it, and all seem to feel that THE HERALD is becoming more and more an old friend. I wish some wealthy subscriber could be induced to preach the Gospel in Japan, by sending a few extra copies for distribution. I take much pleasure in congratulating you on the success of the paper and shall ever pray for its continued prosperity. With much Christian love, I remain, yours in the Gospel of Jesus Christ,

J. W. WADMAN."

Accompanying Mr. Wadman's kind letter is the following brief and interesting sketch from the pen of a native Japanese:

"Whoever has any knowledge of the rapid progress civilization has made in Japan during the past thirty years, will naturally expect that the Emperor of that country should be a man of some distinction and power. I beg to submit a few facts concerning this ruler. He is the 121st Mikado in the line of dynasty and came to his throne in the 2526th year of our Japanese era (1866 A. D.), and in the 16th year of his age. He at once began to rescue his country from the bondage of feudalism, and endow her with a constitutional monarchy. In this he has succeeded, and we think that the pages of history show no greater event taking place under one ruler in so short a time. The Emperor, at the very beginning of his reign, encountered a great revolution which had arisen in his father's time, and which burst out anew at his ascension. He finally succeeded in putting down the Shogun rule (Emperor's lieutenants), and thus abolished a power which had usurped the authority of the throne for 205 years.

"Feudalism ended, the caste system gave place to the equality of man, and the great monarchy of modern Japan rose up. Our long-closed islands were opened and the stream of the civilization of the 19th century began to flow in. After fourteen years of his reign, during which he contended with such difficulties as the Formosa rebellion, the Lu-cu question, Corean complications and the Satsuma revolution, our Emperor promised his people constitutional government. Nine years were passed in making the necessary preparations, whereupon, amidst the ecstacies of the subjects dwelling beneath his rule in great peace and prosperity, he promulgated such a constitution as had never been known in Asia. The 28th article of that constitution provides for freedom of faith in Nippon. The Diet was opened the following year, and its third session will take place the third of next month.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF JAPAN.
(Specially photographed in Tokio for "The Christian Herald."

"Our Emperor is tall of stature, noble in bearing and fond of military things. It is said that his library in full of books on military subjects. He himself stands at the head of the army and navy. He is also devoted to literature, and is the patron of many literary societies.

"The Empress is three years older than the Emperor. She is very benevolent in disposition, and has a motherly love for her people. To the work of such societies as that of the Red Cross she is very much devoted, while at the same time she spares no means to encourage the education of the people, especially that of her own sex. She herself is a poetess.

"Every Japanese subject loves his greatly beloved Emperor and Empress and trusts that both of them may be long spared to reign over us in peace and prosperity, and that as a nation we will yet be lifted to higher planes of usefulness and power.

"Yours very cordially,

"T. O. OKADA.

"JAPAN, April 20th, 1892."

The are many evidences that Japan has caught the spirit of progress, morally as well as intellectually. Young Japanese take very readily to the American School system. Under the present emperor's beneficent rule, there are 20,000 elementary schools and 72,000 teachers and 3,000,410 scholars in the empire. It is not surprising, in view of these facts, that Japan should have come to the front, of late years, among the ancient nations. The more the people are educated, the more inviting will the field be for the spread of Christian principles.

Other letters from Japan contain news of very encouraging progress in Christian work among the natives. The Gospels, printed in Japanese, are reaching a wide circulation, and many thousands are being baptized, not among the poorer classes alone, but even among the official class. Some few of the latter have become preachers of the Gospel, and thus carry the glad news to the villages in the interior of the empire, where it was never heard before.

* * *

A Royal Little Lady.

IN this elegant room is a kingly throne, says a writer in *The Pansy*. In that beautiful chair sits the little queen of Holland. Doesn't this Miss look like a wise sovereign able to command armies and nations and make laws?

Now you laugh. But come out into her big back yard and you shall see our little maid rule her subjects. See how obedient they are, running to her or fleeing from her as fast as their legs can carry them—and their wings too—

"Wings?" Why, bless you, yes. This little queen has one hundred and fifty cooing doves. She is their beloved mistress, feeding and fondling them, calling them by name, they laughing, singing, talking for her, after the dear dove fashion.

But look! there comes the Shetland pony, and quick as a cat she is on his back, and away they go down the road, gallopty, gallop, she tossing back a kiss to her mamma, the queen regent, who looks from her palace window. There she comes back, her face full of roses and laughter.

Twenty minutes more and she is a student like any of you, with spelling-book, pen or geography.

She is often dressed completely in white even to gloves and stockings. Watch and see what see will be in coming years.

* * *

Never Forget the Morning Prayer.

NEVER omit it. Depend upon it, the day will not go so well if you do. Something will be wanting from your life for these 24 hours. Mr. Spurgeon used to tell how, while at a hotel in Rome, he wished to call a waiter and he touched the electric button but nobody came. "I repeated the experiment several times, with no better success. Presently another visitor entered, and, hearing my desire, asked if I had rung the bell. I told him I had. 'Ah,' said he, 'you do not understand; I have been here before,' and placing his thumb upon the button, he kept it there until the waiter appeared. That is how we must pray: keep up continuous application." Never forget the morning prayer.

* * *

TACT IN CHURCH AND HOME.

IN no place is courtesy or tact more necessary than at home, whether it be in the family or church home, writes Alice Hamilton Rich in the *Interior*. There should be religious liberty of conscience as to the use of time, talents and labor. What right has one to say to another. Do this or that? No wonder that the reply comes, "Who hath made thee a ruler and a judge over me?" Suggestions tactfully made are very different from demands which seem very like commands. "The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes," but it is well to be sure the commandments are the Lord's and not men's devices, and we sometimes prefer to receive them from the Lord. We are accountable to him for both our acts and our work, and in some senses of the word to each other, "for no man liveth to himself," but we should be very careful how we call another to account for failure in duty. How do we know what is his duty or that he is not about his Master's business in some department of the work to us unknown? Let me use an illustration. At a monthly meeting of a Y. P. S. C. E. a member in absent. One present meets the absentee, and with a grave face asks "Why were you not present at the meeting?" The one asked very likely feels like saying, "That is my business." Another meets the same one, and with a pleasant face and manner, says: "I am so sorry you could not be with us, we had such a good meeting." "So am I," is the quick reply, and probably the reason of absence is volunteered. In the first question it was inferred by the "why" tone and manner, that the absence was intentional. The second suggests that the absent one was unavoidably detained, which very likely is true.

* * *

A Home-Circle Tour.

ALTHOUGH this is a season when people who are wealthy enough to enjoy the luxury of travel are preparing to go abroad, the great majority will be content and happy to remain at home. Here is a new recipe for a "tour of the world," in a remarkably safe vehicle, (by J. Ellis Jay in *St. Nicholas*.)

I have traveled round the world,
Northward eighty-one degrees;
I have seen ice-mountains hurled
Into stormy, surging seas.

To the summit I've ascended
Of the highest Alpine peak;
And one day my way I wended
From Ceylon to Mozambique.

I've explored with learned sages
Parthenons and temples Doric;
And seen relics of the ages
That we call the prehistoric.

I have seen the Arab manly
Entertaining in his tent;
Traveled all the way with Stanley
Through the darkest Continent.

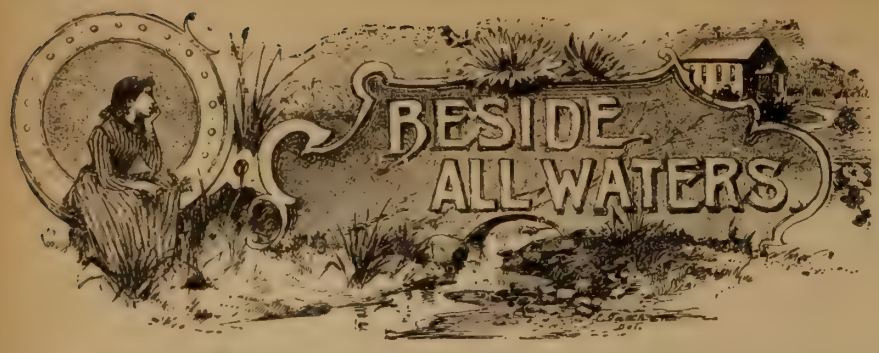
Never was I vexed or daunted
At hotel or foreign station;
For the car in which I jaunted
Was my own imagination.

* * *

A Guest-Chamber Sentiment.

STOPPING recently at a friend's house, relates Rev. Addison P. Foster in the *Advance*, when I came to enter the guest chamber for the night, I found hanging up under the gas-light the following beautiful lines. They were so sweet and comforting that I copied them, having never seen them before, and insert them here to give them greater publicity. Possibly some one whose eye falls on them here may be glad to place a fair copy of them where they shall greet a tired and burdened guest when he first seeks the retirement of his room.

Sleep sweetly in this quiet-room,
O thou, whoe'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy peaceful heart.
Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill.
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend,
His love surrounds thee still:
Forget thyself and all the world,
Put out each glaring light,
The stars are watching overhead,
Sleep sweetly, then; Good Night.



BY

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*

Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

WHO are you, little girl? Haven't I seen you somewhere?" The question was asked by Phin's demented wife and the answer was given by his adopted daughter:

"Why, yes, aunt Martha. I am Kit. You remember Kit,don't you?"

Mrs. Mallory gazed at her a moment with a gleam of intelligence,and then sank back on her pillow.

"I don't know," said she. "It all goes away from me. Every thing went when they took him away."

"Well, never mind," said Kitty soothingly. "Eat the nice apple, and by and by you shall have another."

Seeing her aunt's attention diverted for the moment, Kit slipped from the room. Melissa was by this time in a better humor. Her moods were very much the result of her bodily feelings; and she felt better, now that she had made her coffee as strong as she liked it, and eaten her breakfast. Kit waited on Symantha, and brushed her hair softly till she fell asleep; got her aunt up and dressed her, and brought her some flowers from the neglected garden. The last Mrs. Mallory had been fond of flowers, and a few of the hardy perennials she had planted still struggled for existence; while in one corner the dear old-fashioned rose of May, neglected and forgotten now,opened its pretty pointed buds. Mrs. Mallory loved flowers, and a nosegay would keep her quiet and amused longer than any thing else. Certainly Kit did her full share of the work, and more; for Melissa was an accomplished shirk, and, if she did not work herself, she was the cause of work in others.

"Hallo, what are you doing here?" asked Phin as he came in and found Kit dishing up the dinner. "I thought you took your dinner to school."

"I did'nt go to school," answered Kit, busily stirring her gravy. "I staid at home to help Melissa."

"Then don't do it again, do you hear?" said her uncle angrily. "I am not going to have you staying out of school for every thing."

"I didn't want to stay, I'm sure," returned Kit; and then, as some thought crossed her mind, she added in a gentler tone, "Symantha couldn't sit up, and Melissa wanted me to help her, so I did."

"It was'nt her fault" added Symantha: "Melissa kept her. Kit was very good-natured about it, I must say."

"Good-natured or not, it isn't to happen again—Do you hear, Melissa?"

"Hear what?" asked Melissa from the next room. "I don't know what you are talking about."

"Then I'll make you know," said her father. "I say you are not to keep the child at home from school for any thing and every thing. I want her to go every day this summer. I've taught school myself, and I know what a nuisance it is to a teacher to have scholars so irregular. Mind, I won't have it happen again."

"Oh, of course you won't," replied Melissa sulkily: "you care for every one more than you do far me. Never mind, I am not going to be made a slave of forever. I shall look out for myself some day."

"You do that now pretty well," said Symantha.

No answer was returned, and the family sat down to dinner.

"Did you really keep school once, uncle Phin?" asked Kit.

"Yes," replied her uncle, "when I was a young man I taught one winter in that very red school house. I was a good scholar once, thanks to my mother."

"Was your mother a nice woman?" asked Kit, who was always hungry for anything like a story.

"That she was—as good a woman as ever breathed," replied Phin, his hard face softening a little. "She had a great many notions that I don't believe in, but she was just as good as they make."

"What a pity her grand-daughters are not like her!" said Melissa sarcastically.

"It is a pity," replied her father dryly.

"Perhaps Kit may take after her if she keeps on going to school," continued Melissa. "Miss Armstrong is very pious; teaches the children verses out of the Bible, and talks to them like a Methodist class-leader."

"Maybe she will have to stop that some day," said her father. "But, anyhow, the red school house is the only one near here, and Kit shall go to school if the teacher talks all through the Old Testament, and the New Testament too."

"Am I to go to school this afternoon?" asked Kit as Phin rose from the table.

"It is hardly worth while, I guess; you won't more than get there before school is out. However, you can do as you like," said Phin.

Kit knew she should be in time for at least a part of the afternoon session; so she made herself tidy, and skipped away rejoicing, her precious little Testament safe in her pocket. She entered school somewhat out of breath, and slipped into her seat as quietly as possible.

"You are late, Kitty, and you were away this morning," said Miss Armstrong. "How does that happen?"

"Melissa kept me at home to help do the work," answered Kit. "Symantha had one of her sick headaches, and couldn't sit up a minute. But uncle Phin says I mustn't do it again. He says it is bad for me and bad for the teacher."

"How impudent she is, to answer Miss Armstrong so!" thought Selina. An undefined feeling of anger at Kit had been lurking in her mind ever since the day before, and she was glad to find something to justify it. Miss Armstrong, however, did not seem the least disturbed.

"Your uncle is right," said she; "irregular and tardy scholars hurt both themselves and the school. Now you may take your book, and study your spelling and reading lessons."

It was with a feeling of satisfaction that Kit produced her nice new reader and spelling-book. The day before, Kit had been obliged to borrow her neighbor's books, which did not please her at all, for she had an independent spirit. She was tempted to look at all the pictures, and read all the stories; but she reflected that she could do that as well after school, and applied herself to her lesson with such zeal that she went up several places in the spelling-class. At recess she brought her books to Miss Armstrong.

"Please, Miss Armstrong, will you write my name in my new books?"

"Certainly, my dear. What shall I write?"

Kit's face darkened a little. "That's just the trouble," said she. "I hate 'Keturah,' and I don't believe it is my name, either."

"Suppose we write it 'Kitty,'" said Miss Armstrong: "that is short for Catherine, but it will do quite as well for Keturah. But you should not hate the name of Keturah, my dear. She was a great lady, I suppose; at least, she was the wife of a very great man."

"Was she?" asked Kit, much interested.

"Yes; she was the second wife of Abraham, one of the most distinguished men that ever lived. Abraham was called the friend of God, and talked with him face to face. So you see Keturah is not a bad name, after all."

"I shall like it better, now I know about it; but I don't believe it is my right name, for all that," said Kit. "But please, Miss Armstrong, may I ask you about something else?"

"After school," said Miss Armstrong, smiling. "I suppose, Kit, it never occurs to you children to think that a teacher likes her recess, as well as her scholars."

"I am really sorry I bothered you," said Kit penitently. "I won't say another word." And, putting her books away, she went out to the playground, where a lively game was in progress.

"Here is Kit; she'll be it, I know!" exclaimed Sarah Leet. "You will, won't you, Kit?"

"Of course, when I know what you are playing," answered Kit. "What do you want me to do?"

"Oh, to be king. We are playing king's land; and it is Selina's turn, but she won't."

"I will, and I'll catch you, too," said Kit, darting after Sarah, and catching her on the verge of her own territory. "There, I'll let you off, because it was not quite fair to catch you before you had time to get off.—Now, girls, look out for yourselves."

"What a nice, good-natured little thing she is, after all!" said Faith Fletcher as Kit darted hither and thither, always on the watch, and turning up where she was least expected.

"Oh, yes, very nice indeed!" said Selina, to whom the remark was addressed. "I wonder how long it will last."

"Well, I don't see how you can wish to spite the poor little thing so," said Sarah. "I should think you would have some feeling for her, trying so hard to make something of herself."

"I don't spite her, and you have no business to say so," said Selina angrily.

"Well, that's the way it looks to me. When a person never can say a good word for another, and never likes to hear any one else do it, it looks a good deal like spite. However, it is no business of mine.—I'm on the king's land; the king— Ah, you little spirit! I might have known you would catch me. There is the bell, so I don't care."

The verse Miss Armstrong gave the children that evening was rather a long one,—"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3 : 16.) She asked a few questions, which were answered intelligently, even by the little children, though the Fletcher twins could not tell where Christ was born.

"Sister is so busy, she has hardly any time to teach them," said Faith apologetically, after school; "but I thought they knew that."

"Cannot you teach them, Faith? Have you no time to tell these little ones about the Saviour who died for them?"

"They go to Sunday school always," said Faith, "every Sunday unless it is bad weather."

"Sunday schools are very good things, but they can never take the place of home teaching. Don't you help them learn their lessons?"

"There is always so much to do Sundays and Saturdays," answered Faith. And then she added frankly, "I guess the truth is, I never thought of it; but I'll try to get time before next Sunday."

"Do," said Miss Armstrong; "and, Faith, when you go to bed, read the parable of the sower, and remember that the cares of this world choke the Word, and make it unfruitful quite as often and quite as surely as the deceitfulness of riches. Good-night, my child—now Kitty, what can I do for you?"

"Please, Miss Armstrong, is the New Testament part of the Bible?" asked Kit.

"Certainly, my dear, and a very important part. It contains the history of our Lord Jesus Christ. Why?"

"I was looking for a Bible up in the garret, and I found this," answered Kit, producing her treasure. "I read some in it this morning about Mary and Joseph, and the baby that was Christ the Lord. Was he really?"

"Really and truly, Kitty—as really and truly as that he now sits at the right hand of God the Father, ready to hear and help us in all our troubles."

"That is very strange," said Kit. "But I think it is lovely, too," she added, her eyes lighting up with their peculiar sapphire-like brilliancy. Isn't it wonderful to think that he knows all about us?"

"The more you know of the matter, the more strange and lovely it will appear to you, my dear. Now, let me advise you to begin here at this second chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and read this book through, and at the same time ask God to teach you to understand it."

"And will he?"

"Yes: he has promised he will, and he always keeps his word."

"I'm sure I'm glad of it," said Kit in her matter-of-fact way; "because I don't have any help only what you give me. I can't go to church and Sunday school,like the others."

"If you could, my dear, if you had all the human helps in the world, you would need God's help just as much. The most learned man in the world needs it just as much as you do. Now, see here; I have something else for you. Here is a card with the Lord's prayer printed on it in nice plain letters; I want you to take it and learn it, so you can say it with the others. It is in your Testament,too."

"Is it called the Lord's Prayer because he made it?" asked Kit.

"Yes, for that very reason."

"Here is something else printed on the card, 'The Apostles' Creed,'" said Kit, spelling out the word with some trouble. "What is that?"

"That is what all Christians believe—a kind of summing-up of all the truths of the Bible," answered Miss Armstrong. "Learn that, too. Suppose you read it over to me."

"I have heard that somewhere, I know," said Kit, when she had finished reading the Creed. "Seems to me it was in a church out West, but I can't tell exactly. I guess it was in the Indian church. But, Miss Armstrong, I shall have to learn these in school, I guess."

"Very well; we will make time for them. Now I must not keep poor Selina waiting any longer. Good-night, my dear, and God bless you!"

"Are you tired of waiting, Selina?" asked Miss Armstrong, as she locked the schoolhouse door, and put the key into her basket. "You need not have staid. I don't believe I should be so stupid as to lose my way twice."

"I liked to," said Selina with a great effort: "it is pleasanter than walking home alone. But I think it is too bad to keep you after school so."

"Oh, I am used to that," answered Miss Armstrong, smiling. "I usually get 'kept after school' oftener than my scholars do. I am pleased when the girls come to me with questions. I am very much interested in poor Kitty; I hope to be able to do something for her."

"They must be an ignorant, low set," said Selina. "Fancy any one not knowing that the New Testament is a part of the Bible!"

"A good deal more than half the people in the world are in the same condition,including various kings, nobles, and others of unquestionable gentility," said Miss Armstrong. "I have met with many such cases in the city; but I was surprised, I confess, to find one here."

"Oh, well! Phin Mallory has not always lived here. He has lived out West, and in all sorts of wild places," replied Selina, jealous for the reputation of the neighborhood. "If he had grown up in Oldham, I dare say he would have been different."

"I think it altogether probable that one might find people who have grown up in Oldham whose cases are still more remarkable," said Miss Armstrong, "though such cases are so common that their peculiarity does not strike you unless you consider the matter."

"I don't know what you mean," said Selina.

"I am thinking of people who have been brought up to know a great deal about both the Old and New Testaments, who are carefully instructed in the Bible, and profess to believe it, and who yet behave as if there were no such thing."

Selina blushed. She knew very well that this was very much her own case. "Do you think that is so much more strange?" said she.

"Which would be the more remarkable,—that a man should walk off a precipice in the dark, or that he should do so in the daytime with his eyes open?" asked Miss Armstrong.

"That he should do it in the daytime, of course," replied Selina; "but that is different."

"It is a fair illustration, I think," said Miss Armstrong. "A man professes to believe that there is no salvation for any one who does not accept the Lord Jesus for his Saviour, and give himself up to him; and yet he does neither."

"I don't understand what people mean by that," said Salina,—"I mean, by what they call a saving faith."

"A saving faith, as distinguished from a merely historic faith, is a faith that leads to action. To give you a homely illustration: Mr. Bassett, here in the mill, believes that school will open at nine o'clock to-morrow; that is, if he thinks of it at all. But it makes no practical difference to him: he will not rise an hour earlier, or make any change in his arrangements on that account. But to me it is, so to speak, the central fact of my day; and all my plans are made in reference to it. So a man has a kind of belief in the Saviour; that is, he believes that there was such a person, and that he did the works ascribed to him: but he does not make any alteration in his life on that account. But let that man be once waked up to the truth that he is a lost sinner, with no hope of deliverance except in this same Saviour, and he will not rest till he has made that Saviour his own."

"Then all people want is, to be waked up," said Selina. "If that is the case, I wonder true Christians don't talk to people about such things more than they do."

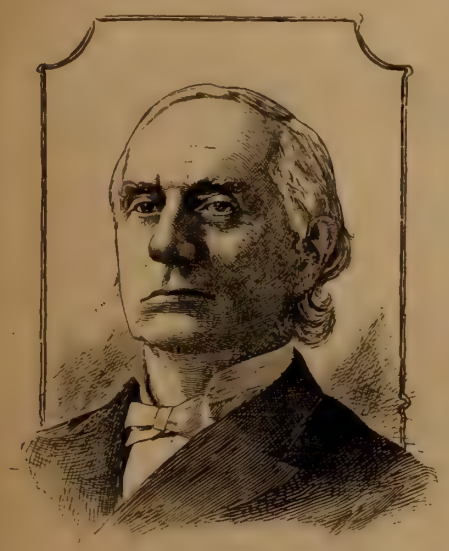
(*To be Continued.*)

* By special arrangement with Thomas Whittaker, publisher, New York.

THE CHURCH COUNCILS.

Momentous Questions Under Discussion by the Representative Assemblies.

TO ministers and laymen in several branches of the Church of Christ, the month just closed has been one of intense interest. It was a month of great Church Councils. On Monday, May 2nd, the Quadrennial General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church assembled at Omaha, Neb., and on Thursday, May 19th, four other great councils were convened in different cities. These were the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (North), at Portland, Oreg., the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (South), at Memphis, Tenn., the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Hot Springs, Ark., and the Congress of the Baptist Churches in Philadelphia, Pa. Earnest prayers were offered in all parts of the country that God would bless these assemblies of his servants and give them wisdom to deal rightly with the questions submitted to them. That such wisdom would be needed was realized by every Christian who appreciated the gravity of the times in which we live. Infidelity, rationalism and immorality are rampant in the world, and a spirit of worldliness is working like leaven in the Church. It was therefore by no means a duty to be perfunctorily discharged that devolved on these ministers and delegates who came together to hear reports of the progress of the work in the past and to arrange plans for an aggressive campaign for the future. Like councils of officers in time of war, these assemblies were charged with the duty of directing the operations of the hosts of



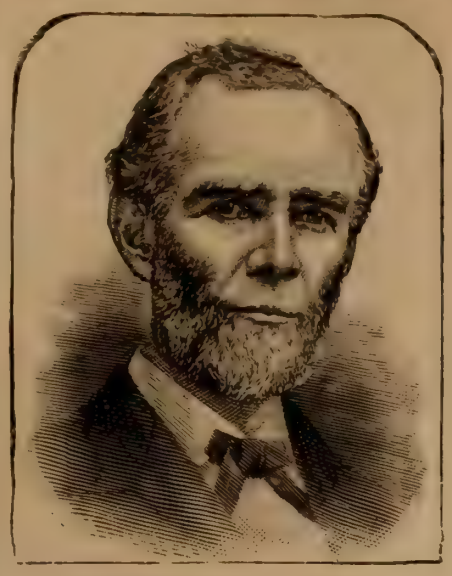
BISHOP T. BOWMAN.

Christ in the great struggle with the forces of Satan.

While the deliberations and decisions of each of these councils were of momentous concern to the denomination it represented, there were two of them which attracted a wide interest and were watched by the whole Christian community with anxiety. These were the Methodist Conference at Omaha and the Presbyterian General Assembly at Portland. In both instances the questions to be considered were of a radical character, so deeply affecting the attitude and operations of the denominations as to be matters of concern to sister churches. The Methodist Conference, a portrait of whose senior bishop is gived in this column, had before it a rearrangement of its constitution, so as to define the organic law of the church, a proposal to abolish the time limit in the pastorate, and last, but not least in the interest it excited, the question of admitting women to the General Conferences. On all these questions the opinions of ministers and churches are sharply divided, and the leaders on both sides went to Omaha fully prepared for a hard fight.

The Presbyterian General Assembly, of whose retiring Moderator a portrait is here given, had before it questions of still deeper moment, inasmuch as they relate to matters of doctrine and not mere ecclesiastical polity. Three of these dwarf all others into insignificance. They are, first, the acceptance or rejection of the revision of the creed, which has been performed since the last General Assembly by a committee specially appointed for the work; second, the hearing of the appeal of the prosecuting committee from the decision of the New York Presbytery dismissing the charges of heresy against Professor Briggs, and third, the consideration of the report of the committee touching the standing of Union Theological Seminary.

These questions are the product of movements which have been in progress in the



EX-MODERATOR DR. W. H. GREEN.

Church for several years. The tendency of the younger ministers to renounce, in whole or in part, the Calvinistic system of doctrine, and to accept the views of the inspiration of the Bible to which the name of "the Higher Criticism" has been given, has resulted in a separation between them and the ministers who cling to the doctrines of the Westminster Confession and the verbal inspiration of the Bible. In every Presbytery this separation exists and representatives of both schools are to be found. The demand is now made by the older school that the General Assembly make no further concessions in the creed than those recommended by its Committee, and that it prosecute Prof. Briggs, the leader of the new school, for heresy and that it declare Union Seminary, of which he is a professor, no longer a Presbyterian institution. Whether the Assembly yields to these demands, or finds a way of compromise, or refuses to act in the matter, the Christian public waits anxiously to see. The crisis is a serious one and the Assembly has need of the prayers of all Christians that it may be guided aright.

THE OLIVE TREE.

SAID an ancient hermit, bending
Half in prayer upon his knee,
"Oil I need for midnight watching.
I desire an olive tree."

Then he took a tender sapling,
Planted it before his cave,
Spread the trembling hands above it,
As his benison he gave.

But he thought, the rain it needeth,
That the root may drink and swell:
"God, I pray the, send thy showers!"
So a gentle shower fell.

"Lord, I ask for beams of summer,
Cherishing this little child,"
Then the dripping clouds divided,
And the sun looked down and smiled.

"Send it frost to brace its tissues
O my God," the hermit cried;
Then the plant was bright and hoary
But at evensong it died.

Went the hermit to a brother
Sitting in his rocky cell;
"Thou an olive tree possessest;
How is this, my brother, tell?

I have planted one and prayed,
Now for sunshine, now for rain;
God has granted each petition,
Yet my olive tree hath slain!"

Said the other: "I intrusted
To its God my little tree;
He who made knew what it needed
Better than a man like me.

"Laid I on him one condition,
Fixed not ways and means; so
Wonder not my olive thriveth,
Whilst thy olive tree did die."

—SABINE BARING GOULD.

A DOOR OPENED BY KINDNESS.

THE missionaries in Japan are reaping excellent results from the kind acts done in in the time of distress that followed the recent terrible earthquake. A prominent Japanese Christian who is now engaged in missionary work at Ogaki, which suffered so greatly from the recent earthquakes, writes as follows to the *Spirit of Missions*, concerning the great change which has come over the people still remaining in that town and neighborhood: "The people of this region have long been known in our country as corrupt and at the same time bigoted and superstitious being given over blindly to idolatrous worship. Everything foreign has been despised and Christianity made the signal for violent expressions of hatred and contempt. Now this is changed. The people's hearts are open; they understand the spirit of the followers of Jesus. Christian and foreign sympathy, in the persons of selected agents, brought relief to the people in their suffering long before the wealthy Buddhist temples even sent anything to their aid. The people receive us in confidence.. It is easy to work for them."

The Rev. Mr. Pettee, who has recently been on a visit to this region, writes: "At one village a Christian meeting was advertised for the night before the earthquage. The priests sent word to the missionaries not to come, as they should break up the meeting if any were held. The great shock came; the priests all fled; Christians moved in with nurses and doctors, aud now there are earnest inquirers. I met a Christian nurse and a Bible-woman who said they had experienced great joy in their arduous work. For more than a week they had worked, on call both night and day, had had no leisure for even a bath, and they were very weary, but their cup of joy was full."

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ENGLAND SPEAKS.

THE FOLLOWING IMPORTANT FACT cannot be too frequently impressed upon the minds of suffering humanity, that Mr. Gould, F. R. P., of England is giving the Hop Prescription for Bitters to all applicants who send a two cent stamp for postage. Anyone in possession of this valuable prescription can for 25 cents make a quart of this marvelous medicine. It may be interesting to learn that with this prescription all kinds of hopeless cases have been treated with success, when all other remedies have absolutely failed; for the simple reason that under its influence the food begins to digest, the Appetite increase, Languor and Drowsiness depart, Swelling after meals is no more felt, Constipation is remedied, and by a gentle stimulation of the Liver and Kidneys removes Nervousness and General Debility which frequently accompany the same; and by correcting the principal organs of the system arouses into action the main springs of Life. Thousands of letters of thanks have been received, and thousands are blessing the day the Hop Compound for Bitters fell across their path: and the prescription is given absolutely free of charge to all people, rich or poor, who send a two cent stamp for postage of the same. Or I will mail a packet of the ingredients and the prescription for 25 cents in stamps or postal note. A mode of Self Treatment at home has been a long-felt want by all well regulated minds, and will be found exceedingly advantageous to sensible people who desire to see and know what they are swallowing. Address—Mr. GOULD, 1345 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. Box 934.

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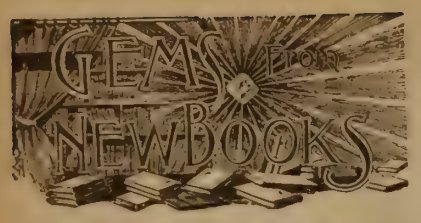

THE STAR IN THE EAST.*

THE cause of the coming of the Magi to Jerusalem was the appearing of a star, which in some way, whether astrology, or tradition, or by direct divine revelation, they knew to indicate the birth of the King of the Jews. If this were a real star, subject to the ordinary laws which rule the heavenly bodies, and the time of its appearing could be determined astronomically, we should find in it a most valuable chronological aid. [To the discovery of the actual date of Christ's birth.] But many regard it as wholly supernatural, a luminous body like a star specially prepared by God for this end; and others still, as a comet. If either of these suppositions be correct, it gives us no chronological datum. But a considerable number of modern commentators are inclined to regard it as a conjunction of planets, and its time thus capable of determination. This hypothesis was first advanced by Kepler, whose attention was turned to the matter by a similar conjunction at the close of 1603, A. D. Kepler found by computation that during the year 747 [coinciding with 7 B. C.] of Rome, the planets Jupiter and Saturn three times came into conjunction. These computations, according to the latest corrections, show these conjunctions to have taken place on May 29th, Octobes 1st and December 5th, of that year, all in the sign of Pisces. In the spring of 748 to these conjunctions Mars was added, and from some Chinese astronomical records it has been affirmed that a comet was visible from February to April, 749, and again in April, 750.

When was Christ Born?

To sum up the results of our inquiries, we find that the birth of the Lord was not later than April, 750, [Four years before the date of the Christian Era] and probably not later than January. The time in this direction is limited by the death of Herod in April of that year, and the events immediately preceding it. On the other hand, if we give to the junctions of planets in 747 as connected with the visit of the Magi, any chronological value, we cannot put his birth earlier than that year. Again, if we understand the statement of Tertullian, that the enrollment which brought Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem was under Saturninus as governor, he may have been born in 746 or 747 or 748. But if the enrollment was under Varus, he may have been born in 749 or in the first half of 750. As he was abont thirty years of age at the beginning of his ministry, and the date of his first Passover after its beginning was 780, we reach the year 749. We have thus to choose between the years 747, 748, 749 and the beginning of 750. The year 750 is most probable.

A LITTLE CHILD LEADING.†

FROM Kanazawa, one of the most beautiful places in the sunny clime of Japan, comes a story of a child's faith, penned by Miss Ella McGuire, a lady missionary. A little pilgrim regularly asked for more than a year that prayers might be offered for her mother, in the hope that she would give up her idols and love the true God. For the same purpose the child entreated her mother. Month after month passed. Both supplications and tears seemed in vain. At length faith was blessedly rewarded. The mother ceased to bow down to graven images and began to attend church and prayer meetings, and afterwards asked for baptism and admission into the church with her young daughter.

Malayan Curiosity.

On the authority of every traveler in the East, intense curiosity is said to prevail among women in the Malay Archipelago regarding foreigners, and particularly females. When these degraded women are visited by a lady missionary, they spread a matting, on which she is expected to seat herself in tailor-fashion, after which she has to submit to a minute catechising, beginning, "How old are you? Are you married? Is your husband good to you? What salary does he get? What did you have to eat to-day? Are you the first wife, or the favored young one? Have you any children?" Reaching forward and touching the guest's dress they ask, "What did you pay for that material?" The last question, "How many of your children are boys?" spoken in an earnest tone, discloses the sorrows of their domestic existence. An Arabic proverb says, "The threshold of the house weeps forty days when a girl is born." An explanation of this is to hand in the miserable status of females in Mohammedan and semi-Mohammedan countries, and, consequently, the appearance of a boby girl is universally deplored. Everything in the shape of privilege, consideration, and justice, even permission to read the Koran or entrance into a mosque, is denied to woman. Her life is stationary and unspeakably monotonous.

Acknowledging Missionaries' Services.

Critics of mission of the severest type will probably be disposed to award the palm to men whom Lieutenant E. A. Maund so generously recognized in his paper on Matabele and Mashona Lands, read before the Royal Geographical Society. "Let me pay a tribute," said the gallant explorer, "to these silent workers (missionaries), whose genial hospitality and kindly attention in case of sickness is bestowed on travelers throughout Africa. In Matabeleland, as elsewhere, they have been the pioneers of civilization. A heart-breaking, uphill work has theirs been for the past five-and-twenty years among the truculent Matabele, and though their converts are few, their example is beneficial to whites and blacks alike. They have built comfortable brick houses, laid on water from brooks and springs, and irrigated gardens which show the capabilities of the soil. The king, it is true, is the only one at present who dares copy them. He has a large commodious brick house put up by their builder; he has, too, an irrigated garden after their pattern. Now let us hope their harvest will come, for with the advent of a white population the old order of things will quickly change in Matabeleland."

* From *The Life of Our Lord* upon earth considered in its historical, chronological and geographical relations, by Samuel J. Andrews. The continued demand for this work, which was originally published thirty years ago, has led to the author issuing a new edition, which contains the latest information gleaned by travellers in the Holy Land and many facts not known at the time the first edition was published. Pp 651. Published by *Charles Scribner's Son*, 745 Broadway, N. Y.

†From *Missionary Points and Pictures;* by the Rev. James Johnston; pp. 127, price 50c. The Religious Tract Society, London. Fleming H. Revell Company, Union Square, New York.

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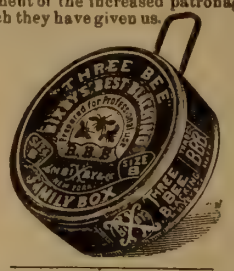

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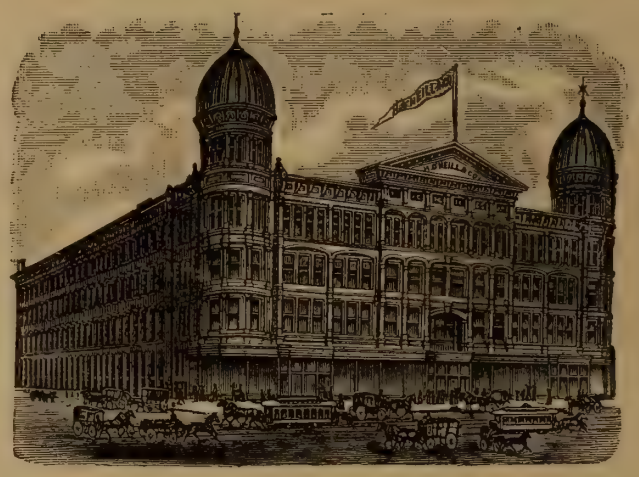

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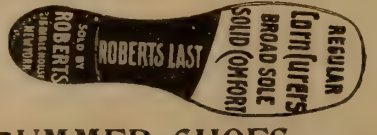

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

H. A. B., Lockhaven, Pa. Who was the chief musician to whom David dedicated his Psalms?

Asaph, a Levite, eminent as a musician, and appointed by David to preside over the sacred choral services which he organized.

A. Taylor, Mich. 1. What is the meaning of the abbreviation "D. V." and when should it be used? 2. How many native Christians of all denominations are there in Africa?

1. "D.V." stands for "Deo Volente," (God willing.) It implies a reverent recognition of our dependence upon the Almighty in our every act in this life. 2. Write to Rev. Ross Taylor, 210 8th Ave., N. Y., for information.

Mrs. Otis Wilson, Shiloh, Mich. What is the meaning of the expression: "He that is filthy let him be filthy still?"

The words, which are found in Rev. 22: 11 are a warning to all who resist the Holy Spirit and to churches which are corrupt and careless that God's Spirit will not always strive with man and that being left alone the wicked will remain wicked being unable without the help of the Spirit to forsake their sins. A similar passage is Hosea 4: 17.

Subscriber, West Creek, N. J. Where do the Scriptures sanction the custom of collecting pastor's salary and money for church expenses on the Sabbath?

Nowhere explicitly. We find nothing in the New Testament, as to the mode of worship or the observance of Sunday, corresponding to the minute rules and regulations in the Old Testament respecting the Temple worship and the observance of the Jewish Sabbath. This custom and others appertaining to Christian worship grew as the need arose. After all, there is no difference in principle between collecting the money from the people on Sunday and their laying it by them in store on that day, which the Apostle enjoined the Corinthian Christians to do. (1. Cor. 16: 2.)

A. Edna Hemingway, Larned, Kan. 1. Do the Scriptures teach that the world will get worse and more corrupt to the end of the age? 2. What is represented by the beasts in Rev. 12: 3; 13: 1; 13: 11? 3. What is meant by the beast whose head was wounded?

1. Yes, that there would be more knowledge but less faith and righteousness. 2. The question is one on which expositors of prophecy are not agreed. The majority, however, believe that the beast of Rev. 12: 3, represents the Antichrist at his first appearance. In Rev. 13: 1, the identity is the same but the crowns being transferred from the heads to the horns indicate that there has been a change in the source whence Antichrist derives his power. The beast of Rev. 13: 11, is Antichrist's ally, the False Prophet. 3. Antichrist who will be wounded to death but resuscitated either in person or dynasty.

J. H. Amaker, Arkadelphia, Ark. In your issue of May 4, Frank Bowser, Bernal, Kas., asks "Who was the founder of the Baptists?" and you answer by stating in substance that they originated with Simon Menno in 1536. Nearly all respectable historians who are not prejudiced, admit their continuous existence since the days of the Apostles.

In answering the question of Frank Bowser, we understood him to be seeking information as to the founder of the Baptist denomination as it exists to-day, not as to the practice of Christ and his Apostles. It is certain that in the early church the practice of infant baptism prevailed. In the year 253 Cyprian of Carthage and a council of 66 bishops discussed the question whether it was absolutely necessary that baptism should be administered to an infant on the eighth day after its birth. It was decided that there was no necessity for confining it to the eighth day; which shows that within a hundred and fifty years after the death of the last Apostle, infant baptism was practised. This inference is confirmed by the writings of Ambrose in Italy, Chrysostom in Greece, Jerome in Palestine and Augustine in Africa. It thus appears that whatever may have been the custom of Christ and his Apostles, the early church sanctioned the baptism of infants. There is evidence, however, that even at that time there were some individuals who contended that only believers should be baptized. But the Baptist denomination as it exists among us now was not founded then. It was founded when Christians who believed that the Church in baptizing infants had departed from the practice of Christ and his Apostles were sufficiently numerous to form churches; and this occurred in the 16th century after Menno and others had preached the doctrine, as we said.

Subscriber, Simcook, N. H. Did Thomas thrust his hand into Jesus' side? (John 20: 24-29.)

The question has often been asked. There is no certain answer. We can only surmise by what we know of human nature. It seems incredible that Thomas should have availed himself of the invitation. Probably he was convinced without such a test. Where the Scripture is silent, conjecture is useless.

Mrs. L. B. Le Cato, Baltimore, Md. In what year did the Inquisition begin? What were its immediate causes, its modes of punishment and its results?

The Inquisition was established by the Roman Catholic Church in Spain in the 15th century, for the "detection and suppression of heresy," in other words, for the punishment of those who would not accept the doctrines of that church. In the 13th century, a great movement for literary, artistic and religious independence was taking place, and the supremacy of the Roman Church was threatened. The title of "Inquisitor" was first applied to the executive officers who carried out the edicts of Constantine and his successor, at the Council of Tours, in 1163, and from that time onward, the term was synonymous with malignant and heartless religious persecution. Popes Innocent III., Gregory IV. and Innocent IV. all asserted the supremacy of Rome over men's bodies and souls, and the Inquisition sought to carry out literally these claims. In reality, inquisitorial practices had been in use in the Roman Catholic Church anterior to the 13th century, and the Inquisition was in existence in Toulouse, as early as 1229. It was only in 1480, however, that the Spanish "Holy Office" began its barbarities, and its modes of punishment were as varied as the devilish ingenuities of the human mind could suggest, and included the *auto-da-fe* or death by fire at the stake, the rack, thumbscrews, the "Kiss of the Virigin" (in which the victim was embraced by a wooden figure armed with spikes of steel that penetrated the vitals), poison, strangling, etc. Down to 1809, it is estimated, that in Spain alone 31,902 persons were burned alive, and over 310,000 more imprisoned, tortured and otherwise punished. The powers of the Inquisition were curtailed by Charles III., of Spain, and in 1760, the Grand Inquisitor was exiled. In 1808, the Inquisition was abolished by Napoleon. Ferdinand VII. tried to re-establish it, and its final suppression took place in 1826, after which its possessions were seized by the Crown.

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AN OPEN DOOR IN AFRICA.

IN a letter to the Presbyterian Missionary Society, the Rev. W. S. Bannerman, who is laboring at Talaguga on the Ogowe River, West Africa, thus writes of a visit he recently paid to a tribe in which there is not yet a single convert: They gladly welcomed us to their town when we told them we had come to tell them about God. The chief's son who met me at the landing, said: "Why are you so long in coming? Go to my father's palaver house and I will call the people. We are glad you have come to-day for there are many strangers here from three days' journey in the bush who will be glad to hear the words of God." We had a large audience of men, women and children. I was repeatedly asked why there had been so long a delay in visiting them. At the close of the meeting the son of the chief made what I thought a very striking remark: he said, "Come soon again, by your staying away so long you are hiding the words of God." Many strangers followed me out of the town and begged me "to visit their Big Town, and Palaver Houses, three days' journey into the bush. They would kill a goat in my honor." What a change since my childhood days when I used to hear our dear devoted pastor pray that the doors might be opened into the heathen world! There are as yet no Pangwes professing Christianity on the upper Ogowe, but we are encouraged as we consider our Mpongwe workmen, some of whom are beautiful Christian characters although their parents are still heathen.

A PICTURE OUT OF PLACE.

AN Evangelist relates the following incident of a circumstance which led to a young lady's deciding for Christ: She had been deeply impressed by words which she heard from one who wins many souls to Christ. She was attracted by the love of Christ, but hesitated about given up her heart to him. Just then she went, though with some scruples of conscience, to visit some worldly friends who were just going to have a ball at their house. She joined the young people who were gaily preparing the picture gallery for the dancing on the following day. But amongst the pictures they came to one of our Saviour, which at once struck them as "out of place" on the wall of a room which was to be the scene of gaiety. A young officer present suggested covering it with a flag, which she helped to do.

The hostess, on hearing of this, said that the flag might fall off, and sent the picture right away to the lodge. The young lady retired to rest with a troubled mind, for the incident led her to see that she must of necessity decide at once either for Christ or for the world. Happily, she was led by the Holy Spirit to make the right choice; and she went away early the next morning, leaving a note to say that she was sorry she had taken part in covering the picture, and she could not stay for the ball where even a picture of Christ was out of place, and where he himself could not be an honored guest.

CHEERFULNESS AND LONG LIFE.

A REQUISITE for reaching old age is healthful employment. Idleness, says a writer in *The Young Man*, is a greater foe to length of days than over-work. That occupation is to be preferred which gives exercise to both body and mind, under the influence of pure air and healthful surrounding, without being extremely severe or involving too many hours of work. As a rule, farmers are the longest-lived of any class of people, while ministers come next, closely followed by active mechanics who work out of doors. The final necessity for him who would grow old gracefully is a cheerful disposition and the habit of looking on the bright side. Passion strains the heart to its utmost, melancholy freezes the blood, and worry wears out the best years of a man's life. No one who habitually indulges these or kindred emotions has half a chance of reaching advanced life. It was the advice of a man of ninety not to worry. "Don't worry about what you can help," he said, "for it will do no good. Don't worry about what you can't help, but go to work and help it." Sound advice this for all who aspire to become nonagenarians.

A MOHAMMEDAN'S QUESTION.

IN the course of a recent address by Rev. W. H. Hall, who has been laboring in Calcutta, he said: "Some time ago I was preaching in a village. After the preaching the people talked to us. An old Mohammedan came to me and said, 'Sir, I have committed many sins. I am an old man and must soon die. Could your Saviour save me?' I opened my New Testament and read to him the words, 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I shall never forget how the old man's face lighted up. He said, What! did God love me like that, and no one ever told me before?' I said, 'Never mind. Will you take him now?' He said, 'Yes, of course I will!' and so he did just as a little child. I want the words to ring in your ears—'Did God love me like that, and no one ever told me before?' Yes, God loves them. They are dying. You know it. Can you sit still and be dumb? Christ calls you. The missionaries call you. The native workers call you. The perishing millions call you. Will you come over and help them?"

A MOB DIVERTED.

THE missionary of the China Inland Mission at Hwuy-luk writes: The year past has been to us a year of many trials and disappointments. The whole of the spring and summer were especially trying, and there was much sickness and death among the natives, who seem to feel it more than we did. Then, as through the whole empire, there was quite a feeling of unrest. Only on one occasion that I know of were we in danger; that was in the summer during the long-continued drought. One night a band of the baser sort were on their way to wreck and destroy our place, as it was believed that we were the cause of the rain being witheld. But through the wise advise of some friends in the neighborhood, these rowdy people were persuaded that it would do no good to destroy our place: so in the goodness of God we were delivered from the hands of wicked men.

A HINDOO SHRINE DESTROYED.

AN interesting scene was recently witnessed in the Neyoor District, South India. The Rev. J. H. Hacker writes that a man has been converted who was a worshipper of Pattrikale, one of the most fierce and ugly of the Hindoo goddesses. Mr. Hacker says: "A year or two ago he came in contact with some of our Christian teachers, bought a Bible, which he studied with diligence, and was convinced of the truth, and a new life was granted to his soul. As soon as he received the new life he began to spread it. Through his influence his wife, his father, two of his father's brothers, two younger brothers, and three of his children were brought to the light, and were baptized, and a very glorious time it was for us all. A few weeks ago, this man came to me to know if I would destroy an idol shrine belonging to the family. He said that after enduring much opposition, and after using much persuasion, all the heathen members of his family who had shares in this shrine had decided to become Christians, and he wanted the idols removed at once. I gladly consented to his request, and the next evening my wife, Mrs. Thomson, and I went to the place where the shrine stood. A number of people were gathered together.

With a few Christian people we surrounded the place, and after singing a hymn, I read the 115th Psalm, and spoke to the people assembled about the sin, the folly, and degradation of idolatry. Prayer followed, and then I mounted upon the steps of the temple, and claimed it in the name of Jesus Christ. The idols were then removed to a cart we had ready for the purpose, and when this was done, the work of pulling down the shrine was commenced. The roof was taken off and bit by bit, by dint of hard work, the place was made level with the ground, never more to rise, I trust. It was very touching to see the helpless, half-shuddering fear with which many of the bystanders looked upon our action; and although there were loud murmurs of disapproval, there was no actual opposition. Darkness was almost upon us before we had finished our work; but when we had come to an end we went to the house of the friends who had thus openly broken with idolatry, where they were all assembled, and had a glorious prayer-meeting."

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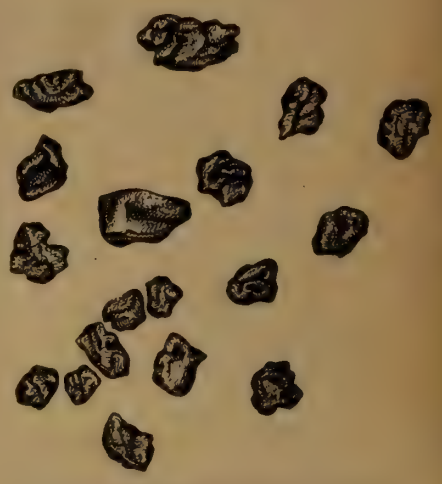

The above plate is from a photograph which forms a part of a communication of Dr. George H. Pierce of Danbury, Conn., to the New England Medical Monthly for November, 1890 (see page 76 of that journal), and represents the exact size and shape of some of the largest specimens of TWO OUNCES and TWENTY-SEVEN GRAINS of DISSOLVED STONE discharged by a patient designated as "Mr. S." under the action of

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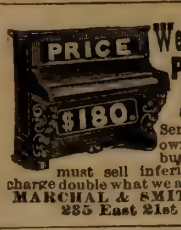

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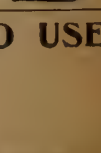

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THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

Nazareth and its Sacred Associations — The House of Joseph, the Carpenter, and Mary, his Wife—Fountain of the Virgin.

ON Sabbath evenings, the bells of Christian churches ring out, clear and sweet, in Nazareth, the city of the Saviour's boyhood. Next to Bethlehem and Jerusalem, no spot in Palestine holds more attractions for the tourist. Its streets are clean and inviting, its people—more than four-fifths of them Christians — are celebrated for their hospitality to strangers and its women are among the fairest in the East. Throned among the hills which extend between the plains of El Bablauf on the north and Esdraelon on the south, Nazareth bursts upon the sight of the traveler like a welcome and refreshing vision.

When Rev. Dr. Talmage and the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD visited Nazareth in the early spring of 1890, one of the first sights they witnessed was a carpenter shop in full operation. It was in just such a place and amid similar surroundings that the boy Jesus must have passed many hours in the intervals of school, watching his father Joseph as the latter drove the plane or the saw at the long wooden bench.

Nestling among the hills, a three days' journey from Jerusalem, Nazareth is most favorably and picturesquely situated. So far as we know, the Saviour spent nearly thirty years in this mountain home. As a child, he probably roamed the hillsides, listening to the strains of the native birds — the hoopoe, the sunbird and the lark —or gleefully running after the richly-colored butterflies that abound there. In white tunic, and with head and feet bared to the soft sunshine, he may have roved, with other little mountaineers of the village, where the flowers and berries grow in the verdurous spots along the hillsides, or down by the brook in the valley, where women and maidens went to fetch water in tall jars for use in the home. Then, as now, flocks of sheep dotted the plains below, and these may have produced an impression upon the mind of the Divine Child that made itself felt in after years, as did all else that he saw and knew during these youthful days at Nazareth.

As Jesus grew older, he doubtless went with other children to the village school and listened heedfully to the admonitions of the *hazan* or teacher. Imagination pictures him going with his parents to the synagogue, where on Mondays, Thursdays and the Sabbath, the Law was expounded. We can see him listening, with fixed and serious attention, to the recital of the wonderful stories of David and Solomon, Isaac and Samuel. Anon, we see him wandering thoughtfully among the rocky eminences, blooming in summer and gray and bleak in the winter season, with a vast and magnificent panorama spread out below. But his youth was not spent in ignoble idleness or dependence; for while he was a deep student of the Word and of the works of his Father above, as seen in nature, he was also industrious. While he learned, as we may well believe, the Hebrew, the Greek and the Aramaic tongues at the schools, he was also acquiring the trade of a carpenter in Joseph's workshop. We can see him as a young man following this humble occupation and going, as occasion demanded, into the homes of the village, whenever such labor was needed. In all parts of Syria to-day there are to be seen carpenter-shops such as that of Joseph might have been and probably was. There are several in Nazareth, and it was in just such a place that the Divine Workman—the Lord of Life and Glory —forever sealed the dignity of labor by toiling with his own hands

Concerning the child-life and youth of Jesus in Nazareth, the Rev. Alfred Edersheim, DD., one of the most celebrated commentators of the present day, writes: "Of the many years he spent there from infancy to manhood, the Evangelic narrative has left but the briefest notice. Of his childhood, that 'he grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him;' of his youth (besides the account of questioning the Rabbis in the Temple), that 'he was subject to his parents' and that 'he grew in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.' But these years spent in Nazareth brought the Master nearer to the daily life and experience of his people on earth." They were an essential part of his great mission, a preparation for its fuller development. From these years, Nazareth derives all its importance, its history, its fame and its attractiveness to the Christian world.

At the time of Christ's earthly sojourn, Nazareth was a small village, and its people rude and uncultured. It was regarded as a place of little significance; yet it was superior to many villages in the country round about. Its men, with their sheepskin coats or their short abbas (coats) were energetic and industrious, and its women were exceedingly comely, in their long, blue garments, tied at the waist and with rows of glittering coins decorating forehead and neck—a trace of old Egypt. Its houses were white and flat-roofed, with vine-shaded walls; the floors covered with mats, and here and there an inviting cushion. Even the plainest home had hospitable provision for a guest, for Nazareth, then as

(Continued on page 355.)

NAZARETH, SHOWING IN THE FOREGROUND THE LATIN CONVENT ON THE TRADITIONAL SITE OF MARY'S HOUSE, CHRIST'S BOYHOOD HOME.
(From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage during his recent Tour in the Holy Land.)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE ART OF FORGETTING.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday Morning Sermon from the Text: Hebrews 8: 12: *"Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."*

THE national flower of the Egyptians is the heliotrope, of the Assyrians is the water lily, of the Hindoos is the marigold, of the Chinese is the chrysanthemum. We have no national flower, but there is hardly any flower more suggestive to many of us than the "forget-me-not." We all like to be remembered, and one of our misfortunes is that there are so many things we cannot remember. Mnemonics, or the art of assisting memory, is an important art. It was first suggested by Simonides of Ceos five hundred years before Christ. Persons who had but little power to recall events, or put facts and names and dates in proper processions have, through this art, had their memory reinforced to an almost incredible extent. A good memory is an invaluable possession. By all means, cultivate it. I had an aged friend, who detained all night at a miserable depot in waiting for a rail-train fast in the snow-banks, entertained a group of some ten or fifteen clergymen, likewise detained on their way home from a meeting of Presbytery, by, first, with a piece of chalk, drawing out on the black and sooty walls of the depot, the characters of Walter Scott's "Marmion," and, then reciting from memory the whole of that poem of some eighty pages in fine print. My old friend through great age lost his memory, and when I asked him if this story of the railroad depot was true, he said: "I do not remember now, but it was just like me." "Let me see," said he to me, "have I ever seen you before?" "Yes," I said, "you were my guest last night and I was with you an hour ago." What an awful contrast in that man between the greatest memory I ever knew and no memory at all.

But right along with this art of recollection, which I cannot too highly eulogize, is one quite as important and yet I never heard it applauded. I mean the art of forgetting. There is a splendid faculty in that direction that we all need to cultivate. We might, through that process, be ten times happier and more useful than we now are. We have been told that forgetfulness is a weakness and ought to be avoided by all possible means. So far from a weakness, my text ascribes it to God. It is the very top of Omnipotence that God is able to obliterate a part of his own memory. If we repent of sin and rightly seek the divine forgiveness, the record of the misbehavior is not only crossed off the books, but God actually lets it pass out of memory. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." To remember no more is to forget, and you cannot make anything else out of it. God's power of forgetting is so great that if two men appeal to him, and the one man, after a life all right, gets the sins of his heart pardoned, and the other man, after a life of abomination, gets pardoned, God remembers no more against one than against the other. The entire past of both the moralist, with his imperfections, and the profligate, with his debaucheries, is as much obliterated in the one case as in the other. Forgotten, forever and forever. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

This sublime attribute of forgetfulness on the part of God you and I need, in our finite way, to imitate. You will do well to cast out of your recollection all wrongs done you. During the course of one's life he is sure to be misrepresented, to be lied about, to be injured. There are those who keep these things fresh by frequent rehearsal. If things have appeared in print, they keep them in their scrap book, for they cut these precious paragraphs out of newspapers or books and at leisure times look them over, or they have them tied up in bundles, or thrust in pigeon holes, and they frequently regale themselves and their friends by an inspection of these flings, these sarcasms, these falsehoods, these cruelties. I have known gentlemen who carried them in their pocket-books, so that they could easily get at these irritations, and they put their right hand in the inside of the coat pocket over their heart, and say: "Look here! Let me show you something." Scientists catch wasps and hornets and poisonous insects and transfix them in curiosity bureaus for study, and that is well. But these of whom I speak catch the wasps and the hornets and poisonous insects and play with them and put them on themselves and on their friends and see how far the noxious things can jump and show how deep they can sting. Have no such scrap book. Keep nothing in your possession that is disagreeable. Tear up the falsehoods and the slanders and the hypercriticisms. Imitate the Lord in my text and forget, actually forget, sublimely forget. There is no happiness for you in any other plan or procedure. You see all around you in the church and out of the church dispositions acerb, malign, cynical, pessimistic. Do you know how these men and women got that disposition? It was by the embalmment of things pantherine and viperous. They have spent much of their time in calling the roll of all the rats that have nibbled at their reputation. Their soul is a cage of vultures. Everything in them is sour or embittered. The milk of human kindness has been curdled. They do not believe in anybody or anything. If they see two people whispering, they think it is about themselves. If they see two people laughing, they think it is about themselves. Where there is one sweet pippin in their orchard, there are fifty crab apples. They have never been able to forget. They do not want to forget. They never will forget. Their wretchedness is supreme, for no one can be happy if he carries perpetually in mind the mean things that have been done him. On the other hand, you can find here and there a man or woman (for there are not many of them) whose disposition is genial and summery. Why? Have they always been treated well? Oh, no. Hard things have been said against them. They have been charged with officiousness; and their generosities have been set down to a desire for display, and they have many a time been the subject of tittle-tattle, and they have had enough small assaults like gnats and enough great attacks like lions to have made them perpetually miserable, if they would have consented to be miserable. But they have had enough Divine philosophy to cast off the annoyances, and they have kept themselves in the sunlight of God's favor and have realized that these oppositions and hindrances are a part of a mighty discipline, by which they are to be prepared for usefulness and heaven. The secret of it all is, they have by the help of the Eternal God learned how to forget.

Another practical thought: when our faults are repented of let them go out of mind. If God forgets them, we have a right to forget them. Having once repented of our infelicities and misdemeanors, there is no need of our repenting of them again. Suppose I owe you a large sum of money, and you are persuaded I am incapacitated to pay, and you give me acquittal from that obligation. You say: "I cancel that debt. All is right now. Start again." And the next day, I come in and say: "You know about that big debt I owed you. I have come in to get you to let me off. I feel so bad about it I cannot rest. Do let me off." You reply with a little impatience; "I did let you off. Don't bother yourself and bother me with any more of that discussion." The following day I come in and say: "My dear sir, about that debt. I can never get over the fact that I owed you that money. It is something that weighs on my mind like a millstone. Do forgive me that debt." This time you clear lose your patience and say: "You are a nuisance. What do you mean by this reiteration of that affair? I am almost sorry I forgave you that debt. Do you doubt my veracity, or do you not understand the plain language in which I told you that debt was cancelled?" Well, my friends, there are many Christians guilty of worse folly than that. While it is right that they repent of new sins and of recent sins, what is the use of bothering yourself and insulting God by asking him to forgive sins that long ago were forgiven? God has forgotten them. Why do you not forget them? No; you drag the load on with you and 365 times a year, if you pray every day, you ask God to recall occurrences which he has not only forgiven but forgotten. Quit this folly. I do not ask you less to realize the turpitude of sin, but I ask you to a higher faith in the promise of God and the full deliverance of his mercy. He does not give a receipt for part payment, or so much received on account, but receipt in full, God having for Christ's sake decreed, "your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more." As far as possible, let the disagreeables of life drop. We have enough things in the present and there will be enough in the future to disturb us without running a special train into the great Gone-By to fetch us as special freight things left behind. Some ten years ago, when there was a great railroad strike, I remember seeing all along the route from Omaha to Chicago and from Chicago to New York hundreds and thousands of freight cars switched on the side tracks, those cars loaded with all kinds of perishable material, decaying and wasting. After the strike was over, did the railroad companies bring all that perished material down to the markets? No, they threw it off where it was destroyed, and loaded up with something else. Let the long train of your thoughts throw off the worse than useless freight of a corrupt and destroyed past, and load up with gratitude and faith and holy determination. We do not please God by the cultivation of the miserable. He would rather see us happy than to see us depressed. You would rather see your children laugh than to see them cry, and your heavenly Father has no fondness for hysterics.

Not only forget your pardoned transgressions, but allow others to forget them. The chief stock on hand of many people is to recount in prayer meetings and pulpits what big scoundrels they once were. They not only will not forget their forgiven deficits, but they seem to be determined that the church and the world shall not forget them. If you want to declare that you have been the chief of sinners and extol the grace that could

"I FORGAVE YOU THAT DEBT."

save such a wretch as you were, do so, but do not go into particulars. Do not tell how many times you got drunk, or to what bad places you went, or how many free rides you had in the prison van before you were converted. Lump it, brother; give it to us in bulk. If you have any scars got in honorable warfare, show them; but if you have scars got in ignoble warfare, do not display them. I know you will quote the Bible reference to the horrible pit from which you were digged. Yes, be thankful for that rescue, but do not make displays of the mud of that horrible pit, or splash it over other people. Sometimes I have felt in Christian meetings discomfited and unfit for Christian service because I

had done none of those things which seemed to be in the estimation of many necessary for Christian usefulness, for I never swore a word, or ever got drunk, or went to compromising places, or was guilty of assault and battery, or ever uttered a slanderous word, or ever did anyone a hurt, although I knew my heart was sinful enough; and I said to myself: "There is no use of my trying to do any good for I never went through those depraved experiences," but afterward I saw consolation in the thought that no one gained any ordination by the laying on of the hands of dissoluteness and infamy.

THE LOST ONE RESTORED.

And though an ordinary moral life, ending in a Christian life, may not be as dramatic a story to tell about, let us be grateful to God rather than worry about it, if we have never plunged into outward abominations. It may be appropriate in a meeting of reformed drunkards or reformed debauchees to quote for those not reformed how desperate and nasty you once were, but do not drive a scavenger's cart into assemblages of people, the most of whom have always been decent and respectable. But I have been sometimes in great evangelistic meetings where people went into particulars about the sins that they once committed so much so that I felt like putting my hand on my pocket-book or calling for the police lest these reformed men might fall from grace and go at their old business of theft or drunkenness or cut-throatery. If your sins have been forgiven and your life purified, forget the waywardness of the past, and allow others to forget it.

But, what I most want in the light of this text to impress upon my hearers and readers is that we have a sin-forgetting God. Suppose that on the Last Day—called the Last Day because the sun will never again rise upon our earth, the earth itself being flung into fiery demolition—supposing that on that Last Day a group of infernal spirits should somehow get near enough the Gate of Heaven and challenge our entrance, and say: "How canst Thou, the Just Lord, let those souls into the realm of supernal gladness? Why they said a great many things they never ought to have said, and they did a great many things they ought never to have done. Sinners are they; sinners all." And suppose God should deign to answer, he might say: "Yes, but did not my only Son die for their ransom? Did he not pay the price? Not one drop of blood was retained in his arteries, not one nerve of his that was not wrung in the torture. He took in his own body and soul all the suffering that those sinners deserve. They pleaded that sacriffce. They took the full pardon that I promised to all who, through my Son, earnestly applied for it, and it passed out of my mind that they were offenders. I forgot all about it. Yes, I forgot all about it. 'Their sins and their iniquities do I remember no more.'" A sin-forgetting God! That is clear beyond,and far above a sin-pardoning God. How often we hear it said: "I can forgive, but I cannot forget." That is equal to saying: "I verbally admit it is all right, but I will keep the old grudge good." There is something in the demeanor that seems to say: "I would not do you harm; indeed, I wish you well, but that unfortunate affair can never pass out of my mind." There may no hard words pass between them, but until death breaks in the same coolness remains. But God lets our pardoned offences go into oblivion. He never throws them up to us again. He feels as kindly towards us as though we had been spotless and positively angelic all along.

Many years ago a family, consisting of the husband and wife and little girl of two years, lived far out in a cabin on a Western prairie. The husband took a few cattle to market. Before he started his little child asked him to buy for her a doll, and he promised. He could,after the sale of the cattle, purchase household necessities, and certainly would not forget the doll he had promised. In the village to which he went he sold the cattle and obtained the groceries for his household and the doll for his little darling. He started home along the dismal road at night fall. As he went along on horseback, a thunderstorm broke, and in the most lonely part of the road and in the heaviest part of the storm, he heard a child cry. Robbers had been known to do some bad work along that road, and it was known that this herdsman had money with him, the price of the cattle sold. The herdsman first thought it was a strategem to have him halt and be despoiled of his treasures, but the child's cry became more keen and rending, and so he dismounted and felt around in the darkness and all in vain,until he thought of a hollow that he remembered near the road where the child might be, and for that he started, and, sure enough, found a little one fagged out and drenched of the storm and almost dead. He wrapped it up as well as he could and mounted his horse and resumed his journey home. Coming in sight of his cabin, he saw it all lighted up, and supposed his wife had kindled all these lights so as to guide her husband through the darkness. But, no. The house was full of excitement and the neighbors were gathered and stood around the wife of the house, who was insensible as from some great calamity. On enquiry the returned husband found that the little child of that cabin was gone. She had wandered out to meet her father and get the present he had promised, and the child was lost. Then the father unrolled from the blanket the child he had found in the fields, and, lo! it was his own child, and the lost one of the prairie home, and the cabin quaked with the shout over the lost one found. How suggestive of the fact that once we were lost in the open fields, or among the mountain crags, God's wandering children,and he found us, dying in the tempest, and wrapped us in the mantle of his love and fetched us home, gladness and congratulation bidding us welcome. The fact is that the world does not know God,or they would all flock to him. There are certain names so magnetic that their pronunciation thrills all who hear it. Such is the name of the Italian soldier and liberator, Garibaldi. Marching with his troops, he met a shepherd who was in great distress because he had lost a lamb. Garibaldi said to his troops: "Let us help this poor shepherd find his lamb." And so, with lanterns and torches, they explored the mountains, but did not find the lamb, and after an unsuccessful search late at night they went to their encampment. The next morning Garibaldi was found asleep far on into the day, and they wakened him for some purpose and found that he had not given up the search when the soldiers did, but had kept on still further into the night and had found it, and he pulled down the blankets from his couch and there lay the lamb, which Garibaldi ordered immediately taken to its owner. So the Commander of all the Hosts of Heaven turned aside from his glorious and victorious march through the centuries of heaven, and said: "I will go and recover that lost world,and that race of whom Adam was the progenitor, and let all who will accompany me." And through the night they came, but I do not see that the angelic escort came any further than the clouds, but their most illustrious leader came all the way down, and by the time his errand is done our little world, our wandering and lost world, our world fleecy with the light, will be found in the bosom of the Great Shepherd, and, then, all heaven will take up the cantata and sing, "The lost sheep found," So I set open the wide gate of my text, inviting you all to come into the mercy and pardon of God; yea, still further, into the ruins of the place where once was kept the knowledge of your iniquities. The place has been torn down and the records destroyed, and you will find the ruins more dilapidated and broken and prostrate than the ruins of Melrose or Kenilworth, for from these last ruins you can pick up some fragment of a sculptured stone, or you can see the curve of some broken arch, but after your repentance and your forgiveness, you cannot find in all the memory of God a fragment of all your pardoned sins so large as a needle's point. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Six different kinds of sounds were heard on that night which was interjected into the daylight of Christ's assassination: the neighing of the war-horses, for some of the soldiers were in the saddle, was one sound: the bang of the hammers was a second sound: the jeer of malignants was a third sound: the weeping of friends and coadjutors was a fourth sound: the plash of blood on the rocks was a fifth sound: the groan of the expiring Lord was a sixth sound. And they all commingled into one sadness. Over a place in Russia where wolves were pursuing a load of travelers, and to save them a servant sprang from the sled into the mouths of the wild beasts, and was devoured, and thereby the other lives were saved, are inscribed the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Many a surgeon in our

GARIBALDI'S FOUNDLING.

own time has in tracheotomy with his own lips drawn from the windpipe of a diphtheritic patient that which cured the patient and slew the surgeon, and all have honored the self-sacrifice. But all other scenes of sacrifice pale before this most illustrious martyr of all time and all eternity. After that agonizing spectacle in behalf of our fallen race nothing about the sin-forgetting God is too stupendous for my faith, and I accept the promise, and will you not all accept it? "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

(*Continued from first page.*)

now, was famed for kindness to strangers. A shelf for dishes, large clay jars for the drinking water, a low, round,wooden stool,around which the family sat to eat meals, square rooms with thick walls—these were among the characteristics of the homes of this village of stony streets and hilly paths. Here Jesus' young manhood was passed in comparative seclusion, in the society of his elders and teachers, in the study of the Scriptures and in prayers and meditation.

Our illustration on the first page shows the Nazareth of to-day. The rude, primitive, Judean village has grown into a considerable city of some 8,000 inhabitants, one-half Moslem the remainder about equally divided among various sects of Christians.

There are several conflicting claims as to the actual scene of the Annunciation. The Gospels do not indicate the precise spot,and the Latin and Greek churches have assumed to do so for themselves. The Latin Convent seen in the foreground is claimed to be erected over the site of the house of Mary and the Grotto of the Annunciation, while the Greek church, at some distance off, is declared to be immediately over the fountain beside which the Virgin stood when visited by the angel Gabriel. The Latin church originally built by the Franciscam monks has been several times reconstructed. Its interior is covered with fine tapestries and rare paintings representing scenes in the life of the the Saviour. A marble altar and slab is said to mark the spot on on which the Virgin stood when she received the memorable message.

There are many kinds of traditions connected with the boyhood of Jesus in Nazareth,that are still related to the travellers, but very few of which can be regared as authentic. One monkish claim is that the house of Joseph, the carpenter, which stood midway between the Latin and Greek churches, and on whose site a Christian chapel now stands, was carried bodily away by angels and deposited in the church of Loretto, Italy. The building shown at Loretto, is of dark sand-stone, utterly unlike anything to be found in Judea.

A HINDOO'S PENANCE.

THE Indian papers report that in the neighborhood of Fyzabad, a man of the Ahir or cowherd caste was carrying a young calf home on his shoulders, when, by some accident, it slipped down and broke its neck. The Brahmins declared him to be outcast, and sentenced him to the severest form of Hindoo excommunication for six months. They further told him that he could not have committed a greater sin than causing the death of a cow, but, taking into consideration that he was an uneducated man, they had dealt very leniently with him. During the period of excommunication, he was ordered to lead a life of mendicancy, and with a rope round his neck and a portion of the calf's tail on his shoulders, he was to perform pilgrimages to different Hindoo shrines.

The members of his family were forbidden to supply him with either shelter or food, under a penalty of undergoing a similar excommunication. The Ahir recently returned to his village, but until the purification ceremonies are over, he must live in a temporary grass thatched house, which has been erected for his residence. It remains for a man of one of the lowest and most degraded caste to purify him. A barber, after shaving the delinquent and paring the nails of his hands and toes, will make over the hair and nails to the low caste attendant, who will burn them, and also set fire to the hut. After this the Ahir, being covered with stable-refuse, will take a plunge into the river Sarju, and come out purified. But his troubles are, even then, by no means at an end. After he has feasted fifty Brahmins, and a hundred of his brethren, he will be re-admitted into caste.

NOT DEATH.

IT is not death to die—
To leave this weary road.
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon's chain to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

A PROPHET'S EDUCATION.

S. S. Lesson for June 19. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Dan. 1 : 10. Golden Text, Nahum 1 : 7.*

GOD'S prophets are a sign to their generation. "I have set thee for a sign unto the house of Israel." (Ezek. 12:6.) "If there be a prophet among you, I, the Lord will make myself known unto him." (Num. 12 : 6.) In his wondrous grace, God undertakes the education of such an one, bestowing infinite pains, exercising infinite patience, that his prophet-child may be prepared "to show forth the praises (or excellencies R. V.) of him who hath called him out of darkness into his marvellous light." (1. Peter 2-9.)

God Utilized Three Kings,

whose power in their day was almost universal, as his instruments in the education of his prophet, Daniel. Some might say he used Daniel for the instruction and rebuke of these kings. This is true: but inasmuch as Daniel figures much more largely in the Scriptures of truth than do these great, earthly potentates, we may infer that in the eyes of the Almighty, Daniel was esteemed a man of more account than they. Their power was but temporary; Daniel's education was for eternity.

God is now visiting the Gentiles "to take out of them a people for his name," a people "conformed to the image of his Son." God is at work at the present time, utilizing commerce, politics, churches and family life, and, above all, the special trials which arise from their contact with other men and other children of God, to educate this people for himself. Once alive to this fact, everything in our daily life changes its character in our eyes. That which seems to us so mysterious, when God's providences permit that which causes the most terrible blow to his cause is often the lesson which leads his prophet-children into the deepest acquaintance with him. Very often we find that God will not permit even blessed, soul-saving work to prosper when it becomes a snare and an occasion of self-importance to his prophet-children. Daniel had

Graduated in God's School.

From the elementary lesson,—and it was no light one in its effect upon his after life—when he learned to restrain his appetites for the sake of the honor of his God, he had passed into another class, (Dan. 2) Here it was given him to prove, at what to others might seem to be a tremendous risk, that his God was the living God, and that no secret was hidden from him. Have we followed Daniel thus far? Has our life up to the present moment borne witness that while all things are lawful unto us, all things are not expedient? And have we gone on to show in every event of life that, by the grace of God, we recognize his hand, so that whoever comes in contact with us learns to know that God lives, not because we say so, but because they see the evidence of answered prayer, and they see that to count upon him is not an exceptional, but an habitual thing with us?

Daniel's next examination was one of unusual difficulty. The proud Nebuchadnezzar had another dream. Like most men who are undecided for God, he called first for the worldly-wise that they might interpret his dream, but "the things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God. (1. Cor. 2 : 11.) The king must needs have recourse to Daniel. And then a severe struggle took place. The prophet was "astonished for one hour, and his thoughts troubled him. Daniel knew how to decide in such moments, for he had access to the All-wise; and his will known, the prophet went forward. With the utmost frankness he told the king all that was coming upon him, how his reason, and all his dignity should be taken from him until he should know "that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will." And the prophet improved the occasion by counselling the king to a thorough reformation of life. It was in vain as far as Nebuchadnezzar was concerned. His senseless pride and self-importance were not so easily subdued, and just in the moment of his boasting about great Babylon which he had built for the house of his kingdom, by the might of his power, and for the honor of his majesty, a voice, with the resistless authority which he had despised, spoke from high heaven, and confirmed the word of Daniel spoken the previous year. In that hour the boasting king was driven from his throne, from his palace, and from among men; and as nothing above the animal remained to him, he had his dwelling with the beasts of the field, and shared their food. When God's appointed time of seven years had elapsed, and the king's reason returned to him the full value of Daniel's faithfulness came to light in that the king gave commandment that his testimony to the God of Israel and to his own conversion to him, should be published to all people, nations, and languages. (Dan. 4:1-3.) Thus through his servant Daniel, but not by him, God was able to instruct a world!

This lesson learned, and Nebuchadnezzar turned from a heathen tyrant to a witness for God, Daniel's education again engages the attention of his God. Years passed by, and nothing is heard of the prophet. Like Moses in Midian and Joseph in Egypt, like David following the sheep, and Elijah by the brook Cherith, the prophet of the Lord must learn his own nothingness, and know not only how to abound, but how to be abased." (Phil. 4 : 12.) It is in times like these, when a once prominent worker sinks into obscurity, and becomes a nothing and a nobody, that God can do his work most deeply. To learn our nothingness is one of the most precious of lessons; it is worth all it costs, and that is often not little.

Two kings had succeeded Nebuchadnezzar before Daniel comes on the scene again, and then, when once again raised to prominence and power, Daniel must stand another test, and as his friends had passed throngh fire, so must he pass through a den of lions. But all four of these, his prophet children, afforded an opportunity to their God to speak to the nations by the wondrous deliverances he wrought for them.

During the days of his obscurity, when forgotten by man, Daniel was, nevertheless, not forsaken by his God. He had learned through Nebuchadnezzar's dream (Dan. 2), God's purpose in the four succeeding Gentile monarchies. He must now, in the first year of Belshazzar (Dan. 7: 1), see these earthly empires in the light of God. It was given to the prophet to see him whom Nebuchadnezzar saw as "a stone cut out without hands," in quite another light. To the educated prophet's eye it was the Ancient of days who was on the throne of the universe, and one like unto the Son of man to whom everlasting dominion was given. The eye of the prophet looked above earth, above man, beyond earthly glory, and rested on him who is to be "King of kings and Lord of lords."

The prophet's heart was open to his God. "Daniel understood by books the number of the years, whereof the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah the prophet,—that he would accomplish seventy years in the desolation of Jerusalem." At once Daniel passes into another class of the school of God and learns an advanced lesson. Himself living in constant communion with God, the consciousness of his people's sin becomes so heavy upon him that he confesses it as his own as well as theirs. He sees that, as a member of the nation which has sinned, he cannot disassociate himself from his people, and thus owns their sin, taking himself the lowest place. Such an appeal God could not resist and he unveils to Daniel the future, even to the coming of our Lord for which we are now looking; he also gave him certain dates which indicate the approximate time for the accomplishment of those things which regard his people. One date is not given, the duration of the Church of Christ. Who shall be able to say when she "hath made herself ready?"

After this, Christ revealed himself to Daniel after a time of solemn fasting and prayer, and again, and more deeply than ever, in the light of the glory of Christ—revealed to him, this man of God sees himself to be nothing. "There remained no strength in me; for my comeliness was turned in me into corruption, and I retained no strength." (Dan. 10: 8.) But while he shrank into nothingness, God calls him the "man greatly beloved;" he was making progress in his education, and learning the great lesson that in the failure of the human there is the possibility of the divine.

*Mrs. Baxter sends this lesson as a suggestion to teachers in schools where the selection of a subject is optional. The International subject for June 19 is a Review of the Quarter's Lessons.

OUR OWN MISSIONARY.

Rev. George W. Sharp's Work in the Districts of Missouri now Submerged by the Flood.

MELANCHOLY reports of loss of life and property by the floods have been sent us by the Rev. George W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the American Sunday School Union. His field lies in North-east Missouri and as this region is crossed by the rivers Fox, Wyaconda, Fabius, Salt River, Locust and Grand Rivers, which rise in southern Iowa and run south-east to join the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, it has suffered grievously from the disastrous overflow. Much of Mr. Sharp's work has been done in the territory bounded by Grand River, the north-eastern State line, the "neck" in St. Charles County, the Mississippi River, and the Iowa line. It comprises about thirty counties and there are fourteen counties adjoining, as yet barely touched, in which he is expecting to labor this year. Immense tracts of this country are now under water, one of the churches in which he preached has been swept away by the flood, and several school houses have also been remorselessly carried off by the angry rivers. One of Mr. Sharp's neighbors at Kirksville, Mo., was among the killed and the number of the injured includes many of the people among whom he has labored.

A CHURCH DEVELOPED FROM A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A Dangerous Journey.

"The day I started for home," Mr. Sharp says, "I came to the river where it was bridged, but the bridge and its approaches were under water. A youth whose home was in that district, and who knew every inch of ground, undertook to pilot me across on horseback. It was a perilous passage. I expected every moment that the horse would lose his footing and be carried from the bridge down the river. The youth at last told me we were over the bridge, otherwise I should not have known it, for we were still deep in the water. He pointed to a bluff nearly a mile away as the goal for which he was steering. We passed through a forest, the trees of which looked very strange above the water. All through it the river was flowing, and it was only with the utmost difficulty that my guide could find his way. The landmarks had all disappeared, and it was not easy even to him, familiar as he was with the place, to recognize the safe path, so changed everything seemed. He told me for my encouragement that there was a deep lake on our left, and a dangerous slough on our right, and my only hope of getting safely through, was to follow him cautiously, not veering an inch either way. As lake, woodland and slough presented exactly the same appearance of a smooth surface of muddy water, I was very careful to follow my guide scrupulously. As I plodded on, I realized with some force what faith was, for it was only my faith in his knowledge of the safe path that kept my nerves steady. I thanked God that in my journey through life I was

REV. GEORGE W. SHARP.

following a Guide who deserved my most implicit confidence, and prayed that I might follow in His footsteps with the same care that I was then taking in following that lad. Finally we reached the bluff, and late that night I found a farm-house two-miles away from the river, on high ground, where I was hospitably entertained. Near my resting-place was a school which I organized a long time ago."

At the time of writing, Mr. Sharp said that Alexandria which suffered heavily at the beginning of the flood, was again submerged. Many dwellings had been deserted and some had been moved from their foundations. Business was entirely suspended and the poorer families were in actual want. The last ice house and the Old Ferry House at Ottumwa, Ia., had been swept away. They struck the trestle approach to the new bridge and completely destroyed it. In the Merchant's Exchange of St. Louis, Mo., the brokers suspended business to hear the report of Mr. E. E. Harlow who had just returned from the flooded districts. He said that the devastation worked by the flood was greater than even by the famous flood of 1844. The number of sufferers was tenfold what it was in that terrible year. Thousands of families were absolutely homeless, hundreds were living on the bluffs in improvised tents and hundreds more were in the woods with no roof between them and the canopy of heaven. He made an urgent appeal for help, and $3,422 was immediately contributed.

Mr. Sharp is too busy among the distressed people of his district to write fully of the state of affairs, but promises to send further details. As our readers are aware, the work in which he is engaged is the organizing of undenominational Sunday Schools in neglected districts. There are many such districts in Missouri. In many cases the Sunday School started is only the beginning of a much larger work. We give on this page the picture of a flourishing church which has grown out of a school organized by the Sunday School Union Missionary. It has a wood-shed adjacent where unemployed men have an opportunity of earing a little money in an emergency. It is very gratifying to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that, through the liberal contributions of its readers, so energetic and consecrated man as Mr. Sharp has been enabled to give his time for a year to the evangelization of this field, which is now undergoing so severe an affliction. His services are still urgently needed, and he is evidently in the midst of distress which it is not in his power to relieve. The total cost of supporting him for a year is only $700. We should be glad to place this sum in the hands of the Sunday School Union to defray his expenses, for a year and also to send him any amounts that our readers may contribute, to be used in relieving the wants of the people in his district who have lost their all by the floods.

KINGS WON TO JESUS.

Two Women Missionaries Tell how King Hodge and King Saga were Brought Over from Heathenism—Mission Work on the Kroo Coast of West Africa.

TWO devoted women, who have spent several years working for Christ among the African heathen, under the direction of Bishop William Taylor, are now in this country on vacation and have communicated a most interesting story of their experiences to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Miss Lizzie McNeil, who has been in charge of the Mission at Pluka Station for the last four and a half years, is on sick leave, being allowed a year's furlough. Miss McNeil has

Eleven Native Girls

at the Mission School, and nine boys. Pluka is a village about 1,000 population, and is in the Grebo country—King Hodge's domain. Big Town, the capital, the Hoffman river on the Liberian side, has 2,000 population. Miss McNeil's illness really arose from over-work. She had a multiplicity of duties. On Sundays and week days she held services, having no assistant. For two years she kept school in the native village with from forty to fifty pupils but this proved too arduous, and she was obliged reluctantly to give it up. Still, her experience as a teacher has been such as to give promise of great results, when she goes back recuperated.

"After we had located our school-house," said Miss McNeil, "the children came along almost voluntarily. They were very dirty, but not at all troublesome. The parents did not send them; indeed, the grown folks did not seem to care whether they came or not. I found the native children generally bright. I soon had twenty-five started to read, and they learned English quickly. They are apt to be frightened into panic on the slightest occasion, and whenever any cause of disturbance occurs, they all troop out, tumbling over each other, pell-mell. Still, they were very tractable, and became strongly attached to me; so that I never had any difficulty in controlling them. They seemed to like religious teaching, and remembered what they were told.

THE MISSION HOUSE AT PLUKA.
(From a photograph by one of Bishop Taylor's Missionaries.)

"The Greboes, like all African tribes, believe in a Supreme God. They believe in the return of the spirits of the dead to earth, and they are fetish and idol worshippers. They call upon the Supreme God as a being who confers all benefits, but make no sacrifices to him, although they

Sacrifice to the Evil Spirits

to appease them. They have high priests who conduct the sacrifices once a year.

"King Hodge is a potentate of striking personal appearance, being about as tall as Bishop Taylor, and with a long beard and a most venerable aspect. He has had a good English education for an African, having been raised at a Presbyterian mission on the West coast. He is now about sixty years old. Formerly he had seven wives, but since embracing Christianity he has put them all away except one. He gave them their freedom and provided for their maintenance. Some of them still live on the king's land, but they and their children are really independent.

"Hodge is really an earnest Christian. He and Weada, the chief next to him in authority, hold prayer-meetings every Tuesday evening, and talk to the people at the other services during the week. As a rule, the Grebo women are very ignorant and far beneath the standard of the other sex in most respects—the result of being treated like slaves for many generations. When a little girl is born, she is not regarded as a daughter is by a white father and mother; she is so much property for the family. The headman holds the property and buys wives with it for the boys of the family. The girls must be sold to buy wives for their brothers. Thus it comes about that if you want the native girls to come to the mission and be taught, and learn to know the Saviour, you cannot get them unless you pay the price they would bring. Among the Greboes, a girl can be bought for three cows, or all the way from two to six cows, while the Taboos ask less—generally about two cows. At the age of 6 to 8 years, a girl, when she is chosen for a future wife, is taken by her intended husband's family and led to his mother or sisters, who put her to work. They usually marry at the age of 13 or 14. If a girl is placed in the Mission and raised there, and her family should happen to get into debt, any headman can come when he choses and

Sell Her into Heathenism

and slavery. I have five girls at my Mission who have been redeemed, and Miss Whitfield has two."

Miss Annie Whitfield, of whom Miss McNeil speaks, and who accompanied her home from Africa, is in charge of the Mission Station at Tateka, among the Taboo tribe. Tateka is on the Cavalla river, 70 miles from the coast.

"I was the first missionary at that station," said Miss Whitfield. "The people there are more savage than those on the coast, among the Greboes. Indeed, some who dwell in the interior are still cannibals. At first I had much difficulty in persuading them to allow their children to come to the Mission School. The king of the tribe is Saga, who dwells in the town of Grabo, 30 miles from the river. There are 36 towns under Saga's rule, some of them very small and a few of considerable size. The total population of the tribe is about 10,000 souls. As he had not been consulted when I went there, King Saga at first was unwilling to receive me when I paid him a visit. I reached his capital about 1 P. M., on a Saturday and went straight to the king's house, but was denied an audience. I was then shown to another house where I stayed until his Majesty deigned to send a summons. Then I and my companions were ranged in the public square in the centre of the town, while on either side of us were the chiefs and head people of the place.

"Saga inquired concerning our business and asked why we didn't send him word we were coming. On receiving us as friends, he gave orders that each of our party should be

Presented with a White Fowl

—a formal token of friendship usual in such cases among nearly all the African tribes.

"That night," added Miss Whitfield, "we were shown to a house of some pretensions to comfort, where our escorts, acting under the king's orders, put up two bamboo bedsteads for us. Before the hour of retiring, the king came in with his interpreter and courteously asked if we were comfortable, and if the arrangement suited us. On receiving our assurance that we were, he withdrew. Next morning (Sunday), we held a service at 7 o'clock, but the king was not present. In the afternoon the men of the town held their regular military drill, man-of-war style. In the evening we had another meeting to which

King Saga Came,

and seemed greatly interested, as it was the first time he ever attended a religious service. He then told us that next morning at 7 o'clock he would receive us and talk about business.

"At the hour named we met Saga and the chiefs. We explained that we came as missionaries and then Saga told us he had understood that we came to spy out the country. He believed us, however, and promised us every aid. As an earnest of his good wishes, he gave us five boys to begin with as pupils, one of the number being his own son. He invited us to remain as his guests for three days; next day, he said, he would kill a bullock for a feast in our honor. We could not remain, however, and departed, promising to return next month. King Saga is very favorable to to the Christian faith.

"With the children we made good spiritual progress. We take a small number to the mission and raise them as our own. They have no longer any connection with their home or family. The girls are surrendered to us for life and the boys for five years."

Mr. and Mrs. Sharper are in charge of Taboo Mission during Miss Whitfield's absence.

Helped 10,000 Veterans

Major-Gen. O. O. Howard, the Soldier-Philanthropist, and Others, Warmly Endorse "The Christian Herald" Check-Cashing Experiment at the G. A. R. Mission.

NO subject has been more widely discussed or heartly approved in army circles, both active and retired, during the last two weeks, than the recent opening of the new Grand Army Mission in New York City. On that occasion, as already stated in these columns, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD undertook the onerous task of cashing the checks of the army pensioners *free*, with the view of saving them from the temptations of the saloons, to which they have drifted in former years, for the purpose of getting Uncle Sam's paper turned into money. During the week of check-paying—a period when from 12,000 to 14,000 checks (varying in amount according to the disability sustained) are issued by Col. Frank C. Loveland, the United Stated Pension Agent in New York City—the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cashed, with his own personal funds, absolutely without charge, all checks that were presented at the G. A. R. Mission, in the basement of the Pension Building on Canal Street.

This experiment involved the use of a very considerable sum of money, the payments averaging $30,000 per day. The result was highly satisfactory, for not only were the veterans kept away from the degrading saloon influence, but the usurious commissions they had formerly paid to those who cashed their checked were also saved. The aggregate saving in this single respect amounted to many thousands of dollars. Wives and children were not only made richer but happier, because husbands and fathers returned to their homes with all their pension money, and thoroughly sober, besides. Such an experience was unprecedented in New York, for every quarter hitherto has been marked by a very large increase in the business of the rum sellers, who have regarded the needy pensioners as their special prey.

Gen. Howard's Letter.

We take pleasure in giving space to the following letters regarding the check-cashing experiment, which will be found specially interesting to soldiers and veterans.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST,
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y., May 21, '92.
COLONEL H. H. HADLEY.

MY DEAR SIR:—I noticed an excellent report of the work of the G. A. R. Mission in the vicinity of the Pension Office, New York City. I think you deserve special commendation for thinking of the veterans so kindly, and making an essential provision for their wants. You have strong backing and liberal support.

Certainly THE CHRISTIAN HERALD deserves our unstinted gratitude for the full and friendly report made when the ten thousand veterans appeared at the Pension Office for their money drawing.

I am particularly gratified that you had the effective co-operation of the Government officers concerned. Good men everywhere will rejoice that so much of the money was saved to those who have been good soldiers, and whose families depend upon the money thus dealt out to them. Possibly a deeper work of grace may have been begun in many hearts through this fidelity; at least we hope so. Gratefully and cordially yours,

OLIVER O. HOWARD, Major Gen. U. S. A.

U. S. PENSION AGENCY,
NEW YORK CITY, May 20, 1892.

MR. LOUIS KLOPSCH,
Publisher of The Christian Herald,

MY DEAR SIR:—Please accept my sincere thanks for the very important service you rendered many comrades and their families during the quarterly payment of pensions just past, by cashing their checks at the Grand Army Mission, located in the room under this office. To furnish so large an amount of money from your own private funds as was required for this purpose, was a most generous act, the good results of which can hardly be estimated, as it saved thousands of dollars to the families of many who are accustomed to impose upon themselves the expense of visiting some of the saloons in this neighborhood and while there, squander a large part of the pensions they are paid under existing laws. In co-operation with the Mission, you contributed very largely to sweeten the whole neighborhood during the entire payment. Again thanking you, I am, very respectfully,

F. C. LOVELAND, U. S. Pens. Agt.

Col. Hadley's Gratitude.

Col. H. H. Hadley, the originator of the Grand Army Mission of New York, has written the following to the old army of veterans:

TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE LATE WAR:
Especially Comrades in the Grand Army of the Republic.—

Some people say that G. A. R. means Go After Rum; but all old soldiers are not old soakers and I know one that became a slave to drink during the War who now belongs to the Grand Army of the Redeemed. It is he who writes this letter.

It is a great thing to save the country but a greater thing to be saved one's self by the God of battles—the Captain of our salvation, who alone can save the old soldier from the habits that were fastened upon him so that having freed the slave he himself is bound in the relentless chains of moral slavery.

Three years ago I witnessed strange things down on Canal Street in the vicinity of the Pension Agency. I wanted to get my pension check cashed and was told that a neighboring store would cash it for a price but that the saloons would do it free. Not having entered a saloon since I quit drinking I paid the merchant for the accommodation, learning by the experience that is easier to get a pension reduced than increased. This incident led me to investigate, as I had opportunity for more than six months, and the revelation was appalling. It seemed to me that a Rescue Mission was needed there more than anywhere else.

I first went to the McAuley Water Street Mission, where I was converted July 28, 1886, and talked it over with the superintendent, my own brother, himself redeemed from drink. On our knees we asked God for a Mission near the Pension Agency on Canal Street and then we thanked him for it in advance, and I began to search the neighborhood for a suitable building and tried to interest people in the project, especially that part including the cashing of pensioners checks, free.

Four times a year fully 12,000 pensioners appear at the office at 386-388 Canal Street, for the purpose of drawing the money allowed them for wounds and disability, and poverty and necessity compel hundreds to arrive the day or night before pay day and hang around saloons or stand in the street all night. Many are poor because of drink and are easy victims to the saloons. They mortgage their checks to the saloon keepers and drink on credit until paid and often leave the neighborhood drunk and without a dollar.

Mr. Louis Klopsch, publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (edited by Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is himself a soldier and regimental chaplain of the 13th N. G. S. N. Y.), encouraged me with the promise of substantial aid in establishing the Mission. Major Gen. Howard approved the project, and Pension Agent Col. F. C. Loveland promised cordial co-operation. Col. Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, consented to act as President and its treasurer, and General Wager Swayne, General Alexander S. Webb, General Frederick T. Lock, with General Howard and Col. Loveland, agreed to act as a committee and subscribed $100 each, as did also James Talcott, John S. Huyler, William T. Wardwell and Mr. Samuel H. Hadley, and myself. A large basement was secured, directly under the Pension Agency and leased for three years.

Everything was now provided for a start except the most important thing of all, namely the money to cash the pensioners' checks. I again called on Mr. Klopsch publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and told him that this important part had been reserved for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and he promptly accepted the responsibility. He came to the all-night meeting and saw the waiting veterans and their poor wives and children, and was on hand in person, ready to cash the first check issued by the Pension Agency at 7 o'clock the next morning and continued there using his own money, day after day, to the extent of between $100,000 and $200,000, until the rush was past. Hundreds of veterans who formerly got their checks cashed in the saloons did not go near them this time, but took all their money home—sober. The Mission gives them shelter and warmth and food while waiting, but THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been to them a Pension Increasing Bureau by cashing the checks free.

That the old soldiers and their wives appreciate this was evidenced by their thanks and "God bless you's" and often tears of gratitude. But would it not be fair that all Grand Army comrades should show their appreciation, too, by having this brightest and best of all undenominational Christian weekly papers for their families and themselves to read. I have liked it before for its own sake, now also for the sake of my unfortunate comrades. HENRY H. HADLEY.

What the Pensioners Saved.

The Executive Committee of the new G. A. R. Mission met and formally adopted resolutions thanking the Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for applying his own funds "to cash the pensioners' checks free, thus saving them from the cost and dangers of having them cashed in saloons. We believe he has saved thousands of dollars for the pensioners and their families that would have been spent in dissipation."

The new G. A. R. Mission is meeting with marked success, and we trust that it will be soon duplicated in every city, where pension checks are issued and veterans congregate. If, in addition to the establishment of such missions THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's free check-cashing plan were also generally adopted, the basis would be laid for the spiritual and physical transformation of a class of pensioners, who unfortunately have been leading heedless lives and who regard pension day as a regularly recurring period of sinful dissipation. It is impossible to estimate the good that might be accomplished in the cities of Columbus, Indianapolis, Topeka, Boston, and Philadelphia, if Christian people, who possess an abundance of God's material gifts, had their interest awakened in this new field of work. Thousands of souls might be saved to Christ.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be pleased to hear from any of its readers or their friends, who have in view the establishment of such a Mission elsewhere, and will endeavor to put them in communication with sources of practical information, that may be of the greatest service in beginning the work.

A MISSIONARY'S RESOLVE.

A YOUNG missionary telling of the steps in her experience said: "I resolved that I would go, not if the Lord would open the way, but if he did not shut it up before me," and most beautifully did she testify that obstacles had been removed, one after another, until she and her brother and sister stood ready to enter together upon their work.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. de Witt Talmage
EDITOR

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

IN a few days, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Cargo, purchased with the contributions of thousands of our friends, will be on the way to Russia. In our next issue, we expect to be able to lay before our readers a full account of our stewardship in the disbursement of the Fund, with all the details incident to the arrival and final shipment of the flour.

HEROIC TREATMENT.

THAT remark of Christ, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," is often misinterpreted. He was not here teaching the importance of benevolence, but the duty of self-conquest. That young man had an all-absorbing love of wealth. Money was his god, and Christ is not willing to occupy the throne conjointly with any other deity. This was a case for what doctors call heroic treatment. If a physician meet a case of unimportant sickness, he prescribes a mild curative, but sometimes he comes to a room where the case is almost desperate; ordinary medicine would not touch it. It is "kill or cure," and he treats accordingly. This young man that Christ was medicating was such a case. There did not seem much prospect, and he gives him this powerful dose, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor!"

It does not follow that we must all do the same, any more than because belladonna or arsenic is administered in one case of illness we should therefore all go to taking belladonna or arsenic. Because one man in the hospital must have his arm amputated, all the patients need not expect amputation. The silliest thing that business men could do would be to give all their property away and turn their families into the street. The most Christian thing for you to do is to invest your money in the best way possible, and out of your business, industriously carried on, to contribute the largest possible percentage to the kingdom of God. Still, we must admire the manner in which the Great Physician took the diagnosis of this man's case and grappled it. We all need heroic spiritual treatment. We do not get well of sin because we do not realize what a dire disease it is, and that we cannot cure it with a spiritual panacea, a gentle antidote, a few grains of spiritual morphine, a mild moral corrective or a few drops of peppermint on white sugar.

We want our pride killed, and we read an essay on that sweet grace of humility, and we go on as proud as ever. The pleasant lozenger does not do the work. Rather let us set ourselves to do that for Christ which is most oppugnant to our natural feelings. You do not take part in prayer-meeting because you cannot pray like Edward Payson, or exhort like John Summerfield. If you want to crush your pride, get up anyhow, though your knees knock together, and your tongue catches fast, and you see some godless hearer in prayer-meeting laughing as though she would burst.

Deal with your avarice in the same heroic style. Having heard the charitable cause presented, at the first right impulse thrust your hand in your pocket where the money is, and pull it out though it half kills you. Pull till it comes. Put it on the plate with an emphasis, and turn your face away before you are tempted to take it back again. All your sweet contemplation about benevolence will not touch your case. Heroic treatment or nothing! In the same way destroy the vindictiveness of your nature. Treatises on Christian brotherhood are not what you need. Select the man most disagreeable to you, and the one who has said the hardest things about you. Go up and shake hands with him, and ask him how his family is, and how his soul prospers. All your enmities will fly like a flock of quails at the bang of a rifle.

OUT OF THE WORRY.

WE have been up to the Athens of America. Among other advantages, Boston always soothes our nerves. It has a quieting effect upon us. The people there are better satisfied than any people we know of. Judging from a few restless spirits who get on some of the erratic platforms of that city, and who fret and fume about things in general, the world has concluded that Boston is at unrest, But you may notice that the most of the restless people who go there are imported speakers, whom Boston hires to come once a year and do for her all the necessary fretting.

The ladies of Boston have more color in their cheeks than those of many cities, and walk as though they would live to get round the next corner. They are robust in mind and always ready for an argument. State what you consider an indisputable position, and they will say: "Yes, but then—" They are not afraid to attack the theology of a minister, or the jurisprudence of a lawyer, or the pharmacy of a doctor.

We like the men and women of Boston. They have opinions about everything—some of them adverse to your own, but even in that case so well expressed that, in admiration for the rhetoric, you excuse the divergence of sentiment. We never found a half-and-half character in Boston. The people do not wait till they see which way the smoke of their neighbors' chimneys blows before they make up their own minds.

The most conspicuous book on the parlor table of the hotels of other cities is a book of engravings or a copy of the Bible. In some of the Boston hotels, the prominent book on the parlor table is *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary*. You may be left in doubt about the Bostonian's character, but need not doubt his capacity to parse a sentence, or spell without blunder the word *idiosyncrasy*.

Boston, having made up its mind, sticks to it. Many years ago it decided that the religious societies ought to hold a public anniversary in June, and it never wavers. New York is tired of these annual demonstrations, and goes elsewhere; but in the early part of every June, Boston puts its umbrella under its arm and starts for Tremont Temple, or Music Hall, determined to find an anniversary, and finds it. You see on the stage the same spectacles that shone on the speakers ten years ago, and the same bald heads, for the solid men of Boston got in the way of wearing their hair thin in front a quarter of a century ago, and all the solid men of Boston will, for the next century, wear their hair thin in front.

There are fewer dandies in Boston than in most cities. Clothes, as a general thing, do not make fun of the people they sit on. You see more of the outlandishness of fashion in one day on Broadway than in a week on any one street of Boston. Doubtless, Boston is just as proud as New York, but her pride is that of brains, and those, from the necessities of the case, are hidden.

Go out on the fashionable drive of Boston, and you find that the horses are round limbed, and look as well satisfied as their owners. A restless man always has a thin horse. He does not give the creature time to eat, wears out on him so many whip-lashes, and keeps jerking perpetually at the reins. Boston horses are, for the most part, fat, feel their oats, and know that the eyes of the world are upon them. You see, we think it no dishonor to a minister to admire good horses, provided he does not trade too often, and impose a case of glanders and bots on his unsophisticated neighbor. We think that, as a minister is set up for an example to his flock, he ought to have the best horse in the congregation. A minister is no more sacred when riding behind a spavined and ringboned nag than when whirling along after a horse that can swallow a mile in 2.30.

GONE BACK.

ONE of the kings in olden times, the legend says, consented that the devil might kiss him on both shoulders, but no sooner were the kisses imprinted upon the shoulders than serpents grew forth and began to devour him, and as the king tried to tear off the serpents he found he was tearing his own life out. And there are men who are all enfolded in adders of evil appetite and passion that no human power can ever crush; and unless the grace of God seizes hold of them, these adders will become "the worm that never dies." Alas for those who, once having broken away from the mastery of evil appetites and passion, go back to the sins that they once renounced.

There are a great many sacrificed by indolence. In the hour of their conversion they looked off upon the world, and said: "Oh, how much work to be done, how many harvests to be gathered, how many battles to be fought, how many tears to be wiped away, and how many wounds to be bound up!" and they looked with positive surprise upon those who could sit idle in the kingdom of God while there was so much work to do. After a while they found their efforts were unappreciated, that some of their best work in behalf of Christ was caricatured and they were laughed at, and they began to relax their effort, and the question was no more, "What can I do for Christ?" but "How can I take my ease? Where can I find my rest?" How many who in the hour of consecration started out nobly, bravely and enthusiastically for the Saviour's kingdom have fallen back into ease of body and ease of soul!

Oh, why go down hunting for our old idols? We have found out they are insufficient for the soul. Eyes have they, but they see not; ears have they but they hear not; and hands have they, but they handle not. There is only one God to worship, and he sits in the heavens.

How do I know that there is only one God? I know it is just as the boy knew it when his teacher asked him how many Gods there are. He said, "There is but one." "How do you know that!" inquired the teacher. The boy replied, "There is only room for one, for he fills the heavens and the earth."

* * *

THE full power of the Gospel has not yet been touched. As a sportsman throws up his hand and catches the ball flying through through the air, just so easily will this Gospel, after a while, catch this round world, flying from its orbit, and bring it back to the heart of Christ. Give it full swing, and it will pardon every sin, heal every wound.

YATMAN'S COLUMN

Change Character—Change Conditions.

CHRISTIAN reader, give me your closest attention now. You are one of the many who want to help the lower classes up in the scale of life. What shall you do, and how shall it be done, are the perplexing problems for you to solve.

Their misery and filth and sin troubles you. If it would really help them, you would part with much of your substance, but this you doubt, seriously doubt, and well you may. Take the submerged classes—pick out a round thousand of them, and to each give a thousand dollars, and this alone will send them, as a class, nearer the pit of perdition than they have ever been—neither individuals nor classes can be redeemed from sin nor its results by gold or silver.

How then can they be helped? I answer: change their *characters* and their *conditions* will change immediately. Get a man *converted* by the power of the Holy Ghost, and then and there he has God in him as well as God with him to help carry heavy loads up high hills.

I like kind acts, merciful doings, bright smiles, liberal gifts, but no one or all of these were ever intended by our Lord to lift the fallen out of their terrible conditions. They are only means whereby we may get at them with that most blessed of all things, salvation, and once they get that and the desert of their lives will blossom as the rose.

Many a day my head aches, my heart beats, my blood tingles, my face burns with the hot flush of shame that individuals, societies, churches, once alive to the work of giving souls eternal life by the Cross, have fallen to the loaves and fishes for mind and body which perish with the giving.

* * *

MARK THIS.

There is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
For glory or despair.

I would have you stop in your reading now for a full five minutes, quietly—if that be possible—meditate on this fact, that may be this day some one will reach that point, walking side by side with you, and a word of Gospel from you, aptly given, may give them glory and not despair.

Sunday Traveling.

OUT with the wagons, harness the horses to the carriages, and let me have them for use in the King's service.

Thousands of folk will go to meeting on wheels who won't go on legs. Let us get them there. Farmers, give the bays a bit of rest on Saturday, and then Sunday morning out with the spring wagon and four seats, and you can give the preacher a chance to convert souls instead of benches and chairs.

You can get sinners to the house of prayer if you plan for it. Take one denomination—the Methodists—the saddle and Scripture and sermon were almost inseparable parts of the foundation of the great work of the Wesleys and their followers, and if preachers can use the noble beast that they may preach, why not laymen use the same that people may hear.

That mighty trumpet call of God in the last chapter of the Bible, verse seventeen, has in it these words: "Let him that heareth say come." Not pray come, but "say come," and wheels and driver and team will be no small addition to your invitation. Try it.

Preachers Take Warning.

HE who holds the keys of life and death has spoken to me in loud voice of late. I cannot hold back the truth of immediate surrender on the part of every sinner to the claims of Almighty God and the acceptance of his Son, Jesus Christ, as Saviour. At our opening services this winter, I closed the Sabbath-night meeting at nine o'clock, and at nine-twenty, one who sat in the pew was dead. In January, while at St. James, Harlem, one Sunday, there gathered with the throng a woman whose ball dress was complete for the gay affair Tuesday night next; she went not, for Thursday they buried her in the same gown; and still another of that same congregation slept beneath the sod when again on Sabbath morning I arose to tell saint and sinner alike, "This is not our abiding-place." Preacher! your next sermon may be the last to some soul

The Bible And the Newspaper

THE FLAG INSULTED.

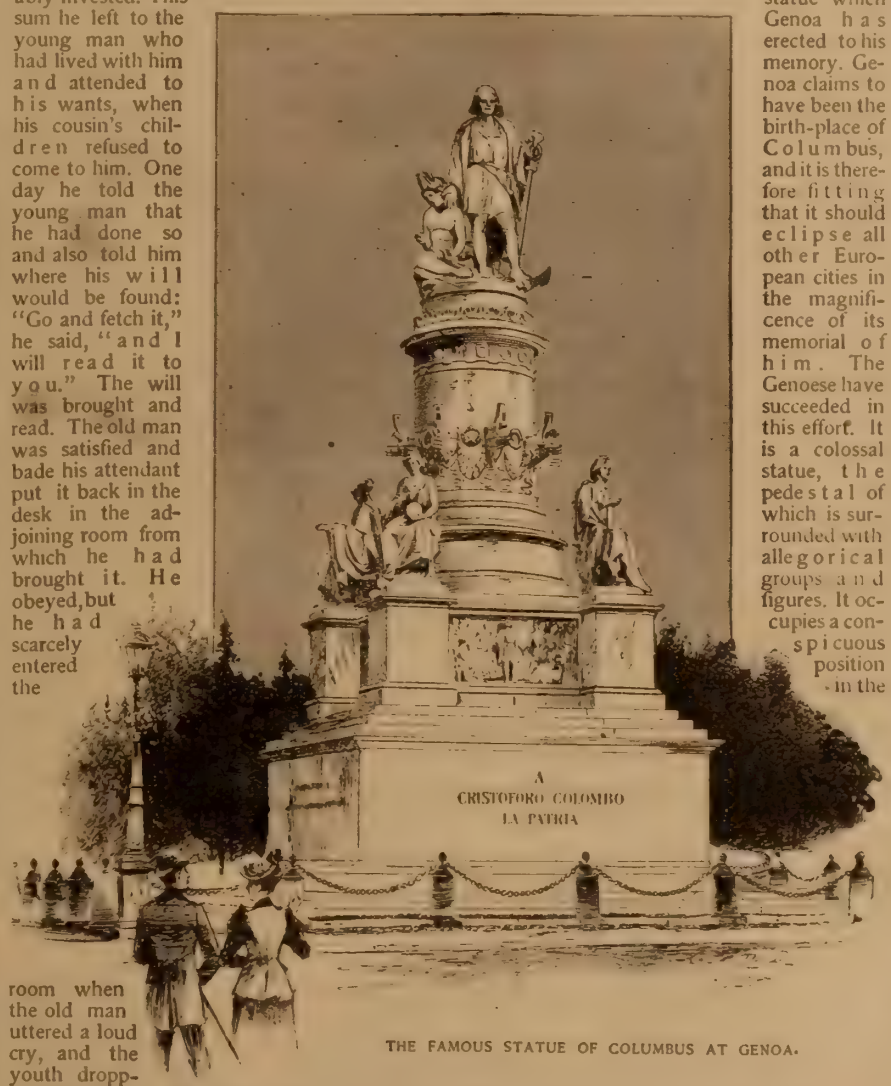
PATRIOTISM inflamed by liquor is responsible for an insult which might, at another time, have led to war. On May 24th, a number of volunteers in Montreal had been celebrating the Queen's birthday with numerous drinks. Turning out into the streets, excited by the liquor they had imbibed, with their loyalty at high pitch, they noticed several United States flags flying over stores and residences occupied by citizens of the Republic who live in Montreal. The volunteers declared that hoisting the flag on that day was insulting, and insisted on its being taken down. One of the store keepers declared that he had raised the flag to honor the day. The volunteers, however, would not listen to him and ordered him to take down the offending flag or they would tear it down. Perceiving the condition of the men, and wishing to avoid a row, he obeyed, but promptly made complaint to military headquarters. The commandant expressed his sincere regret and ordered an investigation to be made, so that the culprits might be discovered and punished. The insult is strongly condemned by Canadian military officers and the general public. Our Consul in Montreal says that during his residence of three years in the city he has been received with the utmost cordiality and the flag has always been treated with respect. It would not have been insulted in this case if the men had been sober. They would then have recognized the flag as the emblem of a friendly power and have admitted the man's right to exhibit it. National distinctions will survive and men will cling to the emblems of them until the time comes when all allegiances will be merged in one and "the Lord will be king over all the earth." Then even the bells on the horses will bear the motto "Holiness to the Lord." (Zech. 14: 9, 20.)

A Suit for Salvage.

A NOTABLE decision was given by Judge Brown in the United States District Court, New York, recently. The suit on trial was for compensation for the recovery of two city scows which drifted out to sea in January last. Several attempts were made to find them but without success. Eventually the task was committed to the owner of a powerful tug which, with eleven men on board, went in search of the missing scows. After cruising about for five days, one of the scows was found sixty miles from Sandy Hook and was towed back to Brooklyn. The tug then started in search of the other scow which was discovered seventy miles out at sea, but not until fifteen days had been spent in the search. The owners of the scows declined to pay the amount demanded by the owners of the tug for the rescue; and suit was accordingly brought. The judge, taking into account the fact that if the scows had been allowed to drift, they would have been a danger to incoming and outgoing vessels and that considerable time and labor had been expended in finding and bringing them in, awarded the owners of the tug the sum of $8,600 which was one-third the value of the scows. He stipulated that a fair proportion should go to the captain and crew of the tug who had done the work and incurred the danger. It is a large sum, but the judge's reasoning was sound. Not less just will be the award of the Judge of all the earth, when they come before him who have spent their lives in going into foreign lands and into the heathen quarters of Christian cities to rescue souls which have drifted away on the ocean of sin. (James 5:20.)

A Will in Tatters.

THE ownership of a fortune of $75,000 has been determined by the discovery of two men who were hunting recently in Dark Hollow near Hamburg, Conn. It appears that an old man died in a house near that place about twelve months ago. He had been an invalid for six years, having one side paralyzed. He had never married and, having no near relatives, he had lived alone except for a young man who had been kind to him when he was first prostrated and, whom he afterwards induced to live in the house and wait on him. The old man had written to the only relatives he had, the children of a second cousin, describing his helplessness and asking if one of them would come and live with him and attend to his wants. They refused, believing him to be poor, and doubting whether he was able to compensate them. The old man had always been a working man, dressing poorly and seeming to have a difficulty in paying his way. He had, however, by frugality succeeded in accumulating $75,000 which was profitably invested. This sum he left to the young man who had lived with him and attended to his wants, when his cousin's children refused to come to him. One day he told the young man that he had done so and also told him where his will would be found: "Go and fetch it," he said, "and I will read it to you." The will was brought and read. The old man was satisfied and bade his attendant put it back in the desk in the adjoining room from which he had brought it. He obeyed, but he had scarcely entered the room when the old man uttered a loud cry, and the youth dropped the will on the floor, and ran back to the sufferer. The old man was in a fit and for nearly an hour his attendant was fully occupied in trying to resuscitate him. He sent for a doctor as soon as he could attract the attention of a neighbor, but in spite of all that could be done, the old man died. Then the youth thought of the will which he had dropped on the floor at the time of the old man's seizure. It could not be found. He thought perhaps it had been blown through the piazza windows which, it being hot weather, had been open; but neither on the piazza nor in the garden below was there any trace of the missing document. He told his story, but he was not believed and the old man's distant relatives took measures to establish their claim to the fortune. The will has now been found. The two hunters while exploring Dark Hollow came upon the nest of two gray squirrels which was made of scraps of paper, bits of twine, a piece or two of ribbon and a handkerchief. On one of the scraps of paper were the words, "last will and testament" and the hunters realized that those scraps might be valuable. They collected them all and when joined together the will was complete. The heir was notified and the will so strangely found has established his title to the fortune. The squirrels must have carried off the will through the open window and torn it up to make their nest. The young Christian is apt to fear that he will lose his inheritance when he listens to the talk of the critics who are engaged in the attempt to tear the Bible to pieces, but he need be under no apprehension. "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord God knoweth them that are his." (II. Timothy 2:19.)



THE FAMOUS STATUE OF COLUMBUS AT GENOA.

The Statue of Columbus.

THE airs of superiority which Europeans have assumed in watching the exuberance with which we have celebrated centennials during the past twenty years, and the taunts they have thrust at us as a juvenile nation, will be out of place in reference to our celebration this year. We have attained the dignity of celebrating an event which occurred four hundred years ago. That event, too, is not one whose interest we share equally with other nations, but one whose interest is peculiarly our own. A very important event, too, for it was in 1492, as every schoolboy knows, that Columbus sighted our shores and, planting the cross, claimed the new found continent for Christ. As everything associated with the discoverer has an especial interest for us this year, our readers will be glad to have the picture, which appears on this page, of the statue which Genoa has erected to his memory. Genoa claims to have been the birth-place of Columbus, and it is therefore fitting that it should eclipse all other European cities in the magnificence of its memorial of him. The Genoese have succeeded in this effort. It is a colossal statue, the pedestal of which is surrounded with allegorical groups and figures. It occupies a conspicuous position in the quaint old city, near the railroad station. It is a significant fact, which the Genoese in erecting the statue would not be likely to forget, that it was to Genoa that Columbus first communicated his idea of a new world. Genoa did not put any faith in his theory, and the honor of fitting out the expedition went to Spain. The Genoese must surely regret that their ancestors were so foolish as to lose that honor, but probably had they lived in the time of Columbus, they would have rejected it, too. There are multitudes in every land who, when they celebrate Christmas, blame the Jews for not providing a better birth-place than a stable for the infant Saviour; yet who are guilty of a still more disgraceful rejection of his claims in refusing him admittance to the place he desires to occupy in their own hearts. (Matt. 23:30-31.)

A Wedding Among Indians.

FROM Seattle, Wash., comes the report of a wedding of romantic interest. It appears that on the Lummi Indian Reservation, near Puget Sound, just on this side the Canadian line, a school for Indian children was opened about a year ago. A young man of genial manners was installed as teacher. It was a dull life for a man of education and culture, such as the young teacher evidently was, but he seemed happy in it. There was no society but that of the Indians, as vast forests surround the Lummi Reservation and separate it from the cities and civilized regions of Washington. A few weeks ago, a young Englishwoman arrived at the reservation, and the young man greeted her with delight. Four years before, he had declared his love for her. She was then in a luxurious home in England among friends and relatives. She accepted him, but as the young man had no means of supporting a wife, their marriage was indefinitely postponed. He came to the United States, and for some time unsuccessfully sought employment. At last he secured the appointment of teacher of the Lummi school, and after he had established himself, wrote to the young lady reporting his success, but explaining how lonely and desolate his position was. She was not deterred by his account, but promptly set out for his distant home. To some friends who accompanied her, and witnessed the marriage, she said that she did not regret the loss of society, she was sure of being happy with her husband, his love would be sufficient to compensate her for all she was giving up. That is the case with all who are united to Christ by a living faith. They count the pleasures of the world, which they renounce, as no loss, having joys in communion with Christ which the world knows nothing of, which more than compensate them. (Phil. 3:8.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The British and Foreign Bible Society sent 146,000 Bibles into France last year.

The Armenian mission of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, now numbers over seventy members and the Rev. Abraham Yohannan gives gratifying reports of the work.

Mr. Moody's friends in England are expecting him back among them this week after his Palestine tour, and are hoping to induce him to labor for a few weeks before returning home.

Within twenty years the number of Baptist church-members in the city of New Haven, Conn., has more than doubled, about 2,500 being now enrolled, the First and the Calvary churches having over 700 each.

A season of remarkable awakening has been in progress for some time past at the Temple Baptist Church, Philadelphia, of which Dr. Russell H. Conwell is pastor. As a result one hundred and nine persons were baptized on confession of faith.

The Baptist Chapel car, *Evangel*, is in charge of Rev. E. G. Wheeler, formerly the representative of the Baptist Publication Society on the Pacific Coast. During the last five months, traveling in this special car, he has visited forty towns in Washington, British Columbia and Idaho, and held Gospel services.

The Central Union Mission, of Washington, D. C., has already sent out its Gospel Wagon on several expeditions this season. At one of its stoppages, a few days ago, a large crowd gathered around it, and the Gospel was preached. No less than ten persons came out of the crowd after the service and begged for prayers, earnestly seeking Christ.

The American Institute of Christian Philosophy will hold its Summer School this year at Prohibition Park, Staten Island, N. Y. The meetings commence on July 12, and continue for eight days. Among the speakers on the programme are Dr. Carlos Martyn, Dr. E. D. Warfield, Joseph Cook, Dr. Scott of Andover, Dr. George Alexander and R. Fulton Cutting, Esq. All information may be obtained by addressing Mr. John B. Devins, 4 Winthrop Place, New York.

An enormous meeting in Cooper Union, New York, on May 26th, gave a hearty endorsement of the work Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst has been doing in the city for the suppression of vice. Among the eminent citizens who attended and spoke words of encouragement to the much maligned minister were Judge Noah Davis, Rev. George Alexander, D. D., Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D., Rev. C. D. Bridgman, LL. D., Anthony Comstock, ex-Mayor Abraham S. Hewitt and Rev. J. N. Hallock.

The following sums were received last week toward the fund for the support of Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the American Sunday School Union: From Edward I. Wade, Norwich, Conn., $1; W. A. S., Xenia, O., $1; P. S. W., Cedar Rapids, Ia., $1; An Old Subscriber, Grand Junction, Colo., $5; H. M. L. D., $5. On another page will be found some records of Mr. Sharp's work which show that now, more than ever, there is urgent need of such work being done in that field

THE RUSSIAN RELIEF FUND.

Additional list of Contributions Received during the Closing Week of the Fund for the Aid of Starving Russia.

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Hubert P Main, the Composer of nearly 900 Sacred Harmonies.

WELLING in an atmosphere of harmony; ever singing with lips and heart; prolific in melodies that stir the soul and charm the ear, and peculiarly successful in those songs that appeal to the multitudes—such in brief has been the career of Hubert P. Main, the composer of the beautiful hymn, *After Labor Cometh Rest*, which appears on this page, and the music for which he has written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mr. Hubert P. Main was born at Ridgefield, Conn., August 17th, 1839. His father, Sylvester Main, was well-known throughout a large section, as a singing master, having taught a singing school from his sixteenth year. Mr. Sylvester Main, in 1868, became a member of the firm of Biglow & Main, music publishers, New York City, and was associated with that firm until his death in 1873. Surrounded by such harmonious and tuneful associations in infancy and boyhood, it was not surprising that young Hubert should have early developed a marked musical talent in the same direction. As early as 1855, when sixteen years of age, he began to write hymn tunes acceptably, and in 1867 he had already become known as a popular composer of Sunday School songs. In all he has, perhaps, written between 800 and 900 pieces for different books, and he has besides taken a prominent part in the work of compiling and preparing for publication about 250 different collections of music—a majority of these being published by the firm of Biglow & Main.

Mr. Main is probably best known as a composer by his famous songs: *The Bright Forever, We Shall Meet Beyond the River, Oh How He Loves, In the Fadeless Springtime, Blessed Homeland, Good Night,* (Serenade.) *Bye, Baby, Bye,* and others which have attained a world-wide popularity. He has since 1883 written ten Children's Day's Services and a large number of Carols, etc., nearly all of which have been sung in every State at Christmas, Easter and the anniversaries.

FOR CHRISTIAN UNITY.

"The Review of the Churches," Reunion Conference.

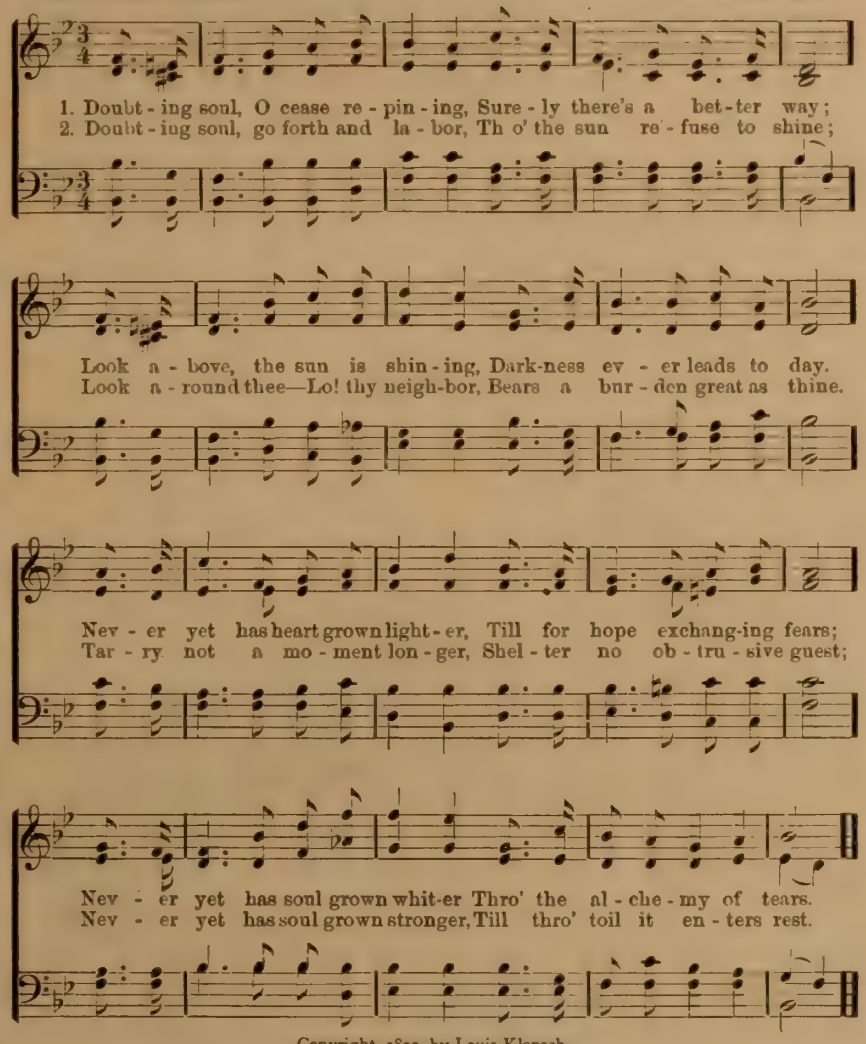
IN Christians' regard, perhaps the most important item of the recent news received from England, is a communication to the London *Times*, subscribed with twenty-three names, of which a large proportion are as well known on this as on the other side of the Atlantic. An examination of these names show that nine of them are eminent members of the Church of England, headed by those of Earl Nelson and the Bishop of Worcester; two of the Church of Ireland; two Presbyterian; four Congregational; two Baptist, and four Methodist. The letter thus subscribed announces a series of meetings to be held during the summer of this year at Grindelwald, for the object of promoting Christian reunion. A definite practical issue is hoped for, namely, that, under Divine direction, such "suggestions may be presented as may definitely contribute to the healing of our divisions and the removal of all unnecessary barriers that now lie in the way of 'God's union and concord.'" The earnest prayers of all Christian people are "implored" on this behalf, and the suggestion made that it be the subject of special petition in the public and private devotions of God's people on the first Sunday mornings in June, July, August and September. That readers of the noble catholic utterances of Dr. Talmage on the essential oneness of Christians of all the churches, would be interested in the important movement decided upon, is assumed.

The Christian in America needs no invitation to add his prayers and influence to those of the noble men of God who, by their present action, anticipate in a measure the time for which the Saviour prayed: "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

Volume XI., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

After Labor, Cometh Rest.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. Doubt-ing soul, O cease re-pin-ing, Sure-ly there's a bet-ter way;
2. Doubt-ing soul, go forth and la-bor, Th o' the sun re-fuse to shine;
Look a-bove, the sun is shin-ing, Dark-ness ev-er leads to day.
Look a-round thee—Lo! thy neigh-bor, Bears a bur-den great as thine.
Nev-er yet has heart grown light-er, Till for hope exchang-ing fears;
Tar-ry not a mo-ment lon-ger, Shel-ter no ob-tru-sive guest;
Nev-er yet has soul grown whit-er Thro' the al-che-my of tears.
Nev-er yet has soul grown stronger, Till thro' toil it en-ters rest.

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A GREAT HYMN-WRITER.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks and the Many Noble Songs She has Written for Christ.

A NAME familiar to many of our readers and, indeed, to thousands in other lands, is that of Annie S. Hawks, as one of the leading hymn-writers of America. Her latest and most beautiful hymn, *After Labor Cometh Rest*, appears for the first time in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the music for the same having been written by the well-known composer, Hubert P. Main. It is this hymn which, for beauty of expression in language, and for musical delicacy of sentiment, deserves to be widely popular and to take rank with the sweetest songs of the Christian church.

Annie S. Hawks, whose portrait is given above, was born in Hoosick, New York, May 28, 1835. For several years past she has been a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y. Although from early life she devoted much attention to educational and literary pursuits, yet little publicity was given to her effusions till about 1868, when her pastor, the Rev. R. Lowry, discovering her talent, encouraged her to write for the good of others. Among the first and tenderest of her hymns, was, *Why Weepest Thou?* and *Bright Jewels*. Her songs have also appeared in *Pure Gold, Royal Diadem, Brightest and Best*, and *Tidal Wave*, and have been copied in numerous other musical compilations.

Among her best known compositions are *In the Valley*, whose familiar lines have been sung by many thousands, and *Here Am I*. Among the other famous pieces from her pen are, *Who'll be the Next? Yield, O Yield, Wholly Thine, Living for Christ*, and the grandest and sweetest of all, *I Need Thee Every Hour*.

The last named was the outgrowth of her own experience. Having sent it to the Rev. Mr. Lowry, he caught the spirit of the hymn and gave it musical expression. It was first sung in the National Baptist Sunday School Convention in Cincinnati, Nov. 10, 1872, by three thousand people, and its popularity began from that hour.

That Mrs. Hawks' musical genius has lost none of its power and sweetness is well attested by the hymn we publish to-day from her pen.

LIGHT.

IT was the hour when night was half awake
And rubbing his dull eyes, and looking gray
And pallid like, ashamed to face the day,
He fled, as noiseless as the frozen flake
Of crystal beauty drops into the lake,
Chilling its bosom. As the breakers lay
Their tired heads on the sand: As winds that play
Till their tired feet find rest within the brake;
So had I grown. All night I prayed for light,
Wrestling with evil, and when day began
To show his great round shield, and to my sight
Defeat of darkness came,—the matchless plan
Of Christ's redemption banished all my night,
And in the dawn, I saw God's love for man.

—D. L. SMITH.

THE APOCALYPSE.

The Three Woe Trumpets Proclaiming Fierce Judgments.

BY P. W. E.

LET it be noticed, that in all of the first four trumpets, the judgments fall on a "third part" of the earth, the sea, etc. The chief throne of the dragon's rule, is the revived Roman Empire; to whose last ruler he gives "his power, and his throne, and great authority." (Chap. 13: 2.) Morally speaking, nothis more likely then that the severest judgments will fatl on this part of the world. It is there the greatest apostacy, figured by Babylon has its seat. There the light of the Gospel shone with its clearest lustre, and sank into its deepest night. There, after the true Church is taken, men will be given up to "strong delusion, that they should believe a lie." There, too, will the last ruler (called the beast), of the Gentile powers, who will raise himself in impious rebellion against "the King of kings," gather his armies for "the battle of that great day of God Almighty."

The Woe Trumpets.

The seven trumpets are divided into two classes. The first four, which we have considered, are somewhat similar in character; the other three are entirely different and are called "woe trumpets." They are preceeded by a proclamation foretelling their nature. "And I beheld, and heard an eagle—not an angel—flying through the midst of heaven, saying with a loud voice: Woe, woe, woe, woe, to the inhabitants of the earth by reason of the other voices of the trumpets of the three angels, which are yet to sound." The phrases, "inhabiters of the earth," and "they that dwell upon the earth," are the same words in the original. The words seem to designate those persons "whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things." On these the judgments are about to fall. The eagle by which the woes are announced seems to signify the swiftness with which the punishment will descend; for when they shall say, "Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh."

"And the fifth angel sounded, and I saw a star fall from the heavens unto the earth; and to him was given the key of the bottomless pit. And he opened the bottomless pit; and there arose a smoke out of the pit as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit." (Rev. 9: 1, 2.) This and the next woe are marked for their Satanic character. The fall of a star is the apostacy of some notable, but subordinate power, who rules the darkness of this world, one of the wicked spirits in heavenly places.

Permission is given to the baneful star to let loose infernal darkness and terrible wickedness on the earth. He has "the key of the bottomless pit," in which evil is confined before receiving its final doom. It is here that Satan will be chained during the thousand years, the millennial age (Rev. 20 : 1–3), here the angels who sinned are "delivered unto chains of darkness to be reserved unto judgment." (II. Pet. 2: 4.) It is to this place the demons feared they would be sent; "and they besought Jesus that he would not command them to go out Into the abyss," or deep. (Luke 8, 31.) Now from this infernal prison comes a dense volume of smoke, polluting all earthly influences, as figured by the darkening of the "sun and the air."

Demoniacal power is also let loose. "And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth, and unto them was given power, as the scorpions of the earth have power. And it was commanded them that they should not hurt the grass of the earth, neither any green thing; neither any tree; but only those men which have not the seal of God in their foreheads. And to them it was given that they should not kill them, but that they should be tormented five months; and their torment was as the torment of a scorpion, when he striketh a man. And in those days shall men seek death, snd shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them." In the prophecy of Joel, the locusts are called the Lord's "great army;" and their ravages are there vividly described. While resembling locusts in their overwhelming numbers and power, they have stings like scorpions, and so very excruciating is their hurt, that men "shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them." It is not a plague of slaughter, but an intense suffering. They injure only those men, which have not the "seal of God in their foreheads." As the sealing was confined to a select number from the twelve tribes of Israel, it is evident thar only the reprobate portion of them are subject to this fearful scourge by this army of tormentors from the bottomless pit. We

have the nature of these locusts described in
[illegible] 9: 7–11.
As in this description of the locusts certain
[illegible] features are delineated. Resistless fury
and show of power would seemed to be indicated by the war-horses and crowns; the appearance of boldness and independence, with real weakness and subjection, in the faces of men with the hair of women; destructive violence in the teeth of lions; and a conscience steeled against pity and remorse in the breastplates of iron; while their progress causes a mighty commotion like war-chariots hastening to battle. The injury they inflict is with their tails; alluding probably to the words of Isa. 9, "The prophet that teacheth lies, he is the tail." (Chap. 9: 15.) Such explanations of the symbols are suggested. It is not a material but a moral plague; that the followers of Apollyon "the destroyer" inflict. The ravages of the infernal host are confined to the unbelieving Israelites; and are limited as to time, as the term of five months indicates. Such is the first of the three "woe trumpets." "One woe is past; and behold there come two woes more after these."

Sixth Trumpet.

"And the sixth angel sounded, and I heard a voice from the four horns of the golden altar which is before God, saying to the sixth angel which had the trumpet, Loose the four angels which are bound in the great river Euphrates." (Rev. 9: 13-21.) The golden altar is the altar of incense or intercession, which stands, though separated by the veil, before the throne of grace, or mercy seat. This is the same place from which the angel offered up the prayers of the saints. It is from the horns of this altar, signifying that it is in answer to the prayers, that the command to loose the angels in the river Euphrates goes forth. The Euphrates was the boundary of the Roman Empire, which seems to indicate that while the first woe falls upon the unbelieving Israelites, this second one falls on the revived Roman empire.

"And the four angels were loosed, which were prepared (not for an hour, but) for the hour, and day and month and year, for to slay the third part of men." Here we find "the third part," which confirms the inference that this woe falls upon the revived Roman empire. The time for commencing this woe had been determined even to the very hour.

"And the number of the army of the horsemen was two hundred thousand thousand: and I heard the number of them. And thus I saw the horses in the vision, and them that sat on them, having breastplates of fire, and of jacinth and brimstone; and the heads of the horses were as the heads of lions; and out of their mouths issued fire and smoke and brimstone. By these three was the third part of men killed, by the fire, and by the smoke, and by the brimstone, which issued out of their mouths." The judgment comes with the speed of the horse, and the destructive power of the lion. The two hundred million show the resistless force, completely overwhelming the whole section of country under visitation. Fire and brimstone the extreme form of judgment, the symbols of eternal punishment, and smoke with its darkening power, are instruments of destruction. A distinct satanic agency is added, typified in the tails formed like serpents, having poisonous heads, with which "they do hurt." These symbols indicate both moral and physical death.

Terrible as is this woe upon the people, it produces no repentance. "And the rest of the men which were not killed by these plagues yet repented not of the works of their hands."

How solemn a picture to the extent to which man's heart may become hardened against God, that even this dreadful visitation produces no salutary effect. Given up to "strong delusion that they should believe a lie," those who once despised God in his grace, will at length despise him in his government; and each successive stroke of his judgment will only render them more callous and defiant until at last, like Pharaoh, they walk blindfold into the very flood which is to swallow them up. Such is man!

AT a reception tendered to Lady Henry Somerset in London on her return from America, she said: "Since last I stood upon this platform I have travelled some 15,000 miles by land and sea. Our American sisters have done nothing of greater practical value than to secure in all but eight of their forty-four States, and in all the territories of their great Republic, laws requiring, in all grades of their public schools, instruction in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effect of stimulants and narcotics upon the human system. We want one generation trained to know that alcoholics are the enemy of clear brains."

THE COMING CONVENTION.

WHILE it is not yet possible to issue a complete programme of the great Christian Endeavor Convention which will assemble in Madison Square Garden, New York, on July 7, the arrangements are so far made as to given some idea of the order of proceedings. The general secretary, Mr. J. W. Baer, has received replies from a large number of ministers and laymen accepting invitations to take part in the convention. Among these are: President Merrill E. Gates, of Amherst; Rev. Joseph Cook, Dr. Josiah Strong, Dr. H. C. Mabie, Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt, Minneapolis; Hon. John Wanamaker, Rev. Russell H. Conwell, Philadelphia; Wm. Tracy and Rev. H. T. McEwen, Dr. D. J. Burrell, Dr. Wilton Merle Smith, and Rev. R. M. Somerville, of New York; Rev. J. Z. Tyler, Cincinnati; Mrs. Alice May Scudder, Mr. John G. Woolley, Rev. Dr. John Henry Barrows, Bishop Fallows, and Mr. T. B. Nisbett, of Chicago; Rev. S. P. Rose, Montreal; Rev. T. S. Hamlin, D.D., Washington, D.C.; Rev. N. Boynton, Boston; Rev. Dr. J. T. Buckley, Philadelphia; Mr. Ira. D. Sankey, Rev. Dr. H. C. Farrar, Albany; Rev. J. F. Cowan, Pittsburgh; Rev. Dr. G. C. Kelley, Kentucky, Rev. R. V. Hunter, Terre Haute; Rev. J. M. Lowden, Rev. Charles A. Dickinson, and Mr. H. B. Pannell, of Boston; Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon, Brooklyn; Rev. A. J. Turkle, Omaha; Mr. J. W. Malone, Cleveland; Mr. G. Tower Ferguson, and Rev. A. M. Phillips, of Toronto; Rev. Levi Rees, Indianapolis; Rev. Dr. W. H. McMillan, Allegheny City.

The opening session will be held at 2:30 P. M., on Thursday, July 7. The preliminary exercises, the reading of the report, President Clark's address and the speeches which those matters will probably elicit will fill that and the evening session. On *Friday* morning there will be a meeting of pastors representing eighteen denominations. Later the reports of the officers of the organizations of States, Territories, and Provinces will be given. Representatives of the Society from India, Africa and China will have an opportunity of speaking. There will be a conference on matters connected with the Junior Societies in the afternoon. In the evening two addresses will be given and discussed. *Saturday* morning will be devoted to talks on Home and Foreign missions. In the afternoon, the Convention will be resolved into its denominational constituents. There will be meetings in churches in the neighborhood of the Garden, of Congregational Societies of Christian Endeavor, Baptist Societies, Presbyterian Societies, etc. There will also be a mass meeting of Junior Societies in the Broadway Tabernacle. Saturday evening will be devoted to special social receptions, alumni gatherings, etc. On *Sunday* there will be three meetings: an early morning prayer-meeting, an afternoon session, when three addresses will be given, and at night, the great consecration meeting will bring the Convention to a close. Mr. Baer hopes that ministers will not forget the earnest request for special prayers on Sunday, July 3, for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the Convention.

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A SOUTHERN CIRCLE.

AMONG the reports sent to the headquarters of the King's Daughters in New York is one from a Southern town which, notwithstanding the evident modesty of the writer shows how great a blessing the Circle is to the whole community. She says: "Our object is to relieve suffering; to carry sunshine into lives, darkened by sin, poverty and affliction. Our first work was to help supply an easy chair and slippers to an invalid. We provided several Christmas baskets 'In His Name.' Through the long winter months several poor families, who were unable to support themselves, were taken care of almost entirely at our expense. Medicines have been furnished in several cases. We have had two sick girls under our direct care. One of our chief efforts has been to organize and sustain a Circle among the factory girls and women of our town. To teach them that however poor we are, we can always find time to do something in the name of our King and for the furtherance of his cause. This Circle now numbers thirty-five members, and together with our own Circle brings our membership to sixty-five. We are helping to pay house rent for one poor mother who has to struggle hard for the support of her family." The actual payments of the members are only ten cents a month each, so it is evident that the treasury must have been replenished by some pretty active effort on the part of the ladies who are engaged in the work. Of this, however, nothing is said, but the result speaks for itself and shows that the motto of the Order is no unmeaning phrase to these Daughters of the King.

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A BUILDING GIVEN TO PATERSON Y. M. C. A.

OUR friends of the Paterson, N. J., Young Men's Christian Association are rejoicing in the acquisition of a valuable gift. Mrs. John Cooke, widow of the well-known founder of the Cooke Locomotive and Machine works, has made the Association a present of the fine brick mansion in which she has hitherto resided and with it the land in its rear which is 150 feet by 75. A picture of the building appears on this page. The property is valued at $35,000, and as it fronts on the lots which it is proposed to turn into a fine open square for the approach to the new City Hall, its value will increase. The only conditions attached to the gift are that it shall never be mortgaged and that the Association shall erect on the land in the rear of the edifice a brick or stone building for use as a gymnasium and assembly hall and equip the same. The Association has accepted the conditions and proposes to spend $30,000 in fulfilling them. The two sons of Mrs. Cooke have contributed a thousand dollars each toward this amount and other contributions have raised the fund to about $10,000, and the Association has good reason for expecting that the whole amount will soon be in hand. The Ladies' Aid Society has taken up the work of raising funds for furnishing the building and has various ingenious schemes to that end under consideration. The Association was organized only five years ago, but it has already nearly five hundred members, and with the improved facilities it will now have for its work, its membership and influence will doubtless rapidly increase.

BUILDING PRESENTED TO THE PATERSON Y. M. C. A.

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A SUBSCRIBER, Manotick, Ont. You can obtain all the particulars you need, badges and suggestions for constitution by writing to the Headquarters of the King's Daughters, 158 West 23d Street New York, enclosing stamps for reply.

SOCIETIES IN CO-OPERATION.

AN interesting work is in progress in Wilmington, Del., which shows that the young people of the city recognize the identity of aim of the various Christian Societies and are prepared to combine in the interests of religion and morality, while maintaining their individuality as organizations. Some three months ago the rapid increase of the drinking habit was brought to the attention of the Societies and each Society resolved to make a strong effort in the direction of Temperance. These resolutions led to the formation of a united Society which is called the Central Temperance Union, and is composed of the Temperance Committees of the Young People's Societies of all churches of the city including the Christian Endeavor Societies, Epworth Leagues, Baptist Unions, and Willing Workers. The object of this Society is to educate public opinion upon the subject of Temperance in all its bearings, and to assist in every proper way in detecting, exposing, and punishing those who violate the liquor laws and to strive to have those laws so amended that the evils of the liquor traffic may be diminished and the whole curse finally swept from the city. Some of its practical work is as follows: On March 22d a mass-meeting of all young people of the city, addressed by Mrs. Barnes of New York City, a vote of all present was taken to have a petition signed by the president and secretary on their behalf to be addressed to the World's Fair Managers to have no liquor sold on the grounds. The members of this Society take an active part in getting remonstrances signed against the granting of licenses to saloon-keepers; it has at present in progress the petitioning of the Levy Court for an enlargement of the county jail, so that the immoral and vicious prisoners may not be put in cells with those that are less depraved, and to provide better accommodations for feminine prisoners. Its officers and executive committee propose to make this Society a permanent blessing to the city of Wilmington.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

We learn through the kindness of Miss Mabel H. Young that the Abraham D. Merrill Epworth League of Wakefield, Mass., celebrated the third anniversary of the formation of the League on Sunday, May 15. The Pastor of the church, Rev. Joseph H. Thompson, preached a special sermon in the morning, the Senior and Junior Leagues occupying the front seats of the church. In the evening the reports of the various committees were read. The Department of Christian Work had held cottage prayer-meetings, which God had richly blessed. The Department of Mercy and Help had visited the poor, giving food and flowers and religious literature. Both Senior and Junior Leagues had an increase of membership to report. The church was beautifully decorated with plants, mottoes, etc., and the enthusiasm manifested was most encouraging.

The Epworth League of Grace M. E. Church, Newburg, N. Y., has now seventy members and is still increasing. Mr. Henry W. Nitschky informs us that the meetings are well attended and readings, recitations, singing and debatings are arranged to develop the interest and attract new members. The third anniversary of the League was celebrated on May 15, when Rev. D. W. B. Thompson, pastor of the church, presided and made the whole day a League Sunday at the church.

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Mrs. Bottome has been giving Bible talks in Rochester to representative organizers at the residence of Mrs. Hiram B. Sibley.

A Christian Endeavor Society has been organized at Fort Sheridan, Chicago. Serg. E. R. McFarland is president, and Private E. A. Palmer is secretary.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey has promised to be back in this country from England in time to attend the Christian Endeavor Convention in July. He will sing several solos during the meetings.

The Baptist Young People's Union will hold a Convention in Detroit, Mich., July 14-17. Preparations are being made for a great gathering of delegates from all parts of the United States and Canada.

The Women's Christian Association of Philadelphia is experiencing another delay in the settlement of its claim against the Reading Company. The award of the Court, which was far smaller than the Association had a right to expect, is larger than the Railroad Company is willing to pay, so it has appealed against it. This is a great disappointment to the Association whose work will be further crippled by the delay in obtaining a settlement.

NOBODY'S DARLINGS.

THERE are innocent eyes, all wet with tears,
Haloed by tangled gold; [years,
There are faces wizened, but not with
Young hearts grown hard and cold—
Children whose childhood long since has fled,
In the weary struggle for daily bread.

No lullaby tender, no good-night kiss,
Or caress of a gentle hand,
Lulls them, smiling in tranquil bliss,
To the regions of Slumberland.
No love to hallow, and guide, and smooth;
No voice to counsel, and bless, and soothe.

Nobody's darlings! Poor waifs and strays!
Take heed ye do not despise,
But love and cherish these little ones,
So dear in Christ-King's eyes;
Whose guardian angels in heaven above
Behold our Father, the God of Love.

—HARRIET JULIA EVANS.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells of the Wonderful Pigeon-Towers of the East, and their Winged Inhabitants.

THE week had been an unusually busy and interesting one for the children. Out on one of the tall maples, behind the house, and between it and Uncle John's garden now abloom with flowers of every hue, a carpenter and his hired man had erected a pretty little pigeon-house. It was empty as yet; but resting there under the cool branches, it looked cosy and inviting enough.

"Now, young folks," said Uncle, when the workmen had finished, "Where's the feathered people who are to dwell in this little palace you've got here?"

"Oh, Mr. Branscombe has promised Ned a pair of beauties," answered Tom. "And then I'm going to have another pair next week, so we'll soon have them here."

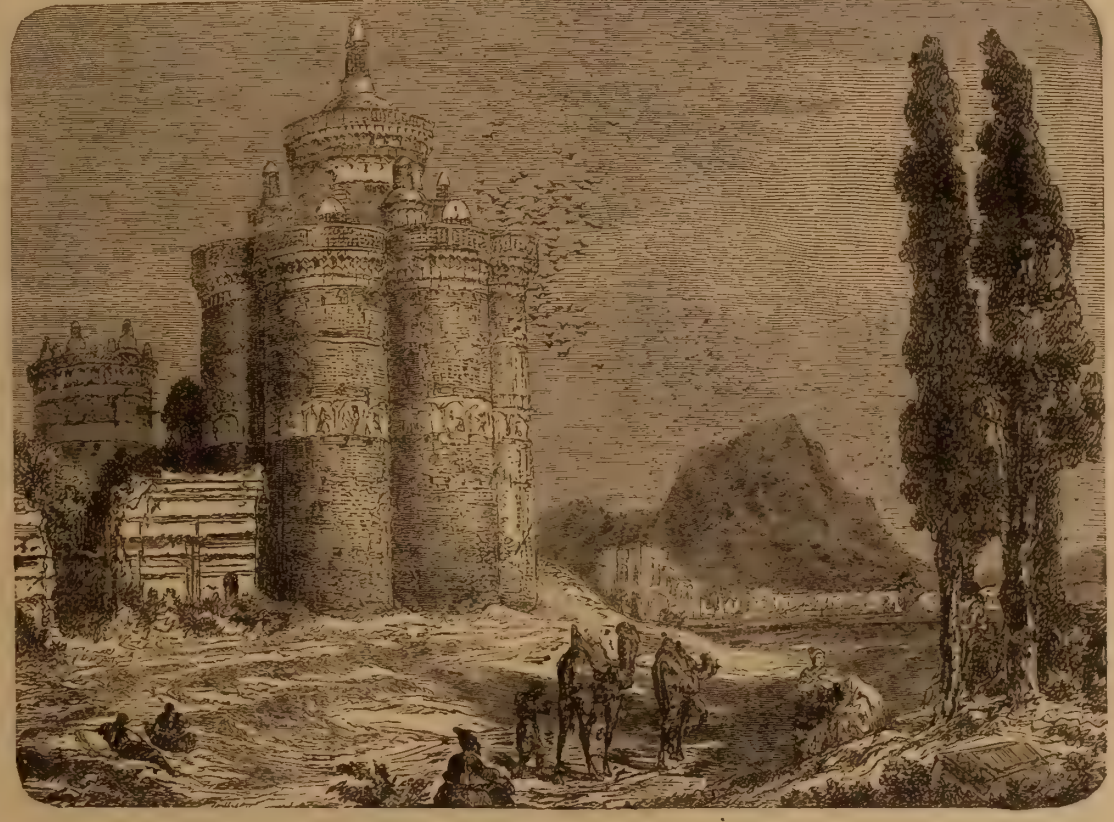
"It's just the prettiest little house I ever saw," cried Milly, dancing around in glee. "Ain't it Uncle? And so high up, too."

"'Taint as high as some pigeon-houses, though," observed Ted thoughtfully. "There's one down by the school-house near the top of an elm, where they come in such flocks that it seems they'd fill the cote twice over."

"Pigeons are not so numerous now as they were in this country, a hundred or more years ago," said the traveler, as he resumed work among his plants, at which he had been temporarily interrupted. "In the backwoods of Kentucky and Ohio they were found in flocks numbering hundreds of thousands. Audubon and Wilson the naturalists wrote of these great flocks, which exceeded those of any other country in size. In Canada, too, the pigeon was formerly so numerous as to spoil the crops. But now they are growing scarce. All over the world we find the pigeon, and everywhere it is held in affectionate regard for its gentleness and usefulness, for it is among the most intelligent of birds. In some lands, its plumage is brilliantly colored, but those of Australia, India, Africa and the Malay peninsula, are pretty much like our own. One species at Nicobar, in the Indian Archipelago, has long lustrous hackles. Another, in New Guinea, has a mouth almost horny in hardness to enable it to crush the hard seeds upon which it lives. Still another, in New Guinea, is of gigantic size."

"Do they keep them in houses, as we do here?" inquired one of the group.

"Those of which I am speaking are wild pigeons," explained Uncle John. "But they are frequently tamed and housed. The greatest pigeon-loving country in the world to-day is Persia, and the most curious structures to be found there are the pigeon-towers, with which some of the larger cities are enclosed as by a cordon of forts. These are high, round, tapering buildings, with small, pointed domes, full of apertures by which the birds enter. The tower is usually white-washed and painted with fanciful cornices and strange devices, producing a quaint effect. These are intended for the collection of guano as a fertilizer for the melon gardens which abound in Persia. The interior of the tower is divided into thousands of little rectangular niches, where the pigeons make their nests and rear their young. A few tame doves are put into a tower, and they soon attract the wild ones, which come in thousands and establish themselves there. They are slaty-blue in color, like our own wood-pigeon. The only entrance for man into the tower is near the bottom, which remains shut for the greater part of the year. These pigeon-towers formerly rented for a high price, but are now somewhat neglected. They lend a peculiarly attractive appearance to a city. Thus you see the pigeon has at once an ornamental and a useful house. Here is an illustration showing the pigeon towers on the walls of a city in Persia."



PIGEON-TOWERS ON THE WALLS OF A PERSIAN CITY.

After the young folks had followed the traveler's explanation of the picture, Tom asked:

"The Jews and the Egyptians had a great many pigeons, too, didn't they?"

"Yes; in ancient times young pigeons or doves were used for sacrifices, both in Israel or Egypt. While all classes were expected to sacrifice, the pigeon was especially regarded as the offering of the poor. Dealers in pigeons and turtle-doves sat near the temples, to facilitate these sacrifices. The pigeon or dove was a type of love, affection and purity. Christ called them harmless and therefore they are a type of innocence. (Matt. 10: 16.)

The children remained thoughtful for a moment as the early traveler concluded. And all that afternoon, as they frolicked in the woods, his words lingered in their memories. They returned, long ere dinner-time with armsful full of wild-flowers and as they trooped into the house, the gentle mother smiled as she repeated to herself the sweet invitation of the Christian poet:

All along the wayside is everybody's garden!
Come out and gather posies; the very air is sweet.
Come out, with hearts of gladness, ye big and little children,
Into our Father's garden, made for our strolling feet.
The flitting butterfly,
The fragrant winds that sigh,
The tiny clouds that hover above us in the blue,
The bird's song high and clear,
Make heaven draw more near.
In everybody's garden the world once more is new!

***

Restful Reading in the Home.

NOT long ago, says a writer in the June *Scribner*, I played nurse to a friend who was suffering from nervous prostration, and who purchased moments of sleep with hours of effort. I started in, like the most professional of nurses, with my own little theory that a very stupid article read in a more or less clerical monotone would answer the purpose, and my poor friend would succumb to the double influence.

Gradually it dawned upon us that a number of requirements must be complied with in order that a book should be genuinely a night-cap book, and that the sum of these demanded a high order of merit. The article read must be reflective in character, with the quieting influences of flat landscapes and wide horizons. The language must flow, not in a series of tempestuous falls, as a mountain brook, but full and limpid as a river; there must be a certain continuity of thought, and the thought must not be feverish, or argumentative, or low, or sorrowful, or gay. It is not an easy thing to be a night-cap author.

Our sedative library, which became a sure resource, contains a varied series, but all answer, in a greater or less degree, to the stern demands made upon them. Copies of the London *Spectator*, Phillips Brooks's sermons, the friendly talks at Dr. Holmes's breakfast and tea tables, the fireside travels of that clear thinker who left us only yesterday, Emerson's lofty essays; and I have just now covertly enriched the shelf by adding "Prue and I," thinking that its fragrant breath of spring life and its unsullied English should make it a slumber song for the weariest heart and most unresting brain.

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Healthfulness of Holidaying.

A PERFECT holiday is the one which most completely changes our scene, our habits, our nourishment of mind and body. What the tired mind and worn nerves chiefly need is change, says *The Household*, and hence the vacation that benefits us most is that which affords us the greatest amount of suitable variety. Every bone and muscle should ache with new use. All our earlier presidents were out-of-door men, and some of our later ones also. In truth, it is scarcely posssible for a man to take a leading part in public or professional life and hold his own in healthful vigor of mind and body to a good old age, unless he indulges now and then in a good old-fashioned holiday, opening his heart and lungs wide to receive renewal and inspiration from nature. This is especially true of the entire fraternity of teachers and students. From Eastport in the farthest corner of Maine, to Key West in Florida, there is now or will be in a few days, an almost unbroken line of huts, tents, camps, cottages, villas and hotels, in which people people enjoy a summer rest at a cost proportioned to their means and adapted to their tastes.

***

MODEL DAUGHTERS.

YOUNG women make a big blunder if they do not learn to take care of a home. It is a grievious, social and moral wrong, remarks a thoughtful writer in the *Labor Tribune*, when girls are brought up helpless in household life. How often we see a mother busily engaged in domestic duties, like a slave, in order that the girl may enjoy every luxury and do nothing; indeed, many hardly let their daughters soil their hands. No woman ought to marry who cannot look well to the ways of her household. In case she herself may not be required to work, she ought to be able to see whether the work is done in a proper manner. A woman is out of her element unless she is acquainted to a certain extent with sciences of bake-ology, boil-ology, stitch-ology and mend-ology. There never was a greater blunder than to substitute good looks for good qualities. They reason why so many men do not make homes for themselves in these days is because they cannot afford it. The women are too much averse to working, and too extravagant in all their tastes. We want more frugality, industry and system; if we could introduce these virtues into our higher society we would diminish the envy, jealousy and suicides of the single, and the wretchedness, bickering and the divorces of the married. Every girl ought to be brought up to have regular domestic duties. Idleness should be forbidden her. The only dignified life is a useful life.

***

Silent Fathers.

A FATHER who is habitually silent in his own house may be in many respects a wise man, but he is not wise in his silence. We sometimes see parents, says the *National Methodist*, who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first provide for their own household. Ireland exports beef and wheat and lives on potatoes; and they fare as poorly who reserve their social charms for companions abroad and keep their dullness for home consumption. It is better to instruct children and make them happy at home than it is to charm strangers or amuse friends. A silent house is a dull place for young people—a place from which they will escape if they can. They will talk or think of being "shut up" there; and the youth who does not love home is in danger. Make home, then, a cheerful and pleasant spot. Light it up with cheerful, instructive conversation. Father, mother, talk your best at home.

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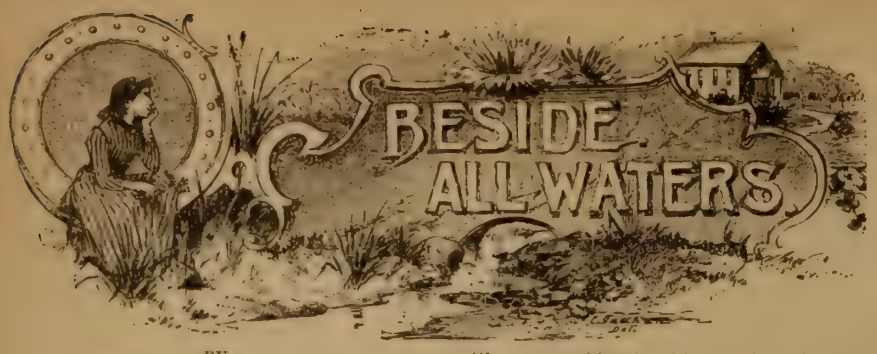
Don't Waste Your Holiday.

THERE are a thousand and one opportunities of advancing the education of the children during the summer holiday, and it is a very great mistake to let their intellectual progress be arrested during the midsummer months spent at the mountains or by the seashore. A father or mother, careful in such matters, will plan for the little ones a course for these happy weeks that will combine recreation and instruction, that will be an excellent bridge over the school interregnum.

Above all, the religious education of the young, so often put aside during the holidays, should not be neglected. The time when nature is the loveliest and life the sweetest is the time of all others when grateful hearts should keep in closest communion with God.



BY

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*

Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

"I WONDER whose carriage this is coming up the hill!" said Selina as she and her teacher saw a carriage approaching, "I am sure it does not belong about here."

"It is Mrs. Van Zandt's," said Miss Armstrong with an expression of pleasure. "She wrote me that she meant to drive over from Oldbury." As she spoke, the carriage came up to them and stopped; and the coachman, touching his hat, asked Selina if they were in the right road to the Van Zandt mansion.

"You are right so far, but you must turn to the left by that red house," said Selina. She looked round for Miss Armstrong, and saw that she was already at the carriage window, exchanging greetings with the persons within. One was an old lady with beautiful white hair put up in puffs under a shady bonnet. The other seemed to be young, but Selina could not see them distinctly. She felt a sense of being forlorn and neglected, as if Miss Armstrong had somehow done her an injury by being acquainted with these strangers, while she was not. It was not very reasonable, but it is a feeling which almost every one has experienced at some time. Miss Armstrong hastened to catch up with her.

"What made you run away?" said she. "I wanted Mrs. Van Zandt to see you."

"She is a handsome old lady, isn't she?" said Selina, not answering the question, which, indeed, she would not have found easy. "How prettily she was dressed! I do love to see an old lady dressed like and old lady."

"And so do I," answered Miss Armstrong. "There is no more pitiable spectacle, to my mind, than that of an old woman trying to look young."

"Some old people feel young," observed Selina. "There is Miss Delia Claxton standing at her gate now. She says she does not feel any older than she did when she was twenty, but she does not dress young."

"I dare say not. People who feel young seldom do. How very pretty she is!"

Miss Delia did indeed look wonderfully pretty as she stood under the great tree at her own gate, with the flickering lights and shadows glancing over her delicate calico dress, and the white Shetland shawl she had thrown over her head. She was an alert little body, with a clear, dark complexion, plenty of color, and bright hazel eyes, made still brighter by the whiteness of her abundant wavy hair.

"Good evening, Miss Armstrong," she said in a cheery voice as soon as that lady came within hailing distance. "I am out staring after our new neighbors, you see. That isn't very dignified, is it? but, dear me, one sees so little here, that a travelling-carriage is quite a sight. Celia says you know these ladies, Miss Armstrong, and that they are very nice people."

"That they certainly are," said Miss Armstrong, smilingly. "I think you will like them very much."

"Well, I am glad to hear that," said Miss Delia emphatically; "because, you see, being connections in a kind of way, we must call upon them. Dick Van Zandt's mother was first cousin to our mother. She was a Butler, you see, and her mother was a Ring belonging to the Rings of Rollock, the same family that our maternal grandmother came from; so, of course, we must call. You will smile at that though," added Miss Delia, breaking in on herself with a good-natured laugh: "strangers don't understand how much we think of relationship and descent in these parts."

"I am Scotch, and an Armstrong," replied Miss Armstrong, smiling in her turn; "and you know the Scotch count kindred to the tenth degree, at least. But I assure you, Miss Delia, you will like Mrs. Van Zandt very much. She is odd,—at least, most people consider her so,—but she is very lovely."

"I am considered odd myself, so I can't quarrel with that," replied Miss Delia. "You see, we don't often call on the summer boarders," she added: "one does not know much about their antecedents, as a rule, and some of them are not very nice—I hear that the Richmonds are coming back, Selina."

"They are, I believe," answered Selina rather shortly, as though the subject were not very agreeable.

"Well, if they do, I hope you won't go making an intimate of that Amelia," said Miss Delia: "she is not a nice friend for you. Well, there, child, don't color so: I didn't mean to hurt your feelings — Miss Armstrong, won't you and Selina come in and stay to tea? I am sure Celia would be delighted to have you. You will excuse my not having called."

"Not to-night," replied Miss Armstrong, seizing the chance when Miss Delia stopped for lack of breath. "Some other night I shall be very happy."

"Any time; stop in on your way home from school—Here wait a minute." She went into the house as she spoke, and returned with a plate of cakes.

"Here, Selina, takes these to your mother," said she; then to Miss Armstrong, in explanation, "They are old-fashioned ginger-nuts made with honey. It is a family recipe, and they do say nobody but a Claxton can make them properly; but I will give you the rule if you like."

"And I will give you the recipe for shortbread, which they say none but a Scotchwoman can make properly; and we will both try to disprove the rule," answered Miss Armstrong. "Come, Selina; we ought to be at home. Your mother will think I am lost again—Good-night, Miss Delia—What a bright little lady she is!" added Miss Armstrong as they walked away. "She seems quite different from her sister."

"Most people like Miss Celia best," remarked Selina: "Miss Delia is so sharp, and she makes such queer remarks. One day Mrs. Blandy—she lives in that big house on the corner next to the church—she said one day at the society that she didn't believe in foreign missions. 'Well,' said Miss Delia, 'if every one had been of your mind, Mrs. Blandy, you would be going about dressed in a neat-fitting suit of blue paint instead of that handsome black silk, and hiding away that fat little boy of yours to keep him from being burned alive as a sacrifice to Bel.' 'What do you mean, Miss Delia?' asked Mrs. Blandy. 'Nothing, only that was what your ancestors were doing in the time when the Church at Jerusalem sent out so many foreign missionaries,' answered Miss Delia; 'and, if the apostles had been of your way of thinking, you would probably be doing the same now.'"

"I don't see anything odd in that," remarked Miss Armstrong: "it was only a simple statement of facts. And what then?"

"And then Mrs. Blandy said it was a very different thing, sending missionaries to England, from what it was sending them clear off to India; and Miss Delia said, 'Yes, very different: a much harder and more perilous journey, and much more trouble and danger when they got there.' You see, Miss Delia is a great reader, and she never forgets anything: so, when people talk against missions or any such thing, she always gets the last word."

"I should say she deserved it if she always argued as well as in this case," said Miss Armstrong, much amused.

"Yes, ma'am; but you see people don't like to be put down, and shown to be in the wrong. I'm sure I don't."

"What! not when you are in the wrong?"

"I think that is the time when one likes it least of all," replied Selina frankly.

"But how are you ever to be set right, in that case?"

"I don't believe Mrs. Blandy cared about being set right, very much," replied Selina. "She said again that charity began at home. And then Miss Delia began to talk about the orphan-asylum at Oldbury, and poor Mrs. Graves who has a sick husband and four little children. And she asked Mrs. Blandy if she had not a frock to make over for the little girls, so they could be decent to come to Sunday School; but Mrs. Blandy said she was calculating to make a rag carpet pretty soon, and she had to save all her old clothes for that, because she meant to take the prize for it at the State fair."

Miss Armstrong smiled and sighed. She had met a great many Mrs. Blandys in her lifetime.

"I think I should like to be a foreign missionary," said Selina, after they had walked a little way in silence.

"Why?" asked Miss Armstrong.

"Oh, because there would be some adventure and romance about it. It would not be all prose like one's life here."

"My dear if your life is prosy here it would be prosy anywhere. And the prose of a mission life among heathen is much more disagreeable than that of a daughter's life at home in New England. I know, because I have tried it. What would you think, for instance, of combing and washing a dozen children who never were combed or washed before in their lives?"

"I did not suppose missionary ladies did such things as that," said Selina.

"They do a great many such things as that, and worse. "I have often wished that our missionaries would give us more of just such details, that people could see what the life really is."

"Why don't they?" asked Selina.

"Well, for various reasons. They are afraid, for one thing of disgusting and discouraging people; making them think there is no use in doing anything."

"I should think, the worse the people were, the more need there was for teaching them better," observed Selina.

"That is a very just remark, but a great many people do not see it in that light. Then these matters of personal experience become every-day occurrences, and they do not think of them as being any more novel or interesting to others than to themselves."

"I think they are interesting, though," said Selina. "Little things like that are just what make a story seem real."

"Very true, again. But, Selina, you would never make a missionary if that is to be your only motive. The romance and adventure soon wear off, and the hard prosaic duties remain. You need a much stronger and purer motive than that, even the love of God in your heart, the same that sent the early Christians everywhere preaching the Word, and that now sends hundreds of men and women every year to preach the glad tidings to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. Have you that love in your heart?"

"I am afraid not," answered Selina. "But, suppose I had, do you think I should make a good missionary?"

"I could hardly say that on so short an acquaintance," replied Miss Armstrong. "Consider, my dear, that I have not known you quite a week. I do not see, however, any reason why you should not make as good a missionary as another. But, Selina, let me say one word more: unless you have that love in your heart, you are no more fit for a life here at home than you would be for a life in India. You want him just as much in one place as another, and you can no more be happy without him. Won't you think about that, my child?"

"Yes, Miss Armstrong, I will," answered Selina; and at the time she fully meant what she said. She was much more pleasant all the rest of the week, and her mother rejoiced over the change. "Girls are full of moods and fancies," she said to her husband. "We must have patience, father."

"I never knew you to have anything else, mother," was the reply. Mr. Weston had full confidence in his wife's judgment, and he was very fond of his adopted daughter.

It had long been the custom to hold a service in the red schoolhouse on Friday evenings. This service was usually called the Bible class, because a portion of Scripture, usually the Epistle or Gospel for the next Sunday, was given out beforehand to be talked over. The minister, if he was present, held a short service; and a hymn was sung to a familiar tune. Then the discussion was opened by the pastor, or whoever supplied his place; and every one spoke who had anything to say. Even the little children were encouraged to repeat texts, and verses of hymns. This service had been started by old Dr. Munson, who had preached, and also practised, in Oldham for forty years. He had been dead for a quarter of a century, but the Bible class he had begun lived after him.

The meetings of the class were usually tolerably well attended in the winter; but the numbers fell off in warm weather, when, truth to tell, the red schoolhouse was apt to be warm and close. Those who came on this particular evening, however, were destined to find it much more comfortable than usual.

"Now, who will stay and help me put the school-room in order?" asked Miss Armstrong, as the afternoon session drew to a close.

The girls looked at each other in surprise.

"The Bible class meets here this evening, Miss Armstrong," said Ruth Jewsbury.

"I know it, my dear. That is just the reason we want to put the room in nice order."

"I don't see it," answered Ruth bluntly.

"Dont see what?"

"I don't see the use of sweeping, when the people will put all out of order again."

"Suppose some distinguished person—Mr. Longfellow, say, or the Bishop—were going to be here."

"Oh, well! then, of course, we should want things to look neat. But there will be nobody like that coming to-night."

"Are you sure?" asked Miss Armstrong. "Who is it that says, 'Where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them'?"

"I never thought of that," said Sarah Leet. "But, Miss Armstrong, why don't they keep the church cleaner, then?"

"You must put that question to somebody besides me," answered Miss Armstrong. "Now who will help me?"

Half a dozen volunteered at once, of whom Kit Mallory was one. There was a large old-fashioned fireplace in the room, which had been closed with a fireboard when the increasing scarcity of wood had made a stove necessary. Miss Armstrong had persuaded Mr. Weston to remove this board, and leave open the great chimney, which thus made an excellent ventilating-shaft. She had found a tall pickle-jar among Mrs. Weston's stores, which she placed on the hearth, and filled, with the children's assistance, with sweet-fern, cedar-boughs, and brakes. The windows were opened at the top and bottom, the room carefully swept and dusted, and a glass of fresh, sweet flowers placed on the table.

"How nice it looks, and how fresh and sweet it smells!" said Kit, who had been one of Miss Armstrong's most efficient helpers. "Isn't it too bad, Miss Armstrong, that I can't come to the meeting?"

"Can't come to the meeting? why not?" asked the voice of Mr. Bassett, the miller, from the open door. "Why can't you come, child?"

"Uncle Phin won't let me," answered Kit. She did not care to be catechised about her uncle and his ways, and slipped away without even bidding Miss Armstrong good-night,—an omission which Selina did not fail to notice, and register in her private account of Kit's misdeeds.

"Poor little young one!" said the kindly miller. "What a shame that she can't come, when she wants to so much! I feel for that child. I wish one could do something for her."

"I hope something may be done; but it seems one of the cases where one must proceed with caution, for fear of doing more harm than good."

"I guess you are about right there. We must keep her in mind, and perhaps a way will be opened. Well, Miss Armstrong, I came over to fix things for the Bible class, but I don't see that you have left me any thing to do. That is a first rate idea,—getting that chimney open. I don't blame people for getting sleepy when the room is hot as an oven, and so close you couldn't slip in a flax-seed sharp end first. I feel as if we were going to have a real good time."

"What about lights?" asked Miss Armstrong.

"I always calculate to provide them. We don't have many in summer—I hope you will all come, girls, and all have a verse at least. Will your sister be out, Faith?"

"I don't believe she will," answered Faith; "she has so much to do."

"She would do it a deal easier, and better, too, if she would take some rest now and again—that's my opinion," said the miller. "Between the mill and the farm and the blacksmith-shop, I have plenty of irons in the fire, and I don't let them get cold, either; but I couldn't afford not to take time for the Bible class. You tell her what I say. And you come along with me; I've got some nice early pease to send her. The folks laughed at me for buying them—they're some I sent for to Flower City—and said the old-fashioned ones were good enough. 'You have the laugh,' says I, 'I'll have the pease.' Now I've got the laugh, and the pease, too. Come along, little ones, and see if Ma Bassett hasn't got some gingerbread. You leave the key, Miss Armstrong, and I'll see to the rest. I feel as if we were going to have a real good time."

(*To be Continued.*)

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. L. C. Upham, Chelmsford Centre, Mass. How can I secure space on the World's Fair grounds?

Write to the Application Committee, World's Fair Managers' offices, Chicago, Ill.

Adna B. Smith, Ozone Park, Long Island, N. Y. How may a person become a member of the Salvation Army?

Write to Commander Ballington Booth, Salvation Army headquarters, Reade Street, New York City.

A Future Preacher, New York: 1. Would you advise a young preacher to write in full and commit his sermons? 2. Does Dr. Talmage write out and commit his sermons thus? 3. If you answer yes to number one, what is a young man to do who has a poor memory and three sermons a week?

See answer to W. H. Millhane, Ballietsville, Pa., in No. 19 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of current year.

Mrs. D. S. Pierson, Bloomfield, N. J. In what year were the Bibles in England burned in one of the public squares of London, and were they all destroyed but one?

In 1526, Bishop Tunstall burned a large number of Bibles at St. Paul's Cross. There is nothing in history to show that all were consumed with the exception of a single Bible.

F. E. Anderson, West Boylston, Mass. What is close communion?

The term is applied to those Baptists who will not partake of the Lord's supper with persons who have not been baptized by immersion on confession of faith.

J. L. Curtis, Belle Vernon, O. I see missionary reports in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from the South Sea Islands. To what islands does this refer and where are they located on the maps?

The Society Islands, Friendly Islands, and neighboring groups. You will find them on the map marked as the Polynesian island-groups, off the Eastern coast of Australia and north of New Zealand.

W. F. Mitchell, Cal. 1. I have heard it said that King Solomon, with all his knowledge, was lost, and did not go to heaven. Is there any authority for such a statement. 2. What is infidelity and an infidel?

1. We know of none. 2. An infidel, according to the general acceptation, is an unbeliever in revealed religion. Infidelity has various forms. It may consist in denying the divine existence, the divine personality, divine government, or divine redemption.

Silvain, Philadelphia Pa. Can a soul be in a saved state who rests on the Word alone? Must it not be sealed with the Holy Spirit? Can one be a Christian without an inward sense of forgiveness?

The word of God surely ought to be a sufficient ground on which to rest. The Christian is not saved because he has an inward sense of forgiveness, but because Christ died and God has promised eternal life to all who trust in him. The Christian is often discouraged by looking within for evidences of salvation, instead of looking to Christ and being sure that God will do what he has promised to do.

D. McT., Pittsburg, Pa. What is the difference between a true Jew and a true Christian? Was it necessary to the salvation of a Jew that he experience what we call conversion?

Conversion in the sense of a man turning from his sins to love and serve God was necessary. David refers to it. (Ps. 51: 13.) He who obeyed the law from his youth and was not a formalist tithing, mint and anise and cummin, while neglecting the weightier matters of the law, might not be so conscious of regeneration as the Christian is when he exercises saving faith in Christ, but the giving of the heart to God was required of him.

M. T., Harrisonberg, La. 1. Do you advise teaching children about Santa Claus? 2. Is it necessary for any one to be a member of a church to become a child of God? 3. Is buggy riding on Sunday breaking the Sabbath day?

1. Children are lovers of mystery, fairy stories and such like, and soon understand that Santa Claus is merely a fiction representing loving friends. They seldom if ever take harm from the fiction, but it is better to be frank about the matter and tell them nothing which to the strictest conscience has the appearance of untruth. 2. No. There are cases when conversion takes place on a bed of sickness and the man becomes a child of God and dies without the opportunity of becoming a member of a church. It is, however, the duty of a converted person who has become a child of God to confess Christ before men by joining a church. If he has the opportunity and neglects it he is transgressing Christ's command (Matt. 10: 32). 3. Buggy-riding for pleasure is reprehensible; but to ride to church in a buggy or to go on some errand of mercy, or charity, or Christian kindness is justifiable when the distance is too great for walking or time presses. Christians are not required to observe the Lord's Day with the strictness with which the Jew was required to observe the Sabbath. (See Luke 6: 1-5.)

D. D. Bird, Gregory, Mich. 1. Was the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon ever set apart to the ministry by laying on of hands? 2. What were the points of difference between him and his brethren that led to his withdrawal from the Baptist Union? 3. Is the example of the Apostles and Apostolic Churches binding upon us as a positive command?

1. No; he was never so set apart. 2. There were several ministers in the Union whose teaching as to the Atonement, the Inspiration of the Bible, and the doctrines of Calvinistic theology seemed to Mr. Spurgeon erroneous. He could not regard those ministers as his brethren or act with them, so he withdrew from the union of which they were members, but he remained a firm Baptist to the end of his life. 3. Not in all respects. The example of Peter in denying Christ should not be followed. Some practices of the Apostolic Church notably that as to the possession of property (See Acts 2: 44: 46), would not be regarded by wealthy men as binding on the Church.

E. Owens, Huntsville, Mo. 1. Are the following passages of Scripture correctly translated from the original: Rom. 6: 3, 4. Col. 2: 12? 2. If sprinkling was the mode of baptism how can it represent the resurrection of a body dead and buried?

1. The rendering of those passages in the Revised Version differs somewhat from that of the Authorized Version. It is probably more accurate, but the difference is in phraseology, not in meaning. 2. Haynes, Jewett, Conant and other authorities contend that baptism by sprinkling cannot represent resurrection. The Baptist Publication Society has published many works on the subject. On the other hand Neander, Hibbard, Mosheim and others have argued in favor of sprinkling. The Presbyterian Board has published several such works. It would be impossible to discuss in this column a subject which has been so voluminously treated by the ablest Biblical scholars.

S. A. H., Shady Grove, Iowa. Is sanctification an instantaneous and separate work from conversion?

No. When the believer accepts Christ and exercises saving faith in him he is justified. Then the work of sanctification begins and continues throughout his life. Its progress is seldom uniform. It is interrupted by negligence and by the sins by which he is is overtaken; and it is accelerated by seasons of special privilege or private communion with God. Where the Christian is really in earnest in his desire to grow in grace, he does grow and becomes more holy day by day. He has not rightly understood the Bible or his own nature who thinks he has attained a state beyond which progress is impossible. (See Phil. 3: 12-15; II. Peter 3: 18.)

TEACHING GEOGRAPHY IN CHINA.

IN writing to *The Church at Home and Abroad*, the Rev. Frank H. Chalfant, who is laboring at China at Wei Hien, says: I have lately procured a large wall map of the world, for casual use in enlightening certain inquisitive Sons of Han as to the location and extent of the "Outside Kingdoms." This map is an excellent one, but was designed for use in the United States, and so has the American Continent in the centre, while poor China, cut right in two, is exhibited piecemeal at both ends of the map. There are represented on the margin, our twenty-three Presidents together with the honored signers of the Declaration.

The map being projected on a plane, of course it is necessary to explain that such is not the real form of the earth, so as to account for the sad havoc made of China's domains.

Just now I am teaching a class of Christians and inquirers in the country some thirty-five miles from Wei Hien. While our chief concern is to expound the Book of Acts, my large map decorates the smoky walls of my temporary abode, to be referred to for historical and ethnological purposes. Now and then a caller comes in to see what manner of man the "foreigner" is.

To-day two old gentlemen, aged 70 years, came in. One had called before, and now brought his companion to see the wonderful map. After drinking a cup of tea and passing a few polite sentences, the request was made. The old man adjusted his glasses, and when I pointed out China at the extreme edge of the map, he observed, "Should not the Middle Kingdom be placed in the centre?" That was a difficulty that had not occurred to me before. Then the old gentleman caught sight of the row of presidents, and inquired, "And who are these personages?". "Those are the 'Emperors' of America" (alas, we cannot avoid the word 'Emperor' for president!). "Is Jesus among them?" Then his companion hastened to explain that "Jesus was not an Emperor, but an American sage like Confucius." (!) This put me in a predicament, but there was nothing else to do but to gently correct both false impressions, and from this as a start it was easy to relate the story of sin and redemption. It is a delicate matter in China for a young man to undertake to instruct the gray-haired fathers, but they listened attentively and accepted a small book containing the fundamental principles of Christianity. Thanking me for the instruction, they departed.

TRUST AND DISTRUST.

DISTRUST thyself, but trust his grace,
It is enough for thee!
In every trial thou shalt trace
Its all-sufficiency.

Distrust thyself, but trust thy strength;
In him thou shalt be strong:
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A daily triumph-song.

Distrust thyself, but trust his love
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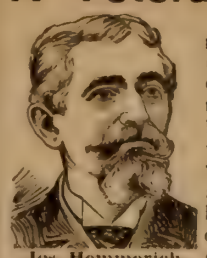
Jos. Hemmerich.
Mr. Joseph Hemmerich, an old soldier, 529 E. 140th St., N. Y. City, writes us voluntarily. In 1862, at the battle of Fair Oaks, he was stricken with typhoid fever, and after a long struggle in hospitals, lasting several years, was discharged as incurable with Consumption.
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A COMMON ERROR.*

IF we would feed with as much care spiritually as animals feed physically, then it would be much better. When I was a boy I used to feed my father's flock, in the evening I would give them fodder and hay. The next morning when I would go to feed them again I would find that they had eaten out all the good part of the fodder and had eaten out all the good hay, but there were the briars and the hard stalks; you could not make them eat that. Do we eat with as much discretion? No. And alas! what a sad confession. We pick out all the good hay, tear off all the good leaves and husks from the fodder and throw them away and then try to eat the briars and stalks. That is the way, alas, that many of us read the Bible. We hunt out all the difficult portions, pick out all the good that is in them, throw them away and try to eat what remains.

Too much Bible Reading.

I know of an instance where a man determined to read the Bible through three times a year. He did it the first year; the second year he read through once, now he does not read it at all, but has become very sceptical. What was the cause of this? Was it the reading of the Bible? No! It was the improper reading of it. Instead of taking proper food from it daily, and digesting it thoroughly—that is, studying it—he kept overloading his stomach until he wrecked his spiritual digestion and lost his appetite. He blamed the food instead of his improper eating of it. If a man should eat ten big meals a day and then become dyspeptic shall he blame the food for it? If a man overloads himself with spiritual food and becomes a sceptic shall he then blame the Bible for it? Not at all! To determine to read the Bible through three times a year may be just as foolish a determination as to determine to see how much you can possibly eat for a whole year.

Better not eat enough and digest it, than to eat too much and regret it. So we had better not read enough and study it than to read too much and afterward lament it. Good food is a blessing when properly eaten, but it will be a curse if improperly eaten.

THE POWER OF GROWTH.†

In the life of every plant and every animal and every child there lies sufficient power by which it can become big. In the new life, God has made the most glorious provision of a sufficient power whereby his child can grow and become all that he must be. Christ himself is his life and his power of life. Yet, because this mighty life is not visible or cannot be felt, but works in the midst of human weakness, the young Christian often becomes of doubtful mind. He then fails to believe that he shall grow with Divine power and certainty. He does not understand that the believing life is a life of faith whereby he reckons on the life that is in Christ for him, although he neither sees, feels, nor experiences anything. Let every one then that has received this new life, cultivate this great conviction; it works with Divine power: I can and shall become what God will have me be. Christ himself is my life: I have to receive him every day as my life given by God to me, and he shall be my life in full power.

The Inner Temple.

The heart is the temple of God. In the temple there was an outer court and an inner sanctuary. So also is it in the heart. The gate of the court is the understanding; what I do not understand cannot enter into the heart. Through the outer gate of the understanding, the word comes into the court. There it is kept by memory and reflection. Still it is not as yet properly in the heart. From the court there is an entrance into the innermost sanctuary: the entrance of the door is faith. What I believe, that I received into my heart. Here it then becomes held fast in love and in the surrender of the will. Where this takes place, there the heart becomes the sanctuary of God. His law is there, as in the ark, and the soul cries out: "Thy law is within my heart."

Christian Conflict.

Many strive all their life against the Lord and his summons, and, because they are not at rest, but feel an inner conflict, they think this is the conflict of a Christian. Assuredly not: this is the struggle against God of one who is not willing to abandon everything and surrender himself to the Lord. This is not the conflict that the Lord would have. What he says is that the conflict is concerned with entering in: but not a conflict for long years. No: He desires that you should break through the enemies that would hold you back, and immediately enter in. Then follows the second conflict which endures for life. Paul twice calls this the fight for faith. The chief characteristic of it is faith. He who understands well that the principle element in the battle is to believe, and acts accordingly, does certainly carry off the palm: just as in another passage Paul says to the Christian combatant: "Withal taking up the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one.

* From *The Spiritual Athlete* and How he Trains, by W. A. Bodell, A.B. A little work warmly commanded to young converts by Rev. B. Fay Mills. It is full of excellent points forcibly made. Pp. 86; price 30 cts.; published by Fleming H. Revell Co., 30 Union Square, New York.

†From *The New Life:* Words of God for young disciples of Christ, by Rev. Andrew Murray, author of "Abide in Christ," "Like Christ," "With Christ," etc. Works which have had a wide circulation and have been much blessed here and in other lands; pp. 240; price $1. Published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 38 West 23d St., New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Sabbath for Man, a study of the Origin, Obligation, History, Advantages and Present State of Sabbath Observance, with Special Reference to the Rights of Workingmen, by Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts. Cloth; pp. 572, price $1.50. The Baker and Taylor Co., 740 and 742 Broadway, New York, publishers.

Well Out of it, by John Habberton. Paper; pp. 184, price 30c. John A. Taylor & Co., 119 Potter Building, New York, publishers.

The Opal Queen, by Eliza B. Swan. Cloth; pp. 397; price $1.25. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinatti, pub's.

Indications of the Second Book of Moses called Exodus, by Edward B. Latch. Cloth; pp. 350, price $1.50. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

The Expositor's Bible, edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicholl, M. A., LL. D., the Book of Job, by Robert A. Watson, D. D. Cloth; pp. 416, price $1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East Tenth Street, New York, publishers.

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Beginning of Season

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THE BIBLE IN THE TRUNK.

I KNEW a young man who was the pride of a father's home and the joy of a mother's heart, says Rev. W. A. Bedell in his new book, *The Spiritual Athlete*. But he decided to leave his home and go into the city: against his mother's requests and his father's protests he decided to go. As he was getting ready his mother brought him his Bible and put it in his trunk. It was a sad day when he left his father's house and broke his mother's heart. When he came to the city he immediately went to the place where he expected to be employed. His expectations were realized; he at once began to work as best he could; that day was lonesome for him, he seemed lost; no one cared for him. The next morning he went to his place of business with a heavy heart. The other clerks notice it and they say to one another, "Do you see that greenhorn from the country? We will have to take him around and show him the sights." So they come up to him and say, "Won't you go out with us tonight and have a good time? We will show you the city." "No," said he, "I cannot go; I must find a lodging place and unpack my trunk." "O pshaw! what is the matter with you? Are you one of those 'goody goody' fellows? I suppose you read your Bible three times a day; but you will soon get over that. Come on! You might as well be broken in now as any time; you will be broken in sooner or later anyway." But he said, "No; I do not care to go to-night."

That evening he went out looking for a lodging place; he soon found one; he sent to the depot for his trunk; he took it to his room, began to unpack it, and when he came to his Bible he remembered what the clerks at the store had said, and he thought, "I won't need that," and he put it down in the bottom of his trunk. There it remained for six months. Meanwhile he was getting weak morally. He began to engage in the unholy conversation of the clerks, to enjoy their vile stories, and laugh at their evil jokes. He gradually, though perhaps unconsciously, was forsaking his saviour and taking sides with Satan. His associates were aware of it and they say to him, "Do you still read your Bible?" "No," he replied, "I have given that up; there is nothing in it." "Well," they say, "You are ready to go out with us now, are you not?" "Yes," said he, "I will be glad to go."

Out into the paths of sin they went. Oh! I think every angel of darkness smiled as from one place to another they went. At the door of places of enchantment he halted as if the voice of his mother was saying to him, "My son, come not nigh to that door; it is the way to hell, going to the chambers of death." But his comrades say, "Come on! Come on!" And in he goes, "straightway as the ox to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks; and he knoweth not that it is for his life." Oh, the awful work was done! He had purchased a through ticket on a lightning-express train, on a down-grade, broad gauge, to perdition. What was the fatal step in this young man's life? When he left home? No! When he engaged in the ungodliness of his associates! No! When he said that he would go out with them? No! When he went? No! When he stood at the door of enchantment, debating whether he should go in and then went? No! It was when he forsook his Bible and put it down in the bottom of his trunk. He threw away his pass to heaven and got a through-pass to hell. Oh, what, with the wine-cup and the gambler's dice and the scarlet enchantress, is the young man to do without the grace of God in his heart and mortal fibre in his soul?

IDOLS CONSUMED.

IN the Chinese town of Hiang-hien where Rev. J. A. Slimmon is laboring for Christ, some meetings were held recently and a man named Chang, a notorious gambler was converted. He went home and collected his gods, ancestral tablet included, and made a bonfire of them, quite of his own accord. One of his grown-up sons, thinking that his father had gone crazy, came to the rescue of the gods, but was not in time. The family were in great consternation, expecting vengeance to fall on them; but as day after day passed, they found that the only change that took place was that their father spent his nights at home instead of at the gambling-house. He is a farmer in fairly well-to-do circumstances, intelligent and pleasing in manner, and his gambling friends were many. "I asked him, the other night," says Mr. Slimmer, "if any of them ever tried to entice him back to gambling. He said that none in the immediate vicinity did, as they knew it would be of no use; but that friends from a distance occasionally called, and he had to explain to them why it was that he had given up his gambling."

"BE NOT WEARY."

"BE not weary in well-doing;"
Oh my friend, whoe'er thou art.
For a blessing and a comfort
Rests upon each faithful heart.

"Never weary in well-doing;"
Dost thou say how can it be?
In this world of strife and tumult,
Is there peace or rest for me?

"Never weary in well-doing,"
When life's billows o'er me roll,
When dark clouds and storms shall lower,
And almost o'erwhelm my soul?

"Be not weary in well-doing;"
Labor on—reward is sure.
He who toils and nothing feareth,
Shall return with prize secure.

"Be not weary in well-doing;"
God our Father reigns above,
Knows our hearts, and keeps and fills them
With his perfect peace and love.

—E. M. BANGS.

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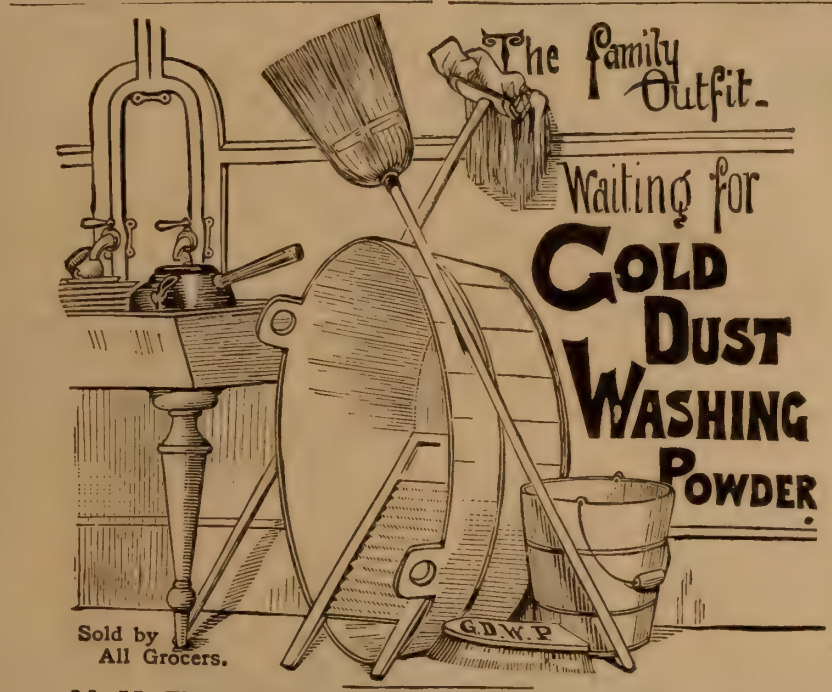

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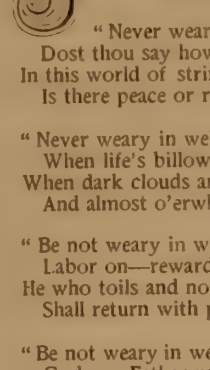

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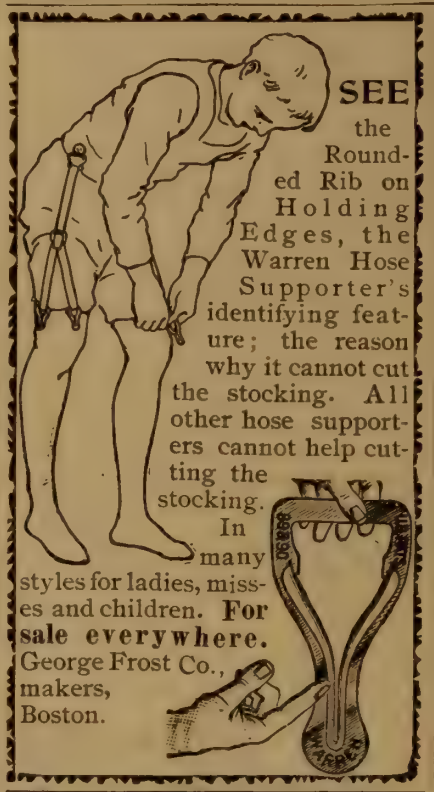

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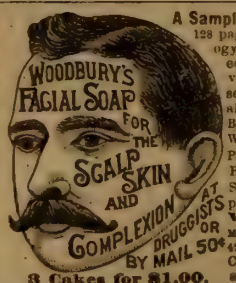

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 15. NUMBER 24.

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor. Office Bible House New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 15, 1892.

PRICE 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

BLESSING THE "LEO'S" CARGO.

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" RUSSIAN RELIEF STEAMER READY TO SAIL FOR ST. PETERSBURG.

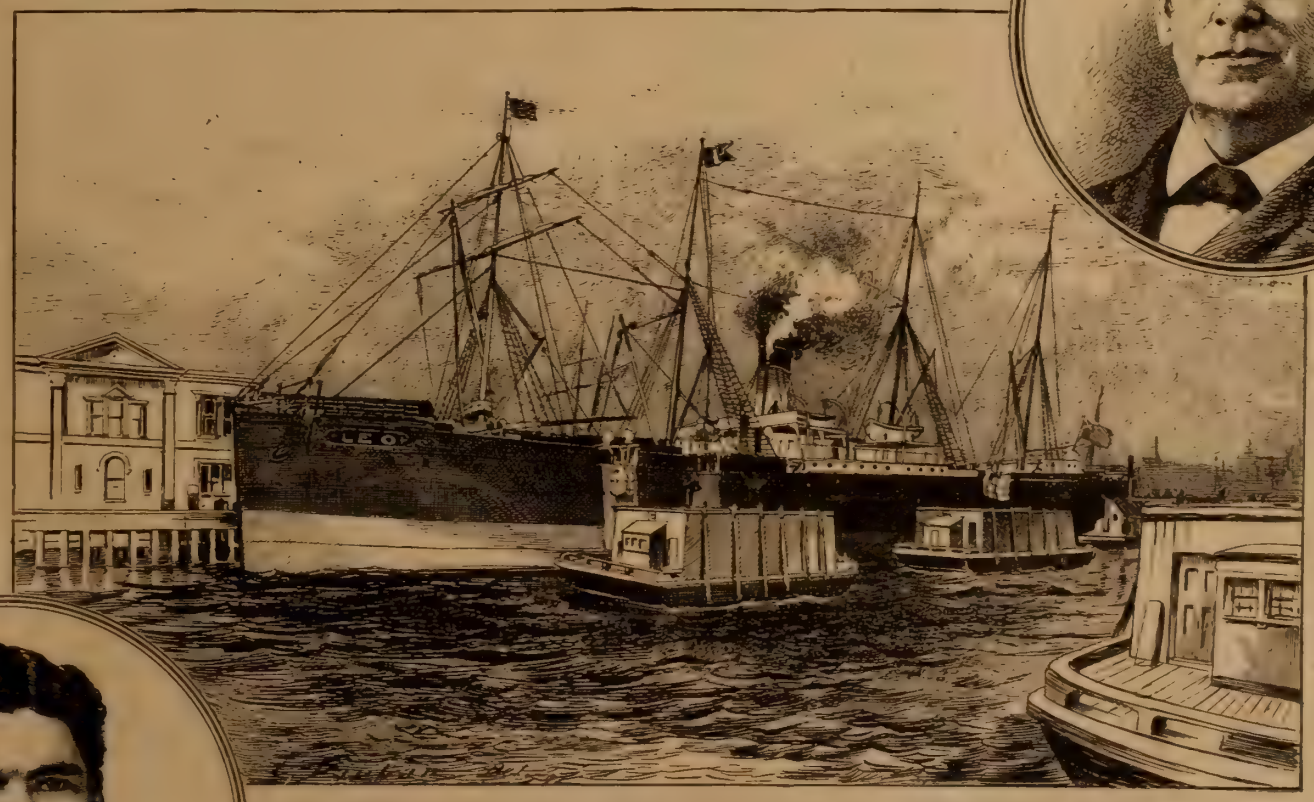
She Bears Nearly 1500 Tons of Flour, Corn, Wheat, and Potatoes: the Final Gift of America's Christian People to the Famine Sufferers. A Busy Week of Loading—Gifts from Many Quarters—The Sick Remembered—The Publisher of "The Christian Herald" Goes to Russia.

IF bright skies, fair winds, hopeful hearts and earnest prayers ever hastened a vessel across the blue Atlantic, they will assuredly speed the good steamship, *Leo*, which, at the time our readers receive this issue, will be on her way to Russia with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund cargo aboard. During the past week, the *Leo* was moored at the Atlantic Dock, Brooklyn, N. Y., surrounded by a fleet of lighters, loaded with the flour, piled in mountains of sacks, from the various railroad wharves along-shore. As already announced, the cargo, including all purchases made with the money contributed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Russian Relief Fund by our readers and their friends, as well as contributions in flour, corn, potatoes, etc., amounted in the aggregate to about 1,500 tons. Coming to New York over half a dozen different lines of railroad, the bread-stuffs in some instances suffered delay in transit, but on the whole arrived in excellent condition, as was the case with the first shipment which was sent to Russia on the steamer *Conemaugh*.

Loading week was an exceedingly busy one. Every facility was placed at the disposal of the managers of the Fund, and expedition was used to get the cargo aboard in time for the date of sailing. Some fifty laborers were employed in unloading the lighters, and the piles of sacks rapidly diminished under the brawny hands, as they were stowed away safely in the steamer's hold. At last the whole, equal to nearly ninety loaded freight cars, or 2,250,000 pounds of flour, besides other cereals, was safely housed, and the *Leo* was ready for her ocean voyage. She sails under the most auspicious circumstances, and accompanied by the prayers and good wishes of many thousands of friends of the Fund for her safe arrival.

It will doubtless afford considerable satisfaction to those who have been instrumental in gathering this splendid tribute of Christian sympathy to learn that Mr. Louis Klopsch, publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will proceed this week to Russia, to personally superintend the distribution of the Relief Fund. Rev. Dr. Talmage, editor of this journal, who is about to sail for Europe, may also go to St. Petersburg. They take this journey at their own personal expense, solely for the purpose of assuring themselves and the contributors to the Fund, that the precious gift of bread reaches the actual sufferers in the interior provinces of Russia. It is their purpose to act in conjunction with the American Consul General, at St. Petersburg, Mr. Crawford. It is highly probable, that they may visit some of the interior provinces, there to judge for themselves of the extent of this vast calamity that has overshadowed twenty million souls for many months. On their return to the United States, the full results of their tour will be told to the world through the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The *Leo*, a drawing of which appears on the first page of this issue, is a stanch steamer of 2300 tons. She is commanded by Captain Cains and has a crew of nearly forty men. He will make St. Petersburg in twenty days, should the weather be favorable.



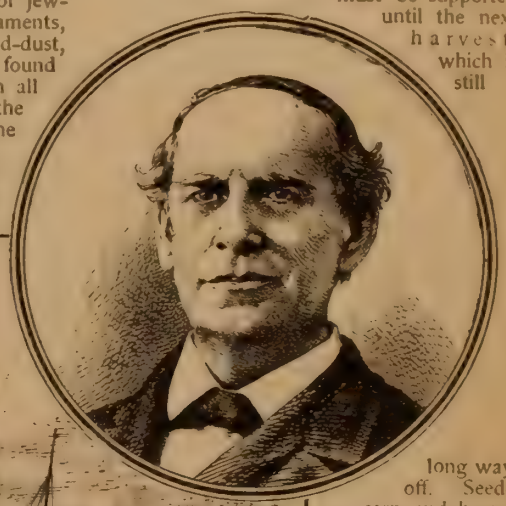
"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" RUSSIAN RELIEF STEAMER, LEO, LOADING FOR ST. PETERSBURG.
[With portraits of Rev. Dr. Talmage, Editor, and Louis Klopsch, Publisher.

On Saturday, June 11th, the solemn and beautiful ceremonial of "blessing the cargo" of the *Leo* took place. The steamship had already been tastefully decorated by a Committee of King's Daughters appointed by Mrs. Bottome, the distinguished foundress of the Order, and the streamers and bunting flew gayly in the summer wind, presenting a most attractive sight. American and Russian flags were gracefully draped in front of the quarter-deck. At three o'clock Saturday afternoon, a large audience assembled on the pier, while hundreds took up position on the deck of the *Leo*. After opening hymn a prayer and responsive services, the Divine Blessing on the cargo of food was invoked by Dr. Talmage. This was followed by addresses by other reverend gentlemen. After services, the assembly inspected the steamer with great interest.

As the date fixed for the closing of the Fund drew near, a number of contributions of jewelry were received. Rings, gold ornaments, and even a pocket of California gold-dust, were among the gifts sent by some who found it inconvenient to forward money. In all cases where addresses accompanied the letters, such articles were returned to the donors, who were each credited with a barrel of flour toward the general cargo. There has been no more touching feature, during the progress of the Fund, than this spontaneous consecration of cherished jewels to the purpose of feeding the starving people of a distant land.

The Hon. Chas. Emory Smith, late American Minister at St. Petersburg, recently stated that the number of persons in absolute want in Russia was from 14,000,000 to 16,000,000. The area of suffering is ten times as large as the State of New York. Had not relief come from the Christian people of other lands, including our own, probably half this number would have perished. As it is, thousands of lives have been saved and much misery relieved by the breadstuffs already forwarded through the Red Cross and other agencies in this country. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Cargo now on the way, is capable of feeding 100,000 persons from the time of its arrival until the harvest is reaped in Russia. That shipment by the Fund on the *Conemaugh*, was 280,000 pounds of flour; the latest shipment on the *Leo* is nearly TEN TIMES larger than the first.

Travelers who have lately returned from Russia give touching accounts of the condition of affairs in the famine districts. One, who had gone to the village of Lotero in the province of Tambov, tells how his route was marked by the carcasses of dead horses and cattle. The peasantry were reduced to eating the thatch off their houses, and this in most cases had been finished long ago. Rev. Alexander Francis, of the British-American Church of St. Petersburg, has issued an appeal for further aid, in which he says: "There is still famine in Russia, and the distress is terrible and widespread. Multitudes of peasants, who have been maintained in life up to the present time must be supported until the next harvest, which is still a long way off. Seed-corn and horses are necessary for the peasants if they are to have a chance of a harvest. Typhoid and typhus fever, scurvy, smallpox, and other diseases are raging over large areas. In some small villages there are no children to be found except in the churchyard, hunger and cold having killed them all. In some parts, boards for coffins to bury the dead in can no longer be had. Many doctors, nurses, Sisters of Charity and others, who have been fighting against famine and disease, have overworked themselves and caught infection. Some have died in the campaign." The statement of Mr. Edgar, lately published in these columns immediately on his return from Russia, after distributing the cargo of the relief steamer *Missouri*, fully corroborates these harrowing accounts. Indeed there are many remote parts of the empire to which the relief movement has hardly even penetrated.



THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cargo will be most opportune and welcome. It will arrive at a juncture when the need is the sorest and when every pound of flour, every bushel of corn, every sack of potatoes will be hailed as heaven-sent. We ask all our readers to speed the *Leo* on her mission of love and charity with their united prayers.

RAW RECRUITS.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday Morning Sermon from the Text: Ephesians 6: 11: *"Put on the whole armor of God."*

THERE is in this text a great rattle of shields, and helmets, and swords. Soldiers are getting ready for battle. We have had recently in this church new enlistments and I shall address myself to those in this and other churches who are putting on the armor of God, and who may feel themselves to be as yet only raw recruits. "Masterly retreat" is a term often used in military circles, but in religion there is no such thing. It is either glorious advance or disgraceful and ignominious falling back. It would be a strange thing if all our anxiety about men ceased the moment they were converted. You would almost doubt the sanity of that farmer who having planted the corn and seen it just sprout above ground, should say: "My work is all done. I have no more anxiety for the field." No. There is work for the plough and the hoe, and there must be a careful keeping up of the fences, and there must be a frightening away of the birds that would pillage the field. And I say the entrance upon Christian life is only the implantation of grace in the heart. There is earnest, hard work yet to be done. and perhaps many years of anxiety before there shall be heard the glorious shout of "Harvest home." The beginning to be a Christian is only putting down the foundation; but after that there are years of hammering, polishing, carving, lifting, before the structure is completed. It takes five years to make a Christian character; it takes twenty years; it takes forty years, it takes seventy years, if a man shall live so long. In other words, a man dying after half a century of Christian experience feels that he has only learned the "A B C's" of a glorious alphabet. The next year will decide a great deal in your history, young Christian man. It will decide whether you are to be a burning and shining light of the church, or a spark of grace covered up in a barrel of ashes. It will decide whether you are to be a strong man in Christ Jesus, with gigantic blows striking the iron mail of darkness, or a bedwarfed, whining, grumbling soldier, that ought to be drummed out of the Lord's camp with the "Rogues' March." You have only just been launched; the voyage is to be made. Earth and heaven and hell are watching to see how fast you will sail, how well you will weather the tempest, and whether at last amid the shouting of the angels, you shall come into the right harbor. May God help me this morning to give you three or four words of Christian counsel, as I address myself more especially to those who have just now entered the Christian life.

My first word of counsel is, hold before your soul a very high model. Do not say, "I wish I could pray like that man, or speak like this man, or have the consecration of this one." Say: "Here is the Lord Jesus Christ, a perfect pattern. By that I mean, with God's grace, to shape all my life." In other words you will never be any more a Christian than you strive to be. If you build a foundation twenty by thirty feet you will only have a small house. If you build a foundation one hundred by one hundred feet, you will have a large house. If you resolve to be only a middling Christian, you will only be a middling Christian. If you have no high aspiration in a worldly direction you will never succeed in business. If you have no high aspiration in religious things you will never succeed in religion. You have a right to aspire to the very highest style of Christian character. From your feet there reaches out a path of Christian attainment which you may take, and I deliberately say that you may be a better man than was Paul, or David, or Summerfield, or Doddridge—a better woman than Hannah More or Charlotte Elizabeth. Why not? Did they have a monopoly of Christian grace? Did they have a private key of the storehouse of God's mercy? Does God shut you out from the gladness and goodness to which they were introduced? Oh, no. You have just the same promises, just the same Christ, just the same Holy Ghost, just the same offers of present and everlasting love, and if you fall short of what they were—ay, if you do not come up to the point which they reached and go beyond it—it is not because Christ has

"TAKE ONE STEP IN ADVANCE."

shut you out from any point of moral and spiritual elevation, but because you deliberately refused to take it. I admit that man cannot become a Christian like that without a struggle; but what do you get without fighting for it? The fortresses of darkness are to be taken by storm. You may by acute strategy flank the hosts of temptation; but there are temptations, there are evils, in the way that you will have to meet face to face, and it will be shot for shot, gun for gun, grip for grip, slaughter for slaughter. The Apostle Paul over and over again represents the Christian life as a combat.

When the war-vessel of Christ's Church comes into glory bringing its crew and its passengers, it will not come in like a North River yacht, beautifully painted and adorned, swinging into the boat-house after a pleasure excursion. Oh, no. It will be like a vessel coming with a heavy cargo from China or India, the marks of the wave and the hurricane upon it—sails rent, riggings spliced, pumps all working to keep her afloat, bulwarks knocked away. I see such a vessel coming and get out my small boat and push towards her, and I shout: "Ahoy, captain! What are you going to do with those shivered timbers? That was a beautiful ship when you went out, but you have ruined it." "Oh,' says the captain, "I have a fine cargo on board, and by this round trip I have made ten fortunes." So I believe it will be when the Christian soul at last comes into the harbor of heaven, It will come bearing upon it the marks of a great stress of weather. You can see by the very looks of that soul as it comes into glory that it was driven by a storm and dashed in the hurricane; but by so much as the voyage is rough, will the harbor be blessed. "If ye suffered with him on earth, ye shall be glorified with him in heaven." Aim high. Do not be satisfied to be like the Christians all around about you. Be more than they have ever been for Christ. An old Arabian king was showing a beautiful sword that had been given him, when one of his courtiers said: "This sword is too short. You cannot do anything with it." Said the king's son: "To a brave man no sword is too short. If it be too short, take one step in advance, and then it is long enough." So I say to any Christian who may feel that he has poor weapons with which to fight against sin and darkness and death: "Advance upon the enemy. In the strength of Christ go forward. God is for you, and if God be for you, who can be against you? Remember that God never puts you in battle but he gives you weapons with which to fight."

My second word of counsel to those who have recently entered upon Christian life is: abstain from all pernicious associations; and take only those that are useful and beneficent. Stay out of all associations that would damage your Christian character. Take only those associations that will help you. A learned man said: "If I stay with that man Fenelon any longer, I shall get to be a Christian in spite of myself." In other words there is a mighty power in Christian associations. Now, what kind of associations shall we, as young Christians, seek after? I think we ought to get in company better than ourselves, never going into company worse than ourselves. If we get into company a little better than ourselves and there are ten people in that company, ten chances to one we will be bettered. If we get into company a little worse than ourselves, and there be ten people in that company, ten chances to one we will be made worse than we were before.

Now, when a young Christian enters the church, God does not ask him to retire from the world. The anchorite that lives on acorns is no nearer heaven than the man who lives on partridge and wild duck. Isolation is not demanded by the Bible. A man may use the world with the restriction of not abusing it. But just as soon as you find any surroundings pernicious to your spiritual interest, quit those associations. This remark is more especially appropriate to the young. Now it is impossible that the young and untroubled should seek their associations with those who are aged and worn out. As God intended the aged to associate with the aged, talking over the past and walking staff in hand along the same paths they trod, thirty, forty, and fifty years ago, so I suppose he intended the young chiefly to associate with the young. The grace of God does not demand that we be unnatural. I do not want you to take this caution I have given you as that of a growling misanthrope, hating hilarity. For you must have a spring bow if you want to make the arrow fly. But while this is so, I want you to be especially on guard in this matter, and let the religion of Jesus Christ control you in all your associations. I know young people who have meant well enough, but they have floated off into evil influences, and they have associated day by day with those who hated God and despised his commandments, and their characters are all depleted. I can see they are changed for the worse, but they are not aware of it. O young man, come out of that bad association. I do not know what it is. I do not know to what place you may have a private key. I do not know to what place you go without the sanction of those who love you very much. I do not pretend to point out any evil influences, but are there not some surrounding influences that are pernicious to your growth in grace? Stand back from that

THE HUZZA OF THE STRAGGLERS.

furnace in which so many young Christians have been destroyed. In this church there is a large company of young men and young women consecrated to Christ. I know of no better people than they are. Young convert, I invite you into their friendship. Contact with them will elevate you. All hail, young followers of Jesus Christ, my joy and my pride! My heart thrills at every step of your advancement. I talked with you in that hour when you first tried to break from sin, and I now rejoice as I see you putting on the armor of a conflict in which God will give you present and everlasting victory. Stand off from all evil associations. A man is no better than the company he keeps. Go among those who are better than you are, and you will be made better. Go among those who are worse than you are and you will be made worse.

My next word of counsel is that you be actively employed. I see a great many Christians with doubts and perplexities and they seem to be proud of them. Their entire Christian life is made up of gloom, and they seem to cultivate that spiritual despondency, when I will undertake to say that in nine cases out of ten spiritual despondency is a judgment of God upon idleness. Who are the happy people in the church to-day? The busy people. Show me a man who professes the religion of Jesus Christ and is idle, and I will show you an unhappy man. The very first prescription that I give to a man when I find him full of doubts and fears about his eternal interest is to go to work for God. Ten thousand voices are lifted up asking for your help. Go and help. Here is a wood full of summer insects. An axeman goes into the wood to cut firewood. The insects do not bother him very much, and every stroke of the axe makes them fly away. But let a man go and lie down there and he is bitten and mauled, and thinks it is a horrible thing to stay in the wood. Why does he not take an axe and go to work? So there are thousands of Christians now in the church who go out amid great annoyances in life—they are not perplexed, they are all the time busy; while there are others who do nothing and they are stung and stung and stung and covered from head to foot with the blotches of indolence and inactivity, and spiritual death

The first thing, then, you have to do, O Christian young man, Christian young woman, is to go to work in the service of the Lord if you want to be a happy Christian. When an army goes out, there are always stragglers falling off here and there, some because they are faint and sick, but a great many because they are afraid to fight and too lazy to march. After awhile the lazy men on the road hear the booming of the guns for hours, and they hear the shout of victory, and a man on horseback comes up and says: "We have won the day!" Then they hasten up. How brave they are after the battle is over. Poor at fighting but grand at "huzza!" So there are stragglers going after the Lord's host. There come days of darkness and battle. Where are they? We call the roll of the host. They make no answer, but after awhile there comes a day of triumph in the church, and they are all about. "Huzza! huzza! Didn't we give it to them!"

I have another word of counsel to give those who have just entered Christian life, and that is, be faithful in prayer. You might as well, business man, start out in the morning without food and expect to be strong all that day—you might as well abstain from food all the week and expect to be strong physically, as to be strong without prayer. The only way to get any strength into the soul is by prayer, and the only difference between that Christian that is worth everything and that who is worth nothing is the fact that the last does not pray and the other does. And the only difference between this Christian who is getting along very fast in the holy life, and this who is only getting along tolerably is that the first prays more than the last. You can graduate a man's progress in religion by the amount of prayer, not by the number of hours, perhaps, but by the earnest supplication that he puts up to God.

This afternoon you will see two Sabbath School teachers. That one does not gain the attention of her class. This one does. What is the difference between them, their intellects being about equal? The first thought only of her own apparel. The other came from great prostration before God in earnest supplication, asking that God's mercy might come upon the school, and that in the afternoon she might gain the attention of those five or six immortals that would be around her. The one teacher has no control over her class. The other sits as with the strength of the Lord God Almighty.

A minister comes into the pulpit. He has a magnificent sermon, all the sentences rounded according to the laws of rhetoric and fine sermonizing, and the truth makes no impression on the hearts of men. People go away and say: "Very beautiful, wasn't it?" A plain man comes into the pulpit. He has been on his knees before God, asking for an especial message that day, and the hearts of men open to the plain truth, the broken sentences strike into their consciences, and, though the people may disperse at the close of the services seemingly without having received any impression, that night voices will be lifted in some household: "Men and brethren what shall we do to be saved?" Oh, this power of prayer! Pray! Pray!

Another word of counsel I have to give. Be faithful in Bible research. A great many good books are now coming out. We cannot read half of them. At every revolution of the printing press they are coming. They cover our parlor tables, and are in our sitting-rooms and libraries. Glorious books they are. We thank God every day for the work of the Christian printing press. But I have thought that perhaps the followers of Christ sometimes allow this religious literature to take their attention from God's Word, and that there may not be as much Bible reading as there ought to be.

How is that with your own experience? Just calculate in your minds how much religious literature you have read during the year, and then how large a portion of the Word of God you have read, and then contrast the two and answer within your own soul whether you are giving more attention to the books that were written by the hand of man or that written by the hand of God. Now, you go to the drug store and you get the mineral waters; but you have noticed that the waters are not so fresh or sparkling or healthful as when you get these very waters at Saratoga and Sharon—getting them right where they bubble from the rock. And I have noticed the same thing in regard to the truth of the Gospel; while there is a good deal of refreshment and health of the Gospel of God as it comes through good books, I find it is better when I come to the eternal rock of God's Word and drink from that fountain that bubbles up fresh and pure to the life and refreshment of the soul.

Read the Bible and it brings you into the association of the best people that ever lived. You stand beside Moses, and learn his meekness, beside Job and learn his patience, beside Paul and catch something of his enthusiasm, beside Christ and you feel his love. And yet how strange it is that a great many men have given their whole lives to the assaulting of that book. I cannot understand it. Tom Paine worked against that book as though he received large wages and was inspired by the very powers of darkness, confessing that all the time he was writing he did not have the Bible anywhere near him. How many powerful intellects have endeavored to destroy it. Hume, Bolingbroke, Voltaire, have been after it. Ten thousand men now are warring against the truth of God's Word. What do you think of them? I think it is mean, and will prove it. I will prove it is the meanest thing that has ever been done in all the centuries.

THE AGED WANDERER'S DANGER.

There is a ship at sea and in trouble. The captain and the crew are at their wits' end. You are on board. You are an old seaman. You come up and give some good counsel, which is kindly taken. That is all right. But suppose, instead of doing that, in the midst of all the trouble you pick up the only compass that is on board and pitch it over the taffrail? Oh, you say, that is dastardly. But is it as mean as this? Here is the vessel of the world going on with sixteen hundred millions of passengers, tossed and driven in the tempest, and at the time we want help the infidel comes and he takes hold of the only compass and he tries to pitch it overboard. It is contemptible beyond everything that is contemptible. Have you any better light? Bring it on if you have. Have you any better comfort to give us? Bring it on if you have. Have you any better hope? Bring it on if you have, and then you may have this Bible and I shall never want it again.

But I can think of a meaner thing than that, and that is an old man going along on the mountains with a staff in one hand and a lantern in the other. Darkness has come on suddenly. He is very old, just able to pick his way out amid the rocks and precipices, leaning on his staff with one hand and guiding himself with the light in the other. You come up and say, "Father, you seem to be lost. You are a long way from home." "Yes," he replies. And then you take him by the hand and lead him home. That is very kind of you. But suppose instead of that you should snatch the staff from his hands and hurl it over the rocks, and snatch the lantern and blow it out? That would be dastardly, contemptible until there is no depth of contempt beneath it. If you have a better staff, give it to him. If you have a better light give it to him.

When God has put the staff of the Gospel in our hands and the lamp of God's Word to light our feet, are you going to take from us our only support and our only illumination? I love the sting of the wasp and the rattlesnake better than I do the man who wants to clutch the Word of God from my grasp. There are people here who have been reading it a good while. It is a precious book to their souls. It has been so in times of darkness and trouble. There was a soldier who fell in battle, and after he had fallen he said in a feeble voice to his comrade, "Give me a drop." His comrade replied, "There is not a particle of water in my canteen." "Oh," he said, "I didn't mean that. Look in my knapsack and you will find a Bible there. Get out that old Bible and just give me a drop out of that." And his comrade found the Bible and read a few passages. The dying soldier said, "Oh, George, there is nothing like that, is there, for a dying soldier?"

Cling to your Bible! If this Bible should be destroyed, if all the Bibles that have ever been printed should be destroyed, we could make up a Bible right out of this audience. From that Christian man's experience I take one cluster of promises, and from that old Christian man's experience another, I put them all together, and I think I would have a Bible.

You see, my friends, I have not tried to hide the fact that I have large expectation of you who have entered the Christian life. Do not be discouraged. Press on toward the prize; God beside you and heaven before you. Keep your courage up. Look in thirty years from now upon this church. Another man in the pulpit. Other faces in the pews. Another man leading the song. Others carrying around the alms-boxes of the church. All changed. Thirty years have gone and I look into the faces of the people, and I say, "Why, it seems to me I have seen these people somewhere, but I cannot exactly say where. Oh, yes, now I begin to think. These were the converts in 1892 and 1890. Why, how you have changed!" "Oh, yes," they say, "of course we have changed. Thirty years make a great change." I say, "How many wrinkles there are in your faces!" "Oh, yes," they say, "thirty years make a great many wrinkles." "Have you kept the faith?" "Yes, we have kept the faith." "Where are those people who used to sit in the pew with you." "All gone." "Then," I say, "well, I feel lonely; come, let us sing one of the old hymns we used to sing thirty years ago in 1892 on Communion day. Any of you know the old tune? Some one hum it. Yes, that's it, that's it. Now, altogether, let us sing, just as we did in 1892.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see,
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

THE CHURCH COUNCILS.

Important Ecclesiastical Problems Under Consideration and Decisions Pronounced.

THE great church councils have met, have deliberated, debated and dissolved. Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists and other denominations have sent their leaders to the appointed meeting-places to confer and organize plans for the church's advancement. In all these gatherings encouraging reports of progress have been presented and cheering evidence given of increased life and energy.

Of the two councils referred to in this journals on June 1 as having questions before them of general interest to the whole religious public, the Methodist Episcopal General Conference held the longest and on the whole the most harmonious sessions. It decided not to abolish the time limit. It was generally held that the recent change from a three to a five years' incumbency had not been sufficiently tested. That it will eventually be abolished appears to be a general impression, though the time for the change has not yet come. The delimitation of statutory and constitutional law occupied considerable time and gave opportunity for the exercise of considerable debating power. The admission of women to the Conference was again debated, and it was put in a clearly defined form for discussion in the conferences preparatory to the final vote four years hence. The Conference also gave its hearty approval to the Epworth League and arranged for its control by a board.

The deep interest with which the proceedings of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at Portland, Ore., have been watched by the whole Christian public proves that the momentous character of the questions before it has been generally understood.

As explained in a previous number three such questions were pressing for settlement. As to the first—the revision of the creed—the Assembly received the report of the changes suggested by the committee and referred it to the Presbyteries for consideration. The second question was as to the action of Union Theological Seminary in retaining Prof. Briggs in the chair of Biblical Theology in spite of the veto. The Seminary in view of this difference of opinion proposed to withdraw from the compact. The Assembly, however, would not give its consent to a withdrawal but agreed to submit the question of the powers it enjoyed under the compact to the decision of fifteen arbitrators of whom five should be appointed by the Assembly, five by the Seminary and these ten to select the other five. The third question related to the charges of heresy against Prof. Briggs. It came before the Assembly in the form of an appeal from the decision of the New York Presbytery, which had dismissed the charges. The Assembly reversed the decision of the Presbytery but it did not try the case, as had been generally expected. It sent the case again to the Presbytery with instructions to try it on its merits. This course may involve a continuance of the agitation, as after the Presbytery has tried the case, either party may appeal to the Synod and from that body to the Assembly.

No final decision, therefore, has been rendered by the Assembly on either of the three burning questions submitted to it. There were, however, abundant indications of its attitude regarding them, in the tone of the speeches and the character of its votes. It also placed itself definitely on record as to the question of inspiration by passing at its last session the following resolution:

The General Assembly would remind all under its care that it is a fundamental doctrine that the Old and New Testaments are the inspired and infallible Word of God. Our Church holds that the inspired Word, as it came from God, is without error. The assertion of the contrary cannot but shake the confidence of the people in the sacred books. All who enter office in our Church solemnly profess to receive them as the only infallible rule of faith and practice. If they change their belief on this point, Christian honor demands that they should withdraw from our ministry. They have no right to use the pulpit or the chair of the professor for the dissemination of their errors until they are dealt with by the slow process of discipline. But if any do so act, their Presbyteries should speedily interpose, and deal with them for a violation of the ordination vows. The vow taken at the beginning is obligatory until the party taking it is honorably and properly released. The Assembly enjoins upon all ministers, elders and Presbyteries to be faithful to the duty here imposed.

MESSIAH'S REIGN.

S. S. Lesson for June 26. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Ps. 72 Golden Text, Ps. 22 : 11.

EVEN until now the Lord Jesus is the "despised and rejected of men." "The prince of this world," "the prince of the power of the air," has succeeded in setting up his sway over the minds of men. Darkness has covered the earth, and gross darkness the people. Heathenism with its cruelty and its revolting practices of murder and immorality, its callousness about human life and its degradation of human nature, holds captive the greater part of mankind. Christianity has done something towards spreading civilization but that has laid hold of, and appropriated the most selfish instincts of man; and we find Christian nations, with a reckless disregard of the value of the souls and the bodies of men, oppressing the heathen through the opium and the drink trades, to an extent which outdoes the horrors of heathen oppressions.

Everywhere We See Confusion.

"The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together." Whichever way we look, there seems to be a lack; the world wants her Lord. It is the same thing in the churches. The idolatrous Romish Church, the superstitious Greek Church, and the dead, formalistic, or rationalistic Protestant Churches, are drawing terribly near together, while most of their adherents are as much unconverted, as much without the living God as the heathen themselves. Living souls, men and women who are filled with the Spirit, are the exception everywhere, and the power of God's Christ is almost unknown over the greater part of the earth. There are those "that sigh and that cry for all the abominations that are done," especially those done in the name of Christianity; but for the most part, the inhabitants of earth are seeking deliverance everywhere except from God. By fraud and unrighteous means, they are seeking to better themselves and insure for themselves possessions down here. Through earthly remedies they seek to patch up their physical health, and to escape the stern hand of God's retribution, when the broken down nerves and other organs of the drunkard, the debauchee, or the self-indulgent man or woman, declare that the frame of man was not created for human lust, but for God's glory. In diverse ways, marshalled under the prince of this world, man is rebelling against his Maker, and, of course, he must get the worst in such a conflict. But this state of things will not always last. Again and again in the Old Testament, gleams of light upon the coming kingdom of the Messiah shine out. Judah's sceptre which shall not depart until Shiloh come, (Gen. 49: 10; Num. 24: 17.) God's King who shall be set upon his holy hill of Zion (Ps. 2: 6), Isaiah's prophecy of a King who shall reign in righteousness (Isa. 32: 1), Jeremiah's declaration that the Lord would "raise unto David a righteous Branch," and that a king should reign and prosper (Jer. 23: 5, 6), Ezekiel's vision of the resurrected dry bones of the house of Israel and of the reigning of one King over Israel and Judah (Ezek. 37), all show that

Christ Indeed Shall Reign.

But let us not forget that he has both a reign upon earth, and also a reign upon his Father's throne. "The Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David: and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end" (Luke 1: 32, 33); this is undoubtedly the reign on earth of which our Psalm speaks. But he shall also be set down with his Father in his throne (Rev. 3: 21), and reign with him over the universe.

The title of our Psalm is, "A Psalm for Solomon" and undoubtedly it had its origin in an inspired prayer of David for his son when he came to the throne of Israel. But Solomon was the type of "a greater than Solomon." "Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the King's Son. He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment." Now the courts of law are like a game of chance; the more practised a man is in villainy, the better chance he has to escape punishment. "Truth is fallen in the street," (Isa. 59: 14.) When Christ reigns, all this travesty of justice will be at an end. The same balances which weighed king Belshazzar will be used for every transgressor and none will escape the perfect justice of him who seeth down to the very secrets of the heart. It is the people of God in these days who cannot get justice, but when Jesus reigns, "He shall judge thy people with righteousness." The poor go to the wall in the present time, but then he shall judge "thy poor with judgment." Amidst all the declension and the evil of the days in which we live,

A Remnant is being Educated

by the great Teacher. They who "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth," are also they who shall reign with Christ; "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ" (Rom. 8: 15-17), they suffer with him to reign with him hereafter. Surely the promise to the faithful ones, who *occupy till he come* (Luke 19: 13), that they shall be over ten cities or five cities, foretells this very reign with him over a regenerated earth. Surely those who, in the midst of almost universal unreality, are yet real, who with untruth surrounding them are yet true, who in the midst of universal selfishness yet remain unselfish, who, while all around are rooted in earth have their citizenship in heaven, who, while all are occupied with things seen and temporal yet live in full view of things unseen and eternal,—surely these are being prepared for positions of government in that future reign of Christ! These are they who own him king and obey him even now. The unprepared disciples who, at the memorable and solemn last supper with their Lord could yet yield to jealousy, strife and envy, sought to forestall this promised privilege; they strove as to which of them should be the greatest. And Jesus answered them by explaining that the kings of the Gentiles exercised lordship over them, and they that exercise authority are called benefactors, "But so shall it not be among you." Begin at the other end, the divine is the reverse of the human, "he that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve." It is greater to serve than to reign; I, your Lord, your King,—"am among you

As He that Serveth."

You shall yet reign; "I appoint unto you a kingdom;" not one in which you can emulate one another, with jealous eyes and heart burnings, it is a kingdom for which you have yet to be fitted and prepared. I am not yet in my kingdom, but "I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me; that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel. (Luke 22 : 27-30.) Ye shall fare as I fare and with me you must wait for supremacy. "He shall judge the poor of the people;" let us learn to do so now. "He shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor." Just because his reign is founded on right principles, it will endure "as long as the sun and moon endure." In his righteousness there will be such beneficence that it will be life-giving, "like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth." This is the type of rule over others which Christ in the heart now produces; "speaking the truth in love." (Eph. 4 : 15.) Then the righteous, not the wicked, "shall flourish and abundance of peace." His dominion shall endure, it is an everlasting dominion, but it shall be wonderfully comprehensive. "They that dwell in the wilderness," the savage and uncivilized, "shall bow before him," but also, "the kings of Tarshish," the polished, and the cultured." All shall own his sway. From every government, there shall be a right of appeal to him, for "All kings shall fall down before him, and all nations shall serve him." Political strife, religious controversy, all which now divides, shall then be done away with. The presence of the Prince of peace shall put it all to shame; it will not, cannot,

Live in Such an Atmosphere

as the reign of Christ will bring with it. No cry of the needy will escape him, and for this reason the great ones of the earth shall submit to him; they will hold their thrones only as they reign for him, and his Spirit. All the power of Almightiness shall then be arrayed against "deceit and violence," and precious shall their blood be in his sight" who now are poor and needy. Deceit and violence are honey-combing all commerce, all politics, all church, and family life, in our day. No one knows whom to trust, except among those who live in the presence of God. But all this will be changed when Jesus Christ reigns on earth. O, how our hearts cry, "Thy kingdom come; Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever!"

In his reign gold, which now is the greatest temptation to man, shall find its truest use in being paid in tribute to him; "To him shall be given of the gold of Sheba. Universal worship shall be ascribed to him. No longer shall Confucius, Buddha, or Mohammed, be opposed by their disciples to the Lord Jesus; "Prayer also shall be made for him continually and daily shall he be praised." Now his kingdom is not of this world, we see him, know him, follow him, by faith; but then he will be recognized as God and King. "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." Now, if we lead a life of separation to the Lord, it means incurring the contempt and misunderstanding of all around. "The world knoweth us not; because it knew him not." We cannot follow him truly, now, without entering into fellowship with his sufferings. But there it will be recognized by all, by society in general, that Christ is to be worshipped and obeyed.

But the special privilege of this dispensation—a life hid with Christ in God, a following of Christ in shame and loss, in dishonor and in suffering,—will no longer exist. Christ will reign with his saints who are one with him, but over those who are subject to him. But who then shall they be who reign with Christ in his glorious Messianic kingdom? Surely only those who are fitted for it now, those who now reign with him over all which opposes itself to him. Those who now conquer through him will then conquer with him.

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

HE shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth What is the dew upon the flower but God's gentle nurturing, and the falling rain, but gentle drops of heaven's love urging vegetation forward to fresh beauty and renewed fertility? Pastures mown with the scythe or shorn by the teeth of the cattle, present, as it were, so many bleeding stems of grass; but when the rain falls it is balm to all these wounds, and it renews the verdure and beauty of the fields.

As this is intended as a missionary lesson, and we are to be encouraged by the sure promise of the coming universal reign of our blessed Lord, we may to advantage learn from it the beauty and effectiveness of Christian gentleness as applied to missionary efforts while doing our share to hasten the day when,

> Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Doth his successive jonrneys run;
> His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
> Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

My sister got her arm out of joint. The neighbors of the country place came in, and they tried to put that arm in its place, and they laid hold and they pulled mightily: they pulled until she was in anguish, but the bone did not go back to its place. After a while the surgeon came, and with one touch everything was adjusted. So we go out for Christian work, and for the lack of a sympathetic nature, or the lack of this gentleness of Christ, we make the wounds of the world worse, when some kind and gentle spirit comes along after us, and by one touch heals the torn ligaments, and the disturbing bones are rejoined. Oh! there is more power for good in a spirit of Christian gentleness than in all this high pretension of Christian work. The dew of one summer's night will accomplish more for the grainfield than fifty Caribbean whirlwinds.

"One Sunday afternoon with my Aunt Esther," said Mr. Beecher, "did me more good than forty Sundays in church with my father. He thundered over my head, and she sweetly instructed me down in my heart. The promise that she would read Joseph's history on Sunday was enough to draw a silver thread of obedience through the entire week; and if I was tempted to break my promise, I said, 'No; Aunt Esther is going to read on Sunday;' and I would do or I would not do, all through the week for the sake of getting that sweet instruction on Sunday."

His enemies shall lick the dust. It is a dangerous thing to raise our puny arm in rebellion against the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things, for "the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs: they shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away."

In the days of Julian, the Apostate, that mighty monarch, who set himself to overturn Christianity, there was an humble Christian who was asked one day by Julian's most celebrated orator with that sneer which only a Roman could put on in those days: "What is the Galilean carpenter now doing?" The humble Christian raised his face and said, "The Galilean carpenter is making a coffin." And it was only a few months before the coffin was done, and in it the prostrate form of Julian the Apostate lay, and classic polytheism was ended.

It is not very long since Voltaire said: "In twenty years the Almighty will see fine sport in France; but before the twenty years were up the Galilean carpenter had another coffin ready, and in it lay the prostrate form of the French Monarchy. And it is within our easy recollection that the modern Nebuchadnezzar of the nations, Napoleon the Little, said to himself, "See this great nation which I govern, and this magnificent capital which I have beautified; I will water my soldiers' horses in the German Rhine, and my cavalry shall ride through the streets of Berlin." And behind him the Pope stood and said, "Do this, my best servant, and my temporal power shall be established again among the nations." And the Galilean carpenter was building another coffin, and in less than two months there lay in it the temporal power of the Pope; and a little later the prostrate form of Napoleon III. And ever since the Galilean carpenter has been building coffins for his enemies and weaving crowns of amaranth for his friends.

All nations shall serve him. While among the people of God it is generally admitted that the omission of the name of God from our Constitution is a serious defect, it is comforting to learn that the wonderful instrument which defines the powers and rights of our government and people was framed under daily invocation of Divine guidance and blessing as may be inferred from the following speech by Benjamin Franklin in the Convention for forming a Constitution for the United States: "In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the Divine protection. Our prayers, sir, were heard and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future National felicity. And have we now forgotten this powerful Friend? Or do we imagine we no longer need his assistance? I have lived for a long time (81 years), and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth that God governs the affairs of man. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, sir, in the sacred writings, that 'except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without his concurring aid, we shall proceed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel: we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests; our prospects will be confounded; and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages. And what is worse, mankind may hereafter from this unfortunate instance despair of establishing government by human wisdom and leave it to chance, war, and conquest. I, therefore, beg leave, sir, to move that henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of heaven, and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this Assembly every morning before we proceed to business; and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

TRAINING THE WORKERS.

How Young Women are being Trained for Mission Work at Mr. Moody's School.—Mrs. Sinclair's Story of the Work.

THE quickness of perception of a practical need which is one of Mr. D. L. Moody's prominent characteristics, has nowhere been exercised to better purpose than in the training school at Northfield which he established in September, 1890, a picture of which appears on this page. Its object is to fit Christian

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

young women to work for Christ intelligently and to be helpful to those among whom they labor in various ways. As the knowledge and skill which the medical missionary among the heathen uses to relieve suffering, opens doors of access to him as a Christian teacher, which would otherwise be closed, so a knowledge of practical work in the household and the family qualifies a young woman who is devoting her life to mission work among the poor to be of material aid to those of her own sex among whom she proposes to work, makes her visits welcome and gives her a claim on the attention of those she has helped, when she would speak to them of Christ. Mr. Moody perceived this fact and the Northfield Training School was established to realize it. He knew that numbers of young women desired to consecrate themselves to the Lord's service and he is here furnishing them with the training which will fit them to do it with the best results.

That they should be capable teachers of God's Word is the first and chief object to be achieved because that is the main business of their lives. This department is put in the charge of Rev. H. B. Hartzler whose portrait appears on this page. This accomplished scholar several of whose poems written expressly for this journal have delighted our readers for some months past, said at a recent meeting of the friends of the institution when the closing of the second term of study was being celebrated:

"The object of the school is to offer facilities for the training of Christian women, that they may become ready, skilful, efficient workers in all forms of Christian service to which they may devote themselves. It is taken for granted that first and foremost in such training is the demand for a careful, earnest, persistent study of the Word of God. Bible truth in mind and heart and life, and at ready command for use, must be the instrument of power for effective service. To impart to the students this knowledge, and to cultivate readiness and skill in applying it to the various moral and spiritual conditions of those with whom they have to do, is therefore the main object of the school. But ample experience has shown that Christian workers who have, in addition to knowledge and love of the Bible, some practical knowledge of domestic work, of dressmaking and of cooking, have a great advantage over others not so qualified. They are thereby enabled to bring God's Word into the homes of the poor, the ignorant, the improvident, the sick, the sorrowing; to enter with intelligent sympathy into the practical affairs of their daily life, a long line of humble, loving, helpful service, in a way which would otherwise be impossible to them. It has, therefore, been wisely arranged to combine with the study of the Bible, thorough courses in dressmaking and cooking, with varied experience in the details of household life and service. The three departments named constitute the course of study as originally planned; but during the administration of the present principal, Miss Sherman, there has been added a course of study in drawing to qualify students to make use of the blackboard for purposes of illustration in teaching and also to aid them in designing in the dressmaking department.

"In the work done during the two school years, the main object has been kept steadily in view. During the first year there was a total attendance of fifty-six students, representing eleven different States and seven religious denominations. At least twenty-five of this number looked forward to lives of service in the home or foreign mission field. Six regular instructors constituted the teaching force the first year and nine the second. During the school year now closing the names of seventy-three students have been enrolled, the majority of whom have taken the entire course of two terms. These students represent nine different States, as also Canada, Alaska and Turkey. At least twenty-one of these desire to engage in home or foreign mission work."

That the work, so excellent in conception, has been skilfully carried into execution is evident from a statement we have received from Mrs. Sinclair, a Canadian lady who has spent the last year in the institution. Mrs. Sinclair says: "The idea had been on Mr. Moody's mind and heart for some time, when it was made an accomplished fact by a noble hearted Christian gentleman offering $50,000 to have the Hotel Northfield opened for such a purpose. Mr. Moody believes that there are many young women throughout the land in comfortable homes with plenty of means, who are doing much less than they might for the Master. 'Oh! to be used' is the smothered heart-cry of many as they slip out from college and school.

THE TRAINING SCHOOL, NORTHFIELD, MASS.

"They have an indefinable longing somehow to make all they have acquired tell for God upon the world, but having no direction given to the desire it grows more indefinite till too often dissipated with lives of self-interest. There is also a constant demand in city churches, and mission fields for the service of trained Christian women. Where were these to be had? Mr. Moody realizing the needs of the work and knowing that there were numbers of willing if unskilled workers, with his usual energy and promptitude opened the school at once.

"The lady principal chosen to organize this work in the winter of '89 and '90, was Miss Gertrude Hulbert, whose power of organization had been proved invaluable in the Bible Institute of Chicago. The school furnished a thorough course of Bible Study. Cooking and Dressmaking classes were also formed, each with a competent lady in charge. In Cooking, the first term's course comprised a study of the combination of foods, bills of fare, arranged to give the most perfect nourishment; invalid cookery; and talks of the use of cooking in mission work.

The classes in Dressmsking were taught cutting by chart, and the students could either cut and fit their own dresses, for present needs, and provide their own material, or should they not wish to do this, work was provided for which they received compensation. The second year the school opened in October 1891 under the charge of Miss Sherman—a graduate of Wellesley College thoroughly experienced in teaching—followed by the love and regrets of all the students at Weston with whom she had been long associated.

Nine regular instructors were on the staff, and a new class was formed, to qualify students to make use of the black-board in illustrating Bible lessons. The school opened with seventy-three students.

In Miss Sherman's unpublished report she says: "The instruction in the Bible during the term, included lectures on 'The history of the Bible as a Book,' outline study of the Pentateuch, inductive study of First John—and a course of lessons on the central truths of the Bible. A study has been made of the chief characters in the early Jewish monarchy—and the Book of Jeremiah used for a basis for work in prophecy as a whole." During this term lectures have been given on the Life of Christ. Throughout both terms normal classes have been conducted with suggestions on the preparation of Bible readings and management of prayer meetings.

Many of the students assisted in parish work, started prayer meetings in the different districts and carried them on all winter—walking many a mile on a bitter cold night to carry the Gospel to souls, who as yet knew it not.

The Training School again opens the last day of next September—the course covers two terms of three months each—the charge being the same as last year, $50 per term, which covers both board and instruction.

The Hotel Northfield is situated in a valley in the most beautiful part of the Connecticut River—surrounded by hills covered with the richest verdure, the village consists of detached houses, fronting on an avenue six miles long, bordered by double rows of century old elm trees which give a shaded walk on the hottest summer day.

The veranda of the Hotel is three hundred feet long, and standing there, spread before one is a view extensive and varied in outline. The curves of the valleys, the smooth pastures, the undulating woods, and the road winding by the river form a picture peculiarly its own.

All particulars as to admission, the qualification of candidates, etc., may be obtained by addressing Miss Sherman, Young Women's Training School, Northfield, Mass.

Volume XI., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

A MISSIONARY VOYAGE IN SIAM.

Mrs. McGilvary's Account of a Nine-Weeks' Journey by Boat to the Laos Country.

THE Presbyterian missionaries among the Laos are rejoicing in the accession to their numbers of three missionaries, the Rev. E. B. McGilvary and his wife and sister. The work has grown so rapidly of late and so many doors have opened, that help was urgently needed, and it has come, in the persons of the son and daughter and daughter-in-law of the eminent missionary, who in company with the Rev. Jonathan Wilson commenced the work twenty-five years ago. His wife went down to Bangkok, the southern port of Siam to welcome her son and daughter and accompany them to their scene of labor at Chiengmai in the Laos country. It was a long journey, occupying nine weeks, and was performed by boat on the rivers Meinam and Maa Ping which connect Bangkok with the northern States of Siam where the Laos live. Mrs. E. B. McGilvary sends a description of this journey to *Woman's Work for Woman*, to which we are indebted for the picture of the boat and river published on this page. Describing the boat, she says: "The prow projecting in front of the boat has an upward slope which gives the men a little impetus in their run with the poles. They start on that prow and run along the plank that projects outward on the boat's side between the little deck in front where the men sleep and the cabin at the rear. The middle part is where the cargo is stored. The rounded tops are of woven bamboo. The boat is said to be modeled from a scorpion and the fancy tail at the stern adds greatly to its beauty. The long rudder is shaped like an oar. The poles are twelve to fifteen feet long and the middle part of the boat sixteen to twenty feet in length.

MISSIONARY JOURNEY BY BOAT TO THE LAOS COUNTRY IN NORTHERN SIAM.

The work among the Laos commenced in 1867. Dr. Daniel McGilvary was at that time laboring at Petchaburee in Siam. Among the people there, were some of the Laos, who came from the six northern States, which are tributary to the king of Siam. He was so much impressed with the character of the people and the need for Christian work among them, that in 1863 he went, accompanied by his colleague Mr. Wilson, on a visit to their capital, Chieng-Mai. Four years later, he removed thither with his family, and Mr. Wilson followed shortly afterward. Their first convert was Nan Inta, a learned Buddhist, who conceived a deep respect for the newcomers from the fact that their prediction of an eclipse of the sun on August 16, 1868, was verified. He was disposed to listen to them after this evidence of their superior knowledge and was eventually led to Christ. Six of his friends followed his example. There are now six churches in the Laos country, and 1,115 communicants. These successes have not been obtained without trials. In 1869, the King of Laos commenced a persecution, clubbed two converts to death, who, after torture, refused to renounce Christianity, and compelled the remaining converts to seek refuge in flight. The missionaries were themselves in imminent danger, but, a few months later, the king died and his suzerain, the king of Siam, issued a proclamation of religious liberty among the Laos, since which time the Gospel has been preached throughout the country.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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HAND-SHAKING.

AROUND the door of country meeting-houses it has always been the custom for the people to gather before church and after church for social intercourse and the shaking of hands. Perhaps because we, ourselves, were born in the country and have never got over it, the custom pleases us. In the cities we arrive the last moment before service and go away the first moment after. We act as though the church were a rail-car, into which we go when the time for starting arrives, and we get out again as soon as the Depot of the Doxology is reached. We protest against this business way of doing things. Shake hands when the benediction is pronounced with those who sat before and those who sat behind you. Meet the people in the aisle, and give them Christian salutation. Postponement of the dining-hour for fifteen minutes will damage neither you nor the dinner. That is the moment to say a comforting word to the man or woman in trouble. The sermon was preached to the people in general; it is your place to apply it to the individual heart.

The church aisle may be made the road to heaven. Many a man who was unaffected by what the minister said has been captured for God by the Christian word of an unpretending layman on the way out. You may call it personal magnetism, or natural cordiality, but there are some Christians who have such an ardent way of shaking hands after meeting that it amounts to a benediction. Such greeting is not made with the left hand. The left hand is good for a great many things, for instance to hold a fork or twist a curl, but it was never made to shake hands with, unless you have lost the use of the right. Nor is it done by the tips of the fingers laid loosely in the palm of another. Nor is it done with a glove on. Gloves are good to keep out the cold and make one look well, but have them so they can easily be removed, as they should be, for they are non-conductors of Christian magnetism. Make bare the hand. Place it in the palm of your friend. Clench the fingers across the back part of the hand you grip. Then let all the animation of your heart rush to your shoulder, and from there to the elbow, and then through the fore-arm and through the wrist, till your friend gets the whole charge of Gospel electricity.

In Paul's time he told the Christians to greet each other with a holy kiss. We are glad the custom has been dropped, for there are many good people who would not want to kiss us, as we would not want to kiss them. Very attractive persons would find the supply greater than the demand. But let us have a substitute suited to our age and land. Let it be good, hearty, enthusiastic, Christian hand-shaking.

CHURCH MANNERS.

THERE are some of the best Christian people who do not know how to carry themselves in religious assemblage. They never laugh. They never applaud. They never hiss; yet, notwithstanding, are disturbers of public worship. There is, for instance, the coughing brigade. If any individual right ought to be maintained at all hazards, it is the right of coughing. There are times when you must cough. There is an irresistible tickling in the throat which demands audible demonstration. It is moved, seconded and unanimously carried that those who have irritated wind-pipes be heard. But there are ways with hand or handkerchief of breaking the repercussion. A smothered cough is dignified and acceptable if you have nothing better to offer. But how many audiences have had their peace sacrificed by unrestrained expulsion of air through the glottis! After a sudden change in the weather, there is a fearful charge made by the coughing brigade. They open their mouths wide, and make the arches ring with the racket. They begin with a faint "Ahem!" and gradually rise and fall through all the scale of dissonance, as much as to say: "Hear, all ye good people! I have a cold! I have a bad cold! I have an awful bad cold! Hear how it racks me, tears me, torments me. It seems as if my diaphragm must be split. I took this awful bad cold the other night. I added to it last Sunday. Hear how it goes off! There it is again. Oh, dear me! If I only had 'bronchial troches,' or the syrup of squills, or a mustard plaster, or a woollen stocking turned wrong side out around my neck!" Brethren and sisters who took cold by sitting in the same draft join the clamor, and it is glottis to glottis, and laryngitis to laryngitis, and a chorus of scrapings and explosions which make the service hideous for a preacher of sensitive nerves. We have seen people under the pulpit coughing with their mouth so far open we have been tempted to jump into it. There are some persons who have a convenient ecclesiastical cough. It does not trouble them ordinarily; but when in church you get them thoroughly cornered with some practical truth, they smother the end of the sentences with a favorite paroxysm. There is a man in our church who is apt to be taken with one of these fits just as the contribution box comes to him, and cannot seem to get his breath again till he hears the pennies rattling in the box behind him. Cough by all means, but put on the brakes when you come to the down-grade, or send the racket through at least one fold of your pocket-handkerchief.

MONDAYS.

IT is just four o'clock and thirty-two minutes by the clock on my mantel, and Monday morning. Heaven is looking in at both windows—the sun rising with a very red eye, as if it had not slept much last night. The birds are all up, some singing, but two of them seem to be quarrelling, as if they had had trouble in the choir yesterday. The world never before looked so fair from my window. Can it be that there is any such thing as trouble? I have waded up to my study-table, not like the Israelites coming dry-shod, but through a bath-tub and nothing but dulness drowned. Thank God for water and a Turkish towel! Alas for those who have only an old-time wash-basin at the spout outside the front door, and who think they have done their duty when they have cleansed their finger-tips and the corners of their eyes! A continent, with the Atlantic Ocean on one side and the Pacific Ocean on the other, ought to take the hint and be very clean.

I wonder if on this Monday morning all the world is rested? No, no! Many of the best people of the world feel Mondayish. They overdid the Sunday and had no rest. They rose at six to study their Bible-lesson. They attended two preaching services and had a hankering after the third. They went twice to a Sabbath School. They took part in a prayer-meeting. They visited two of the sick. They have been on a religious spree and are drunk with meetings. Monday morning is a weariness to them. The devil knows they are good, and is trying to work them to death, and get them out of the way. They are beckoning to their undertaker and committing suicide with golden extract of over-worked Sunday. Now, every man is entitled to a rest. He sins when at least once a week he does not take it. On Sabbath let him sleep an hour longer in the morning, or snatch up a nap in the afternoon, or put on his slippers for a little while, with his feet up on the next chair, and make himself believe at any rate that he is resting. Doing too many things on Sunday, he does nothing well. He must take time to cool off. It is dangerous to load a cannon while the touch-hole is hot. Some Christians serve God so tremendously on Sunday that they are cross and crabbed all the week. Every Monday morning ought to be set to the tune of "Ariel" or "Antioch," and not to "Windham" or "Naomi."

SYMPATHY.

THERE is no warmer Bible phrase than this: "Touched with the feeling of our infirmities." The Divine nature is so vast, and the human so small, that we are apt to think that they do not touch each other at any point. We might have ever so many mishaps, the government at Washington would not hear of them, and there are multitudes in Britain whose troubles Victoria never knows; but there is a throne against which strike all our perplexities. What touches us touches Christ. What annoys us, annoys Christ. What robs us, robs Christ. He is the great nerve-centre to which thrill all sensations which touch us who are his members. He is touched with our physical infirmities. I do not mean that he merely sympathizes with a patient in collapse of cholera, or in the delirium of a yellow fever, or in the anguish of a broken back, or in all those annoyances that come from a disordered nervous condition. In our excited American life sound nerves are a rarity. Human sympathy in the case I mention amounts to nothing. Your friends laugh at you. But Christ never laughs at the whims, the notions, the conceits, the weaknesses, of the nervously disordered. Christ probably suffered in something like this way, for he had lack of sleep, lack of rest, lack of right food, lack of shelter, and his temperament was finely strung.

Chronic complaints, the rheumatism, the neuralgia, the dyspepsia, after a while cease to excite human sympathy, but with Christ they never become an old story. He is as sympathetic as when you felt the first twinge of inflamed muscle or the first pang of indigestion. When you cannot sleep, Christ keeps awake with you. All the pains you ever had in your head are not equal to the pains Christ had in his head. All the acute suffering you ever had in your feet is not equal to the acute suffering Christ had in his feet. By his own hand he fashioned your every bone, strung every nerve, and your every physical disorder is patent to him and touches his sympathies.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

YATMAN'S COLUMN

A FIRESIDE SONG SERVICE.

THE column this week is to be read close to piano or organ. Some weeks the fireside is best, this week we must have music. Gather the old folks and young, those who can sing and those who can make a joyful noise, and all join in the song. The music to the well-known hymn "There is a Happy Land" will fit the verses. I call it a rich sermon set to music. Notice, there are five heads: "Wake," "Watch," "Work," "Pray," "Praise."

Before you sing, let *father* read this verse:

Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake:
Jesus himself is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake.
Sleep is for sons of night;
Ye are children of the light;
Yours is the glory bright;
Wake, brethren, wake.

The second verse let *mother* read, for no one knows better what work really means than mother.

Heed we the Steward's call,
Work, brethren, work;
There's room enough for all,
Work, brethren, work.
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labor will afford;
He will your work reward;
Work, brethren, work.

The next verse is for the first-born son. The eldest of the children should be an example of watchfulness to all the rest.

Call to each wakening band,
Watch, brethren, watch;
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch.
Be ye as men that wait
Always at their Master's gate,
E'en though he tarry late;
Watch, brethren, watch.

If the preacher is present—and he ought often to be in the household, get him to read this:

Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, Pray;
Would ye his heart rejoice,
Pray, brethren, pray.
Sin calls for ceaseless fear,
Weakness needs the Strong One near,
Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray.

And the last verse all repeat together, then sing it till God's blessing like the quiet of a benediction rests upon all.

Sound now the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise;
Thrice holy is the Lord,
Praise, brethren, praise;
What more befits the tongues
Soon to join the angels' songs?
Whilst heaven the note prolongs,
Praise, brethren, Praise.

I heard this sung at one of the great May meetings in London, and over the whole assemblage there came a glow of joy from the truth of the song and its rousing call.

Father, let me give you a hint, give every one of your children—servants, too, a silver reward when they can repeat every verse from memory. It will be money well spent.

At eventide next Sabbath night in your home let this hymn be sung, then read Hebrews eleven and James two, have prayer, and sweet will be your rest.

What Jesus is to Me.

No poetry can give in better words or thought what Jesus is to me than the following verses, which were arranged by the late C. H. Spurgeon. I make a place for them in my column that you, dear reader, may open your Bible and copy these lines on a fly leaf and sign your name underneath.

What the hand is to the lute,
What the breath is to the flute,
What is fragrance to the smell,
What the spring is to the well,
What the flower is to the bee,
That is Jesus Christ to me.

What's the mother to the child,
What the guide in pathless wild,
What is oil to troubled wave,
What is ransom to a slave,
What is water to the sea,
That is Jesus Christ to me.

False Impressions.

Amongst the thousand and one false impressions abroad is that a Church is set for the light of the Gospel within a certain geographical bound, not over large, from which the people may come and hear the preacher proclaim the truths of God. There are no geographical lines that bind any parish, save the lines of the whole earth. The influence of a church is to be as wide and far-reaching as its members radiate out in social and business life, as far as their letters go, the length of their friendships and acquaintances, the bound of their influence. This is the extent of their responsibility.

THE BELGIAN CRISIS.

PROGRESS in the direction of popular government is decisively marked by the election which was ordered to take place in Belgium on June 14. It was the election of a national legislature to perform the single and definite duty of revising the constitution. For some time past the working men of the country have been dissatisfied with their exclusion from political power. No man could vote at the election of a member of the legislature who was not a large taxpayer. So high was this qualification that of the 6,125,000 persons in Belgium only 135,000, or about one in fifty has a vote. The discontent of the excluded classes has grown rapidly and it has found expression in the Legislature from members who were unable to carry popular measures owing to their being outnumbered by the aristocratic members. There were ominous mutterings of a revolutionary outbreak and even the privileged classes became alarmed. Change was inevitable and it became evident that if it did not come by orderly and constitutional means it would come by an anarchistic outbreak. The king, who is a wise and far-seeing statesman, realized the situation and exerted his influence to promote concession. He dissolved the Legislature and ordered an election of men expressly deputed to extend the franchise. This duty performed, the Legislature will again be dissolved and a new Legislature elected by the enlarged constituency. This method of meeting the popular demand proves the wisdom of the king and the governing class. The time is past when in any nation of ordinary intelligence two per cent. of the people should monopolize political power. No man or class has the right to obtain or retain anything which belongs as a common property to the whole people. Yet there has been everywhere and at all times a disposition to do so. There are some even among ourselves to-day who need to be reminded of the principle enunciated in God's Word that "the profit of the earth is for all." (Eccles. 5: 9.)

An Unexpected Wedding.

BUSINESS circles in New York are astonished at the announcement of an approaching wedding which was made last week. It is that of a lady who, a few years ago, on the death of her father, began business in real estate. The business had a very small beginning, but it has had a growth of phenomenal rapidity. The young lady showed a business tact and sagacity which amazed her business rivals in the field. Large investors began to place unlimited confidence in her judgment and to intrust important negotiations to her management. She has been the agent of some of the largest syndicate sales in the upper wards of the city and her success has won the admiration of property owners and speculators in the real estate districts. Two years ago she began to feel the need of legal training and she entered the law department of the University of New York. Her industry in pursuing her studies while continuing her business amazed those who watched her. At the end of last year she was ready for her diploma. Her success in the law parallelled her success in business. She became the attorney of an up-town bank and she was preparing to open an office as a full-fledged real estate lawyer, as soon as the necessary interval required by the University should have elapsed. She appeared to concentrate all her attention on these prosaic pursuits and no one suspected that romance or any of the softer feelings of the heart had any place in her being. But her ambition and her resolve to acquire fame and fortune by her own efforts have been subjugated. She is to be married on June 29. To some one who expressed surprise and asked her what could have led to such an astonishing change, she gave the explanation that she loved the man whom she had promised to marry. That explanation was sufficient to account for the change. Love is a potent influence and it has worked still more extraordinary revolutions in life, when it has been exercised toward Christ. The world is often puzzled when it sees men of brilliant talents, who might hope to attain the very highest positions in the nation, renouncing them and devoting their lives to preaching the Gospel. They can explain their conduct in no more appropriate words than those of the first missionary: "Whether we be beside ourselves it is to God . . . for the love of Christ constraineth us." (II. Cor. 5: 13, 14.)

Stellar Mutability.

A REMARKABLE treatise has just been published on the changes taking place in the heavenly bodies. It is from the pen of Professor See of the Royal Observatory of Berlin. He has been studying the most ancient astronomical records extant and comparing them with the present aspect of the stellar universe. He finds that although the interval is short, as compared with the age of the universe, there have been strange and wonderful changes during that time. As an instance, he mentions the great star Sirius, "the majestic, self-luminous orb which emits a hundred times as much light and heat as the sun." The ancients described it as the burning Dog Star to whose fiery influence they attributed the climate of the tropics. In our day Sirius is white, with blue scintillations. If it had presented the same appearance two thousand years ago as it presents now, it would have been classed among "the blue stars." It has evidently lost an enormous part of its radiant energy. Astronomers are now generally agreed that the color of the stars indicates their temperature, and Prof. See argues that it is also an indication of age. He believes that the sun is past its maturity and its hottest period is past. There are indications in our earth also of a like cooling process, as there are in large numbers of the heavenly bodies. The myriads of meteorites and the temporary new stars are indications of disburbances of inconceivable violence occurring in space. From all of which he concludes that the present stellar system so far from being immutable is liable to endless transformation and is certainly by the cooling process everywhere going on, "on the way to absolute stagnation." These are starrling conclusions, but they are not disturbing ones to him who "according to his promise look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." (II. Peter 3: 13.)

Progress on the Nicaragua Canal.

REPORTS of extraordinary labor and of formidable obstacles overcome were presented to the National Nicaragua Canal Convention which met a few days ago at St. Louis, Mo. About one mile of the canal is already excavated, and the whole route has been carefully surveyed by experienced engineers. This latter work, which was a necessary preliminary, has cost over a half a million dollars. The president of the company said that the engineers had to make their way through a tropical forest, where the vegetation was often so dense that they could not see fifty feet in front of them. Part of the way was through marshes and swamps, where the men had to flounder along up to their waist in the mud and they had to cut their way through with axes a great part of the route. They had to test the depths of the streams foot by foot through the rivers, and to go over the great Lake of Nicaragua and sound it. They have now, however, an exact map of the whole territory. When this canal is completed, it is estimated that not less than eight million tons of shipping will pass through it the first year. No captain having to sail to our Pacific ports or to India or China will take the long and dangerous journey around Cape Horn, but will go by the shorter and safer route through the canal. It would be well if ministers and Christian workers could induce the convicted sinner to show similar wisdom. Too often he labors to reach peace through his own efforts by reformation of character and good works instead of taking the way which Christ opened for him by a life of suffering and a death of agony: "The new and living way which he consecrated for us through his flesh." (Heb. 10: 20.)

The Oldest Ship Afloat.

THE arrangemen. for the exhibition of the whaleship *Stonington* at the World's Fair has given rise to several claims of greater antiquity for various vessels. One of these, which is well established, is that of the *Wasp* which, it is believed, is the oldest seaworthy craft afloat. She is eighty years old, having been built at Cohoes on the Hudson in 1812. Her history has been varied and exciting. During the last war with Great Britain, she was used for years as a Hudson River packet. On several occasions she was in danger of being captured by the British, but always outsailed her pursuers. Later on the *Wasp* was used as a Bridgeport packet, and twenty years ago her owners began to use her for the transportation of granite. Divers have also made her the centre of their operations when at work on bridges or foundations. She has proved herself to be an excellent sailer and on several occasions has weathered storms, heavily laden, in which many ships foundered. She has been repaired so many times, in the course of her four-score years, that little remains of the original ship, beside the framework. Her owners still regard her as a valuable, trustworthy ship and believe she will finish out her century of activity. Such a record proves the staunchness of the vessel, but it also speaks of the skill and vigilance of the captains who have commanded her. That, in a still more striking way is the testimony of the history of the Church of Christ which under his guidance has passed through storms of trial and persecution and will continue to ride the waves safely to the end of time. (Matt. 16: 18.)

An Involuntary Voyage.

THE transatlantic steamer *Germanic* which sailed from New York on June 1, carried one passenger who was very reluctant to make the voyage. A short time before she started, an elderly gentleman, who resides in Brooklyn, made his way on board accompanied by his son and daughter to say good-bye to a friend, who was among the passengers. He remained in his friend's state-room chatting with him until the ship's bell rang out its warning to visitors that the ship was preparing to leave the dock. The old gentleman hurried on deck but just as he reached the gangway, he recollected something else he wished to say to his friend. Telling his son and daughter to wait for him on the pier he went down to the state-room again, said a few words and hastened back on deck. But in the meantime the gang-plank had been hauled in and the steamer was out in mid-stream. The old gentleman could be seen from the pier, wildly gesticulating and apparently expostulating with the Captain, who shook his head decisively. The vessel continued her voyage and the two young people went homeward to explain their father's mishap. It may be hoped for his sake that no serious consequences will result from his involuntary absence; but, as the Captain doubtless pointed out to him, whatever they may be, the fault is his own in returning after hearing the warning bell and starting for the shore. How many souls have been lost through similar folly! Those who set out to seek Christ under the spell of some powerful sermon, or while under some providential discipline and go back to the world for one last indulgence, seldom, if ever, turn their faces heavenward again. (Luke 9: 62.)

Politeness Rewarded.

A CLERK in the Post Office, of Tacoma, Wash., is reaping a rich harvest from a little kindness and politeness. A press dispatch from that city says that for years past a grizzled, ill-tempered old man has been in the habit of worrying the clerks in the Post Office about his mail. He is a farmer living some distance out of the city, and whether from his peculiar caligraphy and that of his correspondents, or from some other cause, there was constantly recurring trouble about his letters. His entrance into the Post Office came to be regarded at last as the precursor of an unpleasant wrangle. The old farmer became decidedly unpopular with the clerks. About a year ago a new clerk was appointed, and she soon had an interview with the old farmer. She took a great deal of trouble in tracing a letter for him and was at some pains to explain the irregularity to him. For the first time the old man went away satisfied. From that time forward he always asked for that clerk when he made his weekly visit to the Post Office, and would suffer no other clerk to attend to him. He made several attempts to reward her for her trouble, but his presents were always declined. A week or two ago, however, he placed a package in her hands, with the remark that it was something she could not return. She found that it was a deed for five acres of land, worth $600 an acre. The old man said that she was the only person who had ever spoken a kind word to him. If that is true, he must have had a dreary life. He is evidently capable of appreciating kindness, though his manner may have led people to suppose that it would be wasted upon him. Very frequently, Christian effort is withheld for a similar reason, but our orders are to preach the Gospel to every creature, and it has often happened that the very persons whose manner seemed to forbid approach have yielded gladly when the Gospel has been personally presented to them. (Ezekiel 2: 5.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Bible Institute, of Chicago, is now so crowded with students that its basement has been fitted up as dormitories for men; there being no other space available.

The Religious Tract Society has published books and tracts in 205 languages and dialects and has made grants of books to various societies of the aggregate value of $211,320.

Rev. C. H. Yatman who has been visiting London to study the evangelistic and philanthropic institutions of that city, writes us that he hopes to be back in New York by June 26, to open his meetings at Ocean Grove, N. J.

Dr. G. F. Pentecost, in reply to the question of an interviewer, gives it as his opinion that the number of converts from heathenism in India is from fifty to two hundred per cent. greater than what it is with an equal number of workers in England or America.

Mrs. Royal Leighton, of Woodford, Me., a member of the Society of Friends, who established a school for girls near Jerusalem some years ago, sailed last week for Palestine to organize another school in some town where there is need for such an institution. She is sixty years of age.

Elder A. J. Stewart, of the Mormon Church, has made an arrangement for the concession of 100,000 acres of land ninety miles southeast of Chihuahua in Mexico, where he proposes to locate a Mormon colony of not less than five hundred families. He states that polygamy will not be practised by the colonists.

The following amounts for the relief of the sufferers by the floods in the South West have been received and have been sent to the Rev. Geo W. Sharp for distribution: Jas. C. Strand, Winnitka, Ill., $1.; Sarah Brown, Gedar Creek, Mich., $1.; C. C. W., Galesburg, Ill., $1.; A. McVicar, Janesville, Wis., $1.; A. Z., Plainfield, N. J., $11.

An Evangelist who is laboring in Spain writes from Vallidolid: "I daresay you hear from others how open Spain is now to the true evangelist. It is quite remarkable. In Catalonia, where at last they are telling to the Catalans in their own tongue the wonderful works of God, several villages have asked the evangelists to come to them. God is working there."

Contributions toward the fund for the support for another year of Rev. George W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the American Sunday School Union have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $16.50. They are from: A. C., Spokane Falls, Wash., $10.; J. P. De Jong Englewood, $5.; Subscriber, Mineral Paint, Wis., $1.; S. M. O., Lebanon, Pa., 50 cents.

The American Bible Society at its recent meeting received letters from the Hawaiian Board of Evangelization, asking that a new edition of the Gilbert Islands New Testament may be printed without delay; and from the American Board's Mexican Mission, expressing its appreciation of the plans for providing a new version of the Spanish Bibles. The Board voted to proceed at once with the preparation of plates by photo-engraving, of Bibles in the Zulu and Italian languages, and also to make shells for plates for the Gilbert Islands Bibles. Bibles in five different foreign languages will thus be in hand during the current season.

A New York lady who became interested in Miss De Broen's work in Paris, through reading a description of it published in this journal on March 2, has visited the institution during a visit to Paris. She writes us from that city that the work is a most valuable one and is accomplishing much good. It is at present crippled by a lack of funds, but Miss De Broen is proceeding earnestly with her services and is adding a department of Temperance to the many branches of her beneficient labor. Her time and all the means she has at her disposal are consecrated to this labor of love in the great city.

THE RUSSIAN RELIEF FUND.

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THE SEED TAKES ROOT.

A Prospect that "The Christian Herald" Pension Check-Cashing Experiment may be Permanently Adopted in Other Cities—Letters of Sympathy for the Veterans.

DURING the past two weeks, we have received numerous letters of friendly congratulation and inquiry, relative to the action of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in cashing the checks of the Army pensioners at the new G. A. R. Mission in this city two weeks ago. From these it appears beyond question, that the seed then sown has fallen in fruitful soil, and that the hope indulged of extending the work to every city where pension checks are issued four times a year may not be in vain.

In giving space to a few of these communications, we do so with a distinct disavowal of any desire of self-seeking. Our whole purpose in this matter has been to help to sober, Christian lives, the thousands of veterans, many of whom are now driven every quarter-day to dissipation and debauch.

Rev. L. B. Turnbull, pastor, Old Market Mission, Richmond, Va., writes: "I have just read with intense interest and gratification of your much commendable plan of cashing the checks, and thus saving the money of the pensioners of the G. A. R. God bless you for it, and may your example be followed in many cities; but cannot Congress be induced to adopt a plan by which, in the large cities at least, the treasury department will be its own cashier? In other words, a plan by which each veteran can get the hard cash before he leaves the Government Building?"

W. W. Sanner, Baltimore, Md., writes: "I send you my sincere wishes, with a prayer for the welfare of the G. A. R. Mission, together with its cashing department, feeling sure that our Father's blessings and smiles will attend its work."

H. Vanderveen, Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "I read with intense enthusiasm about THE CHRISTIAN HERALD G. A. R. Mission in your latest issue. Near this fair city of ours, is located the Michigan Soldiers' Home, with about 400 inmates, and not a day goes by without seeing some intoxicated old veteran, although a law is on the statute books forbidding the sale of liquor to inmates of the Home. A law was also passed called the "mile limit," prohibiting saloons within one mile of the Home, but, where the mile ends, saloons begin, and long before pension day comes, the veterans' papers are in the safes of these saloon-keepers. The old soldier who gets drunk goes in the 'cooler,' while the persons who make him drunk, contrary to law, are not looked after.

"I most sincerely hope all the cities where there are any veterans, will do as you have done in your city."

Rev. A. P. Wharton, Pastor M. E. Church, Norristown, Pa., writes as follows: "At a very largely attended Memorial-Day service, held in this place, the account in your issue of May 25, entitled: 'To the Rescue of the Veterans', was read, and by an unanimous vote, the audience desired to unite with me in respectfully offering hearty commendation of and thanks for the generous Christian deed therein recorded."

Mr. M. T. Keiter, Chambersburg, Pa., writes in an enthusiastic and at the same time practical manner, as follows: "I am certainly greatly pleased with your plan of cashing the checks of the veterans of the G. A. R., and am greatly enthused with the plan as being an excellent basis of missionary operations. I would like to interest our church—United Brethren in Christ—in the matter, as a grand work to engage in, and to have our missionary society to undertake the plan in the city of Philadelphia. Will you please inform me as to the probable amount of money it would take to meet the demands of one quarter pay-day in the city referred to above? Will you lend me your assistance in getting this matter into successful operation?"

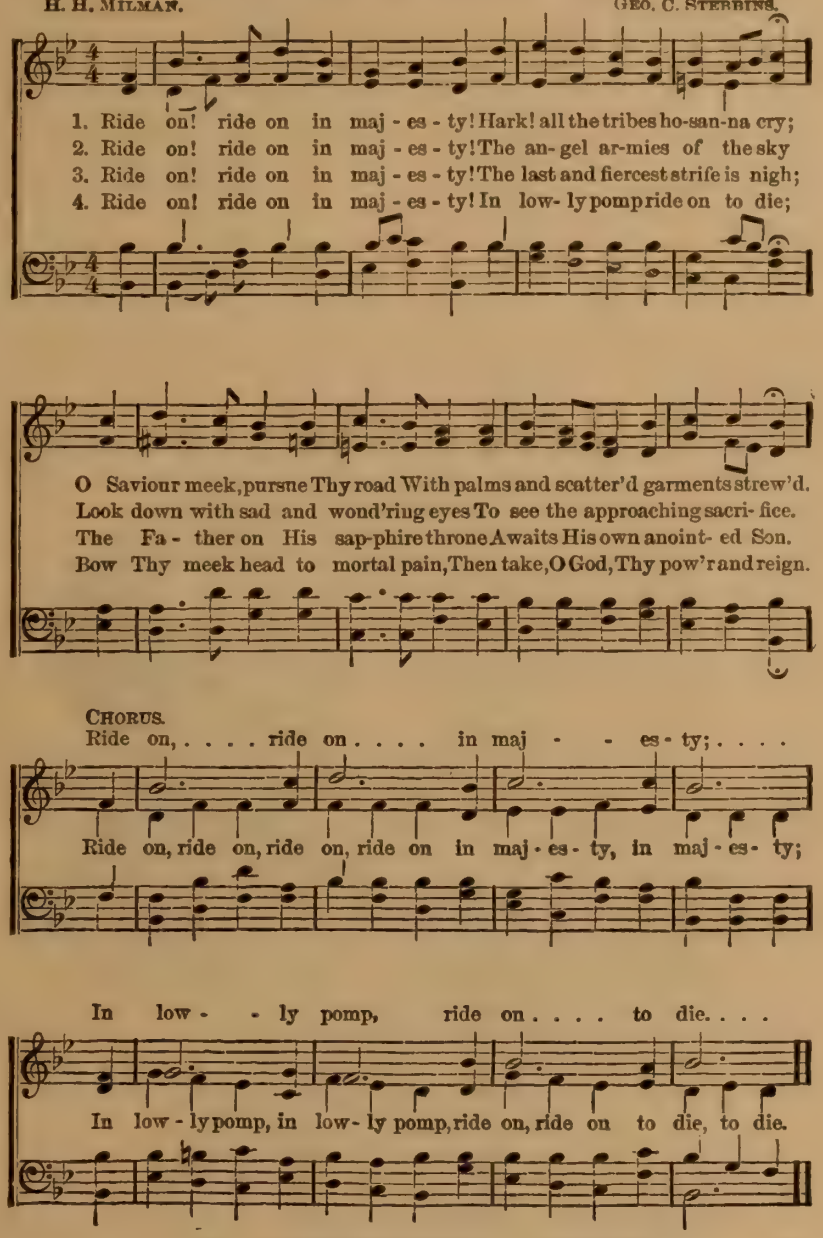
We have written Mr. Keiter fully in response to his very cordial letter, and we do not doubt, if his church organization goes into this Christian work with the zeal and energy his letter implies, that its labors among the veterans in the city of Philadelphia, will be blessed with an abundant reward.

There is a field in every one of the large cities where pensions are paid—New York, Topeka, Indianapolis, Boston, Columbus and Philadelphia—for the establishment of G.A.R. Missions, and also for the addition of a check-paying bureau, on the plan adopted in New York. There can be no better, nobler, or more self-sacrificing Christian work than this—helping the poor old ex-soldiers and their wives and children to escape from the slavery of the saloons.

Ride on in Majesty.

"And in thy majesty ride prosperously."—Ps. 45: 4.

H. H. MILMAN. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho-san-na cry;
2. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The an- gel ar-mies of the sky
3. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
4. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low- ly pomp ride on to die;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strew'd.
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes To see the approaching sacri- fice.
The Fa - ther on His sap-phire throne Awaits His own anoint- ed Son.
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain, Then take, O God, Thy pow'r and reign.
CHORUS.
Ride on, ... ride on . . . . in maj - - es - ty; . . . .
Ride on, ride on, ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty, in maj - es - ty;
In low - - ly pomp, ride on . . . . to die. . . .
In low - ly pomp, in low - ly pomp, ride on, ride on to die, to die.

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IN THE HEREAFTER.

GRIEF is strong, but joy is stronger;
Night is long, but day is longer;
When life's riddle solves and clears,
And the angels in our ears
Whisper the sweet answer low
(Answer full of love and blessing),
How our wonderment will grow,
And the blindness of our guessing—
All the hard things we recall
Made so easy, after all.

NO FEAR IN LOVE.

JOHN 4: 18.

(Written for "The Christian Herald.")

"THERE is no fear in perfect love."
It brings a calm and holy peace;
It does from hearts depraved remove
All sin, and leaves them white as fleece.

"There is no fear in perfect love,"
No fear because the soul is still;
All passions in love's circle move
According to God's holy will.

The peace imparted is so pure,
The prophet calls it "perfect peace;"
The rest now promised is so sure
That fears of hell forever cease.

"There is no fear in perfect love,"
But confidence, and joy, and rest,
That will at last, in realms above,
Lead to the regions of the blest.

Oh love! Oh perfect, holy love!
Descend and fill my fainting heart;
Descend, thou spirit, as a dove,
And purity and joy impart.

Evanston, Ill. —J. N. GORTNER.

ABIDE IN ME.

John 15: 7.

"ABIDE in me," the Saviour saith,
"And let my words abide in you,
Then whatsoe'er ye ask of God
Most surely will he for you do.

John 3: 6.

If we abide in him alone,
The power of sin will broken be;
Beneath the shadow of his wing,
And there alone our souls are free.

John 15: 4.

Our lives can never fruitful be,
Unless we in the vine abide;
We seek thy presence, blessed Lord,
Oh! keep us ever near thy side.

1. John 2: 28.

"Abide in me," then shall we have
Full confidence when he appears;
His presence will not make ashamed
But from our hearts drive all our fears.

—*Young Men's Era.*

THE APOCALYPSE.

The Parenthesis Between the Sixth and Seventh Trumpets.

BY P. W. E.

THERE is a parenthesis or interval between the sixth and seventh trumpets as there is between the sixth and seventh seals. In this interval two subjects are considered: first, the proclamation of the mighty angel declaring that the "mystery of God" is soon to be finished; and second, describing that part of the earth on which God is centering his thoughts, just before the events foretold by the angel take place.

The Angel's Proclamation.

"And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud," etc. (Rev. 10: 1-4.)

Christ is here represented as "the Angel of the Covenant;" and it is in this title that he comes to deliver Israel, with whom his covenant is established. As this is so very near the time that he is to deliver them, how appropriate that he should appear in his angel character. The description of the "mighty angel" confirms this, he is "clothed with a cloud," as it is written, "Clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." (Ps. 97: 2.) It was from "the cloud," or as Peter calls it, "the excellent glory," that God declared his pleasure in Jesus on the holy mount of transfiguration; and it is "in the cloud with power and great glory" that the Son of man will come to deliver his chosen people. The angel also has "a rainbow upon" or over his head. This is the token of God's everlasting covenant with the earth; and in chapter 4: 3, it was the sun encircling his throne. The face "as it were the sun," and the feet as pillars of fire," resemble the figure applied to Christ in the first chapter. He has in his hand a little book, not sealed, but open. A sealed book is one whose contents are not yet revealed; an open book is one whose contents are revealed, but they may not be understood. The sealed book must be opened; the open book must be eaten and digested; for though revealed by the Lord, it needs to be learned by men. The book of prophecy declares that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell thereon." It also declares that God's Anointed One shall have "the nations for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession." As a fulfilment of these and many other prophecies, *this Angel*, who is Jehovah's Anointed, sets "his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth," thus taking possession of the whole world; the land, representing those persons or nations under established governments; and the sea, those who are still in a rude or disorganized condition. When he receives the nations for his inheritance, "his first work will be judgment. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel." (Ps. 2: 8-9.) The terrible voice that he utters, and the roll of the seven thunders, indicate the going forth of his indignation.

"And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven and swore that there should be time no longer, or "no longer delay;" but in the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he shall begin to sound, the mystery of God should be finished, as he hath declared to his servants the prophets. The meaning of this is very clear. "The Angel of the Covenant," the anointed of God takes possession of the earth as the one whom God, in his sovereign right as Creator and "Possessor of heaven and earth," has resolved to get over all the works of his hands. In the fourth chapter, where God appears as Creator, the Lamb is not seen. In the fifth chapter, where God is seen as Judge, Christ appears as the Lamb slain. Here where God is spoken of as the Eternal, the One "that liveth for ever and ever;" the One "who created heaven," earth, the sea, etc., Christ is seen as the "mighty angel," declaring God's purposes; which are that there should be "no longer delay;" but that "the mystery of God" should now be brought to a close. The mystery is this. The present dispensation or epoch, is parenthetic. We are not told how long the time is which is to intervene between Christ's rejection and his glorious return to reign over the earth. This is the mystery which the angel swears shall now be brought to a close. This brings us to the very verge of the millennial reign of Christ.

"And the voice which I heard from heaven spake unto me again and said, Go and take the little book," etc. (Rev. 10: 8-11.) Here, as with Ezekiel, the roll when eaten "was in my mouth as honey for sweetness."

(Ezek. 3: 3.) However sweet to the mouth when eaten, the inward digestion must be exceedingly bitter, when it brings "lamentations and mourning and woe." The open book was a book of judgments already foretold, but not yet comprehended in all their bitter import. John learns the full purposes of God's judgments towards the world; and sweet as was the sense of this privilege to the taste, the knowledge proved bitter to the inward parts.

This is the double action of God's Word in judgment. The Psalmist, in looking at God's glory, says, "The judgments of Jehovah are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, then much fine gold; sweeter also then honey and the honey comb." (Ps. 19 : 9, 10.) But when man is looked at in all his guilt and rebellion, the sweet is turned into bitter, the food into poison, and life into death. In view of these severe judgments the prophet exclaims, "Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." (Jer. 9: 1.) We see both of these effects brought out in their perfection in the blessed Lord himself. After upbraiding "the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done because they repented not," we read that, "in that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, "I thank thee, O, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight." (Luke 10: 21.) He is here occupied with God's side, and finds his ways sweet as honey. But afterward when looking forward to God's judgments in the light of man's awful guilt, all the yearning sorrow of his heart breaks forth in tears. "And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it, saying: If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace"(Luke 19:41,42).

Heretofore John's prophecies had been the contents of the sealed book, whose judgments were then first unfolded by Christ. But the contents of the open book were to form a part of the prophecies he was yet to deliver. Having received divine intelligence to understand the book of prophecy, he "must prophecy again concerning many peoples, and nations, and tongues, and kings."

The City and Temple.

This brings us to the second topic of the parenthesis following the sixth trumpet — namely: the condition of Jerusalem just before the events take place, foretold by the angel. (chap. 11. 1–14.) Also the conflict to be waged between the Gentile oppressor and Jehovah. God takes the part of his suffering people, executes judgment on their enemies, sets his Anointed on his throne in Zion. This is taken up at once, and the new prophecy opens to our view the city and temple of Jerusalem. "And then was given me a reed like unto a rod; and the angel stood, saying, Rise, and measure the temple of God, and the altar, and them that worship therein. But the court which is outside of the temple leave out, and measure it not, for it it is given unto the Gentiles; and the holy city shall they tread down under foot forty and two months." Other Scriptures inform us that before the great tribulation, many of the Jews will have returned to Jerusalem, and rebuilt the temple. This is while the Gentile rule still lasts; and while the majority of the Jewish people are in unbelief, placing dependence on the Gentile power, with which they are in alliance for deliverance rather than on God. Such is the condition of things here disclosed. The temple is seen, and is called "the temple of God." That with the altar and the inner circle of worshippers are owned. But the mass of worshippers, typified by "the court without," who go through with their formal prayers, are not accepted. The city, though holy according to God's counsels, is yet trodden down for "forty and two months."

REVIVAL IN INDIA.

A RELIGIOUS movement of unwonted interest to all who are concerned in Christian missionary enterprise has been going on in Northern India for some time in the district connected with the American Methodist Mission. It appears from the reports that the natives for a considerable time past have been pressing in large numbers for Christian baptism, and are eager to enter the mission fold. Some 19,000 of them were baptized during the year, and there are some 40,000 men and women at present asking for admission to the Christian Church. The native converts belong for the most part to low castes, though they are described as physically and intellectually the equals of many in the higher castes.

THE COMING KING.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing June 26. Psalm 72: 1-19.

IF, at the present time, it could be known with absolute certainty who would be the occupant of the White House on March 4th, what a host of friends that man would have! In November, after the election, the man, whoever it may be, will be surrounded with an eager crowd. It will not be necessary to send out men to proclaim that Mr.—— is elected, aud will be inaugurated in four months time, and beg of men to attach themselves to him. That politician would count himself a fortunate man who could remember doing the President-elect some service in the days of his poverty and obscurity. And how full of self-reproach would that man be, who, having known him then, neglected him and despised his friendship. The time is fast approaching when there will be only one King over all the earth. He is seeking friends now; his ambassadors are asking the allegiance of men and they have his authority to promise that all who declare for him and live to him now, will reign with him in glory.

In the seventeenth century a king of England was beheaded. His eldest son was in exile. Would he ever occupy the throne to which his birth gave him a claim? It seemed improbable. Cromwell was firmly seated in the government and a great army was at his command. The followers of Charles were a scattered, beaten, demoralized band and Charles himself a lazy, incapable, pleasure-loving man, little likely ever to lead them to victory. Yet large numbers avowed themselves his friends at the risk of life and liberty. Some of them were compelled to leave home aud all they possessed and they went to him in his exile. Others stayed behind and plotted and worked secretly to win for him friends among the people, so that at a propitious moment they might bring him back to a people prepared to welcome him. Everyone knows the story: how, when he did return, the nation went frenzied with joy and acclaimed the man whose father had died on the scaffold. Such a reversal of popular feeling would not have been possible had not his friends been true to him in the days of his adversity and while he was absent from the kingdom. Such loyalty and fidelity is demanded of the followers of the coming King. How are the friends of Christ acting in view of his return? He will surely come, according to his promise. He will be a King who will rule in righteousness, whom it will be a delight to serve. They who are serving him now, who are winning subjects for him now, will be those whom he will honor. But they are those who acknowledge his sovereignty now, who obey his laws, who let him rule over their hearts and lives, and who sacrifice themselves, their time, and labor in his service.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE League at *Irving, Ill.*, is in a very flourishing condition. The prayer-meeting being largely attended and very spiritual. The church at *Bridgeport*, in the same State, has enjoyed an extended revival, and the pastor, Rev. Mr. McIntosh, writes: "Some of the members of the League from Lawrenceville helped nobly in our revival meetings, as they did in the meetings at Lawrenceville." At the revival in the latter place, resulting in the conversion of many souls, fully three-fourths of the converts were brought to Christ by the members of the Epworth League. They worked in the congregation every night, and nobly supported every effort of the pastor. The League at *Santa Fe, Ind.*, is one of the many flourishing Chapters of the district. The devotional meetings are usually interesting and well attended. Flowers are furnished for the pulpit every Sunday, and an excellent programme was arranged for the celebration of Decoration Day. A Junior League of forty-five members is taking a course of study on the divisions of the Bible and its principal characters. The Chapter of Prospect Park, *Des Moines, Ia.*, accomplishes much good. There are sixty-five members. The leaguers visit the aged and sick and hold Bible readings. The League at *Albion, Mich.*, is enjoying a great boom under the management of the pastor's daughter. This League is a great power for soul saving, and a valued accession to the churches. The League room is crowded at every meeting. The League at *Fremont, Mich.*, is advancing. Since the district convention, which was held last November, the young people have been gaining interest in the movement, and many new members have been received. All departments are at work. There is also a Junior League of thirty members, and an Epworth League at an out-appointment of forty members. The League observed Epworth League day. The church was filled. Many who had never attended the regular meetings of the Chapter, became enlightened as to the real object and working of the League.

Many of the Leagues report the great success of sunrise prayer-meetings held on anniversary days. They are unique and interesting, and draw a good attendance.

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PRESIDENT OF THE DETROIT B. Y. P. U.

DETROIT, MICH., is to have the honor of entertaining the great convention of Baptist

A. H. FINN, PRES. OF THE DETROIT B. Y. P. U.

Young People's Unions July 14-17. The selection of that city was appropriate, for the City by the Straits has allowed no other community to surpass her in the enthusiasm of this movement. The President of the Detroit Union who will appear in the character of host on the occasion is Mr. A. H. Finn, a man thoroughly devoted to the work of the Union, an energetic leader and a skilful organizer. His portrait appears in this column. Mr. Finn was the leader of the Michigan delegation to the Convention last year which was the largest of all the delegations except that of Illinois. At that time, the Detroit Union was but a young organization. About one month previously a hundred young people assembled in the Woodward Avenue Church in response to an invitation issued to the Baptist Churches of the city and discussed plans for forming a Union. Mr. Finn was chosen President and it was arranged that the Presidents of local societies should be Vice-presidents of the Union. The membership now is 650 and is rapidly increasing. The *Young People's Union* says that only one of the Societies retains the Christian Endeavor name, but all are of the true Christian Endeavor nature. It is gratifying to be assured of this fact, for after all, it is the Christian Endeavor spirit that is needed, by whatever name it is called. The separation into independent organizations of the Baptist and Methodist young people has occasioned many regrets, but all will rejoice if it results in more work being done for the common Lord. His kingdom will be extended and the time will be nearer when divisions will cease and all who love him will delight in recognizing each other as brethren.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS IN JAPAN.

A VERY gratifying report of progress is sent to the headquarters of the King's Daughters by Miss Mary E. D. Pardoe, who is laboring in Japan. She says: "Miss Leete, of the Presbyterian Mission organized the first Circle in 1888. Then the number of members was small, and confined to one of the Mission Schools. Now there are fifteen Societies or Circles and nearly five hundred members, who have reported to the Central Council; and there are several bands in various parts of the Empire which have not reported. I started our Society to teach the girls practical benevolence, and I chose this form of working because it seemed so free from machinery and so untrammeled in its *modus operandi*.

"Our first work was for the Christmas presents to be given to the children of the street Sunday Schools. At the end of the year we had thirty pairs of pulse-warmers knit for the children, and $5 in cash for their Christmas.

"The King's Daughters have also assisted in employing visitors to go and see the patients examined at the hospital, and also those who are discharged after treatment. After the great earthquake, October 28, the King's Daughters all over Japan were pressed with work among the sufferers. Our girls went and begged old clothing, which they ripped, washed and remade, until we had over eight hundred pieces of clothing and bedding, together with quite a sum of money collected from the girls, to send to the sufferers.

"At Christmas we gave no presents to each other, but sent the money to the distressed families. Our girls voted that they 'had the best Christmas they had ever known.' The Circles in Tokyo and Yokahama have semi-annual meetings, at which there are delegates from all the Societies in these two cities. At the meeting held last May, there were nearly ninety delegates.

"The modes of working are different, but the same spirit pervades all the Circles; and these girls will go to their homes in different parts of the country and organize other Circles. Where the girls are older, they go out and do independent work, and some confine the work to spiritual lines."

Miss Pardoe relates a pathetic incident of the death of a King's Daughter who was particularly bright and intelligent. Her bereaved father did not understand her profession, but after her death and when her body was prepared for burial, he tenderly laid her little silver cross on the dead face as something that had been precious to her.

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THE Y. M. C. A. IN INDIA.

PROGRESS all along the line is the essence of the first report of the Indian National Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations which has just been issued. This report shows that there are now forty-five associations in India so far as known. Three of these are composed entirely of railroad men and four of students in colleges and high schools. The proposal of the English National Council to send a travelling secretary for the Bombay presidency has been met by the American International Committee with an offer to furnish trained secretaries and undertake their support so far as might be necessary and to release Mr. McConaughy from the local work in Madras, so as to enable him to give undivided attention to his duties as secretary of the National Committee. Mr. David McConaughy has made seven tours of visitation, occupying thirty-nine days, also going to Ceylon to attend a convention at Jaffna. There has been a net gain of ten associations during the year. Three associations have buildings of their own, namely, Bombay, Lahore and Trichoor; building funds have been begun at three other points.

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The largest division convention of Christian Endeavor Societies ever held in Chicago was that of the South Division Union, at the Armour Mission, May 12. The main auditorium of the mission was filled to overflowing. Dr. P. S. Henson's address was full of inspiration and encouragement.

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AT the twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association of Toronto held recently, the reports for the past year's work show that during the year over 40,000 young men took advantage of the facilities of the reading-room; the Association has, active members, 349; associate, 389; boys, 178; students, 175; policemen, 43; total, 1,304. The treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of $774.

The total receipts were $12,944 and the total expenditure $12,170. In the Christian work department fifty-one meetings had been held during the past year with an average attendance of seventy-three persons.

THE BADGE OF THE PRINCESS.

LONG I sat and gazed upon it,
Pondering all it meant to me;
Just a tiny cross of silver,
Yet a badge of royalty.

On its face the mystic letters
"I. H. N." to me did bring
This bright message, "Wear this emblem
As a daughter of the King.

"For though lowly was your station,
Having naught of wealth or fame,
Now you're of the royal household,
Pledged to service 'In His Name.'

"'In His Name, shall be the watchword,
Whate'er you may give or do,
And reward that waits each service
He, the King, will give to you.

"Lend a hand whoe'er may need it;
Look not backward, downward, in:
Always onward, forward, upward,
Hearts to cheer and souls to win."

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He tells of the "Little Royalties" of Europe, their Cares and Pleasures—Three Generations Represented in One Group.

ALL young Americans are princes and princesses of the blood royal," laughingly remarked Uncle John, as he caught up little Millie on his knee the other evening. "Yes, Tom; you, Ted, Louis, and the rest are invested at birth with the royal right to rule, and it remains for you to demonstrate to the world your fitness to exercise that right. It comes of being born a citizen of a great republic, my boy, where anyone may cherish the hope of being some day called to the seat of honor as governor of the nation. You know Cincinnatus was called from the plough to rule Rome. But the chief ruler in our republic is really the servant: 'he that is greatest of all is servant of all,' as the Heavenly Master has said, and this applies to Presidents, as well as to those eminent in the Christian life. John the Apostle, was speaking of that life when he wrote (in Rev. 1: 6), 'He hath made us kings and priests unto God.' Thus, you see, a Christian in a republic has open before him the inviting path to both spiritual and temporal honors."

"But the kings in European lands are not servants, are they?" interrogated Tom.

"Unfortunately, no; they claim to rule by divine right, as Saul ruled over Israel. Too often, instead of striving to win the love of their people by kindness, and binding them to themselves with cords of love, they wield a sceptre of iron and make themselves feared and hated. But there are some shining exceptions. Lately, the King and Queen of Denmark celebrated their golden wedding. King Christian and Queen Louise have ruled long and well, and are greatly beloved by their subjects. On the morning of the anniversary, they were pleasantly surprised to hear the sounds of music just outside the palace and under their chamber windows. On looking out they saw that a band of citizens had come to give them a serenade.

"The Lord prospers those who serve him well, and the King and Queen of Denmark have been faithful to their trust, and are honored among the princes of earth. They rule over a very little kingdom, it is true; yet they have been the means of extending the influence of Denmark over more than half of Europe. Through their children, they are connected with the royal houses of England, Sweden, Russia, Greece and Germany."

"They must be very proud," suggested Ted.

"On the contrary, they are probably the most modest royal pair in the whole world," said Uncle John. "When Christian became heir-apparent to the throne, he was already married, and living very humbly and inexpensively. The change did not make any material difference in their mode of living. Their children were brought up quite simply, and the future Queen even taught her daughters to make their own dresses and trim their hats, thus saving the cost of milliners and modistes. One of the daughters is Princess Alexandra, the future Queen of England; another is the Czarina of Russia, formerly Princess Dagmar, and one son, William, afterward became King of Greece, assuming the title of King George. The boys were taught useful industries, their father believing that, no matter in what sphere of life their lot was to be cast, labor was honorable and equally fit for prince and peasant. There has been only one war in their time that involved Denmark; indeed, the good king would suffer much, rather than see his people embroiled, although he has shown his readiness to fight in a good cause."

QUEEN LOUISE, HER DAUGHTER AND HER GRAND-CHILDREN.

"What a happy family! How I should like to meet the good old king!" cried one of the children.

"You would all be delighted to meet him, and Queen Louise too," replied Uncle. "She is the most motherly of women. Here is a picture, taken from a photograph, showing Louise with her son's wife, Princess Waldemar, and several grandchildren—three generations in a group, you see. The Princess is the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, of the noble French family of that name. King Christian and his noble wife are never so happy as when visiting among their people and relieving the necessities of the poor, or when they meet together, with their children and grandchildren, in the home-like castle of Fredensborg, in the suburbs of Copenhagen. Queen Louise is a charming musician."

"The young folks at Fredensborg have good times, don't they?" said Tom.

"No merrier, probably, as far as appearances go, than those enjoyed by little Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, or the baby king of Spain, about whom I told you some time ago," replied Uncle. "But the home influences are purer and better calculated to make them noble, upright men and women. If all kings and queens were trained in such a Christian school in childhood, instead of having their young and susceptible minds filled with vanities and inflated ideas of their own importance, the world would be a gainer, and wars and dissensions would be less frequent. Training is everything, and lays the foundation of character and career for prince and ploughboy. Can any one of you quote for me that passage in Ecclesiastes, where Solomon speaks of the habits of princes in childhood?"

"Is this it?" asked Ted, (turning to the 10th chapter, 16th verse), "'Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child and thy princes eat in the morning.'"

"Yes," replied Uncle, "and the next verse gives the other side of the picture, 'Blessed art thou, O land, when thy princes eat in due season for strength and not for drunkenness.' This marks the fruit of a righteous parentage, and a training in all that goes to make wise, sober, industrious, Christian character. The world has been drenched in blood, through the fault of wicked kings, whose parents suffered them to grow to a godless manhood, without religious training. I trust that you all, as sons and daughters of the Great King, may carry with you through life these lessons of childhood."

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Children in the Church.

ALL moral and religious training of children which does not contemplate their admision into the church at the earliest practicable moment is seriously and sadly defective, writes Dr. P. A. Peterson in the *Wesleyan Worker*. By admission into the church, in this connection, we mean their formal and public assumption of the vows of repentance, faith, and obedience contained in the baptismal covenant. This they are capable of doing at a very early period, and their training should be conducted with special reference thereto. They should be early taught the nature and obligation of repentance, faith, and obedience, and should be helped to understand these first principles and duties of Christianity, instead of being, as they too often are, kept back from Christ and the church by being told that they are too young to comprehend these duties. We dare not say parents are wanting in love to their children; but how many are lacking in the wisdom needed for the proper rearing of their children?

While children should be encouraged to assume the obligations of church membership as soon as they are qualified to do so, it does not follow that, when they have taken this important step, their religious education is thereby necessarily insured, or that the duties and responsibilities of their parents and guardians cease. It is really the beginning of a new experience, the dawn of a closer spiritual training, that is to endure a life time.

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CHILDREN'S MUSIC.

MR. W. L. TOMLINS, of Chicago, has done some things in the way of musical training of children that are too signally instructive not to be more generally known; this not at all on his account, but on account of what he has so convincingly shown to be possible. Mr. Tomlins is a musician, says the *Advance*, but he is a public educator. His most distinguishing if not his best work has been among the children. This work with children in Chicago he began ten years ago. Two years later Christine Nilsson, who observed his work in the musical festival of that year, with about ten thousand children, wrote him at the time: "I must send you a word of congratulation on the marvellous result you have attained with your excellent method. The smoothness of the singing, and the perfection of the ensemble, were revelations to me. I recognized at once the careful training the children had gone through. You are now doing a good to the future generation that Chicago, and the whole nation, ought to be proud of; and you deserve all our respect and admiration. May you live long to continue your noble work." Mr. Tomlins has continued this work to the present time. He has now in training a grand children's choir of more than a thousand voices to have prominent part in the dedication of the Columbian Fair. Since being in Chicago thousands of children from the public schools and the Sunday-schools have, under his magic yet altogether natural training, developed surprising musical and even spiritual discernment and freedom and precision of expression.

What Mr. Tomlins has been doing, in his large way, among the children of Chicago, is most instructive as to what may be done for those in our Sunday schools and in our churches. He has shown how, in every city, in every considerable village even, the children and youth, from all the churches and from no church and from all the schools, could be brought together, and trained under suitable leadership, for the noblest results.

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The Minister's Wife.

"THE spur of the congregation's criticism is not the only spur which urges on the pastor's wife," writes A. J. Parry in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "She knows she is expected to act as assistant pastor; the thought of being a disappointment to her husband and his people is intolerable to her. She cannot fall below the ideal set before her. Furthermore, her whole heart is in her husband's work. She sees the opportunities for doing good, for comforting sorrowful hearts and winning immortal souls, and a woe, she feels, is on her if she fails to do her part. She loves the people among whom he works, and gladly gives herself for them."

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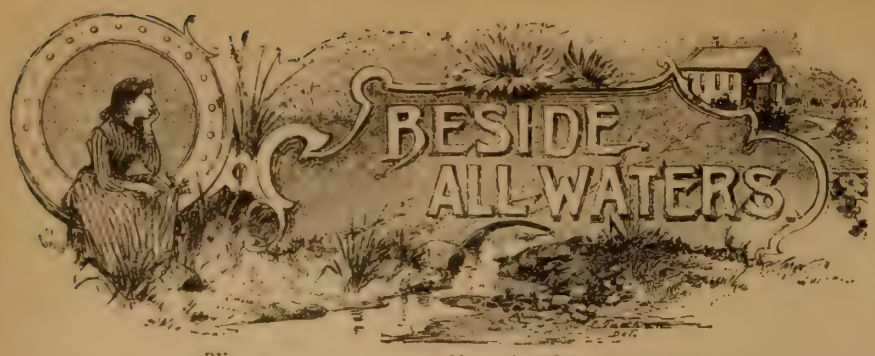
Average People.

IT is not the high-sounding and insistent class of people that makes home-life happier and sweeter, but the average people, the home-makers and home-keepers. May Riley Smith expresses this sentiment very beautifully in a poem in *Harper's Bazar*:

The world has a gay guerdon ready
To hail the fleet foot in the race;
But on the dull highway of duty,
Aloof from the pomp and the beauty,
The stir and the chance of the chase,
Are toilers, with step true and steady,
Pursuing their wearisome pace.

False prowess and noisy insistence
May capture the garrulous throng,
But the "average" father and brother,
The home-keeping sister and mother,
Grown gentle and patient and strong,
Shall learn in the fast-nearing distance
Wherein life's awards have been wrong.

After all, the great geniuses of earth, the conquerors and those whom the world applauds, when all is considered, probably contribute less to the sum of human happiness than the man or woman who make pleasant literature for us, within the limit of the common understanding, or the thoughtful worker who by some simple invention applicable to everyday life, adds to our commonest comforts. Greatest blessing of all are those "average people" who, by their pure lives, their little kindness to neighbors, their helpfulness to those who need help and their simple trust in the Saviour as exemplified in their everyday deeds and conversation, point us to a practical interpretation of God's goodness to his creatures, and illustrate by contrast the emptiness of mere worldly honors and applause.



BY

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*

Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

THE MEETING.

IT appeared that Mr. Bassett's prophecy was going to be fulfilled; so far, at least, as numbers were concerned. The children carried home the news that Miss Armstrong had the schoolhouse all swept out, instead of leaving it to be done at noon on Saturday; that she had helped to dust the desks and seats with her own hands, and had put flowers on the desk and in the fireplace, because she said the room ought to be made neat and pleasant for the service of God. Truth to tell, this idea, which would not be considered very original in many places, was one which had not found entrance to the minds of the people in Oldham.

"She had better go and talk to Mr. Archimball, the sexton at the Corners," said Mrs. Gleason, when Agnes told her what Miss Armstrong had said. "I do hate to wear my black silk to church Sundays, because I get it just covered with dust. I believe I will go to Bible class this evening."

The room at the red schoolhouse was really full,—an uncommon sight at any time, and especially in summer. All the Westons and Bassetts were there, of course, as well as Miss Celia and Miss Delia: these were the standbys always on hand. What a blessing it is that there are always a few such standbys belonging to every parish! Patience Fletcher came in with Faith, and sat down by the window. Then there were the Jewsbury girls, who did not often go to church, even on Sunday; and old Miss Wright, who eked out a scanty living by bleaching and trimming bonnets, and who had never been to church at Oldham since the last rector's sister bought her bonnet ready trimmed at Oldbury; and almost all the children of the school who were big enough to sit up till eight o'clock. Just as it was time for the service to begin, there was a little movement at the door; and Mrs. Barbara Van Zandt came in, followed by her two young nieces, Miss Bogardus and Ida Van Zandt. Mrs. Van Zandt wore a large, soft white wrap, and had put a light, fleecy summer hood over the widow's cap she always wore. She was a very handsome old lady, with those bright-gray eyes which have a way of looking black from the dilation of the pupils, and which no age or sickness ever quenches. She was one of those people of whom one naturally says, on seeing them, "Who is that?" She accepted the chair set for her, with a kindly smile, and bent her head for a few moments in prayer. Ida and Amity slipped into seats beside Patience and Faith Fletcher.

The meeting was opened in the usual way. There was no rector in Oldham at present, so Mr. Weston read a part of the evening service, and gave out the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul." There was a little delay: the young man who usually started the hymn was not present. But in a moment a new voice began the beautiful Spanish hymn,—such a voice, for power and cultivation, as had never been heard in the red schoolhouse before. People almost held their breath to listen, and it seemed at first as if Ida would have all the singing to herself; but presently one and another joined in, till every one in the room was singing, children and all.

"Wasn't that lovely!" whispered Faith, getting hold of her sister's hand, and squeezing it. Patience smiled, and returned the pressure; but she did not speak.

When the hymn was done, Mr. Weston read a part of the tenth chapter of St. John, and called upon Mr. Bassett to begin the lesson. Mr. Bassett had what he would have called a good common-school education. He knew Brown's Grammar from beginning to end, and could have parsed any sentence you liked to give him; but, like other people, when he was in earnest, he went back to his native idioms; and he was much in earnest to-night. He spoke of the Shepherd's love, not only for his obedient sheep, but for the others who were not of his fold—for those who, ignorant and misled, had gone astray, and were lost on the dark mountains. He spoke of the duty of true disciples toward such lost lambs; and of how much might be done by kindness, and watchfulness of opportunities, to lead them back to the Shepherd's arms. There was just such a lost lamb—nay, the very one the good man had in his mind—listening under the window at that moment. Mr. Bassett did not know that, but the Shepherd did.

The children repeated their verses more or less correctly; and two or three, who had not learned any, determined to do so next time. Miss Armstrong repeated two verses of the old Scotch version of the twenty-third Psalm, "The Lord's my Shepherd; I'll not want." Miss Celia Claxton said a few words on her verse, "I will guide thee with mine eye." (Ps. 32:8.) She spoke of the service of God setting free from the corroding cares of this world, and how those who kept close enough to the Shepherd to see his face were spared many distressing doubts and perplexities, because his loving and warning glance made all things plain. Patience Fletcher repeated a verse from the 119 Psalm, "My soul cleaveth unto the dust: quicken thou me according to thy word."

There was a little pause, and then Mrs. Van Zandt's voice was heard, a little tremulous with age,—

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Mrs. Van Zandt said a few words on the needs and sweetness of rest, and the impossibility of finding it anywhere but in Christ, and then only by making a full surrender and consecration of the heart and all the powers to him,—by ceasing from our own works, and doing all to him. It was very simple and obvious, but it went home to more than one heart. There were two more short addresses, and another hymn was sung,—

"Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear."

Ida was a little shy of beginning this time, till Mr. Weston said, "Perhaps the young lady will start the tune again," when she raised her voice once more; and every one joined with a hearty good-will refreshing to hear. People lingered for the usual neighborly greeting; and before the first one issued from the door, a little dark figure, which had been crouched under the window, rose, and sped away over the hill.

The two sisters now shook hands with Mrs. Van Zandt and the young ladies, and Miss Delia remarked that she was glad to see them out.

"I never willingly miss such a service," said Mrs. Van Zandt. "I always feel, apart from the enjoyment, that one owes a duty to such an effort made in one's own neighborhood."

"I wish every one felt so," said Mr. Bassett. "I want to thank this young lady for helping us out in the singing."

"I am sure you are very welcome," replied Ida simply. "I am choir leader in our little mission chapel at the Works, so it comes quite natural to me. I really did it upon impulse the first time; but, when I came to think, it seemed like 'taking on,' as the children say, for a stranger."

"I don't think one ever ought to feel like a stranger in the house of God," remarked Miss Celia. "We are all of one family there, you know, my dear."

"That is very true," said Ida.

"Well, Miss Armstrong, I told you we were going to have a good time," said the miller, as he locked the door, and gave Miss Armstrong the key; then, as he walked homeward between his wife and Annt Betsy, he added, "I feel to be thankful that our new neighbors turn out to be such good Christian folks, ready to take their share in our meeting."

"Well, I must say I think they took their full share to-night, and a little more," said Aunt Betsy, who had regarded the new comers with suspicion and disfavor. "I don't think I care about having strangers from the city coming here and setting up to teach us,—folks whose fathers and grandfathers sat under old Dr. Munson. To see that old lady coming to meeting with that thing on her head like a heap of beaten-up white of egg! I'll be bound she would never think of wearing such a thing on Broadway. And that girl with her singing: of course it was very fine, but it was far too operatic and theatrical for my taste."

"How many operas and theatrical performances did you ever see, Aunt Betsy?" asked Mrs. Bassett, who had a tongue of her own, and did not stand as much in awe of the old lady as most of her neighbors.

"Come, come!" said Mr. Bassett. "Seems to me some of them fowls of the air that picked up the good seed in the parable have lit down among us. This isn't the spirit we should be in after such favor as has been shown us to-night."

Meanwhile the little figure which had been outside the window was running homeward. It was Kit. She hoped she might reach home and go to bed without being missed. She had often played out on the hillside till after dark, and no questions had been asked as to where she had been. But fate was against her—or rather the Devil, acting by one of his most harmful agents, a malicious woman, determined neither to be good to herself, nor let any one else be so if she could help it. Melissa Mallory was not indifferent to religion, by any means: on the contrary, she hated the very name of it. She had not succeeded in making herself an absolute unbeliever, though she had tried very hard. There always would stay by her, hid in some inner recess of her soul, a terrible lurking dread,—the conviction, that, after all, there was a superior power, a great Being who knew of all her sins, and would some day exact a full account of them; and she felt toward this power as the Eastern king in the story might be supposed to feel toward the lion which he knew was shut up somewhere in his palace, and which might break out any day and devour him. There were people all about, wherever she went, who professed to be friends with this great enemy of hers, to hold intercourse with and receive benefits from him; and all such persons she held as her own foes.

Melissa had never loved Kit; she considered her an interloper, taking a share of the common funds which she might have enjoyed if Kit had not come into the family. Moreover, she was jealous of Kit's undeniable beauty and wit; and, strange to say, of the child's growing influence over poor Mrs. Mallory. Melissa had never loved her step-mother, and she was habitually unkind to her, professing to believe that half her insanity was affectation, and declaring that it might be driven out of her if Symantha did not indulge and coddle her so. Mrs. Mallory was afraid of Melissa, and always worse when left to her care; but she liked Kit though she did not always know her, and, unless when at the worst, was unusually docile, or at least passive, in her hands. Melissa felt this to be a new injury. She liked, as Symantha said, to get a handle against the child; and now she flattered herself that she had found one. She had suspected Kit's purpose, had watched her go, and seen her return, and was all ready to catch her when she came in.

"Well, Kit, did you have a good meeting?"

Phin Mallory had been to Oldbury, and had come home in a very bad humor,—a circumstance on which Melissa had fully calculated. He was reading his newspaper by the light of a very dismal kerosene lamp, which burned viciously sideways when he turned it up, and smoked sulkily when he turned it down,—a circumstance which did not improve his temper in the least.

"Meeting!" said Phin, dropping his paper. "What do you mean?"

"I haven't been to meeting," said Kit.

"You didn't go into the house, but you stood and listened under the window," said Melissa. "You needn't deny it, for I saw you with my own eyes."

"Well, suppose I did; where was the harm?" said Kit boldly, though she trembled as she saw her uncle's eyes fixed on her. "I like to hear the singing. There was one of the young ladies at the stone house, and she sang beautifully."

"Come here," said Phin sternly. Kit dared not disobey. Her uncle took her by the shoulder, and shook her till she was giddy, ending with a sharp box on the ear.

"Take that for a sample of what you will get if you ever go to that place again," said he, pushing her away. "I won't have you go near these people. Do you hear?"

Kit looked at him with a white face and blazing eyes, but did not answer.

"Just look in her pocket, and see what you will find there, pa," said Melissa with a sneering laugh. "You didn't know what a saint you had in the family. See here!"

She caught hold of Kit's dress as she spoke, and, despite her struggles, pulled out her precious Testament, which she handed to her father. Phin took it, and threw it into the fire. With a cry of anguish Kit sprang to rescue her treasure, but only succeeded in setting fire to the sleeve of her dress, and burning her own hand severely.

"Serves you right," said Phin. "You let me see you have such a book again, and I'll put you where you won't see book or school either. I've had enough of pious folks, without your taking up the dodge,—a set of hypocrites who set themselves up above everybody else, and look down on their betters. I won't have it. Do you hear?. Stop that noise, and answer me."

Quite beside herself with pain and anger, Kit turned on her Uncle, and would have returned his blow if Symantha had not caught her hand. At that moment there came a cry from the inner room,—a wail of such despairing anguish as might have come from a lost spirit,—"They have taken away my Lord. They have taken him away, and I know not where they have laid him."

"There, now you have done it," said Symantha angirly. "Now we shall have no rest all night, and perhaps have the neighbors coming in to see what is the matter.—Don't cry Kit. Come here, and let me do up your hand.—Just see there, father!" she added indignantly, holding up Kit's arm for his inspection. The hand and wrist were fearfully scorched, and already covered with large, white blisters.

"Why didn't she mind, then?" said Phin sullenly. "I'm sure I didn't mean to burn her." To do him justice, he was already ashamed of his outburst. He was not usually so ill-natured, but he had had a hard time in Oldbury that day. He had, so to say, fought for his soul, and lost.

"There, don't cry any more, said Symantha after she had covered the burnt arm thickly with flour, and done it up in cotton. "I'll help you to bed. And maybe you will get another Testament some time: who knows? Don't cry if you can help it, that's a good girl: you will make ma worse, and then I shall not know what to do."

"I'll do anything for you, because you are so good, and I love you," said Kit trying hard to restrain her sobs; "but I hate Melissa, and hate uncle Phin. So!"

"Hush, hush! There, try to go to sleep. Pa will be sorry to-morrow. He was dreadfully put out when he came home. I m afraid"—

"Afraid of what?" asked Kit, as Symantha checked herself.

"I'm afraid ma is going to have a dreadful night," answered Symantha hastily. "There don't cry any more, but try and lie still, and lay your hand on this pillow; and I hope you will go to sleep. Poor child! it was a bad day for you when you came to us."

Kit's hand was badly burned, and smarted terribly; but her tears, which had full way when Symantha left her, were caused more by anguish of heart than by bodily pain. She was furious against her uncle and Melissa, especially the latter, whom she justly considered the cause of all the trouble; and Kit was one of those natures to whom rage was grief. But that was not the worst. The little wild girl who had so lately set out in the Christian pilgrimage had already met with Apollyon in his worst form.

"And I was trying so hard to be good!" she sobbed, talking to herself as lonely, neglected children so often do. "I was trying so hard to do what I thought he would like! and Miss Armstrong said he would help me, and that old lady said the same in the meeting; and he didn't help me, oh, he didn't help me a bit. He let Melissa tell of me, and uncle Phin shake me, and burn my Testament. Oh, dear, oh, dear! what if uncle Phin should be right, and there shouldn't be any such person, after all?"

Kit sobbed anew, and even cried aloud, in the anguish of this doubt. The story which had brought such light and comfort, such wonderful and glorious possibilities, into her dark and sordid life, which had added such new beauties to what she loved best,—if that story were not true, after all!

"Oh, I don't want to live, I don't want to live," cried Kit aloud. "If there isn't any Lord Jesus, I don't want to live at all."

"Stop that noise, Kit, or I'll whip you," said Melissa, opening the door. "You little fool, to make such a fuss about an old book full of silly stories!"

Somehow this appearance and assault of her enemy seemed to give Kit a little comfort. Satan is always easier to fight when he comes in a bodily shape.

(*To be Continued.*)

* By special arrangement with Thomas Whittaker, publisher, New York.

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK OF JOB *

THE Book of Job is the first great poem of the soul in its mundane conflict, facing the inexorable of sorrow, change, pain and death, and feeling within itself at one and the same time weakness and energy, the hero and the serf, brilliant hopes, terrible fears. With entire veracity and amazing force this book represents the never-ending drama renewed in every generation and every genuine life. It breaks upon us out of the old world and dim mumied centuries with all the vigor of the modern soul and that religious impetuousity which none but Hebrews seem fully to have known. Looking for precursors of Job we find a seeming spiritual burden and intensity in the Accadian psalms, their confessions and prayers; but if they prepared the way for Hebrew psalmists and for the author of Job, it was not by awakening the cardinal thoughts that make this book what it is, nor by supplyihg an example of the dramatic order, the fine sincerity and abounding art we find here welling up out of the desert. The Accadian psalms are fragments of a polytheistic and ceremonial world; they spring from the soil which Abraham abandoned that he might found a race of strong men and strike out a new clear way of life. Exhibiting the fear, superstition, and ignorance of our race, they fall away from comparison with the marvellous later work and leave it unique among the legacies of man's genius to man's need. But there is another view of the book. It may well be the despair of those who desire above all things to separate letters from theology. The surpassing genius of the writer is seen not in his fine calm of assurance and self-possession, nor in the deft gathering and arranging of beautiful images, but in his sense of elemental realities and the daring with which he launches on a painful conflict. He is a prophet in quest of an oracle, a poet, a maker striving to find where and how the man for whom he is concerned shall sustain himself. And yet, with this paradox wrought into its every substance, his work is richly fashioned, a type of the highest literature, drawing upon every region natural and supernatural, descending into the depths of human woe, rising to the heights of the glory of God, never for one moment insensible to the beauty and sublimity of the universe. It is literature with which theology is so blended that none can say, Here is one, there the other.

Its Date.

A phenomenon in Hebrew thought and faith—to what age does it belong? No record of reminiscence of the author is left from which the least hint of time may be gathered. He, who by his marvellous poem struck a chord of thought deep and powerful enough to vibrate still and stir the modern heart, is uncelebrated, nameless. A traveller, a master of his country's language, and versed no less in foreign learning, foremost of the men of his day whensoever it was, he passed away like a shadow, though he left an imperishable monument. Of the two it seems clear that the book of Job is later than Proverbs. It is occupied with questions which make wisdom, the interpretation of Providence and the ordering of life, exceedingly hard. The writer of Job, with the passages in Proverbs before him appears to have said to himself: Ah, it is easy to praise wisdom and advise men to choose wisdom and walk in her ways, but to me the secrets of existence are deep, the purpose of God unfathomable. He is fain, therefore, to put into the mouth of Job the sorrowful cry, "Where shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding? Man knoweth not the price thereof . . . It cannot be gotten for gold." Both in Proverbs and Job, indeed, the source of Hokhma or wisdom is ascribed to the fear of Jehovah; but the whole contention in Job is that man fails in the intellectual apprehension of the ways of God. Referring the earlier portions of Proverbs to the post-Solomonic age we should place the Book of Job at a later date.

A Broader Theology.

The distinction of the Book of Job we have seen to be that it offers a new beginning in theology. And it does so not only because it shifts faith in the Divine justice to a fresh basis, but also because it ventures on a universalism for which indeed the Proverbs had made way, which, however, stood in sharp contrast to the narrowness of the old State religion. Already it was admittrd that others than Hebrews might love the truth, follow righteousness, and share the blessings of the heavenly King. To that broader faith, enjoyed by the thinkers and prophets of Israel, if not by the priests and people, the author of the Book of Job added the boldness of a more liberal inspiration. He went beyond the Hebrew family for his hero to make it clear that man, as man, is in direct relation to God. The Psalms and the Book of Proverbs might be read by Israelites and the belief still retained that God would prosper Israel alone, at any rate in the end. Now, the man of Uz, the Arabian sheikh, outside the sacred fraternity of the tribes, is presented as a fearer of the true God — his trusted witness and servant. With the freedom of a prophet bringing a new message of the brotherhood of men our author points us beyond Israel to the desert oasis.

The Epilogue.

After the argument of the Divine voice from the storm the epilogue is a surprise, and many have doubted whether it is in line with the rest of the work. Did Job need these multitudes of camels and sheep to supplement his new faith and his reconciliation to the Almighty will? Is there not something incongruous in the large award of temporal good, and even something unnecessary in the renewed honor among men? To us it seems that a good man will be satisfied with the favor and fellowship of a loving God. Yet, assuming that the conclusion is a part of the history on which the poem was founded, we can justify the blaze of splendor that bursts on Job after sorrow, instruction, and reconciliation. Life only can reward life. That great principle was rudely shadowed forth in the old belief that God protects his servants even to a green old age. The poet of our book clearly apprehended the principle; it inspired his noblest flights. Up to the moment Job has lived strongly, alike in the mundane and the moral region. How is he to find continued life? The author's power could not pass the limits of the natural in order to promise a reward. Not yet was it possible, even for a great thinker, to affirm that continued intellectual and spiritual energy which we name eternal life. A vision of it had come to him; he had seen the day of the Lord afar off, but dimly, by moments. Sheol made nothing perfect; and beyond Sheol no prophet eye had ever travelled. There was nothing for it, then, but to use the history as it stood, adding symbolic touches, and show the restored life in development on earth, more powerful than ever, more esteemed, more richly endowed for good action. In one point symbolism is vety significant. Priestly office and power are given to Job; his sacrifice and intercession mediate between the friends who traduce him and Eloah who hears his faithful servant's prayer. The epilogue, as a parable of the reward of faithfulness, has abiding truth. Wider opportunity of service, more cordial esteem and affection, the highest office that man can bear, these are the reward of Job; and with the terms of the symbolism we shall not quarrel who have heard the Lord say: "Well done, thou good servant, because thou wast found faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities!

No pre-Christian thinker could have bound together the gleams of truth in a vision of the spirit's undying nature and immortal youth. *We* can bear to see a soul go forth naked, driven, tormented; *we* can bear to see the great good life pass from the scaffold or the fire, because we see God meeting it in the heaven. But *we* have seen Christ.

*From *The Book of Job*; by Rev. Robert A. Watson, D.D., the new volume of the Expositor's Bible, an excellent series of works of which this is one of the ablest and most suggestive. Pp 416; Price $1.50: Published by A. C. Armstong & Son, 51 East Tenth Street, New York.

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

T. S., Louisville, Ky. I am told that no difference is made upon the grounds of nationality in receiving members in the Brooklyn Tabernacle by Dr. Talmage. Is this a fact?

It is.

P. F. Randolph, Salem, W. Va. Where is our authority for observing Sunday as the Sabbath?

See answer to J. L. G., Callicoon Depot, N. Y., in our issue of March 9.

T. Douglas, Winnipeg, Manitoba. Is Mrs. Bella Cooke, whose biography was published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a year ago, still living?

Yes; she resides at No. 492 2d Ave., New York City.

Geo. Gray Elliott, Pittsburg, Pa. How do the Y. M. C. A's., get their money to erect so many fine buildings?

By contributions from various sources, private donations, legacies, etc.

Subscriber, Grand Rapids, Mich. Please tell me if it is the Arab race that looks upon every stranger as a rogue, until convinced of the opposite?

We do not find this statement made in any reliable account of Arab philosophy. Still, as recent travelers describe them as suspicious of strangers, the proverb may be of Arab origin.

Reader, South Windham, Conn. 1. Had Pastor Spurgeon a daughter living at the time of his death? 2. Is it true that he died worth £11,160 or over $50,000?

1. No. 2. It is difficult to state accurately as at the time of his death he had money belonging to the Pastors' College and the Orphanage in his hands as Trustee. The published estimates were misleading.

Subscriber, Kansas City, Mo. Please inform me where I can get a copy, and the name of the author of the poem, entitled, "Freely, Ye Have Received, Freely Give?" The last stanza is:

If you want to save the millions
Who are dying in their sin;
Freely give as God has prospered,
Then you will the nations win.

Perhaps some of our readers can give this information.

Lewis, N. Y. Please state the origin of "What I spent I had, what I saved I lost, what I gave I have?"

Concerning the origin of the versified form of the proverb, we cannot answer. The same thing was said by Solomon, however, and the later version is doubtless a paraphrase of Proverbs 11: 24.

R. S. Wright, Quasquiton, Ia. Would it be wrong to attend the World's Fair if it is opened on Sunday and intoxicating liquor is sold on the grounds?

Doubtless many Christians will conscientiously decline to visit the Fair if either or both practices are adopted. We would not, however, say that those who do go, will do wrong. As the Apostle points out (1. Cor. 5: 10.), there are cases of association with wrongdoers which must exist in social and commercial relations.

A Subscriber, Dunnysville, N. C. Is there any reference to the United States in the Bible?

None of the symbolic names used by the prophets has been indentified with this country with any strong evidence. Many prophetic students, however, identify the Anglo-Saxon race which constitutes a large proportion of our population with the ten lost tribes which formed the kingdom of Israel and which will be restored with the Jews when Christ comes.

J. Price, Greenpoint, L. I. 1. How far was Jericho from Gilgal? 2. What was the distance around the walls? 3. How high and how wide were the walls? 4. Are we justified in telling a falsehood to save friends from enemies? 5. Who is it supposed was the man with drawn sword who spoke to Joshua? 6. Was not the fourth commandment broken in the 7 days' march.

1. Some authorities say 2 and others 7 miles. Josephus says about two furlongs. 2 and 3. There is no data for an answer to these questions. 4. This has already been discussed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. See issue of July 29th, 1891. 5. Joshua 5: 15 explains this. The same presence is referred to in Numb. 22: 23; Isa. 63: 9. 6. A duty performed by God's special command (see Josh. 6: 4), cannot be considered as infringing any of his laws.

Reader, McPherson, Kan. When and where did the custom of ladies retaining their headdress, and gentlemen removing their's in church, originate?

Uncovering the head has for ages been a universal mode of salutation among civilized peoples. It was originally a sign of disarming or defencelessness in the presence of a superior, and the uncovering of the head in church is an act of reverence performed from immemorial days in the Western world. Among the Orientals, a reverential custom was and still is to take off the shoes on entering holy places. Moses was directed to do this when the Divine voice spoke to him from the burning bush. In many parts of the East, it is considered unpardonable for a woman to uncover her face. In the West, she is not expected to uncover her head, as the feminine headdress is generally so adjusted as to make uncovering a troublesome if not difficult matter. (See II. Cor. 4, 5 and 6.)

Ray Burroughs, Brockport, N. Y. 1. Please explain Luke 16: 9. 2. Can you give me the dates of Gen. Joseph Eggleston Johnston's birth and death?

1. The meaning of the passage comes out more clearly in the Revised Version, which runs: "Make to yourselves friends, *by means of* the mammon of unrighteousness that, when *it* shall fail, they may receive you into the eternal tabernacles." Money will be of no use to a man when he dies, but he may have used it during his life to help and relieve Christ's people, who will welcome him when he enters heaven. The cause of this and the previous verse being so frequently misunderstood is due to the supposition that it was Christ who "commended the unjust steward." It was the steward's lord who praised his smartness, and Christ used the incident to illustrate the fact that worldly men are more in earnest and show more sagacity in providing for their future welfare than the good man does in seeking an abundant entrance into heaven. 2. Born Feb. 3d, 1809; died March 21th, 1891.

Subscriber. 1. Where can I get Dr. Talmage's Life of Christ? 2. Can a person be truly a child of God and yet never have the assurance that he has been accepted?

1. Write to the Historical Publishing Company, Philadelphia. 2. Yes; but it argues a lack of faith or sense. The assurance God gives in his Word that he who believes in his Son shall be saved, ought to be sufficient for any one. If a man were in prison and pardon was offered on certain conditions to every prisoner he would not wait for a special personal assurance before claiming his liberty after fulfilling the conditions.

A. E. G., Chicago. 1. What proof have we that the Bible is inspired? 2. Is there any book published that would be helpful to an honest doubter?

1. There are many evidences of the inspiration of the Bible, but the most cogent is that of experience, because you can test it yourself. If you study it and mould your life by its teaching you will say as Mr. Moody did: "I know that the Bible is inspired because it inspires me." 2. There are whole libraries of such books. Norton's *Genuineness of the Gospels*; M'Cosh's *Supernatural in Relation to the Natural*, and Fisher's *Supernatural Origin of Christianity* are exhaustive treatises. An excellent little work that might suit you better, as it is short, simple, concise and forcible, has just been issued by the Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. It is written by Dr. D. W. Faunce, and is entitled *Hours with a Sceptic*.

A. T. Fruch, Blacksburg, Va. Are there any signs pointing to the downfall of our republic?

To Christian statesmen, and indeed to many thoughtful people, there are such signs, although they may not be visible to the average citizen. Among the perils that menace the perpetuity of the republic are: (1) the worship of Mammon and the concentration of wealth and power in the hands of the few; (2) the degradation of politics—the science of government—to partisan and personal ends, as illustrated in vicious local, state and national legislation; (3) the betrayal of manhood suffrage by bribes and other infamous means; (4) the increasing laxity of public morals; (5) the increasing tendency to extravagant and luxurious living, resulting in degeneracy.

A SURPRISED HINDU.

AT an entertainment given by a Hindu gentleman at Negapatam, South India, two dancing girls were asked to sing. No one was more amazed than the host when they responded by singing the two hymns, "Come to Jesus," and "What a friend we have in Jesus," which they had learned from a missionary lady in that town. Pleased with the songs, the gentleman invited the missionary to teach them to his daughters and thus a long desired entrance was obtained for her into that influential family.

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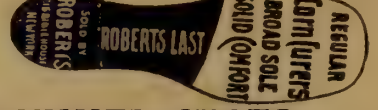

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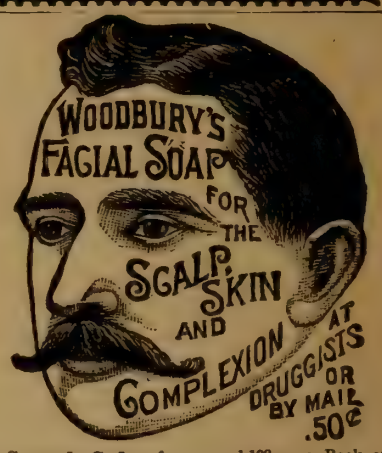

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Across the rolling tide;
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As lightning 'neath the sky,
Through heat, and cold, and snow,
To reach the child of woe;
Some starving one to save
From hunger's cruel grave—
A dying child to cheer
And dry the parent's tear.

May God who dwells on high—
Who hears the ravens' cry—
Each day his ravens speed
With bread, the poor to feed,
Till heav'n again shall bless
This land, in deep distress.—A FRIEND.

A HAYSTACK SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SUNDAY SCHOOL teachers and pupils will find interest in the illustration below, from the *Chicago Advance*. It represents the first Sunday School in one of the counties of South Dakota, and shows a phase of pioneer Christian work that is by no means infrequent in new states and territories.

"The haystack," says *The Advance*, "seemed

THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

to be the best, in fact the only available place to hold the first session, and it answered admirably. The second session was held in a tent, then in a house, then a store, afterward in a school-house, and at last in a building of its own. Within a year a church grew out of this beginning, which has since sent out four of its members to preach the gospel. Two of its young men are preparing themselves for the ministry, and four more are in college. In the accomplishment of this work, the Sunday School Society, with others, has been an important factor."

A MISSION GIRL IN A TEMPLE.

DWELLING on the good work the Zenana Mission is doing among the women of India, Dr. Pentecost related in illustration the following incident of his recent tour: "I was visiting Jejuri, fifteen miles from Poonah, one of the most beautiful spots on earth. On the top of a huge rock stands a hoary Hindoo Temple, an illustration at once of the power and degredation of heathenism. I was standing on the balcony of this temple in company with some officers and missionaries. We could see some forty or fifty women—priestesses of the temple—and hardly knowing what I was doing, I commenced to sing, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name.' My friends joined in the hymn, and then we sang, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' Looking down into the gardens I saw a young girl about fourteen years of age; her little face was lighted up, and two great tears welled from her eyes. I said to one of the lady missionaries, Miss Mitchell, 'Go and speak to that girl.' She went down and spoke to her, and sang a simple Mahrattee hymn. The girl knelt down while the first verses were being sung, and then said, 'I know that; I can sing the rest of it,' which she did. This child had received just six months' training in one of the Zenana Society's schools. Though living amid those impure surroundings, without a friend or guide, deep down in the heart of this Indian child was the tender love of Jesus Christ, and no doubt by the grace of God she will be rescued from that terrible place."

WAITING FOR THE SHADOW.

AN interesting explanation of the passage, "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow," etc., (Job 7: 2), is given by a traveller in the Holy Land. He says: "The people of the East customarily measure time by the length of their shadows. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, looks where his shadow terminates; then he measures the length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus they earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil says, "How long my shadow is in coming!" If he is asked, "Why did you not come sooner?" he replies "Because I waited for my shadow."

A HATED LANGUAGE.

REFERRING to the achievement just completed of publishing the Bible in the Swahili language Dr. Hodgson, who has been laboring in Africa, says: "In the continent of Africa there is one language which had the privilege of boasting itself the most accursed under the face of the sun: a language which has been used by the slave-dealers, who have travelled to all parts of Africa; and wherever they have gone they have taken that Swahili language with them. There is the opportunity—one language which, among all these varying tongues, is spoken in all parts of Africa. The Church Missionary Society began the work of translating the Bible into that language nearly fifty years ago. Dr. Croft commenced it; the Universities' Mission thirty years ago took it up; Dr. Steere, one of the greatest of our linguists of this age, set to work on the language; and now, this very year, the Bible Society has enabled us to make that the most blessed language in all Central Africa. Wherever we go we are able now to present the people of the country with the Word of God in a language which they understand."

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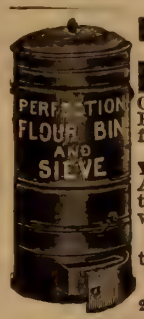

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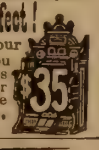

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A Thousand Miles Up the Amazon.

Working for Christ in a Land Almost Inaccessible and Unknown—The experiences of Missionary Marcus E. Carver and His Devoted Wife as Gospel Pioneers Amid a Strange People.

THE FIRST CONVERT.

IN these days of advanced mission work, the Christian world is gradually reaching a fuller knowledge of the spiritual condition of the races of Asia and Africa, and of some parts of South America. There are, however, many vast sections of our great sister continent as yet almost entirely unknown. In some of these wide stretches of mountain and valley, civilization is still in its most primitive stages; while morality, religion and the elevating influences that bind Christian communities together, are words that convey no meaning to the thousands of benighted souls who dwell there.

Four years ago, Marcus Ellsworth Carver, an American missionary, who had gone to Brazil accompanied by his brave Christian wife, penetrated one thousand miles up the valley of the Amazon river, designing to carry the Gospel of Christ to the inhabitants of that remote land and to establish a mission. Before beginning the journey, he stopped at Para long enough to master the language. He pushed on to the junction of the Amazon and the Rio Negro, through a densely wooded country, rich with a wonderful growth of tropical vegetation and peopled by naked tribes, until the little city of Manaos was reached. This place, hidden away from the world, is the capital of the Upper Amazon. Its inhabitants are a mixture of Brazilian, Portuguese, Indian and negro, and there is a sprinkling of Europeans who have found their way there in the pursuit of commerce. Religion there is none in the Amazon Valley, for while the Indians and negroes are practically pagan, the half-breeds and, the handful of Europeans live the godless lives of infidels, having neither church nor form of religious service. The dreaded fever climate acts as a barrier against the establishment of homes by the foreigners, who are thus deprived of the refining influence of a wife, a mother or a sister's society. Indeed, "home" is a word totally foreign to the Upper Amazon. It has no equivalent in the native tongue, and no charm for native ears. The rude cabins of the people, often merely thatched roofs supported by wooden pillars, but guiltless of walls, are simply designated as places to sleep in. At first, the good missionary and his wife found life under such peculiar conditions almost insupportable; but, inspired and encouraged by Divine grace, they clung steadfastly to the duty before them. The work grew and prospered beneath their hands. On January 1, 1888, the first Gospel service was held in Manaos. It was a Sunday School, without chairs and with nothing better than rough wooden boxes to sit upon. The only Bible and hymn-book were those belonging to Mr. Carver. His auditors asked all sorts of questions, and when he inquired of two men, who seemed to be rather intelligent, if they loved the Bible, they desired to know "what kind of animal it was, and whether it walked or flew." One lady being asked concerning the Gospel, remarked that she "had never eaten it." Such dense ignorance was appalling and seemingly hopeless; but the missionary and his helpmeet set sturdily to work to educate the people. There are now thirty-three members of the Mission who can both read and write, and who have come to know and love the Saviour. The Sunday School is no longer held in a shed, but in a comfortable room, and has an average attendance of seventy pupils. The prayer-meetings (which are in both English and Portuguese), are also well attended. All other services are in Portuguese. One night every week the home of the missionary is thrown open to the foreigners at Manaos, who come there to pass a pleasant evening, under good influences. The Gospel seed, sown four years ago under the most adverse circumstances, has been greatly blessed and multiplied, and the Saviour of men is now beloved in many homes in Manaos, where his sacred name had never before been heard.

MISSIONARY M. E. CARVER AND MRS. CARVER—A TYPICAL HOME IN THE UPPER AMAZON STATE.

But Mr. Carver and his wife had other difficulties to contend with besides the natural indifference or antagonism of a strange and irreligious population. From the beginning, their mission has been self-supporting. Mr. Carver had no salary from any denomination or religious organization, and during these four years, in addition to the work of the mission, which was never neglected, he labored with his hands at whatever he could find to help pay the expenses of the mission building and supply a family larder that was frequently very frugal indeed. "I remember," he writes, "there was a period of six weeks, during which my wife and I had nothing to eat but bread and beans! For a day or two, one does not mind much, but forty-two days it is quite different. Again, at another time, there were four months when we had to go on short allowance for absolute lack of funds or food. During that time, as I well remember, I ate nothing except a banana and a roll three times per day. My wife has had to cook by a fire built between three stones, with pots and cooking utensils made from empty cans that had contained canned meat or corn. Our tables and chairs were made of dry-goods boxes, which I remodelled." Finally, both became exceedingly weak under this shadowy diet, and Mrs. Carver would faint three or four times on the way home from the mission chapel—a mile and a half. Yet both stood stanchly at the post of duty, believing that in God's good time they would receive strength and endurance sufficient for the soul-saving work upon which they had entered.

"With our united efforts," Mr. Carver continued," we barely made enough to pay the mission expenses. Many times we have gone to rest, prayerful and hopeful, but hungry, yet resolved to forget in sleep that missionaries must have the necessaries of life as well as other people." But amid all this strife and struggle the work was developing grandly, and a sure foundation was being laid that promised, under the Divine blessing, to bring in many souls to the Master.

Mr. and Mrs. Carver recently returned to New York on a brief visit for the purpose of interesting friends in the extension of their mission work in the Amazon Valley. They will both go back to their tropical home in Manaos shortly, and intend to pass the rest of their lives in loving service for Christ among the people of that country. Both speak modestly about what has been accomplished, but very hopefully of the future. The portraits of these devoted pioneer missionaries are given on this page and also that of a bright, young native girl, Dona Amelia, the first convert to Christ in Manaos. Amelia, on joining the mission school was almost immediately subjected to persecution by her parents. She was shut up in a dark room, and allowed to see or converse with no one for a week. Then she was whipped to make her renounce Christianity, but she was resolute. Her family then tried another plan, and compelled her to go with them to native dances on Sunday evenings. On one occasion a young man came up and

(Continued on page 393.)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

DEPARTURE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Dictated to his Stenographer on the Eve of his Sailing for Europe from the Text: II. Timothy 4: 6: *"The time of my departure is at hand."*

DEPARTURE! That is a word used only twice in all the Bible. But it is a word often used in the court-room and means the desertion of one course of pleading for another. It is used in navigation to describe the distance between two meridians passing through the extremities of a course. It is a word I have recently heard applied to my departure from America to Europe for a preaching tour to last until September. In a smaller and less significant sense than that implied in the text I can say "The time of my departure is at hand." Through the printing press I address this sermon to my readers all the world over, and when they read it I will be mid-ocean, and unless something new happens in my marine experiences I will be in no condition to preach. But how unimportant the word Departure when applied to exchange of continents as when applied to exchange of worlds as when Paul wrote, "The time of my departure is at hand."

Now, departure implies a starting-place and a place of destination. When Paul left this world, what was the starting-point? It was a scene of great physical distress. It was the Tullianum, the lower dungeon of the Mamertine prison, Rome, Italy. The top dungeon was bad enough, it having no means of ingress or egress but through an opening in the top. Through that the prisoner was lowered, and through that came all the food and air and light received. It was a terrible place, that upper dungeon; but the Tullianum was the lower dungeon, and that was still more wretched, the only light and the only air coming through the roof, and that roof the floor of the upper dungeon. That was Paul's last earthly residence. I was in that lower dungeon in November, '89. It is made of volcanic stone. I measured it, and from wall to wall it was fifteen feet. The highest of the roof was seven feet from the floor, and the lowest of the roof five feet seven inches. The opening in the roof through which Paul was let down was three feet wide. The dungeon has a seat of rock two and a half feet high, and a shelf of rock four feet high. It was there that Paul spent his last days on earth, and it is there that I see him now, in the fearful dungeon, shivering, blue with the cold, waiting for that old overcoat which he had sent for up to Troas, and which they had not yet sent down, notwithstanding he had written for it.

If some skilful surgeon should go into that dungeon where Paul is incarcerated, we might find out what are the prospects of Paul's living through the rough imprisonment. In the first place he is an old man, only two years short of seventy. At that very time when he most needs the warmth and the sunlight and the fresh air, he is shut out from the sun. What are those scars on his ankles? Why, those were gotten when he was fast, his feet in the stocks. Every time he turned, the flesh on his ankles started. What are those scars on his back? You know he was whipped five times, each time getting thirty-nine strokes — one hundred and ninety-five bruises on the back (count them!) made by the Jews with rods of elm-wood, each one of the one hundred and ninety-five strokes bringing the blood. Look at Paul's face and look at his arms. Where did he get those bruises? I think it was when he was struggling ashore amidst the shivered timbers of the shipwreck. I see a gash in Paul's side. Where did he get that? I think he got that in the tussle with highwaymen, for he had been in peril of robbers, and he had money of his own. He was a mechanic as well as an apostle, and I think the tents he made were as good as his sermons.

There is a wanness about Paul's looks. What makes that? I think a part of that came from the fact that he was for twenty four hours on a plank in the Mediterranean Sea, suffering terribly, before he was rescued; for he says positively, "I was a night and a day in the deep." Oh, worn-out, emaciated old man! surely you must be melancholy: no constitution could endure this and be cheerful. But I press my way through the prison until I come up close to where he is, and by the faint light that streams

PAUL IN PRISON AT ROME.

through the opening I see on his face a supernatural joy, and I bow before him, and I say, "Aged man, how can you keep cheerful amidst all this gloom?" His voice startles the darkness of the place as he cries out, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Hark! what is that shuffling of feet in the upper dungeon? Why, Paul has an invitation to a banquet, and he is going to dine to-day with the king. Those shuffling feet are the feet of the executioners. They come, and they cry down through the hole of the dungeon, "Hurry up, old man. Come now; get yourself ready." Why, Paul was ready. He had nothing to pack up. He had no baggage to take. He had been ready a good while. I see him rising up, and straightening out his stiffened limbs, and pushing back his white hair from his creviced forehead, and see him looking up through the hole in the roof of the dungeon into the face of his executioners, and hear him say, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Then they lift him out of the dungeon, and they start with him to the place of execution. They say, "Hurry along, old man, or you will feel the weight of our spear. Hurry along." "How far is it," says Paul, "we have to travel?" "Three miles." Three miles is a good way for an old man to travel after he has been whipped and crippled with maltreatment. But they soon get to the place of execution—Acquæ Salvia—and he is fastened to the pillar of martyrdom. It does not take any strength to tie him fast. He makes no resistance. O Paul! why not now strike for your life? You have a great many friends here. With that withered hand just launch the thunder-bolt of the people upon those infamous soldiers. No! Paul was not going to interfere with his own coronation. He was too glad to go. I see him looking up in the face of his executioner, and, as the grim official draws the sword, Paul calmly says, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." But I put my hand over my eyes. I want not to see that last struggle. One sharp keen stroke, and Paul does go to the banquet, and Paul does dine with the King.

What a transition it was! From the malaria of Rome to the finest climate in all the universe — the zone of eternal beauty and health. His ashes were put in the catacombs of Rome, but in one moment the air of heaven bathed from his soul the last ache. From shipwreck, from dungeon, from the biting pain of the elm-wood rods, from the sharp sword of the headsman, he goes into the most brilliant assemblage of heaven, a king among kings, multitudes of the saint-hood rushing out and stretching forth hands of welcome; for I do really think that as on the right hand of God is Christ, so on the right hand of Christ is Paul, the second great in heaven.

He changed kings likewise. Before the hour of death, and up to the last moment, he was under Nero, the thick-necked, the cruel-eyed, the filthy-lipped; the sculptured features of that man bringing down to us to this very day the horrible possibilities of his nature—seated as he was amidst pictured marbles of Egypt, under a roof adorned with mother-of-pearl, in a dining-room which by machinery was kept whirling day and night with most bewitching magnificence; his horses standing in stalls of solid gold, and the grounds around his palace lighted at night by its victims, who had been bedaubed with tar and pitch and then set on fire to illumine the darkness. That was Paul's king. But the next moment he goes into the realm of him whose reign is love, and whose courts are paved with love, and whose throne is set on pillars of love, and whose sceptre is adorned with jewels of love, and whose palace is lighted with love, and whose lifetime is an eternity of love. When Paul was leaving so much on this side the pillar of martyrdom to gain so much on the other side, do you wonder at the cheerful valedictory of the text, "The time of my departure is at hand?"

Now, why cannot all the old people have the same holy glee as that aged man had? Charles I, when he was combing his head, found a gray hair, and he sent it to the queen as a great joke; but old age is really no joke at all. For the last forty years you have been dreading that which ought to have been an exhilaration. You say you most fear the struggle at the moment the soul and body part. But millions have endured that moment, and may not we as well? They got through with it and so can we. Besides this, all medical men agree in saying that there is probably no struggle at the last moment—not so much pain as the prick of a pin, the seeming signs of distress being altogether involuntary. But you say, "It is the uncertainty of the future." Now, child of God, do not play the infidel. After God has filled the Bible till it can hold no more with stories of the good things ahead, better not talk about uncertainties.

But you say, "I cannot bear to think of parting from friends here." If you are old, you have more friends in heaven than here. Just take the census. The com-

THE MARTYRDOM OF PAUL.

panions of your school-days, your early business associates, the friends of mid-life, and those who more recently went away. Can it be that they have been gone so long you do not care any more about them, and you do not want their society? Oh no. There have been days when you have felt that you could not endure another moment away from their blessed companionship. They have gone. You say you would not like to bring them back to this world of trouble, even if you had the power. It would not do to trust you. God would not give you resurrection power. Before to-morrow morning you would be rattling at the gates of the cemetery, crying, to the departed, "Come back to the cradle where you slept! Come back to the hall where you used to play! Come back to the table where you used to sit!" and there would be a great burglary in heaven. No, no. God will not trust you with resurrection power; but he compromises the matter and says, "You can not bring them where you are, but you can go where they are." They are more lovely now than ever. Were they beautiful here, they are more beautiful there.

Besides that, it is more healthy there for you than here, aged man; better climate there than these hot summers and cold winters and late springs; better hearing; better eye-sight; more tonic in the air; more perfume in the bloom; more sweetness in the song. Do you not feel, aged man, sometimes as though you would like to get your arm and foot free? Do you not feel as though you would like to throw away spectacles and canes and crutches? Would you not like to feel the spring and elasticity and mirth of an eternal boyhood? When the point at which you start from this world is old age, and the point to which you go is eternal juvenescence, aged man, clap your hands at the anticipation, and say, in perfect rapture of soul, "The time of my departure is at hand."

I remark, again, all those ought to feel this joy of the text who have a holy curiosity to know what is beyond this earthly terminus. And who has not any curiosity about it? Paul, I suppose, had the most satisfactory view of heaven, and he says, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." It is like looking through a broken telescope: "Now we see through a glass darkly." Can you tell me anything about that heavenly place? You ask me a thousand questions about

it that I cannot answer. I ask you a thousand questions about it that you cannot answer. And do you wonder that Paul was so glad when martyrdom gave him a chance to go over and make discoveries in that blessed country?

I hope some day, by the grace of God, to go over and see for myself; but not now. No well man, no prospered man, I think, wants to go now. But the time will come, I think, when I shall go over. I want to see what they do there, and I want to see how they do it. I do not want to be looking through the gates

A PASSAGE BETWEEN ICEBERGS.

ajar forever. I want them to swing wide open. There are ten thousand things I want explained—about you, about myself, about the government of this world, about God, about everything. We start in a plain path of what we know, and in a minute come up against a high wall of what we do not know. I wonder how it looks over there. Somebody tells me it is like a paved city—paved with gold; and another man tells me it is like a fountain, and it is like a tree, and it is like a triumphal procession; and the next man I meet tells me it is all figurative. I really want to know, after the body is resurrected, what they wear and what they eat; and I have an immeasurable curiosity to know what it is, and how it is, and where it is. Columbus risked his life to find this continent, and shall we shudder to go out on a voyage of discovery which shall reveal a vaster and more brilliant country? John Franklin risked his life to find a passage between icebergs, and shall we dread to find a passage to eternal summer? Men in Switzerland travel up the heights of the Matterhorn with alpenstock, and guides, and rockets, and ropes, and, getting half-way up, stumble and fall down in a horrible massacre. They just wanted to say they had been on the tops of those high peaks. And shall we fear to go out for the ascent of the eternal hills which start a thousand miles beyond where stop the highest peaks of the Alps, when in that ascent there is no peril? A man doomed to die stepped on the scaffold, and said in joy, "Now, in ten minutes I will know the great secret." One minute after the vital functions ceased, the little child that died last night knew more than Jonathan Edwards, or St. Paul himself, before he died. Friends, the exit from this world, or death, if you please to call it, to the Christian is glorious explanation. It is demonstration. It is illumination. It is sunburst. It is the opening of all the windows. It is shutting up the catechism of doubt, and the unrolling of all the scrolls of positive and accurate information. Instead of standing at the foot of the ladder and looking up, it is standing at the top of the ladder and looking down. It is the last mystery taken out of botany, and geology, and astronomy, and theology. Oh, will it not be grand to have all questions answered? The perpetually recurring interrogation-point changed for the mark of exclamation. All riddles solved. Who will fear to go out on that discovery, when all the questions are to be decided which we have been discussing all our lives? Who shall not clap his hands in the anticipation of that blessed country, if it be no better than through holy curiosity crying, "The time of my departure is at hand"?

I remark, again, we ought to have the joy of the text, because, leaving this world, we move into the best society of the universe. You see a great crowd of people in some street, and you say, "Who is passing there? What general, what prince is going up there?" Well, I see a great throng in heaven. I say, "Who is the focus of all that admiration? Who is the centre of that glittering company?" It is Jesus, the champion of all worlds, the favorite of all ages. Do you know what is the first question the soul will ask when it comes through the gate of heaven? I think the first question will be, "Where is Jesus, the Saviour that pardoned my sin; that carried my sorrows; that fought my battles; that won my victories?" O radiant one! how I would like to see thee! thou of the manger, but without its humiliations; thou of the Cross, but without it pangs; thou of the grave, but without its darkness.

The Bible intimates that we will talk with Jesus in heaven just as a brother talks with a brother. Now, what will you ask him first? I do not know. I can think what I would ask Paul first if I saw him in heaven. I think I would like to hear him describe the storm that came upon the ship when there were two hundred and seventy-five souls on the vessel, Paul being the only man on board cool enough to describe the storm. There is a fascination about a ship and the sea that I never shall get over, and I think I would like to hear him talk about that first. But when I meet my Lord Jesus Christ, of what shall I first delight to hear him speak? Now I think what it is. I shall first want to hear the tragedy of his last hours; and then Luke's account of the crucifixion, and Mark's account of the crucifixion, and John's account of the crucifixion will be nothing, while from the living lips of Christ the story shall be told of the gloom that fell, and the devils that arose, and the fact that upon his endurance depended the rescue of a race; and there was darkness in the sky, and there was darkness in the soul, and the pain became more sharp, and the burdens became more heavy, until the mob began to swim away from the dying vision of Christ, and his head fell forward as he uttered the last moan and cried, "It is finished!" All heaven will stop to listen until the story is done, and every harp will be put down, and every lip closed, and all eyes fixed upon the divine narrator, until the story is done; and there shall roll forth the oratorio of the Messiah, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing, and riches, and honor, and glory, and power, world without end!"

What he endured, oh, who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!

When there was between Paul and that magnificent Personage only the thinness of the sharp edge of the sword of the executioner, do you wonder that he wanted to go? O, my Lord Jesus, let one wave of that glory roll over us! Hark! I hear the wedding-bells of heaven ringing now. And now for a little while good-bye! I have no morbid feelings about the future. But if anything should happen that we never meet again in this world let us meet where there are no partings. Our friendships have been delightful on earth, but they will be more delightful in heaven. And now I commend you to God and the word of his grace which is able to build us up, and give us an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

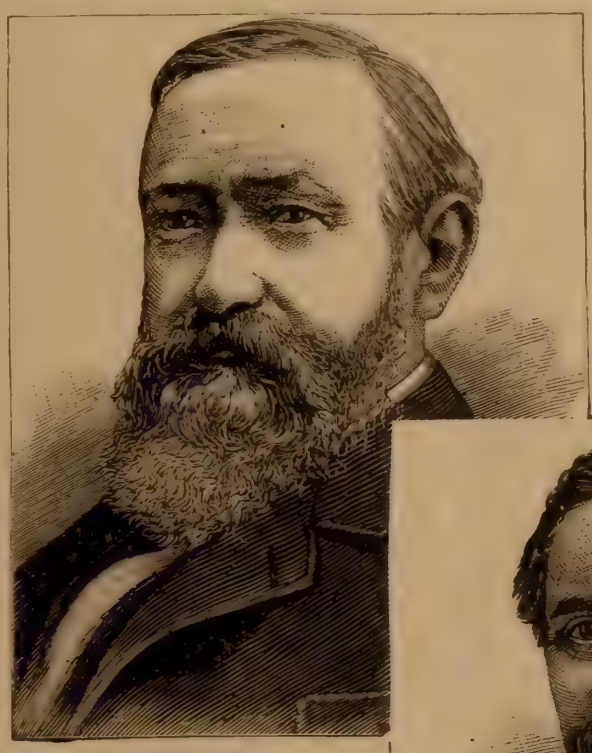
THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES

President Harrison and Hon. Whitelaw Reid Nominated by the Minneapolis Convention.

THE first of the preliminary contests in the great struggle, which will culminate at the polls in November next is over. The Republican Party in Convention at Minneapolis has selected the two candidates whom it asks the people to place in the highest positions in the national gift. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD publishes their portraits this week, and when their opponents are nominated, their portraits also will be published, that our readers may see the features and know something of the lives of all the men who are candidates for these high offices. The American citizen wants to know something of the men for whom he is voting and therefore an impartial statement of facts will be welcome to him.

Benjamin Harrison.

During the campaign of 1888 the story of Mr. Harrison's career was so widely published that brief mention of its most prominent features is all that is necessary now. He is not quite fifty-nine years old, having been born August 20, 1833. His father was John Scott Harrison, a son of the hero of Tippecanoe, William Henry Harrison, who was inaugurated President of the United States on March 4, 1841, and who died one month afterward. The family traces its descent to Thomas Harrison, one of Cromwell's generals, who was executed in London in 1660 for the part he took in delivering England from the tyrant, Charles I. After that event the family came to America; but the rough lesson had not inculcated loyalty on its members; for among the signatures on the Declaration of Independence is that of Benjamin Harrison, a descendant of the sturdy Cromwellian. He was the great-grandfather of the President.



PRESIDENT HARRISON.

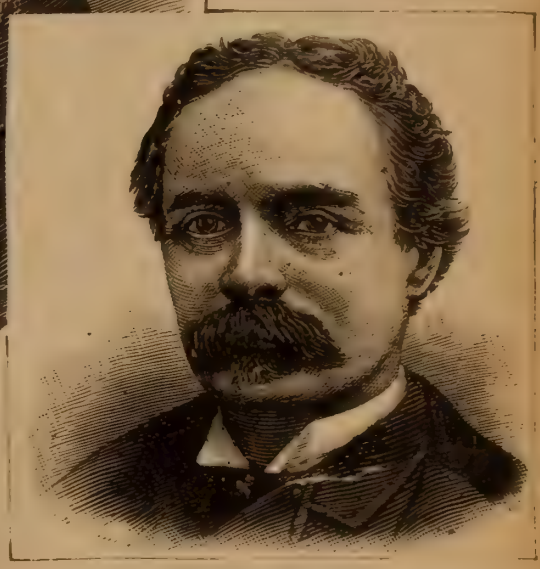
The President's early years were passed on his father's farm near North Bend, Ohio. He went to the local school and helped in the farm-work. At the age of fourteen he went to college in Cincinnati, where Murat Halstead was one of his classmates. His education was finished at Miami University, Oxford, O., and in 1852 at the age of nineteen he graduated fourth in his class. Dr. James Brooks now of St. Louis, Mo., and Prof. Swing of Chicago were among his classmates. After leaving the University, Mr. Harrison began the study of law in Judge Bellamy Storer's office in Cincinnati where he remained two years. At the end of that time he began practice in Indianapolis and soon became known as a painstaking and industrious lawyer. One of his first cases which brought him into notice was the prosecution of a man charged with wholesale murder. He had only one night to study the case, but he spent it with a young physician reading up the nature of poisons. The next day he appeared in court so thoroughly versed in the subject that the defence was amazed. The prisoner was convicted and the young lawyer found himself famous.

Mr. Harrison began his political career in the election of 1856 when he did a great deal of stump speaking. During that campaign he was opposed by Mr. Hendricks, afterward Vice-President. In 1862 he joined the army as second lieutenant of the 70th Indiana Regiment, but was made Colonel by the Governor before it marched to the front. It was attached to the brigade of Gen. William T. Ward. Later it became part of the Twentieth Army Corps under Gen. Hooker, and Harrison was made commander of the Brigade. He distinguished himself at the battles of Kenesaw Mountain, Resaca and Peach Tree Creek and was mustered out at the close of the war with the brevet-rank of Brigadier General. He resumed the practice of law, but in 1881 he was elected to the United States Senate. At the close of his term the Indiana Legislature had a Democratic majority and Gen. Harrison failed of a second term. In 1888, Mr. Blaine having declined to allow his name to go before the Convention, Gen. Harrison was nominated and elected.

Whitelaw Reid.

THE nomination to the Vice-Presidency was accorded by the convention unanimously to Mr. Whitelaw Reid at the request of the New York delegation. Mr. Reid has been United States Minister to France during the Harrison administration, and has made an excellent record by negotiating for the admission of American meats and for settling the details of reciprocity and extradition treaties. He is fifty-five years of age, and is a native of Xenia, O.

Graduating from Miami University in 1856, he was made principal of the graded schools of South Charleston, O. He left that position, however, to become editor of the *Xenia News*, which he carried on successfully for two years. At the end of that time he went to Columbus as the legislative correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times*, the Cincinnati *Gazette* and the Cleveland *Herald*. At the outbreak of the war, Mr. Reid went to the front as the correspondent of the *Gazette*, and his letters over the signature "Agate" made that journal famous throughout the country. He became one of the editors and part proprietor of the *Gazette* after the war, but spent much of his time at Washington, whence he sent reports of the impeachment proceedings and other events. He also made an extensive tour of the South in the company of Chief Justice Chase, which gave him the material for his book, *The South After the War*, which had a large circulation. Another volume published shortly afterward cost him immense labor and showed marked ability. It was entitled, *Ohio in the War*.



HON. WHITELAW REID.

During his residence in Washington, Mr. Reid made the acquaintance of Horace Greeley, who conceived a warm attachment to him. On Mr. Greeley's invitation he came to New York to work on the *Tribune*. He became Mr. Greeley's most trusted confidant, and when Mr. Greeley was nominated for the Presidency in 1872, he left Mr. Reid in charge of the paper as editor-in-chief. That position he continued to hold until President Harrison in 1889 appointed him minister to France. Mr. Reid married in 1881 a daughter of Mr. D. O. Mills, the California millionaire. He possesses an ample fortune, and is noted for his magnificent hospitality both at his residence in New York and his princely mansion known as Ophir Farm, in Westchester County.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

S. S. Lesson for July 3. By Mrs. M. Baxter Acts 1 : 1-12. Golden Text, Acts 1 : 9.

HINTS concerning his coming ascension into heaven had been given by the Lord Jesus, during his short ministry to his disciples, to both the true and the false. To Nicodemus he had said: "No man hath ascended up to heaven; but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man which is in heaven." (John 3: 13.) Of those disciples who, scandalized by his teaching of the living Bread, "went back and walked no more with him," he asked: "What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was before?" (John 6: 62.) To the eleven, after Judas had left them on the eve of his crucifixion, he said: "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; again, I leave the world, and go to the Father." (John 16: 28.) And yet again his message to the disciples through Mary Magdalene was: "I ascend unto my Father and your Father; and to my God and your God." (John 20: 17.) Yet, the disciples did not apprehend the truth which they were so slow to learn, that his kingdom was "not of this world." So much so, that being "come together" for the last time during the forty days of that first Eastertide, when their risen Lord was occupied with teaching them "the things pertaining to the kingdom of God," the question which most occupied them was: "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?"

Still Earth and Not Heaven,

still time and not eternity, still things seen and temporal, rather than things unseen and eternal, filled the small range of their vision! They had been chosen to carry out and to complete those things "which Jesus began both to do and to teach." (ver. 1.) He had himself foretold, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father." (John 15: 12.) While his followers were thus absorbed, their Master was yearning to impart to them the greatest gift which the infinite God could give. He "commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith he, ye have heard of me." He would raise their expectations, would kindle the desire within them to receive him who could not be theirs except he himself should leave them. "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." (John 16: 7.) Long and earnestly had Jesus spoken to them of the Holy Ghost the Comforter; of the unspeakable advantage to them of his coming; of his comfort, his leading, his guidance, his abiding with them, his power to convict the world,—but there was nothing in them which responded—it was the earthly kingdom, the earthly glory, which they still hankered after. And yet he was not impatient, he did not expect of them that which was impossible to their present condition. He knew that when the Holy Ghost was come, the precious seed of his Word, sown in their hearts and memories, would be awakened into life, and that about which they were now so callous would be appreciated according to its true worth. True the coming kingdom of Christ on earth was foretold, but the Holy Ghost was

"The Promise of the Father."

Thus he answered their question in his heavenly patience: "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power. But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

These were his last words as he stood in his resurrection body, upon the Mount of Olives. By his death he had "obtained eternal redemption for us." He had destroyed "him that had the power of death, that is, the devil." He had purchased the right to "deliver us from this present evil world," to redeem us from a self life, from the vain manner of life received from our fathers, and to cleanse and purify his church unto himself that there should not be in her "spot or wrinkle or any such thing;" but she should be conformed to his image. He had made it possible for redeemed man to be a partaker in the Divine Nature, to be one with him as he was one with the Father. But who was to bring about this consummation? The Holy Ghost, "the promise of the Father?" Thus he ascended and went up on high to receive gifts for man, and the greatest of his gifts is the Holy Ghost, the indwelling God!

It was an unspeakable privilege for the disciples to have their Master with them, to see him, to hear his words, to be witnesses of his mighty deeds. But while Jesus was with the little family in Bethany, limited by his human body, he could not be with the fisher-folk in Galilee; while in Jerusalem he could not be with the women of Samaria. But the Gift, to procure which for man Jesus ascended into heaven, is God the Spirit, not incarnate in one human body, but capable of dwelling in many human bodies as his temple, at the same time, and filling, according to their power to receive him, one as much as another! O how can we sufficiently love and thank him who is not ashamed to make us his temple and his dwelling place!

When Jesus had spoken these things (concerning the Spirit of God), "while they beheld, he was taken up and a cloud received him out of their sight." Now they began to understand, they "looked steadfastly up to heaven;" their hopes of the earthly kingdom vanished; they had nothing left now but his Word.

And He was Gone!

It was their weaning time; thoughts, plans, hopes, expectations, all must undergo a change. O what feelings must have passed through those hearts, as they "looked up steadfastly into heaven." Then he was indeed "the Son of God with power;" and this promise of the Father, was this what they were to live for? While they thus stood, two heavenly messengers came to them, and said: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." The spell of amazement which had almost stupefied them was broken. They must act. Their Master's last command to them was to tarry at Jerusalem until they should be endued with power from on high. His last promise was that they should receive power when the Holy Ghost should have come upon them. Therefore they returned to Jerusalem, not sad, but expectant; and they "were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God." (Luke 24: 53.)

These were men who were not only saved, but who had forsaken all for Christ. As followers of a crucified criminal they had lost their reputation; society would take no notice of them, the chief priests and scribes, who had condemned their Master, would never tolerate his disciples, they were truly on the altar, most fully consecrated. But their spiritual life was yet without power. They had been broken and humbled; everyone of them had forsaken his Lord; the eleven apostles more strikingly than the women disciples who had followed him, but afar off. All except Mary had misunderstood him,—they were a failure, and their hopes had failed; the goodliness of the flesh had come to naught! Peter had learned that he could not follow Christ to prison and to death; they all had learned that they had no power to follow him through evil report; and now he was gone, hidden from them, and they were shut up to the expectation of the Holy Ghost. It is just into

Such Broken Vessels

such humbled hearts, that the Holy Ghost can come in power. If ever children of God needed comfort, it was they, and he was to be a Comforter. If ever they needed God with them it was now, and he was to dwell with them forever; never, never again to leave them. (John 14: 16.) They had had experience that the very presence of Jesus with them did not always keep them from sinning; at the last supper, they had striven which should be the greatest; and Peter had boasted himself in the very presence of the Master, only a few hours before his crucifixion. But he had said of the Holy Ghost, "He dwelleth with you and shall be in you" (John 14: 17,) and yet more, "I will not leave you comfortless I will come unto you." (v. 18.) Could it be that, in some mysterious way the Lord Jesus, himself, would dwell in them as the Comforter should dwell in them? Yes; thank God, it is even so: "Strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." (Eph. 3: 16, 17.) Then they had forgotten so many things which Jesus had said unto them. But he had declared: "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." (John 14: 26.) But how would they who had forsaken him, ever be able to bear witness for him? Had they not forfeited their right? For this too the Holy Ghost is the provision: "When the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall bear witness of me; and ye also bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning." (John 15: 26, 27. R.V.) The Holy Ghost makes redeemed men his confirmatory witnesses! But how should they, who had so failed their Lord, have any power to convert sinners? "When he (the Holy Ghost) is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." (John 16: 8.) He will be the power dwelling in the subdued and conquered, broken and humbled, human lives. But Jesus had said to them: "Lo; I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," (Matt. 28: 20); how could this be, seeing he was gone into heaven? "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; (shall not proclaim his own presence but make that of Jesus real in us) but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak and he will shew you things to come. He shall glorify me; for he shall receive of mine and shall show it unto you." (John 16: 13,14.) The Holy Spirit reveals the presence of Jesus to us. Oh, claim from an ascended Lord the promise of the Father the gift of the Holy Ghost.

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

WAIT for the promise of the Father. They who do so will never wait in vain, for it is written that he is faithful that promised and they that put their trust in him shall never be confounded; for God is not a man that he should lie; neither the son of man that he should repent; hath he said it and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken and shall he not make it good? Yet how many there are who cannot command enough patient faith to wait and see the glory of God. They are like the boys who run up the front steps, pull the door bell and then run away without waiting to see if anyone answers? They pull the bell cord of prayer, and although God has promised to hear and answer prayer, they act as though they did not expect any reply and manifest great surprise when their requests are granted. It requires faith to wait for the promise of the Father "but without faith it is impossible to please him."

Lord Chatham had promised that his son should be present at the pulling down of a garden wall. The wall was, however, taken down during the son's absence through forgetfulness; but feeling the importance of his word being held sacred, Lord Chatham ordered the workmen to rebuild it, that his son might witness its demolition, according to his father's promise.

It is not for you to know the times and the seasons. God knows and that is sufficient. How good, how kind, how merciful to hide from our view the future as with an impenetrable veil! We can become familiar with a landscape; we know where to find the waterfall, and the shady ledges where the violets grow in spring, and the sassafras gives forth its odors; but we never can become familiar with our life-landscape. We can never tell where we shall come upon the shady dell, or where the fountains will gush and the birds sing. That is with God.

Think what case ours would be had we the prospect lying distinctly before us of all the evils that shall befall us through our whole life. "Such a day I shall have a terrible attack of neuralgia, such a day my house will burn; such a day my riches shall take to themselves wings; or my husband, wife or child will die!" The increase of such knowledge would certainly but increase our sorrow and be to us an engine of torture. But thank God, divine mercy, in this respect, keeps us ignorant.

But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you. Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? If not you cannot have the power—for the Holy Ghost is the source of power. I have seen great mills with splendid appointments—everything apparently in perfect order—but they were not running. All that was needed to start them was fire under the engine. I have seen fine church buildings, with eloquent preaching and large audiences, but souls were not being saved. The fire of the Holy Ghost was absent. O fire of God, touch our lips and burn in our hearts.

We are entitled to receive the Holy Ghost, for Christ himself promised he would send him, to direct, instruct, comfort and sustain us. Have you received him?

A confidential clerk in a Wall Street broker's office had an agreeable surprise a few years ago. The broker called him into his private office one day and said, "I have put your name in my will and you will get ten thousand dollars when I die. Now I am in pretty good health and do not expect to die very soon, so I will help you out in the meantime by paying you legal interest for the amount. Here is a check for six hundred dollars to pay the first year's interest." And he handed to the astonished clerk the slip of paper. Thus the clerk was doubly gratified. The prospect of the legacy was good news, and the interest in hand and to come rendered the prospect a reality. That is, in a far higher sense, the believer's position. He does not have to wait until he dies to begin the enjoyment of his inheritance. God gives to him now his precious Holy Spirit to sustain his spiritual life and as an earnest of his inheritance; or to repeat words often quoted in this column, God gives the true believer, who will receive the Holy Ghost, "a heaven to go to heaven in."

A cloud received him out of their sight. Nevertheless he lives. If a cloud does hide him for a while, be not discouraged. It will soon pass away, and you will see him again in all his glory.

A friend of mine told me of a visit he had paid to a poor woman, overwhelmed with trouble, and confined to a little room, yet always cheerful. She knew Christ. "Mary," said my friend, "you must have very dark days; they must overcome you with clouds, sometimes?" "Yes," said she, "but I often find there's confort in a cloud." "Comfort in a cloud, Mary! How?" "Yes," replied she, "when I feel very low and gloomy, and the clouds begin to gather, I remember the precious words, 'A cloud received him out of their sight,' and I think that this gathering cloud may be the one that hides him and in which, according to promise, he may return."

A CHINESE WOMAN'S WORK.

IN the course of an address, recently, Rev. J. C. Gibson, of Swatow, China, said that the hearts of the missionaries sank sometimes as they contemplated the stupendous work in which they were engaged—they so few compared with the 380,000,000 inhabitants of that enormous empire. Occasionally, however, facts of a very encouraging nature came to their notice. One of these came in his own experience. "Just before I left China," he said, "a poor woman put into the hands of my wife a sheet of paper on which was written a number of names. On inquiry, we found that these were the names of persons whom she believed she had been the means of gathering into the kingdom of God; and she gave us the list, not because she boasted of it, but because she wished us to join with her in continual prayer for their support and guidance. Seventy names were on the sheet of paper. If one poor woman was able to gather in seventy souls, what will be the fruit of the work of the 100,000 whom we shall soon, I believe, have banded together in this holy war? At the beginning of this century, there was not in all China known to us one Christian. Now there are 40,000; and before ten years have gone by, we have every reason to believe that we will number 100,000 communicants in the various branches of the Protestant Church in China. Each of these people, as a rule, becomes an evangelist in turn, and, by private life and testimony, brings in others to the Kingdom."

THE CAUSE OF THE VETERANS

Friends and Supporters of the Check-Cashing Plan Springing Up Everywhere.

SELDOM is it that a simple act calls out so much of hearty approval as the free check-cashing experiment of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the opening of the new G. A. R. Mission in Canal Street, New York, has done. Undertaken for the single purpose of aiding the veterans, and freeing them from the grasp of the usurers and saloon-keepers, who formerly cashed their checks, it has been universally endorsed as a plan eminently calculated for adoption in all the cities where pension offices are located.

Commander B. S. Osbon, Naval Post Number 515, Department N. Y. G. A. R., writes: "Practical Christianity beams in all its fulness and sweetness in the New Grand Army of the Republic Mission, in Canal Street. The good it has accomplished and can accomplish cannot be measured by man. God alone can judge of its beneficence. Such work is the acme of charity. Permit me on behalf of the sailor element, who have a part of grateful throng, to thank you for what you are doing for the cause of Christ and the benefit of the veteran, the widow and orphan."

E. B. Buckley, Annin Creek, Pa., writes: "I wish to express my commendation of your great work of philanthropy in helping the weak and helpless, and in a great measure rescuing the veterans of our late War from the jaws of intemperance and sin. May the work extend throughout our land, where such work is needed."

Old Settler, Milwaukee, Wis., writes: "I think you have indeed struck the nail on the head in your Check-Cashing Plan for the old Veterans. The plan has proved more than a match for the saloons, and I would suggest that a similar plan be adopted throughout the land. May God help you all to speed the enterprise!"

S. P. Howland, Missionary of the American Sunday School Union, and County Superintendent, writes from Washington, Ia.: "O comrade! may God bless you in the new work you have taken by cashing the pension-drafts for the old soldiers. It is a glorious work! Why will our people tolerate the saloon."

These are a few of many such letters received, and show the very general feeling of hope and encouragement that the check-cashing experiment should be extended to other cities. We trust that Christian men and women of means, with the energy to carry out this humane enterprise to a successful conclusion, may be found in every city where pension checks are now issued. It is an opportunity for a work that will be helpful to thousands.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

A RACE FOR A STRONGHOLD.

European Powers want a Concession from the Sultan of Fez.

A SINGULAR and very interesting diplomatic struggle is just now going on among several European governments, for a concession from the Sultan of Morocco. England's stronghold of Gibraltar has for generations, commanded the entrance to the Mediterranean, but of late years France, Italy, Spain and even Germany have cast anxious eyes on Tangier, on the opposite shore. The statesmen connected with the Foreign Offices of the various governments are now engaged in a most intricate game of diplomatic chess, with the objective point of winning the favor of the Sultan and securing the concession which will make the fortunate government an important naval factor in any future international complications involving the Mediterranean highway, or the route to India.

France has already made considerable progress in her negotiations with the Sultan and England has recently despatched a mission under Sir Charles Euan-Smith to the Sultan, at Fez. The illustration on this page shows the nature of the difficulties an expedition in that practically unknown country has to contend with. Lady Euan-Smith, with her daughter and niece, Colonel Hallam Parr, Major Mends, Mr. de Vismes de Ponthieu, Dr. Guillemard, of Cambridge, and several members of the staff, accompanied the Ambassador. A hot sun and a drying wind had removed all traces of the late heavy rains when the Expedition started, and the fertile country of Northern Morocco was looking its best. On the 4th of May they reached the Sebu river. The stream is about two hundred yards wide, and flows rapidly between high banks. The Expedition crossed in boats.

Sir Charles Euan-Smith is now at Fez, at the Court of the Sultan. Should he secure the coveted concession, England will be indeed mistress of the Mediterranean.

THE ENGLISH EXPEDITION TO MOROCCO CROSSING THE SEBU RIVER.

KEEP MIND AND HAND BUSY.

THE secret of success in the training of young people to an efficient Christian life is in giving them something to do, and keeping their minds and hands busy in doing it, remarks the *Western Christian Advocate*. To insure vigor, health, and growth, one must use diligently the application for giving play to the muscles. So with the soul. What the gymnasium is for the body the Church of Christ is for the soul. It is a divinely appointed training school for the higher nature, and all who enter it should keep themselves, or be kept, busy in the use of those means of grace which are specially appointed for its development. The young people in our churches would be less likely to be carried away with a zeal for senseless and vicious amusements if they are kept busy about something better. It is a mistake in mature and established Christians to discourage or oppose efforts to call into active exercise the gifts of the young in pleasant and instructive entertainments, because they seem to be childish.

A World's Fair Trip Free!

"The Christian Herald's" Plan for Providing its Readers with FREE TRANSPORTATION BOTH WAYS, SEVEN DAYS' HOTEL FARE, and

A Week of Pure, Innocent Pleasuring, to Remember a Lifetime.

ALL the world is now talking of the Chicago Fair, the great Columbian Exposition in celebration of the Quadri-Centennial of the Discovery of America, which opens in the Western Metropolis next spring. Everybody will make an effort to visit the Fair. The extent of the preparations, the number and vastness of the buildings, the widespread interest among other participating nations, and the enthusiastic, patriotic rivalry among our own States, all point to an Exposition of unrivalled scope and magnificence.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, watchful of the progress of this grandest material enterprise of our time, has published descriptions of the buildings, now nearly completed, which conveyed but faintly an idea of their extent and magnificence to our readers' minds. But the Fair is something to be *seen* not read about; to be

Personally Visited and Enjoyed

as the grandest demonstration of God's goodness in prospering this Union and this people.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received many letters of inquiry from different parts of the country regarding the Fair, and after careful consideration it has arranged a plan specially for the benefit of its readers and their friends, by which those who wish to visit Chicago can do so, without the outlay of a dollar. This will secure to all who profit by the plan, railroad transportation from their own States to Chicago and return, and one week's board and lodging in a pleasant location, convenient to the Fair Grounds. They will have had an experience both novel and edifying, and one to remember in the coming years. The entire world will be represented at the Fair. This vast gathering will tax the facilities of railroads, hotels, and lodging-houses. As at all the previous great Fairs (and particularly that at Philadelphia, in 1876), prices will be put

At Fabulous Figures.

The cost of living in Chicago during the Fair, will, it is safe to assert, be quadruped.

But these contingencies, as well as others that may arise, have been foreseen by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the plan it now proposes is suggested for the sole purpose of enabling its readers and their friends to visit Chicago and spend a delightful and instructive week viewing the grand spectacle. This is within the reach of all who care to make the effort; the minister, the farmer, the mechanic, the tradesman, the school-teacher, the shop-girl, have each an equal opportunity.

For every person who during the six months from July 1st to Dec. 31, secures the number of new, annual, full-paid subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, stipulated below, at $1.50 each, we will send transportation tickets to Chicago and return, and a coupon entitling the holder to seven days' excellent board and accommodation at a location convenient to the World's Fair Grounds. This offer applies to every State in the Union. The railroad tickets will be valid for twenty days, and will be accepted from any of the cities mentioned in the list below.

Those who intend to take advantage of this special offer should immediately notify us to that effect. Send us your full name and Postoffice address, stating at the same time the number of subscription blanks and sample copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD you require

To Begin Your Canvass

and we will immediately forward them to you. Remember, all subscribers must be *new* and *full-paid, at $1.50 each. No premiums or commissions can be allowed* under this arrangement.

If you were to arrange for a trip to Chicago and a seven-days' stay there, the total outlay would be little short of the entire sum of these subscriptions. And by the arrangement proposed, it will cost you absolutely nothing in money, the reward being secured by your energy in obtaining the necessary number of subscribers. It will be found a comparatively easy matter to accomplish this. We have now on our list of agents in different parts of the Union a large number of individuals who have demonstrated the popularity of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and of

Rev. Dr. Talmage, its Editor,

by rolling up in a few short weeks several hundreds of subscribers each. And these people were not professional canvassers, but simply enterprising, Christian men and women, who undertook the work because they liked the paper, and wished to extend its influence and its field of usefulness.

Should you fall short of the subscription limit fixed for your section in the appended list, you have the privilege of choice between two courses, in neither of which can you possibly be the loser. Thus: in a section where 60 subscriptions are fixed as the limit, if after securing 50 subscriptions, you find yourself unable to make further progress, we are prepared either to forward you our Publisher's check, making a proper allowance for the work accomplished, or to accept from you a small cash payment, in addition to the 50 paid-up subscriptions, on receipt of which we will immediately forward the transportation tickets and 7 days' coupon. All cases of this nature will be adjusted on a similar liberal basis, for the exact fulfilment of which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stands guarantee.

Some may have friends in Chicago with whom they prefer to stop during the visit. In all such cases, we will be willing, on receiving the necessary number of subscriptions, to forward to the tourist along with his or her railroad tickets

A Check for $25

in lieu of the 7 days' coupon for board and lodging. This will enable the recipient to take advantage of the offer as far as transportation is concerned and at the same time will help to make the stay in Chicago a pleasant and inexpensive one.

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"	Norwich	100
Del.,	Wilmington	100
D. C.,	Washington	100
Ga.,	Atlanta	100
"	Savannah	100
Idaho,	Boise City	180
Ind.,	Fort Wayne	60
"	Indianapolis	60
Iowa,	Burlington	60
"	Cedar Rapids	60
"	Davenport	60
"	Des Moines	75
Kans.,	Emporia	80
"	Leavenworth	75
"	Topeka	80
Kans.,	Wichita	80
Ky.	Louisville	60
La.,	Baton Rouge	100
"	New Orleans	100
Me.,	Lewiston	100
"	Portland	100
Md.,	Baltimore	80
Mass.,	Boston	100
"	Fall River	100
"	Haverhill	100
"	Lowell	100
"	Worcester	100
Mich.,	Ann Arbor	60
"	Detroit	60
"	Grand Rapids	60
"	Jackson	60
Minn.,	Duluth	80
"	Minneapolis	80
"	St. Paul	80
Miss.,	Meridian	100
"	Vicksburg	100
Mo.,	Kansas City	75
"	St. Louis	60
"	Springfield	80
Mont.,	Helena	150
Nebr.,	Lincoln	80
"	Omaha	80
Nev.,	Carson City	200
N. H.,	Concord	100
N. J.,	Bayonne	100
"	Newark	100
"	Trenton	100
N. Y.,	N. Y. City	100
"	Albany	90
"	Rochester	80
"	Buffalo	80
N. C.,	Charlotte	100
Ohio,	Cincinnati	60
"	Cleveland	75
"	Dayton	60
Oreg.,	Portland	200
Pa.,	Alleghany City	80
"	Reading	90
"	Philadelphia	90
R. I.,	Providence	100
"	Westerly	100
S. C.,	Charleston	100
Tenn.,	Chattanooga	80
"	Knoxville	80
Tex.	Dallas	100
"	Galveston	100
Utah.,	Salt Lake City	150
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Va.,	Norfolk	90
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. de Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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CONTENTMENT.

WE make a great ado about our hardships, but how little we talk of our blessings. Health of ody, which is given in largest quantity those who have never been petted or ndled and spoiled by fortune, we take s a matter of course. Rather have this xury, and have it alone, than without look out from a palace window upon arks of deer stalking between fountains nd statuary. These people sleep sounder n a straw mattress than fashionable in-alids on a couch of ivory and eagles' own. The dinner of herbs tastes bet-er to the appetite sharpened on a wood-man's axe or a reaper's scythe than ealthy indigestion experiences, seated t a table covered with partridge and enison and pineapple. The grandest xury God ever gave a man is health. Ie who trades that off for all the palaces f the earth is infinitely cheated. We ok back at the glory of the last Napol-on, but who would have taken his Ver-ailles and his Tuileries, if with them we ad been obliged to take his gout?

FIELD SPORTS.

WE are at the season when lawn-tennis, croquet, lacrosse and ball-playing are in full blast. et us rejoice at the fact that so many of ur people are in sunshine and open air. ur imprisonment in winter bonds is nded, and the color has come back to ur cheeks, and the spring to our step. et us make it a part of our religion to ake care of our health. We are such nprofitable servants even in our strong-st mood that we need, as a matter of hristian duty, to keep nerve and muscle nd brain in healthiest condition. Health s a talent; let us be careful how we ex-end it. In all matters of diet and exer-ise and dress let us obey Paul's injunc-on to the jailer when he cried out, "Do nyself no harm." Have your homes ell ventilated. See that the water is resh. Let the pantries be as pure as the elds. Watch carefully against the dulteration of food. Have all the lights ut at ten o'clock at night. You have iven to God your souls; give him also our bodies, a living sacrifice holy and cceptable unto God, which is your easonable service. Join a ball club, if hey do not gamble about the game, or a military company, if they do not drink, r an excursion to the fields, or a fishing party down the bay, or in some way get ourself under the benediction of the resh air as God pours it out on moun-ain, and valley, and field, and lake, and ea. The body all right, and the mind ll right, and the soul all right, let us rally all our physical, mental, and spiritual energies to glorify God and help the world. Now is our opportunity for usefulness. Now is our time to encourage the disheartened. Now is our time to work, for the shadows will soon begin to lengthen, and the sun will go down, and it will be the night in which no man can work. Go forth and call wanderers home. Go forth and seek those who are so wounded they cannot get back. Hear ye not the voice of the great Shepherd who says:

Have ye looked for sheep in the desert?
For those who have missed their way;
Have you been in the wild, waste places,
Where the lost and wandering stray?

Have ye trodden the lonely highway,
The foul and darksome street?
It may be you'd see in the gloaming,
The print of my wounded feet.

THE DOCTORS.

I AM no more confident that Christianity will extirpate the spiritual woes of the world than that medical science under divine direction will abolish the physical woes. Christ suggested this when he cured the paralysis and blind eyes and catalepsies of those whose sins he pardoned, and the positive promise concerning the millennial gladness is that "the eyes of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; then shall the lame leap as a hart and the dumb sing." It is only a question of time, not long to be deferred, I hope and believe, when there will be an atropine for every morphia, a magnesia for every acid, a cinchona for every putrescence, and for every physical ill a chemical reagent. More interest have I in these medical experiments and discoveries than I have in inventions, locomotive or bellicose. The warrior who destroys life deserves not so bright a garland as the practitioner or scientist who saves life. The machinist who invents a swifter wheel to whirl a passenger to some other place is not of so much use as the doctor who invents a plan by which his patient can stay in this place. Success, therefore, to all the laboratories until the time shall come—and it will come—when men and women will die only of old age. The physical machinery will stop only because it is worn out. Slower and slower the pulsation, feebler and feebler the respiration until painless demise shall end the earthly career. Croups, and pneumonias and scarlet fevers and consumptions and rheumatisms and neuralgias and congestions abolished with the disorders that have already succumbed. We want no inventions to take us faster than the limited express train. We need no quicker communication of thought than that which is afforded by telegraphy. We want no brighter light than Edison's electric. But we do want an exterminating war upon the diseases which rack our bodies and bereave our families and ravage the nation. What a realm opens before the doctors. Who knows but that after a while there may be found a universal antidote, and, as all the world's distresses came from one tree in Paradise, so there may yet be discovered a leaf or root, or bark or fruit whose essence the world shall quaff for the rectification of all disorders.

GOOD LUCK.

WE hear many people talking about "good luck." But things are not at loose ends. Behave yourself well, and matters will come out about right; sin against God, and things will come out all wrong. He who cheats and lies and swears will always have bad luck. He who faithfully serves God will always have good luck. When we see a boy coming in from a street fight, with bruised eye and soiled coat and rough behavior, we say, "That boy has had bad luck." When we see a girl with a pouting lip, cross and snarlish, and hard to please, saying sharp things to her mother and making herself, in the house and at school, very disagreeable, we are apt to say, "That girl has had very bad luck." But it would be better to talk more of the kind Providence that arranges our lot, and less of chance. There is no such thing as luck—our blessings are more than our losses. People ought to hunt more for marigolds and buttercups, and less for burrs and thistles. We could not tell you how many times we have met with what people call good luck. If we were about to start on a journey and wanted fair weather, though we heard it storm in the night, we have almost always found that the sun shone brightly in the morning. If we had a bad cold, and feared that we would not be able to preach next Sabbath, by the time the day came we were hale and healthy. If some one stole our umbrella, we generally found that an unknown person had lost his umbrella in our entry. We left our cane in the cars, but a friend presented us with another. Our carriage broke down, but we got the benefit of exercise in walking. We missed the train, but by that means escaped a terrible accident. A steamboat on the Hudson River took fire, but we had chosen that same night to go on the other one that came through undamaged. We never knew an unkind thing to be said about us, but it in some way turned out to our advantage. We had an unexpected call for twenty dollars, and from the gutter on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, we picked up a pocket-book containing twenty dollars. Almost everything that we expected to turn out wrong has turned out right. We have been fortunate in selecting our grocer, our tailor, our doctor and our friends. We were born in a very good place, at just the right time, and had the best of parents. We would not trade off our circumstances for anybody else's circumstances. We have had what people call good luck in the morning, good luck at noon, and good luck in the evening. We have trod on many sharp thorns, and drank from a bitter cup, but still we say, 'Goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life."

Henceforth let us give more time to thinking of our joys, less of our vexations. That is what we mean by hunting more for marigolds and buttercups, and less for burrs and thistles.

CHEER UP.

THERE is one thing that Satan does well. He is good at stating the discouraging side. He knows how to fish for obstacles, and every time brings up his net full. Do not let us help him in his work. If you have anything to say in prayer-meeting that is disheartening, may you forget your speech! Tell us something on the bright side. I know a Christian man who did something outrageously wrong. Some one said to me: "Why do you not expose him?" I replied: "That is the devil's work, and it will be thoroughly done. If there is anything good about him, we would rather speak of that." Give us no sermons or newspaper articles that are depressing. We know all that before you start; amid the greatest dishearteners there are hopeful things that may be said. While the Mediterranean corn-ship was going to smash, Paul told the crew to "Be of good cheer." We like apple trees because, though they are not handsome, they have bright blossoms and good fruit, but we despise weeping willows because they never do anything but cry. On a dark day do not go around closing the window-shutters. The world is dark enough without your making it more so. Is there anybody in the room who has a match? Please then strike it. There is only one kind of champagne that we temperance folk can take, and that is encouraging remark. It is a stimulus, and what makes it better than all other kinds of champagne is it leave no headache.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

PRACTICAL BIBLE HELP.

OF the many Bible students who have helped me to a real love for the Word of God, I think none are more practical than my friend and successful preacher, the Rev. Dwight E. Marvin. Out of his research for *Demand and Supply* for human hearts in their needs, he has placed in alphabetical order from the Bible the place where you may turn quickly and find help.

To rightly divide the word of truth unto your daily necessities is no small step in the advancement of Christian life and character. I hope all readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will cut out this column and put it carefully away in their Bibles.

When in need of

Purity read 1. Peter 1.
Reconciliation with Man read Matt. 18.
Reformation read Luke 3.
Regeneration read John 3.
Remission of Sin read Hebrews 9.
Repentance read Luke 15.
Resignation read 1. Peter 4.
Rest read Hebrews 4.
Revival read Joel 2.
Righteousness read Romans 3.
Safety read Psalm 121.
Salvation read Isaiah 53.
Sanctification read Romans 6.
Security read Psalm 125.
Self-Denial read Colossians 3.
Self-Examination read Psalm 139.
Separation read II. Corinthians 6.
Spiritual Discernment read 1. Corinthians 2.
Spiritual Nourishment read John 6.
Spirituality read John 14.
Stability read II. Corinthians 4.
Steadfastness read Hebrews 3.
Stimulus read The Acts 26.
Strength read Ephesians 6.
Submissiveness read Matthew 26.
Sympathy read John 11.
Tact read 1. Corinthians 9.
Teaching read Matthew 5, 6, 7.
Temperance read Proverbs 23.
Temporal Supply read Matthew 6.
Thankfulness read Psalm 103.
Trust in God read Psalm 42.
Understanding the Scriptures, Luke 24.
Victory read Romans 7, 8.
Vigilance read 1. Thessalonians 5.
Warning read Luke 16.
Watchfulness read Matthew 24.
Wisdom read Proverbs 8.
Wisdom in Speech read James 3.
Zeal read Matthew 25.

God's Supply.

There are so many lean Christians, thin, frail, weak and powerless, that it will not be amiss to slip in seven of the "Abundants" found in the Bible, that they may feed thereon and grow fat.

Please don't pass them on to your neighbor, it may be a spiritual looking-glass, might reveal many needs of your own.

Abundant mercy 1. Peter 1: 3.
Abundant grace II. Cor. 4: 15.
Abundant consolation II. Cor. 1: 5.
Abundant joy II. Cor. 8: 2.
Abundant pardon Isaiah 55: 7.
Abundant peace Psa. 37: 11.
Abundant entrance II. Pet. 1: 11.

Evangelization Needed.

There are many good people (?) who decry any special effort in soul-winning. The very name "Evangelist" is abhorrent to them, any thing out of the "regular" is very distasteful, and so far as they can, will oppose any movement that looks towards "extra meetings."

They have a notion America is blooming out in all beauty of religious life and to just go on as we are will bring us to the day of universal righteousness. Oh how false is this, to go on as we are will bring us the triplet of horrors: death, devil and destruction.

Here is one fact, think of it:

The number of murders in the United States doubled in 1891 over 1889. How many were there? Sixteen known murders for every one of the 365 days, and the unknown will even the figures up one half as many more. Add to this Judge Parker's statement:

"Of the 4,290 murderers credited to the year 1890 only 102 were executed pursuant to law, while 127 were lynched, and of the 5,906 murderers of 1891 there were executed only 128, while 195 were lynched." Over 10,000 murderers in two years in the United States.

A CONVENTION INCIDENT.

ONE of the most remarkable scenes ever witnessed in a National Convention took place at Minneapolis on June 10. The predictions of the friends of rival candidates have been so often falsified that in spite of the assurances of Mr. Harrison's friends that he would be nominated, there was considerable doubt about it in the minds of others when the Convention met. A lady who is an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Blaine was seated behind the chairman at the decisive session. One of the speakers made an appeal for the nomination of Blaine, and as the cheering which the name evoked rose from the Blaine delegates, the lady stood up and with a white parasol closed and like an orchestra leader's baton began to motion the delegates to warm with their cheering. "She had a prominent position in the hall," says the *Sun* correspondent, "and was in front of and in full sight of all the delegates. They all saw her, and slowly began to rise and recommence cheering. They stood up in bunches of half a dozen at a time, and the young woman never faltered, but kept beckoning more and more of them to get up, until the whole body of delegates were on their feet. Even then she was not satisfied, but with the same firm and masterful motion of her parasol kept inciting them to increase and strengthen their cheers. Never, perhaps, has a woman so completely mastered 12,000 people at one gathering in this country. She led that multitude as a bandmaster leads an orchestra." For more than twenty minutes she kept them cheering until she sank back exhausted in her chair, and the shouts ceased. It was a fine spectacle of enthusiastic devotion on her part, and some looking at its effect thought that the clamor she aroused would result in the nomination of Mr. Blaine. But when the votes were cast it was found that the men who had cheered for him had voted for his rival. The incident shows how evanescent are the effects of popular clamor. We are sadly familiar with the fact in the spiritual world. When large congregations are deeply moved under the influence of some eloquent speaker, we naturally expect large accessions to the Church of Christ. Too often the result is disappointing. As soon as the spell is broken the hearers go their way as before. Even Jesus himself complained, "Ye call me Lord, Lord, yet do not the things that I say. (Luke 6: 46.)

A Question of Nationality.

THE State Department of our Government has been asked to interfere in a difficult question of nationality. About thirty years ago a French merchant came to this country on business and after a short stay decided to settle here. He commenced business in New York and prospered. He married a French lady, and one son was born to them. The father registered the birth in the usual way and also at the French consulate. The latter registration was a matter of precaution in view of property in France which the child might inherit. A few weeks ago his son, now a young man, went on a visit to France. He had never been in his father's native country and he proposed spending a month or two in travelling through it and making acquaintance with connections of his family. No sooner did he arrive in Paris, however, than he was arrested. He was charged with being a deserter from the French army, his failure to report for military duty on arriving at the statuory age being under French law equivalent to desertion. The young man protested that he had been born in New York and was therefore not liable to military service. The authorities, however, held that the registration of his birth at the French consulate in New York constituted him a French citizen with the rights, privileges, and also the duties appertaining to citizenship. He was thrust into prison, his head was shaved, his mustache cut off, and other indignities put upon him. Unless the State Department intervenes successfully, he will have to serve fifteen months in the army after undergoing punishment for desertion. Whether the young man is really a citizen of France or of the United States will be a question difficult to determine. The same doubt frequently arises as to citizenship in Christ's kingdom. When men are hoping to go to heaven when they die and receive an inheritance among the saints in light; yet who lead worldly lives and neglect Christian duties, it is not easy to decide whether they belong to Christ or to the world, "But the Lord knoweth them that are his." (II. Timothy 2: 19.)

A Chain-maker's System.

A REPORT in a trade journal shows that one of the most successful manufacturing industries connected with the iron and steel trades in this country is that conducted by a firm of chain-makers. The chains made by this firm are not only extensively used in all our States but are in demand throughout Europe. The secret of this popularity consists in the mode of manufacture. The ordinary chain-maker is aware that his articles will be tested by a testing maching which applies a high tensile strain steadily continued. Brittle iron, if sufficiently strong, will bear this strain without breaking, but will break if a lower strain is applied suddenly by a shock. The American chain-maker carefully selects his material with the view of obtaining the quality of elasticity with a moderate degree of tensile strength. Exceptional care is taken that its welding qualities are superior, and, in the process of manufacture, arrangements are made for developing all these qualities. The result is a chain which under high pressure is to a certain extent elastic and will not break when subjected to a sudden shock. It yields and recovers its normal condition when relieved of the strain. Though less bulky than other chains and containing less material and apparently not so strong, it is better fitted to fulfil its purpose and not to fail in emergencies when it is most needed. The same characteristics may be seen in human nature. It is not always the physically strong or those who are most boastful who best endure the strain of persecution or temptation. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God establishes strength. (Ps. 8: 2.)

A Culinary Discovery.

A DISCLOSURE is made in a journal devoted to housekeeping, which will be news to many people. The general opinion about rancid butter is that nothing better can be done with it than to fling it into the ash-barrel, but a chemist has found a use for it which proved very profitable. In a dingy brick house on the east side of New York City the article is taken in, and after going through various processes, is sent out in a form which is eagerly sought by professional cooks. The chemist who works this transformation, discovered that the essence of the pine-apple juice, which is used in flavoring custards, pies, cakes, etc., was really butyric ether. This substance, he believed, could be extracted from rancid butter, and he began a series of experiments which have ended successfully. The butter is treated with potash and sulphuric acid, and the product distilled by another process, in which sulphuric acid is again an agent. It is purified in various ways, and at the end, is an essence of delicious flavor and delicate fragrance which cannot be distinguished from the pine-apple oil, extracted from the fruit, and its properties are precisely the same. Thus the article which was regarded as worthless, becomes a valuable product capable of making other food more palatable. It is an analogous transformation that takes place with human refuse when through the Holy Spirit, the wicked and mischievous man is cleansed and becomes an agent in the purification of others. (I. Cor. 6: 11.)

Extricated From Quicksand.

THE rescue of a man from a living grave on June 3rd was largely due to the efforts of a Presbyterian clergyman. A well was being dug in the village of Maspeth, L. I., and the man who was digging, while his assistants were hauling up the soil, struck a bed of quicksand. Soon afterward there was a loud noise and then a smothered cry for help. Looking down to where the man had been at work thirty feet below the surface, nothing could be seen but loose soil and the planks which had been placed to support the sides of the well. An alarm was given and the villagers hurried to the scene of the disaster. Among the first to arrive was the Rev. J. E. Mallman, pastor of the Newtown Presbyterian Church, who promply descended to the bottom of the excavation. He found that the man was still alive, though he could not be seen. The planks had so fallen that they protected his head, but he was buried to the waist in the sand. He begged them to hurry to get him out, and the villagers knew there was no time to be lost, for a well-digger had been caught in quicksand in the neighborhood some time ago and drawn down until he was suffocated. The clergyman took off his coat and began digging with his hands at the mass of soil which held down the planks. Soon picks and spades were brought, and several men joined in the work. The cries of the imprisoned man grew fainter, after a time, and some of the rescuers gave up in despair, believing it would be impossible to reach him in time to save his life. The clergyman, however, would not desist and urged the others to help. "While there's life there's hope," he said. His own hands were blistered and bleeding with the unaccustomed labor, but he toiled on. More helpers came, and the work made rapid progress. At last, the planks were uncovered, and the man was reached and drawn out, more dead than alive. He had been confined in that small place, scarcely able to breathe, for nine hours, and he was so weak he could not stand. But he was living and very thankful for his escape. Perhaps, in the future, when the clergyman is trying to rescue some poor sinner who is held fast in his sins, he may be encouraged by the recollection of the success which attended his efforts in this apparently hopeless task. That effort, too, often seems hopeless to the Christian worker, but he has the help of him of whom many have testified: "He brought me up out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay." (Ps. 40: 2.)

A Fatal Initiation.

GENERAL regret is professed through Yale University over the death of a student which occurred on June 6. He came to the University from Omaha, Neb., and soon attained popularity among the students by his genial manners and his open, generous disposition. Some time ago, his name was proposed for entrance into the famous D. K. E. society, one of the secret societies of the University. He was accepted, and the date of his initiation was fixed. In the course of the ridiculous and fantastic ceremony he was blindfolded and ordered to run down the street. He obeyed, but swerved a little from the direct route, and before he discovered his mistake, he struck directly across the carriage way. A carriage was approaching in the opposite direction. The driver seeing the blindfolded young man coming, checked his horses to avoid a collision with him. It was useless, however. The young man could not see the carriage, and he ran against it at full speed. He received a terrible blow from the end of the pole. He was carried to his rooms in great agony. The best medical attention was secured for him, but peritonitis set in, and in spite of all that could be done for him, he died. If he had been a victim of hazing, the students concerned in the affair might have been punished, but as the young man voluntarily placed himself in their hands to undergo the process of initiation whatever it might be, they will probably escape punishment. It is strange that in order to gain social distinction men will face peril and render themselves ridiculous, while the thought of the ridicule of their companions or the friendships they may be called to give up is sufficient to deter them from entering the kingdom of God. (I. Cor. 9: 25.)

A Railroad Man's Heroism.

AN act of bravery was witnessed at Bayonne, N. J, on June 4, which deserved a different ending. There is a level crossing for vehicles on one side of the street and, at the same place a bridge over the tracks for the use of foot passengers. Two women came to the crossing on the evening in question and instead of going over the bridge walked across the tracks. The gateman did not notice them and as two trains were coming, one in each direction, he lowered the gates. The women perceived their danger when they were on the tracks. One of them had the presence of mind to run back and scramble under the gate. The other seemed to lose the use of her senses and stood on the track apparently spell bound. The train was but a few yards away from her when the flagman saw her and ran to her rescue. He hastily pushed her from the track and then jumped to save his own life. But he was not quick enough. The locomotive caught him and hurled him aside by a terrific blow. He was removed to the hospital where he died the same night. The woman was uninjured. She fell beside the track when the flagman pushed her and remained motionless till the train had passed. Then she rose and walked away unhurt. We admire the man who risked his life and lost it in saving another yet we hear unmoved the story of him who deliberately laid down his life that we might have life eternal. (John 10: 11.)

BRIEF NOTES.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of $128.50, for the relief of the sufferers by the floods in the southwest. This sum has been sent to us since our last acknowledgment by forty subscribers whose names will be published next week. We have forwarded the money to Rev. George W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary in Missouri who will distribute it among the sufferers, many of whom are absolutely homeless and destitute.

The Montreal Methodist Conference sitting at Pembroke recently, elected as President for the year Rev. W. H. Graham of Waterloo and as Secretary Rev. W. Philip of Vankleek Hill. Rev. J. Cooper Antliff D. D. was President last year.

A tablet made of Nile mud has been secured for the British Museum. It contains in cuneiform impressions, the marriage proposal of a Pharaoh for the hand of a daughter of the King of Babylon. It was written 1,500 years before Christ.

A gift of $40,000 has been made to the Protestant Episcopal City Mission for the purpose of erecting a mission church for the poor of the upper east side of New York City. The gift is made by the two daughters of the late Mr. T. B. Coddington of New York, as a memorial of their father. The elder daughter married the son of the poet Browning.

Dr. R. W. McAll said in a recent letter that the mission had now 136 stations in France, of which forty were in and around Paris, the remainder being scattered through the provinces and Corsica, with four or five in Algiers. The total attendance at their services during the past year was 1,280,000, or more than 73,000 over any previous year, and they had 10,000 children and youny people in the various mission-schools.

Contributions toward the fund for the support of Rev. Geo. W. Sharp have been received since our last list was published to the amount of $33. They are from: Three Readers $14; A Subscriber, Chattanooga, Tenn., $5; Jessie, Brockport, N. Y., $5; A Friend, South Branch, N. J., $3; A Friend, $2; S. P. Georgetown, $1; H. G. Lynn, Mass, $1; Subscriber, Fairhaven, Vt., $1; W. A. R. Widfield, Ind., $1.

Since the meetings held by Rev. B. Fay Mills at Tacoma, Wash., all the churches in the city have had accessions of members who ascribe their conversion to God's blessing on the services. With the First Presbyterian Church 220 united, and with the First Congregational Church 147. The First Methodist Episcopal Church also received a large number of which the exact figures are not accessible. A noon-day prayer meeting has been commenced in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. and is well attended by business men.

Dr. L. W Munhall has been holding United Services at Mason City, Iowa. The *Gazette* of that city says that no such meetings for fervor, numbers, and wonderful results have ever been witnessed there. The interest grew from the beginning, the numbers increased and deeper feeling was manifested. One day was set apart, toward the close of the meetings, as a day of fasting and prayer. All the business houses in the city were closed and six hours of continuous services were conducted in the First Baptist Church by Dr. Munhall and the pastors of the city who had joined in the movement.

Dr. Edward Judson of the Memorial Church, New York, is arranging for an active philanthropic work during the summer. A home is already opened at Brattleboro Vt. to which invalids and persons needing rest and change will be sent for a short stay. A number of children of the poor will be sent in small groups to various salubrious places along the coast, and a flower mission is organized for the collection of flowers and their distribution among the poor and sick of the neighborhood. Dr. Judson expects to spend a very busy summer in supporting and superintending these beneficent enterprises.

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A Thousand Miles Up the Amazon

(*Continued from first page.*)

asked Amelia to dance. "Yes," she replied, "if you will first kneel down here with me and pray." The youth immediately left her and sought another partner. Finally, finding that Amelia was not to be coerced into denying the Saviour, her family abandoned their persecutions. Since that time, the other members of the household have come under conviction of sin, and Amelia has the joy of knowing that she has been the means of this happy change, for all now attend the mission and are earnest Christians. One girl's fidelity to Jesus had as its reward nine other souls!

Many of the young men and women who have been trained at the mission are now doing excellent service in spreading the Gospel, and have proved invaluable aids to the missionary and his wife. The work has been specially fruitful among the young, and many children have learned to know and love the Saviour. At first the little folks were warned away from the mission school by being told that Mr. Carver was "a devil." "You don't look like the devil a bit," delightedly exclaimed a little negro lad, the first time he came to Sunday School. Many months afterward, the missionary sat by the little boy's dying bed.

"Teacher," said he, "I am going to be with Jesus in heaven. But I shall wait just inside the gate till you come."

Many of the adults, when they first attended the services, were living lives of sinful indulgence; gambling, adultery and every form of immorality prevailed in the community. Men had two or three so-called wives, although the marriage tie in its sacred meaning was a thing almost unknown. One man, the father of seventeen children, was a striking illustration of the power of the Spirit in convicting of sin. He severed his sinful connections, joined the church and is now an honored and exemplary Christian.

The family life of the people of the Upper Amazon is that of master and slave, the man being the ruler and the wife his slave and the daughters saleable property. The sons are taught by the father's example to simply command the other sex as they choose. While a husband sits at the table and his sons with him, the wife stands or sits behind his chair to serve him till he is satisfied, after which she may eat. She is neither mistress of her body nor her soul. She sees her daughters sold into like slavery. They are never asked their choice in marriage, but if the young man has the father's consent, he can carry the daughter off anytime he wishes. Men of forty or fifty years are frequently united to girls from eleven to sixteen years old. Women of twenty are thus often left widows with half a dozen children. One black man living not far from the mission is one of fifty children of the same father. A native priest is the parent of twenty-four children. With such immorality prevailing in a populous centre, it is not surprising to hear that in the more remote districts not yet reached by the Gospel, the most frightful savage vices, including cannibalism, exist. An illustration on the first page shows a typical Amazon Valley dwelling.

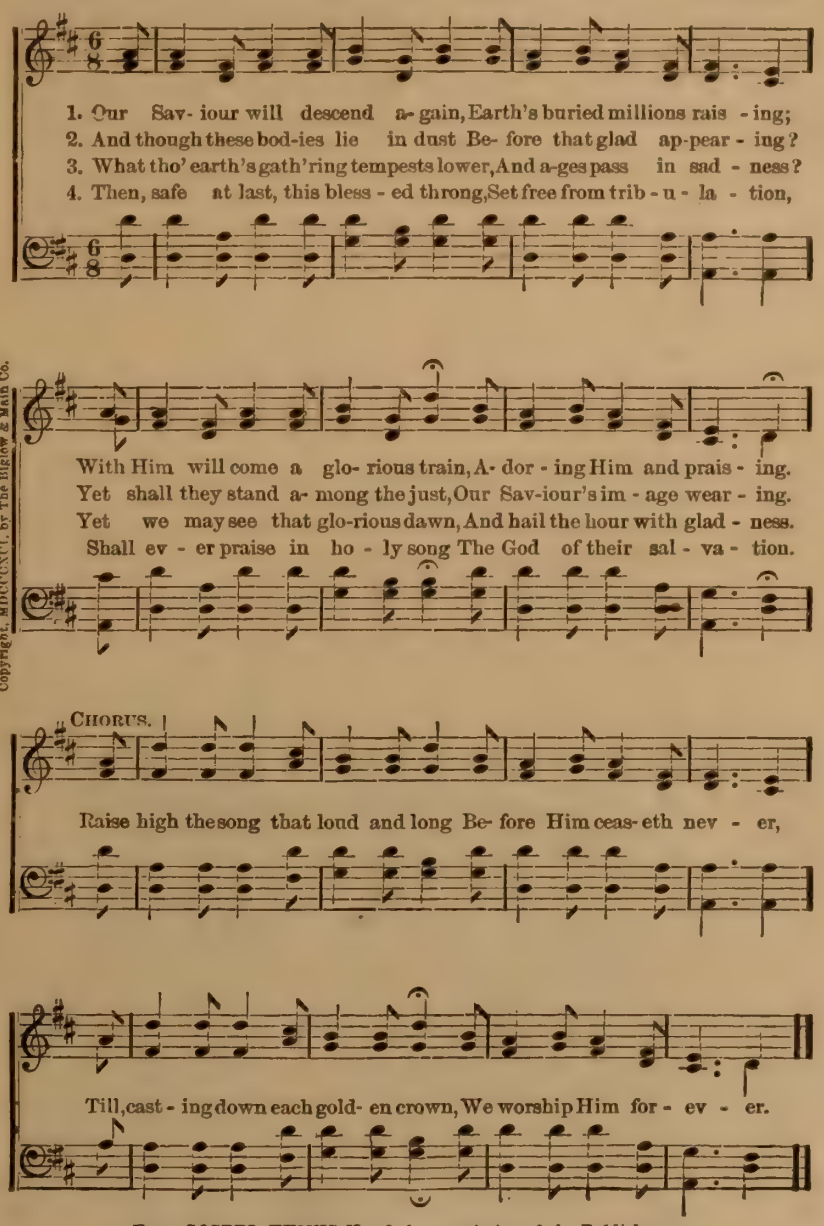
The Rev. Marcus Ellsworth Carver is a native of Oswego County, N. Y., where he was born in 1863. Even as a boy he showed the missionary spirit. He graduated at Cazenovia Seminary, and in 1886 became a minister of the Presbyterian church. Some years afterward he went with his wife to Para, Brazil, at the mouth of the Amazon, and penetrated as far as Manaos, with the results already stated. Mrs. Carver is a native of Switzerland, and came to this country at the age of seventeen, in 1880. She has been engaged in mission work for many years, having received a special training at the Bethany Institute Training School for home and foreign work. For a year she labored as a city missionary in Detroit with marked success. She was united in marriage to Mr. Carver in 1889, and has since then shared his toils and triumphs in the Gospel work in the Amazon Valley.

ANY of our subscribers who do not keep their copies of this journal for binding and desire to send them out after reading them where they may do good, may be pleased to learn that Rev. J. B. Mitchell, Colporteur of the American Tract Society, Medina, Mich., will be glad to receive them for distribution among poor families in his district. He writes us that he visited many families who have no religious reading, and that some copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which fell into his hands some time ago and were so distributed, were blessed of God in many cases. Postage or express charges must be paid by the senders, as Mr. Mitchell has no funds for the purpose.

Raise high the Song.

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—JOHN 14: 3.

THOS. LAURIE. J. J. LOWE.


1. Our Sav- iour will descend a- gain, Earth's buried millions rais - ing;
2. And though these bod-ies lie in dust Be- fore that glad ap-pear - ing?
3. What tho' earth's gath'ring tempests lower, And a-ges pass in sad - ness?
4. Then, safe at last, this bless - ed throng, Set free from trib - u - la - tion,
With Him will come a glo- rious train, A- dor - ing Him and prais - ing.
Yet shall they stand a- mong the just, Our Sav-iour's im - age wear - ing.
Yet we may see that glo-rious dawn, And hail the hour with glad - ness.
Shall ev - er praise in ho - ly song The God of their sal - va - tion.
CHORUS.
Raise high the song that loud and long Be- fore Him ceas-eth nev - er,
Till, cast - ing down each gold- en crown, We worship Him for - ev - er.

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THE JOYFUL MORNING.

PSALM 30: 5.

(*For The Christian Herald.*)

JOY cometh in the morning,
When after night of tears,
And many untold struggles
Between our hopes and fears,
We greet the blessed sunlight
Of heaven's cloudless years.

Joy cometh in the morning
Which dawns upon our sight,
When earth with all its trials
Has vanished in a night;
And we join with the angels—
Those thousands robed in white.

Joy cometh in the morning,
When by the Crystal Sea,
We meet and know each other,
Glad meeting that will be—
How oft the thought comes to us,
And cheers us—you and me!

Joy cometh in the morning,
When we have ceased to roam,
And sit down with the ransomed,
In heaven's palace dome—
The eternal hills shall echo,
As we sing, "Home, sweet home."

Joy cometh in the morning
That sees the day unfold,
Which opens to our vision,
The years that ne'er grow old—
We long, O joyful morning!
Thy dawning to behold.—V. A. BELDIN

ON THE JOURNEY.

MAKE home beautiful,
Have l'ps truthful,
Make hearts hopeful,
Have friends trustful;
As you journey on through life.

Make eyes shine brighter,
And hearts grow lighter,
Ever lend a helping hand,
Do all the good you can;
As you journey on through life.

Do not form opinion blindly,
Nor of others speak unkindly,
If we like our Lord would be,
We must show more charity;
As we journey on through life.

Let our motto ever be,
"More like thee!" "More like thee!"
Saviour, Leader, Brother, Friend,
All our hopes on thee depend;
As we journey on through life.
—MRS. EMMA C. ELLIOT.

THE APOCALYPSE.

The Testimony of the Two Witnesses, their Death and Resurrection.

BY P. W. E.

"AND I will give power unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and three score days, clothed in sackcloth. These are the two olive trees, and the two candlesticks standing before the God of the earth. And if any man will hurt them, fire proceedeth out of their mouth, and devoureth their enemies; and if any man will hurt them he must in this manner be killed. These have power to shut heaven, that it rain not in the days of their prophecy; and have power over waters to turn them to blood, and to smite the earth with all plagues, as often as they will." (Rev. 11: 3–6.) These wirnesses are "olive trees," having oil, or the anointing of the Holy Spirit. They are also lamps, shedding forth the light of the Spirit in the midst of the darkness, into which the Jews and Gentiles are both enveloped. During the period of the church while the Holy Spirit dwells on earth, there are seven candlesticks (the heavenly number), sending out their light. The seven-fold light is here transferred to heaven, when the "seven lamps of fire burn before the throne." (Chap. 4, 5.) But God will not be withont testimony on earth, therefore there are two witnesses, the smallest number for acceptible evidence according to Jewish law, are raised up now in this dark day. God therefore gives sufficient testimony throughout the whole of this period of "a thousand and two hundred and three score days," or "forty and two months," during which time the holy city is trodden under foot by the Gentiles.

The witnesses are "clothed in sackcloth," expressive of mourning and humiliation; and they stand "before the God of the earth." Hence the attitude of these witnesses is not that of Christians, but that of Elijah, who prayed for drought, and called down fire from heaven. "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." (Mal. 4, 5.) The other character appears to be that of Moses,* who turned water into blood, and smote the earth with plagues. Thus the testimony is not that of Christians proclaiming the Gospel of the grace of God, but that of the Jewish remnant, proclaiming again, "the Gospel of the kingdom," the glorious advent of the Messiah, which Gospel "shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations and then shall the end come," (Matt. 24: 14.)

The miraculous powers of the witnesses are given just so long as their teaching lasts; "and when they shall have finished their testimony, the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit shall make war against them, and shall overcome them and kill them, and their dead bodies shall lie in the street of the great city, which spiritually is called Sodom, and Egypt, where also our Lord was crucified." This makes it very plain that the scene of their testimony is Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is looked at in two very different aspects, according to its place, whether in God's counsels or in its actual condition. We have both views in this chapter. It is called "the holy city" when speaking of God's purposes, and the guilt of the Gentiles in treading it down. But when considered in its spiritual state under the power of "the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit," it is spoken of as in the deepest moral blackness, reeking with the filthiness of Sodom; and lying under the judgment of Egypt, the city where men's guilt had culminated in the rejection and crucifixion of the Lord.

Here in Jerusalem we have two forces drawn up in array against each other. God raises up an adequate testimony to his government, while "the beast" tries to crush the testimony by killing the witnesses. The Gentiles and "they that dwell upon the earth," rejoice over the suppression of the testimony, little suspecting that, in spite of the death of the two witnesses, the prophecy is on the very eve of fulfillment—"And they (or some) of the people and kindreds and tongues and nations shall see their dead bodies three days and a half, and shall not suffer their dead bodies to be put into graves. And they that dwell upon the earth shall rejoice over them, and make merry, and shall send gifts one to another; because these two prophets tormented them that dwell upon the earth." Here we have two classes representing the nations or Gentiles, and the dwellers on the earth. Of the former, no doubt a vast majority, rejoice and will not even allow the bodies to be burn-

* Prophetic expositors, generally, are of the opinion that the two witnesses are Enoch and Elijah, both of whom were translated without dying.—ED.

ed. The other class, "they that dwell upon the earth," are still louder in their exultations. This class, as we saw in a former article, represent an "earthly minded people," loving and living for the world. The witnesses' foretelling of a kingdom of righteousness and judgment is to them intolerable. Their joy is intense, when they hear that the voices of the witnesses have been silenced by death, and they "send gifts one to another." Their joy is of short duration. Only three and a half days pass by, when they are terrified by a wonderful display of God's power, which shows his acceptance of the fallen witnesses and his wrath against their destroyers. "And after three days and a half the Spirit of life from God entered into them, and they stood upon their feet; and great fear fell upon them which saw them. And they heard a great voice from heaven saying unto them, Come up hither. And they ascended up to heaven in a (the) cloud; and their enemies beheld them. And the same hour was there a great earthquake, and the tenth part of the city fell; and in the earthquake were slain of men seven thousand; and the remnant were affrighted, and gave glory to the God of heaven."

their resurrection is public and thrilling. The very malice of their enemies enhances its glory; for while the air is echoing the rejoicings of their downfall; while their bodies are lying in the streets of the city, they are suddenly filled with new life, and are caught up to heaven, like Christ himself, in the cloud, express emblem of divine presence. "And their enemies beheld them." What a sight! How appalling! More so than the hand writing on the wall of Belshazzar's palace, and pointing to a still more terrible doom.

At the same hour an earthquake shakes the city, and seven thousand men are cut off in the midst of their exultations. The survivors were affrighted, and gave glory to the God of heaven. But there is no repentance. They do not recognize his claim to the earth, nor do they submit to the truth which the two witnesses proclaim. There is natural terror and religious awe, which natural terror creates; but no humiliation, no faith, no godly sorrow, or bowing to the testimony of God's Word. And yet the trumpet announces that "The second woe is past; behold, the third woe cometh quickly."

Seventh Trumpet.

(Verses 15-18.)

"And the seventh angel sounded; and there were great voices in heaven, saying, the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever." Such is the burden of this last trumpet, ushering in the reign of our Lord and of his Christ. The glorious reign in which "He shall judge the people with righteousness, and the poor with judgment;" in which "the righteous shall flourish, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth;" in which "all the kings shall fall down before him; all nations shall serve him." (Ps. 72.) To this groaning creation it is an hour of unspeakable joy, as it is a deliverance "from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God." (Rom. 8: 21.)

JOINT HEIRS.

THERE came a precious meaning
Into the Word to-day—
A waft of sweetness from the land
That is not far away.
A thought so pure, so high, so strong
That in my homely lot
I kept the measure of a song,
And bore me free from spot.

Joint heirs with Christ the Blessed,
The Father's only Son,
So lifted into equal place
With that beloved One,
So given rights of sonship
Before the Father's face,
So made the heir of all things
By heaven's most royal grace.

Not as the younger children
Who forth from home may fare,
But as the first-born of the line
The birthright I shall share.
In the presence of the Father,
Uplifted by the Son.
I shall be loved as Christ is loved
And dwell a-near his throne.

Dear thought that bids me cherish
To-day the hidden name
Which will be mine when Jesus
His own shall come to claim;
Dear hope that casts its glory,
A charm o'er daily care,
And gives me joy and freedom
Oft as I kneel in prayer.

— *Congregationalist.*

THE ASCENSION.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing July 3. Acts 1: 1-12. Heb. 6: 13-20.

CHRIST'S departure in so strange a manner must have been to the disciples a double bereavement. That they were not prepared for it is proved by the question they addressed to him: "Wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" They were still looking for an earthly kingdom, in spite of Christ's teaching before his death and during those six weeks of strange, unearthly intercourse with him after his resurrection. But the familiar walk to Bethany, which they had often taken with him, had an end which dispelled those ideas. A cloud received him out of their sight.

The new order of their lives came in the reproof of the "two men in white apparel." They were gazing after him, but their thoughts were recalled to earth, where their duty lay. "Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" Since that day men have needed to be so addressed. The cloister has irresistible charms for some natures. There is so much in the world to vex, and disturb—so much that is uncongenial, that a life of meditation and isolation seems to offer the best prospects of happiness. But Christ is coming again; the commission has been given to them; much has to done. Not in looking up into heaven must their time, nor ours, be spent. The world is lying in darkness and must he led to look to him for light. Power is to be given, and it is to come in the field of labor.

It was a poor, insignificant company to go forth into the world. As the world compares means with ends, the power to disseminate the new faith was contemptibly inadequate. The learning and wealth, and influence of society were all opposed to them. They could have expected to meet with nothing but derision, or if they did attract notice, only such notice as might bring upon them a fate like that which had befallen their Master. But their duty was defined with an explicit command. Their message was to be delivered to "the uttermost part of the earth," and it still remains the work of the church. The light is still with the minority. It is still the few who have the power and whose privilege and duty it is to influence the many. Had they been deterred by difficulty and danger—had they kept silence, feasting on their menories of the past three years, the world would have never seen the light of life. The duty was plain and the effect certain. Henceforward they were to have no rest, but to toil ceaslessly and to die the martyr's death. And their reward? It lay beyond the grave, but it was theirs by faith, and the conditions have not changed since their time. Christ still expects of his people devoted service; the uttermost parts of the earth have to be occupied.

THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, AT MINNEAPOLIS.

THE C. E. IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

IT IS gratifying to learn that the Christian Endeavor movement has found congenial soil in the Southern hemisphere. The following is an account of the first convention of the Society which we extract from the report published by the *Golden Rule*: Nearly 250 delegates from the Societies were in attendance. The meetings were held in the splendid hall of the Y. M. C. A. of Sydney. The convention opened with an inspiring prayer meeting, which indicated clearly that the delegates had met with an earnest purpose to make the meetings, with the divine blessing, a power for good. Nineteen societies, representing nearly nine hundred members, responded to the roll-call through the delegates present. None of the officers of the Union had any experience in Christian Endeavor Conventions, but the enthusiastic way in which the delegates took up their part of the programme was most encouraging.

A pleasing incident of the afternoon session was the introduction of Mr. Thomas Pratt, an Endeavorer from New York, then on a visit to Sydney, who was enthusiastically received. His address of congratulation and encouragement delighted the convention. The Secretary, Mr. George Gray, gave an account of the formation of the New South Wales Union, and reported the number of Societies enrolled, with the total membership. The return was not complete, from the failure of some Societies to report, but it was estimated that the total number of societies was twenty-five, with more than one thousand members. Seventy-two active members had joined the church from these societies.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

DEERING Chapter, Chicago, began Anniversary Sunday with a sunrise prayer-meeting and closed with an excellent temperance entertainment by the Mercy and Help Department at night. The attendance at the early prayer-meetihg was very good, and at the devotional meeting the room was filled and so was also the church at night. Elwood Chapter, Indiana, observed the League-day with an appropriate programme. Elwood was among the first to fall into line, being Chapter No. 40, and is pushing the work with the energy that characterized her at the beginning. The Chapter has taken the responsibility of furnishing the church parlor. The third anniversary was celebrated by the Union Square, Baltimore, Md., Chapter in the lecture-room of the church. The Chapter at Marblehead, Mass., also observed anniversary day by a love-feast, led by the President. In the evening Pastor Thryston preached to the League. Previous to the evening service the members formed in line in the vestry and marched into the church, carrying their new banner which had on it a large oil painting of the Epworth rectory. The Juniors foliowed with their banner. The devotional meetings at Madelia, Minn., are well attended, members wide awake and in earnest. The League at Plymouth, N. H., is alive and flourishing. It plans to secure a new piano for prayer-meeting and Sunday School work. The Chapter at Meamisville, O., has a membership of 47, and is doing well. The Sunday meetings are conducted almost entirely by the young people. The Albany Chapter, Oregon, is in a flourishing condition.

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THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDIMG AT MINNEAPOLIS.

THE Young Men's Christian Association at Minneapolis, Minn., has formally taken possession of its new home, a picture of which is given on this page. It has appropriately celebrated the new era in its existence by holding a whole week of receptions as a species of house-warming. Monday was apportioned to contributors, members and their friends. Tuesday was set apart for the clergymen of the city and the officers of their churches. Wednesday for the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor, Baptist Union and Epworth League, and Thursday and Friday for the general public. There was a general concensus of opinion by all the guests that the Association deserved hearty congratulations on the elegance and convenience of its handsome building.

The Minneapolis Association was founded in 1866, and is therefore now twenty-six years old. It has 586 members of whom 225 are on the active list.

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A BOY'S SERVICE AT THE Y. M. C. A.

THE development of the Boys' Department in the Young Men's Christian Associations has been one of the most encouraging features of recent times. Its success is reported from many quarters. The following is a specimen case which comes from an active worker at Trenton, N. J.:

The Boys' Department in the Trenton Association has had a wonderful success since its organization in 1890. Under the effecient management of an Assistant Secretary of the General Association who spends a good part of his time looking after the interests of the boys, the Song Services held every Sabbath afternoon are wonderful in their attendance and permanent results. A description of one of the services will show their general character. On that day there were about two hundred present, and all interested. The room was crowded by boys of every condition of life, and represented almost every class of society. After a short energetic Song Service, in which the boys voices were raised in Gospel songs, Horace D. Bellis, one of the members of the Boys' Department, rendered a solo, entitled, "Nearer My God to Thee." Soon after it was finished, three other members of the department led in short prayers, and then the whole audience joined in a hearty song.

When the address was given by J. H. Crawford, First Assistant Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia, the boys listened attentively to every word. Now and then they would become restless, but the speaker seemed to have a power to interest them, just at this special time, and would tell a little anecdote which would bring them back again to the original thought. Almost at the close of the service, Mr. Bellis gave another very impressing solo, entitled, "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me," after which the leader gave the invitation for all boys who wanted to come to Christ to do so at that time. It is the aim of all the Boys' Song Services to present Christ in the simplest manner possible, that even the smallest fellows present will have an opportunity to receive him. At this meeting six boys came forward and pledged themselves in Christ's strength to lead a Christian life.

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WE shall be glad to receive from readers who are members of Christian Endeavor Societies, the King's Daughters, etc., reports of the progress of the work in their localities and of any new methods which have been found successful.

FULLNESS OF HEART.

WHAT the heart is at the birth,
What the soul is to the earth,
What the gem is to the mine,
What the grape is to the vine,
What the bloom is to the tree,
That is Jesus Christ to me.

What the string is to the lute,
What the breath is to the flute,
What the spring is to the watch,
What the nerve is to the touch,
What the breeze is to the sea,
That is Jesus Christ to me.

What the light is to the eye,
What the sun is to the sky,
What the sea is to the river,
What the hand is to the giver,
What a friend is to the plea,
That is Jesus Christ to me.

What culture is unto the waste,
What honey is unto the taste,
What fragrance is unto the smell,
What springs of water to a well,
What beauty is in all I see,
All this, and more, is Christ to me.

—ABRAM S. FLAGG.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells of the Sacred Islands of Lake Jonanga and the King of the Penguins.

"NOW, young folks, are you ready to take a trip with the old traveler to-night?" jocosely inquired Uncle John, as he took his accustomed chair in the cosy sitting-room. "It's just the right kind of night for travel, eh, isn't it? Whew! Listen to the wind, and how the rain dashes against the shutters!"

"It would be a storm, wouldn't it, if we were at sea on a night like this?" suggested Tom.

"But Louis there, who is cut out for a captain, wouldn't mind it a bit. Would you, Louis?"

The trimly-built little fellow stood up squarely before the old traveler.

"I don't know, Uncle John," he said "but I wouldn't mind if it didn't storm all over."

"That's it, my little captain. It never does blow everywhere at once. There's always some part of the great sea that is calm and peaceful. But a true sailor loves to feel the breeze, and to see his ship heeling a bit as she catches its force and speeds through the crested waves. Still, suppose we cruise in calmer latitudes to-night and take a run in our splendid steam yacht, *Imagination*, to the Sacred Islands."

"The Sacred Islands!" exclaimed the children, together. "Where are they?"

"On Lake Jonanga in the Gaboon Country on the West Coast of Africa," was the travelers reply. "You know, my young explorers, we went to Persia lately to look at the beautiful pigeon towers of that country. Now, I will pilot you to a lovely but wild and solitary part of the world, where the great penguins, the ibis, and the fish-hawks are ruled by a fetich king.

"The Sacred Islands, I have been told, are of weird and almost tragic interest, as the central shrine of that primitive fetich worship, the earliest and rudest of all the natural religions. Many of the neighboring tribes visit this savage shrine. A French explorer who went there several years ago says: 'We set out for those famous islands, accompanied by the king of Aroumbe, who was attired in an ancient corporal's uniform, and by a dozen intelligent boys, specially consecrated to the fetich-worship, and wearing a kind of livery of their office, composed chiefly of strings of beads of all colors and sizes, bracelets of red chenille, and rings of yellow copper.' They came to two islets, or rather two immense bouquets of verdure, mirrored in the most translucent water, and literally covered with a cloud of birds of every shape and hue, who evidently lived there in absolute security from molestation. As they sailed along, a great ibis, perched on a rock within a few feet of them watched the passing boat with evident curiosity, rising on tiptoe and agitating his pink wings, bordered with fine bands of black. Above their heads, a species of vulture of a yellowish white, and some great black birds of the fish-hawk family circled in the air. More tranquil in their temperament, immense flocks of birds had settled upon some tall trees near the water. The sailors were evidently much frightened as they drew near the land. But Yondogowiro, the fetich king, was there to appease the angry birds. Nothing could be more droll than to see this little old negro, in a military coat too high in the neck, and too short in the sleeves, arise in the boat, and stretch out supplicating hands towards the penguins, a bird particularly well suited to receive with due gravity the homage offered him. With one hand the old man shook a little bell, attached to a long handle, the emblem of his authority; with the other he crumbled biscuit into the water; then he addressed to the genii this invocation: 'Here are white men, who have come to see you. Do not make them ill. They bring you presents of biscuits. Do not kill them, but let them go back safe to the Gaboon.'

"The birds graciously accepted the biscuit," added Uncle John, "and the voyagers were assured of high social favor from the so-called sacred powers of the islands. They did not, however, insist upon landing on either of the islands, where, in fact, it would have been almost difficult to find a place for the sole of one's foot, so crowded was the vegetation down to the very water's edge. They presented their native guides with a few more strings of beads and some biscuit to be given to the old fetich priest."

"Does nobody ever shoot or kill any of the birds?" asked Ted.

"They would arouse the anger of the tribes of the Gaboon if they did," replied Uncle John. "No; they leave the feathered armies in peaceful possession. But it is a wonderful sight. Here is a picture of the islands showing the flocks of penguins hovering over it; and travellers who have visited the place say that on the slightest alarm, the air becomes darkened with the myriads of winged sentinels who give forth shrill cries as though resenting the presence of intruders."

THE SACRED ISLANDS ON LAKE JONANGA, WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

* * *

Home Memories.

WE ought to watch closely the character of the memories we leave in our homes, says a writer in the *Western Christian Advocate*. One person has left this testimony: "Many a night, as I remember lying quietly in the little upper chamber before sleep came on, there would be a gentle footstep on the stair, the door would noiselessly open and the well-known form, softly gliding through the darkness, would appear at my bedside. First there would be a few pleasant inquiries of affection, which gradually deepened into words of counsel. And then, kneeling, her head close to mine, her most earnest hopes and desire would flow forth in prayer. Her tears bespoke the earnestness of her desire. I seem to feel them yet where they sometimes fell on my face. The prayers often passed out of thought in slumber, and came not to mind again for years, but they were not lost." Is it not worth while for every mother to try to weave such memories into the early years of her children's lives?

* * *

Babies and Bed-time.

IF all the baby-lore, in prose and verse, that has ever been written since the world began were gathered, it would make a vast library. In all countries, the baby is a centre of interest from the moment it opens its eyes on the light. Some curious customs prevail in regard to selecting names. A Hindoo baby is named when twelve days old, and usually by the mother. Sometimes the father wishes for another name than that selected by the mother; in that case two lamps are placed over the two names, and the name over which the lamp burns the brightest is the one given to the child. In the Egyptian family the parents choose a name for their baby by lighting three wax candles; to each of these they give a name, one of the three always belonging to some dignified personage. The candle that burns the longest bestows the name upon the baby. The Mohammedans sometimes write desirable names on five slips of paper, and these they place in the Koran. The name upon the first slip drawn out is given to the child. The children of the Ainos, a people living in northern Japan, do not receive their names until they are five years old. It is the father who then chooses the name by which the child is afterwards to be called. The Chinese give their boy babies a name in addition to their surnames, and they must call themselves by these names until they are twenty years old. At that age, says a writer in the *Presbyterian Observer*, the father gives the son a new name. The Japanese are said to change the names of their children four times.

The poetry of babyhood is the sweetest imaginable. Cradle-songs, lullabies, prayers, matin-songs, dream-land songs, fairyland rhymes and others without number have poured from the full hearts and loving lips of parent and poet since Eve cradled her own little offspring. Here is the pretty way in which a poet tells of the babies' spring-time:

The sleepy stars are blinking,
The drowsy daisies nod
The dew-drops bright are glistening
All o'er the grassy sod;
The pretty poppies dreaming
In silk robes white and red,
With violets in velvet
Out in their bordered bed.

We'll take the babe a journey,
Over the dreamland bright;
So bring his pretty garments
And dress him all in white.
He's almost there—the borders
Of dreamland dawn in sight—
Now—to and fro—more slowly—
He's there! One kiss—good night!

* * *

A GREEN AND HAPPY OLD AGE.

BUFFON, the celebrated naturalist, spoke of his green old age as one of the happiest periods of his life, although the kind of pleasures then experienced are, of course, different from those of youth; and even when decay comes, and a man is becoming free from the remembrance of all earthly things, then, it may be so ordered on purpose that the spirit may be invigorated and undisturbed in the contemplation of the brightening future. The understanding has often been in the highest perfection in quite advanced old age, and that has been the best period of human life. It is the time when the storm and rage of passion have died away, when the jealousies and cares of a career have ceased and been forgotten, when memory lingers upon all that is bright and charming in the past, and when hope scatters her most glowing tints over the fast approaching future. J. Crichton-Browne says: "We are able to see in old age glimpses of the truth that its chief glory consists not in the remembrance of feats of prowess, or in the egotistic exercise of power, but in the conquest of peevish weaknesses, in the brightness of hope, and in the dissemination of happiness around. Depend upon it, the best antiseptic against senile decay is an active interest in human affairs, and that those keep young longest who love most."

Oliver Wendell Holmes the laureate of old age, sang when some ladies lately presented him with a loving cup in his eightieth year:

Better love perfume in the empty bowl
Than wine's nepenthe for the aching soul:
Sweeter than song that ever poet sung,
It makes the old heart young!

* * *

Home Sweetness.

A PLEASANT dwelling has its influence on the lives that are spent within its walls, says the *Mid-Continent*. To obtain those things which will increase the comfort and convenience of the household, consistent with circumstances, is often money well invested and pays a large percentage for the outlay. The house, though but a cottage, can have in it and about it things to make it homelike and attractive.

It may be enlivened with growing and blooming flowers within and without. It may be such an abiding place of neatness and order that the husband will take more pleasure in spending a leisure evening there than at a "club-house" or any other home. To children no place should be so dear as "home, home, sweet, sweet home." Many a family is deprived of the comforts of home from undue anxiety to gain riches—"to join house to house and field to field," verifying the proverb, "He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house." How many very sad mistakes are made by men of wealth, supposing that to make a happy home they must have a mansion as a dwelling, and have it embellished with the productions of art and science. These things are pleasant and may be helpful, but many have found to their sorrow and disappointment that they are not the *sine qua non* of a happy home.

BY
LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*
Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

WHAT IS A SAINT?

KIT lay awake a long time; but at last the pain in her hand grew less, and she fell asleep. She slept longer than usual, and when she waked the sun was shining into her room.

"It must be ever so late," thought Kit. She started up, and her first move reminded her of all that happened the night before.

"How shall I ever get dressed?" she thought. She managed to put her clothes on; but to fasten them was beyond her power, so she went down to find Symantha.

Symantha was moving softly about the kichen, busy in setting things to rights. She held up her finger as Kit opened the door.

"Is aunt asleep?" asked Kit in a whisper. "Did she have a bad night? I thought I heard her."

"Yes, she did not go to sleep till sunrise. Pa has gone out to the barn to get a nap on the hay, and Melissa is not up yet."

"Oh, yes, they can all sleep but you; that is always the way," said Kit indignantly.

"I'm used to it," answered Symantha, smiling rather grimly. "Here's your coffee hot on the stove, and I'll fry you an egg. How does your hand feel?"

"It doesn't smart so much, but it is awful sore," said Kit, wincing as she tried to move it. "I can't bear to put it down, it hurts so."

Symantha found a large handkerchief, with which she made a sling for the wounded arm, which she did up again in fresh, clean cotton-wool.

"That is more comfortable," said she. "You must be careful not to hurt it or get cold in it, or you will have a bad hand."

"Can't I go to school?" asked Kit in dismay.

"Oh, yes, if you will be careful, and not hurt yourself playing. You will be as well off there as here. Eat your breakfast or dinner, whichever it is, and you will be in good time for afternoon."

"Is it as late as that?" asked Kit. Symantha pointed to the clock, which stood at half-past eleven.

"I never thought it was so late," said Kit. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because you needed the sleep, child. There, eat your breakfast while it is hot."

Symantha took her sewing, and sat down by Kit in the window.

"How good you are to me!" said Kit gratefully. "You do love me, don't you, Symantha?"

"Yes, child, I do," answered Symantha with sudden earnestness. "You are about the only comfort I have; but I love you so much that I should like to send you a thousand miles away, where I should never see you again, if I could only get you a good home by it."

"But I don't want to go a thousand miles away," said Kit. "I want to stay with you, and help you, for I love you."

"Then, Kit, if you love me, promise me one thing," said Symantha. "Promise me that you won't let any one—pa, or Melissa, or anybody—drive you, or coax or bribe you, to do any thing wrong."

"I won't," answered Kit earnestly. "There isn't much danger with Melissa, because I don't like her a bit; but uncle Phin is real good to me sometimes. I don't see what ailed him last night."

"He was put out about something when he came home, and he was vexed about your going to meeting. And, Kit, that is a thing you must not do again; at least, not now. Nothing makes father so angry."

"I won't then," said Kit; "but I should like to." She was silent a while, and then asked, in a half whisper, "Symantha, was it religion that made auut Martha crazy?"

Symantha nodded.

"I thought it might be, because she always says that," said Kit. How was it?'

"She was brought up to be very religious, and to go to church, and all that," replied Symantha in the same low tone. "She was a regular church-member when she married pa, and, oh, such a pretty, bright creature! Kit, whatever happens, you must always be good to ma. There is more reason for it than you know."

"I will," said Kit. "I think she likes me too. But, if aunt Martha was such a religious woman, how came she to marry uncle Phin? Wasn't he the same that he is now?"

"Yes, very much the same, so far as that goes; only he was not so rough in his ways. He was very handsome in those days, and could make himself very agreeable; and ma thought she was going to influence and convert him, but it worked the other way."

"Seems to me I should rather convert a man first, and marry him afterward," said Kit. "And what then?"

"Well, there isn't much to tell. She used to try to argue with pa, but she was no match for him that way. She used to get vexed, and then he would laugh at her. By and by she got to not going to church; and then pa coaxed her to go out riding with him Sundays, and do other things that she thought were wrong. After a while she began to be melancholy and queer, and at last one day she tried to kill herself. Ever since then she has been as she is now."

"Seems to me it wasn't her religion that made her crazy, so much as losing it," said Kit shrewdly.

"Sometimes I have thought that, myself. It was a bad day for her when she got acquainted with our family."

"What was aunt Martha's name before she was married?" asked Kit.

"I don't remember," answered Symantha, getting up and going into the pantry. "Now run off to school."

"Why, my dear child, what is the matter?" said Miss Armstrong as Kit made her appearance at school with her arm in a sling. "What has happened to your hand?"

"I burnt it," answered Kit, coloring painfully; for she saw the girls looking at her, and felt, as one is apt to do at such times, as if they must know all about it.

"You look hardly fit to come to school," remarked Miss Armstrong kindly. She did not ask how the accident happened; guessing, with the happy instinct that belongs to some people, that there was some unpleasant story connected with it. "Do you feel able to learn your lesson?"

"Yes, ma'am, I would rather study than not," answered Kit. "My arm does not hurt me so very much now when I keep it still."

Kit was quite sincere in what she said. She felt, rather than thought, that the labor of fixing the column of words beginning with "Abase, Abate," would be a relief from the tormenting thoughts which had driven her almost wild. She set herself to work in good earnest to master her lesson. But her mind would wander, in spite of herself; and, when she came to recite, she missed two or three times, and went down to the very bottom of the class. Kit was tired and nervous, and very unhappy besides; the consequence of which was, that, as Faith Fletcher went above her, she lost her temper, gave Faith a push, and said some angry words. The children looked at each other in horror. Miss Armstrong only said:—

"Kitty may go and sit down. I will talk to her by and by. The children may have a recess."

"Well," said Selina as soon as they were out of doors, "I hope Miss Armstrong has got enough of her favorite. It is lucky for Kit she had not Miss Martin to deal with. Wouldn't she have caught it!"

"Maybe she will catch it as it is," remarked Agnes Gleason.

"I don't believe Miss Armstrong will do any more than talk to her. I am sure I hope not," said gentle Faith. "Poor Kit is half sick: any one can see that by looking at her. And it isn't as if one of us had said it. I don't believe she has ever been taught any better."

"Well, for my part, I hope Miss Armstrong will send her home," said Selina; "she has no business here, using such language, and teaching the children it. But, girls, didn't we have a good meeting last night? I think that old Mrs. Van Zandt is just lovely. Miss Armstrong says she is a great missionary woman; perhaps she will start a society here."

"Oh, that is different."

"Yes, very different; having a whole village full of children who never learned even the commonest decency, and having one poor little thing who is trying her best to be good," returned Sarah. "Suppose she did forget herself for once: we all do it sometimes; if not in one way, then in another. Don't you ever forget yourself, and say things you ought not to?"

"Yes—you—did—you—know—you—did!" chimed in from the ring of little ones, who were "counting out" for a game of tag. All the girls laughed, the words came so pat.

"Yes, we did, we know we did," repeated Agnes. "But, Sarah, you need not be so hard on Selina, either," she added as Selina walked away. "You think she ought to have patience and charity with Kit. Why can't you have a little for her, instead of always poking her up?"

"Well, she puts on such airs. I like to make her show her true colors."

"You don't always make people show their true colors in that way," remarked Agnes. "Suppose I should slap your face, and make your eye all black and blue: would those be your true colors?"

"Well, no, perhaps not," returned Sarah, whose frankness was her most promising trait; "bnt then, you know, I don't pretend to equal St. Agnes." Sarah had read somewhere of a St. Agnes, and liked to tease Agnes with the name.

"I am not a saint. I wish I were," replied Agnes, coloring. "But I will tell you one thing, Sarah and Faith," she added, with an evident effort: "if by a saint you mean a true Christian, I am going to try and be one. I have been thinking about it a good while, and I made up my mind last night."

"Well, I only hope you will stick to it, that's all," said Sarah, while Faith got hold of Agnes's hand and squeezed it. "The trouble of these sudden conversions is, that people don't hold out."

"Well, I don't know; St. Paul held out pretty well, and so did St. John."

"Oh, well, they were saints."

"What is a saint, anyhow?" asked Faith. "I have heard the word all my life, and don't know, really, what it means."

"I thought a saint was a person who never did anything wrong," said Sarah.

"Then I am sure none of the apostles were saints, for they all did wrong. Let us ask Miss Armstrong after reading-class. Come, there is the bell."

Kit's ill temper, if it deserved so harsh a name, found vent in a flood of tears as soon as she reached her desk. She expected and half hoped that Miss Armstrong would scold her, and perhaps punish her; for bad language was justly looked upon as a grievous offence. But Miss Armstrong did nothing of the kind. She waited till the first violence of the storm had spent itself, and then said in that firm, kindly tone of hers, which somehow carried obedience with it,—

"There, Kitty, don't cry any more; you will only make yourself worse. Wash your face and hands, and then I should like to have you run down to the mill, and ask Mr. Bassett to send me some chalk; we are quite out. As to this trouble of yours, we will talk about it after school. You need not hurry; I will excuse you if you are a little late."

"How good she is!" thought Kit with a feeling of absolute wonder, as she bathed her red eyes and aching head at the spring which boiled up in a corner of the yard. "Oh, if I could only be good, like that!"

As she was going out of the yard she met Faith, who spoke to her pleasantly.

"Where now, Kitty? Going home?"

"No; Miss Armstrong sent me of an errand." She was passing on when it occurred to her that here, at least, was something she might do. She called "Faith!" and as Faith turned back she said, with a quiver in her voice, "I am sorry I called you that name. It was real mean, for it was not your fault that I missed."

"Never mind," said Faith, kissing her. "I'm sure I don't bear malice. But, Kitty dear, I wouldn't say such words if I were you."

"I won't—not if I can help it; but you don't know how hard it is to be good."

"Don't I!" said Faith. "It is as hard for me as any one, I guess. But there, don't cry," for Kit's tears were running over once more: "I'm sure you won't do it again."

Kit went on her way with her heart greatly lightened. She found Mr. Bassett busy, as usual, but not too busy to lend an ear to her request.

"Chalk, eh? oh, yes; I've got plenty, if I can only find it. Let me see. Here's an apple for you, anyhow. If we don't find one thing, we find another, you see. Don't you want this little box to put your pencils and things in? Well, here's the chalk, finally, and plenty of it; and here is a little paper for you. Let me see; I didn't see any of your folks at the schoolhouse last night."

"No, sir; I wanted to go, but I knew they wouldn't let me. I did listen under the window, and uncle Phin did not like it a bit."

"Poor child!" said the miller kindly. "Well, well, you must take your troubles to the right place, and you will find help somehow. You know that, don't you?"

"Poor little young one!" repeated Mr. Bassett to himself. "I must talk over her case with ma, and see what can be done for her."

"Just in time, Kitty," said Miss Armstrong pleasantly as Kit entered, somewhat out of breath. "Now, as you cannot very well do sums with your left hand, you may take this book, and learn the hymn I have marked; and we will hear you repeat it in the reading-class."

Kit took the book with pleasure, for she loved learning verses. The hymn was the time-honored one beginning,—

Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me.

"I suppose that is so," thought Kit as she laid down the book to repeat the first verse to herself. "He was just as old as I am, once; but he never would say such words.

All my nature is unholy;
Pride and passion dwell within.

"I'm sure that is true enough. But I don't see how I am to help it: the more I try, the worse I am. I never knew I was half so bad till I began to read the Testament.

Lord, assist a feeble creature.

"That means me, I am sure. There isn't any one more feeble than I am. 'Assist' means 'help,' I know. Oh, dear! I do wish he would help me." And Kit put her head down on the desk and cried a little. But the tears did not scorch her eyes, like the others.

"Now we will have Kitty's hymn," said Miss Armstrong as the reading-lesson was finished; "and then, if there are any questions to be asked, I shall like to hear them."

All the girls looked at Kit, some of them expecting that she would refuse to obey. They were mistaken. Kit repeated her hymn with a somewhat unsteady voice, it is true, but without hesitation and without a single blunder. Then, an effort, she said,—

"Please, Miss Armstrong, I am sorry I was so naughty in the spelling-class. I won't do so again."

"That is right, Kitty," said Miss Armstrong much gratified. "But there is one thing more for you to do."

"Please, Miss Armstrong, she did tell me she was sorry," said Faith eagerly. "She said so in recess."

"So much the better. And you do forgive her, Faith, I am sure."

"Yes, indeed!" answered Faith heartily.

"We will let the matter drop now," said Miss Armstrong. "I should like to talk with Kitty a few minutes after school. Now, are there any questions to be answered?"

"Please, Miss Armstrong, what is a saint?" asked Agnes.

"Can any one answer that question?" asked Miss Armstrong. "What is a saint?"

"A very good person; one that never does anything wrong," said one of the girls rather doubtfully.

"That is what I said; but Faith thought it was not right, because the Apostles all did wrong things."

"A saint is somebody who pretends to be better than other folks," said Lucinda Hurd.

"I think not," said Miss Armstrong, "or St. Paul would hardly have told the Corinthians that they were called to be saints. He would not have told them that they were called upon to pretend to be better than their neighbors."

"Of course not," said Selina.

"I will tell you what I think," said Miss Armstrong. "A saint is a person whose life is consecrated to God; that is, given to him to be his entirely. Or, to put it in other words, a saint is one who has made up his mind to serve God with all his powers of body and mind. Such a person may be faulty and imperfect, often stumbling and even falling; but he keeps his purpose always in view. When he falls, he confesses his sin, and asks forgiveness, and begins again, humbled but not discouraged. When he sees a duty, he strives to do it at whatever inconvenience or sacrifice to him. He tries always to keep alive in his heart a sense of the presence of God and his Savionr, and to see every thing as they would see it. That is my idea of a saint."

"But could any one be like that?" asked Faith doubtfully.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," (Phil 4: 13), quoted Miss Armstrong. "There is the secret, depend upon it. Now we must not talk any longer. Take this matter home, and think about it."

(*To be Continued.*)

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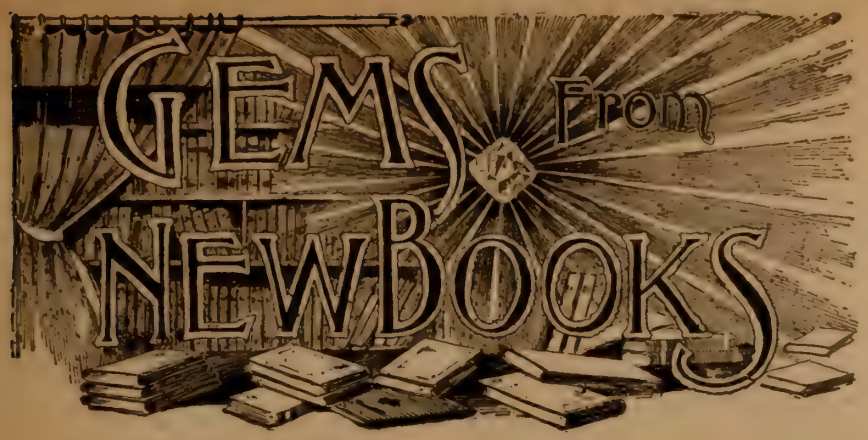

THE ORIGIN OF A LETTER.*

PRINTERS of the 16th and 17th centuries, recognizing the first sound in wet as not having its own letter, and being inclined to make improvement, began to double V, for the sound W, thus VV. After a while, the two were joined and cast as a single type, as they are at present. Of this, there were two forms; in one, the last stroke of the first V crossed the first stroke of the second. In books of the 16th century, there frequently appear the two forms of W and VV, on the same page. This was because printers sometimes had it in one font size of type, and not in another, in the same printing office. The use of the letter W was pretty well established by the close of the 16th century. The French, Italians and Spaniards have never adopted W, although they have the sound which is assigned to it in our language. Germans use it with the power of our V, in that pronunciation called "the best German." In certain districts, it represents a sound nearly akin to ours. It is probably from these Saxon districts, that our Anglo-Saxon tongue has acquired the sound; and having obtained the sound, our ancestors very properly invented a new letter for it.

A WEDDING CUSTOM.

THE custom of throwing a shoe after the bride comes from the Jewish custom of handing a shoe to a purchaser of land on the completion of a contract. Vide Ruth 4: 7, 8. Parents, also, gave a shoe to the husband, on a daughter's marriage, in token of yielding up their authority. Arquhart, in his Pillars of Hercules, writes: "At a Jewish marriage, I was standing by the bridegroom when the bride entered. As she crossed the threshold, he stooped and struck her with the heel (of a shoe) on the nape of the neck. I at once saw the interpretation of the passage of Scripture respecting the transfer of the shoe to another in case the brother-in-law did not exercise his privilege. The slipper in the East, being taken off indoors, is at hand to administer correction, and is here used to signify the obedience of the wife and the supremacy of the husband. The Highland custom is to strike for good-luck, as they say, with an old shoe. Little do they suspect the meaning implied."

THE PHARISEES' SABBATH.†

AS it is necessary in the Pentateuch to keep the transient ceremonial laws distinct from the perpetual moral Law, so in reading the Gospels it is important to distinguish very carefully between the Pharisatic Sabbath, which Christ condemned, and the Sabbath of the Fourth Commandment, which he always observed, and which, instead of abrogating, he repeatedly confirmed. On five difierent occasions he indorsed the Decalogue (and so the Sabbath) as of perpetual and universal obligation, and also gave a special and direct indorsement of the Sabbath Commandment by itself when he said, "The Sabbath was made for man."

Those who have not clearly distinguished the Pharisaic Sabbath of the Fourth Commandment, perceiving dimly that Christ antagonized some Sabbath, have jumped to the false conclusion that it was the Divine original, when it was only the human counterfeit. The Pharisaic Sabbath is no more the Bible Sabbath than Romanism is New Testament Christianity.

The pool of Bethesda is now buried under heaps of rubbish. It is said that this is to be removed and the ancient fountain uncovered for the refreshment of the people. Something like this proposed work Jesus did for the Sabbath. The restful and refreshing Sabbath of Eden and Sinai had been buried by the Pharisees under the rubbish of petty rules. Strangely enough, some readers have mistaken Christ's work in removing this rubbish, that the people might once more enjoy their Sabbaths, for an effort to destroy the Divine fountain itself.

Let us look at some of the Pharisaic rubbish of petty man-made rules with which the Sabbath fountain was filled—some of them, says Dr. Wm. M. Thompson, still cherished by conservative Jews. One might not walk upon the grass, because it would be bruised, which would be a kind of hunting; nor wear nailed shoes, which would be bearing a sort of burden; nor, if he fed his chickens, suffer any corn to lie upon the ground, lest a kernel should germinate, which would be a kind of sowing. And from Moses direction to the encamped Israelites, "Let no man go out of his place on the seventh day," because, despite the Divine commandment, they had gone from the camp to gather the manna, one Rabbi, Dositheus, drew the sage conclusion that a Jew must not move between sunrise and sunset, and established a sect whose observance of the Sabbath consisted in their retaining for the day whatever posture they happened to be in at the rising of the sun. In this same spirit thousands of Jews suffered themselves to be massacred rather than resist attack of hostile armies on the Sabbath day, as that would be a form of labor.

This petty trifling with God's law which was accompanied by as petty evasions of its spirit, was what Christ attacked. The man-made amendments to God's Sabbath law he vetoed, but not the Divine original. As he snapped these trivial "strings" he reminded the Jews that "the Sabbath was made for man," and not man for such a Sabbath. One might as well say that one who was scraping barnacles from the bottom of a ship was destroying it, as to say that "Christ was a Sabbath-breaker."

TRADITIONAL SCENE OF THE ASCENSION.

A MURDER PREVENTED.

A DILIGENCE was lumbering along a country road in France. The passengers inside were having a lively conversation on various subjects. All but two appeared to be acquainted. These were a lady who, with her veil drawn down, sat silent, and a gentleman whose garb indicated his ministerial calling. Presently the conversation turned on how a man should treat an enemy who had injured him. "Not to be avenged, is cowardice," said one. "The best revenge," said another, "is to despise one's enemy, and hate him, without doing him any harm." The minister, in his turn, begged to be allowed to give his opinion. "Messieurs," said he, "the Bible rule is best, 'Avenge not yourselves; if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." From these verses he pointed out how odious and criminal a thing it was to take vengeance. Afterwards, feeling encouraged by the attention of his auditors, he showed how truly great and noble it was to forgive an enemy. He spoke also of Jesus Christ and his compassion for his murderers. When he finished speaking a profound silence ensued, which no one ventured to break. Suddenly the veiled lady, who during the whole of the journey had appeared to be deeply absorbed in thought, rose, drew out a poignard, which was concealed under her gown, and approaching the minister, said, with much emotion, "Monsieur, you see this blade; it was about to pierce the heart of my husband; I was going to find that faithless one; I was desirous of avenging myself; I have heard you. You have saved two victims;" and throwing away the poignard, she added, "there is the effect of your words."

Traditional Scene of the Ascension.

ON the summit of the Mount of Olives is the Church of the Ascension, which, according to tradition, marks the scene of the Saviour's farewell to his disciples as he was caught up to heaven. In the centre of the church is the chapel of the Ascension, a dome-shaped, mosque-like structure. Here, in the middle of the room, surrounded by a coping of limestone, is a stone or rock, which tradition declares to indicate the exact spot where Christ's foot last touched the earth. The stony floor all around is worn bare and smooth by the pilgrims as they kneel to gaze at the marks which the guardians of the place with the usual tendency to multiply sacred places, declare to be the outline of a footprint. One strange feature about the tradition is its unhesitating acceptance by the Moslems who hold the footprint as sacred and come thither in crowds to gaze upon it with the utmost reverence. The illustration on this page is from a recent photograph.

*From *Wisps of Wit and Wisdom* by Albert P. Southwick, A.M. A little volume full of miscellaneons information on curious subjects. Pp. 255. Published by A. Lovell & Co.

†From *The Sabbath For Man*; a Study of the Origin Obligation History and Advantages of Sabbath observance by Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts (Sixth Edition): Pp 672: price $1.50: published by the Baker & Taylor Co, 740 Broadway, New York.

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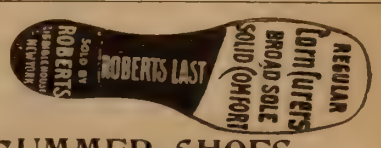

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Subscriber, Englewood, Ill. Who was Francis Joseph Gall?

A celebrated anatomist, physiologist and founder of phrenology; born at Tiefenbrun, Baden, March 9, 1758. A prolific author and an authority on anatomy and cranioscopy. Died August 22, 1828.

J. W. S., Pittsburg, Pa. 1. Is our Pastor in reading the Lord's Prayer right in saying, "Thy will be done in earth, or should it be on earth"? 2. In speaking of the Lord's Day should I say Sunday or Sabbath?

1. It is immaterial. The expression "in earth" conveys the meaning quite as clearly as "on earth." 2. Sunday. The Sabbath was an Old Testament institution.

B. P. W., Greencastle, Pa. Is foot-washing as mentioned in John 13 an ordinance which should be practised by Christians to-day?

No; but the spirit Christ inculcated by the act should be practised. That was the spirit of humility and readiness to help and comfort the brethren. Christ exemplified the spirit by performing an act which had to be done frequently in that hot, dusty country, and which was usually done by the lowest servants. We may exercise the spirit in our day by many kinds of service. Foot-washing as publicly performed is an observance of the letter of the injunction rather than its spirit.

E. J. Sloan, Victoria, Tex. 1. Does the Red Cross Society expect to send a cargo of provisions to Russia after THE CHRISTIAN HERALD steamer *Leo*? 2. Does Dr. Talmage belong to the old school Presbyterian Church or Congregational Church? 3. What denomination of Baptists did Pastor Spurgeon belong to and did he believe in close communion?

No. The *Leo* was the last of the relief fleet. 2. Presbyterian. 3. The Baptists in England are not divided so rigidly as they are here. No one could become a member of Mr. Spurgeon's church without baptism by immersion, but he used to invite members of other churches who might be present in the Tabernacle to set down with them at the Lord's Table.

Mrs. A. J. H. Britton, Oklahoma Ter. Does Mark 13: 35 contain an intimation that the author believed that the world is round?

There is no reason for drawing that inference from the passage. It was simply a warning that Christ might come at any of the periods of the day or night he mentions. It is an obvious fact, however, that as it is noon on one side of the globe when it is midnight on the other, an event which is observed simultaneously all over the world will be timed by the people in the various lands at every hour the twenty-four.

Renfrew, Detroit, Mich. What has been decided with respect to opening the World's Fair on Sundays?

While it is not yet settled as to the opening of the general exhibition on the Lord's Day, the friends of Sabbath observance have won a very gratifying victory in Congress, the House of Representatives having voted that "the Government exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition shall not be open to the public on Sundays." It is to be hoped that this example will prevail in every department of the Fair.

A. B. H., Parrish, Ala. I am told by certain persons who call themselves Christians that a sinner has no right to pray, nor will he be heard if he does pray, nor will the prayers of Christians for him be answered. Please say if there is any authority for such statements in the Bible?

No the authority is the other way. A striking case is that of the king and people of Nineveh (Jonah 3: 8-10.) Moses prayed for the Israelites several times and was heard (See Ex. 32: 11-14.) Manasseh was also a case in point (II. Chron. 33: 9-13.) Peter exhorted Simon Magus to pray for forgiveness which he would not have done if there was no probability of his being heard (Acts 8: 29.) Other passages will occur to you which disprove the statements you refer to.

W. R. V., Spring Valley, Minn. 1. Who wrote the epistle of the Hebrews? 2. Where and at what price can I obtain an Oxford Bible?

1. No one knows. The style of writing differs so decidedly from that of Paul's thirteen epistles that scholars believe that whoever the author was, he was not Paul. Origen who wrote in the third century believed that the thoughts were Paul's but the language that of Luke. Luther thought it was the work of Apollos. 2. The best way of obtaining an Oxford Bible is to secure a new subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and send us the name and $2. We will then send the Bible to you or to the new subscriber, as you may direct.

Reader from Missouri. What does "the beast" mentioned in Rev 13 represent?

The personal Antichrist who will arise and flourish during the last seven years of this dispensation. He is full described II. Thess. 2:3-10. The explanation you mention as having been given you is absurd.

Fritz Oelze, Dennison, Tex. What was the population of Jerusalem at the time it was destroyed?

Under 100,000, when the Romans destroyed it. At the time of the Babylonian conquest and enslavement it was probably 175,000. At the restoration, 42,360 returned, with 7337 servants (Ezra 1 : 3, 11). The present population is about 18,000.

E. H. P., Grand Island, Neb. Would it be Scriptural for a woman legally divorced to be remarried during her husband's lifetime?

The Scriptures recognize only one ground for divorce (Matt. 5: 32.) If her husband sinned against her in that way and she procured a divorce from him for that reason, there is no Scriptural reason why she should not marry another man.

E. H. S., Fairview, N. J. Please examine I. Corinthians 14: 34. Does it mean that women should not testify in meetings?

No. The Apostle was writing at a time and to people in countries where the condition of women was very different from what it is now and in our own land. It would have caused scandal and opprobrium in those days for a woman to speak in public. We cannot think that the prohibition was intended to be permanent. If it was it would prevent a woman singing in church.

Clark Martin. If I get to Heaven, how could I be happy there if I could see my brother in perdition?

Your duty is to be reconciled to God. You should seek that because it is your duty and is right, without consideration as to your happiness. You may be sure that if you get to heaven you will be happy. If your brother is living you should use all your influence to induce him to seek the Saviour. If he is dead, the Parable of Dives and Lazarus (Luke 16 : 2,-31) should teach you that his most earnest desire is that you may be saved.

Subscriber, Dover, Tex. Please state whether the daily journals of New York, published the details of the evidence in the cases brought into court through Dr. Parkhurst's crusade and also if such publication has done any good.

Several daily journals (certainly the one you mention) published full, but probably not complete reports. Whether permanent good has been done cannot yet be determined. The publication has had a marked effect on public opinion as was proved by the large public meeting on May 26. Dr. Parkhurst's action was taken with the view of closing up vicious resorts. The police admitted that they were open contrary to law but contended that they could not close them because persons who visited them would not go into court and give evidence. That excuse cannot be pleaded now.

E. P., Concordia, Kan. What is the meaning of Mark 13: 30. Did not that generation pass without witnessing these things which have not yet occurred?

Two explanations are given by expositors. One is that the word translated "generation" should be race or nation. It is so rendered in Phil. 2: 15. The other is that all the events the Lord had been describing would be witnessed by one generation. That is that the generation which saw the premonitory signs would also see the end. The events would not be extended over a long term of years.

D. B. T., Murfreesboro, Ill. Where was the prophet Daniel when the events occurred which are recorded in Daniel 3?

Probably in some distant province of the Empire. It is not improbable that the king knowing his principles may have purposely sent him on some embassy at that time to have him out of the way knowing well that Daniel who was his chief counsellor would protest against the construction and worship of the image. We may be sure that if he had been present he would have been with his three friends in the furnace.

Edward Curren, Newburg, Ore. 1. How many Hebrews are there in New York City? 2. What per centage do they contribute to the criminal classes? 3. Is it true that grains of wheat, rice, barley, etc., taken from the tombs of Egyptian mummies, said to be over three thousand years old, when sowed in the ground will grow like the grain of a year ago?

1. They are estimated at 150,000. 2. Very small—less in proportion to numbers than most other nationalities. They are a peaceful, law-abiding people. 3. It was stated, probably twenty years ago, that some seed found in the palm of an Egyptian mummy, has been brought to England and sprouted when planted.

R. H. V., River Edge, N. J. Did Daniel's interpreting the King's dream save the lives of all the wise men of Babylon or only those of Daniel and his companiens?

As the Bible does not say, it is impossible to answer. The probability, however, is that all the wise men were saved. Daniel was condemned with them and they would probably be saved with him.

J. P. H. Steward, Ill. Is it right and proper in prayer to God to use the words, "For Christ's sake?"

Christ instructed his disciples to ask for what they needed in his name (John 15: 16, etc.) When the words you quote are used that is what is meant. It is asking in his name.

R. S., Philadelphia. What is the origin of the name of the Vatican?

It is said by Gellius, to be derived from Vaticinium, or an ancient oracle of Rome called Jupiter Vaticanus, whom they worshipped there.

Mrs. Buttner, Paterson, N. J. Is there any record of a bridegroom himself performing the marriage ceremony?

Probably the only recorded case of this sort in modern times in a civilized country is that of Richard Bellingham, Colonial-Governor of Massachusetts, who performed the ceremony of marriage between his second wife and himself about the year 1642.

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A SECLUDED CHRISTIAN SECT

How the Gospel was Spread to a Remote Section of India

BY REV. E. S. HUME,

Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., Bombay, India.

IN the little village of Khirya, Chutara, near Lalitpur, in the North-West Provinces, About seven hundred miles north-east of Bombay, I found a little community which had been trying for twelve years to live as Christians should live. As far as I could learn, no European had visited that place before, and no Christian teacher had ever been in the district. And there are women in that place with families who had learned to read in order to be able to read for themselves the Word of God.

There was a company of simple-minded believers, who through all those twelve years had been faithful to the light which they had received, and had been praying that a man of God might be sent them to show them the way of God more perfectly.

There were those who had patiently suffered the most bitter persecution, for there had been times in those years when every man in that community had been cast into prison on false charges, and all their cattle had been driven away and their crops destroyed.

During some seasons, those poor people have not dared to sow their fields, knowing their crops would be destroyed before they could come to maturity. Through all this persecution, not one proved unfaithful to his new-found faith.

This remarkable work was begun and had been carried on under the blessing of God, entirely by one man named Jaffer Pitman, who, when a lad, had wandered all the seven hundred miles to our city of Bombay. There he was found and brought into a mission-school, where he soon became a Christian. He immediately began to think of his relatives and friends far away in Lalitpur.

In course of time he returned home, and told his parents and brothers and sisters and friends of his new joy. Not only to his own village but to many villages within a circuit of forty miles, did that poor man go faithfully proclaiming the Saviour whom he had found. Five years ago last May, at the time of our mission-meeting Jaffer appeared at my door, early one morning, saying he had come to lay his case before our mission and to ask for a missionary. He refused to eat a morsel of food in my house, lest some one might think he had worldly motives in view.

As he had opportunity he went to each member of the mission and in the most earnest way told his story. We were then, as we always are nndermanned, and it seemed impossible to spare any one for Lalitpur, so poor Jaffer had to return home alone, sad and disappointed. Three years more have passed, and still no missionary for that needy district. Jaffer, who was a strong and powerfully built man, has become bent and worn and nearly heart-broken.

Just before we left India, be came again all the way to Bombay once more to plead for his people. As we sailed away, one of the last things we saw was the tall form of Jaffer waving his hand and saying: "Tell Dr. Clark and the Christians in America to send a missionary to my poor people." He brought me as a parting present a pair of native shoes, which he had had made small so they might fit my feet. Would to God that some one might respond to poor Jaffer's request, remembering: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings."

PROGRESS IN MADAGASCAR.

IN the course of an address recently the Rev. James Sibree, who is on a brief visit to his native land, speaking of the missionary work in Madagascar in which he is engaged, said there was abundant reason for devout thankfulness to God for unmistakeable and unbroken advance in all parts of the work in Madagascar. There had always been a "forward movement" in the island. When he first went there, twenty-nine years ago, a heathen queen was on the throne; but for the past twenty-three years there had been Christian queens whose influence had been most beneficent. From the summit of Antananarivo 120 or 130 towns and villages could be counted, and substantial churches might be seen, built in memory of those who in a past generation had died for Christ. Formerly cruel laws and punishments were in force, but now there was an enlightened and merciful code. Twenty-nine years ago the literature of the country consisted of the Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress*, a few sermons, tracts, and elementary school book. Now it comprises 500 books with a yearly circulation of 200,000 copies. Instead of a little handful of churches, a dozen in number, with schools containing 360 children, there were now over 90,000 children under instruction. And instead of twenty congregations, including 5,000 people, there are between 1,300 and 1,400 congregations including 210,000 people. But a great deal has yet to be done. Madagascar is the third largest island in the world, being 1,000 miles long and contains about five millions of inhabitants.

A BURNED LEAF.

A COLPORTEUR of the Bible Society relates a remarkable incident which occurred recently at Catania in Sicily. He succeeded in selling a number of Gospels and Bible portions while staying there, but, as often happens, the priests managed to get hold of a good number of the books, and made a bonfire in front of the church.

It was a windy day, and the wind blew one of the leaves half burnt, to the feet of a man who was looking on approvingly from the threshold of his house. The man picked it up and curiosity impelled him to keep it. What there was on those charred pages we cannot tell, but it made the man wonder that a book in which were found such beautiful words could be condemned to the flames by the priests. He felt a strong desire to know more of the book, and went secretly to the colporteur's friend, who sold him a Bible, and gave him such instructions that the man and his family have now been received into the Waldensian Church.

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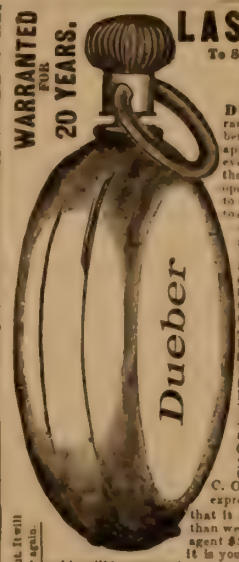

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A FAMILY OF MARTYRS.

THE recent death of Dr. Sidney Comber on the Congo takes away the last of the six members of this devoted family, all of whom have laid down their lives in the workof preaching the gospel and healing the sick in Africa. Dr. A. Sims, the eminent medical missionary whose portrait and life we published a few years ago thus writes in the *Independent* of this martyr family:

I have seen much devotion among missionaries, but never a case so painfully arduous and painstaking as that of Thomas Comber. Personal help was its feature. Was it sickness or death, a disordered station or a general awakening of souls, you could depend upon his being there. On one occasion he went 700 miles to give advice, which meant great pain to the body; for the roads are bad and hilly, there are marshes in the hollows and high, wet grass on either side of the path, a chilly rain one day and burning hot sunshine the next. Happily now the Congo is changed, things follow a routine, and these journeys on foot are things of the past. He was always on the road for the sake of the beloved mission, and the road, I am certain in Africa, is equivalent to sickness, and in many cases death.

His next brother, Dr. Sidney Comber, followed his example, he early settled down as a steady, sympathetic missionary, and got his yard full of sick folk; but the mission station was new, exposed and temporarily built, the daily duties were too much him; and within a year he was similarly laid low. Percy Comber, the youngest brother, nothing daunted, followed, worked at the same place, had more than 100,000 bricks made, and inconjunction with a colleague raised the first good and permanent burnt brick house on the Congo, thereby establishing a new order of things among missionaries. His young wife died; he continued to visit and preach. Just when he had won the people to the Gospel who voluntarily built a house to worship in, and just when success seemed to honor him, in the act even of preparing to go to preach to these responsive people, the fever came and took him. The sister, Miss Carrie Comber, was a missionary near the Cameroons, and died subsequent to marriage; Thomas and Percy buried their wives on the Congo; Sidney and Percy were laid side by side. Thus six bearing this name gave themselves to Africa. The seeds have fallen into the ground and died, but from San Salvador, on the lower to Lukolela, on the upper Congo, little churches are springing up as living fruit, and six tribes have the advantage of missionary instruction.

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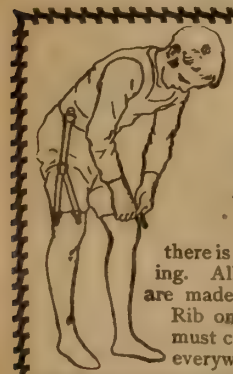

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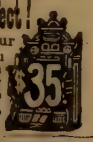

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 15. NUMBER 26.

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor. Office Bible House New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 29, 1892.

PRICE 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

A Mammoth Convention.

More than Twenty Thousand Delegates of Christian Endeavor Societies to Assemble Next Week in New York—An Outline of the History of the Movement and its Leaders.

PREPARATIONS have been made in New York City during the past few months for the assembling on July 7, of the great convention of delegates of Christian Endeavor Societies. More than twenty thousand persons are expected to attend, and this is not a fancy estimate, but one based on definite arrangements of which the committee in charge has been formally notified. One who does not believe in the power of religion must find it difficult to explain the cause of such a gathering. It is a phenomenon altogether unprecedented in the history of Christendom. There are no prizes to be won by any who attend the meeting. No one will be attracted to it by the hope of gaining money, or office, or distinction.

DR. F. E. CLARK, PRESIDENT.

Yet in every city of our own land, in the cities of Canada, in small towns and villages, and even in remote lands—in Brazil, the Islands of the Pacific, Australia, Africa, India and Turkey, there are people either coming to the Convention, or sincerely regretting the circumstances that prevent their coming. Last year there were nearly fifteen thousand delegates at the convention, which was held at Minneapolis, and they represented about 160,000 societies with an aggregate of more than a million members. The interest and the enthusiasm manifested were of the most intense type, and at the close, the delegates separated with the consciousness of having derived new inspiration, and with the

MR. J. WILLIS BAER, SECRETARY.

hope that they might be privileged to attend another year. Their anticipations had been realized, and they returned to their homes more than satisfied. That this will be the feeling again this year there is no reason to doubt. The fact that twenty thousand persons from widely separated localities and belonging to so many different denominations of Christians should journey to New York to be present at these meetings, shows that there must be something in the Christian Endeavor movement which strongly appeals to the Christian heart and evokes enthusiastic response. What that is, we may learn from the origin and history of the movement.

The society of Christian Endeavor was born February 2nd, 1881, at Portland, Me. There is a small church there which grew out of a little Sunday School planted on the slope of a hill, thirty years ago by an earnest, godly woman. That church, which had grown and flourished in the interval, had for its pastor in 1881, Rev. Francis E. Clark, whose portrait appears on this page, and whose name is now known the world over, wherever Christian Endeavor is known. His heart was in his work and when, after a season of special services, a number of children and young people were admitted to the church, he became concerned about their growth in grace. Many pastors have grappled with the problem that Mr. Clark took up at that time. The injunction which the Master gave to Peter is laid on them. These lambs ought to be fed, but at the table which the Church spreads there seemed no special provision made for them. In the great harvest field, though the laborers are few, no section was assigned to their care. How to help these young people, to nurture their new faith, to protect them from the benumbing influence of the world, and to train them for usefulness, perplexed Mr. Clark. A suggestion came to him in a work already commenced by his wife. Mrs. Clark, whose portrait we give, had gathered around her a little band of boys and girls to train them in singing, in responsive readings and, above all, to interest them in personal religion. She called it "The Mizpah Circle," in allusion to the memorial set up by Jacob and Laban, which was called "Mizpah, the Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another." (Gen. 31: 49.) The children of this circle had proved useful in many ways and had shown a zeal and devotion not usually found so early in life. The principle of the Mizpah Circle needed only to be developed to meet the object Mr. Clark had in view. He studied the matter and drew up the constitution of a society such as his knowledge of young people led him to believe suitable for their requirements.

When the plan was fully matured Mr. Clark invited the young people of his church to meet him at the parsonage. He explained his scheme to them and read the pledge and the constitution which are practically the same as those now used in Christian Endeavor Societies. There was at first some reluctance to sign a pledge so stringent, but from the very reluctance the pastor drew encouragement, as it indicated a recognition of its obligatory character which promised observance if it were signed. A few more words from Mr. Clark and a little talk among the young people themselves and then one and another signed, until fifty-seven signatures were attached as active members and six as associate members. Thus the first Society of Christian Endeavor was ushered into existence.

From the first, the consecration service formed an important feature of the plan. Three committees were organized—the Prayer-Meeting Committee to arrange subjects and leaders for the prayer-meetings; the Social Committee to promote mutual acquaintance among the members by arranging social meetings; and the Look-out Committee to bring new members into the Society and to reclaim any who might seem to be drifting into indifference. The young people entered heartily into the spirit of the work and the influence of the Society was felt in the church and all its enterprises. A desire for activity in other spheres was manifested by the members, and the Sunday School, Missionary and Temperance Committees were added. Mr. Granville Staples now of Philadelphia was the first President of this the first Christian Endeavor Society. The Society grew rapidly and was instrumental in leading many souls to Christ. By the end of the first year its membership had more than doubled and thirty had joined the church on confession of faith.

The first public Statement of the new work in the church at Portland appeared in the *Congregationalist*. Dr. Clark knew that the circumstances which had led him to devise this method of organizing the young people must exist in other churches and he was eager to inform the pastors of the success which had attended the effort. The true worker for Christ puts no copyright on his methods. If God has led him to a discovery of a means of saving souls and building up the church, he desires nothing so much as that other workers should know it and use it, too. Dr. Clark described the Society, its object, methods and the blessings that had come from it. The statement brought him a host of letters asking for details, which proved how very extensively the difficulty which Dr. Clark had experienced

(*Continued on page 403.*)

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.
Where the Christian Endeavor Convention will be held.

THE IMMENSE COST.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Text: 1. Cor. 6: 20: *"Ye are bought with a price."*

YOUR friend takes you through his valuable house. You examine the arches, the frescoes, the grass-plots, the fish-ponds, the conservatories, the parks of deer, and you say within yourself or you say aloud: "What did all this cost?" You see a costly diamond flashing in an earring, or you hear a costly dress rustling across the drawing-room, or you see a high-mettled span of horses harnessed with silver and gold, and you begin to make an estimate of the value.

The man who owns a large estate cannot instantly tell you all it is worth. He says: "I will estimate so much for the house, so much for the furniture, so much for laying out the grounds, so much for the stock, so much for the barn, so much for the equipage—adding up in all making this aggregate."

Well, my friends, I hear so much about our mansion in heaven, about its furniture and the grand surroundings, that I want to know how much it is all worth, and what has actually been paid for it. I cannot complete in a month nor a year the magnificent calculation, but before I get through to-day I hope to give you the figures. "Ye are bought with a price."

With some friends I went to your Tower to look at the crown jewels. We walked around, caught one glimpse of them, and being in the procession were compelled to pass out. I wish that I could take this audience into the tower of God's mercy and strength, that you might walk around just once, at least, and see the crown jewels of eternity, behold their brilliance, and estimate their value. "Ye are bought with a price."

Now if you have a large amount of money to pay, you do not pay it all at once, but you pay it by installments—so much the first of January, so much the first of April, so much the first of July, so much the first of October, until the entire amount is paid, and I have to tell this audience that "you have been bought with a price," and that that price was paid in different installments.

The first installment paid for the clearance of our souls was the ignominious birth of Christ in Bethlehem. Though we may never be carefully looked after afterward, our advent into the world is carefully guarded. We come into the world amid kindly attentions. Privacy and silence are afforded when God launches an immortal soul into the world. Even the roughest of men know enough to stand back. But I have to tell you that in the village on the side of the hill there was a very bedlam of uproar when Jesus was born. In a village capable of accommodating only a few hundred people, many thousand people were crowded; and amid hostlers and muleteers and camel-drivers yelling at stupid beasts of burden the Messiah appeared. No silence. No privacy. A better adapted place hath the eaglet in the eyrie—hath the whelp in the lions' lair. The exile of heaven lieth down upon straw. The first night out from the palace of heaven spent in an outhouse! One hour after laying aside the robes of heaven, dressed in a wrapper of coarse linen. One would have supposed that Christ would have made a more gradual descent, coming from heaven first to a half-way world of great magnitude, then to Cæsar's palace, then to a merchant's castle in Galilee, then to a private home in Bethany, then to a fisherman's hut, and last of all to a stable. No! It was one leap from the top to the bottom.

Let us open the door of the caravansary in Bethlehem and drive away the camels. Press on through the group of idlers and loungers. What, O Mary! no light? "No light," she says, "save that which comes through the door." What, Mary! no food? "None," she says, "only that which was brought in the sack on the journey." Let the Bethlehem woman who has come in here with kindly attentions put back the covering from the babe that we may look upon it. Look! Look! Uncover your head. Let us kneel. Let all voices be hushed. Son of Mary! Son of God! Child of a day—Monarch of eternity! In that eye the glance of a God. Omnipotence sheathed in that Babe's arm. That voice to be changed from the feeble plaint to the tone that shall wake the dead. Hosanna! Hosanna! Glory be to God that Jesus came from throne to manger, that we might rise from manger to throne, and

VIEWING THE CROWN JEWELS.

that all the gates are open, and that the door of heaven, that once swung this way to let Jesus out, now swings the other way to let us in. Let all the bell-men of heaven lay hold the rope and ring out the news: "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people: for to-day is born in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!"

The second installment paid for our soul's clearance was the scene in Quarantania, a mountainous region, full of caverns, where there are to this day panthers and wild beasts of all sorts, so that you must now go there armed with knife, or gun, or pistol. It was there that Jesus went to think and to pray, and it was there that this monster of hell—more sly, more terrific, than anything that prowled in that country—Satan himself, met Christ.

The rose in the cheek of Christ—that Publius Lentullus, in his letter to the Roman Senate, ascribed to Jesus—that rose had scattered its petals. Abstinence from food had thrown him into emaciation. A long abstinence from food recorded in profane history is that of the crew of the ship *Juno*; for twenty-three days they had nothing to eat. But this sufferer had fasted a month and ten days before he broke fast. Hunger must have agonized every fibre of the body, and gnawed on the stomach with teeth of death. The thought of a morsel of bread or meat must have thrilled the body with something like ferocity. Turn out a pack of men hungry as Christ was a-hungered, and if they had strength, with one yell they would devour you as a lion a kid. It was in that pang of hunger that Jesus was accosted, and Satan said: "Now change these stones, which look like bread, into an actual supply of bread." Had the temptation come to you and me, under those circumstances we would have cried: "Bread it shall be!" and been almost impatient at the time taken for mastication; but Christ with one hand beat back the hunger, and with the other hand beat back the monarch of darkness. O, ye tempted ones! Christ was tempted. We are told that Napoleon ordered a coat of mail made; but he was not quite certain that it was impenetrable, so he said to the manufacturer of the coat of mail: "Put it on now yourself, and let us try it;" and with shot after shot from his own pistol, the emperor found out that it was just what it pretended to be—a good coat of mail. Then the man received a large reward.

I bless God that the same coat of mail that struck back the weapons of temptation from the head of Christ we may now all wear; for Jesus comes and says: "I have been tempted, and I know what it is to be tempted. Take this robe that defended me, and wear it for yourselves. I shall see you through all trials and I shall see you through all temptation."

"But," says Satan still further to Jesus, "Come and I will show you something worth looking at; and after a half day's journey they came to Jerusalem, and to the top of the temple. Just as one might go up in the tower of Antwerp and look off upon Belgium, so Satan brought Christ to the top of the Temple. Some people at a great height feel dizzy, and a strange disposition to jump; so Satan comes to Christ in that very crisis. Standing there at the top of the temple they looked off. A magnificent reach of country. Grain fields, vineyards, olive groves, forests and streams, cattle in the valley, flocks on the hills, and villages and cities and realms. "Now," says Satan, "I'll make a bargain. Just jump off. I know it is a great way from the top of the Temple to the valley, but if you are divine you can fly. Jump off. It won't hurt you. Angels will catch you. Your Father will hold you. Besides, I'll make you a large present if you will. I'll give you Asia Minor, I'll give you China, I'll give you Ethiopia, I'll give you Italy, I'll give you Spain, I'll give you Germany, I'll give you Britain, I'll give you all the world." What a temptation it must have been!

Go to-morrow morning and get in an altercation with some wretch crawling up from a gin cellar in the lowest part of your city. "No," you say, "I would not bemean myself by getting into such a contest." Then think of what the King of heaven and earth endured when he came down and fought the great wretch of hell, and fought him in the wilderness and on top of the Temple. But I bless God that in the triumph over temptation Christ gives us the assurance that we also shall triumph. Having himself been tempted, he is able to succor all those who are tempted. In a violent storm at sea the mate told a boy—for the rigging had become entangled at the mast—to go up and right it. A gentleman standing on the deck said: "Don't send that boy up; he will be dashed to death." The mate said: "I know what I am about." The boy raised his hat in recognition of the order and then rose hand over hand and went to work; and as he swung in the storm the passengers wrung their hands and expected to see him fall. The work done he came down in safety; and a Christian man said to him, "Why did you go down in the forecastle before you went up?" "Ah!" said the boy. "I went down to pray. My mother always taught me, before I undertook anything great to pray." "What is that you have in your vest?" said the man. "Oh! that is the New Testament, he said; "I thought I would carry it with me if I really did go overboard." How well the boy was protected! I care not how great the height or how vast the depth, with Christ

"NOW CHANGE THESE STONES."

within us and Christ beneath us and Christ above us and Christ all around us, nothing can befall us in the way of harm. Christ himself having been in the tempest will deliver all those who put their trust in him. Blessed be his glorious name forever.

The third installment paid for our redemption was the Saviour's sham trial. I call it a sham trial—there has never been anything so indecent or unfair in any criminal court as was witnessed at the trial of Christ. Why, they hustled him into the court room at two o'clock in the morning. They gave him no time for counsel. They gave him no opportunity for subpœnaing witnesses. The ruffians who were wandering around through the midnight, of course they saw the arrest and went into the court-room. But Jesus' friends were sober men, were respectable men, and at that hour, two o'clock in the morning, of course they were at home asleep. Consequently Christ entered the court-room with the ruffians.

Oh, look at him! No one to speak a word for him. I lift the lantern until I can look into his face, and as my heart beats in sympathy for this, the best friend the world ever had, himself now utterly friendless, an officer of the court room comes up and smites him in the mouth, and I see the blood stealing from gum and lip. Oh! it was a farce of a trial, lasting only perhaps an hour, and then the judge rises for sentence. Stop! It is against the law to give sentence unless there has been an adjournment of the court between condemnation and sentence; but what cares the judge for the law? "The man has no friends—let him die," says the judge; and the ruffians outside the rail cry: "Aha! aha! that's what we want. Pass him out here to us. Away with him. Away with him."

Oh! I bless God that amid all the injustice that may have been inflicted upon us in this world we have a divine Sympathizer. The world cannot lie about you nor abuse you as much as they did

Christ, and Jesus stands to day in every court-room, in every house, in every store, and says, "Courage! By all my hours of maltreatment and abuse, I will protect those who are trampled upon." And when Christ forgets that two o'clock morning scene, and the stroke of the ruffian on the mouth, and the howling of the unwashed crowd, then he will forget you and me in the injustices of life that may be inflicted upon us.

Further I remark: The last great installment paid for our redemption was the demise of Christ. The world has seen many dark days. Many summers ago there was a very dark day when the sun was eclipsed. The fowl at noonday went to their perch, and we felt a gloom as we looked at the astronomical wonder. It was a dark day in London when the plague was at its height,and the dead with uncovered faces were taken in open carts and dumped in the trenches. It was a dark day when the earth opened and Lisbon sank; but the darkest day since the creation of the world was when the carnage of Calvary was enacted.

It was about noon when the curtain began to be drawn. It was not the coming on of a night that soothes and refreshes; it was the swinging of a great gloom all around the heavens. God hung it. As when there is a dead one in the house you bow the shutters or turn the lattice, so God in the afternoon shut the windows of the world. As it is appropriate to throw a black pall upon the coffin as it passes along, so it was appropriate that everything should be sombre that day as the great hearse of the earth rolled on, bearing the corpse of the King. A man's last hours are ordinarily kept sacred. However you may have hated or caricatured a man, when you hear he is dying, silence puts its hand on your lips, and you would have a loathing for the man who could stand by a deathbed making faces and scoffing. But Christ in his last hour cannot be left alone. What, pursuing him yet after so long a pursuit? You have been drinking his tears. Do you want to drink his blood? They come up closely, so that notwithstanding the darkness they can glut their revenge with the contortions of his countenance. They examine his feet. They want to feel for themselves whether those feet are really spiked. They put out their hands and touch the spikes, and bring them back wet with blood and wipe them on their

"THEY FOUND THE CABLE."

garments. Women stand there and weep but can do no good. It is no place for the tender-hearted women. It wants a heart that crime has turned into granite. The waves of man's hatred and of hell's vengeance dash up against the mangled feet, and the hands of sin and pain and torture clutch for his holy heart. Had he not been thoroughly fastened to the cross they would have torn him down and trampled him with both feet. How the cavalry horses arched their necks and champed their bits, and reared and snuffed at the blood! Had a Roman officer called out for a light, his voice would not have been heard in the tumult; but louder than the clash of spears and the wailing of womanhood, and the neighing of the chargers, and the bellowing of the crucifyers there comes a voice crashing through—loud, clear overwhelming, terrific. It is the groaning of the dying son of God! Look! what a scene! Look, world, at what you have done!

I lift the covering from the maltreated Christ to let you count the wounds and estimate the cost. Oh! when the nails went through Christ's right hand and through Christ's left hand, that bought both your hands with all their power to work, and lift, and write; when the nails went through Christ's right foot and Christ's left foot, that brought your feet, with all their power to walk or run or climb. When the thorn went into Christ's temple, that bought your brain, with all its power to think and plan. When the spear cleft Christ's side, that bought your heart, with all its power to love and repent and pray.

O sinner, come, come back! If a man is in no pain, if he is prospered, if he is well, and he asks you to come, you take your time and you say, "I can't come now. I'll come after a while. There is no haste." But if he is in want and trouble you say: "I must go right away. I must go now." To-day Jesus stretches out before you two wounded hands, and he begs you to come. Go and you live. Stay away and you die. Oh, that to him who bought us we might give all our time and all our prayers and all our successes. I would we could think of nothing else, but come to Christ. He is so fair. He is so loving. He is so sympathizing. He is so good. I wish we could put our arms around his neck and say: "Thine, Lord, will I be forever." Oh that you would begin to love him. Would that I could take this audience and wreathe it around the heart of my Lord Jesus Christ.

When the Atlantic cable was lost in '65, do you remember that the *Great Eastern* and the *Medway* and the *Albany* went out to find it? Thirty times they sank the grapnel two and a half miles deep in water. After awhile they found the cable and brought it to the surface. No sooner had it been brought to the surface than they lifted a shout of exultation, but the cable slipped back again into the water and was lost. Then for two weeks more they swept the sea with the grappling-hooks, and at last they found the cable and they brought it up in silence. They fastened it this time. Then with great excitement they took one end of the cable to the electrician's room to see if there were really any life in it, and when they saw a spark and knew that a message could be sent, then every hat was lifted and the rockets flew and the guns sounded, until all the vessels on the expedition knew and the continents were lashed together.

Well, my friends, Sabbath after Sabbath Gospel messengers have come searching down for your souls. We have swept the sea with the grappling-hook of Christ's Gospel. Again and again we have thought that you were at the surface, and we began to rejoice over your redemption; but at the moment of our gladness you sank back again into the world and back again into sin. To-day we come with this Gospel searching for your soul. We apply the cross of Christ first to see whether there is any life left in you, while all around the people stand, looking to see whether the work will be done, and the angels of God bend down and witness; and oh! if now we could see only one spark of love and hope and faith, we would send up a shout that would be heard on the battlements of heaven, and two worlds would keep jubilee because communication is open between Christ and the soul, and your nature that has been sunken in sin has been lifted into the light and the joy of the Gospel.

A MAMMOTH CONVENTION.

(Continued from first page.)

was felt. He replied to them and Societies of Christian Endeavor sprang up in many churches with results like those that had followed the organization of the first Society. On June 2, 1882, a Conference of the Societies then existing was held in Dr. Clark's church and a committee was formed to make known the principles and benefits of the movement. The committee issued a circular to ministers in various parts of the country which led to the formation of more Societies. A year later a second conference was held in the Payson Memorial Church in Portland, Me., at which fifty-six Societies,having an enrolled membership of 2,870, were represented. The third anniversary was held at Lowell, Mass., when 156 Societies with a membership of 8,905 were represented and reports were received from Societies in China and the Sandwich Islands. The fourth anniversary was celebrated at Old Orchard, Me., on July 8, 1885. At that time there were 233 Societies and the membership had grown to 14,892. At this Convention arrangements were made for union and incorporation under the name The United Society of Christian Endeavor and a President, General Secretary and Treasurer were elected. The movement continued to spread, new Societies were registered daily, and every year the Convention proved by its numbers and enthusiasm how vigorous and widely extended was the Christian Endeavor spirit. At the close of the tenth year of its existence, when the anniversary was celebrated in the church at Portland, Me., which had been the scene of its birth over 13,000 Societies had been formed with nearly a million members.

The most notable feature of this remarkable growth was its suitability to all denominations of Evangelical Christians. There needed no

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(Chairman of Committee of Arrangements.

change in the constitution or methods of the Christian Endeavor Society to adapt it to a Presbyterian, a Congregationalist, a Baptist or a Methodist church. Even among the Quakers its value was recognized and societies formed. Any member of an Evangelical church could take the pledge and work along its lines without sacrificing a denominational principle. The great object of the Society is one which all the denominations desire and as the success of its methods has been proved, they have naturally adopted them. Moreover it drew the members of different denominations together, showed them how much they had in common and promoted a spirit of brotherhood and comradeship which did not exist before. There was no danger of proselytism, or of the levelling of the ecclesiastical fences which the leaders of the denominations have erected and which they keep in excellent repair, using barbed wire in some cases. A cardinal principle of the Society was that each society should be loyal to the church with which it was connected, should attend its meetings, and make its interests its first concern. The minister of the church and its officers were ex-officio members and the society was simply an adjunct of the church. Thus the fact of its larger relations did not deprive it of its distinctive connection. Recently the Methodists have withdrawn many of their societies to unite them in the Epworth League in order to bring them under denominational control. The Baptists have taken the same course, but for a different reason. Their apprehension lay in the possibility of the intimate association of their young people with those of other denominations rendering them less sensitive on the subject of baptism by immersion on confession of faith. They feared lest the next generation might lay less stress on that distinctive practice than this generation does and to prevent it a Baptist Young People's Union has been formed and many of the Christian Endeavor Societies connected with Baptist churches have joined it. But in both instances the constitution, the methods and the objects have remained practically identical.

That this and its two kindred societies will continue to grow and become increasingly useful there is every reason to believe. The Christian Endeavor principle is a living principle having its root in Christ's own teaching. It is a systematized obedience to his explicit injunctions. It provides for a frequent con-

MRS. F. E. CLARK.

fession of him and constant work for him. This is the element which has given it vigor. The heart and the hands are enlisted in his service. As a prominent member of the Society said, there is "no admittance except on business." It means Christianity in the life, Christian activity and the love of the brethren. In these principles it stands for Christ against the indifference, selfishness and wickedness of the world and it is organizing a force which in the next generation even more than in this must exercise a mighty influence for Christ.

Apart from the direct work of the Society such an assembly as that which will gather next week in New York must have an indirect power not easily overestimated. The worldly society of the metropolis will see from twenty to twenty-five thousand young people assembled in Christ's name, drawn from all parts of this and other lands to testify to him and to confer on the best means of extending his empire. The world has scoffed at Christ's royalty, but in such a phenomenon as this convention it will see that his is no impotent sceptre and that his kingship is no vain thing.

A PERSECUTING MOTHER.

THE Baptist missionaries at Swatow, China, are much interested in a woman who has recently joined the woman's class conducted by Mrs. Foster at that place. Kev. J. M. Foster gives in the *Baptist Missionary* the following particulars of her past history: Her oldest son has been a Christian about two years, suffering much abuse from his mother and three brothers. Some time ago he pasted up a Christian calendar on his door, and she flew into a rage and beat him unmercifully, saying, "You live in my house,and now you've pasted up a piece of white paper on the door!" White is the color they associate with death. Last year the third son became a believer, as zealous for the truth as he once was against it. After studying a while in the class here, he made a New Year's visit home. There he rashly washed out and carried off two urns, which had been worshipped in the family for generations—"nothing but two bits of crockery," he said; "there we've been worshipping then all these years." His mother, however, held decided views on the subject. I found she had been chasing him about the street, brandishing a knife,and bent on killing him. After he had been induced to bring them back, she seemed mollified, but again grew angry and vowed she would kill him. We succeeded is getting the second son to intercede with her. He had started for Singapore, but listened to his brother's entreaties, and had been staying at the mission compound here. He succeeded in calming her grieved and angry spirit. Now he has escorted her here, and yesterday she entered for the first time a place of Christian worship, and is in Mrs. Foster's class.

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THE DESCENT OF THE SPIRIT.

S. S. Lesson for July 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Acts 2: 1-13. Golden Text, John 16 : 13.

FAITHFULLY and unitedly the little company of disciples at Jerusalem obeyed their ascended Lord's last command, to "tarry in the city until they should be endued with power from on high." (Luke 24: 49.) An upper chamber was their place of abiding, and there were gathered the eleven. "These all with one accord continued steadfast in prayer, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus and with his brethren," numbering altogether "about a hundred and twenty."

"Steadfastly in Prayer!"

Such an occupation levelled all distinctions. While thus dealing with God no strife could arise as to which should be the greatest, no condemnation of her who had anointed Jesus with the precious spikenard for his burial remained longer in their hearts. The bargaining of Peter: "Behold, we have left all and followed thee; what shall we have then?" (Matt. 19: 27), had ceased now; the attempts of James and John to secure some special preferment for themselves were left in the past, their understanding had been opened to understand the Scriptures, and, in the light of God's holy truth, self-importance had withered away. They had seen Christ in the Scriptures, and now they understood Christ on the Cross. Christ "the Resurrection and the Life," Christ the ascended Lord. But he had led them to a definite expectation of power from on high in the Person of God the Holy Ghost who should come to dwell in them. All else must wait until his promise should be fulfilled.

There are times when active service is the first necessity, and then, woe unto us if we preach not the Gospel. (1. Cor. 9: 10.) And there are times when God sets a definite object before us, and shows us that at such times waiting upon the Lord must take precedence of all else, until he respond to the cry of need which his Spirit has inspired. None but the Holy Ghost can teach us to pray in the Spirit. "We know not what we should pray for as we ought." (Rom. 8: 26.) There are some who have the idea that the constant repetition of a request, couched in the same terms, is a steadfast continuance in prayer. But is not this like Baal's prophets who "called on the name of Baal from morning until noon, saying: O Baal, hear us?" (1. Kings 18: 27.) The prayers of Abraham and Moses were very different. They were conversations in which God had his part, real communings with him. Vain repetitions must weary him who uses them, and they must dishonor God, but communion with him is quite another matter. O how much of his past teaching must these disciples have gone over in this communion with their now unseen Lord, who was, however, with them alway in the Spirit, "even unto the end of the world!" How much of their future work would be prepared for in these hours! But alone, and beyond all this, how wonderfully must they have discovered their previous blindness and slowness of heart to perceive and to understand their Lord!

There are many who seek—seek earnestly—and long to be filled with the Holy Ghost, cherishing some preconceived notion of how an experience is to come. Not a few

Look for a Consciousness

of great spiritual fulness and power, a conscious zeal and love to God, an overpowering love to souls, which will bear them up, and satisfy their own longing for power and usefulness. But the Holy Ghost does not come to proclaim either his own presence or the zeal of any man. His presence destroys self-consciousness and makes us conscious of God.

"When the day of Pentecost was now come"—the day of the offering of the first-fruits—(Lev. 10: 14–16), "they were all together in one place. And suddenly there came from heaven a sound as of the rushing of a mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them tongues parting asunder like as of fire; and it sat upon each of them." (R. V.) O how many companions of believers have looked and waited for a similar manifestation! The tongues of fire were not the Holy Ghost; these are never again heard of. But the disciplined tongues of those former disputants, speaking now only "as the Spirit gave them utterance," and continuing through a long life of varied circumstances, thus to speak, bore a lasting and incontrovertible witness that these men were filled with the Holy Ghost."

The rising of Lazarus had roused Jerusalem, and so had the subsequent entry of the Lord into the city. But the intervening events of his crucifixion and his resurrection especially the latter, were of limited interest to the general population. But now something as wonderful as the resurrection of Lazarus had taken place. Men and women, without education, were speaking wonderful things in languages which they had never learned! Jerusalem was thronged with many other nationalities, and, to their unbounded surprise, the same wondrous revelation of the works of God were being told out, by these God-filled men and women, and the languages of all these foreigners were represented! Probably the Galilean accent was strongly discernible in the disciples' speech, for it was said of them, "Behold, are not all these which speak Galileans? And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born?" At least thirteen languages or dialects were represented. It was an unprecedented phenomenon, and one which they could not deny any more than they could explain. Never since the beginning of the world had there been such a company, gathered together in such a way, and addressed by such speakers, in such a manner! But the messages were more powerful than the manner in which they were delivered. It was an indwelling God who spoke through consecrated men!

What is it which causes the deadness and the want of fruit in many of our churches at home, and in many of our missions at home and abroad? It is that men attempt to speak

Without Waiting for the Spirit

to give them utterance. Nothing can result but failure when we speak only from ourselves even though the messages are the very same which the Holy Ghost has once filled with divine power. But, as in the case of John the Baptist, the same message will have the same power again and again, when the Spirit himself charges us with it. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." (Rom. 8 : 14.) If we keep our place as simple instruments of the Holy Ghost to declare the Word of God, that Word cannot but have power. He will always fill and use a human instrument when he is fully trusted; but then he must take the initiative. The disciples did not set themselves to preach and then ask the Holy Ghost to help them out in this work. They were yielded, and waiting, and empty, and the Holy Ghost took the ready instruments, and used them. Let us not forget that we do not need to plan for God or to take the lead in his work. The Holy Ghost takes the direction of those whom he fills. In prayer he suggests, and he shows what position God takes with regard to that request. He brings to remembrance God's Word or sheds his own light on our ordinary reading, or impresses us to read just that which will make that prayer a definite, never-to-be forgotten dealing with God. But let us not be surprised if the world mistakes and misjudges all the work of the Holy Ghost. Our Lord said a solemn word about the Comforter, "Whom

The World Cannot Receive

because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him." (John 14 : 17.) The world despised and rejected Christ, and the world which is "flesh" cannot understand or receive what is spiritual. The things of the Spirit of God need an awakened spirit, quickened out of death to be understood. Thus the multitude was "amazed, and perplexed, saying one to another, What meaneth this? But others mocking, said, "They are filled with new wine." (R. V.) Why did they not ask of God the explanation? The testimony was of the wonderful works of God, yet these men, ignorant of all which was spiritual, asked of one another what was beyond their horizon! It is even so now; men dread to go direct to God with their questions.

"But Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice, and spake forth unto them, saying, ye men of Judea, and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem, be this known unto you, and give ear to my words. For these are not drunken as ye suppose; seeing it is but the third hour of the day; but this is that which hath been spoken by the prophet Joel." (R. V.) Peter did not speak suggestively; like his Master he spoke "as one having authority," for he was the spokesman of God the Holy Ghost. And as he quoted the words of the prophet, the living evidence of their fulfilment was before the eyes of the people to whom he spoke. "And it shall be in the last days, saith God, I will pour forth of my Spirit upon all flesh. And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams; yea and on my servants and on my handmaidens (or bondmen and bondmaidens, R. V. margin), will I pour forth of my Spirit and they shall prophesy." As when Daniel read the handwriting on the wall so now Peter filled with the Holy Ghost, read what was taking place in the light of Joel's prophecy. There were fishermen and simple Galilean women preaching with wondrous power, Jesus and the Resurrection. There was no other explanation; chief priests and scribes might mock but they could not interpret the mysterious power which was at work. The disciples had thought the days not too long to wait for the Holy Ghost the Lord counted all their previous humbling and failure none too much by way of preparation. How is it with us? Are we satisfied to do the work of the Lord, which demands Holy Ghost power, by words and wisdom, by zeal and emotions which emanate more from us than from the Holy Ghost, and so are not permanent in their result. Let us look to it that we bring no strange fire to God's altar, nor unwittingly make a poor imitation of the Holy Ghost.

LESSON POINTS.

"When he the Spirit of Truth is come he will guide you into all truth." John 16: 13.

WHEN he, the spirit of truth is come. What is a spirit? A little girl was looking on the face of her dead brother, who had been her playmate ever since she could remember. She could not understand why he should lie so still and quiet. Her father told her he was dead. "What do you mean, Papa?" she asked. The father told her that his spirit had gone to be with Jesus. "Do you mean his think? Can't he think now? Can't he love me, nor hear me speak to him?" The father sorrowfully told her no; it was his spirit that had used the ears and lips and now that it was gone, they were useless. The child could not understand it, but she did not protest when they put the little body in a coffin and buried it. She seemed to realize that it was not her brother they were putting in the ground. If it was his spirit that had talked and laughed and played with her, that, and not the little, silent body, was her real brother. The phenomenon was a mystery, however, and she pondered on it. "What makes your watch say tick, tick, tick, when I put it to my ear?" she asked her father one day. The father showed her the works of the watch and told her about the uncoiling of the spring setting the wheels in motion and turning the hands and making the ticking sound. "Is the spring the spirit of the watch?" she asked reverting to the problem that had puzzled her. "No it is not the spirit," said the father, "but it does for the watch what the spirit does for the child and the man," and he told her how the watch sometimes would not go at all or keep time correctly if it needed a new spring; and that men and women and children needed a new spirit and that God was ready to give it to anyone who needed it and it was called the Holy Spirit or as Jesus said the Spirit of Truth.

He will guide you. When a man has to travel through a city he knows nothing about, there is nothing he needs so much as a guide. Careful directions may be given him, but he may forget them or become confused and mistake one street for another and get lost. But if some one goes with him who knows the way, even if it is only a little child, he has no more worry or anxiety. That is what Christ meant by the Holy Spirit guiding. The Holy Spirit was to be with his people always and to show them the way to act and to speak and to live. A man lost his way in going over a moor in a mining district. He had been across it once or twice in the day-time and noticed that the people had not covered up the coal-shafts leading down to exhausted workings. He thought how dangerous that was and he thought of it again and again when he had lost his way, for it was growing dark and he might step into one of these dreadful holes and be killed. It was very bleak and cold, but he sat down on a stone determined that he would not move until day-break, when he could see his way. He waited some time and was thinking how long the night would seem in that desolate place, when he saw a light moving in the distance. He knew what it was; it was a man carrying a lantern. He called and the man came to him and took him by the hand and drew him on one side. "There is a pit close to you," he said. The lost man shuddered but putting his hand on the arm of the other who knew every inch of the way, he went forward boldly. That was much-needed *guidance.*

He shall guide you into all truth. That is a great promise. We need to know the truth about many things, and we do not always know how to learn it. We need to know the truth about ourselves. A gentleman was waiting in a physician's office to see him on business. In the room also waiting was a tall portly gentleman who seemed very impatient. "I really think I won't wait any longer," he said. "I want to get to my business. It is ridiculous my coming here at all. My wife would have me come. Women always make such a fuss about trifles. There is nothing the matter with me except what will come all right in a day or two. But she would have me come." Just then the doctor's door opened and the impatient man went into the consulting room. The conference was a long one for a trifling ailment. He was with the doctor half an hour. When he came out his face was very pale. "And you think," he said to the physician who came to the door with him, "that I may be saved by an operation?" The physician looked grave. "I am not sure," he said; "but it is your only chance. It may succeed as you have come at the beginning. We will hope so." The man went away very much changed. He was in no hurry to get to his business then. He knew that he had a dangerous malady which might kill him. The doctor recognized the symptoms of which the patient thought so lightly as the sure indications of the disease. So men don't know how evil they are till the Holy Spirit enlightens them and shows them their malady and their danger. He guides us into truth about ourselves.

He guides us into truth about God. A farmer in England rented a valuable farm which was owned by an earl. He was a very great man who made speeches in Parliament and spent most of his time on affairs of national importance in London. The farmer had never even seen him. He paid his rent to a lawyer in the next town every year. Misfortunes came on the farmer—illness, a large sum to be paid to save an undutiful sun from going to prison. He could not pay his rent when it was due. He asked the lawyer to give him a little time. "No;" said the lawyer, "you must pay or leave the farm. There are plenty of men ready to take it who can pay." The farmer left the office looking very woebegone. He overtook a gentleman walking along the road, and being a good-natured man offered him a seat in his buggy. The gentleman accepted and began to talk about the country. The farmer was full of his trouble and spoke of it. "Oh, don't worry," said his new acquaintance, "write to the Earl or, better still, go and see him in London." "I should not like to do that," said the farmer, "he is such a great man and people say he is very proud and severe." But the other persisted. He said, "I know him. You will find him very affable and reasonable." The farmer took the advice and went to the Earl's house in London, told his story and asked for a little time to pay the year's rent. He was kindly treated and to his amazement the Earl, after a few questions, said: "No, I will not give you any time to pay, but I will give you a receipt for the year's rent and I wish you all success." The farmer could scarcely find words to express his thanks. He still thought the Earl a great man though there had been no severity, but unexpected kindness in him; in fact he thought him all the greater for his kindness. That is how people feel when the Holy Spirit guiding them into the truth about God shows them that God is love.

A WEST-SIDE SAILORS' BETHEL.

The Growing Gospel Work of the Seamen's Christian Association in New York.

JUST five years ago, a little band of Gospel laborers opened a mission at No. 665 Washington St., New York, with the object of reaching the seafaring class, who, while in port make a temporary home in the crowded West-side of the metropolis. Begun and continued, as it has been, in faith, having no assured income, the officers and managers felt much encouraged, by the good results. The handful of faithful were deeply interested in seamen, and realizing the need of another Rest by the way, began the task of transforming a low liquor saloon into a room consecrated to the service of the Master. Accommodations were primitive, but there were brave hearts ready to gird on the armor and battle for the cause in which they had enlisted.

As the work advanced, and the room became crowded frequently to its utmost capacity, need was felt of more commodious accommodations. The aggregate attendance of seamen during the past year has been 9,277. Of this number many have signed the Temperance pledge, and become Christians. Some have gone out from the Mission, eager to spread the glad tidings among their shipmates, and asking the prayers of the missionary and workers that they may have strength to continue faithful.

Some of the seamen return within a few weeks, others remain away longer, but their letters give assurance that their hearts are right.

One cold winter's night, a youth entered the Mission-room, shabbily dressed and with an impediment in his speech which rendered it difficult for him to obtain employment, or to express his wants. On the verge of despair, he applied to the missionary for help. He was received kindly, and sheltered for several weeks. He became encouraged, and was soon able to bear testimony to the saving power of Jesus. He is now once more employed on one of the ocean steamers.

Another, sunken very low through drink and other vices, had left his home, parents, wife, and child. He was even discharged from the steamer on which he had been employed. Encouraged by a welcome and by continued kindness, he attended the evening meetings, became a Christian, was restored to his family and has given up the sea and has steady employment in this city.

At the evening religious services, it is not unusual for fifteen or twenty seamen to raise their hands for prayer, or to manifest in other ways, their sincere wishes to be Christians.

The officers of this Association are: Rev. Henry Wilson, D.D., President; Miss Mary B. Cookman, Vice-President; Miss Emma M. Bangs, Secretary; Mr. Wainwright Hardie, Treasurer, and Miss Helen M. Thompson, Assistant Treasurer.

On this page we give an illustration, taken from life, showing a Friday-evening "tea" at the Mission. These pleasant evenings are a great social attraction to the seamen, and keep them away from the dramshops. A short service opens the evening, after which tea and cake are served. The organist plays some wellknown hymn in which the audience joins enthusiastically in the intervals of the repast.

AN EVENING TEA AND SONG SERVICE AT THE WESTSIDE SAILORS' MISSION, NEW YORK CITY.

A MESSENGER FOR JESUS.

A MESSENGER for Jesus,
A service, oh how sweet!
To bear his royal banner high,
To stand in him complete.

A messenger for Jesus,
To work in his dear name!
The rich, the poor, both young and old
May the glad news proclaim.

A messenger for Jesus.
A daughter of the King!
To comfort and to help a friend,
Her heart to him to bring.

A messenger for Jesus,
To help a timid one
Upon the way, on land or sea,
To be a trusting son.

Of him who ever waits in love
His tenderness to show,
That every erring child may come
And his salvation know.

—EMMA M. BANGS.

Seamens' Rest, 665 Washington St., N. Y.

AN EVANGELISTIC EYELASH.

A REMARKABLE story of a conversion in China is related by Mr. J. Chapman in connection with medical missionary work in China. It shows that so trivial a matter as the displacement of an eyelash may lead to results of eternal moment. He said: "A man was one day suddenly afflicted with pains in one of his eyes, and the more he rubbed to relieve the pain the worse he became. He went to a priest and asked his advice upon the matter. The priest replied that the influence of the brooms in his kitchen had caused the pain, and the only way to relieve it would be to burn the brooms. The man returned to his house, got all the brooms of the house, and made a conflagration with them. He was, of course, no better for that, and he then went to a native doctor who told him to pay five dollars and soon the offending matter in his eye would run out. The dollars were paid, but the pain did not go with them. The poor fellow went about rubbing his eyes, and they became worse, and he was threatened with blindness. He eventually went to the misson, and Dr. Macdonald removed an eyelash from under the eyelid. After a little time the man became perfectly well, but having regained his natural eyesight he began to seek spiritual eyesight at the same place. He has been converted, and is now a member of the mission. The medical missions in the south of China are partly supported by the men who come to them. In Shin Kwan there is a consulting-room where the rich people of the town come and pay fees for treatment. The fees are small, though large enough to purchase the medicine which is given to the poor people in the town."

BUILDING IN PALESTINE.

SUDDEN and extensive activity in building around Jerusalem is reported by Mrs. Baron whose account of it is published in *Times of Refreshing*. She says: "A number of wealthy Jews are acquiring possession of large tracts of land in various parts of Palestine especially in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, and are organizing building societies. They recently secured a large tract near Haifa for which they gave $85,000. One Jewish building society lately proposed building 1,000 houses for Jewish occupation between Jerusalem and Bethlehem. The shares being immediately taken up, the number was repeatedly raised until it finally attained 3500. I was quite unprepared to find Jerusalem so much built about. The city within the walls will soon be smaller than the new Jerusalem without. The city itself is very unhealthy, being built on the heaps of ruins of past cities. It abounds in narrow, filthy, noisome, covered ways and alleys, where fevers are at home. Inside the city it is impossible to drive; but outside there are fine buildings, well constructed roads, good shops, a public garden (in preparation), and building operations extending in all directions. In the colony outside the Jaffa gate there are from 9,000 to 10,000 Jews. This neighborhood has grown rapidly since a year ago. A small colony of Jewish artisans just outside of Jaffa are helped, on the building society principles, to become owners of their houses; and so great is the demand for these well-built little dwellings that they cannot be built quickly enough. A yet more important service is being rendered by the *Alliance Israelite* in providing training schools where Jewish youth are taught some useful trade or a scientific knowledge of agriculture."

BEGINNING WORK IN CHINA.

IN a letter from Hong Kong, China, to Dr. Cullis, Mrs. C. Goodwin Davis thus refers to the difficulties she has encountered during the past nine months of her labor as a missionary: I found it necessary for me to put all my time and strength into study the first year. It seems to me sometimes that I never shall get used to the Chinese idiom. The cart is always before the horse. Where we would say "What is this?" they say, "This is what thing?" They ask you if you have eaten your rice instead of saying, "How do you do?" and for "goodbye" they tell you to walk slowly. They will tell you to "lessen your heart," when they really mean, be brave and take courage.

But the greatest difficulty lies in the tones which vary for the same syllable and give the word divers meanings according to the pronunciation. I have undertaken to teach a woman who is over forty years old, in the first Christian book. I also read to her out of "Peep of Day" in colloquial. She is not a Christian, but is very much interested in Christianity.

I also go with a Bible woman from house to house. Of course she does all the talking, but before she begins I have to answer about a dozen questions—here are a few: "How old are you?" "What are you here for?" "How many children have you?" "How much money does your husband make?" etc., etc.

I feel quite at home among them and hope soon to be able to tell them that my loving Saviour is theirs also.

What a blessed privilege God has given me. Never did I realize as I do now, how much I owe him. What if I had never heard of a Saviour.

If those who were born in Christian lands and are not yet Christians, should have taken from them all that has come to them through Christianity, what a change would come into their lives, how bitter to what they now are.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

JESUS keep us ever near thee,
Closer, closer ev'ry day.
Let thine arm be thrown about us,
Lest we wander far away.

Let us nestle ev'ry moment
In the heart so full of love;
Grant that we may have no earth-thoughts
Which will draw us from above.

Let our lives be full of kindness
To the sick and weary friend;
Let us comfort, cheer, and aid them,
Until God each life shall end.

Just a letter—word—or leaflet,
Has a mission in its way—
Blades of grass, and flowers lovely
Give to us a golden ray.

It is sweet to work for Jesus,
And his praise we ever sing.
Ever doing deeds of kindness,
For we're Daughters of the King.

—From *Work at Home.*

BISHOP HANNINGTON'S BONES

The Remains of the Martyr of Uganda Recovered through a Servant long after his Cruel Murder by King M'Wanga's Order.

AFTER having lain hidden in African forests for more than six years, the bones of the martyred Bishop Hannington have at last been recovered and will now receive Christian burial. Rev. J. Roscoe, writing from Mengo, the capital of Uganda, says: "Mr. Martin, the Imperial British East Africa Company's caravan leader, told Pilkington that Bishop Hannington's bones are at a place fourteen days' journey from here. He wishes to know what we wish done with them. The boy who was found guarding them is with him, and is to come over here to see us. I mean to try and get him for my servant. At noon Pilkington brought the boy. He said he belonged to Mumei, of Kavirondo; his name was Mcharo, but now he goes by the name of Bishop. His account of the murder coincides with the facts already published.

"After the death of the Bishop, Luba, Chief of Usoga, kept him as a slave. For two years he had to work in the fields, but in his third year he was made a soldier. At the end of his third year there was a tremendous famine; all the bananas failed. Luba asked the medicine-man the cause. He attributed it to the fact of the Bishop's bones having never been buried. The custom of the Busoga is, if a chief dies when on a jurney or away from home, to cut off his head and bring it back to his country. I found this out when at Frere Town. A chief in charge of a Busoga caravan died, his followers cut off his head to bring back to his home. The chief, Luba, therefore told Mcharo to take the Bishop's head and an armbone, also the head of his Goanese cook, and carry them to the coast, that his country might be saved from famine. The boy got the skulls. Luba also gave him Hannington's water-bottle and a pair of boots to take down to the coast. When Mcharo reached his own town in Kavirondo the chief refused to allow him to go further, and would not allow him inside the town with the bones. He was permitted to build a house outside the town, and there he lived for two years. The bones he wrapped in fibre from the banana and buried in his house, awaiting the time when he could go to the coast.

"There it was he was found by Mr. Jackson, of the Imperial British East Africa Company. Mcharo handed the bones over to him, and says they were to be taken to the coast. Mr. Martin, the Imperial British East Africa Company's caravan leader, affirms they are still at Minuri, buried in an iron box. The rest of the bones are still lying where he fell. Captain Williams has promised to have them collected and kept in a place of safety until we receive instructions as to where they are to be buried."

HALF CONSCIOUS DUTY.

PROFESSSOR DRUMMOND tells the following story in illustration of the sense of duty: "There was in Glasgow a boy apprenticed to a telegraph lineman who told me this himself. One day this boy was up on the top of a four-story house with a number of men fixing up a telegraph-wire. The work was all but done. It was getting late, and the men said they were going away home, and the boy was to nip off the ends of the wire. Before going down they told him to be sure to go back to the workshop, when he had finished, with his master's tools. The boy climbed up the pole, and began to nip off the ends of the wire. He lost his hold and fell upon the slates, slid down, and then over in the air down almost to the ground. A clothes-rope stretched across the "green," caught him on the chest and broke his fall; but the shock was terrible, and he lay unconscious among some clothes upon the green. An old woman came out; seeing her rope broken, and the clothes all soiled, she thought the boy was drunk, shook him, scolded him, and went for the policeman. And the boy with the shaking came back to consciousness, rubbed his eyes, and got upon his feet. What do you think he did? He staggered, half blind, up the ladder. He got on to the roof of the house. He gathered up his tools, put them into his basket, took them down, and when he got to the ground, fainted dead away. Just then the policeman came, saw there was something wrong, and carried him away to the Infirmary, where he lay for some time. I am glad to say he got better, and is now doing well. What was his first thought at that terrible moment! His duty. He was not thinking of himself; he was thinking about his master. That is what the Christian ought to do.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

MANY letters commending the excellence of the music published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are received at this office. We are indebted to the courtesy of The Biglow & Main Co., and the John Church Company, by whose kind permission their copyright music appears every week in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

LONGEVITY OF INVALIDS.

THERE is a constant sympathy expressed by robust people for those of slight physical constitution. I think the sympathy ought to turn in the opposite direction. It is the delicate people who escape the most fearful disorders, and in three cases out of four live the longest. These gigantic structures are almost always reckless of health. They say, "Nothing hurts me," and so they stand in draughts, and go out into the night air to cool off, and eat crabs at midnight, and doff their flannels in April, and carelessly get their feet wet. But the delicate people are shy of peril. They know that disease has been fishing for them for twenty years, and they keep away from the hook. No trout can be caught if he sees the shadow of the sportsman on the brook. These people whom everybody expects to die, live on most tenaciously.

I know a young lady who evidently married a very wealthy man of eighty-five on the ground that he was very delicate, and with reference to her one-third. But the aged invalid is so careful of his health, and the young wife so reckless of hers, that it is now uncertain whether she will inherit his store-houses, or he inherit her wedding-ring. Health and longevity depend more upon caution and intelligent management of one's self than upon original physical outfit. Paul's advice to the sheriff is appropriate to people in all occupations: "Do thyself no harm!"

THE EDUCATED PLOW.

THERE are now in the United States thirty-eight agricultural colleges. they are doing much for the science of farming. May all prosperity attend to them. We think, however, that men seldom get to be practical farmers through such institutions. The student have so delicate a time that they will not feel much like going out into the teeth of the northeast wind to sow Winter grain, with the thermometer five degrees below zero. We think that the most successful farmers are those who in boyhood rise at early daybreak, milk the cows and drive them out to pasture, eat a chunk of salt pork, and get off to the fields before city people have come to their last morning dream. Many of the best farmers in the best farmers in the best farming region of the world never heard of an agricultural college. The practical part of the science of agriculture must be dug up by two brawny hands out of the middle of the cornfield. Those make successful farmers who come in the regular line of succession. Their father tilled the soil, and their grandfather and their great-grandfather, who went from plow to Lexington and back again from Lexington to the plow. Many a man puts down his gilt-edged book on phosphates and subsoiling puts on his gloves, takes his jacknife and goes out to trim his grape-vines—trimming them in the wrong place—and is under the delusion that he is a farmer. That does very well if you have inherited or first made your fortune, and have an income of twelve thousand dollars a year, and you can afford to lose six thousand experimenting with cows and chickens and unheard of rotations of crops.

* * *

SPECIAL contributions to the *Leo's* cargo were made by a number of well known firms. The New York Condensed Milk Co., 71 Hudson St., sent 10 cases (40 dozen), Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk; Henry Maillard, 118 W. 25 St., N. Y., sent one case of chocolate; John H. Behre, 255 Washington St., N. Y., sent a case of flour and corned beef packed together; while still other firms sent crackers, preserves and oil. These will be distributed among the sick and convalescent in Russia.

A Financial Summary of the Fund.

We present below a brief summary, showing contributions received from the beginning of the Fund.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

March	26,	$ 82 80
"	28,	262 75
"	28,	256 33
"	30,	386 48
"	31,	336 76
April	1,	204 42
"	2,	219 45
"	4,	417 85
"	5,	372 38
"	6,	294 94
"	7,	309 60
"	8,	332 01
"	9,	285 35
"	11,	404 00
"	12,	401 40
"	13,	367 09
"	14,	350 31
"	15,	582 38
"	16,	009 66
"	18,	1133 30
"	19,	961 61
"	20,	1081 30
"	21,	981 12
"	22,	773 25
"	23,	739 85
"	25,	1144 34
"	26,	587 94
"	27,	772 90
"	28,	815 77
"	29,	729 25
"	30,	548 02
May	2,	1217 84
"	3,	378 16
"	4,	734 17
"	5,	770 52
"	6,	730 09
"	7,	574 41
"	9,	892 42
"	10,	727 48
"	11,	769 26
"	12,	724 19
"	13,	521 32
"	14,	531 46
"	16,	500 32
"	17,	517 97
"	18,	557 94
"	19,	419 25
"	20,	228 33
"	21,	312 55
"	23,	377 29
"	24,	417 29
"	25,	302 06
"	26,	718 63
"	27,	458 61
"	28,	333 99
"	31,	791 07
June	1,	63 90
"	2,	173 30
"	3,	12 25
"	4,	21 00
"	6,	145 61
"	7,	16 50
"	8,	27 00
"	9,	23 30
"	10,	25 00
"	13,	17 24
"	14 to 20,	107 76
TOTAL,		**$31,884.09**

DISBURSEMENTS.

Imperial Mills, Duluth, Minn., 1800 sacks flour,	$2,500 00
Imperial Mills, Phila., 200 sacks flour,	283 71
Duryea, Watts & Co., New York, 6500 sacks flour,	9,300 00
Granville Perrin, New York, 4200 sacks flour,	6,021 00
G. Montague & Co., Chicago, 3778 sacks flour,	4,774 73
Inspection at New York,	286 34
Insurance,	187 50
Charter of S. S. *Leo*,	7,230 00
Cablegrams to Russia,	11 67
Extra labor on dock,	11 25
Exchange on Canadian money,	25 23
Incidentals, including postage, stationery, printing, advt'ng, telegrams, etc., on both shipments,	146 93
Balance to be distributed in Russia in cash,	$1,105 73
TOTAL,	**$31,884.09**

THE "LEO'S" RELIEF CARGO.

The total cargo shipped to Russia on the *Leo* by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund (in addition to the 280,000 lbs. of flour shipped per *Conemaugh*) was:

		POUNDS.		POUNDS.
14,485	bags of flour, net weight	2,027,900	8 bags of beans, net weight,	800
510	" corn, "	57,120	225 sacks flour (additi'l), "	31,500
55	barrels flour, "	10,780	38 pack'gs crackers, condensed milk, chocolate, preserves and oil,	1,750
35	bags meal, "	3,500		

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

COURAGE.

WE may as well face the facts without flinching and learn one great element of weakness in much Christian work of the present day, which is a lack of holy courage. I have given much thought and study to this for the sake of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, and now give you the results of my research in and out of the Bible, in and out of the pulpit, in and out of the home.

First, as for the Bible—I am amazed at the dauntless courage, the divine daring of its character. No one can take up the study of Abraham and read between the lines but what this will stand out like mountains rising from the plain. See Moses, a man of meekness yet a man of such might that he dare face the field and foe from which he fled. Helped by God he compels a monarch to give an emancipation proclamation, and slaves under burden and lash walk out into liberty, two millions and more of them.

Oh, for more men like Moses, who with the courage of a conqueror will enter the cities where Satan has his seat, and demand in the name of Jesus our King the release of those under the burden and lash of sin!

It yet remains to be seen what a man of unfaltering faith and courage can do. The noble examples of the past can be written in the history of the ages as only candles compared to the mystic electric lights of those who reach for the opportunities of the present. God help us!

And the pulpit, oh, how it is hampered by the sickly, sloppy sentiment of pew pleasing. Thousands upon thousands of noble men—noble in possibility, made worse than weakness by a lack of courage to preach as they know they ought, to pray as they know they can, if God gets hold of them, to work so that all devils and a lot of men and women, too, will get madder than beasts. Talk of reaching the masses, it will never be done till the pulpit gets leaders, and that does not mean peace but a sword. My brother minister, what say you now to a vow that God shall be our only leader, and if it makes the high priests, Sanhedrims, and rulers mad, till there come the prison doors for us, we will yet let him lead.

And the home. Here is where courage born of God is needed.

Courage to keep sweet.

Courage to make things go right.

Courage to pray out loud for everyone by name.

Courage to follow out the Bible instructions about chastening when needed.

Courage to make the children obey.

Courage to command aright and make things swing to the level of good order all around.

Oh, for more courage! Let us pray.

Where are They?

I've been waiting for some one of the many denominations and their divinity schools to give us a crop of mighty preachers, and mighty prayers, and mighty exhorters, and mighty soul-winners. We perceive a large harvest of mighty critics, and mighty sermonizers, and mighty editors, and mighty theorizers, and mighty schemers, and mighty movers of resolutions. Oh, for an awakening, born of the Holy Ghost that will bring to home and foreign fields of Christian labor men who will do exploits.

Hearken!

As a soul-winner you long to succeed. You pray for "good success." Let me name to you the two things that will bring you your heart's desire.

First. Prevailing prayer. Such as is named in the opening of Luke 18, as well as at the close. Prayer that reaches God and moves him. Prayer that has in it as much life as there is life in you. Conquering prayer like Jacob's when the day broke and his name was changed. Prayer like that of Knox and Luther and Wesley.

Second. Persuasive work. This is the winner's weapon of wise warfare in taking captive those who follow Satan. There is much preaching and exhorting that is not "persuasive." If a mere ceremony would save, I'd have an army of men in a week but the kingdom of heaven opens not thus, it must be that we seek the lost in ways that will make them seek God. The sharpest words of warning should be but the persuading call to the perishing.

DEATH OF AN EXPLORER.

NEWS from the interior of Africa reached Zanzibar on June 14 of the death of Captain Stairs, the distinguished British officer, who accompanied Stanley on his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. Captain Stairs was given extended leave of absence from his regiment two years ago to accept an appointment under the King of Belgium who gave him the command of the expedition to Katanga. He set out early last year for his destination, going by way of Fagamoyo and Tanganika. The last news received of him came in April. It reported his safe arrival at Karema after severe suffering from diseases peculiar to the climate. The French mission at Karema lent him three canoes and helped him on his way. News "from the interior of Africa" of the death of white travellers is proverbially untrustworthy, but, as Captain Stairs was known to be in bad health, there is too much reason to believe that in this instance it is true. He was a young and brilliant officer and his death is sincerely deplored. His portrait appears on this page. His friends and fellow officers believed that fame and glory would one day be his but, if this news is true, he has fallen before the foe over which none can triumph but he who has received through Christ the promise of resurrection to eternal life. (1. Cor. 15: 54.)

A Wedding in a Cemetery.

A STRANGE scene was chosen recently by a bride in Baltimore for her marriage. Six carriages were seen on June 15th, entering Greenmount Cemetery. It was at first supposed that it was only a funeral procession, but as there was no hearse it could not be a funeral. The carriages proceeded to one of the family lots, and there the party alighted. A clergyman was in attendance, and when the party had grouped themselves among the graves he proceeded to read the marriage ceremony. The bride stood on the horizontal stone covering the grave of her mother, the bridegroom on another stone lying alongside, which covered the grave of the bride's father, and with hands clasped went through the ceremony which made them man and wife. The clergyman's part in the ceremony was very small, for the bridegroom, who is a Dane, following his ancestral custom, put the necessary questions to the bride and, having received her answers, replied on his part to the questions put by her. The clergyman pronounced the benediction and the party re-entered the carriages and returned to the city to partake of the wedding feast. The bride belongs to a very old Baltimore family, the members of which for several generations have been buried in the lot where, by her wish, the wedding ceremony took place. No clue is given to the bride's reason for choosing so strange a place for the marriage. She may have attached great sanctity to vows made there, or it may be that as her kindred were not alive to witness the ceremony, she wished it to take place where their bodies were lying. But whatever her motive may have been, a useful end will be served if, in the future, as she recalls the scene of her marriage, it reminds her that death, which dissolves all earthly unions, does not disturb union with Christ, but brings it into closer relations. (Rom. 8: 38, 39.)

A Railroad Collision.

A SERIOUS accident occurred at Stapleton, Staten Island, on June 12. A crowded excursion train was standing in the station waiting to take on more passengers for South Beach. Before it moved out of the station the ordinary train was seen approaching at a rapid rate. The engineer was whistling frantically for the application of hand-brakes. The engineer of the standing train saw the other train coming, heard the whistle and at once realized that a collision was inevitable. He started his train immediately to break the violence of the shock, but before it had gone many yards the rear train dashed into it. Many of the passengers in both trains were severely bruised and cut by the fragments of broken glass; but, happily, no one was killed. Being asked for an explanation of his carelessness, the engineer on the rear train said that he had calculated that the air-brakes would bring his train to a standstill before reaching the station, but when he saw the train ahead and applied the air-brakes he found to his consternation that they would not work. He had then whistled for hand-brakes, but those could not be applied in time to avert the collision. A similar error of judgment is made by many young men as to their conduct of life. In seeing the world and trifling with temptation they are apt to believe that they can stop in a sinful career and reform whenever they want to do so. They often discover when it is too late that they have overestimated their powers of self-control and underestimated the momentum acquired by sinful indulgence. (Heb. 12: 17.)

To Avert a Stigma.

EFFORTS have been made by influential people in New York to secure the removal of a female prisoner from Ludlow Street jail. She was formerly a clerk in one of the post office stations. She resigned last September and her

THE LATE CAPT. STAIRS.

successor on examining the books discovered a discrepancy. Fifteen post-office orders had been issued which had not been entered in the usual way. The ex-clerk gave an explanation of the informality, but it did not satisfy the inspectors and when, shortly afterward, she disappeared from the city, a warrant was issued for her arrest. It was found that she was staying with some friends of her family at Buffalo, N. Y., and there she was found and brought back to New York. When her case came before the court her lawyer asked for a lengthened adjournment and produced evidence that her health would not bear the strain of a trial. She was about to become a mother and the court remanded her to prison until the prison surgeon should certify that she was well enough to be tried. If the crime with which she was charged had been a State offence, she would have been transferred to the hospital at once, but the United States government makes no provision for sick prisoners beyond that of the ordinary prison surgeon. She was therefore kept in her cell. But several kindly persons interested themselves in her case and urged that as she had not been convicted and might still be declared innocent, her child ought to be spared the stigma of having been born in a prison. Their representations have been successful and the woman has been placed in the Maternity Hospital at the expense of the Government. No one doubts that a stigma would rest on a child born in a prison though the Bible reference to children suffering for the sins of their parents is often made the ground of reproach against the Book. Happily, however, the child would not have been dishonored in God's sight by such a birth. He welcomes all who come to him, whatever their origin, and "every man must give an account of himself to God." (Rom. 14: 12.)

A Suit for a Corpse.

THE Supreme Court of Providence, R. I., will shortly be called upon to decide who is the rightful owner of the body of a man who died a few months ago. At the time of his death his widow was almost destitute and his father undertook the charge of the funeral. Being a Roman Catholic he had the body interred in his own lot in the Roman Catholic cemetery. The widow, however, is a Protestant, and she grieved over the fact that when she died the cemetery authorities would not allow her to be buried beside her husband. She secured employment and toiled and saved to get enough money to pay for the removal of her husband's body to a Protestant cemetery. At last she succeeded, and having secured the necessary permits the body was exhumed and interred in the Riverside Cemetery at Pawtucket. The father was very indignant when he discovered what had been done and has brought suit to recover the body. Nominally the suit is against the cemetery company, but really the court will have to decide whether the father or the wife is the legal owner of the dead man. The whole dispute and the costly litigation are matters of no moment to the man himself. What concerns him now is to whom his soul belongs and that is a question of infinite importance. Unhappily, men do not realize this while they are alive and well, or they would devote less attention to the body, and more to securing the eternal interests of the soul. (Matt. 5: 26, 33.)

A Criminal on the Jury.

A SENSATION was produced in a court in San Francisco on June 8th by the statement of a lawyer engaged in a case then on trial. It arose out of a dispute between two railroad contractors and involved a large sum of money. At the opening of the court a lawyer representing one of the litigants told the judge that after the court adjourned the previous evening one of the men on the jury which was trying the case, called upon him and offered to secure a verdict in favor of his client if the lawyer would pay him five hundred dollars. The lawyer pointed out the man, who was then sitting among the other jurymen and the judge at once ordered him under arrest. He was a store-keeper in the city doing a fair business, but when he was in the hands of the police his record was investigated. A detective from Carson, Neb., identified him as a notorious criminal who had been pardoned out of jail by political influence, after serving ten years of a twenty-three year' sentence. Further inquiries showed that he had been one of the most desperate highway robbers on the Pacific coast. He had been engaged in the robbery of a Central Pacific train at Verdi and had stopped and robbed the stage coaches in the Sierras, while ostensibly engaged in prospecting. Ten years ago, when released from prison he had professed repentance and promised reformation. The police had lost sight of him nntil the other day when by soliciting the bribe, he brought himself to their notice. Though he had led an irreproachable life for ten years, his dishonest nature manifested itself when the opportunity came. It was not dead, but only held in check by the desire to be considered respectable. The dormant evil became active when occasion favored it. The only reformation which promises permanence is the radical one of a new heart. As Jesus said, it is the things which proceed out of the heart that reveal tne man. (Matt. 12: 35.)

A Saloon Blown Up.

A SALOON-KEEPER in Brooklyn, N. Y., is deploring the results of an experiment performed by one of his customers. Five or six men were in the saloon about nine o'clock in the evening, and the owner was behind the bar mixing drinks for them. A large barrel stood near the end of the counter, and in front of the barrel was a little pool of white liquid which might have leaked out of the barrel. A dispute arose between two of the drinkers as to the nature of the liquid. "It's water," said one of them. The other contradicted him. "It has leaked out of the barrel," he said, "and it is spirits." A trivial dispute is apt to grow to large dimensions in such places when the disputants are excited with liquor, and this one was growing heated when one of the men standing by, said: "I'll soon settle it." He struck a match and dropped it into the pool. There was no doubt after that as to the nature of the liquid. A light flame ran from the pool to the barrel, and instantly there was an explosion which blew out the front of the store and some of the men with it, and covered the others with the debris of the ceiling, fragments of bottles and mirrors and splintered wood. Four of the men were so badly injured that they were sent to the hospital, and all the others received bad cuts and burns. The foolish man whose silly act caused all the mischief and suffering was least hurt of the party. He was doubtless under the influence of liquor or he would not have done so stupid a thing. The liquor-dealer, who was seriously injured and whose store was wrecked, must feel very indignant against the man. He must have been aware that liquor is apt to incite those who drink it to work ruin and suffering, but generally it is the home of the customer which suffers and not that of the seller. If he is wise, he will now quit the business of selling stuff which, as he has now proved by experience, works such fearful mischief. (Prov. 28: 10.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The National Bible Society of Scotland reports an income for the year of $162,180, and a circulation of 673,862 copies.

G. W. Jacoby, of Philadelphia, has decided to leave his business and devote his whole time to evangelistic work. Mr. Jacoby is endorsed by Rev. J. W. Chapman, D.D.

Rev. Daniel H. Martin, pastor of the Clinton Avenue Reformed Church, Newark, N. J., had the pleasure of receiving forty-three new members to his church on a recent Sunday. This makes two hundred and thirteen he has received since he became pastor of the church. The congregation also has largely increased and the Holy Spirit is blessing his labors.

The annual Convention of the New York State Christian Alliance will be held at Round Lake, N. Y., July 3-10. Rev. A. B. Simpson, Dr. Henry Wilson, Rev. F. L. Chapell, and other speakers will take part in the proceedings. Full particulars may be obtained of Mrs. L. H. Chamberlin, 339 Fargo Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

The recent commencement exercises of the College for Women of Western Reserve University at Cleveland, O., showed a wonderful rate of progress. The college was opened only four years ago in a hired building and with a faculty largely drawn from professors of Adelbert College who voluntarily assisted the young institution. It has now two buildings completed at a cost of $90,000, an endowment of over a quarter of a million dollors, and a faculty of twenty professors. President Thwing, who preached the baccalaureate sermon, congratulated the college on the extraordinary success which had attended it.

Contributions were received last week toward the support of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the Sunday School Union to the amount of $24.50. They were from: Baird, Tex., $1; R. M., Colnmbus, O., $10; J. A. P., Seabright, N. J., $5; Subscriber, Fort Sheridan, Ill., $2; G., Rome, N. Y., $1; A Friend, Akron, O., $1; S. F. H., $1; I. B., Livingstonville, N. J., $1; Old Subscriber, Ripon, Wis., $1; A. C. T., Chicago, $1.50. This sum with the $131.50 previously acknowledged a brings the total to $156 toward the $700 which it is necessary to raise if Mr. Sharp is to be kept in the field by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers for another year.

Contributions to the Fund for the relief of the sufferers by the Western floods have been received since our last acknowledgement to the amount of $114.95. The list of contributors will be published in our next issue. Following are the names of the friends who sent the amount acknowledged here last week: Mrs. H. A. Clark, Howard, Kans., 50c.; A Friend, Mew Albin, Ia., $1; In His Name, Roxbury Sta., Mass., $1; Mrs. S. N. McCarter, Middletown, N. Y., $1; An Old Subr., Linoleumville, N. Y., $1; W. S. Britton, Girardville, Pa., $3; York River Pres. Church, Richmond, Va., $4.07; R. H. S. Hughes, Baltimore, Md., $5; M. Y., Stafford, Conn., $10; Y. M. C. A., Consackie, N. Y., $3; H. and E. Brundon, Brazil, Ind., $2; A. Friend, Haydenville, Mass., $2; L. W. H., Cleveland, O., $1; H. Schneerer, Elyria, O., $1; F. J. Werst, Bethlehem, Pa., 25c.; A. Friend, Jamestown, N. Y., $2; A. Subr., Chassell, Mich., $1.50; Mrs. J. L. Peck, Auburn, Me., 50c.; O. J. Oliver, Boston, Mass., $5; T. J. Fitzgerald, North Danville, Va., $5; J. C. Wilson, Coalbury, W. Va., $5; A Friend, South Branet, N. J., $2; A. A., California, Pa., $10; Ann E. McDonald, Muddy Fork, Ind., $15; A Subr., Chattanoogo, Tenn., $5; M. Passmore, E. Bridgewater, $2; Mrs. J. T. Meeker and Mrs. W. Birch, $2; Mrs. T. Getchell and Husband, $2; Mrs. D. Barborn, Utica, Ill., $3.25; Flood Fund, Norfolk, Va., $10; Friend, Marshall, Me., $5; S. E. Armitage, Troy, N. Y., $4; S. and C. S. Pine, Bush, N. Y., $1.43; Mrs. M. and R. H. Boyd, Breeford, $2; H. G., Lynn, Mass., $1; Wm. Geavely, Norwich, Conn., $5; L. N. Cooper, Tekama, Kans., $2; Mrs. N. B. Thornas, Fork Union, 81; P. L. Russ, Worcester, N. Y., $1.

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C. W. Mumma, Dayton, O.... 1 00
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" Junior E. S., " ..13 00
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Mrs. F. Behiller, Cranford... 3 00
——, Canada..... 1 00
M. E. S. S., Elkhorn, Neb... 3 00
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In His Name, Winnsboro. .. 1 00
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N. Piper, Glasee, Kans..... 5 00
Nina Price, Toledo, O..... 2 00
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Edward Davis, Pittsburgh, Pa. 1 00
Mrs. H. Hunt, Harbourton... 0 50
Reader, Chester, Ill..... 1 00
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A. Anderson, Ephraim, Wis.. 5 00
W. H. Limerick, Ill..... 5 00
Orchardville S. S..... 4 00
John, Maggie Alecir & John, Jr., Marshall, of Orchard... 6 00
Miss. A. M. Langdell..... 1 00
——, Brisbin, Pa..... 1 00
Jane Harris, Moran, Mich.... 2 00
W.N., Lorenzo Earle Holman.. 1 00
Bertha I. Bree, Central, Miss. 5 00
M. Bree, " " 10 00
Rev. E. R. King, Symines, O. 1 00
C. Miller, " " 1 00
J. W. Shawham & family, " 3 00
Williston church, Portland, Me. 6 00
Mrs. E. L. Williams, Va..... 5 00
Mrs. M. Ford, O..... 0 50
Mrs. R. W., W. H. & Harry Davis, O..... 2 25
Dora Ryland, O..... 0 50
Anna E. Bean, Parkers Lake. 1 25
N. Christenson, Ionia, Ka. 10 40
Mrs. E. Miller, Brenham, Tex. 1 00
Mrs. S. R. Wescott, N. Y..... 2 00
Subr., Trenton, N. J..... 2 50
Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Raymond. 3 50
Subr., Auburn, Me..... 0 25
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Cedar Grove S. S., Del..... 1 00
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Reader, Tecumseh, Mich..... 1 00
Subr., Union Grove, Wis..... 2 00
S. Rarich, Drums, Pa..... 2 50
Mrs. M. E. Witcher, Ga 0 25
E. E. B , Baltimore, Md .. . 1 00
Rev. W. E. Hamilton, Va..... 1 00
——, Hudson, N. Y..... 1 00
M. L., Coventry, Conn..... 2 00
A family offering, Mass..... 1 00
Reader, Lyons, Ind..... 1 00
Three friends, Utica, N. Y... 1 00
Jennie G. Overton, N. Y. . 3 00
Orphans, Bayland Home, Tex. 1 00
Mrs. A. M. Hall, W. Va..... 2 00
Blanche & Mamie Fowler, Ind. 1 25
J. A. O., Crafton, Tex..... 1 00
M. E., Allentown, Pa..... 0 50
Pupils & teachers, Kan.....10 00
Miss Agnes Field, " 1 00
——, Randolph, N. Y. 1 50
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W. G. Cummings, Ind..... 1 00
A friend, Hartford, Conn..... 1 00
——, West Berlin, Mass..... 2 00
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M. M. Bent, Bentville, Can.. 1 00
J. H. Runcuman, Annapolis.. 0 50
A. G. Potter, Annapolis, Can. 0 25
Wm. McLaughlin, Round Hill 1 00
Friend, Round Hill, Can..... 0 25
J. Fullerton, ... 0 50
Two Endeavorers, " 0 50
G. A. Challerton, Mich..... 2 00
——, Knoxville..... 1 00
Mrs. H J. Culp, Edri, Pa.... 2 00
Man & wife, Fruit Hill, O... 2 00
J. Kasper, West Pittston, Pa. 1 00
C. P. Zimmerly, Morny, Tenn 2 00
Mrs. L. A. Carpenter, Vt.... 1 00
M. A. Jones, Boynton, Ga.. 4 00
Feed my Lambs..... 1 00
In the Name of a Disciple... 0 50
The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want 0 10
The Lord loveth a cheerful giver..... 0 25
In His Name 5 00
It is more blessed to give than to receive 5 00
Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him 5 00
Blessed is he that oonsidereth the poor..... 0 25
Cast thy bread upon the waters 0 10
Give unto the Lord..... 0 10
Under Thee Oh Lord I lift up my soul..... 2 50
Mrs. G. D. Young, Ashland. 2 00
Mrs. S. A. Alley, Justin, Cal 2 00
Geo. Warren, Sheds Corners.. 2 00
R. D. Smith, Batavia, Ill.... 1 00
Mrs. W. H. Johnson..... 1 00
M. E. S. S., Norwood, N. Y. 8 90
Sub'r, Pittsford, N. Y..... 1 00
Jas. Lindsay, Clinton, Ont... 0 50
Mrs. E. Johns, " ... 1 00
Anonymous, " ...10 00
Sub'r, Wyoming, Ont., Can.. 1 00
Mrs. J. Glonville, Chicago, Ill 1 00
F. B., Brooklyn 0 50
Box 155, Elizabethtown, Pa . 3 00
Amer. Mercantile Union, Cal 7 00
Mary A. Toland, Tama, Iowa 2 00
Mary Bell. Morrison, Ky..... 1 00
——, Marengo, Ill..... 1 00
——, Jacksontown, O..... 2 00
A. Wm. Brown, Branchton... 1 00
Mrs. J. B. F., Weippe, Idaho 1 00
T. & L. Gibson, Caspar, Cal. 2 50
Wm. Davis, " . 0 50
Wm. Jefferson, " . 2 00
M. M. A , Ont., Can..... 2 00
Mrs. B. F. Cords, Oldham... 2 00
Mrs. T. E. Brothers, Wis.... 1 00
Fred, Lina & Joe Dobie, Can. 4 00
Mrs. C B. W, Ithaca..... 1 00
Mrs. R. S. S..... 1 00
Family, Cross Creek, Pa..... 3 00
Mrs. J. L. Beazell, Webster.. 3 00
Mrs. M. Weichselbaum & Blanche Olivia, Minn..... 2 50
S. J. & F., Santa Cruz, Cal .. 0 30
G. H. Mease, Bloomington, Ill 2 00
Mrs. M. A. McClymond 1 00
Mrs. M. C. Clark, Princeton. 2 00
A. Madsen, Chicago, Ill..... 1 00
Sympathizer, New Hampshire.10 00
Pres. S. S., Calistoga, Cal.... 6 00
S. N. Maine, Elliott, Iowa... 0 50
T. Louden, Fairfield, Iowa... 1 00
M. Speer, " " 1 00
Mrs. G. H. F., Chicago, Ill.. 1 00
F. G., Prairie du Sac, Wis... 5 00
——, Pella, Neb..... 2 70
C. Leger, Seward, Neb 0 75
Denver Cycleing Club..... 1 35
Fruitdale, Golden, Colo.....10 80
Mrs. W. H. Carleton & school 5 70
G. Giles, Jackson, Mich..... 2 00
E. Ogden, Utah..... 2 00
Father, mother & daughter .. 3 00
S. S. F., Mendon, Ill 2 00
E. Bletchley, Guilford, Ct... 1 00
List of names, Lisbon, Iowa.. 4 10
——, Connersville, Ind.....15 00
Mrs. D. Bessy, Biltmore..... 1 00
Boys' Society State Normal.. 1 00
M. A. Beller, Linden, Wis... 1 00
Primary class M. E. S. S.... 3 44
Mrs. W. H. Parker, Woodruff 1 00
Lee Veitch, Mayville, Mich.. 2 00
Mrs. W. G. Richards, Me.... 1 00
Mrs. H. Cook, Leighton..... 1 00
E. J. Hosking, Nashville... 1 00
M. Record, Rutland, Ill..... 1 00
Dr. P. I. Roebuck, Lititz, Pa 3 50
Clay Grange, 196 Liberty, Mo 5 75
Sympathizers, Chester, Pa... 4 10
Mrs. G. J. Berry, Pomona... 1 00
Bertha M.& Eddie A.Coppins 0 50
Few friends, Port Hope, Can.10 00
Mrs. & Wm. Barney..... 2 00
George Davey, Garden Valley 5 00
Mrs. Siwell, Fairbury, Ill.... 1 00
J. A. Doten, Hedron, Minn.. 2 00
Orea L. Barnaby, Steele..... 0 75
W. M., Rutland, Ill.. ..... 1 00
C. Watson, Hatton, N. Y.... 5 00
J. Davis, Evansville, Ind.... 0 50
G. R. Silsby, Brooklyn..... 1 00
Six friends, Greenville, Mich. 1 25
Mrs. Moore, Wetumpka, Ala 0 50
Mrs. Johnson, " " 1 00
Mrs. Samuel & daughters, " 5 00
F. M. & A. B. Moore, Cal... 2 50
Friends, Lustin City, Cal....13 50
Alice Day & O. Lancaster.. . 1 10
Judd Bros. & Anna, Evanston 3 00
C. S. Leach, Leachburg, N. C 1 00
Sub'r, Richmond, Va..... 2 00
A. L. McCluer, O'Fallon, Mo 1 00
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Mountain Glenn S. S., Texas 5 30
Lake Buffum S. S., of Fla. ..10 20
Wm. Bryden, Chelsea, Mass. 7 00
Mrs. E. D. Maynell, Mass... 1 00
Y. P. S. C. E., Rome, Pa.... 4 25
W. H. L. S., Baltimore, Md . 1 00
Orphan Boy, Pleasantville... 0 30
W.G. Woodbury, Salem Depot 1 00
Reader, Le Roy, N. Y..... 5 00
Mr. Hodgson, Frazer & Edwards, Petherton, Can.. ... 1 25
Friends, Williamstown, W. Va 1 25
Mrs. D. McIntosh..... 2 00
D. F. T., N. C..... 1 00
Rev. J. B. Askew..... 1 00
Mrs. M. Richardson..... 1 00
Cong. S. S., Newton, Ill..... 3 00
Mrs. G. Henderson... ... .. 5 00
L. & Mrs. A. Keener..... 0 50
S. Bisaner, Iron Station, N. C 0 50
A friend..... 0 50
S. E. Gortfrey, Ellsworth, Me 1 00
A. Sanders, Hurricane, Ill... 2 00
Mrs. D. McConkey, Ill..... 1 00
S. A. H., Mich..... 1 00
S. M. Cozad, Malcolm, Neb.. 0 75
Mrs. M. Grigsby, Hastings.. 0 25
I. T. Zook & wife, Pa..... 2 00
In the name of Christ, N. Y.. 3 00
Miss A. E. H , Baltimore.... 2 00
Frank & Mrs. J. H. C., Lyons. 3 00
G. C., Owen Sound, Can..... 5 00
Four little Girls, Brooklyn.... 0 70
In His Name, Hudson, N. Y. 1 00
Class 1st M. E. Ch., Meriden. 2 00
M. E. K.'s S. S. Class, Iowa. 0 25
A little friend, Carson City.. 0 50
C. E. P., Ferdinand, Ill..... 0 50
V. F. Lynch, Harrisburg.... 1 55
W. A. Davis & family, Col...10 00
E. Fisher, Saylorville, Iowa.. 1 00
Mrs. D. Fergurson, Can.... 1 00
Mrs. M.

AN OFFENDING TEXT.

IT was the custom of the late Dr. Cranage of Wellington, England, to have posters bearing passages of Scripture affixed to vacant spaces on walls and hoardings where posters relating to auction sales, etc., were placed. The man who did the work for him put a poster containing the words, "Thou God seest me," on a wall opposite the house of a man who was noted for his wicked life, and who had a bitter hatred to the doctor. The man was in a terrible rage, and swore that the text was put there by the doctor specially to annoy him. His wife asked him why he didn't tear it down, but he would not do that, and the paper remained there, and was gradually destroyed by the weather. About the same time in the following year, Dr. Cranage gave another bundle of texts to the bill-poster to put up, and, by a coincidence utterly ignorant of the effect it had produced, he posted "Thou God seest me" on the same wall. This time the man's rage knew no bounds, he cursed and swore like a madman, and vowed he'd be revenged on the doctor for his spite. Still he wouldn't pull it down, and it made him uncomfortable for months. Some time after this the man became very ill, and thought he was going to die. He immediately expressed a wish to see the man whose dumb warning had so annoyed him. Dr. Cranage went down, and found the strong man turned into a little child. He repented of his sins, and received forgiveness through faith in Christ. He recovered from his illness, and lived for some years a happy Christian life.

SELF-HELP IN THE CHURCH.

A PASTOR'S difficulties in getting his church made fit for worship are described in a letter to the American Missionary Association by Rev. James S. Walker of Rutland, Ga. He says: After a hard struggle for several months trying to get money enough to ceil the church we have succeeded, and now have a good, warm and comfortable house of worship. The money was all collected from the people here except $2. When I first spoke of the work most of the people thought they were too poor to give. It came in eggs, potatoes, etc., and in amounts from one cent to twenty-five cents; none of it came through the collections in the church. It did seem as if the $25 was never coming, at least not before winter, and that we would have to sit around the stove another winter. Last winter I had trouble to get the people to keep their seats, as many of them *would stand around the stove during the services with their backs towards the pulpit.*

But the work began. Those who had teams hauled the lumber from Macon, now we must wait another month so as to let the lumber season a little; but that is not the real cause; we have no nails; at last, we have the nails; now for a work day. Those who have never done anything for the church, and won't unless a great change takes place with them, say we can stand the winter as we have, and when we have laid by our crops in July we will take a few days and do the work; others say "Let's wait until a rainy day, when it is too wet to plough;" that was the way it stood.

I felt discouraged and took my seat, but was up almost as quick as I went down. I said: "This is your church; the work is for your health and comfort. This is the Lord's house and his work; all who will come Saturday after next and help, stand." One man and one woman stood. I said, "Then we will work on the day named and not wait for crops nor rain. Early on the appointed day I took my tools and went over to work; soon one man came in and went to work, two more with hammers, another, and in an hour there were a dozen men at work; after dinner a few left, and a few more came. We had one saw, one square and many hammers and hatchets. No time was lost; every man made an honest day's work of twelve hours. The women brought dinner and cooked it at the parsonage; there was enough to eat and to spare. The women and children turned out and had a day cleaning up and putting things in order. We are now going to make another move and that is to paint the church on the outside; have a little towards it now.

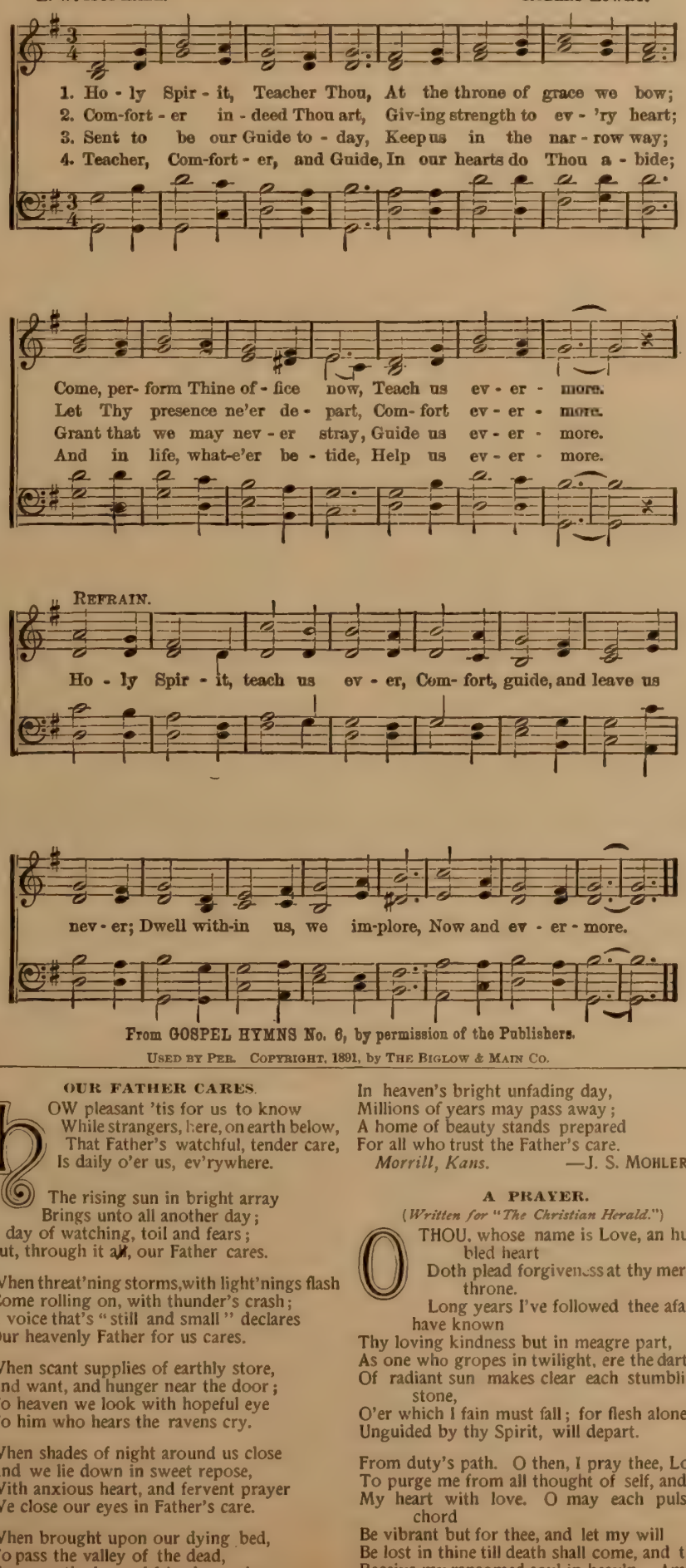
AN ORPHAN'S LOGIC.

"I HAVE no mother," said a little girl as she and a school-companion walked homeward together. "What do you do," the other responded, "when you are in trouble? I tell the Lord Jesus; mother told me to do that before she died." "But," objected her companion, "Jesus Christ is in the sky. He is a long way off, and he has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely he can stop to attend to you." "I don't know anything about that," replied the orphan. "All I know is he says he will, and so I go to him and I think he attends to me."

Holy Spirit, Teacher Thou.

"He shall teach you all things."—JOHN 14: 26.

L. W. MUNHALL. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Teacher Thou, At the throne of grace we bow;
2. Com-fort - er in - deed Thou art, Giv-ing strength to ev - 'ry heart;
3. Sent to be our Guide to - day, Keep us in the nar - row way;
4. Teacher, Com-fort - er, and Guide, In our hearts do Thou a - bide;
Come, per- form Thine of - fice now, Teach us ev - er - more.
Let Thy presence ne'er de - part, Com- fort ev - er - more.
Grant that we may nev - er stray, Guide us ev - er - more.
And in life, what-e'er be - tide, Help us ev - er - more.
REFRAIN.
Ho - ly Spir - it, teach us ev - er, Com- fort, guide, and leave us
nev - er; Dwell with-in us, we im-plore, Now and ev - er - more.

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OUR FATHER CARES.

HOW pleasant 'tis for us to know
While strangers, here, on earth below,
That Father's watchful, tender care,
Is daily o'er us, ev'rywhere.

The rising sun in bright array
Brings unto all another day;
A day of watching, toil and fears;
But, through it all, our Father cares.

When threat'ning storms, with light'nings flash
Come rolling on, with thunder's crash;
A voice that's "still and small" declares
Our heavenly Father for us cares.

When scant supplies of earthly store,
And want, and hunger near the door;
To heaven we look with hopeful eye
To him who hears the ravens cry.

When shades of night around us close
And we lie down in sweet repose,
With anxious heart, and fervent prayer
We close our eyes in Father's care.

When brought upon our dying bed,
To pass the valley of the dead,
No more the love of friends we share,
With joy we'll trust our Father's care.

In heaven's bright unfading day,
Millions of years may pass away;
A home of beauty stands prepared
For all who trust the Father's care.

Morrill, Kans. —J. S. MOHLER.

A PRAYER.

(*Written for "The Christian Herald."*)

O THOU, whose name is Love, an humbled heart
Doth plead forgiveness at thy mercy-throne.
Long years I've followed thee afar—have known
Thy loving kindness but in meagre part,
As one who gropes in twilight, ere the dart
Of radiant sun makes clear each stumbling-stone,
O'er which I fain must fall; for flesh alone
Unguided by thy Spirit, will depart.

From duty's path. O then, I pray thee, Lord,
To purge me from all thought of self, and fill
My heart with love. O may each pulsing chord
Be vibrant but for thee, and let my will
Be lost in thine till death shall come, and then
Receive my ransomed soul in heav'n. Amen!

Los Angeles, Cal. —LOLO ESTELLA GITT.

THE APOCALYPSE.

The Persecution of the Woman and Her Man Child, and the War in Heaven.

BY P. W. E.

TO the inhabiters of the earth the Seventh Trumpet is the greatest of all woes. Creation may smile, the sealed remnant of God's people may rejoice; those who "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," may give thanks; but to the earthly minded, the persecutors of the saints, to the rulers and oppressors of the world, it is a time of severe judgment and unsparing retribution. This causes joy and thanksgiving in heaven, who now behold Christ occupying the place to which he is entitled, as Creator of all things, and as the Lamb that was slain. "And the four and twenty elders that sat before God on their thrones, fell on their faces and worshipped God, saying: We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, which art and wast, and art to come; because thou hast taken to thee thy great power, and hast reigned." The details of this last trumpet-woe are not here recorded, though some of them are given in later chapters. The grand result is the end of all lawless and godless authority, and the establishment of the world-kingdom of Jehovah and his anointed One. "The mystery of God" is finished, and the reign of righteousness begins."

God's People and Their Oppressors.

And the temple of God was opened in heaven and there was seen in his temple the ark of his testament (or covenant); and there were lightnings, and voices, and thunderings, and an earthquake and great hail." This vision introduces the new scenes which now are to pass before us. They are another set of events, connected with the former, but here brought out in fuller detail. At the time of the Babylonish captivity, the Ark of the Covenant was lost, and we have no knowledge what became of it. While it was in the tabernacle or temple, it signified Jehovah's presence and care. But earthly things were only patterns of the heavenly. The ark seen in the heavenly temple is a great event. It shows that the covenant with Israel, though long hidden, is now taking its former place in the thoughts and ways of God. To God's people, the ark is a sign of security; but to his enemies it is a sign of judgment, as the lightning and voices speak of coming wrath on the Gentile oppressor.

There is another actor in this drama who is about to appear on the scene. Satan is no idle spectator, and whatever is dear to God is hateful to him. When God is occupied with the Church, the Church is the object of his hostility. We see him here persecuting the remnant Jews with all his malignity. In the two following chapters we have unfolded, *first*, Satan's rage against the believing Jews; *second*, the character and objects of "the beast," the great Gentile ruler, who opposes Jerusalem; and, *third*, the Antichrist, who is at the head of the unbelieving Jews, and who acts in concert with the beast.

The Woman and the Serpent.

"And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars," etc. (Rev. 12: 1-5.) This woman is clothed with the sun, or supreme authority; and the moon, the symbol of derived authority, is under her feet; and she is crowned with full administrative power, indicated by the twelve stars upon her head. Both promise and prophecy assign this place to Israel. She brings forth the "man child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron." This man child is Christ; * and the woman is Israel, "of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came, who is over all God blessed forever." (Rom. 9: 5.) It is not Israel in her sin and shame, the by-word and reproach of all nations, but Israel clothed with the glory that belongs to her in God's purposes, "to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the services of God, and the promises." (Rom. 9: 4.)

Opposed to this woman, or Israel, is a dragon, or serpent, a creature full of subtlity, a liar and deceiver from the beginning, and the persistent foe of the woman's seed. At the time of the fall, God told him, that the woman's seed "shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel." (Gen. 3: 15.) The dragon is red, the imperial color, and he has seven heads, each with a crown, showing that in the exercise of his imperial power, he is guided by deliberative wisdom, but such wisdom, that in the end proves fatal folly. He has ten horns, or instruments of power, under his con-

* P. W. E. here is at issue with many learned expositors who believe that the man child represents the watchful Christians who will be caught up before the final tribulation.—[ED.]

trol. "His tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the ground," which signifies that he drags in his fatal toils, a third part of the subordinate powers of the world, which we shall see embraces the revived Roman Empire. When the Roman Empire appears, it has seven heads and ten horns; the ten horns being crowned, signify ten kings, which answers to the ten horns, or instruments of power which Satan wields.

Satan's great object of enmity is Christ; for "the liar from the beginning," must hate "the truth;" "the ruler of the darkness of the world" must hate "the light;" the usurper of dominion must hate the Anointed of God. From Christ's birth Satan sought to destroy him. At Bethlehem he seemed almost to have succeeded; but God protected the child. At the cross he appeared to be victorious, but he only wounded the heel of the woman's seed. The perfect man, who voluntarily laid down his life to accomplish the glory of God, was raised again triumphant over every enemy, and "caught up unto God and his throne."

A great interval is now seen in this prophecy. No mention is made of any events that take place from the time that Christ was caught up unto God" till we now see God dealing with Israel and their oppressor. No allusion is made to the church period, as having anything to do with the conflict between Satan and Israel. During the whole of this interval God declares Israel to be "Lo-ammi,"(not my people), "for ye are not my people and I will not be your God." Israel's restoration is now at hand; the ark of the covenant is seen in heaven, and God sends his message: "Say ye unto your brethren Ammi, (my people), and to your sisters," Ruhamah, (having obtained mercy.) (Hosea. 19: 21.) All that intervenes is passed over in silence. The Church, the body of Christ, is not seen except as it is seen in Christ himself. Its rapture is not here named. The vision at once passes over all events to the closing day of Israel's rejection. "And the woman fled into the wilderness where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her a thousand two hundred and three score days." Satan having failed to destroy Christ, now directs his hatred against his people. His efforts to destroy them are of such a character that they are actually driven to flight. But as God watched over the child so he cares for Israel. He supplies their wants and shields them from their enemy. The period during which they are hidden ts twelve hundred and sixty days; the same length of time the two witnesses testify in Jerusalem; and the holy city is trodden under foot of the Gentiles before its final deliverance. This shows that the time here named is the three and a half years preceding the overthrow of the Gentile power, the restoration of Israel and the establishment of Messiah's kingdom. This will be corroborated by other prophecies. The vision now changes to quite a different scene, to

War in Heaven.

"And there was war in heaven; Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought," etc. (chap. 12: 7-9.) No careful reader of the Scriptures will wonder at finding Satan in heaven. "We read of spiritual wickedness," or spiritual powers of wickedness "in heavenly places;" and we see him as the devil, or asperser, accusing the brethren; and as Satan the adversary, opposing Joshua, the high priest and Michael, the archangel. It is very evident he has some place in the heavens, out of which he is driven by this war.

The dragon is the great enemy and persecutor of God's people. Michael is "the great prince which standeth for the children" of God's people. He is the only "archangel" named; and he is always connected with Israel. On the eve of the Jewish deliverance, Michael shall "stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people." (Dan. 12: 1.) It is significant therefore that Michael, the great prince, which standeth for this people is the angel who here wages war against the dragon, this relentless persecutor.

There is joy in heaven over the victory. "And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ," etc. (12: 10-11.) The expulsion of Satan from heaven is necessary to the salvation, and the power, and the strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ. All the enemies in heaven must be removed; and after this is done, we see there are those to be overcome on earth.

THE PROPHETIC NEWS, a monthly magazine, edited by Rev. M. Baxter: price six cents, seventy cents a year. The June number is now on hand and may be obtained at this office. It contains, among other articles, "Jerusalem Revisited," by Rev. W. H. Daniels; "Reports of the Anticipative Anniversary Meetings in London;" "The Great Antichrist," by Dr. B. O. Kinnear, and "The Pools of Solomon," by W. Greene, C. E.

THE CHRISTIAN'S GUIDE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing July 10. John 16: 1-15; Rom. 8: 13-17.

WHO has not felt the need of a guide? However short a distance over the path of our lives we have walked, we have learned to distrust our own guidance. Looking back over our course we see how many mistakes we have made. Errors of judgment, some of them have been. We did not know all the facts when we decided on our course, or we did not rightly estimate their value. If we had known more we should have acted differently. Other mistakes have come from moral perversity. We were weak and had not learned how subtle and how powerful temptation was. We fell into sin unawares or without consideration, or through not knowing how deadly a thing sin is. Looking back now, how grievously we lament this or that wrongdoing! How gladly would we recall it if it were possible, even at the cost of loss or suffering! God has graciously forgiven us, but we cannot forgive ourselves. It may have caused others to go astray and we cannot lead them back; or it may have involved suffering on others and we have had to endure the worst of all kinds of agony, that of escaping unscathed ourselves, while witnessing the suffering which another bears through our wrong-doing. Yes, we need a guide. We have learned now to accept the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Would that we had accepted it at the beginning! What sorrow and shame and evil would have been avoided. To realize the fact is to recognize a duty. All around us are those who, like the Ephesians, do not so much as know whether there be a Holy Ghost. They know it as a theory but they do not know him by experience. They do not know what he can be and do for them. Our experience—both the sad and the sweet—gives us the right to speak to them of him and to assure them that if they would truly live they must be led of the Spirit.

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THE NEW JERSEY B. Y. P. U.

THE report read at the recent State Convention of the Baptist Young People's Unions of New Jersey, has just been issued in printed form. It shows that although the Union has been in existence only one year, it has attained a remarkable degree of prosperity. The fact is doubtless due to the young people having become familiarized with the principles and methods of work by the Society of Christian Endeavor when the Union was founded. Many societies already existed, and the only change that was necessary was to form them into a denominational organization. The work and the object were identical with the Christian Endeavor Society, but they were to operate as a distinct brigade instead of under the banner of the general society. There were, it appears from the report, 113 societies of young people connected with the Baptist churches of the state when the Baptist Young People's Union was organized. Of these, seventy-five have been enrolled in the Union, forty-three of them being Christian Endeavor Societies. The aggregate membership is now 4,283, of which 3,656 are active members. There are 225 Baptist churches in the State, so that by the time the next Convention meets there will probably be a large extension to report.

As was natural, the report of the first annual Convention is in a sense a manifesto, justifying and explaining the objects of a separate organization. "The Union," says the report, "does not antagonize the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. We do not love Christian Endeavor less, but our own denomination more. In Bible doctrine and personal obligation we do not differ aught from what is set forth as fundamental in the Constitution of the Christian Endeavor Society." It was believed, however, that the Baptist pastors by fostering an evangelical society not distinctively Baptist, would be taking a step which would "wipe out in the next generation the distinctive principles of their own denomination." To avoid this result the Baptist Young People's Union was organized. The belief is expressed that the separation "need not take away the love and fellowship with other denominations, but rather intensify it." If this belief is realized all will rejoice, hut care will have to be taken lest jealousy and bitterness arise and a great movement with the promise in it of unlimited good be marred.

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A CIRCLE ANSWERING PRAYER.

A PRETTY story is told by Helen A. Birdsall, of Los Angeles, Cal., in *The Silver Cross*. The King's Daughters in that section have a busy time in helping the poor and the sick and are doing an extended and valuable work. But a new opportunity recently came to them unexpectedly. A good lady, familiarly known as "Mother" Ransom, attended a King's Daughters' meeting. She is famous for her many charities and among them is one which lies very near her heart—the Home for Friendless Women. She thought if she could add a cow to the property of the Home the milk would be a great boon to the inmates. The desire to have this cow pressed upon her and when she offered prayer in the meeting she pleaded with God that she might receive it. Shortly afterward it came to the knowledge of the King's Daughters, who had heard the prayer, that a cow was for sale in the neighborhood. A circle who had visited a sick woman found that she owned a cow which she must sell, being no longer able to attend to it. Arrangements were made for the purchase of the cow by installments—ten dollars a month for five months. On the first installment being raised by ten King's Daughters and paid over, the answer to Mother Ransom's prayer walked into the stable of the Home.

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QUICQUID ERIT.

THE above title is a motto chosen by a circle of King's Daughters in New York. It is very suggestive and very appropriate for a band of Christian workers who are ready to take hold of any opportunity to labor in His Name. Its meaning is "Whatsoever it shall be" and in that spirit the members are proceeding with their work. The secretary of the Circle reporting to the *Silver Cross* says: In this great city there are many aching hearts, which we may comfort. Some need material aid; others spiritual comfort and encouragement,—both of which we have endeavored to give "In His Name." Our Circle is just a year old. We started with a membership of twenty-two, which number is intact. The money to carry on our work is provided by the dues, which are ten cents a month for each member, and by the fine of two cents imposed for absence; also by contributions. Some of our work has been in the Baptist Home for the Aged. We have visited the old ladies, and given them an informal entertainment. The reward for the time thus spent is seen in the grateful faces of the inmates of the Home. Garments and patchwork for distribution among the children of the Industrial School, near 116th Street, have been made by the members. We gave a box of clothing and toys to be distributed among the poor at Christmas time, and $3 towards furnishing Christmas dinner at the Lighthouse Mission. The Circle does not lack opportunities for usefulness as no one does, whether iudividuals or societies, if they hold themselves ready for Christian work "whatsoever it may be."

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE meeting of the third convention of the Iowa Epworth League at *Oskaloosa* has been postponed from June 28–30 to October 25–27. This date in October is the one originally selected, but was changed by the State Board of Control for what seemed to be good reasons. After the change, so much opposition was made to the new date that the Board of Control withdrew their action, leaving the original date unchanged. The Epworth League throughout Iowa is in a good thriving condition and is growing stronger every day. Some of the district organizations are doing excellent work in their own localities. Everybody in the Methodist churches takes an interest and pride in the State League, and looks forward to an enthusiastic time in October. *Ontario Circuit, O.*, has four appointments —three leagues. The last one has just been organized at *Blooming Grove* with twenty-two charter members. At *Ontario* there is a League of fifty members and they have recently organized a Junior League, and christened it "Epworth Sunbeams."

The League at St. Paul's Church, *Toledo, O.*, has 150 members. The different departments have active members at their head, and are doing good work. The third anniversary was a very pleasant and profitable day to all attending the meeting. At 6:45 testimony meeting was held, and at 7:45 an appropriate programme was rendered, different members of the League taking part. The League is taking root and thriving in the far East. A two days meeting was recently held in *Bareilly, India*, for the Rohilkund district. Delegates from Moradabad, Bareilly, Pilibhit, Budaon, Sambhal and Shahjahanpur, East and West were sent. Many important questions were discussed, among them: "Is it right to baptize a man with more than one wife," a question of great interest in that country. The district meetings are becoming more and more helpful to the work in general.

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AN ENGLISH C. E. CONVENTION.

ENGLISH journals publish extensive reports of the Second National Convention of the Societies of Christian Endeavor. The following extracts show the spirit and tone of the meetings: The movement, which may now be considered as having taken firm root in England, is spreading with great rapidity. Only about fifty representatives attended the first Convention held last year; there are now close upon three hundred enrolled societies, about two hundred delegates being present at this year's Convention.

Mr. I. D. Sankey had promised to sing at each of the gatherings of the Convention, and long before the time for the commencement of the first public meeting the large chapel was crowded to excess.

Four of the Presidents of the Chester Endeavor Societies addressed the meeting—Rev. John Williams (Presbyterian), on "Our Principles;" Rev. F. Barnes (Congregational), on "Our Methods;" Rev. J. W. Clarke (Congregational), on "Our Aims;" and Rev. J. B. Morgan (Baptist), on "Our Achievements." Before singing his first hymn, "Throw out the life line," Mr. Sankey expressed his faith in the Christian Endeavor movement. A feeling of confidence in it was spreading amongst the ministers and in the churches of the United States, founded upon the great principle that young people should have something special to do in the Church of God. Many of these young people were throwing out the life line to the perishing around them.

The second day's meeting commenced at 7:30 A. M. Eminent ministers from all parts of the country were present at the various conferences during the day, and made addresses discussing the aims and objects of the movement. The crowning gathering of all was the consecration meeting in the evening, conducted with much spiritual insight by Rev. John Williams. It had been arranged that the various societies from each town should unitedly respond to the roll-call, and many of the answers given were exceedingly helpful and inspiring to the rest of the brethren. Liverpool was named by the secretary, and at once about thirty representatives from that town rose, and impressively sang the first verse of "Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go." When Chester was called, the whole choir, which was formed by the local societies, responded by singing the last verse of Miss Havergal's consecration hymn, "Take my love, my Lord, I pour," etc. "Let America respond," said Mr. Williams, taking Mr. Sankey by the hand. The singer rose, and pointing to the national flags, said, "I have been looking at those beautiful emblems of our nationality, and hoping that they might draw a little nearer. I am trusting that this new institution will grow in England and form another tie, binding together the two nations, which politicians shall not be able to break."

The effect was thrilling in the extreme when Mr. Williams requested that all should respond "Amen" to what he said. "On his head be the crown." "Amen," repeated the hundreds present. "On his shoulders the government." Again a loud "Amen" burst from all lips. "In his hand the sceptre." "Amen" was again the emphatic and unanimous response. Then quietly and reverently, while all joined hands, the Mizpah benediction, "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another," was unitedly repeated, and the last of what has certainly been a most remarkable series of meetings was brought to a close.

A CHILD'S PETITION.

JESUS, keep me all this day,
When at school and when at play;
When I work and when I rest,
Bless me, and I shall be blest.

Keep my body free from pain,
Keep my soul from sinful stain,
Bread supply for daily need,
Help me on thy truth to feed.

Keep me in the narrow way,
Let me neither slip nor stray;
Guide thy little pilgrim band,
Bring us to the promised land.

May I serve thee here below,
Serve thee when to heaven I go,
Serve and love and trust in thee,
Now and through eternity.—NEWMAN HALL.

IN THE SULTAN'S PALACE.

Buildings that are Marvels of Architectural Beauty—The Seraglio—A Draught at "The Sultan's Fountain."

DESPITE all drawbacks, Constantinople remains one of the most beautiful cities of the world. All the noblest dreams of artistic splendor and decoration find there their realization, while the most fanciful and picturesque imagination revels in architectural beauties that have no equal anywhere.

A traveller who recently passed some time in the ancient palace—the scene of so much history and tragedy—which is now unused by the Sultan except on state occasions, thus records his observations:

"The Seraglio," he writes, "is like a city within a city. It is nearly a regular triangle, lying upon the side of a hill, which it covers with its kiosques and gardens. Its white walls, crenellated and flanked with towers, are washed on one side by the waters of the Sea of Marmora, rapid as a torrent, and on the other by the calmer current of the Golden Horn. The enclosure measures three miles in circumference. It is entered from the square of St. Sophia by a magnificent gateway, which is no other than the 'Sublime Porte' itself. This gateway is surmounted by a lofty Moorish arcade, supported by four columns and bearing an inscription in letters of gold. Entering beneath these lofty arches, we find ourselves in an extensive court laid out like a park. Here gigantic palm trees stand in groups upon the velvet turf; further on, avenues of cypress, interlaced with vines whose amber grapes hang in tempting clusters; here and there, turf of jasmine, stars of perfumed silver, shining amid the dark foliage; everywhere roses. The rose is the Sultan's flower.

"At intervals, under the trees are squares filled with the vegetables of the kitchen garden; above them wave the tall heads of the Indian corn; and as a framework, for the whole, the most luxuriant grass, cut by long and winding avenues, until at last the view ends with an irregular thicket of oaks and pines.

"The Seraglio buildings lie in line, but the architect has known how to avoid anything like monotony in their construction. Long facades are interrupted by pavilions; unexpected projections break the outline just as it would become wearisome; Persian kiosques, slender, light, aerial vaporous, are united to one another by galleries, resting on sheaves of columns that expand into ogives and trefoils. To awnings of pagodas succeed cupolas, sheathed in tin, and sending back in silvery reflections the rays of the sun; the kiosques are coifed with Chinese hats; flat balustraded roofs extend over the galleries. With all this, there is much delicate painting and fine carved wood-work; arabesques that chase each other, changing from blue to green; balconies with iron leafage, and lattices before the harem windows—making an ensemble of endless novelty and charm."

But the charm fades on entering the palace, for the interiors of these beautiful structures are vast apartments entirely without character; great empty halls, which present nothing attractive until one looks out of the windows. Two or three of these halls, grouped in a kiosque and set apart for the Sultan's bath, are exceptionally fine. They are of white marble, and decorated in Moorish style; the delicate stone, cut like a jewel, spreads out in flowers and foliage. The ceiling of the central hall is of small oval panes of glass richly colored, and set in a network of gold and silver. They shed a soft and exquisite light.

"THE SULTAN'S FOUNTAIN" IN THE PALACE GROUNDS, CONSTANTINOPLE.

Our illustration on this page shows one of the daintiest structures in the Seraglio—"The Sultan's Fountain." The style belongs to the best period of Mohammedan architecture, the outer walls being of fine marble, while pretty arabesques of gold run over a blue background. The cornices are rich with mosaics. Inside the structure is heard the murmur of falling waters, and the visitor is invited to partake of a cool, refreshing draught which is handed to him by a servant wearing the imperial livery, who is on duty all day long at the fountain for that purpose.

* * *

A Hint for Young Readers.

ONE page of good literature a day, thoughtfully read, must produce beneficial intellectual results, even though the reader find it difficult to recall at will the full thought of the author, or to reproduce a complete sentence, in which that thought, or any part of it was expressed. Of course, says *Our Youth*, the result of one page a day will be scarcely appreciable. One day's toil will build no temple. But seven days make a week, and four weeks make a month, and twelve months contain in three hundred and sixty-five pages. Now, at three hundred pages to a book, one may read in ten years twelve stout volumes. He who in a decade reads, with interest and attention, twelve volumes, is no mean student; and if the reading in five minutes of a single page should stimulate thought that keeps hammering or digging or singing in the reader's brain during the day, when he is at work and his book is shut, at the end of ten years such a reader and thinker will deserve some reputation as a "scholar." He may be, in a sense, a master of twelve big books. And if they be the right books no master of a large library can afford to overlook the claim upon his recognition of this man who reads well one page a day.

* * *

Von Moltke's Mottoes.

ALL great lives are controlled by great thoughts and great principles. It is said of Von Moltke that no man ever had a keener appreciation than he for maxims and proverbs. He had an idea that every person should choose one and be careful to let it govern him in all things.

Von Moltke followed this plan himself; and his favorite motto furnished a key to all his conduct. It was, *Erst Wægen, dann wagen*, which means, "First weigh, then dare." The familiar English proverb which comes nearest to the significance of this is, "Look before you leap;" but the German saying means more than this.

In the *Gedenkbuch*, or memorial volume in the German Museum of Nuremberg, Von Moltke wrote the following words:

Allezeit
Treu, bereit
Fuer des Reiches Herrlichkeit.

This is a patriotic motto, which may be thus very freely translated.

Always true,
Ready, too,
For country glorious deeds to do.

* * *

THE POWER OF CHARACTER.

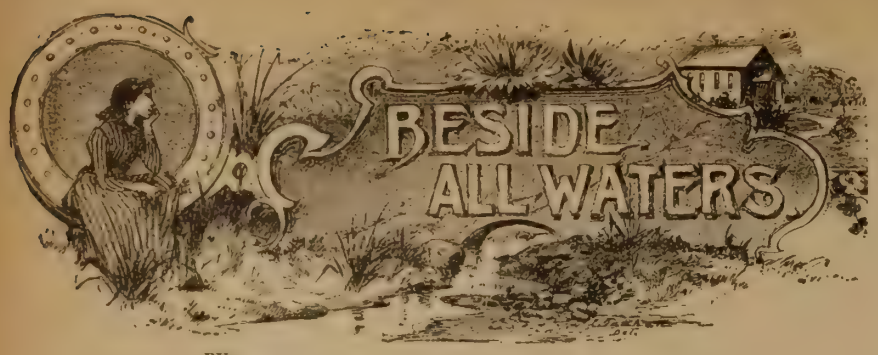
THERE is a process in chemistry known as catalysis, or the action of presence, one substance changing another without itself being affected, writes Rev. J. M. Foster in *The Religious Telescope*. It is seen in the fact that one man stimulates or depresses another without thought or intention or even a consciousness of doing so. The presence of one is like sunshine; you are at ease and happy with him, and you excel yourself. Another is like a dark cloud; you are ill at ease and awkward with him. One man enters a social gathering, and is all joy; the coming of another causes the mercury to fall to the freezing point. It is seen in the remarkable growth of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, which in ten years has gathered 1,100,000 members, and will shortly hold a convention in New York City, at which there will be 25,000 delegates, the largest convention in the history of Christendom.

The influence of character rests upon this principle. We read that a certain woman was cured by touching the hem of Christ's garment; and the shadow of the apostles falling upon the sick healed them. So every man exerts a silent and unseen influence more powerful than the conscious and seen. One man is morose, gloomy, and bigoted. His very presence acts like an acid, souring the milk of human kindness and innocence. Another is severe with a Pharasaic strictness that interferes with the liberty of the Gospel, and makes sad the heart that God has not made sad, putting the mere dead letter above the principle, and teaching that ceremonial observances are of more importance than true human impulses moved by the Spirit of God. A third is morbid, shut up in himself like a tortoise in its shell, oppressed with little, fidgety difficulties and trials, imagining that God desires sacrifice, not mercy. On the other hand there are men and women who carry into other lives, wherever they go, God's blessed sunshine, and help to transform those lives to something brighter and better and nobler.

* * *

Pillow Prayers.

HE who knows nothing of pillow prayers is ignorant of one of the sweetest modes of prayer practicable on earth, writes Rev. Dr. M. Leod. The day with its engrossments being done, it is a most favorable time for the gathering in of our thoughts upon ourselves—our sins our wants, fears and hopes, and then turning them up toward heaven. This is what the Psalmist is apparently referring to in his words, "when I remember thee upon my bed and meditate upon thee in the night watches." That he uttered many a pillow prayer is a thousandfold more than probable. Those cries were prayers before the dawn of day. If these prayers of the pillow, however, be begotten only by sheer evening sloth, we may say to them that they are mockeries but if they are the legitimate children of weakness, excessive weariness, sickness, and other similar circumstances, then they are of the true house and lineage of heaven.



BY

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*

Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

A VANISHED FACE.

"NOW, Kitty, let us get at the bottom of all this trouble of ours," said Miss Armstrong. "Agnes, do you wish to see me?"

"Yes, please, Miss Armstrong. But I will wait: I haven't so far to go as Kit has. Or I don't know why I should mind speaking before her," said Agnes, coloring. "It isn't any thing I need be ashamed of, I have made up my mind to try to be a real Christian, Miss Armstrong. I don't know whether I shall have strength to persevere, but I am going to begin."

"You will surely have strength to persevere if you only look in the right place for it, my dear child," said Miss Armstrong, kissing her. "You don't know how glad I am to hear you say this, Agnes. Tell me, when did you make up your mind?"

"Last night, after I went home. I have been thinking a great deal about the matter lately, and somehow what that old lady said seemed to bring me right to the point. I seemed to realize that the Lord died for me, just as much as if there had been no one else to die for; and I couldn't hold out after that."

"You were led to see the truth, and the truth has made you free," said Miss Armstrong. "He did die for you, and for me, and for little Kitty here, just as much as if there had been no one else to die for; and he loves us as much as if he had no one else to love. Have you told your mother, Agnes?"

"No, ma'am; I am going to tell her to-night. Ma isn't a church-member herself, but I think she will be glad. She always wants me to go to church and Sunday school, and she never would let me go walking on Sundays with Milly Richmond. Oh dear! I wish the Richmonds were not coming."

"Don't borrow trouble, dear child. Trust your best friend to do what is best for you, and make all things work together for your good. I will talk with you again as soon as I can. Good-night."

"Who do you mean by Agnes's best friend?" asked Kit, as Agnes left the room.

"Her Father in heaven, and her Saviour," answered Miss Armstrong; "you know I told you that before, Kitty."

"Well," said Kit with a deep sigh, "I wish he was my friend, that's all; but I don't think he is."

"Why not, my poor child?"

"If he had been, he wouldn't have let Melissa put uncle Phin up to shake me, and burn my book, all because—I—" The recital of her wrongs was too much for poor Kit, and she burst into a fresh agony of crying. Miss Armstrong took her on her lap, pressed the hot head against her bosom, and by and by began gently to soothe and check the outburst.

"Tell me all about it," said she when Kit was quiet enough to speak. Kit sobbed out the story of her wrongs.

"And you think he does not love you, because he lets you have trouble? My dear, that is a great mistake. He has never promised us freedom from trouble in this world; on the contrary, he has expressly said, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation.' But he adds in the same breath, 'Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.' He says in another place that he sends us trouble, or lets trouble come, to make us more fit for heaven, just as the kindest parents sometimes punish their children."

"Then I don't see how Christians are any better off than other folks, after all," said Kit, "if they have troubles just the same."

"They don't have them just the same, Kitty. It is not just the same whether a child is a slave, and beaten by a cruel master, or whether it is punished to cure it of its faults by a kind and loving father."

"That is so," answered Kit.

"And there is another thing about it," continued Miss Armstrong. "Suppose I should say to you, 'Kitty, if you will bear all your troubles patiently, and do your work as well as you can for one week, then I will take you home to live with me, and be happy all the rest of your life,' would the time seem long or hard to you then?"

"No, indeed!" said Kit, with kindling eyes. "I would work my fingers to the bone, and never say a word, whatever happened."

"Well, that is the way our Father treats his children. He lets them have plenty of trouble and sorrow here—sometimes it seems as if the best people had the most of it—but he promises them a home with him in heaven, where they shall never know any pain and grief, but be happy and holy for ever and ever."

"Yes, it is nice for you, and I am glad you are going there," said Kit, her face darkening again; "but it won't do me any good. I shall never get there, I know."

"And why not," my little girl?"

"I shall never be good enough," answered Kit. "I have tried and tried to be good. Every morning since I came to school I have said to myself, 'Now, I won't do one wrong thing to-day;' and I do all the time. And, if I don't act wrong things, I think them. I never can be like what it says in the Testament—like what he was."

"Poor Kitty! I don't wonder you are discouraged. Why, my child, if people were to be saved by their own goodness, there would not be one in paradise at this minute. It is because Christ died for us, that we are saved; because he bore our sins for us when he was nailed to the cross; because he died for us, and rose from the dead for us, and pleads for us at the right hand of God. We are not to be saved because we are good, but we are to be good because we are saved."

Kit's face brightened a little. "I don't quite understand," said she.

"It is just this, Kitty: you have not to earn eternal happiness. You never could do that, and you have no need to try. The Lord Jesus has done that for you. He bore the punishment of all our sins when he was here on earth; and what we have to do is, to believe that he has done so, to put our trust in him, and give ourselves to him to be his. See what the Bible says about it: 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' (John 3: 16.) 'God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' (Romans 5: 8.) 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' (John 3: 36.)"

"Then all the goodness is in believing," said Kit.

"Not at all, my dear. There is no more goodness in believing than in any thing else; but we shall not ask him to save us unless we believe he can do it. Just so, you might be drowning, and some one might throw you a rope: unless you thought that the rope would save you, you would not take hold of it; and yet there would be no goodness in taking hold of it."

"I see now!" exclaimed Kit: "just as there might be a doctor in Oldbury who could cure aunt Martha; but unless uncle Phin believed it, and went after him, he would be of no use to her. But, Miss Armstrong, will God save me like that?" asked Kit with a tone of deep reverence, and a far-off look in her great blue eyes. "Will he do all that just because I ask him—a poor little, naughty, ignorant girl, like me, what don't know any thing about him hardly? It seems too good to be true."

"It is not one bit too good to be true. You have only to ask him, and the work is done, now and forever."

"And won't I ever do any thing wrong again?"

"I cannot say that, Kitty. As long as we are in this world, we have to fight with temptations from without, and with the sinful nature that is born in us. But, if we are faithful in asking, he will give us strength to conquer; and, if we do fall into sin, he will help us out."

"Well, then, Miss Armstrong, I don't see but I am saved, after all; because I do want him to save me, and I do believe he can."

"Then you certainly are, my precious child," said Miss Armstrong, her own eyes overflowing. "Let us thank him, Kitty, for all his goodness."

"About an hour after this conversation, two young ladies, walking over the hill, came to Kit's favorite haunt, and stood still in admiration at the picture presented to them. Kit was lying on the ground, her head pillowed on the mossy flat stone which was her favorite seat, fast asleep. Her hat lay on the grass beside her, her long dark lashes rested on her cheeks, and the soft summer wind was gently playing with her black curls, as if it feared to wake her. It almost seemed from her attitude that she had been kneeling by the stone, and had sunk down overpowered with sleep.

"What an exquisite picture!" whispered Amity. "What a pity Percy is not here with her sketch-book."

"It is lovely," answered Ida in the same tone. "But she ought not to lie there: she will take cold. Her hand is hurt too. Poor little dear, I wonder who she is. I am sure I don't her, and yet it seems as if I had seen her before."

"I was just thinking the same. But we must not leave her here. She might sleep till dark, and awake frightened out of her senses, and with rheumatic fever into the bargain."

As Amity spoke, she bent down and kissed the little sleeper. Kit awoke, and started to her feet with a little cry of pain, as the sudden movement shook her burned hand.

"My poor child, did you hurt yourself?" said Amity kindly. "I am sorry I gave you such a start. I only meant to wake you, and keep you from getting cold. What ails your arm?"

"I burned it; but it is not very bad now, only I twisted it a little, getting up," answered Kit. "I can't think how I came to go to sleep, only I was so tired. Ain't you the lady that sung at the meeting last night?" she ventured to ask shyly.

"Yes, my dear. Were you there?"

"No, ma'am; but I stood under the window and listened. Uncle won't let me go to meeting. He don't believe in God or any such thing."

"And don't you believe in him?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do," answered Kit, with quiet decision. "I feel as though I had just got to believe in him; for he's all the friend I've got, only Miss Armstrong and Symantha."

"He is the best you could have. What is your name?"

"Kit Mallory, ma'am; at least, that is what every one calls me, only Miss Armstrong calls me Kitty."

"Well, Kitty, can you direct us a short way to Mrs. Van Zandt's house? We have walked farther than we meant, and are both tired."

"You are near by now," said Kit; "you can see the house when you are past this ledge, and I'll show you a cow-path that goes close by the barn. Wouldn't you like a drink?" she added; "this is real nice water, and I've got a cup."

"Thank you, that will be very refreshing," said Amity. Kit produced her cup, washed it in the stream, and filled it at the spring-head. Both the girls drank, and praised the cool, sweet draught.

"What a lovely spring!" said Amity, bending down to look into its depths.

"It has great bubbles in it," said Kit. "If you watch you will see one presently. There! isn't that pretty?

"It is, indeed," said Amity. "Look, Ida."

"I see," replied Ida, bending down in her turn. "I see, too, that the sun is getting low, and aunt Barbara will be uneasy about us. So this is the way, is it?"

"Yes, ma'am. Keep in the path, and you won't get into any of the soft places."

"Thank you, my dear. Good-night."

As Kit bent over the spring to dip a cup of water for herself, she saw something red and golden lying under the great tuft of lady-fern which partly overhung the water. She picked it up. It was a beautifully bound little book, bearing marks of a great deal of careful wear; and, on opening it, Kit saw it was a New Testament.

Her heart gave a great bound at the sight. She had been asking for a Testament before she went to sleep, and here it was. Then came another thought. One of the young ladies must have dropped it. Kit could read writing. She turned to the fly-leaf, and read, written in a clear though somewhat tremulous hand,—

"Amity, with mother's love, on her tenth birthday."

Underneath was written, in another hand, "The very day my dear mother died."

"It is that plain young lady's, the one they say is so rich," thought Kit. She ran down the hill as fast as she could, and overtook the young ladies just at their own gate.

"Why, here is our little friend again," said Amity. "My dear child, how you have put yourself out of breath!"

"Isn't this yours?" asked Kit, producing the book. "I found it down by the spring."

"It is, indeed!" replied Amity. "My dear child, how can I thank you enough? I would rather have lost almost any thing else that I possess."

"I thought you would be sorry to lose it, because it had your mother's writing in it," said Kit, feeling very happy as Amity kissed her. "I know, if I had a Testament that my mother gave me, how much I would think of it. But I must hurry home."

"Wait a minute," said Amity. "Kitty, I want to give you something, not as a reward, but as a keepsake. What shall it be?"

Kit's carnation cheeks grew more beautiful than ever, between eagerness and bashfulness.

"If it wouldn't be impudent to ask, if you had a little old Testament you could give me," she said.

"Would you rather have a little one than a large one?" asked Amity.

"Yes, because I could hide it easier."

"Wait just a moment," said Amity. "So she has to hide her Testament," she remarked to Ida as they went into the house.

"They are a dreadfully hard family, from all I hear," answered Ida. "One of aunt Barbara's soft-covered Testaments will be just the thing for her."

Mrs. Barbara Van Zandt was sitting by the parlor window. "You are late," said she as the girls entered. "I began to think you were lost."

"So we were," said Ida; "and I don't know where we should have landed, only for a little girl—such an odd, lovely child!—whom we found asleep on the hill-top."

"And, aunt Barbara, will you give me one of your nice Testaments for her?" added Amity. "She says she would rather have a little Testament than any thing; but it must be a small one, because she has to hide it. Is not that pathetic?"

Aunt Barbara rose with alacrity. "Poor child, how sad! Yes, I have just the thing for her. Where is the child?"

"Out by the door," answered Amity. "She says she dare not come in. Do come and look at her, Aunt Barbara, and tell us whom she is like."

"So you are the little girl who would rather have a Testament than any thing," said Mrs. Van Zandt in deep, soft tones. "Well, here is a nice one for you. Look up, my dear."

"Whom is she like, aunt?" asked Ida. "I can't think, and I am sure I have seen that face before."

"Do you remember the picture which hangs in my sewing-room at home?" asked Mrs. Van Zandt. "She is the living image of my poor lost Kathleen Joyce."

"Please, ma'am, would you say that name again?" asked Kit, trembling with earnestness.

"Kathleen Joyce," repeated Mrs. Van Zandt. "Did you ever hear the name before?"

"That was my name! That was it!" exclaimed Kit exultingly. "Kathleen, that is it! I knew it was not Keturah, I knew it wasn't."

"Kathleen? Kathleen what?" asked Mrs. Van Zandt as eagerly as herself.

"I don't know. I mustn't stay another minute," said Kit in a tone of alarm as the clock struck. "I forgot Uncle Phin told me never to come here."

"Don't keep her, Mrs. Van Zandt," said Aggy, an elderly colored woman who had taken care of the house for years, speaking in an undertone. "He is an awful man, and there is no telling what he might do."

"Well, good-night, dear child. Perhaps we shall meet again. I must see her somehow," added Mrs. Van Zandt, looking after Kit as she hurried away. "If she is not Kathleen Joyce's child, there is nothing in resemblances.

"And she said her name was Kathleen," observed Ida. "How strange!"

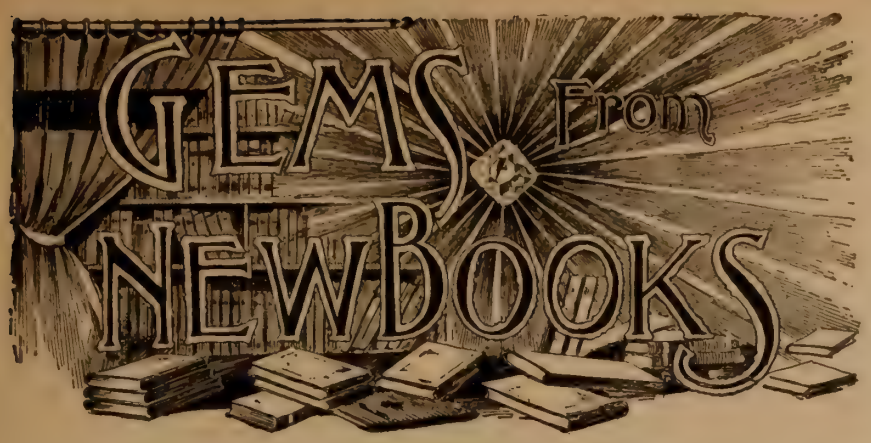
"I wonder if this man is really her uncle," said Amity.

"Melissa Mallory says not," replied Aggy. "She says her father took Kit from the poor-house, but there is no telling anything by that—Miss Ida, do come in out of the dew, and let your aunt get her tea. She'll be having one of her headaches again, and your hand will be paining you all night."

"Kathleen, Kathleen," repeated Mrs. Van Zandt as she sat down to the table. "I must contrive to see that child again."

(*To be Continued.*)

* By special arrangement with Thomas Whittaker, publisher, New York.



A FLORIDA FARM SERVICE.*

WHAT a beautiful evening, and how bright and expectant every face in our plain sitting-room, as, one by one, the neighbors drop in to meet Comfort and listen to his words. One number is small, but we know one another pretty well, and we are united in the opinion that an evening spent with Mr. Miller will be spent well. Our old melodeon is somewhat wheezy and out of tune, but Miriam has a knack of bringing plenty of sound out of it, and tuneful sound too. Comfort has a very mellow voice, and my Miriam is no small affair when it comes to singing and playing—especially when Comfort is by to lead. I sing a little myself, in a minor sort of way—but I like to keep my voice a little back, so as to hear the fresh rich melody of the young folks.

Somehow my heart beats faster at the sound of fresh young voices attuned to harmony. It carries me back to early days, in a far-away settlement, where I used to attend singing-school in the old log schoolhouse, with Miriam's mother, who sings in heaven to-day. How like her is Miriam as she sits there at the dear old melodeon, her sweet face thoughtful but bright, and her eyes filled with the soft light of content and love! While Miriam lives, it will be nip and tuck with me as to going or staying—for it's heaven in any event whether I go or whether I stay.

"Shall we sing your favorite song, father?" asked Miriam.

"By all means," I replied, "if you will,"—and this is the song:

There seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every flower,
Which tells, O God, the wondrous tale,
Of thy Almighty power.
The birds that rise on quivering wing
Proclaim their Maker's praise,—
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee an anthem raise.

Shall I be mute, great God, alone,
Midst nature's loud acclaim,
Shall not my heart in answering tone
Breathe forth thy holy name?
All nature's debt is small to mine:—
Nature shall cease to be,—
Thou gavest proof of love divine,
Immortal life to me.

Good poetry, and good sense too, I think, but if you could hear Comfort Miller and Miriam sing the words, I don't know what you would think.

NATURE'S FIELD-MUSIC.

THE music of a growing cornfield, or a cane patch at four o'clock in the afternoon, is a fitting serenade of the declining day, which the mock-birds trill ushered in at five o'clock in the morning. Every true farmer realizes, even if he cannot express, the sweet amenities and divinely social confidence which Nature ordains, and he is a regular Noshucks who does not recognize and maintain the utmost intimacies and relations with all her forms of life, as he walks through her stately aisles, or bends to caress the fragile plant, or inhale the delicate perfumes of the variegated field, to say nothing of the whispering voices that greet his listening ear—voices of angels out for a holiday.

Madam, in your world, what I am describing as a sweet, delicious commerce between the good farmer and his fields, is suggested by the French phrase—*entente cordiale*—a reciprocity of good fellowship.

You have felt all this yourself, Madam, while tending the trailing vines in your conservatory, or while pressing your lips to the cool, fragrant rose, or while gazing with inexpressible delight upon a cluster of fuchsias, whose rainbow tints bespeak for you, in time to come, the fruition of your fondest hopes.

*From *Angels' Visits to my Farm in Florida;* by "Golden Light," cloth, price $1. United States Book Company, New York, publishers.

You tell your real secrets to the sympathetic flowers, and they, in turn, soothe, mollify, or encourage you, beyond the power of mere words.

And, you, my dear child, confined to your lonely garret, could tell a wondrous sweet story, which that single, blooming rose geranium, turned just now towards the sunlight through the window-pane suggests. What confidences you have had together. How tenderly has it ministered to your troubled life, easing your pains, exhaling its aroma of hope and comfort upon you, in answer to your little wail of loneliness and sorrow. It tells you of everything that is sweeter and better than you know, and, somehow, brightens that part of you which the sunshine of human favor has never penetrated.

How I wish you could come away to my farm and take a walk with me through the teeming forests, vocal with melody, or down by the lake, yonder, where palms lift their proud heads, and where the ferns and wild violets nestle so cosily together in sheltered nooks, fringing the banks of the lake, whose waters, clear and limpid, are splashed about by thousands of roysterous fins. Shut your weary eyes, child, while I fling into your lap jessamine and honeysuckle, arbutus and delicate ferns, a white lotus or two from the pond down in the meadow, and a bunch of blue violets from Palm Island.

There, let them prophecy to you for the rest of the day—

Flowers, sweet flowers,
Sweet wildwood flowers,
I gathered them all for you.

The Cabinet of the Mint.*

THE room in the Mint used for the Cabinet is on the second floor. It was formerly a suite of three apartments connected by folding-doors, but the doors have been removed, and it is now a pleasant saloon, fifty-four feet long by sixteen wide. The eastern and western sections are of the same proportions, each with a broad window. The central section is lighted from the dome, which is supported by four columns. There is an open space immediately under the dome, to give light to the hall below, which is the main entrance to the Mint. Around this space is a railing and a circular case for coins. The Cabinet of Coins was established in 1838, by Dr. R. M. Patterson, then Director of the Mint.

Anticipating such a demand, reserves had been made for many years by Adam Eckfeldt, the Coiner, of the "master coins" of the Mint; a term used to signify first pieces from new dies, bearing a high polish and struck with extra care. These are now more commonly called "proof pieces." With this nucleus, and a few other valuable pieces from Mr. Eckfeldt, the business was committed to the Assay Department, and especially to Mr. Du Bois, Assistant Assayer. The collection grew, year by year, by making exchanges to supply deficiencies, by purchases, by adding our own coin, and by saving foreign coins from the melting-pot—a large part in this way, at the cost of not more than their bullion value, though demanding great care, appreciation and study.

Valuable donations were also made by travelers, consuls, and missionaries. In 1839, Congress appropriated the sum of $1,000 for the purchase of "specimens of ores and coins to be preserved at the Mint." Annually, since, the sum of $300 has been appropriated by the Government for this object. More has not been asked or desired, for the officers of the Mint have not sought to vie with the long established collections of the national cabinets of the old world, or even to equal the extravagance of some private numismatists; but they have admirably succeeded in their purpose to secure such coins as would interest all, from the schoolboy to the most enthusiastic archæologist.

The economic principle upon which the collection has been gathered is a lesson to all governmental departments in frugality, as well as a restraint upon the natural tendency to extravagance which has heretofore distinguished those who have a passion for old coins. There are thousands of coin collectors in the United States, and fortunes have been accumulated in this strange way. More than one authenticated instance has been known in this country where a man has lived in penury, and died from want, yet possessed of affluence in time-defaced coins.

*From *The Illustrated History of the United States Mint*, with short historical sketches and illustration of the branch Mints and Assay Offices, and a complete description of American coinage, from the earliest period to the present time, with biographical sketches of all the Mint Officers. New and revised edition. Edited and published by George G. Evans; 1324 Filbert St., Philadelphia; 180 pp.; half morocco; marble edges; price, $1.50; cloth, $1.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Book of Prayer, by Henry Ward Beecher, cloth; pp. 209; price 75c.; Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, 1892.

Winona, a Story of To-day, by Ella M. Powell, paper; pp. 223; price $1.50. A. Lovell & Co., New York, publisher.

The Gospel of the Holy Spirit, by S. W. Pratt, cloth, price $1. Anson D. F. Randolph & Company, New York, publishers.

Indications of the Second Book of Moses called Exodus, by Edward B. Latch, cloth; pp. 350; price $1.50. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

Good Character; What it is and How to Form it, by Wm. M. Taylor, D.D., paper, price 35c. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 38 W. 23d St., N. Y., publishers.

Wisps of Wit and Wisdom, or Knowledge in a Nutshell; by Albert P. Southwick, A. M., cloth; pp. 265; price $1. A. Lovell & Co., New York, and Walter Scott, London, publishers.

Charles H. Spurgeon: His Faith and Works, by H. L. Wayland, pp 317; price $1.50, cloth; American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia publishers.

Visitors' Companion at our Nation's Capitol; A complete guide for Washington and its environs; illustrated. Edited and published by George G. Evans, 1314 Filbert St., Philadelphia. The most complete guide book to Washington that has yet appeared. It contains an appendix, embracing the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and much interesting matter connected with our nation's history. 94 pages; half morocco, gold edges; price, $2.50; silk cloth, full gilt, $2.

BEYOND.

BEYOND the shadows which surround
Our troubled mortal life,
There lies a land where never wakes
The sound of toil or strife;
Where sickness never pales the cheek,
Where starts no cry of pain,
Where gladness settles on the soul,
And never lifts again,

There all the pure in heart are found,
Their very thoughts are praise,
They sing the endless death of sin,
Christ's triumph-song they raise;
Before the pierced feet which led
Their spirits up to light,
They yield the homage of their love,
Arrayed in robes of white.

Our Father-God, we long to reach
Their fellowship of rest,
To see the glory of our Lord,
And be forever blest;
Guide us through smooth and silent seas,
And o'er the stormy foam,
Until we strike the sunlit shore,
And hear thy welcome home.

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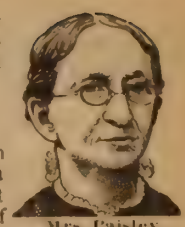
Mrs. Paisley.

I was badly affected with **Eczema** and **Scrofula Sores,** covering almost the whole of one side of my face, nearly to the top of my head. Running sores discharged from both ears. My eyes were very bad, the **eyelids so sore** it was painful opening or closing them. For nearly a year I was deaf. I went to the hospital and had an operation performed for the removal of a cataract from one eye. One day my sister brought me

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which I took, and gradually began to feel better and stronger, and slowly the sores on my eyes and in my ears healed. I can now hear and see as well as ever." MRS. AMANDA PAISLEY, 176 Lander Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

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QUESTIONS ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Several Subscribers. The Russian Relief movement has closed, the S. S. *Leo* having been the last of the relief fleet.

J. H. Wyse, Poniaria, S. C. We are not familiar with the series of historical novels you mention. Write to Scribner's Sons, publishers, Broadway, N. Y.

Subscriber, Brooklyn. Your question as to the Peruvian, Chilian, German, Samoan and British Treaties, etc., should be sent to a daily newspaper, being a purely secular subject.

Mrs. H. Fairbanks, Tustin, Cal. The address is Elder Wadman, M. E. Church, Hirosaki, Japan. If you send him any CHRISTIAN HERALDS you must pay five cents postage on every four numbers.

Christian, Clarksville, Tenn. Is it right to drive a horse to church, Sunday morning, and have him staud two hours in harness, and then drive back, when the animal has been worked all the week?

"A merciful man is merciful to his beast." He will give it an opportunity to rest one day in the seven.

J. R. Robertson, Capitola, Md. This is a great strawberry country. The question has arisen: is it right to carry berries to station on Saturday, to start them for Boston, where by traveling all day Sunday, they will reach in time for Monday's market?

Unless it can be shown to be absolutely *a work of necessity*, it is wrong to do so. It seems to us that the Sunday part of it might be avoided by starting the berries earlier.

Subscriber, Myers Valley, Kan. What is the difference between the Jewish and the Catholic worship?

A radical difference is that the Roman Catholics acknowledge the divinity of Christ, while the Jews deny it. The two have few, if any points of resemblance.

William J. Gunn, Portland, Me. 1. What is Wm. E. Gladstone's address? 2. What is Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's address? 3. What is William Black the novelist's address?

1. House of Commons, London, or Hawarden Castle, Wales. 2. Hartford, Ct., we believe. 3. Care Messrs. McMillan & Co., publishers, London. You can procure CHRISTIAN HERALD binders by sending 75c., to this offlce.

J. C. Reynolds, Wyoming, R. I. How long a period of time does the Book of Genesis cover? 2. Which Book in the Bible covers the longest space of time?

1. Scientists and chronologists do not attempt to fix the period of time covered by the first two verses of Genesis 1. Probably ages, as we reckon them may have elapsed while the earth was without form and void, until "the Spirit moved on the face of the waters." From Adam to the death of Joseph is reckoned as 1635 years. 2. Genesis, undoubtedly.

J. G. Neill, Sikeston, Mo. 1. Where is Corea? 2. What are the Seven Wonders of the World? 3. When will the World's Fair open and when will it close?

1. In Eastern Asia, on a peninsula stretching south from the northern part of the Chinese Empire. It has Manchuria on the North and the Sea of Japan on the East. 2. The Pyramids, Colossus of Rhodes, Temple of Diana, Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Statue of Jupiter Olympius, Mausoleum of Artemisia, and Pharos at Alexandria. 3. 1893.

Subscriber, Avery, Neb. Is it right for a man to ask 10 and 12 per ct. for his money? What does Exodus 22: 25 mean? By what system can a banking business be carried on and receive the commendation of God?

The various forms of usury ("biting") and particularly the extortion of unlawful or disproportionate profits, are repeatedly denounced in Scripture. The passage referred to forbade the taking of usury or interest from a brother *that was poor*, or from a stranger or sojourner who happened to be impoverished. (See Lev. 25, 35, 36, 37.) To others it seemed to be permitted to lend money at reasonable interest (see Deut. 23: 20.) "Unto a stranger thou mayest lend upon usury." Except under the special conditions mentioned, where a prohibition is imposed, there is no sin whatever in estimating in current coin the value of a loan, and in proportion as the borrower is enabled to benefit by the accommodation, he is expected to pay the lender. The common law fixes a statutory rate of interest, which is conceded to be equitable, and a bank or other institution in lending money, expects to receive a reasonable return; in other words, it expects to share in the profit which the borrower is enabled to make by means of the accommodation. A valued commentator says: "It is as lawful for me to receive interest for money, which another takes pains with, improves, but runs the hazard of in trade, as it is to receive rent for my land which another takes pains with, improves, but runs the hazard of, in husbandry."

J. H. Jenkins, Graham, Ga. I have a universal history of which I. S. Clarke, of Millersville, Pa., is the author. It says that Babylon was destroyed by Cyrus on the night of Belshazzar's feast. The same author says that Darius was the grand-son of Cyrus, reigning some 50 or 60 years after this conquest. The Prophet Daniel says that Babylon was destroyed by Darius on the night of Belshazzar's feast. Will you please give me some light on these conflicting statements?

"Darius the Mede" mentioned by Daniel, it would appear, was not the famous conqueror, but a monarch entrusted by another with a certain delegated authority (see Dan. 5: 31 and Daniel 9: 1.) He may have been an ally of Cyrus, whose armies captured Babylon.

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Excursion tickets, including one day's board at the Mountain House, will be sold from New York at $9 50, Philadelphia $8.00. Baltimore $8.00, Washington $8.00, and at proportionately low rates from all principal stations on the Pennsylvania system east of Harrisburg. They will be valid for return for ten days. Tourists will leave New York 8 00 A. M., connecting with special train leaving Philadelphia at 10.40 A. M. Tickets from interior points will be accepted for passage on regular trains of the date named connecting with the special at Philadelphia, Frazer, Lancaster or Harrisburg.

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ALL the world is now talking of the Chicago Fair, the great Columbian Exposition in celebration of the Quadri-Centennial of the Discovery of America, which opens in the Western Metropolis next spring. Everybody will make an effort to visit the Fair. The extent of the preparations, the number and vastness of the buildings, the widespread interest among other participating nations, and the enthusiastic, patriotic rivalry among our own States, all point to an Exposition of unrivalled scope and magnificence.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, watchful of the progress of this grandest material enterprise of our time, has published descriptions of the buildings, now nearly completed, which conveyed but faintly an idea of their extent and magnificence to our readers' minds. But the Fair is something to be *seen* not read about; to be

Personally Visited and Enjoyed

as the grandest demonstration of God's goodness in prospering this Union and this people.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received many letters of inquiry from different parts of the country regarding the Fair, and after careful consideration it has arranged a plan specially for the benefit of its readers and their friends, by which those who wish to visit Chicago can do so, without the outlay of a dollar. This will secure to all who profit by the plan, railroad transportation from their own States to Chicago and return, and one week's board and lodging in a pleasant location, convenient to the Fair Grounds. They will have had an experience both novel and edifying, and one to remember in the coming years. The entire world will be represented at the Fair. This vast gathering will tax the facilities of railroads, hotels, and lodging houses. As at all the previous great Fairs (and particularly that at Philadelphia, in 1876), prices will be put

At Fabulous Figures.

The cost of living in Chicago during the Fair, will, it is safe to assert, be quadrupled

But these contingencies, as well as others that may arise, have been foreseen by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the plan it now proposes is suggested for the sole purpose of enabling its readers and their friends to visit Chicago and spend a delightful andinstructive week viewing the grand spectacle. This is within the reach of all who care to make the effort; the minister, the farmer, the mechanic, the tradesman, the school-teacher, the shopgirl, have each an equal opportunity.

For every person who during the six months from July 1st to Dec. 31, secures the number of new, annual, full-paid subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, stipulated below, at $1.50 each, we will send transportation tickets to Chicago and return, and a coupon entitling the holder to seven days' excellent board and accommodation at a location convenient to the World's Fair Grounds. This offer applies to every State in the Union. The railroad tickets will be valid for twenty days, and will be accepted from any of the cities mentioned in the list below.

Those who intend to take advantage of this special offer should immediately notify us to that effect. Send us your full name and Postoffice address, stating at the same time the number of subscription blanks and sample copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD you require

To Begin Your Canvass

and we will immediately forward them to you. Remember, all subscribers must be *new* and *full-paid, at $1.50 each. No premiums or commissions can be allowed* under this arrangement.

If you were to arrange for a trip to Chicago and a seven-days' stay there, the total outlay would be little short of the entire sum of these subscriptions. And by the arrangement proposed, it will cost you absolutely nothing in money, the reward being secured by your energy in obtaining the necessary number of subscribers. It will be found a comparatively easy matter to accomplish this. We have now on our list of agents in different parts of the Union a large number of individuals who have demonstrated the popularity of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and of

Rev. Dr. Talmage, its Editor,

by rolling up in a few short weeks several hundreds of subscribers each. And these people were not professional canvassers, but simply enterprising, Christian men and women, who undertook the work because they liked the paper, and wished to extend its influence and its field of usefulness.

Should you fall short of the subscription limit fixed for your section in the appended list, you have the privilege of choice between two courses, in neither of which can you possibly be the loser. Thus: in a section where 60 subscriptions are fixed as the limit, if after securing 50 subscriptions, you find yourself unable to make further progress, we are prepared either to forward you our Publisher's check, making a proper allowance for the work accomplished, or to accept from you a small cash payment, in addition to the 50 paid-up subscriptions, on receipt of which we will immediately forward the transportation tickets and 7 days' coupon. All cases of this nature will be adjusted on a similar liberal basis, for the exact fulfilment of which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stands guarantee.

Some may have friends in Chicago with whom they prefer to stop during the visit. In all such cases, we will be willing, on receiving the necessary number of subscriptions, to forward to the tourist along with his or her railroad tickets

A Check for $25

in lieu of the 7 days' coupon for board and lodging. This will enable the recipient to take advantage of the offer as far as transportation is concerned and at the same time will help to make the stay in Chicago a pleasant and inexpensive one.

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"	Savannah	100
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"THE SACRED CITY OF IDOLS."

Ajudhya, the "Unconquerable," the Mecca of the Hindoos.

FIVE miles from Faizabad, writes a correspondent of *The Christian*, lies the ancient city of Ajudhya, or rather, what remains of it, for at one period it seems to have stretched for a great distance along the course of the river, and to have covered the ground where Faizabad now stands; in fact, the whole district was then called Ajudhya, or "the unconquerable." Ajudhya is to the Hindoos what Mecca is to the Mohammedans, Bethlehem to Christians. Here their demi-god, Ram Chandr, was born. Legends and fables are connected with innumerable shrines and temples of the city.

Soon after the missionary ladies settled down at Faizabad, they longed to begin work at Ajudhya, a city wholly given over to idols and for a long time no opportunity beyond an occasional visit presented itself; then came a request for a girl's school; but so prejudiced were the people that no house could be obtained in which to hold it, and for a long time an old shed answered the purpose. At length a piece of ground belonging to the government came into the market. Miss Fallon, the Zenana missionary at Faizabad, applied for the lease. In due time the amount, $1,000, was collected, and now one sees among the crowd of ruined shrines and mosques and temples a neat, white, Christian building, the earnest of the time when false and foolish religions shall be superseded by the true faith.

The need of medical aid to the women has been a long felt want. There is not even a government dispensary in the city, the nearest one being at Faizabad. After waiting some time, the services of a Christian girl, who had just finished her medical training at Agra, were secured; and in October, 1891, a small dispensary for women was opened close to the schoolhouse. A specimen of the work to be done is given in Miss Fallon's own words:

"We were having a little preaching at a book shop in Ajudhya, on the 28th of November. Several of us met there, and while the native catechists preached in turn, we women sang bhajans (native hymns). The audience was a large one, as crowds of pilgrims were flocking in from all parts of the country for the great half-yearly mela (religious festival). Among the crowd I soon espied a wild-looking, bright-eyed girl, her forehead besmeared with sandal wood, very little in the way of clothing, beads in her hands, her hair in a loose knot on the top of her head, and looking every inch a Sadhu (Hindu devotee). One of my teachers whispered to me, 'That is the girl who came to our school the other day, and said she wanted to learn to read.' Of course, my interest was aroused, and at a sign from me the girl jumped up to where we were sitting, as nimble as a deer, and smiling all over, sat down at my feet. I asked her if she really wanted to learn to read? 'Oh, yes!' she said, her eyes flashing at the very thought.

"By this time the eyes of the crowd were upon her, so I told her to go among the people again, and when our meeting was over she could come with me to the school, where I was staying for a few days. She stood and listened quite quietly for about three-quarters of an hour, and as soon as I left, joined me. I felt quite strange, walking along with this wild girl, and was conscious of many a Hindu eye upon me. She talked and laughed, and promised to tell me all her story when we got to the house. It was the strangest tale I have ever heard. She had been a Sadhu for ten years, and was now eighteen. She knew no other life, and had very faint recollections about her early home and parents. Only this she remembered, that her father and mother had both died in one day of cholera, leaving her, with money and jewels and houses, in her grandmother's care. This old lady, apparently, sold most of the property, and soon after, the child was induced by an old woman to leave her home and become a Sadhu. Her father was a well-to-do Brahmin in government employ, and had lived in Cawnpore. I asked her if she had never been married. 'No,' she said, but I noticed a little hesitation about her manner, and on questioning her more closely she said that she had been betrothed to a young Brahmin. That about four months ago he had come across her, and was now very anxious to marry her. He had even followed her to Ajudhya, and pressed his suit daily. 'But I am never going to marry,' she said. 'Have I not given up the world? Am I not looking for God? I have vowed to be God's always, and I can never give up this life.' I tried to point out to her the true way of finding God, through him who is the Way; and then I sang a bhajan to her, and read a little from the Hindi New Testament. She listened most eagerly, and then said, 'I could go on listening to such words for ever. You are loving. I should like to stay with you always.' I told her I would gladly receive her if she liked to come, and I should teach her to read, and then she could find out all about God and the salvation he had provided."

A NATIONAL REPROACH.

WE are often told that the results of missionary effort are much smaller than should come from the expenditure of money and work. It is true in many cases and there is a sad reason for it in the fact that the people among whom the missionary works are prejudiced against the Gospel by the wicked countrymen of the missionary. An instance in point was stated in a recent speech which was made at Bethlehem, Pa., by Dr. H. T. Bachman, who has just returned from a visit to the Moravian Mission Station in Alaska. He said:

In regard to the great mass of the 30,000 people of Alaska, the annexation of their territory to the United states has not proved to be a good thing as yet; on the contrary, it seems, the complaints of missionaries, teachers, and other Christians, become more bitter year by year as to the wrongs and evils endured by the natives from American whalers, fishermen, traders and miners. The Aleuts, Innuits, Thlinkets, and other tribes composing the Esquimaux and Indians of Alaska, are a comparatively harmless race. They are barbarians but not savages. The Esquimaux, particularly, are a nation of children—little children. Credulous, ignorant, and simple-hearted, they are the ready victims of the stronger race from the States. If they were not such, they would quickly revolt against the injustice and oppression under which they suffer, from the greed, lust, and lasciviousness of many of the whites that come among them. American commerce seizes upon their resources, and gives them nothing in return for the treasures of furs, fish, and gold that it carries off from that desolate land. A revolution in Alaska would be far more justifiable than the Revolution of '76, for our wrongs were mere trifles compared to theirs. Need we wonder to find the abused and demoralized natives at Carmel, on the Nushagak, and at many other places, turning away and spurning the cup of salvation because it is presented by a white hand?

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To cheer me on the dreaded road that leadeth to the sky.

But flood and flame are round us now—I cannot move, my son.
But thou must live, for thou art young—farewell, my only one!
He kissed with tenderest love her lips, caressed her silver hair,
Then knelt beside his mother's bed, and yielded life in prayer!

Whilst other men, heroic souls, fought Death for lives that morn:
Relentless Death, who rode o'er all, triumphant through the storm.
Oh they have shown for other's lives, what men will dare and do.
We kneel with reverence round their biers, the tender, brave and true!

—MRS. M. E. THROPP CONE.

*In the terrible calamity that visited Oil City June 5th, hundreds of instances of personal bravery and self-sacrifices are cited. John O'Leary, an express messenger, the only child and sold support of his widowed mother, was found kneeling beside his mother's bed, both burned almost beyond recognition. She had been an invalid for sometime, and could not be moved. Her son, though implored by the rescuers to save himself while there was yet time, preferred death to leaving his mother die alone. Mr. O'Leary was to have been married about the last of June. Mother and son were devoted to each other, and both were most exemplary Christian characters.

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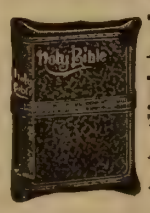

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Oriental Water Vendors

A Familiar Scene at Ismailia Photographed —Eastern Street Merchants and their Patrons—Water as "the Gift of God."

ALMOST in the centre of the Isthmus of Suez and on the western shore of Lake Timsah, is the town of Ismailia, which in recent years has come into prominence in connection with the Suez Canal. The illustration below is from a photograph taken in Ismailia and secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage during his tour in the East. Such scenes are familiar in many parts of the Orient. In Jerusalem, Damascus, Cairo, and Alexandria, the sherbet-seller is a well-known figure. He is generally an Arab or of mixed race, but with Arab blood preponderating. Rugged and athletic, it is a small matter to him to shoulder the huge goat-skin bottle, which is filled with water, sherbet or lemonade. In his hand is carried a cup and when some thirsty customer stops him to purchase a drink, the sherbet-seller stoops forward and simultaneously tips his elbow backward, raising the leather or earthenware bottle, from whose nozzle a refreshing stream flows into the cup which he elevates at the correct angle. A skilful vendor will not lose a drop during the transaction, but such dexterity is acquired only by long practice.

SHERBET AND CAKE VENDORS AT ISMAILIA, EGYPT.
(From a photograph brought from the East by Rev. Dr. Talmage)

Everywhere in the streets and public squares of Eastern cities the traveler encounters the seller of cakes, dates, figs, and sweetmeats. One of these outdoor merchants is shown in the photograph, his place of business being well chosen beneath the spreading branches of a tree, whose grateful shade seems to invite the passer-by to the banquet spread out temptingly before him. Melons, figs, olives, pomegranates and other kinds of fruit, and honey-cakes and raisin-cakes are displayed on the board. Our illustration shows two young Moslems enjoying their draught of sherbet presumably after patronizing the cake-vendor's stall. In the background another street merchant with delicacies of a different sort, is approaching, while a man and woman, who apparently have already refreshed themselves, are interested spectators of the scene.

Now, as in Bible times, the scarcity of water is a most important consideration in Oriental life, and many of the allusions in Scripture acquire greater significance when this fact is realized. Even in the larger cities it was the general custom to fetch water for household purposes from considerable distances. Rebekah, though the daughter of a man of substance, was engaged in this occupation when Abraham's servant saw her. (Gen. 24: 16.) When Jesus sent his disciples to prepare the Passover they were told that they would meet "a man bearing a pitcher of water." (Mark 14: 13.) The possession of a well was then a matter of some moment, as is proved by the formality with which Abraham had his ownership of a well attested. (Gen. 21 : 30.) Isaac's contention about his wells (Gen. 26 : 19-22), is also an evidence of the same kind, and it is mentioned later on as a fact of special distinction about a man that he "had a well in his own court." (2. Samuel 17: 18.) To Oriental ears, therefore, a meaning we cannot fathom would be attached to such an invitation as that of Isaiah, "Ho everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters" and to the characteristic which John noted in the Celestial city that there was "a river of the water of life, clear as crystal." But in those lands, as in this more highly favored one, the blessing which water symbolizes, that living water whereof if a man drink he shall never thirst, is neglected, and, though it is offered freely and without price, men will not drink of it.

The cries of the street-vendors, in Eastern cities, are peculiar, and are uttered in a high musical tone that can be heard at a considerable distance. A water-seller calls, "Ya, aatee Allah!" ("Behold, the gift of God"), or, "Oh, ye thirsty! Oh, ye thirsty!" and this is alternated with "God will reward me!" and, "Blessed be the water!" The cake and fruit peddler calls: "Honey-cakes, Oh, sweet honey-cakes!" or, "Sweet as honey, oh, oranges!" "The comforter of those in distress, Oh, melons!" and so on, through the entire category of their stock, varying the form of the expression (which is always highly poetical) according to the article.

It is impossible for those who live in countries that are abundantly supplied with streams and water-courses to appreciate the value that is placed upon a stream or fountain by the people of the East. During the summer and fall when the small streams are dried up through the long want of rain, the Orientals are almost entirely dependent on wells, cisterns, and reservoirs. The possession of a well or a spring of "living water" is almost inestimable. In many parts of Egypt and Arabia, public reservoirs and pools have been constructed in humane and hospitable consideration for the traveler. The various styles and patterns of jars and bottles utilized for carrying water in the East are so numerous that to recount them would be a difficult task. In Egypt, for centuries, the skin-bottle has been in common use, the projection of the animal's leg and foot and in some instances the neck, being used as the outlet and closed with a plug or string. Skin bottles are still used extensively throughout Western Asia, and especially by the wandering Arabs. An ox's skin—the largest used—will hold about sixty gallons, and two of these are a load for a camel. They are besmeared with grease on the outside to prevent evaporation, which otherwise would be very rapid. In Persia, water-skins are saturated with pitch for the same purpose.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

A STIRRING QUESTION.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Text: Matt. 27: 22: *"What shall I do with Jesus."*

PILATE was an unprincipled politician. He had sympathies, convictions of right, and desires to be honest; but all these were submerged by a wish to be popular, and to please the people. Two distinguished prisoners were in the grasp of government, and the proposition was made to free one of them. There stands Barabbas, the murderer; there stands Christ, the Saviour of the world. At the demand of the people the renegade is set free, but Jesus is held. As the hard-visaged and cruel-eyed Barabbas goes among his sympathizers, receiving their coarse congratulations, Pilate turns to his other distinguished prisoner—mild, meek, inoffensive, loving, self-sacrificing—and he is confounded as to what course he had better take, so he impanels the mob as a jury to decide, saying to them, "What shall I do then with Jesus?"

Oh, it is no dried or withered question, but one that throbs with warm and quick pulse in the heart of every man and woman here. We must do something with Jesus. He is here. You and I are not so certainly here as he is, for he fills all this place—the loving, living, dying Christ—and each one of us will have to ask and answer for himself the question, "What shall I do then with Jesus?" Well, my friends, there are three or four things you can do with him.

You can, in the first place, let him stand without a word of recognition; but I do not think your sense of common courtesy will allow that. He comes walking on such a long journey, you will certainly give him a chair on which he may sit. He is so weary, you would not let him stand without some recognition. If a beggar comes to your door, you recognize him and say, "What do you want?" If you meet a stranger faint in the street, you say, "What is the matter with you?" and your common humanity, and your common sympathy, and your common sense of propriety will not allow you to let him stand without recognition—the wounded one of the hills. You will ask, What makes him weep? where was he hurt? who wounded him? whence he came? whither he goes? I know there have been men who have with outrageous indifference hated Christ, but I know very well that that is not what you will do with Jesus.

Another thing that you can do with him—you can thrust him back from your heart, and tell him to stand aside. If an inoffensive person comes and persists in standing close up to you, and you have in various ways given him to understand that you do not want his presence or his society, then you ask the reason of his impertinence and bid him away. Well, that is what we can do with Jesus. He has stood close by us a great while—ten, twenty, thirty, forty years. He has stood close by you three times a day, breaking bread for your household, all night watching by your pillow. He has been in the nursery among your children, he has been in the store among your goods, he has been in the factory amid the flying wheels, and now if you do not like his society you can bid him away; ay, if he will not go you can take him by the throat and tell him you do not want his interference, that you do not want his breath on your cheek, that you do not want his eye on your behavior. You can bid him away, or if he will not go in that way, then you can stamp your foot, as you would at a dog, and cry, "Begone!" Yet I know you will not treat Jesus that way. When Pilate could not do that, you could not. Desperadoes and outlaws might do so, but I know that that is not the way you will treat him, that that is not what you will do with Jesus. There is another thing you can do with him: you can look on him merely as an optician to cure blind eyes, or an aurist to tune deaf ears, a friend, a good friend, a helpful companion, a cheerful passenger on shipboard; but that will amount to nothing. You can look upon him as a God, and be abashed while he rouses the storm, or blasts a fig-tree, or heaves a rock down the mountain-side. That will not do you any good: no more save your soul than the admiration you have for John Milton or William Shakespeare. I can think of only one more thing you can do with Jesus, and that is to take him into your hearts. That is the best thing you can do with him; that is the only safe thing you can do with him; and may the Lord Omnipotent by his Spirit help me to persuade you to do that. A minister of Christ was speaking to some children, and said, "I will point you to Christ." A little child rose in the audience, and came up and put her hand in the hand of the pastor, and said, "Please, sir, take me to Jesus now. I want to go now." Oh, that it might be now with such simplicity of experience that you and I join hands and seek after Christ and get an expression of his benefaction and his mercy!

You may take Christ into your confidence. If you cannot trust him, whom can you trust? I do not offer you a dry, theological technicality. I simply ask you to come and put both feet on the "Rock of Ages." Take hold of Christ's hands and draw him to your soul with perfect abandonment, and hurl yourself into the deep sea of his mercy. He comes and says, "I will save you." If you do not think he is a hypocrite and a liar when he says that, believe him, and say, "Lord Jesus, I believe; here is my heart. Wash it. Save it. Do it now. Ay, it is done; for I obey thy promise and come. I can do no more. That is all thou hast asked. I come. Christ is mine. Pardon is mine. Heaven is mine."

Why, my friends, you put more trust in everybody than you do in Christ, and in everything: more trust in the bridge crossing the stream, in the ladder up to the loft; more trust in the stove that confines the fire; more trust in the cook that prepares your food; more trust in the clerk that writes your books, in the druggist that makes the medicine, in the bargain-maker with whom you trade; more trust in all these things than in Christ, although he stands this moment offering without limit, and without mistake, and without exception, universal pardon to all who want it. Now, is not that cheap enough—all things for nothing? This is the whole of the Gospel as I understand it, that if you believe that Christ died to save you, you are saved. When? Now. No more doubt about it than that you sit there. No more doubt about it than that you have a right hand. No more doubt about it than that there is a God. If you had committed five hundred thousand transgressions, Christ would forgive you just as freely as if you had never committed but one; though you had gone through the whole catalogue of crimes—arson, and blasphemy, and murder—Christ would pardon you just as freely, you coming to him, as though you had committed only the slightest sin of the tongue. Why, when Christ comes to pardon a soul, he stops for nothing. Height is nothing. Depth is nothing. Enormity is nothing. Protractedness is nothing.

> O'er sins like mountains for their size,
> The seas of sovereign grace expand,
> The seas of sovereign grace arise.

Lord Jesus, I give up all other props, give up all other expectations. Ruined and undone, I lay hold thee. I plead thy promises. I fly to thy arms, "Lord save me; I perish." When the Christian Commission went into the army during the war there were a great multitude of hungry men and only a few loaves of bread, and the delegate of the Commission was cutting the bread and giving it out to wounded and dying men. Some one came up and said, "Cut those slices thinner, or there will not be enough to go around." And then the delegate cut the slices very thin, and handed the bread around until they all had some, but not much. But, blessed be God, there is no need of economy in this gospel. Bread for all; bread enough and to spare. Why perish with hunger?

Again, I advise you, as one of the best things you can do with Christ, to take him into your love. Now, there are two things which make us love any one—inherent attractiveness, and then what he does in the way of kindness toward us. Now Christ is in both these positions. Inherent attractiveness: fairer than the children of men, the lustre of the morning in his eye, the glow of the setting sun in his cheek, myrrh and frankincense in the breath of his lip. In a heaven of holy beings, the best. In a heaven of mighty ones, the strongest. In a heaven of great hearts, the tenderest and the most sympathetic. Why, sculpture has never yet been able to chisel his form, nor painting to present the flush of his cheek, nor music to strike his charms; and the greatest surprise of eternity will be the first moment when we rush into his presence and with uplifted hands and streaming eyes and heart bounding with rapture, we cry out, "This is Jesus!"

> All over glorious is my Lord,
> He must be loved and yet adored;
> His worth, if all the nations knew,
> Sure, the whole earth would love him too.

Has he not done enough to win our affections? Peter the Great, laying aside royal authority, went down among the ship-carpenters to help them; but Russia got the chief advantage of that condescension. John Howard turned his back upon the refinements and went around prisons to spy out their sorrows and to relieve their wrongs; but English criminals got the chief advantage of that ministry. But when Christ comes, it is for you and me. The sacrifice for you and me. The tears for you and me. The crucifixion for you and me.

If I were hopelessly in debt, and some one came and paid my debts and gave me a receipt in full, and called off the pack of hounding creditors; if I were on a foundering ship, and you came in a life-boat and took me off, could I ever forget your kindness? Would I ever allow an opportunity to pass without rendering you a service or attesting my gratitude and love? Oh, how ought we to feel toward Christ, who plunged into the depth of our sin and plucked us out. Ought it not to set the very best emotions of our heart into the warmest, ay, a red-hot glow? The story is so old that people almost get asleep while they are hearing it. And yet there he hangs—Jesus the man, Jesus the God. Was there anything before or since, anything to be compared to this spectacle of generosity and woe? Did heart-strings ever snap with a worse torture? Were tears

PILATE RELEASING BARABBAS.

ever charged with a heavier grief? Did blood ever gush, in each globule the price of a soul? The wave of earthly malice dashed its bloody foam against one foot, the wave of infernal malice dashed against his other foot, while the storm of God's wrath against sin beat on his thorn-pierced brow, and all the hosts of darkness with gleaming lances rampaged through his holy soul.

Oh, see the dethronement of heaven's king! the conqueror fallen from the white horse! the massacre of a God! Weep, ye who have tears, over the loneliness of his exile and the horrors of his darkness. Christ sacrificed on the funeral pyre of a world's transgression; the good for the bad, the great for the mean; the infinite for the finite, the God for the man. Oh, if there be in all this audience one person untouched by this story of the Saviour's love, show me where he is, that I may mark the monster of ingratitude and of crime. If you could see Christ as he is you would rise from your seat and fling yourselves down at his feet, crying, "My Lord, my light, my love, my joy, my peace, my strength, my heaven, my all! Jesus! Jesus!" Oh, can you not love him? Do you want more of his tears? Why, he has shed them all for you. He has no more.

Oh, look at him, thy butchered Lord, unshrouded and ghastly as they flung him from the tree, his wounds gaping for a bandage. Are there no hands to close these eyes? Then let the sun go out and there be midnight. Howl, ye winds, and howl, ye seas, for your Lord is dead. Oh, what more could he have done for you and for me than he has done? Could he pay a bigger price? Could he drink a more bitter cup? Could he plunge into a worse catastrophe? And can you not love him? Groan again, O blessed Jesus, that they may feel thy sacrifice! Groan again. Put the four fingers and the thumb of thy wounded hand upon them, that the gash in the palm may strike their soul, and thy warm life may bleed into them. Groan again, O Jesus, and see if they will not feel.

Oh, what will you do with such a Christ as that? You have got to do something with him this morning. What will you do with Jesus? Will you slay him again by you sin? Will you spit upon him again? Will you crucify him again?

"TAKE ME TO JESUS NOW!"

What will you do with him who has loved you with more than a brother's love, more than a father's love, yea, more than a mother's love, through all these years? Oh, is it not enough to make the hard heart of the rock break? Jesus! Jesus! What shall we do with thee?

I have to say that the question will after a while change, and it will not be what shall we do with Christ, but what will Christ do with us? Ring all the bells of eternity at the burning of a world. In that day what do you think Christ will do with us? Why, Christ will say, "There is that man whom I called. There is that woman whose soul I importuned. But they would not any of my ways. I gave them innumerable opportunities of salvation. They rejected them all. Depart; I never knew you." Blessed be God, that day has not come. Halt, ye destinies of eternity, and give us one more chance. One more chance, and this is it.

Some travellers in the wilderness of Australia a few years ago found the skeleton of a man and some of his garments, and a rusty kettle on which the man had written or scratched with his finger-nail these words, "O, God, I am

THE SKELETON IN THE BUSH.

dying of thirst. My brain is on fire. My tongue is hot. God help me in the wilderness." Oh, how suggestive of the condition of those who die in the wilderness of sin through thirst. We take hold of them to-day. We try to bring the cool water of the rock to their lips. We say, "Ho, every one that thirsteth!" God, thy Father, awaits thee. Ministering spirits who watch the ways of the soul bend now this moment over this immortal auditory, to see what we will do with Jesus.

DR. TALMAGE IN LONDON.

A NOTABLE event in connection with Rev. Dr. Talmage's preaching tour abroad was the forenoon service in the City Temple, London, where THE CHRISTIAN HERALD editor preached by special invitation of Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D., on June 26. Long before the opening hour a dense mass of people besieged the doors of the Temple, the crowd being so tightly wedged that a number of women fainted during the struggle for entrance when the doors were finally opened. Dr. Parker introduced Dr. Talmage to the audience and greeted him with loving cordiality. Dr. Talmage's sermon moved many in the auditory to tears. At its conclusion, Dr. Parker again took the platform and addressing the audience said with much feeling: "That is the most solemn, pathetic and impressive appeal I ever listened to. It has kindled a fire of enthusiasm in our souls that will burn on forever. It has unfolded possibilities of the pulpit never before reached. It has stirred all hearts with the holiest ambition." Then, lifting his eyes heavenward, he added very impressively, "I thank God for Dr. Talmage's life and ministry, and I despise the man who cannot appreciate his services to Christianity. (Great applause.) May he preach in this pulpit again."

After the service and as the congregation was being dismissed, Dr. Parker embraced Dr. Talmage in the pastor's study and fervently invited him to make the City Temple his headquarters while in London. When Dr. Talmage left the church he found that the great audience had remained outside and blocked the street. He was immediately surrounded by the crowd, which was kept back by the police, while the doctor himself, guarded on either side by policemen, made a brief address, standing up in his carriage while he spoke. In the coach with him were Miss Maude Talmage and Dr. Klopsch, publisher of this journal, and his wife.

After his remarks, there was a season of handshaking that must have severely tried even a man of Dr. Talmage's strong physique, for at times the air seemed to be full of waving arms. At last the police succeeded in clearing a path, and the carriage passed through the multitude.

MONTANA AS A MISSION FIELD

FEW Eastern people know much about Montana and its vast area of 145,770 square miles, 92,010,000 acres or exclusive of reservations, 61,442,000 acres, embracing a greater variety of climate and resources than any other state of the Rockies, its rivers, waterfalls and lofty mountains. The people are from the East and from Europe and Asia. There are drones and hangers-on. Dissipation and indulgence are the rule. Drinking and gambling are common everywhere, and there is a saloon to every sixty persons or one to every twelve families. Whole counties have only a few preachers, and every church has a struggle and battle with a thousand open foes in different forms. The licensed gambling-house sign blazes in electric jets night and day, Sundays and week days.

Montana is a field that calls for radical evangelization, and workers of force and experience. Being off the direct line to the Pacific coast, more frequently traversed by Eastern people, its interests are particularly lost sight of and comparatively disregarded. Yet no field is more promising of spiritual and material returns. The reports of boards show per capita receipts from membership nearly equal to that of the most wealthy fields of the church. The conscience of every lover of souls should awake to the spiritual needs of this neglected part of the Union.

LED HIS COMRADES TO CHRIST.

"THE faithful testimony of those who have found Christ is working silently like the leaven and we see men strangely moved by these unseen forces," writes a missionary in India. "One tall, fine up-country Hindoo, belonging to the Viceroy's body-guard, came to our vernacular services some three or four years ago, and I gave him a copy of the Gospel of Matthew in Hindi, and talked with him, and prayed for his conversion. That man found Christ. The next year, when the body-guard came down from Simla with the Viceroy, he came to me as a believer in Christ, and brought another soldier of the body-guard. Then I gave them the Gospels of Luke and John, and sat while they read to me the story of the Prodigal Son. Then we prayed together, and when leaving they said, 'We go to Simla, and we shall read this story again, as I have read it to my comrades when gathered round the camp-fire at night.' So there among the hills and the snows of the Himalayas the word that I gave them is read, and it has been a light and a friend to these men, so that even in the palace, as in Rome of old, there are those that are influenced by the teaching of the Word of God. The next year they brought three other men, and I gave them the Scriptures, and pointed them to Jesus. So the providence of God, which is as a 'wheel within a wheel,' and the personal testimony of the natives, will be a great factor in the conversion of India."

LEXINGTON, OHIO'S, GIFT TO RUSSIA.

AMONG the many liberal gifts to Russia which took the form of flour instead of money, was one from a number of residents of Lexington, O., of which special mention deserves to be made. On May 13th, W. M. Cockley & Co., of the Richland Mills, forwarded to New York forty-four sacks of flour, each weighing 140 pounds. The contributors were the following:

Mrs. A. Shauck	John Schauck
Jno. L. Wirt	Lizzie Hainley
W. Lindsey	W. G. Mauer
J. D. Hamilton	J. G. Turner
Geo. Miller	G. Black
Henry Dickson	D. L. King
J. W. Needham	W. Bonham
J. A. Maxwell	E. S. Wolff
W. W. Cockley & Co.	J. H. Post
T. J. Murray	G. M. Golbraith
Wm. Wilson	J. Timanus
H. S. Moore	J. Grubb
H. Hainer	W. H. Wintersteene
J. A. Hainer	D. C. Maxwell
W. Lanehart	Theron Ink
Thos. Miller	W. H. Cleland
H. H. Smith	T. C. Painter
H. P. Maxwell	L. R. Rider
W. H. Earhart	J. H. Palm
S. A. Gass	S. Dise
J. Schindler	A. S. Hiskey
H. L. Schauck	Y. P. S. C. E.

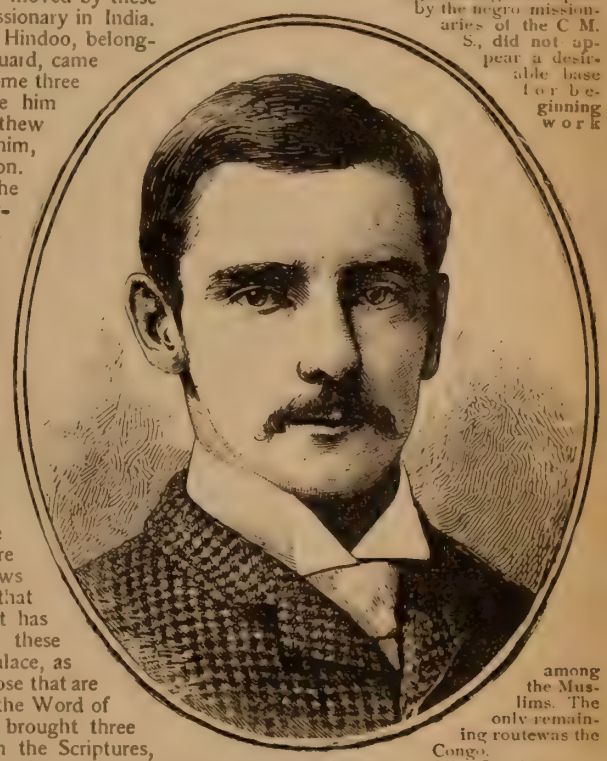
This gift from Lexington is now on the way to Russia in the *Leo*, along with thousands of others from generous hearts in different parts of the Union.

A MISSIONARY MARTYR.

Graham Wilmot Brooke who Died at his Post of Duty in the Soudan.

ANOTHER name has been added to the illustrious roll of martyrs who have laid down their lives in the cause of African evangelization. Graham Wilmot Brooke, whose portrait appears on this page, was born at Aldershot, England, in 1865, being the son of a British army Officer, and grandson of a famous soldier, Gen. Sir Duncan McGregor. He was educated principally by tutors. When still very young, he read Gen. Gordon's writings on Central Africa, and soon became imbued with the missionary spirit. Indeed, from his earliest years, he showed a strong desire to work for the Master. He then sought to qualify himself in every way for the task before him, and went through a medical course in London. In 1886, his missionary zeal received a new stimulus by the act of consecrating his life to the evangelization of Africa. He made several brief trips to Africa for the purpose of gaining a knowledge of the best routes for reaching the Soudan. In a letter on the subject he said:

The writer had already undertaken two flying trips—one of a few days' journey into the Sahara through Algeria, the other for five hundred miles into the Western Soudan through Senegambia—with a view of becoming acquainted with the races that would have to be dealt with, when the fall of Kartoum made it necessary to reconsider the question of what would be the best route for an English mission to reach these countries. The Senegal was not available for opening an English mission, being in the hands of the French. The Niger, strongly occupied by the negro missionaries of the C. M. S., did not appear a desirable base for beginning work among the Muslims. The only remaining route was the Congo.



THE LATE G. W. BROOKE.

His first intention was to go up the Congo to the Arab settlements about Stanley Falls, but he found that part of the country so harrassed by pillaging and bloodshed that the route had been made unsafe and impracticable. He finally reached the Soudan by the Niger route and established headquarters at Lokoja, from which point he made numerous journeys to the unevangelized regions of the territory, working and preaching as a lay missionary of the Church Missionary Society. His efforts during the years of his devoted service in this new field were greatly blessed and many souls were brought to a knowledge of the saving truth in Jesus.

Never specially robust, the trying African climate, together with his own unceasing labors, ultimately overcame his strength, and the faithful servant of God passed away at Lokoja, surrounded in his last moments by those whom he had been instrumental in bringing to the Gospel fold. His mortal remains lie in the little Christian Cemetery at Lokoja, awaiting the call to a glorious resurrection.

Speaking of the climate, in connection with the death of Mr. Brooke, *The Christian* remarks:

It is but fair to state, for the sake of those who may desire to work on the Niger, that of the European workers who have taken part in the Lokoja Mission, Graham Brooke alone has died from the effects of the climate. The climate is not so deadly as is often supposed, nor will it be difficult, with due care and wise precaution, to maintain, as is very desirable, European supervision of the native workers. The Church Mission Society have lately appealed for men to come forward for this mission.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH

S. S. Lesson for July 17. By Mrs. M. Baxter
Acts 2 : 37-47. Golden Text, Acts 2 : 47.

THE Christian Church; what is it? Where is it? Rome says: "I am the Church." "I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow." (Rev. 18: 7.) The Ritualist will not deny, but seeks to share the position which Rome assumes. Some few exclusive little societies will say: "We are the Church." The majority of evangelical Christians will agree that the Church is composed of God's true, redeemed and saved ones out of all the existing societies of Christians, and that Christ only can "gather together into one the children of God that are scattered abroad." Surely this is nearer the truth of God, for in Jesus there can be neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female. (Gal. 3: 28; Col. 3: 5.) But what is

The Ideal of the Church

of Christ given us in the Word of God? Christ himself shall build her and the gates of Hades (R. V.), shall not prevail against her. (Matt. 16: 18.) Christ shall be head over all things to her. (Eph. 1: 22) She shall be "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself, being the chief Corner Stone." The Church is not meant to be a confused mass of forgiven sinners, who hold little or no relation to the Lord who died for them, or to one another, but is spoken of as a Body, of which Christ is the head, directing, governing, caring for all his members; and the members are "members one of another (Rom. 12: 4, 5), having one common life, one common interest, interdependent in every way. The Church is God's refuge from and cure for, the self-life, which is natural to every man. But much which passes for the Church of Christ, is but the external scaffolding of God's building. "Many are called, but few are chosen;" the treasure is still hid in the field, the tares are yet growing among the wheat, the time of the manifestation of the sons of God is not yet; the Lord only, "knoweth them that are his."

The apostle Peter, who was the first distinct instrument used in the formation of the Christian Church, was himself in the dark as to where to place that Church in the prophecies of the future. The plan of God to take out from the Gentiles a people for his name was only understood later. (Acts 15: 14.) Having quoted from Joel the description of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, then in course of fulfilment, Peter quoted the remainder of the passage, which goes on, without a break, to speak of the sun being "turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the day of the Lord came, that great and notable day." (R. V.) This has certainly never yet happened and waits for its fulfillment till Christ comes again. But he ends with the words of God's wide invitation, which are common to all this dispensation: "And it shall be, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Peter did not as yet know that this "whosoever" included Jews and Gentiles who should be saved, receive the Holy Ghost and put on Christ, and that these should form that kingdom of God, that Church of Christ; which he had so often spoken of.

On this text from Joel, the apostle, with no other preparation than being filled with the Holy Ghost, and being a witness in his own life of all which he said, preached

The Most Fruitful Sermon

in its results, which ever was preached. He commenced by a strong appeal to the consciences of those who stood before him, as to their treatment of the Son of God. "Jesus of Nazareth, a Man approved of God unto you by mighty works and wonders and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, even as ye yourselves know; him, being delivered up by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye by the hand of lawless men did crucify and slay." (R. V.) This was a bold, uncompromising declation; but Peter did not stop here: "Whom God raised up, having loosed the pangs of death, because it was not possible that he should be holden of it." This was the touchstone: all the proof of Jesus' ministry lay in his resurrection. The chief priests and scribes could tolerate Jesus among the people until he raised Lazarus from the grave; but this had made them mad with anger. And now the resurrection of Jesus Christ was to be the fact upon which the apostles demanded from the people faith in him. Quoting those words, surely incomprehensible to the Jews: "Thou wilt not leave my soul in Hades, neither wilt thou give my Holy One to see corruption," Peter clearly demonstrated by the well known facts of David's death and burial, and by the very tomb of David which they all knew, that this prophecy could not have applied to him, but to the Messiah, the Son of David.

The evidence was overpowering. But above and beyond this, he whose vocation is to convince the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment was present there in one hundred and twenty living temples, whose very presence spoke of an indwelling God. The multitude, which had only a few weeks ago, justified the envious and jealous chief priests and scribes, in their condemnation of Jesus, were now "pricked to the heart," under quite another power. They saw now as enlightened by the Holy Ghost their prejudices gave way, their hearts were bowed down; they forgot that the speaker was only a Galilean fisherman, and a follower of One whom they had regarded as an executed criminal. All was changed, and they cried out, "Brethren, what shall we do?" Such is the power of the Holy Ghost.

Lack of power is the cry of many who labor for the Lord: numbers seek for, and believe they obtain the Holy Ghost as their power for service; but very often augmented human energy has been mistaken for divine power. The Holy Ghost is God; and "I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever" (Eccles. 3: 14); the elements of eternity are in his work. It is not God the Holy Ghost who stirs up a tremendous excitement, under which hundreds profess to be converted, and after a few weeks are not to be found among God's children. This kind of thing is of the flesh, the grass which withereth, and the flower which fadeth. The Holy Ghost begets souls "with the word of truth" (James 1: 18), "which liveth and abideth forever" (1. Peter 1: 3), and which are to be built up into his church.

Peter's answer to the cry of the awakened was: "Repent ye, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." In our day, forgiveness of sins through faith in Christ is preached, and is called "the gospel," and then consecration of life is preached, and the receiving of the Holy Ghost, and this is called "holiness." But in this first call of the church, forgiveness of sins and the receiving of the Holy Ghost were to be simultaneous. There is no thought here of

Dividing the Truth of God;

everyone who was converted was there and then to receive the Spirit, to know the power of an indwelling God, to understand and experience the mystery, hid from ages and generations but now made manifest to his saints, "and in you, the hope of glory." (Col. 1: 26, 27, R.V.) The Church's life was more vigorous in her cradle than in her after years.

"For to you is the promise, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call unto him." (R.V.) The apostles had received the promise of the Father only an hour or two, and already, under his new anointing, that showed that the promise was by no means confined to them; the old exclusiveness had departed from them, and they longed to see others as blest as they were. As yet Peter had not seen the call to the Gentiles, but he made the invitation to the Jews as wide as possible. "And with many other words he testified, and exhorted them, saying, Save yourselves from this untoward generation." This is a part of the gospel which is little understood. Numbers of people join the churches because they think it is the correct thing, there is no cutting themselves clean off from their former life, no forsaking the vain manner of life (R.V.) received by tradition from their fathers (1. Pet. 1: 13), no being delivered from this present evil age (Gal. 1: 4, R.V.) They join the church to be appreciated, and not to be despised as their Master was; they follow Christians and not Christ. To them the generation in which they live is a very pleasant generation, they do not see its untowardness; it allows them to profess Christ and live unto themselves still. Do these answer to the Bible view of the Church of Christ? The call of Christ to his Church is: "Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house." (Ps. 45: 10.) "Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate, ... and touch no unclean thing." (II. Cor. 6: 17, R.V.) "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world!" (John 18: 14, 16.) His Church is to be his witness against the selfish, self-pleasing generation from whence he takes her. "Whosoever there be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." (Luke 14: 33.) O how few recognize this calling, how few carry the marks of his church!

The burning words of the apostle which pricked the hearts of the hearers were with power to divide between soul and spirit. (Heb. 4: 12.) During the days of Christ's ministry, numbers had mused in their hearts, willing to be enlightened, and longing for some undoubted testimony as to his Messiahship. Almost all spiritual leaders to whom these had looked for guidance, were against Christ; could they all be wrong? They needed something which should bring things to a crisis. This was their opportunity. They "gladly received his word, and were baptized." It meant suffering, persecution, the bitter contempt of those who were in authority; but it was their calling, and at any cost they would follow Christ. Oh how the disciples must have now understood their Lord's word: "greater works than these shall ye do, because I go to my Father." (John 14: 12.)

"And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' teaching and fellowship, in the breaking of bread and the prayers." Unity, unworldliness, anointing with the Holy Ghost were already distinctive marks of the first Christian Church, even of the very babes in Christ. It was an unparallelled phenomenon. Miracles such as the dividing of the Red Sea, the manna, the water from the rock, the plagues of Egypt were familiar as matters of history; the miracles of Christ were in every mouth, but that men, in thousands, should be so transformed that their whole life was a contrast to that of ordinary men, was a far greater wonder. Men without self-interest, free from self-defence, loving their enemies, returning good for evil and blessing for cursing, and acting so not from some rigid code of morals but as naturally as most men live selfishly, this was indeed new, newness of life. And this was the first Christian Church.

LESSON POINTS.

"The Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved." Acts 2: 47.

"THE Lord added to the Church." No one else can do it. The most faithful preaching, the most eloquent discourses, the most skilful dealing with inquirers—cannot add a soul to the true Church unless the Holy Spirit operates on the heart. All these are the means we are directed to use and the promise is given that the Holy Spirit will bless them to conversion; but of themselves they are futile. It is "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord." "That is one of your converts," said a man to Mr. Spurgeon referring to one who had professed Christ under Mr. Spurgeon's preaching and had been admitted to the church and who afterward fell into grievous sin and led an openly immoral life. "Yes," said Mr. Spurgeon, "it looks like my work—always clumsy and ineffective. I am a poor weak instrument; I wonder my Master keeps me in his service. But he does bless my work sometimes and when *he* makes a man a Christian it is permanent work. It lasts. I want none of my converts in the church; it is the Lord's converts I want."

The Lord is still adding to the Church. It is like a great building which is rising higher and higher. Christ is the builder. He selects his own materials. Plain bricks are needed and the number of ordinary Christians of no especial talent are built in. They serve their useful purpose though sometimes they are grieved and disappointed that they are not put in more conspicuous positions. But the Lord knows what each is fit for, and the right spirit is to be content with his wise choice. The builder needs strong stones for the base of an arch, or for some other important position and these are always carefully selected. So Christ has his chosen men for great service such as Luther and Knox and Carey and Judson. They are not only carefully chosen, but carefully prepared, sometimes by a very rough and painful discipline. Sometimes, too, the stones which are of the most importance to the building are out of sight hidden below the ground or behind other masonry. It is so in the Church. It is not always the most conspicuous worker who is giving stability to the structure. Christ's follower must learn to be where Christ puts him caring nothing for fame or the praise of men. We do not always understand the places which men occupy. As in Ecclesiastes' day, we still see "servants upon horses and princes walking as servants upon the earth" but it is the Lord's doing and we are content, knowing that he is adding to the Church daily."

"Such as should be saved." Or as the Revised Version has it, "Those that were being saved." There is much that men need to be saved from beside future punishment. They need to be saved from sin, from selfishness, from slothfulness, from avarice and many other failings of human nature. A young man was imprisoned in a State prison under a long sentence for embezzlement. After serving a year of his time a petition was sent to the Governor for his pardon. Some wealthy friends of his family had refunded to his employers the amount he had taken and the employers signed the petition. It was urged that the prisoner had experienced a change of heart in prison and would if released become a useful member of society. The Governor eventually signed his pardon, but when the prisoner was released, it was found that he was suffering from a dangerous disease. A long course of medical treatment was necessery to save his life. If he was to be a useful man something more than pardon was required. He needed healing, or he could never be a strong man able to do work for himself or others. So the converted man needs sanctification or being saved from sin.

He needs to be saved from the influence of the world around him. An eminent writer visiting a friend was taken to look at the beautiful garden surrounding his host's house. He noticed a plentiful crop of a very troublesome weed, and asked his friend how he came to have so much of it. He replied: "My neighbor was absent from home three months last year and let his garden run wild; it was just at the time when that particular weed was running to seed and the wind blew the downy things over here. It would have paid me to hire a man to clear up his garden for him; but there, you see, I did not think of it in time." So the evil in that world spreads, and infects the Church and the Christian is in need of being saved from it.

Above all he needs to be saved from selfishness. That is the spirit which more than any other distinguishes the worldling from the saved man. It is the spirit that leads to wars and lawsuits and quarrels. The most difficult of all lessons for human nature to learn is that which he learns best from him "who loved not his own life." Charles Kingsley tells a true story which exemplifies the spirit of renunciation for others, which is the very opposite of the selfish spirit. It is that of two hermit monks who had lived together in closest friendship for years, with no thought of envy or selfish rivalry in the mind of either. At last it occurred to them to try the experiment of a quarrel after the common fashion of the world. "How can we quarrel?" asked one. "Oh," said the other we can take this brick and put it between us and each can claim it. Then we'll quarrel over it." And that plan was agreed on. "This brick is mine," said the one. "I hope it is mine," said the other gently. "Well if it is yours take it," said the other who could never hear his companion express a wish for anything without having a desire to get it for him. So the quarrel failed through the unselfishness of both.

But notice that while the men are being saved from the evil within them and around them they are in the Church. God added to the Church daily those who were being saved. The pardoned man is received and his education and development come afterward.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.

Ex-President Cleveland and Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson Nominated at Chicago.

FOLLOWING the example of the Republicans, the Democratic National Convention has put the name of the former standard-bearer of the party again at the head of its ticket. In spite of all predictions to the contrary, ex-President Grover Cleveland was nominated on the first ballot. The votes cast for him were 617, while his chief rival, Senator Hill, received only 114. The remarkable feature of the nomination was that it was steadfastly opposed by the delegation from Mr. Cleveland's own State, and the 72 votes of New York were cast solidly against him. Nor were the delegates content with voting. They issued a card declaring that in their opinion "the nomination of Mr. Cleveland would imperil the success of the party and expose it to the loss of the electoral vote of the State." The convention, however, disregarded the warning, and the rival nominees are the same as in 1888. One advantage resulting from the selection is that personal questions will, to a large extent, be eliminated from the contest. The issue is squarely joined on the Tariff Question, though The Federal Elections Bill and other kindred subjects will doubtless receive the attention of campaign speakers.

Grover Cleveland.

The Democratic nominee for the Presidency is fifty-five years of age. He was born at Caldwell, N. J., Mar. 18, 1837. His father was a Presbyterian minister, who, dying in 1853, left a widow and nine children, of whom Grover was the fifth. The boy's ambition was to be a lawyer, but the finances of the bereaved family could not provide for his education and rendered it necessary for him to obtain remunerative employment at once. He secured a position in the School for the Blind in New York where one of his elder brothers was employed. There appeared no prospect of advancement there, so the boy decided to go West. On reaching Buffalo he called on an uncle whom he had never seen before and told him his plans. His uncle took a liking to the boy and after keeping him as an assistant in his business for a few months placed him with an eminent law firm in Buffalo, with whom he remained until he was called to the bar. He acted as their managing clerk for four years afterwards.

HON. GROVER CLEVELAND.

HON. ADLAI E. STEVENSON.

Mr. Cleveland's first public office was Assistant District-Attorney and he performed the duties of the office so successfully that at the end of three years he received the nomination of his party for District Attorney. He was, however, beaten at the polls by his Republican rival, Lyman K. Bass. He then formed a law partnership with two well-known lawyers and continued the business until 1870 when he was elected Sheriff. At the end of his term he returned to the law and established the firm of Cleveland and Bissell, which soon became one of the most prosperous firms in Erie County.

In 1880 politics in Buffalo were in a very mixed condition. The public distrusted both the political parties and there was a cry for a strong, honest man, who could be relied upon to give the city a just government. Mr. Cleveland was nominated and elected by a combination of Democratic and Republican votes. He ruled the city with a strong hand, showing no favor to Democrats or Republicans. If a measure came before him that he believed to be detrimental to the city he vetoed it, whether it came from one party or the other. So freely did he use this power, that he became known as "the Veto Mayor." He had held the office only two years when the Democratic Convention nominated him for the Governorship of the State. The Republican party in the State was then in a disorganized condition and many of its members voted for him. He was elected by the unprecedented majority of 192,854. Two years later, while he was still Governor of New York, the Democratic National Convention nominated him for the Presidency. Again, as in his two former contests, the opposing forces were divided among themselves. A large number of Republicans dissatisfied with the Republican nomination cast their votes for Mr. Cleveland and he was elected. He was renominated at the end of his term, but by that time the divisions in the Republican party were healed and as he alienated a portion of his Democratic supporters by his method of dealing with the offices, he was defeated. Since that time he has been engaged in the practice of law in New York.

Adlai E. Stevenson.

The Democratic nominee for the Vice-Presidency, Adlai Ewing Stevenson, is fifty-seven years of age. He was born in Christian County, Kentucky, on October 23, 1835. His family removed to Bloomington, Ill., in 1852, and young Stevenson after a course in the public schools was sent to Wesleyan University and subsequently to Centre College, Danville, Ky., whence he graduated at the age of twenty. In the same year he married Miss Lettie Green, daughter of the President of the College. Returning to Bloomington, he commenced the study of law and was called to the bar in 1858. The Circuit Judge appointed him a Master in Chancery, which position he held for four years. He afterwards served as State Attorney for four years. He had always taken an active interest in politics and the Democrats of his State counted on his eloquent speeches as a strong factor in the campaigns. In 1874 his district elected him to Congress. He was renominated at the end of his term but was defeated. At the next election however he was successful, but was again defeated in 1880 when he ran for another term.

From that time he remained in private until 1885 when Mr. Cleveland made him his First Assistant Postmaster-General. At the close of the Administration, Mr. Cleveland nominated him for Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, but the Senate took no action on the nomination. Since that time Mr. Stevenson has been engaged in the practice of law at Bloomington, Illinois.

THE TROUBLES IN UGANDA.

VERY serious troubles have arisen in the little Central African kingdom of Uganda, over which the brutal M'Wanga, by whose order Bishop Hammington was murdered, is sole monarch.

The French Roman Catholic missionaries in Uganda claim that the Protestant missionaries—chiefly those of the Church Missionary Society—have incited the native Protestants to antagonize the native Catholics. It is proved, however, by advices received by members of the British Parliament, that the real instigators of the troubles were the Catholic priests themselves. On a former occasion when M'-Wanga's subjects rebelled and drove him from the throne, he appealed to the Protestant missionaries to placate them and the effort was successul. The king is now the tool and willing ally of the priests. A fierce conflict has arisen between the two native parties, and thus far the Protestants, being in the majority, and comprising the most intelligent part of the natives have had the advantage, although a Protestant chief was the first victim. Many natives have been slaughtered, mission-houses bombarded, and a number of the Catholics have left the country. As a result of this painful civil war, it is said, that nearly fifty thousand natives have been either driven out of Uganda or sold into slavery.

Meanwhile, the British East Africa Company's agents, under the Anglo-German treaty made a year ago, have administered affairs in Uganda as far as possible in the interests of peace, but unavailingly, and the company has decided to withdraw its representatives from Uganda at the close of the present year. The withdrawal of British suzerainty will doubtless be the signal for a sanguinary war. To crown the misfortunes of this wretched people, the Mohammedans, who were once expelled from Uganda, and the vindictive king, Kabba Rega of Unyoro, are eagerly awaiting an opportunity to take advantage of the quarrel. Within the past month, the East Africa Company has made a vain appeal to the English government for reinforcements to enable it to hold Uganda, being unable longer to bear the expense and to make good its own position. Its withdrawal must inevitably mean a serious if not fatal blow at Protestant mission work in that part of Africa.

HE RESTORETH MY SOUL.

PSALM 23: 3.

KIND herbs for the comfort of perishing frame,
Physicians unite to extol;
But only the virtue that lives in a Name
Can give health to the suffering soul.

'Tis a miracle mighty that fair Palestine
Beheld when the Saviour stood forth,
Commanding the eyes that were sightless to shine
The light and the beauty of earth.

O wonderful healer! Thou Friend of the poor
Who abideth while centuries roll;
For all who will open for Jesus the door,
Thou restoreth, restoreth, the soul.

The soul that is frenzied with fever of sin
Chooses wrong and maintains it a good,
Till the Lord the delirious spirit within
Restores with his sovereign blood.

It refuseth no longer sweet water that flows
From the fountains celestial above,
Nor drains bitter cup disobedience knows,
Nor rejects the elixir of love.

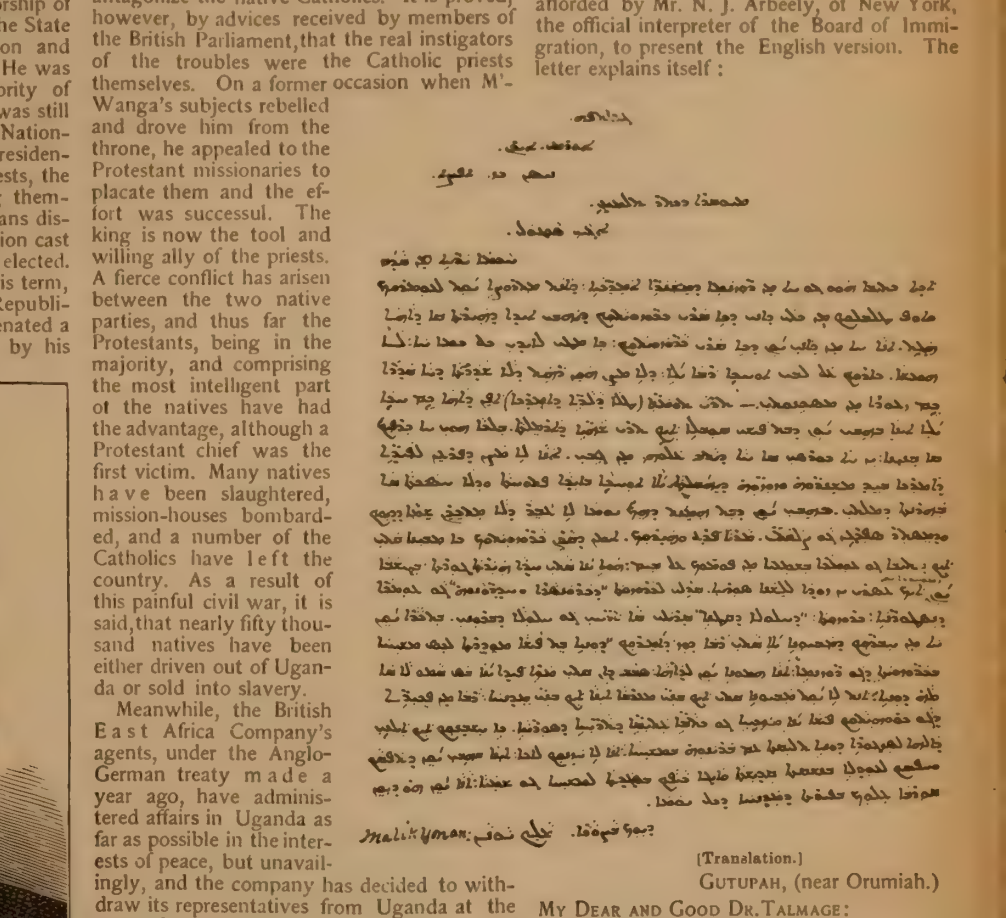
O Health of the Nations! O Prince of the Heart!
Haste, haste o'er the earth pole to pole;
O spread to all peoples thy wonderful art
And restore them the health of the soul.

—C. A. INGRAHAM.

GREETINGS FROM PERSIA.

A Letter from a Believer in that Far-off Land who loves "The Christian Herald."

SELDOM has a manuscript so beautiful in in its outlines as that which is reproduced below, been received at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is in the Syriac language, one that is by no means easy of translation. Several eminent scholars have puzzled over it, and we have at last been enabled, by the translation afforded by Mr. N. J. Arbeely, of New York, the official interpreter of the Board of Immigration, to present the English version. The letter explains itself:



Malik Yonan: ملك يونن.

[Translation.]

GUTUPAH, (near Orumiah.)

MY DEAR AND GOOD DR. TALMAGE:

I write you from this distant land in order to inform the people of your own country through your good paper, that we are getting along very well in our work in which you are interested.

I have read often of you and of Dr. Spurgeon and the great work you are doing, and felt interested in its success. I wrote to Dr. Spurgeon in past years about the Syrians of this part of the world and their historic manners and customs. I have learned through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that you were building a church for your people. I sent you two "tomans" (about $3), which I trust you considered as the widow's mite, because it was given willingly and in proportion to the ability and means of the giver.

I have preached in a caravansary before a large crowd and made mention of the good and great work done by the servants of the Master everywhere. All were interested. I hope the time will soon come when all the people of the world shall sail under the banner of the Christian Faith. Yours with fraternal feelings, - MALIK YONAN.

Oroomiah or Orumiah, from which our correspondent writes, is in Northwestern Persia, on the borders of Kurdistan, several hundred miles west of the Caspian Sea. It is in a part of the world but little known and seldom visited by European or American travelers. Many Armenian Christians dwelt in Northern Persia in ancient times and small Armenian communities are still scattered throughout Persia. The fertile plains of Salmas and Oroomiah lie under the very shadow of Mount Ararat, the resting-place of the ark. These communities have been wonderfully preserved in the true faith in the midst of thousands of Mohammedans.

LIFE'S MISSION.*

THERE is no thought but finds its source,
No earnest wish that comes,
But seeks life's mission to fulfil
Within afflicted homes;

Those ears now sealed, those voices mute,
Scattered o'er all the land,
Shall know God doeth all things well,
And own his ruling hand.

*From *Gems From the Field of Thought;* by Emeline L. Knox, a deaf mute, published by T. J. Griffiths. Utica, N Y.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

THE CHRISTIAN OUTLOOK.

THERE has never been a time at our national or State capitals when there were not men who seemed to be the divine custodians. Plenty of depraved men in State and national Legislatures, but always enough salt to keep our institutions from putrefaction. Ay, looking all around the sky I see cause to thank the God of nations. The most significant sign of the times is the large number of Christian men in prominent positions in this country. Christian Governors, Christian Senators, Christian lawyers, Christian physicians. The speeches made in Washington on the death of Congressional Representatives sometimes sound like prayer-meeting exhortations, so full are they of religious sentiment and heart utterance.

If we live the ordinary length of human life I believe we are going to see the man of sin reeling under the death-blow. The prospect has never, within my memory, been so bright as now, and I hail all Christian workers with these encouraging observations. None of us will toil successfully if we think we are driving at impossibilities. Those accomplish but little who feel that in Christian effort they are trying to bale out the Atlantic. Those accomplish most who are aiming at a glorious certainty.

What most impresses wherever I go among the towns and cities is the great multitude of good people banded together for good purposes. There never has been such a day as this. The one opinion is that infidelity is declining and Christianity is advancing. It is not only the sentiment of Christian people, but the sentiment of the world. I never saw people in such good cheer or in such high hope about the Church and the world. The fact is that during the last ten years this country has had a mighty dose of scepticism, and the dose has cured nothing, and the world is full of common sense, and men have made the discovery for themselves that infidelity is the deadest of all dead failures. All intelligent and rightly disposed people are coming back to the only catholicon. All the good that has ever been done has been done by the Christian religion. It has built all the asylums, endowed all the colleges, lifted all the observatories, and all that infidelity has ever done, put together, would not keep a country poorhouse from extinction. Hence, up go the churches—more than a thousand of them in the United States every year. So many adverse influences were hanging on the wheels of the Gospel chariot that it may have been somewhat impeded, but its future acceleration will more than make up for any slackened speed in the past.

Since Christianity first began its march it has made retrogression but once, and that in the fourteenth century. It fell back to five million Christians less than in the previous century, but in the following centuries it rallied and recovered all the ground lost, and ever since has been marching on, until now it is estimated that there are 410,000,000 disciples of Jesus Christ. The music most appropriate for the Church to-day is a grand march.

A LETTER ANSWERED.

IN one morning's mail, recently, there came to me a letter from beyond the Mississippi River, reading:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I term you friend because I have read your sermons for years, and am in deep affliction. I think from you I may receive some comforting words, and my heart is sore with unutterable sorrow. I had six sons—sweet babies, bonnie lads, then brave, good men. I have buried four and one is in the lunatic asylum. Are you not sorry for me? I have seen them die and laid them away in the silent tomb. I have tried to do right. I have not rebelled against my fate, but in the last affliction I cannot look into the future as I have tried to do formerly, seeing my sons as angels before the throne of God. My eldest son and first-born died on August 21st, aged thirty-three years. Consumption carried him from me. For eight months I stood at his bedside, slept beside him, nursed him, loved and comforted him. I begged my Father to take me instead, to spare my poor old heart the trial of giving him up. Alas! I did not prevail. Your sermons were a great comfort to him. I read them each Sunday to him. Do you remember your sermon in which you spoke of asking Christ about Paul? My son turned to me and said: 'Mother, what will your first question be when you arrive in heaven?' I replied, 'Asking for my children, I suppose.' He looked up with a sweet smile and whispered, 'I shall first thank him for forgiving all my sins.' He had always been a good boy. You will be surprised that though thus comforted I should so thoroughly mourn, but I do. My heart is aching, aching for my child, my good, noble boy. I want to know where heaven is. I know he is with Jesus and with the blessed, but I want to know something about heaven. Can you tell me?'

Now, that is one of hundreds who need solace. She wants to know about her son in the asylum. Why, he is as safe as though he had been in heaven a century. When the reason goes, that ends responsibility. She ought to look upon him as upon the other departed sons. Christ at last can pick up a broken intellect as easily as he can pick up a broken body. That son will be all right in heaven, and Christ was always very tender with the demented. Witness the treatment of the demoniac of Gadara, and the epileptic that fell into the water and into the fire. And let all those who have Christian friends from whose eyes the light of intelligence has gone remember to take it as any other bereavement, and know that it is well with such forever and ever. But the other thought of this mother's letter is expressed in the question, "Where is heaven? and can you tell me?" Yes, I can. The spaces between worlds, some have thought, are the places where spirits dwell. De Quincy says that the solar system fills only the thirty-one quadrillionth, four hundred and nineteen trillionth, four hundred and sixteen billionth part of the whole space between itself and the next solar body.

In any of those vast interspaces, we are told, there would be room for the spirit world. I think there would. But I am sure that is not the Christian's heaven. Christ went to prepare a place, and heaven is a place and not an intangibility. It is as much a place as New York is a place, and I will tell you where it is. It is where God is and Christ is, and our departed Christian friends are.

Oh, heartbroken mother of the Far West, your four sons are there. Not eternally afloat, not swinging around between worlds, but in fixed residence and in surrroundings as much more bright and glorious as the river of God from under the throne, clear as crystal, is brighter than the muddy Mississippi. But the question arises in all our minds, why upon one woman's soul God should pile so many agonies? Four sons dead and one insane! Why not have these sorrows divided up among other families? I warrant that, living not far off from the author of my letter, there are families in which there has not been a decease for ten years, and in the morning all the children are at the family table, and all at night sleep under the same roof. Why not divide up these calamities among those that have not been so troubled or bereft? Now you have started a question which everybody asks, and often asks, and has for answer in most cases a dumb and unrelenting silence. The people who cannot be spared go, and many of the useless tarry. If a certain number were demanded every year from every city for dissolution, and a commissioner were appointed to decide who should be excused from earthly residence and who retained, the decision of that commissioner would be just the opposite of the present Providential arrangement. Those would be dismissed who remain and those kept whom God calls away.

Ah! there's where Christian faith comes in. That teaches us to adjourn the mystery for future explanation. That tells the authoress of my Western letter God in good and kind, and that all this is best, and will so be gloriously and beyond controversy demonstrated. The pushing of the question, Why? too far, makes infidels and maniacs. We must not try to measure the ocean of God's providence with our quart pitcher.

* * *

SOME say wars are necessary to clear off the superfluous population of the earth, and that had it not been for the hundreds of millions slain in battle the earth would have been too crowded with inhabitants; but my opinion is that people die fast enough. What with the choleras, and the yellow fevers, and the cyclones, and the shipwrecks, and the earthquakes, depopulation need not to be accelerated. The best thing you can do with a man is to save him, and the worst thing you can do with a man is to kill him.

* * *

SPECIAL GIFTS TO RUSSIA.

IN addition to the many contributions from different parts of the country to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Russian Fund (now on the way to Russia), there were a number of special contributions, which call for acknowledgment. Among the gifts sent in by New York merchants and others were a quantity of banana meal (dessicated bananas and condensed milk); from Francis J. Geis of the New York Produce Exchange. The combination of banana meal and milk is said by scientists to form the most perfect food for man. C. H. Joosten, N. Y. City, sent one case (about fourteen pounds), of best imported breakfast cocoa for the sick, with the wish that it might prove a "benefit to some one." Contributions from John H. Behre, N. Y. City, (one case of flour and corned-beef); New York Condensed Milk Co., (10 cases Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed milk); Henry J. Maillard, New York, (one case chocolate); and others, have already been acknowledged. The cargo of the *Leo* was further supplemented by gifts of flour and grain from several quarters, some preferring to send their contributions in this form. From Lexington, Ohio, came forty-four sacks of flour, the gift of Mr. Barney Beverstock and John L. Wirth. The National Red Cross Society, of which Miss Clara Barton is President, sent a quantity of corn (510 bags), and 225 sacks of flour for distribution in Russia, simultaneously with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S own cargo. Contributions of flour offered by parties in Millville, Columbia Co., Pa., of potatoes from C. W. Ford and Co., Fishers, Ont., Co., N. Y., potatoes from friends in Mexico, Wyandot Co., O., shelled corn from friends at McComb, O., and flour from friends at Oneida, N. Y., could not be brought forward in time. For these and all other proffers of aid for Russia, we express our cordial acknowledgments.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

The Children Safe—God has Them All.

I DREAMED, and in my vision I saw the City of Destruction which John Bunyan beheld two centuries ago. But all was changed. Not one of the inhabitants of his day was there. I made diligent inquiry about them, and found that some, having heard of Christian's triumphant entrance into Mount Zion, had left the city with their faces set like flint, determined to find the New Jerusalem which John saw (Rev. 21: 2); but the greater portion remained to perish in their sins. (Matt. 20: 16.)

I met one, Destiny; he told me this. I asked him about the children, and he opened to me a book and read, "Suffer them to come unto me."

"Are they safe?" I asked.

His answer came with joy, for, as he spoke, the morning Sun of Righteousness broke over the eastern hills, and lit up every feature of his countenance.

"Yes, they are safe," said he, "for out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God hath perfect praise." (Matt. 21: 16.)

At this he touched my ears with his hands, and bade me hearken. Of what music was that I heard! Ten thousand times ten thousand voices were singing a new song. (Rev. 5: 9: 13.)

> Hosanna to our Lord and King,
> Hosanna to his name we sing;
> Redeemed by blood and saved by grace,
> We fall before thy blessed face
> And give thee praise.

Then I heard as it were "every creature which is in heaven and on the earth and under the earth and such as are in the sea, saying Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb, forever and ever." But above the voice of all the rest, I could hear the mighty chorus of the children. I begged him to open my eyes that I might catch one glimpse of the countless throng.

"Thou canst not see and live," said he.

I pleaded, and not in vain, "Thou shalt see as through a glass darkly" (1. Cor. 8: 12), and then he touched mine eyes, and behold! what wonders! Truly is it written, "Eye hath not seen nor ear hears, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things God hath prepared for them that love him." (Isa. 64: 4.) It was but a peep he gave me through the jasper walls of "that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

I saw a gathering, the like of which one never dreams. The children of all lands and of every clime and of every age, from the beginning of the world, were marching to the martial music of a million harps. They were passing the throne whereon sat "the Lion of the Tribe of Judah." (Rev. 5: 5.) They bore in their hands a palm; every head wore a tiny crown; their faces gleamed with a light that mortals never see. Without a leader, for every heart seemed to know just when and what and how to sing, they made the very walls join in their songs of praise to the one who was born a babe in Bethlehem. As quick as thought I searched amid the multitude for little Amy that had been taken from our home and buried beneath the sod, and lo! she was there, living and not dead. Not silent in the grave, but singing in heaven. In that moment of rapture I had one great, longing desire, and plead with Destiny to grant it; but he would not. I wanted to bring those who wept over the loss of their little ones to see what I saw. I knew their tears of sorrow would be turned into tears of joy.

The children are with God. Amid the weeping and wailing in Tophet there is never heard the cry of a single babe or child. "Hell has no children. Heaven has them all." Destiny spoke thus to me.

* * *

I have often wondered what hardened old Jew with a wayward boy stood near, listening to Jesus tell the story of the Prodigal Son. How his teeth must have ground when he thought may be his money had gone the same way, but what a change, when Jesus told of the swine-feeding and extreme hunger.

It may be this Jew thought he would never forgive his wicked son, but, I warrant this, that before the tale was all told, the tear wet the eye, and the purpose was formed that if his boy came back he should have a royal welcome, too.

I think possibly there may have been an "elder brother" in the crowd. I wonder how he felt?

The Bible and the Newspaper

THE BISMARCK NUPTIALS.

VIENNA was the scene of a wedding ceremony on June 21 which deeply stirred the enthusiasm of its people. It was the marriage of Count Herbert Bismarck, son of the famous German ex-chancellor, to Lady Margaret, daughter of Count George Hoyos, a lieutenant in the Austrian army. A few months ago Count Bismarck, while staying at Gratz in Austria, met the lady who is now his wife. He was acquainted with the family through his intimate friend, Baron von Plessen of the German diplomatic service, who had married the Countess Margaret's eldest sister. He improved the acquaintance and when, soon afterwards, Lady Margaret visited her sister at Fiume, Count Bismarck met her again and made her an offer of marriage. She is tall and slender with blue eyes and golden hair. She is only twenty-one years old while her husband is forty-three. Her family is of Spanish origin, but two or three generations back, it became allied to one of the highest orders of the Austrian nobility. Her mother was the daughter of Mr. Whitehead the famous manufacturer of torpedoes. The wedding took place in the Evangelical church of the Austrian capital, which was crowded with distinguished people. The Austrian government officials were, however, conspicuous by their absence. The foreign ambassadors, including the representative of Germany, were all absent with the exception of Count Schouvaloff, the ambassador of Russia, who was at the ceremony and at the banquet afterward. The fear of affronting Emperor William of of Germany by showing courtesy to the Bismarcks, which probably accounts for the absence of the diplomats, did not apparently weigh with Count Schouvaloff or the Czar, whom he represents. The most significant feature of the affair was the enthusiastic ovation which prince Bismarck, the father of the bridegroom, received in Vienna and on his way thither. At Dresden and other places which he visited in travelling to Vienna, the people were very excited and thronged about his carriage shouting out their welcome. The iron chancellor was moved to tears by their manifestations of devotion. In Vienna it was necessary to place a strong guard around the palace he occupied, not to protect him, but to restrain the crowds who struggled to greet him. The reception is one of the surprises of history. A few years ago when Sadowa was fresh in the public mind and Austria lay beaten and humiliated at Bismarch's feet, nothing would have appeared more improbable than that scene of the chancellor, abased from his high position in his own land, being honored in the capital of his foe. The public estimate of a man is often reversed. Even the Saviour was acclaimed in the same city which afterward clamored for his execution and which will yet greet him, when he comes again, with rejoicing, and the people "will look on him whom they pierced and mourn." (Zech. 12: 10.)

COUNT HERBERT BISMARCK.

THE COUNTESS MARGARET HOYOS.

Writing Songs in Prison.

A MUSIC publisher in New York received a proposal, a few days ago, which surprised him. It came from a prisoner in Sing Sing, and stated that he had composed the words and music of a song that would take the public taste and asking if the publisher would purchase the copyright and publish it. The song and the music were written on the back of an old prison calendar, and were accompanied by an artistic design of an ornamental title page. The penmanship and the drawing were exquisitely done, the poetry was fairly well composed and the music in the popular style. The publisher accepted the offer and named a price. This satisfied the prisoner who asked that the money should be paid to a lady in Philadelphia whose address he gave. On inquiry it was found that the composer was serving a long term in prison for forgery. He comes of a good family, and was to have been married to a girl of high station on the very day that he was sentenced. She loved him and would have married him in prison, but he would not permit her to share his disgrace. She is getting up a petition to Governor Flower for his pardon, and the money raised by the sale of the song was to pay a lawyer to go to Albany and plead with the Governor. The girl speaks proudly of her lover's fortitude in being able to write merry songs amid surroundings which would render ordinary men disconsolate. That he must be a man of unusual buoyancy of spirit is obvious, but if, as appears, she intends to marry him when he is released, her hope of future happiness lies rather in his depression than in his gaiety. If he were grieving over his wrongdoing and humbling himself before God and seeking his pardon through Christ, and pleading for a new heart to be given him, he would be giving better proof than he does by writing songs that he is a fit man to have the care of her future life. (Eccles 7: 3, 4.)

A Wife Sold.

A STRANGE and shocking transaction came to light in a court in Massachusetts a few days ago. It appears that a hotel keeper near Springfield, in February last engaged a woman as an employee in the hotel. She told him that she was married, but as her husband had experienced financial reverses, she was obliged to support herself until he could recover his position. She was extremely pretty and bright and industrious and the hotel keeper was pleased with her help. In May, a young man came to board in the house who paid her marked attention. The woman repulsed his advances and avoided the repeated efforts he made to hold private conversation with her. His manner became so persistent that she finally complained to her employer who expostulated with the boarder. To his amazement the boarder declared that the woman was his wife. This she indignantly denied and the man being threatened with arrest disclosed the whole transaction. He said that the woman's first husband was a spendthrift, an idle, worthless fellow who could not or would not support himself, and had neglected and ill-used his wife from the beginning of their married life. He had offered to sell his wife finally, and this man had bought her. He had given a hundred and fifty dollars in cash and a note for five hundred, and he produced a regular bill of sale like those used in the sale of horses, duly signed and witnessed. He considered the transaction perfectly valid and considered himself aggrieved by the woman's refusal to listen to his explanation. He was finally arrested and told his story in court. The judge was shocked at his depravity and still more by that of the husband, as every one must be who reads the story. Unhappily, we are only too familiar with parallel cases. When the Christian man voluntarily engages in wicked business transactions for the sake of gain, he sells his Lord whose he has promised to be. (Heb. 12: 16, 17.)

A Town in Darkness.

AN act of forgetfulness caused considerable inconvenience in a town in Maine last week. The people were surprised one evening to find that they had no electric lights at the hour when it was usual to turn them on. It grew dark and darker and traders were fretting. At last the manager of the company harnessed up and drove down to the power station, two miles below the village. The station was brilliantly illuminated, and the assistant sat comfortably therein reading a book. At the somewhat heated inquiry of the manager the other's face dropped. He jumped to the switch and ejaculated: "Thunder! I forgot to turn the lights on." He had been running the dynamo two hours for his own personal illumination. The man deserved the severe reprimand he received, and considered himself fortunate that he did not lose his position. He had not intended to leave the town in darkness, but had simply forgotten to connect the switch. When reminded of it he promptly did his duty. That is more than can be said of some Christians who have the light of the Gospel, and deriving benefit from it, do nothing by labor or money to send the light to the dark regions of the earth even when reminded of their duty. (Matt. 28: 19-20.)

The House Agent's Enemies.

AN elderly gentleman recently called on an agent in New York to secure the lease of a large house in one of the most aristocratic quarters in the city. He was tall and portly with refined manners and his white hair and beard, carefully trimmed, gave him a patriarchal appearance. His manner was impressive, his language correct and refined and his dress of good quality and well-made. He wanted the house, he said, as a residence for himself and his daughters, his wife being dead. The agent was pleased with his appearance, but long experience had made him cautious. He asked for references and for some substantial security. The old gentleman seemed hurt by this apparent distrust, but immediately gave references and promised to call the next day with a bondsman. The references were out of town but they were written to and the next day the bondsman was duly on hand. He professed to be the owner of valuable property in the country. Inquiry, however, elicited the fact that he was a notorious straw-bondsman and that the old gentleman who wanted the house was a disreputable man who had more than once been imprisoned. The agent in relating the incident said that deception of that kind was frequently practised. Swindlers and immoral people were anxious to get into respectable houses, as they could operate more successfully when living in reputable localities. When they once got in, they could not easily be ejected by the slow process of law so long as they paid their rent regularly, which they were always careful to do. They gave the house a bad character and made it difficult to let it afterwards to respectable people. The only way to deal with such people if they did secure a lease was to offer them a bribe to surrender it before they had time to ruin the house. Agents had to be continually on their guard to keep the houses clear of undesirable tenants. Every man, and especially young men, should follow their example as to their souls. Evil thoughts, evil desires and passions once allowed to enter the soul and make themselves at home, do awful, and sometimes irreparable mischief. When they are entertained, they corrupt the mind and the life soon becomes corrupt. Perpetual vigilance is necessary to prevent their entrance and if they do enter, earnest prayer that Christ will cleanse the heart by ejecting them. (Ps. 139: 23, 24.)

BRIEF NOTES.

An offering of $5 has been received from Miss E. J. Mason who, recognizing the value of the work done by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in cashing the pension cheques of the veterans, desires to contribute that amount toward the expenses incident to the work.

At the annual literary contest at Taylor University, Fort Wayne, Ind., recently, the Klopsch prizes for the three leading contestants in speech or debate were awarded to Miss Marietta Beckler, Miss Katie O'Rourke and Mr. J. W. Mahin in the order of merit named. The Mooney prize for the best oration was awarded to Miss Lulu Milligan. Taylor University has conferred the following degrees: T. De Witt Talmage, LL. D.; Winfield S. McGowan, Ph. D.; Robt. J. Andrews, and Geo. W. Mooney, A.M.

Contributions to the fund for the support of Rev. George W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the Sunday School Union in the South West for another year were received last week to the amount of $25. They were from: M. E. C., Dayton, O., $5.; N. H B. Spirit Lake, Ia., $5.; E. C. L., Mongaup Valley, N. H., $5.; C. C. M., Fern Hill, Wash., $3.; C. H. J., Detroit, Mich., $2.; and one dollar each from T. Y., Cleveland, O.; J. F. D., Delavan, O.; J. P., Florence, Mass; D. T., Rantoul, Ill.; Subscriber, Sinking Valley, Pa.

Contributions toward the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the floods in the South-west have been received since our last acknowledgment, to the amount of $33.34 This amount, which closes the fund, has been sent to Rev. George W. Sharp for distribution. Following are the names of the contributors of that sum and of the amount acknowledged last week: J. C. Youngken, Venturco, Cal., $2; Sub'r and her pupils, Waupun, Wis., $1.75; Hattie F. Nickerson, Philips, Fla., 70c.; Sub'r, Woodbridge, Fla., $5; S. A. B., Groton, N. Y. $5; Mrs. S. D. Waldron, Nashville, Tenn., $1; Miss S. E. Williamson, Los Angeles, Cal., $1; —— Flint, O., 50c.; T. S. Rutherford, Sullivan, Me., $3; —— Smithville, Ont., 25c.; Sarah Raynor, East Patchogue, N.Y., $5; Mrs. M. Hammond, Wayne, Ill., $10; Mrs. P. J. Ballard, Pasadena, $4; Mrs. C. A. N., Tampa, Fla., $1; Herman A. Dugger, Cahaba, Ala., $1; Mrs. M. Promagen, Uniontown, Kas., 90c.; Mrs. John P. Frasier, Richmondville, N. Y., $1; Friend, So. Egremont, Mass., $3; Ira Benjamin, Livingstonville, N. Y., $1; S. F. H., Riverside, Cal., $2; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Huntington, Norwich, Conn., $5; Friend, Honey Brook, Pa., 10c.; F. M. R., Tyrone, Pa., $1; C. H. B., of Va., 25c.; King's Daughter, Escondido, Cal., 50c.; Mrs. L. H. W. Martin, Vancouver, Wash., $1; M. E. Bowen, Wayne, Pa., $20; Julia A. Paul, Sea Bright, N. J., $5; W. W. Hopkins, Darlington, Md., $2; M. Skews, Ironwood, Mich., $1; Miss Lucy Johnson, Wanpoos, Can., $3.50; Mother and Daughter, Owens Roads, Ala., $1; A. Whiteside, South Cambridge, N. Y., $15; R. M., Columbus, Ill., $3.50; E. S. Brewer, West Lima, Wis, $4; W.E.S., Chittenango, N.Y., $3; A Sub'r, 50c., Martha Alten, Sebastopol, Cal., $3; Miss Lennie Johnson, Economy, Tenn., $1; Mrs. Chas L. Smith, Economy, Tenn., $1; Miss Ella Eppert, Blue Earth City, Minn., $5; Mrs E J Hosking, Nashville, S. Dak., 25c; J F. Dodd, Delavan, O., $1; Wm. Eccleston, Tombstone, Ariz., $1.94; Mary R. Ross, Lees Creek, Ark., $1; Minolie Ross, Lees Creek, Ark., 25c.; Resolute Circle, Ivorytown, Conn., $3; Mrs J. Pratt, Ivorytown, Conn., $1; Alex. Allen, Hanover, Conn., $4.50; A Friend, Whitesboro, $1; Chesterfield, Va., 50c.; Mrs. Geo. Waldron, Addison, Vt., $1.50; T. E. W., Hicksville, O., $1; Sub'r, Port Oram, N. J., $1; S. D. Gibbs, Huntington, W. Va, $1; Mrs. Wm. Dingman, Olive, N. Y., $1; C. C Miller, Fern Hill, Wash., $3; —— Pendleton, Ind., 40c.

THE RUSSIAN RELIEF FUND.

Additional List of Contributions to "The Christian Herald" Fund for the Aid of Starving Russia.

In His Name, Providence.... 1 00
Jas. B. Martin, Barnard, N C 1 00
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F. Dapkins, Delafield, Wis .. 1 00
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S. Sink, Salem, N. C..... 1 00
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Sub'r, Elk Creek, N. Y..... 1 00
Sub'r, Masonville, N. Y..... 1 00
L. C. Woodard, Vernon, N. Y 1 00
Three friends, Dolgeville.... 1 65
A friend, Dane Co., Wis..... 2 00
Mrs. R. A., Wm. W. & B. M. Case, Baptisttown, N. J.... 3 10
Miss W. Kerr, " ... 0 50
Widow, Alexandria, Va..... 1 00
Mr. & Mrs., " 1 00
School of six. " 1 50
C. Oliphent, Asbury Park... 1 00
L. M. C., Fiskeville, R. I.... 1 00
Reader, Cambridge, N. J.... 1 00
In His Name, Streaton, Ill... 5 00
Y. W. C. T. U., Niobrara....13 70
O. H. & C. E. Balles, N. H . 1 00
R. J. Leutsker, Antigo..... 3 50
Galesburg..... 5 00
Mrs. M. B. Duvall, N. Y.... 1 00
Cash, Stamford, Ct 5 00
Y. P. S. for C. W 5 00
Member of Society..... 5 00
A friend, Brooklyn, N. Y.... 1 00
W. G. Fisher, Humboldt.... 0 50
Mrs. M. A. Wallace, Mo..... 5 00
Rev. & Mrs. W. L. Lemon....0 75
M. Amerman, Olena, O..... 0 50
M. A. Chambers, " 0 25
C. E , New Brunswick, N. J. 1 00
X. Y. Z., Dalton, Mass..... 2 00
W. H. Warren, Warren, Mass 5 00
R. M. & L. M., Ionia, Iowa. 1 00
A B. Banks, Day, Mich.... 1 00
Mrs. Bertha C..... 0 50
S. Kempthorne, Cleveland, O 1 00
B. H. Edmonds, N. Y..... 1 00
Mary A. Artis, Iowa..... 0 50
H. W. Morris, Trenton, N. J. 2 00
Bank of Water Valley.....21 00
W. A. Compton, N. J..... 1 00
A sub'r, Lambertville, N. J.. 1 00
W. W. A., Galion, O..... 3 00
Norway M. E. S. S. of Mich.11 78
Mrs. J. R. & E. Odell, Iowa. 2 00
M. F. Arnold, Rushville..... 1 00
C. & H. McWilliam, Galt .. 0 50
Friends. " 2 00
H. F. G., Kellev's Island, O. 2 50
H. H. Greene, Cal..... 3 50
J. J. Davidson, Manhattan... 2 00
Josie Walcott, " ... 0 25
Mrs. E. Kerly, Sparta, Can.. 1 00
A. C. & G. S. H., N. Y..... 3 50
E. O. Lane, St. Anns, Ont .. 1 00
Y. P. Bible Class, Minn..... 2 75
Infant class M. E. Church... 0 50
Mrs. S. Ferguson, W. Va ... 6 00
Baptist Y. P. S. C. E., Pa.... 0 70
Mrs. Arnold, Sedalia, Mo.... 0 50
——, Nashville, Tenn..... 2 00
A sympathizer, Olyphant, Pa 2 00
Mrs. I. D. & M. S., Pa..... 1 00
Sub'r, Clfton, O..... .... 0 50
Friend, Vernon, Wis..... 5 00
Two readers, Fairview, Ill.... 2 50
Pres. S.S., Lewistown, Ill....30 44
Pres. Bethel S. S. " 3 66
Enami, Lisle, N. Y..... 1 00
A. S. Beckel, Floria, Ill..... 1 00
E. D. Peterson, " 1 00
Mrs. R. Tyrrell, Kan 0 50
Maud Wade, " 0 50
Friend, Thornhill, Pa 1 00
M. C. Reynolds, Perry, Ill... 1 00
M. E. Fifield, " ... 1 00
S. Crawford, " ... 0 50
M. Sommer, " ... 0 25
R. M. Calvert, " ... 0 25
E. F., E. L., N. & L. Moore. 0 75
M. L. & J. B. P., Tex..... 3 00
C. M. Hanna, Ellenwood.... 1 00
T. B. M. Guhan, Pa 0 50
M. Smith, Smithville, Va.... 1 00
——, Powhatan, Va..... 0 26

J., L. M., C. B. & M. L Givin 5 00
L. E. Pickard, Me..... 1 00
J. M. Leetz, Phila., Pa..... 3 00
Band of Hope, Jetmore, Kan 9 50
Friend, Rardin, Ill..... 1 00
Mrs. E. B. Slaughter..... 1 00
G. W. D., Cawker City, Kan.10 00
L. C. McC., Memphis, Tenn. 1 00
David W. Bell, Dexter, Me.. 1 00
John Kuenzel, Bedford, O... 0 30
Mrs. E. B. Ward, Orange.... 5 00
Sub'r, Wiscoy..... 1 00
A. L. Kur, Prospect, Wis ... 1 00
J. A. Monroe, " 1 00
W. E. Killips, " 2 00
Mrs. M. R. Steam, Muncie . 0 75
W. W. J. L. Grazier, Pa..... 1 50
Mrs. M. Yingling, " 0 50
E. Olmsted, Zipps, Ind..... 1 00
Mt. Pleasant S. S., Kan..... 7 00
Sub'r, Buncombe, Iowa..... 2 00
Perkins Pres. S. S., Kan..... 8 73
——, Hookstown, Pa..... 2 00
L. Cook, Nebraska, Pa..... 2 00
E. J. Hansom, Ok. City..... 1 00
E. M.. ..... 1 00
Picus, Alma, Mich..... 0 25
R. J. Irvin, Chicago, Ill 0 50
Schuylkill Seminary.....14 50
Mattie Goshorn, Wawaka, Ind 1 00
Friends, Black Hall, Conn... 2 00
M. E. H., Brooklyn, N. Y... 1 00
Salem, N. J..... 1 00
A deep sympathizer, O 1 00
C E. Cooper, Honey Brook.. 1 00
Gust. Young, Jewell, O..... 5 00
J. W. B., Oberlin, O..... 2 00
A sub'r, Centreport, N. Y ... 0 25
Friends, Shapleigh, Me..... 1 30
1st Reformed S. S., Hoboken 3 00
L. B. Goodrich, Newburyport 5 00
Maggie H., Baltimore, Md .. 1 00
L. M. Carey, Melitota..... 5 00
Jno. Remsen, Monsey, N. Y. 1 00
A Constant Reader, N. Y.... 1 00
C. L. S., Newark, N. J..... 2 00
Mrs. Horace White, Vt..... 1 00
G. K. Church, " 1 00
G. A. Tillotson, " 1 00
Mrs. R. M. Bill, " 1 00
Mrs. C. C. Payne, " 1 00
Mrs. Sarah Burton, " 1 00
W. B. Bagley, " 1 00
Two little sisters, Mentor, O. 0 50
A. B. Paul, Plymouth, N. Y. 1 00
T. W. Heyland, Pavilion, Ill. 1 00
Subscribers, Albion, N. Y.... 1 00
A sub'r, Lodi, Va..... 0 50
A friend, N. Y..... 1 00
M. A. Young, Franklin Falls. 2 00
In His Name, Paola, Kan.... 3 65
Three sisters, Breinigsville, Pa 0 75
A friend, Clinton, N. Y..... 1 00
J. W. S., Wyckoff, N. J..... 1 00
——, Lynn, Mass..... 5 00
A friend, Argenta, Ill..... 0 25
J. O. Wellman, New Milford 1 00
H. A. Wellman, " 0 50
Jerome Gunn, " 0 25
S. Dix, " 0 25
B. Lewis, " 0 10
In His Name, K. B. T., N. Y 1 70
Mrs. J. C. Clarkson, Del Rio. 1 00
Rock Spring S. S..... 2 00
S. Greene, Boiling Spgs. N. C 0 20
D.R. Williamson, Riegelsville.10 00
Better late than never, Phila. 0 50
J. L. Johnson, Hartwell, Ga. 1 00
Williston Church, Portland... 4 25
Mary & Martha, Lacon, Ill... 1 00
In His Name, Brooklyn, N. Y 1 00
Mrs. Wm. Fisher, E. Liverpool 5 00
E. C. Brown, Carrollton, Pa . 5 00
Mrs. J. G. Hannum, N. Y... 1 00
A friend, Tarentum, Pa 0 50
Baptist S. S., Gunnison, Colo 1 55
A friend, N. Y 2 50
Chas. Barnes, Mazeppe, Minn 1 00
I. H. N., Pierson, Ia..... 1 00
D. Christenson, Avoca, Ia... 1 25
——

THE LORD'S HANDS.

I SEE, I see, those nail-pierced hands!
Which bleeding held my Lord
On Calvary's Cross, 'mid hostile bands,
While sin's atonement poured:
Those blessed, lifted, glorious hands,
Opened for our supply—
All heaven descends at their commands;
Salvation draweth nigh.

I see, I see, those mighty hands—
Deliverance and defence!
My troubled heart in comfort stands,
While fears are driven hence.
Upholding, healing, hiding hands!
Such wealth of grace they bring,
Weak faith grows strong, and joy expands,
And glory wakes to sing.

I see, I see, those cross-scarred hands!
They're graven with my name—
With every name from out all lands—
At mercy's throne they flame.
Those pierced, crimson, loaded hands!
Oh! let them touch our hearts,
While Christ, the Lord, in pity stands,
And dying love imparts.

—*World Wide Missions.*

THE NORTHFIELD CONFERENCE.

WE take pleasure in publishing the following letter of invitation to the Tenth General Conference for the Promotion of Christian Life and Service, to be held at Northfield, Mass., August 4–16, which we have received from Mr. D. L. Moody:

Dear Friends and Fellow-Laborers:—

By the favor of God there is again set before us an open door, inviting us to our annual Northfield feast of Christian fellowship and service. During the Conferences of past years we have found it good to wait upon the Lord in united worship and Bible study, in service and quiet rest. They have been seasons of refreshing to many, who have gained new experiences of grace and power, and have gone forth with renewed life and hope and strength in the work of God. Many have also come to realize, in these meetings, as never before, the oneness of believers in Jesus Christ, as they have held sweet fellowship with Christian workers from many lands, meeting on the common ground of faith in the only Saviour, and seeking that union in love and service for which he so earnestly longed and prayed.

It has been the aim of the Northfield Conferences to unite believers in the love that casts out fear and in the faith that works by love, in uttermost dependence on the Holy Spirit. We are encouraged by the experiences of past Conferences to expect still better things in the days to come. Let us then gather together again in Conference, around the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, to glorify him; to build each other up in the faith of the old Gospel; to provoke one another unto love and good works; to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. Let us seek to gain still fuller and clearer views of the greatness and urgency of our Lord's work tha. waits to be done, and of the fullness and freeness of grace and power that he offers to his willing servants.

On account of my necessary absence, on foreign shores, the coming Conference will be under the leadership of my friend, Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, who has kindly consented at my request, to lay aside other plans and work, and take my place. Dr. Gordon is well known as "a brother beloved," who has from the beginning taken a deep inferest and a prominent part in these meetings. I trust that the friends of Christ will do all they can, in hearty co-operation with the leader, to make the Conference a great blessing. Though absent in body, I shall be present in spirit with my brethren, laboring together with them in earnest desire and prayer, for the success of the Conference. May abundant grace and peace rest upon the assembly from the beginning to the end.

Among the speakers who will be present are: Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., of Boston; Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, of Philadelphia; Rev. R. A. Torrey, of Chicago; Rev. James M. Gray, of Boston; Rev. Hermann Warzariack, the Christian Hebrew preacher, of New York, and others. Mr. Ira D. Sankey and Mr. Geo. C. Stebbins will lead the singing.

Accommodations may be obtained at the Seminary buildings during the time of the meetings for one dollar and fifty cents ($1.50) per day. The Betsey Moody Cottage will be open, as last year, for the accommodation of any who may desire more quiet and retirement than is possible in the larger buildings; rates will be two dollars and fifty cents ($2.50) per day for room alone, or two dollars ($2) per day in room with another person. Parties wishing to tent can have a suitable place on the Seminary grounds free of charge, and, if desired, board may be had for seventy-five (75) cents per day. "The Northfield," a beautiful, quiet hotel, furnishes first-class board to those desiring.

All communications in regard to accommodations at Seminary buildings, as well as at "The Northfield," should be addressed to the Manager, Mr. Ambert G. Moody, East Northfield, Mass.

Yours truly,
D. L. MOODY.

LONDON, May 26, 1892.

Abundantly Able to Save.

"He will abundantly pardon."—ISA. 55: 7.

E. A. HOFFMAN. P. P. BLISS.

1. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the Cru- ci- fied One, Who-ev-er be-
2. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the mes-sage of God, And trusts in the
3. Who-ev-er re - pents and for-sakes ev-'ry sin, And o-pens his
liev - eth on God's on-ly Son, A free and a per - fect sal -
power of the soul-cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal re -
heart for the Lord to come in, A pres-ent and per - fect sal -
- va-tion shall have: For He is a - bun - dant-ly a - ble to save.
- demption shall have: For He is both a - ble and willing to save.
- va-tion shall have: For Je- sus is read - y this moment to save.
CHORUS.
My brother, the Mas - - ter is call-ing for thee; . . . . .
Brother, the Master is come, and is call-ing for thee;
His grace and His mer - - cy are wondrously free; . . . . .
Brother, His grace and His mercy are wondrously free;
His blood as a ran - - som for sin-ners He gave, ...
Brother, His blood as a ran-som for sin-ners He gave,
rit. . . . . .
And He is a - bund - - ant - ly a - ble to save.
And He is a - bund - ant - ly a - ble to save.

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THE FAST CLOSING AGE.

Daniel's Prophetic Periods Indicating the near Approach of the Advent.

BY REV. M. BAXTER.*

THE invaluable prophecy of Daniel's seventy weeks (Dan. 9: 25), like a star of the first magnitude, casts its resplendent illumination upon our path here below. Sir Isaac Newton said that to deny this prophecy of the Seventy weeks was to deny the Christian religion and he said that it related to the Second Advent as well as to the First Advent. There were exactly 483 years from the command to Nehemiah in Passover week B.C. 445 to Passover week A. D. 39—a clear case of fulfilled prophecy. But then there is to be a future fulfilment of these sixty-nine weeks as weeks of days from a future commandment to rebuild and restore Jerusalem to the day when Christ will be made a covenant to his people at his Second Advent, which we expect will be on March 5, 1896. These sixty-nine weeks of days are to commence simultaneously with the final 2,345 days which extend from November 8, 1894 to April 11, 1901: just the same as the sixty-nine weeks of years commenced simultaneously with the first 2,345 years from Passover week B. C. 445 to Passover week A. D. 1901.

We believe that Christ will descend to the air to summon his waiting people to meet him on March 5, 1896. Even the very hour of the day is not left vague and indeterminate. We know by Daniel's prophecy it is to be the hour of the evening sacrifice which Biblical Expositors such as Hartwell Horne in his "Introduction" states to have been the ninth hour when Christ, the Passover Lamb died on the Cross. All Daniel's dates are interlaced and interlocked, and consequently whatever time of the day one begins or ends, the others will begin or end. The Jewish ninth hour was 3 P. M.

Daniel's sixty-nine weeks of years, or 483 years began with King Artaxerxes' command to restore and build Jerusalem given to Nehemiah, his Jewish cup-bearer (Neh. 2), when the latter was handing wine to him on the last day of Passover week in the month of Nisan, B.C. 445 in the afternoon, which was the time of day, according to history, when Eastern monarchs dined. The 483 years commenced then which ended in the cutting off of Messiah, the Prince, in Passover week A. D. 39 at the ninth hour, as the Gospels inform us, *i. e.*, three o'clock in the afternoon. The 2,300 years (Dan. 8: 14), began at the same time and ended on the last day of Passover week 1856 when the sanctuary of the Holy Land began to be cleansed by the signing of the Crimean War Treaty of peace which took place at three o'clock in the afternoon of April 27, 1861. The London *Times* describing that event says that the secretaries of the plenipotentiaries having been occupied all the morning in verifying, arranging and laying out on the tables the various documents embodying the treaty, the Ambassadors of the Powers arrived about three P. M. and immediately signed them.

From that eventful and memorable day in 1856 the 22d day of the Jewish month Nisan, which is always the last day of Passover week, there have to elapse forty-five years more until the last day of this age which will consequently be the last day of Passover week 1901. And, according to Lindo's Jewish Calendar, the last day of Passover week in 1901 will be Thursday, April 11, although in 1856 it was Sunday, April 27. It is also evident that as these final forty-five years began about three P. M. of the day when the treaty of peace was signed they will end about three P. M. of Thursday, April 11, 1901, when Christ will descend on Mount Olivet to terminate this age or dispensation at the battle of Armageddon. These additional forty-five years, following the 2,300 years and making up the grand fundamental period of 2,345 years, are the overlapping excess or overplus of Daniel's 1,335 years above and beyond the 1,290 years. (Dan. 12: 11, 12.) These 1,290 years are the concluding part of the 2,300 years during which the conjoint Papal Mohammedan desolation was predicted to continue; the fulfilment of the words: "The time of the desolation shall be 1,290 years. Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the end of the 1,335 years. Thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot at their end." These words are uniformly understood to signify that at the end of the forty-five years, additional to the 1,290, which complete the 1,335, full blessedness will be reached, and Daniel will stand in his lot of millennial glory.

Passover week is the most sacred and hal-

* From an address at a recent Prophetic Conference in Memorial Hall, London, England.

lowed week of the Jewish year. It always commences with the fifteenth day of the Jewish month Nisan the anniversary day of the exodus of the Israelites out of Egypt, when the destroying angel passed over the houses, on the lintels of which, was sprinkled the blood of the Paschal lamb, whence it is called *Passover* day and it ends on the 22d day of Nisan. This Passover week consists of seven days of unleavened bread following Passover day, upon which the Paschal lamb always used to be killed and eaten in every Jewish household. Passover day is also the day of the Paschal full moon. It is very remarkable that all Daniel's seven prophetic numbers or dates in their fulfilment as years begin and end in some Passover week, namely, the 2,300, the 1,335, the 1,290, the 1,260, the 483, and the seven years mentioned respectively in Daniel 8: 14; 12: 7-12 and 9: 25-27.

[After further explanation of these prophetic periods Mr. Baxter went on to point out the various reasons which led him to believe that the Antichrist would be a Napoleon and would attain supremacy over the reconstituted Roman Empire. That such a change of the existing conditions could take place, he admitted, seemed to the ordinary mind impossible. There were, however, contingencies, he said, which would render the sudden elevation of a Napoleon possible.]

If one of the two brothers, Victor or Louis Napoleon become monarch of France as a result of the great war which must shortly reconstitute the Roman Empire in its ten-kingdomed form, he would naturally endeaver to introduce the other brother as an additional king into the ten-kiugdomed confederacy, although it would thereby become a federation of eleven kings; and in such case we can understand why France would not afterwards interfere at all with the Napoleonic horn or king when he proceeds (accordlng to Daniel 7: 24) to pluck up or subdue the three horns or kings which apparently are the kings of Greece, Turkey and Syria. The benevolent neutrality of France in refusing to protect these three kings would be quite natural under the circumstances. But another alternative course of events may be that in case the throne of France, is not at that time occupied by a Napoleon, but by some successful French general like Generals Saussier or Gallifet or Mirabel—then Russia, having assisted France to recover the territory between her present frontier and the Rhine, her former frontier, may request that Prince Napoleon, in return for his having served as an officer in the Russian Army, may be made king of a little state like Macedonia; for the Czar is said to entertain a high regard for Prince Louis Napoleon, and he might hope to promote Russian interests in that part of the world by means of this Napoleon and might supply him with money and soldiers to obtain predominance over Greece, Turkey and Syria. France would not care to obstruct this Napoleon's ambitious movements against those three countries because the ascendancy of Napoleon would mean,in the long run, the ascendancy of France. And so this Napoleon may make use both of Russia and France to attain his ends and re-enact the career of Alexander the Great in those eastern countries.

If anyone asks, Why is April 11, 1901, expected from Daniel 8: 14; 12: 11, 12 to be the last day of this Age, when Christ will descend upon this earth and sweep away the Papacy, Mohammedanism and Infidelity—the answer is: (1) Because that is the precise end of Daniel's forty-five years, starting with the signing of the Crimean War Treaty of Peace (2ndly) because it is also the end of the 2,345 years from the last day of Passover Week B. C. 445, when Artaxerxes commanded Nehemiah to rebuild Jerusalem. (Dan. 9: 25.) You may ask. Why is this period given in two installments—2,300 in Daniel 8, and and an additional forty-five years in Daniel's last chapter? Because a certain great event was to occur like a landmark or a guide-post at the end of the 2,300 years. We take our stand upon the Crimean War Treaty of Peace as this grand prophetic mile-stone, standing exactly forty-five years before the last day of this Age. I have heard of a bridge which was thought to be in danger of being swept away by a rushing, swollen torrent. People were gathered together waiting for the collapse of the bridge, when a man galloped up on horseback and took his stand on the centre of the structure. He was the architect, and he acted thus to show his confidence in his work—and the result justified his confidence. So we take our stand upon Daniel's bridge of time of 2,345 years, stretching from the command of Artaxerxes to Nehemiah, in Passover Week, B. C. 445, across to the date of the Crimean War Treaty of Peace in 1856, and thence to the last day of this age in Passover Week, 1901.

WORK FOR THE UNSAVED.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing July 17. I. Cor. 9: 19-27; Acts 2: 47.

INTENSE earnestness, clearly defined purpose, concentration of effort—these are the characteristics of the Apostle's ministry. He was not as one who beats the air—a mere idle exercise without practical result. He set before himself the one object, "if by all means I may save some." All his learning, all his experience, all his Jewish status, were enlisted in the service. Everything that he possessed in birth, education, talents and energy was valued according to its usefulness to him in this struggle. In dealing with the Jews he could approach them as a Jew and demanded their respect as having fulfilled the Jewish ordinances, having been a disciple of Gamaliel and a persecutor, and could base his arguments on their own laws and types. To the Greeks he could quote their own poets and assure them that neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availed anything. To the Romans he could boast of his Roman citizenship and his famous birthplace. With exquisite tact he used these advantages when they would be most effective, but all with one object. He wanted to win them for Christ. There is more dependent on this method of approach than we often realize. It is to my brother, to the man who is on my level, who is interested in the things that I am interested in, that I open my mind. The man who is above me does not understand my daily cares and trials. His circumstances have raised him above the sordid details I am obliged to give so important a place to in my thoughts. To the one who is beneath me it is useless to give my confidence. He cannot understand my aims, my desire to live above the worries that would degrade my life if I would let them. He who would help me must be my equal in his attitude toward circumstances. He must be in sympathy with me. The Apostle knew this and became all things to all men. Not in holding their faiths and yielding to their opinions; not in partaking in their sins and joining with them in their indulgences, but in his sympathies and his perception of their weakness. But the purpose was never forgotten; his eye was never taken off the end to be attained. And this must be the rule of every successful soul-winner in or out of the pulpit. A loquacious-passenger was seated beside the driver on the top of a stage coach. He asked the driver who lived in yonder mansion, who owned a certain farm, what the price of land was in this locality, and a score of questions, to all of which the driver gave the same answer, "I don't know." The traveller lost patience at last and asked, "What do you know?" They were going down a steep hill, and the four horses needed all his attention. As he skilfully handled the reins and kept the steeds well in hand, he said drily, "I know how to drive." That was his business in life, and he did it well. An example for the servant of Christ, who is sometimes an authority on science, finance or politics, but who does not know how to win souls.

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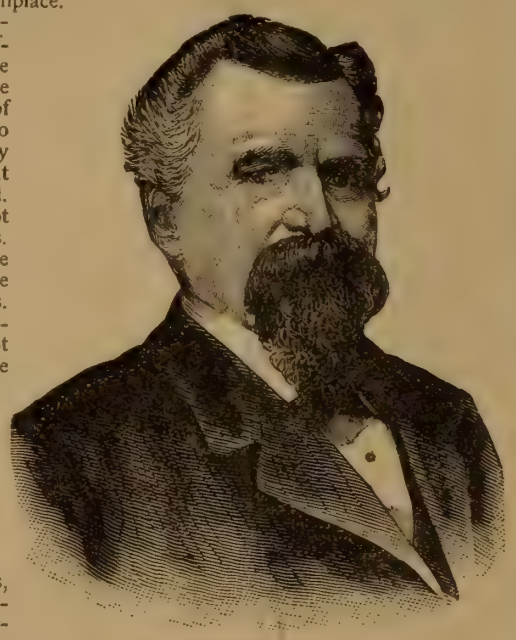
THE CONVENTION PREACHER.

ON this page is a portrait of Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D.D., the famous clergyman who will preach the Convention sermon next week at Detroit, Mich., where the Baptist Young People's Union will meet in National Convention. Dr. Hoyt is well-known by tongue and pen throughout the country, and to the churches beyond the Atlantic. He is thoroughly in sympathy with the Young People's movement as manifested in the Baptist Union and the Epworth League and Societies of Christian Endeavor. The committee of arrangements could have made no selection of a preacher which would have been so generally satisfactory as that of Dr. Hoyt. He is now pastor of the first Baptist Church of Minneapolis, but he had won fame before he went to this Western city. Large and influential churches in Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Cincinnati and Boston have profited by his labors in the pastorate, and tens of thousands of Christians in all our States have derived pleasure and spiritual edification from his books. His *Hints and Helps for the Christian Life*, and his *Present Lessons from Distant Days* have found their way into many thousands of homes and have helped and encouraged both young and old. The large number of delegates who are now preparing for the journey to Detroit may safely count on Dr. Hoyt's sermon as one of the great treats in store for them. For his portrait on this page we are indebted to Mr. E. B. Treat, publisher, Cooper Union, New York.

The programme of the Convention so far as it has been made up is as follows: The opening session is at the Rink at 7:30 P. M. on Thursday, July 14. Mr. A. H. Finn will deliver an address of welcome on behalf of the Young People's Societies of Detroit, and Dr. Z. Grenell will speak for the Baptist churches of the city. Dr. Wm. M. Lawrence, pastor of the Second Church of Chicago, will respond



REV. WAYLAND HOYT, D.D.

on behalf of the Young People's Union. The evening will close with a social reception. On Friday there will be a prayer-meeting at 7 A.M. and at 9:30 the business meeting will be held to receive the reports of the various officers. The International session for the election of the Board will be held on Friday afternoon. In the evening at an Educational session Dr. John Humpstone of Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. E. E. Chevers of Buffalo, N. Y., and Rev. R. G. Boville of Hamilton, Ont., are expected to give addresses. On Saturday morning after an early prayer-meeting an Open Parliament on the methods of the movement will be held. In the evening four mass meetings will be held in as many churches. On Sunday morning the prayer-meeting will be held at 9 A. M. A great meeting is called at the Rink at 3 P.M. to celebrate the centenary of missions. The crowning meeting of the Convention will be the great service in the Rink at 7:30 to hear Dr. Wayland Hoyt's Convention sermon. Afterward the "Witness and Enlistment" service will bring the Convention to a close.

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THE VACATION CIRCLES.

A VERY kindly and thoughtful project has been conceived and put into execution by the managers of the Young Women's Christian Association of New York. It is one which will fill with gratitude the heart of many a tired and weary girl who must remain in the city during the summer, continuing her struggle for bread while her more fortunate sisters are getting pleasure and recuperation on the sea-beach or the mountains. The Association substantiates its right to the title of "Christian" by taking thought for those tired workers whose condition gives them a claim on the sympathy of every follower of Christ. The managers announce a series of pleasant evenings for the summer months which will at least lend interest and variety to the dull lives. Monday evening is given up to music and singing; Tuesday to Bible study; Wednesday to Kindergarten and games; Thursday to fancy work embroidery, etc., and Friday to interesting talks by famous speakers. Among these are Miss Susan Hayes Ward, Miss H. B. Judd, Mrs. Amelia D. Alden and Mrs. Isabel Spenser Freeman. The subjects are of the most attractive kind including "Art and Health at Home;" "Oddities of Dress through the Centuries;" "The Men who Found America;" "Lives and Homes in a New World," etc. All honor to the Association for its effort to enliven the evenings of the working girls by these arrangements which are sure to be thoroughly appreciated.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE third delegated convention of the Wilmington District League, Delaware, met in Newport. The convention lasted but one day and passed all too quickly. Washington District League has one characteristic that is fast growing, that is the annual reunion and excursion. This opens the summer campaign for the members who stay at home during the long July days. The Chapter of Epworth Church Edgewater, Chicago, gave a very delightful reception, recently. The interest of the League was discussed in a very lively and energetic manner. "J. F. Berry Junior League," of Ravenswood Church, Chicago, gave a reception to the editor of the *Epworth Herald*, on his return from the General Conference. Twenty city Chapters sent delegates. The pretty auditorium was tastefully decorated. The Chapter of Knight Memorial Church, Calais, Me, furnishes a good attendance to the devotional meeting. The main phases of League work received careful attention. The officers of the League are all Sunday School teachers. A League has been organized at Aberdeen, Md., with sixty charter members. Eaton Rapids Chapter, Michigan, celebrated their third anniversary with an appropriate programme. The League of Hoboken, N. J., has established a Sunday School in the home part of the city, which numbers now something like 200. Its members have visited 700 families to ascertain their religious opinion and receive scholars for the new Sunday School.

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TENEMENT HOUSE WORK.

AN excellent work commenced more than two years ago by the King's Daughters in New York has now been regularly organized and has acquired permanent quarters. It commenced by a number of ladies voluntarily associating themselves with the Summer Corps of Physicians of the Board of Health. These physicians meet with many cases of sickness and destitution in the tenement house districts which might be relieved by a little kindly help from gentle hands. Sad cases some of them are. The sufferers are in many cases well-bred, educated people who have lost their property or their situations and have fallen helpless on life's highway. Aged men and women with refined tastes obliged to be content with a room, or part of a room, in some dingy building and call it home—the only home they have. Misery and wretchedness of all kinds these physicians see and they were very glad, for humanity's sake, when they were able to introduce into such places ladies who were anxious to serve Christ by helping the poor whom he has made his representatives on earth. The ladies, who were all King's Daughters were gratified with the results of their work, but found that it called for more extended and better organized effort. They have therefore organized a "Tenement House Chapter," and have rented the first floor and basement of a house centrally situated at 79 Madison Street, from which their operations will be directed. They are making it bright and pretty with settees and rugs and pictures and have given hospitable invitations to their poor friends to visit them in their new home.

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A Y. P. S. C. E., has been established in the Chinese Mission of the Congregational Church at Santa Cruz by the young people of that church. It holds weekly meetings, led by the Chinese. The services are entirely in English.

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The President of the Y. M. C. A., at Sheffield, Eng., employs a large number of men and is founding a model town for them in the vicinity of their work. No liquor is to be sold within the precincts of it.

THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

WHEN is the time for prayer?—
With the first beams that light the morning sky,
Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare,
Lift up thy thoughts on high:
Commend thy loved ones to his watchful care:
Morn is the time for prayer!

And in the noontide hour,
If worn by toil or by sad care opprest,
Then unto God thy spirit's sorrows pour,
And he will give thee rest;
Thy voice shall reach him thro' the fields of air:
Noon is the time for prayer!

When the bright sun hath set,
Whilst yet eve's glowing colors deck the skies;
When with the loved, at home, again thou'st met
Then let thy prayer arise
For those who in thy joys and sorrows share:
Eve is the time for prayer!

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He tells of the Miner's Son, who Made the Old Castle of the Wartburg his Patmos While he Translated the Bible.

NEAR the old homestead is an aged elm, known as "grandfather's tree," which, so Uncle John has repeatedly told the young members of the household, has witnessed the birth and growth of the Republic. In the rustic chairs, under its shadowing branches, the children love to sit these summer evenings when tired of play, and listen to the tales of the traveler.

"This old tree," said Uncle John, addressing the little group, "reminds me of another tree, that was planted many, many years ago, in a little village in Lower Saxony, by the son of a miner. Hans and Margaretha, the parents, had lived in the neighboring village of Moehra. Martin, the son, grew up to be a fine lad, strong, bold, fresh-complexioned and studious, and the good miner and his wife had thoughts of higher things for the boy than they had ever attained, although Hans in after years became a man of considerable property and a Senator of his town. Both were pious, God-fearing people, and Martin grew up to be like themselves, only if possible more devout than either. To a resolute will and great courage he added abilities that soon convinced his parents that he would yet be a notable man. So they sent him to college to study law.

"But one day, young Martin, who had always thought deeply about religion, had a remarkable experience. He was walking in the woods when a stroke of lightning fell close by his feet, and realizing the uncertainty of life, he decided to become a monk. So he bade adieu to his college mates, and entered a monastery."

"That was very strange!" observed Tom.

"Not at all," was the rejoinder. "The Roman Church was then in almost supreme religious control in the Old World, although it was full of errors and superstitions. This fact the young monk, who was a very observant person, soon discovered. He read and studied and prayed; he talked seriously with the teachers in the convent; he tried every means at his disposal to satisfy the longing of his soul for the truth; but he met everywhere with deceit and disappointment. He found that the Romish Church was governed not by the Word of God, but by the dictation of mere fallible men, and that abuses and corruptions were so numerous as to obscure whatever of the truth had originally been in its theology. So the miner's son, after several years' experience of this sort, decided to leave it forever, and seek in the Bible itself and through unceasing prayers the truth and consolation he had thus far failed to find. When this resolution was announced it raised a storm about his ears, but he faced the battle courageously. He wrote out his reasons and published them, and Pope Paul III issued a document called a 'bull,' condemning the miner's son and all his writings as heresies. Then the youth took a copy of the Pope's letter and standing before a crowd of people at Wittenburg, on the banks of the river Elster, he burned it and with it a pile of books and documents containing the doctrines and decrees of the Romish Church, and by this act broke with Rome and its priests forever and declared the birth of an era of religious independence. That was the beginning of Protestantism."

"And what beeame of the miner's son, afterward, Uncle?" interrogated the children.

"The son of old Hans and Margaretha became the most famous and glorious figure of the sixteenth century — Martin Luther. On the very spot where he burned the Pope's bull an oak tree was planted many years afterward, and it stands there to-day as large as this old elm, protected by a railing and with a plate on which is inscribed the story of Luther's defiance of Rome."

"He went into exile, for a time, did he not?" suggested one of the group.

"Yes; his life was in peril and he was seized by masked horsemen one day in a forest and taken for protection by a powerful friend to the Castle of the Wartburg, near Eisenach in Germany, which has since been called the 'Patmos of the opening apocalypse.' His enemies circulated the story that the evil one had carried him off."

"What kind of a place is the Wartburg?" interrupted Ted and Louis simultaneously.

"It is a rather gloomy-looking building of great age. If you go to the castle, you will find it a pretty stiff walk of half an hour—all uphill. The building dates, in its earliest portions, from 1150. It is by no means a picturesque structure, but is finely situated with an outlook over a wide range of forest-clad hills. Entering the Wartburg, you are back at once to the mediaeval period, and with the memory of Luther is blended that of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, the wife of a Thuringian landgrave, who had her home in this castle. The old Wartburg has sheltered many religions by turns. It has been the shrine of one Christian belief, and the cradle of another, differing only in externals."

"Did you see the room where Luther lived?"

"Yes; the chamber is shown where he dwelt alone like a hermit for nearly a year, and though it be true that the ink-stain on the wall tells of the hallucination which brought before his eyes in visible form the image of the Evil One, it is also true that from that room came the German language fixed for all time by Luther's peerless translation of the Bible. There is a great hall in the upper story, from whose Byzantine windows you look out on the grand woods that shut in the view. Upon the walls certain Oriental decorations recall the period of the return from the Crusades and these have given it the appellation of the 'The Singers' Hall.'

"This old castle is the most important of its class in Germany. The main building is one hundred and fifty feet in length and fifty feet in width, and three stories high. Along the front is an open corridor leading to the inner rooms. It resembles somewhat the old palaces of Venice. As a fortification it has no pretentions, of course, and this is singular because the Rhine land is full of buildings of nearly the same date, every one of which was a stronghold.

"At another time, we will go over the ground where the miner's son spent the most eventful years of his life," added Uncle John in conclusion. "His wonderful career did not close with the adventure I have just related; for he lived to become the head and founder of a great system of religion and, with divine help, to triumph over his enemies, dying in the true faith and leaving a record of zeal and devotion for the admiration and emulation of the Christian world."

THE OLD CASTLE OF THE WARTBURG.
Where Luther Lived in Seclusion While Translating the Bible.

CHEERFULNESS ON THE WAY.

DO not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them.

If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way.

Flesh and blood make body,
Body and soul make man;
Man and Christ Jesus make a Christian.

G. R. F.

* * *

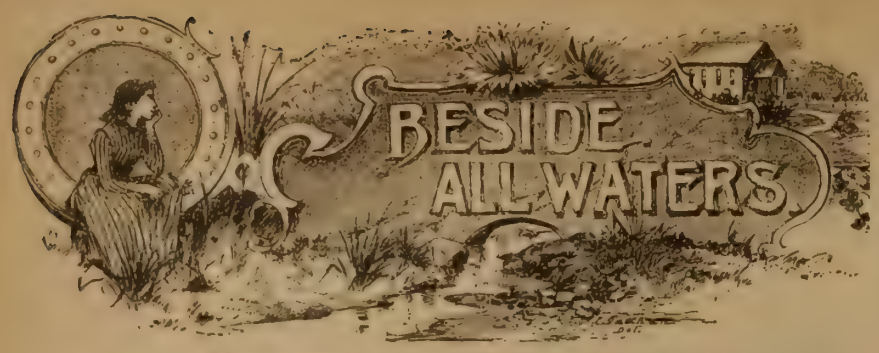
Articulation in Singing.

PEOPLE make frequent and loud complaint of their inability to hear the words of the singers in church, says the *Advance*. There is no doubt some gronnd for such complaints. Some singers are not always as careful as they should be to make themselves understood. But with the best intentions and with the utmost painstaking, there is an amount of difficulty attending articulation in music, particularly in certain tones and movements, which unmusical people do not appreciate. It is hard for a soloist, harder for a quartet, and hardest for a chorus, to attain a degree of distinctness which a speaker may attain almost without effort. That is an excellent practice now prevailing in some churches of printing the words of the anthems on the order of exercise. A good substitute for this is for the pastor to read the words before the anthem is sung, just as he would read the words of a hymn, and for similar reasons. The hearer is thus prepared to feel the spiritual power of the music, through its association with words which he knows and appreciates.

* * *

Chinese In Olden Times.

How Chinese women were expected to behave themselves 2,000 years ago is set forth in an ancient Chinese work in 315 chapters, of which samples have been translated into English by Miss A. C. Safford. According to this voluminous manual, the first duty of a Chinese wife in those primitive times was to "reverence her husband as heaven." If his life is in danger she must not hesitate to die for him. Among the many little stories told in the book is one of a peasant, who, during a severe famine, was seized one day by some starving soldiers, who intended to make a meal of him. His wife pleaded for him. "My husband is very lean," she said; "he will scarcely be a mouthful for you. I am fleshy and of dark complexion, and they say that the flesh of such persons is excellent eating." The hungry soldiers, we are told, were convinced by this sound argument, and ate her instead of her husband. As to deportment, "in the presence of her parents or parents-in-law, a woman may not sneeze or cough, neither scratch, yawn or loll about when tired, nor may she presume to stare at them. She should wear a happy face and a mild, pleasant deportment in serving them, in order to soothe them." The wife of a certain Liu Kung-sten comes in for a large share of praise simply because "for three years after her marriage nobody had ever seen her smile." Such was the status of woman in a pagan land.



BY

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*

Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

THE SNAKES.

"WHERE is Miss Armstrong?" asked Mrs. Weston, as Selina came home alone.

"I suppose she will be here presently," answered Selina. "Kit Mallory was naughty, and she kept her after school. I would never do that: I would whip them and let them go. I wouldn't punish myself, too.

"That would be very well if one thought only of one's own convenience," remarked Mrs. Weston, "but I imagine that is not Miss Armstrong's way. What did Kit do?"

"She called Faith Fletcher bad names because Faith went above her in spelling. I hope Miss Armstrong will have enough of her, that's all."

Mrs. Weston gave Selina a look which checked her, before she said, "Poor Kit needs to have allowance made for her. She has had very few advantages."

Selina had not really meant to tell an untruth, that is to say, she had not deliberately said to herself that she would tell a lie: that is something which people seldom do,—nor had she told a lie in direct words. It was in consequence of her naughtiness that Kit had staid after school. But Selina was under the dominion of what might be called her ruling passion,—a passion which makes people do as mean things as any which belongs to humanity: she was jealous. She had taken a great liking to Miss Armstrong when that lady first came, and had said to herself, that, as Miss Armstrong boarded at her father's house, she, (Selina) would see more of her than any one else, and would therefore be the teacher's particular friend. Now, there was no harm in Selina's wishing the teacher to like her; the trouble was, she did not want Miss Armstrong to like any one else.

This passion of Jealousy was the bane of Selina's life. In the asylum where Selina was when Mrs. Weston adopted her, she had always watched the other children's meals to see whether some one had not a larger bit of butter,a fatter doughnut, a redder apple, than herself; and she brought the same spirit into her new home. Miss Armstrong had been very kind to her, that she must needs allow; but then, she had been just as kind to all the others, and Selina was certain that she liked Agnes Gleason's reading the best. That was always the way, she said to herself with a sigh. It was her fate, and she must bear it. Some time, perhaps, she would find some one who would love her best of all.

"So you had a case of discipline," remarked Mrs. Weston to Miss Armstrong, as the family sat down to the tea-table.

"I thought you'd find it wasn't all such plain sailing," said Aunt Betsy Burr, who had called to borrow a cup of maple molasses. Aunt Betsy's errands generally did bring her to her neighbors about meal-times. "There's some dreadful bad children about here. Those Bassett boys yelled right in front of my door last night when they were coming home from hoeing potatoes up to the hill farm."

"It was not a case of discipline, though it might have been if the culprit had not put discipline out of the question by her own act," replied Miss Armstrong. "The poor child did forget herself; but she acknowledged her fault, and asked pardon before the whole school, and that of her own motion. There was no room for discipline after that. I did keep her, but it was to comfort and help her a little. She has burned her hand badly, and was feeling very badly over the loss of an Old Testament she had found somewhere."

Mrs. Weston looked at Selina, who looked at her plate.

"I am sorry for that child. I think she has hard times," said Mr. Weston. "I met Phin Mallory at Oldbury yesterday, and he told me he was going to make a fuss at the next school meeting about having the Bible read in school."

"And what did you say?" asked his wife.

"Well, I tried to reason with him at first; but I found there was no use in that, so I told him to make all the fuss he wanted to."

"I don't know, though," said Aunt Betsy. "I ain't sure it is lawful to take up the time of the scholars with Bible lessons."

"And so poor Kit has lost her Testament," remarked Mr. Weston. "Well, we must try to let her have another. Does she think so much of it as all that?"

"She does, indeed," answered Miss Armstrong. "I have never met any one who seemed to have a greater craving for the truth. I believe that child is going to grow up a true Christian in spite of her adverse circumstances."

"I should think she took a queer way to show it—calling the other girls names," said Aunt Betsy. "For my part, I don't believe she will ever be any thing but a regular little reprobate."

"Who is calling names now, Aunt Betsy?" asked Mr. Weston, smiling.

"The truth often finds readier entrance into such a heart as Kit's than into one which had heard the Gospel preached, and remained closed against it," remarked Miss Armstrong; "at least, that has been the result of my observation both with the heathen and among the mission children in the city."

"You are right," said Mr. Weston. "The hardest sinners to melt are Gospel-hardened sinners. I thought a good many people seemed touched last night. The Jewsbury girls were very attentive, I observed, and so was Agnes Gleason. That is another child I feel great interest in."

"I must not violate confidence, but I may just say I have reason to hope we may hear good news of Agnes," said Miss Armstrong, "I had a nice little talk with her, which was another thing that kept me."

"Well, I hope her mother won't put no stumbling-blocks in her way if she really is trying to be a Christian, that's all," remarked Aunt Betsy. "Almira is a dreadful worldly woman, and always was. The way she nips into church on Sundays with that black silk dress of hers, and brushes off the seat before she sits down! You needn't laugh, Abby. I've seen her do it with my own eyes, so there!"

"I don't so much blame her for that," said Mrs. Weston. "I never go into the building, that I don't want to go to house-cleaning."

"Wouldn't it be fun to make a bee, and clean the church before the new minister comes?" said Selina. "We might do it next week."

"I declare, daughter, that is an excellent idea," said Mrs. Weston. "It wouldn't be such a very great piece of work if we all took hold of it.—What do you say, father?"

"I agree with all my heart," answered Mr. Weston. "I don't believe the place has had a thorough cleaning in twelve years, and it is longer than that since the old house was painted. How long is it, Aunt Betsy?"

"Twenty-five years this coming July," answered Aunt Betsy. "Don't you remember, it was the year old Dr. Munson died. He was a man! It will be a long time before we have any one to fill his pulpit. This Mr. Brace isn't going to do it."

"Dr. Munson was a fine man, no doubt; but he has been dead and buried this many a year, and I only wish his ghost did not walk," said Mrs. Weston. "Every time we have a new minister, somebody compares him with old Dr. Munson, and says he never will fill Dr. Munson's pulpit."

"If Dr. Munson wanted to keep the pulpit himself, he should have taken it away with him," said Selina pertly.

"I don't believe he did," said her father. "He was by far too good and too humble-minded to wish to remain a standard for all who should come after him.—But, as to this plan of the child's, mother, you talk it up with the women, and I'll do the same with the men; and we'll see what can be done."

Selina went to her room in a comfortable frame of mind. She had escaped the blame which she had expected, and she had been commended for her idea of cleaning the church, and might expect still more praise, for her mother would be sure to say it was Selina's notion in the first place. Her self-complacency began to sink a little as she heard her mother coming upstairs, and remembered how she had misrepresented the matter of Kit's staying after school.

"Now mother Weston will be coming to talk to me," she said to herself. She had a great dread of those talks, which always left her feeling very small in her own eyes. But mother Weston had no such intention this night. She began to think there was no use in talking to Selina: so, like Christian in the dark valley, she betook herself to another weapon, called All-prayer, which was very familiar to her hand, as it is, thank God! to the hands of most Christian mothers. Selina was destined to hear of her fault from another quarter.

"Selina, how did Mrs. Burr know about Kitty's fault yesterday?" asked Miss Armstrong as they met on the way to school next morning. Selina had not been without fears on this point, and she had set out before Miss Armstrong by a different route expressly to escape this interview; but, as so often happens when we try to avoid a person, she came plump upon her about a quarter of a mile from the schoolhouse.

"Oh, Aunt Betsy—every one calls her Aunt Betsy about here—she hears every thing!" answered Selina with assumed carelessness. "And she thinks all yonng people are dreadful. You heard what she said about the Bassett boys, and they are forever doing things for her."

"Yes, I heard; but this is not the point," said Miss Armstrong,seeing Selina's object,but not to be diverted from her purpose. "Your mother, too, spoke of a case of discipline. What did she say about it?"

"I am sure I don't remember," answered Selina. "Mother asked me where you were, and I said you had staid after school with Kit Mallory. Then she asked what Kit had done, and I told her. I did not see that Aunt Betsy was there, or I should not have said it. Why, Miss Armstrong, don't you want me to tell mother what happens in school?" asked Selina, thinking she saw a way of "getting out of it," as she said. "I always do tell mother every thing."

"And you are careful to tell her every thing just exactly as it happens, of course," said Miss Armstrong, with a look which made Selina feel that she was seen through. "For instance, you told her last night that Kit had of her own accord confessed her fault, and made all the amends possible, before I said a word to her on the subject."

"I didn't say any thing but what was true," said Selina somewhat sullenly.

"Yes, but did you tell all the truth? It is possible to deceive even by silence; and it is the deception that makes the lie, you know, my dear."

"I will thank you not to call me a liar,Miss Armstrong," said Selina, feeling that she was in a tight place, and trying to get out of it by means of a fit of virtuous indignation. "That is what nobody ever did; and I am not going to stand it, even from you."

"I have not called you a liar, Selina, as you know very well. What your own conscience tells you, is another matter. Only remember this, that, while I make no objection to your telling your mother every thing that concerns yourself, I shall be very much displeased if I hear of any gossip outside about matters that go on in school."

With these words Miss Armstong went into the schoolhouse, leaving Selina very angry with the teacher, herself, and all the world. There is nothing so exasperating as an accusing conscience when one is determined not to listen to it. Selina had no mind either to join Miss Armstrong in the schoolhouse, or to be left to the company of her own thoughts; and, seeing the Fletcher children coming down the road in company with Myra Bassett, she went to meet them.

"Why, Myra, are you coming to school?" she asked in surprise, for Myra was a grown-up girl, and had been to boarding school in Oldbury.

"Well, no; at least, I am not going to begin Saturdcy morning, though I am not sure I should not if ma could spare me," answered Myra smiling. "I have taken a great liking to your Miss Armstrong. I think you are greatly favored in having her for a teacher."

"I guess we all think so, dont we, Selina?" said Faith.

"Of course, though I don't see anythihg so very wouderful about her," answered Selina. "But all new brooms sweep clean, with some people."

"Why, what is the matter now?" asked Sarah Leet. "I am sure you began with thinking her a regular tarragon,as poor James Davis says. What has she done to you?"

"I did not say she had done any thing to me," answered Selina somewhat angrily. "I can have my own opinion, I suppose. I haven't any fault to find with Miss Armstrong, only I do think she makes a ridiculous fuss over that little Kit Mallory."

"Oh!" said Sarah in a tone which implied, "Now I understand."

"I don't see that she makes any great fuss over her," said literal Faith. "Of course, we all feel interested in Kit. I don't know how any one could help it, seeing how hard she tries to be good. Wasn't it sweet to hear her ask pardon in the class, as she did yesterday?"

"Oh, very sweet," answered Selina with what she meant to be a tone of sarcasm, but which was, in fact, an ill-natured sneer. "She thought she was going to get a whipping,and took that way to get out of it, and get round Miss Armstrong."

"Well, I don't believe that," said Agnes Gleason, who had joined the group in time to hear the remark. "In the first place, Kit gets too many whippings to care very much about them; and, in the second place, she couldn't possibly know that she would get out of it in that way. I believe she really was sorry,and said so."

"I think so too," returned Faith. "There comes Kit. How pale she looks! I wonder if her arm is so bad."

At this moment the conversation was disagreeably interrupted. It is a fact that Oldfield County, and especially the town of Oldham, has always enjoyed, and, what is worse, has deserved, a very bad reputation in the matter of snakes. It is a snaky town at all times; and there are certain years, when, for some reason unknown, snakes much more abound than at other times. This was a "snake summer." The men wore their thickest and highest boots when they went into the mowing-lots and the low meadows, and the children were cautioned to keep a bright lookout in their expeditions after wintergreens and wild flowers. Mr. Bassett had killed a big rattle-snake in his own pasture; there were stories of copperheads; and old Miss Jewsbury declared that she had seen a serpent as thick as a clothes-post and as long as a well-sweep, crossing the swamps at the foot of her garden.

The Fletcher twins, Eddy and Eben had run on before to meet Kit, who was a famous playmate, and very fond of the younger children. Just as they came near her, Ednah stood still literally, and fortunately for herself, too much scared to move; while Eben screamed—

"A snake, a snake! O Faithie, come!"

Faith stopped, frozen with horror, and pointed to the child. A brown snake had actually wound itself round her ankle. Before any one could move, Kit turned, saw the situation, and was mistress of it.

"Don't move, Eddy; stand still!" said she in a tone of command. Then, reaching the spot with one of her agile,panther-like springs she bent down, caught the snake witn her thumb and forefinger just behind the head, and, throwing it on the ground, set the heel of her thick boot on its head.

"Quick, girls!" she cried. "Kill it before it gets away."

Agnes and Sarah sprang to the spot, and the snake was soon dispatched. Faith snatched up Ednah, and began stripping down her stocking.

"Oh, it didn't bite her: it didn't have a chance," said Kit, with a laugh that sounded slightly hysterical. "But it was a close shave, wasn't it, Eddy.

"I should think it was, you dear blessed child!" exclaimed Sarah, sitting down on a stone, and taking Kit on her lap. "There, sit still a moment. How you tremble! and no wonder.—Agnes, get her some water."

"I don't think there is anything to be scared at," said Selina. "It was only a garter snake."

"Garter snake! So are you a garter snake!" said Sarah contemptuously. "Did you ever see a garter snake that color?—Mr. Bassett!" she added, calling to the miller, who was just passing, "please come and tell us what kind of snake this is."

"It's a real copperhead, and no mistake," pronounced Mr. Bassett. "It is rather a young one, but there is no mistaking the nature of the creature. See its poison teeth. Take care! don't touch him: the least srcatch might do for you. Who killed it?"

Agnes told the story, while Miss Armstrong fanned Kit, who was leaning very white, against Sarah's shoulder.

"Well, you are a brave child," said Mr. Bassett."It was good you thought of acting so."

(*To be Continued.*)

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ART IN WASHINGTON.*

THE Rotunda of the Capitol is a magnificent circular hall, ninety-five feet in diameter and one hundred and eighty feet in height. Above are the thirty-six windows of the peristyle, then the curving dome, and at its top the "eye," an opening fifty feet in diameter. Suspended over the eye is an immense iron canopy on which is Brumidi's celebrated allegorical painting, "The Apotheosis of Washington." Washington, with Freedom and Victory at his right and left, and thirteen female figures, representing the original States, occupy the centre; around the border are six groups representing the "Fall of Tyranny," "Agriculture," "Mechanics," "Commerce," the "Marine," and the "Arts and Sciences." The figures are large and most carefully finished. The painting occupied Brumidi for several years and cost nearly $50,000. While it presents a fine appearance from the floor of the Rotunda, the best point of view is obtained by ascending to the gallery immediately beneath it. This gallery has the peculiar property known as "whispering," a whisper spoken on one side being distinctly heard on the other, although the diameter of the dome at this point is sixty-five feet.

Above the architrave is a frieze, ten feet wide, containing frescoes by Brumidi and Castigini, illustrating important events in American history.

Over the four entrances are stone panels, cut in high relief, by distinguished Italian sculptors. They represent scenes in the early history of the country. The panel over the western door is by Capellano, and shows Pocahontas saving the life of Captain John Smith. That over the northern entrance is by Gavelot, representing William Penn making his famous treaty with the Indians. Over the eastern and southern doorways are panels by Causici showing the "Landing of the Pilgrims" and "Daniel Boone in Conflict with the Indians." The cost of these groups was $3500 each.

On the walls are arabesque designs and panels containing medallion heads of Columbus, Raleigh, Cabot, and La Salle. They are by Causici and Capellano, and were placed in position in 1827.

Eight large paintings, each eighteen by twelve feet, are set in panels around the walls. They are all by American artists. Four of them represent scenes in the early history of America. The first shows "Columbus Landing at San Salvador." The great discoverer is displaying the banner of Spain, and taking possession of the new country in the name of his sovereigns. John Vanderlyn was the artist and the painting cost $10,000.

The second painting was executed by William H. Powell at a cost of $12,000. It is supposed to represent "De Soto Discovering the Mississippi." The central figure is De Soto, mounted on a spirited horse, and accompanied by cavalry and artillery. Indians, having offered gifts for the acceptance of the stranger, are earnestly watching his approach, while some monks are attending to the setting up of a crucifix. Although showing skill in design and carefulness in finish, the painting cannot be considered as historically accurate.

The third painting represents the "Baptism of Pocahontas." The young Indian princess is kneeling at the font; behind her stands her husband, John Rolfe. Sir Thomas Dale, and others prominent in the history of Virginia, and several Indian chiefs are also represented. The Randolphs and several other prominent Virginia families trace trace their descent from Pocahontas. The painting is the work of John G. Chapman, and cost $10,000.

The fourth painting represents "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims" at Delft. The little company, kneeling on the deck of the "Speedwell," are invoking the blessing of God on their journey and his guidance in their undertaking to establish a State where there should be religious liberty. The central figure holding the Bible is Elder William Brewster; the pastor, William Robinson, is offering prayer; kneeling between them is Governor Carvet, and kneeling in the foreground is Miles Standish with his wife. It was painted by Robert W. Weir, and cost $10,000.

The other four paintings are by Colonel John Trumbull, son of Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut during the Revolution, and and aide-de-camp to General Washington. Trumbull spent nearly thirty years in studying art in Europe and in collecting materials for these paintings. They are considered as especially valuable historically, since Trumbull obtained sittings from all the prominent actors in the Revolution, and the faces are faithful likenesses of the people they represent. The artist received $32,000 for the series.

The first shows "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence." John Hancock, the President of the Congress, whose signature is so well known, is seated at the table. In front of him stand Thomas Jefferson and his fellow-members of the committee, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman, and Robert L. Livingston. The Members of Congress are seated in rows around the hall. On the wall may be seen banners with the cross of St. George, thereafter to be replaced by the stars and stripes. Trumbull obtained his ideas for the details of the painting from Jefferson, Adams, and others who were present at the time, and has given us a faithful picture of the historic scene.

The second painting is "The Surrender of General Burgoyne." Trumbull was present and made a sketch at the time. General Burgoyne, accompanied by General Phillips and officers of his staff, is offering his sword to General Gates, who refuses to receive it and invites the British officers to partake of refreshments in his tent.

The third painting is entitled "The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown." General Lincoln is conducting the British officers, who are on foot, between the lines of the American and French armies, drawn up to receive them. Washington refused to allow the British to march out of town with colors flying and the usual honors of war in retaliation for the treatment Lord Cornwallis accorded General Lincoln at the surrender of Charleston, one year before.

The fourth painting represents one of the grandest scences in history: "General Washington Resigning his Commission to Congress." At the head of the victorious army, he had it in his power to overthrow the newly acquired liberties of his country and make himself an absolute monarch. We see him here returning to Congress the authority it had given him and preparing to resume the life of a private citizen. Many famous people are represented. In the front row on Washington's right are Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe, and standing behind is James Madison—the three Presidents from 1801 to 1825. A few feet behind Washington stands Charles Carroll of Carrollton with his two daughters, while in the gallery are Mrs. Washington and her three grandchildren.

*From *The Visitor's Companion at our Nation's Capital*, edited and published by George G. Evans, 1314 Filbert Street, Philadelphia; a new and complete historical guide to Washington and its environs; copiously illustrated; pp. 192; with appendix containing famous State papers, history of the Capital, Lists of Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and other valuable data; 94 pp.: half morocco, gilt edges, $2.50; full morocco, $3.00.

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Scrofula in the Neck

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:

Willie Tillbrook.

"My little boy Willie now six years old, two years ago had a bunch under one ear which the doctor said was Scrofula. As it continued to grow he finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until the sore healed up. Last winter it broke out again, followed by **Erysipelas.** We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most excellent results and he has had no further trouble. His cure is due to

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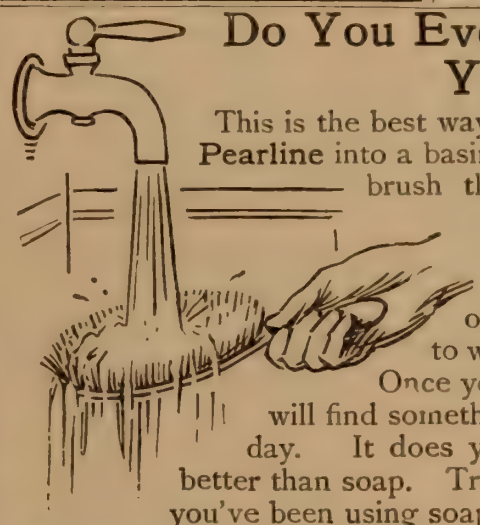

This is the best way: Put one teaspoonful of Pearline into a basin of warm water; wash the brush thoroughly in it; rinse in clean water, and set it aside, bristles down, to dry. This is only one—a small one—of the numberless uses to which you can put Pearline. Once you have it in the house, you will find something new for it to do, every day. It does your washing and cleaning better than soap. Try it on anything for which you've been using soap, and see.

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THE BOY MARTYR.

How Knud Iverson the Norwegian, True to his Bible, met Death like a Hero.

ON the afternoon of the 9th day of August, 1853, thousands of boys all over the land were going to the pasture for their cows, over the hill-sides, through the green lanes, and beside the brooks. What they said, what they did, and what little things befell them by the way, they have all forgotten, and everybody has forgotten but God. He has treasured them up in the book of his remembrance. But there is one boy whose going to the pasture that afternoon is not forgotten. What befell him by the way is known all over the land, and will probably never be forgotten by generations to come. This was the Norwegian lad, Knud Iverson, who lived in Chicago.

After school that day he went to fetch his cow, as free-hearted and light-hearted as boys usually are, going to the pasture on a summer's afternoon. He came at length by a stream of water, where there was a gang of idle, ill-looking big boys, who, when they saw Knud, hailed him. "What do you want me for?" Knud very likely asked; "I am going after my cow." They came up to him, and said they wanted him to go into Mr. Elston's garden, and steal some apples. "No," said Knud promply, "I cannot steal." "Well, but you've got to," they cried. "No," persisted Knud; "I cannot steal for anybody." Then they threatened to duck him, for these wicked big boys had often before frightened little boys into robbing gardens for them; little fellows, they thought perhaps, were less likely to get found out.

The threat did not frighten Knud; so, to make their own words good, they seized and dragged him to the river, and in spite of his cries and struggles, plunged him in. But the heroic boy, even with the water gurgling and choking in his throat, never flinched, for he knew that God had said, "Thou shalt not steal," and God's principles he had made his principles; and no cursing, or threats, or cruelty of the big boys would make him give up. Provoked by his firmness they determined to see if they could not conquer; so they ducked him again; but still it was, "No, no," and they kept him under water. Was there no one near to hear his distressing cries, and rescue the poor child from their cruel gripe? No; there was none to rescue him. No friendly hand was near; and gradually the stifled cries grew fainter and fainter, and his struggles grew less and less, and—the boy was drowned. He could die, but he would not steal.

A German lad who had stood near, much frightened by what he saw, then took up his little coat, or some part of his dress, and ran home to tell the news. The agonized parents hastened to the spot, and all night they searched for the lifeless body of their lost darling. It was found the next morning, and who shall describe their feelings as they clasped the little form to their bosoms!

Perhaps the boy used often to think how, when he grew up, he would like to be a preacher, or a missionary, and do something for his Lord and Master. He did not know what post he might be called to occupy, even as a little child. And as he left home that afternoon, he did not then know, that instead of going to pasture, he was going to preach one of the most powerful sermons in favor of Bible law and Bible principles the country ever heard. He was then only a Norwegian boy, Knud Iverson, thirteen years old; but his name is reckoned with martyrs and heroes. Mothers have cried from full hearts, "May his spirit rest upon my boy!" And strong men have wept over it, and exclaimed, "God be praised for the lad!" And rich men have put their hands in their pockets, and put down their dollars, saying, "Let us build him a monument; let his name be perpetuated, for his memory is blessed." May there be a generation of Knud Iversons, strong in their integrity, true to their Bibles, ready to die rather than do wrong.

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RISEN.

(Written for The Christian Herald.)

HOW peaceful he looked—my baby boy—
As they robed him for the tomb,
With the lids fast closed o'er the soft brown eyes,
And the pallor in place of bloom.
How painfully still the pattering feet!
How silent the lisping tongue!
Break, mother-heart, break! for the waxen ear
Wakes no more to the songs you've sung—
His lullabies now are from angel lips,
His feet tread the garden of God;
Midst the heavenly cherubs his voice is heard,
Though the casement be laid 'neath the sod.

But the "peace be still" has flooded my heart,
And soothed its anguish and pain,
And I trustfully wait 'till the night be light,
And my budling be mine again.
For in visions of dreamland I see him arise
From his casket—a glorified form—
Angelic and fair, but my baby boy still,
Though radiant and bright as the morn.
Ah, tender and sweet, like the carol of birds,
Fell his message of love on the air—
"I'll wait by the throne till the dear ones come home,
And with Jesus will welcome them there."

Oh, tempest-tossed heart! take my message as thine,
For God bids us sorrow not here,
As those without hope,—for our dead shall arise
As did Jesus.—What comfort and cheer!
Their's the bliss, ours the tear; their's the joy, ours the woe;
Their's still waters, and pastures so fair—
In "arms everlasting" their sorrows are hushed
Wouldst't have them earth's battles to share?
Soon, for us, the "glass darkly" will be "face to face,"
And we'll know that our loveliest dream—
Like dew-drop to ocean–but shadowed the bliss
Of our dear ones now sheltered with him.

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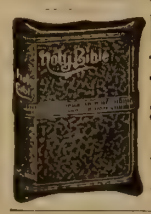

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, watchful of the progress of this grandest material enterprise of our time, has published descriptions of the buildings, now nearly completed, which conveyed but faintly an idea of their extent and magnificence to our readers' minds. But the Fair is something to be *seen* not read about; to be

Personally Visited and Enjoyed

as the grandest demonstration of God's goodness in prospering this Union and this people.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received many letters of inquiry from different parts of the country regarding the Fair, and after careful consideration it has arranged a plan specially for the benefit of its readers and their friends, by which those who wish to visit Chicago can do so, without the outlay of a dollar. This will secure to all who profit by the plan, railroad transportation from their own States to Chicago and return, and one week's board and lodging in a pleasant location, convenient to the Fair Grounds. They will have had an experience both novel and edifying, and one to remember in the coming years. The entire world will be represented at the Fair. This vast gathering will tax the facilities of railroads, hotels, and lodging-houses. As at all the previous great Fairs (and particularly that at Philadephia, in 1876), prices will be put

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Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. E. Campbell, Sylvan, Tex. No. We certainly do not favor it.

Mrs. E. W. Krauser, Glen Moore, N. J. Either may make the suggestion, although it would probably come with the better grace from the pastor himself.

O. G. Gage, Chandler's Valley, Pa. We have no data at hand to reply accurately. Write to the Secretary, American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia.

W. J. C., Liberty, Mo., writes: "In reply to the query of Subscriber, Kansas City, Mo., the name of the author of the poem, 'Freely ye have received, freely give,' is Jacob Henn. It was published in *The Kingdom*, a monthly periodical edited by the American Baptist Missionary Union, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass."

Subscriber, La Crosse, Wis., sends the following answer to "Lewis, N. Y.," in The Mail-Bag of June 15: "I expect to pass this way but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again. Let this be my epitaph: What I spent, I had; what I saved, I left behind; what I gave away, I took with me." From the epitaph of Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire.

J. W. Pattison, Knob Noster, Mo. Where can I find a poem, each stanza of which begins: "How far is it to the grave?"

Possibly some of our readers may be able to supply this information.

E. A. Morrison, Fredericksburg, Va. When and by whom was the first Sunday School established?

By Robert Raikes, at Gloucester, England, in 1784.

Reader, N. Y. City. Where in N. Y., is the Marguerite Home, erected by Mr. Shepherd for working women?

Sixteenth Street near Fifth Avenue, New York.

J. Leslie Cox, New Bedford, O. Where did the whale land Jonah?

As the Bible does not say, no one can answer. All we are told is that it was on the dry land and evidently it was in some place from which he could proceed to Nineveh when the Lord's word came to him again.

Earnest Inquirer, N. Y. I am a young woman of 27, and wish to have an education, which has so far been denied me. I am a Christian and will devote my life to Christian work, but I know, in order to be successful, I must be more intelligent. Can you tell me of any place that would be suited to my needs. I have not very much money?

Write to Miss Sherman, Young Woman's Training School, Northfield, Mass.

C. P. McKee, Clintonville, Pa. 1. Is it right to employ one to teach in the Sabbath School who does not belong to the Church? 2. Did Christ encourage wine drinking when he turned the water into wine? (John 2: 9.)

1. Not if he does not belong to any church. He may, however, belong to an affiliated church, yet not to the same congregation. 2. No.

W. L. B. Hartley, Iowa. Did an infidel once prophesy that the Bible would soon be out of print; and, is it a fact that since the utterance of such prophecy the house which this infidel owned has been purchased by a Bible Society and used as a magazine for Bibles?

Yes; Voltaire so predicted and the house he once occupied in Paris is now used as described by our correspondent.

Inquirer, N. Y. 1. Is it wrong for a young man professing to be a Christian, to work on the Sabbath? 2. Did a lady correspondent do right in telling him she could not correspond with him, if he worked on Sunday, he having told her he never would again, but afterward doing so?

1. Decidedly, yes. 2. Quite right. She evidently made it a matter of conscience, and high religious duty.

J. Elder, Dayton, O. How does our navy compare with the navies of what are known as the European powers?

The present status is:

	Armored warships.	Unarmored warships.
France,	75	118
Germany,	34	59
Britain,	82	220
Italy,	22	54
Russia,	48	62
United States,	29	40

F. A. Ryder, Cincinnati, O. Where is the great Buddhist "Temple of many gods?"

At Kioto, Japan. It is known as the Temple of San-ju-san-gen-do, or the 33,333 gods. There are five hundred images in the temple, all of a single heathen deity—Kwannon, the goddess of mercy. A multitude of small effigies considerably swell the number of figures, although we are not aware that any writer has verified the statement that there are just 33,333. In the same temple is a rope made of women's hair, which is four thousand feet in length and weighs ten thousand pounds.

Inquirer, Des Moines, Ia. In one of his recent sermons, Rev. Dr. Talmage mentions seeing the crown jewels of England. What are they?

The crown of Queen Victoria, set with diamonds, having in it the ruby which Henry V. wore in his helmet at Agincourt; the royal sceptre of gold set with precious stones; the great gold salt-cellar used at coronation banquets; the collar of the Order of the Garter, and many other jewels inherited by monarchs of the English empire.

Mrs. L. C. Minor, Galveston, Tex. I send you the names of these ladies of the Baptist churches of Galveston who, as far as they could be gathered, pray (with others) that The World's Fair should not be opened on Sundays:

Mrs. Jamieson	Miss Hopkins
" Myers	Mrs. Buhman
" Minor	" Bent
" Perkins	" Williams
Miss Minor	" Bowman
" Rosson	" Massie
Mrs. Stewart	" Harris
" Ballou	" Matson
" Pillow	" Jellinas
" Wallis	" Mullins
" Leith	" Bradford
Miss Mary Hawkins	Miss Garrett
Mrs. Sawyer	" Howard
" Guardieu	" Behrman
" Skinner	Mrs. Willie
" Griffin	" Miller
" Robinson	" McCarthy
" Barnard	Miss McCarthy
Miss Emma Hubbell	" Ida Hemmingway
" Maggie Hubbell	" Hemmingway
" Effie Schoolfield	" Lawson
" Cora Jones	" Molly Parker
Mrs. Poole	Mrs. Youens
" Schaf	" Rutledge
" Jones	" Douglas
" Wyche	Miss Florence Buhman
" Sampson	" Anna Buhman
Miss Sampson	" Jenkins
" Mullins	" Figgett
" Bradford	" Douglas
Mrs. Boone	

G. M. P., Washington, Ill. 1. Did Judas hang himself or is the account (Acts 1: 18), correct that he fell headlong, etc? 2. Who purchased the Field of Blood—Judas or the Priests? 3. Did Jesus baptize with water? 4. Does Leviticus 5: 4, prohibit such oaths as those taken in secret societies?

1. Doubtless both accounts are true. It is probable that the rope wherewith he hanged himself broke, or that it was not securely fastened and he fell, as Peter describes. Peter's account simply adds further details to that of Matthew. 2. The priests. As it was bought with money belonging to Judas he would be regarded as the purchaser. 3. You will find in John 4: 2 the statement that Jesus did not baptize at all. The expression used in John 3: 22 probably referred to the administration of the rite by the disciples in his name and by his command. He may have purposely avoided doing so to prevent one convert glorying over another afterward. He may have foreseen the tendency to lay stress on the details of the ceremony which early showed itself in the church, and which became so vexatious that the Apostle Paul thanked God that he had baptized so few. (1. Cor. 1: 14.) 4. Oaths taken in secret societies are of so many kinds that we cannot answer your question. The laws of the Levitical code are not in all cases applicable to our modern life.

Do you know that you can buy a chimney to fit your lamp that will last till some accident happens to it?

Do you know that Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass" is that chimney?

You can have it—your dealer will get it—if you insist on it. He may tell you it costs him three times as much as some others. That is true. He may say they are just as good. Don't you believe it—they may be better for him; he may like the breaking.

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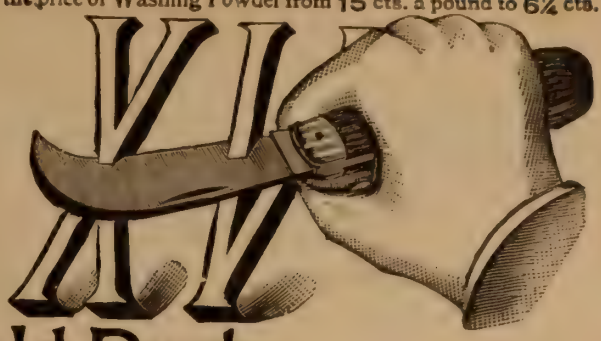

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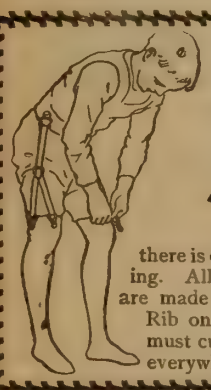

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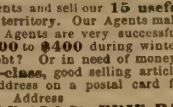

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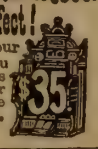

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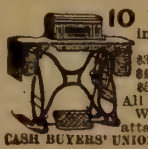

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 15. NUMBER 28.

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Office Bible House New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1892.

PRICE 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, $1.50.

CALLING BACK THE CASTAWAYS.

A "Christian Herald" Correspondent Describes the Progress of General Booth's Experiment of raising England's Submerged Tenth out of Social and Spiritual Darkness to a Plane of Christian Manhood and Womanhood.

THE FARM AT HADLEIGH.

FOR over a year, the attention and interest of philanthropists and of Christian people everywhere have been directed to the great social experiment now being made by General Booth of the Salvation Army, for the redemption and elevation of the unemployed and hopeless class which has become known in England by the distinctive title of "The Submerged Tenth." Miss Ida Hinman, an American lady, who recently visited England for the express purpose of investigating the operation of Gen. Booth's scheme, has written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an interesting record of her observations. At the outset it should be explained that the Salvation Army experiment, as far as it has gone into operation in England, is in the nature of a test; the United Kingdom is merely the ante-room of a much greater scheme. There is a steady and uninterrupted stream of the unemployed flowing into London from the provinces, and as a consequence "The Submerged Tenth" is more numerously represented in London than anywhere else. The first step in the work of rescue is to supply a refuge where the homeless are sheltered and fed. If they have any hope of employment, probably a night or two at the refuge, during the time they are looking around for work, is all they need. If, however, they belong to the large class of permanently idle, they are drafted elsewhere. Those among them who are from the country and know something of farm work are sent to the Salvation Army Farm; while those who are city raised are divided into two classes: the skilled and unskilled. The latter are distributed around London, collecting refuse from houses, shops, and other places. This miscellaneous mass (which includes old shoes, kettles, tinware, worn-out clothes and furniture) is sent to a depot that has been established by General Booth, and there is sifted out and classified, and placed in the hands of the skilled workers. The principle kept in view is the utilization of the waste, the remodeling or renovation of the refuse, which costs nothing, so that it shall have a marketable value. General Booth has received hints from trading houses in London and elsewhere that have been helpful in directing his attention to the availability of certain classes of refuse and its reproduction in other forms.

With regard to the farm project, near London, it is experimental, like the other work which the Salvation Army Social Scheme prepares for the beneficiaries. After a man has been for sometime on the farm, and shows evidence of interest in intelligent labor, he is asked whether he would like to emigrate to Australia or South Africa. In these countries General Booth is negotiating for tracts of land and he supplies free transportation to all who are willing to go there. He is able, with the $500,000 fund raised by the English public, to meet all the expenses incident to the work. Summed up in a sentence, it may be said that the aim of the movement for the amelioration of "The Submerged Tenth" is to place the hopeless and helpless ones where they will at least be sure of food and shelter. Moral and intellectual elevation may come later and doubtless will; but the first step is to raise the men, women, and children of the submerged tenth to the level of comfort and consideration enjoyed by the horse.

It is now somewhat over a year, writes Miss Hinman, since £100,000 sterling were contributed for the furtherance of General Booth's scheme, as explained in his book, *'Darkest England and the Way Out.* The success of the first year has quite met the hopes and expectations of the leaders. They have proved that it is possible to induce the destitute, homeless, and the indigent people to work. This, students of social economy assured them when they first began, would be quite hopeless. The first year's experience also shows that —given the cost of the building and furniture—the labor of these destitute ones will provide for their own support and in time it may be

(Continued on page 437.)

DINNER TIME IN A "SHELTER."

DORMITORY IN ONE OF THE "SHELTERS."

STORAGE ROOM FOR SIFTING THE REFUGE.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE VICTORS.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Text: Rev. 7: 9, 10: *"After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."*

IT is impossible to come in contact with anything grand or beautiful in art, nature, or religion, without being profited and elevated. We go into the art-gallery, and our soul meets the soul of the painter, and we hear the hum of his forests and the clash of his conflicts, and see the cloud-blossoming of the sky and the foam-blossoming of the ocean; and we come out from the gallery better men than when we went in. We go into the concert of music and are lifted into enchantment; for days after, our soul seems to rock with a very tumult of joy, as the sea, after a long stress of weather, rolls and rocks and surges a great while before it comes back to its ordinary calm.

On the same principle it is profitable to think of heaven, and look off upon that landscape of joy and light which St. John depicts; the rivers of gladness, the trees of life, the thrones of power, the commingling of everlasting love. I wish this morning that I could bring heaven from the list of intangibles, and make it seem to you as it really is—the great fact in all history, the depot of all ages, the parlor of God's universe.

This account in my text gives a picture of heaven as it is on a holiday. Now if a man came to New York for the first time on the day that Kossuth arrived from Hungary, and he saw the arches lifted, and the flowers flung in the streets, and he heard the guns booming, he would have been very foolish to suppose that that was the ordinary appearance of the city. While heaven is always grand and always beautiful, I think my text speaks of a gala day in heaven.

It is a time of great celebration—perhaps of the birth or the resurrection of Jesus; perhaps of the downfall of some despotism; perhaps because of the rushing in of the Millennium. I know not what; but it does seem to me in reading this passage as if it were a holiday in heaven: "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

I shall speak to you of the glorified in heaven—their number, their antecedents, their dress, their symbols, and their song. But how shall I begin by telling you of the numbers of those in heaven? I have seen a curious estimate by an ingenious man who calculates how long the world was going to last, and how many people there are in each generation, and then sums up the whole matter, and says he thinks there will be twenty-seven trillions of souls in glory. I have no faith in his estimate. I simply take the plain announcement of the text—it is "a great multitude, which no man can number."

Every few years, in this country, we take a census of the population, and it is very easy to tell how many people there are in a city or in a nation; but who shall give the census of the great nation of the saved? It is quite easy to tell how many people there are in different denominations of Christians—how many Baptists and Methodists and Episcopalians and Presbyterians; of all the denominations of Christians we could make an estimate. Suppose they were gathered in one great audience-room; how overwhelming the spectacle! But it would give no idea of the great audience-room of heaven—the multitudes that bow down and that lift up their hosannas. Why, they come from all the chapels, from all the cathedrals, from all sects, from all ages; they who prayed in splendid liturgy, and those who in broken sentences uttered the wish of broken hearts—from Grace Church and Sailor's Bethel, from under the shapeless rafters and from under high-sprung arch—"a great multitude that no man can number."

One of the most impressive things I have looked upon is an army. Standing

"BRIGADE AFTER BRIGADE."

upon a hillside you see forty thousand or fifty thousand men pass along. You can hardly imagine the impression if you have not actually felt it. But you may take all the armies that the earth has ever seen—the legions under Sennacherib and Cyrus and Cæsar, Xerxes and Alexander and Napoleon, and all our modern forces, and put them in one great array, and then on some swift steed you may ride along the line and review the troops; and that accumulated host from all ages seems like a half-formed regiment compared with the great array of the redeemed.

I stood one day at Williamsport, and saw on the opposite side of the Potomac the forces coming down, regiment after regiment, and brigade after brigade. It seemed as though there was no end to the procession. But now let me take the field-glass of St. John and look off upon the hosts of heaven—thousands upon thousands, ten thousand times ten thousand, one hundred and forty and four thousand, and thousands of thousands, until I put down the field-glass and say, "I cannot estimate it—a great multitude that no man can number."

You may tax your imagination, and torture your ingenuity, and break down your powers of calculation in attempting to express the multitudes of the released from earth and the enraptured of heaven, and talk of hundreds of hundreds of hundreds; of thousands of thousands of thousands; of millions of millions of millions; until your head aches and your heart faints, and exhausted and overburdened you exclaim: "I cannot count them—a great multitude that no man can number."

But my subject advances, and tells you of their antecedents, "of all nations and kindreds and tongues." Some of them spoke Scotch, Irish, German, English, Italian, Spanish, Tamil, Choctaw, Burmese. After men have been long in the land you can tell by their accentuation from what nationality they came; and I suppose in the great throng around the throne, it will not be difficult to tell from what part of the earth they came.

These reaped Sicilian wheatfields, and those picked cotton from the pods. These under blistering skies gathered tamarinds and yams. Those crossed the desert on camels, and those glanced over the snow, drawn by Siberian dogs, and these milked the goats far up on the Swiss crags. These fought the walrus and white bear in regions of everlasting snow, and those heard the song of fiery-winged birds in African thickets. They were white. They were black. They were red. They were copper color. From all lands, from all ages. They were plunged into Austrian dungeons. They passed through Spanish inquisitions. They were confined in London Tower. They fought with beasts in the amphitheatre. They were Moravians. They were Waldenses. They were Albigenses. They were Scotch Covenanters. They were Sandwich Islanders.

In this world men prefer different kinds of government. The United States want a republic. The British Government needs to be a constitutional monarchy. Austria wants absolutism. But when they come up from earth from different nationalities, they will prefer one great monarchy—King Jesus ruler over it. And if that monarchy were disbanded, and it were submitted to all the hosts of heaven who should rule, then by the unanimous suffrages of all the redeemed, Christ would become the president of the whole universe. Magna Chartas, bills of right, houses of burgesses, triumvirates, congresses, parliaments—nothing in the presence of Christ's sceptre, swaying over all the people who have entered upon that great glory. Oh! can you imagine it? What a strange commingling of tastes, of histories, of nationalities, "of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues."

My subject advances and tells you of the dress of those in heaven. The object of dress in this world is not only to veil the body, but to adorn it. The God who dresses up the spring morning with blue ribbon of sky around the brow, and earrings of dew-drops hung from tree branch, and mantle of crimson cloud flung over the shoulder, and the violeted slippers of the grass for her feet—I know that God does not despise beautiful apparel. Well, what shall we wear in heaven? "I saw a great multitude clothed in white robes." It is white! In this world we had sometimes to have on working apparel. Bright and lustrous garments would be ridiculously out of place sweltering amid forges, or mixing paints, or plastering ceilings, or binding books. In this world we must have the working-day apparel sometimes, and we care not how coarse it is. It is appropriate; but when all the toil of earth is past and there is no more drudgery and no more weariness, we shall stand before the throne robed in white. On earth we sometimes had to wear mourning apparel—black scarf for the arm, black veil for the face, black gloves for the hands, black band for the hat. Abraham mourning for Sarah; Isaac mourning for Rebecca; Rachel mourning for her children; David mourning for Absalom; Mary mourning for Lazarus. Every second of every minute of every hour of every day a heart breaks.

"ONCE HE WAS A PILGRIM."

The earth from zone to zone and from pole to pole is cleft with sepulchral rent; and the earth can easily afford to bloom and blossom when it is so rich with mouldering life. Graves! graves! graves! But when these bereavements have all passed, and there are no more graves to dig, and no more coffins to make, and no more sorrow to suffer, we shall pull off this mourning and be robed in white. I see a soul going right up from all this scene of sin and trouble into glory. I seem to hear him say:

I journey forth rejoicing
From this dark vale of tears,
To heavenly joy and freedom,
From earthly care and fears.

When Christ my Lord shall gather
All his redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit—
Good-night till then

I hear my Saviour calling;
The joyful hour has come,
The angel guards are ready
To guide me to our home.

When Christ our Lord shall gather
All his redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit—
Good-night till then

My subject advances, and tells you of the symbols they carry. If my text had represented the good in heaven as carrying cypress branches, that would have meant sorrow. If my text had represented the good in heaven as carrying night-shade, that would have meant sin. But it is a palm branch they carry, and that is victory. When the people came home from war in olden times, the conqueror rode at the head of his troops, and there were triumphal arches, and the people would come out with branches of the palm tree and wave them all along the host. What a significant type this of the greeting and of the joy of the redeemed in heaven! On earth they were condemned, and were put out of polite circles. They had infamous hands strike them on both cheeks. Infernal spite spat in their faces. Their back ached with sorrow.

Their brow reeled with unalleviated toil. How weary they were! Sometimes they broke the heart of the midnight in the midst of all their anguish, crying out, "O God!" But hark now to the shout

of the delivered captives; as they lift their arms from the shackles and they cry out, "Free! Free!" They look back upon all the trials through which they have passed, the battles they have fought, the burdens they carried, the misrepresentations they suffered, and because they are delivered from all these, they stand before God waving their palms. They come to the feet of Christ and they look up into his face, and they remember his sorrows, and they remember his pain, and they remember his groans, and they say: "Why, I was saved by that Christ. He pardoned my sins, he soothed my sorrows;" and standing there they shall be exultant, waving their palms.

That hand once held the implement of toil or wielded the sword of war; but now it plucks down branches from the tree of life as they stand before the throne waving their palms. Once he was a pilgrim on earth; he crunched the hard crusts—he walked the weary way: but it is all gone now, the sin gone, the weariness gone, the sickness gone, the sorrow gone. As Christ stands up before the great array of the saved and recounts his victories, it will be like the rocking and tossing of a forest in a tempest, as all the redeemed rise up,host beyond host, rank beyond rank, waving, waving their palms.

My subject makes another advancement, and speaks of the song they sing.

Doctor Dick, in a very learned work, says that among other things in heaven he thinks they will give a great deal of time to the study of arithmetic and the higher branches of mathematics. I do not believe it. It would upset my idea of heaven if I thought so; I never liked mathematics; and I would rather take the representation of my text, which describes the occupation of heaven as being joyful psalmody. "They cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation unto our God." In this world we have secular songs, nursery songs, boatmen's songs, harvest songs, sentimental songs; but in heaven we will have taste for only one song,and that will be the song of salvation from an eternal death to an eternal heaven,

"I SEE A SOUL GOING UP."

through the blood of the Lamb that was slain.

I see a soul coming up to join the redeemed in heaven. As it goes through the gates, the old friends of that spirit come around it and say: "What shall we sing?" and the newly-arrived soul says: "Sing salvation;" and after a while an earthly despotism falls, and a sceptre of iniquity is snapped, and churches are built where once there were superstitious mosques, and angel cries to angel: "Let us sing;" and the answer is: "What shall we sing?" and another voice says: "Let us sing salvation." And after a while all the church on earth will rush into the outspread arms of the church of heaven, and while the righteous are ascending, and the world is burning, and all things are being wound up, the question will be asked: "What shall we sing?" and there will be a voice "like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings," that will respond: "Sing salvation."

In this world we have plaintive songs —songs tremulous with sorrow, songs dirgeful for the dead; but in heaven there will be no sighing of winds, no wailing of anguish, no weeping symphony. The tamest song will be hallelujah—the dullest tune a triumphal march. Joy among the cherubim! Joy among the seraphim! Joy among the ransomed! Joy forever!

On earth the music in churches is often poor, because there is no interest in it, or because there is no harmony. Some would not sing; some could not sing; some sang too high; some sang too low; some sang by fits and starts; but in the great audience of the redeemed on high all voices will be accordant, and the man who on earth could not tell a plantation melody from the "Dead March in Saul" will litt an anthem that the Mendelssohns and Beethovens and the Schumanns of earth never imagined; and you may stand through all eternity and listen, and there will not be one discord in that great anthem that forever rolls up against the great heart of God. It will not be a solo; it will not be a duet; it will not be a quintette; but an innumerable host before the throne, crying, "Salvation unto our God and unto the Lamb." They crowd all the temples; they bend over the battlements; they fill all the heights and depths and lengths and breadths of heaven with their hosannas.

When people were taken into the temple of Diana it was such a brilliant room that they were always put on their guard. Some people had lost their sight by just looking on the brilliancy of that room, and so the janitor when he brought a stranger to the door and let him in would always charge him, "Take heed of your eyes."

Oh! when I think of the song that goes up around the throne of God, so jubilant, many-voiced, multitudinous, I feel like saying, "Take heed of your ears." It is so loud a song. It is so blessed an anthem. They sing a rock song, saying, "Who is he that sheltered us in the wilderness, and shadowed us in a weary land?" And the chorus comes in: "Christ the shadow of a rock in a weary land."

They sing a star song, saying, "Who is he that guided us through the thick night, and when all other lights went out, arose in the sky the morning-star, pouring light on the soul's darkness?" And the chorus will come in: "Christ, the morning-star, shining on the soul's darkness." They will sing a flower song saying, "Who is he that brightened all our way, and breathed sweetness upon our soul, and bloomed through frost and tempest?" and the chorus will come in, "Christ, the lily of the valley, blooming through frost and tempest." They sing a water song, saying, "Who is he that gleamed to us from the frowning crag, and lightened the darkest ravine of trouble, and brought cooling to the temples, and refreshment to the lip, and was a fountain in the midst of the wilderness?" and then the chorus will come in, "Christ, the fountain in the midst of the wilderness."

My friends, will you join that anthem? Shall we make rehearsal this morning? If we cannot sing that song on earth, we will not be able to sing it in heaven. Can it be that our good friends in that land will walk all through that great throng of which I speak, looking for us and not finding us? Will they come down to the gate and ask if we have passed through, and not find us reported as having come? Will they look through the folios of eternal light and find our names unrecorded? Is all this a representation of a land we shall never see?—of a song we shall never sing?

THE "CONEMAUGH'S" CARGO.

Captain Spencer Tells how it was Distributed to the Russian Sufferers in Samara—The Famine Still far from being Ended.

IN the latter part of April, the Inman line Steamship *Conemaugh*, sailed from Philadelphia for the port of Riga, Russia, with a relief cargo supplied by the Philadelphia Citizens' Committee. The *Conemaugh* also carried out two thousand sacks of flour, the first shipment of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund for the Russian sufferers. Captain James H. Spencer of the *Conemaugh* who lately returned to this country with his vessel after a most remarkable voyage, visited the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last week. The captain is a fine, typical specimen of the American sailor, bluff, hearty, vigorous, in the prime of life, and with a fund of entertaining knowledge about the many countries he has visited during his thirty-eight years on the ocean. It was Captain Spencer who, in 1863, was chosen to take out to Russia the largest ship ever built in this country, the *General Admiral*, which was constructed expressly for Russia. Captain Spencer was in the United States Marine service in Mexican waters, during the eventful period preceding the downfall of Maximilian. He has also been distinguished prominently in many events connected with Russia, and was one of the committee who received the Grand Duke Alexis on his arrival in the United States several years ago. For a number of years before assuming command of the *Conemaugh* he was Captain of the Inman line steamer, *City of Limerick*.

"We had a good trip from Philadelphia to Riga with the relief cargo," said Captain Spencer. "Eighteen days after starting, we were passing Elsinore. On entering the Danish Sound, near Copenhagen, I communicated with some friends and sent telegrams to Riga. As we entered the gulf of Riga, we came to a place called Domes-Ness, in the province of Livonia. There I signalled the shore and they sent us a government official—the Superintendent of Telegraphs—and through him I arranged to send a message from Riga to this country.

"Next day we were accorded a magnificent reception by the civic and military authorities of the city. There were twelve steamers participating in the ovation, all handsomely decorated and laden with the youth and beauty of Russia. Russian bands were greeting our arrival with airs that we were pleasantly surprised to recognize, and which included 'The Star Spangled Banner,' 'Hail Columbia,' 'The Battle of Manasses' and 'Yankee Doodle,' together with the Russian national anthem,'God Bless Alexander.' Soon the official visitors came on board, and we welcomed them to the *Conemaugh*, where a bountiful luncheon had been spread, and all the hospitality we could summon was availed of. There were probably 1,500 ladies and gentlemen on our steamer's deck. The Greek Patriarch, assisted by a number of priests of the Greek church, blessed the cargo. The military and civic governors of the province were there, and the expressions of official and national gratitude for America's generosity were hearty and unbounded. I was presented with the freedom of the city of Riga and also with a large loaf of bread and a golden salt-cellar on a silver tray.

"At the close of the reception we went ashore and were installed at the Hotel Di Roma. In the evening the demonstration in honor of the *Conemaugh's* arrival took the form of processions, with bands of music and pyrotechnics. Mr. Reeves of Philadelphia and myself were regarded as the lions of the hour, and we were compelled to respond to the acclamations of the people, so we made speeches from the windows of the hotel. The crowd inside was so large that we had to hold on to each other to avoid falling out of the windows. All the speeches were in English, for we soon discovered that most Russians are acquainted with that language. Indeed, they are, as a whole, a far more cultured nation than we give them credit for. The course of study for a young lady in Russia includes six languages.

"These festivities continued for several days; but, meanwhile, they had not in any way interfered with the work of unloading the *Conemaugh*. Discharging occupied two and one-half days. We put the cargo on lighters, and six hours after our arrival in port, the first train of loaded cars left for the famine district in the province of Samara. All the *Conemaugh's* cargo went to that province, where the famine was unusually severe and the suffering widespread. In Livonia, affairs were much better. Our American Consul at Riga, M. Bornholtz, was of the greatest service to us in facilitating the disposition of the relief stores. I must also mention Count Bobrinskoy, a Russian nobleman of high rank, who has impoverished himself and greatly reduced his estates and patrimony by his generosity towards his suffering countrymen. He has sacrificed the whole of his income from his Samara estates for the last six years in this work. The Count is a man who has travelled much, and is widely esteemed in different parts of the world, and from the beginning of the relief movement he has taken a prominent part, personally directing much of the work of distribution.

"Our cargo, on reaching Samara, was put in the charge of trusted officials who performed the work of distribution well and faithfully. It is proper for me to say," added Captain Spencer, "that there is absolutely no foundation for the stories that have been circulated reflecting on the Russian officials. Everything that has passed through the hands of these officials, in the course of relieving the distress, has been dealt with honestly and intelligently. In culture, hospitality and fidelity to duty, the Russians will compare favorably with any nation on the globe, and a glimpse at Russian society, to those who only know it by hearsay, would indeed be a revelation.

"There are yet no signs of the end of the famine," he added, in conclusion; "but, I think, if the stricken provinces can tide over the month of August, we will then be able to tell definitely. The *Leo's* cargo will be in ample time to assist the sufferers, for there is still the greatest necessity for aid. The arrangement for distribution at Samara, as made by the governor of the province, is the finest that could be devised. He is one of the most disinterested and noble-minded men that ever lived, and all who had anything to do with the relief movement have the utmost confidence in him."

It will be gratifying to know from such a source that the shipment sent by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on the *Conemaugh* reached the very centre of suffering—the Province of Samara, where it was faithfully distributed among the afflicted peasantry.

TO OUR NEIGHBOR.

(Which of these thinkest thou, proved neighbor unto him? And he said, He that shewed mercy unto him. Luke 10: 36, 37.)

THOU say'st it is by obligation
For service rendered in the past,
That thou art sending to our nation
Thy help in dearth and deadly fast.

Well, be it so! But Lord, defender
Was *klaf weard* * in thy tongue of old;
In modern English this to render;
It meant *bread giver* † we are told.

To-day in God's predestination
By succor brought in time of need,
Thou art a *klaf weard* to our nation,
A brother and a friend indeed.

Be welcome, sympathizing brother!
And welcome be thy noble band,
Who wrought with one accord together
To forward help by sea and land!

Thy deed forebodes that blessed morning
When wars and enmity shall cease,
And when all nations are adoring
The throne of Christ, the Prince of peace.

From Behring strait to Louisiana
Our heart is on our welfare set;
Missouri! Conemaugh! Indiana!
A Russian never shall forget.

To us thy sympathy is dearer
Than gold and silver richly spread.
Stretch out thy hand! We must draw nearer,
One path of equity to tread.

Thy welfare as our own esteeming,
What know we of our coming fate?
We only know: what God is scheming
Shall be both lasting, strong and great.

The wonders of God's grace confessing,
We praise the Giver of all bread.
May his reward and fullest blessing
Be poured upon Columbia's head.

All hail Columbia, land fraternal!
Long live the Emperor of our land!
And on the base of truth eternal
May our dominions firmly stand.

May, 1892. —MICHAEL A. SCHERBININ.

* Bread-keeper is more correct.

† Anglo-Saxon.

THE LAME MAN HEALED.

S. S. Lesson for July 24. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Acts 3: 1-16. Golden Text, Acts 3 : 16.

FOLLOWING their Master's example, Peter and John, as well as the company of the disciples, were frequent worshippers in the temple: "continuing steadfastly with one accord in the temple." (Acts 2: 46, R. V.) Filled as they were with the Holy Ghost, they saw everything about them with spiritual eyes. A lame man lay "at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful." This was no unusual circumstance; they had probably seen him there many times, for he was laid there daily, that he might pursue the only occupation by which he could obtain a living, *i. e.*, by soliciting alms from those who entered into the temple.

Why Was It

that on this special occasion the attention of the apostles should be drawn to him? A lame beggar could easily be disposed of by a trifling gift, if one has such to give. But to men who are full of the Holy Ghost nothing is an accident, nothing comes by chance. God had permitted that just this day and hour, his God-filled children should enter the temple by that gate, that the attention of the lame beggar should be directed to them, and, perhaps, because no one else was near, that he should ask an alms of them. How marvellous may be the outcome of the simplest thing if men of God recognise the hand of God in them! A daily occurrence, the petition of a lame beggar, no unusual person or petition,—was to result in arousing all Jerusalem, in bringing the witnesses of Jesus to bear their testimony before the chief priests and elders of the people, and in the conversion of thousands of souls!

The apostles were poor like their Master; but they did not therefore hurriedly dismiss the petition of the lame beggar. Their understanding had been opened to understand the Scriptures, and now they understood concerning the loaves (Mark 6: 52: 8: 14, 6), and knew that he who was with them "alway, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. 28: 20), was their Guarantee that they could "give them to eat" who were in need. They had learned that a child of God with whom the Lord is, can always in some way or other be made a blessing to those who come in contact with him. Peter, under the leading of the Holy Ghost, fastening his eyes on him, said: "Look on us. And he gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something of them. Silver and gold have I none; but what I have that I give thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, walk. And he took him by the right hand and raised him up; and immediately his feet and his ankle-bones received strength. And leaping up, he stood, and began to walk, and he entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God."

"In the Name of Jesus Christ"

Peter had once been self-sufficient, full of what he was, and had valued and prided himself upon his own zeal and devotion. But he had learned the bitter lesson that his own name, that which he was, had so broken down and failed that it had ended in his denying his Lord with oaths and curses. He could never have been trusted to make use of the name of Jesus so long as he lived under his own name, in the atmosphere of what he was. All the way he took with the lame beggar was foreign to the character of the old Peter, but it was perfectly consistent with the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. There is salvation and power in the name of the Lord Jesus, that Name which is above every name; that at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth, and things under the earth." (Phil. 2: 9, 10, R. V.) When Peter first knew that Jesus was "the Christ, the Son of the living God" (Matt. 16: 16), he was puffed up by his knowledge, and filled with self-importance, so that he took upon himself even to rebuke his Lord, as well as to be the ordinary spokesman among the twelve. It was another thing now. Formerly he had sought, as many have done since, to make his knowledge of, and his devotion to the Lord, serve his purpose and make him great. But now the name of Jesus covered him, he was under its shadow. As the wife renounces her own name, lives under cover of her husband's name, as she gives up the privileges which attached to her maiden name and family, and then, by right of being one with her husband, she has power to use the authority of his name, so was it with Peter and his Lord. This disciple knew now the leading of the Holy Ghost; he had not gone forth that morning alone, or without guidance; the Lord was in that visit to the temple, and Peter, being in the will of God, had power with him. No longer did he toil all the night and take nothing, as when the ship was his own, and Jesus only a guest within it (Luke 5: 5.) He had left all and followed Jesus. But still more Jesus had left all, even his very life, that Peter might be crucified with him, and that he might live out his own life in Peter, and make his disciple an instrument to do his will.

The healing of the beggar, lame from his birth, and now forty years of age, was instantaneous. The people around, who had not overheard the words which passed between him and Peter, saw the familiar figure of the lame beggar, now lame no longer, "walking and praising God . . . and they were filled with wonder and amazement at that which had happened unto him." But he who wondered most was the man himself: he "held Peter and John" as though unable to let go out of his sight, the instruments of such a wondrous work. The news of the miracle ran from one to another, and a crowd gathered, which gazed upon the healed man and the two disciples in mute amazement. It was the moment prepared of God. Something inexplicable to the people, had happened in their very midst: what did it mean? Peter, as the mouthpiece of the Holy Ghost, gave the explanation: "Ye men of Israel," he said, "why marvel ye at this man? or why fasten ye your eyes on us, as though by our own power or godliness we had made him to walk?" (R.V.) The Holy Spirit bears witness of Jesus, not of Peter or any other man. (John 15: 26.) It was by virtue of the all power both in heaven and in earth which was given unto Jesus (Matt. 28: 18), and by no power or virtue committed to Peter, that this work was done. The instinct of a man full of the Spirit is to

Divert Attention from Himself

to Jesus. And now Peter, still led of the Spirit, is used as his instrument to convince of sin. Peter attempted in no way to condone or excuse the sin of his brethren the Jews. When a man deals with sinners in the Spirit, he wars with sin to the uttermost. "Thou art the man," was the Spirit's word through Nathan to the fallen king of Israel (II.Sam. 12:7); and David was not satisfied until God had his desire, and truth was established "in the inward parts." (Ps. 51: 6.) If these men of Jerusalem did not come to a deep sense of their sin against God in their rejection of the Christ, they would not be brought to the turning point of acknowledging as their Saviour him whom they and their very teachers had brought to the cross. They must know their utter ruin and their deep guilt, and take their part as crucified with him that they might be saved.

"And his name through faith in his name hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know: yea, the faith which is by him hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all." What then; was this Jesus of Nazareth not only mighty enough to raise the dead Lazarus from the grave during his life time on earth, but was there indeed virtue in his very name to recreate those ankle-bones and muscles of a man, which had never been known to bear his weight? There was no other explanation, and none could deny the former impotence or the present soundness of the man. There he stood,

A Living Witness

of the power of Jesus' name, his very presence was the text from which Peter's sermon was preached. The evidence was incontrovertible, and Peter, having thus established the authority of the name of Jesus, and the culpability of the Jews, was in a position to come down to the level of every one who should open his heart to the convicting voice of the Holy Ghost. Repentance toward God and forgiveness of sins in the reception of the Christ as their Saviour and the Lord, and then the expectation of his return, this was the message set forth in this extempore sermon, preached under such exceptional circumstances.

"Ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God and to wait for his Son from heaven," said Paul to the Thessalonians, shortly after their conversion. (1. Thes. 1: 9, 10.) Both Peter and Paul were men filled with the Spirit and both expected Christ's return in their own day. If there had been at that time a universal repenting of the Jews, and a turning again to receive the crucified, risen, and ascended Lord, might not this eighteen hundred years' interval have been spared, and Christ have come again even then? Truly Peter adds: "whom the heaven must receive until the times of restoration of all things." (R.V.) What is this restoration but the return of man to the purpose for which God created and redeemed him; the full carrying out of the thought of God in man. And then he referred to the prophecy of Moses (Deut. 18: 15), "A prophet shall the Lord God raise up unto you from among your brethren, like unto me; to him shall ye hearken in all things whatsoever he shall speak unto you." (R.V.) A people who will fully and unreservedly hearken to their God; a Bride, an helpmeet, answering to him (Gen. 2: 18 R. V. marg.) is the true thought of God.

Peter spoke solemnly of the alternative, the destruction from among the people of all who would not hearken to the Christ, God's Prophet, in those days which all the prophets foretold. And then he fearlessly applied what he had said in such a way that they could not remain nutral; they must now decide and take their stand with or against Christ.

LESSON POINTS.

"His name through faith in his name hath made this man strong." Acts 3: 16.

HIS Name. There is power in a name. A young merchant came to New York to purchase goods. He called on a large firm in his line of business, found that they had goods on sale such as he wanted and that the prices were satisfactory. "Have you an account?" he was asked. "No," he said, "I have never bought any goods from you yet." The salesman said, "Then you will have to see the firm. We must have their authority before we open a new account." The customer was taken to the office of the firm. He explained that he had recently commenced business and would be glad to purchase goods from them. He was doing a good business and produced a statement showing how much capital he had, how much stock and how much he owed. The firm examined it and it looked well, but they did not know if it was truthful. He would give his note for the amount of his purchases. The firm hesitated and finally declined to supply the goods. But the next day the young merchant returned and presented his note with an endorsement on it. The firm looked at the note and their manner changed immediately. "You may have as large a credit as you like," they said, "if you bring us notes with that name on them."

Through faith in his name. It is through faith that the power of the name of Jesus is exercised. There were places, even when Jesus was present in person, where not many mighty works were done because of the unbelief of the people. Peter and John must have had faith in the power of the name of Jesus or they would not have dared to use it. They would have been ridiculed if no effect had followed their words when they bade the lame man rise and walk. But they had no fear of that. They evidently expected that the lame man would receive power to obey. In other words, they had faith in the name they used. Christmas Evans was wont to relate that he had a dream in which he thought he was in the world beyond the grave. He saw Christ and spoke with him. Afterward he found himself in a forest, so surrounded with great trees that he could not make his way out. The thought of his interview with Christ came to him. He seized a tree in both hands and in the name of Christ commanded it to be torn up by the roots. He dreamed that instantly the great tree lay prostrate. "I thought" he said, "now I can understand how the Apostles worked miracles."

When John Howard wanted to visit the prisons of Russia he sought an interview with the Czar. He explained his object and the Czar gave him permission to visit any prison in his empire. It was a long and weary journey; he knew how jealously the prisoners were guarded and how averse the jailers were to permit any one to visit them. But he set out in perfect confidence. When he arrived at a prison he would make his application and was prepared for the refusal which invariably came. Then he produced the Czar's mandate and the prison doors were immediately opened to him. He had faith in that name and it was justified by the results.

"*Hath made this man strong.*" It makes men strong now. It gives strength to do and to suffer. By faith in his name the missionary goes out to Africa and to China believing that men will be converted and that he will be supported and protected. By faith in His name Mr. Muller has undertaken the support of two thousand orphans and has never lacked the means, though he has never asked any human being for help. Men and women physically weak have gone to torture and to the stake unfalteringly, in the strength that came from the name of Christ. It makes men strong to resist temptation. One of our greatest writers tells the story of a business man who owned a milling property in the West. A time of financial pressure came; and his being able to maintain his position depended on whether he could sell that property at a good price. He discovered that owing to a railroad complication the property in two or three years would be practically worthless. On the very day that the discovery was made, two strangers came to him and offered to purchase it for a foreign house. They were willing to give him a higher price than he ever hoped to get. If he told them of the railroad trouble they would not buy at any price. It was a sore temptation. He knew his duty but he could not bring himself to do it. He excused himself for a few minutes and went into a vacant room in the top story of his warehouse; and there knelt down to pray. When he came down to his office he told the men the whole truth. They declined to purchase, as he expected; but he had the approval of his conscience. By the strength that came from that name he had been enabled to do right.

The late Mr. Gough used to relate an incident in proof of his theory that no reformed drunkard was safe until he had put his trust in Christ. He said he knew a man who gave his word to his wife that he would never touch liquor again. He was not a Christian and had never prayed for twenty-eight years; but his wife was a praying woman. She fell on her knees when he gave his promise and prayed that God would give him strength to keep it. He was offended by her lack of confidence in his manhood and scolded her. A few days afterward Mr. Gough was his companion on a railroad journey. "I am going," he said, "to see about a piece of property I bought some time ago. I'm going right among the drink and into temptation. I want whiskey now but I don't mean to have it. I tried to take my breakfast this morning; I could not get it down; I wanted whiskey; I felt as if I must have whiskey. The more I tried to eat, the more I loathed the food. And I knew where I was going. I felt I would rather be carried home dead than carried home drunk." Then the tears came and the lip quivered as he said: "Well Mr. Gough, you may think it very queer of *me*, but I have been on my knees this morning for over an hour." "Keep to that," said Mr. Gough, "and you will be safe." "Do you think so?" "I am sure." And so it proved.

Another man whom Mr. Gough induced to sign the pledge would not accept Christ, but after he had been an abstainer for a few months became a Christian. Walking down the street with Mr. Gough afterwards, he said to him: "Do you see that red-fronted drinking-saloon? Well, ever since I signed the pledge I have been afraid to psss the door of that house, so I used to turn down a side street and go around it: but, Mr. Gough, since I have had the grace of God in my heart, I go right by that saloon. If I have the slightest desire for drink, I breathe a prayer, 'God keep me for Christ's sake,' and I go past it safely."

O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near!

CALLING BACK THE CASTAWAYS.

(*Continued from first page.*

possible to make it pay the entire expense. Commissioner Cadman, who is at the head of the Salvation Army's social wing in England, is making an effort to do this. Miss Hinman had a long interview with him during a recent visit to London, in which he said:

MAKING HORSES' NOSE-BAGS

"I think the present system of work-houses and prisons only make the men worse. Instead of decreasing sin, crime and poverty they are gradually increasing them." Commissioner Cadman said that in order to prove the Salvation Army system the best, he communicated with a number of the guardians, and asked them to select any twenty men in the work-house and let him have them and give them a chance. Sixteen men were selected for the experiment from the Hackney almshouse, and thirteen agreed to go with Commissioner Cadman. He at once set to work, and all but two, who did not remain long, were working well. "After that," said the Commissioner, "I took eight more and they are doing well."

Commissioner Cadman added, "We have broken up gangs of burglars, and some are now officers in the Salvation Army, and are doing all that is possible to regain their lost character."

One of the most interesting departments of the work is the Shelters. To these shelters come many men who have led lives of crime, and have at last found that there is something better than serving in prison and taking lashes and coarse prison fare as their portion. Some of them are converted and have become officers in the Prison Gate Brigade of the Salvation Army. Many affecting stories are related of the kindly influence exercised over old companions in crime by the redeemed criminals, and the successful efforts of the latter to bring their "old pals" into the fold. It is told of an old criminal, known to the police as "Dad," that when he was brought to one of the Shelters, he could not get in, as the place was full, so he stood on the steps and said: "Well, I will wait here till to-morrow night." Next night, there he was, sure enough. At the meeting he wept like a child. After being dealt with faithfully, and pointed to the One who alone can save, he got up from his knees and told a little of his career. He had never earned an honest penny in his life.

"I want to work now," he said, "although I'm an old man."

So he took a sack and went gathering rags, day after day, sometimes walking fourteen miles a day. In three months he had saved enough to buy two suits of clothes—a thing he had never done before in he life. Another, who had been eleven times in prison, is now a night-watchman for the Army, at one of its stations.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD representative visited the Shelters on the invitation of Mr. Bramwell Booth, and also the foot depots, farm and factories. One of the features that interested her greatly was the making of Salvation Army matches. The match factory is a few miles from London, and there the entire process—from the cutting of the wood to the turning out of the finished article in boxes is performed. No health-destroying or deleterious materials are used, and this is a prime consideration, for in the common process of match-making, the materials employed cause what is known as match-makers' leprosy—a form of necrosis or "phossy jaw," in which the bones of the face contract and are destroyed. Attacks of this ailment, when unrelieved, are often fatal.

While it is true, as has been explained, that the stupendous task of raising the "Submerged Tenth" necessitates dealing with their physical condition at the outset, the scheme also involves the spiritual condition, and to this all else is made subservient. A change of heart, General Booth holds, is necessary to elevate man's fallen condition, consequently the leaders of the army, following this principle, believe that even if you shower loaves of bread upon men and women, yet, without a change of heart, their real condition cannot be greatly improved. Mr. Bramwell Booth, speaking of the general plan, said: "You have nothing in America to compare with the great mass of our population here. Emigration has possibly set up a new state of things in the back alleys of New York, but you can brush it out. It is a new excrescence, which with us is a constitutional disorder. The *Darkest England* scheme is an attempt to find a remedy for the state of things. We have now under our care about three hundred of the submerged class. For our over-sea colony we have set apart about $125,000 of the $500,000 subscribed. We have spent nearly the whole of the original sum and are about to ask for another $125,000 to carry on and extend the work during the coming year. Our city and farm colony are in successful operation."

A visit was paid to one of the Woman's Shelters where a number of forlorn destitute creatures were found already gathered in a large, cosy room which was adorned with Scripture texts. Here they were furnished supper to be followed later by a religious service. It was a heart-rending sight to see so many poor homeless human beings. There were young women here and gray-haired feeble women and some in middle life. Some had little children and one had a baby in her arms. Some were weeping, others looked stoical. One was sewing old pieces of cloth together. An officer explained that many who seek these shelters depend largely for their living on what they can pick out of refuse barrels before they

AT WORK ON THE FARM.

are hauled off in the morning. They call it "living out of the aprons or out of the dust-pan." They pick up old pieces of rags here and there and sew them together for dresses. One poor old soul, who had only been able to secure enough pieces for part of a dress, when asked why she didn't wear a whole dress said she would when she could "pick up a few more scraps out of the dust-pan."

Up stairs was the sleeping apartment, heated by steam and which would probably furnish shelter for over two hundred women. Instead of bedsteads there are shallow boxes six feet long and about six inches in depth, laid upon the floor close together. Each has a mattress and a covering.

At the food depots in different parts of the city, a child can have a basin of good soup for half a cent and a poor mother can get basins of soup for herself and four children for three cents. Meats and vegetables, bread and puddings are also furnished at very low rates. In the kitchens are immense chaldrons in which the vegetables are steamed. The food looks very inviting—good enough for any table. There are also shelters for men where one can have his supper, lodging and breakfast all for eight cents. The Army has other shelters at Clerkenwell, Westminster and Royal Mint Street. The Shelter work reaches the lowest strata of society.

In the Army work-shops, destitute, unemployed men are given work, and "submerged" labor is made profitable. In one department the men cut and tie up kindling wood; in another they are at carpentry work. One man is making toy ships. The workers are quiet and industrious, although some are ex-convicts.

General Booth expressly declares that, in his scheme, there is no pretence of charity beyond the charity which gives a man remunerative labor, as they do not wish to establish a new centre of demoralization. When the homeless out-of-works apply for food and shelter, they are told that they can have them, but they must pay for them in work, and if they cannot do more than tie a string around some sticks for kindlings they are given this to do. There are better accommodations than these shelters which are termed "Metropoles," or poor men's hotels. These have reading-rooms, good books, and lockers. During the process of improving the temporal condition of the rescued, a strong religious influence is thrown around them. Religious services are held nightly at all the shelters and many are converted.

We have outlined briefly this great undertaking, which is still on probation in England. It is the first attempt that has ever been made to apply the surplus labor of the great cities, to use the refuse of civilization, to drag out from the lowest depths the social outcasts and criminals, the vice-stained pariahs of both sexes and present before them the alluring possibility of a better life, in which they will be at least of as much account as the beasts for whom its kindly master cares. General Booth is doing for the "Submerged Tenth" in England what Tolstoi is doing for the starving in Russia—and more, for he is strengthening and encouraging as well as succoring these poor wretches, kindling in their hearts a longing for honest independence and uprightness. Can the experiment be pushed beyond its present limits successfully? Are its results enduring? What effect will it have on the next generation of the lowest class? These are questions that must wait an answer in the future. What is certain, however, is that, by the scheme we have described thousands of outcasts are being helped upward to habits of industry and economy, and are morally improved, better fed, cleaner, healthier and happier than before the experiment began. The work in the cities is only a part of the general scheme. At the "Hadleigh Farm Colony" of 1,000 acres in Essex about 250 persons are working satisfactorily. Our illustration, which was specially procured for this article, shows the farm buildings with a group at work in the fields; the dining room at one of the Army restaurants, a a Night Shelter, with the line of rude cots fully occupied, and a scene in the refuge room at city headquarters before the gatherings of the unskilled have been classified and put in the hands of the mechanics to be renovated and transformed into articles for the public market.

FOR HER HUSBAND'S SAKE.

REV. A. ROWLAND, Chairman of the London Congregational Union, relates the following: "Let me tell you what was told me by one of the most genial, humorous, companionable men I ever met He is a professional musician, and a freemason; and, happily for himself, an abstainer. He told me that both his brother and his father died drunkards, and that on one of his voyages to America, he being then a moderate drinker, he resolved, with God's help, to give it up. Accordingly, he wrote from the other side of the Atlantic to tell his wife that he had taken the pledge. The letter was never delivered. When he reached home, the decanters were put on the table as before, and next moment he was reaching out his hand to take one, when he bethought himself of his vow. Then looking his wife indignantly in the face, he said, 'Didn't I write you I was a teetotaller now?' She sprang from her seat, threw her arms around his neck, and said, 'No, but with all my heart I thank God that you are; and from this moment I will give it up for your sake, dear.' 'Ah,' said he, 'that was a good day for us both!' Dear brethren, don't be indifferent in this matter to those you love and whom Christ died to save. Don't be unwilling to give up anything, if in any degree, your abstinence will put temptation out of their way, or strengthen their resolves." A moderate drihker who becomes a total abstainer does a beneficent work. Not only is his example helpful but he helps to redeem the name of Temperance from being a stigma implying moral weakness.

DR. TALMAGE IN ENGLAND.

The Editor of "The Christian Herald" on his Preaching Tour—Honors and Ovations from Many Quarters.

A SPECIAL cablegram from London to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, received just as this edition was going to press, contains some very interesting information concerning the Rev. Dr. Talmage's preaching tour in the United Kingdom. He has been invited to be present on public occasions in so many quarters since his arrival in England, that it is impossible to respond to more than a small number of these urgent and well-meant solicitations.

As already stated in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, his opening sermon on British soil was preached in the Myrtle Street Church, Liverpool, to an enormous congregation. Although he had hardly slept at all on the steamer, and had only arrived five and a-half hours before ascending the platform, Dr. Talmage was at his best and the great audience showed a hearty appreciation. He shook hands with nearly 2,000 people after finishing and addressed a great throng from the church steps. This was followed by preaching and addresses at several points during the week and on the succeeding Sunday, by a sermon in Dr. Parker's City Temple, London. In the evening he preached in the East Side of London. On the following day he preached once more in the capital and then went to Nottingham on the 28th, Hanley on the 29th, and Crewe on the 30th of June, preaching to remarkable audiences at each place. On Sunday July 3, he preached in the evening to a very large audience in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester. The great building was packed almost to suffocation and large numbers were unable to gain an entrance. As was the case in Liverpool and London, the streets leading to the hall were blocked by a dense, surging mass of humanity. After the service, Dr. Talmage delivered a short address to a crowd of 15,000 persons which he found assembled outside the building.

Notable among the many invitations with which Dr. Talmage has been honored, we may mention that of Lord Aberdeen, with whom he dined in London, the reception of July 4th, given at the house of the American Minister, and the grand banquet and reception given by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London at the Mansion House where Dr. Talmage met His Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, the Archbishop of York, and many eminent bishops of the Church of England. This last-mentioned event took place on July 6th, and was characterized by the princely hospitality for which the ancient and wealthy Corporation of London is noted. The Lord Mayor's banquet is a very exclusive affair, and as the invitations are sent out only to the most prominent people, they are very highly valued and in great demand. Lord Mayor Evans is a wealthy merchant, though he is comparatively a young man. He is a Welshman and the first native of that Principality who has occupied the Lord Mayor's chair in London in a century.

Dr. Talmage's itinerary for the remainder of his stay abroad is as follows: He will cross the Channel with Dr. Klopsch, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and proceed to Russia by rail, passing through Germany. On reaching St. Petersburg, which they will reach almost simultaneously with the arrival of the steamer *Leo*, containing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund cargo for the famine sufferers, they will give personal attention to the distribution of the cargo. This accomplished, they will return to England, this time by a water route, taking in Norway and Sweden on the way. On their return, Dr. Talmage will preach at Hull and Newcastle. Thereafter, unless unforseen circumstances necessitate a change in the programme, the itinerary will be: (Sunday), July 24th, Edinburgh; 26th, Dundee; 27th, Perth; 28th, Aberdeen; (Sunday), 31st, Inverness; Aug. 2, Oban; 3, Greenock; 4th, Paisley; (Sunday), 7th, Glasgow; 9th, Carlisle; 10th, Workington; 11th, Barrow-in-Furness; (Sunday), 14th, Isle of Man; 16th, Leeds; 17th, Bradford; 18th, Sheffield; 19th, Derby; (Sunday), 21st, Birmingham; 23d, Leicester; 24th, Cardiff; 25th, Swansea; (Sunday), 28th, Bristol; 30th, Exeter; 31st, Plymouth; September 1st, Portsmouth; 2d, Brighton; 4th, London; 11th, Belfast; and 13th, Dublin.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

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SUMMER PICNICS.

THE seething, scorching, blasting heat of a few days has been the subject of newspaper column and private conversation. Ordinarily people talk about the weather because they have nothing else to say, but this week they talked about it because it was the most important theme. As Alexander Smith, the Scotch poet, says, "Summer has come down on us like a panther from the mountains." Weather amounts to the solemn and appalling when all exposed to it suffer up to near the point of sunstroke or apoplexy. If any people are to be commiserated, it is those who have been compelled to toil outdoors when the thermometer has gone mad in the nineties. We do well at such times to avoid all excitement, while we rejoice that intense heat or cold in this climate generally ends in three or four days.

At such times what a great blessing from God are parks and sea-beach. The Psalmist exclaimed, "Who can stand before his cold?" We may, at such times, change the question, and say, "Who can stand before his heat?" The Spring season, again and again, in these later times, has seemed to fall out of the procession of years. It has been no failure of the Divine promise, for after the flood, the assurance was given of only two distinct seasons, Summer and Winter. If, therefore, for the last twenty years, there have been but few vernal seasons worthy the name of Spring, there has been no infraction of Divine revelation. If you think that in March, April and May we always have Spring, ask the merchants who have Spring goods to sell whether we are right in saying that, while according to the Book of Genesis, Summer and Winter have not failed, a regular Springtime is the exception. But if there is anything about which we ought to be uncomplainingly submissive, it is the weather, for that must be of Divine arrangement, and in nowise the result of human imperfection.

With the warm weather have come many church festivals. There have been gatherings of this sort all around us. Do you think it right to have such convocations? Oh, yes; they break up the formalities of churches, and introduce feelings of good neighborhood, and widen healthful acquaintanceship; and every religious organization ought to have them. The whole tendency in city churches is toward isolation and exclusiveness, and as soon as you have made people shake hands you have opened for them doors of useful opportunity. If all you know of the people who attend the same church is the knowledge which comes from seeing them on the other side of the aisle, or in a pew approximate, you are not doing your duty. I long ago made up my mind that the more good people I knew the better for me. We all know people who are to us a disadvantage. They are worse than that, and the danger is they will draw us down to their level. Our ambition ought to be to form the acquaintance of people better than we are, and the probability is they will lift us to their standard. If we do not know people better than we are it is a sign that we have gone into a ruinous self-righteousness, and the probability is there is no good in us at all. We have the Gospel in song, and the Gospel in sermon, and the Gospel in ordinance; but we want more of the Gospel of handshaking. Therefore, I favor fairs and festivals, and re-unions and picnics and steamboat excursions. Because we are going to have such gladness in the world to come is no reason why we should make our earthly pilgrimage wretched.

The first picnic I read of was in New Testament times when the people sat down by fifties and by hundreds and the contents of a boy's satchel were multiplied until seven thousand hungry people could not come within twelve basketsfull of consuming the provisions. Have no compunctions, then, about church festivals.

USELESS ASSAULT.

THE air is full of talk against catechisms and creeds, and the theology of the past. One might be led to suppose that the loose theological talkers of the world were doing all the good, upholding all the beneficent institutions, and that the men who believe in the Gospel out and out, in and in, were fossils on the shelf. Take out of the past John Calvin, and John Wesley, and Martin Luther, and John Howe, and Richard Cecil, and Jonathan Edward, and the Scotch Covenanters, and how much of the best part of the world's history would be destroyed. They all believe in a creed, whether written or unwritten, and adopted the whole Bible. All that the sceptics and loose religious thinkers have done for the Church and the world, you can put in a quart jug, and have room left for a full quart beside. While these men pass their time tinkering Christianity, hoping to repair it until it shall be fit for the acceptance of this enlightened age, the plain Gospel goes on making its grandest triumphs, building larger churches and more magnificent universities. If there were not calamity mingled with the farce, we should laugh day and night to see these mighty hunters shooting the Rock of Ages.

POLITICAL DETRACTION.

THE world has an assurance in the rainbow that there shall never be another deluge of water, but we have no security against a deluge of mud. We are five months off from the ballot-box, and if our orators and scribes are to be more and more emphatic as the decisive day in November approaches, who can imagine the climax of objurgation to be reached? The English language by that time, if it goes on at this ratio, will look like a prairie swept of autumnal fires. The stump-speakers will be paying large premiums for some new term of contempt, or be longing for other worlds of scandalization to conquer. No skilful racer puts his horse to utmost speed at the start, but waits for the homestretch, in which to plunge the rowel. It would be wise if political critics would moderate their pace at this early day, and save their greatest exertions until the last. Who knows but that in the good times that are to come we may have a Presidential election in which nothing but the courteous and the Christian shall predominate. Holiness to be inscribed on the bells of the horses, why not holiness inscribed on everything? Two things we ought to learn right away — that no one is ever built up by pulling others down, and that the gun of detraction kicks over the man who shoots it off.

DEADLY WEAPONS.

THERE is, evidently, among certain educated and well-to-do men, an impression that they can right their wrongs by manslaughter. There are those who think it looks brave to carry a pistol. Now, I will undertake to say that any man who lives in a well-defended city, and is afraid to go out and come in without firearms, has not the courage of a sheep. If called to go out on the borders of civilization, or as officer of the law, to explore the haunts of a great city, deadly weapons may be an appropriate accompaniments; but he who in peaceful times and in well-governed neighborhoods carries dirk or pistol, has the spirit of murder, whether or not he commit the crime. In all the history of the world slander was never baffled, nor was honor vindicated by taking the life of another. Newspaper abuse was never stopped by extinguishing an editor. In most cases of assassination the wrong man is killed. That is not the best way to answer newspaper abuse. Let them go on. Everybody comes to understand that it is a personality. An abusive newspaper corrects the harm it does by the reputation it gets for abuse. The most successful and honored men in State and Church are those which certain newspapers have attempted to annihilate. Every man comes to be estimated for what he is really worth. You cannot write him up and you cannot write him down. It is a rather unfortunate thing for a man to be abused only once by a newspaper, for them the public might be deceived in regard to him; but if the abuse go on for weeks and months and years, the people come to understand it as only the wreaking of some old grudges, and the charges fall powerless. Besides that, it is not now, as once, in towns and cities, that there was only one newspaper, and that could have things its own way.

There are now scores of newspapers coming out day by day, and if one paper is unfair with you, other papers will do you full justice. But if there should come a case of defamation in which no newspaper column is open to set you right, you have the law, and a jury made up of men who, like yourself, have reputation and family, and sense of right and wrong, will give you damages. But do not think that by violence you can adjust anything. Keep your heart right and your life right, and you are independent of the world's bombardment. Snap your sword cane and throw your derringer into the East River. What a chicken-liver instead of a heart you must have, that you have to be armed to walk Fulton Street or Broadway! There is a certain kind of man who ought never to have pistol in his pocket or under his pillow, or anywhere in the house, from garret to cellar, and that is the young man or old, who has a violent temper. To say nothing of a revolver, it is dangerous for you to have so much as a percussion-cap or a ramrod. You carry a pistol, when suddenly, in a moment of insane fury, you may do something you may be sorry for through time and through eternity. With such a temper as you have, to carry a weapon of death is as unwise as to put gunpowder and lucifer matches in the same box. The orderly citizen in our orderly cities, in the next hundred years will need no firearms. Ten lives are lost every year through the accidental discharge of firearms where there is one life saved by being armed. This complete puppyism that cannot live without being armed with deadly weapons ought to be spanked and put to bed before sundown. It is an awful thing to take human life.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

THE MORNING BREAKS.

NOW, in my dream, I again walked through the city which John Bunyan's Pilgrim had left. Those that knew him were dead. A new generation had come. The wickedness of the latter was greater than the former. (Matt. 9: 21-22.)

I passed by an elegant row of stone dwellings and found, by the names an the door plates, that the descendants of that jury who passed sentence of death on Faithful lived within. Mr. Malice occupied the corner house, next to his was Mr. Blind-man, then Mr. No-good, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light, Mr. Implacable, and last, Mr. Live-loose, whose house appeared a little shabby. While meditating upon the longsuffering of God to the wicked, wondering why the very names of these murderers had not been wiped from off the face of the earth, there came a young man from Mr. Hate-light's house; his face was pallid; he was evidently affrighted. I accosted him and found he was their son. When asked the reason of his fears, he drew from his pocket a little book named Psalter and turning to the place marked xi., he read, "The Lord trieth the righteous; but the wicked and him that loveth violence his soul hateth; upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest; this shall be the portion of their cup." The passage was marked with heavy lines of black.

"Where did you get this?" I asked.

"One calling himself 'The King's Messenger' left it at our door. My parents always burn such works, but this I got before they saw it, and while in my room last night I read a portion. The entrance of the Word gave me light (Psalm 64: 130), and I am undone."

"Wither goest thou now?" I inquired.

"To one Wisdom, who lives on Understanding Pathway (Prov. 3: 13), for I learn many have visited his house that have been reared in darkness like myself, and have come therefrom resolved to be changed men, and left for Mount Zion."

He hastened on, while I yet remained, wishing I could meet the King's Messenger and tell him the good he had done; wishing, too, that he might get the King's Word in the hands of all the young men of the row, that they also might follow Mr. Hate-light's son, for if the parents close their eyes to the light, yet the children may be saved, for "the children shall not be put to death for the fathers: every man shall be put to death for his own sin." (Deut. 24: 16.)

I was quickly disturbed in my meditations by an old man whose head was white with silvery hair; his years were far more than any of whom I had ever read, but his eyes had lost none of the sparkle of youth. My look must have been to him a query.

Said he, "My name is History. My pen never rests nor rusts and my mind never fades. What wouldst thou know?"

"Tell me," said I, "will there be many saved from this city that is doomed?"

"Thou shouldst have asked Destiny, with whom I saw thee talking. I cannot tell. Ask me little of the future, but of the past I can tell thee all."

Whereupon I plied him with questions.

"Tell me, didst thou know Christian?"

"There have been many by that name; of whom dost thou speak?"

"The one, a young man, who, upon learning of the threatened destruction of this city, left for Mount Zion."

"Yes, yes; I have the story of his life and progress from this world to that which is to come."

"You say there have been many by that name; where are they?"

"Gone to a better country (Heb. 9: 16), and now inhabit a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." (II. Cor. 5: 1.)

"Are they all there?"

"Nay, truly nay; for some are now trying to finish their course with joy, and may be at work here persuading others to flee from the wrath to come, for this is a generation of vipers." (Matt. 3: 7.)

"Why hath not the wrath of God overthrown the city?"

"The King hath no pleasure in the death of the wicked. So he spares the city and withholds his wrath, that they may turn from it and live." (Ezek. 33: 11.)

THE NEW PREMIER.

THE President has filled the vacancy in the Cabinet, which was caused by Mr. Blaine's resignation, by appointing Col. John W. Foster, of Indiana, whose portrait appears on this page, Secretary of State. Col. Foster has been familiar with the business of the State Department for nearly twenty years. His diplomatic career commenced in 1873 when President Grant appointed him Minister to Mexico. He was reappointed by President Hayes, but in 1880 he was promoted to be Minister to Russia. He resigned at the close of the following year to attend to urgent private business which required his presence at home. In 1883, President Arthur appointed him Minister to Spain, where he negotiated a reciprocity treaty which, he believed, would secure to the United States a large part of the trade with Spain and the Spanish West Indies. He was deeply concerned to learn that the Senate did not approve of the treaty, and made two journeys across the Atlantic to promote its ratification. The Senate, however, finally rejected the treaty, and Col. Foster resigned his office. Since that time he has been engaged in the practice of law at Washington. Several foreign governments, having claims against the United States, have availed themselves of his knowledge of international law by employing him to prosecute their claims, and in this business he has been very successful. That sphere of activity he will have to relinquish now that he is head of the State Department. Doubtless, the foreign governments would be only too glad to retain him as their representative, still were it compatible with his duty, as he could render them far more efficient service in his exalted position than he could do before. This fact must be obvious to every one, yet few realize the advantage of such an arrangement in spiritual concerns. Men need urging even after they realize that they have to do with an offended God, before they will avail themselves of the advocacy of him who is one with the Father. (I. John 2: 1.)

A Collision at Sea.

THE mystery of the floating wreckage which was seen by incoming steamships about two hundred miles from New York was cleared up on June 30th by a cable dispatch from London. It states that on June 22nd, the steamer *Trave* ran into the ship *Fred B. Taylor*, and cut her clean in two, as a knife cuts a piece of cheese. The *Trave* was on her way to Southampton with 247 cabin and a large number of steerage passengers. She left New York on June 21st. The following day was foggy. The fog was not dense, but hung in detached curtains at short distances. Most of her passengers were still in their beds at six A. M., and the Captain was below when the first officer, who was in charge of the ship, saw the hull of a large sailing vessel of 1,900 tons burden loom up behind a fog-bank. He signalled at once to reverse the engines and changed the course of the steamer. It was, however, impossible to avert a collision and the stem of the steamer, *Trave* plowed through the other ship diagonally, dividing it into two pieces, which floated away to the rear, one on each side of the *Trave*. Boats were immediately lowered for the rescue of the men who could be seen on the wreck. By that time, there were nearly two miles between, but the *Trave* returned and waited for her boats. In about an hour eighteen men and one woman had been taken off the wreck and were safe abroad the *Trave*. Only two lives were lost —one man, who was asleep in his cabin and was drowned and another who was crushed by the bow of the *Trave*. All were kindly received, dry clothes given to them and a collection was taken up for their benefit. Both the rescued and the rescuers are entitled to congratulation. It is not often that they who put others in peril are able to rescue them afterwards. Especially is this so in cases of moral and spiritual peril. The mischief done by false teaching or bad example can seldom be undone, however earnest are the efforts to do so. (Matt. 18:7.)

The Harrisburg Disaster.

A FATAL collision occurred on the Pennsylvania Railroad on June 25, near Harrisburg, Penn. The Western Express from New York was running in two sections. Some cars were being shifted at Harrisburg when the first section arrived there soon after midnight, and it was halted to allow of their being got off the main track. It was just starting to resume its journey when the heavy locomotive of the second section dashed into the rear car, and forced it on the top of the car in front of it which was broken to pieces. Two cars of the rear section were telescoped by the shock and the locomotive was disabled. Eleven passengers were killed and about twenty seriously injured. It was a strange coincidence that the rear car of the forward section belonged to Mr. Westinghouse the inventor of the famous air-brake. This car bore the brunt of the shock though none of the Westinghouse party was badly hurt. The responsibility for the calamity lies on one or all of three officers—the signal-man, who should have signalled the rear section of the train that the track was blocked; the conductor of the first section, who should have sent a man back to place

COL. JOHN W. FOSTER.

warning caps on the track; and the engineer of the rear section, who ought to have had his train under sharp control while passing the signal tower. It will be the duty of the officers of the road and the Coroner's jury to ascertain which of the three failed to do his duty and so was responsible for the disaster and loss of life. There happened to be a sharp curve in the track near the scene of the accident, and the engineer of the rear section coming around it did not see the train ahead of him until he was close upon it. He would have needed brakes much more powerful than the Westinghouse, or any invented, to have stopped his train then in time to avert a collision. Possibly this experience of peril may stimulate the Westinghouse people to make further effort in a line in which they have already been so successful, and we may yet have a brake that will stop a train within its own length. Many a man has wished that there was a moral brake of that kind, that would stop him in the downward path, when with the momentum acquired by years of sin he sees eternal disaster yawning before him. (Heb. 12: 17.)

A Narrow Escape.

AN extraordinary escape from being buried alive is recorded by the Providence, (R. I.) *Journal*. It states that a teamster was driving across a field near the Blackstone River at Valley Falls the other day. He was mounted high up on a heavy-laden wagon, to which two fine bay horses were harnessed. There was a board bearing the legend "Dangerous" at the entrance to the field but the driver paid no heed to it. It is a common practice of teamsters to drive across the field, as it saves about half a mile over going around by the road. He was about half way across, when the ground opened beneath the horses' feet and both dropped out of sight. Fortunately the sudden strain broke the harness attaching them to the wagon and it and the man were saved from going down into the chasm. It appears that there is a mine of bituminous coal under the field and the miners have tunneled so near the surface that only a crust of earth is left. Pillars had been left to support the roof of the mine, but one or two of these have recently been cut away. It was at one of these points that the two horses fell in. The mine is over a hundred feet deep at that place and the horses were completely buried under the soil which fell upon them from the sides of the fissure. A miner who went to see if they could be rescued reported that if they were not dead already they would die before the debris could be removed. The driver was dragged from his seat by the reins when the horses fell and he landed on the very edge of the hole. If the forward wheels of the wagon had sunk, both it and the driver would have followed the horses to the bottom of the mine. The man has reason to be thankful that he is alive. It is not every man who escapes after venturing on the paths which are marked "Dangerous." Every path of sin is so marked, and there are abundant examples that the warning is true, yet because they are easy and pleasant, men continue to walk in them to death eternal. (Prov. 14: 12.)

A Long Lost Treasure.

A STRANGE search is being prosecuted in the mud at the bottom of the East River, New York, for money sunk over a century ago. In 1780, the British ship, *Hussar*, was sunk between Randall's Island and what is now Fort Morris. There is a legend that about five million dollars in gold guineas were on board of her when she went down. At intervals during the century, efforts have been made by speculative people to recover this treasure, but no trace of it has been found. The present attempt has been organized by a Boston Company with a capital of $10,000. Four large scows have been sent to the scene of operations. One of them has machinery for taking up the mud from the bottom of the river, a second is fitted up with appliances for sampling the mud and washing the guineas should they be found; a third carries the refuse out to sea and dumps it, and the fourth serves as a hotel for the men engaged in the work. The contractor has accepted a tenth share in the prospective profit of the undertaking as his pay for the first four months' work, after which he will receive a salary until the capital of the company is exhausted. This shows the risk and the labor men will take on the mere chance of getting money. These men are not at all sure that the money is at the bottom of the river, nor that they can recover it if it is there, but they are spending money and labor in the effort. If Christians were equally in earnest in trying to win souls, which they know are in the mud and slime of the world and which they know they can win, the workers for Christ would not be so straitened as they now are by lack of money and helpers. (James 5: 20.)

A Widow's Chancery Suit.

A STRANGE application to the Chancery Court of Trenton, N. J., has been made and will come on for hearing at the next term. It comes from the widow of a man who died in Jersey City about a year ago, leaving a fortune of a million dollars. She has resided in Washington, D. C., for about ten years and did not hear of the death of her husband until a few weeks ago. She immediately went to Jersey City to claim her dower rights in his estate, but was informed that he obtained a divorce from her nine years ago. On going to Trenton to ascertain the facts, she found that the divorce had really been granted by a Court in that city. The court records show that the case was tried in her absence, after evidence had been given that all reasonable effort to find her and serve her with notice of the trial had been made and had failed. The widow admits that she separated from her husband in 1882 but claims that he had always known her address and could have served her with notice of the divorce suit if he had desired to do so. She now sues to have the decree set aside, on the ground that she was wilfully kept in ignorance of the divorce proceedings. Her leaving her husband voluntarily shows that she wished to live separate from him, but she did not wish the separation to go to the extent of excluding her from an interest in his property. There are many professing Christians acting in the same way. They are not living in close communion with their Lord, but are hoping that they will share an inheritance with the saints when he comes in his glory. (Luke 9: 26.)

To Avoid Litigation.

AN ingenious method of disposing of property without a will has been adopted by an Ohio millionaire. He has three sons and a daughter who, unhappily, are on bad terms with each other. He is convinced that in whatever way he might have a will drawn, disputes would arise and probably a large portion of his estate would be wasted in interminable lawsuits. To avoid this result he consulted several lawyers without attaining a plan which satisfied him. Eventually he devised a scheme of his own which, he believes, will insure his heirs accepting the shares he designs for them without making trouble. He has invested his surplus capital in municipal bonds and other securities which he has divided into four portions. These are placed in separate boxes in the safe deposit vaults. Four keys, each fitting one of the boxes, are put in envelopes each of which is addressed to one of his children and they are to be delivered to them after his death His mercantile and manufacturing enterprises he has given absolutely to his three sons in equal shares, taking from them a lease for his life. The lease for a nominal consideration gives him complete control of the businesses, but they belong to his sons and they will take possession of them when the lease terminates, at his death. In the meantime they are dependent on their father and he supplies their wants without diminishing their own possessions. The Christian is in a like condition. The inheritance God has reserved for him is his now and he will enter upon it when he quits this world, but his wants are supplied now out of God's overflowing treasury of grace. (Rom. 6: 22.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The work of translating the Bible into Corean is making rapid progress. The Gospel of Matthew and the Acts have been completed and are now being revised by a committee for publication.

Major George A. Hilton is meeting with much success at the Gospel Union Mission he is conducting at 431 Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal. He has received many gifts of clothing, etc., to help him in his work of relieving the needy who flock to the Mission. There are many applications he is unable to comply with, but he is making his means go as far as possible. The spiritual success of the Mission is very encouraging.

Rev. C. H. Yatman has just returned from Europe. On his last Sunday night in England he preached in Central Hall, Manchester. The huge building was densely crowded and the people paid the closest attention. At the close of the service nearly a score of persons came forward to declare themselves on the Lord's side. It was a very solemn and impressive sight. Mr. Yatman is now holding daily meetings at Ocean Grove.

Contributions to the fund for the support of Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the American Sunday School Union have been received since our last acknowledgement to the amount of $14.66. They are from: Heinrich, Alexandria, Pa., $5; Class No. 11, Scotch Plains Baptist Sunday School, $2.50; Reader, Upper Coos, N. H., $2; A Friend, Old Mystic, Conn., $2; T.S.B., Rye, Fla., $1.66; Two Friends, Portland, Me., $1.50.

During the progress of the Russian Fund we received a number of contributions of jewelry, etc., and in every case where the sender gave full name and address we returned them, as we considered the sacrifice of such valued mementoes as one that we could not approve. All have been returned, except an article sent us by a correspondent who signes "Old Subscriber, Athens." Will "Old Subscriber" kindly send us name and address and description of the article, and we will immediately return it.

Rev. Arthur T Pierson, D.D., sailed for New York, June 24th, to spend the summer with his family at Northfield, Mass. The Doctor will be one of the speakers at the widely known Northfield Conference this year. It is also expected that Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London will again be present and spend the month of August in this favored town, giving daily Bible studies. The success of Dr. Pierson in sustaining the interest in the great London Metropolitan Tabernacle during the past eight months has been almost phenomenal. A most hearty call has been given Dr. Pierson to return to London for at least another year, the officers and congregation being a unit in their enthusiastic appreciation.

A CRY FOR LIGHT.

A LETTER received from Rev. A. T. Pollitt, a missionary in China, says: "An old woman of eighty, who had been a strict vegetarian for many years, and had been seeking to gain heaven by good works, heard the Gospel and was baptised last Christmas. She was very anxious that the Chinese children should be taught about the Saviour whom, at the eleventh hour, she had learned to trust. 'When you go back home,' she said, 'tell them to come out to China to tell our young people of Jesus. I am so old and dull; oh, if I had only known these things when young! Tell them to come quickly.' Many people say, 'They have their Buddhism and Confucianism, why not let them alone?' What does their religion do for them? It leaves them in darkness and degradation, having no hope. I have travelled through many Chinese cities, of two or three hundred thousand inhabitants, and have been the first missionary who has ever entered those cities. I have only been able to stay a day or two, and then have had to hurry on. City after city I have thus visited, the only one there who knew the Saviour. I thought of him, who, 'when he beheld the city, wept over it;' and often has the cry of the aged woman rung in my ears, Tell them to come quickly.'"

A CRISIS.

AN officer of the Church Temperance Society recently received the following letter from a soldier in the English army, referring to another soldier who in the early days of his service had been notorious for his drunken habits, for which he had several times received punishments, but who not long ago became a total abstainer and a Christian: "My chum and I were returning to barracks from a prayer meeting, at which there was an address on prayer. My chum seemed very sad, so I asked him what was the matter with him. He answered that he had been dishonoring his Master by saying his prayers night and morning in bed. In fact, he was a little ashamed of his colors; and after a long talk on the subject, he said, 'Look, old friend, by God's grace I will follow your example; to-night I will get down on my knees, no matter what they in the room may do to me. 'That's right,' said I, 'honor God, and he will honor you.' When my chum got up on the landing he stood outside of the room listening to the cursing and swearing of the chaps inside. He said that it seemed as if they were all mad that night; most of them were very much under the influence of drink. As he stood he breathed a prayer to God for strength; then he entered, went up to his bed, took off his tunic and boots; then, for the first time, he knelt down at his bedside. For a moment all was silent; presently one of the worst men in the regiment, a little under the influence of drink, walked across the room, not to ill-use him, but stood over him to protect him while he prayed, saying, 'Let any one of you touch him, if you dare. He is right; I am wrong. I used to pray at one time, I wish that I could do it now.' God protected the young soldier when humbly displaying his colors."

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Mrs. S. W. Reese & friends	11 00
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H. A. Westrup & family	1 25
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Mr. & Mrs. L. H. McCall	1 00
F. M. B., Duluth, Minn	5 00
A. A. Markleeville, Cal	3 00
——, Brooklyn, N. Y	1 00
Mrs. E. I. Meyers, Ky	1 00
J. McBroom, Sherman, Minn	5 00
Mrs. L. S. Cutting, La	3 00
Grantsdale S. S. of Mont	1 45
Band of Hope, Cal	7 00
John Fearn, Oakland, Cal	2 00
Mrs. C. W. Farnam "	5 00
Sam'l. A. Ames, "	2 00
W. E. Russell, "	2 00
J. Stark, "	1 00
C. E. Hendricson, "	0 50
Mrs. Simonton, "	0 50
Mrs. R. G. Jones, Tenn	0 50
Mrs. J. S. C. Furners, Va	1 00
A sympathizer, British Col.	10 00
C. E. S. Chalmers Church	20 25
Pres. S. S. & friends, Milton	11 25
A friend, Montrose, Pa	2 00
West Torrington S. S., Conn	6 50
Sunnybank, Nannet, N. Y	1 00
Y. P. S. C. E., Alford, Mass	6 25
A. Leickheim, Orrville, O	1 00
I. W. S, Cambria, Wyo	2 00
Nina Quick, Brooklyn, N. Y	2 00
Mrs. C. Johnston, Orange	1 00
D. L., E. M., H. E., A. C., & E. E. Potter	2 25
Pres. S. S., Pond Gap, Va	1 00
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Dora L. Fays, Adrian, Mich	0 50
Friend, Wis	0 50
Geo. L. Schieck, Newark	1 00
W. S. Carnes, Canton, O	1 00
M. L. G., Brooklyn, N. Y	1 00
R. Stehle, Marietta, O	4 32
Jas. C. Gordon, Leeds, Me	2 00
Mrs. M. L. Gordon, "	1 00
Mrs. L. A. Norris, Wayne	1 00
Mrs. Belle Osbun, O	1 00
Mrs. H. Creelman	1 00
S. S., Westminster, Cal	2 50
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A friend, Fairhaven, Wash	1 00
M. C. Humphrey, Oreg	0 60
Mrs. Martha Snyder & daughter, Lock Haven, Pa	2 00
A. A. Brown, Alexandria	2 00
A sub'r, Cleveland, O	1 00
Wm. M. Bragg, Humboldt	2 00
Wm. N. Stevens, Walloomsac	3 00
C. S. C., Athens, O	1 00
John Grove, Altona, Ont	0 50
In His Name, Albany, N. Y	1 00
H. & L. Fitzpatrick, Ga	0 20
A friend, Hanover, Pa	4 95
——, Worcester, Mass	2 00
——, Legonier, Ind	2 00
A friend, Bangor	2 00
C. E. S. of State St. Baptist Church, Ill	6 00
W. S. Fogg, So. Freeport, Me	0 50
Miss M. Knowlton, N. Y	1 00
Rev. B. E. Fake, "	1 00
J. Roseborough, "	2 00
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Stone Arabia Lutheran Church	2 00
M. E. Upham, Fiskdale, Mass	2 00
T. E. Arnold, "	1 00
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P. H. Lemon, Cincinnati, O	1 00
Y. P. S. C. E, Portland, Me	12 25
Friend, Lowell, Mass	2 00
E. W. Chandler, New York	1 00
F. Gilbert, "	1 50
E. W. Keasey, Keasey. Oregon	1 00
Miss E. R. Barr, Grays River	10 60
E. J. L. Wyrick, Frost, Tex	3 50
Florence Marshall, Newark	1 00
Mrs. A. H. Niles, Winthrop	1 00
Mira L. Walrath, "	1 00
Mrs. C. J. Nichols, San Diego	3 25
Ladies' Miss. Soc., Ganzevoort	5 00
——, Newport, Ky	5 00
Edna Dunlop, Laura Gundy, Lottie Bolby, Lulu Calvert, Gussie Calvert, Napier, Can	5 00
——, Brampton, Ont., Can	0 50
Sub'r, Pendrith, Man	0 30
Little Mackinaw Christian Church, Ill	4 00
E. F. S., Mexico, N. Y	1 00
Mrs. E. M. Venable, Leesburg	5 00
M. E. Morrill, Phila, Pa	2 00
A. J. King, Red Wing, Neb	0 25
E. Eddy, " "	0 25
King's Daughter, " "	0 25
Mrs. Magginson, Toledo, O	10 00
Presbyt'n Ch., Cl'rfield, Pa	48 90
Jr. So. " "	1 52
Colored S. S	0 47
Mrs. D. H. George, Versailles	3 00
Dora Squires, Delmont, S. Dak	0 75
In His Name, Evanston	2 00
Mr. Smith, Plattville, Wis	0 50
Rev. Johnson	1 00
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Milo H. Shattuck, Groton	10 00
J. Hays, Elbon, N. Y	1 00
Mrs. S. Hays, "	1 00
A. B. Palmatier, "	1 00
Rev. S. A. Corwell	13 00
Alex. Allen, Hanover, Conn	30 00
M. P. Molloy, Eddyville, Ky	1 00
Ernest, Nellie & Cora Brainard	4 00
Dr. J. D. Rumph, Perote, Ala	1 00
J. W. Smith, Waterford, N. Y	3 00
G. C. & L. B. Adams, N. J	4 00
Winter Haven Polk Co., Fla	0 50
George E. Beedleson, N. Y	1 00
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Cong. & Baptist Churches	35 60
A. L. G., Baltimore, Md	1 00
Thomas Dickson, Birch River	1 00
S. A. C., Stanford, Mon	1 00
A. S. Morse, New York	0 50
E. P. Morse, "	0 50
W. Thompson Zell, Irwin, Pa	2 00
F. R. Ghent, Granton, Ont	26 60
D. W. Herr, Cora, Mo	1 00
W. E. Brunner, "	0 25
F. M. Jones, "	0 25
M. L. Nichols, "	0 25
Peter Cassity, "	0 25
Kate Herr, "	2 50
I. E. McPherson, "	0 25
Friend, "	0 25
N. E. McAllister, Kosse, Tex	0 50
A. M. D., Samworth, N H	1 00
F. Maguire, Hutchinson, Kan	5 00
Rena Pritchard, Dot, Mich	1 25
Chris. Kiser, Cawker City,	5 00
A friend, Bradford, Pa	1 00
G. S Dilts, Leon, Kan	1 00
Henry Tranger, Niles, Mich	1 00
An interested reader, Bellevue	1 00
Annie Thacker, Miss. Soc	7 00
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Missionary family in Hoonah	15 00
Mrs. M. S. Williams, Cal	10 00
B. G. Rogers, Lyons, N. C	1 00
Vinton Public School of Iowa	25 00
Angus McIntosh, Alvena, Can	3 00
Y. P. S. C. E. in Comox, B.C.	50 00
Norman W. Countryman, N.Y	4 86
Mrs. Jas. Rivett, Saltillo, Neb	2 00
S. H. Stone & people, N. Y	28 50
J. H. Russell, Beddow, Mich	3 00
Mother & daughter, Marengo	1 00
——, Clinton, Ark	1 00
Mrs. H. A. Clark, Howard	0 25
Mary S. Hixon, Santa Barbara	0 50
Jennie McPherson, Wasco	0 50
Silver Lake School, Pittsfield	1 00
Contribution by M. H. White and friends of Dinuba, Cal.	10 00
Pres. S. S., Beaumont, Cal	3 50
M. H. G., South Canterbury	10 00
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Wm. Graham, Marcellus, N.Y	1 00
S. E. Randall & son, Natick	3 00
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Baumgardners Union S. S., Pa	6 30
M. Agard, South Manchester	2 00
Miss H. J. Freeman, Mass	5 00
S. C. Murphy, South San Juan	1 00
Rev. D. T. White, Hermon	1 00
E. McK. Fisher, W. 86th st	5 00
Mrs. D. Freeland, Selma, Cal	1 00
S. Ellis, Arickaree City, Colo	0 50
Master C. Curtis, Chico, Cal.	0 50
Olive Branch Lodge No. 7, I. O. G. Templars	5 00
Friends at Blue Mound, Ill	1 00
J. H. Stewart	1 00
Fay C. Wooddell, Pennsboro	1 00
Estelle Wright, Buffalo, N. Y	1 35
——, Berkshire N. Y	1 00
Mrs. Wm. A. Segrand, Va	7 13
Angus, Quincy, Fla	0 50
Unprofitable Servant, Lindsay	5 01
O. W. Palmer, Byhalia, Miss	1 00
R. P. Jones, " "	0 25
F. M. R., Tyrone, Pa	1 00
Charlie Landon, Mohawk, Ariz	0 25
Albert I. Day, Montreal, Can	5 00
Penz. Union S. S., Lima, O.	5 00
Mrs. E. Hoason, Ocean Grove	2 00
Inhabitants of Governors Harbor, Bahama	69 76
Y. P. S. C. E., Sandwich	24 75
Thos. K. Turnen, Baltimore	1 00
M. A. Redington Castleton	1 00
Wm. Johnson, Corona, L. I	3 50
——, Dolores, Colo	1 00
Mrs. Minnie Leaman, Pa	1 00
Mrs. Sidney Burns, Evansville	5 00
An old sub'r, Athens	1 00
A friend in Dakota	1 00
E. Alkinson, Seaforth, Ont	1 00
Victor A. Henry	19 50
I. H. Redding, Asheboro	1 00
Thomas N. Cotton, Sweetsburg	3 00
Three friends, Stem, N. C	1 35
H. B. Sprague, Morganton	1 00
Mrs. M. E. Staples, Ala	1 00
Miss Maude Staples, "	1 00
Mr. I. T. Staples, "	0 50
Mrs. A. C. Dahlberg, Ala	1 00
Miss F. A. Dahlberg, "	1 00
Mr. F. I. Dahlberg, "	1 00
Mrs. I. I. Harrison, "	0 50
Mrs. M. Speir, Ala	0 50
Mr. I. S. Speir, "	0 40
Mrs. C. L. Mize, Ala	1 00
Mrs. S. Conner, "	0 50
Mrs. A. Hearin, "	0 50
Cash	0 25
Cash	0 25
Mr. H. F. Frisbie, Ala	0 50
Miss C. Spragins, "	0 50
Mr. H. Shillito, "	0 50
Little Jake, "	0 10
Mrs. T. E. Callier, "	0 50
Mr. Harry McKee, "	0 50
Cash	0 50
Dr. S. Frisbie, "	0 25

RUSSIA'S HUNGER CONFLICT.

AS well as I could judge from personal observation and from reliable reports gathered on the spot, writes Mr. W. C. Edgar, in the July *Review of Reviews*, the situation is as follows: In governments into which the railways penetrate and where relief measures were instituted early and are systematically carried out, starvation is being successfully fought and hunger is held at bay by main strength. The peasants are living a hand-to-mouth existence; private stores in the villages seem to be completely exhausted, and should the relief work cease for even a few days, absolute starvation would ensue.

spread of sickness, the prospect for the new crop does not appear encouraging. While it is possible that the peasants may raise enough to feed themselves, it would not be surprising if the famine should continue through the next year, as the fundamental causes which appear to be responsible for the peasants' unhappy situation—the communal system of land-owning and the primitive methods of farming—are not temporary, but permanent conditions, compared to which the matter of good or bad weather is merely an incident. The Russian government is, however, fully aroused to the situation, and the mistakes of last year will not be repeated. It is possible, therefore, that with all the relief workers organized and alert, another crop failure will not entail as much suffering as last year's, but not less that five favorable seasons will be necessary in order to restore the inhabitants of the afflicted provinces to their ordinary condition.

The need of relief is still great, and there is a field for all the work which can be given. Active and energetic measures will be necessary to maintain the people until the new crop appears. This will necessitate the *continuance of relief work until September.*

A LAOS CONVERT.

A SIMPLE plain narrative of conversion comes from the Laos country in a letter from a native teacher, named Nan Tah, who has been very successful in preaching the Gospel to his countrymen, having won many souls for Christ. He is now regularly ordained and wrote this statement of his experience, which is translated by Rev. D. G. Collins of Cheung Mai:

"Even while yet in the temple my faith was put in the religion of the divine Jesus for I first heard of this religion while I was in the priesthood. On asking my Buddhist teacher what else there was for me to learn, he replied that there was nothing more that they could teach me. About that time I heard that the religion of Jesus had come, and knowing it was strange, I came to inquire about it of Teacher McGilvary. He gave me a book and on reading it I knew that I had now found the true God. I then came and spent three years studying with Teacher McGilvary, but had not yet received baptism when the late chief sought to kill me, for I was one of his dependents. On being told this I fled alone and did not first beg to be baptized because my faith was yet weak. My wife who was not very well, I left on the rice farm about an hour's walk from my home. Proceeding alone I fled three days through the forests not meeting a human being, having no knife, no weapon of defence and nothing to eat. After three days I arrived at a small village where I procured food.

"I then went to Chieng Hai, Chieng Toon, the Shan country, the Karen country and Burmah. I remained roaming in other countries for ten years. At the end of that time on hearing of the death of the chief who sought to kill me, I returned home and sought the teacher and learned from him until I was ready to receive baptism, and indeed to this time."

CHINESE LEPERS

A SAD story of suffering and want comes from Dr. Griffith John, the famous missionary of Hankow, China. He says: One afternoon we started for the Liu village, where we have a chapel and a few Christians. Among the Christians there are three lepers who have been connected with us for many years. The eldest was baptised in 1879, and has been regarded by us ever since as one of godliest men in the whole of this region. The other two are comparatively young, and in both cases the disease is quite a new development. Poor Siau-ha was a bright, healthy, industrious lad a few years ago. About two years since, I noticed for the first time the signs of leprosy. Since then the disease has been making great ravages, and now his face is simply hideous. He is supported by his aged father, who goes about the country begging a few grains of rice wherewith to feed his helpless son. We did not know that it had come to this; but when we heard the story, Mr. Sparhan and myself felt that Lazarus had come to our door. The oldest of the three has been receiving help from us for some time; we feel now that we must help them all.

INDIA COMING TO CHRIST.

A Native Pastor gives an Encouraging Picture of Gospel Work among the Idolaters.

AFTER generations of missionary effort, always impeded by the seemingly impassable barriers of superstition and idolatry, India is at last giving signs of yielding the precious souls of her sons and daughters to Jesus. We publish with great pleasure the following letter received from a young native pastor:

MADANAPALLE, CUDDAPAH DT.,
MADRAS PRESIDENCY, INDIA, May 24, 1892.

To the Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

It gives me great pleasure to write to you. I was a student of the Arcot Theological Seminary, which was established at Palmaner by our veteran Missionary Rev. J. Chamberlain, D.D., have finished the four full years' course, was graduated from it in the month of December, 1891, and entered into an active work for the Lord, for which I had thorough training given to me by Prof. Rev. W. W. Scudder, D.D., and Rev. J. Chamberlain, D. D., and other Telugu, Tamil, and Sanscrit professors.

I am exceedingly glad to proclaim "the unsearchable riches of Christ" to my benighted country-men. I am working in the Telugu field which is under the able supervision of Rev. Dr. J. Chamberlain, Rev. W. I. Chamberlain, M.A., and Rev. L. B. Chamberlain, M.A. I wish to give my life, heart, and soul to the work of evangelization which this country needs very much, being enveloped with darkness, error, and superstition. If India is to be won for Christ, my humble opinion is, it shall be by its sons and daughters, as European missionaries cannot be expected to do everything and to be always with us. I most earnestly request you through this letter to help me in the great work in which I am engaged by being so kind as to favor me with books that are full of spiritual stimulus and encouragements. Such admirable books which ought to prove very helpful to any preacher or evangelist you will know better than myself. I desire to be useful for my countrymen as a preacher, and hope to bring many souls to the feet of Jesus, not by my power but by the power of my Lord and Saviour.

The reason for my wishing to have books is because I have a burning desire to have a good library that will enable me to prepare myself thoroughly for the great and important work which is before me. To grapple in religious conversation with my educated heathen country-men is no easy task. I wish to be well equipped and furnished before I come in contact with these learned men in my country. I also wish to improve spiritually in devotion and meditation upon our Saviour, whom to know is life eternal. I trust that by the aid of some of these books my mind will be more enlightened and my views of the doctrines of our blessed religion broadened and my Intellect sharpened that I may wield the two-edged sword more discreetly and intelligently. I need not remind you of the preciousness of books. You were ever fond of them, although by the nature of your country, you roll among books from your earliest infancy. Then just picture to yourself the avidity with which a native youth of India would clutch upon a single volume, for in our country books are scarce and precious as gold.

Rev. W. J. Chamberlain, Rev. John Souri, my father, and myself went to a big village where a heathen festival took place last month, which a great multitude attended from various parts of the district. The festival was dedicated to a goddess of cholera, small-pox and fevers. The goddess was carried by a great number of people as grandly as possible, while thousands followed it up street after street, with music and various kind of amusements. Each family bowed before it with much reverence, brokecocoanuts and gave silver and gold presents. After the solemn procession of the goddess in the streets was over, it was again carried to the temple where buffaloes, bullocks and goats were sacrificed and thousands of cocanuts were broken with great solemnity. Some years ago human sacrifices also took place. But it was stopped by the government. We went there with our magic lantern and preached to them till 12 P. M., one night. A great multitude gathered round us, without making any disturbance whatever. Every morning we went to the villages to preach the Gospel and visited many people. On a certain day, while returning to our tents, we were very tired by our preaching and we all came to a well to quench our thirst. As we were very hungry, we begged some food from a shepherd who just came with a bag on his shoulder, in which shepherds carry food always; but unfortunately we could not get from him anything as he did not bring any. While returning we found a great multitude surrounding the heathen temple; we were stirred up in our spirits when we saw the idolaters and preached to them in twenty different places. Ten persons from three villages came to us next morning and earnestly asked us to send catechists to their places and build churches.

My great and chief aim is to save souls. This is the reward I covet for my labor. Preaching among my own countrymen, and standing up for Christ, in the midst of heathenism, is no easy task; it strains every nerve and taxes every power of both mind and body. Though I am vile and weak myself, God is my hope and strength, who sustains me and enables me to preach of the "unsearchable riches of Christ" to my heathen countrymen.

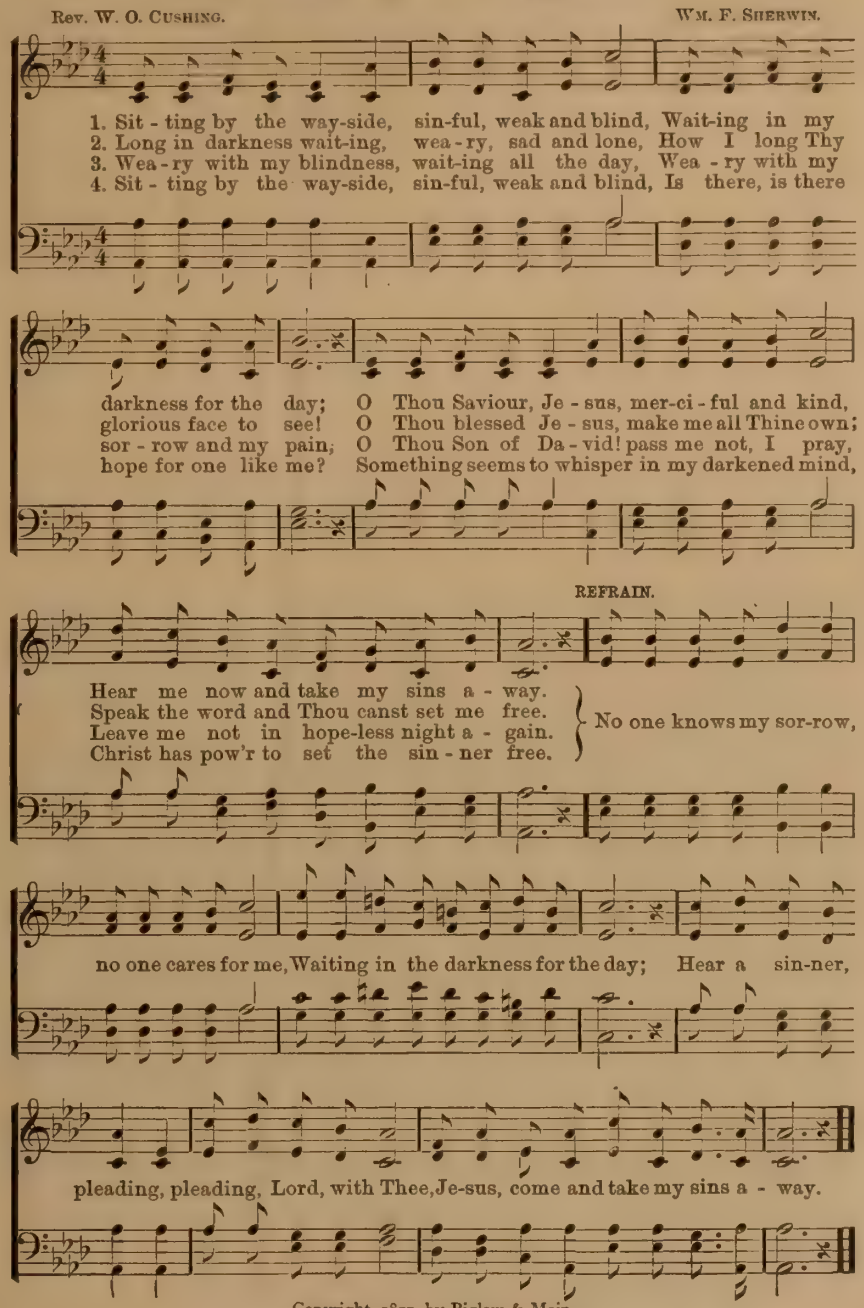
I entreat you to pray for a great outpouring of God's spirit upon this place and bless my labors very abundantly, so that many souls my be brought to the feet of our Saviour. My father is a native pastor of Madanapalle church. May I not hear from you soon? With my loving salaams and best respects, I am your brother and son in Christ.

JOHN YESURATNAM.

[Some books have been forwarded as requested. Possibly some of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers may have volumes that they can spare, which would be serviceable to this Hindoo preacher.]

Sitting by the Way-side.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. WM. F. SHERWIN.


1. Sit - ting by the way-side, sin-ful, weak and blind, Wait-ing in my
2. Long in darkness wait-ing, wea - ry, sad and lone, How I long Thy
3. Wea - ry with my blindness, wait-ing all the day, Wea - ry with my
4. Sit - ting by the way-side, sin-ful, weak and blind, Is there, is there
darkness for the day; O Thou Saviour, Je - sus, mer-ci - ful and kind,
glorious face to see! O Thou blessed Je - sus, make me all Thine own;
sor - row and my pain; O Thou Son of Da - vid! pass me not, I pray,
hope for one like me? Something seems to whisper in my darkened mind,
REFRAIN.
Hear me now and take my sins a - way.
Speak the word and Thou canst set me free.
Leave me not in hope-less night a - gain.
Christ has pow'r to set the sin - ner free.
No one knows my sor-row,
no one cares for me, Waiting in the darkness for the day; Hear a sin-ner,
pleading, pleading, Lord, with Thee, Je-sus, come and take my sins a - way.

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FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE.

"UPON the first day of the week every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come."

"GO, disciple, every nation,"
Tell them Jesus died for all,
Died to save the blind, forsaken,
Died for all who on him call.

Watchman on the walls of Zion,
Speaking now in Jesus' stead,
Have you told the story simply,
How on Calvary's mount he bled?

Hear the heathen voices calling,
Calling from dark Afric's shore;
"Send the light ye Christian nations,
Send it freely from your shore."

Give your millions, Christian people,
Given by the hand of God;
Give to them the word of Jesus,
And you'll reap a rich reward.

If you want to save the millions,
Who are dying in their sin;
"Freely give" "as God has prospered,"
Then you will the "nations" win.

—JACOB HENN.

WARNING OF THE VISIONS.

The Approaching End of the Age Indicated by Daniel's Prophetic Visions.

BY REV. GEORGE A. BROWNE.*

WE have every reason for devout thankfulness at being permitted to contemplate that glorious future which awaits those who are "safe in the arms of Jesus," amongst whom are those who believe in the speedy fulfilment of the prophecies. They have ample reason to rejoice whether they die within the next few years or live to March 5, 1896; for if they are then dead, they will be raised in incorruption, and if alive and expectant, they will be caught up to meet Christ in the air, without passing through the agonies and pangs of death. What a glorious prospect!

But it is also a time of solemn warning to the unconverted. If they continue to neglect salvation, only an eternity of woe can be their lot. Let none of the young flatter themselves with the hope that they have plenty of time. For they have only about nine years at the furthest before Christ's Advent as an Avenger. This day, which is a day of joy to every true Christian, who believes in the fulfilment of these prophecies, should be a day of warning to those who have refused, and still refuse, to listen to the voice of God and to submit their hearts to the loving rule of Jesus; and to such we would specially address ourselves, and show them that our belief rests upon the inspired Word of God.

If you reject a portion of God's Word you may on the same principle reject the whole. Daniel has always been looked upon as an inspired book, by Jewish, as well as by all Christian nations, and hence its dates must be accepted as Divinely inspired. Daniel, under Divine inspiration, not only revealed Nebuchadnezzar's prophetic vision, but also gave the interpretation. What was this dream? The king saw a great statue with the head of gold, the breast of silver, the loins of brass, and the legs of iron, and the feet iron mixed with clay. These four parts of the image were emblematical of the earthly governments that were to control the destinies of the nations to the end of this age. 1. Nebuchadnezzar and Belshazzar's Chaldean kingdom. 2. The Medo-Persian kingdom which succeeded the overthrow and death of Belshazzar. 3. The Grecian kingdom, under Alexander the great. 4. The Roman kingdom of the Cæsars ending in ten democratic forms of government, emblematised by the ten toes being of iron and clay mixed.

In Daniel's vision of the beasts, Daniel 7: 3, etc., the first being "like a lion" and having "eagle's wings," is a picture of the Babylonian Monarchy, the second, which was "like to a bear—and three ribs in its mouth" represents the Medo-Persian kingdom; the third, a leopard having four heads represents Alexander's Empire which was not to last, but should after his death be divided among his four generals which event really took place in due time. The fourth beast "dreadful and terrible," and "strong exceedingly," "had iron teeth," and "ten horns," representing ten confederate kingdoms, which are to arise in these last times. This was a picture of the Roman Empire. Among these ten horns Daniel saw "another little horn" come up, before whom there were three of the first "horns plucked up by the roots." This little horn represents Antichrist, who is to appear in the latter days of this Age.

In Daniel 8 another vision was revealed in which Daniel was taught that Alexander the Great would overturn the Persian Monarchy, but that after his death, his empire would be divided into four, which was emblemmatised by four horns springing up in a goat's head, in place of the one horn which had been broken. Among these four horns, he again saw the little horn springing up, to be a king over a small kingdom at first, but which afterwards overcomes three of the four horns, waxes great by cunning and artifice, and speaks great words against God, and sets himself up in the temple as God and fights against our Saviour himself. Especially was he informed that this little horn should take away the daily sacrifice after its future restoration, and so he enquired, "How long shall be the vision respecting the Daily Sacrifice after its future restoration and its subsequent abolition by the little horn."

Daniel was much exercised about these things; he asked the angel how long the time of desolation was to last. The answer was, "2,300 years, and then the Sanctuary would begin to be cleansed."

In Daniel 9 we read the prophet was pray-

*From his address at the recent Prophetic Conference in London, published in the *Prophetic News* for June.

ing and confessing his sins (and when we go to God we must always go confessing our sins, for we are all sinners), and the angel Gabriel was sent once more to instruct him concerning things to come. The angel tells him that seventy weeks are determined, or divided off upon the Jews and Jerusalem, and that the first 69 of these 70 weeks of years, 483 years in all, were to date from the issue of the command for the rebuilding of Jerusalem and its walls. The 2,300 years were to begin to run from the same date, as these 69 weeks are said to be divided off from the beginning of the 2,300 years, and 483 years after the time of the issue of that command Christ was to be cut of from life by his death on the Cross.

The chronological starting-point was to be with the issuing of the command for the rebuilding at Jerusalem and its walls. Now, as we read in Nehemiah, 2nd chapter, Nehemiah was commanded by Artaxerxes Longimanus, King of Persia, to carry out this command, which was issued in Passover Week, in the twentieth year of his reign, 445 years before the Christian Era. Add thirty-eight years of this Christian Era to this 445 years, and it make 483 years exactly. The decree was issued in Passover Week B. C., 445. Christ died in Passover Week, in the year 39, of the Christian Era. Hence 483 years had expired when the Messiah was cut off. Thank God for that event, for had not Christ died, not one of us could look forward to the joys of heaven. Starting the computation of the 2,300 years also from Passover Week, 445 B. C., we are brought down to the year 1856. It was then that the cleansing of the Sanctuary was to begin. This actually occurred in 1856, at the conclusion of the Crimean war. The Treaty of Peace, which had occupied some months before it was finally ratified and adopted, was signed in Passover Week, 1856, and by that Treaty the Sultan of Turkey was compelled to give civil and religious liberty to all his subjects in Turkey, including Judea.

We are further told with regard to the End (Dan 12: 11), "From the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination, that maketh desolate, set up, there shall be a thousand two hundred and ninety days; blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days." These 1290 years of the conjoint Papal-Mohammedan desolation are the last part of the 2,300 years, and ended simultaneously with the 2,300 years in Passover Week, 1856. Then come forty-five years more which reach to Passover Week, 1901, as the end of this age—the forty-five years being the excess of the 1,335 over and above the 1,290. Thus the 2,300 years are followed by an additional forty-five years—making a total period of 2,345 years from 445 B. C. to A. D. 1901. But 1,862 days prior to the end of this age on April 11. 1901, the ascension of the Watchful Christians will take place.

Many Expositors agree that these prophecies have not only a year-day fulfilment, but also a literal-day fulfilment, consequently the 2,345 days, are not only fulfilled as the final 2,345 years from B. C. 445 to April, 11, 1901, but also as the final 2,345 literal days from November 8, 1894 (when the Jewish sacrifices will be renewed to April 11, 1901), and just as sixty-nine weeks of years from the beginning of the 2,345 years B. C. 445 reached "unto Messiah the Prince's" First Advent as a crucified Messiah; so sixty-nine weeks of days from the beginning of the 2,345 days on November, 8, 1894, will reach "unto Messiah the Prince's" Second Advent as a Coming and Glorified Messiah according to the prophecy of Daniel 9: 25.

The same conclusion is arrived at from Revelation 12 : 5; because in its year-day fulfilment the ascension of the Manchild was the Ascension of Christ personal in A. D. 39 at the distance of 1,862 years before the end of of this Age in 1901. And in its literal-day fulfilment the ascension of the Manchild will be the ascension of the living Christians (Christ mystical) on March 5, 1896, at the distance of 1,862 day before April 11, 1901.

From the issuing of a future command for rebuilding Jerusalem on the same day that the Jewish sacrifices are restored until the reappearance of the Son of God for the purpose of raising the dead saints from their graves and taking up the watchful Christians, there will be sixty-nine weeks or 483 days. That Christ will so come we are assured by St. Paul in 1. Thessalonians 4: 16: "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

THE POWER OF FAITH.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing July 24. Acts 3:16; Heb. 11:32-40; 12:1, 2.

WIDELY diverse are the ideas entertained of the nature of faith, as the word is used in theology. The question: "What is faith?" would be answered by many Christians as, belief in God, in the infallibility of the Bible, in the divinity and atonement of Christ and the eternal reward or punishment of men in the future life. But it is not of these beliefs that the faith, which has power in it, consists. There are many people who hold all these intellectually who know nothing of the power of faith. Something more, something far deeper, more vital, more absorbing than any, or all of these is necessary before a man can realize what faith is.

When we have known a man intimately, we may say we believe in him. If we hear that he is charged with the commission of some crime, and the evidence against him is convincing, we may say, with no knowledge whatever of his defence, "He is not guilty, I know the man, and I am sure he is incapable of conduct such as he is charged with." Or some difficult engineering problem is to be solved. We hear that some particular man has been intrusted with the work. We say, "If it can be done, he can do it." We do not know how he will set about it, but we know it will be in the way most likely to succeed. Or there is a critical illness, and one near and dear to us is menaced with death. We do not then study the nature of drugs, or the principles of treatment. We summon a physician in whom we have confidence and put the case in his hands. We do not criticize his prescriptions, or his directions for the treatment of the patient. We have the prescriptions made up, administer the medicine and obey his instructions. Or we are entangled in the law courts. The case seems likely to go against us, and we engage a lawyer. He insists that we tell him the exact facts and then confide in his management of the case. In all these cases faith is demanded of us—the faith that has power, that is practical.

Such faith, in its essence, though infinite in degree, Christ requires, and its infinity is justified by its object. We must trust him with our lives and with our eternal destiny, as we trust the physician or the lawyer, but more implicitly and with greater confidence, because he is worthy of it. We know it when we first trust him, but we become more certain of it as we go on. We know him better and we trust him more. He honors every draft our faith presents. "According to your faith be it unto you," is his word to us. "Why could not we cast him out?" the disciples asked him when he had delivered the demoniac after their failure, and he told them that if they had had faith they could have done it. We ask the same question, "Why cannot I get rid of my faults, my besetting sins? Why can I not win these souls around me?" It is because we lack faith. He that has faith has the power of Christ in him, and that has no limit.

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OAKLAND'S NEW BUILDING.

ON this page is a picture of the handsome and commodious new building erected by the Young Men's Christian Association of Oakland, Cal. The Association which has just taken possession of this beautiful home was organized in 1879. Oakland was then little more than a village in comparison with the present city of 58,000 inhabitants. But the Association received a hearty and steady support from the right kind of young men, and its numbers soon multiplied. Better quarters than the hired rooms at first occupied became necessary, and the desire to have a library, reading-room, gymnasium and class-rooms for the accommodation of students was general throughout the membership. It has taken several years to realize the hopes cherished by the friends of the Association. Such a building as was needed costs a great deal of money; but an impetus was given to the collection during a series of special religious meetings, and at last a sufficient sum to commence with was in the treasury. A lot was purchased on the corner of Clay and Twelfth Streets, and building was begun. The structure cost $43,000, and is in every respect a model home for the Association. It enters upon its occupancy with a membership of 582; but, with the increased facilities it now commands, that number will probably grow to much large proportions and become even more than it has yet been a centre of aggressive Christian usefulness.

THE NEW YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, OAKLAND, CAL.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

BAY VIEW, Mich., situated in the heart of the beautiful northern summer resort, will soon be the scene of its annual activities. Epworth Home, at Bay View, is the centre of interest for all Leaguers. This is a magnificent headquarters, erected last year at a cost of three thousand dollars, most of the money being contributed by Epworth Chapters. The annual camp-meeting, commencing July 12, and lasting one week, will be conducted by Dr. S. A. Kean, and a young people's meeting will be led each afternoon at Epworth Home, by Rev. F. A. Smart. July 20 marks the opening season of the real work of Bay View Epworth League. The programme arranged is excellent. Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, late corresponding-secretary of the League, will deliver the address on anniversary-day, July 27. Department symposiums will be led by the appropriate officers.

The Epworth League of the Frank-street Church, Rochester, N.Y., invited the city and district boards of control to meet at their church, recently, and while the members were making arrangements for a District Convention, representatives from each department of the local Chapter served a fine spread. Although a surprise to some, it was considered as an evidence of the interest of that League in the proposed meeting. Among the features of the Convention will be a sunrise meeting Sunday morning, and a grand mass-meeting at Y. M. C. A. Hall, in the afternoon. League work in that district takes no vacation this summer.

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THE BACK OF THE STATUE.

MANY a home will be a happier place, more cheerful and attractive, if the following suggestions given to the King's Daughters, in the current number of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, by the President of the Order, are accepted and followed by the wives, and mothers, and daughters to whom they are addressed:

In passing along one of our principal avenues the other day, and glancing, at the houses, I saw in one of the windows a group of statuary; and the faces were toward the street. They were very lovely, but they impressed me painfully. I thought of those inside the house who had not the benefit of the beauty, as strangers on the outside had. As I walked on, I fell to thinking. Was not the statuary facing the street a picture of real facts that exist in many homes, where the outside gets the benefit of the beauty and pleasant things, rather than the inside? Have you not noticed that there are homes where the sweetest things are not said to those in the home, to those nearest, but to the outside, to those not connected with the family? Many a woman is charming in appearance, in conversation, to the outside, but is far less charming inside the home; and, of course, it is equally true of men. Some men are loveliest at home as husbands, as fathers; some men are most charming in their club and with those outside the homes. We seem to take it for granted that the things most vital to our happiness will grow inside the family without cultivation, and all the cultivation to insure admiration is expended outside the home. The husband is apt to drop the lover in the husband; and the wife, who before marriage did everything to please, acts as if that was all over, and the statuary faces the outside, and from the outside rather, perhaps, than from the inside, we hear the words, "How lovely!" We take too much for granted as wives and mothers; because he is our husband, and they are our children, we think that all we want ought to come to us.

I do not mean that the outside must not have anything, that the mother must always stay at home. If she does, she can never give her best to the home. She needs to be freshened by outside contact. She must minister to the highest in her husband and her children, and to do this she must not stay in the house all the time. There are women who, as they say, only care for their husband and their children. Well, they are in danger of not being much cared for by them in the future; for a woman must grow to keep up with her husband and children, and to grow she must not stay in the house all the time if she can get out. She must go out and get, in order to take in and give. There is, or should be much interest in emptying the budget of news at night when all get home. Cultivate your conversational powers at home. There must be a change in a good many families: perhaps each member of the home interests people outside, and when home is reached each one is selfishly silent. I wondered how that statuary looked that I saw on the avenue to those inside the parlor. Take the lesson. Do not neglect those you really love the best.

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Dr. George F. Pentecost made a stirring speech at the new branch of the Y. M. C. A., which has been opened recently at Cornhill, London. He reminded employers of young men that having given up the old custom of living in the same house with their employes their responsibilities was increased and that they should encourage the Associations as one of the best agencies to help them in discharging those responsibilities.

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FORTY-TWO new Y. M. C. A.'s have been formed in England and Wales during the past twelve months, and twelve disappear from the list; so that there has been a net gain of thirty. The work is represented in Great Britain, either by active associations, or by correspondents ready to receive and help young men, at over 800 centres.

BEYROUT AND ITS PEOPLE.

The Ancient City a Scene of Great Gospel Activity—Its Many Christian Missions and their Wonderful Progress.

ONE of the most ancient of old-world cities is Beyrout, which is identified by many historians with the *Berothah* of the Phoenicians. It has for many centuries been an important seaport town of Syria, on the Mediterranean coast, nearly sixty miles northwest of Damascus, and is situated on rising ground, on a promontory known as *Jebel-er-Rosesh*.

The Beyrout of to-day, (which is shown in the illustration given on this page), probably bears but slight resemblance to the ancient city which was once under the supremacy of Sidon, one of the most famous of Oriental seaports in the time of the Jewish kings. Like many other cities it has been repeatedly visited by war, and its buildings have been razed to the ground by the invasion of destroying armies. About 140 years before the birth of the Saviour, Beyrout was levelled by Trypho, a Syrian usurper, being restored nearly two centuries afterward by the elder Agrippa, after the Roman invasion, and raised to the dignity of a Roman colony. In the third century it was a noted school of law, and in Justinian's reign it was one of the few places in the empire at which law was permitted to be taught, and its colleges were held in the highest estimation. Nearly 1,400 years ago, an earthquake inflicted general damage on the city, but it was again rebuilt. Baldwin I., the Crusader, captured it from the Moslems after a determined siege, in 1111, but it again fell into the hands of the Turks in the Seventeenth century, after having been the leading city of the Druses during the long interval. In 1772, it was bombarded and despoiled by a Russian fleet, and in 1840 was almost destroyed by an English naval force.

Since that time, Beyrout has languished, and has never attempted to regain its old influence and prosperity, although it is still the most important of Syrian seaports and a point of general interest for the tourist. Its streets are wide and its buildings lofty and spacious, while the suburbs are beautifully interspersed with orchards and gardens. Like most eastern cities it abounds in mosques and bazaars, although there are many European structures, including churches and schools. Indeed, in some parts, it has the appearance of a European or American city.

Mission work has been prosecuted vigorously in Beyrout for fully forty years by the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, and for nearly half of that time by the American Presbyterian Board, and large numbers of native youth of both sexes have been educated and sent throughout Syria as preachers and teachers of the Gospel. Every year brings an extension of the mission work in the city and suburbs, among a population as varied in character as that of any city in the world, and which includes Druses, Mohammedans, Maronites, Greeks, Arabs and other races. In 1860, a large number of Greek natives who had been driven out by Moslem persecution from Mount Lebanon and Damascus, settled in Beyrout and are now living there with their descendants in peace and comfort. Girls' and boys' schools, ragged schools, orphanages, hospitals and many excellent charities and philanthropies have been established and are in successful operation, being supported by various Christian denominations connected with missionary organizations in Europe and America. Even the Greek Church, stimulated by the example of other churches, opened a Sunday School for young people among its own religionists. There is a self-supporting native Christian church, with a young pastor, Rev. Yusuf Bedr. Week-days and Sundays the story of the Saviour is told in a dozen different languages, to thousands of hearers, and the little Fatimas and Seids have learned to sing in their own liquid language the hymns that are sung by the Sunday School children of England and the United States. Gospel services are conducted in Arabic in five different parts of the city.

Altogether, there are few easrern cities of large population which possess more religious advantages than Beyrout, or which have made more progress in half a century in spiritual enlightenment.

THE SEAPORT OF BEYROUT, SYRIA.

(From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage during his Tour in the East.)

* * *

Character's Face-marks.

SOME pretty girls grow a great deal prettier, but it is a sad fact that some grow just the other way. Others who are not so pretty when they are young, are often the ones who are really beautiful as they grow older. If between the ages of ten and thirty, says the *Northern Presbyterian*, a girl lives the best life open to her, she is very sure to become pleasant and attractive in appearance. A man named John Ruskin, over in England, says that no virtue practiced even for a moment, fails to leave its impress on the face and in the body. That means that if we do right for just one minute, we will be better looking. God has put in each one of our mouths a pretty bow, and when we look pleasant and cheery, the bow stays as God made it. But looking sour and pouting will change our looks and very soon the bow God placed there will all be gone. Some people have put curtains up over the window, noticing that the sun shining in my eyes made me scowl, and knowing that scowling makes wrinkles. Frowns and scowls will bring the ugly lines across your forehead. We prevent wrinkles by keeping sunshine inside to shine through. We must ask God to make us beautiful inside and the beauty will shine through.

* * *

THE NEAREST DUTY

THE cup of water to the faint.
Or rest unto the weary,
The light thou giv'st another's life
Shall make thine own less dreary.
And boundless realms of faith and love
Will wait for thy possessing;
Not creeds, but deeds, if thou would'st win
Unto thy soul a blessing.

And so I wait with peaceful heart,
Content to do his pleasure,
Not caring if the world should mock
At smallness of the measure.
Of thoughts or deeds or daily life
He knows the true endeavor
To do his will, to seek his face;
And he will fail me never.

—*Mid-Continent.*

CITY AND COUNTRY CHILDREN.

WHEN you are in the country there is so much to attract you, so many things to learn about that you ought to get as much knowledge during vacation as you do in a term at school. You can't take a step without finding something worth study. If you walk along a country road, says the *Literary Bulletin*, stoop down and turn up a stone, you will be surprised at the lively family you have uncovered. You will want to find out what their name is, and think it funny that they like to live under their brown stone house. The wild flowers and grasses will attract you by their beauty, and you will want to learn the names of them all; how some are used for medicine and others are poison, and so on. A brook is a never-failing source of pleasure to a city-bred child. As you build your small dam, or sail your toy boat, you will see many curious things; bright-winged, quick-moving creatures darting about in the air with funny, jerky motions, and scores of little insects that seem to skate on top of the water. That will be an interesting chapter in this big book, won't it? Country children know more about the Book of Nature than those brought up in a town. The farmer's lad can read the signs of a coming storm, or a hot day, or an early frost.

I sincerely wish that every little child could grow up in the large, open country. But a great many cannot, and while I am sorry for them, I hope they make the most of the time spent out of town. There is a great difference in children, when it comes to reading this book. Some go on as though they were blind, with no eyes to read, and some read it as easily as they breathe. Some have to be taught how, and others know it without having to learn.

BY

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*

Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

THE SOIL AND THE ROCK.

KIT was very weak and faint when the excitement of killing the snake was over. One and another praised her courage and wondered how she could have thought of just what to do.

"I didn't think: it just came to me," said Kit, sitting up. "I can't think what makes me feel so queer, only I didn't sleep much, my hand hurt me so."

"There isn't one man in a hundred would have had the presence of mind, even if he had the courage," said Mr. Bassett. "Myra, hadn't we better take her over to our house, and let her lie down a while? I'll carry her."

"Perhaps that will be the best way," said Miss Armstrong. "Wouldn't you like to go with Mr. Bassett, and rest a little?"

"And have a nice cup of coffee?" added Myra.

Kit shook her head. "I should like it," said she, with a loving and grateful look at Myra and her father, "but uncle Phin wouldn't. He has told me never to go into the neighbors' houses for anything, and I think I ought to mind him."

"Of course you ought," replied Mr. Bassett, exchanging glances with Miss Armstrong.

"I'll run home and get the coffee, anyway," said Myra, whose kindness, like her mother's, was apt to take a substantial form. "I am sure she needs something."

"And do you sit quietly here in the shade, and rest," said Miss Armstrong. "Sarah shall sit with you, lest you should be faint again."

While Myra was gone for the coffee to revive the fainting child Agnes said to Selina in a low tone, "What do you think of Kit now?"

"I think a great fuss is being made about nothing," said Selina. "I or anybody could have done as much."

"Why didn't you then?" asked one of the little girls, who was near. "You were as close to Eddy as Kit was; and you just stood still and screamed, for I saw you."

Selina found it convenient not to hear this remark. She was listening to the hissing of a snake in her own heart, worse than any copperhead that ever crawled in Oldham,—the serpent of envy and jealousy. The copperhead could, at worst, only have killed the child's body; but her bosom companion was poisoning her very soul.

Sarah drew Kit's head closer to her, and kissed the brown cheek; but she did not speak, and Kit lay in a kind of dreamy content.

"Sarah," said she at last, rousing herself just as she seemed to be falling asleep.

"Well, dear."

"Do you think it was the Lord put it into my head,—how to catch the snake, I mean?"

"I suppose so," answered Sarah, who was a girl who thought about things. "Every thing good is from him. I don't see where else it could have come from."

"I am so glad I could do it," said Kit. "How dreadful it would have been if the snake had bitten Eddy! She might have been dead by this time."

"And suppose it had bitten you?"

"Well, that wouldn't have mattered so much, for I am not anybody's girl as Eddy is. I suppose Symantha would have been sorry, though, because she loves me. She said she did, yesterday."

"She must be a queer woman if she didn't," said Sarah. "See, here is Myra with some nice coffee for you."

"Did you think I was ever so long?" said Myra, setting down her basket, and taking the cover off a little tin pail which gave out a delicious odor. "Ma made fresh coffee, and cut some cold chicken, beause she says you ought to try and eat a little. There, drink, little one. What are you looking at?" For Kit was regarding the mug Myra handed her, with a dazed expression, knitting her brows as if trying to recall something.

"At the mug," said Kit. "Somehow it makes me remember something, and I can't tell what it is. It is just as if I had seen it before. I remember those little blue folks on the bridge, and somebody telling me a story about them."

"I dare say you may have seen something like it," said Myra. It is very old china. Ma's grandfather used to be a sailor, and he brought a great many curious things from China and India. There, do drink your coffee: it will be cold."

"How good it is, and how good you all are to me!" said Kit. "I am so glad Uncle Phin came here to live! I hope we shall never move away. Symantha says so too. She says she has been about the world all she ever wants to."

"Then you have moved a good many times?" said Sarah, who shared in the general curiosity about Phin Mallory,—a curiosity not at all unnatural in a place where everybody knew everybody, and everybody's grandfathers, to the third and fourth generation.

"Oh, yes! We have lived in five different places since I can remember. St. Louis was the first I know. Then we went farther west to a new town in Kansas, and then into the Indian country. I liked it there."

"Were you not afraid of the Indians?" asked Myra, whose notions of that people were derived from legends of the French and Indian war, still current in Oldfield County. "I should be."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, not of those Indians. They were real nice folks, and so kind to us, especially when Aunt Martha was sick. They were good Christians too. Uncle Phin was away a good deal; and sometimes, when he staid over Sunday, I used to go to their church. I was very little then; but I remember the beautiful singing, and the prayers they used,—little bits of them 'We have strayed like lost sheep,' that was one; I knew it the minute Mr. Weston read it last night. And the people used to say, 'Good Lord, deliver us,' when the minister prayed. But we didn't stay there long. Uncle Phin says the Indians are treacherous dogs, no better than wolves; but I like them."

"Have some more coffee," said Myra. "Well, where did you go then?"

"We didn't stay long anywhere; we just travelled about. Finally we came here, and I do hope we shall stay!"

"So do I," said Myra. "You must learn all you can, in case you have to go away again. Do you feel better?"

"Oh, yes! I am quite well now. I guess I will go into school. Thank you for the coffee and for being so good to me."

"Please ask Miss Armstrong to step to the door," said Myra, gathering up her basket and other matters. "Mother sent me on an errand to her, and I nearly forgot it." Myra's errand was, to ask Miss Armstrong to come to her mother's house to tea that afternoon.

"Mrs. Weston is coming, and so are Miss Celia and Miss Delia: that's all, only I suppose Aunt Betsy will turn up, as usual; oh, yes! and Patience Fletcher, if she can get away. Do come, Miss Armstrong: ma wants to see you so much, and I want you to see grandma. She is such a dear old lady!"

Miss Armstrong smiled, and promised to come. She would have preferred to spend her half-holiday quiety; but she knew this party was made for her, and she had been used, all her life, to putting herself out of the question.

Of course all the children went home with their heads and mouths full of the snake story, which lost nothing in the telling. Kit was the only one who did not mention it. Agnes Gleason told of it at the table. She had gone to her mother's room the evening before, and opened her heart to her with some misgivings, for Mrs. Gleason was not a woman who made any profession of religion. She was agreeably surprised at the way in which her communication was received.

"I am just as glad as if you had given me a fortune, and more," said Mrs. Gleason. "I always have hoped you would be a Christian."

"You never said any thing about it to me, ma," said Agnes. "I've wondered sometimes why you didn't."

"Well, I thought it wouldn't sound very well coming from one who made no profession of religion herself; but you know, Agnes, I always have kept you at Sunday school, and I have taken pains to have you learn your catechism."

"Yes, I know. Mrs. Martin used to say she wished all mothers would do as much. I'm so glad you are pleased, ma. It makes me happier than I was before," said Agnes, her eyes overflowing with joyful tears.

"Well, I am pleased," said Mrs. Gleason with emphasis. "But I want to tell you one thing, daughter: I want you to join the church, that is, if you are sure your know your own mind, and I guess you do. You are pretty apt to, I will say that for you."

"I think so," said Agnes. "I thought perhaps you would think I was too young to come forward."

"I don't," replied her mother. "Your grandfather Gleason was a minister of great experience, and I have heard him say that the proportion of backsliders among young church-members is much less than among those who wait till middle life. And it stands to reason, too, because they are not so fixed in bad habits."

"How did it happen, ma, that you never joined the church yourself?" asked Agnes.

"Well, it was just that way. I was very serious when I was about your age, and I wanted very much to come forward. Dr. Munson was in favor of it; and probably, if my parents had been alive, I should have done so. But I was living with Aunt Betsy then, and she was against it. She said I was too young to understand what I was about, and not serious-minded enough, and so on; and she wouldn't give her consent. Then I went to Elmsbury, and there I fell in with a good deal of gay society; and—well, I don't know how it was, but I lost my hope, and never found it again; and sometimes I think I never shall," added Mrs. Gleason sadly. "Aunt Betsy always says it shows she was right about me."

"I think it shows she was wrong," said Agnes.

"And so do I. I have got to answer for myself, of course, but I can't help blaming her for part of it; and I made up my mind that I should take a very different course with you."

"I am so glad!" said Agnes. "But, ma," she added timidly, "why don't you come forward now! It would be so sweet for us to go together. We always have been together in every thing, you know, ever since I was a little girl."

"Yes, I always have made a companion of you. Sometimes I'm afraid I put too much on you."

"No, you don't either," said Agnes, with some indignation. "There isn't a girl in Oldham has better times than I do, only for—"

"Only for the summer boarders," said Mrs. Gleason as Agnes paused. "Well, I hope we shall not have to take them again. I have calculated that this season will pay off the mortgage, and after that we shall be easy enough."

"But won't you think about it, ma?"

"Child, I have thought enough, if that would do any good. But, I don't know how it is, my heart seems as hard as the nether millstone, or like the Bald Rock on Indian Hill, where neither sun nor rain will make any thing grow."

"But we can do right, whether we feel right or not," said Agnes.

"There is something in that," replied her mother. "But we must not talk any more to-night. Go to bed, dear, and I will come as soon as I have set the bread. Bless the child! I only wish her dear father knew it," added Mrs. Gleason to herself as she went about her bread. "I wish that Milly Richmond wasn't here: she is one of those birds of the air we read of in the parable. But I don't think my girl is a wayside hearer."

Mrs. Gleason heard also of the incident of the snake from her boarder, Milly Richmond. "I shall not dare to step out of doors all the time I am here," was Milly's comment on the story.

"You will get rather tired of that," said Mrs. Gleason. "I have known several 'snake summers' since I have been here, but I have seldom known of any one's being hurt. It was a narrow escape for little Eddy, however, and for Kit herself. I can't think how the child should know just what to do."

"She asked Sarah if she didn t think it was the Lord who showed her," said Agnes, who was present, "and Sarah said she didn't doubt it."

"Oh, I didn't know Sarah had taken up the pious dodge," remarked Milly, with a sneer. "Does the new teacher go in for that kind of thing?"

"What kind of thing?" asked Agnes. Then, as Milly only laughed, she added, "Miss Armstrong is a Christian woman, if that is what you mean; and we like her the better for it."

"Of course she is. Don't you know, Milly, we heard all about her from Miss Brown? She is a great friend of old Mrs. Van Zandt and that set," said Mrs. Richmond, who would have given one of her fingers for a call from aunt Barbara at her fine new house. "I wonder what brought her up here."

"Perhaps she came on a mission to convert the natives," said Milly, who never lost an opportunity of showing that she looked down on the people where she spent her summers. "Maybe she will convert you, Agnes."

"Maybe she has," said Agnes. "So much the better for me."

Mrs. Gleason answered quietly, "Agnes has got a great deal of good from Miss Armstrong already, and I hope she may get more. It is a pity you would not try going to school to her yourself, Milly. Perhaps she might do something, even for you."

"Milly curled her lip and tossed her head; but she had come off second best in more than one encounter with her hostess, and she did not care to try another. She made up her mind, however, that, if Agnes had taken up any such notions, she would soon laugh her out of them. Mrs. Gleason had rightly called her one of the birds of the air. But such birds have no power over the seed sown in good ground; it is only that which falls on the hard trodden wayside which becomes their prey.

The subject of their conversation was sitting at the time at Mrs. Bassett's hospitable table, where the ladies Myra had mentioned were gathered.

"I hope Ednah is none the worse for her adventure this morning," Miss Armstrong was saying to Patience. "Poor child, she had a terrible fright."

"Oh, yes, with the snake," said Mrs. Bassett. "The scare was enough to kill her."

"I don't think she was as much frightened as Faithie was," answered Patience. "She says herself she didn't have time. But it is dreadful to think what would have happened only for Kit," she added, shuddering. "I little thought, when I was fretting about the child's coming to school with our young ones, what she was to do for them."

"Which shows what I am always telling you, Patience—that there is no use in fretting and borrowing trouble," remarked Mrs. Bassett.

"Kit seems a well-disposed child in every way, I think," said Miss Celia, whose knitting-needles were pursuing their rapid, even rounds in the corner. "She brought home my tortoise-shell kitten when it strayed away. I can hardly think she belongs to these people."

"She don't," returned Aunt Betsy, who had fulfilled Myra's prediction by 'dropping in' a little before tea-time. "If she was a Mallory, we should know something about her, at any rate. They took her out of the poor-house."

"She must have come of a good family somehow," said Miss Celia with mild persistence.

"I do not think that so certain," remarked Miss Armstrong. "I have had a good deal of experience with children in all positions, from what might be called the top of the social ladder to the bottom; and I have found all sorts of dispositions in all sorts of places. I have seen most beautiful growths of goodness and self-sacrifice in the midst of vice and ignorance such as you can have no idea of unless you have seen it, and I have seen very extraordinary tendencies to wickedness among children who had been most carefully brought up."

"Well, you won't persuade me that it don't make any difference whether folks are respectable, decent folks, or loafers," said Aunt Betsy. "Nobody will ever make me think that."

"Anybody would be very foolish to try," said Mrs. Weston. "All Miss Armstrong says is, that good and bad dispositions do not depend entirely upon family, or even upon training."

"Exactly so," assented Miss Armstrong. "Other things being equal, well-trained and well-nurtured children are likely to be better than those who are neither; but there are exceptions in all cases."

"Just so," assented Mrs. Weston. "Look at the case of Harry Burchard, for instance," alluding to a somewhat famous burglar. "That fellow had a good bringing-up, and learned a good trade; and the same enterprise and ingenuity which made him such a successful burglar would have made him an equally successful business man."

"And it was no want of grandfathers in his case," observed Miss Delia. "He is a great-grandson of old Mr. Wheeler, who used to preach in Oldbury in Revolutionary times."

(*To be Continued.*)

* By special arrangement with Thomas Whittaker, publisher, New York.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

J. W. Miles, Chester, Pa. We believe it is strictly in accord with temperance principles.

Old Subscriber, Brooklyn, N. Y. Communicate with Rev. Ross Taylor, Secretary, Africa Mission, 210 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

R. F. J. What is the size of the British Empire? Its territorial extent is nearly 11,500,000 square miles, or about a fifth of the entire land surface of the globe.

R. B. Ingram, Spring Lake Beach, N. J. The best and latest is probably Jamieson-Fausset-Brown's Bible Commentary, published by Fleming H. Revell, 12 Bible House, Astor Place, N. Y.

Inquirer, N. Y. Was John G. Whittier born in 1807 or 1808?

He was born at Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 1807.

Subscriber, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. Are there any colleges in the United States where one can study for missionary work in Africa, or any other foreign land and to learn any of the languages? How long must one study?

Address Rev. Ross Taylor, Secretary, Africa Mission, 210 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

Jno. B. Willhart, Apison, Tenn. When, where and by whom was the Sunday School organized?

See answer to E. A. Morrison in No. 27 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

John Wintsch, Brooklyn, N. Y. Is it right to go to Coney Island on Sunday, to bathe, if one works all the week?

Such a proceeding can hardly be justified on the line of Christian duty. Coney Island and its surroundings are patronized almost exclusively by pleasure-seekers.

Ralph Voorhis, River Edge, N. J. What is the meaning of "I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of God" etc.?

It is an expression of humility, and of a desire to do service even in the humblest capacity; it means that he would rather be an usher or a servant in God's house than a person of importance elsewhere. A description of the character of the duties they have to perform is given in II. Kings 23: 4.

Subscriber, Portland, Ind. We are told in Genesis 5: 16, that Cain went to the land of Nod and married there. Whom did he marry and whose descendant was she?

The word *Nod*, simply means land of exile or flight, probably the country east of the Garden of Eden. The Bible narrative implies the existence of a considerable population in Cain's time. His wife must have been one of his sisters. (See Gen. 5: 4.) Some traditions call her *Save*, and others *Azura*.

A. J. B., Newallton, La. Were Christ's disciples converted before he was crucified?

Christ's statement in his prayer (John 17: 8, 14), indicates that they were converted. There were, however, many mistaken notions in their minds about him and his mission that were not rectified until after his resurrection and they received the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. As with many in our day, conversion needed to be followed by enlightenment.

R. B. Gould, McLouth, Kan. 1. Would one who earnestly desires to live a devoted Christian, be justified in uniting with any secret organization when the only object is to obtain an insurance? 2. It is right, in the light of God's word, to charge for admission to a Children's Day and other religious entertainment given in the church on Sabbath, the money so raised to be for religious purposes?

1. If doing so conflicts with his religious duties or convictions, it would be wrong; if otherwise, and if conscience approves, then we can see no objection. 2. Without any further explanation than our correspondent gives, we should be disposed to condemn such a proceeding. This judgment, however, might be subject to change on proper explanation.

Subscriber, Hamilton, Ont. Who are the Moravian Brethren, what are their methods of work, and do they still exist as a society?

An evangelical organization which, in its original form, flourished before the Reformation but was overthrown during the "Thirty Years War" in Germany. The organization was revived in the 18th century when about 300 Brethren emigrated to Saxony and built a town called Herrnhut which soon became the centre of the religious movement. Since that time they have spread to various other lands, although they are far from being numerous. There are now fifteen Moravian settlements in Europe and several in this country. The unmarried men live together, and so do the single women. The communal principle is observed in regard to property. The doctrines taught include total depravity of human nature; the belief in Christ as the only Saviour, and in general the leading doctrines of the Christian Church. (See *The Moravian Manual*, published in Philadelphia Pa.)

J. H. Elliott, Portland, Ore. 1. Is there any book that gives a brief, concise statement of the rites and ceremonies of the Levitical Law and the antitypes, which these things represent under the Gospel Dispensation? 2. Suppose a young person, who has had only a common-school education, is desirous of getting as much education as possible in three or four hours a week of leisure time; which would be the more profitable to study—History or well selected biography? Or could you suggest something better than either? 3. Does a man sin against God in riding a bicycle on the sidewalks when there is an unreasonable and tyrannical city ordinance against such bicycle riding?

1. The best explanatory work on the subject is *Josephus' Antiquities of the Jews*. 2. Such studies, to be valuable, should include history (ancient and modern), biography, geography and recent travel and exploration. 3. A man should at all times yield obedience to the law, unless it opposes the higher law of the ruler of the universe. There may be excellent reasons for prohibiting sidewalk bicycling.

Wm. Hubner, Catonsville, Md. Which were the more highly cultured, the Romans or the Egyptians?

The comparison is a difficult one. The Romans, living in a later age, had the benefit of the Egyptian knowledge and experience, and possibly improved on the model in many respects; yet history and archæology, taken in connection with the traces still existing of Egyptian civilization in early ages, leave room to doubt whether any ancient nation ever reached the same degree of culture that Egypt attained. Greece and Rome both borrowed from Egypt, the mother of wisdom.

Subscriber, Mifflintown, Pa. 1. Where can I get the Bible you gave as a premium? 2. What is the cause of the Northern Lights? 3. Who was Melchisedec, King of Salem? 4. What is meant by: without father, without mother, without descent; having neither beginning of days nor end of life?

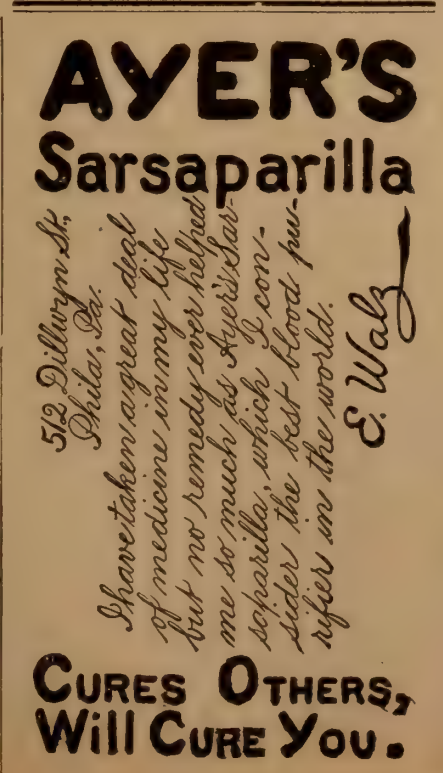
1. By securing and sending to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the name of a *new* subscriber, and $2. We will then send the Bible premium either to the new subscriber or to yourself as you may arrange. 2. They are electrical meteors or streamers appearing in high latitudes. Some scientists contend that they are due to phosphorescence; others to storm-clouds throwing out tufts of cirri which extend widely over the atmosphere and resolve themselves into a fine drizzle that shines with varying phosphorescence, and still others assert that they are an electrical discharge in the upper atmosphere. No definite conclusion seems to have been reached. 3. King of Salem. (See Genesis 14: 18-20.) 4. No entirely satisfactory explanation has ever been given of the passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews relating to Melchizedek, though learned divines from the time of Jerome have tried to explain it. The most probable theory is that the writer of the epistle merely used a tradition current among the Jews as an illustration, without endorsing its truth. He used it to show that Christ fulfilled conditions which they associated with this mysterious personage. That he combined the offices of priest and king; that he did not derive his authority from a predecessor, nor deliver it to a successor; and that his priestly work was not limited to a given time.

M. E. W. What is meant by Christ reigning a thousand years?

That at the close of this dispensation, when Christ returns in power and glory and the righteous dead are raised, he will personally reign over the earth for a thousand years. The resurrection of the wicked dead will not take place until the end of that term. (Rev. 20: 5.) There are many prophecies of the blessed period which have not yet been fulfilled, such as Micah 4: 1–4; Psalm 72; Daniel 7: 14, 27; Zech. 14: 20, 21; Isaiah 11; Rev. 20: 4–6, and many others.

A. H. H., Madeira, Cal. Does Hebrews 6: 4-6 preclude the possibility of the restoration of backsliders?

It is difficult to say what degree of guilt brings a man into the condition referred to. If any backslider repents it is obvious that the passage does not refer to him. Our duty in the case of a backsliding brother is not to speculate but to warn, exhort and entreat him to return, reminding him of the promise of God to receive him. Many Christians have fallen into grievous sin who have repented and have afterward led consistent lives.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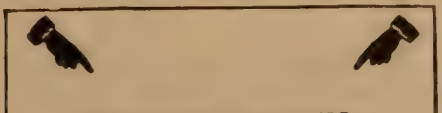

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ALICE TELLS OF THE FLOOD*

I WAS only saying, "resumed Mistress Drusilla, "that I didn't believe our friend had ever heard your story of the big rain."

"I don't believe I have," said I.

"All right: I'll tell it to her," said little Alice; "but I fought everybody had heard dat story. Well, once dere was an awful big rain-storm. Folks knew it was comin', 'cause a smart man told 'em so, but dey didn't pay no 'tention to him. Dere was lots of fings goin' on dat suited 'em well enough, so dey didn't want to fink 'bout fings dat didn't suit 'em, and, of course, nobody wanted any rain. Well, one man dat knew all 'bout it, began to get ready for it; he made a great big boat for him an' his family an' all deir fings, so dere would be some place for him to go when it got too rainy on shore. 'Twas an awful big boat—bigger'n a dozen houses in a row—bigger'n almos' any of dese steamships dat come 'long the ocean in front of our house, my fahver says.

"He didn't have a boat just to go in an' swim away from de storm, eiver. He was de kind of a man who had finked 'bout somefin' for children to do on rainy days, so he fixed up a whole lot of de boat so he could carry some animals too, 'cause all children likes animals. Dere was places for cows, so de children could have all de milk dey wanted to drink, when uvver folkses' children didn't have any 'cause the rain got so bad dat it spoiled de roads an' washed away de bridges, so de milkman didn't come. An 'dere was places for dogs, 'cause my fahver says no man dat's got a heart is goin' to be happy indoors in a big storm if he knows his dog is out in de wet. Dere was places for kitties, too—Say, has you got a cat? I have; I got two of 'em. Just you come over to my house, an'——"

"Never mind the kitties now, pet," suggested Mistress Drusilla. "Go on with the story."

"Oh! Well, my kitties is nice, anyway. Well, de man what finked 'bout de storm fixed places for donkeys, too, an' my fahver says he shouldn't wonder if dere was a nice long clear place in de ark—dat was the name of de boat—where de children could ride the donkeys once in a while durin' de day when dey didn't know what else to do when it was rainin'. But he had lots of uvver animals, too. Why, do you know, dat man finked so much 'bout what his little children would like dat he took a whole menagerie in dat boat—elephants, an' lions, an' bears, an' giraffes, an' all de kinds of animals dat's in de picture-books. He took lots of birds, too; chickens, so de family could have plenty of eggs to eat, an' larks to sing so's to wake de folkses up in de mornin', an' sparrows to go chirpin' roun', and geese to drop quills for the children to make squakers out of, an' monkeys dat would cut up an' make de children laugh. Oh! I just tell you what, 'twas nicer dan any Sunday School picnic-boat you ever saw in your life. He took some uvver fings dat I don't fink was very nice—snakes, an' skeeters, an' flies. My fahver says he s'poses Mr. Noah had to do it, else his family wouldn't have noffin' to grumble 'bout, an' folks that haven't got noffin else to grumble 'bout goes to work to find fault wiff each uvver. So when Noah got all de animals aboard, an' asked all his friends if dey didn't want to go too, an, dey said dey guessed not, it began to look cloudy; so he ran down to de store to get de last fings dat had been forgot, and when he got back he shut de door of de ark, an' de rain began.

"Gracious! Dat was a rain! My fahver says he can't see why people tell lies 'bout big rainstorms, when once dere was a real rain so much bigger than anybody can make believe about. It filled up the roads so folks couldn't change deir minds an' go down to de ark if dey wanted to. No matter how tight folks shutted deir doors an' windows, de rain got in de houses, and wouldn't go out again. It kept on goin' in till fires in de stoves was putten out by it, so dey couldn't cook no breakfasts. Den folks had to go upstairs to keep from gettin' deir feet wet; an' finely dey had to get in the attics an' on de roofs, an' den dere wasn't no place else to go so dey just had to be drowned. To fink of all de little boys, an' girls in de world bein' drowned 'xcept just a few dat was on a big boat! I fink 'twas perfec'ly awful; but my fahver says 'twas de best fing dat could have happened to 'em, for de world in dem days wasn't a very good place for children to grow in; 'most all dat men an' boys did was to fight an' get killed, an' the women an' girls had to cry lots 'bout it. But all de time of that big rain their wasn't nobody drowned on board de ark, an' dere wasn't no trouble dere, 'xcept p'raps it wasn't always easy to open de windows an' air de rooms when de rain was comin' down so hard. But de folks was all right; an' you know why? Cause dey'd finked beforehand 'bout what to do if a big rain came."

While this recital had been going on, Mistress Drusilla and Miss Dorcas nodded and smiled at each other.

*From *Well Out of It*; by John Habberton; pp. 284; paper covers. price 30c.; John A. Taylor & Co., N. Y., publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Knightly Soldier. A biography of Major Henry Ward Camp, by Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull. Cloth, pp. 323. John D. Wattles, Philadelphia, publisher.

Winning Songs; for use in Meetings for Christian Worship or work, by Sweney, Kirkpatrick and Gilmour. Paper, pp. 192; price 25 cts. by mail. John J. Hood, 1024 Arch St., Philadelphia, publisher.

A Treatise on Sunday Laws; the Sabbath—the Lord's Day, its history and observance, civil and criminal, by Geo. E. Harris, of the Washington, D.C., Bar. Law sheep-skin, pp. 338; price $3.50. The Lawyers' Co-operative Publishing Co., Rochester, N. Y., publishers.

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ALL the world is now talking of the Chicago Fair, the great Columbian Exposition in celebration of the Quadri-Centennial of the Discovery of America, which opens in the Western Metropolis next spring. Everybody will make an effort to visit the Fair. The extent of the preparations, the number and vastness of the buildings, the widespread interest among other participating nations, and the enthusiastic, patriotic rivalry among our own States, all point to an Exposition of unrivalled scope and magnificence.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, watchful of the progress of this grandest material enterprise of our time, has published descriptions of the buildings, now nearly completed, which conveyed but faintly an idea of their extent and magnificence to our readers minds. But the Fair is something to be *seen* not read about; to be

Personally Visited and Enjoyed

as the grandest demonstration of God's goodness in prospering this Union and this people.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received many letters of inquiry from different parts of the country regarding the Fair, and after careful consideration it has arranged a plan specially for the benefit of its readers and their friends, by which those who wish to visit Chicago can do so, without the outlay of a dollar. This will secure to all who profit by the plan, railroad transportation from their own States to Chicago and return, and one week's board and lodging in a pleasant location, convenient to the Fair Grounds. They will have had an experience both novel and edifying, and one to remember in the coming years. The entire world will be represented at the Fair. This vast gathering will tax the facilities of railroads, hotels, and lodging-houses. As at all the previous great Fairs (and particularly that at Philadelphia, in 1876), prices will be put

At Fabulous Figures.

The cost of living in Chicago during the Fair, will, it is safe to assert, be quadrupled.

But these contingencies, as well as others that may arise, have been foreseen by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the plan it now proposes is suggested for the sole purpose of enabling its readers and their friends to visit Chicago and spend a delightful and instructive week viewing the grand spectacle. This is within the reach of all who care to make the effort; the minister, the farmer, the mechanic, the tradesman, the school-teacher, the shopgirl, have each an equal opportunity.

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Rev. Dr. Talmage, its Editor,

by rolling up in a few short weeks several hundreds of subscribers each. And these people were not professional canvassers, but simply enterprising, Christian men and women, who undertook the work because they liked the paper, and wished to extend its influence and its field of usefulness.

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Del.,	Wilmington	100
D. C.,	Washington	100
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"	Des Moines	75
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"	New Orleans	100
Me.,	Lewiston	100
"	Portland	100
Md.,	Baltimore	80
Mass.,	Boston	100
"	Fall River	100
"	Haverhill	100
"	Lowell	100
"	Worcester	100
Mich.,	Ann Arbor	60
"	Detroit	60
"	Grand Rapids	60
"	Jackson	60
Minn.,	Duluth	80
"	Minneapolis	80
"	St. Paul	80
Miss.,	Meridian	100
"	Vicksburg	100
Mo,	Kansas City	75
"	St. Louis	60
"	Springfield	80
Mont.,	Helena	150
Nebr.,	Lincoln	80
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"	Cleveland	70
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WHEN WAS THE EXODUS?

A Learned Writer Contends that it Took Place in 1293 B. C.

IN a most interesting and instructive article in *Biblia* for June, J Treve Barber writes as follows:

"In the Old Testament Scripture are given several indications of time with reference to Hebrew history, which might be expected to yield valuable chronological results if in harmony with each other; but unfortunately they have not been reconciled, and in view of the apparent confusion, the higher criticism has lately pronounced them irreconcilable, averring that they are only examples of the unreliable character of some of the Hebrew sacred records. The object of this paper is to show that the assumed irreconcilability is based upon a misapprehension of the facts stated, and that, instead of discrepancy, a perfect harmony pervades them. Also that they afford a means of deciding the long-vexed question as to the date of the Exodus.

"For a number of years past, students have been impelled by new discoveries and increasing light to look for some date a century or two nearer our own time than that of Archbishop Usher. Their speculations, and the general conclusion that Rameses II. was the Pharaoh of the oppression, and Menephta the Pharaoh of the Exodus, have, however, led to no certa n conclusion.

Meanwhile light has been coming from the discoveries of Tel el-Armarna, and other ways which seems to bring the times of the Patriarchs nearer than before.

"The statement of 1. Kings 6: 1, may be read as follows: 'And it cometh to pass, in the four hundred and eightieth year of the going out of the sons of Israel from the land of Egypt, in the fourth year—in the month of Zif, it is the second month—of the reigning of Solomon over Israel, that he buildeth the house for Jehovah.' The inference from this passage has been that 'the going out of the sons of Israel' referred to the Exodus under Moses; and the simple result of this inference has been an evident inaccuracy as to time. But are we shut up to this inference and conclusion; and is there no alternative? I do not think that we are, and the alternative is here presented.

"The fiftieth chapter of the Book of Genesis if full of interest. It describes the obsequies of Israel, the illustrious father of the Israelitish nation, and of Egypt's ruler who was next to Pharaoh on the throne. Here are described the forty days of embalming, and the seventy days of mourning, during which the Egyptians wept for the noble dead. And then the large request of Joseph, so magnificently answered by the king. Mighty and imposing in its grandeur, with marshaling in ceremonial pomp, was this great procession of nobles, and elders, and servants; of chariots, and captains, and soldiers; of Joseph and his brethren and the house of his father. Then came the long journey to beyond the land of Moab, till they halted at last in the land which Jacob himself, as a conqueror, had won (Gen. 48: 22), on the east of the Jordan stream. A second time of mourning being ended, the sons of Israel bore him over the river to the sepulchre of his fathers, the army meantime waiting on the eastern side, and causing great amazement to the inhabitants of the land; for "the camp was very great." All this was the work of several months, and such a bending of the greatest nation of the world in the zenith of his glory, to pay its tribute of high honor and sincere respect to the remains of Israel—the "Prince of God,"—made an impression so deep that it could not fade from memory, and was transmitted to a later age, to be taken as as an era in the history of the family when peacefully settled as a great nation in another land.

"So from this 'going out' they reckoned, counting thence to the founding of the temple in the Solomonic age. Now making our computation from the fourth year of Solomon 1012 B.C., which was the 480th year from the going out of the sons of Israel from the land of Egypt, we have by simple addition the year 1491 B.C. for the death and burial of the father of the nation, and 1723 B.C. for the entry of Abraham into the land of Canaan. Accepting then the 430 years which the Israelites spent in Egypt as covering the whole period from the time of Abraham's entry into the land of Canaan to the Exodus under Moses and Aaron, wet get 1293 B.C. as the date of the Exodus."

THE FAMINE-SMITTEN.

THE lark messaged heavenwards
Blessing from earth—
But I turn'd where our gentle Lord's
Loves lay in death.
They heard not, nor heeded,
The sounds of life o'er them!
They felt them not, nor needed,
The hot tears wept for them!
But earth-flowers were springing
O'er human flowers' grave!
And, O God! what heart-wringings
Their tender looks gave!
They died! died of hunger—
By bitter want blasted!
While wealth for the Wronger
Ran over untasted—
While Pomp, in joy's rosy bowers,
Wasted life's measure,
Chiding the lagging hours,
Wearied for pleasure!
They died! While men hoarded
The free gifts of God:———
They died! 'tis recorded
In letters of blood.
Yet the corn on the hills
Waves its showery-gold crown;
Still Nature's lap fills
With the good heaven drops down.

—GERALD MASSEY.

BOUGHT A WIFE WITH A DONKEY.

REV. S. CHAPMAN an English preacher relates the following: "Let me tell you what happened a few weeks ago. I was in a Syrian village, and I saw a woman going to and fro, wearing more ornaments than her sisters usually do. I saw, moreover, that she seemed exceedingly capable in the way of selling provender to some of the men who had charge of the caravan and camels. I felt a kind of interest in the woman, she seemed so capable, and handy, and busy, and evidently was bringing considerable gain to her husband. I made inquiries concerning her, and I learned that only six weeks before the time I saw her, she had been bought for a donkey. It was the simple fact that she had been bought to be that man's wife and paid for with a donkey, and before that event took place the man had divorced three other wives. How did he do this? you will say. What law-court would allow him? All that a man has to do under such circumstances is to turn toward Mecca and swear by Mohammed that he is divorced. Then the woman goes, and he can purchase as many others as he likes. That is the kind of idealic life that some men would have you think that these noble savages live. Christianity is the cure for this barbarism."

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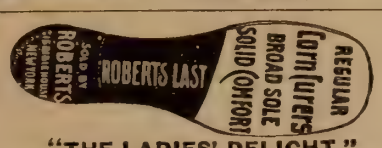

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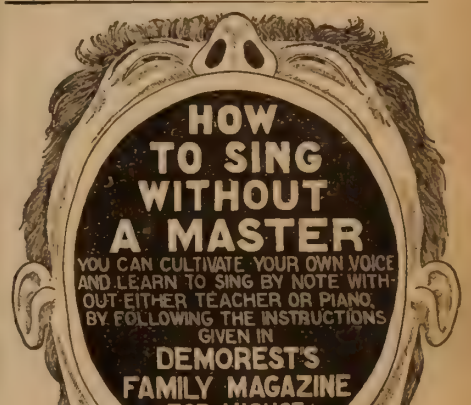
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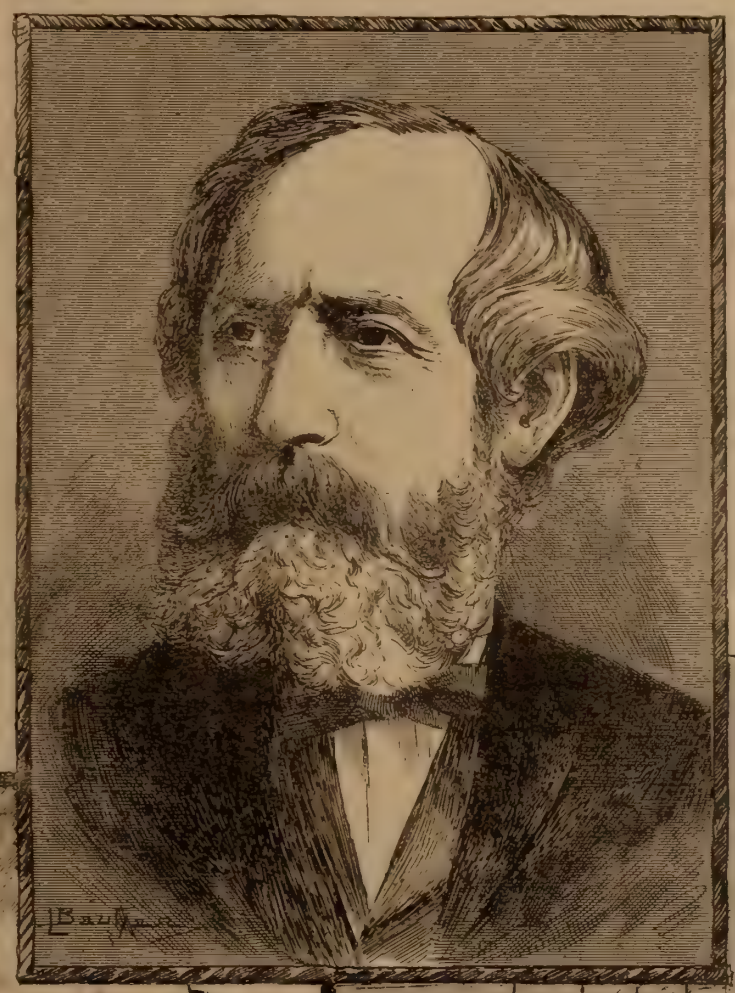
A Noble Life Closed.

Cyrus W. Field, the Broad-minded Christian Philanthropist, who Joined two Continents and "Moored the New World Alongside the Old"—A Remarkable Career.

TWENTY-six years ago, in mid-summer, the greatest steamship in the world was ploughing her way slowly across the blue rollers of the Atlantic, westward. The *Great Eastern* had left Valencia, Ireland, on July 13, 1866, carrying the Atlantic cable. On the 27th of that month she steamed into Heart's Content harbor, her task completed and the cable laid that united the old and new Worlds. On the Sunday morning following, a message of thanks to God for the successful accomplishment of the great work was read in thousands of Christian churches in Europe and America. That message was sent from Heart's Content, by Cyrus West Field, who had throughout been the moving spirit in the enterprise. On the 12th day of July, 1892, twenty six years later, he passed away after a severe illness, at his home in New York City.

The story of this man's life, now closed, is one full of interest and significance. He was born at Stockbridge, Mass., November 30th, 1819. His father was the Rev. David Dudley Field, a clergyman of eminence, a citizen of Stockbridge, Mass., and who died there in 1867 at the age of eighty-six. Cyrus was the third son of the family. He received his early education in his native town, and subsequently became a clerk in New York. In the course of a few years, he had so prospered that he became the proprietor of a large mercantile establishment. In 1854, he was induced to turn his attention to the subject of Ocean Telegraphy, and was instrumental in procuring a charter from the Legislature of Newfoundland, granting the exclusive right for fifty years to use a telegraph from New York to that colony, and thence to Europe. All are now so familiar with the use of the telegraph across the ocean that they are apt to forget, perhaps, how recent a thing it is. It is only thirty-eight years ago that the project was first conceived.

On March 10th, 1854, the commencement of what is known as "deep sea telegraphy" took place. On that day was signed the agreement to organize the New York and Newfoundland Telegraph Company, the object of which was to establish a line of telegraphic communication between America and Newfoundland. The company was formed in Mr. Cyrus Field's house in Gramercy Park, New York, and it was composed of six individuals: Peter Cooper, Mr. Moses Taylor, Mr. Cyrus West Field, Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, Mr. Chandler White, and Wilson G. Hunt. Mr. David Dudley Field, Mr. Cyrus Field's eldest brother, was present as the legal adviser of the Company, and afterwards went to St. John's, to obtain the charter. Some small line had been completed between New York and Newfoundland, Mr. Cyrus Field went to London, and in 1856 he was successful in organizing the Atlantic Telegraphic Company. The first attempt to lay the cable was made in 1857, but the ships had sailed no farther that 300 miles from the Irish Coast when the cable broke and the expedition had to return.



THE LATE CYRUS W. FIELD AND HIS LIFE WORK.

(Portrait of the Great Cable-Layer.—"Heart's Content."—The Great Eastern Paying out the Cable.)

The following year the attempt was renewed. The British Government supplied a war vessel, *Agamemnon*, and the United States Government a splendid frigate, *The Niagara*, for the enterprise. It was agreed that the two vessels should meet in mid-Atlantic, each carrying one half the cable. These were then to be joined, and the splice being lowered, the English vessel was to sail for England and the *Niagara* for America, each vessel paying out the cable as she proceeded.

Before the two vessels had reached mid-ocean a storm arose, and the English *Agamemnon* had a narrow escape from foundering. When at last the cable was joined on July 29th, 1858, it was broken several times in the attempt to lay it, and again the expedition returned to England almost in despair. One more effort was resolved upon, and it was successful, for the cable stretched from shore to shore, and messages were exchanged between Europe and America. For only three weeks, however, could the cable be used, and not until eight years after, in 1866, when two new cables had been manufactured, one of which after being paid out 1,200 miles, was broken in mid-ocean but was afterward "fished" up and carried to the shore of Newfoundland, was success achieved.

It is needless to say that in all these efforts, at which a glance only has been taken, Mr. Cyrus Field took a prominent part. It is admitted by all competent authorities that the success which crowned the work at last was in a great measure due to his unflagging energy. It has been stated that while the plan was in progress he crossed the Atlantic more than fifty times. Congress gave him a gold medal in commemoration of his successful enterprise, and he also received a Grand Medal at the Paris Exhibition.

Perhaps no scene in Mr. Field's life will better display the esteem in which he was held by his friends than one which took place about thirteen years ago. On March 10th, 1879, Mr. Field issued invitations to a large number of gentlemen to a reception at his house, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day on which it had been resolved to lay down the cable. At a quarter past ten the guests took their places in the dining-room where the original compact was formed, and their host addressed them briefly, reciting the story of his struggles in perfecting the great cable project, and testifying to his unwavering confidence in God's goodness in bringing it to final triumph. At that time he said:

> Twenty-five years ago there was not an ocean telegraph in the world. A few short lines had been laid: cross the Channel from England to the Continent, but all were in shallow water. Even science hardly dared to conceive the possibility of sending human intelligence through the abysses of the ocean. But when we struck out to cross the Atlantic, we had to lay a cable over 2,000 miles long, in water over two miles deep. That great success gave an immense impulse to submarine telegraphy, then in its infancy but which has since grown till it has stretched out its fingers tipped with fire into all the waters of the globe. 'Its lines have gone into all the earth, and its words into the end of the world.' To-day there are over 70,000 miles of cable crossing the seas and the oceans, and as if it were not enough to have messages sent with the speed of the lightning, they can be sent in opposite directions at the same moment. Who can measure the effect of this swift intelligence — passing to and fro? Already it regulates the markets of the world; but better still is the new relation into which it brings the different kindreds of mankind. Nations are made enemies by their ignorance of each other. A better acquaintance leads to a better understanding; the sense of nearness, the relation of neighborhood, awakens the feelings of brotherhood. Is it not a sign that a better age is coming, when along the ocean beds strewn with the wrecks of war now glide the messages of peace? But life is passing, and perhaps the completing the circuit of the globe is to be left to other hands. Many of our old companions have fallen and we must soon give place to our successors. But though we shall pass away, it is a satisfaction to have been able to do something that shall remain when we are gone.

When completed, the first message flashed through the cable was, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will toward men."

In a recent article on this one great episode of his life, Mr. Field graphically described his

(Continued on page 453.)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

OUR POSSESSIONS.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Text: *"All are yours."* 1. Cor. 3: 22.

THE impression is abroad that religion puts a man on short allowance; that when the ship sailing heavenward comes to the shining wharf, it will be found out that all the passengers had the hardest kind of sea-fare; that the soldiers in Christ's army march most of the time with an empty haversack; in a word, that only those people have a good time in this world who take upon themselves no religious obligation.

I want to-day to find out whether this is so, and I am going to take account of stock; I am going to show what are the Christian's liabilities, and what is his income, and what are his warrantee deeds, and what are his bonds and mortgages, and I shall find out before I finish just how much he is worth, and I shall spread before you the balance-sheet in time to warn you all against the religion of Jesus Christ, if, indeed, it be a failure, and in time for you all to accept it, if indeed it be a success. I turn first to the assets, and I find there what seems to be a roll of government securities—the Empire of Heaven promising all things to the possessor. The three small words of my text are a warrantee deed to the whole universe when it says, "All are yours."

In making an inventory of the Christian's possessions, I remark, in the first place, that he owns this world. My text implies it, and the preceding verse asserts it—"whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world." Now, it would be an absurd thing to suppose that God would give to strangers privileges and advantages which he would deny his own children. If you have a large park, a grand mansion, beautiful fountains, stalking deer, and statuary, to whom will you give the first right to all these possessions? To outsiders? No, to your own children. You will say, "It will be very well for outsiders to come in and walk these paths and enjoy this landscape; but the first right to my house, and the first right to my statuary, the first right to my gardens, shall be in the possession of my own children."

Now, this world is God's park, and while he allows those who are not his children and who refuse his authority the privilege of walking through the gardens, the possession of all this grandeur of park and mansion is in the right of the Christian—the flowers, the diamonds, the silver, the gold, the morning brightness, and the evening shadow. The Christian may not have the title-deed to one acre of land as recorded in the clerk's office, he may never have paid one dollar of taxes; but he can go up on a mountain and look off upon fifty miles of grain field and say, "All this is mine; my father gave it to me." "All are yours."

A lawyer is sometimes required to search titles, and the client who thinks he has a good right to an estate puts the papers in his hands, and the lawyer goes into the public records, and finds everything right for three or four or five years back; but after a while he comes to a break in the title, to a deficit, to a diversion of the property; so he finds out that the man who supposed he owned it owns not an acre of the ground, while somebody else has the full right to the entire estate. Now, I examine the title to all earthly possessions. I go back a little way, and I find that men of the world—bad men, selfish men, wicked men—think they have a right to all these possessions; but I go further back, and I trace the title from year to year, and from century to century, until I find the whole right vested in God. Now, to whom did he give it? To his own children! "All are yours."

The simple fact is, that in the last days of the world all the architecture, all the cities, all the mountains, all the villages will be in the possession of the Church of Christ. "The meek shall inherit the

DAVID, THE HARPER.

earth." Ships of Tarshish shall bring presents. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." "All are yours." "But," you say, "what satisfaction is there in that when I haven't possession of them?" These things will come before the Supreme Judge of the Universe, and he will regulate the title, and he will eject these squatters upon the property that does not belong to them, and it shall be found that "All are yours."

So again, the refinements of life are the Christian's right. He has a right to as good apparel, to as beautiful adornments, to as commodious a residence as the worldling. Show me any passage in the Bible that tells the people of the world they have privileges, they have glittering spheres, they have befitting apparel that are denied the Christian. There is no one who has so much a right to laugh, none so much a right to everything that is beautiful and grand and sublime in life as the Christian. "All are yours." Can it be possible that one who is reckless and sinful, and has no treasures laid up in heaven, is to be allowed pleasures which the sons and daughters of God, verse, are denied?

So I remark that all the sweet sounds of the world are in the Christian's right. There are people who have an idea that instruments of music are inappropriate for the Christian's parlor. When did the house of sin or the bacchanal get the right to music? They have no right to it. God, in my text, makes over to Christian people all the pianos, all the harps, all the drums, all the cornets, all the flutes, all the organs. People of the world may borrow them, but they only borrow them; they have no right or title to them. God gave them to Christian people in my text, when he said, "All are yours."

David no more certainly owned the harp with which he thrummed the praises of God than the Church of Christ owns now all chants, all anthems, all ivory key-boards, all organ diapasons, and God will gather up these sweet sounds after a while, and he will mingle them in one great harmony, and the Mendelssohns and the Beethovens and the Mozarts of the earth will join their voices and their musical instruments, and soft south wind, and loud-lunged euroclydon will sweep the great organ pipes, and you shall see God's hand striking the keys, and God's foot tramping the pedals in the great oratorio of the ages!

So all artistic and literary advantages are in the Christian's right. I do not care on whose wall the picture hangs, or on whose pedestal the sculpture stands it belongs to Christians. The Bierstadts and the churches are all working for us. "All are yours." The Luxembourgs, the Louvre, all the galleries of Naples, and Rome, and Venice—they are all to come into the possession of the Church of Jesus Christ. We may not now have them on our walls, but the time will come when the writ of ejectment will be served and the church will possess everything. All parks, all fish-ponds, all colors, all harvests—all, "all are yours."

Secondly, I remark that the right to full temporal support is in the Christian's name. It is a great affair to feed the world. Just think of the fact that, this morning, sixteen hundred millions of our race breakfasted at God's table! The commissary department of a hundred thousand men in an army will engage scores of people; but just think of a commissary department of a world! Think of the gathering up from the rice swamps, and the tea fields, and the orchards and the fisheries! No one but God could tell how many bushels it would take to feed five continents.

Then, to clothe all these people—how many furs must be captured, and how much flax broken, and how much cotton picked. Just think of the infinite wardrobe where sixteen hundred million of people get their clothes! God spreads the table first of all for his children. Of course, that would be a very selfish man who would not allow other people to come and sit at his table sometimes; but, first of all, the right is given to Christian people, and therefore it is extreme folly for them ever to fret about food or raiment. Who fed the whales sporting off Cape Hatteras this morning? Out of whose hand did the cormorant pick its food? Whose loom wove the butterfly's wing? Who hears the hawk's cry? If God takes care of a walrus, and a Siberian dog, and a wasp, will he not take care of you? Will a father have more regard for reptiles than for his sons and daughters? If God clothes the grizzly bear, and the panther, and the hyena, will he not clothe his own children? Come, then, this morning, and get the key of the infinite store-house. Come and get the key of the infinite wardrobe. Here they are—all the keys. "All are yours."

So all the vicissitudes of this life, so far as they have any religious profit, are in the right of the Christian. If you should stand among the Alleghany mountains, especially near what is called the "Horseshoe," you would find a train of cars almost doubling on itself, and sitting in the back car you see a locomotive coming as you look out of the window, and you think it is another train when it is only the front of the train in which you are riding; and sometimes you can hardly tell whether the train is going toward Pittsburg or toward Philadelphia, but it is on the track, and it will reach the depot for which it started, and all the passengers will be discharged at the right place. Now, there are a great many sharp curves in life. Sometimes we seem to be going this way, and sometimes we seem to be going that way; but if we are Christians we are on the right track and we are going to come out at the right place. Do not get worried, then, about the sharp curve. A sailing vessel starts from New York for Glasgow. Does it go in a straight line? Oh, no. It changes its tack every little

PAUL UNHORSED.

while. Now, you say, "This vessel, instead of going to Glasgow, must be going to Havre, or it is going to Hamburg, or it is going to Marseilles." No, no. It is going to Glasgow. And in this voyage of life we often have to change our tack. One storm blows us this way, and another storm blows us that way; but he who holds the winds in his fist will bring us into a haven of everlasting rest just at the right time. Do not worry, then, if you have to change tack.

One of the best things that ever happened to Paul was being thrown off his horse. One of the best things that ever happened to Joseph was being thrown into the pit. The losing of his physical eyesight helped John Milton to see the battle of the angels. One of the best things that ever happened to Ignatius was being thrown to the wild beasts in the Coliseum, and while eighty thousand people were jeering at his religion he walked up to the fiercest of all the lions and looked him in the eye, as much as to say, "Here I am, ready to be devoured for Christ's sake." All things work together for your good. If you walk the desert, the manna will fall and the sea will part. If the feverish torch of sickness is kindled over your pillow, by its light you can read the promises. If the waves of trouble dash high above your girdle, across the blast and across the surge you can hear the promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." You never owned a glove, or a shoe, or a hat, or a coat more certainly than you own all the frets and annoyances and exasperations of this life, and they are bound to work out your present and your eternal good.

Here is a vessel that goes along the coast; it hugs the coast. The captain of that vessel seems chiefly anxious to keep the paint on his ship from being marred, or the sails from being torn. When that vessel comes to port, nobody looks on it with any interest. But here is a vessel that went across the sea

with vast product, and comes in with vast importation—sails patched, masts spliced, pumps all working to keep out the water; it has come through the hurricane which has sunk twenty steamers. The bronzed men are cheering among the rigging. Now the men-of-war anchored in the harbor boom forth their welcome through the portholes. So there are some Christians who are having an easy time. It seems to them smooth sailing all the way. When they get into heaven there will be no excitement, there will be very

IGNATIUS AND THE LIONS.

few people who will ever find out they are there; but those Christians who have gone through a hundred midnight hurricanes—storm to the right of them, storm to the left of them, storm all the way—when they come up the harbor of heaven, all the redeemed will turn out to greet them, and bid them hail and welcome.

I go further, and tell you that the Christian owns not only this world, but he owns the next world. No chasm to be leaped, no desert to be crossed. There is the wall; there is the gate of heaven. He owns all on this side. Now, I am going to show you that he owns all on the other side. Death is not a ruffian that comes down to burn us out of house and home, destroying the house of the tabernacle, so that we should be homeless forever. Oh, no! He is only a black messenger who comes to tell us it is time to move; to tell us to get out of this hut, and go up into the palace. The Christian owns all heaven. "All are yours." Its palaces of beauty, its towers of strength, its castles of love. He will not walk in the eternal city as a foreigner in a strange city, but as a farmer walks over his own premises. "All are yours." All the mansions yours. Angels your companions. Trees of life your shade. Hills of glory your lookout. Thrones of heaven the place where you will shout the triumph. Jesus is yours, God is yours. You look up into the face of God, and say, "My Father." You look up into the face of Jesus, and say, "My brother." Walk out on the battlements of heaven and look off upon the city of the sun. No tears. No sorrow. No death. No smoke of toiling warehouse curling on the air. No voice of blasphemy thrilling through that bright, clear Sabbath morning. No din of strife jarring the air. Then take out your deed, and remember that from throne to throne, and from wall to wall, and from horizon to horizon, "All are yours."

Then get up into the temple of the sun, worshippers in white, each with a palm branch, and from high gallery of that temple look down upon the thousands of thousands, and the ten thousand times ten thousand, and the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and the great "multitude that no man can number," and louder than the rush of the wheels, louder than the tramp of the redeemed, hear a voice saying, "All are yours!" See the great procession marching around the throne of God. Martyrs who went up on wings of flame. Invalids who went up from couches of distress. Toilers who went up from the workhouse, and the factory, and the mine. All the suffering and the bruised children of God. See the chariots of salvation; in them those who were more than conquerors. See them marching around about the throne of God forever and forever, and know that "all are yours!"

O ye who have pains of body that exhaust your strength and wear out your patience, I hold before you this morning the land of eternal health and of imperishable beauty, and "all is yours!" O ye who have hard work to get your daily bread, hard work to shelter your children from the storm, I lift before you the vision of that land where they never hunger, and they never thirst, and God feeds them, and robes cover them, and the warmth of eternal love fills them, and all that is yours. O ye whose hearts are buried in the grave of your dead—O ye whose happiness went by long ago—O ye who mourn for countenances that never will light up, and for eyes closed forever—sit no longer among the tombs, but look here. A home that shall never be broken up. Green fields never cleft of the grave. Ransomed ones from you parted long ago, now radiant with a joy that shall never cease, and a love that shall never grow cold, and wearing garments that shall never wither, and know all that is yours. Yours the love. Yours the acclaim. Yours the transport. Yours the cry of the four and-twenty elders. Yours the choiring of cherubim. Yours the Lamb that was slain.

In the vision of that glorious consummation I almost lose my foothold, and have to hold fast lest I be overborne by the glory. The vision rose before St. John on Patmos, and he saw Christ in a blood-red garment, riding on a white horse, and all heaven following him on white horses. What a procession! Let Jesus ride. He walked the way footsore, weary, and faint. Now let him ride. White horse of victory, bear on our Chief. Hosanna to the son of David! Ride on, Jesus! Let all heaven follow him. These cavalry of God fought well and they fought triumphantly. Now let them be mounted. The pavements of gold ring under the flying hoofs. Swords sheathed and victories won, like conquerors they sit on their chargers. Ye mounted troops of God, ride on! ride on! ten thousand abreast, cavalcade after cavalcade. No blood dashed to the lips. No blood dripping from the fetlocks. No smoke of battle breathed from the nostril. The battle is ended—the victory won!

Oh, if there be any present who are yet enemies of the Cross of Christ, I beseech them at once to be reconciled to God! Remember if you are not found among that white-robed army who follow the Saviour in his victorious march, your part must be with those concerning whom it is said, "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on those that know not God, and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."

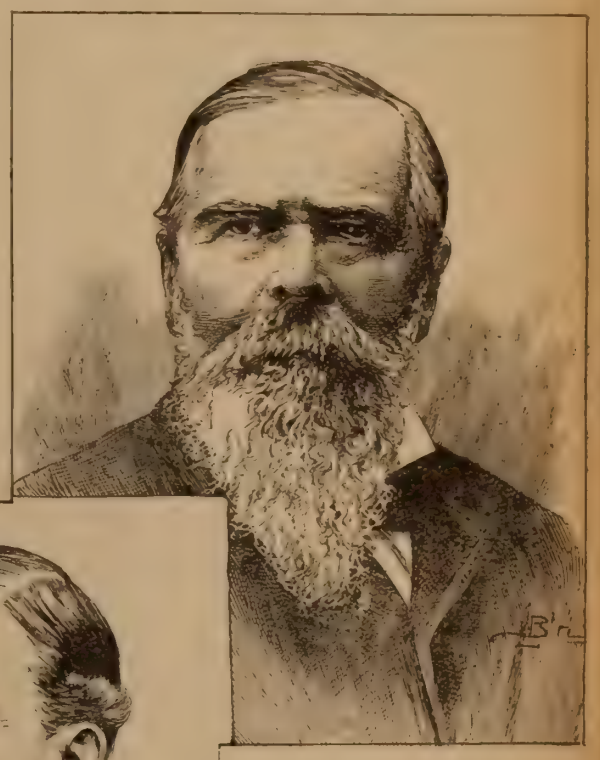
A HEATHEN'S PATHETIC APPEAL.

"GIVE us a little bit of N'zakomba (God)!" cried an anxious supplicant, as the missionary strangers walked back to their canoe through the evening shadows—"Give us a little bit of N'zakomba!" He was a man from a neighboring town, and ran up hastily to plead, before they left, for a chance of hearing the new message. Unconsciously he voiced the prayer of heathendom. For what are the horrors, of things unseen, the cruelty, the pain and suffering of Christless lands, but composite parts of the world's age-long inarticulate cry, "We hunger. We are wretched. Bring us back to our lost Father. Give us God."

THE PROHIBITION CANDIDATES

The Cincinnati Convention Nominates Gen. Bidwell of California, and Dr. Cranfill of Texas for President and Vice-President.

MANY hard words have been hurled at the Prohibition Party in former Presidential elections and the speakers of both the old parties have generally reserved a little of the stock of abuse with which they besmirched each other, to use it on the Third Party. The Prohibitionists have been reminded that every vote cast for their ticket was wasted. They were asked whether they did not prefer the Republican candidate to the Democratic candidate or the Democratic to the Republican candidate, and if so, they were told that it was their duty to give expression to the preference by their votes, instead of casting them for candidates who had not the slightest prospect of election. "Take your choice between the two or ——" the alternative varied with the character or refinement of the speaker, but it generally indicated some degree of blame and contempt. "You are a set of cranks," said an abusive antagonist addressing a group of Prohibitionists. "Yes," admitted one of the group, "we *are* cranks; but you can't turn us." So it has proved. The Prohibitionist stands for a principle, and, believing that it is right, he records his vote for the men who agree with him and who represent the principle. And such men have been provided and the number of votes cast for them grows. In 1876, 9,522 Prohibition votes were cast. In 1880, although the Convention made the mistake of nominating Neal Dow, who was personally unpopular with many Prohibitionists and religious men, 10,305 votes were cast for him. But in 1884, when the candidate was a popular one, the whole strength of the party was brought out, and 151,809 votes were given to St. John. In 1888, the Convention again made a wise choice in the brave, kindly General Clinton B. Fisk and the vote made a leap to 250,290. A party that has grown so rapidly and that is fighting a curse whose desolating influence is felt throughout the land, is not a party to be ignored or despised. It deserves the respect of all Christian men, even of those who do not agree with it as to the wisdom of sacrificing their votes. This year the party is again in the field and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gives the portraits of its candidates as it gave the portraits of the candidates of the two older parties.



GENERAL JOHN BIDWELL.

DR. J. B. CRANFILL.

The Convention at Cincinnati selected as its candidate for the Presidency Gen. John Bidwell of California. He is a native of Chautauqua County, New York, and is in his seventy-third year. His parents were of New England stock, but the boy, from his youth, had a strain in his nature impelling him to migration. At the age of twenty he turned his face westward, and settled in what was then the frontier State of Iowa. A little later he went to Kansas, where he earned a livelihood as a teacher. Thence he went among the earliest tide of settlers to California. The Mexican war broke out shortly after his arrival, and young Bidwell went to the front as a Lieutenant. He served till the close of the war, and was mustered out with the rank of Major. He was a Senator in the first Legislature of the new State of California. He became a soldier again in 1863, when the Governor gave him the command of the Fifth Brigade of California militia, and he retained that position till the end of the war. In 1864 he was elected to Congress, and served as Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture. He declined a renomination at the end of his term, and devoted himself to business pursuits. In 1890, however, he was, contrary to his wish, made Prohibition candidate for Governor of California. He was defeated, but his ringing speeches during the campaign won for him the enthusiastic admiration of every Prohibitionist voter in the State. Gen. Bidwell has the distinction of owning one of the largest farms in the country—a tract of 25,000 acres. He found a party of Indians upon it when he acquired it, and they have been his charge ever since. He has seen that their physical wants were always supplied, while his wife has taught them to read and has conducted religious services for them. The General has given substantial proof of the sincerity of his Prohibition convictions by digging up and burning a valuable plantation of choice grape vines which was on his estate. They were capable of making the finest wines, but Gen. Bidwell thought that the best thing he could do with them was to burn them, and he did so.

The convention went to Texas for its candidate for the Vice-Presidency. It chose Dr. J. B. Cranfill, of Waco. He is a native of Texas and thirty-five years of age. He was reared on a farm, but fitted himself for the position of a teacher which he held with success when he was only seventeen years old. During his spare time, he studied medicine and after a subsequent course of study under competent teachers he passed his examination and acquired the M. D. diploma. In addition to his practice, he became editor of the Gatesville *Advance*, in which he strongly advocated the Prohibition amendment. When that movement failed Dr. Cranfill sold his paper and accepted the office of Superintendent of Baptist Mission work in Texas. The work he did in this capacity was marvellous. There is no record of any State Mission work in the history of the country to compare with it. His energy and organizing tact succeeded in more than doubling the extent of its operations and made him the leader of the denomination in his State. Of late he has become one of the editors of a Baptist journal and has found it necessary to resign his office as Superintendent of Missions. He is a regularly ordained minister of the Baptist Church, a vigorous preacher and writer and a man of unswerving fidelity to his principles.

PETER BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

S. S. Lesson for July 31. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Acts 5: 1-18. Golden Text, Acts 4 : 12.

UP to this time, the work of the Holy Spirit through the Apostles was such as brought them into "favor with all the people." The converts were quite disinterested, and having community of goods they were a burden to no man. They observed all the religious rites in the temple, and "gladness and singleness of heart" marked their life. (Acts 2: 44-47.) It is true that many wonders and signs had been done by the apostles, but, up to the present time, there had been nothing done by them, since the day of Pentecost, which could reflect unfavorably on the religious leaders of the people. Things could not continue thus. "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword." (Matt. 10: 34.) Christ and his Gospel cannot leave men as it finds them. There is divisive power in the Word of the living God until it conquers man; then it can unite those whom it has conquered.

Peter and John had made use of the opportunity afforded by the healing of the impotent man to preach Christ in the very temple itself; an immense concourse of people had heard from them that the lately crucified Jesus of Nazareth was indeed the Christ, which should come into the world. The fact of his resurrection had been proclaimed by those who themselves were living witnesses of it; and they had, standing amongst them, the unmistakable proof that his very name, believed in by them, had power to work miracles now that he was no longer to be seen amongst men. Things were

Come to a Crisis;

Peter had challenged the people to believe in Jesus, and to own and turn from their sin which had brought Jesus to the cross; and he had boldly proclaimed that their sin should be blotted out. He had opened before them a way of access to God, altogether independent of their religious rulers, making no exception of these rulers in his call to the people to repent.

One of two things must happen; either they would repent, and join the followers of the despised Nazarene, or they must persecute and suppress these teachers and their teaching. Let us never fear when things come to a crisis; God's hand is on the main spring of all that happens.

Trouble began with the religious teachers; "As they spake unto the people, the priests, and the captain of the temple, and the Sadducees, came upon them, being grieved that they taught the people, and preached through Jesus, the resurrection from the dead." It was the fact of the resurrection which chiefly aroused their enmity. If the fact of resurrection could be established, then they would be found guilty in crucifying him, and all their prestige would be scattered to the winds. All they were aud all they had of position, influence and power, hung on the proof of Christ's resurrection. There was

No Place for Compromise,

Christ must triumph, or they. These authorities went to the length of incarcerating Peter and John for the night; it was the first installment of the persecution which their Lord had told them would come, and on which he had pronounced such special blessing. They were beginning to taste the fellowship of his sufferings, and to know joyfully that "it is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord." But those who thus imprisoned the disciples had no power to bind the word of God: "The Word of God is not bound." It went on doing its sure work by the Spirit: "Many of them which heard the word believed; and the number of the men was about five thousand." This was exclusive of women.

What kind of night did Peter and John pass? When men love God, they "know that all things work together for good to them," and they can trust that the very things, which seem to be the most unfortunate and detrimental, can be turned to good by the Almigty hand of him who is the Resurrection and the Life. Probably the sleep of the two disciples was sweet and peaceful. In the morning, quite a large and important gathering was convened, consisting of rulers, elders, scribes, the two chief priests, Annas and Caiaphas, with their kindred, to sit in judgment upon the two fishermen-disciples. It may be that this august assembly thought that their numbers or prestige would easily overawe the illiterate men who were brought before them. But the potentates of this world, who have never seen the Lord of hosts sitting on his throne, can have no conception how small, how infinitesimal, all the distinctions between man and man appear in the eyes of such as can see the unseen world.

Unable to deny the fact of the impotent man's healing, unable to prove that this healing was, in itself, an offence against the community, they fell back, as so many unspiritual religious teachers do now, upon

The Question of Authority.

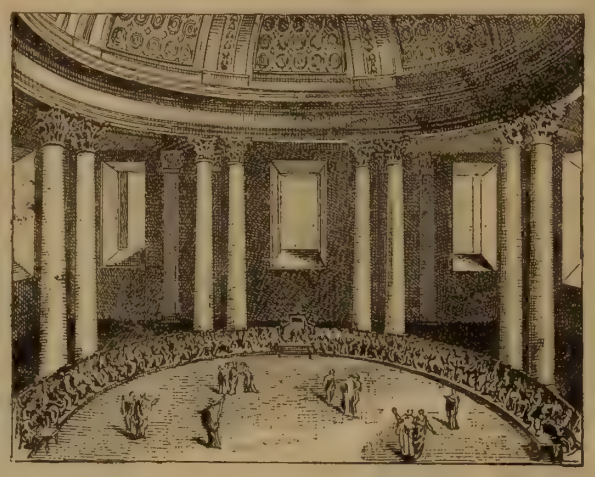
"By what power, or by what name, have ye done this?" A man filled with the Holy Ghost is more than a match for the most powerful influential of human assemblies. Receiving every word in measure from the Spirit of God, and knowing that it was not he that spoke but the Holy Ghost. Peter said: "Ye rulers of the people, and elders, if we this day are examined concerning a good deed done to an impotent man, by what means this man is made whole; be it known unto you all, and to all the people of Israel, that in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even in him doth this man stand here before you whole." (R.V.) The Holy Ghost does not mince matters. "A good deed done to an impotent man!" This was the whole charge against them, for up to this moment the teaching of the resurrection had not been named by their accusers. "He is the stone which was set at nought of you the builders, which was made the head of the corner. And in none other is there salvation: for neither is there any other name under heaven that is given among men, wherein we must be saved." (R.V.)

When God the Holy Ghost makes use of the lips of one who is his willing, ready instrument, he can speak words which surely do their work. Nothing in what was said spoke of the instrument, it was a simple statement of God's side of what had happened given with the authority of God. Rulers, priests, elders, must bow before it: the accusers of Peter and John must be proved to have taken sides against God. "When they beheld the boldness of Peter and John, and had perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled; and they took knowledge of them, that

They had Been with Jesus."

This was the solution of all which they could not understand in the disciples. It ought to be the case that everything in a true disciple which cannot be explained by the selfish principles which govern most men, and by the natural power shared by other men, should always bear the explanation: "They have been with Jesus." "And seeing the man which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it." Thoroughly nonplussed, the judges retired in confusion before two simple fishermen filled with the Holy Ghost. It was derogatory to the position of judges which they had assumed when they were driven to acts, one of another, "What shall we do to these men? For that indeed a notable miracle hath been wrought through them, is manifest to all that dwell in Jerusalem; and we cannot deny it." What an admission? How useless for man to contend with God! Let not the children of God fear when things come to an extremity. Nothing can happen outside Almightiness, and Almightiness covers God's own children with its shield of power, of wisdom, and of love. If the two disciples had sought in any way to make a compromise, God could not have so appeared on the scene; if Peter had feared to speak out what the Holy Spirit dictated, God could not have achieved such a victory. Let us yield to our God without reserve, under all circumstances, without a shadow of fear, and without allowing the enemy to frighten us as to the result. There was everything to lead the disciples to apprehend that summary vengeance would be taken upon them, by those who had crucified their Lord without a shadow of justice. But God ordered it otherwise, and their real trust in him was its own witness before their enemies. The council, having confessed among themselves their own powerlessness, fell back upon the expedient: "But that it spread no further among the people, let us threaten them, that they speak henceforth to no man in this name." (R.V.) It was the "Name" against which their enmity was aroused; their name, their reputation for spiritual power, had begun to fall before the name of Jesus, and, with the utmost tenacity, they would hold on to their own. So "they called them, and charged them not to speak at all nor teach in the name of Jesus." (R.V.) Useless charge!

"Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you rather than unto God, judge ye," said the intrepid witnesses of Chrisf," for we cannot but speak the thinks which we saw and heard." (R.V.) The unseen Christ was to these men such a reality, that all the glory of man paled betore his unseen presence.



THE SANHEDRIM.

They had thought, those rulers of the people, that when once Jesus of Nazareth was crucified there would be an end of the power they both envied and dreaded. But now that he was no longer to be seen among men, his power seemed to have augmented and to be multiplied in the persons of his followers. Unequal combat, where man strives against God! "They, when they had further threatened them, let them go, finding nothing how they might punish them, because of the people: for all men glorified God for that which was done." The battle had begun between the powers of this world and the infant Church of Christ.

LESSON POINTS,

There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. Acts 4: 12.

IT was a bold statement to make before so illustrious an assembly; and the speakers were ignorant fishermen dealing with a subject which was the especial province of the Sanhedrim, composed of the most learned religious teachers of the country. But they had the witness of their consciences and of the Holy Spirit to sustain them. A scene, in some respects resembling it, was witnessed at Worms, when Luther was arraigned before the Diet. The mighty Emperor was on the throne and the most illustrious of German princes were present, and the poor, humble monk stood there to be judged in peril of his life. "Will you or will you not retract what you have written?" demanded the Chancellor. It was a solemn moment and many there present believed that Luther's life hung by a thread; yet he answered: "Unless I am convinced that the passages of Scripture I have quoted have not the meaning I draw from them I cannot and will not retract." And then, looking around the assemby before which he stood and which held his life in its hands, he said: "Here I stand, I can do no other; may God help me."

People still need to be reminded of the truth declared by the Apostles. Many trust in the fact that they are Presbyterians or Baptists or Methodists, but "there is none other name under heaven that is given among men wherein we must be saved." (R. V.) Two soldiers were approaching the camp where their regiment lay, while the smoke of the enemy's camp fires could be seen in the distance. They had transgressed the rules of their commander in staying out after the bugle call. They were challenged by the sentry: "Who goes there?" They replied, "a friend." The sentry answered, "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." But that they could not do. The password had been given out after they left the camp and they had not heard it. It was the name of a distinguished general with which they were quite familiar, but they did not know that it was the password for the night. They called the sentry's attention to their uniform, told him what company they belonged to and the name of their Captain, but it was of no use. The sentry wanted the one name and no other. It was the only name in that army that night that would avail to save them from arrest. As they could not give it, they were taken to the guard-house to be tried; and if the sentry had not suspected that they were really what they declared themselves to be, he would probably have shot them.

Even people who know they are sinners before God sometimes need to be convinced that to accept Christ is the only way wherein we must be saved. "What shall I do?" a distressed woman inquired of Mr. Moody. "Well, madam," he replied, "there are but three courses open to you: you may remain as you are, and if you do, you will certainly be lost; or you may turn over a new leaf; but if you keep the new leaf perfectly clean, the sins that blot the old leaf will condemn you; or third, you can plead the name of Christ and trust him to save you, and then the whole thing is settled, and all your sins are blotted out. There is no other way."

A clergyman who had been very successful in winning souls for Christ, who had written many books which God had used for the conversion of sinners and who was a man of singularly pure and holy life, lay dying. As sometimes happens in the hours of weakness and physical suffering, he was in spiritual darkness. A brother clergyman sat by his side, and to cheer him reminded him of his past usefulness and the high position he had filled in the Church of Christ; but the dying man was not to be comforted. "Read to me," he said, and the clergyman read several passages. Among them was, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Instantly light came into the face of the dying man. "Ah," said he, "that is it; that is where hope lies. He will save me." And the great and good man went out of this life with no comfort based on his life of service, but on the name of Jesus, "the only name under heaven that is given among men wherein we must be saved."

THE BIBLE CONFERENCE.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has arranged for the holding of another of the Bible Conference this summer which have been found so profitable in former years. It will be held in Educational Hall, Asbury Park, N. J., August 11-19. Some of the ablest ministers of the Gospel and most competent teachers of God's holy Word in this country will be present (D. V.) this year to conduct the study. Among them will be such distinguished brethren as James H. Brookes, D.D., Arthur T. Pierson, D.D., Prof. Wm. G. Moorehead, D.D., Maj. D. W. Whittle, Rev. and Mrs. Geo. C. Needham, Prof. Luther B. Townsend, Edward. P. Goodwin, D.D., Wm. J. Erdman, D.D., and Rev. D. M. Stearns. Nathaniel West, D.D., will deliver several addresses on the "Higher Criticism." The musical part of the Conference will be under the direction of Prof. Chess Birch, the noted cornetist, formerly of the United States Marine Band, of Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis. Mr. Sankey, will be present a part of the time of the Conference and render some of his inimitable and thrilling solos. The conference will assemble at 7.40 P. M., Thursday, August 11th, 1892, and close with the evening session of Tuesday the 16th. Sessions will be held each day at ten A. M., three P. M., and 7.30 P. M.

A NOBLE LIFE CLOSED.

(Continued from first page.)

position and feelings during the long series of experiments in cable-laying. So disastrous had been the result of the first experiments, financially, that even his most intimate associates had decided to withdraw. At a meeting of stockholders in London, when the proposition came up to equip the *Greast Eastern*, several of the gentlemen present, including a leading officer of the company, retired from the room, preferring by that act to signify their total disapproval, rather than to express themselves in a manner that must have pained Mr. Field, whose whole existence seemed bound up in the enterprise. He thereupon announced his intention of sacrificing his entire fortune and taking up one-fourth of the new stock. Had it miscarried, he would have been a beggar; but his trust in God's blessing resting on the project was abundantly rewarded, and when the cable was laid, his first act, even before telegraphing the news to the world, was to fall on his knees on the floor of his cabin and with tears of joy pour out his tribute of thanks to the Lord for his goodness.

The latter years of this noble life were darkened with sorrow. Misfortune came heavily upon him, through the wrongdoing of a very near member of his own household, and the man who, for his services to the commercial world, might have heaped up riches, was really poor. In his recent illness, a pathetic passage was reached when, in his delirium, he imagined himself again lying the Atlantic cable. He conceived that there was something wrong, and ordered to "Stop the ship!"

Mr. Field has been in many enterprises, and at times it seemed as though everything he touched turned to gold. Yet, although the world has robbed him of the rewards with which it allures men, and although for all his services in its behalf he has reaped only a harvest of care and anxiety, the name of Cyrus W. Field will endure, and his ardor, self-sacrificing generosity and Christian nobleness of soul will be remembered throughout the world.

MATTER FOR NEW WORLDS.

Great Masses of Nebulæ in the Inter-Stellar Spaces.

TO form some idea of the largeness of this earth, says a scientific writer in the Copenhagen *Nordstjernen*, one may look upon the landscape from the top of an ordinary church-steeple, and then bear in mind that one must view 900,000 similar landscapes to get an approximately correct idea of the size of the earth. Place 500 earths, like ours, side by side, yet Saturn's outermost ring could easily enclose them. Three hundred thousand earth-globes could be stored inside of the sun, if hollow. If a human eye every hour were capable of looking upon a fresh measure of world-material 14,000 square kilometres large, that eye would need 55,000 years to overlook the surface of the sun. To reach the nearest fixed star one must travel 33,000,000,000 of kilometres, and if the velocity were equal to a cannon-ball, it would require five millions of years to travel the distance.

On a clear night, an ordinary human eye can discover about 1,000 stars in the northern hemisphere, most of which send their light from distances which we cannot measure. How large they must be! Round these 1,000 stars circle 50,000 other stars of various sizes. Beside single stars, we know of systems of stars moving round one another. Still, we are but a short way into space as yet! Outside our limits of vision and imagination there are, no doubt, still larger spaces.

The Milky Way holds probably at least 20,191,000 stars, and as each is a sun, we presume it is encircled by at least 50 planets. Counting up these figures, we arrive at the magnitude of 1,000,955,000 stars. A thousand million of stars! Who can comprehend it? Still this is only a part of the universe. The modern telescopes have discovered more and similar milky ways still further away. We know of some 3,000 nebulæ which represent milky ways like ours. Let us count 2,000 of them as being of the size of our Milky Way, then 2,000 x 20,191,000 = 40,382,000,000 suns, or 2,019,100,000,000 heavenly bodies. Suppose these bodies parading before our mental eye, one per minute, it would require 3,840,000 years to finish the march, in all of which time we would have to look upon them unceasingly.

Suppose a human being migrating from globe to globe and spending 50 years on each, he would require 100,955,000,000,000 years for the round. If he stayed only one hour, he would save much time, but still need 230,400,000 years for the task. Yet, these nebulæ are only a part of the universe! Outside the nebulæ limits we know of other nebulæ not resolvable into stars. They appear to be primitive nebulæ, pure, unused world-stuff—matter for new creations. Some of them occupy a space as large as the orbit of Uranus. Some are still larger. The one in "Orion" is estimated to be 2,200,000,000,000,000,000 times larger than our sun. Are we come to the outermost limits? Who dares say yes? We are probably come to our limits. But the future, with new instruments and scientific devices, may push those limits so much further out into space.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

THERE lived in an English town a little old woman, seventy years of age, poor and feeble, says a writer in *The Homiletic Review*. A sermon on "Foreign Missions" so fired her enthusiasm she went and offered herself as a missionary for Africa. The Rector gently told her that her work was at home. She might pray for the cause and send her alms. So she began saving her pennies from her scanty earnings, anxious to do something for the missionary work. In that same place lived a rich young nobleman, who cared more for his dogs than for religious enterprises. He at length heard of the old lady, and of her ginsular zeal and self-denial, for it became the talk of the community. He went to see her one day. He found her in tears, utterly disappointed and discouraged. She said that the people only laughed at her, and what she had gathered together as the fruit of so much pains amounted to but a few shillings. "My barley loaves are worthless," was her despairing cry.

That very night she died. The next day found the young man alone, with his head bowed between his hands. The Spirit of God was moving upon his heart. The result was that he that night wrote a letter offering himself as a missionary for Africa. Thus was the faith and love of the now sainted woman rewarded, and the power of a living belief illustrated.

BRAVE CHINESE CONVERTS.

IN a letter to the Baptist Missionary Society which is published in the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*, Rev. Josiah R. Goddard who is laboring at Ningpo, China, thus writes:

The year began with many signs of promise, and during the first six months there were a number of inquirers and several baptisms; but the latter part of the year has not been so successful. Whether this was in consequence of the disturbances in other parts of the country, and especially in the valley of the Yangtse, I am not prepared to affirm; but it seems probable. There was no excitement here, and no attempt to create a disturbance; but the events transpiring in other regions were known and talked about, and no doubt had an effect in deterring some from coming to us. I am happy to say that none of our members were shaken in their allegiance to the truth by these rumors, or showed any disposition to hide the fact that they were Christians.

It is a very encouraging sign for the future of our work in China that in all those places where riots occurred, and in others where they were threatened, the native Christians remained so firm and undaunted amidst their trials, and did all in their power to protect the foreign missionaries. This was especially noticeable at Kinhwa, where several of the native Christians gave up their daily work in order *to patrol the streets and guard the missionaries at night;* and they did this without saying a word to Mr. Adams or the ladies.

I have visited each of the out-stations as often as my duties in Ningpo would permit, and during the whole of August and portions of July and September have conducted daily evening service in the chapel at the West Gate. Wherever I have been, good congregations have been found, and many who gave attentive heed to the preaching. But it is a great step for a Chinaman to break away from the traditions of the past and the ties of the present, to set at defiance the customs of his people, to surrender one-seventh of his income by keeping the Sabbath, and as a frequent consequence losing his situation, in a land where keen competition makes a new situation exceedingly difficult to secure, and to become a member of a "foreign sect." The wonder is that any are courageous enough to do this. Yet many have done it, and have given abundant evidence that no sinster motive has led them to it. So, while our progress is slow, I feel sure that our work is not in vain. There are churches established here, small in numbers now, but destined to grow, and to become powers in the land. The field is hard, but it will pay to work it. We shall reap by and by.

IN A RUSSIAN HUNGER-TYPHUS HOSPITAL.

SAVED FROM CANNIBALS.

THE safety of the late Mr. Calvert and his companions when they first landed amongst the cannibals of the Fiji Islands, was secured in a way unknown then to themselves. A short time before their arrival, the passengers and crew of a English vessel wrecked, on the Island of Oneata, were massacred and committed to the cannibal oven. It was their customed to sacrifice all who were given to them by the sea, and all sacrificial offerings eaten. Soon after the massacre, a dreadful plague in the form of cholera broke out, and swept through the group with rapid and fearful destruction. It was called the "Mate-loaloa," or the black death. All who had taken part in the cannibal festival after the massacre, died of the plague in great agony. Two of the persons wrecked were dressed in black clothes; the captain and a passenger. The cannibals supposed that they were missionaries. Other vessels had been seized, and their crews massacred with no such terrible result. The priests were required to explain the visitation of the black death. After consulting their oracle they replied: "The God of the white man was not angry when you killed sailors only—but he is angry because two of his priests have been offered in sacrifice to the gods of Fiji. The black death is his revenge." When the early missionaries landed, Tanoa and other chiefs warned all the people against injuring the white priest, lest the black death should return, and they would all be dead men. That superstition was a shield around the missionaries, until by their kindness to the sick and the teaching of the children in the school and in many other ways, they had proved themselves to be friends of the people.

THE SUFFERING IN RUSSIA.

The Scarcity of Food Hunger Typhus and its Victims.

LATE telegrams from Russia indicate that in many of the provinces, the famine still prevails and in a few it is even stated that food is scarcer than ever. For many months, typhus, the follower of famine has raged in the provinces of Samara, Saratoff,

CAPTAIN JAS. A. SPENCER OF THE "CONEMAUGH."

Kazan, and Nijni-Novgorod. In these the famine was felt severely, for the assistance that was sent did not reach the wilds of Samara and Saratoff as early as Riazan and Tula and other provinces possessing good railway communication. A correspondent of the *London Graphic* writes of one village: "Sickness increased to an alarming extent, and mortality from typhus became very high. When assistance arrived from St. Petersburg in the shape of truck-loads of corn, fresh horses, and contributions of money and clothing, the peasants were too ill to be able to help themselves. The two or three hospitals were full, every cottages had one or two cases of fever in some form; in one cottage two corpses were found laid on the floor, three sick persons were on the stove, and four or five children were huddled together by the stove endeavoring to keep themselves warm. And this was by no means a solitary case. At last, after months of suspense, the authorities bethought themselves of the need that existed for sending medical help to the distressed districts; and, accordingly, doctors, and nurses, and hospital appliances were sent down to those districts which appeared to be most in want of medical attention."

The illustration shows one of these log-hut hospitals. A few plank-beds, roughly knocked together, a few makeshift arrangements for the supply of hot water and other requirements, a doctor and a few nurses, a medical chest, and a bundle of linen and clothing, and there was a hospital ready for the patients. These hospitals have proved a great blessing to the plague-stricken villagers. Besides typhus, the famine has brought scurvy of a malignant character, and hundreds are being treated for this most loathsome and repulsive disease

On this page we also present the portrait of Captain Spencer of the S. S. *Conemaugh*, which conveyed to Russia the first instalment of 280,000 pounds of flour sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund. Captain Spencer's interesting story of his voyage, the reception at Riga, and the distribution of the food were fully told in last weeks issue.

HIS KINGDOM.

THY kingdom come"—there's not a day
God sendeth.
But what our lips do say: "Thy kingdom come."
This prayer to him whose glory never endeth,
Oh, that it ever from our hearts might come.

"Not of this world my kingdom is," Christ saveth,
"Not human is my glory, but divine;"
But deep in Christ-like soul his sceptre swayeth,
Immanuel, our Prince of Peace sublime.

So may his kingdom come; may he establish
His throne within us, and there truly reign,
Until at last, when earth-born clouds shall vanish,
With angel-voice we praise his Holy Name.

Brooklyn, N. Y. —B. V.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
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BE THOU CLEAN.

WE approach a delicate subject. We must be cautious for fear we make some of our readers mad. The world needs more careful ablution. Taking our nose for a witness in the case, we judge that many people do not wash themselves often enough and thorough enough. In city houses, with bath-rooms and water-pipes running every whither, there is no shade of excuse for lack of cleanliness. Indeed, there is no excuse anywhere for neglect of ablution.

You answer that you wash your hands and face every morning. What of that? Your hands and face could get along without immersion easier than the rest of your body, for the dirt would rub off by contact with fresh air and the implements of your occupation. You need frequent application of water from the top of your head to the end of the long toe. Once a week will not do. God washes the flowers every night with dew, and you are certainly no purer than the jasmines and verbenas. Threefourths of the world does not wash often enough, either for health or decency, and could apply in a physical sense what Paul said in a spiritual: "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?"

If only one-half of the world had been water, the Divine meaning might have been doubtful, but with three-fourths of the world water, the doctrine of frequent purification ought to be every way adopted and acted on. The tarrying of some people in your room for half an hour necessitates fumigation.

IS PRAYER AN ABSURDITY?

COMMUNICATION exists between city and city, between continent and continent—telegraphic, telephonic, postal, and by messenger; yet many seem to think that there are no lines up between earth and heaven. The inter-space to many is a trackless desert. Who is your God, anyhow? A cold autocrat on an iron throne thousands of miles away, Arctic icebergs his footstool, his heart frosted of eternal Winter? Is he deaf and pitiless? Is he enthroned stupidity? That is not our God. Our God is a Father, all tenderness and sympathy and love, never sending trouble of any kind save to make us pure and good and elevated and Christian. His eyes are full of pity. His hands are full of help. Oh! drive up your flocks of cares and griefs to this fountain of the rock, and let them drink. If you want anything, ask for it, and you shall have it, or something better. In the direction of prayer is to be the chief victory.

I believe the time will come when physicians will come to a patient, kneel down and pray to God for direction, and then rise and give the medicine that will make infallible cure. The time will come when drought appearing, multitudes will gather in prayer, and independent of all weather probabilities, and without any reference to which way the wind blows, the rain will descend in torrents. When Elijah prayed for rain, he did not look to see which way the wind blew. Open an account with God on this subject. I took a blank-book and put on the front pages the things for which I would especially pray, leaving the opposite pages open for record of divine answer. And they have all been answered. Some of them not in a way I expected, but all answered. There is no need of a man talking to me about prayer being an absurdity. I know of what I speak. Any man may know this if he will only test the Lord. The trouble is, many of us are afraid of being laughed at for our credulity. Laying aside all our cowardice and all our infidelity, let us lay hold of God in an enthusiasm of supplication. Let them laugh who win.

A young man went off from his mother's house, went off to sea. She prayed for his return day after day, month after month, and year after year. After a while he started homeward, and the ship was in the offing; but a sudden storm swooped, and that vessel was broken to pieces on the rocks, and it was supposed that all the crew perished; but the night after, there was a knock at the door of that aged mother's house. Her long-absent son had returned, and the first words he uttered on entering the old homestead, were: "Mother, I thought you would pray me home." The grandest, mightiest and most stupendous agency in the universe is prayer. It is second to nothing but omnipotence, and their shoulders touch.

THE MAKING OF WILLS.

DURING the past few weeks there has been a large increase of testamentary quarrels. The orphan courts are filled with combat. The last wills and testaments of people in all circumstances are in dispute. There seems to be an epidemic on the subject. Never have there been so many attempts to break these sacred documents. Sometimes the charge is of over-influence, sometimes insanity, sometimes imbecility of old age, sometimes forgery, and it is really getting to be a serious question whether it is possible for one to bequeath his property in such a way that he shall be sure of its destination. This is a subject that demands serious and Christian consideration. You will, if having families and worthy of them, make your last testament. Some of these documents already made need reconstruction. Do not any of you be guilty of the superb folly of constructing the phraseology of your own will. "Every man his own doctor" is the theory whose chief value is the rapid disposal of lots in Greenwood. "Every man his own lawyer" has its chief value in making fools of testators and beggars of their bereft families.

The mistaken effect of a word has sent many a property in a direction opposite from that which the dying man intended. The testator saves twenty or a hundred dollars by penning his own last will, but it cost his family their home, or a benevolent institution its rightful inheritance. Tear up your self-made wills, and to-morrow employ an attorney to furnish a substitute. Above all, pray to God to help in the disposal of your property. Let not the stereotyped beginning of the document be a mockery but a pious imploration: "In the name of God, Amen. I, being of sound mind and body, do make public this my last will and testament." First of all, let your wife have at least one-third, and your children share and share alike. That family is awfully askew where a child receives more than a wife. When a man takes a wife she ought to be to him a queen, first in every ambition and first in every provision, and when a man does not act in that way I conclude either that he is cursed with a very poor wife, or she is cursed with a very mean husband. The one-third spoken of in the law is none too much for one who has by her counsel and household economy helped build your estate, and hunted up your lost articles of apparel and sat up until midnight waiting for you to come home from the political meeting or the club-house.

In nine cases out of ten the wife has as much to do in achieving the fortune as the husband. Then let your children share and share alike. The worst family feuds are created by inequalities of inheritance. It is often the case that one of the family coddles the old gentleman in his last days, turns up his coat-collar and runs the fingers through the gray locks, saying, "How fine they look," and all with reference to the inheritance.

And in many cases where I have observed, the most of the property went to the one who was busy in such offices, and great injustices went to the other members of the household, and a wedge struck through the family peace from generation to generation. Partiality is a sin against God as well as your children, excepting in those cases where through physical or mental defect it is evident that the child will be less able to help itself. In that case let there be more inheritance rather than less. If your children start life with two hands and two feet and a healthy brain, they have a fortune to begin with; but look out for those who enter the battle of life already maimed, and make special provision for them. If there be any favoritism let them have it. It was to the everlasting honor of John Jacob Astor, of olden time, that his imbecile son has, through his father's provision, been all his life waited on like a prince.

* * *

WHY not, in all our professions and occupations, cultivate the good habit of wishing each other well? If we cannot say anything good of others, let us keep a tremendous silence. It will be a mighty boost toward the millennium when we try to build others up instead of trying to pull them down.

* * *

ROOM in this wide world for us all. Bury your hatchets. Sheathe your swords. Spike your guns. Sweeten your sarcasm. Choose between two ladders which St. Paul makes in Galatians. The one reaches down and the other reaches up. The ladder going down, has for its rounds, among others, hatred, variance, emulation, wrath, strife, seditions, envyings, murders, and such like; but the other ladder, reaching up, has for its rounds love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith. Take your choice of the two ladders.

* * *

IN no land under the heavens is there so much freedom to worship God according to conscience and independent of human dictation as here. Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, Trinitarian and Unitarian, Baptist and Pedo-Baptist, Calvinist and Arminian, have equal right before the law, and equal opportunity. We are not divided into State Church and Dissenters, and if a system of persecution were enacted against the smallest and most uninfluential sect in America, all the other denominations would band together for its protection, and arms would be strong, and the right of people to worship God in their own way would be demonstrated, though in order to prove it blood should flow up to the bits of the horses' bridles.

WATCHMAN'S COLUMN.

THE MORNING BREAKS.

DO the inhabitants of this place know of the coming destruction?"

"Assuredly they do, for one stood on yonder hill and cried with a loud voice, 'Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.' (Luke 8:3) Besides, there has been a Light given that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." (John 1:9.)

"Canst thou tell me, History, about the secrets of men?"

"Yes, for they are all known to him whose scribe I am." (Psa. 44:21.)

"Tell me, then, this which I so long to know. Does God speak to every soul?"

"Yes, to every one. In the secret chamber of their hearts, where conscience dwells, he enters. If conscience be asleep, he awakens him, and puts within his hand a lamp and tells him how to go. Surely thou hast read, "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." (Prov. 20:27.)

"Why does God condescend to talk with men like those who live in yonder row? They and their forefathers are but thieves and murderers."

"Softly, sir, softly. Let no bitterness enter thee, as I have scribed for the King. I heard him speak to one recorder, who has the Book of Life in charge, and many a one like those you name have their names written therein. My son, heaven is a prepared place, made for the lost, and even publicans and harlots made clean enter the open door. (Matt. 31:31.) God speaks to all, that he may clear himself at the judgment bar (Romans 2:1-6); besides, some to whom he speaks will seek the narrow way, and for their redemption he will receive endless praise; others will extinguish their lamps, loving darkness rather than light (John 3:19), and they, at the final day, will have no excuse." (Rom. 1:20.)

"If thou knowest the secrets of men, tell, me history, what are the signs of the times, after thou hast put thine hand upon the heart-pulse of the world?"

"Hast thou ever watched the sun rise by the sea, and seen the streaks of gray give way to streaks of gold? Hast thou seen the orb of day leap forth from hidden depths with a mighty bound and in the majesty of his strength drive darkness and mists away, as leaves before a hurricane? Mine eye has ever been upon the nations of the earth. I tell thee we are near to sunrise. Ten centuries ago 'twas midnight; now, with eagle's gaze, I watch the coming morn. My pen, that oft repeats, will then write something new. Never since 'twas written. 'In the beginning was God,' have there been such tokens of a universal day. The shadows lessen. The horizon burns with the advance rays of coming light. Like as when Rome had made way for the Babe of Bethlehem, so now the kingdoms of every sea and land are ready for the sway of that sceptre whose power is love. He comes! lo, I have seen it written, 'Behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and there was given him dominion and glory and a kingdom, that all people and nations and languages should serve him. His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.'" (Dan. 8: 13, 14.)

"Will he come in person?"

"Yes; but not till he, the Spirit, who administers redemption, has kindled the blazing fires of truth upon all the mountain tops and in the valley. Read thou his work of but a hundred years just gone. 'Tis more than all since Calvary. 'Twas yesterday I wrote beneath the prophet's words, 'A nation shall be born in a day'—'Fulfilled.' To-day my pen will write that Africa, dark land, must 'arise and shine, for the light is come; the glory of the Lord is risen upon her.' (Isa. 60:1.) Thou lookest at this City of Destruction with a narrow eye. Since Pilgrim left, millions have traveled the road that leads to the palace of the king Search and thou shalt see that thousands now are turning from their sins. When God shall bare his arm, stars tremble and worlds quiver like frightened birds. Shall man refuse to own his power? Nay, nay; if thou livest long thou shalt feel the heat of revival fires the like of which the world has never seen; and when high noon has come, then—

"Come quickly, Lord Jesus."

The Bible and the Newspaper

THE BATTLE AT HOMESTEAD.

THE deplorable conflict at the Carnegie Steel Works at Homestead, Pa., on July 6, has caused deep concern throughout the country. The gravity of the sad occurrence consists not only in the eleven lives sacrificed, but in the temper with which both parties to the gigantic struggle have entered on the contest. The fatal fight arose out of an attempt on the part of the Carnegie Company to land three hundred Pinkerton men, armed with Winchester rifles, on their premises at Homestead. The employees of the Company, who are locked out, assembled on the bank of the river to the number of five thousand and declared that the Pinkerton men, who were in two barges, should not land. The Captain of the Pinkerton men shouted out his determination to land and, showing his Winchester, threatened to shoot any man who resisted. The employees sent some of their number to the town for arms and ammunition and in a short time were prepared to meet force by force. In a few minutes firing began and the workmen insist that the first shot came from the barges. A workman fell and then a deadly fire raked the men on the barges. The captain of the Pinkerton men fell, shot through the head. Two cannons were obtained and one planted on each side the river and trained on the barges. Barrels of oil were emptied on the river and set on fire. Three times the Pinkerton men attempted to land but each time they were driven back with slaughter. Finally, after the fight had continued twelve hours, the Pinkerton men, most of them wounded, surrendered to the workmen and gave up their Winchesters. The mob tried to wreak vengeance on them for the death and injuries of their friends and several times succeeded in striking them, but the leaders of the workmen managed at last to convey them safely to the town as prisoners. The origin of the trouble is a dispute about wages. The company proposed to make a reduction in pay, varying from ten to forty per cent., and stipulated that the annual arrangement of rates should be made on December 30 of each year, instead of as now on June 30. The men resisted both demands and declared their intention to strike. The company anticipated the strike by locking them out. It also announced that the mills would be closed for two or three weeks and afterward would be operated as a non-union business. Any employee who wished to accept the new rates might apply for work, and the company would fill the places of those who did not apply with new men. The workmen were exasperated by the arbitrary manner in which they were treated and, when the armed Pinkerton men were brought on the scene, they regarded it as a deliberate provocation and took up the gauntlet the company had thrown down. It is worthy of remark that Mr. Carnegie, who at different times has published to the world very broad and humanitarian views on the relations of capital and labor, seems now, from the very force of circumstances, to be placed in a position of direct antagonism to the doctrines he professes to hold. The dispute ought to be settled amicably and a mode of settlement satisfactory to both parties can easily be devised by a man who has given so much to public institutions and who has written so wisely as Mr. Carnegie has done about "The Gospel of Wealth." Concessions should be made on both sides and each should vie with the other in showing that it has learned of him who gave up all, even his own life, that others might be happy through eternity. (Heb. 2: 5-8.)

A Christian Endeavorer's Quest.

AMONG the delegates to the great Christian Endeavor Convention in New York was a farmer from Leroy, Ill. Another object beside the Convention attracted him to New York and he sought the help of the police to attain it, He says that he used to live in New York thirty-five years ago. He was seven years old at that time. One day a stranger passed him in a buggy as he was playing on the street. The stranger looked at him earnestly as he drove by, as if he knew him. He drove a short distance and then, turning back, asked the boy if he would like to go for a ride. The boy said "yes," and clambered into the buggy. The man drove away rapidly and, after going a few blocks, they met a woman, who got into the buggy. They drove to the water front, where all three went on board a boat, which took them to Philadelphia. There the man and woman treated the boy cruelly. They sent him out to sell newspapers and beat him if he came home at night without as much money as they expected. He bore it for a long time, how long he does not know—and then ran away. He did not know where to go, but made for the open country. A farmer took pity on him and allowed him to live in his house, the boy going errands and doing any little thing he was able about the

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farm. When he grew up he hired out as a farm laborer and saved enough money eventually to lease a farm. About sixteen years ago, he met a lady from Leroy, Ill., whom he married and then he took a farm near the home of her parents, where he has lived ever since. He has never been able to obtain any tidings of his family since he was stolen. Being in New York he made a personal search, but it was unsuccessful. As he is a member of a Christian Endeavor Society we may conclude that he has sought and found his heavenly Father. If he is ever tempted to stray from him, or listens to any offer of pleasure that would take him out of that Father's presence it may be hoped that the painful experience of his boyhood will be remembered and he will obey the injunction, "If sinners entice thee consent thou not. If they say 'come with us.' . . . My son walk thou not in the way with them." (Prov. 1: 10-15.)

A Perilous Voyage.

A VERY thankful group of men looked over the side of a barque which arrived in New York harbor a few days ago. They were the captain and crew of the ship *Johnson* which eighty-eight days before left Caleta Buena, Chili, with a cargo of nitrate of soda for New York. They were scarcely out of harbor when they encountered a fierce gale. For several weeks they were buffeted about the Antarctic Ocean by a succession of violent winds, but little short of hurricanes. The crew were completely worn out by long watching and constant exertion to keep the boat afloat. After the storm abated the little craft found an equally formidabe peril in a perfect wilderness of giant icebergs. The first was so near when it was sighted that the ship almost grazed it. Others were sighted during the day, and three days later the horizon was broken in all directions by the glacial masses. By making short reaches and altering the course at frequent intervals the vessel managed to steer between them for several days, when her progress was completely checked. She had run into a cul de sac and on all sides were towering alps of floating ice. The ship was hove to and lay for forty-eight hours before finding an opening through which it could escape. Her crew consider it miraculous that the vessel was not crushed between some of the icebergs as she surged perilously close to them at times. The wind was very high and the sea rough and irregular. After this trying experience the crew did not draw an easy breath until the last of their dangerous neighbors was sunk beneath the horizon. Safe in New York harbor they told the story of their dangers and escape. A similar story of peril and preservation the Christian will have to tell when at the end of his course he enters the haven of eternal peace. (Rev. 5: 9, 10.)

Why the Elms Died.

PROPERTY owners in Elizabeth, N. J., are very indignant over a discovery which was made a few days ago. For some time past, it has been noticed that the fine avenue of elms which make North Broad street one of the most beautiful streets in the State has been losing its beauty. The elms were wilted and seemed to be slowly dying. Forthy-three of these shade trees were losing their wealth of leaves. The wealthy residents of the street, who were very proud of the trees, were much concerned over the change in their appearance. They called in an expert horticulturist to ascertain the cause of the trouble and he gave it as his opinion that the trees were being poisoned, probably by gas percolating through the soil. An application was at once made to the Court of Chancery for an order authorizing the examination of the gas main which runs the whole length of the street. The Gas Company opposed it, but the order was granted. When the main was uncovered it was found that forty-eight feet per hour leaked from the defective joints. Whether the discovery of the defects and the remedy of them have been made in time to save the life of the trees is not yet known. The property owners are much incensed against the Company for its carelessness, and several of them declare if the trees die they will sue the Company for heavy damages. Much of the mischief that mars the beauty and vigor of the lives of Christians is, like the injury to the trees, due ro an unseen cause, working secretly. We see the effects and deplore them, but know not the cause. Sometimes it is some cherished secret sin, or the encouragement of some doubt, suggested by the prevailing rationalism, which permeates the sources from which the Christian should derive his strength. He is then no longer "like the tree planted by the rivers of water that bringeth forth its fruit in its season." (Ps. 1: 3.)

An Extraordinary Light.

A GERMAN chemist has succeeded in producing a light of marvellous intensity and penetrating power which our government is about to put to a practical test on Staten Island, N. Y. If it proves but one-tenth as valuable as the inventor claims, it will probably be used in all our lighthouses. It is called the Schirm light after its inventor. Its chief ingredient is magnesium, which has been used for many years in the production of lights. The novelty in the Schirm light is in its method of applying the magnesium. In other cases a thin ribbon has been used, but the results were not satisfactory. In the Schirm light the magnesium is in the shape of a fine powder. An automatic contrivance blows a small quantity of the powder into a flame of benzine gas at every flash. It is thus spread over a larger surface, is more completely used, and produces less smoke than by any other method. When the light was tested at Hamburg in the presence of a number of shipping inspectors and masters, its flashes could be distinguished at a distance of six miles though the sun was shining and the light was masked by trees and other objects and several electric lights were shining near it. The inventor claims that he can produce a light of 400,000 candle power which with lenses and reflectors can be made equivalent to thirteen million candle power and will be visible at sea for seventy miles, lighting up the sky like lightning. That a better light than any now used is needed, all navigators agree. The electric light is the best, but there is no light whose rays are more completely absorbed by fog. The Schirm light, though less brilliant than the electric, has the advantage of penetrating an almost opaque atmosphere and the regularity with which its automatic machinery produces its flashes prevent its being mistaken for lightning at great distances. The sailor can appreciate that advantage for it is on a foggy night that the light is most needed. It is much to be wished that the light which the Church of Christ gives out had analagous characteristics. The world is so enveloped in the fog of unbelief and selfishness that the Church, which Christ set for the light of the world, will be useful in proportion to the penetrating power rather than the brilliance of the light it gives out. (Matt. 5: 16.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The proposal to exhibit the Ober-Ammergan Passion Play at Chicago during the World's Fair is being pressed. The *Interior* of that city urges Christian people everywhere to protest against the sacreligious performance.

Dr. G. F. Pentecost, in reply to the question of an interviewer, gave it as his opinion that the number of converts from heathenism in India is from 50 to 200 per cent. greater than what it is with an equal number of workers in England or America.

A missionary of the British and Foreign Bible Society tells of a Bible meeting held in Madagascar which was attended by 1,246 persons, representing eleven churches, and coming some in canoes and many on foot, a distance of from ten to twenty miles.

The thirty-fifth anniversary of the Fulton street mission work, New York, was celebrated recently. The Fulton street daily prayer-meeting was one of the out-growths of this work, beginning September 23, 1857, and continuing with a well-sustained attendance to the present time.

The pastor and members of the First Congregational Church of Creston, Iowa, lately celebrated the fifth anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. Allen J. Van Wagner. Remarkable success has attended Mr. Van Wagner's labors at Creston, and he is greatly beloved by his congregation, which has largely augmented by his efforts.

The Order of St. Christopher, which is an order of non-sectarian Protestants, engaged in the reclamation of criminals and delinquents of all kinds, proposes to add to the good work at Burnham Farm by opening a Maritime School on the Massachusetts coast where boys from sixteen to eighteen will be taught seamanship. It will have its own fishing smack under a Christian skipper, and will give thorough training to boys who having fallen into evil on land are willing to go to sea for a living. The offices of the Order are at 135 East 15th Street. New York.

Meetings have been commenced at Prohibition Park, Port Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y., and will be continued for three months. Sunday, July 3, Rev. A.C. Dixon, of Brooklyn, preached, and the Georgia Jubilee Singers rendered delightful music. On Monday, Hon. John G. Wooley delivered an oration and ratification mass meetings were held, which were continued on Tuesday with John P. St. John as chief speaker. Mr. A. G. Wolfenbarger, of Lincoln, Neb., lectured on July 7. On Sunday, July 10, Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, preached.

Contributions to the fund for the support of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the American Sunday School Union have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $29. They are from: Mrs. G. F., Caroerton, Pa., $10; anonymous, $5; Mrs. L. L. Rue, $5; Anonymous, $2; Mrs. F. M. C., Havana, Ill., $2; J. W., New York, N. Y., $1; A Friend, Onasso, Mich., $1; B. S. T., Washington, D. C., $1; J. H. Roland, Oakland, Cal., $1; H. L., Holland, Mich., $1.

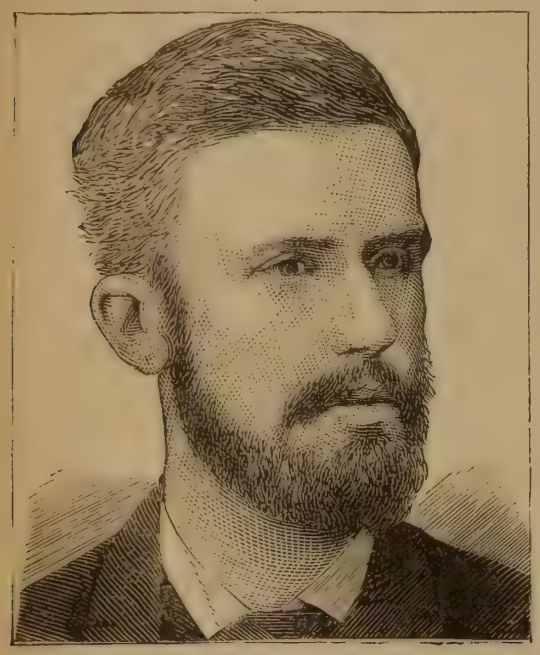
In answer to numerous inquiries regarding banana flour, Mr. Francis J. Geis, of the New York Produce Exchange (who contributed a quantity of it to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Russian Relief Fund) writes informing us that the banana meal and the other products from the banana tree are now undergoing investigation by the Department of Agriculture at Washington and information relating thereto can be obtained by addressing Ass't Sec'y, of Agriculture, Edwin Willits, Washington, D. C.

The following contributions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Russian Relief Fund, previously acknowledged in bulk, are now published in detail: W. C. T. A., $3.40, Mrs. Allen $1, Mrs. Chamberlane, $1, Mrs. L. C. Trent, $2, Subr., $1, Mrs. Smedley, 50 cts., Mr. Alff, $1, Mr. Brown, $1, Mr. Simons, $1, Mr. Gebhardt, $1, A. C. Smith, 50 cts., Mr. Teasdel, 50 cts., Bishop Scanlan, $5, Friend, 50 cts., Mrs. McNeice, $1, President Woodruff, $2, Friends, 50 cts., Mrs. Toy, $2, Cash, 50 cts., ——, $3, all of Salt Lake city; Steele Park, Iuka, Miss., $1; Kate Renfo, Herndon, Cal., 35 cts.; Cash, Middletown, N. Y., 10 cts; A. W. Sturr, Volima, Mich., $1; I. H. N., (two old coins cashed), $3.30; W.S.Spaulding, Banquo, Ind., $2; Y. P. S. C. E., Prattsburgh, N. Y., $4.28; Miss Sophia Fithian, Alpha, O., 50 cts.; May, Providence, R. I., 15 cts.

KING MSIDI DEAD.

A Powerful Central African King the Friend and Protector of Missionary Arnot, killed.

THE news that Msidi has been killed, which appeared in the New York *Sun*, a few days ago, was probably passed over without much notice by a majority of readers. Not so, however, was the news received in Central Africa. It was momentous news there; and if it was not communicated with half a column of flaring head-lines after our manner, it was passed from lip to lip with all the concern and excitement that conspicuous head-lines are intended to express. The news



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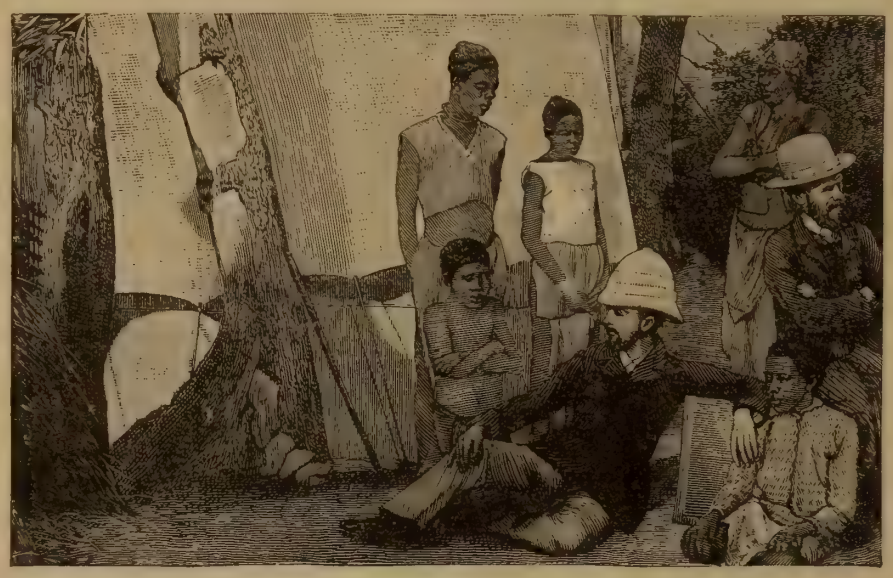
meant much in Africa, for Msidi was a great king. Not alone in possessions and the control of large armies, but in his genius, sagacity and splendid generalship. Msidi, who was variously known as Msiri, Muxidi, Moshide and Muside by the different peoples who acknowledged his sway, was King of Garenganze, one of the largest, as it is one of the best governed and most prosperous of all the Central African States. It is famed for its abundance of corn, rice, sugar-cane and its large copper mines, which are worked in a really scientific way, like those in civilized countries. Msidi himself was the son of a trader in copper at Unyanembe about a hundred miles from Lake Tanganika. Kalasa, Msidi's father, made frequent trips to the copper mines of Garenganze, but on one occasion he sent his son, Msidi, to lead the party, in his place. The youth took with him four old muskets which had been bought from some white traders. On his arrival in the Garenganze country he found the old king in great trouble. A powerful chief to the north of him had invaded his country and was working havoc with the people and the crops. Msidi promptly went to the help of his father's old friend. The enemy had never heard of firearms, and when Msidi brought the four muskets into action, the invaders fled in terror, and never stopped till they were safely outside the borders. The old king overwhelmed Msidi with gratitude and after further acquaintance with him, named him his successor. That is how Msidi, the son of the copper-dealer, came to be king of Garenganze.

Once installed, on the old king's death, Msidi showed his capacity for the government of an African State. He established a pure despotism. Every one who showed signs of disaffection was promptly put to death, and a system of rigorous government organized. The young king then turned his attention to his neighbors. As all the trade was done with the Eastern Coast Msidi was dependent on the good will of the chiefs on his Eastern borders for the passage of the caravans of supplies. He changed all that, by opening up relations with the traders on the Western Coast. There, the Portugese trader, Silva Porto, was ready to supply him with arms and ammunition and tools in exchange for ivory, copper, etc. This new avenue for commerce placed Msidi in a new relation to his neighbors on the east, and, being no longer obliged to conciliate them, he assumed a hostile attitude and eventually succeeded in making considerable accessions to his territory at their expense, until he became the most powerful and wealthy of Central African potentates.

It was the famous missionary Frederick S. Arnot who introduced Msidi to the knowledge of the civilized world. He knew him well and received much kindness at his hands. In the course of his travels in the Bible district Mr. Arnot frequently heard of the powerful Msidi, the king whose enmity every one dreaded to provoke, and who never made war without conquering and gaining fresh accessions of territory. While at Bailundu he met a large company of Msidi's people who had been sent on an embassy to Msidi's brother-in-law who lived at Chivula. This brother-in-law, Coimba by name, had received a New Testament three years before from a missionary and had read it. Mr. Sanders, a missionary of the American Board, had subsequently visited him and had explained many things to him; but Coimba needed more instruction, and Mr. Arnot accompanied the embassy to his town. There he had many conversations with Coimba who finally declared that he would live "according to the book." Coimba showed him a letter that the embassy had brought from Msidi. It was written in Portugese and contained an earnest appeal to Coimba to send him some white men if he knew any. "It was as traders that he wanted white men," says Mr. Arnot, "but I felt I had something even better than good trade, which, if Msidi could only comprehend, he would gladly receive. Coimba was delighted with my proposal to go thither, and sent for a slave who knew the country and who had been at the place where Livingstone died, to show me the way."

Mr. Arnot commenced his journey on June 3, 1885, but he experienced the usual delays of travel in Africa, was hindered by refractory carriers, by visits to the chiefs through whose country he passed to whom he must offer presents and pay his respects, so that it was not until February 14, 1886 that he arrived at Msidi's capital. He sent one of his carriers forward with a present of twenty-six yards of cloth to the king, and the messenger brought back "a tooth of very white ivory to show how white the king's heart was toward



A MISSIONARY GROUP IN GARENGANZE.

his visitor." Msidi did not see him that day as it was the custom to consult the diviners as to the intentions of the white men in coming there. They applied their tests, one of which was to put a piece of bark into some preparation of native medicine and let it remain there a specified time, after which, if the bark remained sound, they pronounced the traveler's heart sound and that he had come to Garenganze without evil design. Several other tests were used and all proving favorable, Mr. Arnot was admitted to an audience.

"I found Msidi," says Mr. Arnot, "an old-looking man with rather a pleasant smooth face, and a short beard quite white. As I approached he arose from his chair and came forward to meet me, folding his arms around me in a most fatherly way; indeed his reception was most affecting. . . After the ceremony of shaking hands with wives, brothers, cousins and other relatives was over, he sent for the nurse of one of his children who brought a child about eighteen months old. This little boy was placed by Msidi upon my knee before all the company as his present and he assured me that he was my child henceforth."

"I was rather pleased," Mr. Arnot continues, "with the appearauce of Msidi's sons. Indeed all his family and people are wonderfully well-behaved for Africans. Immorality of course is very great; but respectful, courteous behavior is insisted on by the king. He opposes all hashish smoking and is not favorable to the use of tobacco in any form. . . I soon had several interviews with Msidi, and was able by degrees to make known to him in the Umbundu dialect, which he understands very well, my object in coming to his country. He had heard of Livingstone's approach from the east, and of his death at Ilala, and was much interested when I told him I was a man of peace like Livingstone, and hailed from the same country and town. I also told him that I was willing to remain among his people, and to send back the few men who had come with me, to Bihe, to bring on others who might think of joining me in this country. It was difficult of course in a few interviews to disclose to a mind so dark my true object in coming to the country; and I sought for special wisdom to explain to him the nature of my message, waiting for a suitable opportunity to present it. . . . One day he asked me to breakfast at his house, and our conversation went on, as at other times, respecting the nature and reality of God's existence. I then spoke to him in words like these: 'Great and mighty chief as you are in the eyes of men, in the sight of God there is no difference between you and the poorest slave in your country, and you need God's mercy just as he does.' My words impressed him, and I was uncertain for a few moments as to the result. At last, with an effort, he leaned forward thoughtfully and said: 'It must be so if God is as great as you say; and if he is so high above us all, then we must be all the same in his sight.'"

Msidi offered Mr. Arnot a choice of sites on which to build a house and expressed the wish that he would choose one near his own. He selected one on the side of a hill and with the aid of the men whom Msidi placed at his service, soon had a trim, neat little cottage, a picture of which is given on this page, erected. By Mr. Arnot's men, when they returned to their own country Msidi sent a message cordially inviting any "brother of Mr. Arnot's who will come." After they were gone Mr. Arnot was prostrated with a severe attack of fever, but Msidi saw that he was carefully nursed and all his wants supplied.

Mr. Arnot was much impressed with the order which prevailed. He says: "In the midst of all the people the amount of quietness and peace that reigns is remarkable. The fear of Msidi is great. He is sharp and severe in his government, though I see or hear of nothing in the way of torture or cruelty inflicted by his orders as a means of punishment; yet executions are common, but death is inflicted at once, and in the most expeditious manner. All the cases of which I have heard particulars have been those of actual crime, and not of witchcraft or any other mere superstition. The king has a long iron chain, which he uses to punish minor offenders. To this they are bound by the neck, perhaps ten or twelve at at time, and are sent out to his fields to work —a very sensible arrangement, I think, much better than the cruel flogging so common in Africa." The king impressed him as being "a thorough gentleman," and it would appear that Msidi had an equally favorable opinion of his guest. His first converts were three of the boys attached to his service and they brought their relatives to listen to their teacher. Soon Mr. Arnot had the pleasure of welcoming two fellow-laborers who came in response to Msidi's invitation. These were Mr. Swan, a fellow-countryman and Mr. Faulknor, a Canadian missionary. Msidi gave them a very cordial welcome when Mr. Arnot introduced them as his brothers. They told him they had brought him a present of cloth, but Msidi refused it saying he did not want a present; "the white men had come to their own country and all was settled." Subsequently, however, the cloth was accepted by Msidi's wives with his knowledge. How this remarkable monarch came to his death we are not told. The cable dispatch simply states that he was killed, without giving details. It would appear from Mr. Arnot's story that by his death the missionaries have lost a true and powerful friend. We may hope, however, that God who inclined his heart to protect them will raise up another friend in his successor and that the good seed they have planted will continue to bring forth fruit to God's glory.

MR. ARNOT'S HOUSE IN GARENGANZE.

THAT WONDROUS FACE

"We which are alive at his coming; shall be caught up with the dead, to meet the Lord in the air." "His servants shall see his face."

"IN the twinkling of an eye,"
In a moment's flash, descry;
All the grandeur, swiftly trace
All the beauty, and the grace,
All the glorious majesty
Of that wondrous, wondrous face.

In one lightning gleam will see
Earth depart! and with him be
In that holy, heavenly place.
With that wondrous, wondrous face
Joy, love, peace, must ever be.
Then—"his own" have won the race.

Ah, those eyes, eternal love!
Blue and deep as heaven above,
Glistening, shining, out the case
Of that wondrous, wondrous face;
Soft as lamb's eyes; grand, as Jove,
Faith, hope, love—all, interlace.

Saints and martyrs joying there,
Angels greeting, in the air;
All of doubt and sin and fear
Shattered, perished; by the mase
Of those princely eyes so clear
In that wondrous, wondrous face.

And the "faithful and the true"
Gathered under heavens blue,
(He the Head; and they the bride)'
See him pointing to his side,
'Neath a scar of crimson hue
Writ in fire, the words—"For You."

Then will rise a glorious song
From amidst the mighty throng;
Song, that those alone may sing
"First-fruits" to the wondrous King;
Song, that but to these belong
To make his praise forever ring.

Silence falls around "the throne,"
The thrilling chorus upward flown,
Sweet music swells; the voices raise
The grandest tones of bursting praise,
Till elders, angels, beasts, fall down
In fainting ecstasy's amaze.

And the Saviour, standing there,
Lord of heaven, earth and air;
Beaming love, with godlike pride,
Glancing at his riven side.
Smiling joys! his "travail" o'er,
"His sheep" gathered evermore,
His true "soul" is "satisfied."

Praise to Father and to Son,
Holy Spirit, three in One!
Eternity, will ne'er efface
Joy, that shall the soul embrace
When that first upglancing's done;
Seen! thine image in thy Son,
In his wondrous, wondrous face.

—BEVERLY OLIVER KINNEAR.

OUR RACE.

A Glance at the World of To-Day.

BY DR. B. O. KINNEAR.*

INCLUDING the United States of America the British race possesses more than one-quarter of the land surface of the world. A "little stone" in the midst of a silver sea has developed into a great mountain, having its base surrounding the globe and its centre and apex the "little stone;" for America is proud of, and acknowledges, her parent. The other nations are hedged within the boundaries of this race. In power, also supreme, as in position; in real civilization in advance; in true Christianity above all others, and, as a consequence, allowing of an individual freedom unknown in other lands; increasing in population three times as rapidly as other peoples. Without this race to-day, practical liberty would be but an echo of the present.

The second power in freedom and development—Germany—lags a century behind in governmental law and order, for the people have only of late begun to exercise, and in a measure control, authority. Thus their freedom develops into socialistic license.

France is republican chiefly in name, her system of rule being that of espionage; Austria and the mass of her population are superstitious Romanists. Italy and the East do not understand liberty as we know it; while Russia is a one-man rule, in its most arbitrary and cruel form, as shown by its Siberian prisons and the Egyptian persecution of the Jews now. Turkey and the heathen world are still lower in the scale; while the governments in Sonth America are so unstable as to be almost anarchical.

What says the 20th century Oracle? "Peace, safety, arbitration, no more war, rest, security, a new era!" Let us see how the patent facts agree with this optimism. Europe, including Russia, has this year 29,000,000 of armed men ready to engage in war. Russia, according to recent estimates, has 500,000 troops, massed upon her Austro-German borders. William, cries "Peace;" Russia, echoes "Peace!" Italy, Austria, England, reiterate the cry. France alone says, "Beware, Germany." Yet Russia covets Constantinople and Jerusalem, and hates all who oppose. The Bear is the universal menace. Germany and France abhor each other. Austria detests Russia. Italy is within the Dreibund, and the East, at the mercy of the greater powers, is also armed to the teeth.

Great Britain defends her ports (see Imperial Defence bill for February, 1891.) America defends her coasts and increases her navy. China suddenly emerges in a grand upheaval, and beneath the apparent calm, expectance of some great crisis broods. India is quietly being prepared to meet Russia in Afghanistan. How can the cry of peace, prevent the crash of war?

The volcano is almost ready for eruption, and we finish the military outlook by quoting Von Moltke, who made the remarkable statement in the German Parliament, but a few months before his death: "That he pitied the man who gave rise to the next European contest, as it would be a war of unequalled devastation and horror." He also declared that by '92 both Russia and France would be ready for war.

Let us look further into the treaties and acts of the European Powers during 1891. The Dreibund has been renewed. France and Russia are uniting, an autocracy, with a republic, the Vatican, the Vicar of Christ, forms a compact with the atheistical leaders of democratic France. Lavigerie succeeds and intends to push French influence in the East. France and Russia both desire to evict Great Britain from Egypt, to prepare an open entrance for themselves. Germany endeavors to make an offensive and defensive treaty with England, but does not succeed, yet excites the jealousy of both France and Russia. Lord Salisbury refuses to consider the evacuation of Egypt.

The New York *Times* of Sunday, July 12th 1891, tells of a trade treaty to be signed in Vienna by Germany, Austro-Hungary, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Roumania and Bulgaria. In the New York *Mail and Express* (July 13th, 1891), great excitement was reported over the repression of rye exportation from Russia, chiefly a blow at Germany. In the East, Bulgaria is uneasy under Russian intrigue. Servia has a boy for a king. Greece desires to gobble Turkey; and the latter country during past years, has been massing Mohammedans from Circassia and Tartary within her borders in order to preserve "Turkey for the Turkey." Palestine is becoming a Jewish colony, and Egypt is almost ready to manage her own affairs. Here we have sufficient evidence to conclude that Dame Europe will find it difficult to keep her pupils in subjection.

Does the future, then, promise peace or war? Let me quote again, from Cardinal Manning, in his address to the Jews in London, Nov. 1, 1890:

"As the world grows in mass, it grows in malice; and if our forecasts are true, I might even say, forasmuch as what has been foretold is certain, the warfare of the world against all who believe in God, will grow in spread and power, for its final conflict and its final destruction."

So much for the facts which seem to forecast war, and unparalleled, in its fiendish energy and destruction. Let us now look beneath the surface of the apparent prosperity of "our race" to-day. Great Britain has had within her domains a vast spread of Jesuitical influence during the past twenty-five years, and in two-thirds of her Irish subjects contends with rum. Romanism and rebellion. The United States are now awakening to the fact that the Jesuits control Romanism here, and that a united Rome is fighting her free institutions.

There is a negro question in the South—a question with anarchy, among our foreign population, and a worse question of native corrupt politicians, selling the liberties of the country. There is also the settlement of the labor question; the quietus that will have to be forced upon corrupt rings, thieving corporations and trusts; and the suppression of stock gambling and lotteries. There is a pauper immigration evil, and the vices inherent upon the excitement of dishonest business practices; and a society mad in pursuit of worldly pleasure. In religious life here, as in England, we have the spectacle of expounders of the Gospel of Christ fighting among themselves as to the inspiration of the Bible, although endorsed so far as the Old Testament is concerned, by the Saviour, Peter and Paul. Destroy the first witness, and the second falls with it, for one corroborates and sustains the other. Many among the leading clergy deny the existence of hell and eternal punishment, denying thereby the words of our Lord and Master, who himself testifies of himself, that not only is he "The Truth," but that his words are true.

When the shepherds lead so blindly, must not the flocks fall with them into the ditch? "Works" and "a little faith, but not too much," is the order of reasoning among the secular followers of such teachers to-day. Moses and the prophets have vanished almost, but, thank God, they are to be revived.

Sermon worship, instead of service worship, appears to control our congregations.

In social life not only does the excitement called pleasure rule the day, but divorces made easy are destroying the foundation of the home life, the prop and stay which strengthens a country.

In conclusion, let me quote once more from a late article by the Rev. Geo. C. Needham:

"But what of the present age? Is the evil of to-day less intense than formerly? Is there less crime? Is life more sacred, and is there greater antipathy to bloodshed? What are the characteristic sins of our day? Have we not avarice with its greedy grasp; with its iron heel grinding the face of the poor; with its conscienceless monopolies and heartless corporations? Have we not lust with its corrupted passions, its foul revellings, its indescribable uncleannesses, its devilish inventiveness and indulgence? Have we not lawlessness, with its murderous horde of assassins pouring out the blood of the innocent? Is not our commerce debased and degraded? Are not parents lax in discipline, and children disobedient to parents? Is not Sabbath desecration on the increase? Is there not a multiplication of Sunday newspapers and Sunday excursions and Sunday pleasures and Sunday trade? Are there less suicides and villainies of every sort?

"We have become inured to diabolical deeds, and regard them as vulgar, and as marks of low breeding.

"But what of the refined rascals, the educated swindlers, the polite gamblers, the licentiously bad and indecently bold rakes and rascals of aristocratic parentage?

"And what of the drink curse, with its attendant evils of immorality, idiocy, pauperism and disease?"

Here is indeed an awful picture; but consider, is it true?

And if it be true of that non-religious mass of our populations to-day, and British speaking countries; where light, freedom and Christianity rear their highest crest, what must be the condition of society, religion and morals, in countries not so blessed?

Is it true? and if so, after a dive beneath the smooth exterior, has not the time arrived when every thoughtful man and woman in the race must rise and act, to fight and subdue the powers of evil that present themselves in such overwhelming array? Away with self, and in our God-blessed race, let gratitude be shown to him by never ending resolution, to banish from our realm at least, the demons that confront us!

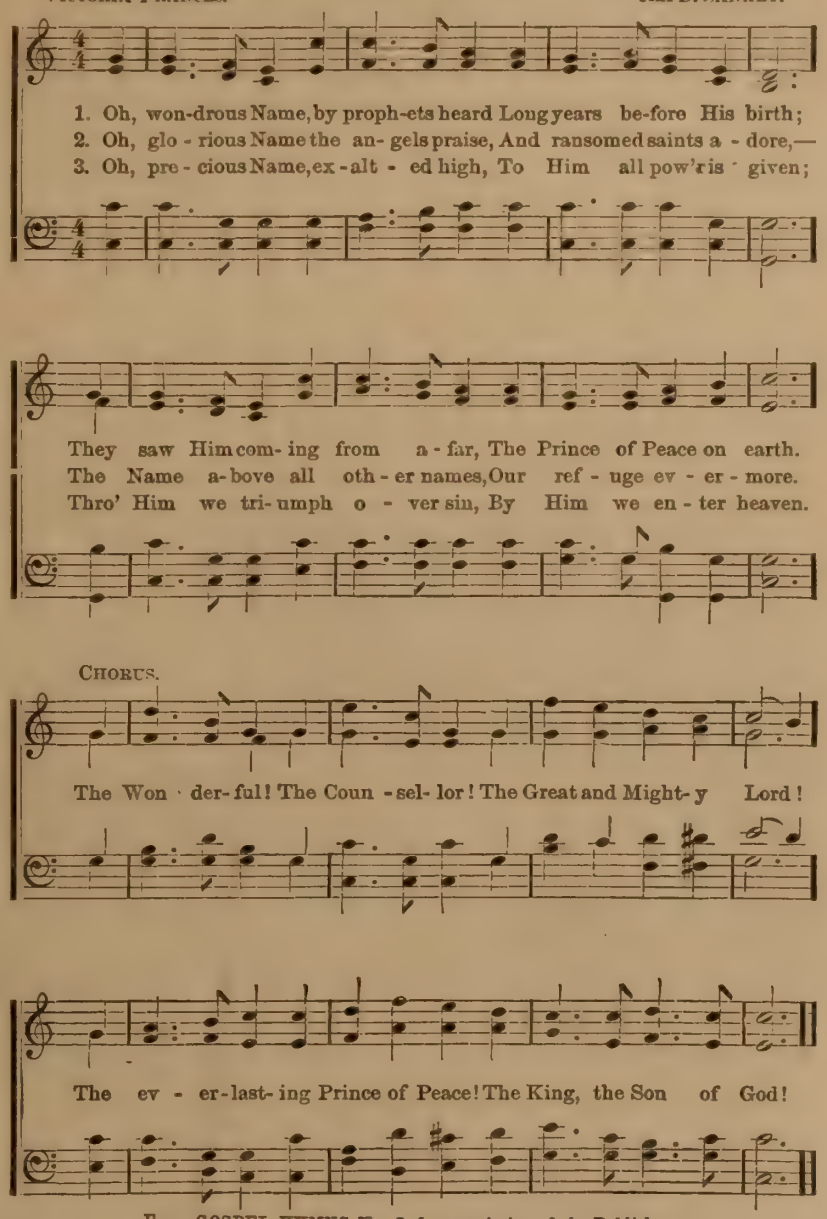
Britons, Americans, arise, and crush the serpent before he swallows thee! Open the book of God; read, mark, learn, and believe. Then, act.

* From advance sheets of his forthcoming book, entitled, *In the Twinkling of an Eye*, and the Successive Manifestations on the Earth of the Judgments and Glories of the Son of God—Son of Man.

Oh, Wondrous Name!

"Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God."—ISAIAH 9: 6.

VICTORIA FRANCES. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Oh, won-drous Name, by proph-ets heard Long years be-fore His birth;
2. Oh, glo - rious Name the an- gels praise, And ransomed saints a - dore,—
3. Oh, pre - cious Name, ex - alt - ed high, To Him all pow'r is given;
They saw Him com- ing from a - far, The Prince of Peace on earth.
The Name a-bove all oth - er names, Our ref - uge ev - er - more.
Thro' Him we tri- umph o - ver sin, By Him we en - ter heaven.
CHORUS.
The Won - der- ful! The Coun - sel- lor! The Great and Might- y Lord!
The ev - er-last- ing Prince of Peace! The King, the Son of God!

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NAAMAN.

("Wash and be clean." II. Kings 5: 13)

THE Captain of the Syrian host,
A man of valor and of might.
Alas! "a leper; shunned;" the cry
"Unclean, unclean, as he passed by."
Thus mighty Naaman's power was lost,
As many now, by sin's dark blight.

A little Israelitish maid,
Became God's minister to speak.
"Our Prophet in Samaria dwells,"
His mighty power the maiden tells.
"To him I go;" great Naaman said;
"I journey far my cure to seek."

"Go wash in Jordan's turgid stream,"
Israel's prophet mocks my king:
"Ben-Hadad will avenge this day,
And Israel devastated lay;
The torch throughout the land will gleam,
And sounds of war around them ring."

"Nay; now, my Lord," his captain said,
"The prophet asks a simple test;
Yea! but I thought that Joram's priest
Would some great matter do at least
Of his full power the little maid,
Doubts in my mind has laid at rest.

"Well, sound the march! we can but prove
This remedy for leprous blood;
Abana, Pharpar, are, I deem,
Better than any Hebrew stream.
Forward my chariot. Let us move,
And seven times wash in the flood."

Thus Syria's mighty Captain knew
The lesson each child of God must learn:
They who so shall in faith believe,
For what they ask shall sure receive,
And by obedience strict and true,
Gain purity for which they yearn.

—C. B. PALMER.

St. Paul, Minn.

THE GREAT CONVENTION.

More than Thirty Thousand Delegates of Christian Endeavor Societies come from all the States and Territories from Canada and Foreign Lands to attend the Convention in New York.

NEVER before in its history has the city of New York witnessed an assembly like that which met there on July 7, and continued its sessions till the night of July 10. It was thought that the Convention in Minneapolis last year could never be excelled but, as one of the speakers said, "the Christian Endeavor movement is a record-breaker." The most conservative estimate of the number of delegates present was thirty thousand and many believe it was not far short of forty thousand. The vast hall, which will accommodate nineteen thousand, was filled and overflow meetings were held in adjacent churches and an immense audience gathered on the plaza in Union Square to which the speakers went after they had addressed the meeting in the Madison Garden. The musical exercises were conducted by Mr. Stebbins and at every meeting Mr. Ira D. Sankey sang one or more solos. Many distinguished persons attended, beside the regular delegates. Among them were Col. Foster the new Secretary of State, Postmaster-General Wanamaker and the Hon. Whitelaw Reid. The Convention fixed upon Montreal as its next place of meeting in July 1893 and Cleveland, O., put in its claim for the Convention of 1894. It would be impossible in the space at our disposal to give even a brief report of the proceedings; all that we can do is to give a general summary of what was done at the various sessions.

The eleventh Convention of the Soeiety was opened at 2:30 P. M., on Thursday by prayer and praise. Dr. F. E. Clark was then about to proceed to the business on the programme when Mr. William Shaw, the valued and popular treasurer of the United Society stepped to the front and, with an apology to Dr. Clark for interrupting him, said that there was a little business preliminary to that set down by the committee, which he wished to introduce. The delegates showed their pleasure at seeing Mr. Shaw, for, he had been heard of by all, and they were clearly glad to look at him. He added to his welcome with his first sentence, in which he said he brought a message from the Williston Church of Portland, Me., the birthplace of the first Society of Christian Endeavor. The first Society and the pastor of the church were at this Convention, he said, and they had come here with rights ahead of anything on the programme. So saying, Mr. Shaw waved to the front Rev. Dwight M. Pratt, the Williston pastor.

Mr. Pratt said: "The Williston Church of Portland, Me., is now known the world over as the birthplace of the Society of Christian Endeavor. That church sends greetings. As a mother it is proud of its children. It hopes the children are proud of the mother. Williston Church still claims you, Mr. President. When we gave you up we still felt you were ours, even when you took charge of the greatest parish in the world. You have a parish that can be visited only by the railroad and steamship, whose members can be gathered together only by long journeys, and in which zeal for the work is as ardent in Australia as in America, in Pekin as in New York."

The delegates, who had been punctuating the Williston clergyman's remarks with generous applause, rose and cheered as he drew from his coat a gavel, made, he said, from the granite of the cornerstone and black walnut of the pulpit of the Williston Church. "I present it to you," he said, passing it over to Dr. Clark, "for permanent use in these gatherings. May it bind this great body closer to the mother church, the church which nursed the babe Christian Endeavor."

Dr. Clark acknowledged Williston's gift in suitable terms, and then announced the committee appointments as follws:

Committee on Business.—The Rev. H. T. McEwen, New York; V. Richard Foss, Maine; C. B. Wilkins, Illinois; Edwin B. Hayes, California; Horace Breed, Pennsylvania.

Committee on Resolutions.—Rhe Rev. J. T. Beckley, Pennsylvania; the Rev. N. Boynton, Pennsylvania; Miss Elizabeth Wishard, Indiana; E. A. Hardy, Ontario; S. V. Karmaker, India.

Committee on Telegrams and Greetings.—The Rev. R. W. Beckard, the Rev. George B. Stewart, Pennsylvania; the Rev. Howard B. Gross, Mrs. H. W. Lenson.

Committee on Nominations.—The Rev. H. W. Stewart, New Jersey; M. G. R. Lighthouse, Quebec; William Blencoe, Oklahoma; the Rev. H. N. Kinney, Connecticut; Miss Esther Clark, South Dakota.

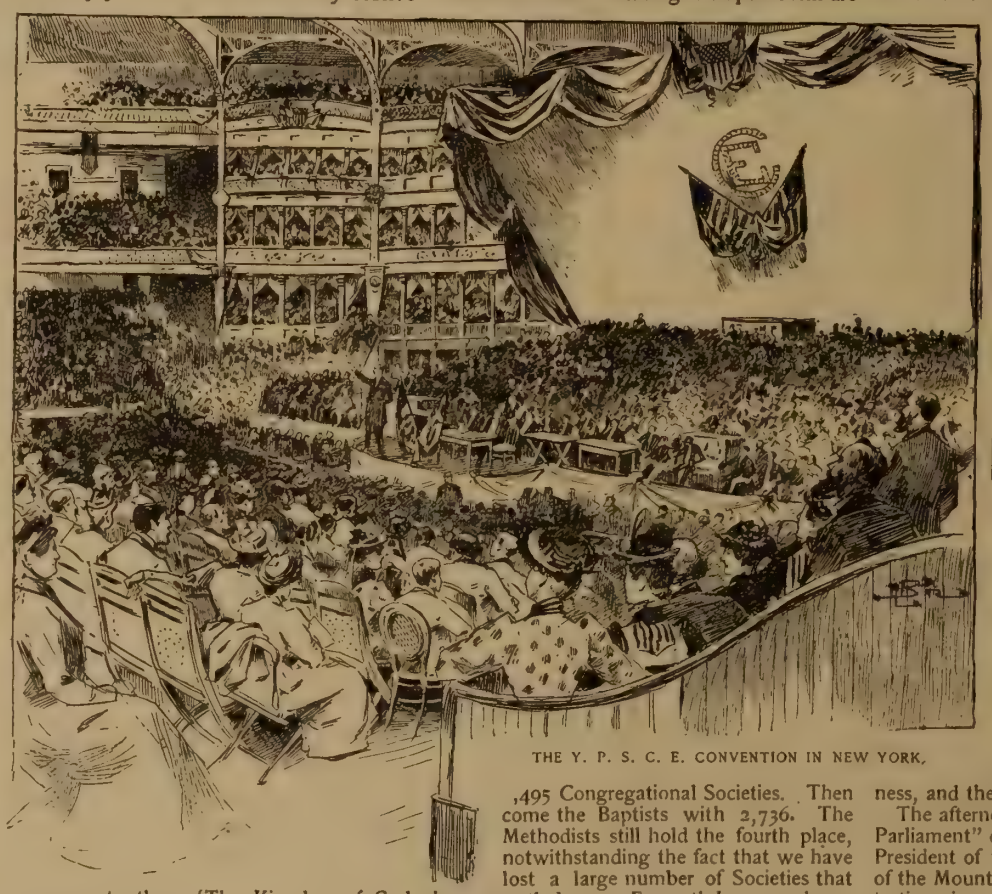
In behalf of the Societies of New York and Brooklyn, Dr. C. F. Deems and Rev. A. C. Dixon cordially welcomed the Convention in appropriate speeches.

Dr. Merrill E. Gates, in response to the address of welcome, said: Your words of welcome have been eloquent and kind. We thank you for them. We might well be at a loss, in seeking to reply to them, were it not that our Master has left us instructions. He gave to his earliest disciples as they went abroad on his service a command which is also for us in these latest times: "Into whatsoever city ye shall enter and they receive you—say unto them, 'The Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you';" and "into whatsoever house ye shall enter, first say, 'Peace be to this house.'"

This meeting commands the attention of the nation, to-day. In what lies the true significance of the Endeavor movement? "The Yonng People's Society of Christian Endeavor." In this name every word is full of promise and potency! We believe in the future of this work, first, because it is the work of the young people. We have faith, too, in the movement, because it represents associated effort. It is a young people's society. The Zeit-Geist, the Spirit of the Times, is for organized effort, for associated endeavor. The Holy Spirit lays hold on this tendency of the time, lifts it up, sanctifies it, and we have the Young Men's Christian Associations, the intercollegiate, the inter-seminary mission conventions, and student volunteer missionary movement which brings the church face to face with its own answered prayers. From this out-reaching of the hearts of men toward their fellow-men has arisen this latest instrumentality of the Church, the allied societies here represented. And in the associated prayer and effort of these Societies, we see a blessed fulfillment of Christ's prayer—the prayer in which, looking down the ages to us who have believed on him through the words his immediate followers were inspired to write for us, our Redeemer seems to hold you and me in his thought and to pray for each one of us by name as he says, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they may all be one,—that the world may believe that thou didst send me." Because it advances this Christ-enjoined, God-given unity in associated effort for the cause of Christ, we rejoice in this movement.

The Secretary's Report was read for him by Rev. J. M. Hill, D.D., of Bedford, Mass., Mr. J. Willis Baer, who has won golden opinions everywhere by his uniform courtesy and indefatigable energy as Secretary of the United Society being unhappily absent from the Convention through illness. After a few words of congratulation on the growth of the Christian Endeavor movement the report gave the following figures: In 1881, there were 2 Societies; in 1882, 7; 1883, 56; 1884, 156; 1885, 253; 1886, 850; 1887, 2,314; 1888, 4,879; 1889, 7,672; 1890, 11,013; last year at Minneapolis, 16,274; and to-day after eleven years, there are regularly reported societies to the number of 21,080, while we have reason to believe that Societies of whose existence we know, but that have not been recorded, would bring the total up to 22,000. This recorded list is absolutely correct, so far as we know; it does not include a single Merhodist Society that has changed to an Epworth League

Thirty evangelical denominations are represented in this grand army battling for the right. Presbyterians lead and marshall 4,806 Societies in the van. Crowding fast upon them are



THE Y. P. S. C. E. CONVENTION IN NEW YORK.

,495 Congregational Societies. Then come the Baptists with 2,736. The Methodists still hold the fourth place, notwithstanding the fact that we have lost a large number of Societies that have recently become Epworth Leagues; however, counting the 240 Epworth Leagues of Christian Endeavor, we have still 2,335 Societies in the Methodist Episcopal Church North and South, the Methodist Church of Canada, and the African Methodist Episcopal Church. This figure does not include the Methodist Protestants, of which there are 422 that we have recorded. The Disciples of Christ are fifth, and have made great advances during the last year, as they now have 1,557 Societies enrolled, and so on by denominations to the number of thirty different divisions of the church universal, each one emphasizing faith in the divine-human person and atoning work of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, as the only and sufficient source of salvation. New York still leads all the States, Territories, and Provinces in the number of Societies, having 2,432; Pennsylvania is next with 1,829; Illinois third, with 1,477; Ohio fourth, having 1,363 Societies; Massachusetts, with 1,035, is fifth, and Iowa close behind, with 1,024.

The Christian Endeavor movement has become international in its world-wide fellowship. In Australia the growth has been phenomenal, rivaling the great strides made in this land. Last year we had 82 Societies reported from Australia; to-day we have enrolled 232 societies, and more are forming each week. England now has 300 societies. You will be interested to know of some of the other foreign and missionary lands. There are 32 societies enrolled from India; from Turkey, twenty; Mexico nineteen; the West Indies 12; Samoa 9; Atrica 9; China 9; Japan 5; and so on, from Bermuda, Brazil, Chile, Norway, Spain, Persia, the Hawaiian Islands, and from almost every land. The total from foreign and missionary lands is now 648. The constitution has been translated, and it is printed in the following languages: German, Swedish Norwegian, French, Danish, Dutch, Spanish, Tamil, Chinese, Japanese.

Dr. H. T. McEwen had charge of the evening meeting. After referring briefly to the arrangements made for the reception of the Convention and to the incredulity of hotel-keepers, reporters and others when they were told of the numbers expected and the predictions which had been fulfilled in that great gathering, he called on Dr. F. Clark for the Presidential address. The founder of the Christian Endeavor movement is a genial, earnest speaker and his words of reminiscence, encouragement and council thrilled the great assembly and evoked a hearty response. At the conclusion of Dr. Clark's address the Rev. J. W. Bashford, D.D., President of the Ohio Wesleyan University spoke on "the Conditions of Successful Christian Work," dwelling on the necessity of personal as well as organized effort.

Friday's proceedings opened with a sunrise prayer-meeting at 6:30 A. M., at which over five thousand delegates were present. Nine o'clock was the "Pastors' Hour" at which Rev. B. B. Tyler, Pastor of the Church of the Disciples, presided. Two minute speeches by pastors from the various States and of all the denominations, telling of what Christian Endeavor had done for their churches, were the order of the meeting and as one after another bore witness to the help they had received from the societies, ringing cheers greeted the speakers. These were followed by the roll-call of the States and Provincial Unions and from foreign countries. The enthusiasm of the vast multitude grew as the testimonies were given and reached its highest point when Madam Tel Sono from Japan, Rev. S. Vishnu Karmarkar from India, Edward Marsden, an Indian from Alaska, Miss Anna C. Webb from Spain, Mr. Brigham from Sandwich Islands, and John Williams from England testified to the good work of the Society in their respective lands. The remainder of the session was occupied by a characteristic speech by Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston on "The Watchwords of the Century. Supply follows demand in history," he said. "As in recent ages there has been a demand for the diffusion of liberty, there will soon be a demand for the diffusion of conscientiousness, and there will come slowly a supply."

The afternoon session opened with a "free Parliament" conducted by Rev. W.C. Bitting, President of the New York Union and pastor of the Mount Morris Baptist Church. Short testimonies of what the various societies were doing were called for and they came as rapidly as they could be given in ten minute speeches. It was noticeable that Foreign Mission work was receiving much attention from the Societies. Nearly every report announced that funds were being contributed for the purpose, in many instances the Society was supporting one or more missionaries in a heathen land. At the close of the "Free Parliament" Mrs. Clark, the wife of the Founder of the Society, read a paper on "Junior Societies."

The Hon. Whitelaw Reid, the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States visited the Convention during the progress of the Free Parliament. In response to the cheers of the meeting he went to the front of the platform and said: "This is a most inspiring sight to which your Chairman has invitod me. Such an organization as you are here displaying, warmed by such purposes, and representing, as you do, thousands of communities all over the land, must be an incalculable force for good, not only for these communities, but for this metropolis and the

(*Continued on page 463.*)

QUAINT OLD RAMLEH.

The Traditionary City of Joseph of Arimathea—Its Mosques and Famous Tower, overlooking Sharon's Lovely Place.

ONE of the most attractive and picturesquely venerable places in Palestine, though somewhat out of the ordinary route of tourists, is Ramleh, a general view of which is shown in the photograph on this page. It is pleasantly situated on the Plain of Sharon, with the low hills of the Shephelah on three sides. The section is one of the most fertile in Palestine, and abounds in fruit orchards, olive groves, and gardens.

Ramleh is of great antiquity, having been founded in the eighth century. It is identified by local tradition with Arimathea, the residence of Joseph, the rich man who provided the Saviour with a rock-hewn tomb after the crucifixion, and the house of Joseph is pointed out to travelers. Some of the buildings have gone to decay, while others show evidence of having at some remote period been destroyed and rebuilt. Walking in the outskirts amid a paradise of lemon, orange and fig gardens, surrounded by cactus hedges, the traveler sees many points of interest. The rich and beautiful Plain of Sharon, so often referred to in Scripture, spreads out before him, and the anemone, the cyclamen, and the famed "Rose of Sharon," are found everywhere. There are probably 5,000 population in Ramleh, comprising Christians, Jews, Armenians, Arabs and Greeks. The White Mosque and the White Tower are objects of special interest for the visitor, the latter the legendary "Tower of the Forty Martyrs" (seen in the background of the illustration). In its gloomy vaults, as traditions tell, lie the bones of a brave band of Christians who fell victims to Moslem fanaticism, and died there in defence of their religion. This famous tower has already been referred to in an illustrated article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD several months ago. A climb to the top, up a dizzy spiral stairway of one hundred and twenty steps is richly repaid by a scene that cannot be surpassed anywhere in the East. From that pinnacle the eye ranges delightedly across the plain, taking in the Judean hills, the peaks of Samaria and the Mediterranean Sea on the one hand, and on the other the rocky, barren height of Carmel and the desert of Philistia, the intervening spaces being dotted with villages.

In our illustration the foreground is occupied by a Mohammedan mosque, while on the extreme right is the principal hotel, which was the stopping place of Dr. Talmage and party when they visited Ramleh in 1889. One of the most prominent buildings is an ancient church of the Crusaders, which has long since been changed to a Moslem sanctuary. It is believed to be finest and best preserved architectural memorial of the Crusading period that is to be found in Palestine.

Although Ramleh is on the main Caravan Road between Egypt and Damascus, the highways, like almost all in the East, are in very bad repair. Roman roads intersect the country at intervals and pass through the low *dunes*, or sand hills, in the vicinity of Ramleh. Indeed the whole section is a peculiarly sandy though fertile soil, and the name, Ramleh, signifies as much. The city itself is in the very heart of a most historic district. On this point, Rev. Z. T. Sweeney, LL.D., Chancellor of Butler University and Consul of the United States government at Constantinople, writes:

"Leaving Ramleh early one morning, we passed over the remaining portion of the plain and reached the foot-hills of the Judean Mountains. Every turn of the road seemed to illustrate some old familiar passage of the Scriptures. About an hour from Ramleh we ascended a small hill, and stood upon the eminence, the valley of Ajalon, ever memorable as the scene of Joshua's great victory, burst upon our view. I could almost hear the command, 'Sun, stand thou still upon Gideon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon, and and the sun stood still, and the moon stayed until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies.' From this eminence we could look toward our left and see the two Bethhorons, while upon our right lay the recently identified site of Gezer. The king of Gezer was defeated by Joshua, but not being dispossessed of its original inhabitants, it remained a strong fortress of the Philistines for several centuries. David once invaded it, and it was at last captured by Pharaoh, who gave it to his son-in-law, Solomon (1. Kings 9: 15). After crossing the valley of Ajalon we came to Latrun, the traditional home of the penitent thief. Near Latrun is Amwas or Emmaus. (Not the Emmaus of the New Testament.) Still continuing among the rocky ravines, we rode to Kirjath-jearim, where the Ark of God was lodged in the house of Abinadab, till David moved it to Jerusalem. This is also said to be the site of Anathoth, where the prophet Jeremiah was born. To the north about four miles is Neby Samwil, where the prophet Samuel was buried. It is the ancient Mizpeh. About half an hour further on is the valley of Kolonieh, into which the road descends by some serpentine courses, as fine as can be found in Switzerland. To the right is Ain Karim, which is the traditional birth-place of John the Baptist. At the bottom of the valley is a little brook which we crossed, and where the relic hunters gathered up stones from the place where David killed Goliah."

ANCIENT RAMLEH, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

(From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage during his Tour in the East.)

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Be Punctual—Always.

PUNCTUALITY is a virtue more desirable than it is common. To see how many persons are habitually late at a free lecture, or at an ordinary church service, would suggest the thought that it is well-nigh impossible for the average man or woman to be on the minute in any such case. But, says the *Sunday School Times*, those same persons find it entirely practicable to be at the railroad station with scrupulous exactness when they have to take a train that runs on schedule time. Then, again, there is the illustration of morning prayers at a college chapel. If the time of beginning is ten minutes past eight, it is really remarkable how few students are on hand at five minutes past eight, and how large a portion of the entire body of students passes through the chapel doors in the last two minutes of grace. They are all with one accord in one place at one time in that case, for their college standing depends on their punctuality at morning prayers, among other things. So it seems that persons can be punctual if they are going to gain enough by it; but when it is simply a question of annoyance to the lecturer and his audience, or to the pastor and his congregation, the selfish inducement to welldoing is lacking.

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Girls' Talk.

LEARN to talk! I have been among girls a good deal, says a clever writer, in fact, was once a girl myself, and the folly of talking idle nonsense seems so plain to me that I would like to make my girls friends see it, too. I have known so many girls, bright girls, who were hiding their talents behind empty chatter and "joking" with their young gentlemen friends, making such foolish retorts and pointless little speeches, that I have wished they could see themselves as others see them.

Be well read, if that means acquainting one's self as much as possible with the best that is in the wide-awake literary world, books, magazines and clean newspapers. Read them critically. Be original and fight bravely for your opinions, but if your good sense detects their instability, retire gracefully into the background.

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THE LAND OF BY-AND-BY.

WE are kindred all, and brothers,
All the whole wide world we say,
Yet our hands clasped not each other's
As we met upon life's way;
For our blind eyes see not clearly,
And while mists obscure our sight,
Hearts that might have loved so dearly,
Miss each other in the night.
Noble souls—yet in the fetter
Of their pride of place they lie;
They will know their kindred better
In the land of "by-and-by."

Here our sympathies are bounded
By the cold world's narrow range,
By its barriers surrounded,
Who are sport for change and change:
Here life's sands are often shifting,
Shadows fall 'twixt heart and heart,
And we watch our loved ones drifting
Slowly, surely, far apart.
Yet our hands will clasp each other's
'Neath a clear and sunny sky,
When we dwell indeed as brothers
In the land of "by-and-by."

—*St. Louis Observer.*

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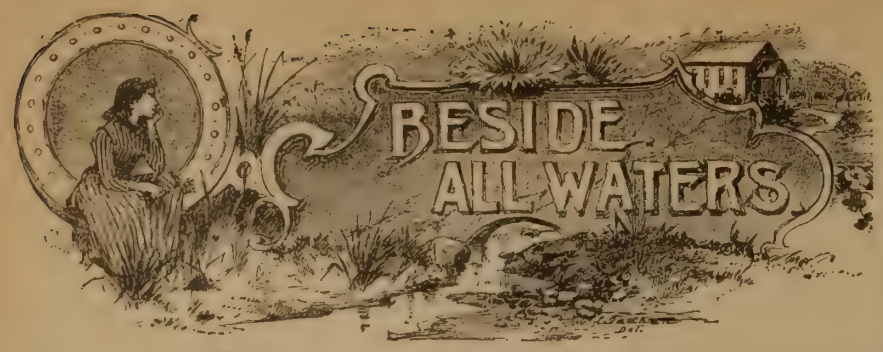
The Art of Home-making.

HOME-making, is in many essential particulars different from any work men engage in. Happiness and comfort (for others), not fame or fortune, are the results sought. Moreover, though the wife is nominally at the head of the household management, she is rarely so in fact, but, in controlling her little kingdom, is subject to the will and caprices of her husband. If a man's income be narrow, and he refuses to bear any of the home burdens, if he be an epicure, if he be careless and disorderly, if he claim the right to bring unexpected guests to dine, and storms if the table is not beautifully served, the wife's business capacity must be supplemented by nerves of steel and muscles of iron, to make her independent of servants. Then, too, children cling to the housekeeper as she goes about her work. Often a baby is in her arms, and aged and feeble parents depend upon her care. Illness may at any moment destroy the routine of the household, and guests may multiply its tasks. When men shall run mills and shops and banks under the conditions in which their wives carry on the business of the home-keeping, the labor societies will dissolve their organizations, clerks will wax fat, and the business capacities of the two sexes will be justly compared.

As the real home-maker, the wife and mother deserves all the consideration and kind aid we can give her. To her very largely the family owes what it now is and may be hereafter.



BY

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*

Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

HOME-MADE BURDENS.

THE project of giving the dirty old church of Oldham a thorough cleaning could not be introduced at a better time and place than to the good ladies gathered around Mrs. Bassett's hospitable table. If they could be brought to take as much interest in having the church clean as they took in having their own homes clean there would be no question of the church looking fresh and bright when the new rector came. That was a thing greatly to be desired and accordingly Mrs. Weston forthwith plunged into the subject. All present took up the matter with enthusiasm except Aunt Betsy,—who was constitutionally opposed to every thing,—and Patience Fletcher. Aunt Betsy thought it would never do to make such a fuss about cleaning up the church: it would be as much as saying right out that it was dirty; that would hurt Mr. Archimball's feelings, which would be a shame after all the years he had taken care of the church.

"All the years he hasn't taken care of it, you mean," said Mrs. Bassett. "If Archimball had done his duty, things wouldn't be in the state they are. I don't think we are bound to sit in the dirt all our lives, to spare his feelings.—Well, Patience, what do you think?"

"I think it is an excellent plan," answered Patience, "and I only wish I could promise to help about it; but I don't see how I can, I've got so much laid out to do next week."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Bassett, laughing. "What is it that presses so dreadfully? Maybe I can help you a little."

"Well, I calculated to clean the spare bedroom, for one thing; and there are the curtains to wash and do up, and the children's clothes to see to. Eben and Eddy do make so much washing!"

"Sakes alive! what would you do if you had my two big boys, besides Mr. Bassett and the little ones? Come, Patience, let the spare room rest a week. I tell you it isn't good for any one to work all the time in a half-bushel. That's one reason why I am in favor of missionary work; it gives one an outlook,—makes a window into the world, as it were.—Don't you think so, Miss Armstrong?"

"I certainly do; but perhaps I am an interested party," answered Miss Armstrong, smiling. "I have been busy with missionary work of some sort ever since I was eighteen, and even before, for my father and mother were missionaries before me. But I think with you, Mrs. Bassett, that we all need outside windows in our lives. I believe many an overworked housekeeper would find her life lightened if she would interest herself in something outside her own household."

"Yes, it is easy to say that," said Patience a little peevishly. "But there is only just so much time, anyhow; and, if it is full, it is full."

"Very true," replied Miss Armstrong. "In that case we must consider whether there is not something that can be turned out."

"A man is to provide first for his own household," said Patience.

"Very true again; but to provide what? that's the real question, you see. Is a man bound to spend so much time heaping dollar upon dollar for his sons, that he has no time to know what sort of companions they have, or where they pass their evenings? Or is a mother obliged to spend so much time and labor providing Sunday finery for her little daughter, that she has no time to teach the child her Bible lesson?"

"That is an extreme case," said Patience.

"It is a very common case, I am sorry to say," answered Miss Armstrong. "I know more than one mother of moderate means who thinks she has no time to attend to her daughter's lessons, because she must dress the child as finely as somebody else who has five times her income."

"I don't think I put much finery on our children," said Patience; "but I do like to have them look nicely—as their mother would like to have them look if she could see them."

"I think you do keep them very nicely," said Miss Armstrong. "It is easy to see that Eddy and Eben are not neglected for the sake of any thing. I never saw two better-trained or pleasanter children."

Patience's pale cheek flushed with pleasure. These two babies, left her by her fair young stepmother, herself a dear friend and playmate, were as the apple of her eye.

"Pa and Faithie deserve most of the credit of that," said she frankly. "Perhaps I do think too much about my housekeeping and all that. You see, I was left in charge when I was very young, and I felt such a responsibility. Even when mother Hester came, she was such a delicate thing I felt I ought to spare her all I could; and she staid with us such a little time—only a year and a half."

"It was a dreadful foolish thing of your father, marrying that child, and when every one knew her family was consumptive," said Aunt Betsy.

"I don't think so," returned Patience. "It was one of the best things that ever happened in our house. Hester was like a sunbeam, or like an angel that came to make a visit, and then went back to heaven again. Eddy is just like her."

"Yes, I expect she'll inherit the disease," rejoined Job's comforter. "She has just Hester's clear blue eyes and red cheeks."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Bassett. "Eddy is as tough as a little knot. That is another notion that does no end of harm—I mean, thinking a girl must needs have the consumption because her mother had it. My grandfather was bitten in two by a sperm whale, but I don't expect that is going to happen to me."

"Whales don't run in families," said Aunt Betsy with dignity, while all the rest laughed: "consumption does."

"Whales have run in my family for a good many generations—ever since Nantucket folks took to catching them," said Mrs. Bassett. "But, as to Ednah, I do hope nobody will put such an idea in the child's head. I do believe prophecies of that kind sometimes bring their own fulfilment."

"I think you are right, Mrs. Bassett," said Miss Armstrong. "I have known of at least one case in which melancholy insanity was brought on, apparently from no other cause than the one you mention."

"Talking of insanity brings us round to Kit again," said Mrs. Weston. "I do wish something could be done for that child. I spoke to Symantha about her coming to Sunday school; and she said she should have no objection herself, but there was no use in talking to her father: he would never allow it, and would only be angry. I think she feared, though she did not say so, that he would visit his anger on the child."

"Yes, I know," added Mrs. Bassett. "He told pa he hated the very name of God. 'That's queer,' says pa, 'to hate somebody you don't believe in. I'd never trouble myself to hate a man if I believed there was no such person,' says pa. And Phin never said another word. Well, we must just bear poor Kit on our minds, and maybe some way will be opened. She seems to have a sense of religion, too, from all I hear. Myra says she asked Sarah Leet if she didn't think the Lord told her how to catch the snake."

"No doubt he did," said Miss Delia; "but it isn't every one that would have minded as quick as she did. Some folks would have said, 'Oh, dear! Lord, I can't; I'm afraid.'"

"Good-afternoon, ladies. Settling all the affairs of the parish, I expect," said Mr. Bassett, appearing at the parlor door in his dusty miller's coat, his hair and face white with flour.

The subject of the church-cleaning was renewed when Mr. Basset had removed the traces of his occupation and had joined the company. It was explained to him and he approved heartily.

"Such a piece of work ought to be easy here," remarked Miss Armstrong: "you all seem so united."

"Yes," answered Mr. Bassett. "There has never been any church here but ours. There is a Methodist society over at the cross-roads; very nice folks they are too, I must say."

"I don't see how you can say that," interrupted Aunt Betsy. "Joe Hilton belonged to them, and he got drunk at the county fair, and gambled away his cow."

"There are black sheep in every flock," said Miss Delia."

"And they took him back again, and he belongs there now," continued Aunt Betsy triumphantly, as though she considered the niceness of the Methodist folks forever disproved.

"Yes, they restored him in the spirit of meekness," said Mr. Bassett. "Poor Joe was a very hard case for many years before he joined the Methodists; and it was no wonder, perhaps, that the old temptations overcame him. He has worked for me all the spring, and I don't want a better man."

"Mr. Martin said the Methodist society was the natural refuge of the lower classes," observed Myra.

"Yes, I know he did; and that foolish remark repeated did more harm than he would ever do good. What business had he talking about upper and lower classes? His father was a foundryman, and his mother kept a little candy-shop to help them along."

"That is no disgrace to them," observed Miss Delia.

"Not a bit. It was an item to their credit, and ought to have kept him from talking such nonsense."

"What kind of a man was he?" asked Miss Armstrong.

"Well, he was a man of a good deal of talent and reading; but he did not get on, somehow," replied Mr. Bassett. "I don't know as I could tell what the matter was"—

"The matter was, that he was always feeling abused, and complaining, because, as he said, he had no congenial spirits to associate with," struck in Miss Delia. "He had a great notion of himself and his own consequence, and thought himself buried in a country parish; and you see no church likes to be looked upon in the light of a tomb," added the little lady laughing. "I hope Mr. Brace is not like that."

"He is not," said Miss Armstrong. "He is not a man to think himself buried anywhere, so long as he has work to do for his Master."

"Then you know him?"

"Oh, yes, I know him," answered Miss Armstrong: "we used to work together in New York years ago. I think you will all like him very much. He is very strong upon the proprieties of public worship," she added. "I could not help thinking of him last Sunday when I happened to notice that great cobweb in the corner over the organ."

"And that brings us to church-cleaning again," said Ma Bassett, whose womanly eye saw that Miss Armstrong was a little bit agitated. The subject was discussed in all its length and breadth; and, before the party broke up, it was quite settled that the two church-wardens should take the first step toward calling a parish meeting.

When the friends separated, Miss Armstrong and Patience Fletcher walked on together.

"How easy Mrs. Bassett does take every thing!" said Patience. "I wish I was like her."

"Is she always so?" asked Miss Armstrong.

"Just the same, whatever happens. Even when her children were little, and they were not as well off as they are now, she never fretted. She always would take time to rest and read. I staid there once for three weeks when father had small-pox. Every day after dinner, when she had washed up the dishes and got the baby to sleep, she used to take her Bible or some other book, for half or three-quarters of an hour."

"I suspect that is one secret of her cheerfulness," said Miss Armstrong. "She takes time to rest, and to feed her spirit."

"Well, I wonder if that is what ails me," said Patience.

"Does any thing ail you?" asked Miss Armstrong. "I thought you were a happy woman."

"Well, I am not," answered Patience. "I don't know what the matter is, either. It is all right enough outside, if I did not have quite so much to do; but, I don't know how it is, I don't have any peace or joy in religion. I pray, of course, but I don't have any comfort in it. My prayers never seem to get outside of the room."

"Since the Hearer of prayer is undoubtedly in the room, there is, perhaps, no need of their getting out," said Miss Armstrong. "I understand the feeling, however, and it is a very sad one. But, Miss Fletcher"—

"Call me Patience, please. Everybody does."

"So I will, for it is a favorite name of mine. Are you sure, Patience, dear, that you are not starving your soul all this time? It must have nourishment, you know, as well as the body. Excuse the freedom of the question, but do you take time enough for your devotions?"

"I don't suppose I do," answered Patience. "I am so hurried in the morning, and at night I am so tired."

"But during the day, while the children are at school"—

"Yes, I know; but there always seems some sewing or cleaning to do, that takes up the time."

"Are you sure that all that sewing and cleaning are necessary? Or, if it is, why not leave some of it for Faith when she comes home? She ought to help you a good deal."

"Well, she does; and she would like to help me a great deal more. She isn't a bit of a shirk, Faith isn't. But— Well, the fact is, Miss Armstrong, I have my own ways and plans; and, if things are not done just exactly so, it puts me out, and makes me uncomfortable"

"Isn't it possible that you are making idols of your own ways and plans?" asked Miss Armstrong gently.

"Idols?" repeated Patience, as if a little offended. "I don't know what you mean. You must not think I am a heathen, Miss Armstrong. I hope I have too much sense to make idols and worship them. I want to do my duty to the house and my father and the children; that is all. You never call duty an idol I should think."

"An idol is any thing which comes between us and God," said Miss Armstrong; "whatever we set up in his place is an idol. Your ways and plans may be ever so good; but, if you allow them to take all your time and thoughts—" Miss Armstrong paused, and added, "the cares of this world, you know, can choke the Word as well as the deceitfulness of riches."

"Yes, I know," said Patience; "but if he sends the cares?"

"The cares he sends don't often have that effect. It comes from the cares we make for ourselves. Let me tell you a little story to illustrate my meaning. I once attended a missionary meeting in a certain city, and staid with a very kind lady with whom I was slightly acquainted. The first meeting was in the afternoon, and I asked Mrs. M—— if she did not mean to go. She said it was impossible; she had been busy all the morning, and expected to be busy all the afternoon. I brought back with me another lady, who had been assigned to the same quarters. When we sat down to tea, we had four kinds of cake and two kinds of biscuit, besides a strawberry short-cake and some hot dish or other. We could not have eaten the four kinds of cake and the strawberry short-cake without risk to our lives; yet she must make them, though she lost the whole day's meeting. Now, were that lady's cares of the Lord's sending?"

"I suppose not," said Patience, laughing, as it seemed in spite of herself. "I don't think I am so bad as that, and yet I don't know. Perhaps I am. But, Miss Armstrong, I talked to Mr. Martin when he was here, and told him how I felt, and how little interest I had in religion; and he said it was the state of my health—that people always felt so when they were not well, and that he was the same way himself."

"I think that excuse is used far too often," replied Miss Armstrong. "It seems your health does not hinder your taking such an interest in your household matters that you can allow no one to help you; and, if so, why should it prevent you from being interested in your devotion?"

"There is some thing in that," observed Patience. "Mr. Martin himself was in a terrible taking because my Leghorn chickens were heavier than his. Besides that, it seems as if our religion can't be worth much if it is going to fail us when we want it the very most. Well, Miss Armstrong, I should not wonder if you were right. Anyhow, I will think to over."

"And pray over it," said Miss Armstrong. "And, dear Patience, remember that he who said, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness,' was one who knew every one of our burdens and hindrances as well as ourselves, or better."

"If one could always remember that," said Patience rather sadly. "Well, good-night, Miss Armstrong. I am ever so much obliged to you." And Patience went home so full of thought that she actually failed to remark that Faith had hung up the dish-towels endways instead of lengthways, and had set up the teacups in twos instead of threes.

(*To be Continued.*)

* By special arrangement with Thomas Whittaker, publisher, New York.

THESSALONICA.*

THESSALONICA, now called Saloniki, was in the first century of our era a large and flourishing city. It was situated at the north-eastern corner of the Thermaic Gulf, on the line of the great Egnatian road, which formed the main connection by land between Italy and the East. It was an important commercial centre, with a mixed population of Greeks, Romans, and Jews. The Jews, who at the present day amount to some twenty thousand, were numerous enough to have a synagogue of their own; and we can infer from the Book of Acts (17: 4) that it was frequented by many of the better spirits among the Gentiles also. Unconsciously, and as the event too often proved, unwillingly, the Dispersion was preparing the way of the Lord.

To this city the Apostle Paul came, attended by Timothy, in the course of his second missionary journey. He had just left Philippi, dearest to his heart of all his churches; for there more than anywhere else, the sufferings of Christ had abounded in him, and his consolations also had been abundant in Christ. He came to Thessalonica with the marks of the lictor's rods upon his body; but to him they were the marks of Jesus; not warnings to change his path, but tokens that the Lord was taking him into fellowship with himself, and binding him more strictly to his service. He came with the memory of his converts' kindness warm upon his heart; conscious that, amid whatever disappointments, a welcome awaited the gospel, which admitted its messenger into the joy of his Lord. We need not wonder, then, that the Apostle kept to his custom, and in spite of the malignity of the Jews, made his way, when Sabbath came, to the synagogue of Thessalonica.

Paul's Preaching.

His evangelistic ministry is very briefly described by St. Luke. For three Sabbath days he addressed himself to his fellow-countrymen. He took the Scriptures into his hand,—that is, of course, the Old Testament Scriptures,—and opening the mysterious casket, as the picturesque words in Acts describe his method, he brought out and set before his auditors, as its inmost and essential secret, the wonderful idea that the Christ whom they all expected, the Messiah of God, must die and rise again from the dead. That was not what ordinary Jewish readers found in the law, the prophets, or the psalms; but, once persuaded that this interpretation was true, it was not difficult to believe that the Jesus whom Paul preached was the Christ for whom they all hoped. Luke tells us that some were persuaded; but they cannot have been many: his account agrees with the representation of the Epistle 1: 9, that the church at Thessalonica was mainly Gentile.

Of the "chief women not a few," who were among the first converts, we know nothing; the exhortations in both Epistles make it plain that what Paul left at Thessalonica was what we should call a working-class congregation. The jealousy of the Jews, who resorted to the device which had already proved successful at Philippi, compelled Paul and his friends to leave the city prematurely.

natural anxiety of the apostle, as he thought of his inexperienced disciples, was intensified by the reflection that he had left them exposed to the malignity of his and their enemies. What means that malignity employed—what violence and what calumny—the Epistle itself enables us to see; meantime, it is sufficient to say that the pressure of these things upon the

Why he Wrote.

But although this implies a stay of some duration, much remained to be done; and the Apostle's spirit was the occasion of his writing this letter. He had tried in vain to get back to Thessalonica; he had condemned himself to solitude in a strange city that he might send Timothy to them; he must hear whether they stand fast in their Christian calling. On his return Timothy joined Paul in Corinth with a report, cheering on the whole, yet not without its graver side, concerning the Thessalonian believers; and the first Epistle is the apostolic message in these circumstances. It is, in all probability, the earliest of the New Testament writings; it is certainly the earliest extant of Paul's; if we except the decree in Acts 15, it is the earliest piece of Christian writing in existence.

The Second Advent Epistle.

A great subject of apostolic preaching at Thessalonica had been the Second Advent. So characteristic was it of the gospel message, that Christian converts from heathenism are defined as those who have turned to God from idols, to serve the living and true God, and to wait for his Son from heaven. This waiting, or expectation, was the characteristically Christian attitude; the Christian's hope was hidden in heaven, and he could not but look up and long for its appearing. But this attitude became strained, under various influences. The Apostle's teaching was pressed, as if he had said, not only that the day of the Lord was coming, but that it was actually here. Men, affecting to speak through the Spirit, patronized such fanaticism. We see from chapter 2: 2 that pretended words of Paul were put in circulation; and what was more deliberately wicked, a forged epistle was produced, in which his authority was claimed for this transformation of his doctrine. Weak-minded people were carried off their feet, and bad-hearted people feigned an exaltation they did not feel; and both together brought discredit on the church and injured their own souls, by neglecting the commonest duties.

*From *The Epistles to the Thessalonians*, by the Rev. James Denney. One of the excellent series of volumes entitled The Expositor's Bible. A work full of information throwing light on the two epistles; pp. 404, price $1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East Tenth Street, New York, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Master of Silence; by Irving Bachelller, pp. 176; cloth; price 75 cents; Charles L. Webster & Co., New York, publishers. A remarkable psychological study, related in the form of a romance, the principal character being a youth who has been reared in simple, childlike purity, apart from the world and in absolute silence, and who develops a marvelous intuitive gift of reading the thoughts of others.

New Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles, by J. W. McGarvey, A.M.; volume I.; cloth; price, $1.50; p.p. 262. The Standard Publishing Company, Cincinnati, publishers.

Presbyterians, a popular narrative of the Origin, Progress, Doctrines and Achievements, by Rev. Geo. P. Hays, D.D., LL. D.; Introductions by Rev. John Hall, D.D., LL. D., and Rev. William E. Moore, D.D., LL. D.; cloth; pp. 544; J. A. Hill & Co., New York, publishers; sold only by subscription, $2.75.

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(Written for "The Christian Herald.")

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Burdened with a load of care?
Look then, fainting soul, to Jesus;
There is rest and comfort there.
Rest for the weary cast-down soul,
Sweet rest for thee when billows roll.

Are you climbing a steep mountain
In a dark and dismal night?
Jesus waits, my friend, to help thee—
Guide thy erring feet aright.
Go then, worn out and weary,
Where the path is never dreary.

Is the darkness gath'ring 'round you!
Have you yielded to dispair?
Go where Jesus now would lead you—
There is light and courage there.
There is light where Jesus leads us,
Where with faith and love he feeds us.

Are you longing for the sunshine
To burst in upon your heart?
Go and ask, believing, Jesus—
He will peace and joy impart.
'Tis Christ who cleanses us from sin,
'Tis Christ who lets the sunshine in.

Look then when the darkness gathers.
When life's billows round you roll,
To the Saviour who is willing
To support your sinking soul.
He will lead you, faint and weary,
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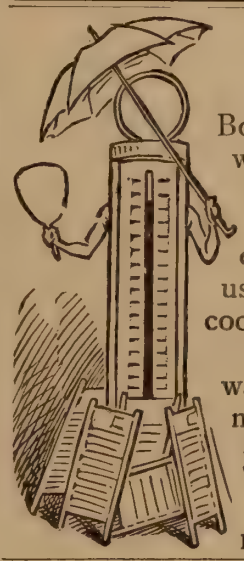

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. E. A. Dean, Lima, O. We know of no objection to it on the ground you mention.

E. A. Spaulding, Worcester, Mass. See answer to Subscriber, Mifflintown, Pa., in No. 28 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A. S. Lehr, York, Pa. 1. The belief you mention is a relic of some ancient superstition. 2. The best biographies state that he died a natural death.

A. B. C., Maitland, Fla. Write to Rev. Ross Taylor, 210 Sixth Ave., New York City, concerning African missions. We cannot undertake to advise in insurance matters.

W. T. Hausman, Philadelphia, replies to J. W. Patterson, stating that the poem: "How far is it to the grave?" can be found in *The Gospel Choir*, (Sankey and McGranahan's edition.)

Manager W. A. Petran, of the Christian Workers' Mission, 29 Washington Ave., South Minneapolis, Minn., writes that his mission would be glad to have any old numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for use in hospital and prison work.

Subscriber, N.Y. The attitude of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in opposition to card-playing and dancing has already been very definitely stated. The other amusements you mention are innocent enough in themselves, and may be indulged without offence.

Subscriber, Greenvine, Tex. A Christian will never pledge himself in a manner that is equivalent to depriving himself of the free selection of a course of action, according to the dictates of his conscience. To do what you suggest would be doing this.

D. C. Dagger, Liberty, Neb. What is your opinion on the opening of the World's Fair on Sundays?

See No. 9 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of this year.

C. L. O., Johnstown, Pa. What was the name of Prof. Tyndall's wife before her marriage?

He married in 1876, a daughter of Lord Claude Hamilton.

J. B. Willhout Apison, Tenn. When, where and by whom was the Sunday School organized?

See answer to E. A. Morrison in No. 27 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

J. F Kirkpatrick, Murat, Va. Was Simon the Cyrenian, who helped carry the Cross, a colored man?

Some commentators hold that he was a negro, but it is not definitely settled, nor can it be.

J. A. Holme: daven, Kans. "The things I once loved I now hate, and the things I once hated I now love.' Is that a quotation from the Bible, or have people used this till they think it is Scripture?

Not literally. It probably has its origin in Rom. 7: 14-25.

A Fogelgren, Tarrytown, N. Y. 1. Who publishes *The Missionary Review of the World*? 2. Does Rev. Dr. Talmage revise his sermons that appear in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD?

1. Funk & Wagnalls, N. Y. City. 2. He personally revises every one of his sermons in proof before it appears in these columns.

John Thompson, N. Y. City. Was Columbus the original discoverer of the American Continent?

There are traditions (but no accurate history) to the effect that the Norsemen made the discovery centuries before Columbus. Irish and Welsh traditions of a like character also exist, each claiming for their own country the honor of prior discovery.

S. B. S., East Malpole, Mass. 1. How many Psalms did David write? 2. What is the best commentary for the Bible student and teacher?

1. It is generally supposed that he wrote seventy-three in the Hebrew text and at least eleven others in the Septuagint. 2. Jamieson-Fausett-Brown's, published by Revell & Co., New York, recently issued, is one of the very best we have seen.

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Rev. Dr. Talmage, its Editor,

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"	Cedar Rapids	60	"	Springfield	80	Vt.,	Rutland	100
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THE HINDOO FAKIR CONVERT.

A Missionary Tells more about the Devoted Brahmin's Work for the Saviour.

IN a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some interesting facts were published regarding a noted Brahmin convert, Seel-hura-nah-tha-swamy, who, after many years spent in the calling of a Hindoo fakir or "holy man," has been converted to Christianity. One of the native pastors in Ceylon writes a letter to friends in this country about this distinguished convert, and through the courtesy of Misses Mary and Margaret W. Leitch, we are now enabled to present to our readers further valuable bio-

THA-VA-NAN-THA-SWAMY, THE CONVERTED HINDU.

graphical data concerning this remarkable man and his work for Christ among the natives.

"His father's family in Hydrabad," says the letter, "had an annual income of thirty thousand rupees (about $12,000), and owned five elephants. When he became a fakir (turning his back on the world and setting out in search of God) he turned away from all this. Before our eyes, when he professed Christ he threw away the sacred cord which entitled him to the worship of the Hindoos.

"The words, 'This is life eternal that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent,' are often on his lips at prayer. His being one of a pure untarnished family of Brahmins, with such a deep knowledge of the Vedas and Spaswas in the original Sanscrit, crowned with his having been a Sunniasy (fakir), and now confessing Christ so earnestly, are things which the Hindoos cannot endure. They say to us, 'It looks like the Pope of Rome going about preaching Protestantism.' The name by which this fakir is now called (since his baptism) is William Snee Tha-va-nan-tha-swamy.

"We learn with joy that already quite a number have been led out of the darkness of Hindooism into the marvelous light of the Gospel through this man's instrumentality.

"As this converted fakir is proficient in some seven languages, he has been busily engaged of late, during his spare hours, in preparing tracts and booklets showing the truth and life-giving power of Christianity in contrast with Hindooism. He is very anxious to publish these tracts and send them to his numerous friends and former disciples in various parts of India, as well as to give them a wider circulation in Ceylon."

Some reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who cannot go in person to India, might be pleased to help on the work there through this able and earnest man, who has given up all for the truth's sake. Anyone so desiring can address the Misses Leitch, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE GREAT CONVENTION.

(*Continued from page 458.*)

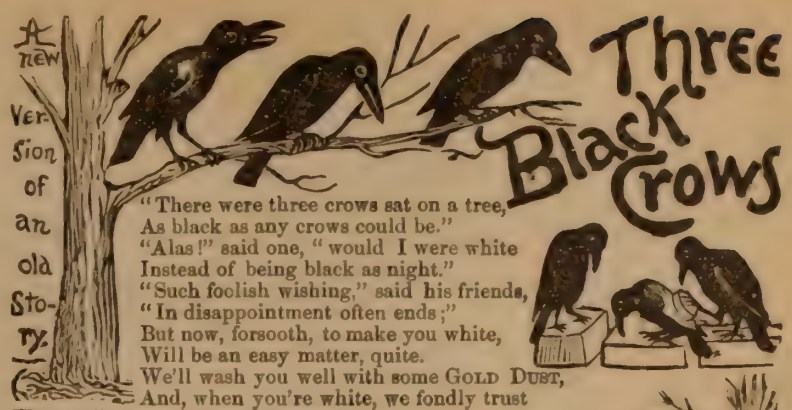
whole country. You can expect no remarks from me, but I wish to express my gratification that I am privileged to address you, and my sympathy with your work, and my admiration for it. Only one word more—a Fourth of July recollection, not inappropriate now, perhaps. Our fathers built fortifications on every hillside as they advanced to conquer with civilization. We all know what they were—the school house and the church. Let us guard them as our fathers guarded them, and preserve them as a great heritage, and transmit them beyond their thought and ours to untold generations of men."

A Junior Free Parliament followed Mr. Reed's speech, after which "Prince" Besolow of Bendoo, Liberia, Africa, whose father is an African king, made an appeal for more Christian work in his native land. The session was brought to a close by the presentation of banners for the greatest gains in society work. There were three banners to be presented, one for the greatest absolute gain in membership, one for the greatest proportionate gain, and the third for the largest gain in the organization of Junior Societies in the last year. The first banner was held by Pennsylvania last year. This year it went to Ontario. Oklahoma had the second banner last year, but was obliged to surrender to Manitoba, and the third banner was won by Illinois.

At the evening session, Postmaster-General John Wanamaker presided. He is one of the Trustees of the United Society, and his speech was an official utterance full of enthusiasm for the cause. "I believe," he said, "that few men, and then only once in a lifetime, have such a privilege as is mine at this monemt. As one of the Trustees of the early effort, I come to-night to see how our plans have worked out. On looking at the original design and on this great still-rising structure, wonderfully like the first conception, worthy of its master workman, I praise the Lord, whose name is on all of the banners of the Christian Endeavor." Mr. Wannamaker introduced Rev. Russell H. Conwell as the speaker of the evening. The subject of his address was "The Mission of the Society." His voice was more powerful than those of the previous speakers at the Convention, and he held the attention of the vast audience riveted till the close of his vigorous and inspiring address.

Saturday's exercises began with the sunrise prayer-meeting at 6-30 A. M. Fully six thousand persons were present at that hour and many more entered during the service. At the nine oclock meeting the nominating committee presented the list of vice-presidents of the Society it had selected. There was one for each State and each province of Canada. The whole list was adoped without change. The first speaker of the day was the Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., the author of the famous book, *Our Country*. Rev. R. S. Murphy followed with an address on "Systematic Giving." Mr. Robest S. Speer, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, presented the claims of the Foreign Mission Field for workers and for money. Dr. Henry C. Mabie, Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Union delivered an eloquent address on the same subject. At the close Dr. McEwen announced the places in which the Denominational rallies would be held that afternoon and also, that in addition to the exercises in the Madison Garden on Sunday, the Carnegie Music Hall and the Metropolitan Opera House, each of which would hold 3,000 persons, had been engaged. The most interesting of the Saturday afternoon meetings was the First Junior Endeavor Convention in the Broadway Tabernacle. Over a thousand enthusiastic boys and girls filled the old church which was beautifully decorated for the occasion.

On Sunday the prayer meeting was at nine o'clock after which the delegates separated to attend the various churches of the city. At the afternoon meeting the Garden was filled as usual within a few minutes of the doors being opened Among the speakers were: Mr. Ira D. Sankey, Rev. C. A. Dickinson of Boston, Mass; Mr. John G. Wooley of Minnesota; Missionary E. R. Young of Toronto, and Dr. John H. Barrow of Chicago. The closing session of the Convention was the most impressive of all. After several stirring speeches and the passage of various resolutions the Convention resolved itself into a Consecration meeting. As Dr. Clark appealed to the State delegations and each, as it was called, gave the response and then as the whole Convention spoke the solemn words of Christian confession and promise, a hallowed feeling spread through the vast building, and all felt that the Divine Presence was with them. Then the benediction was pronounced and the great Convention of 1892 was closed.



"There were three crows sat on a tree,
As black as any crows could be."
"Alas!" said one, "would I were white
Instead of being black as night."
"Such foolish wishing," said his friends,
"In disappointment often ends;"
But now, forsooth, to make you white,
Will be an easy matter, quite.
We'll wash you well with some GOLD DUST,
And, when you're white, we fondly trust
That while you wonder at the feat,
Your happiness will be complete."

* * * * * * * * * *

Behold him now as white as snow!
Wonder of wonders! saith the crow,
"If GOLD DUST POWDER makes black white,
'Twill surely all the world delight;
And mistress, mother, nurse and maid
Will find themselves henceforth well paid
In using this great help for all,
The household's needs—both great and small;
For dishes, kettles, pots and pans,
For paint, and floors, and milkmen's cans—
It surely will great comfort bring,
And clean each dirty place or thing;
For what will make a black crow white,
Will make whate'er is dingy bright."

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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WHERE PETER LODGED AT JOPPA.

The Traditional House of Simon, the Tanner, as it Appears To-day—A Scene that Recalls the Apostle's Remarkable Vision on the Housetop, familiar to Scripture Readers.

THE illustration on this page is one that every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will regard with pleasure, presenting, as it does, with the fidelity of photography, a spot that must be dear to every one who loves the Scriptures. On the south side of Joppa, and almost at the edge of the sea, close to the light-house, stands the dwelling which tradition declares to be the house of Simon the tanner, with whom the Apostle Peter lodged while in that city. (Acts 9:43) Simon was a Christian convert, and from his calling was probably regarded with aversion by the rigid Hebrews; therefore the selection of such a lodging by the Apostle showed how little hold Judaism had on Peter. Its location on the margin of the sea was doubtless chosen for the convenience of Simon's calling. In the foreground of the photograph, is the tan-vat, and alongside the old well, from which a native is drawing water, after the same fashion probably, that was in use in Peter's time. The identity of this ancient building with the house of Simon has been widely discussed, and it is now generally accepted as authentic by the best authorities. When Rev. Dr. Talmage, the editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with the publisher of this journal, stopped in Joppa three years ago, during their tour in the East, they visited the house of Simon, and Dr. Talmage afterward wrote: "I inhale some of the odors of the large tanneries around Joppa. It is there to this day, a prosperous business, this tanning of hides, and that reminds me of Simon the Tanner, who lived here and was the host of Peter, the Apostle. I suppose the olfactories of Peter were as easily insulted by the odors of a tan-ox-hides in his tannery; but Peter lodged in that home, not only because he may not have been invited to the houses of merchant princes surrounded by redolent gardens, but to teach all men and women engaged in trying to make the world better, they must not be squeamish and fastidious and finical and over-particular in doing the work of the world. The Church of God is dying of fastidiousness. There are many willing to do Christian work among the cleanly, and the refined, and the elegant, and the educated; but excuse them from taking a loaf of bread down a dirty alley, excuse them from teaching a mission school among the unexcuse them from lodging with Simon, the tanner."

The house is regarded with great veneration by the Mohammedans, and one of the rooms is set apart as a place of prayer, in memory, as the guides declare, of the Lord Jesus having once asked for a meal "whereupon a laden table came down from heaven." This, which is related by Rev. Cunningham Geikie and other learned travelers, is regarded as the Mohammedan version of the vision of St. Peter. It was in this same tanner's dwelling that the Apostle, while asleep on the house-top, thrice dreamed that a great blanket was let down from heaven, and in it were many living creatures which he was commanded to arise and kill and eat, the lesson of which he soon afterward learned to be that, instead of preaching to the Jews alone, he must go also to the Gentiles, who were considered unclean.

Some years ago, the Turkish government ordered the old walls of Joppa to be removed. While cutting the sea-wall, the workmen discovered three oval tan-vats, hewn out of the rock and lined with cement. These in all probability were also the property of Peter's host. The door-way is unornamented, being a mere opening in the stone-work. Up the rough stone staircase that leads to the roof, Peter may have often climbed. From this height there is an excellent view of Joppa and the surrounding country, and far out on the blue ocean that led to the land of the Gentiles, whither Peter was sent in obedience to the heavenly vision.

THE TRADITIONAL HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER, IN JOPPA.
(From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage during his Tour in the Holy Land.)

THE SOUL'S CRISIS.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Text: *"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found."* Isa. 55:6.

ISAIAH stands head and shoulders above the other Old Testament authors in vivid descriptiveness of Christ. Other prophets give an outline of our Saviour's features. Some of them present, as it were, the side face of Christ; others a bust of Christ; but Isaiah gives us the full length portrait of Christ. Other Scripture writers excel in some things. Ezekiel more weird, David more pathetic, Solomon more epigrammatic, Habakkuk more sublime; but when you want to see Christ coming out from the gates of prophecy in all his grandeur and glory, you involuntarily turn to Isaiah. So that if the prophecies in regard to Christ might be called the "Oratorio of the Messiah," the writing of Isaiah is the "Hallelujah Chorus," where all the batons wave and all the trumpets come in. Isaiah was not a man picked up out of insignificance by inspiration. He was known and honored. Josephus, and Philo, and Sirach extolled him in their writings. What Paul was among the apostles, Isaiah was among the prophets.

My text finds him standing on a mountain of inspiration, looking out into the future, beholding Christ advancing and anxious that all men might know him; his voice rings down the ages: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." "Oh," says some one: "that was for olden times." No my hearer. If you have travelled in other lands you have taken a circular letter of credit from some banking-house in London, and in St Petersburg, or Venice or Rome, or Antwerp, or Brussels, or Paris; you presented that letter and got financial help immediately. And I want you to understand that the text, instead of being appropriate for one age, or for one land, is a circular letter for all ages and for all lands, and wherever it is presented for help, the help comes: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found."

I come to-day with no hair-spun theories of religion, with no nice distinctions, with no elaborate disquisition; but with a plain talk on the matters of personal religion. I feel that the sermon I preach this morning will be the savor of life unto life, or of death unto death. In other words, the Gospel of Christ is a powerful medicine; it either kills or cures. There are those who say: "I would like to become a Christian. I have been waiting a good while for the right kind of influence to come;" and still you are waiting. You are wiser in worldly things than you are in religious things. And yet there are men who say they are waiting to get to heaven—waiting, waiting, but not with intelligent waiting, or they would get on board the line of Christian influences that would bear them into the kingdom of God.

Now you know very well that to seek a thing is to search for it with earnest endeavor. If you want to see a certain man in London, and there is a matter of much money connected with your seeing him, and you cannot at first find him, you do not give up the search. You look in the directory, but cannot find the name, you go in circles where you think, perhaps, he may mingle, and, having found the part of the city where he lives, but perhaps not knowing the street, you go through street after street, and from block to block, and you keep on seaching for weeks and for months.

You say: "It is a matter of £10,000 whether I see him or not." O that men were as persistent in seeking for Christ! Had you one-half that persistence you would long ago have found him who is the joy of the forgiven spirit. We may pay our debts, we may attend church, we may relieve the poor, we may be public benefactors, and yet all our life disobey the text, never seek God, never gain heaven. O that the spirit of God would

THE COVENANTER'S APPEAL.

help this morning while I try to show you in carrying out the idea of my text, first, how to seek the Lord, and in the next place, when to seek him. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found."

I remark, in the first place, you are to seek the Lord through earnest and believing prayer. God is not an autocrat or a despot seated on a throne with his arms resting on brazen lions, and a sentinel pacing up and down at the foot of the throne. God is a father seated in a bower, waiting for his children to come and climb on his knee, and get his kiss, and his benediction. Prayer is the cup with which we go to the "fountain of living water," and dip up refreshment for our thirsty soul. Grace does not come to the heart as we set a cask of water to catch the rain in the shower. It is a pulley fastened to the throne of God which we pull, bringing the blessing.

I do not care so much what posture you take in prayer, nor how large an amount of voice you use. You might get down on your face before God, if you did not pray right inwardly, and there would be no response. You might cry at the top of your voice, and unless you had a believing spirit within, your cry would not go farther up than the shout of a ploughboy to his oxen. Prayer must be believing, earnest, loving. You are in your house some summer day, and a shower comes up, and a bird affrighted darts into the window, and wheels around the room. You seize it. You smooth its ruffled plumage. You feel its fluttering heart. You say, "Poor thing, poor thing!" Now a prayer goes out of the storm of this world into the window of God's mercy, and he catches it and he feels its fluttering pulse, and he puts it in his own bosom of affection and safety.

Prayer is a warm, ardent, pulsating exercise. It is the electric battery which, touched, thrills to the throne of God! It is the diving bell in which we go down into the depths of God's mercy and bring up "pearls of great price." There is an instance where prayer made the waves of Gennesaret solid as granite pavement. O how many wonderful things prayer has accomplished! Have you ever tried it? In the days when the Scotch Covenanters were persecuted, and the enemies were after them, one of the head men among the Covenanters prayed: "O Lord, we be as dead men unless thou shalt help us. O Lord, throw the lap of thy cloak over these poor things." And instantly a Scotch mist enveloped and hid the persecuted from their persecutors—the promise literally fulfilled: "While they are yet speaking, I will hear."

O impenitent soul, have you ever tried the power of prayer? God says: "He is loving and faithful and patient." Do you believe that? You are told that Christ came to save sinners. Do you believe that? You are told that all you have to do to get the pardon of the Gospel, is to ask for it. Do you believe that? Then come to him and say: "O Lord, I know thou canst not lie. Thou hast told me to come for pardon, and I could get it. I come, Lord. Keep thy promise, and liberate my captive soul."

O that you might have an altar in the parlor, in the kitchen, in the store, in the barn, for Christ will be willing to come again to the manger to hear prayer. He would come in your place of business as he confronted Matthew, the Tax Commissioner. If a measure should come before Congress that you thought would ruin the nation, how you would send in petitions and remonstrances. And yet there has been enough sin in your heart to ruin it forever, and you have never remonstrated or petitioned against it. If your physical health failed, and you had the means, you would go and spend the summer in Germany, and the winter in Italy, and you would think it a very cheap outlay if you had to go all around the earth to get back your physical health. Have you made any effort, any expenditure, any exertion for your immortal and spiritual health? No, you have not taken one step.

O that you might now begin to seek after God with earnest prayer. Some of you have been working for years and years for the support of your families. Have you given one half day to the working out of your salvation with fear and trembling? You came here this morning with an earnest purpose, I take it, as I have come hither with an earnest purpose, and we meet face to face, and I tell you, first of all, if you want to find the Lord, you must pray, and pray and pray.

I remark, again, you must seek the Lord through Bible study. The Bible is the newest book in the world. "Oh," you say, "it was made hundreds of years ago, and the learned men of King James translated it hundreds of years ago." I confute that idea by telling you it is not five minutes old, when God, by his blessed Spirit retranslates it into the heart. If you will, in the seeking of the way of life through Scripture study, implore God's light to fall upon the page, you will find that these promises are not one second old, and that they drop straight from the throne of God into your heart.

There are many people to whom the Bible does not amount to much. If they merely look at the outside beauty, why it will no more lead them to Christ than Washington's farewell address or the Koran of Mahomet or the Shaster of the Hindoos. It is the inward light of God's Word you must get or die. I went up to the Church of the Madeleine in Paris, and looked at the doors which were the most wonderfully constructed I ever saw, and I could have stayed there for a whole week; but I had only a little time, so,

"AH! THAT'S WHAT I WANT!"

having glanced at the wonderful carving on the doors, I passed in and looked at the radiant altars, and the sculptured dome. Alas, that so many stop at the outside door of God's Holy Word, looking at the rhetorical beauties, instead of going in and looking at the altars of sacrifice and the dome of God's mercy and salvation that hovers over every penitent and believing soul!

O my friends, if you merely want to study the laws of language, do not go to the Bible. It was not made for that. Take *Howe's Elements of Criticism*. It would be better than the Bible for that. If you want to study metaphysics, better than the Bible will be the writings of William Hamilton. But if you want to know how to have sin pardoned, and at last to gain the blessedness of heaven, search the Scriptures, "for in them ye have eternal life."

When people are anxious about their souls—and there are some such here to-day—there are those who recommend good books. That is all right. But I want to tell you that the Bible is the best book under such circumstances. Baxter wrote, *A Call to the Unconverted*, but the Bible is the best call to the unconverted. Philip Doddridge wrote, *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, but the Bible is the best rise and progress. John Angell James wrote *Advice to the Anxious Inquirer*, but the Bible is the best advice to the anxious inquirer.

O the Bible is the very book you need, anxious and inquiring soul! A dying soldier said to his mate: "Comrade, give me a drop!" The comrade shook up the canteen, and said: "Their isn't a drop of water in the canteen." "Oh," said the dying soldier, "that's not what I want; feel in my knapsack for my Bible," and his comrade found the Bible and read him a few of the gracious promises, and the dying soldier said: "Ah, that's what I want. There isn't anything like the Bible for a dying soldier, is there, my comrade?" O blessed book while we live. Blessed book when we die.

I remark, again, we must seek God through church ordinances. "What," say you, "can't a man be saved without going to church?" I reply, there are men, I suppose, in glory, who have never seen a church; but the church is the ordained means by which we are to be brought to God; and if truth affects us when we are alone, it affects us more mightily when we are in the assembly—the feelings of others emphasizing our own feelings. The great law of sympathy comes into play and a truth that

would take hold only with the grasp of a sick man, beats mightily against the soul with a thousand heart-throbs.

When you come into the religious circle, come only with one notion, and only for one purpose—to find the way to Christ. When I see people critical about sermons, and critical about tones of voice, and critical about sermonic delivery, they make me think of a man in prison. He is condemned to death, but an officer of the government brings a

"THE CRISIS HAS PASSED."

pardon and puts it through the wicket of the prison, and says: "He is your pardon. Come and get it." "What! Do you expect me to take that pardon offered with such a voice as you have, with such an awkward manner as you have? I would rather die than so compromise my rhetorical notions!" Ah, the man does not say that; he takes it! It is his life. He does not care how it is handed to him. And if, this morning, that pardon from the throne of God is offered to our souls, should we not seize it, regardless of all criticism, feeling that it is a matter of heaven or hell?

But I come now to the last part of my text. It tells us when we are to seek the Lord. "While he may be found." When is that? Old age? You may not see old age. To-morrow? You may not see to-morrow. To-night? You may not see to-night. Now! O if I could only write on every heart in three capital letters, that word N-O-W—Now!

Sin is an awful disease. I hear people say with the toss of the head and with a trivial manner: "Oh, yes, I'm a sinner." Sin is an awful disease. It is leprosy. It is dropsy. It is consumption. It is all moral disorders in one. Now you know there is a crisis in a disease. Perhaps you have had some illustration of it in your family. Sometimes the physician has called, and he has looked at the patient and said: "That case was simple enough; but the crisis has passed. If you had called me yesterday, or this morning, I could have cured the patient. It is too late now; the crisis has passed." Just so it is in the spiritual treatment of the soul—there is a crisis. Before that, life! After that, death! O my dear brother, as you love your soul do not let the crisis pass unattended to!

There is a time which mercy has set for leaving port. If you are on board before that you will get a passage for heaven. If you are not on board, you miss your passage for heaven. As in law courts a case is sometimes adjourned from term to term, and from year to year, till the bill of costs eats up the entire estate, so there are men who are adjourning the matter of religion from time to time, and from year to year until heavenly bliss is the bill of costs the man would have to pay for it.

Why defer this matter, O my dear hearer? Have you any idea that sin will wear out? that it will evaporate? that it will relax its grasp, that you may find religion as a man accidentally finds a lost pocket-book? Ah, no! No man ever became a Christian by accident, or by the relaxing of sin. The embarrassments are all the time increasing. The hosts of darkness are recruiting, and the longer you postpone this matter the steeper the path will become. I ask those men who are before me this morning, whether, in the ten or fifteen years they have passed in the postponement of these matters, they have come any nearer God or heaven?

I would not be afraid to challenge this whole audience, so far as they may not have found the peace of the Gospel, in regard to that matter. Your hearts, you are willing frankly to tell me, are becoming harder and harder, and that if you come to Christ it will be more of an undertaking now than it ever would have been before. O fly for refuge! The avenger of blood is on the track! The soul is, precious, and it ceaseth forever!

Oh if men could only catch just one glimpse of Christ, I know they would love him. Your heart leaps at the sight of a glorious sunrise or sunset. Can you be without emotion as the Sun of Righteousness rises behind Calvary, and sets behind Joseph's sepulchre? He is a blessed Saviour! Every nation has its type of beauty. There is German beauty, and Swiss beauty, and Italian beauty, and English beauty; but I care not in what land a man first looks at Christ, he pronounces him "chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely." O my blessed Jesus! Light in darkness! The Rock on which I build! The Captain of Salvation! My joy! My strength! How strange that men cannot love thee!

Why should I stand here and plead, and you sit there? It is your immortal soul. It is a soul that shall never die. It is a soul that must soon appear before God for reviewal. Why throw away your chance for heaven? Why plunge off into darkness when all the gates of glory are open? Why become a castaway from God when you can sit upon the throne? Why will ye die miserably when eternal life is offered you, and it will cost you nothing but just willingness to accept it? "Come, for all things are now ready." Come, Christ is ready, pardon is ready! The Church is ready. Heaven is ready. You will never find a more convenient season, if you should live fifty years more, than this very one. Reject this, and you may die in your sins.

Why do I say this? Is it to frighten your soul? Oh, no. It is to persuade you. I show you the peril. I show you the escape. Would I not be a coward beyond all excuse, if, believing that this great audience must soon be launched into the eternal world, and that all who believe in Christ shall be saved, and that all who reject Christ will be lost—would I not be the veriest coward on earth to hide that truth or to stand before you with a cold, or even a placid manner? My dear brethren, now is the day of your redemption.

Have you ever imagined what will be the soliloquy of the soul on that day unpardoned, as it looks back upon its past life? "Oh," says the soul, "I had glorious Sabbaths. There was one Sabbath in autumn when I was invited to Christ. There was a Sabbath morning when Jesus stood and spread out his arms and invited me to his holy heart. I refused him. I have destroyed myself. I have no one else to blame. Ruin complete. Darkness unpitying, deep, eternal! I am lost! Notwithstanding all the opportunities I have had of being saved, I am lost! O thou long-suffering Lord God Almighty, I am lost! O day of judgment, I am lost! O father, mother, brother, sister, child in glory, I am lost." And then as the tide goes out, your soul goes out with it—farther from God, farther from happiness, and I hear your voice fainter, and fainter, and fainter: Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost!" O ye dying, yet immortal men, "Seek the Lord while he may be found,"

RUSSIA GREETS THE "LEO."

And the Czarewitch, Through the Editor and Publisher of "The Christian Herald," Thanks America for Her Generosity to the Famine Sufferers—Civic and Imperial Courtesies and a Season of General Rejoicing.

AFTER a pleasant voyage and without unusual incident, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Steamship, *Leo*, has arrived at St. Petersburg Rev. Dr. Talmage, the editor, and Dr. Louis Klopsch, the proprietor of this journal, had already reached the Russian capital in advance of the *Leo*, and had been in communication with the Official Relief Committee. Their stay in England had been made unusually pleasant by the many distinguished courtesies that had been showered upon them from many quarters. Dr. Talmage had a most hearty welcome from his old friend the author and philosopher, John Ruskin; he and his family had dined with Lord and Lady Aberdeen in London by special invitation, and had been the guests of Lord and Lady Meathe and the Lord Mayor of London. A pleasant episode was the cordial greeting of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, after congratulations, told Dr. Talmage: "I have been reading your sermons for many years."

The Mayor and military authorities of the royal Russian city, prepared a splendid reception for their American guests, and on the arrival of the *Leo*, the city took on the appearance of a holiday. Everywhere were flags and bunting, and the rejoicing was general. The American flag was raised at the United States Legation and Counsulate, and Russian and American flags fluttered from the public buildings. Even the street-cars were decorated with Russian and American flags, and the welcome extended to the visitors from the Western continent and their food-laden vessel—the last of the famine fleet—exceeded in enthusiasm and elaborate display any that had preceded it on similar occasions.

As the *Leo* steamed up to her wharf, the Mayor of the city together with the Prefect, the Marshals, many members of the nobility and the Town Council, assembled to give her welcome. The Major-General of the Emperor's staff—the representative of the Czar—was present, together with United States Consul-General Crawford—to whom the *Leo's* cargo was consigned—Count Bobrinskoy, of the Relief Committee, Charge d' Affairs Wurts, and many other high officials. Count Bobrinskoy, it will be remembered, is the nobleman who almost impoverished himself by devoting the entire income from his estates for several years to the amelioration of the Russian poor.

Embarking at the Admiralty Pier on a steamer which had been officially detailed for the purpose, Dr. Talmage and Mr. Klopsch went to meet the *Leo*, the latter accompanied by Mrs. Klopsch, who had bravely undertaken the risk and fatigue of a journey to Russia with her husband. The *Leo* was beautifully decorated, and when with waving flags and streaming pennon, she steamed up to the crowded wharf, she presented a most attractive appearance.

The greeting was intensely enthusiastic. The Mayor and Marshal of the city presented Captain Christopher Caines, master of the *Leo*, with a massive silver trumpet, embossed with the royal arms of the city, and bearing the inscription, "To Captain Caines, from the City of Petersburg, 1892." The first-mate of the *Leo* was also remembered for his part in bearing the relief cargo across the Atlantic, and was presented with a large silver cup, lined with gold.

To the address of welcome, Dr. Talmage, standing upon the gang-plank of the *Leo* made an eloquent and characteristic response. Every syllable could be distinctly heard on ship and wharf, and when he had ended, the Russian officials pressed forward enthusiastically and tendered their congratulations, expressing their special pleasure at the patriotic allusions in Dr. Talmage's remarks.

Long after the ceremony at the wharf, the rejoicings were continued throughout the city which had the appearance of a holiday. The American guests were entertained by various high officials. The Mayor and Prefect escorted them in a drive to the suburbs, and they were afterwards entertained at the famous Winter Palace. Nor were the crew of the *Leo* forgotten. The sailors were treated to a drive around the city, in carriages furnished by the civic authorities and, one evening, were driven out to the suburban gardens, where special music and fireworks had been provided. Every member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief steamer's crew received a silver cup as a souvenir of the occasion.

Amid these jubilant rejoicings, the duty that had called them to Russia was not forgotten. The task of unloading the *Leo* was begun within a few hours after arrival, and the Relief Cargo of 15,000 sacks of flour, besides corn and delicacies for the sick, was shipped by rail to the famine provinces. One hundred railway cars, loaded with flour were soon started for the interior. The cars were handsomely decorated with flags and their departure was witnessed by a large gathering of citizens. 60,000 pounds of flour and a quantity of chocolate, condensed milk and delicacies for invalids were sent to Count Lyof Tolstoi, for use in his relief work in the stricken villages. He is heartily co-operating with the Americans in forwarding the new supplies to the stricken districts.

On the following day, the party were conveyed on a private yacht to the beautiful Imperial Summer Palace at Peterhof. Peterhof is 18 miles west of the capital, on the south coast of the Gulf of Finland, and it has grown up around the palace built by Peter the Great in 1711. During the summer this magnificent retreat is occupied by the imperial family, but the Czar at present is in Denmark. The palace stands on a height far above the sea. It has many notable attractions, not the least being the gardens, which owe their magnificence to Alexander I. and Nicholas I. and which are laid out in the same style as the world-famed gardens at Versailles, with many fountains. Indeed from Peterhof to Oranienbaum is one uninterrupted series of gardens. When the American visitors arrived at the landing, they were met by the imperial carriages and an escort and were driven to the palace. After inspecting the building and grounds they were entertained at luncheon. Never were Americans more generously received or treated with more distinguished consideration than they have been since their arrival in Russia.

On Monday, July 17th, a most important event occurred. At noon Rev. Dr. Talmage and Dr. Klopsch were again conveyed in the imperial carriages, accompanied by an escort, to the Peterhof palace. On arriving there they were introduced by Count Bobrinsky to His Imperial Highness the Czarewitch, and a protracted interview followed. They found the Prince a most amiable and courteous personage. He requested them to convey to the people of America the hearty thanks of Russia for their generous contributions in a time of great need. He assured them that these noble actions would ever be remembered. He expressed the liveliest gratification at the present visit, and especially congratulated Dr. Talmage on his eloquent address on the occasion of the arrival of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Steamship *Leo*, which seemed to have touched the hearts of the Russian people everywhere. After the interview, the visitors dined at the palace.

The same evening, they were entertained at dinner by the City Council of St. Petersburg. Afterward, through an interpreter, both Dr. Talmage and Dr. Klopsch addressed an immense and enthusiastic audience. In the intervals of the speaking, a band played American and Russian national airs. Everywhere were heard from Russian lips the warmest expressions of grateful affection for the United States and its people.

The Russian press comments with great enthusiasm and approval on the generosity of Americans towards the famine sufferers, who will be greatly benefited at a most critical time by the arrival of the *Leo's* cargo.

CROWNED AND CROWNLESS.

ONE sat upon a throne of state among
Her hundred peers, triumphantly outshining
Courtiers of lineage who were inclining
Paid brilliant homage and her honors sung:
Wide were her gifts, and oft her scepter swung,
Her largesses in manifold assigning,
And Ethiop slaves her royal wish divining
In swarthy numbers round her throne upsprung
Another, gentle-handed, unattended, [places,
Sought out the kingdom's poor in lowly
And with her gift of loving-kindness won
Souls long estranged and wander'rs unfriended:
None saw her deeds, no singer told her graces,
And all her recompense was God's Well Done."
—*Episcopal Recorder.*

THE APOSTLES' CONFIDENCE.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Acts 4: 19-31. Golden Text, Acts 4: 31.

PETER and John, filled with the Holy Ghost, saw men and things in the light of God and of eternity. They had nothing to lose on earth, they had already forsaken all for Jesus. Honor from men was no more an object to them than it had been to their Master. (John 4: 41.) It was in no spirit of insubordination, but as recognizing the authority of God as supreme over all priests and rulers, that they had answered the command to speak henceforth to no man in this name: "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye." If the priests really taught in the name of God, they should be the first to acknowledge his authority; if not, the very appeal of the apostles must convict them. "We cannot but speak the things which we saw and heard," was an assertion which might not be understood by these civil and ecclesiastical judges, but it was true. Men who are yielded up to the Holy Ghost have become instruments of the Spirit, and are

Absolutely at His Disposal.

They can quench the Spirit, (1.Thes. 4: 19), it is true,—for God uses no machines,—but at what a cost! The priests and elders, having thus lost their case against the two disciples, had nothing left to do, in discharging them, but to further threaten them. Such threats have no terror for men who live, day by day, in the presence of God. Not one threat of man can be executed against a child of God without working "together for good to them that love" him. (Rom. 8: 28.) "All things are yours." (1.Cor. 3: 22.) Oh the absolute safety of those who can trust all into the hands of unerring, unfailing Love!

From the presence of the council, the disciples "came unto their own company, and reported all that the chief priests and the elders had said unto them." Had it been a company of men who knew not God, what a storm of indignation would have been aroused by the injustice of the priests and elders! But men filled with the Holy Ghost deal with men and things only through God. "They lifted up their voice to God with one accord, and said, Lord, thou art God, which hast made heaven, and earth, and sea, and all that in them is." If they had gone no farther, these first Christians were already out of the atmosphere of men and things; and what a wondrous rest it is, thus to see God! Before their very eyes, in the very circumstances in which they were now placed,

God was Fulfilling His Word!

It was as though he had taken them behind the scenes, and shown them something of the secret working of his purposes. Where could human fear come in, while God thus dealt with them!

Were these the same men who had so little understood their Master, only about one year previously, that after he had multiplied the loaves on the mountain side, it never occurred to them that he would have power also to still the waves and the wind? Were these the same men who were anxious because they had forgotten to provide bread for themselves, because they "considered not the miracle of the loaves, for their heart was hardened?" Was it these very men whom the Lord had so severely reproved because they did not understand? (Mark 6: 52; 8: 17-21.)

They were the same, yet not the same. The same individuals but otherwise possessed. Formerly they were self-possessed, and saw all things in relation to themselves. What they were and what they could understand, what they felt, and what they hoped, what they could do and what they could expect, made them blind to the significance even of such a miracle as the feeding of the multitude. But now they were God-possessed, filled with the Holy Ghost. Divine light made them see what was divine; they lived in another atmosphere. Now what God was, filled their thoughts, what he could do, what he willed, what his purposes was, filled their vision. Nothing had been done to God's own Son but that which his "hand and council foreordained to come to pass;" nothing could happen to them but by the same divine permission. "God is our refuge and strength a very present help in time of trouble: therefore will we not fear."

Their Request.

"And now, Lord, look upon their threatenings, and grant unto thy servants to speak thy word with all boldness, while thou stretchest forth thine hand to heal; and that signs and wonders may be done through the name of thy holy servant Jesus." (R.V.) What is this? They do not even pray for safety! Their only request for themselves is for boldness, and they ask a repetition of that healing power, the manifestation of which had led to the opposition of the authorities! Yes; it was even so: these early Christians were learning very practically to trust their own interests to their heavenly Father, and that to such a degree that they did not so much as mention them! It is safe in this nineteenth century, as it was safe then, for God's true children to leave all which concerns them in his hands. "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him." (Matt. 6: 8.) The infant Church of Christ was in a thoroughly healthy condition, having a single eye and an unmixed aim,—progress of the truth of God. Things were in their normal condition at this time. To be crucified with Christ, to be a living sacrifice, to live not unto themselves but unto him who died for them and rose again, had not yet been written as doctrines by the apostle Paul. But the life which these doctrines teach was a manifest reality in these earliest members of the Church of Christ; they understood that they existed only for him and for his cause.

The proof of a prayer is in the answer. There are helpless, desponding souls who affirm that they "pray and pray, but never get an answer" to their prayers. It is needless to say that such know nothing of "praying in the Holy Ghost." A real prayer is not an attack made on God by a man who seeks to overcome him by earnest solicitation; it is God the Holy Ghost instructing man about the heart of God, and prompting him to ask what he shows to be according to his will, but which man would never have asked of himself. The disciples had their answer: "When they had prayed, the place was shaken wherein they were gathered together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness." (R.V.) Nothing and no one can resist prayer in the Spirit; the foundations of the Philippian prison, the lives of Paul's fellow-passengers in the ship, the chains which bound Peter,—all alike must yield when men pray Holy Ghost-inspired prayers. But, O, how few there are who know how to pray "in the Spirit!" How many there are who manufacture and control their own prayers! Like all other things of human manufacture, elements of corruption and decay are in such prayers. The prayer of the disciples was not ostensibly that they might be filled anew with the Holy Ghost, but their prayer for boldness necessitated such a filling. "He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God." (Rom. 8 : 27)

There were common characteristics in these early members of the Church of Christ: "The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul;" They understood fully the precious reality and teaching of 1.Cor. 12, and lived as independent members of one body. When Christians are fully and really yielded up to God, and the question is a fully settled one, that they will have no will but his, it becomes

An Impossibility to Differ;

all want the same thing. Just as God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, are one, so Christians who have truly renounced themselves are one. As the elments of difference and division—self and its claims—cease to exist, they learn to be one, even as the Father and the Son are one. (John 17 : 20, 21.)

This was carried into all the minutiæ of common life by these early disciples, "not one of them said that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. (R. V.) The "mine" and "thine," the claims of self, which cause disaffection and dispute, and lie at the root of all the trouble between man and man, were merged in their oneness with their Lord. That which the rich young man (Matt. 19: 21, 22), had refused to do, they had done. In giving themselves over absolutely to their Master, they had learned to yield their rights in all things, including themselves, to him. They had renounced all that they had, they had given to the poor, they did follow him. It was no wonder that "with great power gave the Apostles their witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus.(R.V.) The very same power which wrought in Christ, and raised him from the dead (Eph. 1: 19, 20), was working in them the newness of life, the true resurrection power which followed the laying down of their self-life, the dying daily with him. It was an unprecedented phenomenon. Men who were utterly callous to those things, to those considerations which absorb the attention and interest of men in general,— men afraid to possess earthly property, and willing to part with all which belonged to them; this was indeed

Newness of Life!

The power of their testimony lay in the lives they were leading: "Great grace was upon them all." Nothing else could be such a power. The great lack of the Church of today is confessedly holy living; and there is no holy living where there is not disinterestedness. Where money is one object, where property, position, prestige, still retain a hold upon the children of God, "great grace" cannot be upon them. "Great grace" and the self life cannot co-exist. Neither riches nor poverty existed among them; they had no poor, for all property among them was realized, and the proceeds laid at the apostles' feet, and distribution made according to the need of their fellow members. Barnabas, who was afterwards to be Paul's fellow-worker, was one of those who thus dealt with his property. It was a preparation for the rich inheritance of precious souls which God gave him.

This was the dawn of the Christian Church —what then should the mid-day, and the evening be? And to our bitter shame, what must we acknowledge the church of our day to be? Alas, there is but a remnant who even acknowledge the necessity of returning to the spirit of primitive Christianity; but, thank God, that remnant is becoming largely representative, and with their return to primitive power and godliness, there reappears among them the looking for the coming of the Lord.

LESSON POINTS.

"They spake the Word of God with boldness." Acts 4: 31.

THERE are times when it needs boldness to speak the word of God. When Frederick the Great of Prussia was ridiculing Christ and Christianity before a company of his nobles and generals who were convulsed with laughter at the king's coarse witticisms, there was one brave general who remained gloomily silent. It was Joachim Von Zietan one of the ablest and bravest generals there. Rising at last and shaking his gray head solemnly, he said to the king: "Your majesty knows well that in war I have never feared any danger, and everywhere I have boldly risked my life for you and my country. But there is One above us who is greater than you and me—greater than all men; he is the Saviour and Redeemer, who has died also for your majesty and has dearly bought us all with his own blood. This Holy One I can never allow to be mocked or insulted; for on him repose my faith, my comfort and my hope in life and death. In the power of this faith your brave army has courageously fought and conquered. If your majesty undermines this faith, you undermine at the same time the welfare of your state. I salute your majesty." Frederick looked at the man in admiration and, there and then, in the presence of the illustrious company apologized to him for what he had said.

When John Knox was preaching before the court of Mary Queen of Scots, and her favorites from the French court were present, Knox who had just heard of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, declared the vengeance of Heaven against "that cruel murderer and false traitor the king of France" and desired the French Ambassador to tell his king that sentence was pronounced against him, that the divine vengeance would never depart from him, nor from his house, if he did not repent; that his name would remain an execration to posterity and "none of his descendants would enjoy his kingdom in peace." Knox knew the king's power, and how completely Mary was under his influence, but he spoke the word of God with boldness.

There is nothing better that can be spoken than the Word of God. When Adoniram Judson, the great missionary, came back from Burmah and preached to an American congregation during his visit, he preached about Christ the Saviour of sinners. A friend told him that the people were disappointed. They had heard the Gospel preached many times before; they expected something new from a man who had come from the antipodes. "Then," replied Judson, "they know now that a man who has come from the antipodes has nothing better to tell them than the wondrous story of Christ. When I looked upon those people to-day, and remembered that I should meet them at the judgment day, how could I tell them amusing stories of life in Burmah? How could I hereafter answer the charge, 'I gave you one opportunity to tell them of Me and you spent it in describing your own adventures'? I shall probably never speak to any of them again, and I spoke to them on the greatest of all subjects."

A child can speak the Word of God; it is not necessary to be a clergyman and stand in a pulpit to do that. The poet Tennyson tells us of a child who was sick in a hospital and spoke the Word to another child in the next bed to her's, who had overheard the doctor say she would die, and was terrified:

"Softly she called from her cot to the next,
'He says I shall never live thro it, O Annie, what shall I do?'
Annie considered. 'If I,' said the wise little Annie, 'was you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me; for Emmie, you see,
It's all in the picture there: 'Little children should come to me.'
'Yes, and I will,' said Emmie; 'but then if I call to the Lord,
How should he know that it's me? such a lot of beds in the ward!'
Annie was puzzled, but a moment after she said—
'Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—
The Lord has so much to see to; but, Emmie, you tell it him plain,'
'It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane.'"

Morning came, and the little thing was dead with her "dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane."

There is one part of the Word of God that any one can speak and many have done good by speaking it. It is the little word "come." In the last chapter of the Bible, God tells all who wish to serve him to say it. A very poor ignorant man in London wanted very much to do something for the Saviour, but he could not speak much, having an impediment in his speech, so that he stuttered if he attempted to talk. But he lived on a street which was thronged on Sundays with people going to sinful places. There was a church on that street where a very good Gospel preacher named Newman Hall preached. Just before service commenced in the morning and evening this poor stuttering man used to take his stand outside the church door with some paper covered hymn-books in his hand, and when he saw any one strolling by as if they were not going to a church, he would approach the man respectfully and offer him a hymn-book, and pointing to the church door would say: "Come. Welcome." In one year several hundred entered on this invitation, and many were converted.

There is another way of preaching that is very effective and that is by the life. When a child or a grown person tries to live as the Word of God tells him he should live, that is tries to live like Christ and asks the help of the Holy Spirit, his life gets better and he is kinder and more gentle and useful and people see it and say, "the Word of God must be a good thing; the world would be better if there were more people living by its directions." Especially is this so when a bad man becomes good under its power. There was a wicked Englishman in China who was ridiculing the Gospel and the missionaries who preached it. He said something contemptuous about it in the Chinese language, and a Chinaman who heard it reproved him. "What do you know about the Gospel?" the Englishman asked him. The Chinaman promptly replied, "I have *seen* it." "Seen it! How?" "This way,' said the Chinaman: "I know a man who was hateful. If you said a hard word to him he would shout curses at you and do you a mischief if he could. He was dangerous as a wild beast. He was an opium-smoker and wicked in many ways. But the Jesus religion got hold of him and now he is quiet and gentle and good. He has given up his opium and all his evil ways. Truly the teaching must be good."

A Wondrous Work of Faith.

The Late Dr Cullis of Boston and his Life of Christian Self-Abnegation and Sacrifice—How a Great Work took Root and Prospered.

IN the death of Charles Cullis, M. D., of Boston—which occurred a few weeks ago—this country loses one of its most devoted Christian philanthropists. What George Muller has been to the city of Bristol, and Dr. Bernardo to London, Dr. Cullis has been to New England, founding through his own indomitable and godly energies, hospitals, schools, orphanages, churches and missions, the funds for the support of which have been raised by the exercise of a supreme faith in the Divine Father's care for his children and provision for their needs. From the Gospel seed sown in the heart of a young physician, sprang up a work which has multiplied marvellously and gloriously, till it is now a "constellation of charities, the fame whereof has gone forth into all the earth." From every land has flowed a steady stream of voluntary sympathetic support, and it has never, during the long years of Dr. Cullis's labors in

This Philanthropic Field,

been necessary for him to go backward in his enterprises for the lack of funds. As the late Pastor Spurgeon (associated for many years and until his death, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), has frequently declared, the Lord supplied all his wants, even before they were expressed; so Dr. Cullis's faith in God was abundantly vindicated by a liberal and unfailing provision that has enabled him to carry on his work successfully and to be a benefactor to thousands, physically and spiritually.

Dr. Cullis was a native of Boston, having been born in that city in 1833. Although surrounded by excellent moral influences in youth he was not naturally of a religious turn of mind. During the years of medical study, he had frequent religious impressions, but these were stifled by contact with the world. It was only after a great sorrow had fallen upon him that he learned to lean upon God, and over the dead body of his young wife, he renounced worldly ambitions and vowed to devote his entire income, over actual necessaries, to works of charity and the spread of the Gospel. His feelings, on reaching this important crisis, are best described in his own language:

"The longing to work for Jesus grew apace and the yearning for purity kept even pace with it. After the Lord began to open my ears to his teachings, he led me sweetly into many things, a step at a time. Two great things must be specially mentioned. First, he unfolded clearly and fully to me the fact that he himself is my righteousness; that in him, not in myself, I have eternal life. He caused me to see that he who believes in the Son of God hath life,—hath life already; whilst he that believeth not in him hath not life, and maketh God a liar because he believeth not the record God hath given of his Son. That gave me

Full Assurance of Faith.

for present acceptance and eternal salvation; and it was a wonderful advance, a great and glorious step out from under law into grace and salvation. For this I shall praise God for ever and ever. After this I found, however, that I was not saved from fret and worry and impatience. Often a hasty word would escape me, which I would willingly have given my right hand to recall. The fact is, I had not learned yet that Christ must keep me, or I could not be kept. The keeping power of Christ was the second great lesson of the two taught me by the Lord. I knew my need of being kept, but thought at first that it could be met only by a greater vigilance in self-keeping, and a greater firmness of self-reliance and determination; but this failed me. Then I tried prayer for help in self-keeping, but my failures were just as frequent and grievous as as ever. Finally, one day, whilst repeating the Lord's Prayer, the petition 'keep us from evil' seemed instinct with a significance I had never before apprehended. The evil it refers to, I had always until then supposed to be that which is external to us, and which comes upon us without our choice—accidents, diseases, losses and the like,—but then I saw it to refer to evil in the heart, evil in the disposition, evil in the spirit. I saw that like the petition, 'Let thy kingdom come,' it related primarily to our inner life, not to our outward circumstances. Then this new light was sealed home to me by the Spirit, in the words, 'For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever and ever. Amen.' I saw that the kingdom within is the Lord's, and the power to set it up and keep it up for ever and ever is his also. Not the helping power to self-keeping, but the keeping power altogether; and when I saw this, I said with all my heart, 'Yea Lord. Amen, so it is. Hallelujah! Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'"

Twenty-seven years ago the idea was flashed upon Dr. Cullis of providing for homeless, penniless consumptives. He received it as from God, but leaned to his own understanding to carry it out. (Prov. 3:5.) His first plan was to have a hospital in Boston, built and sustained by appeals to the princely givers of the New England metropolis, and conducted under the direction of a Board of Managers. It took two years' experience to convince him that this human mode of procedure must be relinquished, and a plan of simple reliance upon God followed out.

At the end of two full years Dr. Cullis bought, on mortgage for twenty years, a common dwelling-house in Willard Street, one of the low places of Boston, for the comfortable care of twelve sufferers, with a matron and nurse. He dedicated it to God on the 27th of September, 1864, as the consumptives' home. This was the beginning. Dr. Cullis had no money of his own. He was a young physician, and desired this work that he might devote his own surplus earnings to its support, and for the rest ask and receive it all from God. He did not regard the mortgage as debt, because the house itself was security. A second house was added, and soon a third and fourth, the four standing back to back with a space between, which was filled up by a building connecting all

As One Home.

In due time all these were paid for, and three others were bought—one for a Children's Home, another for a Deaconesses' Home, and a third for a Mission Home and Chapel. Subsequently it became evident that this cluster of homes must have larger space and a better place for expansion and perfection. The Divine Hand that founded and sustained it was not long in pointing out Grove Hall, on Boston Highlands, as the chosen locality for the institution. It contained thirteen acres of ground, overlooking harbor and bay, and was more like a portion of a park, with its grand old trees, than part of a crowded city. It was purchased for $90,000. There are now three clusters of buildings upon it, scattered at regular intervals among the old elm-trees. Centrally, in the first place, with an avenue on each side leading up to it from the road, stands the Grove Hall cluster, consisting of the original hall, four stories high, with it portico-tower and wings, a mansion occupied as the Consumptives' Home, and two new buildings known as the Spinal Home and the Chapel for the Dead. On the right, in another cluster, are, first, Grove Hall Church, the mission church for the neighborhood, preached in from Sunday to Sunday by Dr. Cullis; and, second, the Deaconesses Home. A little farther along is the third group, comprising the Children's Cottage Homes, No. 1 and No. 2, with ample room for cottages that are to come. The whole together make up a beautiful little village by itself, while round about the grounds, on all sides, are private residences, each in its own unwalled garden of flowers, shrubs and trees.

Besides this wonderful cluster of homes there are three other branches of the work. There is, first, the Beacon Hill Branch, planted upon another of the high places of the town, within a stone's throw of the famous State House of Massachusetts. It comprises:

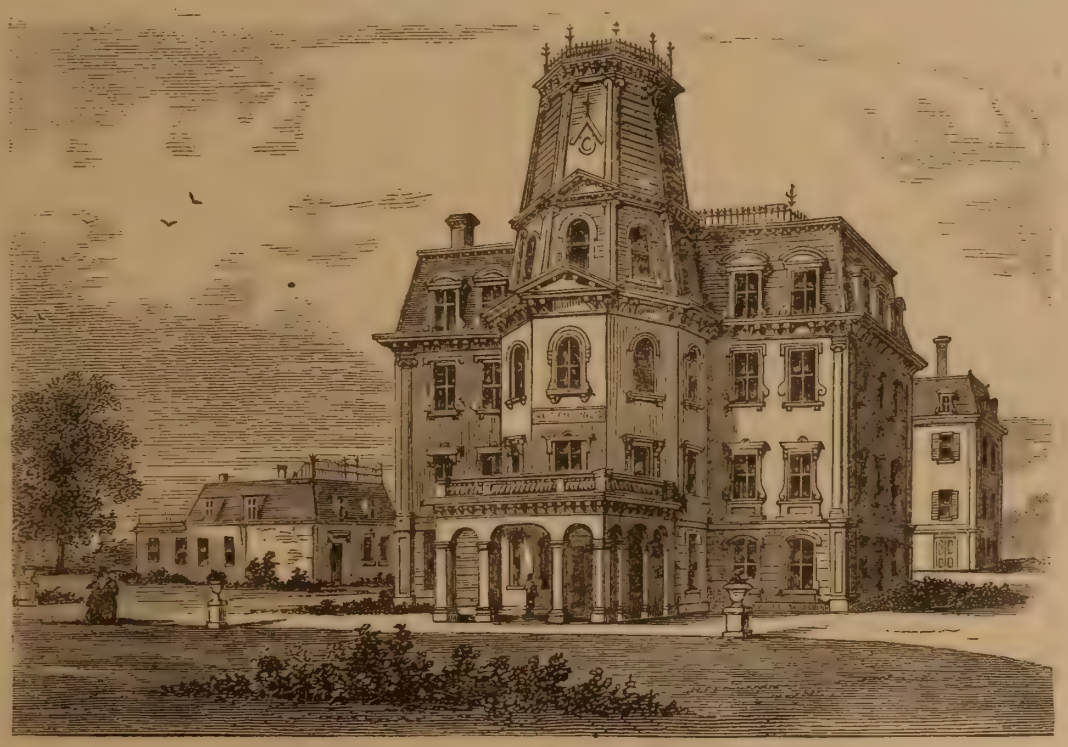
1. Willard Tract Repository, now grown from its small beginning thirteen years ago in Willard Street, Boston, to be a considerable publishing house, with branches in New York and Philadelphia.

2. Faith Training College, with an efficient corps of professors and a large number of men and women in training for various Christian work.

3. Beacon Hill Church, now in its sixth year, with its excellent pastor, Rev. C. Squire.

4. Faith Chapel, in and around which the the College, the Church, and the Repository are all accommodated.

Another important branch of the work is that of Foreign Missions, begun in 1875, at Basim, in Central India. Still another branch of the work is a Cancer Home in the village of Walpole, fifteen miles from Grove Hall. It was opened in 1878, and has already made much progress. There is also an Orphanage, an Institute, and a Church at Boydton, Va., a Mission at Loveridge, W. Va., and a Chinese Mission at Baker's-field Cal.



THE CONSUMPTIVES' HOME AT GROVE HALL, BOSTON HIGHLANDS.
(One of the many charities founded by the late Dr. Cullis.)

THE LATE CHARLES CULLIS, M. D.

The weight of the world did not oppress Dr. Cullis in the least. He took no anxious thought for to-morrow, though there were many scores of mouths to fill, and a world of work to be done; but he was as playful as a child, ready for a romp with his children the moment he got home, and full of pleasantry all the day long. Every Sunday, when at home, he preached in the morning in Grove Hall Church. Once a week, on Tuesday afternoons, he held a public meeting in Faith Chapel. Often through the week he held meetings in other places; during term time, eight months of the year, he acted as President of the Faith Training College, and lectured once a week to the classes on Christian work; and month by month he edited two monthly papers—the *Times of Refreshing*, for Christians, and another journal for the unconverted, and had the oversight of a large line of publications in the form of books and tracts.

The last ten years of Dr. Cullis's life were exceedingly busy ones, and witnessed the phenomenal growth of the itstitutions under his charge. On August 27th, 1891, was celebrated the twenty-sixth anniversary of his work, and

Many Godly Men and Women

join with him on that day in praise and thanksgiving. During the twenty-seven years of consecrated labor for Christ, he received nearly $750,000 for the support of the homes, and also for the mission stations at home and abroad. This amount came not from personal solicitation, nor from begging letters, but solely in answer to prayer. In recording this remarkable fact, Dr. Cullis, in his last printed report, declared: "That God's children might be led more perfectly to trust him and to realize that his Word is as true to-dy as when our Saviour walked the earth, I make this record. Although I have never received a dollar for my services in connection with the work, yet the Lord has supplied all my needs and those of my family. All the buildings have been kept from fire, and we have no insurance. Our workers have been

Sent of the Lord.

Our Deaconesses take the same position as I do, receiving no salary."

Dr. Cullis's experiences during his long life of usefulness are set forth in a book entitled, *Have Faith in God; twenty years of blessing in answer to prayer*—which is issued by the Willard Tract Depository, No. 239 4th Ave., New York, and which abounds in striking illustrations of the power and influence of a personal faith. To give even the scantiest outline of the history of his many charities would fill pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. His example should serve to kindle the hearts of Christian men and women everywhere with zeal for the Master's service, showing as it does what marvellous things may be accomplished by one whose life is wholly consecrated to the Lord.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
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HAVE YOU A RIGHT TO KILL YOURSELF?

THERE has recently been an unprecedented epidemic of suicides. They plunged into the river, and dashed on the sidewalk, and poisoned themselves out of the world. It was not the adverse direction of the wind, for that has been west and northwest, and the weather has been almost supernal for beauty; it has not been great national disaster, wrecking fortunes and prostrating the hopes of business men; but an unaccountable epidemic that has called forth knife and pistol and wave to do horrible havoc. It seems high time that emphatic words be uttered on the subject of suicide. If one in dementia, as is generally the case, takes his life, he would be no more reprehensible than would a typhoid patient if, escaping his nurse, he should walk off a roof and perish; but he who takes his own life while reason is dominant, commits a crime compared with which ordinary misdeeds are benign and sinless. You are not placed on guard as to your neighbor's life, but God has not only given you life, but has intrusted its keeping into your care. Self-destruction, therefore, is not only murder, but it is, in addition, sneaking and infamous betrayal of a God-given trust. Hence, suicide hath a turpitude over and beyond assassination. It has been recently conspicuously declared that the Bible says nothing against self-murder, and that the names of those who fell on their own swords, or went out and hanged themselves, are not denounced.

But know you not that all those Bible characters who committed this deed were bad men? Traitorous Judas a suicide, but who wants to be a Judas? Cruel Abimelech a suicide, but who wants to be an Abimelech? Infamous Ahithopel a suicide, but who wants to be an Ahithopel? Bloody Saul a suicide, but who wants to be a Saul? Who can describe the villainy of an act by which a man in his senses puts an end to his earthly existence and takes the responsibility of rushing his naked spirit into the presence of his God? Does not the Bible say, "Do thyself no harm?" Does it not inculcate that sobriety and excellence of habit tend to longevity? Does not God offer length of days as a reward? No amount of misfortune or disaster can be an excuse for him who takes the awful responsibility of separating soul from body. When God wants us out of this world he will take us out. The whole spirit of the Bible and the unanimous opinion of well-balanced men antagonizes suicide. Know right well that if, exasperated with this life, and in your right mind, you open the door of exit with your own hand, you go into the blackness of darkness. You leave the dire miseries of an earthly state for the ten million worse horrors of an eternal state. It is high time that modern society be instructed and toned up on this subject, in terms unmistakable. This however, is not to perturb the feelings of those who have lost friends through suicide.

Some one writes me of a lady who had lived a pure and useful and consecrated Christian life. There were no sorrows but she put her hand to the merciful ministration, and after living a friend of Christ and a consistent member of the Church, she in time of ill-health plunged into the river, and her body was brought out lifeless. The writer of the letter asks me what was her spiritual destiny, and where did she go to after that violent death? I never had an easier question to answer. She went straight to the bosom of Christ and the companionship of angels and the glory eternal. She was not responsible for the physical disorders that clouded her brain, for she knew not what she was doing. Let us believe that the majority of those who precipitate their departure from this world are, through disordered body, irresponsible. But infidelity and agnosticism have a tendency to foster suicide. If there be no hereafter, and this present state is intolerable, why not put an end to everything with one flash of a bull-dog pistol? There are hundreds of people kept from putting a quietus upon themselves by one consideration, and that is, the persuasion that there is a hereafter. Take that belief from the mind of the world, and every morning the East River would show floating corpses, and every night would hear the crack of firearms, and the morgues of the city would have to be multiplied. There is a hereafter, though the tongue of lying scepticism may deny it; and you had better be careful how, uncalled of God, you plunge into an existence for which you have made no preparation.

VERY MIXED.

THE adulteration of food is startling It seems that those of us who thought we had a respectable diet have been eating and drinking things that may not be mentioned. Honest, old-fashioned butter has melted and run out of the world, and instead thereof we have trichinosis in all styles served up morning, noon and night. All the ailments of the brute creation set before us raw shape, or done up in puddings, pies and gravies. The wonders and mysteries and incomprehensibilities of hotel-hash eclipsed by this blissful oleomargarine. Even the candies that we bring home to our children are, under chemical analysis, found to be crystalized disease. Lozenges of red-lead and sweetened death. Coffees and teas, the innocuous beverage of millions, are so depraved that we feel like saying with Charles Lamb, when an unseemly mixture was placed before him:

"If this be coffee, give me tea, and if this be tea, give me coffee." Even the medicines to which we appeal in time of dire distress, through apothecarial admixture, fail us, and kill when they ought to cure. Alas! for the alum in the bread, and the chalk in the milk, and the glass in the sugar, and the Venetian-red in the cocoa, and the heaven knows what in the syrup. If a man not at all bigoted but very liberal on the subject of temperance, and of the high license persuasion, wants to imbibe some inspiration to help him fight down the fanaticism of prohibition, and he goes up to the counter and pays for an honest drink, he swallows and smacks his lips over *cocculus indicus*, and potash, and cochineal, and blue vitrol, and other delectables.

Spiritual adulteration is the curse of the Church of Jesus Christ in our day. There will never be any improvement on the old Gospel. Everything added weakens its original power. What the world wants is Bible pathology and Bible therapeutics and Bible pharmacy in order to cure its disorders, and not the world's quackery. What it wants to feed its spiritual hunger is not the cake of human confection, which may please the taste while it gives no crown to spiritual character, but the strong meat of the Word and the bread of which if a man eat he shall never hunger. Away with the adulteration of food and medicine from your groceries and drugstores, and away with spiritual adulteration from the churches and theological seminaries. If we should all go back to primitive Christianity, the progress of the Gospel, which is rapid now, would be a hundredfold accelerated. We want less of these modern admixtures, less of the Gospel Darwinian, and more of the Gospel Pauline. Our modern religion has not enough backbone to stand alone. It must lean against the gate of the university, or it flops right over. The old religion could stand alone and defiant of all assailment. It made no apologies, and it offered no compromise. We need, in order to get back to that old religion, which cannot be improved by human adulteration, to cultivate faith in the supernatural, not the supernaturalism which tries to look through the seance of spiritualistic trickster into the next world, but the supernatural in Bible times, when iron swam, and the foot walked water, and the dead wakened at the Christly call.

A man who does not believe in the supernatural is not a Christian and has not learned the first element of the Christian life. Unadulterated Christianity is going to save this world.

MORE HOLIDAYS.

LET not the people who have two months' or a week's absence from business, during the warm weather, begrudge one day occasionally during the Summer, for recuperation, to the vast multitudes who will get no other rest. Employers will make money by it. Labor rested is worth twenty per cent. more than labor worn out. We want far more holidays than we have had in this country.

Between July 4th and Thanksgiving Day there are near five months in which for millions of people there is no let up—if we except Labor Day. The anticipation of the first free Monday in September and the remembrance of it are worth in practical work five times what could be made in that day if there were no release. So in regard to the Saturday half-holiday. People will do more work in five days and a half than they will do in six. It is a delusion that the more hours people work the more they accomplish. I can do more work in one day when I am rested than in a whole week when I am tired, and so can you. People seem willing to pay for work in proportion as it is prolonged. If people can do as much work in five days and a half as in six, let them have as much compensation for the shorter time as for the longer time. Besides that, all these wonderful inventions in machinery ought to make some alleviation to human hands and feet.

If man can now, by these inventions, in one day do as much work as he could in four days, ought not he get some advantage from that consideration? Besides that, we never can have the Sabbath day properly regarded in this country until we give a slice of the secular week for recreation. Keep the people toiling from Monday morning till Saturday night, and on Sundays they will seek the fields, however attractive your churches. With Saturday afternoon for secular rest, more of them will take all Sunday for spiritual rest.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

EUROPEAN NOTES.

THIS week THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers shall have a few of "my notes" from on and over the ocean.

I went abroad to study men, means and methods for aggressive Christian work and how to win more souls for Christ in America.

You want to know what I learned?

Well, this, in the first place. You can't always tell about sea-sickness, that's where I start. I expected to be the worst case on board going over; and lo, I wasn't sick an hour. Lots of people like that in the Christian voyage. They never embark for fear of a dreadful passage when it's possible they ought to be the very ones to escape the storms or fearlessly withstand them; but it is not good to reckon too far ahead, nor base your hopes on things earthly. Returning on the same steamer I counted on a like experience coming home. I don't think I'll tell you about it; to write *I was sick* is enough for me, but this I found, sick or not, I made just as many miles toward home. Some silly people think passengers on the old ship Zion are going to perdition because they "feel bad." Not so. Sick or well, if on board, you are making as good time in your run as the Captain himself. To be sure I was a little more trouble to the stewards when sick than when well, but then what are stewards for anyway. If I get the Gospel right, it is that every well passenger has to turn in and be steward for the sick ones, or else help rescue those who have embarked on sinking crafts of Satan.

The one personal good that came to me out of all my travel and sights and meeting of thousands, the one thing, above all else, was a firm determination as deep as my soul to be more of a Christian gentleman. I tell you it's no mean lesson to learn to be a gentleman, a real gentleman, a real Christian gentleman; that purpose alone secured was worth all the trip cost, but I got more than that.

You ask what!

Well, I got experience, knowledge, facts and rest.

I shall never forget the services at Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, London, Easter Sabbath. A visit to these two alone is worth many years of sacrifice to reach them. I bowed low over the slab of Livingston. Standing there looking down, one gets an inspiration for work that goes blood deep.

The open sin of London is awful. If I were asked what strikes you first in that great city I'd certainly answer ale shops. I should judge there was fifty drinking saloons to every meat shop. Maybe more. And the most terrible thing about them is the women who frequent them. Mark you, England will stop that or there will be no England. You can't sink womanhood and lift a nation too.

The Christian work of that great city is mighty. They have done much, are doing much, but they must do more, much more.

None should ever visit Paris without seeing the McAll work. These stations of mercy are like guardian angels stationed in the city for peace, by God.

Nothing sweeter came to me than the hospitality of Germany. One of her noble sons made that land to blossom in beauty by his open heart, his open home, his kindness.

I'm learning more and more that a desert will bloom like a rose if you put in it men, real men, men of soul. Happy the American who, in visiting Stuttgart, shall chance to see Herr Schulz Commerzienrath, with his sweet family. They know the heighth and depth and length of that mountain peak of Scripture—1. Corinthians 13.

I would like to write about one thing right here—that is smoking. In traveling they nearly smoked me to death. Its beastly. I once was a smoker. I tried to use the weed correctly. I long since gave it up. You could not buy me to use it again for a lump of gold the size of Mont Blanc. It blunts the sense of a man till he don't know when he is acting as mean as a dog.

I'd like now to persuade fifty or seventy-five thousand young men to stop puffing smoke and save their money for a trip to the old world. They would then have something more than a tobacco smell about them; "an air of travel" is far better than "a breath of smoke."

Smokers won't like that, but its time they put a suggestion or two like that in their pipes.

My column is full this week on this line. May be I'll try again, when in the mood.

The Bible And the Newspaper

DISASTER IN SWITZERLAND.

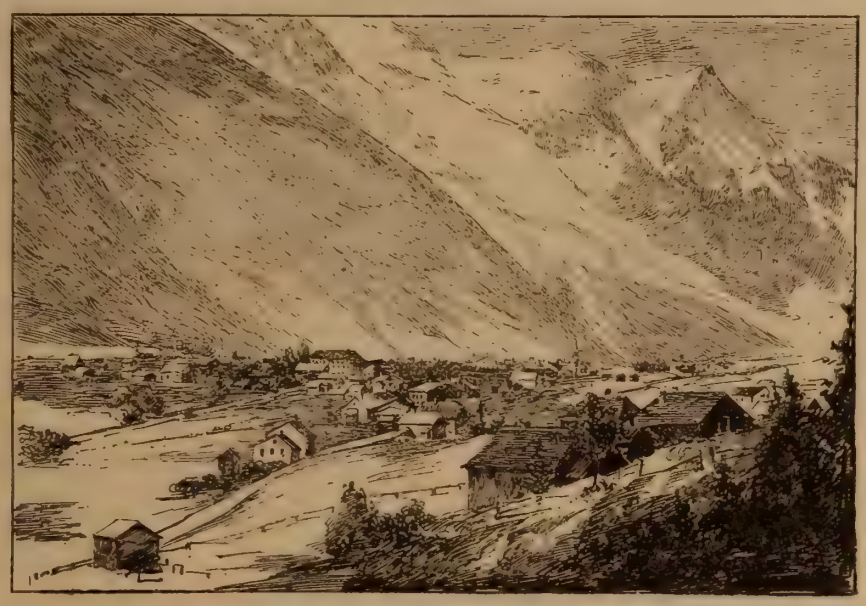
SWITZERLAND, land of snowy mountain-peak and impassable glacier, has again been the scene of a painful disaster caused by the melting of snows precipitating a fatal avalanche. Terrible floods filled the lowlands in the Chamounix and Arve Valleys, and the rivers rose to an unprecedented height. Suddenly and almost without warning, at an hour when all the residents of the valley were asleep, a worse calamity occurred. A great land-slide almost totally buried the village of St. Gervais, crushing and mangling out of human semblance nearly two hundred persons, many of them foreigners visiting at the famous health resort. Houses were demolished by immense masses of rock and earth; the health baths were swept away like stubble, and hundreds of persons were thrown into the River Arve and the Bon Nant. The Bionnassy glaciers, which extend from the northwest side of Mont Blanc, became detatched and swept down the mountain, engulfing the hamlet and baths of La Fayet in the river below. Escape in such case was almost an impossibility and whole families were crushed out of existence. When search for the dead and dying was made, many were found literally torn to pieces by the sharp rocks or masses of ice. Of fifty-seven employees at the baths at St. Gervais, only nine were saved, seven of them being injured. One hundred and fifty bodies were found in the river Arve and amid the ruins. Many of the unfortunates were English and American guests, who had recently arrived. There were some marvellous escapes, probably the most remarkable being where a resident physician at one of the baths, hearing the roar of the coming land-slide, entered the room and shouted to its occupants to flee for their lives. He led them through a window and up the side of the mountain where they were safe. As the hotel registers are involved in the general ruin, it is impossible to ascertain the names of the guests who have perished. The sad event has caused a panic throughout the lovely Chomounix Valley, which is shown in the illustration on this page, and which is justly accounted as one of the most beautiful spots in the world. Its peaceful aspect however, is alluring and deceptive; for when the great forces of nature are let loose, as has happened on several occasions, its aspect changes to a scene of terror and desolation. Life is in jeopardy and the only refuge is the mountains. So swift and destructive are the floods, glaciers, avalanches and landslides of Switzerland, that nothing in their path can withstand them. It is a suggestive fact that while it is from the mountains that the destruction comes, it is to the mountains that the people fly for refuge. Would that men would act on the same principle in their spiritual danger! In the day when God's wrath is poured out on the world none will be delivered but they who have gone to him for salvation. (Job 28: 9-11.)

Subterranean Convulsions.

A SHOCKING story of wholesale devastation was carried to Sydney, New South Wales, by the steamer *Catterthun*, which arrived there on July 17th. It was to the effect that the island of Sangir, in the Malay Archipelago, had been overwhelmed and completely destroyed by a volcanic eruption. There were twelve thousand persons on the island, all of whom are reported to have perished. The island was thirty miles long and averaged ten miles in width. It belonged to the Talantse group. A huge volcano was in the centre of the island and it is supposed that it was from this volcano that the fiery streams were sent forth. The captain of the steamer says that his vessel sailed for miles through masses of volcanic debris. Simultaneous with this outbreak, the volcano Ætna broke out into unwonted activity. No less than nine of its eighteen craters belched forth streams of molten lava. From one of the craters huge incandescent rocks are hurled to an immense height, and from another a perfect river of fire several yards deep is quietly flowing down the side of the mountain toward the villages at its base. The inhabitants of Nicolosi and Pedara are packing up their valuables and preparing for flight as the streams of lava have now overflowed the ridges left by the former eruptions and are rapidly approaching the towns. It is estimated that 300,000 persons live on and near Mount Ætna, tempted thither by the rich soil which is found among the lava beds and in which tropical fruits grow luxuriantly. They are now in an agony of suspense, reluctant to leave their property yet fearful of staying lest they lose their lives. The student of prophecy cannot fail to appreciate the significance of these eruptions, taken in connection with the outbreak of cholera which is also reported and with the prevalence of the Russian famine. When Christ was asked by his disciples what would be the signs of his coming he said: "There shall be famines and pestilences and earthquakes in divers places. All these are the beginning of the travail." (Matt. 24: 7, 8 R. V.)

A Much-Married Couple.

A LADY has applied to the courts of Providence, R. I., for relief under peculiar circumstances. Her husband has a mania for being married, and has so harassed her by his extraordinary demands for a repetition of the ceremony as to suggest doubts of his sanity. She was first married to him at Lansing, Mich., by a Methodist minister in 1884. Before the honeymoon was over, and during the tour they took to Ireland, her husband began to express doubts of the validity of the ceremony. He had been studying the subject of Apostolic succession, and he was not satisfied that the minister who had married them could trace his ordination back to the Apostles. He therefore persuaded his wife to have another marriage ceremony performed, according to the rites of the Protestant Episcopal Communion. She consented, and they were re-married in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. Subsequently he learned that the Cathedral had not been rededicated since it was used for Roman Catholic services. This, he regarded, as a fatal defect and he again began to worry about the validity of the marriage. After a long and weary period of distress, the wife consented to be married over again, and a Presbyterian clergyman performed the ceremony. He was contented for a time, but imbibing atheistic views, he determined on having a civil marriage celebrated. Again the wife yielded, and an alderman united them in marriage. On one pretext or other the ceremony was performed again and again until, in the eight years since the first marriage they have been married nine times. This year the husband again proposed a marriage, and then the wife left him and appealed to the courts. The various marriage certificates are in her possession and she presents them as evidence of the harassing life she has led. If the man is sane he is foolish. A sensible man would be more concerned about fulfilling the vows he made in good faith at the ceremony, than about the place where it was performed or the person who performed it. Some Christian people act quite as foolishly in torturing themselves with doubts about their conversion, instead of continually looking to Christ, loving him and working for him. (Phil. 3: 13-14.)



THE ALPINE DISASTER—THE VILLAGE OF CHAMOUNIX.

A Heroine Decorated.

A DISPATCH from Washington, D. C., states that the gold medal for heroic-life saving which the government is authorized to confer under the Act of Congress of 1878, has this year been sent to Mrs. Martha White of Copalis, Wash. The record of the deed of daring which has gained her this coveted distinction is placed among the archives of the Treasury Department, and a copy of it has been sent with the medal to Mrs. White. The facts contained in it have been collected from the affidavits of three men whose lives she saved. It appears from the official statement, that for years past Mrs. White has been in the habit of going down to the beach in storms and giving efficient aid to the life-savers in the rescue and restoration of shipwrecked sailors. On January 20 of this year an awful storm was raging. Mrs. White accompanied her husband as usual to the beach, where they saw the British ship *Ferndale* stranded about half a mile off. Mr. White went to get help, but his wife waited on the shore. During her husband's absence she saw a sailor in the water vainly endeavoring to reach land. She waded out to him and dragged the exhausted man to a place of safety. Returning to the beach, she saw a second man buffeting with the waves. Him, too, she rescued. A few minutes later she distinguished what appeared to be a dead body floating. Thinking that there might still be life in it, she again plunged into the breakers. A huge wave prostrated her, but she regained her footing and, after a desperate struggle caught hold of some of the clothing on the body. She skilfully floated it to shore and found that the man was alive, though unconscious. Promptly applying the course of treatment for the revival of half-drowned persons, she had, after half an hour's work, the gratification of seeing the man open his eyes. He fully recovered and then she fell fainting from exhaustion. All three men acknowledged that they owed their lives to her efforts. Secretary Foster was informed of the circumstances, and has now awarded her the gold medal. It was doubtless a surprise to her. She probably counted herself sufficiently rewarded in her success in saving the lives of the men. So the Christian worker, who has a genuine love of soul feels when he succeeds in leading some to Christ. But another reward is in store for him. We are assured that they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever. (Daniel 12: 3.)

The Mariner's Vade Mecum.

A VALUABLE publication now comes regularly every month from the Hydrographic office of the government. It is the pilot chart of the North Atlantic Ocean, from which shipcaptains obtain a quanity of important information. The publication has become so popular that skippers will not leave any of our ports without having obtained a copy, in return for which, they furnish to the Hydrographic office the meteorological information they may obtain during their trips. This when compiled in Washington, furnishes the principal data for the next monthly publication of the chart. The experiences of the past month and the forecasts for the current month are set forth, the former in red and the latter in blue print. In addition, derelicts and wrecks, buoys adrift, waterspouts, fogs and icebergs are indicated. The subjects of icebergs and fields of ice is so important that this summer a supplement to the chart has been published, giving a graphic record and a complete list of all last month's reports of ice in the North Atlantic Ocean. There has been a great demand for this information, and the supplement will be of the greatest value to vessels, especially trans-Atlantic steamships. The captains are not content with having the chart and its supplement on board, they study them to avoid the dangers of which warning is given. Their example might be commended to people who would not on any account be without a Bible in the house, but who seldom look into its pages for directions as to their voyage through life. (Ps. 119: 105.)

BRIEF NOTES.

So successful have been the services held in the Baptist Travelling Church-car, *Evangel*, that a movement has been started to build another car. Subscriptions for the purpose to the amount of $4,000 have already been received.

The World's Convention of "The Brethren" has been holding its session in Plainfield, N. J. One important result of the convention is the union between the two branches of the body which have for many years been at variance.

Applications for Bibles in Portuguese and Japanese have been made to the American Bible Society by missionaries in the Hawaiian Islands, who are anxious to put them into the hands of the immigrants now flocking to the Islands in large numbers.

We regret to learn that Rev. Phillip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., the famous Biblical Scholar, has been stricken with paralysis. Though somewhat advanced in years his physicians think that his strong constitution may enable him to recover from the effects of the stroke.

The American Sunday School Union last year organized 1,664 schools, containing 7,018 teachers and 59,551 scholars. Aid was given to 2,127 other schools, and in addition to this 4,536 schools that had been before reported were helped. Over 6,000 Bibles and over 9,000 testaments were distributed, either by sale or gift.

The School of Christian Workers at Springfield held its commencement the 7th of June, and reported one of the most successful years in its history. The main address was by Dr. Edward Judson of New York City, on "The Missionary Spirit Embodied in City Civilization." The indications are for large classes in the fall both of young men and women.

Mr. W. M. Round, whose labors for the reclamation of prisoners and boys who are just beginning a career of crime, have been wonderfully blessed, needs the help of ten consecrated young men to help him in his labors at the Burnham Industrial Farm, where a large number of these boys are at work. Applications may be made to Mr. Round, at the Burnham Industrial Farm, Canaan, Four Corners, Columbia Co., N. Y.

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., Pastor of Bethany Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, is receiving many applications from the churches for evangelistic work. The labor involved in his own pastorate renders it impossible to accept all these invitations, but he has made arrangements for a short tour during the summer months. Accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, the famous singers, he will hold services at Erie, Pa., Perth Amboy, N. J., and Bridgewater, Mass. Pressing invitations have also reached him from Cincinnati, O., Cleveland, O., and Troy, N. Y.

Contributions to the Fund for the support of Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the American Sunday School Union have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $22. They were from: A Subscriber, Chattanooga, Tenn., $5; C. C. G., Elon, Va., $5; T. T. H., Santa Barbara, Cal., $4; A Sunday School at Alco, Ala., per Genevieve M. Ackley, $2.50; M. C. S., Waverley, N. Y., $2; J. M., Rock City, Ill., $2; E. E. S., St. Louis, Mich., $1; Subscriber, Chicago, Ill., 50c. A report of Mr. Sharp's work during the past year appears on another page of this issue. That so much has been accomplished at so small an expenditure is a fact which should encourage all who love the Lord Jesus to continue so earnest a laborer in the field for another year. The total amount needed for the purpose is only $700, of which $246.66 has already been contributed.

SHEPHERDING THE STRAY LAMBS.

MANY HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN BROUGHT INTO THE GOSPEL FOLD.

A Year's Work of the Rev. George W. Sharp, "The Christian Herald's" Sunday School Missionary in the South-West—The Need for More Sunday Schools in a little Known and Semi-Civilized Region—New Schools, Churches and Missions Opened.

WHEN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a little over a year ago, with the aid of its readers, undertook the support of a missionary of the American Sunday School Union in the great and practically unworked field of the Southwest, it was not without some misgivings as to the result. It is a field combining the grandest possibilities with the most serious disadvantages. But the outcome of the first year's work, which has now been forwarded to us by the Rev. George W. Sharp, the missionary who was selected, is of a character that abundantly repays all who aided in this Christian enterprise, and affords the highest encouragement and the strongest reasons for its continuance during 1893.

To recite all of this faithful missionary's labors since his appointment,—his records of long and toilsome journeys on horseback or afoot, of frequent privations endured uncomplainingly, and of obstacles encountered, only to be overcome by persistent fidelity in prosecuting the work—would be a tedious and needless task. He has, under God's blessing, been the means of sowing the Gospel seed in many desolate quarters, where it is already bearing fruit. As his report shows, he has planted and watered, and nursed into a healthy and vigorous existence, many Sunday Schools in sections where it is doubtful whether the children ever before heard the name of Jesus spoken with reverence. Taking no account of sectarian or denominational lines, he has simply held up Christ and him crucified to the people, and his pioneer evangelical labors have been the means of founding churches as well as schools in that section of the Union, particularly in Missouri, where the need of both Sunday Schools and churches is a crying one. In some cases, churches have developed from the Sunday Schools, and where a year ago was spiritual barrenness, is now a well-watered garden of the Gospel. We quote from Rev. Mr. Sharp's report of

His First Year's Work

as follows: During the year from June 1, 1891 to June 1, 1892, the actual work accomplished may be tabulated thus:

		Teachers.	Scholars
New schools organized,	20	69	640
Schools re-organized and revived,	5	22	219
Schools addressed or otherwise aided,	16	84	1228
Visits and aids to schools labored with,	27	157	2138
Total	68	332	4219

In the period mentioned, the missionary has visited 512 families, delivered 179 sermons and addresses, erected four church-houses and made arrangements for a fifth, yet incomplete. This work, to ordinary readers, and more particularly to those who dwell in cities, might seem almost superhuman, but it should be remembered that much of the ground over which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD missionary travelled was new soil for Gospel effort. In some instances he records that he encountered difficulties in consequence of the spirit of sectarian rivalry, which prevented the organization of schools even in districts where he labored hard and diligently. Such cases were fortunately rare, and temporary failure seems only to have stimulated him to increased energy in other quarters. Certainly, his faithful perseverance has not been without its reward, and the showing given above is one that ought to bring a sense of gratitude to all who have contributed toward the support of this missionary during the past year.

Speaking of the schools, Mr. Sharp writes: "The tabulated statement above shows 4,551 teachers and scholars labored with, which is exact, being taken from my daily records. Of new schools, a number were organized for week-day nights, and in these the people could not be expected to assemble as fully as they doubtless did on the Sundays, afterward. Still others were organized on the Sundays, when, from local reasons, the attendance was not at first as large as it would ultimately be. I think 5,000 a conservative estimate of the total attendance in all the schools."

After writing of the literature distributed in the schools—through the generosity of the American Sunday School Union—and which included Bibles, Testaments and other books, hymns, music, etc., he passes on to the subject of conversions. He says: "Of those personally known to me, and of others of which I have been reliably informed, there are about 160, and the record is by no means full."

A SOUTH-WESTERN SUNDAY SCHOOL GROUP.
(Photographed in the District in which "The Christian Herald" Missionary is now laboring.)

What a harvest of grace for a single worker in one short year!

Two unforeseen obstacles proved serious hindrances to the missionary. One was the extraordinary prevalence of influenza during the winter, and the other the disastrous storms in the late spring. "The weather for three months," he writes, "was probably unparalleled in the history of this section of the country for floods, mud, rain, etc. It hindered religious services in general and my efforts in Sunday School organization very greatly—a matter that occasioned me very deep regret." There were other opportunities in his work, however, which he gladly improved. During the year, he aided ten probationers for the ministry in various ways, he lent

A Helping Hand

to the Gospel workers of four different churches who labored exclusively in Missouri, and he also aided a large number of pastors and preachers in their various fields of labor, being able, from his extensive travelling, to give information of places where their efforts were sorely needed.

"My Sunday School work," he writes, "often led me to places where the gospel was seldom preached, and thus my own preaching has supplied no little destitution. Opportunities have been frequently afforded and gladly embraced of comforting God's children who were troubled with perplexing questions about their salvation, and of bearing comfort also to those in various trials in business, sickness and bereavement. This has been a very important service where the counsel and encouragement of a resident pastor was scarcely obtainable.

"My work has also afforded me opportunities of laboring in Sunday School Conventions, institutes, and protracted revival meetings. I praise God for his blessings upon every department of missionary work, having been allowed by him to see

Much Precious Fruit,

and, I hope, to see far more in eternity.

"I cannot close without praising God that though I have passed through much trying weather in all seasons, and especially in the winter, when so many suffered and not a few died of *la grippe;* and also in the trying, damp, chilly, rainy weather since the latter part of February, yet I do not remember to have missed an appointment on account of sickness, though often much fatigued, and very feeble at times. It has been my privilege, during these labors, to reach thousands of people, old and young, who would otherwise have been unreached, in addresses, sermons and in the circulation of the Holy Scriptures, and Gospel literature. Many Sunday School superintendents need to be taught the first principles of superintending, and teachers the most elementary principles of teaching; for in these localities I am compelled to avail myself of the services of men and women whose early education has been limited—people who have to engage in daily toil for the plain necessaries of life. In many places they have no regular, in some only occasional preaching, and in others none at all, so it is as evident that such places must needs be revisited, at least occasionally, as that planting and watering are both necessary to a crop. Again, in some places where there is occasional preaching, the preachers have had very little acquaintance with Sunday School work, and for that reason, and because not a few of them are dependent on hard manual labor for subsistence, they are often unqualified to give the Sunday School interest much practical help. Where

A Busy, Tired Farmer

has to ride several miles to preach on Sunday morning, and ride back home the same day, the people thus preached to once a month, or in some cases once in two or three months, get very little instruction from his ministry, and are almost destitute of gospel knowledge and gospel work. And when such a people, with little gospel preaching, and no prayer meeting, have to contend with saloons, drunkenness, Sunday desecration, profanity, low dances, card tables, horse racing and other forms of gambling, their moral destitution is great indeed. Yet many are dissatisfied with such a miserable state of things, and are hungering for the Bread of Life, and gladly welcome THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary and the Bible School.

"The picture I have drawn is not confined to North Missouri alone, but it is true of many places and represents the condition of thousands, to my certain knowledge. Indeed, much more might be said concerning the existence of vice and immorality. But, in the rich grace of God I have seen, in the course of my missionary labor, communities to a great extent become orderly, Christian neighborhoods. That these humble labors, have been to the smallest extent instrumental in the happy change, I give thanks be to God, to whom alone is due all the glory."

For several weeks past, Mr. Sharp has been engaged in

Distributing Relief Funds

to the sufferers by the South-western floods, many of whom were located in his missionary district. The moneys were subscribed through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for that purpose. On July 11th, he wrote:

I have only time, between change of cars, to say that I am on my way home from Alexandria, Mo., where I have been distributing relief to the flood sufferers, whom I found to be numerous and needy indeed. Surely this work is of the Lord. I checked out the amount of your check (several hundred dollars), and could have used more. I have receipts and testimonials from the Mayor and the Relief Committee, and will write up an account of the whole transaction as early as possible. I am thankful to God and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that I have been permitted to aid these needy people and have been directed to where the need was.

It is impossible to conceive anything more wretched or miserable than the condition of these people among whom THE CHRISTIAN HERALD missionary is laboring. In many places they live mostly in sod houses, with windows the lights of which have been broken out by storm and which are stuffed with old rags. The floors are of dirt, and the interiors look gloomy and foreboding. At one such place, when Mr. Sharp drove up, they all gathered round the buggy. They had no Bible, and he gave one to the little girl. They seemed to appreciate it very much and a smile lit up the face of the mother. A few miles farther on, were two men ploughing corn. Mr. Sharp conversed with one, and finding there was no Sunday School in the neighborhood, urged him to take charge of the school. He demurred, but at last consented to take hold of the work. He is a good man and will make a success of the school. They will enroll about thirty. A few miles farther on Mr. Sharp saw a woman working in a field, and commenced a conversation with her about Sunday Schools, especially about one in that neighborhood. She was a widow and had lived in the place for fifteen years. A few years ago her husband died, and since that time has been running the farm and keeping the children together. She could think of no one to run the school, and finally consented to take charge of its herself. She can gather about forty-five souls into the school. She has

The True Kansas Grit,

and will make the school succeed. These pioneer settlers are a hardy race, but the shifting of the population, owing to crop failures, has so broken up many of the communities, that Sunday School and church privileges are unknown.

The work Mr. Sharp is engaged in is a noble one, in which he merits the substantial aid of all good men and women. We ask the co-operation of our readers in supporting THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary for another year. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of a work that places the precious means of grace within the reach of so many thousands, in a spiritually neglected region, and which specially cares for the eternal welfare of the young, who would otherwise grow up to godless and possibly criminal lives.

All sums sent for the support of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary for another year, will be duly acknowledged in these columns.

JESUS ONLY.

JESUS only—blessed thought!
With holy peace and comfort fraught;
Jesus only, night and day,
Keeps and guards us on our way.

Jesus only, on the sea
Watches over you and me;
Be it storm, or be it calm,
He doth shield us from all harm.

Jesus only, on the land
Guides us with almighty hand;
Leads us every passing hour;
Helps us foil the tempter's power.

Jesus only—hear his call,
At his feet now humbly fall;
Cast on him your every care,
He will heed and answer prayer. —E.M.B.

RUSSIAN CROPS AND EMIGRATION.

BOTH official as well as private reports as to the state of the crops now lead to the conclusion that over a great part of the agricultural provinces of European Russia the harvest prospects for this year are very doubtful indeed, and in many districts well-nigh hopeless. Out of ten provinces in which even a satisfactory harvest is very doubtful, no less than seven were stricken by a total failure of crops last year. What the population in these seven provinces will suffer by a second bad year is not easily imagined. The number of emigrants will be exceedingly great this summer, says the *Neue Preussische Zeitung*. For many reasons people in various districts are longing to leave Russia. Besides the Jews, whose number of emigrants will doubtless reach that of last year, the Germans are next to be considered. These are emigrating from the Volga districts, Wolhynia, and the Baltic provinces to the United States, Australia, and elsewhere. The Estlanders und Lithuanians are also emigrating from the Baltic provinces. Even from Finland there will be a large emigration this year, although up till now its inhabitants have never supplied a great contingent to emigration, they being greatly attached to their country. Furthermore, in addition to the Jewish and German, a large Polish emigration is certain. The emigration fever is so strong in Poland that many are selling their estates for next to nothing, and others who cannot find buyers simply abandon their property.

THE CHINESE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

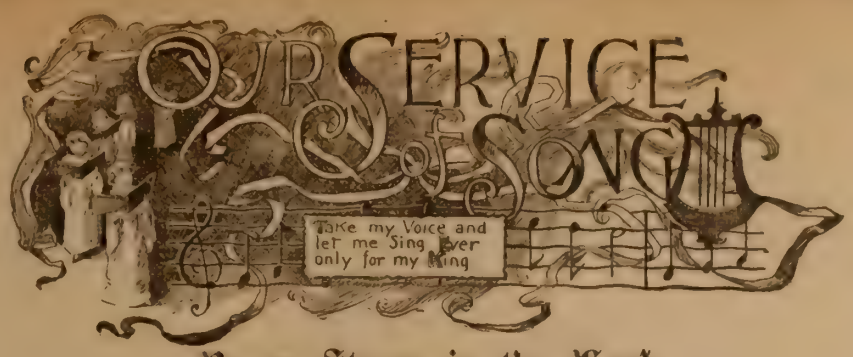
IT was dark when we entered Loh-Kia-Tien, a market town, distant from Teh-Ngan about twenty-three miles, and from Ying-Shan only seven miles, writes Rev. Griffith John to the *Episcopal Recorder*. We started in the morning with the hope of reaching Ying-Shan, but the delays connected with the chair and the wheelbarrow made it impossible. The people were inclined to be rowdy, and being the evening of the fifteenth day of the first moon, they were somewhat excited.

The Feast of Lanterns is celebrated on the evening of the fifteenth. It is an occasion of great gladness and noisy gaiety. Every family celebrates it in one way or another, and the drinking and gambling are almost universal. At no festival is there so much revelry and abandonment. It was unfortunate that our arrival was so late. The innholder, however, gave us a hearty welcome, which, in the circumstances, meant everything to us. A large crowd followed us into the inn, and we had some difficulty in getting them to go out of our bed-room. The old lady in charge seemed somewhat anxious lest some of the blacklegs of the place should break into our room in the night and steal our things.

ABORIGINES OF INDIA.

WE suppose we found the nearest to wild and naked people in Bastor that can be found in Asia to-day, writes Rev. C. B. Ward, in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*. One-third of the population of Bastor, men and women alike, do not wear more than one small piece of cloth eight inches wide by three feet long, with which an often futile attempt is made to cover their "nakedness," while all the rest of the body is bare, not excepting the head. At night they sleep upon the ground without blankets, keeping off cold by camp fires. Nowhere are the people dressed as Hindoos dress. When asked why so poorly clad they plead their poverty. Yet their great degree of nakedness does not seem, as I thought it would do, to conduce to an extraordinary degree of immorality among them. They are polygamists if they choose to be, but many are not.

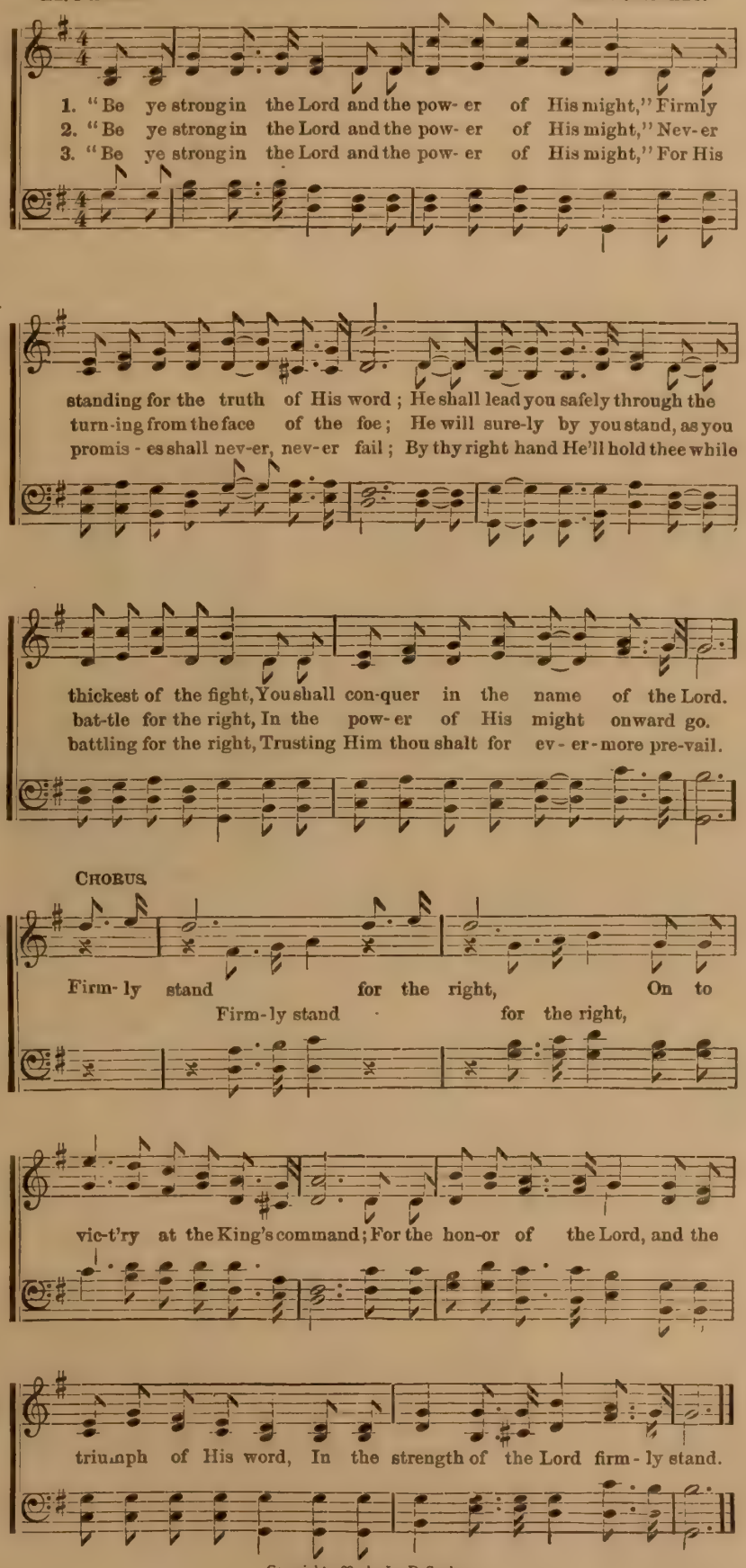
They worship the gods of the hills, Beema, Arjuna, and their three brothers, and the small-pox goddess. They sacrifice goats, fowls, pigs, cattle in some instances, and offer rice, ghee, oil, and liquor. We found them frequently worshipping trees, from which they get liquor or fruit; the ground from which they get grain; and the sky, from whence cometh rain. But it is all of a very primitive sort, managed by each individual for himself. They have no temples. Their social arrangements are in a way patriarchal. The head men of families and villages attend to the marriages. Burials and burnings are much in the same line. Both methods of disposing of the dead are common.



Be ye Strong in the Lord.

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."—EPH. 6: 10.

EL. NATHAN. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow- er of His might," Firmly
2. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow- er of His might," Nev-er
3. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow- er of His might," For His
standing for the truth of His word; He shall lead you safely through the
turn-ing from the face of the foe; He will sure-ly by you stand, as you
promis - es shall nev-er, nev-er fail; By thy right hand He'll hold thee while
thickest of the fight, You shall con-quer in the name of the Lord.
bat-tle for the right, In the pow-er of His might onward go.
battling for the right, Trusting Him thou shalt for ev - er - more pre-vail.
CHORUS.
Firm- ly stand for the right, On to
Firm-ly stand for the right,
vic-t'ry at the King's command; For the hon-or of the Lord, and the
triumph of His word, In the strength of the Lord firm - ly stand.

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A PARALLEL CONDITION.

Points of Resemblance Between these Times and the Antediluvian.

BY GEO. H. PEMBER, M. A.

THE closing scenes of this present age will be a reproduction of the days of Noah: the same intense worldliness, and at last positive inability to care for the things of God, which was displayed by the antediluvians, will also be characteristic of the world when Christ begins the judgments that will quickly culminate in the glory of his appearing.

It seems fair, then, to infer that this second manifestation of the spirit that worked in them which were disobedient before the flood, will be affected by a conjunction of causes similar to that which formerly produced it. And hence, it becomes a matter of the greatest practical importance to comprehend those causes: for whenever they are again found to be simultaneously affecting the masses of the world's population, the fact will afford a strong presumption that we are drifting rapidly to the great consummation of wickedness; that the avenging glory of the Lord is about to be revealed, so that all flesh shall see it together.

For us, therefore, the great question is, Are these fatal influences now in operation? Are they more universally characteristic of this epoch than of any other? Mature consideration has impelled many to return an affirmative answer: let us see whether facts warrant us in holding the same view. It is impossible to exaggerate our interest in the investigation. If the present times are beginning to take the complexion of those of Noah, they send forth a piercing cry of warning, admonishing us to stand with our loins girded about and our lamps burning, waiting for the summons of the Lord. For he will remove his Church, as he removed Enoch, before the wickedness of man has come to its worst. He will take away that which he himself has called the salt of the earth, and then the corruption of all flesh will go on unchecked, and the world speedily ripen for its doom.

Among the great causes of the antediluvian apostasy were the following:

A tendency to worship God as Elohim, that is, merely as the Creator and Benefactor, and not as Jehovah the covenant God of mercy, dealing with transgressors who are appointed to destruction, and finding a ransom for them.

A rapid progress in the mechanical arts, and the consequent invention of many devices whereby the hardships of the curse were mitigated, and life was rendered more easy and indulgent. Also a proficiency in the fine arts, which captivated the minds of men, and helped to induce an oblivion of God.

An alliance between the nominal Church and the world, which speedily resulted in a complete amalgamation.

The rejection of the preaching of Enoch, whose warnings thus became a savor of death unto the world, and hardened men beyond recovery. It is for us to consider whether similar influences are now acting upon society.

And certainly we cannot but confess that the first mentioned cause is eminently characteristic of our times. For in all the professing Churches of Christendom, as well as among Jews, Mahometans, and Pagans, there are countless and ever-increasing multitudes who go in the way of Cain (Jude 11), acknowledging the Supreme Being, but not recognising his holiness and their own depravity, and so denying all necessity of a Mediator between God and man. Many of these are willing to look upon Christ as some great one, and will talk of his wise philosophy and exemplary life: but they neither confess him to be the Only Begotten Son of the Father, nor feel the need of his atonement. Who has not observed during the past few years this "pure Theism," as it is called, rising to the surface in all the sects of Christendom?

Of the second cause, the spread of science, art, and luxury, it is unnecessary to speak, for none will deny that this is a great characteristic of our days: nay, the fact is a common subject for boasting. And alas! how many instances have we of the self-defying arrogance which frequently arises from a little knowledge of the laws of nature, or a marked success in those arts, sciences and philosophies which are the delight of cultivated and refined intellects!* With what confidence, too, and carelessness do men settle themselves amid the comforts and indulgences of this luxurious age? Seeing good only in the present life, how little thought do they give to God, how deaf are

* For it is not supposed that these remarks are directed against the pursuit of science and art. They are intended to refer only to the insubordinate and atheistical spirit which too commonly arises from it.

they to any mention of the world to come! How incredulous, even if their mouths be not filled with mocking, when they hear but a whisper of that tempest of God's fury which will shortly burst upon the apathetic world.

To reproduce the third cause—the fraternization of the church and the world—the Prince of this world has long been striving, and certainly now seems near to his victory. It is the natural result of the first error, the denial of our position as sinners before God If the practical teaching of religion be that God is fairly satisfied with our conduct, troubles but little about our sins, highly appreciates our works of virtue, even though pride be their main-spring, and looks with pleasure upon bold deeds and intellectual displays, why should such a theology clash with the cravings of fallen men? How could they hate a deity so like to themselves?

And have we not been describing the creed of vast numbers in the professing church? Are not the walls of the city of God thus continually broken down before our eye, so that the stranger may enter at will? Men do indeed frequent their churches in crowds; they excite a feeling, which they term religious, by grand buildings, by painted windows, by splendid vestments, by gorgeous ceremonies, by beautiful music, by sentimental or intellectual discourses, and by strong sectarian or political convictions. But if they clothe themselves with the semblance of devotion in their worship, they altogether lose this outward distinction in the world, and bewilder those who are honestly asking what they shall do to be saved. Nay, some would appear to be holding a *doctrine of the ancient Gnostics* who, denying the resurrection, affirmed that, their spirits being saved, they were at liberty to do what they would with the body, inasmuch as after death they would have no further concern either with it or its deeds. And although many are ready to confess that the Christian must take up his cross, yet being thoroughly satisfied that in these modern times the unwearied zeal of Christ and his apostles would be quite out of place, they can by no means find a cross to bear.

A fourth resemblance is found in the powerful appeals of Enoch, his loud calls to repentance and threatenings of judgment to come, since they were slighted by the world, must have hardened the hearts of men, and caused the Spirit of God to cease striving with them. Very probably many were at first impressed and alarmed; but after a while, when they saw day following day without any sign of the predicted vengeance, they lost their fear; they went back to their favorite sins; they could not longer be roused as before; they began to be scoffers, and mocked at the solemn warnings.

In this case also history appears to be repeating itself. The Spirit has fallen upon the church with Pentecostal vigor; revivals, missions at home and abroad, and the efforts of many individuals, have caused the conversion of thousands. Those who are really Christ's seem to be strenuously urged by a sense of their responsibilities; they are going out into the streets and lanes, into the highways and hedges, constraining men to come in; the wedding-hall is rapidly filling with guests.

And, amid the calls to repentance and offers of grace, amid the mutual exhortations to walk as children of the light, there peals forth, waxing ever louder and louder, the solemn cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him." (Matt. 25: 6.) Hundreds of books and pamphlets have been written on the subject; while the majority of the later revival preachers, and a daily increasing number of other witnesses, have promulgated it to such an extent that it would now be difficult to find a moderately intelligent Christian who is ignorant of "the great hope," even if he does not accept it as his own.

There is also a significant change passing over this testimony, and rendering it far more consistent and powerful. For although a short time has elapsed since the disagreement of prophetic writers was almost proverbial, the great body of them are now beginning to exhibit a wonderful harmony on all main points and to proclaim that the solemn event which all should be awaiting is the command that will summon the Church into the presence of her Lord. We may, therefore, in several particulars find a remarkable analogy between the preaching of God's people in the present time and the prophesying of Enoch before the days of Noah.

Have we not, then, reason to infer from the general resemblance of our days to the perilous times of the end as described by Paul (II. Tim. 3: 1-9), that Christendom, as the inevitable punishment of a general rejection of the Gospel, is being judicially blinded and irremediably hardened?

WHOM TO FEAR.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing August 7. Acts 4: 13-20. Luke 12: 4, 5.

WHETHER it be right—the Apostles began their rejoinder with words which indicate the elevated ground the Christian must occupy as to any proposed course of conduct. It is a higher plane than that of law. The members of the Sanhedrim were familiar with the letter of the law and with the puerile technical details of its interpretation; but here were men demanding to know, not if the thing were legal, but whether it was *right* While a man is under law he counts his duty done if he obeys the law, but when he is under grace he finds that there are many things permitted by the law which he must not do, because they are not right. His brother has fallen sick in the street: he breaks no law by passing by on the other side, but it is not right to do so. Some business contract places another man in his power and he can exact ruinous penalties and the law justifies him in exacting them, but he must not do so, for it is not right. There is no law to prohibit a merchant taking advantage of the ignorance or necessity of his customer and charging him more than a commodity is worth, but it is not right. His employee dare not quit his service lest he fail to obtain other employment and starve: shall the employer, taking advantage of "the misfortune of the position" of the employee, oppress him, humiliate him, reduce his wages, knowing that the man will bear all rather than risk starvation. The law does not interpose, but the employer, if he be a Christian, is bound to consider "whether it be right." The manufacturer breaks no law if in dividing the profits of his business between himself and the men who have helped him to produce the articles he has sold, he appropriates a share which surfeits him with luxuries and assigns them a share so small as to barely supply them with bread. He breaks no law, but when he stands before the bar of God, he will learn whether it was *right*.

In the very earliest day of its existence as a society, the Church of Christ proclaims itself under the higher law. "Whether it be right in the sight of God," is of much more importance than whether it accords with the decisions of the Sanhedrim. Peter and John and their fellow-believers are a new kind of men for rulers and legislatures to deal with. These men do not need to be restrained from crime; they have no desire to injure others. Their goodness is no longer negative; it is a positive quantity — goodness in activity. The law under which they live demands that they love their enemies, that they return good for evil, that they seek opportunities of helpfulness. They were members of a universal commonwealth comprising all the race. Christ was its Founder and King, and his law is above all others. The Sanhedrim will find no criminals in that commonwealth, but it may find, as in this case, its usurpations and its unjust edicts set aside by the terse and unanswerable rejoinder, "Whether it be right in the sight of God that we hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye."

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THE DETROIT CONVENTION.

FULLY five thousand delegates from the Baptist Young People's Unions assembled in Detroit, Mich., on July 14 in National Covention. An ingenious arrangement of badges enabled them to fall into their respective places without confusion and gave a bright variety of color to the various groups. The manner of assigning the badges was regulated by the sections from which the delegates came. The United States was divided into sections, Canada constituting one. The Northeast wore the gold, the South olive green, the West blue, and Canada red. Another ribbon worn by every delegate, signified the State from which he came. These colors were as follows: For the Northeast States—Maine, mahogany; Vermont, wine-red; Massachusetts, sage-green; Rhode Island, pink; New Jersey, terra-cotta; Ohio, heliotrope; Michigan, peacock-blue; Indiana, cardinal; New Hampshire, sea-green; Connecticut, Yale-blue; New York, rose; Pennsylvania, royal purple; Wisconsin, scarlet; Illinois, olive green.

The New York and New England representatives were about 120 in number. Among the most prominent of the delegates were the Rev. H. C. Mabie, of Boston, formerly Home Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union; the Rev. G. E. Horr, of Boston, editor of *The Watchman*; C. J. Spencerly, a lay member of the Union; Frank H. Field, president of the New York State Union; the Rev. Moses Bixbie, of Providence, R. I.; the Rev. Kitteridge Wheeler, of Hartford, Conn.; and the Rev. Leighton Williams, of New York City. Perhaps the delegate who attracted as much attention as any one was J. B. Cranfill, of Waco, Texas, candidate of the Prohibition party for Vice-President.

The exercises were opened with a praise service, led by the Rev. L. L. Henson, of Baltimore, and A. H. Finn, president of the Detroit Union, delivered an address of welcome. The Rev. Dr. W. M. Lawrence, of Chicago, made the response, and the Rev. Dr. Frank L. Wilkins, the general secretary, read the annual

PRESIDENT JOHN H. CHAPMAN.

reports. This meeting was held in the Detroit Rink, which was gayly decorated. An adjournment was made to the light Infantry Armory, where an informal receiption was held. The songs sung during the Convention have been compiled in pamphlet form by Rev. E. McBurr, pastor of the Ruggles Street Baptist Church, in Boston. Among the missionaries in attendance were Rev. J. E. Clough, a well-known Baptist missionary, who for many years has worked in India, His daughter, also a missionary, accompanied him. Professor E. H. Rishel, principal of the A-To-Ka Baptist Academy, of the Indian Territory, was also present, and brought with him a little Choctaw Indian girl, who sang hymns in the language of her tribe.

Friday's exercises opened with a song service led by the Rev. Everett D. Burr of Boston. The Rev. J. B. Thomas, pastor of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, of Toronto, Ont., offered a prayer and then the report of the Committee on Important Topics was read by the Rev. John Humpstone, of Brooklyn. J. B. Cranfill, of Texas, candidate for Vice-President on the National Prohibition ticket, occupied the chair during the session. H. C. J. Spencerly, of Boston, led in the debate on minor amendments to the constitution. He is the leader of the largest Bible class in America, 3,000 young men and women joining in his praise service every Sunday afternoon in Tremont Temple, Boston. Then came the salute of flags. Each State had a flag and each flag bore a motto. The banners were carried by little girls from Detroit. Hardly had the line of twenty-one States been completed when Dr. Lansing Burrows, of Augusta, Ga., unfurled a large American flag, and the audience sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Brief addresses followed, among which was that of Rev. Kerr B. Tupper, on "The Supreme Mission of Baptists."

The morning session was concluded with an interesting service, "The Pastors' Hour," led by the Rev. Leighton Williams, of New York. The National officers were then elected and the afternoon session closed with State and Provincial rallies. These officers were chosen: President, John H. Chapman, of Chicago; Vice-Presidents, J. B. Cranfill, of Texas; Thomas Urquhart, of Toronto, Ont., and Frank H. Field, of New York; Recording Secretary, R. F. Y. Pierce, of New Jersey; Treasurer, J. C. Staples, of Chicago.

At the evening session the principal event was an open discussion on the Sunday-closing of the World's Fair. The belief in the desirability of closing the Fair was universal among the delegates.

The presence of "Aunt Lizzie" Aiken, of Chicago, awakened great interest. Every one knows her history—how she managed the hospitals at Memphis and Nashville during the war, and won the love and gratitude of thousands of veterans, and how, since the close of the war, she has taken a prominent part in philanthropic work. She is seventy-two years old, but as young in feeling as though she was thirty years old. She is short of stature, and alert and cheerful in demeanor. She occupied a seat of honor on the platform.

Saturday's sessions opened with a sunrise prayer-meeting in the Woodward Avenue Church which was well filled, though the hour of meeting was six o'clock A.M. Mr. A. Brincke, of Philadelphia, led the meeting, and the prayers were for the young people of the Union. The chairman of the morning session was Frank Harvey Field, of New York. After the usual devotional exercises the delegates discussed the methods of conducting the local meetings, the Rev. S. A. Northrup, of Fort Wayne, Ind., leading. It was shown how much the young people's societies would do to win the affections of children away from the world, the flesh and the devil. An electric bell placed under one of the tables for the purpose of cutting off long debate rang frequently during the session. An unadvertised feature was a short song by Geo. W. Clark, the temperance advocate of Detroit. The Rev. D. D. McLaurin of New York, discussed the mission and principles of the Union.

The first session on Sunday was a prayer meeting in the Rink at 9:30 A. M. It was conducted by Mr. C. J. Spencerly of Boston, the leader of the Tremont Temple afternoon song service. Adjournment was then taken to the various churches, meeting again at 2 o'clock, to participate in the praise-meeting led by the Rev. W. E. Witter, of Des Moines. Until 5 o'clock missions occupied the time of the delegates, there being four speeches by ministers according to the programme, and an interesting and general discussion. In the evening Emory W. Hunt, of Toledo, led the praise service, which was followed by the president's address on the new year. Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of Minneapolis, delivered the convention address, which elicited signs of approval from all sides. After singing, General Secretary Frank L. Watkins conducted a testimony and enlistment service, one of the most interesting features of the convention, and one which aroused enthusiasm. The final adjournment was at ten o'clock.

The selection of the next meeting place has been left to the Executive Committee. Invitations have been received from Indianapolis, Omaha, Chicago, and some Southern cities, but it is said that the World's Fair is a sufficient attraction to make Chicago the place of meeting. It was unanimously agreed to locate the Executive committee in Chicago, where these members reside: the Rev. Dr. W. M. Lawrence, chairman; J. Nuvells, the Rev Dr. P.S. Henson, I. M. Price, the Rev. O. P. Gifford, J. H. Chapman, the Rev. E. B. Hurlburr, W. G. Sherer, and Jesse A. Baldwin. The Board of Managers nnanimously Elected the Rev. L. L. Henson of Baltimore, moderator.

Mr. John H. Chapman, whose election is mentioned in the preceding column and whose portrait is given on this page, is an active member of the Baptist denomination, and for twenty years has been connected with the Western Avenue Baptist Church of Chicago. He has been Superintendent of its Home and Mission Sundays Schools, and is one of its trustees. He has, besides, been prominent in various religious bodies in Chicago, including the Baptist City Mission Society, Young People's Union, Cook County Sunday School Association and Chicago Baptist Social Union, and was chosen first President of the Baptist Young People's Union of America. He is a painstaking and tireless worker, possesses great executive ability, and is very widely esteemed.

AT SUNSET.

I KNOW, beloved, it is a sign
Of better days to come—
This glory 'fore these eyes of mine,
As I am coming home.
The angels, looking farther than
Our human sight can see,
Are smiling through "the gates ajar"
Their promise unto me.

I know it is a promise sure
Of blessed days to come—
A prophecy, my dearest one,
That greets me coming home.
I see our happiness portrayed
Within the sunset-glow:
The picture in the heavens made
Means joy for us, I know.

THE TEMPLES OF PHILÆ.

Ancient Ruins Still to be Seen on the Sacred Island of the Nile—The Temples of Isis and Osiris—Prophecies Fulfilled

MANY modern travelers, and some of the most notable writers on Oriental topics, deplore the destruction of the monuments of the old civilization in Palestine and Syria. In Egypt, however, as a writer in a Leipzig publication remarks, matters are in a much better condition, and the government is doing everything in its power to preserve the ancient monuments. Tourists and natives are not permitted to mutilate them and the scholar and investigator have ready and full access to the treasures, which are owned by the government, and for the preservation of which museums have been established. In Turkish territory, what remains of such monuments is practically secluded from the scholar and investigator, and a large number of the historic structures in Syria are closed to travelers.

On this page, we give an illustration of the ruins of the colonnade of the great temple of Isis, on the sacred island of Philæ, which has been venerated by many generations of Egyptians. The island is very small, being only a quarter of a mile long and about 500 feet broad; it is on a granite rock in the River Nile near Assouan. Beyond a little alluvial soil, a few date palms and some other vegetation, its verdure is scanty. It contains many interesting and beautiful monuments, including the legendary burial-place of Osiris and the Temple of Isis—the two greatest Egyptian deities. These ruins, together with others on this famous island, are all well preserved. The great Temple of Isis on the western side of Philæ, yet stands, and a smaller temple, evidently of the Greek and Roman time, overhangs the river near by. As seen by tourists, the splendid colonnades are grand and imposing even in their architectural decay. One is a continuous line of thirty-three columns, whose shafts are covered with intaglios and whose capitals are adorned with many varieties of designs, no two alike. The Eastern colonnade has sixteen columns, singularly carved. On the Western side, a flight of steps descends to the river, the base being frequently under water. The temple of Isis—the famed goddess of Egyptian mythology—is an architectural creation on which the eyes of artists all over the world dwell with delight. It is graceful yet simple, light and beautiful in form. In some of the temples in Philæ is seen the head of Augustus, in others the sceptical profile of Tiberius or the brutal face of Claudius, combined with the peculiar figures and forms always found in Egyptian art. Most of the temples are hypethral or roofless, the design of the architects being to have them open, and the pillars being built up only a third of the height, the whole surmounted by an elaborate cornice.

Philæ is outside of the proper limits of Egypt. Its temples, begun probably by the Egyptians, were continued by the Roman Emperors of the time of the Ptolemies. They are not to be compared in antiquity, vastness of structure or magnificence of design with the temples of Karnak, nor with the Rameseum on the edge of the desert, which is the most beautiful ruin in Egypt, as Karnak is the grandest, nor yet with the monumental tombs of the Kings at Thebes, which include nineteen mansoleums with paintings and sculptures almost wholly of a religious character, and showing the belief in a future state. But they are specially interesting as well-preserved memorials of a bye-gone age, when the highest and most enduring talents of man were devoting to embodying in stone, marble and rock the conceptions of eternal things. The desolation and silence that prevail in Philæ, and indeed in all the other localities where such ruins stand, recall forcibly the prophecy of Jeremiah (46: 19), "Noph shall be waste and desolate," and also the words of Ezekiel (30: 13), "I will destroy the idols and I will cause their image to cease out of Noph."

COLONNADE OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS, ISLAND OF PHILÆ.

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Other People's Convenience.

WE ought to think of other people's convenience more than some of us do. The home is the place where this thoughtfulness ought to begin and be cultivated. One who comes late to breakfast admits that he is guilty of an amiable self-indulgence, but forgets that he has marred the harmonious flow of household life and caused confusion and extra work. The other day an important committee of fifteen was kept waiting ten minutes for one tardy member, who came sauntering in at last, without even an apology for causing fifteen men a loss of time that to them was very valuable, besides having put a sore strain on their patience and good nature. Common life is full of just such thoughtlessness, which causes untold personal inconvenience, and ofttimes produces irritation and hurts the hearts of friends. We ought to train ourselves in all our life to think also of other people.

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Vacation Day Walks.

No part of the world offers greater facilities for walking tours than the United States, observes the Meadville *Chautauquan*. No one will be harmed whose feet are shod with the preparation of hygiene, and not of fashion. The foot strikes the ground on an average of two thousand times in every mile, and if a single horse-hair or a fold no larger should press against the foot, the continually repeated pressure would soon cut through the skin. The change of shoes and stockings distributes the pressure. For a person wholly unaccustomed, let the walk of the first day be but six miles; three leisurely taken in the morning, and three in the afternoon. Add one mile per day to each of these exercises for five days, and rest on Sunday. Begin the next Monday with five miles in the morning and five in the afternoon, and add one mile to the morning and one to the afternoon walk, up to the next Saturday. Twenty miles a day will thus be reached, and after that he can do as he pleases. By the end of the second week almost all tendency to take cold will have disappeared; though it is never safe to sit down on the ground or on a rock without something besides the clothes between the rock or the ground and the body.

Making a tour in a carriage is a passive exercise, is very delightful, but hardly worth mentioning as a means of accumulating energy. It is a sort of agreeable rest cure.

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Always "Her Boy."

"THE most-to-be-regretted act of my life," says a lieutenant-commander in the navy, in the *Christian Guardian*, "was a letter which I wrote home to my mother when about seventeen years of age. She always addressed her letters to me as 'My dear boy.' I felt at that time I was a man, or very near it, and wrote saying that her constant addressing me as a 'boy' made me feel displeased.

"I received in reply a letter full of reproaches and tears. Among other things she said: 'You might grow to be as big as Goliath, as strong as Samson and as wise as Solomon; you might become ruler of a nation, or emperor of many nations, and the world might revere you and fear you; but to your devoted mother you would always appear, in memory, in your innocent, unpretentious, unself-conceited, unpampered babyhood. In those days when I washed and dressed and kissed and worshipped you, you were my idol. Now-a-days you are becoming a part of a gross world, by contact with it, and I cannot bow down to you and worship you. But if there is manhood and maternal love transmitted to you, you will understand that the highest compliment that mother love can pay you is to call you 'my dear boy.'"

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Old Bachelors.

WE are getting a fearful crop of old bachelors. They swarm around us. They go through life lop-sided. Half-dressed, they sit round cold mornings, all a-shiver, sewing on buttons and darning socks, and then go down to a boarding-house table which is bounded on the north and south and east and west by the Great Sahara Desert. We do not pity them at all. May all their buttons be off tomorrow morning! Why do they not set up a plain home of their own and come into the ark, two and two? The supporting of a wife is looked upon as a great horror. Why, dear friends, with right and healthy notions of time and eternity it is very easy to support a wife if she be the kind worth supporting. If she be educated into false notions of refinement and have "young ladies' institutes" piled on her head till she be imbecile, you will never be able to support her. Everything depends on whether you take for your wife a woman or a doll-baby. Our opinion is that three-fourths the successful men of the day owe much of their prosperity to the wife's help. The load of life is so heavy it takes a team of two to draw it. The ship wants not only a captain, but a first mate. Society to-day, trans-Atlantic and cis-Atlantic, very much needs more royal marriages.

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STEP-MOTHERS

IN society it has become a proverb: "Cruel as a step-mother." I am disposed, however, to think that, while there may be marked exceptions, step-mothers are the most self-sacrificing beings in all the world. They come into the family scrutinized by the household and the relatives of the one who used to occupy the motherly position. Neighborly busybodies meet the children on the street and sigh over them and ask them how their new mothers treat them. The wardrobe of the youngsters comes under the severe inspection of outsiders.

The child, having been taught that the lady of the household is "nothing but a step-mother," screams at the least chastisement, knowing that the neighbor's window is up and this will be a good way of making publication. That is called cruelty which is only a most reasonable, moderate and Christian spanking. What a job she has in navigating a whole nursery of somebody else's children through mumps, measles, whooping-cough, and chicken-pox! One of the things that I rejoice over in life is that it is impossible that I can ever become a step-mother. In many cases she has the largest possible toil for the least reward.

Blessed be the Lord who setteth the solitary in families, that there are glorious exceptions! The new mother comes to the new home, and the children gather the first day around her as the natural protector. They never know the difference between the first and second mother. They seem like two verses of the same hymn, two days of the same summer, two strokes from the same bell, two blessings from the same God. She is watchful all night long over the sick little one, bathing the brow and banishing the scare of the feverish dream. After a while those children will rise up to do her honor; and when her work is done, she will go up to get the large reward that awaits a faithful, great-hearted Christian step-mother in the land where the neighbors all mind their own business.

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The Folly of Haste.

IN one of our prominent educational institutions, observes Rev. G. H. Hubbard in the *Advance*, it has for many years been the custom for the students to devote one hour of each evening to quiet meditation; and that "still hour," as it was called, has proved one of the most effective means of promoting the spiritual welfare of the institution and securing the conversion of its students. If a few such still hours could be wedged into the lives of our rushing business men and society ladies and laborers and pleasure-seekers, it would undermine much of the practical infidelity that prevails among these classes.

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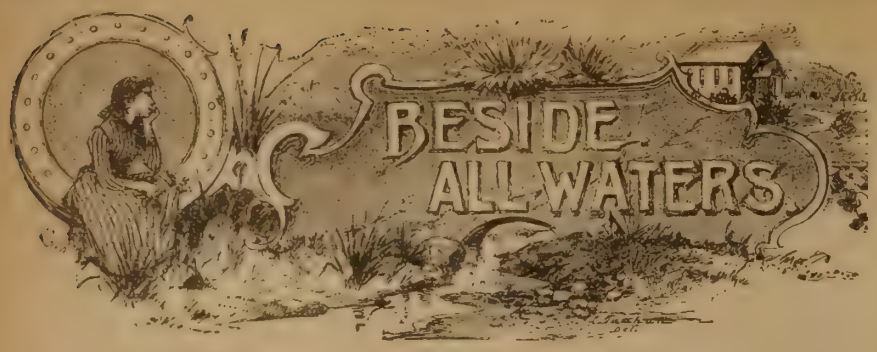
Trifles that Show Character.

A STRAW will show which way the wind blows, and trifles reveal character even more than large things, says a writer in *Good Form*. In the great issues of life we are on our guard: not so in our small unconscious acts. Look at the way a man puts his foot on the ground, at the way he chews his food, shakes hands, behaves when suddenly interrupted or surprised. In his advice to young men about the choice of a wife, William Cobbett tells the story of a young friend who, courting one of three sisters, happened to be on a visit to her when all three were present, and when one said to the other, "I wonder where our needle is." This was enough. He withdrew as soon as consistent with politeness, resolved never to think more of a girl who possessed a needle only in partnership, and who, it appeared, was not well informed as to the place.



BY
LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*
Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.
(*Continued.*)

ANOTHER tea-party had been held that afternoon, quite as pleasant, though smaller and more informal.

"Kit," said Symantha after dinner, "don't you want to go up and play on the mountain this afternoon? I'm going to clean up the kitchen, and I want it all to myself."

"Yes, indeed, I should like it!" answered Kit; "but I thought perhaps you would want me to sit with aunt Martha."

"No; she had a bad time this morning, and she will be sure to sleep all the afternoon. I'll give you some gingerbread and a bottle of milk, so you can have a picnic and a nice time reading. Wait a minute; I've got something else for you." She left the room, and presently returned with a book bound in colored calf, old but still in good preservation. "That was my grandmother's book," said she as she put it into Kit's hands. "I found it this morning on the top shelf of a cupboard in the back room. Take good care of it."

Kit opened the volume, which proved to be a copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Holy War" bound together.

"Oh, how glad I am!" she exclaimed. "Now I can read it all. Thank you, Symantha."

"I was looking for a Bible for you; and perhaps I shall find one yet, somewhere," said Symantha. "There ought to be one about the house, I should think."

"I have got a Testament," said Kit timidly.

"Have you? Where did you get it?"

Kit told the story. Symantha listened with her face turned away.

"Don't let pa or Melissa see it or know anything about it," was her comment. "Keep it hid away. After all, I don't see why he should care," she added, speaking more to herself than to Kit. "If it is all a dream, at least it is one that gives people comfort; and there is not too much of that in the world."

"But it isn't all a dream, I am sure it isn't," said Kit with tearful earnestness. "I don't know as I could tell you why—I am only a little girl—but I am just as sure it is true as that I am alive."

"Well, child, think so if it does you any good. I wish I did, though I am badly off if it is," Symantha added with a bitter smile. "But there, run along, and have a nice time. Pa and Melissa have gone to Oldbury, and won't be at home till night; so you can stay as long as you like."

Kit kissed Symantha, and betook herself to her favorite place on the hill. As she came round the end of the ledge, she saw two figures ascending from the other side, carrying a basket between them; and her heart beat with pleasure as she recognized the two young ladies from the stone house.

"Oh, I do hope they are coming here!" she said to herself. She was not mistaken.

"Here is our little hostess," said Ida. "I hoped we should find her. Kitty, my dear, will you lend us the use of your summer parlor this afternoon, and join us in a picnic? You see we have brought our basket."

Kit never knew exactly how she answered; but certain it is, neither of her guests found any fault with their welcome.

"Now, where shall we put our provisions, to keep them fresh and cool till we want them?" asked Amity. For answer Kit moved away a thin slab of stone, and showed a deep, shady cavity, which seemed to be of some size.

"I call that my spring-house," said she. "There really is a spring in there. If you listen you will hear it."

Both the girls bent down, and distinctly heard the silvery plash of water-drops in the little cave.

"How very pretty!" said Amity. "If we lighted a match we might see the whole of it."

"I don't know as I want to," replied Kit a little shyly. "I like to think it is a great, deep cave with jewels and all kinds of beautiful things, and a lovely lady like the one in my old fairy-book."

"Exactly," said Ida. "I understand. You and I like to imagine, while Amity wants to go to the bottom of everything with a match and a candle. However, we won't disturb your romance, Kitty. And now what shall we do to amuse ourselves? What book have you there?"

Kit displayed her treasure.

"What a nice old copy!" said Amity. "See, Ida, what a beautiful title-page, with the warriors of 'The Holy War' winding down one side, and Christian and Hopeful toiling up the other. Suppose we take turns in reading aloud, Ida; I dare say Kitty will like to hear some of her book. And then you shall give us some music—you will like that, won't you, Kitty?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" answered Kit with sparkling eyes; "but perhaps you and Miss Van Zandt would rather read your own books," she added with instinctive politeness, glancing at the volumes the girls had taken from their basket.

"No, indeed!" answered Ida. "The *Pilgrim's Progress* is just the book for such a place and such an afternoon."

"Well, don't let us waste all our time getting ready," said practical Amity, producing her knitting, which her friends were wont to consider as much a part of herself as her fingers. "Begin at the beginning, Ida."

"'As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den; and I laid me down in that place to sleep.'"

How many children during the last two hundred years have had their attention arrested, and their imaginations charmed, by these words! I know of no book which gains more by being well read aloud than the *Pilgrim's Progress*; and Ida read aloud uncommonly well, having been thoroughly trained in that most desirable accomplishment by her mother and aunt Barbara. I do not mean to imply that she was that fearsome creature, an elocutionist. On the contrary, she read like a lady, in a clear, soft voice, with due emphasis and attention to stops. Kit sat with folded hands, and listened in a happy dream. The weather was perfect, sunny but not too bright, with fleecy clouds passing over the blue sky,—

Shepherded by the soft, unwilling wind—

which did not reach the sheltered hillside. She felt a pleasure in the pretty calico dresses and well-suited colors, the glossy hair and becoming hats, of the young ladies, in their well-trained voices and manners, and above all in the wonderful story. She did not, of course, understand it fully,—it is a book wherein the most experienced Christian may find much to ponder,—but she had a general idea of the meaning; while to her Christian and his wife, Obstinate and Pliable, Mr. Worldly Wiseman and the keeper of the wicket gate, were as real as uncle Phin and Mr. Bassett and all the other people she saw every day. Kit often looked back on that day as one of the happiest of her life.

"Now we will have some music," said Amity after they had got Christian safely to the House Beautiful. What will you sing, Ida?"

"What would Kitty like to hear?" asked Ida.

"Please, would you sing the hymn they sang in the schoolhouse the other night?" asked Kit with bashful eagerness. "The first one, I mean."

Ida complied, and sang the most beautiful of hymns all through; Kit listening meanwhile as if her life depended on not losing a note.

"That is lovely!" she said, more to herself than to Ida, when the hymn was finished. "I think I could sing it now if I knew the words."

"Can you sing?" asked Amity.

"Yes, ma'am, I could always sing everything I heard; but I never had a chance to learn many hymns. I can sing *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*, though."

"Sing it," said Amity; and Kit complied. Her voice was quite uncultivated.

"You ought to take singing-lessons," remarked Ida. "I suppose you never had any."

"No, ma'am. I never had lessons in any thing till I came here, only Symantha taught me to read and write, and to sew; and sometimes I would go to school a few weeks at a time, but not very often."

"You don't remember anything about your mother?"

"No, ma'am, not really. Sometimes when aunt Martha is pretty quiet, and especially when I look at her asleep, she makes me think about my mother; but I can't tell why. Melissa says my mother died in the poorhouse; but she is such a liar I never believe anything she says," concluded Kit in a matter-of-fact tone which scandalized Amity.

"Hush, hush!" said she. "Little girls should not call people liars."

"Not when they tell lies?" asked Kit. "Melissa does; you can't believe a word she says about anything."

Ida bent down to hide a smile, and Amity found it convenient to change the subject.

"Does not Symantha tell you anything about your mother?"

"No, ma'am. I asked her one or twice, but she did not answer; and I saw she did not like it, so I didn't say any more. Symantha has so much trouble, and she is so good to me, I don't like to do anything to bother her."

"Quite right," said Amity. "But you say you do not think you lived in the poorhouse. Why?"

Kit knitted her brows, and her eyes assumed the far-off look they always took when she tried to recall her faint recollections of her former home.

"Because of things I can recollect," said she. "I remember sitting on the floor, and tracing out the pattern of the carpet with my finger. When I saw Mrs. Blandy's carpet hung out, I thought of it. And I remember a gray bird in a round cage, and—I know that can't be true though—it seems just as if it could talk."

"I dare say it did," said Ida. "Probably the bird was a gray parrot. But don't you recollect any lady that took care of you, and that you called mamma or mother?"

"No, not really," said Kit. "Whenever I try, it seems for a minute as if I did; and then she gets all mixed up with aunt Martha. Only there is one thing I have thought of since you said that name Kathleen," added Kit eagerly. "I know that is my name; and somebody, I don't know who, used to sing a song about Kathleen,—'Kathleen My —' something. I think I should know the tune if I heard it: I always do remember tunes."

"Was this it?" asked Ida, and she sang a verse of the beautiful Irish song,—

Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking.

She had not finished the verse when Kit broke in, her eyes and cheeks blazing with excitement,—

"That is it, that is it! I have dreamed it sometimes, but I never could remember it when I was awake. Oh, I know it was my mother that sang that!" and she burst into such a passionate fit of crying and sobbing, that the girls were alarmed.

"Hush, my dear. Don't cry so; you will be sick," said Amity, putting her arm around the child. "There, try to be quiet yourself."

Kit made a violent effort, and succeeded in regaining some degree of composure. "I can't think what makes me cry so easy," she said as she wiped her eyes. "I cried about the snake this morning. I think it must be because my hand keeps me awake nights."

"Perhaps so. Is your hand so bad?"

"Yes, ma'am; it is very sore."

"What was it about the snake?" asked Ida, looking nervously about her. She was dreadfully afraid of snakes, and was always suspecting them in every possible locality.

"Oh, there are none here," said Kit, seeing Ida's movement. "I never saw a snake on this hill. It was down at the schoolhouse. I think it did scare me, for I have felt shaky ever since."

"But what was it?" persisted Ida. Kit told the story in as few words as possible.

"You dear, brave little thing!" exclaimed Ida. "How could you do it? It makes me shudder to think of it."

"Well, it wasn't nice," said Kit emphatically: "it felt so cold and horrid! I felt as if I wanted to wash my hands a dozen times over."

"I don't wonder. But don't let us talk about it any more now," said Amity. "I think we had better have our tea. I don't know how you two feel, but I am hungry."

"I have got some gingerbread and milk, if you like it," said Kit modestly. "Symantha makes real nice gingerbread."

"That will be a fine addition to our feast. Come, Ida, let us set the table; and Kit shall be the company, and look on."

Never was anything so pretty, Kit thought, as the little china plates and cups produced from the basket; never anything so wonderful as the spirit-lamp over which Amity heated up the tea, or so nice as the sandwiches and sponge-cake. When all was ready, Ida made a sign to Amity who bent her head and made a simple grace. Kit looked on with awe. It was the first time she had ever seen or heard of such a thing. The girls at their supper with abundance of jokes and laughter. Kit had not much appetite, but she enjoyed the delicate sandwich, and the fragrant cup of tea which helped the headache she had carried all day.

"Well, we have had a very nice time," said Amity after she had repacked the basket. "Now, Kitty, what can we do for you?"

"You have done too much for me now," replied Kit. "I never had such a nice time in my life. Only"—

"Only what?" asked Ida.

"I wish I had the words of that hymn," said Kit, blushing. "I think I could sing it sometimes if I knew the words. And that about the shadow of the wing is so nice: it makes me think of the little chickens running under the old hen when it rains, or they are scared."

"That is what it means," said Ida. "Let me tell you a verse in the Bible about that: 'He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust' (Ps. 91: 4.) You shall have the hymn, Kathleen. I will send you a little book which has it and a good many more. I will give it to Miss Armstrong to-morrow. Good-night, my dear. I hope we shall have another nice picnic sometime."

When Amity and Ida reached home, they told Mrs. Van Zandt what Kit had said, and how she remembered the song.

"I do believe she is Kathleen Joyce's child," said aunt Barbara. "But how should she come into these people's hands, and why should they wish to keep her away from every one?"

"I was struck with one thing she said," remarked Ida,—"that, when she thought of her mother, she always got her mixed up with aunt Martha. Do you suppose it possible that she can be Mrs. Mallory's child?"

"It does not seem likely," said Mrs. Van Zandt. "Why should they wish to conceal it?"

"There might be some money in the case," said Ida.

"It is possible. I heard that Kathleen's husband became quite wealthy at one time, from some fortunate speculation.

"Did she never write to you after her marriage?" asked Amity.

"Never," answered Mrs. Van Zandt sadly.

"Perhaps her husband would not allow it."

"I think that very likely; he never forgave my opposition to the match. And some notion of loyalty to his memory might have kept her from writing afterward."

"It seems loyalty to his memory did not prevent her marrying again," said Amity.

"That is different, as the children say," replied Mrs. Van Zandt; "and, besides, we do not know that is the same person."

"Some people would consider poor Kathleen's conduct as an argument against the adoption of children," said Amity.

Mrs. Van Zandt smiled rather sadly.

"I have heard of other than adopted daughters making runaway matches," said she. "Moreover, on looking back, I can see where I was myself to blame in Kathleen's case. I indulged and petted her beyond all reason. I allowed her to please herself in all things, and never taught her to exercise self-denial or self-control. Spoiled children are not often grateful to their spoilers; and, indeed, I do not know why they should be. Well, my dears, we must keep our eyes on this poor little girl, and try to befriend her. Whoever she may be, she is one of the Lord's little ones. Perhaps the truth may come out some time. I am glad that you have given her at least one pleasant afternoon."

* * *

Kit had hardly reached home when she saw her uncle drive into the yard, and presently he entered the kitchen with Melissa. Phin's brow was dark, and he had an uneasy expression, as though (so Kit said to herself) he had been doing something he was ashamed of. Melissa, on the contrary, was in excellent spirits, and wore a decided expression of triumph. Phin hardly spoke, except to inquire for his wife, till after supper. Then he turned to Kit, and asked, not unkindly,—

"Well, Kit, how is your hand?"

"It is very sore," said Kit: "I can't use it a bit, and it ached all night almost."

"What is it about the snake?" asked Melissa. "We stopped at the tavern, and some one told pa a great story about your saving Fletcher's girl from a snake."

(*To be Continued.*)

* By special arrangement with Thomas Whittaker, publisher, New York.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. L. P. Bell, Ripley, O. Write to Rev. F. E. Clark, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

A. W. Cressman, Norwich, Ont. Write to Harper Brothers, publishers, New York, for all the information wanted.

M. J. M., Kunkle, O. What was the occupation of Samuel Warren, author of "$10,000 a year?"

An English lawyer. He died in 1877.

Peter Carson, Waterbury, Ct. Is *The Scottish Chief's* reckoned a religious work? 2. In what city is the *Sidereal Messenger* published?

1. No. 2. Northfield, Minn.

J. Falk, Newark, N. J. What is the origin of the term "sweetness and light," now so frequently used?

It originated with Esop, who likened the ancient authors to bees full of "sweetness and light" and the moderns to spiders.

Thos. W. B. Ferguson, Fort Gay, W. Va. 1. How long has Dr. Talmage been preaching in Brooklyn? 2. Are all his sermons on record? 3. Are they published in book form?

1. Twenty-three years. 2. Yes. 3. Write to Treat, publisher, Cooper Union, N.Y.City.

J. B., Lexington, O. Was it ever known whose child the Saviour took up in his arms and blessed when he said, "Suffer the little ones," etc?

There is a tradition to the effect that the child so blessed and honored afterwards became Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, and died a martyr's death among the lions in Trajan's ampitheatre at Rome.

A. Lamb, Swanton, Neb. Who was the originator of secret societies?

Their origin is hidden in antiquity. They were known in Egypt thousands of years ago. Some of the secret societies of the present day claim direct and unbroken descent from those of Egypt. We have already repeatedly answered the last part of your question.

J. W. R., Hampton, Va. Is it wrong for a Christian to sue anyone at law when he cannot otherwise get any satisfaction, and feels that he has been very badly treated?

There may be extreme cases in which it becomes our duty to others, as well as to ourselves, to invoke the assistance of the law. Those who follow the Christian life, however, will shun litigation and respect the admonition given in Matt. 5: 40 and 1. Cor. 6: 6, 7.

Charles T. Griffith, Vera Cruz, Mo. What did the Saviour mean when he spoke of the camel and the needle's eye? What kind of a needle as it?

The needle was a narrow gate in the city wall. A loaded camel could not pass through, and the illustration was intended to show that it would be easier for the loaded beast of burden to squeeze through this strait passageway than the rich man to enter the heavenly portal, encumbered by cares an anxieties for worldly goods.

M., Hillsdale, Ill. In your Mail-Bag of July 6, a reader asks regarding a Christian working on the Sabbath day. I am a believer in Jesus Christ, am employed by two of the largest railroads of the West in the capacity of telegraph operator and as such am compelled to work a part of the Sabbath day, very frequently and in emergencies, the whole day. This being my life occupation should I be condemned? Religious papers and the Bible form my reading matter during spare moments.

The injunction as to Sabbath observance is without qualification, except as to works of necessity and mercy. Your own conscience will tell you infallibly whether your Sunday labor belongs to either of these classes.

Edson Pierce, Blairstown, N. J. 1. What causes blushes and how may they be avoided? 2. Is it wrong for a member of a church to dance?

1. Physiologists affirm that blushes are caused by mental shock or agitation, operating through the brain and sympathetic nerves with capillary circulation, forcing an increased flow of blood into the capillary vessels. The sympathetic nerves are said to come in direct connection with the hands and face. Probably the only way to cure onesself of the habit is to persistently cultivate coolness under all circumstances. 2. We have already repeatedly stated the views of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on this subject. See issue of Feb. 3.

C. W. E., Hillsboro, Tex. Why do ministers so seldom preach about the Second Advent?

Many of them do not expect Christ to come in person, but interpret the passages about his coming to mean the death of the believer. Others believe that their duty consists in teaching their hearers how to live godly lives and urging them to do so, and argue that there is no better way of preparing them for Christ's coming. The chief reason probably is that the study of prophecy is difficult, and expositors give interpretations so diverse from each other. There is, however, an increasing tendency in these days to study the subject and preach about it, which we are told would be the case in the last days (Daniel 12:10). All the virgins were asleep when the midnight cry was raised.

Subscriber, Medford, N. J. The question of instrumental music in the church has arisen here: such as the violin, cornet, and piccolo. We have members who are strongly opposed to them. Please give us light on this subject.

In Rev. Dr. Talmage's church—the Brooklyn Tabernacle—the cornet and organ are employed in the musical part of the service. In ancient times, before the Christian era, a great variety of instruments were so used, but the simplicity of the Christian service discarded almost all such adjuncts to worship. The modern tendency is in the direction of a modified musical service; but judgment will draw the line at a point where it would become a mere concert or musical show.

L. P., San Marcos, Tex. Is it wrong to preach or lecture on Temperance from the pulpit?

Certainly not. You must not forget, however, that only a part of your work is done when you have induced the drunkard to sign the pledge. You should not relax your efforts till you have led him to Christ and he has experienced the change of heart which will keep him steadfast. The minister's duty is to preach the Gospel, and it may be that while you are preaching temperance, some anxious soul among your hearers may be needing to know the way of salvation. The sermon or lecture on temperance should have in it a clear statement of the Gospel which you can easily introduce as higher ground to be reached by the total abstainer.

F. W. Ruhl, Cicero, N. Y., writes, replying to the question of Christian, Clarksville, Tenn., in The Mail-Bag of June 29:

There are many conscientious Christians who stay home from church Sundays because their horses have been worked all the week. But is this really so? Are their horses worked all the week and every week of the year? Farmers do not work their horses on rainy days. There are but few weeks in the year when this excuse is valid. I find, in my experience as a minister, that unconverted people in the country, and a great many others also, use their horses on Sunday to go visiting, fishing, hunting, etc., but stay home from church because the horses must rest. In the State of New York, many farmers drive to the village early in the morning of a week day, let the horses stand in the hot sun for hours while they gossip in the stores, and then drive back late at night. After working horses hard all Saturday, a farmer thinks he must drive to the village to get his mail, and the tired horses must stand under some shade for hours till he is ready to go home, and the next day being Sunday, horses and driver are both too tired to go to church. I don't think it will hurt any horse to be driven to church, even if worked all the week, provided the owner will start early and drive leisurely, unless the distance is too great.

NATIVE JAPANESE TEACHERS.

IN no land do missionaries receive better help in their work from the native converts than in Japan. Miss Converse gives her experience in a recent letter to the Baptist Missionary Society from Yokohama, Japan. She says:

"The past season is marked for the quiet, steady spiritual activity of the Japanese with whom I am associated. The teachers in our school are not only teaching their respective branches well, but are seeking to impress Christian principles upon the hearts of the students. Said one to me, a short time ago, 'If I taught arithmetic only, no matter how successful, I should feel that I was doing little; but if I can help to make these girls feel their responsibility as Christian Japanese women, I am satisfied. The fate of our nation, whether it becomes a Christian country, or not, depends largely upon the character of the Japanese women.'

"The teachers help in the Sunday schools, in evangelistic work, visit the homes of the girls,—in fact, respond cheerfully to any request I make for Christian service. Their 'as well as I can,' said cheerfully and earnestly, in response to my requests, helps me more than they can now. The girls study the Bible daily, with genuine heart interest; and though they often need reproof, their lives certainly show the fruits of the Spirit. One after another is yielding to God, and becoming his child. Kobayashi San, a native evangelist, who works alternately in two sections of the city, seems to be full of the Spirit, serving the Lord. The worse the weather, the more determined he is to go to his work; for the men are more likely to be at leisure, he says. Among the fishermen he has had much encouragement. He talks to bands of twelve, fifteen, or twenty-five as they sit mending their nets. The rude indifference manifested at first, has given way to a respectful attention while he talks, and a reverent bowing of the head while he prays. He believes that six or eight are genuinely converted. The policemen have forbidden his preaching on one of the most frequented streets where he has been accustomed to go night after night, because the crowd who stopped to listen to him blocked the way."

INDIAN OBJECT LESSONS.

An impressive series of spectacles was presented to a party of visitors who accompanied Bishop Whipple to a camp of Ojibway Indians. The *Watchword* thus relates what was done:

After all had eaten of a feast prepared by the Indians, the chief, Wah-bon-a-quot arose, and, addressing the bishop, said, "Would your friends like to see us as we were before the white man came?" Suddenly there appeared a tall, athletic Indian, with a painted face, and dressed in a robe of skins ornamented with porcupine quills, and by his side a pleasant-faced woman in wild dress.

Then, turning to his guests the chief asked: "Shall I tell you what the white man did for us?" Then stepped out a poor, ragged wretch with tattered blanket, and face covered with mud; and by his side a more dreadful specimen of womanhood. At the sight, the chief lifted his hands as if in amazement, and inquired: "Are you an Objibway?" The Indian nodded. Sadly the chief asked "O Manitou, how came this?" The Indian raised a black bottle, and spoke one word, "Ishkotah Wabo!" (Fire-water.)

Then, after a pause, the chief added, "A pale-faced man (meaning Bishop Whipple), came to see us. I am sorry to say he has seen me and my people drunk. He told a wonderful story of the Son of the Great Spirit coming to save men. He told us his fathers were wild men; that this religion had made them great, and what it had done for them it would do for others. We did not hear; our ears were deaf: our hearts were heavy. He came again and again. At last we heard! Shall I tell you what this religion has done for my people? You must see." There stepped out a young Indian in a black frock coat: and by his side a woman neatly clad in a black alpaca dress. "There," said the chief, "there is only one religion that can take a man in the mire by the hand, and bid him look up and call God his Father!"

PEACE.

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest,
Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.
It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease!
And Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace.

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Blood Poisoning

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon **terrible ulcers** broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. Her husband spent hundreds of dollars without any benefit. She weighed but 78 pounds, and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says, "I became perfectly cured by

Mrs. M. E. O'Fallon.

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THE MIND OF CHILDHOOD.*

START the new-born mind on any highway, and see how it hurries along. You can do more, working a little while over the cradle, than all the preachers, after its occupant has grown beyond your ministry. The world is indifferent to its children. Neglected by their parents, subject to hired tenderness or none at all; left to the care of ignorant or depraved nurses, and often taught little but selfishness and greed of gain, the children of men are surrounded by destructive agencies. Can we wonder that the human mind loses in infancy so much of its native power? But so the generations of earth are growing up, bearing embittered fruit and sowing its seed to the four winds. . . Who cares for the mind and body of a child has the highest possible mission—the most sacred of all trusts. He must give it all his time and strength. He must lead its mind into green pastures; he must share its joys; he must know its hopes and fears; he must give it hold on lines of thought that reach into eternity, which will sooner or later flood it with inspiration; he must see that the brain has a sufficient foundation of flesh and blood and bone; he must give it all his life, until the germs of power are developed. There are laws of attraction in the world of mind as in that of matter. Good and evil are its poles. Every atom between them is held in place by the operation of opposing forces. The general mass of mind lies within narrow zones on both sides of the equatorial line of this imaginary world. Its attraction prevents any man from rising far above or descending far below it. The intellectual world has degrees of latitude and longitude which determine every man's location.

The Chaffin Household.

Mrs. Chaffin was waiting for us at the gate when we alighted in front of an old wood-colored cottage—that haven of weary legs in day gone by. Phil was there, too, and all the rest of the Chaffin household, in Sunday clothes. Mrs. Chaffin was quite beside herself with joy. "Dear-a me!" said the good lady, after the salutations were over. "Dear-a sakes! How you've growed! I didn't think you'd ever live to get s'big. I thought as 'ow som' 'arm 'd come to ye when ye went away, an' Hester——"

"Mamma!" exclaimed Hester, with a reproving glance. "Don't tell him."

"I'm that fidgety, I don't know what I'm saying." Bless us, ye must be hungry!"

The good woman had guessed rightly, and Hester bustled about, helping her mother get the dishes on the table, with a critical eye to all the arrangements. Rayel was much amused by the children, the youngest of whom had climbed upon his knee and taking liberties with his cravat. He was wholly unaccustomed to the pranks of children, and we frequently rallied to his defence. He seemed to enjoy them, however.

"This herring ain't extra good, sir, but I 'ope it won't go ag'in' ye," said Mrs. Chaffin to Rayel, as we sat down to the table.

He seemed in doubt for a moment as to what it would be proper to say in reply.

"I have never eaten a herring, madam," said he, "but I have no doubt it will be good."

* From *The Master of Silence;* by Irving Bacheller 176 pages, price 75c. Charles L. Webster & Co., New York, publishers.

"I 'ope so, sir—indeed, I 'ope so; but I dare presume to say that it will taste bad enough to the likes of you."

Mrs. Chaffin (good soul) had evidently concluded that my cousin was a man entitled to extra precautions. Hester had adroitly sidetracked the herring question, and started another train of speculation, when her mother's misgivings were again excited respecting the tea, which Rayel had just tasted.

"Murky, sir?" she asked, with a glance of alarm. "I 'ope it don't taste murky."

The candles were lit before dinner was over, and when we rose from the table it was to gather about the warm fire and exchange memories, while Rayel listened with deep interest.

Good Cooking

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ALL the world is now talking of the Chicago Fair, the great Columbian Exposition in celebration of the Quadri-Centennial of the Discovery of America, which opens in the Western Metropolis next spring. Everybody will make an effort to visit the Fair. The extent of the preparations, the number and vastness of the buildings, the widespread interest among other participating nations, and the enthusiastic, patriotic rivalry among our own States, all point to an Exposition of unrivalled scope and magnificence.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, watchful of the progress of this grandest material enterprise of our time, has published descriptions of the buildings, now nearly completed, which conveyed but faintly an idea of their extent and magnificence to our readers' minds. But the Fair is something to be *seen* not read about; to be

Personally Visited and Enjoyed

as the grandest demonstration of God's goodness in prospering this Union and this people.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received many letters of inquiry from different parts of the country regarding the Fair, and after careful consideration it has arranged a plan specially for the benefit of its readers and their friends, by which those who wish to visit Chicago can do so, without the outlay of a dollar. This will secure to all who profit by the plan, railroad transportation from their own States to Chicago and return, and one week's board and lodging in a pleasant location, convenient to the Fair Grounds. They will have had an experience both novel and edifying, and one to remember in the coming years. The entire world will be represented at the Fair. This vast gathering will tax the facilities of railroads, hotels, and lodging-houses. As at all the previous great Fairs (and particularly that at Philadelphia, in 1876), prices will be put

At Fabulous Figures.

The cost of living in Chicago during the Fair, will, it is safe to assert, be quadrupled.

But these contingencies, as well as others that may arise, have been foreseen by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the plan it now proposes is suggested for the sole purpose of enabling its readers and their friends to visit Chicago and spend a delightful and instructive week viewing the grand spectacle. This is within the reach of all who care to make the effort; the minister, the farmer, the mechanic, the tradesman, the school-teacher, the shopgirl, have each an equal opportunity.

For every person who during the six months from July 1st to Dec. 31, secures the number of new, annual, full-paid subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, stipulated below, at $1.50 each, we will send transportation tickets to Chicago and return, and a coupon entitling the holder to seven days' excellent board and accommodation at a location convenient to the World's Fair Grounds. This offer applies to every State in the Union. The railroad tickets will be valid for twenty days, and will be accepted from any of the cities mentioned in the list below.

Those who intend to take advantage of this special offer should immediately notify us to that effect. Send us your full name and Postoffice address, stating at the same time the number of subscription blanks and sample copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD you require

To Begin Your Canvass

and we will immediately forward them to you. Remember, all subscribers must be *new* and *full-paid at $1.50 each. No premiums or commissions can be allowed* under this arrangement.

If you were to arrange for a trip to Chicago and a seven-days' stay there, the total outlay would be little short of the entire sum of these subscriptions. And by the arrangement proposed, it will cost you absolutely nothing in money, the reward being secured by your energy in obtaining the necessary number of subscribers. It will be found a comparatively easy matter to accomplish this. We have now on our list of agents in different parts of the Union a large number of individuals who have demonstrated the popularity of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and of

Rev. Dr. Talmage, its Editor,

by rolling up in a few short weeks several hundreds of subscribers each. And these people were not professional canvassers, but simply enterprising, Christian men and women, who undertook the work because they liked the paper, and wished to extend its influence and its field of usefulness.

Should you fall short of the subscription limit fixed for your section in the appended list, you have the privilege of choice between two courses, in neither of which can you possibly be the loser, Thus: in a section where 60 subscriptions are fixed as the limit, if after securing 50 subscriptions, you find yourself unable to make further progress, we are prepared either to forward you our Publisher's check, making a proper allowance for the work accomplished, or to accept from you a small cash payment, in addition to the 50 paid-up subscriptions, on receipt of which we will immediately forward the transportation tickets and 7-days' coupon. All cases of this nature will be adjusted on a similar liberal basis, for the exact fulfilment of which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stands guarantee.

Some may have friends in Chicago with whom they prefer to stop during the visit. In all such cases, we will be willing, on receiving the necessary number of subscripti ons, to forward to the tourist along with his or her railroad tickets

A Check for $25

in lieu of the 7-days' coupon for board and lodging. This will enable the recipient to take advantage of the offer as far as transportation is concerned and at the same time will help to make the stay in Chicago a pleasant and inexpensive one.

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Ark.,	Little Rock	100	"	New Orleans	100	N. Y.,	N. Y. City	100
"	Pine Bluff	100	Me.,	Lewiston	100	"	Albany	90
Cal.,	Los Angeles	200	"	Portland	100	"	Rochester	80
"	San Francisco	200	Md.,	Baltimore	80	"	Buffalo	80
Colo.,	Denver	100	Mass.,	Boston	100	N. C.,	Charlotte	100
"	Leadville	120	"	Fall River	100	Ohio,	Cincinnati	65
Conn.,	Bridgeport	100	"	Haverhill	100	"	Cleveland	70
"	Hartford	100	"	Lowell	100	"	Dayton	60
"	Meriden	100	"	Worcester	100	Oreg.,	Portland	200
"	New Haven	100	Mich.,	Ann Arbor	60	Pa.,	Alleghany City	80
"	New London	100	"	Detroit	60	"	Reading	90
"	Norwich	100	"	Grand Rapids	60	"	Philadelphia	90
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"	Davenport	60	Mont.,	Helena	150	Va.,	Norfolk	90
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And are quite oft repeated by
That heavenly choir above.

While bells of earth ring out the call:
"Come to God's service, one and all,"
In music soft and sweet;
Methinks I hear the bells on high
Send forth their peals athwart the sky;
"Come kneel at Jesus' feet."

Come kneel to Jesus—Son of God;
Come tread the path that he hath trod;
Come to your Saviour now.
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Come and accept the Master's love
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IN his excellent book on *Friendship, the Master-Passion*, H. Clay Trumbull gives the following interesting pen-portrait of Origen and his career: Origen, of Alexandria, who was born before the close of the second century, has been called "the first great preacher, the first great commentator, the first great dogmatist, of Christianity," after the days of the Apostles. Origen's Hexapla, a comparative view of the Hebrew text and the various Greek versions of the Old Testament, was the beginning of critical study of the Bible text in the Christian Church. His formal defense of Christianity against the attacks of Celsus, a Platonist philosopher, has been the basis, or starting-point, of Christian apologetics all down the centuries. His commentaries and homilies were multiplied to an extent that had no precedent, and that was a marvel for centuries afterward. Jerome suggestively asks: "Who has read as much as Origen has written?" His work "On First Principles" was "the earliest attempt to form a system of Christian doctrines, or rather a philosophy of the Christian faith;" and it became a centre of interest and of theological controversies for generations following. The friendships of Origen are as noteworthy as is his place in religious history. It was while Origen was still a young scholar in the famous catechetical school at Alexandria that he formed a close friendship with a fellow-pupil named Alexander,—a friendship which had its influence over both friends during their lifetime.

When Origen, who had come to be at the head of the school in Alexandria, was in Palestine during a season of violent persecution in Egypt, at the beginning of the third century, his old friend Alexander, who had become Bishop of Jerusalem, encouraged him to expound the Scriptures in the public services of the church, though he had not been ordained. This action called forth the censure of the Bishop of Alexandria, and it was the cause of heated discussions between ecclesiastics which had their part in making history, and in turning the life course of Origen. Bishop Alexander remained a true friend to Origen in all these difficulties, and he owes much of his place in religious history to this fidelity.

But even more influential on the life-work of Origen was the friendship of Ambrose of Alexandria, an early pupil and a devoted admirer of Origen. Ambrose had money as well as a warm and tender heart, and all that he had was at the disposal of his friend. It was Ambrose who urged Origen to begin his work of the written exposition of Scripture, and he it was who furnished means for the prosecution of this work. At Ambrose's cost, seven shorthand writers were provided to take down the comments of Origen as they were spoken, and other scribes were at hand to copy out for general use the notes of the shorthand reporters. The many exegetical works of Origen are, in fact, a monument to the friendship of Ambrose.

It was at his friend's request that Origen composed his famous reply to Celsus. Meanwhile, at peril and sore cost to himself, Ambrose gave sympathy and cheer to Origen, until he was taken from the side of his friend, to suffer, if not to die, for friendship's sake. "Ambrose left no writings of his own except some letters," says Bishop Westcott, "but it is evident that he exercised a powerful influence upon Origen, who called him his 'taskmaster;'" as, in fact, every true friend is a "taskmaster," or spur to well-doing, in the life of him whom he loves. If, indeed, there had been no friendship of Origen with Ambrose, there would have been no such work of Origen as made his life and labors an epoch in religious history.

RECIPROCAL SERVICE.

THE following letter which has just come to hand tells its own story of benefits received and conferred. Mr. Moody might have added to the list had he not been too modest to do so, the services he has himself rendered to English churches:

EDITOR CHRISTIAN HERALD—DEAR SIR:

Our countryman, Dr. Arthur D. Pierson, has made a remarkable impression on this side of the Atlantic more than fulfilling Mr. Spurgeon's anticipations. Dr. Pentecost has also been more than well received on his return from India by the congregation of the late Dr. Donald Fraser and by the large audiences to whom he has spoken of his experiences in India. On the other hand, we in the United States have been greatly helped by brethren from Great Britain; the visits of Rev. John McNeill, Rev. F. B. Meyer and the Rev. John Smith of Edinburgh last year will be long remembered. I have pleasure in letting my friends how that I have prevailed on Mr. Meyer to pay another visit to Northfield. He expects to sail on the last of July, arriving about August 6th, in time to take part in the closing days of the convention, and will continue until the 24th of August to give Daily Bible Readings after the greater meetings have closed. I hope this may induce many to prolong their stay. Mr. Meyer is becoming well-known to large numbers of readers in America through his Expository and Devotional works which are obtaining a large circulation there as well as here. Yours truly,

LONDON, June 25, 1892. D. L. MOODY.

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ENGLAND SPEAKS.

THE FOLLOWING IMPORTANT FACT cannot be too frequently impressed upon the minds of suffering humanity, that Mr. Gould, E. B. P., of England is giving the Hop Prescription for Bitters to all applicants who send a two cent stamp for postage. Anyone in possession of this valuable prescription can for 25 cents make a quart of this marvelous medicine. It may be interesting to learn that with this prescription all kinds of hopeless cases have been treated with success, when all other remedies have absolutely failed; for the simple reason that under its influence the food begins to digest, the Appetite increase, Langour and Drowsiness depart, Swelling after meals is no more felt. Constipation is remedied, and by a gentle stimulation of the Liver and Kidneys removes Nervousness and General Debility which frequently accompany the same; and by correcting the principal organs of the system arouses into action the main Springs of Life. Thousands of letters of thanks have been received, and thousands are blessing the day the Hop Compound for Bitters fell across their path: and the prescription is given absolutely free of charge to all people, rich or poor, who send a two cent stamp for postage of the same. Or I will mail a packet of the ingredients and the prescription for 25 cents in stamps or postal note. A mode of Self Treatment at home has been a long-felt want by all well regulated minds, and will be found exceedingly advantageous to sensible people who desire to see and know what they are swallowing. Address—Mr. GOULD, 1345 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. Box 934.

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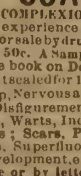

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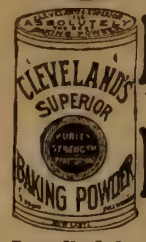

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 15. NUMBER 31.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor. Office Bible House New York.

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RUSSIA WAS GRATEFUL.

Rev. Dr. Talmage and Dr. Klopsch in the Czar's Empire — Imperial Thanks for the "Leo's" Cargo of Food for the Famine Sufferers — An Audience with the Czar at Peterhof — A Journey to Moscow—Distributing the Cargo.

RUSSIA'S gratitude to America, and the special thanks of the Russian nation and its Emperor to the thousands of noble-hearted Christian men and women who contributed the cargo of breadstuffs conveyed to St. Petersburg on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief steamer *Leo*, have already been flashed over the Atlantic cables. Intelligence has also been cabled of the grateful acknowledgments of the ancient municipalities of St. Petersburg and Moscow, of the warm assurances of appreciation tendered by the Czarewitch to the editor and proprietor of this journal, who went commissioned as envoys with the cargo, and finally, of the imperial message of thanks, which the Czar personally gave to Rev. Dr. Talmage at Peterhof, to be conveyed to America. Yet, while these royal assurances fall on ears that are not unappreciative of the high recognition, the contributors who sent the food-laden *Leo* to Russia have their real reward rather in the consciousness of a precious privilege exercised, of lives saved, human suffering alleviated, and peasant homes brightened, than in the applause of those who sit on thrones. But true gratitude, from whatever source, is pleasing to the hearts of men, and the demonstrations attending the arrival of the *Leo* have shown to the entire world how the friendship of two great nations may be strengthened and made deep and enduring by the exercise of Christian charity.

THE CZAREWITCH.

Letters and telegrams received since our last week's issue, contain further intelligence regarding the progress made in distributing the relief cargo. The journey by rail across Europe to St. Petersburg is, to an American at least, an exceedingly dreary and comfortless one. Three days and nights *en route*, without sleeping car accommodations, did not place the travelers in the best condition for the work before them. But on reaching St. Petersburg all the fatigues of the tedious journey were forgotten. In a former issue, we alluded to the civic display at St. Petersburg on the arrival of the *Leo*, when the Mayor, Prefect, Marshals, and members of the nobility assembled to give greeting to the relief ship and to Rev. Dr. Talmage and Dr. Klopsch; the presentation of valuable gifts to the Captain and officers of the *Leo*, the address of welcome to which Dr. Talmage responded from the steamer's gang-plank, and the general jubilation that gave the Russian capital the appearance of a holiday fete.

As the guests of the municipality, the visitors (including Mrs. Klopsch who had accompanied her husband to Russia), were treated with the most distinguished courtesy by the Mayor and other officials of the capital. News of their coming had preceded them, and they found the ancient city of Peter agog with expectation about the *Leo*. The *Weiner Tagblatt*, one of the leading newspapers, declared that the four absorbing topics were: cholera, hunger, Szarantscha, and the *Leo*, with its "tokens of love from America for the starving muschiks." Accordingly, when the American visitors and the steamer arrived, they found all ready to welcome and to help. Every facility was placed at their disposal that would expedite the work of forwarding the cargo to the interior. Count Bobrinsky, of the National Relief Committee, Count Tolstoi (who has established a number of soup kitchens and relief stations in the afflicted provinces), and other gentlemen who have been prominent in the relief work, gave material assistance. The government furnished all needed facilities for transportation. A portion of the cargo, including some delicacies for convalescents, was sent to Count Tolstoi to be distributed by his workers, and the remainder was dispatched by raif to Central Russia, where reliable distributors were waiting to receive it.

Before proceeding to Moscow, Rev. Dr. Talmage and Dr. Klopsch were invited to visit the imperial palace at Peterhof. They had already been conveyed by their hospitable entertainers on several sight-seeing tours in the capital and out to the suburbs. They had seen the public buildings, the cathedrals, and the grand picturesque pile of the Winter Palace. It is almost worth the trouble of a journey to Russia, to see the treasures of the Winter Palace alone—for it is one of the great royal residences of the world.

THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT PETERHOF, WHERE THE CZAR THANKED AMERICA FOR THE "LEO'S" CARGO.

The palace itself is a huge structure, eighty feet high and four hundred and fifty feet in length, curving around an open space in the heart of the city. It is not now used as a royal residence but it is opened for receptions, concerts and imperial ceremonials. An army of servants dwell there. There are in the palace more than twenty immense halls, with corresponding suites of apartments, connected by great corridors and galleries. Seven large halls are filled with paintings o battles and naval engagements; a hall dedicated to Peter the Great, another to St. George and a third to Nicholas the patron saint of Russia. Anything richer, or more splendid and dazzling than these superb apartments it would be difficult to conceive. The unrivalled magnificence of each represents a fortune. The exotic gardens turn the Russian winter into summer. On the third floor of this great building are the crowns and diadems of the rulers of Russia for many generations. Yet all this magnificence is but the borderland to famine and death.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

The imperial invitation summoning Rev. Dr. Talmage and Dr. Klopsch to Peterhof was a pleasant surprise. The Russian summer is at its height in July; evenings are a long twilight, with but little real darkness; the days long and pleasant. At 11 P.M. it is almost as light as at 7 P. M in America. It is the recreation time of the Empire, when the wealthy leave the the cities and seek the cool delights of the islands on the Neva. Tsarskoe-Selo, the famous watering-place, and Peterhof, are the principal attractions for the nobility. The latter is on the Gulf of Finland, about eighteen miles from the capital, and can be reached either by rail or boat. Rev. Dr. Talmage and Dr. Klopsch on arriving at the wharf, entered the court carriages that stood in waiting for them and, accompanied by an escort, proceeded to the famous palace. Cossack guards in dark uniforms and high military officials were encountered on the way. The palace is a two-story, yellow building, and is situated on high ground, overlooking beautiful gardens and groves. Fountains throw their sparkling columns of spray far up in the air, and the variety of flowering plants is equal to that of any garden in Europe. The grounds are laid out after the fashion of the famous gardens at Versailles, with fountains, miniature lakes, statuary and water scenes. Peterhof is attractive less from the architectural style of the palace than from its romantic surroundings, and the art treasures its contains. In one room there are eight hundred and sixty historic portraits of beautiful women, painted during the reign of Empress Catherine II. It contains also the room used by Peter the Great as a study, and in it are shown some of the workman-Czar's personal belongings. There are also in the palace many other memorials of Russian sovereigns.

Count Bobrinsky of the Relief Committee, who accompanied the guests to the palace, introduced them to the Czarewitch. Then, after most cordial greetings, they heard from the lips of the only representive of royalty in Russia at the moment, an expression of the gratitude and affection Russia feels toward this country. The amiable young prince and general asked them to bear to the people of America, Russia's thanks for the aid it had received in time of need. He talked very freely and heartily with the visitors and showed a great interest in American

(*Continued on page 483.*)

PRE-EMINENT.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Text: *"He that cometh from above is above all."* John 3: 31.

THE most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to him from the Bethlehem sky, was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the *vox humana* in all music, the gracefullest line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the acme of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedralled grandeur, and the peroration of all splendid language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared himself to the first letter and the last letter, the alpha and the omega, he appropriated to himself all the splendors that you can spell out either with those two letters and all letters between them. "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Or, if you prefer the words of the text, "Above all."

It means, after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly, Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain; but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens; but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory, they might all well unite in the words of the text and say, "He that cometh from above is above all."

First, Christ must be above all else in our preaching. There are also many books on homiletics scattered through the world that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all evil, individual, social, political, national. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justification, sanctification, covenant of works and covenant of grace, that therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism or all the word treasures that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European but we have a right to marshal it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the spittle, the salve, the barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars; and we do not propose in our Sabbath school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limits.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tables of stones? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course, thought is the cargo and words are only the ship; but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sabbath school class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ and heaven. We ride a few old words to death when there is such illimitable resource. Shakespeare employed fifteen thousand different words

"MY SINS! MY SINS!" SAID LUTHER.

for dramatic purposes; Milton employed eight thousand different words for poetic purposes; Rufus Choate employed over eleven thousand different words for legal purposes; but the most of us have less than a thousand words that we can manage, less than five hundred, and that makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love of Christ we are going to take the tenderest phraseology wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before, all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ, the Conqueror, we are going to draw our similes from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy have eighteen flags by which they give signal; but those eighteen flags they can put into sixty-six thousand different combinations. And I have to tell you that these standards of the Cross may be lifted into combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to young men who are after a while going to preach Jesus Christ, you will have the largest liberty and unlimited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

Jonathan Edwards preached Christ in the severest argument ever penned, and John Bunyan preached Christ in the sublimest allegory ever composed. Edward Payson, sick and exhausted, leaned up against the side of the pulpit and wept out his discourse, while George Whitefield, with the manner and the voice and the start of an actor, overwhelmed his auditory. It would have been a different thing if Jonathan Edwards had tried to write and dream about the pilgrim's progress to the celestial city, or John Bunyan had attempted an essay on the human will.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas are all these Gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers have no sweetness, sunset sky has no color compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire, and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the ambassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for direst guilt. Sweetest comfort for ghastliest agony. Brightest hope for grimmest death. Grandest resurrection for darkest sepulchre. Oh, what a Gospel to preach! Christ over all in it. His birth, his suffering, his miracles, his parables, his sweat, his tears, his blood, his atonement, his intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It is because Jesus went ahead, the herald and the forerunner.

The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he had put it off no one ever dared put it on; but this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the wanest and the worst may wear. "Where sin abounded grace may much more abound."

"Oh, my sins, my sins," said Martin Luther to Staupitz, "my sins, my sins!" The fact is, that the brawny German student had found a Latin Bible that had made him quake, and nothing else ever did make him quake; and when he found how, through Christ, he was pardoned and saved, he wrote to a friend, saying: "Come over and join us great and awful sinners saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God; but we who have been such very awful sinners praise his grace the more now that we have been redeemed." Can it be that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yourself in first-rate spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are scarless and immaculate? What you need is a looking-glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor, and wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and putrefying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them, and then offered us the receipt.

And how much we need him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have his grace. Why, he made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that grace St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; and after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all the pools of worldly enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal rock the Christian, from cups of granite, lily rimmed and vine covered, puts out the thirst of his soul.

Again, I remark, that Christ is above all in dying alleviations. I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise. The Emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of his coronation the stonemason should

THE TUNIC OF SALADIN.

come and consult him about his tombstone that after a while he would need. And there are men who are monomaniacal on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less they are prepared to go. This is an unmanliness not worthy of you, not worthy of me.

Saladin, the greatest conqueror of his day, while dying, ordered the tunic he had on him to be carried after his death on a spear at the head of his army, and then the soldier ever and anon, should stop and say, "Behold, all that is left of Saladin, the emperor and conqueror! Of all the states he conquered, of all the wealth he accumulated, nothing did he retain but this shroud." I have no sympathy with such behavior or such absurd demonstration, or with much that we hear uttered in regard to departure from this life to the next. There is a common-sensical idea on this subject that you and I need to consider—that there are only two styles of departure.

A thousand feet underground, by light of torch toiling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out at sea, falling from the slippery ratlines, and broken on the halyards, we may die a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and reeking leprosies and raging fevers, we may die a philanthrophist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country, slugs through the heart, the gun carriage may roll over us, and we may die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure; the death of the righteous and of the wicked, and we all want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home! You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want the room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us

when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open heaven's gate? Can human hands pilot us through the narrows of death into heaven's harbor? Can an earthly friendship shield us from the arrows of death and in the hour when Satan shall practice upon us his infernal archery? No, no, no, no! Alas! poor soul, if that is all. Better die in the wilderness, far from tree shadow and from from fountain, alone, vultures circling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to men, and to have no burial, if only Christ could say through the solitudes, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." From that pillow of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going; and across the solitude and the barrenness would come the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy.

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in the door of a heathen temple, said: "Glory to thee, O God!" What did dying Wilberforce say to his wife? "Come and sit beside me, and let us talk of heaven. I never knew what happiness was until I found Christ." What did dying Hannah More say? "To go to heaven, think what that is! To go to Christ, who died that I might live! Oh, glorious grave! Oh, what a glorious thing it is to die! Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" What did Mr. Toplady, the great hymn-maker, say in his last hour? "Who can measure the depth of the third heaven? Oh, the sunshine that fills my soul! I shall soon be gone for surely no one can live here after such glories as God has manifested to my soul."

What did the dying Faneway say? "I can as easily die as close my eyes or turn my head in sleep. Before a few hours have passed I shall stand on Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and with the just men made perfect, and we shall ascribe riches and honor, and glory, and majesty, and dominion unto God and the Lamb." Dr. Taylor, condemned to burn at the stake, on his way thither, broke away from the guardsmen and went bounding and leaping and jumping toward the fire, glad to go to Jesus and to die for him. Sir Charles Hare, in last moment, had such rapturous vision that he cried: "Upward, upward, upward!" And so great was the peace of one of Christ's disciples

"LET US TALK OF HEAVEN."

that he put his fingers upon the pulse in his wrist and counted it and observed it; and so great was his placidity that after a while he said: "stopped," and his life had ended here to begin in heaven. But grander than that was the testimony of the worn-out first missionary, when, in the Mamartine dungeon, he cried: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing!" Do you not see that Christ is above all in dying alleviations?

Toward the last hour of our earthly residence we are speeding. When I see the sunset I say, "One day less to live." When I see the spring blossoms scattered, I say, "Another season gone forever." When I close this Bible on Sabbath night I say, "Another Sabbath departed." When I bury a friend, I say, "Another earthly attraction gone forever." What nimble feet the years have! The roebucks and the lightnings run not so fast. From decade to decade, from sky to sky, they go at a bound. There is a place for us, whether marked or not, where you and I will sleep the last sleep, and the men are now living who will, with solemn tread, carry us to our resting-place. Ay, it is known in heaven whether our departure will be a coronation or a banishment. Brighter than a banqueting hall through which the light feet of the dancers go up and down to the sound of trumpeters will be the sepulchre through whose rifts the holy light of heaven streameth. God will watch you. He will send his angels to guard your slumbering ground, until, at Christ's behest, they shall roll away the stone.

So also, Christ is above all in heaven. The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celestial ascription, all the thrones facing his throne, all the palms waved before his face, all the crowns down at his feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit shall recite the Saviour's earthly sacrifice.

Stand on some high hill of heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of his suffering, in silence first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs, all the purer for the flame through which they passed, will say: "This is Jesus for whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scourging through which they went, will say: "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth, and at Cappadocia, and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem." Little children clad in white will say, "This is the Jesus who took us in his arms and blessed us, and when the storms of the world were too cold and loud, brought us into this beautiful place." The multitudes of the bereft will say: "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our heart broke." Many who had wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say: "This is the Jesus who pardoned us. We were lost on the mountains, and he brought us home. We were guilty, and he made us white as snow. Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled. And then, after each one has recited his peculiar deliverances and peculiar mercies, recited them as by solo, all the voices will come together in a great chorus, which shall make the arches re-echo with the eternal reverberation of gladness and peace and triumph.

Edward I. was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed $160,000 to have his heart, after his decease, taken to the Holy Land in Asia Minor, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-day whose hearts are already in the Holy Land of heaven. Where your treasures are, there are you hearts also. John Bunyan, of whom I spoke at the opening of the discourse, caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way he said: "And I heard in my dream, and lo! the bells of the city rang again for joy; and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and lo! the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them, harps in their hands to sing praises with all; and after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them!"

RUSSIA WAS GRATEFUL.

(Continued from first page.)

affairs. Their last day in St. Petersburg before leaving for Moscow was an exceedingly busy one. At noon they met a distinguished company at the American Legation, among those present being the Prefect of St. Petersburg, the Marshals, several members of the nobility and Count Bobrinsky. At three o'clock they were tendered an official reception at the City Hall, which was elaborately decorated. Thanks to the generous American donors of the *Leo's* cargo were heard everywhere. The Mayor presided and the entire City Council was on the platform. Two bouquets of beautiful flowers were presented to Mrs. Klopsch by the city officials. The Mayor welcomed the visitors and presented them with an address, bound in silver, illuminated, with a vignette by the celebrated Russian aquarelle artist, Lytkin, representing a view of the Winter Palace and the Neva Quay. On the volume was the inscription: "To THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, represented by Dr. Talmage, its Editor, and Dr. Klopsch, its Proprietor; by the City of Petersburg, 1892." In the evening, the party left for Moscow, being escorted to the train by the Mayor and a delegation of City Councilmen.

THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

From St. Petersburg to Moscow, the railway is a straight line of four hundred miles. "I wish it built thus," explained Czar Nicholas I. when consulted, and he indicated a course like that of an arrow in flight. "No matter what it costs," he added, perceiving the surprise of his engineers, the chief of whom was an American. The route lies through many forests and there is, in the entire distance, only one town nearer the track than eight miles—the town of Tver. Russians are very proud of this arrow line, and pronounce it the finest and best equipped in the world. Arrived at Moscow, the travelers found themselves in a large building of stone on the city's outskirts, as all Russian railway stations are located.

At Moscow the visitors were the special guests of the Mayor, and here they were able to direct satisfactorily the work of distribution, being in communication with the agents operating in the suffering provinces, in many of which cholera and fever are now completing the havoc already wrought by the famine.

There is a very strict cholera quarantine in the infected districts which it is impossible to evade, but it did not impede the relief work. In the intervals of leisure, they were driven by their municipal hosts to the Kremlin, which contains the great treasures of "Holy Moscow," and the Tower of Ivan and the cathedrals were also visited. Before leaving the city they were entertained formally by the Mayor, who expressed anew Russia's gratitude to America and specially to the contributors of the *Leo's* cargo, and conferred upon Dr. Talmage and Dr. Klopsch in their behalf the freedom of the city.

Thus far, their mission had been one of hard travelling and incessant work, for every day had multiplied the details to be attended to in connection with the relief work. All was finally arranged and the homeward journey began.

On returning to St. Petersburg, an equerry of the Emperor awaited them with a summons for Rev. Dr. Talmage to repair immediately to Peterhof. He complied with the request, and at once accompanied the escort to the palace, where he was met by the Court Chamberlain, who conducted him to a suite of apartments where he rested an hour after the hurried eighteen-mile trip. He was then presented to the Emperor, Alexander III., who received him with the greatest cordiality, and in the name of Russia, warmly thanked the American people and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD contributors for their great kindness and munificent liberality toward his suffering subjets. This was followed by a long conversation, which touched on subjects political and religious, after which the Emperor presented his visitors to the Empress and the members of the Imperial family, each of whom greeted Dr. Talmage cordially in turn. After a short, pleasant and quite informal talk, he returned to the capital.

Their work in Russia accomplished, the party left St. Petersburg the same evening, being escorted to the railway depot by the members of the City Council. A great crowd filled the station and the leave-taking was an affectionate one. They bore away from Russia the pleasant remembrances of a grateful people, all classes, from nobility to moujik, having vied with each other in tokens of loving appreciation of their mission as the envoys of Christian America to afflicted Russia.

HOW KING MSIDI DIED.

The African Monarch was Shot by an Officer of the Katanga Expedition.

IN a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was announced the death of King Msidi or Msiri, of Garenganze, one of the greatest of African rulers in modern times. Cable dispatches from London furnish the details as to Msidi's death: Marquis de Beauchamp, a companion of Capt. Stairs and Capt. Bodson in the Katanga expedition, has landed at Marseilles. He describes how King Msidi attacked the expedition, and how Capt. Stairs sent Capt. Bodson to King Msidi to parley with him. Msidi was about to kill Capt. Bodson, when the latter in self-defence shot the king. Capt. Bodson was then himself killed by the natives.

The expedition was for twenty-six days without food except white ants and locusts, and the Belgian mission was reached just in time to save the surviving members from starvation. Subsequently they tried to reach the coast by way of the Zambesi River. Capt. Stairs had been ill for a long time, and he died at Chinde. One hundred and ninety natives attached to the expedition also perished.

Letters from the Katanga country, Africa, show that the natives expelled the members of the two expeditions left in the country after the death of Capt. Stairs and the departure of Marquis Beauchump. There was said to be a very bitter feeling prevailing against the whites in Garenganze and adjoining states.

WAR ON GAMBLING.

MR. QUINN, the converted gambler, whose Gospel warfare on that besetting sin has already been referred to in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has been holding a series of successful meetings in Saratoga. While lecturing in the Ruggles Street Baptist Church in that city lately, an interesting incident occurred. Mr. Quinn was appealing to the old gamblers to abandon the vice, when an aged man, sitting well in front, cried out, "Amen! Amen!" and left the room. It was found, after the service, that he was an old gambler who had made an effort to reform, and had again fallen under the terrible infatuation. He came back and spoke after the service, and told why he left. He said:

"The picture was so truly real to me that I could not bear to hear any more." This man has resolved anew in the strenth of the Lord not to gamble any more, and to give himself wholly to God. Another man who used to have a fine business in Boston, but who began to gamble and lost his business and was deserted by his wife and children, was also influenced to forsake his ways. His heart was touched some three months ago in a meeting held by Mr. Quinn under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. in New Haven, Conn. He now has a good situation and is hopeful of regaining the confidence of his friends and being restored to his family.

Mr. Quinn is now engaged in making an effort to procure a tent capable of holding 1,000 or 1,500 people for future lectures.

ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 14. By Mrs. M. Baxter Acts 5: 1-11. Golden Text, Gal. 6: 7.

WHEN the company of the disciples had prayed together to their God on the return of Peter and John from their trial before the chief priests and elders, that signs and wonders might be done "in the name of his holy child Jesus,"—they little knew in what manner the answer would be given. The same power of God which is great in mercy, is great in judgment, too. The same presence of the Holy Ghost, which caused that "great grace" should be upon all these early disciples, so intensified the spiritual atmosphere that a sin became infinitely more sinful, and more heinous in its character, because of the noontide light of God which shone in that infant Church. The very same power of God which healed the lame man and gave such boldness to Peter and John, worked also to make it a moral impossibility that a lie could live, or deceit succeed in that company of Christians; and again, the same power which wrought judgment, worked in salvation and healing. Weighed in the balances of the sanctuary, God sees sin with other eyes than is possible to men, except they live in the nearest contact with him. It had become a recognized thing among the followers of Christ that they should sell their possessions, and have community of goods among them. It would have been singular to do otherwise. This was practical holiness. "They loved not their lives unto the death." The enemy of souls, who can find

No Door Open

to his temptations where self is ignored, can always get a hold when self is considered, even to the smallest extent. Among these apparently disinterested disciples, was a man named Ananias who "with Sapphira his wife, sold a possession, and kept back part of the price, his wife also being privy to it, and brought a certain part, and laid at the apostles' feet." (R.V.) This man wanted to appear as disinterested as the rest of the disciples, while he reserved a certain part of the money which their possessions realized. Thus he would ensure himself against all contingencies. He would stand well with the disciples, and at the same time secretly provide against a rainy day. He would get credit for trusting God with his interests, while, in point of fact, he was looking after them himself. "Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts," wrote the penitent king of Israel. (Ps. 51: 6.) The Pharisees drew down upon themselves the severest words our Lord ever uttered: "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how shall ye escape the damnation of hell?" And why? Because they assumed to be what they were not; they said and did not; they did their works "to be seen of men;" all their beauty and morality was on the outside, but inwardly they were "full of hypocrisy and iniquity." Ananias and his wife resembled these Pharisees, tried in the balance of the sanctuary they were "found wanting." "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. 5: 20.)

Truth in the Inward Parts,

transparency in every thought, as well as every word and deed, alone can fit us to be united forever to our Lord. He "gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us out of the present evil age." (Gal. 1: 4, R.V. marg.) If, in the midst of such darkness, we are called to be children of light, if in the midst of gross deceit we are called, like our Master, "to bear witness unto the truth," O how strict, how exact should we be in the closest adherence to truth!

Peter was filled with the Holy Ghost; around him was a band of disciples also filled with the Holy Ghost, and into their very midst came this man with the intention of deceiving them. He laid down his donation at the apostles' feet. Some might argue: Had he not done a good thing, and much more than many do nowadays? How few there are now who sell their possessions for the sake of the Church of Christ! "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." In that pure, holy atmosphere, where the claims of self were to be ignored, a contrary current was easily discernible. Peter instinctively felt that something was wrong, and instinctively carried the matter to the Lord. Already signs and wonders were being done in the name of Jesus, for God was miraculously laying open the hypocrisy of Ananias' heart. The same man who had looked on the misery and need of the impotent man, and had looked Christ's love and Christ's power into his eyes, now looked into the depths of Ananias' duplicity, and, with the same Divine authority which had brought life and healing to the lame man, he spoke to the conscience of this would-be deceiver: "Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land? While it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power? Why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart? Thou hast not lied unto men but unto God?"

Peter, as the instrument of the Holy Ghost, was God's witness to the holy integrity and transparent truthfulness, without "spot or wrinkle or any such thing" (Eph. 5: 27), which God calls for in his Church. He did not blame Ananias simply for the withholding part of the price. "While it remained was it not thine own, and when it was sold was it not in thine own power?" If this man had brought the money saying openly that it was only part of the price, that part would surely have been accepted, but he implied, if he did not exactly say it, that he had brought the whole. This was lying unto God. And how many of us have thus lied unto God! How many of us have allowed others to give us credit for what was not strictly true! If the Church were in her pristine power and beauty such want of uprightness could not be.

Perhaps Peter himself was hardly prepared for the result of his faithful words. The man who had deceived fell suddenly at his feet a corpse! No wonder that an awe fell on all that were present. "Signs and wonders," in the vindication of the truth, were again being done. Three hours elapsed, and Sapphira, who had been in the plot with her husband, came in. The same eyes of the Holy-Ghost filled man as had read the husband's secret, were turned on her, and he said: "Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much?" "Yea, for so much," was the answer.

"How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord, and behold, the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door and they shall carry thee out." Without a moment's warning, without a moment to confess, the unhappy woman fell dead at the apostle's feet, and the young men who had just buried her husband, carried her body to the grave. A liar and his lie cannot stand before the Holy Ghost dwelling in his fulness in God's people. "Truth in the inward parts, nothing to hide," such is God's will for his own. It is impossible that unity should exist where there is not complete sincerity; love cannot exist without it, love without confidence becomes mere compassion. Selfishness is always at the root of insincerity. It is when one fears to lose something by trusting another that he is tempted to deceive.

"Great fear came upon all the Church, and upon as many as heard these things." Sin and death must have been recognized as intimately connected, and men saw, as never before, the seriousness of joining a church in which the standard of holiness was so high. "Of the rest durst no man join himself unto them." Those who were not fully decided to serve their God at any cost, held back; of superficial converts there were none; men counted the cost before they joined such a company. Oh it is this high standard which is needed in these last days: to be true at any cost, pure at any cost, right at any cost, loving at any cost.

Rules Cannot Make a Pure Church; but holy, transparent lives lift up and maintain, the true standard of holiness. It is what men *are*, not what they *say*, which tells upon those around them. The conversion of souls was not hindered by the holy strictness of the early Church: "Believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women." This has always been the case—in measure as the standard of a church has lowered, conversions, *i. e.*, real lasting conversions, have become infrequent. In measure as the standard has risen in holiness of life, the unsaved have been convinced of their lost condition, and brought to the Lord. A holy Church is a Church which lives near to God, and God can speak and manifest his own power through it unhindered. "The people—even the unconverted people, magnified them."

"And by the hands of the apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people." It was the answer to their prayer. God could trust them because they were supple, fully yielded to him. God can work by men who keep out of sight; he had to hide Moses and Elijah before he could use them. These first disciples who sought nothing for themselves, and wanted to be nothing in themselves, could be trusted to see the power of God manifested among them. The work of the Spirit of God was like a rising tide sweeping everything before it; working life in the healing of the lame man, death in Ananias and Sapphira, and then life again in the conversion of multitudes and in the healing power now manifested. Every day there was some incontestible witness of the mighty power of the risen Christ.

LESSON POINTS.

Be not Deceived; God is not Mocked: for Whatsoever a Man Soweth that Shall he also Reap. Gal. 6: 7.

BE not deceived. There is need of the warning. People are very apt to be deceived in this world. A philosophic poet who spent a great deal of time and money in laying out a beautiful estate which he called "The Leasowes," took some pains to impress an object lesson on the people who came to visit him. The stranger saw through an opening in the trees, a steep hill, at the top of which was what seemed to be a lovely summer arbor, shaded with vines. Inside was a table surrounded with seats which appeared to invite the tired traveller to make one more effort, climb the hill, and rest in the cool shade. But when the hill was climbed, the visitor found only a blank wall, on which the picture of the arbor was skilfully painted, and at the side of the picture the inscription, "Be not deceived by appearances." Another picture still more suggestive is described by an old writer. He says he saw in an ancient monastery a picture at the end of a long gallery. When he first saw it he believed it to be the portrait of a holy friar with a large book before him on which he was intently gazing, with his hands devoutly clasped before him. But when he came close to the picture he found that the hands were not clasped but were holding a lemon, and it was not a book that was before him, but a big punch-bowl into which he was sqeezing the juice. Sometimes we are surprised by the news of the discovery of a defalcation committed by a man who had a great reputation for piety. The man was never really pious; those who came close to him before the discovery, if he permitted any to do so, were aware that the piety was a mere cloak, assumed to disarm suspicion of his wicked pursuits.

God is not mocked. It sometimes appears tat he may be mocked with impunity; but we do not always see the end. Punishment is not always executed immediately after the transgression. A noted infidel was trying to convince an audience that there was no God. He boldly defied God to strike him dead. Nothing happened and the infidel turning to Christian man who was present and had witnessed the scene with horror asked him if he were not convinced now that there was no God. "No," said the Christian, "I can conceive that God may be capable of infinite contempt." Another infidel boasted that a certain field on his farm had been plowed on a Sunday, and sowed on a Sunday and yet had yielded a good crop which had been reaped on a Sunday. "You see," he said to a godly neighbor, "If there is a God he does not punish people who break his laws." The neighbor looked at him solemnly and said, "You are supposing that God is like men. He does not settle up his accounts every September." There is an old story of a Frenchman who persuaded some Missouri Indians to exchange fur for gunpowder, representing that they could obtain a fine crop by sowing it, and he went away chuckling over the deceit he had practised on them. They prepared a field, and sowed the powder, and set a guard to watch it. As it did not come up, they saw that they had been deceived. Some time after, the partner of the deceiver visited these Indians with a large stock of goods for the purpose of trade. The Indians each took such things as pleased him, till all were gone. The Frenchman went to the head chief and demanded redress. The chief assured him that full justice should be done as soon as the harvest of gunpowder should be gathered. This was poor consolation for his loss, but such a rebuke as his partner's perfidy deserved.

Whatsoever a man soweth. Every one is sowing something continually by his words and conduct. It is not a question of whether he shall sow or not, but what he will sow. "Cast forth thy word, thy act unto the ever-working, ever-living universe," eaid a great philosopher, "it is a seed-grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day, it will be found flourishing as a Banyan grove (perhaps, alas! as a hemlock forest), after a thousand years. Two Schotchmen emigrated in the early days to California. Each thought to take with him some memorial of his beloved country. The one of them, an enthusiastic lover of Scotland, took with him a thistle, the national emblem. The other took a small swarm of honey-bees. Years have passed away. The Pacific Coast is, on the one hand, cursed with the Scotch thistle, which the farmers find imposssible to exterminate; on the other hand, the forests and the fields are fragrant and laden with the sweetness of honey, which has been and is still one of the blessings of the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. Even so does every Christian carry with him some thistle plucked from the old man, or honey from the new man, with which to bless or curse men, according as he makes choice for God. Two young men were working in the same factory. Twenty-five years afterward one of the young men was Governor of his State, and the other was at the door of the executive mansion, a supplicant for an office of $500 a year. The former had spent his evenings, after work in the factory was over, in study, had become an architect and civil engineer, and had grown rich and useful and prosperous. The other had spent his evenings in idle amusement and bad company, and had sunk lower in the social scale until he was in abject poverty.

That he shall also reap. The rule holds good both ways. Good seed brings good fruit and bad seed bad fruit. It is so in the mind which becomes more corrupt as the evil seed fall into it, and purer and stronger as good thoughts and impulses are instilled. It is so in the life. Good deeds bring a capacity to do better deeds and to effect more good. Bad deeds lead to greater perversity and invite punishment and ruin. A gentleman in London not long ago received a pathetic letter. The writer said that he had just met him in a crowded street and recognized him, though they had not met since they were young men ten years before. "I am glad to see you looking so well," he wrote, "and the sight of your familiar face induced a number of pleasing reflections in connection with bygone scenes; but agonizing remorse at the maddening recollection that from the neglect of those principles you endeavored to inculcate, I find myself stripped of fortune, friends and character, and hope of the world to come—a mere wreck—a waif on the restless wave of life that sway to and fro in this desert city. What would I not give to recall the past! The text, 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap,' is before me constantly. I feel it true in temporal affairs as well as spiritual. The next you hear of me will be in the list of those who try to bury their sorrows and remorse in the waters of the Thames."

Youth is the sowing time. The habits sown in early years grow mightily whether good or bad. An old man once pointed out to a boy four shrubs of unequal size. "Go pull up the least one," he said. In a moment it was up by the roots. "Now, the next." Ah, that did not come up so easily. "Now, the next." It seemed as if number three could not be torn up. But at last with a tremendous effort up it came. "Now, try the fourth," said he. In vain the lad tugged and pulled. His face flushed with the strain; he gave it up as hopeless. "This, my son," said the old man, "is just what happens with our passions. There is a time when they are under control; but if we offer no resistance, if we indulge them and let them cast their roots deep into our being, we shall find they have become too strong for us, and that we are helpless to uproot them."

Flood Sufferers Relieved.

"The Christian Herald" Missionary, Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, Tells how he Distributed the Funds Contributed by Our Readers — A Touching Record of Homes Ruined and Property Destroyed –Help that Came when most Needed.

THE greatest of these is charity." The potent truthfulness of the Apostle's saying will be cordially appreciated by those who read the report presented on this page, from Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, our Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest, to whose care and judgment were entrusted the funds contributed through this journal for the relief of the sufferers by the recent floods.

KIRKSVILLE, Mo., July 13, 1892.—You are aware that I was out in missionary work in my field when the money raised by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the flood sufferers in the Southwest was received. Owing to the condition of the roads I was traveling on horseback, and on account of some work which needed to be finished, the intense heat and my great distance from home, it was several days before I could visit localities where there was the greatest destitution because of the floods. I had written in the meantime, to several places that I might know where the greatest need was. Besides the check you sent me,

Two Boxes of Clothing

had been sent from parties, who, seeing the appeal in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, shipped said boxes to me at Kirksville for distribution. Correspondence satisfied me that Alexandria, Mo., was a place of special need, and I sent the boxes to the Mayor of that town. On Thursday, the 7th inst., I started for that place and arrived a little before 9 o'clock p. m. The trains on the railroad along the west bank of the Mississippi River had not been able to run into or near Alexandria for a considerable time, and the trains on the railroad running west from the town had also been discontinued on account of the high water. But for two days before I reached there the latter road had run in its trains, the track being on an elevated embankment.

When I got there, I saw water in every direction—around the houses, over the yards, gardens and streets. Having been advised to go to a certain hotel, I hired a man to row me in a skiff to the house. The moon was shining dimly; the town was new to me, as I had never been there; the scene was a wild waste of water (with floating boards and driftwood) surrounding the houses. Our skiff had been rowed eastward a distance, when we turned into a street running north Not a foot of land did I see, as it was wholly covered with water and boating was good in the street. We rowed past one dwelling in which they were singing a Gospel song. It was impressive to hear the voices of females over the water coming from a house surrounded by the flood. Our next turn was into another street of water running east, and I was landed on an elevated sidewalk of plank, and conducted to the hotel—a two-story brick, also

Surrounded by Water

but not quite up to the house. At the door, I was met by a venerable man who directed me to an upper room in which I would find a light. I found a neat, well-kept room, and was comfortably lodged; but a town flooded like that I had never seen before, and knowing that such had been their condition for weeks, I could not help thinking about their situation. It was far into night before I slept.

Alexandria is in the extreme northeast corner of the State of Missouri, on the west bank or flat, of the Mississippi River. The town is situated on a tongue of low land, between Fox River on the south, and the Des Moines on the north. It is said to have had a population at one time of about fifteen hundred, but I do not think it has had more than a fourth of that number of late years. It has suffered from serious overflow in former years; but none continued so long as this unless it was in 1851, as I was told by an aged citizen. This year it has suffered from three floods, the first coming in April, caused by high water in Fox River, which broke the levee a mile or two southwest of the town, and flooded it. The second from the breaking of the levee on the Des Moines, a mile or two northwest of the town, overflowing it. The third and last was from the overflow of the Mississippi.

At one time there was an interval of about three weeks between floods, during which gardens were planted and began to grow, inspiring hope in the people. But this hope soon perished in a flood that destroyed everything that had been planted. In a very extensive visitation over the town I saw not a blade of green grass, not a vegetable in a garden; not one green thing from this year's planting. Indeed, I saw few gardens, for most of them were entirely under water, though a few had begun to reappear, as the flood was receding.

The morning after my arrival I sought the Mayor and the Relief Committee for counsel in the distribution of aid. I was furnished a list of names of families to visit, and a trusted citizen was selected on the part of the Committee to guide me to the homes of those thought to be destitute. I found his services and advice very helpful in the distribution, of which I now give an account:

Mrs. Mary Spicer,	$ 9 65	W. Brown, - -	$ 5 00
Joseph Cooper, -	13 80	J. B. Witherspoon,	10 80
B. F. Tibbs, - -	7 65	B. T. Merritt, -	9 40
Mrs. Elis Mott, -	13 15	R. Arnold, - -	3 50
Mrs. H. Anthony,	7 65	Mrs. M. C. Harmon,	16 45
Mrs. M. J. Foster,	10 00	Jacob Waters, -	7 40
T. O. Harrison, -	8 00	Mrs. Thos. Russell,	4 60
Mrs. George Ruble,	2 10	Mrs. Wm. Crosby,	3 90
Mrs. C. McCoy, -	4 60	Ham. Howren, -	5 00
Mrs. W. L. Brown,	11 85	John Covert, -	4 00
Mrs. C. Howell, -	10 95	Widow of J. Sullivan,	5 00
Mrs. John Dixson,	9 85	Cal Taylor, -	2 50
Mrs. R. L. Falkinburg,	4 00	Jacob Beam, -	3 50
T. Corder, - -	14 10	James Turnpau, -	2 50
W. A. Falkinburg,	5 60	Mrs. Delia Peoples,	2 50
Israel Rose, - -	14 35	Mrs. Sheets, -	2 35
C. Rose, - -	9 35	Widow Brooks, -	2 35
Sam'l Bennington,	11 20	Mrs. Joe Ruble, -	2 10

The total sum received, per check, was $258.45, to which I added $2.25, making the total distributed, $260.70. The cases helped may be described briefly as follows:

1. A needy widow with six children, most of them small. She was very grateful for provisions and clothing.

2. A poor and feeble man with seven children, the mother dead, the oldest child deaf and dumb.

3. A Sunday School worker, poor, living in a rented box house, far out in the water.

4. A widow, not able to pay her house rent —no income, and the house in which she lives, as well as cases 1st and 2d, close to the river's edge, protected only by a small levee. All these places have been flooded.

5. An aged gray-haired widow, washes when she can, not able to do much.

6. A feeble and widowed grand-mother—driven out of the lower story of her house by the flood—was living in an upper room.

7. A poor man with a wife and seven children. Water has come into his house three times this season, has things scaffolded up in the house to keep them out of the water.

8 and 9. Two small families living in the same house up stairs, driven out of lower rooms which were yet damp and unfit for occupancy.

10. Water all around and under the house, steps broken in front, house propped underneath where the foundation is gone.

11. A gray-haired woman living in an upper room, her grandaughter with her, driven out of the lower room which was yet damp nearly two feet up the walls—had waded in water to her waist, was made sick and is not yet well—had only been able to earn two dollars, by washing, since the floods came.

She Praised God

for the help I brought her from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and said, "I did not know how the Lord was going to provide for me." Now it was plain to her.

12. Another woman who earns a little by washing when she can, well advanced in years —her husband a cripple, not able to work, not able to pay their rent. She praised God for the help I brought her.

13. A woman whose husband has only had work a few days since the floods began, but as he is getting some employment, only a small donation for present relief was given.

14. A woman whose husband had been diseased in mind for over a year, and when the floods came he became deranged and is now in the lunatic asylum—five in family to be provided for.

15. A poor man who has not been able on account of the floods to work in his shop for nearly three months.

Cases 16, 17, 18, were similar, with the difference that they had planted crops in the fields—being renters. Some of these lost other things, as stable, smoke-house, etc.,—one of the men not able to labor much, and his wife suffers from asthma—house showed poverty —the water they use not fit to drink; I tried it and spit it out. Most of the well and cisterns in town are spoiled by the overflow of surface water, not clean.

19. The case of a man living half a mile below the mouth of Fox river—only four days employment since early in April, no other income; his crop drowned out; has a wife and three children, his father ninety-one years old lives with him.

20. A poor man, a renter; no income, no money, five to provide for. He said, "We are

Needing Something to Eat."

Had planted three times and every time had been flooded out.

21. A young married man, a renter, had gone in debt to plant, lost labor and crop; he and his wife willing and anxious to work—gave them a little help that they might get in a condition to help themselves.

22. A renter, lost his crop in the field and garden; a family of nine to provide for—no income except occasional days' work.

23. The wife has had poor health for four years, husband broken down in health, has been a hard-working man. Six to provide for —house yet damp, and water all around and under it.

24. Three in family; he is nearly sixty-five years old. Water running all over his yard and garden and under his house. Kitchen fell in with the safe, dishes, etc.

25, Food and clothing for a poor man seventy-two years, living alone.

These are illustrations of those whom I assisted, taken in the order in which I saw them. Total number of families helped, thirty-six (36), consisting according to actual count of one hundred and fifty-eight (158) persons.

On Friday, I made my visits mostly on and near the levees on the east, north and northwest of the town, on foot. In some places

REV. GEO. W. SHARP.

(*The Christian Herald Missionary in the Southwest.*)

the top of the levee was so small that if I had lost my footing two or three steps I might have plunged into the river. In many cases the families had been flooded in their houses, and I do not remember one visited when the water was not around it and under it. I closed my first day's work about 11 P. M.

Early Saturday morning the work was resumed, my guide rowing me in a skiff through the streets and into the yard gates, from which we usually found our way into the houses by walking over water on gang planks or temporary elevated sidewalks, and by 10 P. M., I had accomplished most of the distribution; but not all. Seeing that I would have to remain over Sunday, as there had been no preaching in the town for about two months, I had an appointment circulated that I would preach on Sunday at 11 A. M., and the church was ventilated on Saturday and Sunday morning, as the water had been it it, but was not then, having fallen. Yet it was even then surrounded by water. Men, women and children came to the service, some on the elevated side walks, some

Rowed Through the Water

in the skiffs.

I had not expected to preach at night, doubting whether the people would come out under the circumstances. But they heard the word of salvation with gladness, and after the morning service, and before leaving the house, at their request I announced preaching at night. The attendance and attention were about as good as in the day, and God, I believed, graciously blessed both services.

After preaching at night I explained to the congregation publicly, as I had done privately in the home of many, how THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had made an appeal for the benefit of flood sufferers, and had entrusted to me the distribution of the fund; and I, having information of their condition, came to assist them. I received many thanks in the church from old and young, male and female, for the aid given them, and for preaching to them. And many were the thanks which were expressed in the homes of the people.

I saw something of the dread in which the people lived. One woman said anxiously to my guide:

"Mr. C. they say another rise of two feet in the river is coming down. Do you think it's so?"

He assured her it was a mistake. Similar questions from others showed their anxiety. One widow living near the river's edge, protected only by a narrow levee, told Mr. C. that some people said another rise would cause her house to fall into the river, and asked him what he thought about it.

A widow with a large family of children, mostly small said: "I wonder what will become of us when cold weather comes." Another woman said, "I am scared everytime I see a cloud come up." Another, who received help was working out, though old. The water had been five feet deep in her house, but little of the building could be seen from the outside above water, except the roof.

When I left one house with an order for provisions, looking back,

I Soon Saw their Skiff

pushed out into the water and off to the store, and again I could see parties returning through the streets here and there, in their little boats with something to eat or wear, indicating that relief came none too soon. I never gave a cent of money but orders to the stores, and in suitable cases, checks, and then I would call and settle for them. Sometimes I gave checks to the Relief Committee, to be applied in specified amounts to sufferers whom I named. Surely the good Lord put it into the hearts of our friends, the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to send help to his needy poor, many of whom are saints; and I am as fully confident that he led me to the town and vicinity where it should be applied.

I conclude my report with the following testimonials on the part of the Mayor and Relief Committee.

ALEXANDRIA, MO., July 9, 1892.

Received of Geo. W. Sharp two boxes of clothing for flood sufferers in and about Alexandria, Mo., one from Mineral Point, Wis., and one from Springfield, Mo., most all of which have been distributed, and the few remaining garments will be, as soon as suitable persons are found.

For Mayor of Alexandria, H. G. GREDER.

ALEXANDRIA, MO., July 11, 1892.

The undersigned having been selected by citizens of this place to accompany Rev. Geo. W. Sharp to the residence of persons likely to be in need on account of the floods bears cheerful testimony to the diligence and discretion with which he performed the duty of distributing faithfully and impartially to the wants of flood sufferers He attended to the work with great diligence and care, and in a business-like manner, and I am confident that none received more than was needed, but many were made to share in the distribution, so that it has added present relief and comfort to many. NOAH CHILDERS.

With heartfelt thanks to you, and the kind donors for enabling me to relieve want and to gladden many who were needy and in trouble, I am yours sincerely, and gratefully,

GEO. W. SHARP.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of Am. S.S. Union.

Since receiving Mr. Sharp's letter, we have sent him a further remittance of the balance of the moneys contributed.

HEAVEN IS NEAR.

THE pearly gates are opened wide:
We catch bright glimpses through,
The intervening shadows are
But like the morning dew.
So quickly will they disappear,
When in the border-land
We listen to the angels' songs,
And feel the Saviour's hand.

Our heavenly home is very near;
'Tis but a step between
Our earthly habitations here,
And yonder bright unseen.
No human heart has e'er conceived
Joys that await us there:
The visions of supreme delight;
That land surpassing fair.

O, if we could but view that land—
As from some Pisgah height—
That land where reigns eternal day,
Where ne'er comes shades of night
Then if by faith we call it ours,
What comfort it will bring;
How trifling will those treasures seem,
To which our hearts now cling.

The veil, which hideth the unseen
From our weak, mortal sight,
Is very thin; we see beyond,
The shining of the light:
Less than a moment would suffice
To part its folds aside,
And in an instant we would be
Among the glorified.

Brooklyn, N. Y. —LOTTIE A. NEWMAN.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
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SEA BATHING.

THE sensation of sea-bathing is about the same everywhere. First you have the work of putting on the appropriate dress, sometimes wet and chill from the previous bathing. You get into the garments cautiously, touching them at as few points as possible, your face askew, and with a swift draft of breath through your front teeth, punctuating the final lodgment of each sleeve and fold with a spasmodic "Oh!" Then, having placed your watch where no villanous straggler may be induced to examine it to see whether he can get to the depot in time for the next train, you issue forth ingloriously, your head down in consciousness that you are cutting a very sorry figure before the world. Barefoot as a mendicant, your hair disheveled in the wind, the stripes on your clothes strongly suggestive of Sing Sing, your appearance a caricature of humankind, you wander up and down the beach, a creature that the land is evidently trying to shake off and the sea is unwilling to take. But you are consoled by the fact that all the rest are as mean and as forlorn-looking as yourself; and so you wade in over foot-top, unto the knee, and waist deep. The water is icy-cold, so that your teeth chatter and your frame quakes, until you make a bold dive; and in a moment you and the sea are good friends, and you are not certain whether you have surrendered to the ocean or the ocean has surrendered to you.

At this point begin the raptures of bathing. You have left the world on the beach, and are caught up in the arms of experiences that you never feel on land.

If you are far enough out, the breaking wave curves over you like a roof inlaid and prismatic, bending down on the other side of you in layers of chalk and drifts of snow, and the lightning flash of the foam ends in the thunder of the falling wave. You fling aside from your arms, as worthless, amethyst and emerald and chrysoprase. Your ears are filled with the halo of the sporting elements, and your eyes with all tints and tinges and doubled-dyes and liquid emblazonment.

You leap and shout and clap your hands and tells the billows to come on, and in excess of glee greet persons that you never saw before and never will again, and never want to, and act so wildly that others would think you demented, but that they also are as fully let loose; so that if there be one imbecile there is a whole asylum of lunatics.

It is astonishing how many sounds mingle in the water; the faint squall of the affrighted child, and shrill shriek of the lady just introduced to the uproarious hilarities, the carouse of the diver, the snort of the half-strangled, the clear giggle of maidens, the hoarse bellow of swamped obesity, the whine of the convalescent invalid, the yell of unmixed delight, the te-hee and squeak of the city exquisite learning how to laugh out loud, the splash of the brine, the cachinnation of a band of harmless savages, the stun of the surge on your right ear, the hiss of the surf, the saturnalia of the elements; while overpowering all other sounds are the orchestral harmonies of the sea, which roll on through the ages, all shells, all winds, all caverns, all billows heard in the "oratorio of the creation."

Oh, the glee of sea-bathing! It rouses the apathetic. It upsets the supercilious and pragmatical. It is balsamic for mental wounds. It is a tonic for those who need strength, and an anodyne for those who need soothing, and a febrifuge for those who want their blood cooled; a filling up for minds pumped dry, a breviary for the superstitious with endless matins and vespers, and to the Christian an apocalyptic vision where the morning sun gilds the water, and there is spread before him "a sea of glass mingled with fire." "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters!"

THE SCISSORS.

OH, what a gay life the scissors lived! I may lie on gayest lady's lap, and little children like me better than almost anything else to play with. The trembling octogenarian takes me by the hand, and the rollicking four-year-old puts on me his dimpled fingers. Mine are the children's curls and the bride's veil. I am welcomed to the Christmas-tree, and the sewing machine, and the editor's table. I have cut my way through the ages. Beside pen, and sword, and needle, I dare to stand anywhere, indispensable to the race, the world-renowned scissors!

But I had a sad mission once. The bell tolled in the New England village because a soul had passed. I sat up all the night cutting the pattern for a shroud. Oh, it was gloomy work. There was a wailing in the house, but I could not stop to mourn. I had often made the swaddling clothes for a child, but that was the only time I fashioned a robe for the grave. To fit it around the little neck, and make the sleeves just long enough for the quiet arms—it hurt me more than the tilt hammers that smote me in Sheffield, than the files of the scissors-grinder at the door. I heard heartstrings snap as I went through the linen, and in the white pleats to be folded over the still heart, I saw snow banked on a grave. Give me, the old scissors, fifty bridal dresses to make, rather than one shroud to prepare.

ANTICIPATING TROUBLE.

WE give it up. People will take trouble by the forelock. And so we propose to show that the most of our troubles have nothing but forelock. You say, "How if I should get sick?" God will not forsake you then. In those times of darkness, the Saviour will be especially near to you. When all worldly sympathy fails, you will feel the need of a divine arm to lean upon, and in the hour of pain and distress the Saviour will be more to you than he is now. There may come days of poverty.

Those who are now pleased with your association may turn their backs upon you. You may have to move out of the pleasant surroundings in which you are now settled.

Do you think you will be able to endure the stress of these adverse circumstances? Yes, you will. When earthly treasures fade from your soul you will feel the need of heavenly treasures. God will not forsake you in those times. There may come days of bereavement upon you. You look around upon your household, and say: "How could I spare one of these loved ones?" Perhaps you think now that you would not be able to go through such sorrow; but God would not forsake you. He would help you through that trouble as he has through all the trouble of the past. There may be in your future life days of satanic assault; do you think you will be able to endure them? It seems sometimes as if the powers of darkness come down upon a man's soul when he is least able to combat with them. Will you be able to stand them? You will. Satan has been disputing your path heavenward ever since you have started. He is no stronger now than he was in the past, and he will be no stronger in the future. Christ has bruised the head of the serpent. God is mightier than all your foes.

The hour of death is coming: many in that exigency fail. There is a deep darkness that comes down upon the pillow that no earthly light can scatter. Alas for any one that comes to die without the grace of Jesus! But having put your trust in the Redeemer, that final hour will be an occasion of joy, He will not bring you all through your life to that last moment and then fail you. Upon your pillow there will dawn the brightness of heaven. You can say now, without any boasting, without any egotism, and without any rashness: "Nothing shall separate me from the love of God in Christ Jesus; neither things present nor things to come."

THORNS.

EVERY one has a thorn sticking him. The housekeeper finds it in unfaithful domestics; or an inmate who keeps things disordered; or a house too small for convenience or too large to be kept cleanly. The professional man finds it in perpetual interruptions or calls for "more copy." The Sabbath School teacher finds it in inattentive scholars, or neighboring teachers that talk loud and make a great noise in giving a little instruction.

One man has a rheumatic joint which, when the wind is north-east, lifts a storm signal. Another a business partner who takes full half the profits, but does not help to earn them. These trials are the more nettlesome because, like Paul's thorn, they are not to be mentioned. Men get sympathy for broken bones and mashed feet, but not for the end of sharp thorns that have been broken off in the fingers.

Let us start out with the idea that we must have annoyances. It seems to take a certain number of them to keep us humble, wakeful and prayerful. To Paul the thorn was as disciplinary as the shipwreck. If it is not one thing, it is another.

If the stove does not smoke, the boiler must leak. If the pen is good, the ink must be poor. If the editorial column be able, there must be a typographical blunder. If the thorn does not pierce the knee, it must take you in the back. Life must have sharp things in it. We cannot make up our robe of Christian character without pins and needles.

We want what Paul got—grace to bear these things. Without it we become cross, censorious and irascible. We get in the babit of sticking our thorns into other people's fingers. But God helping us, we place these annoyances in the category of the "all things that work together for good." We see how much shorter these thorns are than the spikes that struck through the palms of Christ's hands; and remembering that he had on his head a whole crown of thorns, we take to ourselves the consolation that if we suffer with him on earth we shall be glorified with him in heaven.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

A SECOND PENTECOST.

NOW I saw in my dream three men meet at the corner of Ruin Street and Desolation Avenue. They were all of good build and spoke with earnestness. There seemed about them an air of haste. They were on the King's business. (1. Sam. 21:8.) Their names were Mr. Great-faith, Mr. Great-work and Mr. Good-sense. All descendants of a noble house that had fought mighty battles. (Heb. 11.) Of their ancestors they were proud, but of them they spoke but little, desiring to live in such a way as to make their children proud of them.

Their meeting was by appointment, and immediately they commenced the discussion of some work in hand. Great-faith began:

Great-faith: "Have you given the matter much prayer and thought?"

Great-work: "Yes, constantly; I believe it is the will of the King and can be done."

Good-sense: "Of the results, I have no doubt, but much study must be given the plans. I think we need to tarry in an upper room till there be given us wisdom and great power."

Now, at this I addressed myself to them—desiring to know their plans, if they were not secret.

"Certainly," said Great-work, "for we will need the help of all in our undertaking. Mr. Great-faith, won't you open to him what is on our hearts and minds?"

Great-faith: "Certainly; while in conference some days ago we read from the King's Book, how that, on a certain day long past, one, Peter, stood amidst the throng that filled the streets of Jerusalem, preaching Jesus, and that same day about three thousand souls were saved. (Acts 2:41.) Our hearts burned within us, and we said, cannot this be once more? Whereupon we fell on our faces before God, and while in prayer there came a voice saying, 'There is nothing too hard for the Lord.' (Jeremiah 32:17.) This gave us cheer, and together we made a covenant that our King should thus be glorified again. Our meeting to-day is to consider how we shall proceed."

Mr. Good-sense then asked if I would accompany them to their closet, as 'twas there they communed with one who talked with Moses and the Prophets. He also assured me they had the King's promise that he would be present. (Matt. 18:20.)

A brisk walk, and we were soon at the entrance of a building, over the door of which was painted in golden letters, "Chamber of Wisdom." There were many halls, the sides of which were carved with wondrous words (Proverbs). Reaching a door at last, we entered, upon the wall I saw in costly setting these words: "By wise counsel thou shalt make thy war; and in the multitude of counsellors there is safety." (Prov. 24:6.) A Bible lay upon the table.

Great-faith sat down and read from the Book where it is written, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." (Isa. 35:1.) Then prayer was made. 'Twas like the pleading of Abraham or the wrestling of Jacob. (Gen. 18: 23-33-25.) Tears came as freely as their words. (Psa. 126:6.) There were no vain repetitions. 'Twas like a son asking mighty things of a Father. The three prayed as one man. Their words came burning hot from souls that were on fire. At times I felt a thought 'twas God pleading with God, as though the Spirit himself made intercession. (Psa. 8:26.) There was no shaking of the building or the sound of a rushing mighty wind, for God does not always manifest himself alike, but they were filled with the Holy Ghost—they "were endued with power from on high." (Acts 1:8.)

Now I saw after prayer the spirit with which they began to plan and work—"They trusted God as though he was to do it all, and worked as there were no God." This spirit never left them.

It was only a handful gathered in
To the little place of prayer,
Outside were struggle and pain and sin,
But the Lord himself was there;
He came to redeem the pledge he gave—
Wherever his loved ones be,
To stand himself in the midst of them,
Though they count but two or three.
'Twas a time of the dearest privilege
Of the Lord's right hand," we said,
As we thought how Jesus himself had come
To feed us with living bread.

The Bible and the Newspaper

THE NEW MINISTER

PRESIDENT HARRISON in filling the vacant post of Minister to Russia by appointing Andrew D. White of New York has displayed sound judgment and a regard for the interest of the public service. Mr. White is a gentleman and a scholar who is fit to represent the United States at any court in Europe. He speaks French and German fluently and while polite and courteous in manner has the sturdy manliness which is needed in a minister at a foreign court. Mr. White, whose portrait appears on this page, is in his sixtieth year. He was a student of Yale, where he graduated at the age of nineteen. He spent two years in study at the University of Berlin and then went to St. Petersburg as an attache of our embassy there. Returning to this country he became Professor of History and Literature at the University of Ann Arbor, Mich., where he remained five years. In 1862 he was elected State Senator from Syracuse, N. Y., and aided during his term in the promotion of much important legislation especially in reforming the educational system of the State. He took a leading part in the incorporation of Cornell University of which he became first President. In 1879 Mr. White was made minister to Germany but after two years resigned and returned to his work at Cornell. He continued his labors there until 1885 when he resigned, but has taken a deep interest in the progress of the University and has contributed largely to its funds. He also added to its library his large and valuable collection of historical works. The practical politicians do not approve of his selection for so honorable a position as that of Minister to Russia as he has not rendered any conspicuous services to his party, but has won distinction only in services to the cause of public education. But Mr. White has made that his business and the President in appointing him to this post of honor has fulfilled the saying of the wise king: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings: he shall not stand before mean men." (Prov. 22: 29.)

The Homestead Outrage.

THE shooting of Mr. Henry C. Frick, the chairman of the Carnegie Company, at Pittsburg, Pa., on July 23, was one of those lawless acts, which show how desperate and passionate the feelings engendered by labor struggles, have become. He was seated at his desk in his office when a man entered, and raising a revolver, fired at him from behind, the bullet striking him in the neck, just below the base of the brain. He tried to escape from his assailant by the window of his office, but the man followed him and fired again, hitting him once more in the neck. Mr. Frick turned and grappled with him and, a friend in the office coming to his assistance, the assassin was disarmed of his pistol. He then drew a long dirk, with which he stabbed his victim twice before he was overpowered. Mr. Frick was bleeding profusely, but his physicians believe that his wounds are not fatal. His assailant is not one of the strikers and has never been employed at the Homestead works. His name is Bergmann. He claims to be a Russian Jew, a printer and cigar maker by trade, who has been five years in America. His home is in New York, and he went down to Homestead evidently with the deliberate purpose of murdering Mr. Frick. He had no personal grievance against his victim, but desired to remove him as the most conspicuous foe of organized labor. It is gratifying to learn that this personal attack on him was not the work of the strikers. Their leaders deplore it and have sent sincere expressions of sympathy to Mr. Frick and his family. Nor was the attack a punishment for any personal wrong Mr. Frick had done to his assailant. It was due to "the misfortune of his position," as the representative of capital in antagonism to trade-unions, and it shows that as the cause of capital may be discredited by cruelty and oppression, so the cause of labor may be discredited by unauthorized and dastardly outrage. It shows, too, how the conduct of men may affect others whom they have never seen and whose evil passions they are powerless to control. "For none of us liveth to himself and no man dieth unto himself." (Rom. 14: 7.)

The President's Proclamation.

THE four hundredth celebration of the Discovery Day is to be observed as a national holiday. On July 21st, President Harrison issued a proclamation appointing Friday, October 21st, 1892, as a general holiday for the people of the United States. "On that day," the President says, "let the people so far as possible cease from toil and devote themselves to such exercises as may best express honor to the discoverer and their appreciation of the great achievements of the four complete centuries of American life. Columbus stood in his age as the pioneer of progress and enlightenment. The system of education is in our age the most prominent and salutary feature of the spirit of enlightenment, and it is peculiarly appropriate that the schools be made by the people the centre of the day's demonstration. Let the national flag float over every

HON. A. D. WHITE,
(Newly appointed U. S. Minister to Russia.)

school house in the country, and the exercises be such as shall impress upon our youth the patriotic duties of American citizenship. In the churches and in the other places of assembly of the people, let there be expressions of gratitude to Divine Providence for the devout faith of the discoverer, and for the Divine care and guidance which has directed our history and so abundantly blessed our people." It is significant that the President suggests churches and schools, not saloons and gambling-houses, as places appropriate for the celebration. He is evidently of the same opinion as the wise king that it is righteousness which exalts a nation. (Prov. 13: 34.)

The Birth of a Millionaire.

THE journals of July 21st announce the birth of a boy for whom a magnificent fortune had been provided long before he was born. Some nine years ago a merchant died in New York, leaving a fortune of seven million dollars. In his will he directed that the entire sum should be invested by trustees and the income from it should be paid to his widow during her life. The principal was to be paid at her death to the eldest son of his cousin and, as his cousin was then a bachelor, if he had no son, it should be divided among charitable institutions in proportions to be assigned by his widow in her will. The widow has since become Duchess of Marlborough and she has enjoyed the income of her first husband's estate as he directed. The cousin has also since married and it is his son whose birth has just been announced. On the death of the Duchess, should he survive her, he will receive the seven millions bequeathed to him before his birth. Doubtless, some will envy the infant at present unconscious of the splendid provision made for him, and it would surprise every one if, when the child grows up and the fortune is placed at his disposal, he should be indifferent to it and never claim it. Yet it is folly of this kind that every man commits who hears that an inheritance in heaven has been prepared for him before the foundations of the world and does not claim it through Christ who died that he might possess it. (Matt. 25: 34.)

A Costly Pipe.

A CORRESPONDENT from St. John's, Newfoundland, reports that the terrible conflagration that devastated that fine city was started by a careless smoker. He lighted his pipe in a barn in the northern suburbs of the city and dropped the burning match on the floor among the dry straw. In a few minutes the barn was burning fiercely, and a strong wind was carrying the flames and flying embers across the city toward the water. How the whole city burned and the people, flying from their burning houses were caught in the flames and roasted alive, the dispatches have told. Property worth six million dollars was utterly consumed, and more than ten thousand people are homeless. Nor does the distress end there. It will be felt all through Newfoundland. The fishermen all along the four thousand miles of coast-line were accustomed to take the fruits of their toil to St. John's, where they found the merchants who would take their catch and exchange it for the necessaries of life. Without this opportunity of disposing of the fish, their harvest of the sea is half worthless, and two hundred thousand persons are cut off from the means of existence till they can find another market. What an aggregate of poverty and privation this signifies can scarcely be realized, and this has to be added to the ruin of the people who lost their all in the fire. And all this came from one man's carelessness. "Behold," says the Apostle James, "how great a matter a little fire kindleth," and he warns us that the tongue is just such a little fire capable by careless words of working just such havoc among souls and doing mischief which will continue throughout eternity. (James 3: 5-6.)

A Dangerous Anæsthetic.

A REMARKABLE death in Bellevue Hospital New York, a few day's ago is to be made the subject of scientific investigation. In has of late been the custom in that and other hospitals to administer small doses of cocaine instead of ether or chloroform in minor operations. When the deceased man presented himself for treatment, he appeared to be in perfect health, save for a local trouble which could be remedied by an operation. He was of middle age and seemed to be of strong constitution. The usual injection of cocaine, of normal strength used for such purposes, was prepared; but no sooner was it administered to the patient than he fell into violent convulsions. The astonished doctors applied remedies to relieve him but the convulsions continued and increased in violence until, after a few minutes, the man died. An autopsy was made and all the vital organs were found to be in a state of congestion, which is the condition they present in cases of cocaine poisoning. The physicians say that this is the first instance of such a fatality that has occurred in this country. Not much is known of the properties of cocaine, but the death of this man indicates that to some persons it is almost instantly fatal. With ether and chloroform, physicians know that ether anæsthetic is dangerous to persons with weak hearts. But a person may be in perfect health, so far as can be ascertained, and yet succumb almost at once to cocaine, as the patient did. There was nothing to indicate that the injection of a minute quantity of cocaine would kill him as soon as it entered his system. It is evident that cocaine is another of the anæsthetics whose use is attended with danger. While there are cases in which it may be safely administered and the patient may be relieved by it of much agony, there are, it appears, other cases in which it is better that he bear the pain than be lulled by an anæsthetic into a sleep from which he will never wake. It is so in spiritual matters. While there are some who need to be comforted and calmed with assurances of God's love and mercy there are others who need to feel the pangs of conviction that they may learn to hate sin, or they may lapse into a false security from which they cannot be aroused. (II. Cor. 7: 11.)

Volume XIV, of the Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1891, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $4, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

BRIEF NOTES.

REV. E. P. HAMMOND has been holding meetings at Stamford, Conn. Different churches in the city united in the work. Services were held in the Methodist Episcopal, the Congregational and other churches. The interest extended through the city.

The Sixty-first Annual Camp meeting at Sing Sing, N.Y., commences to-morrow Aug. 4, and continues for ten days. Rev. Thomas Harrison will have charge of the services. Five services will be held each day—the first at six A.M. Mr. Harrison has been preaching to large congregations at Saratoga, N.Y.

On a recent Sunday, Mr. Moody addressed three meetings in a large tent at Guilford, England. Thence he went to Ireland and has now returned to England to resume his meetings. Rev. John McNeill, who has been helping him, said he had a wonderful six months of it since he began work on January 2, with Mr. Moody, in Aberdeen. He had addressed as many as 270 meetings, and sometimes as many as thirteen in one week.

From March 1st to July 1st the missionaries of the American Sunday School Union in the Northwestern District, under the superintendence of T. G. Ensign, of Chicago, established and re-established 395 Sunday Schools (over three a day), which have 1,362 teachers and 10,814 scholars, besides aiding others schools in 970 cases where 3,902 teachers are giving Bible instruction to 53,075 scholars. They also held 1,905 meetings.

Contributions to the fund for the support of Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the American Sunday School Union have been received since our last acknwlment to the amount of $56.31 They were from: Reader, Aurora, Neb., $20; W. W. W., Long Island, $10; Sunday School Collection, Fountain, Colo., $10.31; A Subscriber, Warrenton, Mo., $5; J. R. C., Volga, Ind., $3.50; Anonymous, Salt Lake City, Utah, $2; M. W. R., North Adams, Mass., $2; One Who Loves Jesus, $1; Mary and Martha, $1; A. C., Pioneer, O., $1; C. Riehle, Phila., Pa., 50c.

The following additional contributions have been sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the Russian famine sufferers: S.A.Isbell, Bartlett, N. Y., $3.50; Vienna S. S., Beaman, Ia., $9; Mrs. W. S. Donaldson, $10, Mary E. Forster, Mt. Clemens, $2; D. S. Phoenix, 50c, Cash, Cumberlaad, Wis., $2.50; Mrs. F.W. Reeder, Atlantic, $20; Rev. S. L. Livingston, Quincy, $5; Tompkins and Springport Pres. Church, $5.50; — Barton, Fla., $12; W. H. Swipe; Waukegan, $6; Mrs. R. H. McCoy, Dallas, $5; N. E. LaM. Kinney, McGrawville, $2; Endeavor Society, $10, S. S. Pres. Church, Kenansville, $8.50; Elizabeth Taylor, 50c, Hannah Taylor, Clifford, 5c; Boydton, Va., $5; Subsc., Salineville, O, $2; Mrs. J. G. Mote, Sauk Centre, 50c; People of Talladega Springs, Ala., $2.50; Ivar Tedestrom and a party of students from the University of California, $12.50; F.C. M., Charleston, S.C., $1; —, Northampton, Mass, $1.

The following sums have been received, in addition to those previously acknowledged, for the relief of the sufferers by the floods in the South-west and have been sent to Rev. George W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary in that field for distribution: A Sub'r, 50c.; Martha Alten, Sebastopol, Cal., $3; Miss Lennie Johnson, Economy, Tenn., $1; Mrs. Chas. L. Smith, Economy, Tenn., $1; Miss Ella Eppert, Blue Earth City, Minn., $5; Mrs. E. J. Hosking, Nashville, S. Dak., 25c.; J. F. Dodd, Delewan, O., $1; Wm. Eccleston, Tombstone, Ariz., $1.94; Mary R. Ross, Lees Creek, Ark., $1; Minolie Ross, Lees Creek, Ark., 25c.; Resolute Circle, Ivoryton, $3; Mrs. J. Pratt, Ivoryton, Conn., $1; Alex. Allen, Hanover, Conn., $4.50; A Friend, Whitesboro, $1; Chesterfield, Va., 50c.; Mrs. Geo. Waldron, Addison, Vt., $1.50; T. E.W., Hicksville, O., $1; Sub'r, Port Oram, N. J. $1; S. D. Gibbs, Huntington, W. Va., $1; Mrs. Wm. Dingman, Olive, N. Y., $1; C. C. Miller, Fern Hill, Wash., $3; —— Pendleton, Ind., 40c.; In His Name, Shiloh, Mich., 35c.; A Friend, Old Mystic, Conn., $2; Heinrich, Penn., $5; I. H. Redding, Asheboro, N. C., 50c.; ——, Morganville, N. J., $2; Friends, Pleasant Prairie, Wis., $3; Mrs. C. A. Taylor and daughters, Ogden, Ill., $2; Katie Renfro, Herndon, Cal., 25c.; Jane Harris, Cannon Falls, Minn., $6; Sub'r, Cossville, N. H., $2; Annie M. Sherrard, Oldham, O., $3.50; King's Daughters, Denver, Colo., $2; Mattie Moore, Atlanta, Tex., 50c.; Neil Love, Wellsville, Utah, $2; Friend, Owasso, Mich., $1; Sub'r, Manotick, Ont., $2; N. and Gracie H., Alvord, Cal., $3.10; Mrs. Robt. Hughson, Braceville, Ill., $1; Lind Bradus, 50c.; In His Name, Le Roy, N. Y., $1; Goffstown, N. H., $2; One who loves Jesus, Fitchburg, Mass., $1; Sympathizer, Hughsonville, $1.

THE VETERANS' CHECKS.

"The Christian Herald" will Cash them Again this Week, as it did Last Quarter-Day—Saving the Old Soldiers from the Saloons.

QUARTER-DAY, when the old soldiers all over the country receive their pension money, is again at hand and The Christian Herald is preparing this week to repeat the experiment of last May, the history of which will doubtless be remembered by our readers. In past years, the saloons in the neighborhood of the United States Pension Office in Canal Street reaped a harvest from the pensioners, many thousands of whom patronized these places for the purpose of having Uncle Sam's paper turned into cash, an accommodation the saloon-keepers were quick to extend, since it brought a profit to their cash drawers from two sources: the commissions they exacted from the poor old soldiers, and the extensive patronage of their vile liquors that followed as a consequence. Last quarter, however, all this was changed. The rumsellers found themselves checkmated, for the veterans, being enabled by The Christian Herald's arrangement to obtain money for their checks promptly and without any expense whatever, forsook the saloons, and the bars were deserted. For the first time in the history of the Pension office, the ex-soldiers, their wives and children were delivered from this debasing contact, which had in former years wrung many thousands of dollars out of their necessities.

This happy result, which was achieved by co-operation with the new Grand Army Mission in the basement of the United States Pension building, Nos. 396 and 398 Canal Street, and with the kind assistance of Col. Loveland, Pension Agent, and Col. H. H. Hadley, Superintendent of the Mission, has been cordially endorsed by many gentlemen prominent in military circles, including Major-General O. O. Howard, the soldier-philanthropist, and others who take an active Christian interest in the welfare of the old soldiers, and their rescue from the contaminating influence of the rumshops. Many letters were received at this office from different parts of the country, expressing the liveliest satisfaction with the outcome of the experiment, and a hope that it would be the means of inducing similar experiments in other cities, notably in Columbus, Indianapolis, Topeka, Boston and Philadelphia, where the United States Pension offices are located. Some of the writers advocate the establishment of Grand Army Missions and Check-cashing Bureaus by people of means, who are interested in Christian work as affording one of the best opportunities of doing good to the souls and bodies of a class to which little attention has been given hitherto. We have also received a number of letters inquiring as to the practical steps to be taken for the inauguration of such a work in different cities, and to all such we have replied fully. It is quite probable, therefore, that at no distant date, missions similar to that established in New York—at which, in addition to the holding of Gospel services, the checks of the old soldiers will be cashed free—may soon be established in several of the cities we have named.

During the week of pension-paying in New York, from 12,000 to 14,000 checks are issued by Col. Loveland, Pension Agent. A sum averaging $30,000 per day was furnished by Dr. Klopsch, the proprietor of this journal, and a banking-office established in the Mission Hall, with the necessary desks and a force of clerks to transact business. From early morning till late in the afternoon of each day, payments were made, and there was a continuous line of pensioners waiting their turn, with checks varying in amount from $16 to $120 to be cashed. The pleasure of the veterans, on discovering the new arrangement that had been made for their benefit, was unbounded. It is estimated that over 10,000 checks were paid in this manner, the total amount used being in the neighborhood of $150,000. The management of the Citizens' National Bank, on Broadway, gave its heartiest co-operation, and extended all necessary facilitics for the transaction of this large volume of business.

Every evening, services were held in the Mission Hall under Col. Hadley's management, and large numbers of the veterans, who, in other years, had sought shelter at the saloons while waiting for their checks, attended and joined heartily in the exercises. Free refreshments, consisting of tea, coffee and sandwiches, were distributed among them.

Several improvements have been made in the arrangements since the first experiment, and when pension payments begin on the morning of the 4th inst., the cashing of checks will proceed even more smoothly and expeditiously than before. This work will be under the special charge of Hon. W. S. McPheeters, LL.D., of New York, who took so active an interest in it last May. He will be assisted by Rev. George W. Mooney, and an efficient corps of clerks and messengers.

Col. Hadley's Grand Army Mission is doing a noble work in New York. It has been a boon to the veterans, and its earnest, untiring efforts in the Master's service are bringing many into the Gospel fold. Within the last three months, the furnishing of the mission rooms have been complete, a permanent counter built where the temporary one stood, and a hallway enclosed, with glass-doors. This week they will be a scene of unusual activity. Hearts will be gladdened and souls helped by the spiritual services there. The old pensioners will be saved from contact with the degrading saloons by having their checks cashed free, and the widows and the fatherless will find life somewhat brighter and happier by the thoughtfulness and self-sacrifice of others.

GRAND ARMY MISSION, CANAL ST., NEW YORK.

"HE KNOWETH."

WE make our plans and choose our way,
And think that way is best,
And find that after all we may
Have planned in vain for rest.

It may be that in bitter grief,
The cruel thorn we feel,
Until the Saviour gives relief,
And makes our woe our weal.

We fret and worry o'er the ills
Which seem to blight our life,
Until we find his Spirit fills
The heart that rests from strife.

From strife against the will of God,
Who knows what's best for man;
And we have learnt to kiss the rod
Aud bow before his plan.

Far from a Father's love we roam,
And find our way unblest,
Nor know until we have come home,
The Father's way was best.

Oh, Saviour! give us grace to prove
The grace that flows from thee,
That in the liberty of love
Thy people may be free.

—*The Christian.*

FOR COLORED CHILDREN

What Rev. C. P. Johnson is doing in Florida for the Improvement of Negro Children.

THE difficult and perplexing problem presented by the existing condition of the colored race concerns every patriotic citizen. Although many of its members have gained education and culture and have displayed energy and ambition in improving their condition, there is another class who seem to have no desire to rise. The men belonging to this class make no effort to cultivate their minds or to fit themselves for any occupation better than the one that supplies their absolute wants. Their wives are like them in the absence of any desire to keep the home clean or tidy or their clothing in decent repair. The majority of this class can neither read nor write, and have no conception of any higher plane of life than that which is but little above the animal. The existence of such a class is alike a national reproach and a national danger. Many efforts have been made to educate them and to kindle within them some spark of ambition, but, generally, the attempt has been futile. The conviction is gradually forming in the minds of the friends of the race that for the adults of this class there is little hope. There is hope, however, for the children. If they can be educated and developed the next generation will be better and brighter. But they are growing up uneducated. The little dirty, half naked children cannot go to public schools and their parents are too inert to get them any education. Any effort, therefore, which promises help to these neglected little creatures deserves public help and encouragement. Such an effort in a humble and limited way, is being made by the colored clergyman whose portrait appears on this page. He is a man of intelligence and strong faith and his work so far as it has gone has won the praise of both the white and colored people who have seen it.

Calvert Preston Johnson was born at Louisville, Ga., in 1857, his father a Methodist man of color, who was owned by Gov. Johnson of Georgia. In 1847, his father having already secured his own freedom, purchased the freedom of his wife, the mother of Calvert. His father died in 1869, leaving a wife and five children. Mrs. Johnson and her family had a hard time of it, and life with them was a struggle for existence. Every member of the family had to work; and washing and ironing clothes became as frequent a task to the boys as the use of ball and hoop to children more happily situated. They had to labor from early morning to school time and resume work in the evenings. Calvert was a steady, bright-looking lad, and made excellent use of the few educational opportunities he had. While he was at the Louisville public school, Gov. Alexander H. Stephens became interested in him and when he left school, the Governor paid the expense of a nine months' term at college. Mr. J. H. Paulhill, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Gamble—public-spirited Christian men, who were interested in the advancement of the negroes of the South—also patronized the lad and helped him to defray the expense of tuition. He attended night school long after he was compelled to devote his day hours to work, and by rugged determination, succeeded in securing a fair education. All his life, since then, he has been a school teacher, his first efforts in that direction having begun when he was fifteen years of age.

Mr. Johnson's first ambition was to become a lawyer, but in 1870 an incident occurred that changed the whole current of his life. He was converted in a revival in Louisville, and then resolved to bend all his energies to securing an entrance to the ministry. With that view he attended the Atlanta Seminary entering as a student in the School of Theology. After graduating, his first appointment was to a little church at Valdosto, Ga., in 1879, which was followed by a change to Swaynesboro, Ga.—both being in the Georgia A.M.E. Conference. He also served acceptably at Sandersville, Ga., (where two fine churches were erected through his efforts); Savannah, Ga., (where he had a church and small mission, which has since developed into one of the most important gospel fields in that city); Quitman, Ga., and Fort Gaines, Ga. At all these places his labors were unusually successful and his devotion and Christian zeal made him universally esteemed. In the various fields in which he worked, he kept constantly in view the necessity for giving special attention to the training of the younger generation, holding that through the moral and intellectual advancement of the children of the American negroes must come whatever progress is ultimately to be secured.

In 1887 he married a Floridian, and afterwards, being transferred to another Conference, was appointed to a charge in the suburbs of Jacksonville at a station named New Hope. Formerly he had been under the Georgia Conference and now was to be connected with the East Florida Conference. On reaching his new station, he found the outlook far from encouraging; the negro population in the immediate neighborhood were ignorant and, for the most part, without religion; their children were untaught and ran about almost naked, like little savages. His first step was to change the name of New Hope to Allen's Temple. It was an uncomfortable, rickety structure, with no accommodations for worship, and he decided that a church must be built before substantial progress could be hoped for. He interested a number of friends in this project and worked unceasingly for its realization himself.

REV. C. P. JOHNSON.

Meantime he has begun to teach the young children, and they attend his school in considerable numbers. For this extra labor he receives no pay, except on rare occasions. From the Conference he gets no salary; his congregation undertakes to pay his salary as pastor, which it does when it is able; but for the teaching of the children there is no recompense, save in the consciousness of duty cheerfully done for the Master. His salary is $400 a year and he gets house-rent and fuel free.

"I teach school and get nothing for it, it is true," Mr. Johnson explains, "but if I can get it made a government school, the income will be $125 a year, which will enable me to work more effectively for the children. At present many of them are not properly clothed. It is of the greatest importance that these little ones should be taught. Less than half of my people in Jacksonville can read and write—possibly about three in every ten. The grown people don't take as much interest in this matter as they should. I have to pay the children to come to school, by giving them candies and pennies. At present there are 125 regular scholars attending my school.

"This matter of educating the negro children," added Mr. Johnson, "is really a national question. It involves the elevation of the race, and making it respectable, industrious and intelligent. They must not only be taught religion, but their minds must be opened and they must be taught self-respect. It is not surprising that morality is at a low ebb in some quarters where the conditions I have described prevail. I am trying to teach them to lead better lives—not theology so much as Christian practice."

Mr. Johnson has lately been visiting the North for the purpose of raising funds to further his project to build a new church. He proposes to have such a building as will be available for educational purposes during the week and for religious services on Sundays. The plans have been drawn, the foundations laid, and the work of building now waits for the necessary funds. Any of our readers who may desire to help him in this much-needed work may send their contributions to Rev. C. P. Johnson, Allen's Temple, Jacksonville, Fla.

TIPPOO TIB TO VISIT EUROPE.

Tippoo Tib, the prince of Arab traders in Africa and the friend of Stanley, is about to visit Europe, on the invitation of the Emperor of Germany and the King of Belgium. He had expected long before this to pay his first visit to Europe, but a slight stroke of paralysis caused delay. As the wealthiest native of Cetral Africa, it is expected that Tib will excite a good deal of interest and attention when he reaches Europe.

OKLAHOMA'S GOSPEL WAGON.

Excellent Missionary Work Done in the New Territory by the Home Missionary Society.

JUST a year ago, says the Chicago *Advance*, the work of the Oklahoma Gospel Wagon Band began, under the auspices of the American Home Missionary Society. Three young men: Joel Harper, Guy Foster and D. W. Cram of Washburn College promised to spend the summer vacation of '91 in this work. It was therefore at first only an experiment. Enough money had been given them to buy an outfit, consisting of a team and wagon which cost about $120. For the first two months, almost the only tools they had to work with were their Bibles. They had no organ, and during that time went into only one church. They also had no singing-books to take with them, and there was not an average of one singing-book to five persons in all their congregations. But notwithstanding all these difficulties, the Lord owned and blessed the services, and about thirty persons were converted. The youths went from place to place, into the homes of the people, and they decided to continue the work. Meantime they had received a small organ from the Sunday School children of Illinois and some Gospel Hymn-books.

For seven months they kept on with the same outfit, but the wagon was so small they had to procure a larger one. Many instances might be told of lives that have come in contact with these workers, how men have been lifted and made free by a new life in Christ Jesus; how infidels have been brought to see the Saviour and many lonely hearts in humble homes made to rejoice.

NOTHING WITHOUT LABOR.

ONE summer Annie Louise Cary was spending some time in her father's old home, a short distance from Portland.

It was after she had been feted at home and abroad, after she had sung before crowned heads and nobility.

One morning she ran into a neighbor's kitchen as if "she were not Miss Cary," where a young girl stood ironing.

Like many bright New England girls, she longed to get away from her small surroundings and try a larger sphere.

"Why, I have my trials," said Miss Cary, "you could not understand them."

"Oh," answered the girl, "what are troubles to you? You can do as you please with the world, instead of waiting to see what the world is going to do with you."

"You are tired; let me iron a while," said the famous songstress.

As her iron moved to and fro, she entertained the weary girl with stories of her own life, showing with what labor she had achieved her present success, and the trials incident to the public life. When she too, became weary, she changed places with the girl, who had become rested and contented, saying, "Now I'll sing for you." The voice that had held hundreds entranced now filled the little kitchen.

For a long time she held the girl entranced by the spell of her charming voice, and, when she went home, left her happy whom she had found restless and discouraged.

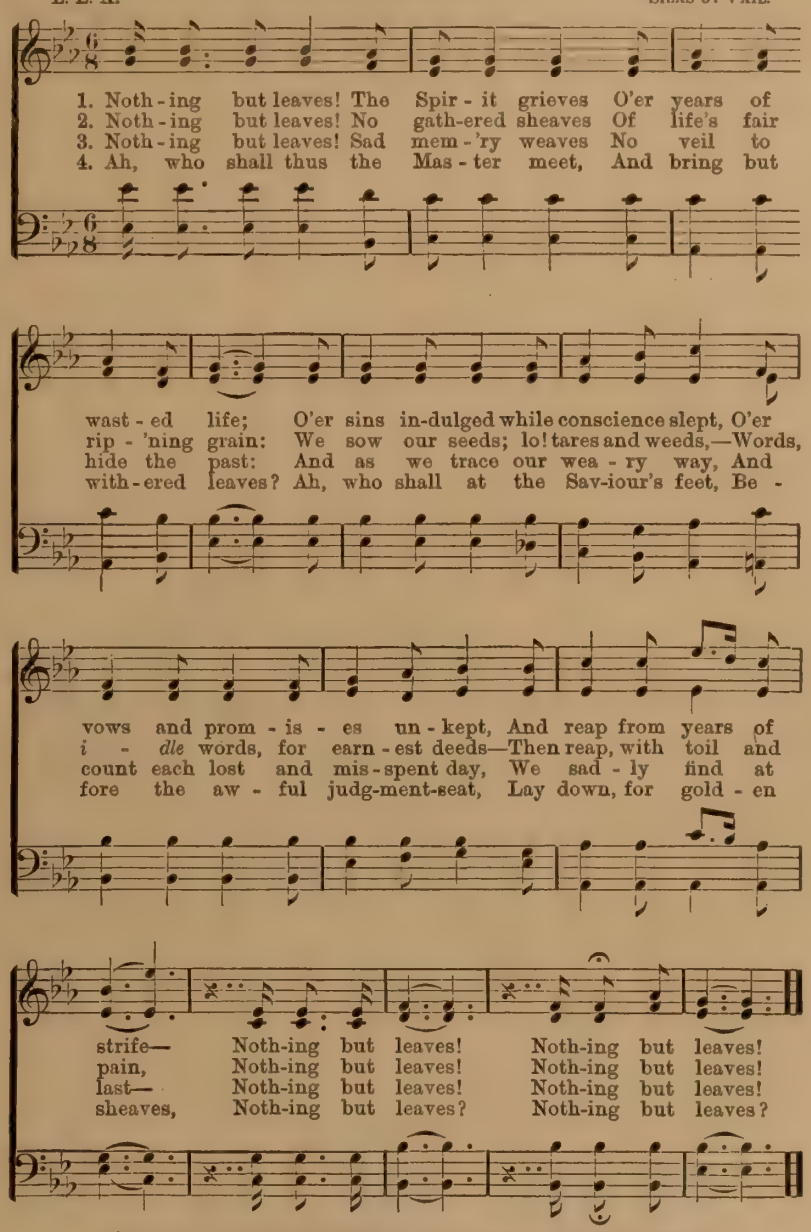
ELECTRICITY AND WAR.

Is electricity, after all, to be one of the principal agents which is to abolish war? In a recent interview Edison, the famous inventor, said: "With twenty-five men in a fort, I can make that fort absolutely impregnable, so far as an assault is concerned. This is not guesswork, but at matter of absolute scientific certainty. In each fort I would put an alternating machine of 20,000 volts capacity. One wire would be grounded. A man would govern a stream of water of about four hundred pounds pressure to the square inch, with which the 20,000 volts alternating current could be connected. The man would simply play this stream of water back and forth in a perfected hose, with his hand, playing on the enemy as they advanced, and mowing them down with absolute precision. Every man touched by the water would complete the electric circuit and get the force of the alternating current. The force trying to take the fort by assault, though they might come by tens of thousands against a handful, would be cut to the ground beyond any hope of escape. Foreign soldiers undertaking to attack America could walk around any such fort as mine, but they never could go through it. It would not be necessary to deal out absolute death unless the operator felt like it. He could modify the current gently, so as to simply stun everybody; then walk outside his fort, pick up the stunned generals and others worth keeping for ransom or exchange, and make prisoners also, of the others if convenient."

Nothing but Leaves.

"And when He came to it He found nothing but leaves."—Mark 11:13.

L. E. A. SILAS J. VAIL.


1. Noth-ing but leaves! The Spir-it grieves O'er years of wast-ed life; O'er sins in-dulged while conscience slept, O'er
2. Noth-ing but leaves! No gath-ered sheaves Of life's fair rip-'ning grain: We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—Words,
3. Noth-ing but leaves! Sad mem-'ry weaves No veil to hide the past: And as we trace our wea-ry way, And
4. Ah, who shall thus the Mas-ter meet, And bring but with-ered leaves? Ah, who shall at the Sav-iour's feet, Be-
vows and prom-is-es un-kept, And reap from years of
i-dle words, for earn-est deeds—Then reap, with toil and
count each lost and mis-spent day, We sad-ly find at
fore the aw-ful judg-ment-seat, Lay down, for gold-en
strife— Noth-ing but leaves! Noth-ing but leaves!
pain, Noth-ing but leaves! Noth-ing but leaves!
last— Noth-ing but leaves! Noth-ing but leaves!
sheaves, Noth-ing but leaves? Noth-ing but leaves?

Used from GOSPEL HYMNS No. 6, by permission of the Publishers.

KEEP THY HEAD ABOVE THE WATERS.

(Tune: "Cast thy bread upon the waters.")

KEEP thy head above the waters,
Trouble has not long to stay,
Though the billows rage about thee,
Though they keep their angry way;
Far across the storm-beat ocean
Sunshine glads the troubled sea,
And a watchful, heavenly Father
Will in love remember thee.

Keep thy head above the waters,
Though thy strength is failing fast
Angels watch each fainting motion
In the tempest's vengeful blast;
And the star of hope will guide thee
In the day that yet will be,
For thy God in all his mercy
Will in love remember thee.

Keep thy head above the waters,
Time will curb the stormy wave,
And God's never-failing spirit
Will protect the life he gave,
And with Christ who died to save you
In his pains on Calvary,
With his tender human spirit
Will in love remember thee.

Keep thy head above the waters
When life's storm and strife are o'er,
Then thy feet shall stand with firmness
On the bright eternal shore.
Then through all life's stern commotion
Thy triumphant soul shall see
How thy God in every trial
Did in love remember thee.

Kellogg, Ida. —C. E. EVANS.

GOD'S OMNIPRESENCE.

COULD we ascend beyond
The stars in regions fair;
The searching eye of God, alone,
Would find us, dwelling there.

Had we the wings to fly
Across the ocean's tide,
He, then, to us would sure draw nigh
And lead us by his side.

Before our thoughts can form
In words, what we would say,
The Lord is near, and knows the harm
Those sinful thoughts betray.

Lord, help us so to live
As in thy sight to be,
And in our hearts, in truth believe
Thou dost us always see.

Morrill, Kans. —J. S. MOHLER.

THE LAST DAYS.

How the Prophecies are being Fulfilled Before Our eyes.

BY DR. B. O. KINNEAR*

THE Old Testament contains the laws, manners, customs and religion chiefly of God's own people. The Twelve Tribes of Israel, as well as their history under Moses and the judges; under the three kings, Saul, David and Solomon, who ruled over the whole Twelve Tribes; and afterward, their story as divided monarchies, Judah, Benjamin and Levi forming the whole kingdom, or House of Judah; and the Ten Tribes (including Manasseh) making another compact, yet separate kingdom, of the same race, called the Kingdom of Israel; All Israel; the House of Isaac; Ephraim, etc. The Old Testament also contains prophecies concerning the whole Twelve Tribes; prophecies to Judah alone; to Jerusalem alone; and to the Ten Tribes, or House of Israel, alone.

These distinctive prophecies have only been clearly set forth, during the past 20 years, by one or two leading spirits, followed by a class of students, partly Biblical, partly historical; who most ably demonstrate by the application of prophecy, confirmed by the voice of history; that while Judah was to be scattered north, south, east and west, under the curses foretold by Moses and the prophets; the Kingdom of Israel was to be dispersed and also punished, by banishment from Palestine, and by losing their identity and a knowledge of their forefathers; yet, as "Christ came to his own," Judah; who rejected him, he tells his apostles to, "Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not, but go rather to the lost sheep of the 'House of Israel'"; otherwise the Ten Tribes, who, according to Josephus, Ant. Chap. 5, are thus described in that era: "There are only two tribes subject to the Romans, while the Ten Tribes are a vast multitude on the other side of the Euphrates, not to be estimated by numbers."

At that time, they had not all lost a knowledge of their identity, but had been divorced from Palestine for 690 years, and were lost to God's favor, to which they were about to be restored by their acceptance of Christ. Also to show forth God's praise; to possess the coasts of the earth; the heathen for their inheritance. To be a nation, and a company of nations, and have one great people cut adrift from them.

To consider themselves peculiarly blessed and favored; to be unconquerable; and to fulfill the prophecy in the song of Moses, where he exclaims, "When the Most High, divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sons of Adam he set their bounds, according to the numbers of the children of Israel." Any reader of my first article may easily see for himself that Great Britain and her colonies, with the United States of America to-day; answer perfectly to the prophecies given above. When the disciples spread abroad upon their mission they went to the very regions on the other side of the Euphrates, spoken of by Josephus as being the home in that day of the Ten Tribes; and Peter and James both write their epistles to the stock of Israel, including also Jews, who did not reside in Palestine.

From the very promises given to Israel (not Judah) by the patriarchs and prophets, she was to be the home of enlightenment, true religion and liberty. As Paul stated: the promised seed had come to receive the promises given to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; therefore, the law had to give way to the dispensation of faith by grace, or free gift, through the sacrifice of our Saviour, to give eternal life to fallen man.

A future article, will endeavor to exhibit conclusively that the British race are the descendants of this ancient kingdom of Israel. A speaker in the Presbyterian convention, held in New York one or two years ago, testified, without being aware of its truth, that "our race" held to-day, the same position toward the other nations, that Israel of old, presented then.

According to the few points advanced, it may seem probable that we are Israel. Having reached this plenitude of power, what next occurs? Possessing the strong places and ports all round the world, as Great Britain and America do, what happens?

In the very "last days" (Isaiah 26), at the time of the resurrection of the dead, God says to Israel: "Thy dead men shall live, with my dead body shall they arise."

* From advance sheets of his forthcoming book, entitled, *In the Twinkling of an Eye*, and the Successive Manifestations on the Earth of the Judgments and Glories of the Son of God—Son of Man.

And at once, continues: "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast. For, behold the Lord cometh out of his place to punish the nations of the earth for their iniquity; the earth also shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain."

Here is a picture of Israel (Britain and America) defending their ports just previous to a time of universal turmoil and war among the Gentiles. As shown in Article 1, both Great Britain and America, are to-day doing this very thing; fulfilling the prophecy made to Israel, that at that time, she should enter into her chambers, hiding herself within them, so that access to her countries could not be attained by an enemy. Our race being Israel, and having thus unconsciously acted in accordance with divine forecast, the Gentile or outside nations must necessarily at this same period be acting as God's messengers predicted of them.

The third chapter of Joel is clearly a statement of the "day of the Lord," when he shall plead with all nations, who are gathered against Jerusalem.

In verses 9 and 10, God says, "Proclaim ye this, among the Gentiles: prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near; let them come up: beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruning hooks into spears; let the weak say, 'I am strong.'"

Russia is considered to be verging on bankruptcy. Germany can scarcely further enlarge her army; and both Italy and Austria said last year that they must either fight or disarm by 1892; for they had almost exhausted their resources. A wonderful and speaking exposition of Joel. Again in the 14th chapter of Matthew our Saviour says, talking of the things that are to precede his coming, and the end of the age, "This generation shall not pass away until all these things be fulfilled." The word This, beginning the sentence, should be That; as shown by Prof. W. I. Knapp of Yale, as well as latterly by other prophetic writers.

Then what things were to happen in "that generation"? Why all the things related after verse three, of the chapter; and according to the Saviour within the generation. A generation of Scripture is the years of a man's life, and the Bible states, they shall be three score years and ten—70 years; therefore during the seventy years previous to his coming, all the things spoken of were to be fulfilled. Prof. Totten of Yale has lately shown that "that generation" extends from 1829 A. D., to 1899 A. D. In the present paper we are simply discussing the wars of the "last days." How does the chapter express the wars of "that generation," and within it?

Verse 6—"And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars; see that ye be not troubled, for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet." For 36 years, we have had wars and rumors of wars, almost constantly, and to-day the rumors continue with increasing intensity.

Verse 7—"For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom shall rise against kingdom, and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places."

Are we not to-day, according to Von Moltke and other observers, upon the verge of wars of unparalleled ferocity and magnitude? Therefore the second stage predicted of "that generation" is near.

Verse 8—"All these are the beginning of sorrows."

Verse 12—"And because iniquity shall abound the love of many shall wax cold."

This is after the great wars spoken of.

What is the state of Continental Europe and the East to-day? A mixture of anarchy and monarchy, Roman superstition and Mohammedan error, infidelity and philosophic doubt. These combinations as they now stand, threaten dissolution to all that is right and good and pure, in a state of peace.

Who can tell how love to truth will wax cold, when a mighty war shall have let loose all the passions of power, license, superstition and unbelief as it most assuredly must and will, illustrating the gloomy outlook of Cardinal Manning a year ago? The abomination of desolation standing in the holy place; the time of great tribulation such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, the writer also believes, will take place at the very end of this generation; but the subject, together with the present return of the Jews to Palestine, and the prophetic combinations of Gentile powers in the near future, requires one or two articles to expound clearly. Enough, however, has been written to draw attention to the likeness between the "last days" of the Bible and the secular military aspect of the world to-day.

HYPOCRISY IN THE CHURCH.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing August 14. Acts 4: 32; 5: 5. Rev. 21: 27.

IT was a curious lie that Ananias told. The motive for it seems singularly inadequate. All that he could hope to gain by it was the good opinion of a poor, despised, persecuted set of men and women. Barnabas and others were selling their lands and turning the proceeds into the common fund. It was a voluntary act, spontaneous in every way. Ananias and his wife apparently wished their bretheren to think well of them, and decided to do as Barnabas and the others had done. There was probably some ostentation about their offering. Had they simply turned a certain sum into the treasury no harm would have been done. As Peter reminded Ananias, the money was his own to do with as he pleased. There was no compulsion to turn in the whole amount he had received for the land. But he wanted to have it appear that he had given it all, and when asked, point blank, if he had done so, he said that he had. It was strange that a man capable of making the sacrifice, should have been capable of lying about it. Hypocrisy, vanity, avarice were contending in the man's soul for the mastery. Impelled to sell his property, yet reluctant to give up all, he attempts a compromise. He thinks he can gain the honor without sacrificing all. But he is dealing with God, and his scheme proves fatal to him.

The tragedy stands on the sacred page as a perpetual warning to all who take upon them the name of Christ. Let every one who nameth that name depart from iniquity. "Thou has not lied unto men." Peter said, "but unto God." What would happen in our churches and in our prayer-meetings if the punishment meted out to Ananias and his wife were to be meted out to every one who committed their sin, as it was defined by the Apostle? How many utter avowals in their prayers and in the hymns they sing, which are contradicted by their lives! God will never permit any one to compound with him for the indulgence of any secret sin. The sinner may stay outside the Church of Christ and receive the sinner's doom; but he incurs a more fearful penalty if he enters the chnrch professing to have consecrated himself and all he has to Christ, yet keeps back part of the price. If there is some habit, some affection, some occupation, some indulgence which he knows is separating him from God; if he is doing something which his conscience condemns, which he knows God's Word condemns, he is keeping back "part of the price." As he stands in God's presence professing before men to be wholly the Lord's, yet with the consciousness upon him that in his business he is acting on wordly principles, taking unfair advantage of other men, selfishly grinding down his employees, deceiving his customers, or issuing misleading statements, he is lying to God. Awfully solemn is that position for "Our God is a consuming fire."

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THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

THE members and friends of the Railroad Department of the Young Men's Christian Association of Port Jervis, N. Y., are proud and happy and jubilant in the actual possession of their new, commodious and elegant apartments on the corner of Pike and Broome Streets, a picture of which is here given. They have a cheerful outlook over the beautiful Orange Park. For many years the Association has been struggling along in cramped, uninviting and out-of-the-way quarters, while the assistance it received from outside was barely sufficient to meet the small running expenses. Some time ago an effort was made to better the condition and increase the usefulness of the Association and in this work the churches, business men and many others, lent a helping hand. With so many shoulders to the wheel the movement progressed rapidly. Goodale's three story brick block was purchased at a cost of $9,000, and thoroughly overhauled for the purpose for which it was intended, and the ladies set to work to furnish it in a fitting manner. All of this has been accomplished, and while the Association is not out of debt still it is now on a firm and substantial basis, owns one of the largest and best appointed buildings in the village, and will in a short time liquidate all its indebtedness.

The first floor and cellar of the new building are for the present rented to a furniture company. The furnace and boiler are in the cellar. The second floor is reached by a handsome winding stairway, which lead to the office and reception-room. This room is furnished very prettily with antique oak furniture which harmonizes perfectly with the natural wood finish of the room. From the office the visitor passes into the amusement room, and adjoining this room, and connected by large sliding doors, is the reading room. The two

THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT PORT JERVIS, N. Y.

handsome parlors connected by large sliding doors adjoin the reading-rooms. The parlors are more elaborately furnished than the other rooms. The floor is covered with handsome Brussels carpets, the walls are adorned with pictures, and a conspicuous piece of furniture is a large Fischer grand piano, given by the Ladies' Auxiliary, which constitutes a much appreciated part of the equipment of the room. On the third floor are the bath-rooms, etc., a kitchen, and the athletic room and class-room.

The Ladies' Auxiliary has earned all the money used for furnishing the rooms with the exception of ninety dollars, which was donated by the members, each one paying a small amount. The membership of the Association numbers now about two hundred. The new building is attracting new members and many names are being added to the list daily. It is estimated that fully seven hundred and fifty young men will avail themselves of the advantages afforded. Mr. Daniel A. Hall is the Secretary of the Association.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE second annual convention of the Warsaw District League, Indiana, was held at Marion. The papers were of an especially high order and were interesting and profitable to all. The topics were all questions of vital importance to the welfare of the League, and were discussed in a practical manner. The Chapter of Crawfordsville, Ind., district met in convention at Covington. There were present about 45 delegates. At two o'clock the convention was called to order by the president, J. N. Greene of Danville. His introductory remarks were well-timed and appropriate. After the opening prayer service, conducted by Rev. C. M. Leeson, an address of welcome was given by Rev. H. L. Kendig, of Lexington Church. Miss Bayne of Danville responded in an appropriate manner. Each session of the convention began with half hour devotional meetings which were full of spirit and power.

The Covington League gave a social and reception to the visiting delegates. The third annual session of the Des Moines, Iowa, district League convened in Pleasantville, on Tuesday. Rev. W. H. W. Rees, D. D., the president, was in the chair, and Miss Mary Newman, of Des Moines, was secretary.

Maquoketa, Ia., rejoices in the possession of a fine Junior League. Every Friday afternoon is devoted to industrial work. Large quantities of fancy work of every description have been made and sold. Several autograph quilts were immense successes. Poor children have often been helped to clothing.

The Glen Ellyn Chapter, Illinois, is planning a big picnic on the last Saturday in August. Chapters of Chicago and vicinity are cordially invited to co-operate. Epworth mass meetings will be held. The League at Brookline, Mass., gave a reception to their pastor, Dr. Berdleck, on his return from general conference. The president of the League gave an address of welcome. The pastor gave a short address in response. Fully two hundred were present. The Hancock Chapter, Michigan, scatters printed invitations to church services in the hotels and others public places. Mt. Auburn Chapter, Ohio, sends flowers to the sick and provides them for the pulpit, and some of its members are teachers in the Sunday School. Jackson, Ohio, Chapter has seventy-five members. They render valuable assistance to the pastor. Fredericktown, Ohio, has an enrollment of fifty-three. The Chapter recently purchased books for the Sunday School. Bellaire, Ohio, T. W. Lane Chapter has forty-five members. A large number of the young people belong to the home and foreign missionary societies. Atlanta, Ohio, Chapter has 100 enrolled. Its members make visits and invite people to Sabbath School and to the church service. League work in West Virginia is not in as good a condition as it might be. One reason being, that no state convention has ever been held. The Huntington League is in splendid tune and is doing good service. Its membership is between seventy-five and one hundred. The leaders seem to have the true League feeling, and the members share in it.

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A CANADIAN CIRCLE.

A CIRCLE of King's Daughters at Aylmer, Ont., which has taken the name of the Helpful Circle justifies the name it has adopted by acts of kindness which must have brightened lives otherwise very dark. In its report to the *Silver Cross* the Circle states that the membership which three years ago was only ten is now twenty-four. "We take a great deal of interest in a boy who has been a cripple for seven years. We visit him as often as we can, and have bought a wheel chair for his use. He is an earnest Christian. We have undertaken to furnish the firemen with hot coffee and bread and butter after every fire, thus comforting the men when drenched with water. Our Circle represents the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Disciple churches. We hope to have members from the Methodist and Baptist soon, when all the denominations in our town will be represented. It would be difficult to tell all the little things we have done in the past two years, some very small, but we know that everything is acceptable in his sight, for we have done all in his name. I want to speak of the things that may help other Circles. We knew of a sick lady who had materials to make up, but who could not very well hire her sewing done. So we went in a body two afternoons and sewed for her, enjoying the visit ourselves quite as much as she did. Last September I formed a Circle of little girls, their ages ranging from nine to fourteen, and they call themselves the 'Willing Workers,' and their motto is 'Be ye kind to one another.' They number fifteen. They made two quilts last fall, and collected their outgrown clothing, toys, books, etc., which made a nice large box for an Indian mission in the Northwest. It reached its destination Christmas Eve; so the little Indians rejoiced in a Christmas tree. The girls are now working at scrap books, and a quilt which they are going to send to the Children's Hospital, Toronto. The blooks are white cotton, designed with pictures outlined in red. We are trying to have a text upon each block. The little Willing Workers have now received their crosses, (having heretofore worn the purple ribbon only.) They were delighted with them."

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A Christian Endeavor Society in Delaware is educating a Japanese girl to go as a missionary to here own people.

THE SWEETEST THINGS ON EARTH.

WHAT are the sweetest things on earth?
Lips that can praise a rival's worth;
A fragrant rose that hides no thorn;
Riches of gold untouched by scorn.

A happy little child asleep;
Eyes that can smile though they may weep;
A brother's cheer, a father's praise,
The minstrelsy of summer days.

A heart where anger never burns;
A gift that looks for no returns;
Wrong's overthrow, pain's swift release,
Dark footsteps guided into peace.

The light of love in lover's eyes;
Age that is young as well as wise;
A mother's kiss, a baby's mirth—
These are the sweetest things on earth.

—*Christian Globe.*

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells of Favored Ceylon, its People and their Religion.

THE children at the old homestead are having a glorious time. Their lives are spent in the open air, and the phrase "glad summer" has a world of delightful meaning to them. On a recent afternoon they came, full of restrained merriment, to take a sly peep at Uncle John, from between the trees. He was lying in a hammock reading a favorite book, and feeling that they were near him—we all know what the feeling is, though we don't understand it—he looked up suddenly and surprised the roguish conspirators before they could surprise him.

"Glad you are come, children," he said. "I want to tell you something of the wonderful things I have been reading." Putting down his book, he went on:

"This beautiful weather, which gives us so much pleasure in the open air, lasts only a comparatively small part of the year where we live. I have been reading all the morning of a land where steady summer weather is enjoyed the whole year through, where to-day would be a very hot day indeed, and where the coolest day of the year is as warm as one of our best fall days. The days too are nearly of equal length throughout the year. With sunshine so evenly distributed, you understand, quite easily, my dears, that 'every prospect pleases' in Ceylon, which I am speaking of."

"But, Uncle, there must surely be some bad weather in Ceylon?"

"There are two rainy seasons in the year, in May, and in the fall, but even in them there are many intervals of pleasant sunshine. What pleasanter sunshine is there, children, than that which follows rain, when everything is freshened up, when nature rejoices in concert, and when every sight and sound give delight?"

"From what you say Ceylon must be the sweetest place on earth," remarked one of the girls.

"You have described it exactly, my dear," said the old gentleman. "The island is a Paradise which has risen out of the sea, and is still rising, higher and higher by slow degrees. It is somewhat smaller than Ireland, pear-shaped as you see it on the map, with mountains in the central region towards the south. The maps, however, cannot even suggest to you the beauties of Ceylon as you reach it from the blue vastness of the ocean. Its chief port, Colombo, like other places on the entire west and south coasts, is hidden from sight until almost reached, by fringes of the cocoa-nut palm. The east coast is high and rocky, but the greater length of the shore is the outer edge of a belt of varying breadth, from the centre of which rise mountains reaching, in their highest peaks, about eight thousand feet. These are covered with forests at the top and bottom, while the belt of fertile soil between is appropriated to the well-cultivated tea plantations, which have become lately a source of great wealth to those who own them. The most famous of the mountain peaks is Adam's Peak, on the summit of which is, as most of the people in Ceylon believe, a footstep of Buddha."

"Are the people Buddhists, uncle?"

"Most of them are, all of the two and three-quarter million excepting about 850,000. I am happy to tell you that Christians are becoming quite many in Ceylon, and that they are very intelligent people. Missionary work in the island is largely that of teaching the young, and I prophecy, my dear children, that Ceylon will soon be won to Christ. A good foundation is laid in the religious instruction begun by the Baptists in 1812, and which their missionaries and those of other bodies have been carrying on with great industry and intelligence ever since. Thousands of young people of Ceylon, educated in Christian boarding schools, are holding important offices and are in trade and professional life, not only in their native island, but in India, Burmah, China and other countries."

"I suppose, uncle," said little Ned, "that Ceylon belongs to the English. I see it is close to Hindostan."

"Yes; but it was not until 1815 that the native power was completely ended by the overthrow of a prince whose capital was Kandy, a city of the interior. English rule has been a great blessing to the people, who are more than content with it now that they understand it well."

"What are the people like, uncle?"

"Well, the Sinhalese, who are the most numerous of them, are a gentle, nice-looking people, but are not manly nor enterprising. Their dress is like that of women more than of men, as we think of such things, you know, and they wear long hair confined with a comb and love to bedeck themselves with trinkets. The Tamils are a more capable people, energetic and thrifty. They are Hindus in religion and the bulk of the laboring people in the cities. There are Mohammedans, and the descendants of the Europeans who have settled in Ceylon, also the few and miserable savages who represent the first inhabitants of the island. These classes form the population of Ceylon, and find their chief support in the vegetable world, in rice, the staff of life to them, and in the cocoa-nut palm, which provides them with much of their food and drink, clothing and shelter. Nature has given Ceylon a wonderful diversity of vegetable and mineral products, and of animal life."

"Has Ceylon railroads, like America?"

"Yes, and good ones; also excellent highroads. Perhaps you will travel in Ceylon some day, when you may see for yourselves, particularly in the northern part of the island, the ruins of great cities and vast reservoirs, huge temples and colossal statues, enough to make you credit the statement of a historian—whose name I forget for a moment—that at one time Ceylon had ten times as many people as it has now. It is capable of supporting even more than so vast a population."

A VILLAGE SCENE IN CEYLON.

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The Mother's First Duty.

THE motto, "What is home without a mother?" is no idle sentiment, says M. P. Hayden in the *Christian Standard*. Home is incomplete without a wife and mother to give grace, charm, sweetness and affection to the home. And when she dies the home is truly broken up. The chief element which goes to make up home is taken away. The same is true in less degree when the mother is absent from home much of the time. The queen of the realm is away; the presiding, guardian spirit that guides and watches so tenderly the movements and tendencies of the growing offspring is absent; what follows? Unless father can supply the needed guidance and watch-care, the children will be neglected, and their characters suffer in consequence; the children, for lack of mother's care, will wander away at will, and be led astray by evil influences. A mother's first duty is to her family, and she should accept no responsibilities that will require family duties to be neglected. Nor will it do to put upon others entirely or chiefly the care and training of one's children. Nothing can compensate fully for the want of mother's watch-care and guidance. Something is sadly wanting in the home that lacks a mother's superintendence, guidance and counsel. A mother cannot, therefore, be much from home, while, at least, her children are growing up, without loss and injury to the children.

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THE highest duties oft are found
Lying on the lowest ground;
In hidden and unnoticed ways,
In household works, on common days,
Whate'er is done for God alone,
Thy God acceptable will own.

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A Home-Making Hint.

LET any clever woman simply take it to heart to make everybody about her as happy as she can, and the result will, I believe, always be wonderful, writes Frances Power Cobbe. Let her try not so much to make her rooms splendid and æsthetically admirable as to make them thoroughly habitable and comfortable for those who are to occupy them. A drawing-room, bright and clean, sweet with flowers in summer and with dried leaves in winter, with tables at which the inmates may occupy themselves; and easy chairs wherever they are wanted, and plenty of soft light and warmth, or else of coolness adapted to the weather—this sort of room belongs more properly to a woman who seeks to make her house a province of the kingdom of heaven than one which might be exhibited at South Kensington as having belonged to the kingdom of Queen Anne.

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FRIENDSHIP OF MARRIED COUPLES.

IF a husband be truly the friend of his wife—as he ought to be—his love for her as a friend could be just as strong, just as tender, just as permanent and unswerving, if she were not his wife nor ever might be. It is such a friendship as this, says H. Clay Trumbull in his valuable work, *Friendship the Master-Passion*, which gives a superadded joy—in its abounding opportunities and unhindered privileges of freest expression—to the rarest blessing attainable in the closest and holiest of all human companionships.

A true friendship between a husband and a wife may precede the love which led to their union, or again, it may follow that love as the choicest of its incidental results; but whether it come earlier or later than mere wedded love as such, there, as anywhere, the love which is friendship transcends all other loves.

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The Formation of Habits.

"BOYS have no business to be out of nights," was a declaration that once fell from the lips of a gentleman of wide and successful experience in business. His observation was that boys who were in the habit of loafing on the streets at night did not usually come to any good. Parents ignore the teachings of experience, observes *The Mid-Continent*, and part company with good judgment in permitting their boys to form such a habit. It is this habit which has started many a boy on a downward career. A leading business man in Boston says: "In my view of the matter, the seeds of evil are oftenest sown in early life. In the absence of employment boys are brought into temptation by staying away from their homes during times of idleness or relaxation, and perhaps frequently in the evening with doubtful companions after the duties of the day are over. And it is during these evening hours that the tempter takes his time to scatter the seeds that so frequently bring forth the fruit of death." Another business man of the same city says: "If forty-eight years of life teach me anything, they most certainly reveal to me that there is not an evil known to our young people so dangerous and seductive as idleness. In my opinion it is the parent vice of all others." Testimony from such sources should receive serious attention. The development of evil is slow but sure, and here is scarcely any thing that so favors its growth as the habit in question.

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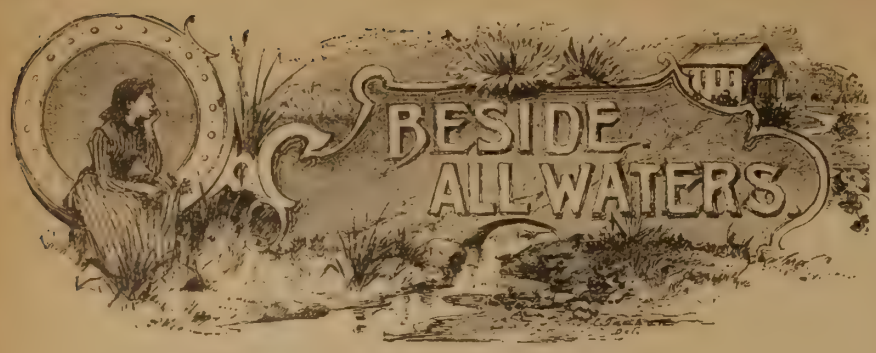
The Needlessness of Hurry.

HASTE is expedition; hurry is confusion. Probably nothing tires one so much as feeling hurried. When in the early morning the day's affairs press on one's attention beforehand, and there comes the wonder how in the world everything is to be accomplished; when every interruption is received impatiently, and the clock is watched in distress as its moments flit past, then the mind tires the body. We are wrong to drive ourselves with whip and spur in this way. Each of us is promised strength for the day, and we must not wear ourselves out by crowding two days' task into one. If only we can keep cool and calm, not allowing ourselves to be flustered, we shall be less wearied when we have reached the eventide. The children may be fractious, the servants trying, the friend we love may fail to visit us, the letter we expect may not arrive; but if we can preserve our tranquillity of soul and of demeanor we shall get through everything creditably. And if our mind is at peace, we shall be peacemakers in the household, with ours the blessing which follows.



BY

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*

Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

"IT wasn't any great story," answered Kit composedly. "A copperhead snake twisted round Eddy's leg, and I pulled it off and killed it."

"Yes, that's a likely yarn," said Melissa contemptuously. "How did you pull it off, I should like to know? and how did you know it was a copperhead?"

"I took it with my thumb and finger right behind its head, and then stamped on it," answered Kit." "And Mr. Bassett said it was a copperhead; but I knew it just as soon as I seen it."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Melissa.

"And I don't care whether you believe it or not." retorted Kit. Somehow Melissa always aroused all that was unamiable in the child's disposition. Melissa delighted in teasing her, and found great amusement in the fits of passion she sometimes provoked.

"Well, well, you were a brave child; but you had no business to run such a risk," was Phin's comment. "Suppose the snake had bitten you."

"Then I should have died, I suppose;" replied Kit simply.

"We don't want you to die just yet," said Phin with some show of feeling. "You must hurry and get your hand well."

"Why?" asked Kit, struck with something unusual in the tone.

"Oh, because. Maybe I shall want you to do something for me," answered Phin, with assumed carelessness.

"What is the use of mincing matters, pa?" asked Melissa. "The long and the short of it is, that we have got a place in Oldbury for Kit; and she is going to it as soon as her hand gets well, so there?" and Melissa threw herself back in her chair with a glance which spoke of satisfied and malicious triumph.

"There will be two words to that," said Symantha dryly. "What sort of a place?"

"A place to wash dishes and wait on table at Stillwell's confectionery and dining hall," answered Melissa. "They will give her a dollar and a half a week, and perhaps more if she earns it."

"Oh!" said Symantha in the same dry tone. "And what are they going to give me?"

"You?" said her father. "What do you mean?"

"Kit, run out and let in the cows," said Symantha. "I mean what I say, father," she continued firmly, as Kit left the room. "That child is not going to any such place as Stillwell's, or to any place at present; or, if she does, I go with her."

"You do? And who is to take care of Martha and the work?"

"I'm sure I won't," said Melissa.

"That is your affair," answered Symantha. "All I know is, that, if Kit goes to work in Oldbury, I go, too."

"What nonsense!" said Phin peevishly. "What is that child to you? Besides, Melissa is going to work in the same place; and she can see to the child if she needs any seeing to."

"Melissa will have enough to look after herself if she goes to that rum-hole," returned Symantha. "I should think, if she wants a place, she might at least take a decent one."

"I am not going into any one's kitchen when I can get four dollars a week and lots of presents by standing behind a counter," said Melissa. "However, you can settle it between you," she added, rising from the table. "I am going over to Mariette Jewsbury's. I have been doing some shopping for her."

"I think you might stay and help do up the work," said her father. But Melissa only laughed as she slammed the door behind her.

"See here, father," said Symantha gravely. "I want to talk about this matter sensibly. You promised me, when I gave up everything—as you know I did—to stay with you, and take charge of ma, that I should always have my own way about Kit. Haven't I kept my part of the bargain?"

"I don't deny that you have," answered Phin, "but a man can't keep his promises."

"You must keep yours in this case, or I shall not keep mine," said Symantha. "Just as surely as Kit goes to Oldbury, I shall go, too. You know best how you would get on without me."

"You are a fool," said her father roughly, but evidently moved. "I tell you we ought to get her away from here. She grows more like her mother ever day. This old lady, Mrs. Van Zandt, is sure to see her; and then there will be an inquiry, and all will come out, about the property and all."

"Well, let it come. It was foolish to make a secret of it in the first place. You are not accountable for the property."

"That is all you know about it. I tell you the child must go."

"Then I must go, too, that's all," was the calm rejoinder. "And there is another thing: I can't spare Kit. She can manage ma better than anybody, and sometimes when I can't do anything with her; and it is everything to keep her quiet."

"That is very true; and, if Melissa goes away, you will need her help about the work," said Phin, evidently wavering in his purpose more and more as he saw the steadfastness of his daughter. "Perhaps you had better keep her out of school."

"I don't want to do that. She is getting on nicely, and making good friends."

"Yes, that is one trouble. She makes too many friends."

"It won't be a trouble if you don't make a fuss about it. Please listen to me, father. I have been a dutiful daughter to you, haven't I? I don't set up for goodness, but you know whether I have been that."

"Yes, my girl, you have," said her father with feeling. "I don't deny it. You have stuck to me through thick and thin, as very few girls would have done."

"Then, if I have, give me my way in this," pleaded Symantha. "Let me keep Kit. If I can find the right kind of a place for her, I will let her go by and by; but let me keep her now.

"Don't send her straight to ruin," she added. "Melissa is a woman, and must go her own way; but don't send an innocent child into such a place as Stillwell's." And, to her father's amazement and alarm, Symantha burst into tears. He had never seen her cry before, since she was a child.

"There, there, my girl, have your own way, and don't cry," said he. "I didn't think you cared so much about it. Her arm is too sore to do anything now, and I can make that an excuse to Stillwell. There, do stop crying. I won't say anything more about it just now, at any rate."

"Thank you, father," said Symantha, trying to check her sobs.

Phin's lip twitched. "It's little you have to thank me for," he said in a husky voice. "I've thrown away your life as well as my own."

"You needn't throw it away,—any more of it, I mean," said Symantha. "Now we have got this place, why can't you settle down and be steady? The farm isn't a bad one for dairy work, and the cows are good and growing better. I'll do my share if I work my fingers off."

"Yes, I dare say you would; but—well, there is no use talking," said Phin gloomily. "There is no such thing as a man breaking away from his past life. It will come after him. But never mind that. You shall have your way about Kit. Poor girl, you don't have much comfort of your life, anyhow."

A few minutes afterward, Phin had occasion to go to the barn-loft. There was a small, roughly finished room in one end, which was a favorite playing-place of Kit's during bad weather.

Phin thought he heard a voice, and peeped through a knot-hole. What did he see and hear? He saw a child on her knees, almost on her face, in an agony of prayer, and heard over and over again,—

"Oh, don't, don't let me go to that dreadful place, away from Symantha, Miss Armstrong and all! Please do make Uncle Phin let me stay here, and do make him a good man and believe in the Bible; and please forgive him for burning me, for I don't think he meant to do it."

When Phin reached the lower floor, he stamped his foot, and muttered as if in anger; but his anger was not directed against Kit. When Melissa, in the course of the evening, said something about the place at Stillwell's she was promptly silenced.

"Kit can't go now: her arm is too bad. And I don't know that I shall let her go at all. We can't spare the only saint in the family; eh, Kit? Come here."

Kit came trembling, for she never knew what to expect.

"So you don't want to go and earn wages, and have all the candy you can eat? You would rather stay with Symantha?"

"Yes, I would," replied Kit, taking courage. "I don't care about candy, and I don't want to go away. Please, uncle Phin, don't send me."

"Well, I won't, then; not just now, at any rate. I thought perhaps you would like a change. Is your arm so sore?" he asked, as Kit winced on his touching it. "Let me see."

He undid the arm tenderly enough. It was red and angry, and had the peculiar odor of a bad burn. Phin looked grave over it.

"If this is no better by Monday, we must take you to the doctor," said he, carefully replacing the bandage. "You don't think I did it on purpose, do you, if I did burn the book?"

"No," answered Kit. "Anyhow, I cared more about the book than I did about my arm."

"I'll get you a prettier book than that some day. There, give me a kiss, and go to bed."

"Oh, very well," said Melissa in an affected tone of carelessness, which nevertheless trembled with anger. "I'm sure I don't care. If pa thinks he can afford to quarrel with Stillwell, it is nothing to me."

Phin made no reply, and the matter was dropped.

Sunday morning rose warm and beautiful, with that indescribable atmosphere of tranquil repose which belongs to Sunday in the country, and especially in New England. By ten o'clock, however, the roads were alive with teams of all sorts, from Mrs. Van Zandt's phæton and Mr. Weston's roomy family carriage, to old Miss Jewsbury's venerable "one-horse shay," and Mr. Bassett's long wagon, with its straight-backed, split-bottomed wagon chairs, with its crickets and cushions put in here and there for the accommodation of the smaller fry, for Mrs. Bassett always took her children to church by the time they were three years old. Manifold were the greetings and hand-shakings as groups of friends and relations alighted at the horse-block by the door of the old church on the green; and many and kind the inquiries for this or that one detained at home by illness in their families.

"No, Celia isn't out this morning," said Miss Delia. "She had one of her bad headaches last night, and they always leave her kind of prostrated for two or three days. Who is going to preach?"

"I am not sure we shall have any one," answered Mr. Weston, to whom the question was addressed. "Mr. Martin sent word the last minute that he could not come"—

"Just like him," interposed Miss Delia.

"Oh, come, you mustn't be hard on him. Perhaps he couldn't help it," said Mr. Weston. "Dr. Chase drove over to Oldbury last night to see if he could find anyone, but whether he succeeded or not I don't know; however, we shall soon find out."

"Well, I shall be glad when we have a settled minister again.—How is your mother, Agnes? I see she isn't out."

"No: Mrs. Richmond and Milly wanted to come, so ma staid at home with Cordelia. I am going home after Sunday School, so she can come this afternoon."

"How do you do, Mrs. Richmond?" said Miss Delia as that lady sailed up the steps attired in a silk which had once been rich and handsome, but was now decidedly the worse for wear. Mrs. Richmond had a way of wearing out her old finery in the country. She seldom went to church in Oldham, or, indeed, anywhere else; but she had a desire to get, as she said, a good look at Mrs. Van Zandt. She acknowledged Miss Delia's greeting with great condescension; while her daughter did not notice it at all, but hastened on to speak to Selina Weston.

"Well, Selina, how have you been? I've been looking out for you all the way. I have wanted to see you so! You don't know how often I have thought of you."

"Yes, you must have thought of me very often," answered Selina coolly, "you wrote me so many times."

"Oh, my dear, you don't think how many engagements I have in town. And besides, I don't know how it is, I haven't any taste for writing letters: I can't express what I feel, and writing seems so cold and heartless. But I have thought of you, whether you believe it or not. I should have come over to your house yesterday, only we were so busy getting settled, and poor Cordelia was so tired with the journey."

Amelia Richmond was one of those people whose very voices are suggestive of flattery; a palaverer, Miss Delia called her, but Miss Delia was a little apt to be severe.

"Do you sing in the choir now?" asked Amelia. Then, as Selina nodded, "I mean to sit up there this morning, and then we can get together in sermon time. Oh, you needn't look so shocked. I don't mean to talk, of course, but just for the pleasure of sitting by you."

"Come, then," said Selina; "it is time we were in our places."

"Wait just a minute. I want to see the Van Zandts come in. Well, they don't mean to hurt themselves dressing; but I suppose anything is good enough for the country, as ma says. Anyhow, if I was heiress to half a million, like Miss Bogardus, I would wear something better than sateen."

"Her dress is elegantly made, though," said Selina, feeling all the time that she ought not to be discussing such matters in church. "See that other young lady. Doesn't she look like a cloud in all that soft cream-color?"

"You goose! it is only nun's veiling, and did not cost a cent over fifty cents a yard," said Amelia, who estimated everything by the price. "Well, they are no great sight, after all. Here comes the preacher, I suppose. Who is he? Some stupid old country parson, I dare say."

"Do be quiet," whispered Selina: "everybody will hear you. Come, we must go up stairs."

"On second thoughts, I believe I will sit with ma," said Milly. "I want to get a nearer look at Miss Van Zandt's dress."

Selina was not sorry. She had been brought up to behave properly in church; and, greatly under Milly's influence as she was, she could not bring herself to believe that whispering and laughing in the sanctuary of God were any marks of high breeding. Selina had come to church more than usually disposed to serious thought. She could not, perhaps, have given any reason for her state of mind that day; but she felt almost ready to say, once for all, that she would take a decided stand, and enlist openly under the banner of her rightful King. She took her seat quietly, arranged her books, and then opened her Bible to look over her lesson.

Oldham church was a simple, pretty building, quite plain, but comfortable, and perfectly adapted to the purpose for which it was used, if it had been kept in order. But the green blinds were faded, and rusty with the dust of many summers. The high white-glass windows cast a light which, though dim, was by no means "religious," as the poet has it; being darkened, not from being "richly dight," but by successive deposits of dirt and cobwebs.

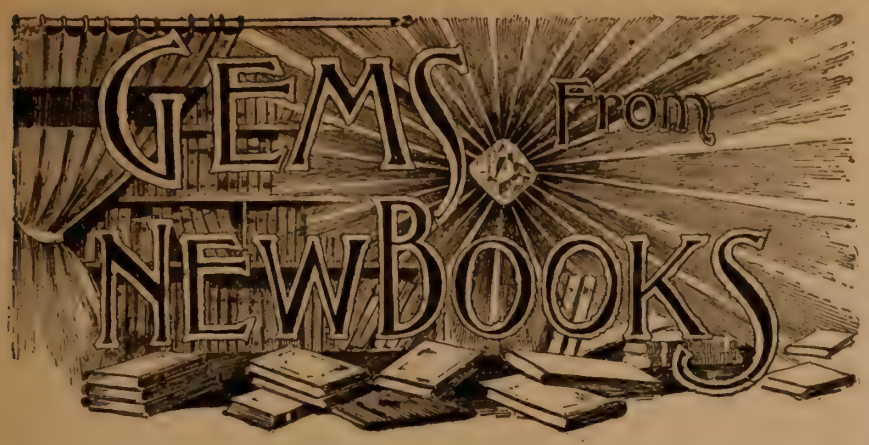
Dust and flue lay in corners, yes, even of the chancel itself. The chimneys of the kerosene lamps were dark with smoke and fly-specks, and the lamps themselves looked as if the wicks had not been changed since kerosene was invented. Of all the notable housewives who came thither to worship Sunday after Sunday, not one, probably, would have allowed such a state of things, even in her garret; yet they saw it in the house of God without even a thought of incongruity. Now and then somebody would make a remark about the dust or the smoke, but that was all.

It was Mr. Archimball's business. He was a most respectable man and a church-member, and nobody liked to hurt his feelings by suggesting to him that his business was not attended to.

But somehow that clean-swept, well-aired school-house had waked people up wonderfully. Mr. Bassett sniffed the air as he entered, and said to himself that it was "stuffy;" and his wife saw the dust in the corner by the stove as she had never seen it before. Patience Fletcher looked at the windows, and thought she should really enjoy washing them; and Mrs. Weston had to make an effort to withdraw her mind from a calculation relative to the number of yards of new carpet which would be required for the chancel and aisles. It is to be feared that more than one feminine mind was a little distraught during the service.

(*To be Continued.*)

* By special arrangement with Thomas Whittaker, publisher, New York.



THE WOUNDS OF THE SOUL.*

THERE would be less weak-kneed, faint-hearted, lukewarm following of Christ if soul wounds were more faithfully, radically, and aseptically treated at the onset.

"For you it is given, on the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him but also to suffer for his sake." This verse would indeed prove helpful to many a newly born soul as a guerdon from Christ, clearly defining the fact that belief in him is but to prove the incentive to acceptance of his cross, without which the Christian life is a mere sentiment and paradox.

The soul that goes forth from the day of its new birth to walk with Christ, to work for him, to publish his goodness, to exalt his name, and to seek other wandering ones, will prove a strong and healthy Christian. We, as advisers to souls, cannot be too emphatic in speaking to them of the importance of setting to work right away, of taking the cross up at once, and not putting it off until they have grown older and stronger upon the Christian road; for God has promised that his follower shall be given strength to bear it, and surely he who knows our hearts would never give us a cross too heavy for our strength, without giving us a fresh supply of strength with which to meet it. Work is a blessed safeguard in the hour of temptation. It is fuel to the fire of the soul, and deepens as well as proves the love of the Christian. Hundred are to-day cold, half-hearted, and indifferent, who have become so largely from having no practical vent for their first love, and having had their ardor damped by being told to stand back, when impelled by new-born desire to be up and doing for their Lord. Let the convert on his knees see this in the future to which he looks with such bright expectation. Tell him that the service of his heart and life must be no sinecure, no honorary service, but a real practical work, and that whether it be in the home, the office, the workshop, the pew, or the pulpit, it matters not, it must be sincere and whole-hearted, sealed by the right motive, love for Christ.

Though our actions and services are of the deepest importance, and their faithful discharge a matter of grave responsibility in the leading of souls from darkness to light, let us beware lest we foster that spirit which says, "I am of Paul; and I of Apollos; and I of Cephas." The magnifying of the instrument often proves an active agent in preparing the soil of the heart for the inroads of future infection, and it but too readily succumbs to the first insidious attacks of pride, envy, malice, hatred and vainglory, which, alas, engender strife, and drive away the blessed peace of God.

A PROFITABLE HOUR. †

ONCE more Ellen set out, but this time with a heart full; much too full to think of any thing she saw by the way. It was with a singular feeling of pleasure that she entered the church alone. It was a strange church to her, never seen but once before, and as she softly passed up the broad aisle she saw something in the building or the people around her that was not strange—no familar faces, no familiar things. But it was a church, and she was alone, quite alone in the midst of that crowd; and she went up to the empty pew and ensconced herself in the far corner of it, with a curious feeling of quiet and of being at home. She was no sooner seated, however, than leaning forward as much as possible to screen herself from observation, bending her head upon her knees, she bursted into an agony of tears. It was a great relief to be able to weep freely; at home she was afraid of being seen or heard or questioned; now she was alone and free, and she poured out her very heart in weeping, that she with difficulty kept from being loud weeping.

"Oh, how could I say that, how could I say that. Oh, what would John have thought of me if he had heard it! Am I beginning already to lose my truth? Am I going backward already? Oh, what shall I do? What will become of me if I do not watch over myself—there is no one to help me or lead me right—not a single one—all to lead me wrong! What will become of me? But there is one who has promised to keep those that follow him—he is sufficient, without any others—I have not kept near enough to to him! That is it; I have not remembered nor loved him—'If ye love me, keep my commandments'—I have not! I have not! Oh, but I will!—I will; and he will be with me, and help me, and bless me, and all will go right with me."

With bitter tears Ellen mingled as eager prayers, for forgiveness and help to be faithful. She resolved that nothing, come what would, should tempt her to swerve one iota from the straight line of truth; she resolved to be more careful of her private hour; she thought she had scarcely had her full hour a day lately; she resolved to make the Bible her only and her constant rule of life in everything—and she prayed, such prayers as a heart thoroughly in earnest can pray, for the seal of these resolutions. Not one word of the sermon did Ellen hear; but she never passed a more profitable hour in church in her life.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Wide, Wide World, by Elizabeth Wetherell, illustrated by Frederick Dielman, cloth: price $1.00; pp. 569. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, pub's.

The Holman New Self-Pronouncing Sunday School Teacher's Bible (Memorial Edition)—The text is conformable to that of the Oxford Bible and is printed at the University Press, Oxford. The helps are also bound in with the volume. A. J. Holman & Co., Philadelphia, pub's.

PRAYER WONDERFULLY ANSWERED.

BEFORE they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." A Dutch pastor was one evenlng holding a Bible meeting in a town where he was a stranger, says the *Northwestern Advocate*. While he was preaching the Gospel, and earnestly endeavoring to press home on the hearts of his hearers the truth of Christ crucified, a police officer thrust himself into the assembly, stopped the preacher, and commanded him to leave the town. The preacher could not help himself, and so obeyed. It was a very dark night, and being thus thrust out of the town, he wandered about, lonely, but not comfortless, for he stayed himself on that word of his Master, "Lo, I am with you alway;" and could sing with David: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." The good man had been long in the school of Christ, and had learned to watch for the least token of his Master's will, and to trust him to guide his every footstep. While he was wandering on then in the dark, he suddenly perceived a light at some little distance. "There," thought he, "perhaps the Lord has prepared some shelter for me;" so in child-like confidence he went up to the light.

As he drew near to the house in which the light shone he heard a voice within, and became aware that it was someone praying. In joyful hope that he had found the home of a brother in the Lord, he stood still a moment to hear what was the subject of such an earnest petition. And this was what he heard:

"O Lord Jesus, they have driven thy servant out of the city, and now perhaps he is wandering about not knowing whither he goes; O let him find my house, that he may get shelter and refreshment here."

When the pastor heard these words he slipped quietly in at the door, and as his petitioner uttered his amen, and looked up, behold, already his prayer was answered. Both of them now gladly fell on their knees, and praised the Lord who heareth prayer, and who never forsakes his own chosen ones.

* From *The Curse of Sceptic Soul-Treatment*, by Maud Ballington Booth; pp. 60; price 35c. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

† From *The Wide, Wide World*, by Elizabeth Wetherel; new edition; illustrated; pp. 569; price, $1. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

Scrofula Humor

Mr. G. W. Doner.

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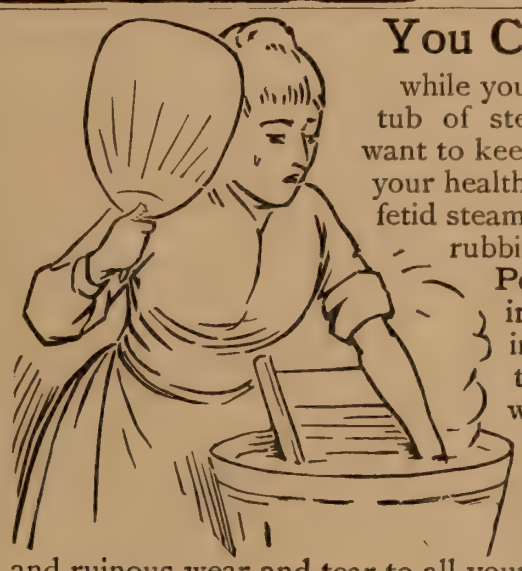

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EXCAVATIONS IN PALESTINE.

Cylinder Inscriptions that Shed Further Light on Ancient Babylon and Lachish.

THE excavations begun two years ago at the mound in Palestine, known as Tel-el-hesy (already referred to in The Christian Herald), have been continued during the last six months by Mr. F. J. Bliss of Beirut. The mound has been identified with the ancient city of Lachish.

Mr. Bliss has found among the debris a cuneiform tablet, together with some Babylonian cylinders and imitations or forgeries of those manufactured in Egypt. A translation of the tablet has been made by the Rev. Professor Sayce; it is as follows:—"[To] the Governor. [1] O, my father, I prostrate myself at thy feet. Verily thou knowest that Baya (?) and Zimrida have received thy orders (?) and Dan-Hadad says to Zimrida, 'O, my father, the city of Yarimi sends to me, it has given me 3 masar and 3 . . . and three falchions.' Let the country of the King know that I stay; and it has acted against me, but till my death I remain. As for my commands (?) which I have received, I cease hostilities, and have dispatched Bel (?)-banilu,and Rabi-ilu-vi has sent his brother to this country to [strengthen me (?)]."

The letter was written about the year 1400 B. C. In the Tell-el-Amarna collection we learn that one Zimrida was Governor of Lachish, where he was murdered by some of his own people, and the very first cuneiform tablet discovered at Tel-el-Hesy is a letter written to this very Zimrida. The city Yarami may be the Jarmuth of the Old Testament. "Even more interesting," writes Professor Sayce, "are the Babylonian cylinders and their imitations. They testify to the long and deep influence and authority of Babylon in Western Asia, and throw light on the prehistoric art of Phœnicia and Cyprus. The cylinders of native Babylonian manufacture belong to the period B. C. 2000-1500; the rest are copies made in the West. One of these is of Egyptian porcelain, and must have been manufactured in Egypt, in spite of its close imitation of a Babylonian original. Others are identical with the cylinders found in the prehistoric tombs of Cyprus and Syria, and so fix the date of the latter. On one of them are two centaurs arranged heraldically, the human faces being shaped like those of birds. European archæologists will be interested in learning that among the minor objects are two amber beads."

It must be remembered that the Babylonian language and the Babylonian characters were the common medium of communication between the natives of the East at this time. A cuneiform scribe was kept at Tell-el-Amarna, and probably there was one at every important place in Palestine. The find is one which throws light upon many points of interest, as, for instance, the influence of Babylon, the authority of Egypt, and the prehistoric art of Phœnicia.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MONASTERY.

One of the oldest cities in the world was Timgad, an Arab city of Algeria, whose ruins are now being excavated by French explorers. Built upon one of the spurs of the Aures Mountains, Timgad was a place of fashionable resort like Pompeii, and, like the Italian city, it has preserved the pavement of its streets, with ruts made by the chariot wheels, a forum with a number of ornamental statues, a basilica, a tribunal of commerce, several temples and public halls, a theatre with seats for the spectators, galleries, and entrance places for the public and the actors, fountains, baths, and a covered market with granite tables still in their places. There is a broad paved road, quite intact, traversing the city from east to west, with several triumphal arches spanning it, one of which, built by Trajan, and with three gateways through it, is still intact. This triumphal way was the road from Lambessa to Tebessa, which possesses the first Christian monastery in the world, built at the close of the fourth century by the disciples of St. Augustine, and recently excavated by the French Administration of Public Monuments. There is also in Timgad the Byzantine fort or citadel, built in haste by the troops of Solomon, the successor of Belisarius in Africa, out of the debris of the southern part of the city, several Christian basilicas, and various other constructions, which will in due course be excavated.

We are a patient people—the ox is nowhere in comparison.

We buy lamp-chimneys by the dozen; they go on snapping and popping and flying in pieces; and we go on buying the very same chimneys year after year.

Our dealer is willing to sell us a chimney a week for every lamp we burn—a hundred or more a year—and we plow for him, pay him for goading us.

Macbeth's "pearl top" and "pearl glass" do not break from heat; they are made of tough glass.

As likely as not our dealer would rather his chimneys would break; "it's good for the business," says he. He buys the brittlest ones he can get.

"What are you going to do about it?"

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The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway will sell rouud trip tickets at half-fare to Knights of Pythias and their friends to attend Encampment at Kansas City, August 23, 1892. Tickets will be on sale August 22 to August 25, within a radius of 200 miles, good to return to August 31; and outside this radius, August 20 to 23; good to return to September 15. Ask your nearest ticket agent for full particulars, or address JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. T. & P. A., Chicago, Ill.

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One hundred new locomotives, one hundred new sleeping cars, and one hundred pound steel rails, are among the improvements on the New York Central.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S PLAN FOR PROVIDING ITS READERS WITH

Free Transportation Both Ways.
Seven Days' Hotel Fare, and

A Week of Pure, Innocent Pleasuring, to Remember a Lifetime.

ALL the world is now talking of the Chicago Fair, the great Columbian Exposition in celebration of the Quadri-Centennial of the Discovery of America, which opens in the Western Metropolis next spring. Everybody will make an effort to visit the Fair. The extent of the preparations, the number and vastness of the buildings, the widespread interest among other participating nations, and the enthusiastic, patriotic rivalry among our own States, all point to an Exposition of unrivalled scope and magnificence.

The Christian Herald, watchful of the progress of this grandest material enterprise of our time, has published descriptions of the buildings, now nearly completed, which conveyed but faintly an idea of their extent and magnificence to our readers' minds. But the Fair is something to be *seen* not read about; to be

Personally Visited and Enjoyed

as the grandest demonstration of God's goodness in prospering this Union and this people.

The Christian Herald has received many letters of inquiry from different parts of the country regarding the Fair, and after careful consideration it has arranged a plan specially for the benefit of its readers and their friends, by which those who wish to visit Chicago can do so, without the outlay of a dollar. This will secure to all who profit by the plan, railroad transportation from their own States to Chicago and return, and one week's board and lodging in a pleasant location, convenient to the Fair Grounds. They will have had an experience both novel and edifying, and one to remember in the coming years. The entire world will be represented at the Fair. This vast gathering will tax the facilities of railroads, hotels, and lodging-houses. As at all the previous great Fairs (and particularly that at Philadelphia, in 1876), prices will be put

At Fabulous Figures.

The cost of living in Chicago during the Fair, will, it is safe to assert, be quadrupled.

But these contingencies, as well as others that may arise, have been foreseen by The Christian Herald, and the plan it now proposes is suggested for the sole purpose of enabling its readers and their friends to visit Chicago and spend a delightful and instructive week viewing the grand spectacle. This is within the reach of all who care to make the effort; the minister, the farmer, the mechanic, the tradesman, the school-teacher, the shopgirl, have each an equal opportunity.

For every person who during the six months from July 1st to Dec. 31, secures the number of new, annual, full-paid subscribers to The Christian Herald, stipulated below, at $1.50 each, we will send transportation tickets to Chicago and return, and a coupon entitling the holder to seven days' excellent board and accommodation at a location convenient to the World's Fair Grounds. This offer applies to every State in the Union. The railroad tickets will be valid for twenty days, and will be accepted from any of the cities mentioned in the list below.

Those who intend to take advantage of this special offer should immediately notify us to that effect. Send us your full name and Postoffice address, stating at the same time the number of subscription blanks and sample copies of The Christian Herald you require

To Begin Your Canvass

and we will immediately forward them to you. Remember, all subscribers must be *new* and *full-paid at $1.50 each. No premiums or commissions can be allowed* under this arrangement.

If you were to arrange for a trip to Chicago and a seven-days' stay there, the total outlay would be little short of the entire sum of these subscriptions. And by the arrangement proposed, it will cost you absolutely nothing in money. the reward being secured by your energy in obtaining the necessary number of subscribers. It will be found a comparatively easy matter to accomplish this. We have now on our list of agents in different parts of the Union a large number of individuals who have demonstrated the popularity of The Christian Herald and of

Rev. Dr. Talmage, its Editor,

by rolling up in a few short weeks several hundreds of subscribers each. And these people were not professional canvassers, but simply enterprising, Christian men and women, who undertook the work because they liked the paper, and wished to extend its influence and its field of usefulness.

Should you fall short of the subscription limit fixed for your section in the appended list, you have the privilege of choice between two courses, in neither of which can you possibly be the loser, Thus: in a section where 60 subscriptions are fixed as the limit, if after securing 50 subscriptions, you find yourself unable to make further progress, we are prepared either to forward you our Publisher's check, making a proper allowance for the work accomplished, or to accept from you a small cash payment, in addition to the 50 paid-up subscriptions, on receipt of which we will immediately forward the transportation tickets and 7-days' coupon. All cases of this nature will be adjusted on a similar liberal basis, for the exact fulfilment of which The Christian Herald stands guarantee.

Some may have friends in Chicago with whom they prefer to stop during the visit. In all such cases, we will be willing, on receiving the necessary number of subscripti ons, to forward to the tourist along with his or her railroad tickets

A Check for $25

in lieu of the 7-days' coupon for board and lodging. This will enable the recipient to take advantage of the offer as far as transportation is concerned and at the same time will help to make the stay in Chicago a pleasant and inexpensive one.

Address all applications to

World's Fair Department,
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
92 Bible House, New York City.

The following schedule shows the number of annual subscriptions necessary to secure a Christian Herald World's Fair Ticket at any of the cities named:

STATE.	CITY.	SUBS.
Ala.,	Montgomery	100
"	Talladega	100
Ariz.,	Prescott	200
Ark.,	Little Rock	100
"	Pine Bluff	100
Cal.,	Los Angeles	200
"	San Francisco	200
Colo.,	Denver	100
"	Leadville	120
Conn.,	Bridgeport	100
"	Hartford	100
"	Meriden	100
"	New Haven,	100
"	New London	100
"	Norwich	100
Del.,	Wilmington	100
D. C.,	Washington	100
Ga.,	Atlanta	100
"	Savannah	100
Idaho,	Boise City	180
Ind.,	Fort Wayne	60
"	Indianapolis	60
Iowa,	Burlington	60
"	Cedar Rapids	60
"	Davenport	60
"	Des Moines	75
Kans.,	Emporia	80
"	Leavenworth	75
"	Topeka	80
Kans.,	Wichita	80
Ky.	Louisville	60
La,	Baton Rouge	100
"	New Orleans	100
Me.,	Lewiston	100
"	Portland	100
Md.,	Baltimore	80
Mass.,	Boston	100
"	Fall River	100
"	Haverhill	100
"	Lowell	100
"	Worcester	100
Mich.,	Ann Arbor	60
"	Detroit	60
"	Grand Rapids	60
"	Jackson	60
Minn.,	Duluth	80
"	Minneapolis	80
"	St. Paul	80
Miss.,	Meridian	100
"	Vicksburg	100
Mo.,	Kansas City	75
"	St. Louis	60
"	Springfield	80
Mont.,	Helena	150
Nebr.,	Lincoln	80
"	Omaha	80
Nev.,	Carson City	200
N. H.,	Concord	100
N. J.,	Bayonne	100
"	Newark	100
"	Trenton	100
N. Y.,	N. Y. City	100
"	Albany	90
"	Rochester	80
"	Buffalo	80
N. C.,	Charlotte	100
Ohio,	Cincinnati	65
"	Cleveland	70
"	Dayton	60
Oreg.,	Portland	200
Pa.,	Alleghany City	80
"	Reading	90
"	Philadelphia	90
R. I.,	Providence	100
"	Westerly	100
S. C.,	Charleston	100
Tenn.,	Chattanooga	8
"	Knoxville	8
Tex.	Dallas	100
"	Galveston	100
Utah.,	Salt Lake City	150
Vt.,	Rutland	100
Va.,	Norfolk	90
"	Richmond	90
W. Va.,	Wheeling	80
Wis.,	Madison	60
"	Milwaukee	60

Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

C. S. McDonley, Pleasant Hill, Ky. The recently published stories of the discovery of the remains of the Ark on Mount Ararat are simply canards, having no foundation save in the writers' imagination.

A. S. Lehr, York, Pa. The belief that the movements of a white pigeon, set on the casket of a dead person can indicate the future condition of the soul, is a relic of superstition and barbarism. The dove is a type of purity and innocence, however.

Geo. R. Larned, Oxford, Mass., writes: "I send you an exposition by John Fohl, of Pa., concerning Melchisedec: 'We venture the assertion that the mysterious character spoken of in Hebrews was Shem, the son of Noah. The words: "without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life" are to be understood chronologically. He was a type of Christ, having no *predecessor* nor *successor*.'"

Wm. T. Noah, Swepsonville, N. C. 1. Was Shakespeare or Bacon the author of Shakespeare's works? 2. Is Boulanger still living? 3. Is there an expedition exploring the Arctic regions at present?

1. This has been a disputed matter for nearly a century. 2. He committed suicide in a Parisian cemetery a year ago. 3. The Peary expedition is now in the Arctic and a relief expedition has gone in search of it.

Reader, Norway, Me. Is it right and legitimate to invest in good Railroad securities, stocks and bonds, that are listed on the New York Stock Exchange; paying for the same in full and holding for an advance in value?

To buy as a permanent investment, and source of steady income is undoubtedly right. To buy merely with the purpose of holding for an advance in value and then selling out, is a speculation of the nature of gambling. Both are legitimate in the popular sense, but only one is *right*.

F. Klien, Rahway, N. J. According to the accounts of the prevalence of infanticide of females in China, very few girls are permitted to reach maturity, in comparison with boys. Can you enlighten me regarding this?

Statistics recently compiled show that there are 126,000,000 women and girls in the Chinese Empire. As the total population is nearly 350,000,000 (estimated) it would seem to be true that the females are greatly in the minority, although it is not at all probable that the cause is that indicated by our correspondent. Infanticide has almost disappeared in many parts of the Empire.

A Reader, Hallstead, Pa. 1. Who is the author of the sentence, "A merciful man is merciful to his beast?" 2. A great number of farmers excuse themselves and familes from church attendance by saying, "The horses must rest."

1. The passage you refer to is Prov. 12 : 10: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." 2. In church-going, as in most things, "where there is a will there is a way." The farmer who desires to worship God in public can provide the means of doing so without injury to his horses.

N. A. P., Mackville, Ky. Will THE CHRISTIAN HERALD please answer the following: Should a person write a book and not have the necessary means to have the same published, where, how, and upon what terms could the same be published?

Consult a firm of reputable publishers. If "there is money in it," you will not find it difficult to get your book published either by purchase of your MS. outright by the publishers, by their paying you a royalty on copies sold after the cost of the first edition has been covered, by sharing the cost and profits of publication with you, or in some other way suggested by the probable saleability of the book.

A Subscriber, Minaville, N. Y. 1. Is it consistent for a Christian community to patronize a milk or cheese factory on Sunday? 2. Can the professing Christian be called a consistent liver of a Christian life who carries his milk to the factory on the Lord's Day?

1. The individual Christian must determine for himself what are such works of necessity or mercy as he may perform lawfully on Sunday. 2. Under this rule, we don't care to judge of the Christian character of the brother you mention. His right is to decide the matter for himself.

Subscriber, Passumpsic, Vt. Which is correct: To the manor born or to the manner born If the latter, what is the meaning of it?

A quotation from the Variorum Shakespeare on "Nature . . . Manner born," and the language is: "In the manumission by Henry VIII., of two villeins the following words are used: 'We think it pious and meritorious with God to manumit Henry Knight, a taylor, and John Herle, a husbandman, our natives, as being born within the manor of Stoke Clymmysland.' (Barr. Stats., 276.) Hamlet, therefore, may speak of Denmark, or Elsinore as the manor, himself as *nativus*, to the manor born.

William M. Dye, Benhams, Va. 1. Who was the first prophet of whom the Scripture speaks? 2. Did the divinity of Christ die on the Cross; if so, to what extent?

1. In Jude, verse 14, we read, "And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, proposed, etc." 2. No, if by divinity you mean the same as deity.

S. Rean, Liscomb, Ia. When, where and by whom was the first Gospel sermon preached?

St. Peter's sermon on the Day of Pentecost was the first sermon preached, in which the use of the whole Gospel, including the ascension of the Redeemer and the descent of the Holy Ghost, was at the service of the preacher; but John the Baptist, Jesus, the apostles and the seventy had preached previously the Gospel as far as then revealed.

R. McKee, Indianapolis, Ind., and others. What are the nutritive qualities of banana meal, a quantity of which was sent by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on the S. S. *Leo*?

Mr. Francis J. Geis of the New York Produce Exchange, who contributed the banana meal to the Russian Fund, informs us that the relative nutriment of the banana meal and grain and other foods is as follows: "22 acres of land are needed to sustain a man on flesh meat; the same amount of land, in wheat will feed 42 people, in oats 88 people, in corn 176 and in rice 176. The same amount (22 acres) planted with banana trees, yields nutriment sufficient for 6,000 persons. The coast of the Gulf of Mexico, planted with bananas, would in five years yield sufficient banana meal to pay the national debt."

M. P. Clark, McKeesport, Pa. 1. Did Ralph Waldo Emerson believe in the Bible throughout? 2. Is the soul the intellectual and moral part of man, or simply the moral? 3. Drummond, in his pamphlet entitled "Dealing with Doubt," says: "No man can prove the existence of a God by reason;" also, "Faith is never opposed to reason in the New Testament, but to sight." Are not these statements contradictory?"

1. Mr. Emerson was a Unitarian minister in his early manhood, and afterwards departed farther from orthodoxy than is implied in his choice of that calling. We cannot imagine that Emerson thought of the Bible at all as the simple orthodox believer thinks of it—as a direct revelation from God of the means of salvation for men. 2. The soul is defined to be that vital, immaterial, active substance, or principle, in man whereby he perceives, remembers, reasons, and wills. Spirit is often used to mean the same thing; sometimes as the name of the vital principle which resides in and animates the body. Note that the definition of soul includes both the intellectual and moral powers. 3. The statements are not contradictory. What reason is not capable of accounting for now may not present difficulty in a higher state of development of the power to reason.

Clarence E. Eberman, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes, referring to the question of Subscriber, Hamilton, Ont., in the Mail-Bag of July 13:

The Moravian Church sprung out of that revival before the Reformation, led by John Huss, the Bohemian Reformer It rapidly spread in numbers and influence until there were 200,000 members and 400 churches and chapels. The Thirty-years' war—also directed against the church—succeeded in overthrowing and almost stamping out the church. Yet God retained a few witnesses, and in 1722, a party of 11 refugees, all that was left of the once prosperous church emigrated to Saxony and founded the town of Hernnhut, which to this day remains the seat of government for missionary activity and for the whole church, organically one, throughout the world. The communal principle was given up, in the early part of this century, when it became necessary for the church to adjust itself to the work of the present, and retain its position in the front ranks of the aggressive Christian Church. The unmarried men do not live together—nor do the single sisters—except when homes are provided as in other churches. There are 67 congregations in Europe and 94 congregations in America. Though perhaps not numerous, yet the statistics are interesting as showing the ratio between the home members and the heathen converts. There are 32,725 home members. 90,020 members in Foreign Missions, and about 70,000 in the Diaspora work in western Europe. The whole number engaged in the service of the Church and its missions is nearly 2,500. The Moravian Church, modest and perhaps unknown to many who have taken little interest in Church history, yet has been honored of God, in the work of Missions, and has always felt called upon to undertake any work that appealed to its devotion to the Saviour; no place was a forlorn hope and where other churches did not go, or were not likely to go, there it went and planted the standard of the Cross in His Name.

The Prophetic News, edited by Rev. M. Baxter, may be obtained at this office, price 6 cents; 70 cents a year. The July number contains among other articles: "The Revelation of Jesus Christ," by Clara A. Tuckett; "Jerusalem Revisited," by Rev. W. H. Daniells; "Christ is Coming," by Geo. Alexander; "Elijah to be One of the Witnesses." "The Restoration of the Kingdom to Israel."

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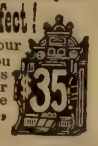

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor. Office Bible House New York.

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A SUCCESSFUL MISSION.

Galilean Principles in Operation in a Poor Quarter of New York—Remarkable Progress of Rev. Dr. Satterlee's Work Among the East-side Poor.

REV. HENRY Y. SATTERLEE, D.D.

NOT an attractive neighborhood for a family residence is that part of Twenty-third Street, New York, which abuts on the East River. Abounding in saloons and stores of the poorest class, the pavements dirty, the houses badly in need of paint, the elevated road deafening the ear with rumbling of its trains and besprinkling the pedestrian with coal dust from its engines, and the gutters giving forth odors of various degrees of noxious abomination; it is a locality of which New York has little reason to be proud. It is a poor neighborhood, and the stranger, who scans the faces he sees there, is apt to think it is not the most reputable in the city. It was much worse some eight or ten years ago than it is to-day. It probably was not dirtier—it could not easily be so—but there was a quantity of moral filth there then, which is not to be found there now. A large building, looking very like a factory above and a stable below, stands on the south side of the street east of First Avenue, from which hast gone forth an influence that has operated for good through all that section of the city.

THE RESTAURANT.

There is nothing ostentatious about it, no spire tells of its religious character, no flags, or tambourines, or brass bands, or processions call attention to the work being done; but the drunkard, or the gambler, or the poor miserable despairing man who has come to think that life is not worth living is apt to come out of that place, if he should stroll in, with a new hope and a firmly fixed resolve to turn over a new leaf.

The building is called the Galilee Mission. Probably not one in a thousand of the people who see the modest transparency over the door on which the name of the Mission is inscribed, realizes the significance of the name. But there are many who have learned how appropriate it is. All that has made the name of that little district in the far-away Syrian land familiar to our ears, clusters around one divine figure. We see him going to and fro through its towns and villages, sailing on its lake, teaching in its fields, working miracles and doing deeds of kindness. The sick felt his healing touch and became well and strong, the blind opened their eyes at his word to the glories of sunlight and nature's beauties, the outcast lepers were restored to health and association with their fellows, and the sinner, quailing under the scorn and self-righteous denunciation of men, and expecting the blows of the stones which would crush out the stained and polluted life, heard from his lips the tender words, "neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more." His presence brought comfort to the sorrowing home, cheered the downcast, raised the fallen and restored the lost. "A friend of publicans and sinners," they called him, in scorn and contempt. He did not repudiate the title, but boldly declared that it was among sinners that his work lay. They needed such a friend, as the sick needed a physician, and he was not ashamed to be their friend. The name of Galilee calls up no memories but those identified with that divinely compassionate Being. It is therefore appropriately attached to a place where men are trying to do the work here that he did. The work was not welcomed at its beginning, much as it is appreciated now. It began some seven or eight years ago in a room not many yards distant from its present location. Dr. Henry Y. Satterlee, the rector of Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-first Street, had been long and prayerfully endeavoring to find a way of preaching the Gospel to the poor so as really to influence their lives. His congregation was wealthy and its members belonged to the refined and cultured classes. If he had been mindful of his own ease and comfort, he would have been content to go on preaching to an appreciative people, doing good among the educated families who attended the church and leaving the outside poor to any who might undertake the ungrateful work. But Dr. Satterlee had not so understood his Master's commission. He yearned for souls from among the lost, and to reach the classes which were Christ's chief concern during his life on earth. A humble beginning was made in the locality in which those classes swarmed. A small room was hired on the corner of First Avenue, and services were held there every evening. Opposition was manifested at the outset. The people did not want religion, however much they needed it. The services were interrupted, the windows were broken, and the preacher and his helpers were pelted with mud and stones. But the work was continued with patient persistence. The perception of moral blindness which Christ had, when he offered his pathetic prayer on the Cross, sustained these followers of his, and they prayed the same prayer, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

The Galilee Mission, thus born amid storm and opposition, lived and thrived. The people gradually came to entertain different feelings toward it. When a drunken man, who had been a bad husband and father, a terror to his neighbors and a general nuisance, became sober and industrious, was helped by the Galilee people to obtain work and was encouraged by cheering words and friendly offices to persevere in a reformed life, it was not his wife who would shout abuse at the preacher, nor his boys who would throw stones at the Mission windows. When there was financial trouble in one of those tenements, which was not infrequent, or when there was sickness or bereavement and some one from the Galilee Mission came in to comfort and advise and bring substantial help, the family thus helped did not send any of its members to disturb the meetings afterward. Gradually the kindly purposes of the Galilee people came to be better understood, and "these praying and preaching folks" had many friends among the denizens of the quarter. Dr. Satterlee rejoiced in the progress made, and invited his wealthy and aristocratic friends to go over and see the work. They not only went, but gave a helping hand. A larger building was hired and fitted up in a tasteful and comfortable style, and Galilee Mission, as it is to-day, became an accomplished fact.

THE CHAPEL.

THE GALILEE MISSION, EAST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK—THE LODGING HOUSE.

(Continued on page 499.)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE GLORIOUS MARCH.

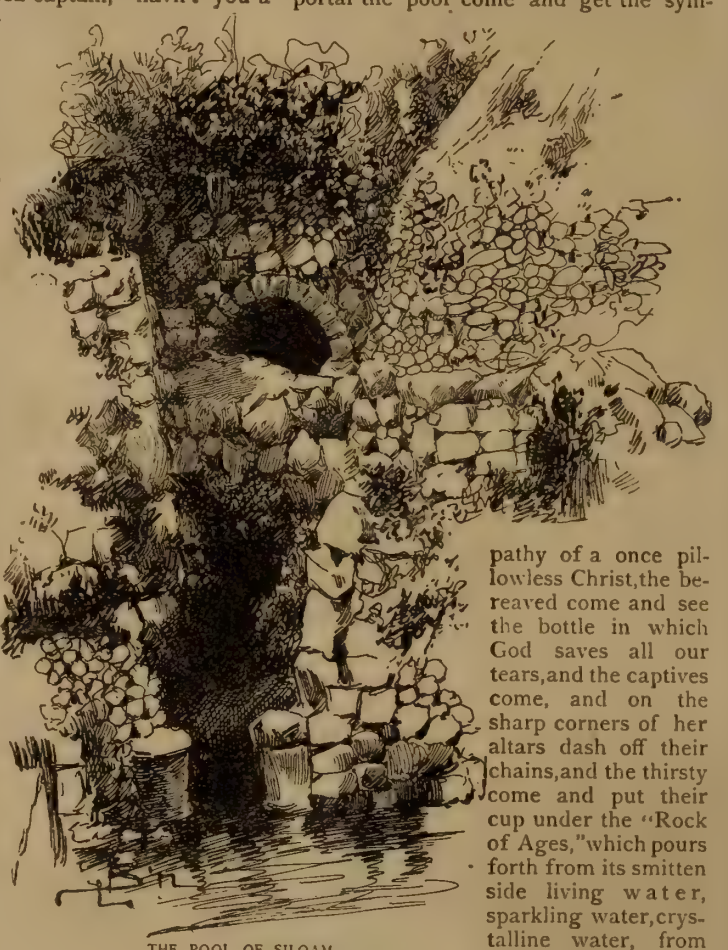
A Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Text: *"Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."* Solomon's Song 6: 7.

THE fragrance of spikenard, the flash of jewels, the fruitfulness of orchards, the luxuriance of gardens, the beauty of Heshbon fish-pools, the dew of the night, and the splendor of the morning—all contribute to the richness of Solomon's style when he comes to speak of the glory of the Church. In contrast with his eulogium of the Church, look at the denunciatory things that are said in our day in regard to it. If one stockholder become a cheat, does that destroy the whole company? If one soldier be a coward, does that condemn the whole army? And yet there are many in this day so unphilosophic, so illogical, so dishonest, and so unfair as to denounce the entire Church of God because there are here and there bad men belonging to it. There are those who say that the Church of God is not up to the spirit of the day in which we live; but I have to tell you that, notwithstanding all the swift wheels, and the flying shuttles, and the lightning communications, the world has never yet been able to keep up with the Church. As high as God is above man, so high is the Church of God—higher than all human institutions. From her lamp the best discoveries of the world have been lighted. The best of our inventors have believed in the Christian religion—the Fultons, the Morses, the Whitneys, the Perrys and the Livingstones. She has owned the best of the telescopes and Leyden jars; and while infidelity and atheism have gone blindfolded among the most startling discoveries that were about to be developed, the earth and the air and the sea have made quick and magnificent responses to Christian philosophers.

The world will not be up to the Church of Christ until the day when all merchandise has become honest merchandise, and all governments have become free governments, and all nations evangelized nations, and the last deaf ear of spiritual death shall be broken open by the million-voiced shout of nations born in a day. The Church that Nebuchadnezzar tried to burn in the furnace, and Darius to tear to pieces with the lions, and Lord Claverhouse to cut with the sword, has gone on, wading the floods and enduring the fire, until the deepest barbarism, and the fiercest cruelties, and the blackest superstitions have been compelled to look to the East, crying, "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

Yet there are people who are ashamed to belong to the Church of Christ, and if you ask them whether they are in such associations, they say, "Yes, I sometimes attend the church;" instead of realizing the fact that there is no honor compared with the honor of being a member of the Church of God. I look back with joy to the most honored moment of my life, when in the old country meeting-house the minister of Christ announced my name as a follower of the Lord.

You who are floating about in the world, seeking for better associations, why do you not join yourself to some of the churches? An old sea-captain was riding in the cars toward Philadelphia, and a young man sat down beside him. He said, "Young man, where are you going?" "I am going to Philadelphia to live," replied the young man. "Have you letters of introduction?" asked the old captain. "Yes," said the young man; and he pulled some of them out. "Well," said the old sea-captain, "havn't you a church certificate?" "Oh, yes," replied the young man "I didn't suppose you would want to look at that." "Yes," said the sea-captain, "I want to see that. As soon as you get to Philadelphia, present it to some Christian church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world, and it's my rule, as soon as I get into port to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream floating hither and thither with the tide."



THE POOL OF SILOAM.

O, men and women, by the tides of frivolity and worldliness swept this way and swept that way, seeking for associations and for satisfactions for the immortal soul, come into the Church of Jesus Christ. Lash fast to her. She is the pillar and the ground of truth. I propose to speak of the threefold glory of the Church, as it is described in the text:

First, "Fair as the moon." God, who has determined that everything shall be beautiful in its season, has not left the night without charm. The moon rules the night. The stars are only set as gems in her tiara. Sometimes before the sun has gone down the moon mounts her throne, but it is after nightfall that she sways her undisputed sceptre over island and continent, river and sea. Under her shining the plainest maple leaves become shivering silver, the lakes from shore to shore look like shining mirrors, and the ocean under her glance with great tides comes up panting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire.

Under the witchery of the moon, the awful steeps lose their ruggedness, and the chasms their terror. The poor man blesses God for throwing so cheap a light through the broken window-pane of his cabin, and to the sick it seems like a light from the other shore that bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun be like a song, full and loud and poured forth from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with harmony, the moon is plaintive and sad, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen and the sea! No mother ever more lovingly watched a sick cradle than this pale watcher of the sky bends over the weary, heart-sick, slumbering earth, singing to it silvery music, while it is rocked in the cradle of the spheres.

Now, says my text, "Who is she, fair as the moon?" Our answer is the Church. Like the moon, she is a borrowed light. She gathers up the glory of a Saviour's sufferings, a Saviour's death, a Saviour's resurrection, a Saviour's ascension, and pours that light on palace and dungeon, on squalid heathenism and elaborate scepticism, on widow's tears and martyr's robe of flame, on weeping penitence and loud-mouthed scorn.

She is the only institution to-day that gives any light to our world. Into her portal the poor come and get the sympathy of a once pillowless Christ, the bereaved come and see the bottle in which God saves all our tears, and the captives come, and on the sharp corners of her altars dash off their chains, and the thirsty come and put their cup under the "Rock of Ages," which pours forth from its smitten side living water, sparkling water, crystalline water, from under the throne of God and the Lamb. Blessed the bell that calls her worshippers to prayer. Blessed the water in which her members are baptized. Blessed the wine that glows in her sacramental cups. Blessed the songs on which her devotions travel up and the angels of God travel down.

As the moon goes through the midst of the roaring storm-clouds unflushed and unharmed, and comes out calm and beautiful on the other side, so the Church of God has gone through all the storms of this world's persecution and come out uninjured, no worse for the fact that Robespierre cursed it, and Voltaire caricatured it, and Tom Paine sneered at it, and all the forces of darkness have bombarded it. Not like some baleful comet shooting across the sky, scattering terror and dismay among the nations, but above the long howling night of the world's wretchedness the Christian Church has made her mild way, "Fair as the moon."

I take a step further in my subject —"Clear as the sun." After a season of storm or fog, how you are thrilled when the sun comes out at noonday! The mists travel up hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until they are sky lost. The forests are full of chirp and buzz and song; honey-makers on the log, bird's beak pounding the bark, the chatter of the squirrel on the rail, the call of a hawk out of the clear sky, make you thankful for the sunshine which makes all the world so busy and so glad. The same sun which in the morning kindled conflagrations among the castles of cloud, stoops down to paint the lily white, and the buttercup yellow, and the forget-me-not blue.

What can resist the sun? Light for voyager on the deep; light for shepherds guarding the flocks afield; light for the poor who have no lamps to burn; light for the downcast and the weary; light for aching eyes and burning brain and consuming captive; light for the smooth brow of childhood and the dim vision of the octogenarian; light for queen's coronet and sewing-girl's needle. "Let there be light."

Now, says my text, "Who is she that looketh forth clear as the sun?" Our answer is, the Church. You have been going along a road before daybreak, and on one side you thought you saw a lion, and on the other side you thought you saw a goblin of the darkness, but when the sun came out you found these were harmless apparitions. And it is the great mission of the Church of Jesus Christ to come forth "clear as the sun," to illumine all earthly darkness, to explain, as far as possible, all mystery, and to make the world radiant in its brightness; and that which you thought was an aroused lion is found out to be a slumbering lamb; and the sepulchral gates of your dead turn out to be the opening gates of heaven; and that which you supposed was a flaming sword to keep you out of paradise, is an angel of light to beckon you in.

The lamps on her altars will cast their glow on your darkest pathway, and cheer you until, far beyond the need of lantern or lighthouse, you are safely anchored within the veil. O, sun of the Church! shine on until there is no sorrow to soothe, no tears to wipe away, no shackles to break, no more souls to be redeemed. Ten thousand hands of sin have attempted to extinguish the lamps on her altars, but they are quenchless; and to silence her pulpits, but the thunder would leap and the lightning would flame.

The Church of God will yet come to full meridian, and in that day all the mountains of the world will be sacred mountains, touched with the glory of Calvary, and all streams will flow by the mount of God like cool Siloam, and all lakes be radiant with gospel memories like Gennesaret, and all islands of the sea be crowned with apocalyptic vision like Patmos, and all cities be sacred as Jerusalem, and all gardens luxuriant as Paradise, with God walking in the cool of the day. Then the chorals of grace will drown out all the anthems of earth. Then the throne of Christ will overtop all earthly authority. Then the crown of Jesus will outflame all other coronets. Sin destroyed. Death dead. Hell defeated. The Church triumphant. All the darknesses of sin, all the darknesses of trouble, all the darknesses of earthly mystery, hieing themselves to their dens. "Clear as the sun! clear as the sun!"

Further, "Terrible as an army with banners." I take one more step in this subject and say that if you were placed for the defence of a feeble town, and a great army were seen coming over the hills with flying ensigns, then you would be able to get some idea of the terror that will strike the hearts of the enemies of God when the Church at last marches on like "an army with banners."

You know there is nothing that excites a soldier's enthusiasm so much as an old flag. Many a man almost dead, catching a glimpse of the national ensign, has sprung to his feet, and started again into the battle. Now, my friends. I don't want you to think of the Church of Jesus Christ as a defeated institution, as the victim of infidel sarcasm, something to be kicked and cuffed and trampled on through all the ages of the world. It is "an army with banners." It has an inscription and colors such as never stirred the hearts of any earthly soldiery. We have our banner of recruit, and on it is inscribed, "Who is on the Lord's side?" Our banner of defiance, and on it is inscribed, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against us." Our banner of triumph, and on it is inscribed, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" and we mean to plant that banner on every hill-top and wave it at the gate of heaven.

With Christ to lead us we need not fear. I will not underrate the enemy. They are a tremendous host. They come on with acutest strategy. Their weapons by all the inhabitants of darkness have been forged in furnaces of everlasting fire. We contend not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places; but if God be for us, who can be against us? Come on, ye troops of the Lord! Fall into line! Close up the ranks! On, through burning sands and over frozen mountain-tops, until the whole earth surrenders to God. He made it; he redeemed it; he shall have it. They shall not be trampled with hoofs, they shall crushed with wheels, they shall not be cloven with battle-axes, but the marching and the onset and the victory will be none the less decisive for that.

With Christ to lead us, and heaven to look down upon us, and angels to guard us, and martyr spirits to bend from their thrones, and the voice of God to bid us forward into the combat, our enemies shall fly like chaff in the whirlwind, and all the towers of heaven ring because the day is ours. I divide this army with banners into two wings—the American wing and the European wing. The American wing will march on across the wilds of the West, over the tablelands,

THE SEA-CAPTAIN'S ADVICE.

and come to the ocean, no more stopped by the Pacific than the Israelites were stopped by the Red Sea, marching on until the remaining walls of China will fall before this army with banners, and cold Siberia will be turned to the warm heart of Christ, and over lofty Himalayan peaks shall go this army with banners until it halts at Palestine.

The European wing will march out to meet it, and Spanish superstition shall be overcome, and French infidelity shall be conquered; and over the Alps, with more than Hannibal's courage, shall march that army with banners, and up through the snows of Russia, vaster in multitude than the hosts that followed Napoleon into the conflict. And Hungary and Poland, by the blood of their patriots and by the blood of Christ, shall at last be free. And crossing into Asia, the law shall again be proclaimed on Sinai, and Christ in the person of his ministers, will again preach on Olivet, and pray in Gethsemane, and exhibit his love on Calvary. And then the army will halt in front of the other wing, the twain having conquered all the earth for God.

History tells us that one day the armies of Xerxes shouted all at once, and the vociferation was so mighty that the birds flying through the air dropped as though they were dead. Oh, what a shout of triumph when all the armies of earth and all the armies of heaven shall celebrate the victory of our King.

"THE OLD FLAG!"

When the Prussian army came back from their war they were received in 1866 at the gates of Berlin, and a choir stood above the gates and as the first regiment advanced and came to the gates, the choir, in music, asked them what right they had to enter there. And then the first regiment, in song, replied, telling over the stories of their conflicts and their victories. Then they marched in, and all the city was full of gladness and triumph. But oh, the greater joy when the army with banners shall come up to the gates of our king!

It will be choir to choir, music to music, hosanna to hosanna, hallelujah to hallelujah. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let them come in. All the walls of that celestial mansion will be aglitter with shields won in victorious battle, and adorned with the banners of God that were carried in front of the host, Harp shall tell to harp the heroism in which the conquerors won their palm, and the Church that day will sit queen at the banquet. Her wanderings over, her victories gained, Christ shall rise up to introduce her to all the nations of heaven; and as she pulls aside her veil and looks up into the face of her Lord the King, Christ shall exclaim, "This is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

REV. DR. TALMAGE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Since Dr. Talmage returned from Russia whither he went with the proprietor of The Christian Herald to arrange for the distribution of the *Leo's* cargo of food for the famine sufferers, he has been inundated with invitations to preach at different places. He has, however, adhered to the programme as arranged. On July 24 he preached in the English and American church in Berlin, while *en route* to Scotland. He afterwards preached at Inverness, Aberdeen, Dundee and Glasgow, Scotland, and at Newcastle and Sunderland, England. At Glasgow the services were held in National Hall, 5000 being present, and Dr. Talmage preached four times in one day, twice indoors and twice outdoors.

His intention is to visit Isle of Man, where he will preach at three different places, and on returning to England, he will speak at Hull, Leeds, Bradford, Sheffield, Derby, Birmingham, Leicester, Cardiff, Swansea, Plymouth, Exeter, Bristol, London and Belfast.

A SUCCESSFUL MISSION.

(Continued from first page.)

But the effort was still in its infancy. The Rev. Scott M Cooke, who had charge of the work, and Rev. W. Emory Henkell, who helped in that and a kindred sphere of labor, learned lessons from their association with the men they were helping, and discovered what were the chief difficulties in the way of a man desiring to reform. Many consultations were held with Dr. Satterlee and the friends at Calvary Church, and finally another step was taken. A large room adjoining the Galilee Mission was leased and opened as a free reading-room. The best magazines and periodicals were placed on the tables, and a library of good wholesome books was collected and placed on the shelves. The room was well lighted, and in the winter was comfortably warmed and in the summer well ventilated. The tired man with a comfortless home and an evening before him, no longer was obliged to look to the saloon as the only place in which he could spend his evening pleasantly. If he was in earnest in his desire to lead a new life, the struggle against his old temptations need not be fought out in his miserable home, or in the streets. He could turn into the comfortable reading-room, and over a magazine or a book, the time passed agreeably till eleven o'clock came and he was ready to retire to rest.

Another hint came to these alert workers to aid them in helping the people for whose welfare they were concerned. Large numbers of unmarried men had rooms in the neighborhood, and had their meals in places where liquor was sold, and where they were not welcome unless they ordered beer or stronger beverages. The Galilee people decided to counteract that temptation. On the east side of the Mission Hall was the Free Reading-Room; they now secured the adjoining room on the west side of the Mission for a restaurant. Food was provided of good quality at cost price. Hot meats with bread and butter for ten cents; a large bowl of good coffee with roll and butter for five cents; or a bowl of nourishing soup for three cents. The people were not slow to appreciate such prices. The restaurant was popular from the beginning, and its customers now average five hundred a day. It has been a powerful help to the sobriety of the neighborhood, and it has entailed no expense beyond the first outlay on its promoters.

Still another outgrowth of the Mission work developed as it made progress and the needs of the frequenters were ascertained. An appeal from Dr. Satterlee to his people evoked the liberal response as an Easter offering of thirty thousand dollars. This sum enabled him to purchase the whole five-story building of which the Mission, the Reading-room and the Restaurant occupied the ground-floor. The upper part has now been fitted up as a cheap lodging house. The beds are rented at fifteen or twenty cents a night or one dollar or a dollar and a quarter a week. A clean bath, hot or cold, with clean towel and soap, costs five cents. That venture, too, has succeeded and is self supporting. Last year this very economical hotel entertained no less than ninety thousand guests. There are prayers morning and evening. Attendance is optional, but it is very rare for any guest to absent himself.

A conversation with Rev. Mr. Henkell, in the absence of the Rev. S. M. Cooke the indefatigable chaplain of the Mission, supplied the clue to the success which has attended this extensive work. "We regard it, he said, "as first of all a rescue work. We make a point of getting into personal talk with the men who drop in at the Mission. We try to get their confidence and it is surprising what confessions we sometimes hear. I have frequently heard confessions of robbery and sometimes, men who have come here from the West, have confessed themselves murderers. But drink is the mother of all crimes. Mr. Cooke and I have learned to regard that as the active feature and the beginning of crime. It is our great foe with which we wage relentless conflict."

"Do you adopt any special method of treatment for the drunkard?"

"Kindness and watchfulness are our chief reliance. The man heard in the Mission the testimonies of rescued men of what Christ did to help them in the struggle to quit drinking and of what religion had done for them. Sometimes a lady or gentleman from the church is present and gives testimony, too, to the power and blessing of religion. The man is impressed and we take him aside and plead with him. Sometimes we can get his promise to abstain only for a week and then at the end of the week to renew his promise for another week or a month. I know one case where we have managed to keep a man sober in that way for seven years. We have learned to recognize the symptoms of the restlessness which generally precedes a relapse; and when we see them we know that that man needs special help to take him over his crisis. Sometimes I ask him to come and spend an evening with me at my home; and a good meal and a pleasant evening's talk will brace him up. I have a friend who is an enthusiastic lover of fishing and I get him to take our man out for a day's fishing and cheerful talk. Men who have been drinking for a long time get these crises after their reformation and they need a little help to win their battle. We make them feel that we are their friends and they really value our friendship and the help we give them in a friendly way in their trouble. We tell them we know theirs is a hard fight but that they will win if they try. Sometimes they fall away but they generally come back to us and we encourage them to try again. We never lose hope of a man however low he sinks."

"Do you give them practical help in the way of getting employment."

"Yes we have done much in that way. It is necessary. Of course there is a difficulty with men who have been dishonest, but you would be surprised to know how many Christian men there are willing to give such men a chance to retrieve the past. We always tell an employer about the man's wrongdoing. It is only fair to do that and it is best for the man himself, so that he will not be exposed to strong temptation at the outset. It is very seldom that a man who has been a thief, and who gets a chance to rehabilitate, falls afterward. I know many cases of reformed thieves who are now thoroughly trustworthy."

"Has the work reached the limit of its development?"

"By no means. We have several projects under consideration. We are thinking of establishing a Boys' Trade School, for one thing. Our idea is to gather in the boys who are willing to learn and have them taught useful trades. We think of beginning with printing, and if that succeeds we shall go on to other trades. I do not know," Mr. Henkell added with a bright smile, "but we may yet have an art school for drawing and modelling. The men and boys furnish an indication of their intelligence and capacity in the books read in our reading-room. Shakespeare and Tennyson and Longfellow and Whittier and Ruskin are the favorites, and there are calls for scientific works. Then we have an idea, not yet fully developed, of buying a large farm in Virginia and cutting it up into smaller holdings where we could put our country-bred men who have drifted to the cities and fallen by the way. There are some who are willing to go to such a life, but not many. The majority are wedded to city life and will not leave it. We have one man now on a little farm who is doing well."

Mr. Henkell's cheerfulness and manly confidence and evident love for the work; his devotion to it and his painstaking effort to apprehend the difficulties of the men, and the most practical way of overcoming those difficulties, indicate the spirit which pervades the Mission. With that spirit and firm faith in the power of Christ to reclaim the most hopeless characters, great things have already been accomplished, Not long since, Mr. Cooke had the pleasure of introducing a class of fifteen rescued men to Bishop Potter, who desired to publicly confess Christ. It is a Christ-like work and men are being transformed through it as they were nineteen centuries ago in Galilee.

A SURPRISED COLPORTEUR.

Mr. Millard, of Vienna, an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, gives the following incident: "To-day a former colporteur of ours told me a striking story. Four or five years ago he had sold a New Testament to a poor woman, who had a few goods on sale at the fair in Varosdin, in Slavonia. Both were in the same sad plight that day—not a single penny had been received for their goods. As she longed so much to have a Testament, he took a trifle from her in exchange for the Testament. The woman told him that her husband intended to go to Budapest, hoping to find a living in the capital. As the woman seemed so eager to read the Testament, the colporteur gave her the address of some friends in Budapest, saying, 'These are people who also love the Gospel.' Last night this colporteur returned with his wife from a journey to Budapest. To his great amazement he had met the woman and her husband at a meeting in that town. All wept for joy when the story was retold about their first meeting in Varosdin. The whole family had become converted through reading that Testament. The woman exclaimed, 'How often have we longed to see the man that sold the Testament to me. We never expected that we should meet here after so many years.'"

THE APOSTLES PERSECUTED.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 21. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Acts 5: 25-42. Golden Text, Acts 5: 29.

MEN filled with God; men sent forth of God; who and what can stand against them? In vain did the high priest of Jerusalem seek to stay the progress of men whose every step was directed and empowered by God. Earthly authority and physical forces must alike bow before their almighty Lord. Let the children of God only be

Sure of their Way,

and then, even though all the power of man and all the forces of nature were against them, they must come off victorious. "The high priest rose up, and all they that were with him (which is the sect of the Sadducees), and they were filled with jealousy." (R.V.) It was no small thing to see these unlearned and ignorant men invested with a supernatural power which none could deny, and gaining daily greater influence over the minds of the populace, causing thereby the influence of the priests to decline. It could not but be that the people would draw comparisons between these humble, unostentatious men—who were being made such a blessing to needy souls and bodies, seeking not their own, and utterly disinterested—and the ostentatious, self-assertive priests and scribes who could point to no blessing on souls or bodies as the result of their ministry. The progress of the truth concerning Jesus, and the resurrection, must of necessity be the downfall of the priestly power and the Sadducean doctrine. Things must come to a crisis. If the disciples could only be subjected to ecclesiastical authority and discipline, they might perhaps tolerate these manifestations of spiritual life and power, but that these men should exercise such power as in the healing of the lame man, the sudden deaths of Ananias and Sapphira, the healing of the sick who were brought to them, and the rapid augmentation of their numbers—and that without any authorization from the priests—was more than these ecclesiastics could tolerate. The high priest had yet to learn that no man can

Control the Holy Ghost:

he and the Sadducees could only lay "hands on the apostles, and put them in public ward" (or the common prison.) But they could not shut out God the Holy Ghost, and they must know that no man, not even a high priest, can detain men who are filled with God, without his consent. "An angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and brought them out, and said, Go ye, and stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life." While these God-liberated men taught in the temple, the high priest and they that were with him, called together the council, and the senate of the children of Israel. Ecclesiastical and civil rulers united to stay the work of God, and to persecute his instruments. There never yet was a successful work of God which had not to pass through the fire. By this means both the work and the instruments he employs are tested, and the opportunity is afforded to the latter to manifest the mind which was in Christ. Do not let us fear when things seem to come to the worst, God is responsible for all which he permits. The council was gathered, and the prisoners were sent for. No doubt learned counsel were employed upon the trial, and the strength of the priestly party made them count upon success. But to the amazement of this august assembly, instead of the prisoners appearing before them in due course, they had to hear the startling announcement from the officers sent to bring them: "The prison-house we found shut in all safety, and the keepers standing at the doors: but when we had opened, we found no man within." What, did the mysterious power of the crucified Man, now no longer living upon earth, reach even to prison doors! Wonder after wonder took place in their dealing with these men. Would it not occur to them that, after all, it was God against whom they were striving? This was not their chief concern, but rather,

"Whereunto this would Grow."

O foolish human pride which wants to dominate and control all events, and is impatient of any interference, even though it be from God himself! At any cost, these elders and rulers would keep up their dignity and their authority: they would not cede the power in their hands to any one; they did not so much as consider the other side of the question; was it really God who was with these men, and if so, ought not they, rulers though they were, to bow before God?

Restrained by the fear of the people, the captain who was sent with the officers, brought the apostles without violence, and set them before the council. The indictment was: "We straitly charged you not to teach in this name: and, behold, ye have filled Jerusalem with your teaching, and intend to bring this man's blood upon us." (R.V.) It was perfectly true, and Peter and the apostles neither excused themselves, nor denied the charge, but receiving the words which they should speak, in measure, from the Holy Ghost, they answered: "We must obey God rather than man. The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew, hanging him on a tree. Him did God exalt with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and remission of sins. And we are witnesses of these things; and so is the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that they obey him." (R.V.) It was a bold declaration of their sin against Jesus to their very face; an assertion of the fact of his resurrection, with the testimony of witnesses, who with the healing of the lame man, the awful death of Ananias and Sapphira, the universal healing of the sick, and the fact that that very morning they had been released from prison by an angel of the Lord—could not be put out of court as unworthy of credit. The priestly party were waging

An Unequal War

The few words in which the defence of the apostles was couched, were yet mighty in power. Their judges were "cut to the heart, and were minded to slay them." It was well they did not attempt it. God's permission must be obtained before anyone lays hands upon Holy Ghost-filled men. There was one man in the Council, a man of note, the same Gamaliel under whom the great apostle Paul studied as a young man, who was not a party to their jealousy of the apostles. This man arose, and asked that the apostles might be remanded for a little while. After they had left the court, he addressed the council and said: "Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves as touching these men, what ye are about to do;" and then, citing two revolutionary leaders, Theudas, and Judas of Galilee, he showed how both of them came to nought after a time. "And," he argued, "now I say unto you: refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will be overthrown; but if it is of God, ye will not be able to overthrow them; lest haply ye be found even to be fighting against God." (R.V.)

Who could have foreseen, when the apostles were apparently in the most imminent danger of losing their lives, that one of the very council which was "minded to slay them," should take the very ground which they took themselves, and carry the question to the court of heaven? Thus God delivers his children in the most wonderful, most unexpected way. Who knows whether the intense reality of God's presence with the apostles may not have stirred up Gamaliel, and shamed this upright man to be real with his God, too! How little have Holy Ghost-filled men to fear before any ordeal of man! "Greater is he that is in you then he that is in the world." (1. John 4 : 4.)

The apostles had made no attempt to defend themselves, except by their unflinching witness for their Master, and he proved himself to be indeed their Defence. The council who would hear nothing of referring the matter to God, when the apostles proposed such a solution, was ready enough to get out of the difficulty thus when it was one of their number who proposed it. Their dignity was not wounded in the same way. "To him they agreed." But for the sake of their position they must do something; "and when they had called the apostles unto them, they beat them and charged them not to speak in the name of Jesus." The beating they accepted, the charge they did not accept. They "departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer dishonor for the Name." So much for the beating of the authorities. "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." (Matt. 5 : 10, 11.)

"And every day in the temple and at home, they ceased not to teach and to preach Jesus as the Christ. "(R.V.) So much for the charge. They continued to obey God rather than man, knowing now that they took their lives in their hand. The old spirit of: "What shall we have therefore? (Matt. 19 : 27), had given place to the conviction that to suffer for Christ was the greatest honor. These were Christmen, true Christians.

LESSON POINTS.

"We ought to obey God rather than men." Acts 5: 29.

SELF-EVIDENT though the principle stated by the Apostles appears on its face, the realization and adoption of it has often caused a severe struggle in the heart. The Christian is a law-abiding man and his respect for authority in the nation and family is founded on direct Scriptural injunction yet there have come times in the experience of many when that authority had to be disregarded. It is related that in the beginning of the Fourth Century Philip, Bishop of Heraclea was brought before the Governor who ordered him to discontinue preaching. The bishop replied that while he was anxious to obey the Emperor and the Governor in all things there were matters among which this was one, wherein he must disobey them, having a direct command from God. The Governor incensed by his reply ordered him to be scourged and dragged by the feet through the streets. The sentence was carried out, and after his recovery he was again taken before the Governor and asked if he would now obey the Emperor's command. The Governor reminded him that he had power to send him to execution and begged him not to reply rashly. The bishop said he could not yield. "My present stand" he said, "is not taken rashly; I must obey God rather than men." As he was evidently unmovable the Governor passed sentence upon him to be publicly burned.

In the sixteenth century there were many similar instances of heroic Christian fortitude. Queen Mary, of England, was burning Protestants in large numbers. Bishop Hooper was a notable instance. He was condemned to be burned at Gloucester. A friend went to him in prison by the Queen's permission and begged him to recant. He said to the prisoner, "Life is sweet and death is bitter." Hooper replied, "The death to come is more bitter and the life to come is more sweet. I am come hither to end this life, and suffer death, because I will not gainsay the truth I have formerly taught. When brought to the stake, a box was produced and he was informed that it came from the Queen and contained her pardon which he might have if he would agree to obey her and recant. "If you love my soul," cried the martyr, "take it away," and then commending his soul to God he calmly resigned himself to the flames."

Bernard Pallissy the famous French potter showed similar firmness when summoned before Henry III. "I shall be compelled," said the King, "to give you up to your enemies unless you change your religion." "Sire," said the brave man, "you have often said to me that you pitied me; but now I pity you who have given utterance to such words as 'I shall be compelled.' These are unkingly words; and I say to you in royal phrase, that neither the Guises, nor all your people, nor even yourself can compel the humble maker of earthenware to kneel before statues" Though he had rendered invaluable services to his king and country he was sent to the dungeons of the Bastille, where he died at the age of eighty years.

The late Pastor Spurgeon used to tell the following story to illustrate the duty of obeying God in the difficult matter of loving our enemies: In the old persecuting times there lived in Cheapside one who loved God and attended the secret meetings of the saints; and near him there dwelt a poor cobbler, whose wants were often relieved by the merchant; but the poor man was a cross-grained being, and, most ungratefully, from hope of reward, laid an information against his kind friend on the score of religion. This accusation would have brought the merchant to death by burning if he had not found a means of escape. Returning to his house, the injured man did not change his generous behavior to the malignant cobbler, but, on the contrary, was more liberal than ever. The cobbler was, however, in an ill mood, and avoided the good man with all his might, running away at his approach. One day he was obliged to meet him face to face, and the Christian man asked him gently, "Why do you shun me? I am not your enemy. I know all that you did to injure me, but I never had an angry thought against you. I have helped you, and I am willing to do so as long as I live, only let us be friends."

The same spirit of obedienc to God rather than to men has sometimes eo be exercised in the present day. An esteemed clerk in a city bank was requested by the president, one Saturday afternoon, to come to the bank the next day and help bring up the back work. To yield to the request would be to violate the Sabbath, and he refused. The president insisted, and threatened to drscharge him. Still he refused, and was discharged, with no prospect of further employmnnt, yet with an approving conscience. Shortly after a new bank was organized, and a trusty man was wanted for cashier. The same bank president offered to name a man who, sooner than sin, gave up his place; and then told the story of his discharged clerk. The nomination was at once accepted, and the upright clerk was rewarded with a higher position and an increased salary.

It sometimes seems that to obey God rather than men will involve sorrow and loss but God is able to protect us though he may choose that we shall suffer and reap the reward of suffering in heaven. A rich English merchant in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was directed by her Majesty to proceed to the Continent on a commission of importance, and he demurred to undertake it, saying, "Please your Majesty, if I obey your behest, what will become of these affairs of mine?" And his monarch answered, "Leave those things to me; when you are employed in my service, I will take charge of your business." So will it be with those who obey God implicity without regard to consequences. He will take care that in the end they who are faithful to him shall be compensated.

Probably the most painful of all alternatives is that in the family. When a husband or a father who is dearly loved gives a command which can be obeyed only by offending God the struggle is very severe. An eminent writer says that during a revival at Harbor Creek, Pa., the daughter of a notoriously wicked man was converted at the Baptist Church. She became a candidate for baptism and was accepted. A few days before the Sunday when she was to confess her Lord by baptism she felt it her duty to tell her father what she was about to do. He was deeply enraged, and sternly forbade her doing anything of the kind. He loved her very much, and could not help admitting how dutiful she had been, but some inconsistent Christian had once done him an injury, and he was resolved that no member of his family should ever be connected with a Christian church. The scene between father and daughter was a most painful one, and it ended with the father saying firmly, "If you are baptized next Sunday, I shall turn you out of the house. This will be your home no longer." The girl consulted with the Pastor of the church, and it was decided to defer her baptism for a month. She attended the service, however, and sorrowfully watched one after another go down into the water. "I must obey God rather than men," she exclaimed, and with a word to the pastor she went out to prepare for baptism. She returned and with firmness went through the ceremony. When she returned home she told her father what she had done. "Well," he said, "you know what I told you. Go and pack your clothes and get out." The girl sorrowfully obeyed. When all was done she came down to the family room and bade all good-by. She went up to her father and kissed him, and then just at sundown she went out, not knowing where to go. Half an hour later the father was seeking her through the town, and when he found her he took her back to his home, declaring that he could not afford to lose her.

SAVING THE TENDER BABES.

The Christian Work of the Children's Hospital of St. John's Guild—Thousands of Grateful Mothers, and Happy Children.

ONE of the most beautiful of New York's many charities is St. John's Guild, whose mission is to save the young and tender children of the overcrowded tenement districts of the metropolis. With the advent of summer, the death rate mounts up to alarming proportions, and the babies are carried off by thousands by the diseases peculiar to childhood. In one day recently, of one hundred and ninety deaths in New York, one hundred and twenty-six were children under five years of age.

The Guild, which has been in operation since 1866, is voluntarily supported by the charitable people of the city. Among its trustees and officers are many weathy business men, who have been the good samaritans in thousands of homes of the poor. During the twenty-five years, 456,124 sick children and mothers have been benefited by their ministrations, and the number of little lives saved, and poverty-smitten homes made brighter and happier and abler to fight their hard battle can hardly be estimated.

Year by year, every summer sees the commodious Floating Hospital of the Guild, crowded with mothers and children, afloat on the waters of the bay or harbor. On alternate days, the great barge ties up to the piers on the east-side and west-side of the city and the crowds of mothers and sisters with ailing babies are received as guests, and fed with wholesome food and pure, fresh milk and invigorated by the sea air. In one room are fourteen spray baths and two great tubs, and here, almost as soon as the barge is clear of the dock, the refreshing work of bathing the little sufferers in real salt water begins. One part of the barge is fitted up as a hospital, and then the weakest children are taken and cared for by skilful doctors and nurses. All nationalities are represented among the beneficiaries of this beautiful charity.

But it is at the Seaside Hospital of the Guild that the full realization of the benefits conferred is apparent. The barge, after its long refreshing sail, comes to anchor at a pier that reaches out over a sandy strip of beach at New Dorp, Staten Island. Back of the beach, and facing the Atlantic Ocean, is a long, commodious, old-fashioned looking building, with two hundred and fifteen feet frontage, double-tiered piazzas along its entire length, and picturesque and inviting in its breezy location. It is capable of accommodating two hundred and fifty sick children and mothers, and in the summer months, when the children of the poor who huddle together in the unhealthy tenements are suffering most, it is always full. Pale, wan and dying when they come there, when they leave the Home after a week or fortnight's sojourn, the little patients are generally so changed as to be hardly recognizable, the ruddy hue of health taking the place of the pallor of sickness. With their mothers they go back to life in the tenements, all the happier for the glimpse they have had of better things. Last year nearly ~~39,000~~ children and their parents were carred down the harbor, an average of five trips being made each week during the hottest weather. The Seaside Home had ~~1586~~ patients. Caring for this vast army of children cost only an average of twenty-six cents per day for each.

While ministering to the physical wants of the children of the poor, it is intended also that the work of the Guild should be educational and uplifting, both on the barge and at the Seaside Home. This is accomplished in several ways. Miss Pierson, the matron, as well as the superintendent and his staff, take every opportunity to learn mothers how to take better care of their children. Christian women are chosen as the nurses, and their influence—indeed, all the influences surrounding the Seaside Home—are a great spiritual benefit to the mothers with whom they come in contact.

A KING'S LAMENT.

PHILLIP III., of Spain, who governed that country before its decline in national influence and greatness, and who was accustomed to profess that he would rather lose all his kingdoms than willingly offend the King of kings, when he contemplated his principles of action and government during the course of his reign, is said on his death-bed to have expressed his feelings in the following language: "Would to God that I had never reigned! O, that those years which I have spent in my kingdom, I had spent in the wilderness, how much more securely should I now have died! How much more confidently should I have gone to the throne of God! What does all my glory profit me, if I have no place in the kingdom of Christ!"

SAVED BY A HANDBILL TRACT.

THE *Baltimore Methodist* tells a story of a handbill tract, with the title, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" which came into the hands of a German Reformed clergyman in Maryland, who was so much pleased with it that he determined to translate it into German, for the benefit of a part of his congregation. He had only commenced translating it when he was called out, and a Mr. Elijah, coming in during his absence, was so much struck with the title that he took it up and carried it away with him. The clergyman came in, and learning from his wife who had taken it, went in pursuit of him, being desirous to finish the translation. As he passed a certain house, he saw him, through an open window, engaged with some ungodly associates in a game of chance. The clergyman thrusting his hand into the window, gently struck Elijah on the shoulder,

IN THE FLOATING HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN'S GUILD.

saying, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" It proved a "word in season," and was the means of calling him from the devious paths of sin and folly into the "narrow way."

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

WHERE life and hope are swallowed by the grave,
And perils lurk in every passing hour,
How blest to trust in him whose arm can save,
With but the least exertion of his power.

How little can we see of all that realm,
Of coming destiny or impending doom,
Until its dread realities o'erwhelm
Our trembling souls with glory, or with gloom.

But where we cannot see, we yet can trust:
The ransomed life will ever be secure:
And when we rise from this dissolving dust,
The unseen world, eternal, will endure.

And even while we walk this weary road,
'Tis sweet to turn from every transient thing;
Add find our refuge and our rest in God,
Beneath the sheltering shadow of his wing.

To lean upon his staff: to know the grace
Of his unfailing comfort: and to see
Behind the dark'ning clouds that smiling face,
Which is the glory of eternity.

To be serene when troubles hem us 'round;
To be at peace amid the storms of life;
To stand secure on faith's unshaken ground,
When all the world is torn with dreadful strife.

To rise superior to a life of pain.
To conquer sin. To scorn the fear of death.
To walk secure amid the myriad slain,
And brave the midnight pestilential breath.

To lean upon the arm that made the worlds:
To rest in that dear love which never dies:
And dwell at last where heavenly peace unfurls
Its glorious banner in the love-lit skies.

Buena Vista, Va. —B. C. MOOMAW

HE PRAYED THIRTY-SIX YEARS.

ABOUT two years ago, Mr. Geo. Muller the well-known English philanthropist, gave the following testimony: "In November, 1844, I began to pray for the conversion of five individuals. I prayed every day without one single intermission, whether sick or in health, on the land or on the sea, and whatever the pressure of my engagements might be. Eighteen months elapsed before the first of the five was converted. I thanked God, and prayed on for the others.

Five years more elapsed after which the second was converted. I thanked God for the second, and prayed on for the other three. Day by day I continued to pray for them, and six years more passed before the third was converted.

I thanked God for the three, and went on praying for the other two. These two remained unconverted. He to whom God, in the riches of His grace, has given tens of thousands of answers to prayer in the self-same hour or day on which they were offered, has been praying, day by day, for nearly thirty-six years for the conversion of these two individuals, and yet they remain unconverted; for it is thirty-six years since I began to pray for their conversion. But I hope in God, I pray on, and look yet for the answer."

SAVE THE FRAGRANCE.

IT is related that Gotthold had for some purpose taken from a cupboard a vial of rose-water, and, after using it inconsiderately, left it unstopped. Observing it sometime after, he found that all the strength and sweetness of the perfume had evaporated. Here, thought he, is a striking emblem of a heart fond of the world and open to the impression of outward objects.

What good does it do to take such a heart to the house of God, and there fill it with the precious essence of the roses of paradise, which are the truths of Scripture? What good to kindle in a glow of devotion, if we afterward neglect to close the outlet—by which I mean to keep the word in an honest and good heart? (Luke 8:15.) How vain to hear much, but to retain little, and practice less! How vain to experience within us sacred and holy emotions, unless we are afterward careful to close the heart by careful and diligent reflection and prayer, and so keep it unspotted om the world.

Neglect this, duty and the whole strength and spirit of devotion evaporates and leaves only a lifeless froth behind. Lord Jesus, enable me to keep thy word like a living cordial in my heart. Quicken it there by thy spirit and grace. Seal it up in my soul, that it may retain forever its freshness and its power.

AID FOR RUSSIA.

The following contributions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Russian Relief Fund were lately received:

Jessie F. Harper, Lisbon, $4.10; Reader, Workman, Assa, Can., $15; T. Griffiths and S. S. class, Union Grove, $5.35; Mrs. G. W. Bassett, Napa City, $2; J. C. Corwin, Friendship, N. Y., $18.25; Mrs. Abbie W. Whiting, $5, Mrs. E. W. Johnson, $2, Mrs. Sara R. Jenks, North Brookfield, $1; S. M. Simmons, $1, Chas. Nelson, $1, James Linn, $5, W. H. Leard, Lewistown, $10.

OUR MISSIONARY IN THE FIELD.

Rev. George W. Sharp's Story of a Missionary Journey in Missouri.

THE following extracts from a letter recently received from Mr. Sharp will give our readers some idea of the arduous nature of his labors and of the success which is attending them. It is a privilege which every lover of the Lord Jesus will appreciate to be the means of keeping such a man in the field, and this privilege has now for more than a year past, belonged to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "When I last wrote you I was in Monroe County. Tha day following, a toilsome ride in intense heat brought me by night to a country home in which a grown daughter, and a nearly grown son were converted in a meeting where I labored a few years before. They were children of the Sunday School then; they are workers in it now.

"The next day seemed hotter still: I rode past the house of a widow whose son, now grown and a comfort and support to his mother, was also a convert of that meeting. He was then a little boy in the same school. Four miles further on I met and conversed with one of the most eminent physicians in Northwest Missouri, who ascribes much of his cheerful hope of heaven to my instrumentality. After a weary ride still further, and a few failures to find dinner on time, I found a rough and not very wholesome supply for my hunger. I lodged that night at a farm house, one member of the family being sick. The next morning I was invited into the room of the sufferer, a young married woman,—she with her bright boy about a year old, having returned to her parents in quest of health. I had known the father and had only met part of the family and, therefore, expected an introduction to the daughter. But on entering the room, her outstretched arm from the bed showed that she knew me. How it thrilled my heart to hear her say, 'Brother Sharp, I was converted at the meeting you held at Bluff Spring, several years ago, and since that time I have never ceased to pray for you and your work.' In the meeting to which she referred, souls were converted, and at its close, a Sunday School was organized at a school house, the old church not being easy of access, and not very comfortable. That school was kept up winter and summer for six years, the old church has been replaced by a new and better one, and in a better location. A few miles distant still another church has been erected. No Sunday School now at the school house; the bees have swarmed and live in new hives.

"Friday and Saturday I put out appointments from house to house for two new schools to be organized on Sunday in districts not previously visited. One of these appointments failed, partly on account of sickness, which prevented the co-operation of a leading citizen; the other was rained out, after which I started to go home. When I had ridden about a mile and a-half, I heard a man calling and riding rapidly; he soon came up, and in substance thus addressed me: 'I could not bear to see you go home and that school not be organized. Our young people have no Sunday School to go to. Would it be asking too much for you to go back and remain another night?' This was quite a trial. I knew the health of my family was not good, and that it was time I was on my way home; the journey was long, the weather hot, and my horse lame. But I might not be there again for years, if ever. I went back, remained over Monday night, delivered an address, and organized a large Sunday School.

"Souls are won, Sunday Schools planted, churches organized, and church houses erected in the destitute districts, as I have often found, in this way; that is, through painfulness, weariness, hardships, and self-denial, the half of which has never been told as I have experienced them, not only in the nearly two-hundred-mile horse-back trip above referred to; but in the nearly sixty thousand miles I have travelled in this work since I entered it over thirteen years ago.

"I do not dwell on these things. I prefer to praise God for his abundant blessings upon the work. It would hardly be possible for me to travel from the Missouri river through any part of northeast Missouri, to the Iowa line without having abundant evidence of the great good God has graciously accomplished."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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DEAD FAILURES.

ALL Christian workers are sometimes conscious of being discomforted. There is your Sunday School class that have not yet been brought to Christ. You say, "How strange it is that, after all my teachings, they have not submitted to the truth." You say, "There is my family, nearly all of them out of the kingdom of God's grace. How I have prayed for them; how I have counseled them; how I have tried to bring upon them all Christian influences; and yet they will not hear the voice of heavenly mercy." You can look out in the world and see scores of times in which you were working for Christ and in the right spirit; but you saw absolutely no result. And you sometimes sit down in discouragement. You say, "It must be that I haven't the right kind of sickle; that I haven't gone into the right kind of harvest-field; that I don't know how to plow, and that I am entirely incompetent for the sphere to which the Lord has called me." Ah! Christian, in this sadness of heart you are only repeating the history of all who have gone before you; but remember this thought, that every effort put forth for Christ's sake will be successful, whether you witness the result or not. The seed of Gospel truth planted, will come up in a glorious harvest, maybe twenty or forty years after you are dead.

But the Lord gathers up all the tears of his dear children in a bottle, and he keeps them, and he remembers them; and no sigh over the obduracy of those who are around about you, and no prayer offered up for the redemption of the people, and no Christian counsel given on the street-corner, and no word of exhortation lifted in a prayer-meeting, but shall somewhere, somehow, at some time, be gloriously successful. A plain promise this—not a mere notion of ours: "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Father met a black man along the road. The black man stopped him and said, "I wish to speak to you, Mr. Talmage. I suppose you don't know me?" "No," was the reply, "I don't remember you." "Well," says the man, "I haven't seen you for forty years; but, in the old school-house at Gateville, I heard you say, about forty years ago, in one of your prayers, 'Thou God seest us,' and that thought I carried with me year after year. I couldn't escape from it. That sentence which I heard uttered by your lips, forty years ago, made me a Christian." And it may be that the word of Christian encouragement that you spoke to-day, that the simple question that you asked some comrade along the street, will tell on eternal ages.

Be not, therefore, discouraged. The day of reckoning will come, and all the greater will be the surprise if, having known nothing of our success in this world, when standing before the throne of God we shall hear a great acclaim from a multitude who shall point to us as the instrumentality of their eternal salvation! It is very different working in an enterprise where you expect to be defeated, from working in an enterprise where you know you are going to succeed. If we know we shall finally triumph, although there may be many disappointments and reverses, we keep our courage up all the way. Therefore, let us remember that we are going to be in the majority; that Christ is going to reclaim this world for himself; that all sin and darkness and suffering shall be done away; and that great procession will be formed in which will move the sons and daughters of light.

The trumpet is only just beginning to marshal the Lord's hosts. The batteries are only just being planted. The war has scarcely opened. There has here and there been a little skirmish; but, after a while, God will mass the troops and bring on a general engagement, and then the victory will be decisive and universal.

GOD'S GOVERNMENT.

GOD has governed this world so long that he must know how to govern it. The divine administration does not change every four years. From everlasting to everlasting. In his hand we had better put everything. It is not worth while for me to bother about the future. If some other god were to be enthroned we might well be in trepidation, but the same principles of wisdom and goodness and love which have characterized the past will characterize the future. Limited monarchy will, after a while, cease, and republican and democratic forms of government will give way, and the world will swing clear around to the government under which it started, namely, a theocracy, which is a government by the immediate direction of God. But without waiting for that political revolution let us, by loyalty of heart and life, put ourselves under the divine government.

Let us belong to the theocracy now. "The mountains may depart and the hills be removed and kingdoms may dissolve and the world may perish, but those who trust in God shall be strong and happy for ever." Among the most encouraging signs of the times is the fact that arbitration is taking the place of wholesale butchery. The recent delegation from the British Government and the United States Government proposing arbitration in all matters of international controversy was a step that will be followed up by all nations not positively barbarous, and the time will come when any nation proposing war will be prohibited by all other nations making protest. The time will come when arbitration will entirely supersede gunpowder and keen steel.

So long ago as the time of William Penn the efficacy of arbitration was demonstrated. He proposed to come to America without any weapons and treat with the worst savages. Charles II. scoffed at him and said, "What, venture yourselves among the savages of North America! Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettle within two hours after setting your foot on their shores?" "The best security in the world," said William Penn. "I doubt that, friend William," said the King. "I have no idea of any security against these American cannibals but a regiment of good soldiers with their bayonets and muskets, and I tell you beforehand, with all my good-will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you." "I want none of your soldiers," said William Penn. "I depend upon something better." "On what?" asked the King. William Penn answered: "On the Indians themselves and their moral sense and the protection of the Almighty God." And it is a fact—mark it and remember it—it is a fact in American history that for seventy years the red men kept that treaty, and it was not broken until the white men broke it.

A venerable general of the United States Army who had fought more battles for our Government and against the Indians than any other man, told me that in all the Indian wars, to his personal knowledge, the white men were the more to blame. Now, if the treaty made between William Penn and the American savages could last seventy years, certainly intelligent nations ought to be able to keep the peace. In most wars the question at issue is as undecided after as before bloodshed. In our war with Great Britain in 1812, the question involved was the impressment of American seamen. Two years and a half the war raged. Our Government expended $300,000,000 and lost thousands of lives, and the question still remained unsettled about the impressment of American sailors. Some say wars are necessary to clear off the superfluous population of the earth, and that had it not been for the hundreds of millions slain in battle the earth would been too crowded with inhabitants. But my opinion is that people die fast enough. What with the choleras, and the yellow fevers, and the cyclones, and the shipwrecks, and the earthquakes, depopulation need not be accelerated. The best thing you can do with a man is to save him, and the worst thing you can do with a man is to kill him. The time to inculcate lessons of peace is during complete national quiet, as now.

Oh, does not some little touching scene more then great statistics impress us with the ravages of war? and will you not put into your every prayer for the remaining years of your life an earnest petition that the nations may cease bloody combat, and that peaceful adjustment and international brotherhood may spike all the guns and dismantle all the fortresses and make useless all the armories?

SERMON BUILDING.

THERE are multitudes of laymen who keep saying, "Why do not the clergy preach in this way, and why do they not preach that way?" all the time implying that if they, the critics, only had the chance, they would show the world how preaching ought to be done. We should like to see one of these men set up before an audience of five hundred or a thousand people, and hear him take a text and discuss it. A Russian and Turkish bath combined would not equal his sweaty condition before he got through the introduction of the subject.

We are certain that the introduction would not land anywhere near the subject, and that he would get the second head first, and the illustration of the fourth point tacked to the third, and a mixing of metaphors, and a congeries of mispronunciation, and a general consternation, frightful to behold. The fact is, that people often think it easy to do that which they have never tried.

We suspect that the clergy would appear as imbecile if they went down on Wall Street to tell bankers and brokers how to conduct their business as private members of churches sometimes appear upon discussing the art of sermonizing. The shoemaker had better stick to his last, and the carpenter to his plane, and the merchant to his yard-stick, and the minister to his pulpit. The man who attends to his own business well has not much time to attend to other people's business.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

A SECOND PENTECOST.

Continued from last week.

THEIR counsel was in this wise: Mr. Good-sense: There is no lack of souls, ten times three thousand are about us. How to get them to listen must be our first concern. The plan used by our Lord's disciples was for their day, hence his words, "He that winneth souls is wise, and I will make you fishermen of men." 'Twould be folly, sure, to stand as Peter stood and repeat his sermon.

Great-faith—Yes, we must have new plans with the old-time spirit. I believe such will win, for the Gospel has lost none of its power.

Great-work—'Tis given you to plan, me to execute. Speak out your mind, if it be that you want, it shall be yours; were I to offer my advice it would be this: Plan for the common people, they will hear you gladly. I have walked much among them. They groan for deliverance. They want something that will not only "give them promise of the life which is to come, but that which now is." The gospel of Jesus will be their only salvation. It will cure all their social, moral and political evils. Plan for them for their cry keeps me awake at night, and of a truth the king is touched with the feeling of their infirmities. (Heb. 4: 15.)

Great-faith—Yes, yes, it must be these to whom we go, for 'twould take more faith than I have got to believe that three thousand men who find it harder to enter the kingdom of God than a camel to go through one of the smaller gates of Jerusalem, will be converted in one day. (Matt. 19: 24.) Come, my Good-sense, you must help us with your plans, for I put my trust in you as well as in your God.

Good-sense—'Tis not so hard as one would think. Let Great-work and his friends build us a Tabernacle of such proportions and shape as will have a winsome look, put therein no cushions but easy-chairs, reserved for those who early come, hang out upon the walls, "God is Love," and "Jesus is mighty to save." To this they'll come, but not to gothic church where pews are hung with doors, where essays please the ear, where organ peal precedes the so-called hymn of praise, where four, by pay, do what four hundred ought to do, where if they went 'twould be like Peter Cartwright preaching 'neath the chime of Trinity.

Give light at night, like noon-day, give greeting as they come and go, as though each one had come from foreign lands. Make the very walls ring with the chorus of Gospel song. Let sanctity be there but never sanctimoniousness. Drive out with scourge of small cords any and all who are not in deed as well as word the poor man's friend. Then be sure to put your Tabernacle where the people are, before you open wide the doors, preach from house to house and in all the factories and mills at noon. Let the sermon be in the hand-grips, speak with the eye and genial face. Tell them you have come to do them good, and leave where necessary a loaf of bread, or pail of coal. Draw the children to you as clover heads draw bees, give them the very best you have; when they have faith in you 'twill not be so hard for them to have faith in our Lord; open then the house of God and they will fill your Tabernacle, till you cry for room,—from this 'twill not be many days till second Pentecost.

Great-faith—You make the fire burn in one's very bones, and the blood goes tingling to the finger tips with hope.

Great-work—I am for this, "for the liberal souls shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." (Prov. 11: 25.)

Now I saw that each one took note of the work he was to do and turning to the book on the table they drew a line under Luke 11: 49—"wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business."

As they parted I followed Great-work, beseeching that I might accompany him on his journey. To this he readily consented.

SINNERS SEEKING CHRIST

Should read with faith, contrition and prayer:
Psalm 136, The Mercy Psalm,
John 2, The New Birth Chapter,
John 14, Peace and Promise Chapter,
Isaiah 45, The Come Chapter,
Isaiah 43, The Sufferer's Chapter,
Amos 5, The Seeking Chapter,
John 6, The Bread Chapter,
Hebrew 9, The Atonement Chapter.
And other like Scriptures, intended to lead the sinner away from himself and his sins, to Christ the Saviour.

A NEW IMMIGRATION LAW.

THE law passed by the U. S. Senate on July 27, for the better enforcement of the present laws govering the admission of immigrants, promises to be the most effective yet devised. It provides that the captain of any vessel having immigrants on board shall be prepared to furnish the proper inspection officer with a list of all the immigrants on his vessel, with specified details as to each of them. The list is to be made at the place of embarkation and to be sworn to before the United States Consul at that port. It is to contain a statement of the age, name, sex, occupation, nationality, and final destination of all immigrants on board; also whether ever in prison or supported by charity, whether a polygamist, whether under contract to perform labor in this country, and the condition of health, mentally and physically, of such persons. The surgeon of the vessel is also required to swear, prior to the departure of his vessel, that he has made personal examination of the immigrants. The lists are also to be verified carefully by the inspector at the port to which the vessel comes, to see that the immigrant is really the person described on the ship's list. The inquiries are framed so as to cover not only the present condition of the immigrant but his past record. It is well for us that God has not set up like barriers to our admission into heaven. The sinner is especially invited to enter and the assurance is given him that whatever his past life may have been, he will not be excluded if, through faith in Christ, he has been cleansed of his sin. (John 6: 37.)

A Heroic Mother.

A THRILLING scene was witnessed from the Star Hotel, Long Branch, N. J., on July 24th. A lady who was staying at the hotel with her two children was sitting on the piazza with the younger child, an infant two months old, in her arms. She was startled by hearing a cry of alarm from an upper window of the hotel. Looking around she saw that her elder child, a little girl three years old, had strayed on the railroad track which runs in front of the hotel. An engine was approaching, but the child was playing, unconscious of her danger. Instantly, the mother, with the baby still in her arms, ran down the piazza steps and rushed frantically to the rescue of her child. She paid no heed to the shouts of the people to stand back, but reached the child and dragged her from the track, just as the engine touched her. The next instant the cow-catcher caught her dress and threw her off her feet. She was dragged along several yards with her baby still in her arms, before the engineer could stop the locomotive. Both the children were unhurt, but the mother was badly injured. She had a terrible gash on her face, and her hip was dislocated beside other injuries. She received prompt medical attention from two doctors who were guests at the hotel, but it is feared that, if she lives, she will always be a cripple beside having a disfigured face. The child would be deemed very ungrateful if, should her mother's life be spared, she neglected her and was unmindful of the heroic deed by which her own life was saved, at the cost of her mother's health and beauty: Yet how many there are who owe their hope of eternal life to the love of Christ in undergoing suffering and death for their sake, yet render him no service nor obey his commands! (Rom. 12: 1-2.)

Buried in Lava.

THE report of a double tragedy which occurred on July 27 comes from the city of Mexico. An Englishman and an American, both young and vigorous men, were visiting the city and struck up a friendship, though both were intensely patriotic and were continually lauding the superior merits of their respective countries. The rivalry developed in their frequent discussions and finally led to a friendly challenge of daring. They were both experienced mountain-climbers having scaled some of the highest peaks of the Alps. One of them challenged the other to settle the question whether Englishmen or Americans were the braver, by making the ascent to the highest and largest crater of the Volcano of Colima. They started each carrying the flag of his country. They were seen to reach a shelving rock near the edge of the crater, when a volume of ashes shot out of the crater hundreds of feet into the air. The next moment a stream of molten lava burst forth, rising to a vast height and descending in burning rain. Nothing more was seen of the venturesome young men. They were completely buried under the storm of liquid fire. It was a fearful penalty to pay for their temerity. They must have known that there was a possibility of such an eruption though they doubtless hoped that it would not occur when they were in its way, especially as the volcano looked quiet when they ascended. We blame their foolhardiness now, but there are multitudes of men displaying folly infinitely more egregious in living lives of sin and defiance of God though they have been explicitly warned that "Our God is a consuming fire." (Heb. 12: 29.)

An Army of Rats.

A STRANGE reason is assigned for the demolition of one of the finest buildings in St. Louis, Mo. The *Globe-Democrat* of that city says that the committee of the Mercantile Club has come to the conclusion that the most economical and effective measure to get rid of the rats which have taken up their abode in its handsome quarters is to pull down the whole building and erect a new one, and its demolition is now under progress. It appears that the plague has been growing for some years. At first the rodents were to be found only in the cellars, where they gnawed their way into the receptacles where the choice viands provided for the members of the club were kept. Dogs and traps failed to keep their number from increasing, and gradually they made their way to the upper floors. As time went on they grew bolder as well as more numerous, and would enter the dining-rooms and make daring incursions to the places where the food was temporarily deposited before being put on the tables. At night their depredations were most destructive. They would tear the upholstery from chairs and lounges, and gnaw to pieces pictures and books. Every known means of dealing with the enemy was exhausted, and still the number seemed to increase and their destructive powers more formidable. The club finally determined that the only course open to it was to tear down the building and build a new one under a contract that it should be rat-proof. It is much to be wished that men would adopt like radical measures when they find their hearts infested with evil desires, unholy appetites and promptings to evil. Instead of trying to reform their lives, if they would go to God for help he would fulfil his promise: "A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh and will give you a heart of flesh." (Ezek. 36: 26.)

A Drummer's Lameness.

Two young men met recently in a hotel in Cleveland, O., who had been warm friends in their boyhood, but had not seen each other since they left school. One of them, a drummer for a Boston house, was a tall, handsome, young fellow, but he walked with a decided limp. His friend, after the first words of gratification at their meeting, expressed his sorrow at noticing his lameness, and asked him what had caused it. "You must grieve dreadfully," he said, "you were such an active, vigorous lad at school." The other replied that his lameness did not trouble him at all. In fact, there was nothing in his person or circumstances that gave him so many pleasant reflections. He had led rather a wild life when he left school, and begun to go out into the world in business. One day he was riding a horse, at a time when he had not full control of himself. The horse threw him and he was picked up with a compound fracture of his leg. He was taken to a hospital, and the limb was set. He was warned, however, that it might be necessary to amputate it, and if he escaped that calamity, that limb would always be a little shorter than the other. The nurse assigned to him was a bright intelligent lady who had but just completed her course of training for her profession. This was her first case, and she gave it skilful attention. It was largely due to her care that the limb was saved. During the time he was under her care she and the patient had many long talks which resulted in his finally making her an offer of marriage. She accepted him, and he, there and then, made a vow to quit his dissipated ways, and work hard to prove himself worthy of her. He kept his vow and was then on the way to the lady's home in Ohio, where they were to be married. "So far from regarding that fall as a calamity," he said, "I think it was a blessing. It changed my life and secured for me the best girl in the world for a wife." There are many who have infinitely greater reason to rejoice over what the world calls their misfortunes. Affliction has often brought a man to God who in the days of prosperity was unmindful of him. (Ps. 119:67.)

An Unsigned Will.

The application of a widow to the Surrogate's Court in New York last week for the appointment of administrators for her husband's estate, has occasioned much surprise among the friends of the family. The deceased gentleman was one of the ablest lawyers in the State and a man of great eminence as an author and scholar. He had a very large income from the sale of his books, which are regarded as standard authorities on abstruse questions; he had also received for many years a good salary from a college in which he was a professor, and besides had been paid enormous fees in suits in which he was counsel or referee. As he must have left property worth about a million dollars, and was seventy years of age when he died, the fact that he had left no will and that his widow had to apply to the court for an administration order could scarcely be credited. It appears, however, that he had put off the making of a will until his last hours. When he was told that his end was approaching he became deeply concerned about the disposal of his estate and sent for an old friend, who was also a lawyer, and asked him to prepare a will with all speed. A short will was drawn according to his instructions and was put before him for signature. Though its preparation had occupied little more than half an hour, the dying man was almost unconscious when it was finished. He had written only the first letters of his name when the pen dropped from his fingers and he fell back dead. In his long legal experience he had been familiar with the inconvenience resulting from men dying intestate, yet had neglected to prevent the evil in his own case. Many people who are familiar with the truths of religion from childhood act in the same way as to their spiritual affairs. Though knowing the way of salvation and aware of the consequences of dying without reconciliation with God, their last hour finds them unprepared. (Luke 12:48.)

A Family Treasure,

A REMARKABLE find was made recently in a home at Kinderhook, N. Y. The owner of the house had an old picture which was given to him about twenty-eight years ago by an eccentric relative who begged that it might always be kept carefully and never allowed to go out of the family. It was a portrait of herself and the man gave his promise to preserve it carefully. A few days ago his wife was cleaning house and took the picture down to dust it. She accidentally broke the sheet of paper which protected the back of the picture. Through the hole thus made, she saw what appeared to be a bank note. She immediately removed the paper and to her astonishment found that the whole of the back of the picture was covered with bank notes, two of which were for five hundred dollars each. Most of them were issued by a Massachusetts bank and bore dates as far back as 1856. When her husband returned from his work the lady showed him the money and he took it to the local bank where he learned that the bank which had issued the notes was still in existence. The teller communicated with it and received a reply that the bank was aware that several notes of large denomination of the old State issue were still in circulation and it was ready to redeem them when presented. The owner thinks that his wealthy relative, who was always very peculiar in her ways, adopted this method of enriching him, instead of leaving him a legacy, in order that he might have the money only if he kept his promise, and had sufficient regard for her to preserve her portrait. He must be thankful now that he did keep it, though probably he wondered often during those twenty-eight years that she gave him nothing more valuable than her portrait. The time will come when the Christian's steadfastness will similarly be rewarded. It often appears now that he "serves God for naught" and that he has more trouble than others who are enemies of God; but in the day of final reward it will be seen that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory" which is revealed in him. (Rom. 8: 18.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Sultan of Morocco has issued orders forbidding intercourse between Moorish women and Christian missionary women. This restriction is evidence that the gospel is affecting the Moorish households.

Mr. Henry Varley has been having great meetings at Tunbridge Wells, England. On a recent Sunday thousands of people came to hear the Gospel. His open-air meetings on the common were much blessed, and a deep interest aroused.

Jen Hawk, the famous Chinese convert from St. Louis, Mo., who delivered an eloquent address at the recent Christian Endeavor Convention, has accepted the pastorate of the Chinese Baptist Mission in New York. He is a graduate of Drake University, Des Moines, Ia.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union of Chicago is arranging to place an automatic fountain in front of the Post-Office of that city. A cent dropped in the slot sets an internal machine in motion which fills a glass with the standard iced temperance drink, wild cherry phosphate.

Rev. S. E. Young, of Asbury, N. J., invites Christian Endeavor Societies and others religious organizations in neighborhoods where there are Life Saving Stations to communicate with him with the object of co-operating with the society, recently formed, for promoting Christian work among the life savers.

The revival meetings at Parsons, Kas., under Evangelist Vernon closed July 17. Most of the meetings were held in the new missionary tent, which was pitched near the church building and will seat 750 people. At times the crowds exceeded this number. Churches of other denominations co-operated heartily.

Evangelist Veazie has closed the meetings he has been holding in the Seabrook district near Topeka, Kas. The meetings were very successful. The methods used were thorough house to house visitation, afternoon meetings for children and evening services. Sixty-nine persons out of a population of 228 professed conversion.

An entertainment was given on July 28th at St. Bartholomew's mission, New York, by fifty reformed drunkards who have been reclaimed at the services in the mission. Singing and praise occupied the evening. Some of the men gave remarkable testimonies of the power which had kept them from relapsing into drunken habits.

It is reported that Rev F. B. Meyer who is now at Northfield assisting in conducting the conference there during Mr. Moody's absence, has been invited to succeed Rev Newman Hall in the pastorate of Christ Church, London. Mr. Hall, who is the author of the famous little book "Come to Jesus" resigned recently on the conclusion of a pastorate of fifty years.

Remarkable Evangelistic meetings, accompanied with much religious interest, are being held near Columbus, Ind. They were commenced several months ago and continued over ninety days, and frequently remained in session twenty-four hours. The meetings have been held in old churches which have been abandoned for years, and a new church association has sprung up.

Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, has commenced the erection of a building in East Thirteenth Street, as a home for aged men, women and little children. The building will be three stories high and have a frontage of sixty-two feet. It will cost $40,000. The centre of the building will be given up to the children, the right wing to the men and the left wing to the women.

Contributions to the fund for the support of Rev George W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD missionary of the American Sunday School Union, have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $19.70. They were from: Mrs I. Norwood, Washington, D. C., $10; A. J. Allen, North Uxbridge, Mass., $2; C. M. L., North Tarrytown, N. Y., $2; N. M. H., Hoggensville, Mo., $2; L. J. C., Ticonderoga, N. Y., $1; V. E. Osborn, Cadmus, Kan., $1; A Friend, Rardin, Ill., $1; Chas. Thompson, Arverne, L. I., 50c; Willie A. Marshall, Linoleumville, S. I., 20c.

A TRUE PHILANTHROPIST.

Mr. John James Jones, the Founder of the London Samaritan Society.

AMONG the many devoted Christian workers in the English metropolis, few are better known or more widely loved than John James Jones, whose portrait is given below. This gentleman has for many years been engaged in those channels that aim at the moral and spiritual elevation of the masses and his labors have been greatly blessed. He is forty-five years of age. His father was a builder and contractor, and at an early age he was in the same business, afterward becoming a draper. He was converted in Mr. George Muller's chapel in Bristol, and from that moment he desired to live only for the good of the perishing around him, and strove to bring them to a knowledge of the same peace which he himself had found. Having some private means of his own, he no longer sought emolument in business, but prayed for Divine guidance to show him what to do. He had not to wait long. He felt that his first duty was to go home to Chepstow, and there among his own friends tell "what great things the Lord had done for him." Soon afterward a series of special services, extending over a fortnight, was arranged, and so abundantly did God bless his young servant's testimony, that many were led to believe. He also found a sphere of usefulness in the Night and Ragged Schools of Bristol.

Mr. Jones afterward proceeded to London, with Dr. Mackenzie, to prepare for Mission work in China, and he became so interested in the cabmen who were engaged conveying worshippers to and from Messrs. Moody and Sankey's meetings in the Agricultural Hall, that he got up special meetings for them.

In the East End, Mr. Jones inaugurated a most Christ-like work of feeding the destitute London poor, and having the Gospel preached to them, which laid the foundation of the London Samaritan Society and Homerton Mission. This Society provides breakfasts, dinners, and suppers to the destitute and starving poor, and gives clothes to the deserving, and to the suffering such medical help as may be required. This work necessarily led to the establishment of Convalescent Homes at Sandgate and Bournemouth, in which many thousand poor persons recovering from illness have been admitted from all parts of the kingdom. In the Home at Sandgate, the English Christian Herald and several well known philanthropists have each fitted up rooms with beds for the accommodation of the sick guests. Such Homes are greatly needed.

In the severe winter of 1887-8, when public attention was directed to the crowds of homeless human beings sleeping out in Trafalgar Square, and other places in London, Mr. Jones set to work for their succor, and did splendid service, thousands of tickets for a bed and food being given to forlorn outcasts in their sorest need. In addition to this Mr. Jones takes a deep practical interest in the Temperance cause, evangelistic work, and emigration, and in all works calculated to help and raise the struggling poor. He has won for himself a distinctive and honorable position by his many beneficent and philanthropic undertakings.

THE GOSPEL'S GLORIOUS SPREAD.

A HUNDRED years ago, writes Rev. Geo. Smith, LL. D., in *The Apostolic Guide*, literature made missions its butt, or abstained from in any form, recognizing and encouraging Christian extension. Now the Sydney Smith school of scoffers is ashamed. Since Livingstone was buried in Westminster Abbey at least, the press in all its better forms has recognized Foreign Missions as the salt of our extending civilization in the dark places of the earth, as the pioneer of commercial and scientific advance, as essential to the permanent and everlasting self-government, which is the ideal of the English-speaking people, even for the subject races temporarily intrusted to them.

A hundred years ago, the human race numbered 731,000,000, of whom 174,000,000 were Christians of any type, and only 44,000,000 were of the Reformed churches. Now the race is double that, and the Christians number 450,000,000, of whom 165,000,000 are Reformed. Analysis by statistical experts like Dr. Griffen show that the Christians and the dark races intrusted to their influence by God are increasing at a rate far before the growth of these outside this influence. Aided by the splendid advance of colonization and Christian civilization in all its forms, the churches are now, since 1858, doing far more than keeping pace with the growth of the human race.

The 420,000,000 of Europe—only 145,000,000 in 1788—have diminion over the earth, and in another century they will be 1,000,000,000. At the crown of these in power, in God-given expansion, in Christian influence, are the English-speaking people. They numbered only 22,000,000 a century ago; now they are 115,000,000, and are growing at the rate of a million a year.

A YANKEE CONVERT'S TRIUMPHANT DEATH.

FRANK P. MILLER of Richland, Chester County, Pa., attended revival meetings at Ocean Grove, held by Rev. Mr. Yatman, two years since. When invitation was given to any who wished to be saved, he arose in the vast assemblage in the Tabernacle and spoke out, "I want to be saved." He was then in his twelfth year and small for his age. He found the Saviour and on returning home,

JOHN JAMES JONES,
(*The London Philanthropist.*)

was baptized and joined the Windsor Baptist Church. His career has been an exemplary one. His sister when in her sixteenth year was fatally stricken with diphtheria, and a few days later he took the same disease and died about twelve hours before she expired. Both were buried at the same time in a double grave. His many expressions of confidence in the Saviour he so dearly loved and served will not soon be forgotten and short as was his life, the memory will be for great good. He was a lover of The Christian Herald and valued it greatly.

CROSS BEARERS' READING-CIRCLE.

THIS organization, established in 1890, and incorporated under the laws of Missouri, has already assumed noble proportions and promises to be a great power in extending missionary knowledge to the Church. No greater need has manifested itself than that of a more complete knowledge of these things, and nothing will so transform indifference into a hearty and positive labor for the cause of the Master. The place of this circle is to systematize and intensify the study of Christian people on missionary topics. The text-books are chosen from the wide field of universal missionary literature, and all classes of Christians are called upon to enlist in this definitely planned campaign. Many men, foremost in the cause, have given to the movement their hearty approval, such as Dr. T. J. Scott, India; Chaplain McCabe, and Rev. Edward Judson, New York; Elder A. McLean, Cincinnati, and Bishop Atticus G. Haygood.

PEACE.

I THOUGHT it would be so,
But now I know.
I thought that he would strengthen me,
I thought that I would quiet be,
Because his glory I should see.
I thought it would be so,
But now I know.

I thought it would be so,
But now I know.
There is a calm within my soul
That swells above the billows' roll
As Jesus leadeth to the goal.
His love in ceaseless flow,
Ah, now I know.—A. M. C.

AT A CHINESE FIRE.

IN the course of a letter from Hangchow, China, to the *Church at Home and Abroad* the Rev. J. Garritt, the Presbyterian missionary at that town gives a graphic account of a fire which destroyed many houses adjacent to the mission, but happily did no damage to the mission property. He says:

To the right, or west of the gate of our compound in which are our chapel and dwelling house and not two hundred yards away the fire started, in some shop in which night work is done. The fire caught in some garments that hung by the fire, was communicated to the wooden partition, and in an incredibly short time was raging along both sides of the street. These houses were not enclosed in walls, but built side by side, shackly frame structures such as the great majority of Chinese live in. They always burn like tinder. The wind was blowing toward the west, and so the fire tended away from our premises, but the houses being built up close, the fire came toward us to the east. High party walls opposite us finally stayed the flames. These walls are built of mud, and plastered; and they usually stop the progress of fires. But as the fire came up to the alley on our west, and along this alley nearly even to the house, our situation was very dangerous. If the wind had carried the sparks into, instead of away from our compound, our house would probably have caught. The fire was stopped where it was by pushing one of the frame structures over into the fire, thus making an open space.

The fire consumed altogether about a hundred *kien*, or apartments. Each apartment represents a family, the apartment referring only to the breadth, and not to the depth of the house. Most of these houses were rented, not owned by the inmates. If they had time to take their valuables and clothing to a safe place, they were not much the poorer by the fire. But as most of these houses are shops also, they nearly always lose their stock in trade. Often the only things saved by the poor people are the clothes on their backs. The fire spreads so rapidly, too, that often there is not time to escape from the house. It was said that no one was burned in this fire, unless it was an old woman who lived alone, having no relatives. No one had seen or heard of her the day after the fire.

I saw, the day after the fire, posters stating that anyone left penniless or friendless, could find temporary shelter in certain charitable institutions. So one must feel that the Chinese are not devoid of charity.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about a Chinese fire is the order that is preserved. Very soon after the alarm is given, a military official, with a squad of soldiers appears, and keeps order. There are also fire brigades, whose members are known by the lanterns they carry, held aloft on a short pole. These men line the streets on each side, giving passage to those who carry their goods to a place of safety, and to the water-carriers, but stopping any suspicious characters who cannot give an account of themselves. A man may cary off chairs, tables, or doors, or any loose furniture, for doors and windows are always loose in China, but if a man is caught attempting to steal a trunk or box, he may be summarily thrown into the flames.

CHILDHOOD AND THE BIBLE.

THE Bible is not only God's letter to us all and for us all, but it is the world's text book of truth: and our Common Version is the greatest of our English classics. Daniel Coit Gilman in an article in the *Metropolitan Magazine* for February says: "An acquaintance with the Bible should be required of every school-boy. College professors have lately been showing how ignorant the youth of America are of the history, the biography, the geography and the literature of the sacred Book. I do not now refer to its religious lessons, but I speak of the Bible as the basis of our social fabric, as the embodiment of the most instructive human experiences, as a collection of poems, histories, precepts, laws and examples, priceless in importance to the human race. These Scriptures have pervaded our literature? All this inheritance we possess in a version which is unique. Its marvelous diction secured by the revisions of many centuries, and its substantial accuracy, the care of many generations of scholars, are beyond our praise. But how little study does the schoolboy give to this book in secular or sacred hours?"

Volume XIV, of the Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1891, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $4., including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

THE GOSPEL IN PERSIA.

Devoted Pastor Jacob, of Oroomiah, and his Christian Wife.

ONE of the most energetic and successful Christian workers in Persia is Pastor Jacob of Oroomiah, whose portrait is given on this page. He and his wife Moressa are natives of Oroomiah and are laboring as missionaries amongst the Mohammedans. They were both originally members of the Nestorian Church, one of the oldest sections of the Christian Church in existence, but which through having been for ages confined to Mohammedan countries, is one of the most corrupt in doctrine and practice. Both were converted at about the same time through the instrumentality of the first American missionaries who settled in Persia. This was in 1846–7, during a period of religious revival, when the pastor was nineteen and Moressa twelve years old. Pastor Jacob at that time was being educated by Dr. Perkins, while Moressa was in school under the care of a lady missionary, Miss Fidelia Fiske. Moressa was among the first to cheer the heart of Miss Fiske by testifying for Christ; and her betrothal to Pastor Jacob was a touching incident, which Miss Fiske described as follows, in her diary, under date Dec. 1, 1847:

PASTOR JACOB OF OROOMIAH.

"Moressa, one of our older pupils, was today betrothed. When the time came for placing the ring, which is the seal of the engagement, upon her finger, she was not to be found. The house was searched, and in its remotest room her plaintive voice was heard pleading for the blessing of the Holy One on what she was about to do. The company who had assembled were long detained, but were deeply interested in thinking that a child of prayer was to be added to their family."

After his conversion, Pastor Jacob was ordained a minister of the "Reformed Nestorian Church," but the condition of the Mohammedans pressed heavily upon him and his wife. In 1880 they visited England, and upon their return to their native country, they commenced a mission to the Mohammedans of Persia, in which they have been specially successful. Moressa endeared herself to all who knew her, and her value as a helper in the pastor's work cannot be over-estimated.

At the beginning of this year, the pastor, his wife, and son, again visited England. They had three objects: to present to their own people, some of the Mohammedan converts whom they have trained in Scripture knowledge; to provide for the establishment of a medical mission in connection with their specific Gospel work; and to arrange for an extension of the pastor's own operations, so that he may be able to take the Scriptures and their message into fresh parts of Persia.

SABBATH BELLS.

HOW soft the voice of Sabbath bell
Dissolves in hallowed air;
How dear the solemn sacred swell
That summoneth to prayer.

What power is in thy altar, Lord,
That when the bell is rung,
The gracious spirit of thy Word
Is to thy followers sung.

As shepherd leads to richer fields
And purer wells, his flock,
And, when the storm-clouds gather, shields
His sheep 'neath sheltering rock;

So is all steepled melody
Obeyed by those who know
The voice that stilled the raging sea,
And called mankind from woe.

O make these lives of ours to be,
Dear Lord, a blessed chime;
A hymn of love and zeal for thee
To vibrate through all time.

—C. A. INGRAHAM.

RAILWAYS IN PALESTINE.

The Jaffa-Jerusalem Road to be Followed by Others.

THE railway that is to be constructed between Jaffa and Jerusalem has, as was expected, proved to be the pioneer of others. Turkey for about fifty years, refused its permission to build a railway in the Holy Land, but now that its prejudice is overcome, it has granted a concession for a second line even before the first one is complete, and this one will be in many respects of more importance than its southern neighbor, and will be about twice its length. The two western starting-points are at Akka (Acre) and Haifa, situated at the north and south of the Bay of Acre, which is about eight miles across. The railways proceeding from these towns unite immediately to the east of Haifa, and will then proceed in a single line along the eastern foot of Mount Carmel, thence across the Esdraelon plain in the neighborhood of the towns of Nazareth, Nain, Jezreel and Beisan, to the River Jordan, along the eastern shores of the Sea of Galilee to the plains of Bashan, and thence across the plain of Damascus, to the southern gates of the city, traversing at many points the route followed by Rev. Dr. Talmage and the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during their recent tour in the Holy Land.

THE NEW RAILWAY FROM AKKA TO DAMASCUS.

This railway to Damascus will be about 120 miles in length, 110 of which will run over plains, leaving ten miles of rough work. The cost of building and equipping the line is estimated at something under $10,000,000. The country is of an extremely fertile and productive character, being specially adapted for the growth on an extensive scale of grain, cotton, wool, silk, fruits, olives and tropical and temperate products of all kinds. Valuable mines of bitumen, petroleum and stone also exist in various parts of the surrounding country. The Hauran—or Bashan of the Old Testament—produces the finest crops of wheat and barley. The harvest of this district alone exceeds at the present time 200,000 tons of cereals annually, of which not less than 125,000 tons are exported. All this is carried at present on the backs of camels to Damascus and the coast at a cost of which adds 33 to 50 per cent. to the original price of the grain. Damascus retains its reputation as a great commercial city, being to-day the main centre of distribution of eastern and western merchandise throughout Syria. Its immense caravans travel through Mesopotamia by the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates to Mosul (Nineveh), Bagdad and Hilleh (Babylon) on the one hand, and to Arabia, Egypt and the interior of Africa on the other. The railway has, therefore, for its objective points the two principal centres of the Hauran and Damascus, the former being the main granary, and the latter the main commercial market of Syria. Damascus has a population of 250,000, and the three departments of Akka, Hauran and Damascus, through which the railway will run, has at least 1,000,000 inhabitants.

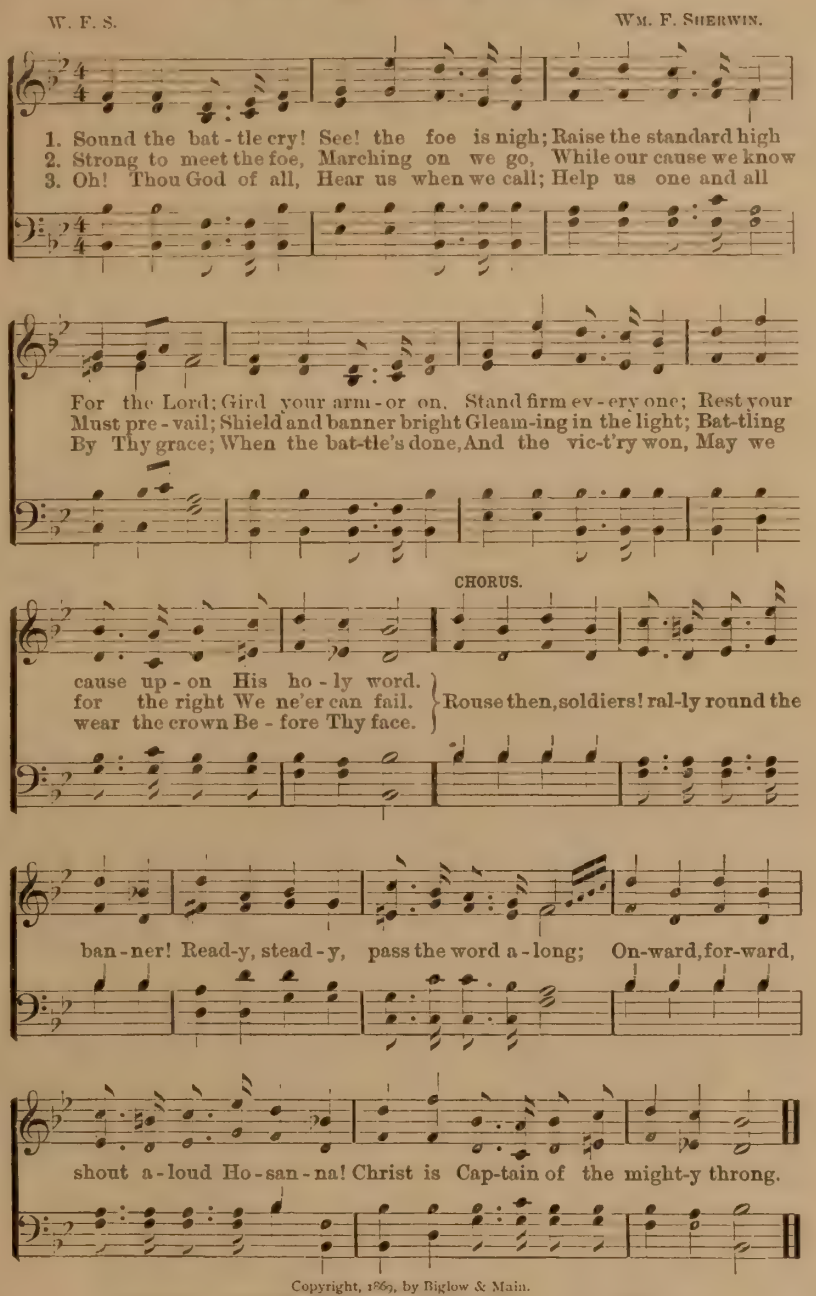
With the finest of soils, an unrivalled climate, abundant cheap labor, and accessible position, all that is wanted is effective means of concentration and transport to enable Syria to recover the prosperity which it enjoyed in the palmy days of Tyre and Sidon.

VILLAGES OF INDIA.

REV. R. CLARK, of Amritzar, writes: "The special need and the special opportunity with us are now connected with the villages. The villagers of India amount to about ninety per cent. of the whole population. The villages are the real population of India. We are now placing many of our best missionaries in them. Our ladies find access to the women everywhere, through the open door which God has so wonderfully, of late years, placed before us."

Sound the Battle Cry!

W. F. S. WM. F. SHERWIN.


1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know
3. Oh! Thou God of all, Hear us when we call; Help us one and all
For the Lord; Gird your arm - or on. Stand firm ev - ery one; Rest your
Must pre - vail; Shield and banner bright Gleam-ing in the light; Bat-tling
By Thy grace; When the bat-tle's done, And the vic-t'ry won, May we
CHORUS.
cause up - on His ho - ly word.
for the right We ne'er can fail.
wear the crown Be - fore Thy face.
Rouse then, soldiers! ral-ly round the
ban - ner! Read-y, stead - y, pass the word a - long; On-ward, for-ward,
shout a - loud Ho - san - na! Christ is Cap-tain of the might-y throng.

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THE POOL OF BETHESDA.*

(John—Chapter 5.)

BESIDE the Gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor;
From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me stepping in—
Their holy power to prove.

But my complaints remain;
I feel the very same—
As full of guilt and sin and pain
As when at first I came.

How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I!

But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of healing virtue flow
To make the sinner whole.

And here from day to day
I'll wait and hope, and cry.
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
And suffer him to die?

No! He is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face
To perish at his feet.

*This hymn was frequently sung by Elder Clement Phinney in 1825, in revival meetings in Richmond and vicinity, Maine, with good effect I know not who is the author, or in what book it was published. It would be new to many of your readers. G. C. WATERMAN, *Buckfield, Me.*

TAKE TIME TO PRAY

HAVE you been alone with Jesus
In communion sweet to-day? [ence
Have you sought his blessed pres-
Have you taken time to pray?

Have you gone into your closet,
Where by eyes of men unseen,
You by faith could draw him to you,
Nothing coming in between?

He delights when thus we meet him,
And his blessed Spirit given
Makes these seasons of communion
Little less than very heaven.

Do not then his heart be grieving
By not taking time to pray;
If you seek him, he will meet you,
And go with you all the day.

—F. S. SHEPARD in *Young Men's Era.*

THE LAST DAYS.

How the Prophecies are being Fulfilled Before Our eyes.

BY DR. B. O. KINNEAR*

LET us examine Holy Writ as to the social and religious bearing of the world, in the "last days." Compare II. Tim. 3: 1-7: "This know also that in the last days perilous times shall come."

"For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous" — a moneyed age! "Boasters"—a love of noteriety. "Proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce despisers of those who are good, traitors, heady;" (no better expression could be found for this age of wonderful reason), "highminded," looking down on others to-day, in the worst form of aristocracy—that of money; "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such, turn away. For of this sort are they which creep into houses and lead captive silly women, laden with sins, led away with divers lusts. Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."

So much for the general characteristics of men in the "last days." Now look at evil corporations, trusts, lotteries, rings, and all forms of stock gambling.

James 5: 1-6.—"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together, for the last day. Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: (The Coal and iron Combination), and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Ye have lived in pleasuse on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts, as in a day of slaughter."

If these verses do not shout of to-day, with the rich becoming richer, and the poor poorer, of what age do they speak? The vast fortunes of to-day, used as they chiefly are—I thank God for some exceptions—are a menace to widespread and equalized prosperity, as well as an exciting cause of jealousy and cupidity among the working classes, particularly when they realize how many such fortunes were made; therefore, a growing hatred of the rich and powerful class; and a cry, becoming louder and louder, "We must combine as one man, in order to obtain just recompence, and a fair working-day." It is a common remark and an accepted truth to-day that the rich criminal frequently escapes, where the poor one has not even a chance of doing so. Does not such justice cry to heaven?

In II. Thessalonians 2, Paul, referring to the second coming of Christ, says in verse 3: "Let no man decive you by any means, for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition;" Antichrist. Have we to-day a falling away in faith, and is such falling away a denial of the Saviour's atonement, or of God the Father himself? Witness infidelity, agnosticism, spiritualism, which does away with the atonement; esoteric Buddhism, Mormonism, anarchism, socialism, communism; no God in business transactions; desecration of the Sabbath; a fine church service to "draw" congregations; and worst of all, fighting over the inspiration of both the Old and New Testaments.

In Jeremiah 23, speaking of the latter days, verses 1 and 2, God exclaims: "Woe be unto the pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep of my pasture. Therefore, thus saith the Lord God of Israel, against the pastors that feed my people; ye have scattered my flock, and driven them away, and have not visited them; behold, I will visit upon you the evil of your doings, saith the Lord."

The 34th chapter of Ezekiel, devoted to an exposition of the millennium, speaks still more decidedly against the mass of the clergy of the "last day."

In Isaiah 41, a chapter relating to the same time in earth's history, it says of Israel: "His watchmen are blind; they are all ignorant; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber. Yea, they are greedy dogs, which can never have enough, and they are shepherds that cannot understand; they all look to their own way, everyone for his gain from his quarter." Is it not a common saying of the day, that men

*From advance sheets of his forthcoming book, entitled, *In the Twinkling of an Eye*, and the Successive Manifestations on the Earth of the Judgments and Glories of the Son of God—Son of Man.

enter the ministry, solely as a means of support? That the laity should deny truth is sufficiently alarming; but when the shepherds lead the way in such a path what hope is there for the sheep?

In John 10, Christ says, "Verily, verily I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." "Verily, verily I say unto you, I am the door."

I will conclude by a quotation from Prof. C. A. L. Totten's work, called "Joshua's Long Day and the Dial of Ahaz," page 222 and leave it to the reader to decide if the application be true to the church of to-day:

"The closing epistle of Christ to the 'Seven Churches' is directed to Laodicea. It corresponds to the times of Jewish Phariseeism, and sets forth the state of the Protestant nations at the Lord's return, when there will be little or no true faith left on the earth. The missionary zeal of the church of Philadelphia, which at one time inflamed the whole mass of reformed Christianity, will have subsided into lukewarmness. The whole area will be Christian, and pride itself on its progression. A high standard of morality, an upright life, a conservative creed will never be popular.

"There will be no open enemy of Christ, as in Philadelphia, no outspoken infidel; only Phariseeism and lukewarmness, only the happy medium between impiety and pietism.

"There will be a little faith, but not too much; a profession of orthodox principles, confined within wise limits. There will be some fear of God, but much fear of men; great respect for the Bible, but enough good sense to keep men from viewing its doctrines, its precepts and its denunciations in a serious light; society wholly given to the acquisition of temporal blessings, and yet diligent enough in public worship, not to doubt the pardoning mercy of God. They will consider themselves very rich in spiritual life, they will even have need of nothing. But the Lord will vomit lukewarm Laodicea from his mouth."

In this sad picture of to-day, written thirty years ago, there is a redeeming clause. Christ speaks to even his church of love: "I would thou wert cold or hot. Be zealous, therefore, and repent."

"He offers her a collyrium, that she may open her eyes to her wretched state; the white raiment of his righteousness; that the shame of her nakedness may not appear; and that he who in the universal apathy, perseveres in faith to the end will receive the highest honor of all the faithful; he, or they, shall sit down with jesus on his throne."

Is the picture p.esented in this paper spread upon earth's canvas to-day? If so, then, men of Israel and women of Israel, search the Scriptures, and "take heed unto prophecy as a light in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day star arise in your hearts." (II. Peter 1: 19.)

In the midst of confusion, unrest, uncertainty and fear of what is coming upon the world, Bible prophecy alone clears away the veil and renders to the sight a nearing inky night, beyond which stands forth a shining sun of righteousness upon a thousand years of peace, and right and truth. (Rev. 20: 4–6.)

A TESTIMONY FOR CHRIST.

Ram Chandra Bose, a native Christian, (writes Isabella Thoburn, a daughter of Bishop Thoburn, in the *Indian Witness*), for the last three months was confined to his room and much of the time to his bed, a sufferer from consumption. Though all his heart was "fixed trusting in the Lord," and his path growing brighter unto the perfect day. Once when I visited him he had been told by a physician that he might get up again; but he said he feared his voice was hopelessly gone, and he did not want to live if he could not preach Christ. I said that he could write for him. "But," he replied. "I want to preach; if I were well again I would preach Christ as I never did before."

He longed to hear some of the hymns that used to be sung in meetings that were helpful to him and in the afternoon I took over a few of the school-girls to sing for him. He asked first for:—

I am but a poor wayfarer
Bearing oft a heavy load
Yet there's one that journeys with me
Jesus cheers the weary road,
Precious Jesus, precious Jesus,
Thou art all in all to me.

Then followed,

Fade, fade each earthly joy, Jesus is mine.

And,

Jesus lover of my soul.

The girls were to go over every afternoon while he lingered, but the next day when they reached the house they were told that he had passed away an hour before. He has seen the Lord, and we know that "when we see him as he is we shall be like him."

CHRISTIAN HEROES.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing August 21. Acts 5: 40, 41. II. Cor. 12: 9, 10.

WHAT a marvellous change had taken place in the apostles in the few short weeks which had elapsed since they all forsook their Master and fled! Now they boldly answer the Sanhedrim, refuse to obey its commands, and when punishment is meted out to them, so far from being cast down and afraid, they rejoice that they are counted worthy to suffer shame for the name they have taken on themselves. They are transformed men. The former fear of men, the cautious, timid attitude is gone, and in its place, there is an intrepidity, a fearlessness that is amazing in such men. What can have worked the change? Doubtless, in part, the miracles which had been worked—the consciousness of the possession of supernatural powers had something to do with it. The conviction that he whom they followed was really a divine Being was also an element of courage. It had been halting and hesitating while Christ was yet with them and had been severely shaken by his execution; but now having witnessed his triumph over death, having seen him and talked with him during his resurrection life, they had no more doubt but boldly declared him to be the Son of God.

But all these were mere outside, collateral sources of strength. The real central source was the Holy Spirit within them. The new life, the divine life was giving them, the courage that knows no fear of anything that men can do. Now, as they had not done when Christ was with them, they were reaching out and taking hold of the infinite, inexhaustible stores of strength in the treasury of God about which Paul subsequently received the assurance, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

These men were the first of a long line of men and women who have been transformed through the same power and have borne shame and torture and death for that name. The records of those early days of Christianity, of the Inquisition, of the fires of Smithfield, of the massacre of St Bartholomew are full of the names of heroes and heroines who met suffering and death, not with stoical calm, but with joy that they were counted worthy to suffer. Men who doubt or deny the supernatural origin of Christianity have this difficult problem to solve, what is it that can give men and women, physically weak, the intrepidity which these Christians manifested in the face of pain and death? What is it that at this day so inspires a man that he will leave home and friends and country to go to a heathen land to toil and suffer hardship and meet danger from disease and from savage men? What is it that will make a man joyful in the supreme laws of death? Neither science nor philosophy knows of any means of producing the effect. Yet let the Holy Spirit enter the heart, and the man, be he poor or rich, ignorant or educated, boorish or cultured, manifests the same power to do and suffer. That it must be an imparted power is conclusively proved, for it is manifested by persons who previous to receiving it have often, like the Apostles, been characterized by weakness. Whence then comes it? Christianity is not free from mystery, but there is more mystery and difficulty involved in denying a supernatural, and finding a natural source for such power, than in accepting the explanation Christianity gives of it. It is the power of God and who has it has the assurance that it is sufficient for him.

THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT CLEVELAND, O.

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A NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

Among the new buildings recently acquired for Young Men's Christian Association work, that of Cleveland, O., a picture of which appears on this page is one of the most imposing and valuable. Its cost, including the land on which it stands, was $230,000 of which sum only $55,000 remains on mortgage and of this about $40,000 in available assets and promises are in the hands of the Association. The fact speaks volumes for the energy and liberality of the Cleveland people. The Association was organized in 1867 and at once became a popular institution with the citizens. As the population increased, the Association grew until it has now 1,385 members and of these 517 are active members. The new building is thoroughly well arranged for the purpose for which it was designed. It has an excellent gymnasium and a light and commodious reading-room besides its auditorium, class rooms, etc. That the work of the Association is vigorous and extensive is evidenced by the fact that last year it paid out no less than $1,800 for current expenses.

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THE PHILADELPHIA W. C. A.

The vexatious delays which the Reading Terminal Company has interposed to the payment of the value of the property of the Women's Christian Association of Philadelphia, which it seized under its charter, still continue to impede its beneficent work. The disaster has, however, been to some extent mitigated by a financial arrangement with the Fidelity Safe Deposit Company. The Association being sure to receive at least $150,000 from the Terminal when the matter does receive final adjustment, the Fidelity Company has undertaken to advance that sum on the security of a lien on the verdict of the courts. With this sum the purchase of the new site has been completed and the clearance of the ground of the old buildings upon it has been commenced. About $50,000 will be available for building, and to this will be added any sum over and above $150,000 which the courts may award. The lower court awarded $215,000, but against this award the Terminal Company appealed. Should the higher court confirm the award of the lower court, which certainly seems a small sum for such a building as the Association surrendered and for the inconvenience and loss it has incurred in paying rentals during the protracted litigation, a further sum of $65,000 will be available for building purposes. In the meantime the work of the Association goes forward. Sea Rest has already received 448 guests from among the toiling women of Philadelphia, and a like number are awaiting the opportunity of going down. Whelen Home is also open this summer, and there, too, many have already enjoyed a week or two of rest and fresh air.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

This society is flourishing in the distant of state California. At New Almaden, a League has been organized with over fifty members. All but three of the charges in the San Francisco District have organized Epworth Leagues. The League at Pacific Grove gives $50 to support a native preacher in India. The League of the Broadway Church, Pueblo, Col., was organized about Christmas. Although so young, it is doing grand work for the Master, and is growing at a healthful rate. The amusement question was ably discussed at an Illinois convention of the Joliet District League, held recently at Ottawa in that state. The conclusion reached was that it is well for all Christians to abstain from all those forms of amusement commonly known as worldly. The convention of the Peoria, Ill., District League, held at Pepin, was well attended and eminently successful. Rev. H. D. Clark presided, Mrs. Fannie Manning made the address of welcome. The subjects under discussion were all of a practical and important character. The League of the Wall Streets Jeffersonville, Ind., Methodist Episcopal Church celebrated its first anniversary on July 3d. An excellent programme was arranged. Pontiac, Mich., has one of the largest and most efficient Chapters in the state. The membership has grown rapidly until now it has reached 250. Among other good works this Chapter supports a native preacher in China. The Flint, Mich., District is already preparing for its fourth annual convention, which will be held in October. The Milford, Mass., League, recently gave a reception to the official board of the church, and to some of the older members. On Monday, August 8th, the Baltimore, East Baltimore and West Baltimore District Leagues had a grand rally at Emory Grove Camp-meeting, about fifteen miles west of Baltimore on the Western Maryland Railroad. A splendid programme was prepared. The entire day was given to the League.

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C. E. CONVENTION AT AKRON, O.

We are indebted to the kindness of Mrs. M. A. Ammon for the following report of a Christian Endeavor Convention at Akron, O., the publication of which has been unavoidably delayed, but which will not have lost its interest by the lapse of time:

The greatest convention ever held in this state has just closed its sessions. It was the Convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. Two thousand strangers have been made welcome by our citizens, 1,500 delegates and officers of the Society have been entertained during the convention, aside from the hundreds coming on trains in the morning and leaving in the evening.

On the first morning five special trains full of eager, earnest endeavorers came streaming into the city, and enjoyed the grand services of the morning, and the excursion to Silver Lake, Cuyahoga Falls, one of our many beautiful pleasure resorts, in the afternoon. At two o'clock, a special train of eleven coaches, carrying 1,200 Endeavorers left for this resort, where they spent a few hours in friendly, social intercourse, returning in time for evening services, which were conducted in three different churches. The First Baptist being C. E. headquarters was filled first, 1,700 being in attendance. The first Congregational was next filled, seating 1,000. Then the Trinity Lutheran was filled, making a total of 3,500 attending the services.

We had the pleasure of listening to an eloquent address from Rev. F. E. Clark, of Boston, Pres. of the United Societies; from Edward Marsden an Alaskan (now a student of Marietta College), who brought encouraging reports of his people in Alaska; from T. J. Kirkpatrick of Springfield, on "Christian Endeavor ond the Columbian Exposition." Earnestly did he appeal to all Endeavorers to stand firm for the closing of the Exposition on the Lord's Day, and the prohibition of liquor upon its grounds. A resolution to this effect was unanimously passed by a rising vote. The Convention throughout was a mos wonderful success and acknowledged to be the best Convention ever held by Ohio Christian Endeavorers.

THE BELL IN THE HEART

MY heart keeps knocking all the day!
What does it mean? What would it say? [night!
My heart keeps knocking all the
Child, hast thou thought of this aright?
So long it has knocked, now loud, now low;
Hast thou thought what it means by knocking so.

My child, 'tis a lively little bell,
The dear God's gift who loves thee well.
On the door of the soul by him 'tis hung.
And by his hand it still is rung:
And he stands without and waits to see
Whether within he will welcome be;
And still keeps knocking, in hopes to win
The welcome answer: "Come in! come in?"

So knocks thy heart now, day by day,
And when its strokes have died away,
And all its knockings on earth are o'er,
It will knock itself at heaven's door,
And stand without, and wait and see
Whether within it will welcome be,
And hear him say: "Come, dearest guest!
I found in thy bosom a holy rest.
As thou hast done, be it done to thee;
Come into the joys of eternity!"

—*From the German.*

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He tells of the Tower of David and its History—A Well-Preserved Bible Monument.

DURING these torrid midsummer days, when everybody is panting for a breath of fresh air, the younger members of the household spend a good part of each day in the cool orchard, which is on rising ground, leading up to a little hill. Sitting under the old apple trees, they while away many a long afternoon hour listening to Uncle John's reminiscences of bygone days and experiences.

"From this elevation we command a view of the valley below and of the surrounding country for several miles," he remarked to the children, one day lately, when they had thrown themselves down in the cool shade to rest after a long romp. "It was on such rising ground that the people of the East used to build their towers and strongholds; but these were before the days of the heavy siege guns, and explosives which no strong walls can resist. There were many of the towers or citadels around Jerusalem, and these are frequently referred to in Scripture and by Josephus, the famous Jewish historian, who describes some of them with considerable detail."

"Why did they build so many of them, Uncle?" asked Ted. "Wouldn't one at each side of the city have been quite enought?"

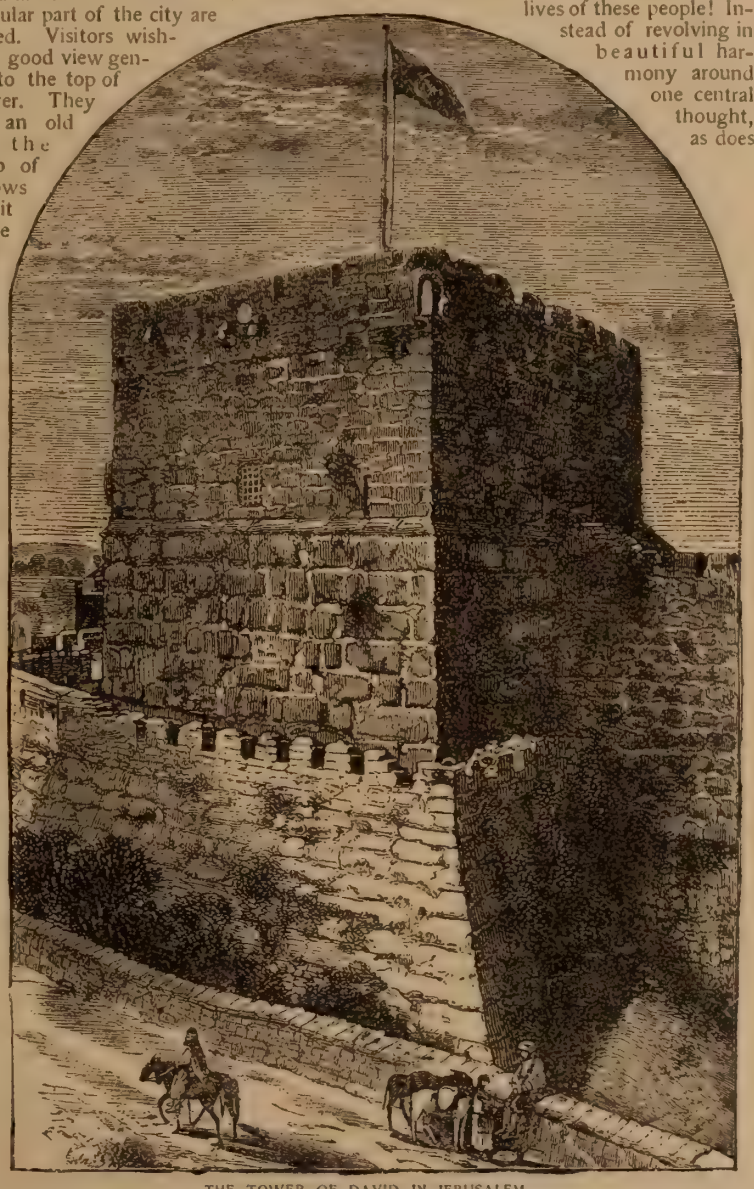
"The object was, as far as possible, to make Jerusalem impregnable at all points against assault. Defences were multiplied as different kings ascended the throne. In the time of David, these defences were greatly strengthened. You may recall the expression of David in the 48th Psalm, (verses 12, 13), 'Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks.' Now, it is a singular fact that while almost all of these ancient fortresses around the Holy City are in ruins, the Tower or Citadel of David remains to this day, one of the best preserved monuments of Bible history. It is on Mount Zion, on the north-west side of the city. Whether the structure as we know it is the same as it was in King David's time. Its antiquity is undisputed, although it is probable that much of the superstructure is comparatively modern. It is on much higher ground even than the Temple itself, and is a huge fortress formed of great blocks of white stone so closely joined together that the whole seems like a solid rock."

"Is the Tower to-day just as it was in David's time, uncle?" inquired one of the children.

"So many believe, and travelers who have examined it, regard it as a noble relic of Israel's greatest period. At the base of the tower is a pathway cut out of the rocky soil, and above this rises the huge structure, strong as those massive mediæval castles one sees in some parts of Europe. The Tower is square and is divided into a number of chambers. Time seems to have dealt with it lightly, for there is little evidence of decay. If there were, the Turk never repairs anything. The Roman or Saracen battering-rams could have produced but little effect on the walls of David's Tower, and a small company of soldiers within, might easily have defied an army without."

"There were many such towers in Herod's time, were there not?" was asked.

"Herod the Great erected several and named them after his friends. The Towers of Hippicies and Phasaelus were among the number. But these and almost all the others that stood in that particular part of the city are now destroyed. Visitors wishing to have a good view generally climb to the top of David's Tower. They enter under an old archway, the workmanship of which shows signs that it has at some former period been repaired by the Crusaders. The gate is guarded by a Moslem sentinel, with musket or drawn scimeter, and further on, at an inner gate, stands another sentinel. Three flights of stone steps lead to the top, around which is a parapet, with embrasures, that might easily be used to turn cannon on the Holy City itself, every point of which could be commanded by a battery on the Tower. There are a few Moslem pieces of ordnance there, but they do not look very formidable."



THE TOWER OF DAVID IN JERUSALEM.

"Do you have a good view from the top?"

"Magnificent. The eye ranges over the ground that was occupied by Herod's palace two thousand years ago, and before that, by the gardens of David and Solomon, on the western slope of Zion. In early days, nearly all the rising grond within view was occupied by fortresses, and one can readily understand what a hard fight the Crusaders undertook when Godfrey de Bouillon's army attacked the Saracen hosts. Turning toward the city, you see a thousand flat, white roofs, with here and there a dome rising picturesquely. All looks venerable as if belonging to another age, and the worn copings, and the tops of grass and weeds show the presence of decay. But you can also look beyond the city to a bright picture, where the hills of Palestine rise on all sides, and you are impressed with the beauty of the site that was chosen for Jerusalem, which you know the Bible tells us, was 'mountain-girt about.' The Tower of David is the only one that was spared by Titus when he doomed all the city's defences to destruction."

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A Home Without Religion.

A REVEREND writer gives this graphic description of a cultured home in which Christ had no place: "The mistress of this house was perhaps fifty years old or more, gray-haired, dignified, elegant. Her husband was somewhat younger, fond of his club and his own pleasure. They had comparatively little in common, and I could feel rather than see—for they preserved the most scrupulous etiquette in their own relations—that they were not happy and did not have each other's confidence. The young lady daughters, pretty and graceful and possessing some charming accomplishments, seemed yet without zest in life. The sons were growing up like the father, and one of them at twenty seemed blase.

"I cannot tell you how painfully was impressed upon me during my stay in this household the awful lack which is produced by the absence of religion. There were no family prayers, no grace before meat, no Bibles upon the beautiful tables, no church going on the Sabbath, no study of God's Word. And the need of these was so sadly reflected in the lives of these people! Instead of revolving in beautiful harmony around one central thought, as does a Christian household—a thought constantly elevating, refining, quickening—there seemed absolutely no homogeneity in the whole. It was as though each member of this large family were pursuing a separate path in search of he knew not what. There was a feeling as though here was a flock without a shepherd. One's heart ached to direct them to a Guide, a Helper, and, indeed, I said all that I could in courtesy say to meet what I felt to be their cruel need."

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The Costliness of Prayer.

IN the family, as well as singly, prayer is a very sacred and a very costly exercise. To illustrate what a dangerous thing prayer sometimes is, the following is related: "I want you to spend fifteen minutes every day praying for foreign missions," said the pastor to some young people in his congregation. "But beware how you pray, for I warn you that it is a very costly experiment." "Costly?" they asked in surprise. "Ay, costly," he cried. "When Carey began to pray for the conversion of the world, it cost him himself, and it cost those who prayed with him very much. Brainerd prayed for the dark-skinned savage, and after two years of blessed work, it cost him his life. Two students of Mr. Moody's summer school began to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more servants into his harvest; and lo, it is going to cost our country five thousand young men and women who have in answer to this prayer, pledged themselves to the work. Be sure it is a dangerous thing to pray in earnest for this work; you will find that you cannot pray and withhold your money; nay, that your very life will no longer be your own, when your prayers begin to be answered."

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MAMMA WAS COUNTING.

AT a recent meeting in New York, Mrs. Ballington Booth related the following beautiful incident, illustrative of the courage and assurance God's presence gives the believer: "I was sitting," said she, "in our room with my baby boy playing around me, and hardly noticed how quickly it was growing dark until the lights were lighted. I found I needed for my work some pins which were on an upper floor, and I said, 'Willie, darling, mamma does not feel well enough to go upstairs. Run up to her room; you know where the little tray is; there are some pins on it—fetch them for me.' The child started. Outside the passage-way was dark, and the lights were not lighted upstairs. My heart misgave me for a moment, but I thought, if that boy is to be a soldier I do not want him to be frightened by the dark. He came running back and said, 'I can't go, mamma; it's all dark.' 'Willie,' I said, 'it isn't very dark; you are not going to be silly; nothing there can harm you.' Again he started, put his foot on the first step, and then came back and said, 'No, mamma, I can't go, its very dark.' 'Go,' I said, 'and as I hear your foot on each step I will count.' I heard his foot on the first step, I counted one; I heard it on the second—two; four, five, six, seven—it was getting darker. I heard the baby voice say, 'Mamma, are you counting? It's very dark.' 'Yes, baby,' I called back, 'I am counting.' Eight; and soon I heard him rush across the hall to the room. Then there was a silence. He was such a little boy, suppose someting there should frighten him. 'Baby Willie.' I called, have you found them?' and he said faintly, 'No, mamma.' Again a pause. 'Have you found them?' 'Yes, mamma,' came the glad answer, and there was such a rush, such a helterskelter to the stairs, and though he called, 'Mamma, are you counting? his steps came so quick I couldn't have counted, and he rushed into the safe, light room all excited over his victory.

"Many a time," said Mrs. Booth, I have been called to a place where I have said, 'O Jesus, it is so dark!' 'Never mind,' the answer has come, 'go on; I will count the steps.'"

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What a Wife can do.

A LADY once besought Mr. Moody to pray for her unconverted husband, and try to lead him to Christ.

"How long have you been married?" asked Mr. Moody.

"Twenty years," she replied.

"What have you done to bring him to the Lord yourself?"

"I have talked to him. I have prayed for him. I have tried to get him to join the church."

"And you have been his wife for twenty years?"

"Yes, sir."

"There must be something wrong somewhere," said the evangelist, shaking his head. "You ought to have got him to the Lord before this time. Have you always lived a Christian life before him?"

"I'm afraid not, always."

"Have you ever got out of humor with him, and said spiteful things?"

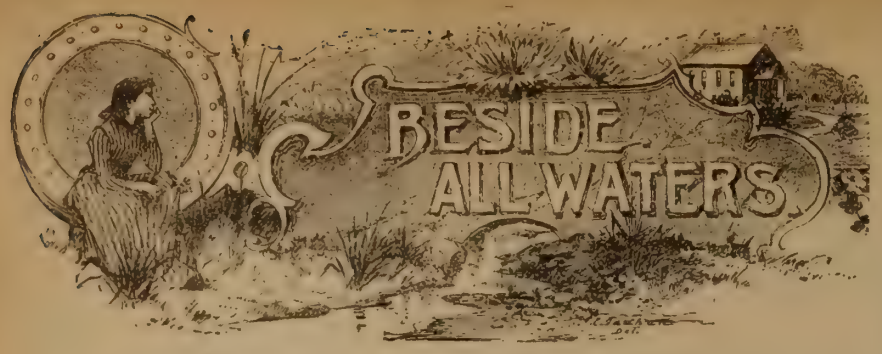
"Yes, very often."

"And what did you do then? Did you apologize, and tell him you were sorry for it?"

"Oh, no! I never did that. I couldn't."

"Well, then, right there is where the trouble is. It is not your husband that I ought to pray for, but you. When your heart once gets right, and makes your life right, it won't be long until God will get into the heart of your husband."

And it wasn't long afterwards until the prediction was fulfilled. The heart of the wife became full to overflowing with the love of God, and her husband was converted.



BY

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*

Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

DUST and cobweb and carpet were forgotten when the preacher began his sermon. He was an old gentleman, very plain and quiet in appearance; and his voice, as he gave out the text, was somewhat low and tremulous: "Come up hither, and I will show thee things which must be hereafter." (Rev. 4: 1.) He had not spoken for five minutes when the attention of the whole congregation was fixed as one man. It was not the brilliancy of his style, which was simple with the simplicity of much reading and study: it was his intense earnestness, and his evident deep conviction of the awful truths which he set forth. The discourse was upon the "last things,"—death and judgment, hell and heaven. Even poor, frivolous Mrs. Blandy forgot to study the dress of the strangers in church, and almost resolved that she would think more of these matters. To many of the congregation, the words were as the bread of life. To say truth, Oldham had not of late been greatly favored in the matter of preaching.

But this present preacher spoke of things which every one wished to hear. Agnes Gleason drank in every word, only wishing that her mother was there. As the preacher, with the solemnity of deep conviction, set forth "the things that must be hereafter," Selina felt that these were indeed the real things which make life worth living; which give to worldly things all the significance which they possess; which must have a being after all the triumphs and treasures, the battles and victories, of this world, are but forgotten dreams. She made up her mind that she would no longer live as she had done; she would strive to live as a Christian should. Selina was not to blame for the voice of the tempter any further than that she had given him encouragement before. She might have silenced him by refusing to listen to him, but did not. She began thinking how much more devoted she would be than Lizzy had ever been, how she would teach others, how she would influence Milly Richmond, and make her a Christian, and, perhaps, go on a mission, as Miss Armstrong had done.

"But I won't come home the first minute I get sick. No, indeed! I will die on the field of battle," she said to herself. And then she recollected herself with a blush, and found she had lost the thread of the discourse.

"I won't be so silly again," she said to herself, "I believe I am always thinking about myself, as father says." She managed to elude Milly when she came down, and went straight into Sunday School.

"Wasn't that a noble sermon?" whispered Faith as Agnes and Selina came into the class. "Don't you wish we could have him all the time?"

"Yes, indeed. Who is he?"

"Dr. — Somebody from New York, I did not catch the name. See, Mrs. Van Zant is speaking to him."

"I wonder what we shall do for a teacher," said Agnes. "I am so sorry Miss Celia isn't here. I wanted to see her particularly."

"Perhaps Miss Armstrong will teach us," observed Faith.

"No, she won't. The doctor has forbidden her teaching in Sunday School this summer," replied Selina. "See there, girls; father is speaking to Mrs. Van Zandt. I wonder if he is asking her to hear us. I wish she would. She is so sweet-looking."

"You will have your desire, then," said Agnes, "for here she comes."

"O mother, how I wish you had been in church!" said Agnes after Sunday School, coming into the room where Mrs. Gleason was pouring out an after-dinner cup of tea for her boarders. "We did have such a noble sermon!"

"Is that so?" asked Mrs. Gleason. "Mrs. Richmond did not like it."

"You see, it is not the kind of preaching I am used to," said Mrs. Richmond in a tone which always seemed to say, "See how superior I am." "In the city one hears such a different style. You should hear Dr. Madison—that is an intellectual feast, though I admit that he is rather old-fashioned. And such a congregation as he has! You can't hire any kind of a pew for less than five hundred dollars."

"It was Dr. Madison who preached this morning," said Agnes quietly, but with a gleam of mischief in her eyes."

"Nonsense!" said Milly. "A likely story, indeed, that Dr. Madison would be preaching in a place like this!"

"It could not be our Dr. Madison," added Mrs. Richmond. "Very likely that might be his name, however: it is not an uncommon one."

"All I know is," said Agnes, "that Mrs. Van Zandt taught our class. Dr. Madison came into Sunday School, and Mrs. Van Zandt introduced him to us. He said a few words on the lesson. Afterward I asked Mrs. Van Zandt where he preached, and she said in St. Timothy's Church in New York. She goes there, so she ought to know."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Richmond, "I am so very short-sighted, and I am sure the dear doctor did not do himself justice this morning. But he is growing old, poor dear man."

"Well, I never wish to hear a better sermon than he gave us this morning," said Agnes.

"You are a judge, no doubt," sneered Milly; "you have had so many opportunities of forming a taste."

"It is not a matter of taste exactly," said Agnes, getting hold of her temper, which was in some danger of escaping from her control. "Dr. Madison's sermon was just what I wanted to hear. It went straight to the right spot, as poor Aunt Betsy says about her coffee. And what he said in Sunday school was so nice. He did not talk baby-talk, as some do, or tell funny stories, but spoke as if the children were rational beings. You must go this afternoon, mother. Do get ready. I will do up the work."

"I believe I will go too," said Milly. "I want to see whether it was really Dr. Madison."

"I thought you would stay with Cordelia," remarked Mrs. Richmond. "I want to lie down a while. My head aches very badly."

"Oh, she won't want anything," replied Milly carelessly. "You can just as well lie down in her room." And, without saying more, she went away to get ready for church. Her mother looked after her with a sigh. She often had occasion to deplore Milly's selfishness, but it never occurred to her to think that it was the direct result of her own training.

"I will stay with Cordelia, Mrs. Richmond," said Agnes. "I will put the dishes to soak, and wash them after supper; and you can lie down in my room, and have a good sleep. I am sure you need it."

This was something of a sacrifice for Agnes. She had been looking forward to a quiet afternoon with her Bible. She was fond of Cordelia, and sorry for her; but the poor, feeble child was often fretful and hard to please, and Agnes sometimes thought she invented wants to keep her attendants from sitting still. But Agnes had a new principle of action within, which made her apply to herself the Golden Text she had recited that very morning,—"For even Christ pleased not himself."

"Thank you, my dear; you are really very kind," said Mrs. Richmond. Hard, worldly woman as she was, nothing touched her so quickly as kindness shown to her sick child. "But I don't like to deprive you of the pleasure of hearing your favorite preacher."

"Oh, I shall hear him again some time," answered Agnes: "he is going to stay at Oldfield all summer. And, besides, I did not mean to go to church this afternoon, at any rate. My room is shady and cool, and I hope you will have a nice nap. Don't you think I might draw Cordelia out on the veranda? It is sheltered on that side of the house, and the air is lovely."

"I should be very glad if you can persuade her to go out," said Mrs. Richmond. "The doctor says she must have as much fresh air as possible, but it is hard to get her to move."

"You will have your hands full," said Mrs. Gleason as Agnes helped her to put on her shawl. "The poor child is worse than I ever saw her."

"Cross?" asked Agnes.

"No, not exactly, but nervous and full of fancies. It seems she did not want to come away from home. She says she knows she shall never be well, and it is just tormenting her for nothing."

"I believe she is right there," said Agnes. "She has failed a great deal this winter. I wonder her mother doesn't see it."

"Folks can't see what they won't see," was Mrs. Gleason's remark. "Perhaps Cordelia may go to sleep, and then you can have a nice time reading."

But Cordelia had no mind to go to sleep. She had always been a delicate child, and was now fading away in one of those mysterious "declines" for which no reason can be given; suffering much at times from neuralgia, and always from that nervous weakness which is still harder to bear.

"Where is mother?" was her first question.

"She has a bad headache, and has gone to lie down. You can stand it with me a little while, can't you?" asked Agnes cheerfully.

"Why don't you go to church?" was the next sharp inquiry.

"Because I staid at home to let mother go, and to take care of you."

"I am sure that was very good of you," was the somewhat unexpected answer. "I don't think I am very entertaining company."

"We don't expect sick people to be entertaining," said Agnes. "But, Cordelia, I wish you would let me put you in your chair, and take you out of doors. You don't know how lovely it is."

Cordelia objected at first, but suffered herself to be persuaded. Agnes wrapped her up carefully, and, putting her into her wheeled chair, drew her out upon the broad old-fashioned "stoop" before the front-door, which commanded a lovely view of field and mountain.

"Isn't this nice?" said she as she settled her charge in the pleasantest, shadiest corner, and arranged her wraps, for Agnes was a born nurse. "Look, you can see the people going into church."

"I wish I could go," said Cordelia with a deep sigh. "But I shall never go anywhere again: I know that very well, for all they say about my getting better." Agnes did not answer, except by a kiss upon the pale forehead. She knew how to be silent when there was nothing to say. She brought her Bible, and sat down on the step by Cordelia; and the two were quiet for some time.

"Who is that very dark, very old-looking man walking up the street?" asked Cordelia at last. "There, he is just going up the church steps."

"That is old Abner Kettle," answered Agnes. "He is the last full-blooded Indian left anywhere about here. He is a hundred at the very least. We know that, because he remembers the Revolution quite well. He has a very nice little place of his own over on Indian Hill, and works in his garden as well as any one, besides walking to church every Sunday. We must ask him up here some day. You would like to hear him talk."

"And I am only fifteen, fifteen my next birthday, and I shall never walk again anywhere," said Cordelia in a tone of deep sadness. "But there, I won't bother you. Read you book in peace. What is it?"

"The Bible," answered Agnes. "I was going to look over my Sunday School lesson, but I can do it another time if you would rather talk."

"I don't mind," said Cordelia. She was silent a while, and then spoke again—

"Agnes, isn't there a chapter in the New Testament somewhere about 'many mansions'?"

"Yes; in the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. Shall I read it to you?"

"Yes, please."

Agnes read the chapter. She had a pleasant voice, and read well and reverently. It seemed to her as if the wonderful words had never seemed half so wonderful before.

"Thank you," said Cordelia when she had finished. She was silent a little, and then said, with a kind of abruptness—

"Agnes, how should you feel if you knew you were dying, as I am?"

I don't know," answered Agnes. "I never was dangerously ill a day in my life. But what makes you think you are dying, Cordelia? The doctors do not say so, and your mother thinks you are better."

"What do you think?" asked Cordelia with a kind of fierceness. Then, as Agnes did not reply, she said more gently:

"Do tell me just what you think. I can't say a word to mother, because she cries so; and Milly only laughs, and says, 'Oh, you are notional.' Do tell me."

"I think you are not as well as you were last summer," answered Agnes.

"But now, suppose I were your sister," persisted Cordelia, "would you have any hopes of me?"

"No," answered Agnes, "I don't think I should."

"Thank you," said Cordelia. She was silent a little, and then asked:

"Agnes, would you be afraid to die?"

"I don't know," answered Agnes. "People are not always afraid. There was Jenny Bassett, Myra's cousin, who died last summer of consumption; she had no more fear than you have of coming out here. And it was the same with young Mrs. Fletcher."

"But it is so dreadful," said the poor girl, shuddering, "to go away from every one you have ever known, out into another world, one doesn't know where; and that fearful judgment!"

"I will tell you what I think, Cordelia, if you will try to be quiet, and not agitate yourself," said Agnes. "I am only a girl like yourself, you know."

"Never mind. Tell me what you think."

"It is just like this," said Agnes: "if we are children of God, we don't go out into a strange world among strangers. We go home to our Father's house, as the chapter says, where he is, and where our Saviour has gone to prepare a place for us. We don't know very much about it, to be sure; sometimes I wish he had told us more. But we know that there will be no more pain, or sorrow, or death; that our Lord will be there, and he will wipe away all tears from our eyes. So we shall not go among strangers. And, as to the judgment, I don't think we need fear that, because he says— See here." Agnes turned to the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, and read:

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

"And there are other places where it tells of our sins being blotted out, and remembered no more. I don't think we need fear the judgment, after that."

"But that is for Christians, and I am not a Christian."

"But you may be, Cordelia."

"I don't know how."

"The Bible tells us. We have only to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and we shall be saved."

"That seems very simple and easy," said Cordelia doubtfully.

"That is what St. Paul said to the jailer what he should do to be saved,—believe on him, and take him for your Saviour; that is all. Oh, do try! You don't know what a difference it will make. I am not fit to teach you,—I have only just begun myself," said Agnes, blushing. "But I know how different every thing looks to me from what it did a week ago to-day. But, Cordelia, doesn't your minister ever come to see you?"

"We haven't any, not really," answered Cordelia. "Mother and Milly don't belong to any church, and they don't go anywhere regularly. They just run about from one church to another to hear any famous preacher or for the sake of the music. A lady we know—Miss Little—did use to talk to me sometimes when I was first sick, and she used to read good books to me; but mother did not like it. Last winter I wanted to see a minister, but she said he would only put gloomy thoughts in my head. As if the gloomy thoughts did not come of themselves!"

"I hope I have not hurt you," said Agnes.

"No, indeed. You don't know what a comfort it is to open my mind to some one. But, Agnes, are you sure that is all,—just believing?"

"I am as sure as that I sit here."

"But why doesn't every one do it, then?"

"Well, you see, it involves a good many things. People have pet sins that they don't like to give up."

"That would be just my trouble," said Cordelia thoughtfully. "I know I am horridly cross and selfish a great many times; and I try not to be, but I always get beaten sooner or later."

"There is just where the help comes in," said Agnes eagerly. "If you ask him, he will give you help to conquer those very things. Of course, we can't do it alone; but St. Paul says, 'I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.'"

(*To be Continued.*)

* By special arrangement with Thomas Whittaker, publisher, New York.

Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

M. G., Lincoln, Neb. Write to the Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Charles W. Steele, Bridgewater, So. Dak. See answer to J. L. G., Callicoon Depot, in our issue of March 9, 1892.

Old Subscriber, Ia. 1. Rev. A. B. Simpson, 692 8th Avenue, N. Y. 2. Mrs. M. Baxter, 20 Tudor St., Salisbury Square, London.

Mrs. E. F. Foley, Granville, Ill. 1. The address of Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary is Kirksville, Mo. 2. The book you want can be purchased from Thomas Whittaker, publisher, Bible House, New York City.

E. M., Scranton, Pa. While we are glad to give information to the extent of our power to subscribers desiring it, we have neither time nor space to devote to the discussion of questions about which godly and learned men have disagreed for many generations past.

M. A. S., Fort Custer, Mont. Whom shall I address to apply for membership to the W. C. T. U.?

Write to the *Union Signal*, 161 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

Reader, Mount Vernon, N. Y. 1. Where in the Bible does the warning occur that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven? 2. Is it right for a Christian to go to balls, or to races, and bet on horses?

1. See 1. Cor. 6 : 10. 2. No, to all three questions.

Austin Mills, Lockport, N. S. Does Mrs. M. Baxter believe in Baptismal regeneration? 2. Are there any men who can impart the Holy Spirit by laying on of hands?

1. No; all her teaching is directly opposed to the doctrine. 2. No; any one professing to do so is a blasphemous deceiver.

M. H. Irish, Hazard, Wash. What is the meaning of that passage in Scripture which says: "We shall not all sleep but we shall all be changed?"

That all waiting believers who are looking and longing for Christ's coming, if alive when he appears will never die, but their bodies will be changed, that is a change will be worked on their bodies and they will be like the body Christ had after his resurrection and when he ascended into heaven.

C. L. L., Barnesville, Ga. Was Christ's body in which he appeared to his disciples after his resurrection a natural or a supernatural body?

That it was the body that was crucified is evident from the fact that it was missing from the sepulchre (Luke 24: 3) and also that it bore the mark of the nails (Luke 24: 40 and John 20: 27.) But it had supernatural powers, entering a room when the doors were shut (John 20: 19) and becoming invisible (Luke 24: 31.)

Fred Lane, Springfield, O. When was the "Dark Day," and what caused it?

The famous "dark day," was may 19, 1780. In the morning, rain that smelt like sulphur, fell in some parts of New England. Dense vapors obscured the sun, shadows fell to the southward instead of to the west, and before noon the light gave way to dusk. Soon it was as dark as night. Candles were lighted and all labor was suspended. People crowded to the churches to pray. Parts of the Eastern States remained dark all day. The phenomenon was never fully explained.

E. P., Mattoon, Ill Is it very wrong for a divorced man or woman to marry?

It depends on the nature of the divorce. Christ's words on the subject indicated that he regarded adultery as dissolving a marriage. (See Matt. 6: 32; 19: 9.) In that case there can be no wrong in the injured party contracting a new marriage. Many learned commentators believe that divorce for malicious and continuous desertion is also sanctioned by Scripture. (See 1. Cor 7: 15.) It would be wrong from a Scriptural standpoint for persons, who had been divorced on other grounds, to marry again during the lifetime of the persons from whom they have been divorced.

Old Settler, Milwaukee, Wis. What will be the state of society at Christ's second coming?

There are to be two stages of Christ's coming. The first stage is when he comes into the air to summon his waiting people to meet him; the second, when he comes in judgment, later, at the battle of Armageddon. The state of society at the first of these stages will be similar to what it was in the days before the Deluge. (Matt. 24: 37-42.) While a few will be looking for his coming, the great majority will be living in expectation of the world continuing as it is for many years and be planning for the future. At the latter stage a great change will have occurred. The persecution of Antichrist will be so severe that all Christian people left alive will be eagerly looking and longing for Christ's appearance.

J. L. W., Russellville, W. Va. 1. How can the contradiction between Acts 9: 7 and 22: 9 be explained? 1. Can a subscriber who has received the Oxford Teachers' Bible under your offer obtain another Bible by renewing his subscription? 3. Ought all ministers to vote the Prohibition ticket.

1. The contradiction has puzzled many students. It is probable that Paul meant that those with him heard the sound but not the articulate voice—that is could not distinguish the words. 2. You can obtain another Bible by getting a new subscriber at $1.50 and sending with that amount fifty cents extra. The new subscriber will have the paper for a year and you will have the Bible. 3. Ministers, like other men, must vote according to the dictates of their consciences. It would be a piece of unwarrantable assumption on our part to say how they ought to vote.

Student, North Clarendon, Vt. 1 What became of the Covenant when Jerusalem was taken? 2. Where was the Garden of Eden situated?

1. No one knows. The general impression is that when the capture of the city was impending, the priest hid it—possibly buried it in a cave. If that was done those who knew of its hiding-place were probably killed. The silence of Ezra and Nehemiah respecting it imply that there was no ark in the second Temple. Many of the Jews say that the identity of the Messiah for whom they are looking will be proved by revealing the hiding-place of the ark. 2. Innumerable sites have been suggested. There are none, however, which answer completely to the description given to Genesis. It is probable that the Deluge or some natural upheaval obliterated all trace of the Garden, and that God arranged purposely that it should be so.

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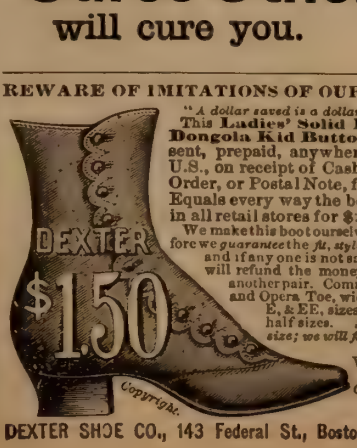

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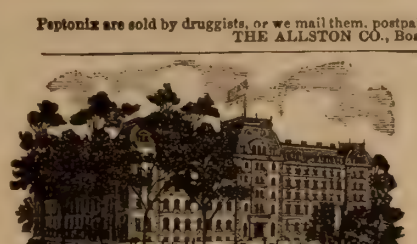

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ON the 28th of December, 1800, Carey had the privilege of baptizing his first Hindoo convert, Krishnu, who a few days previously had openly renounced his caste, by sitting down at the table of the missionaries. "Thus," says Mr. Ward, "the door of faith is open to the Hindoos, and who shall shut it?" On the 7th of February, 1801, Carey received from the press the last sheet of the Bengalee New Testament, the fruition of the "sublime thought which he had conceived fifteen years before." The work had been pressed on with such diligence that it was printed within nine months.

The first convert of the *kayust*, or writer caste, which ranks immediately after that of the Brahmins, was Petumber Sing, baptized at Serampore on the first Sunday in 1802; the first Brahmin convert, the amiable and intelligent Krishnu-prisad, who before his baptism trampled on his *poita*, or sacred thread, to indicate his rejection of Hindooism.

In 1803 four more missionaries were ready to embark for India, namely, John Biss, Richard Mardon, William Moore, and Joshua Rowe, all four of whom had been prepared for the mission field by Mr. Sutcliff at Olney. The British government, however, distrustful of missionary enterprise, had placed so many restrictions on the carriage of missionaries by English ships that it was found better to send the young men first to America, whence they could set sail for India. A letter from the Rev. Andrew Fuller, dated December, 1803, commends them to the Christian hospitality of John Williams, pastor of the Fayette Street church, in New York. "They and their wives," writes Mr. Fuller, "are members of Baptist churches, and have walked as becometh the gospel. Each of the young men has preached in our churches with acceptance." This appeal to the hospitality of the American churches was not made in vain, and not only so, but the visit of the missionaries to New York was the means of causing all earnest Christians in that city to take a real interest in the welfare of the missionary cause, and to help it on in pecuniary and other ways. Thus the interference of the British government was really a blessing in disguise. The missionaries set out from New York in the ship *Sansom* with a captain who was "quite a gentleman;" on July 4, 1804, they had got as far as Cape Verde, and in due time they reached Madras.

* From *Serampore Letters;* being the unpublished correspondence of William Carey and others with John Williams; edited by Leighton and Mornay Williams. 150 pages, illustrated; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, Publishers.

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ALL the world is now talking of the Chicago Fair, the great Columbian Exposition in celebration of the Quadri-Centennial of the Discovery of America, which opens in the Western Metropolis next spring. Everybody will make an effort to visit the Fair. The extent of the preparations, the number and vastness of the buildings, the widespread interest among other participating nations, and the enthusiastic, patriotic rivalry among our own States, all point to an Exposition of unrivalled scope and magnificence.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, watchful of the progress of this grandest material enterprise of our time, has published descriptions of the buildings, now nearly completed, which conveyed but faintly an idea of their extent and magnificence to our readers' minds. But the Fair is something to be *seen* not read about; to be

Personally Visited and Enjoyed

as the grandest demonstration of God's goodness in prospering this Union and this people.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received many letters of inquiry from different parts of the country regarding the Fair, and after careful consideration it has arranged a plan specially for the benefit of its readers and their friends, by which those who wish to visit Chicago can do so, without the outlay of a dollar. This will secure to all who profit by the plan, railroad transportation from their own States to Chicago and return, and one week's board and lodging in a pleasant location, convenient to the Fair Grounds. They will have had an experience both novel and edifying, and one to remember in the coming years. The entire world will be represented at the Fair. This vast gathering will tax the facilities of railroads, hotels, and lodging-houses. As at all the previous great Fairs (and particularly that at Philadelphia, in 1876), prices will be put

At Fabulous Figures.

The cost of living in Chicago during the Fair, will, it is safe to assert, be quadrupled.

But these contingencies, as well as others that may arise, have been foreseen by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the plan it now proposes is suggested for the sole purpose of enabling its readers and their friends to visit Chicago and spend a delightful and instructive week viewing the grand spectacle. This is within the reach of all who care to make the effort; the minister, the farmer, the mechanic, the tradesman, the school-teacher, the shopgirl, have each an equal opportunity.

For every person who during the six months from July 1st to Dec. 31, secures the number of new, annual, full-paid subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, stipulated below, at $1.50 each, we will send transportation tickets to Chicago and return, and a coupon entitling the holder to seven days' excellent board and accommodation at a location convenient to the World's Fair Grounds. This offer applies to every State in the Union. The railroad tickets will be valid for twenty days, and will be accepted from any of the cities mentioned in the list below.

Those who intend to take advantage of this special offer should immediately notify us to that effect. Send us your full name and Postoffice address, stating at the same time the number of subscription blanks and sample copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD you require

To Begin Your Canvass

and we will immediately forward them to you. Remember, all subscribers must be *new* and *full-paid at $1.50 each. No premiums or commissions can be allowed* under this arrangement.

Should you fall short of the subscription limit fixed for your section in the appended list, you have the privilege of choice between two courses, in neither of which can you possibly be the loser. Thus: in a section where 60 subscriptions are fixed as the limit, if after securing 50 subscriptions, you find yourself unable to make further progress, we are prepared either to forward you our Publisher's check, making a proper allowance for the work accomplished, or to accept from you a small cash payment, in addition to the 50 paid-up subscriptions, on receipt of which we will immediately forward the transportation tickets and 7-days' coupon. All cases of this nature will be adjusted on a similar liberal basis, for the exact fulfilment of which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stands guarantee.

Some may have friends in Chicago with whom they prefer to stop during the visit. In all such cases, we will be willing, on receiving the necessary number of subscriptions, to forward to the tourist along with his or her railroad tickets

A Check for $25

in lieu of the 7-days' coupon for board and lodging. This will enable the recipient to take advantage of the offer as far as transportation is concerned and at the same time will help to make the stay in Chicago a pleasant and inexpensive one. Address all applications to

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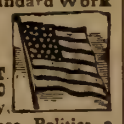

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THE RUSSIAN FAMINE.

Imperial Measures to Prevent its Recurrence—Liberality of the Russian Nobles.

THE distress in Russia is still very far from being ended. Disease is working fearful havoc among the people of the famine districts whose constitutions, enfeebled by lack of proper food and injured by the hunger-bread and other substitutes for wholesome food which they took to keep them alive, are in no condition to bear the attacks of disease. In a letter to the New York *Press*, Frank Carpenter writes from St. Petersburg:

"The reports which are received daily are very encouraging, and though the famine is still raging the backbone of the demon of Russian starvation will, it is believed, be broken by the 1st of September, when the harvest will have been gathered. Great want and much suffering, however, must continue to exist for the next year or so in many sections, and a drought this summer may precipitate a second famine equally as terrible as the present one. Notwithstanding all that has been published concerning the famine we in the United States have but little idea of its terrible extent and of the wonderful manner in which the Russians have handled it. No country in the world, with perhaps the exception of the United States, could withstand such a strain as Russia is now undergoing, and there is no nation in the world, except perhaps one, that would rise to the emergency and do so much for its people as Russia is doing. The contributions America has made have been of great good, and they are most thankfully received. The Czar himself has given about $10,000,000 out of his private fund. The government loans to the famine villages amount to more than $100,000,000, and these loans no one ever expects that the peasants will repay. It is a physical impossibility for them to do so, and as one of the chief officials of the government said to me recently, the Czar does not expect repayment. He always gives a present to the people upon certain occasions, such as the coronation of a Grand Duke, and at the next such event one of his presents will probably be the forgiving of this debt.

"Consul General Crawford estimates that the gifts of private citizens in Russia to this famine have been not less than 350,000,000 rubles, or the enormous sum of $175,000,000. The gifts almost surpass comprehension, and all told, notwithstanding the vast population of Russia, they amount, including those of the government, to $3 for each man, woman and child in the Russian empire, or to $15 per family. When you remember that of the twenty odd million families that make up the Russian people not many more than 1,000,000 of them probably has ever had $15 at one time in its possession you get some idea of the mighty strain this has been on those who could give and have given. The nobility have in all cases led the list, and hundreds of well educated girls and women of the best families of this and other Russian cities are now in the famine districts fighting the demons of starvation, typhus fever and the smallpox in behalf of the peasants. A number of these ladies have caught the diseases of the peasants, and a Russian countess who went from St. Petersburg was among those who took the smallpox.

"Almost all of the great landed proprietors in the famine districts are doing what they can to help their people. I hear of men who have been feeding and caring for five, ten and in some cases even twenty and twenty-five thousand peasants, and Count Bobrinsky, who is at the head of the transportation of famine relief here, is, in connection with his family, supporting nearly 30,000 people out of his own means, and at the same time aiding in the distribution of the foreign and government relief fund among the people outside of his estates. This relief work is not done spasmodically nor without system. There is a thorough organization, and as good brains as you will find anywhere in the world are managing it. The peasants themselves are like children, and they require the advice and the care of children. The government of Russia is planning great works to prevent the recurrence of such a condition as now exists. A fund of $10,000,000 has been set aside to build elevators and places for the storage of grain in all of the various districts."

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Madame Rowley's Toilet Mask

(OR FACE GLOVE).

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE CLAIMS MADE FOR MADAME ROWLEY'S TOILET MASK, AND THE GROUNDS ON WHICH IT IS RECOMMENDED TO LADIES FOR BEAUTIFYING BLEACHING, AND PRESERVING THE COMPLEXION:

1st. The **Mask** is **Soft** and **Pliable,** and can be **Easily Applied** and **Worn** without **Discomfort** or **Inconvenience.**

2d. It is durable, and does not dissolve or come asunder, but holds its original shape.

3d. It has been **Analyzed** by **Eminent Scientists** and **Chemical Experts,** and pronounced **Perfectly Pure** and **Harmless.**

4th. With ordinary care the **Mask** will **Last for Years,** and its *valuable properties* **Never Become Impaired.**

5th. The **Mask** is protected by letters patent, has been introduced ten years, and is the **only Genuine** article of the kind.

6th. It is **Recommended** by **Eminent Physcians** and **Scientific Men** as a *substitute for injurious cosmetics.*

7th. The **Mask** is as **Unlike** the fraudulent appliances used for conveying cosmetics, etc., to the face *as day is to night,* and it bears no analogy to them.

8th. The **Mask** may be worn with **Perfect Privacy** if desired. The **Closest Scrutiny** cannot detect that it has been used.

9th. It is a **Natural Beautifier** for **Bleaching** and **Preserving** the **Skin,** and **Removing Complexional Imperfections.**

The Toilet Mask (or Face Glove) in in position to the face.
TO BE WORN THREE TIMES IN THE WEEK.

10th. The **Mask** is sold at a moderate price, *and ends the expense.*

11th. Hundreds of dollars uselessly expended for cosmetics, lotions, and like preparations may be saved by those who possess it.

12th. **Ladies** in every section of the country are using the **Mask** with gratifying results.

13th. It is safe, simple, cleanly, and effective for beautifying purposes, and never injures the most delicate skin.

14th. While it is intended that the **Mask** should be **Worn During Sleep,** it may be applied, *with equally good results,* at **Any Time,** to suit the convenience of the wearer.

15th. The **Mask** has received the testimony of well-known society and professional ladies, who proclaim it to be the greatest discovery for beautifying purposes ever offered to womankind.

A FEW SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIAL LETTERS:

"I am now so rejoiced at having found at last an article that will indeed improve the complexion."

"Every lady who desires a faultless complexion should be provided with the Mask."

"My face is as soft and smooth as an infant's."

"I am perfectly delighted with it."

"As a medium for removing discolorations, softening and beautifying the skin, I consider it unequalled."

"It is indeed a perfect success—an inestimable treasure."

"I find that it removes freckles, tan, sunburn, and gives the complexion a soft, smooth surface."

"I have worn the Mask but two weeks and am amazed at the change it has made in my appearance."

"The Mask certainly acts upon the skin with mild and beneficial result, making it smoother and clearer, and seeming to remove pimples, irritations, etc., with each application."

"For softening and beautifying the skin, there is nothing to compare with it."

"Your invention cannot fail to supercede everything that is used for beautifying purposes."

"Those of my sex who desire to secure a pure complexion should have one."

"For bleaching the skin and removing imperfections I know of nothing so good."

"I have worn the Mask but three nights, and the blackheads have all disappeared."

"The Mask should be kept in every lady's toilet case."

"I must tell you how delighted I am with your Toilet Mask: it gives unbounded satisfaction."

"A lady was cured of freckles by eight nights' use of the Mask."

"The improvement in my complexion is truly marvellous."

"After three weeks' use of the Mask the wrinkles have almost disappeared."

"My sister used one for a spotted skin, and her complexion is all that can be desired."

"It does even more than is claimed for it."

"I have been relieved of a muddy, greasy complexion after trying all kinds of cosmetics without success."

COMPLEXION BLEMISHES

may be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, etc., vanishes from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant, and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little, and saves its user money. It prevents and Removes

WRINKLES,

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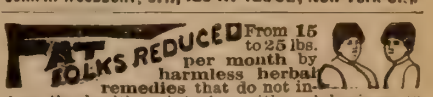

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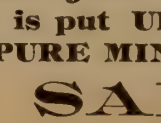

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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AN EX-SLAVE AND AN EMPRESS.

Aged Martha Ricks, an American Christian Negress, Journeys from Liberia to Meet Queen Victoria—Gospel Progress in the African Republic.

AN event that has attracted attention in two hemispheres was the recent presentation of Mrs. Martha Ricks, an aged colored woman, to the Queen of England at Windsor. Born in the United States, in slavery, but afterwards freed and happily converted, it was peculiarly fitting that this venerable woman, who has passed a long life in Christian work in the Republic, founded by American negroes, nearly seventy years ago, should become the spokeswoman and representative of her Christian sisters in the mission of greeting to Victoria, who had done much for the freedom and elevation of women in Africa.

Mrs. Martha Ricks (whose portrait is given on this page), is an old colored woman, who, within the last few weeks, has been very much talked of in England, and who will doubtless be still more a subject of conversation when she returns to her home in Liberia, on the West Coast of Africa. Mrs. Ricks is now seventy-six years of age, and was born of a slave family in the United States; but her father was assisted by a philanthropic association to purchase his own freedom and that of his wife and children, and they emigrated, with hundreds of other emancipated negro families, to the new colony of Liberia, when Martha was but seven years of age. Like very many colored persons, Martha is still a child in nature, tender-hearted, impressionable and enthusiastic. Age does not seem to stale the sympathies with these people, as it does with many in more civilized communities. In Africa children are trained to regard slavery as the curse of their country, and the man-stealing Arab as their natural enemy. Possibly Martha had seen more than one raid by the Arab slavers on some unprotected little African village; she may have heard the screams of terror from the women and children, seen the deadly blows stricken at the men of the village, when they rushed to the defence of their households, and witnessed the nameless brutalities to which the marauders subjected their captives. It is not strange that this Afro-American woman, who was converted while still a girl, should have imbibed a strong and passionate love of liberty.

When in middle life, she formed the resolution of crossing the sea to England, to give thanks in person to the royal lady who, with Lincoln, the Emancipator, is venerated by the colored race as their liberator. As the years passed by, her hope seemed no nearer of realization. She said: "My time began to seem to be almost done, so I made out to start for England myself." So this little, old, black woman, with the smiling face and bright eyes, active and light-hearted for all her seventy-six years, set out quite alone. But she did not start altogether empty-handed; she had doubtless seen some regal receptions in Africa, and she knew that when one visited royalty, one must come with a gift. Accordingly she had spent many weeks in sewing at a satin quilt, which she intended for the great lady she expected to meet—a wonderful quilt it was, all brilliant with color and adorned with remarkably skillful needle-work, with a pattern of the coffee-plant embroidered all over one side of it. Martha's neighbors who saw the quilt and who knew its ultimate destination, where loud in their expressions of admiration. Surely no woman, queen though she might be, ever could possess a better.

At last the day came when Martha set out on her voyage, her heart full of love for her native land, and of thankfulness to God for permitting her to begin the long wished-for journey. She found friends on the voyage, one of them being Mrs. Roberts, the wife of an ex-President of Liberia; and when she reached England, she was taken under the protecting care of Dr. Blyden, the Liberian Minister, who had promised to present her to the Queen. She was stunned by the magnificence of everything she saw, and so deafened by the overpowering noise of the streets of the great metropolis, that she was almost afraid to venture out, even when accompanied by others. When the day came for the meeting with the Queen, Mrs. Blyden, wife of the Minister, took Martha to the Palace at Windsor. The visit, of course, was to be quite unofficial. The Queen received Mrs. Ricks with dignity, and yet very cordially. She stood surrounded by her children and grandchildren, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Beatrice and the Princess Victoria and Maud. Dr Blyden, his wife, daughter and granddaughter were also present, and when Martha was introduced, she stepped forward nimbly and grasped the hand the Queen had extended. The latter said, "I am greatly honored by the trouble you have taken to come to visit me," and then she chatted pleasantly and affably with Martha.

MRS. MARTHA RICKS, OF MONROVIA.

The little old negress was greatly surprised and delighted to find that the sovereign, was, after all, like herself—differing only in color, but evidently with a good Christian heart; a mother and a grandmother, also like herself. So as she stood there, speaking the words of gratitude that came to her lips, she told in faltering, simple accents all the love and thankfulness her people felt for the gift of freedom. It was a rare and touching occasion, this meeting between the Empress and the little black woman, three years older than herself, and one not soon to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. "It was the happiest and grandest day in my life," said Aunt Martha afterward. "I cannot tell what she said to me, but the Queen spoke very soft, and I think she must have been saying blessing to me. I shall now, after a time, go back to my country, now that I have done see the Queen, and I shall always remember. I came to England thinking, perhaps, I might see her: plenty of friends have I found here. That I shall remember in the days which go by, before the time shall be for sleep," referring to her own death.

"AUNTY" RICKS PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND AT WINDSOR.

Before leaving England, Aunt Martha received many kindnesses at the hands of the English people, and on proceeding to the steamer to return to Liberia, she was escorted by a large delegation, and many bouquets of beautiful flowers were presented to her. Never was a woman of color more honored than she. Indeed, had she been a queen herself, instead of a poor old ex-slave and humble Christian, she could not have been treated with more distinction.

There are many good woman, both white and colored, doing Christ's work in Liberia. Missionary work is carried on in that Republic by the Protestant Episcopal Church, Methodist Episcopal Church, the Presbyterian Church and other denominations,

(Continued on page 515.)

USEFUL SUFFERING.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Text: *"It behoved Christ to suffer."* Luke 24: 46.

THERE have been scholars who have ventured the assertion that the pains of our Lord were unnecessary. Indeed, it was a shocking waste of tears and blood and agony, unless some great end were to be reached. If men can prove that no good result comes of it, then the character of God is impeached, and the universe must stand abhorrent and denunciatory at the fact that the Father allowed the butchery of His only-begotten Son. We all admire the brave six hundred men described by Tennyson as dashing into the conflict, when they knew they must die, and knew at the same time that "some one had blunder'd;" but we are abhorrent of the man who made the blunder and who caused the sacrifice of those brave men for no use. But I shall show you, if the Lord will help me, this morning, that for good reasons Christ went through the torture. In other words, "it behoved Christ to suffer."

1. In the first place I remark, that Christ's lacerations were necessary, because man's rescue was an impossibility except by the payment of some great sacrifice. Outraged law had thundered against iniquity. Man must die unless a substitute can intercept that death. Let Gabriel step forth. He refuses. Let Michael, the Archangel, step forth. He refuses. No Roman citizen, no Athenian, no Corinthian, no reformer, no angel volunteered. Christ then bared His heart to the pang. He paid for our redemption in tears and blood, and wounded feet, and scourged shoulders, and torn brow. "It is done." Heaven and earth heard the snap of the prison bar. Sinai ceased to quake with wrath the moment that Calvary began to rock in crucifixion. Christ had suffered. "Oh!" says some man, "I don't like that doctrine of substitution; let every man bear his own burdens, and weep his own tears, and fight his own battles." Why, my brother, there is vicarious suffering all over the world. Did not your parents suffer for you? Do you not suffer sometimes for your children? Does not the patriot suffer for his country? Did not Grace Darling suffer for the drowning sailors? Vicarious suffering on all sides! But how insignificant compared with this scene of vicarious suffering!

> Was it for crimes that I had done
> He groaned upon the tree?
> Amazing pity, grace unknown,
> And love beyond degree.

Christ must suffer to pay the price of our redemption.

But I remark again: The sufferings of Christ were necessary in order that the world's sympathies might be aroused. Men are won to the right and good through their sympathies. The world must feel aright before it can act aright. So the cross was allowed to be lifted that the world's sympathies might be aroused. Men who have been obdurated by the cruelties they have enacted, by the massacres they have inflicted, by the horrors of which they have been guilty, have become little children in the presence of this dying Saviour. What the sword could not do, what Juggernauts could not subdue, the wounded hand of Christ has accomplished. There are this moment millions of people held under the spell of that one sacrifice. The hammers that struck the spikes into the Cross have broken the rocky heart of the world. Nothing but the agonies of a Saviour's death-throe could rouse the world's sympathies.

I remark again: "It behoved Christ to suffer," that the strength and persistence of the divine love might be demonstrated. Was it the applause of the world that induced Christ on that crusade from heaven? Why, all the universe was at his feet. Could the conquest of this insignificant planet have paid him for his career of pain, if it had been a mere matter of applause? All the honors of Heaven surging at His feet. Would your Queen give up her throne that she might rule a miserable tribe in Africa? Would the Lord Jesus Christ, on the throne of the universe, come down to our planet if it were a mere matter of applause and acclamation? Nor was it an expedition undertaken for the accumulation of vast wealth. What could all the harvests and the diamonds of our little world do for him whose are the glories of infinitude and eternity?

GRACE DARLING'S HEROISM.

Nor was it an experiment—an attempt to show what he could do with the hard-hearted race. He who wheels the stars in their courses and holds the pillars of the universe on the tips of his fingers needed to make no experiment to find what he could do. Oh! I will tell you, my friends, what it was. It was undisguised, unlimited, all-conquering, all-consuming, infinite, eternal, omnipotent love, that opened the gate, that started the star in the East, with finger of light pointing down to the manger; that arrayed the Christmas choir above Bethlehem, that opened the stable door where Christ was born, that lifted him on the Cross. Love thirsty at the well. Love at the sick man's couch. Love at the cripple's crutch. Love sweating in the garden. Love dying on the Cross. Love wrapped in the grave. You cannot mistake it. The blindest eye must see it. The hardest heart must feel it. The deafest ear must hear it. Parable and miracle, wayside talk and seaside interview, all the scenes of his life, all the sufferings of his death, proving beyond controversy that for our ingrate earth God has yearned with stupendous and inextinguishable love.

But I remark again: "It behoved Christ to suffer" that the nature of human guilt might be demonstrated. There is not a common-sense man in the house to-day that will not admit that the machinery of society is out of gear, that the human mind and the human heart are disorganized, that something ought to be done, and done right away for its repair and re-adjustment. But the height, and depth, and length, and breadth, and hate, and recklessness, and infernal energy of the human heart for sin would not have been demonstrated if against the holy and innocent One of the Cross it had not been hurled in one bolt of fire. Christ was not the first man that had been put to death. There had been many before him put to death; but they had their whims, their follies, their sins, their inconsistencies. But when the mob outside of Jerusalem howled at the Son of God, it was hate against goodness, it was blasphemy against virtue, it was earth against heaven. What was it in that innocent and loving face of Christ that excited the vituperation and the contumely and scorn of men? If he had bantered them to come on, if he had laughed them into derision, if he had denounced them as the vagabonds that they were, we could understand their ferocity; but it was against inoffensiveness that they brandished their spears, and shook their fists, and ground their teeth, and howled, and scoffed, and jeered, and mocked. What evil had he done? Whose eyesight had he put out? None; but He had given vision to the blind. Whose child had he slain? None; but he restored the dead damsel to her mother. What law had he broken? None; but he had inculcated obedience to government. What foul plot had he enacted against the happiness of the race? None; he had come to save a world. The only cruelty he ever enacted was to heal the sick. The only ostentation he ever displayed was to sit with publicans and sinners, and wash the disciples' feet. The only selfishness he ever exhibited was to give his life for his enemies. And yet, all the wrath of the world surged against his holy heart. Hear the red-hot scorn of the world hissing in the pools of a Saviour's blood! And standing there to-day, let us see what an unreasonable, loathsome, hateful, blasting, damning thing is the iniquity of the human heart. Unloosed, what will not sin do? It will scale any height, it will fathom the very depth of hell, it will revel in all lasciviousness. There is no blasphemy it will not utter, there are no cruelties on which it will not gorge itself. It will wallow in filth, it will breath the air of charnel-houses of corruption, and call them aroma; it will quaff the blood of immortal souls and call it nectar. When sin murdered Christ on the Cross, it showed what it would do with the Lord God Almighty if it could get at him. The prophet had declared—I think it was Jeremiah—had declared centuries before, the truth, but not until sin shot out its forked tongue at the crucifixion and tossed its sting into the soul of a martyred Jesus was it illustrated, that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

Again: "It behoved Christ to suffer," that our affections might be excited Christward. Why, sirs, the behavior of our Lord has stirred the affections of all those who have ever heard of it. It has hung the art-galleries of the world, with such pictures as Ghirlandajo's, "Worship of the Magi;" Giotto's, "Baptism of Christ;" Holman Hunt's, "Christ in the Temple;" Tintoret's, "Agony in the Garden;" Angelo's, "Crucifixion;" and it has called out Handel's "Messiah," and rung sweetest chimes in Young's "Night Thoughts," and filled the psalmody of the world with the penitential notes of sorrow and the hosannas of Christian triumph. Show me any other king who has so many subjects. What is the most potent name to-day in the United States, in France, in England, in Scotland, in Ireland? Jesus. Other kings have had

THE STAR OVER BETHLEHEM.

many subjects, but where is the king who has so many admiring subjects as Christ? Show me a regiment of a thousand men in their army, and I will show you a battalion of ten thousand men in Christ's army.

Show me in history where one man has given his property and his life for anyone else, and I will show you in history hundreds and thousands of men who have cheerfully died that Christ might reign. Aye, there are a hundred men in this house who, if need were, would step out and die for Jesus. Their faith may now seem to be faint, and sometimes they may be inconsistent; but let the fires of martyrdom be kindled, throw them into the pit, cover them with poisonous serpents, pound them, flail them, crush them, and I will tell you what their last last cry would be: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

Oh, yes! the Lord Jesus has won the affections of many of us. There are some of us who can say this morning, "Lord Jesus, my light and my song; my hope for time, my expectation for eternity." Altogether lovely thou art. My soul is ravished with the vision. Thou art mine. Come, let me clasp thee. Come life, come death, come scorn and pain, come whirlwind and darkness, Lord Jesus, I cannot give thee up. I have heard thy voice. I have seen thy bleeding side. Lord Jesus, if I had some garland plucked from heavenly gardens, I would wreathe it for thy brow. If I had some gem worthy of the place, I would set in thy crown. If I had seraphic harp, I would strike it in thy praise. But I come lost and ruined and undone, to throw myself at thy feet.

> No price I bring:
> Simply to Thy cross I cling.

Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love thee.

But I remark again: "It behoved Christ to suffer" that the world might learn how to suffer. Sometimes people suffer because they cannot help themselves; but Christ had in his hands all the weapons to punish his enemies, and yet in quiescence he endured all outrage. He might have hurled the rocks of Golgotha upon his pursuers, he might have cleft the earth until it swallowed up his assailants; he might have called in reinforcement or taken any thunderbolt from the armory of God Omnipotent, and hurled it seething and fiery among his foes; but he answered not again.

O my hearer! has there ever been in the history of the world such an example of enduring patience as we find in the Cross? Some of you suffer physical distresses, some of you have life-long ailments, and they make you fretful. Sometimes you think that God has given you a cup too deep and too brimming. Sometimes you see the world laughing and romping on the highways of life, and you look out of the window while seated in invalid's chair.

I want to show you this morning one who had worse pains in the head than you have ever had, whose back was scourged, who was wounded in the hands and wounded in the feet, and suffered all over; and I want that example to make you more enduring in your suffering, and to make you say, "Father, not my will, but thine be done." You never have had any bodily pain, and you will never have any bodily pain that equalled Christ's torture. "It behoved Christ to suffer," that he might show you how physically to suffer.

Some of you are persecuted. There are those who hate you. They criticise you. They would be glad to see you stumble and fall. They have done unaccountable meannesses toward you. Sometimes you feel angry. You feel as if you would like to retort. Stop! Look at the closed lips, look at the still hand, look at the beautiful demeanor of your Lord. Struck, not striking back again. Oh! if you could only appreciate what he endured in the way of persecution, you never would complain of persecution. The words of Christ would be your words: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; but if not, thy will be done." "It behoved Christ to suffer" persecution, that he might show you how to endure persecution.

IN INVALID'S CHAIR.

Some of you are bereft. It is no random remark, because there is hardly a family here that has not passed under the shadow. You have been bereft. Your house is a different place from what it used to be. The same furniture, the same books, the same pictures, but there has been a voice hushed there. The face that used to light up the whole dwelling has vanished. The pattering of the other feet does not break up the loneliness. The wave has gone over your soul, and you have sometimes thought what you would tell him when he comes back; but then the thought has flashed upon you, he will never come back! Ah! my brother, my sister, Christ has sounded all that depth. Jesus of the bereft soul is here to-day. Behold him! He knows what it is to weep at the tomb. It seems to me as if all the storms of the world's sorrow were compressed into one sob, and that sob were uttered in two words: "Jesus wept."

I close my sermon with a doxology: "Blessing, and glory, and honor, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever. Amen, and Amen!"

THE WAR ON GAMBLING.

JOHN PHILIP QUINN, the converted gambler, who has been carrying on the crusade against gambling, and whose work was described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 1, has been lecturing in many of the leading cities in the East, including New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Hartford, New Haven, Newark, N. J., Saratoga Springs and other places. In his lecture at Saratoga Springs, in July, so much interest was manifested that a petition was drawn up and signed by many of the best citizens, proposing a series of lectures on the subject of gambling, and pledging their moral and financial support to the same. Mr. Quinn's work has been commended in the highest terms by pastors and secretaries of Y. M. C. A.'s in every place where he has visited, and it has been suggested that his work would be much more effectively and speedily carried on if he had a Gospel car and tent. By this means, he would not only save much time and expense, but would reach many people who never attend church.

Mr. Quinn was converted four years ago, and has ever since been using his pen and voice against the gambling vice. By his efforts many have already been saved, who were confirmed gamblers for many years. We give here a copy of a letter (one of many such) which shows how his work has been signally blessed of God to the saving of souls:

NEW YORK, June 14, 1892.

MR. QUINN, DEAR SIR:—I have been a gambler for 21 years myself. I have five children, three boys. After losing wife's fortune I can't tell you how we have lived. My oldest boy heard your lectures here at the Y. M. C. A. and felt very much discouraged that I missed it. Reading the papers and seeing my boy so much interested has awakened me to see my great fault as never before. I also read the interview in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which made the way clearer to me. Looking at my wife and children, seeing what I had brought them to through gambling, was more than I could stand. I went to bed and I was troubled so I got out of bed three times, every time wife wanted to know what was the matter. The last time I told her I believed I was a saved man. Wife put her arms around me and wept bitterly, she got down and prayed for me until she broke completely down.

In the HERALD it says, who by the grace of God, has been led to see the folly of wickness of that vice, and has renounced it utterly also, since coming under conviction of sin he has been led by God to begin a movement for the reclamation of other gamblers and more particularly of young men. You have been a great help to me, and my boy who heard your lecture who was losing his wages says it is the only thing that ever satisfied him that he had been giving his money to thieves who pretended to be his friends.

Go on with your good work and save the millions of ignorant young men who are being robbed by gamblers. Please accept $1 to aid in helping you.

Respectfully yours, J. L.

Mr. Quinn would be glad to meet the writer of this letter, and invites him to send his address to 114 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Many friends of the work in different parts of the country have contributed to aid in securing a Gospel car and tent for Mr. Quinn. Mrs. E. L. Titus, Long Island, N.Y., writes:—"I enclose $5 in God's name to help you in your work. He will abundantly bless your efforts. Even one precious young soul saved is a sufficent reward."

Over $200 was pledged for Mr. Quinn's work by the people of Saratoga. Any desiring to aid should communicate with Mr. Quinn direct, at the address given above.

Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the National W. C. T. U., who is acquainted with the work writes:—"If there is anything in the world I am opposed to, it is gambling in every form. I think it is the death of every decent trait of character. I know what I say by sorrowful observation. It does me good to hear that John P. Quinn is talking against this abomination. May he go on conquering and to conquer."

Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, President of the Central W.C.T.U., writes:—"The plan for a car is a grand idea in carrying on your work."

A POINTED QUESTION.

A CHRISTIAN gentleman, on his way to address a company of convicts, was met by a young man who greatly desired to accompany him. The Gospel of God was preached faithfully and lovingly to the poor unhappy men, and they listened attentively.

On the way back the young man remarked, "They must have been led to think by the solemn words you spoke to them." The Christian gentleman made no reply, but quietly laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, he asked, "Were you?"

Not another word passed, but that pointed, faithful word, by God's blessing, led to that young man conversion. He was "led to think," and he found that he needed Christ as truly as those convicts.

Volume XIV., of the Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1891, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $4, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

AN EX-SLAVE AND AN EMPRESS.

(Continued from first page

and a very great and good work is being performed by the African M. E. Church, of which Bishop H. N. Turner is the head in Liberia.

Henry Neal Turner, D.D., LL.D., (whose portrait is given in this issue), was born in Newberry, S. C., in 1833. He was converted near Abbeyville, S. C., in 1848, and in 1853 was licensed by the A. M. E. Church to preach the Gospel. His zeal and capacity in all lines of church work won prompt recognition. After filling many honorable posts in the church he was elected and ordained Bishop in 1880. His energetic and consecrated efforts have furnished a great impetus to the church's work on the West Coast.

The total membership of the African M. E.

BISHOP H. N. TURNER.

Church considerably exceeds half a million souls. It has many well-established and prosperous churches and missions, and hundreds of regular workers in the field, and every year sees substantial progress. During the present year, fifty ladies in New Bedford, Mass., have organized a committee to purchase a naphtha steam launch to cost $750, for the use of the church's missionaries in Liberia. The launch will be built in Liverpool and sent direct to Freetown. It will run up the river from Freetown, and also between that settlement and Monrovia, where there are nine more African M. E. churches under Bishop Turner's jurisdiction, nearly all the pastors being either West Indians or natives. The A. M. E. Church is taking steps for the establishment of a mission-school at Sierra Leone, to be under the charge of Faduma, a native of Africa, who was educated in the Wesleyan University at Freetown, and who for two years has taught languages in North Carolina. It is proposed to train young native men for the ministry at the Sierra Leone school.

One of the best known and most active and accomplished women in Liberia is Mrs. Roberts, the wife of the former president of the Republic. She was born in Petersburg, Va., and taken to Africa while still a child. During her husband's life-time, she visited Europe and was received at court by the nobilities. After his death she came to the United States to raise money for founding a hospital in Liberia, and succeeded. She is a woman of culture and an earnest Christian.

Dr. Blyden, who was instrumental in procuring Aunt Martha Hicks an introduction to royalty, is a native of the West Indies, and is considered one of the finest linguists of the day. He was formerly a Presbyterian, but afterwards embraced Mohammedanism. Judah P. Benjamin, the famous Southern lawyer, who became prominent about the time of the late Civil War, was also a native of the West Indies, he and Dr. Blyden both having been born at St. Thomas. They left their native land on the same day to seek their fortunes. Benjamin went to the Southern States and became identified with the government there, and Blyden went to Africa. For many years the two did not meet, although they doubtless heard frequently of each other's progress. After the war, Benjamin went to England and became a barrister. In London the two met again, Blyden being there in the capacity of Liberian minister to the Court of St. James. The meeting between the two distinguished men who had been friends in boyhood, is described as a touching one.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

MR. SPURGEON AND THE CHILDREN.

SOME time ago this letter was originally addressed by Mr. Spurgeon to each of the children of ministers who had been students at the Pastors' College, says *The Interior*. Here is the letter addressed to a South Australian Sunday School scholar:

"O Lord, bless this letter!

"My dear Mabelle.—I was a little while ago at a meeting for prayer where a large number of ministers were gathered together. The subject of the prayer was 'Our children.' It soon brought tears to my eyes to hear those good fathers pleading with God for their sons and daughters. As they went on entreating the Lord to save their families, my heart seemed ready to burst with strong desire that it might be even so. Then, I thought, I will write to those sons and daughters, and remind them of their parents' prayers. Dear Mabelle, you are highly privileged in having parents who pray for you. Your name is known in the courts of heaven. Your case has been laid before the throne of God. Do you not pray for yourself? If you do not do so, why not? If other people value your soul, can it be right for you to neglect it? All the entreaties and wrestlings of your father will not save you, if you never seek the Lord yourself. You know this. You do not intend to cause grief to your dear mother and father; but you do. So long as you are not saved they can never rest, however obedient and sweet and kind you may be. They will never feel happy about you until you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and so find everlasting salvation. Think of this. Remember how much you have already sinned, and none can change your nature and make you holy but the Lord Jesus through his Spirit. You need what father and mother seek for you, and you need it now. Why not seek it at once? I heard a father pray, 'Lord, save our children; and save them young.' It is never too soon to be saved; never too soon to be happy; never too soon to be holy. Jesus loves to receive the very young ones. You cannot save yourself, but the great Lord Jesus can save you. Ask him to do it. 'He that asketh, receiveth.' Then trust in Jesus to save you. He can do it, for he died and rose again that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life. Come and tell Jesus you have sinned; seek forgiveness; trust in him for it, and be sure that you are saved. Then imitate our Lord. Be at home what Jesus was at Nazareth. Yours will be a happy home, and your dear father and mother will feel that the dearest wish of their hearts has been granted them. I pray you to think of heaven and hell; for in one of these places you will live forever. Meet me in heaven! Meet me at once at the mercy seat. Run up stairs and pray to the great Father through Jesus Christ.

Yours very lovingly,
C. H. SPURGEON."

THE ANSWERED CRY.

FROM beyond the broad Atlantic,
And lands on a foreign shore,
Above the howling tempest
Or ocean's sullen roar.
[watch.
Comes a sound through the midnight
'Tis a wail for the million dead;
And heart-breaking cries of hunger,
And a Nation's prayer for bread.

And when the morning sunlight
Peeps through our lattice fair,
'Tis still the same wild wailing,
That fills the fragrant air.

Till we cannot help but listen,
But do we heed the cry?
We, with our tables loaded
And granaries piled so high?

Ah! think of those whose children
Plead for a crumb to eat,
With hungry eyes, and outstretched hands
And eager, tottering feet.

Think of the dead,—of the dying
In dark despair alone;
Their only hymn a cry for bread;
Their only prayer a moan.

We gave from our abundance,
Poured by a Father's hand,
Into the hands of His children,
O'er our "United Land."

Yes, gave to relieve the hungry,
Gave; that our souls be blest,
Gave, that "His" name be honored,
And left with "him" the rest.

Oh, Russia! Famine stricken,
Oh! land of deathless fears,
Thy grief has touched a nation's heart,
And claimed a nation's tears.

—ELLA M. LEONAN.

THE FIRST MARTYR.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 28. By Mrs. M. Baxter
Acts 7: 54-60. Golden Text, Acts 7: 60.

THE first Christian martyr! The first man who, like his Master, prayed for his murderers! Blessed, holy pioneer of other men who by the grace of their God, the presence of their God within them, "loved not their lives unto death." (Rev. 12: 11)! How different from self-made martyrs; from men and women who are always occupied with fancied wrongs which they have received, always thinking themselves hardly used, always bemoaning their fate, always ready to occupy other people with themselves! They always have a cloud behind them, and, if they are children of God, they leave others to think it is a sad and dreary thing to serve him. Always thinking of themselves they cut themselves off from two of the greatest luxuries of life; the luxury of praising God and the luxury of doing good to man.

A True Martyr

does not think of himself: his last thought would be to pity himself. The very word, "martyr," means "witness;" he is a witness to Another, a living sacrifice for Another. Heroic martyrs do not spring up, like mushrooms, in a night: they are like all that is divine, prepared beforehand. Stephen was a martyr or witness in his daily life before he became one in his glorious death. Declension had crept into the church. In her early purity, divisions and dissensions and the spirit of "mine and thine" were unknown. But "when the number of the disciples was multiplying, there arose a murmuring of the Grecian Jews against the Hebrews, because their widows were neglected in the daily ministration." The twelve called the multitude of the disciples together about this question. The work had increased upon their hands, there was far more to be done than there was of time and strength to do it. Therefore they appealed to the disciples to look out from among themselves "seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom," whom they might appoint over this business. (Acts 6: 1-3.) The first man elected was Stephen. The very fact of his being the first chosen to undertake the financial matters of the church, is in itself the evidence of his faithfulness in secular matters.

Such a witness for the Lord could not fail to arouse the opposition of the enemy of souls, and he is never at a loss for instruments to carry out his purposes. A sect, called the Libertines, joined with some religious partisans from Cyrene, Alexandria, and from Cilicia and Asia, challenged Stephen to a discussion. Vain men! they thought by numbers and by learning to gain an easy victory over this simple, but whole hearted man of God. But they knew not that a Holy Ghost filled man is more than a match for all the resources and all the reasonings of man. These men thought that it was a contest of many learned men against one simple man of business, and that the sophistry of their theology would easily extinguish his limited knowledge. They did not know that dwelling in that man was God the Holy Ghost, who knew all their arguments before they had so much as thought them out themselves. God was with Stephen, the all seeing and all hearing God. No wonder then that "they were not able to withstand the wisdom and the Spirit by which he spake."

Thus foiled in their attempts to confound him by fair means, they had recourse to foul means; and Stephen was permitted fellowship with his Lord's sufferings, in having false witnesses brought against him who accused him of blasphemy. Stephen's first defence was more a matter of consciousness to his judges than to himself. His presence, or rather the presence of his Master in him, spoke his innocence: "all that sat in the council, fastening their eyes on him, saw his face—" not indignant at their injustice, not anxious about the result of his trial, not full of self-pity for his wrongs,—no: it was so empty of self as to be transparent: the opaqueness of earth had disappeared, and heaven shone through: it was

"As the Face of an Angel."

It was only when he was personally appealed to that this man, whose martyr-spirit had held him silent under false accusation—took up his defence. A wonderful defence! Stephen is so lost in his God that he never once mentions himself, nor his accusers, nor yet the charges brought against him; his God and his people fill all his heart. Inspired by the Holy Spirit, he recalls to them God's revelation of himself to Abraham: "The God of glory appeared unto our father Abraham." No child of Israel would deny this; it was the pride of his descendants that God had made himself known to Abraham. But Stephen shows that the same God of glory appeared unto Moses, and yet again and again the people rejected Moses. In the first place, when "it came into his heart to visit his brethren the children of Israel . . . he supposed that his brethren understood how that God by his hand was giving them deliverance; but they understood not." (Verses 23-25, R.V.) This is that Moses, which said unto the children of Israel, a prophet shall God raise up unto you, from among your brethren like unto me. This is he (Moses) . . . to whom our fathers would not be obedient, but thrust him from them, and turned back in their hearts unto Egypt;" although he had "the living oracles" the Word of God, committed to him! It was the same argument which Peter had used and which had before awakened persecution; Stephen was getting on dangerous ground. Could he know that the wrath which was kindled in these men would hunt him down to death itself? It mattered not to this first martyr: he had his testimony to give, and, come life or come death, he must give it. He told them how the rejection of Moses, when he was in the mount with God, and the making of the golden calf, had prepared the way to all their subsequent idolatry and the punishment of the Babylonish captivity. Having thus summed up the history of their rebellion against God in past generations, Stephen makes

A Strong Appeal to the Judges

on the bench; not an appeal for mercy on himself; he has forgotten himself in the cause of God, and their souls: "Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears." Is it the prisoner who speaks thus to his judges? Whence comes the courage which thus turns the tables upon them? Is it not as much as his life is worth? Yes, truly; but he loved not his life unto the death; he had counted the cost, he was ready to seal his testimony with his blood, but he was not ready to make any compromise. God needed that this witness should be borne to the high priest and the council: Stephen was a living sacrifice, living he lived unto the Lord, and dying he would die unto the Lord, so that living or dying he would be the Lord's.

Ye "uncircumcised in heart and ears," said the intrepid martyr," ye do always resist the Holy Ghost; as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets did not your fathers persecute? and they killed them which showed before of the coming of the Righteous One; of whom ye have now become betrayers and murderers;' ye who received the law as it was ordained by angels, and kept it not." (R.V.) These were no bitter words, spoken with personal feeling. The man who spoke them had an angel-face under false accusation; but he was in earnest about their sins and their salvation; he seemed to have no thought for himself. How should he? The surrender of Stephen to his Master was a real one; he had made himself over, spirit, soul, and body, to be his own no longer. If he fell in the battle it mattered not to him, that was a matter for his Lord.

God Spoke

through his witness; the shaft was well aimed, these self-important, self-sufficient men were convicted, the arrow had penetrated, they were "cut to the heart." Would they yield? It was a solemn crisis for them. When men reach such a point, everything is in the scale, soul and body, time and eternity. Till this time self had been their God, while they believed themselves consistent worshippers of Jehovah. If Stephen were right, they were wrong. But how humble themselves to own it? It would lower them in the eyes of all Jerusalem; so they thought. The cost was too great, they could not accept such an alternative; no, they would reject Jesus. Satan was ready; and it was easy for them to accept his suggestion that they were in the right, that this man was a blaspheming fanatic: it would be worthy of their zeal to take his life; and he persuaded them that to kill Stephen was to serve God.

But the object of their prey, God's precious martyr, did not see the angry faces nor hear the gnashing teeth. Another horizon was opened to him: He, "being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God, and said, behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God." No fear of his enemies, no occupation with himself, no self-pity, no plea for his life, no eye for man or for circumstances,

Conscious Only of his God;

this is the true martyr spirit. But unregenerate man has no eye for the beauty of the Lord upon his people. Stephen was "without form or comeliness" to the eye of man, and this martyr's heavenliness was veiled from the eyes of his murderers. Stung by his utter callousness to his own danger, and his own interest, they were mad with rage. "They cried out with a loud voice, . . . and ran upon him with one accord; and cast him out of the city, and stoned him." But they could not shut heaven to his view, they could not separate between him and his Lord. They could not undo the testimony which he had borne, and one at least who was present, Saul of Tarsus, at whose feet the witnesses laid down their garments, never had the wound in his conscience healed until he knew the power of the Word of Christ. To the last the martyr was calling upon the Lord, and they heard him say: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." And then with bruised and bleeding form, gathering up his last remaining strength, he kneeled down, and with a voice that rang through the multitude, and which has echoed to this day, he said, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." So died the first Christian martyr.

LESSON POINTS,

"He kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, Lord lay not this sin to their charge." Acts 7: 60.

PROBABLY no passage of the sermon on the Mount would appear to the hearers so novel, or so startling an innovation, as that in which Christ enjoined love for enemies and prayer for persecutors. Nor was there any characteristic of the new teaching that so clearly proved it to be of a higher order than the old. It is a savage instinct—an instinct shared with the brutes—which prompts retaliation. The man who is able to forgive, the man who can return good for evil is a greater man than he who pays back in kind. It is related that a philosopher who had remained unconvinced of the truth of Christianity under the preaching of Xavier, who had resisted personal argument and pleading, was overcome by a manifestation of this magnanimity. He was present when Xavier was preaching on one occasion when there was violent opposition to the preacher. A man, more wanton than the rest, made his way to the preacher's side and, going close to him, spat upon his face. Xavier turned and looked pityingly upon him; then calmly wiping his face proceeded with his discourse. "A religion," said the philosopher, "which gives a man such control over his passions must be a transforming power."

A missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church about to return home from New Zealand, gathered his Maori converts around him in a farewell communion service. To his surprise he noticed one man who had been kneeling at the communion rails arise, return to his seat in church, and after a while come back and receive the sacrament. On inquiring the reason of such conduct, the man replied that when he went to the communion rail to receive the emblems he found to his perturbation that he was kneeling beside a man whom he knew to be the murderer of his father, and whose life he had at one time sworn to take. At first he could not bear to receive the sacrament with this converted murderer. On resuming his seat, however, he heard a voice say, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." While his natural feelings still rebelled against the command, he thought that he saw the cross, and heard the Man upon it say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." This overcame him, and he returned and received the communion with his former enemy.

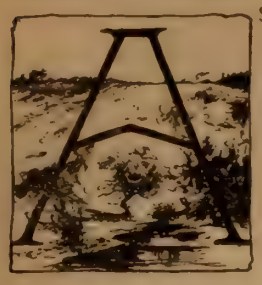
It is but a few days ago that a lynching was averted by prayer, although it was not in this case the prayer of the victim, but that of his friends which led to his escape. A press dispatch from Crisfield, Md., says that a party of men from Tangier, one of the Virginia Islands, waylaid a man who had been attending a camp meeting at Smith's Island, and caught him as he was leaving the meeting. They had a grudge against him because he had taken a prominent part in the prosecution of three of their number who had been sent to prison, and had their boats confiscated for dredging in West Virginia waters. It was due to this man's activity that they had been convicted and punished, and they were resolved to have revenge. They had tied him up and put the rope around his neck, when three preachers from the camp happened to pass that way and heard what was going on. They begged and pleaded for the man's life, but the lynchers were obdurate. They did, however, give the preachers permission to pray. Probably they expected that the prayer would be for the soul of the man waiting for death. The preachers, however, did not pray for him, but for the lynchers, that they might be forgiven for the awful crime they were preparing to commit. The men were evidently impressed by the preachers' concern for their souls. They would not yield, but they made no resistance when two of the preachers cut the bonds which held the man and bade him fly for his life.

A pathetic incident which shows how the spirit of Jesus, which enabled Stephen to pray for his murderers still operates on the souls of men, is told by a missionary who has been laboring in Africa. He says that among the converts was a young man who was the slave of a brutal master who forbade his going to the missionary's meetings. But the boy was miserable, and felt convinced that attendance was his duty; and, as it did not interfere with his master's business, he went again. On his return his master greeted him with abuse, inflicted five-and-twenty lashes, and then in a sarcastic tone said, "What can Jesus do for you now?" "He helps me to be patient," said the boy. "Give him five-and-twenty lashes more," said the master. "What can Jesus do for you now?" asked the unfeeling man. "He helps me to look forward to a future reward," said the sufferer. "Give him five-and-twenty more," shouted the tyrant; and, while listening with delight to the groans of the victim, he again demanded, "What can Jesus do now?" The young martyr meekly said, "He helps me to pray for you," and instantly breathed his last.

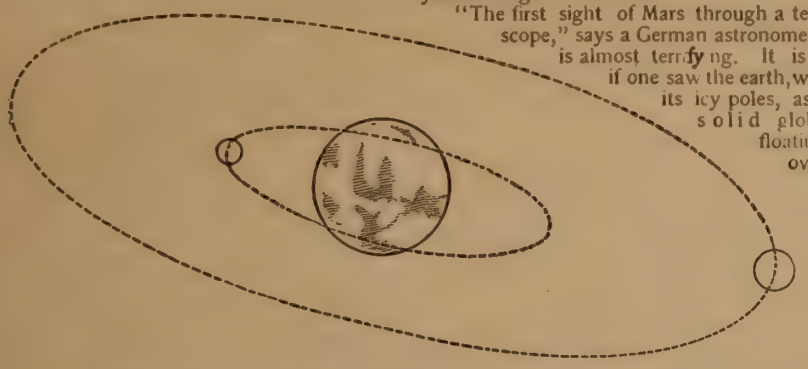
It should never be forgotten that this love for enemies and prayer for them is a duty to be performed without regard to results. It is the effect of the Holy Spirit's work on the soul. Every converted person knows that one of the first evidences of conversion is the love for every human being which fills the heart. But this love may be repulsed. It must not cease however, because it meets no return. The man who repels love is the man most in need of love and prayer. And it often prevails in the end. A soldier was about to be brought before his commanding officer. He was an old offender and had often been punished. "Here he is again," said the officer; "flogging—disgrace—solitary confinement—everything has been tried with him." Whereupon the Sergeant stepped forward, and apologizing for the liberty he took, said: "There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir." "What is that?" said the officer. "Well, sir," said the Sergeant, "he has never been forgiven." "Forgiven!" exclaimed the Colonel, surprised at the suggestion. He reflected for a few moments, ordered the culprit to be brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charges? "Nothing, sir,' was the reply, "only I am sorry for what I have done." Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man, the Colonel addressed him, saying: "Well, we have tried everything with you, and now we are resolved to forgive you!" The soldier was struck dumb with amazement! The tears started in his eyes and he wept like a child. He was humbled to the dust, and thanking his officer, he retired—to be the old, refractory, incorrigible man? No! from that day forward he was a new man. He who told the story had him for years under his eye, and a better conducted man never wore a uniform.

IS THERE LIFE ON MARS?

All the World's Great Telescopes Watching the Planet—An Era of Astronomical Excitement—Two Singular Moons.



STRONOMERS and scientific men, all over the world, have been busily engaged during the past few weeks observing the planet, Mars, which has once more become visible in space. From June to September of last year, its course lay beyond the sun and it was invisible. The approach of the planet to the earth occurs at intervals of two years,



MARS AND HIS TWO SATELLITES, OR MOONS, PHOBOS AND DEIMOS.

forty-eight days, and twenty-three hours, but these periodical approaches are not to a uniform distance. The points of nearest approach (opposition) range between 35,100,000 and 70,000,000 miles, and the facilities for observation vary. Its remotest distance from the earth, when it is beyond the sun, is 245,000,000 miles. When Mars last approached the earth fifteen years ago, as now, the telescopes were pointed at it, and the most surprising results were secured through these observations. Previous observations under favorable circumstances had confirmed the astronomers in the belief that Mars possessed an atmosphere and many conditions favorable to the existence of animal and vegetable life. But it was not until 1877, when Signor Schiaparelli, the Italian astronomer, found significant marks on the face of the planet, that universal interest was aroused. This distinguished observer discovered narrow streaks or inlets, which he declared to be canals, or connections of the Martian seas and rivers. Moreover, these canals, he declared, were doubled, lying in pairs, side by side, although on a previous observation, they had appeared single. He counted thirty of these double canals during observations in 1881–82. This was scouted by scientific men, and was declared to be a freak or illusion of the planet's atmosphere, due probably to the change of the season and the different conditions under which the observations were taken.

There were other observers, however, who sustained Schiaparelli, and notable among these was Camille Flammarion, a celebrated French scientist and author, who had made a special study of Mars. Flammarion created a scientific sensation by giving out the suggestion that not only was Mars a scene of human life and activity, but that its people were, from their conditions, vastly superior to ourselves in intelligence and culture — indeed, quite a thousand years ahead of us intellectually, and that they were actually signalling to the habitants of this earth. In August, 1877, Prof. Hall of Washington, made still another discovery that fixed the attention of the scientific world on Mars. He detected a satellite on August 11th, and on the 17th discovered a second body, both moving around the red planet. This discovery has since been affirmed by other observers, the vast improvement in astronomical instruments during the last decade readily enabling them to detect the satellites, estimate their orbits and their relative size. The smaller, which has been named *Phobos* ("Dread"), is according to such estimates, "about the size of an average California ranch," or probably seven or eight miles in diameter; the second (called *Deimos* or "Terror") is fully twenty miles in diameter. The power of the instruments required to detect such tiny bodies at so vast a distance in space can probably be better appreciated by explaining that the size of the smallest satellite is, to the telescopes of earth, relatively about the dimension of a two-inch ball, suspended in midair above Boston, as seen from New York. Another peculiarity about these Martian moons is that their orbits run in opposite directions, one rising in the east and the other in the west. The smaller has an orbit which it traverses in eight hours, so that this pigmy moon, which is only 4,000 miles distance from Mars, rises and sets three times in our day of twenty-four hours. The larger satellite is distant from Mars 12,000 miles, and accomplishes its orbit once in twenty-four hours, like our own satellite the moon. The rotation of Mars on his axis requires 24h. 27m., and the time of revolution around Mars on Phobos is 7h. 39m. 24s., which means that the inhabitants of Mars, if they exist, would have by this moon nearly three and a half moons per day, and that in 1h. 55m. it would go through all its phases from new to full and from full to new, or to pass from new moon to full, for which change our moon requires four and a half days, would take only 58m. Phobos is the only known body in the solar system rising in the west.

"The first sight of Mars through a telescope," says a German astronomer," is almost terrifying. It is as if one saw the earth, with its icy poles, as a solid globe, floating overhead. One distinguishes clearly the dark blue seas, and the brilliant beaming, many-hued, dry land—and on this, the dry beds of a multitude of lakes, bays, gulfs, streams, and canals, these latter either parallel to each other or crossing one another at right angles. As you continue to look, you note the variations of color and of light and shade; and further, that the outlines on one edge of the disk pass out of sight, while on the other the landscape expands; you see that Mars revolves on his axis, and that the ends of the axis are the frozen poles, as with us. There is a further resemblance in the inclination in the axis,

THE CANALS OF MARS, AS SEEN BY ASTRONOMER SCHIAPARELLI.

which provides that on this planet also the seasons follow each other in regular succession. The ice crust at the poles diminishes in summer, affording demonstration, not only that Mars is influenced by the sun's rays precisely as we are, but also that the air and water are identical with ours. Mars is girdled on both sides of its equator by one continuous mainland, intesected by a network of canals and rivers, the land occupying approximately three-fourths of the whole area of the planet, and the water only one-fourth, as a consequence of which, it may be that its atmosphere is less clouded and vapor-laden than ours. Peculiarly characteristic is the arrangement in which the geological nature of Mars has laid out the streams or canals. They flow in straight lines, and are of uniform width from source to mouth. They have their banks so well defined as to suggest the idea that they are subject to intelligent regulation. It is hardly possible to conceive that two parallel canals, intersected at right angles by a third, can be the work of the elementary forces of nature."

The great planet's slowly revolving lands and seas have been very clearly observed and mapped out by the astronomers through the huge Lick telescope in California—the finest observatory instrument in the world. Through it can be seen distinctly the changes of the day and the approach of night on the planet, the shore lines, the mist and the snow-capped poles, very much resembling those of our own earth. Flammarion has declared that the resemblance between the two is so striking that if an inhabitant of earth were to be suddenly and unconsciously transported to Mars, he would hardly know the difference. He would be surrounded by the same delicious atmosphere; and would experience rain, snow, storms, calms and hurricanes like those that visit us. He would see a rare wonder, the two moons wheeling swiftly across the sky, and at so near a distance that if the Martians possess telescopes as powerful as ours, they could discern the people on the satellites, if, indeed, the latter are inhabited.

Setting aside conjecture, and coming down to what the astronomers themselves accept as ascertained facts concerning Mars, it may be stated briefly that water, snow, clouds and land have been distinguished. The planet is smaller than this earth and probably cooler. Photography, applied under favorable circumstances, has secured pictures of many of the phenomena; the canals, oceans, gulfs and bays, with marks that would indicate the presence of clouds, and others that are firm in outline, with the apparent solidity of mountains. Regarding the existence of life on the ruddy planet, there can be nothing but conjecture.

A great astronomer declared that "no man who is an astronomer can be an atheist." The contemplation of the greatness of God's works, as displayed in the firmament above us, elevates the human mind and brings the soul nearer to its Maker. Hence the wonderful revelations on Mars will help the whole world, in a moral and spiritual sense. Professor Swift, himself a prominent astronomer, declars his belief that the Creator can adapt animal and vegetable life even to such planets as Neptune and Mercury, the first of which has an atmosphere 900 degrees below zero, and the latter one of molten heat. How much more can be do so on Mars which has an atmosphere in many respects like that of our own planet.

Our illustrations show the position of the planet with its attendant satellites, and also the outlines of its canals, as mapped by Schiaparelli. Doubtless the observations now being made at the Lick observatory will result in furnishing to the world improved maps of the planet, but these cannot be ready before October next. Should it be possible to determine the existence of life on Mars, what a magnificent field for investigation the discovery will open to the scientists! To the Christian, it will be another proof of the omnipotence of that Creator who set the sun and the stars in the firmament and who has probably peopled thousands of other worlds than ours with reasoning, responsible, sentient beings, obedient to his laws and cared for by his tender providence. Whether, in any event, the inhabitants of earth will ever be able to communicate with those of Mars or not—should such really exist—is a matter too remote for present conjecture. It must be left to the future to determine what is to come of these important discoveries, which have taken the world by surprise and which mark a new era in science.

GRACE HOSPITAL.

The Building now in course of Erection in Connection with Grace Church New York, for the Shelter of Aged Men and Women and Little Children.

ON this page we give a picture of the new building, which, as mentioned in this journal last week, is now in course of

GRACE HOSPITAL IN COURSE OF ERECTION IN NEW YORK.

erection in New York as a home for aged men and women and little children. It will be an adjunct of the philanthropic work now being carried on by Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, under the care of the rector, Rev. W. R. Huntington, D.D.

On Sunday, April 3, this year, Dr. Huntington in the course of his sermon spoke of the need of the parish for a home of this character. He said that he was anxious to see it in operation. The vestry had placed three lots near the church at his disposal for the purpose and a lady had offered to pay the running expenses for three years and to reside on the premises to superintend the work. With so good a beginning Dr. Huntington asked his people whether they would not undertake the cost of building the hospital. Before sunset of that day he received an affirmative answer. Three persons had undertaken to defray the entire cost, which will be $40,000. Dr. Huntington, the next Sunday, called on his people to rejoice with him; he said he had not been prepared for so prompt and liberal a response to his request and he was sincerely thankful.

The building will have an area of sixty by sixty-two feet. It will be built of light yellow pressed brick, faced with terra-cotta stone and will have a sloping roof of red slate. The style of architecture is early English, massive and robust. An arched vestibule surmounted by a three arched balcony forms its most prominent feature. The plans for the interior have been skilfully drawn to make it three separate homes yet to admit of social meeting for the occupants. In the basement the reception-room and the offices are to be located. A large general meeting-room, the kitchens, laundries and drying-rooms are also to be there. On the first floor will be a vestibule giving access to each of the three divisions of the house. At the back of the vestibule will be a large square hall with broad staircases and on each side of the hall a parlor for the men and another for the women. On the second floor in the front will be a large balcony where the convalescents may enjoy fresh air. Behind this will be the children's room and back of this a room that they can use as a play-room. On one one side of these rooms will be the bed-rooms of the old men and on the other side the bed-rooms of the old women. The third and top floor will be devoted to bed-rooms to be occupied by the children, the matron and her helpers.

Thus there are three divisions. The centre, which will be called The House of the Holy Child will be given up to the children; the right wing, to be called the House of St. Simeon, will be for the men; and the left wing, to be called the House of St. Anna, for the women. That this threefold charity will be the means of good there can be no doubt. It shows, too, that the religion of Christ as it is taught at Grace Church is no empty form but a living power which manifests itself in caring for the poor, the aged and the helpless. It is to such institutions that the Christian delights to point, when his religion is assailed, as proofs that the world is better even in a temporal sense for its exercise.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. de Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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GAMBLING IN BREADSTUFFS.

QUITE recently, the daily newspapers contained intelligence of another big attempt to gamble in breadstuffs—a pool or combine in flour. And this while nearly a quarter of the world is suffering from hunger and a shortage of crops. No legislative or Congressional enactment can stop this gambling. You might as well pass a law against high tides, or against the eruption of volcanoes. These great gamblers in all styles of business, who ever and anon throttle and throw the commerce of this country, cannot be stopped by human enactment. All that honest merchants can possibly do is, as far as possible, to keep out of their clutches. Do not go too near the cage of the tigers, if you do not want to be hauled in. They are merciless.

When a man gets so much business power that he can swallow a railroad or a harvest at one gulp, nothing on earth can stop him. God only can effectually say to such a man: "Thus far shalt thou go and no further." It is awful that such men can stand in the way of the divine bounty to this nation. God furnishes enough bread, but these monopolists pile it upon their own plates. We sometimes deplore the brevity of human life, but unless there were a limit put to the earthly existence of such over-reaching men, a considerable time before they became centenarians the world would be hopelessly ruined. It is said that chinch-bugs in some parts of the country have made wheat scarce. No; it is not the chinch-bugs of Iowa, but the big bugs of commercial life in Chicago and New York who make the scarcity. For wild speculation in the luxuries of this life we have not so much dislike, but for this corner in the absolute necessities of this nation I have an utter abhorrence, for it is a traffic in human nerves, and human blood, and human bones, and for its every success there is a ten-thousand-voiced groan of human agony. Under ordinary circumstances, the struggle for bread which the vast majority of the human race are all the time enduring is sufficiently severe, and these extra hindrances are not needed to make life hard enough.

What most impresses me as I walk the streets day by day is the anxiety on the faces of three out of four, and I rather think of nine out of ten; and it is the anxiety for a livelihood. We are sometimes told what the great battles of the world have been. Megiddo, and Chalons, and Yorktown, and Sedan, and Gettysburg, and Bunker Hill, are mentioned. No, no; the greatest battle is raging all the time, and raging all the world over, and it is the battle for bread. The business of all legislators, and all philanthropists, and all merchants, and all Christians, should be to alleviate that struggle, to help lift that burden, to relieve that awful grind. Woe to the man, Chicagoan, or New Yorker, or Brooklynite, who adds anything to the pressure of the already overtaxed and underfed men and women of our afflicted human race.

The present unusual demand of European nations upon us because of the shortage of foreign crops would now be multiplying our resources and pouring wealth into all branches of American business, but everything must pause, and all the world must wait until these grain-gamblers have picked clean the bones of other merchants whom they have entrapped. What wondrous patience the Lord has with this nation! Although he knows how badly we use his gifts, the harvests keep rolling in. Did we get our deserts, the time would soon come like that described by the prophet Joel: "That which the palmerworm hath left hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left hath the cankerworm eaten; and that which the cankerworm hath left hath the caterpillar eaten." Whatever your worldly successes, do not lose your interest in the greatest secular question that this world has before it, and that is the question of bread. What a grand thing it is to have enough to eat, and to have that sufficiency year after year, and through all our lives! What an awful thing to be hungry, and that hunger, as in Russia, with hundreds of thousands, accompanying every step from cradle to grave! They are born hungry and they die hungry.

The food that multitudes are compelled to take, or take nothing at all, is depraved. With no surplus of wagons that allows them to purchase in the bulk, and therefore purchase cheap, they are compelled to pay high prices for adulterated food which poisons them and poisons their children. The poor man's coffee is made out of chiccory, and his sugar out of glass, and his tea out of hayseed, and his milk out of water, and his butter out of lard. Exhausted from lack of healthy food, he feels the need of stimulus, and goes in for some bracing drink; and often there, instead of getting honest fire, it is mixed up with copperas and logwood and strychnine, and cochineal and blue vitriol, and nux vomica, and deadly nightshade; and instead of the pure article of destruction, it is only adulterated damnation.

Churches of America, come down off of your stilts and look after the bodily wants, as well as the spiritual necessities of the human race. Bread for this life, as well as bread for the next life, is what is wanted. You cannot get men to take the Gospel on an empty stomach. The physical improvement of the race must go along with its spiritual elevation. In the time of the French Revolution a great procession of starving women marched to the Palace of Versailles, and to the hall where the National Assembly were discussing some technicalities, and while one of the members was making a fine point about nothing, one of the women cried out: "Stop that babble; that isn't the question; the question is bread!" We need to analyze this fear cry which has been going up for centuries. Do not confuse it with the anarchistic cry which demands bread while it refuses to earn it, even when wages are offered. If a well man have work offered him, and he refuses to do it, let him starve.

Gibbon, the historian, mentions it as one of the signs of the rapid decline of the Roman Empire that a vast population refused to do any kind of work, and for their advantage great public ovens were kept baking bread, and these lazy people would get tickets and come there for bread for themselves and their families. But do not mix this communistic demand with the pleadings of those who cannot get work which they would gladly do, or who have invalids to support and the expense is beyond their ability, or those whom trouble, and misfortune, and sickness, have flung. Draw a wide and positive line between the insolent demand of lazy desperadoes and the moan of God's poor. Just why I should feel so sympathetic with this subject of bread I cannot say, for I have always had enough to eat, though my parents had to work hard to get it, as the perspiration on their brow and their tired look often attested. They somehow always won food enough for their children. But there is nothing that so stirs my soul as to see a hungry man or a hungry woman, and I say a hundred times at my family table, "What a grand thing it is to have enough to eat!" May God balk the grain-gamblers! Some of them, I am told, are members of churches. Though they have their names on a hundred church records, and their pockets are full of apostolic creeds, they will go down out of millionairedom into pauperism, and they will hear a loud thunder-clap which will reverberate amid the mountains of doom, saying: "As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so riches got by fraud; a man shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end he shall be a fool."

OUTLAWRY AND DISTURBANCE.

RAIL-TRAIN robberies, gangs of masked desperadoes assailing quiet citizens, and burglaries. By quick trial and no waste of sentimentality such scoundrels ought to be convinced that this country is a poor place for that kind of business. That spirit of outlawry is increasingly rampant. It is the result of the anarchy that has been so much preached among the people of this country. It is the logical sequence of the theory that the holding of property is a crime. It would take this land and divide it up, or, rather, divide it down. The panther of outlawry having prowled across other lands, has set its paw on our soil, and it is only waiting for the time in which to spring upon its prey.

The worst of it is, that the political parties of the day are disposed to coquet with this influence. Juries are afraid to condemn, though the guilt be demonstrated, and judges are afraid to sentence. We want a new importation of backbone into the courts of Oyer and Terminer if we would not have Nihilism terrorize in America as it does in Russia, or Communism triumph here as again and again it does in France. Good laws must be executed. Crime must be alarmed. Ruffianism must go under.

But all the troubles on this side the sea are incidental and insignificant as compared with the perpetual disturbances among some of our transatlantic neighbors. When a police force as large as a standing army is required to keep order, some radical change is needed. There are questions too high for human statesmanship, and then God steps in. For sixty years this nation tried to get rid of slavery, and Missouri Compromise and Fugitive Slave Law and Congressional discussion and President's message only seemed to make matters worse, and all human statesmanship on the subject of human bondage was a dead failure. Then God took the matter in hand, and let loose a revolution which broke all the fetters, and afterward put North and South into what I believe will be an everlasting peace. For ages the Irish controversy has raged, and that controversy is no nearer solution than it was one hundred years ago.

After all the world shall be persuaded of human impotency on this subject, there will be a divine interposition that will astound the nations. In some way that I cannot prophesy, God will settle it so that it will stay settled.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

A SECOND PENTECOST.

(Continued from last week.)

I FOUND upon inquiry that to Mr. Goodsense had been given the work of getting out the plans for the Tabernacle and selecting a site for it. Mr. Great-faith was to find helpers of right kind and begin the house to house work immediately and Mr. Great-work was to raise the necessary money to pay all bills. His first visit was to his own house where he turned the parchments till he found where it was written, "The silver is mine and the gold is mine saith the Lord of hosts." (Haggai 2: 8.) Then he talked with God who gave him assurance that what he asked would be granted. (Psa. 37: 5.) Now I saw after this that he sat down for meditation. After a long while Mr. Great-faith called for a few minutes, they held a whispered conversation and he left, whereupon Mr. Great-work asked me if I cared to go farther with him, as he was about to solicit money. I assured him, if pleasing, I would be his companion. In our walk we had a most pleasant and profitable conversation on the relations which he and Great-faith sustained to each other. I was somewhat startled when he told me that if either died the other could not live. (James 11: 20.) He told me who Great-faith's ancestors were, and pointed with pride to the first one by that name. (Luke 7: 9.) He modestly referred to those of his own household who had lived long before, but of one he spoke more than all the rest, a man of Tarsus. Now by this time we had reached the house of Mr. Great-desire who received us kindly. His years were nearly spent. He greeted Great-work as an old friend and asked what he was doing.

Great-work—"Winning men from sin to Jesus."

Great-desire—Yes, I know you have ever been at that, but the results have not been what I wish they were. You have had too much machinery, too much of your time has been given to the erection of costly churches and running the same. I myself have given largely to these, having a great desire to see men reached and saved, but I hear these with the other institutions made necessary by them have not yielded the fruit they should. The great bulk of humanity live in common houses, and what church is there in our land to-day that actually reaches the outlying masses. I tell you, Great-work, you must go to them. Oh, how I should like to see a mighty harvest for my Master before I depart to be with him.

Great-work—That is what brings me here to-day.

Great-desire—Have you new plans? if so, tell me about them, but they must be practical.

Great-work—Yes they are new, and practical too. At this he unfolded to him the whole scheme of reaching the common people, and their hopes of having a second day of Pentecost. I saw the face of Mr. Great-desire light up with holy joy as the divine plan was unfolded. For the Spirit by whose wisdom the plans were first made, was present to assist in their fulfilment.

Great-work—Now, sir, we want you to furnish the means whereby we may go ahead.

I saw Great-work's face flush as he thus asked one man for the entire amount. It seemed to me he rested upon that promise, "Ask and ye shall receive that your joy may be full." (John 16: 24.) He had no reason to fear, for he was on the King's business.

Mr. Great-desire waited long before he gave his answer, careful inquiry revealed the fact that the amount needed would not be so great after all. At last he told Great-work to go ahead and send all the bills to him, they would be paid.

Upon this Great-work spoke with overflowing heart: "Sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvelous thing, his right hand and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory." (Ps. 98: 1.) As we left the house I heard him repeat as to himself, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." (Ps. 110: 3.)

It was soon noised about the city that great things were about to happen; people were asking "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength?" and to the questions Great-desire and his co-worker would ever answer, "He that speaks in righteousness mighty to save." (Isa. 58: 1.)

The Bible and the Newspaper

A SULTAN'S TROUBLE.

CROWNS are proverbially uneasy head-coverings, and the fact is at the present time fully realized by Sidi Muley Hassan, Sultan of Morocco, whose portrait appears on this page. He is the ruler of a land which, for various reasons, is coveted by many potentates, any one of whom could easily take possession of it by force of arms, if the rival aspirants did not interfere. The Sultan is protected by the mutual jealousy of his enemies, but if they come to an agreement to dismember his kingdom and parcel it out among themselves he will be in evil case. Besides these outside foes, he has to contend with an internal rebellion which threatens to overturn his throne, and which, as he has good reason to suspect, was instigated and encouraged by his foreign enemies. Morocco is strategically valuable because it has a cape immediately opposite Gibraltar. If England acquired the African side of the strait she would hold the keys of the Mediterranean, and no ship could pass in or out without her permission. If, on the other hand, the Morocco cape fell into the hands of a rival power, the advantages England derives from the possession of Gibraltar would be largely neutralized. But that advantage is not the only valuable one Morocco presents to the covetous eyes of Europe. Her soil is immensely rich in the precious and the useful metals which the Moors do not know how to extract. It is also extraordinarily fertile though the system of tillage is of the most primitive order. The Moor is not hindered only by the his laziness and ignorance from developing the resources of his country. he is embarrassed by absurd and antiquated restrictions which the government has imposed on commerce with other nations. The export of wheat is altogether forbidden, though Morocco could easily produce twice the quantity needed by her own people. Cattle and horses can be legally exported only from Tangier, and then only by a special permit from the Sultan; and there are many other ridiculous restrictions. Recently, England sent a special commission to the Sultan to negotiate a commercial treaty under which all nations were to benefit equally and to have full liberty to trade with Morocco. In her mission, England had the support of Germany, Austria, Italy and Spain. The negotiations proceeded satisfactorily, and the treaty was drawn up. The Sultan, however, postponed signing it, and the British commissioner learned that he was being urged by France and Russia to refuse his signature altogether. The jealousy of England and Germany which characterizes France, and manifests itself on all occasions, was very active at the Moorish court, and was evidently the cause of the Sultan's vacillation. Disgusted by repeated postponements, the British minister finally quitted the capital. The Sultan sent a messenger after him with a treaty duly signed; but the commissioner, on examining it, found that it was not the treaty he had negotiated, but one that was practically useless. The Sultan's messenger was authorized to offer the commissioner a bribe of $150,000 to sign it. The commissioner regarded this as an insult and indignantly refused to sign. He continued his journey, but was repeatedly insulted. This treatment, however, the Sultan was too prudent to endorse, and apology and reparation were promptly made. The rupture, however, is for the present complete, and it seems probable that France will obtain the advantages she has prevented her rivals from securing. Meanwhile the Sultan is defeated in his attempts to suppress the rebellion of his own subjects. The prevailing disorder and anarchy may be made the excuse for a foreign occupation of the disturbed districts, and if foreign soldiers once get a footing in Morocco, the Sultan will find it difficult to get rid of them. It may be that the cupidity of the nations is permitted of God in order that the cruelty and injustice and tyranny under which the Moors groan, and which have made the name of Morocco a by-word throughout the world, may give place to a just and enlightened government under which Christianity may be freely preached to the people. God governs the world now as he did in past times and over-rules the designs of nations and rulers to accomplish his purposes in the benefit of peoples. "Howbeit they mean not so, neither doth their heart think so; but it is in their heart to destroy and cut off nations." (Isa. 10: 5-7.)

Dervishes in New York.

TWENTY-THREE strange men who have come to New York from Southern Egypt performed their peculiar religious ceremonies in Madison Square Garden on August 5th. They began by marking off a semi-circle twenty feet wide on the floor. This was washed scrupulously clean and was then surrounded with sheepskins. Then their leader, a sheik wearing the green turban, the emblem of his rank, and a long drab-robe entered the semi-circle, leaving his red shoes behind him and solemnly blessed every foot of the space. He was followed by the other dervishes—some wearing yellow turbans, others red and others white, indicating their rank. After salaaming to the sheik, one of the men commenced a mournful, monotonous chant while the others swayed their bodies violently and groaned. The chanting and the swaying were kept up until, at a word of blessing from the sheik they suddenly ceased. The sheik rose from his haunches and walked to and fro in the semi-circle, muttering prayers. Then there was music and at its conclusion the sheik took up a coarse bag and drew out a live snake. After placing it around his neck for a few moments he took it off and while one of the dervishes held it, cut off its head. The dervish bit a piece off the writhing body of the snake and swallowed it. The music was resumed and the men shrieked and howled in frenzy as one after another bit and swallowed pieces of the snake, snarling over them like savage dogs. Then some of the men called whirlers, threw off the long gowns like the sheik's which they had been wearing, and stood up, wearing long skirts and hats like inverted flower pots. With extended arms and closed eyes they whirled around, while the other dervishes played weird unearthly music. The whirling was continued for twenty minutes when it was stopped at a word from the sheik and the men stood like statues on the edge of the sheepskins while he offered a silent prayer, which closed the ceremony. This scene was witnessed on a Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, and the dervishes evidently regarded it as a religious service. The fact of their thinking that such practices are pleasing to God implies that they have a very strange conception of what God is. But even people who have the light of the Bible do not always try to understand his character. If they did, we should hear less than we do about the details of rituals and forms of ceremonies, and we should see more people regarding the words of the prophet, who said: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah 6: 8.)

WHIRLING DERVISHES FROM LOWER EGYPT NOW IN NEW YORK.

A Slave's Appeal.

AN urgent appeal was received in New York, last week. It came from Santiago de Cuba, where a young man was stranded with several companions in danger of starvation. He had been unable to obtain employment in New York, and hearing that work was to be had in Cuba he had signed a contract with the American agents of a Cuban firm for a year. The firm was to pay his expenses to Cuba, to give him a good salary, and board and lodge him while he worked for them. His letter states that on his arrival he found himself a slave. He was sent to work on a plantation with about fifty other white men who had been similarly duped. They were treated with shocking barbarity, and the food supplied to them was unfit for human beings. Their sufferings on the plantation were so severe that two men died under them. The writer of the letter made his escape at the risk of his life, and after narrow chances of recapture, succeeded in reaching the sea. But he had no money to pay his passage back to the United States, and there was besides great danger from

SIDI MULEY HASSAN, SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

the Cuban authorities to any Captain receiving on his ship a laborer who had violated his contract. He was unable to obtain transportation and was eventually discovered and taken back to the plantation, only to be treated worse than before. He begs his friends to interpose in his behalf and to make the facts public so that other young men may be saved from being similarly entrapped. It may be hoped that at any rate the publication of his story will have the latter effect, though it is not always that such warnings are heeded. In spiritual matters we are assured that some would not be warned "though one rose from the dead." (Luke 16 : 31.)

BRIEF NOTES.

A Convention on Salvation, Holiness and Healing will be held in Wesley Park, Niagara Falls, on August 22d to continue till September 5th. It will be under the charge of Rev. John Alexander Dowie, and Bishop J. N. Fitzgerald, Rev. Lyman Palmer and other clergymen have promised to assist. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing Rev. J. E. Irvine, Niagara Falls, Ont.

The Rev. Daniel Wilshere's many friends in this and other States will be pleased to learn that he is now on a visit to this country. Mr. Wilshere is now Superintendent of the Baptist Union of the Bahamas and is looking forward to a period of great usefulness. Churches desiring to avail themselves of his presence here to listen to his eloquent Gospel preaching may address him at Greenville, Jersey City, N. J.

The following additional contributions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Russian Relief Fund have been received: Thos. Dorman, $2, F. C. Yeomans, $1, H. McMasters, $1, Wm. Laughlin, La Camas, Wash., $1; A. D. Patterson, $1, Other Friends, South Albany, Vt., $7.75; Geo. A. Curtice, $3, Mrs. Curtice, $1, Mrs. O. Squires, $1, Anna Rouke, Philipsburg, Mont., 25cts.; G. W. Campbell, Pittsburg, Pa., $1.50.

Great preparations are being made for the camp meeting which will be opened at Round Lake on August 27th and continue ten days. Bishop J. P. Newman and the Presiding Elders of the district will be present and participate in the exercises. The evangelistic services will be conducted by Rev. Thomas Harrison. One day is to be given up entirely to Young People's Societies as a Young People's Jubilee Day. Special arrangements have been made with hotel keepers to accommodate the large number of visitors expected. Rooms may be had at $5 a week and upward.

Contributions to the fund for the support of Rev. George W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the American Sunday School Union have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $65.50. They were from: Anna Steacy, $10; Geo. A. Chatterton, $5; Wm. S. Magee, $5; E. T., Chicago, Ill., $5; Geo. G. West, $5; Paul Winter, $5; Subscriber, Hamilton, Ont., $5; J. H. Kennedy, $5; J. F. Williams, $4; B. F. S., East Shelburne, Mass., $3; M. L. Farley, $2; A. S. G., Wellsburg, W. Va., $2; R. M. Moore, $2; J. A. P., Haydenville, Mass., $1; M. R. Catlin, $1; L. J. Hill, $1; B. W. C., Holdrege, Neb., $1; G. W. B., Greenpoint, N. Y., $1; Maggie Smiley, $1; Subscriber, Hughsonville, N. Y., $1; S. A. Ruddock, 50 cents. These sums with those previously acknowledged bring the total to $388.17 toward the $700 needed for Mr. Sharp's support for the year.

THE ANSWER BY FIRE.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, by Rev. R. S. McArthur, D.D., from 1. Kings · · 24: "*The God that answereth by fire let him be God.*"

THE topic which comes before us for our consideration this morning is God's answer by fire on Mount Carmel. The portion of Scripture which contains the history, I have already read to you, as found in the first Book of Kings, the eighteenth chapter, beginning with the twenty-second verse and going to the end of the fortieth. This part of Elijah's history is in perfect harmony with the entire purpose of his earthly mission. He came to restore God's broken covenant, and to lead God's Israel back again to God's worship. Just at this point in the history, some great and decisive act was necessary in order strikingly to arrest the attention of the nation, and in order most sublimely and divinely to give God an opportunity to declare his presence and his power. This was, then, the appropriate time for this great display of power on the part of God. Ahab and the court, on the one hand, and Israel as a whole on the other, had been bowed down because of the long and terrible famine; they are now more ready to listen to God's voice and to understand the manifestations of his will. The great and memorable scene on Carmel, therefore, comes before you for your consideration now.

Time of Judgment.

It was a time of judgment for all classes; it was a time of terrible defeat for the foes of God; it was a time of glorious victory for the friends of God. The question is now to be decided once for all, whether Jehovah is God, or whether Baal is God. The day, therefore, marks an epoch in the history of Elijah, in the history of Israel, and in the history of God's redemptive plan. This day marks the climax of Elijah's life; it is the very acme of his earthly career and divine mission. His personality always shines out with great grandeur, but never was it so grand as on this occasion. His heroism was always lofty; but to-day we shall see him sublimely heroic as he stands for truth and for God, alone among the hundreds of Baal's worshippers. I make bold to say, that there is no picture in all secular history, and that there are few pictures in sacred story, that can in grandeur and sublimity be compared with this picture. Here as nowhere else in the Bible, do we see the greatness and glory of a man who stands for God in the presence of God's bitter foes. No wonder that painting with the brush of inspiration, no wonder that music with consecrated art, should find in this grand theme the occasion for noble achievements. The great German composer has poured his soul into his immortal oratorio, and nowhere is it grander than when he represents the wild cries of the priests of Baal, and nowhere sweeter than when he vocalizes the humble, trustful supplication of the prophet of God. I am glad that we may sit for a time in God's house and have this sublime picture on Mount Carmel pass in panoramic view before us.

No doubt Ahab and the people of Israel expected that now the heavens would be opened and the earth be refreshed with rain, but Elijah's God knows that

A Work of Preparation

is necessary before he can unlock the windows of heaven. There must be evidence of genuine repentance and sincere reformation. To grant the blessing of rain before the people had given evidence that they had turned from idolatry to the worship of the true God, would be no kindness. Elijah, therefore, proposes to put the whole question now to a decisive test, whether Jehovah is God, or whether Baal is God. Doubtless, all through this transaction, he acted under divine instruction, otherwise his conduct would not be justifiable. He would have been guilty of presumption had not God led him; but God had doubtless so communicated his will that this test should be made, and that this result should be secured. It was great condescension on the part of God that he should go into competition with Baal, into competition with an idol which, as Paul tells us, "is nothing in the world." But God knows that his claims are incontestably right, and he is not afraid to submit them to the severest test on the part of man. We know that God's truth to-day will stand the fire heated "one seven times more than it was wont to be heated," and it shall come out without the smell of fire upon one of its pages. I am willing to submit Christianity to all forms of honest criticism, for I know that its pure gold will shine in its heavenly glory and matchless splendor all the brighter, because of the test to which it has been thus subjected.

Elijah stands before us very conspicuously as the leading actor in this strange drama. We gaze at him for a moment as he stands there alone; and his solitary condition would excite our sympathy, did we not know that he is not alone, for he who is "mightier than the mightiest" is by his side. He is like a sheep in the midst of wolves; he is like a lily in the midst of briars; he is like a solitary oak on the mountain top, while God's thunders roll, God's lightnings flash, and God's temptests sweep the mountain's brow. But, as the oak is only the more firmly rooted when so exposed, so Elijah's faith grasped the eternal God; and there he stood. We glance at him a moment with his sheep-skin cape, with his long, flowing, shaggy locks, with his humble but dignified mien, as he walks out in the path which God has thus appointed for him; and we listen to his proposal. I need not stop to read it to you; you are familiar with it. You may ask why he did not propose that God's answer should come by water and not by fire? There were special reasons why it should be by fire on this occasion. Fire, in connection with sacrifice, is the symbol of atonement; and the truth taught by an atoning sacrifice must be emphasized before the sin of the people could be taken away. Should God send the fire, this would show that the sacrifice was well-pleasing. God was accustomed to answer by fire. This was, therefore, a conspicuously just proposal on the part of Elijah, for fire was Baal's own element. If the test had been by water, it might have seemed that Elijah was taking an unjust advantage. But Baal was the god of fire, and if he cannot succeed when he is operating in his own realm, then he is worthless indeed. We see Elijah's justness, and at the same time, his skilfulness, in making this form of test; It shall be a trial by fire. "And all the people answered and said, It is well spoken."

The Prophets of Baal.

You discover, further, that Elijah gives the prophets of Baal the precedency. They are many. I imagine that at this point the priests of Baal would gladly have evaded the test; but it was not possible for them so to do. They rely, perhaps, on the doubt as to whether Elijah can accomplish his purpose. They rely, also, on the hope that by some deceitful movement, some sleight-of-hand practice, they can conceal fire amongst the wood. We know that it was not considered beneath the dignity of these idolatrous priests, by subterranean channels and various other forms of deceptions, to inject fire into the wood, and thus lead the worshippers to suppose that fire had come from their deity. This Elijah seems to have anticipated, so he take pains to insist that they "shall put no fire under," and carefully to guard the whole proceeding. They took the bullock, dressed it, and began to call on Baal. It is morning. I suppose that many of them spent the previous night on the mountain. Look, the sun is rising. Baal is the god of the sun. They wait until they see his first rays, before they begin their petition; and as they see the eastern sky, beautiful with the crimson and gold of approaching day, they begin their prayer. They cry out, "*Ha Baal anænn!*" "*Ha Baal anænu!*" "O Baal, hear us!" "O Baal, hear us!" Mountain height echoes to mountain height with their wild cries. All through that forenoon they cry unto Baal. And now it is noon; Elijah has spent all these morning hours in perfect silence. The sun is now pouring down his scorching rays upon the mountain top. Surely at this hour, if ever, the fire shall come; but no, the heavens are silent, the altar is cold. Now Elijah speaks his cutting words, words of biting sarcasm, words of sharpest irony, words that must have lashed these priests into perfect fury. I do not know where in all literature you will find words of more biting sarcasm; and they nobly served their purpose. Elijah was princely. It is glorious to look at him, and comforting to hear him. Alone on the mountain top he walks among those excited priests like a king; he speaks as if he were master of the situation, as indeed he was. Some of his words contain a most suggestive euphemism, which reduces Baal to the lowest degree of contempt. Elijah was conscious of God's protection, else he would not have dared to utter words of such terrible severity. He throws such contempt on their miserable God that argument is unnecessary.

It is certain that they took Elijah at his word. They cried the more to the silent heavens; but the silence was not broken, the heavens heard not. The altar was cold; the fire fell not at that noonday hour. And now they begin, according to their custom, to cut themselves with knives and lancets until the blood gushed out and mingled with the sacrifice. The dervishes at the present day cry out in their wild worship, Allah! Allah! They whirl about with great speed; they leap and dance to the sound of cymbals and drums; they even cut themselves with knives and swords until they faint from pain and loss of blood. Baal's priests were driven to like frenzy; in their fury they leaped upon the altar, while their blood streamed over their torn vestments and lacerated bodies. But the heavens were mute; the altar was cold; no God, no man, regarded their cry; "there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded."

A Solemn Moment.

And now it is afternoon, about three o'clock. It is about the very time when, years after the great sacrifice was offered, not on Mount Carmel but on Mount Calvary. Elijah comes forward. He is calm and majestic; there is authority in his words; there is dignity in his acts, "Come near to me." "And all the people came near unto him." The ruined altar with his own hands he rebuilds with twelve stones. He comes not to introduce a new religion, but to re-establish the old. The twelve stones preach a sermon regarding God's covenant and the twelve tribes of undivided Israel; the separation of the ten was not recognized by God. Round the altar a trench is dug; the wood is put in order; the bullock is cut in pieces and laid on the wood. From the neighboring well, as there is reason to believe, four barrels of water are taken and poured upon the burned sacrifice and the wood, that there might be no possibility of imposture. Three times over this is done, until the water ran round about the altar, and also filled the trench. All is now in readiness. Elijah is preparing to plead with God. Gaze on the picture; see him as he retires a pace or two. Follow him for a little as he makes his preparations. All now is ready. This is a sublime sight. Every eye is upon him. Brave man! God help him! for if he fails, his own body, before the sun shall set, will be cut into pieces, and will be lying beside the body of the bullock on the altar. If he fails, God is dishonored and Baal is triumphant. He is calm and dignified; his trust is in the Lord his God. He offers his prayer. It is simple and sublime. Look at it. You discover as you examine it that it is very short; there are no vain repetitions. He is trustful as he lifts his heart toward God. "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again."

He has ceased speaking. An unearthly stillness is over the mountain. The priests are breathless. The assembled hosts watch and wait with wildly throbbing hearts. Shall God hear? O God, hear Elijah's prayer! Hush! Look! The fire is coming; it falls; it strikes the alter! In a moment more the sacrifice is consumed, the wood is burned, the stones are consumed, and the dust, and the fiery tongues lick up the water that was in the trench! God has answered by fire! Elijah is victorious; Baal is overthrown. Glory be to God for His wondrous mercy to Elijah His servant!

The People Greatly Moved.

The effect upon the people is marvelous. They fall upon their faces for a little, and then they wake the echoes amid the mountain peaks with the war-cry; "Eli-jah-hu, Eli-jah-hu!" "Jehovah, He is the God; Jehovah, He is the God!" In a moment more the priests of Baal are seized, as guilty offenders against God's law, according as it is recorded in Deuteronomy 13:5-11. At the command of Elijah, Ahab not opposing, they are dragged down the mountain-side. The people are aroused; Elijah's word is law; the old zeal for God is re-kindled; the people recognize that these priests have been deceivers, that they have opposed God and the highest interests of the whole kingdom. They are accordingly brought down to the banks of the Kishon; executioners are numerous; the priests are slain, and are thrown into the dry bed of the Kishon. When the storm comes, as it will in a little time, the Kishon shall be filled with a rushing torrent, and these crimsoned waters shall bear these dishonored bodies into the depths of the blue Mediterranean.

I cannot stop to speak at length on the charge of cruelty which has been made against Elijah. We are to remember that we are in the Old Testament, not in the New. Bear in mind, also, that these men forfeited their lives because they violated the law. They were guilty not only of sin against God, but of crime against the nation. God was the head of the State and the Church. Elijah was his vicegerent. Not as a barbarous conqueror, but as the appointed executioner, did he inflict deserved punishment on these great sinners. When God accomplishes great national reforms, he often sacrifices many lives. When God delivered England from some of her fiercest foes, He made Cromwell his Elijah. When God destroyed slavery in America, He sacrificed a million of Americans. And men said, That was God's providence. This is God's providence.

And now, follow me in a few lessons.

Practical Lessons.

The first one is this: Men and women you must decide who shall be your God. You must decide; I tell you that you are on trial to-day. Who is your God? Is it gold or worldly ambition; is it self or Christ? Who Is your God? You are on trial to-day. As God's messenger I urge you to decide this question. "If the Lord be God, follow Him; if Baal, follow him." Yes, follow him if he is God. Who is your God to-day man, woman? Have you recognized God to-day, have words of prayer been spoken by your lips? Have your knees bowed at any altar? I give these priests credit for their earnestness. See how they cry, from sunrise till noon; see how their blood is mingled with their sacrifice. They rebuke us. Ah, will you give the answer to me to-day, "Jehovah is my God? Jesus Christ is my God; I have enthroned Him in my heart." Can you say it?

The second lesson is this: The time is coming when the men who worship the world, and self and sin, shall cry and there shall be no answer, no one to regard their prayer. In the book of Revelation we have a wonderful description of a prayer-meeting, a great, a solemn prayer-meeting. "The great men, the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondsman, and every freeman" made up this great meeting. They hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains, and they said to the mountains and rocks, "fall on us and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb." But the rocks do not fall; the mountains still stand; the prayer is unanswered. Oh! if you worship any god other than God, you shall cry in vain. To go out into blackness and darkness alone, no friendly eye to see your steps, and no loving ear to hear your cry—

That is Terrible.

You will notice, third, that God has done more to convince us than he did to convince Israel on Mount Carmel. There has been a greater fire kindled than that on Mount Carmel. That was great; it was indeed, supernatural; it burned up the pieces of the bullock first, then the wood and stones, and the dust. The usual course which fire takes was reversed. That was a wonderful occasion. But a more wonderful thing has occurred. The Son of God has come. The Word was made flesh. He has sanctified the cradle, for He was a babe: He has sanctified motherhood, for he was born of a woman. He has blessed childhood, for he was a child. God came from heaven in the person of his Son, and tabernacled in human flesh. The cradle is more wonderful than Elijah's altar; the carpenter shop in Nazareth than Elijah's altar; Blessed be God, Mount Calvary is to Mount Carmel as substance is to shadow! And yet you are unmoved; you have not cried unto Jesus, as your Prophet, Priest, and King. I tell you in sober truth, it will be worse for you in the day of judgment than for the priests of Baal, if you refuse Christ as your Saviour.

And, lastly, God still answers by fire, the fire of his Holy Spirit is his witness. He answered by fire on the day of Pentecost; He still answers by fire—the fire of love, the fire of Christian devotion in the hearts of his saints. And he will answer scorners by fire. The Bible speaks of those who are "reserved unto fire," Christ is yet to come in "flaming fire" taking vengeance on them who know not God. The Apostle tells us "our God is a consuming fire." Oh may God answer to-day by the fire of his Holy Spirit in the hearts of us all, for his Name's sake!

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

San Andres' Gift to Russia.

The Little West Indian Island sends its Tribute of Sympathy to the Suffering Peasants.

FROM the island of San Andres in the Carribean Sea, about 100 miles from the Mosquito Coast, Nicaragua, Central America, comes a note of pity for the poor peasantry of Russia, stricken by famine and its aftermath of fever and cholera. San Andres has a population of about 2000—mostly Indians. That there are many good Christians there is proved by the following letter from Rev. Brockholst Livingston which we feel sure will be read with interest as showing how widely-extended is the Christian sympathy that has been awakened by the publication in these columns of the actual facts concerning Russia's condition:

SAN ANDRES, June 30, 1892.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE,

DEAR BROTHER:—Having read in the columns of our favorite paper, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of "Russia's Cry for Bread," I took upon myself the work of advocating her cause in the midst of my little flock, and also the entire population of the island. I have collected ($540,00) five hundred and forty dollars,* and beg herewith to forward that amount to you in care of Captain Joseph G. Smith, schooner *Crosby*, of New York. Inclosed please find a list of the names of subscribers and the amount subscribed by each one. Allow me to acknowledge that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been to my dear old father a source of great comfort for many years and is the same to me now that he has left me. I sincerely pray that the blessing of our heavenly Father may rest upon you and all the others whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; and also that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners, and the quickening of God's people.

I am, Reverend Sir, Yours fraternally,
BROCKHOLST LIVINGSTON.

SAN ANDRES, July 1, 1892.

Considering that a draft will be more satisfactory to you than the sols, I have bought one of ($410.85) four hundred and ten dollars and eighty-five cents, since I wrote yesterday, from Captain Joseph G. Smith, of schooner *A.B. Crosby*, and inclose same herewith.

Yours fraternally,
BROCKHOLST LIVINGSTON.

The names accompanying Rev. Mr. Livingston's letter are as follows:

Rev. Brockholst Livingston 50.00, Mrs. Ethel E. Livingston 20.00, Mrs. Josephine Livingston 4.00, Mrs. Mary Faiqure 25c., Henry Smith 1.00, Thos. Struckman 1.20, Mrs. Amy Francis 1.00, Mrs. Clamencia Bent 1.00, Charles Pinis 50c., Miss Dorcas Grey 1.00, Swan Frederick 1.00, Mrs. Louisa Forbes 1.00, Mrs. Makiler Bent 1.00, Mrs. Priscilla Bent 90c., Mrs. Esther Taylor 1.00, Mrs. Julia May 3.00, Samuel C. May 2.50, Jno. H. Lee 15c., Mrs. Levinia Steel 20c., Joshua Pomare 2.00, John Pomare 1.00. Mrs. Bowden 1.00. Wm. W. Pomare 1.00, Robert Pomare 1.00, Thomas A. Watson 3.00, Emanuel Baldinado 1.25, Henrequis Pomare 1.00, Simon B. Howard 2.00, Mrs. Aramintha Bowie 2.00, Mrs. Rosina Bowie 5.00, Melville Mitchell 1.00, Mrs. Burnetta Pomare 1.30, Benjamin Martienez 1.00, Adrian Taylor 60c., Cephas Biscaino 30c., Mrs. Statira Pomare 1.00, Mrs. Mariam Biscaino 1.00, Carmelita Powel 10c., Mrs. Sarah Christopher 1.00, Mrs. O. Thompson 50c., Mrs. A. Yates 1.00, Thos. Yates 1.00, W. J. 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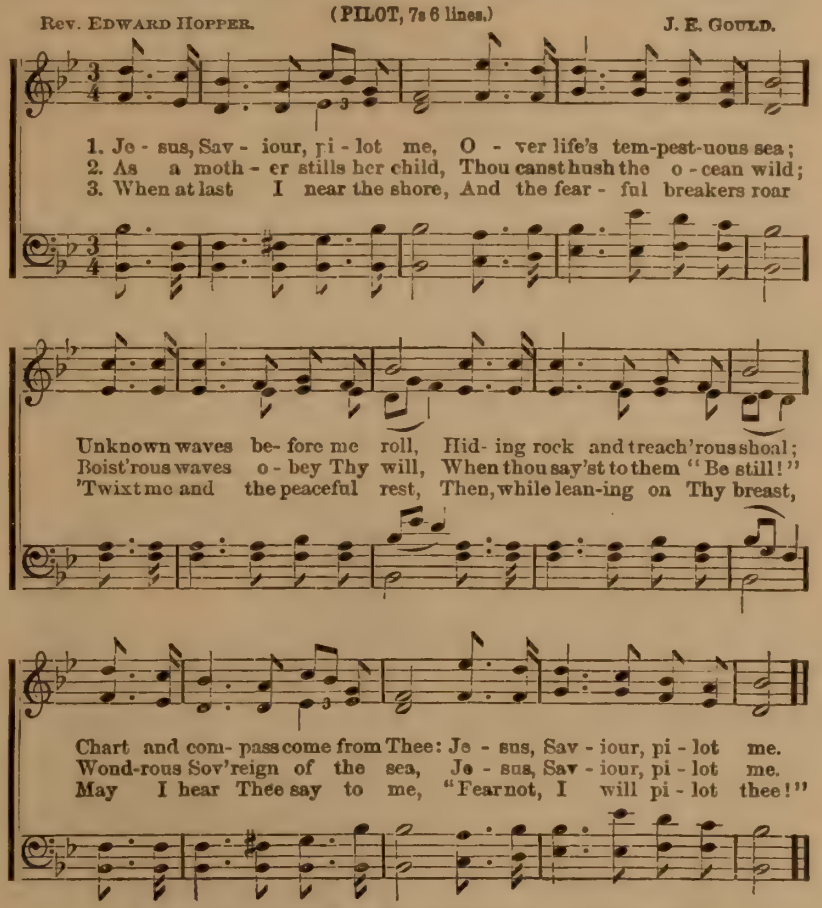
Sabbath School 9.00.

* Equal in U. S. money to $410, a sol or Central American dollar being worth 75 cents.

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER. (PILOT, 7s 6 lines.) J. E. GOULD.


1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar
Unknown waves be- fore me roll, Hid- ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com- pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wond-rous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

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HOOK-SWINGING IN INDIA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *South Indian Post* published in Negapatam, South India, says: "At Trichinopoly, on May 30, four men were swung on hooks in the public square. The ground was kept by the superintendent of the police and his men. A man of science was present to question the victims. A crowd of 20,000 people gathered to see the disgusting spectacle. In the centre of the square stands a granite pillar often used in former times for hook-swinging ceremony. From the temple of the goddess Mariamman came a procession of drunken, unclothed wretches, soldiers of the goddess, armed with long bamboos or swords. In the front rank of this mad rabble was the great Pujari, master of the ceremonies, who drinks the blood of goats at the festival of the Kulumei.

To an accompaniment of tom-toms and horns they ran around the open space, carrying their hero, and dragging men crowned with tinsel and flowers, who were said to be possessed by the god. After yelling and dancing themselves into a frenzy, the soldiers of the goddess brought their victims to the granite pillar, on which was poised a palmyra tree, with hooks at one end and ropes at the other. One of the victims, a young man, had been swung in another village three years before. Another, an old man, bore on his back the marks of a hook-swinging which he had endured twenty-eight years ago at the last ceremony in Trichinopoly." The writer of the story remained long enough to see the first act in the tragedy. He was then compelled to turn away from so horrible a scene.

THE TWO WITNESSES.

Consensus of Ancient Opinion that the Two Witnesses are to be Elijah and Enoch.

THAT Elijah and Enoch are to come as the two Witnesses or Prophets before the first Epiphany of the Lord, has been from the first ages the common tradition and expectation of both the Jewish and the Christian Church. I. The Jewish: The Book of Ecclesiasticus eulogises Elijah and says: "He is anointed by God's order to appear again in the world to rebuke evil, to declare the impending judgment, reconcile the children of Jacob, rescue many, and make the way for the great and terrible day then about to break" (48: 1-11.) Also that "Enoch is to come again, to turn the hearts of the disobedient, and give repentance to the generation then living" (44: 16.)

The old Jewish Litany of the Hosannah celebrates the anticipation of Elijah's coming, and Talkuth Chimoni thus speaks of it, "Elijah will come three days (three years?) before the Messiah."

So, in the Talmud, among many others, Rabbi Isaac: "It is well known in the nation of Israel that the Messiah will not be manifested till the prophet Elias has come, as we find from the passage in Malachi." Hence also in the days of Christ the Jews sent priests and Levites from Jerusalem to enquire of John, "Who art thou?" And when he confessed and denied not; but confessed, "I am not the Christ," they asked him, "What then? art thou Elijah?" (Johh 1: 20, 21) According to the Schulcam Arush, the Jews were in the habit of remembering Elias every Sabbath, and praying that he might at length come and commence their redemption, which they regard as the sole object of his coming.

II. The Christian, as to Elijah:

Justin Martyr says: "If the Scripture compels you to admit two advents, shall we not allow that the Word of God has proclaimed that Elijah shall be the precursor of the great and terrible day, that is, of the Second Advent? Accordingly, our Lord in his teachings proclaimed that this very thing should take place, saying that Elijah would also come."

Hippolytus: "As two Advents of our Lord are indicated in the Scriptures, so also two forerunners are indicated; the first was John, the son of Zacharias. He first tulfilled the course of forerunner. But since the Saviour is to be manifested again at the end of the world, it is matter of course that his forerunner must appear first, as he says by Malachi, "I will send you Elias the Tishbite before the day of the Lord, who shall come and proclaim the manifestation of Christ that is to be from heaven, and perform signs and wonders."

So too Origen: "The vision upon the mountain, in which Elijah was seen, did not appear to agree with what the Scribes had said; for it seemed Elias came not before Jesus but after him. They asked the question therefore, supposing the Scribes had misled them. But to this the Saviour answers, not contradicting the tradition about Elias, but declaring that there was another coming of Elias before Christ, which had been unknown to the Scribes."

Chrysostom says: "As John was the forerunner of the first coming, so will Elias be the the forerunner of the second coming."

Theophylact: "By saying that Elias cometh, he shows that he was yet to come. He will come as a forerunner of the Second Advent, and will restore to the faith of Christ all the Jews who are open to persuasion."

Jerome: "Elias himself, who will truly come in the body at the second coming of Christ, has now come in the spirit through the medium of John the Baptist."

So too Augustine: "It is a familiar theme in the conversation and heart of the faithful, that, in the last days before the judgment, the Jews shall believe in the true Christ by means of this great and admirable Prophet Elias, who shall expound the law to them. For not without reason do we hope that before the coming of our Judge and Saviour, Elias shall come."

And so current and accepted was the belief during the first fourteen or fifteen centuries, that De la Corda affirms that "all the ancient fathers have delivered it;" Huetius testifies, "it is the constant and most received opinion of the Church and all the fathers;" Maldonatus declares, "it was always the most constant opinion of Christians that Elias was to come before the Day of Judgment;" and Bellarmine, speaking as a Roman ecclesiastic gives it as his own decided judgment, that this belief has been so universally and from the first held that to reject it is either heresy or error next to heresy.

III. The Christian as to Enoch and Elijah:

The apocryphal writings and Gospel—competent witnesses as to the views current in the earliest ages—are distinct in respect to the expectation of Enoch as well as Elijah.

Thus in the history of Joseph the Carpenter: "Enoch and Elias must, towards the end of time, return into the world and die: that is in the day of commotion, terror, perplexity, and affliction; for Antichrist will slay them" (Chapter 21)

So in the Gospel of Nicodemus: of two ancient men living in their bodies in Paradise the one says: "I am Enoch who was translated higher by the Word of God, and this man who is with me is Elijah the Tishbite, who was translated in a chariot of fire. Here (in Paradise) have we hitherto been, and have not tasted death, but are now about to return at the coming of Antichrist, being armed with divine signs and miraculous powers to engage with him in battle, and to be slain by him in Jerusalem; and to be taken up alive again into the clouds after three days and a half."

Again, of the Fathers; Tertullian says; "Enoch was translated and so was Elijah: nor did they experience death; but it was only deferred. They are reserved for the suffering of death, that by their blood they may extinguish the Antichrist."

So Methodius of Patora: "And when the tribulation of those times is multiplied by the Son of Perdition the Lord will not endure to behold the perdition of the human race which he hath redeemed with his own blood, but will immediately send his most faithful and valued servants, Enoch and Elias, to convict him; and these, in the presence of all nations, will check his delusion and prove him to be a liar before all men."

So Ephraim Syrus, who was of the Eastern Church, speaking of the Antichrist and the Day of coming Judgment, says: "But before these things the merciful God will send Elijah the Tishbite, and with him Enoch, to teach religion to the human race; and they shall preach boldly to all men the knowledge of God, exhorting them not to believe the Tyrant through fear. They shall cry out and say, 'This is a deceiver, O! ye men, let none of you in any way believe him; for in a little while he will be utterly destroyed. Behold! the Lord, the holy one cometh from heaven."

So also Ambrose: "They, *i. e.*, Enoch and Elijah, must be sent as forerunners of Christ to prepare the people of God, and to fortify all the churches into resistance of Antichrist; and these men will both suffer persecution and be slain."

So too Eucherius of Lugdunium: "He (Antichrist) will also fight against the saints, because Enoch and Elias will then come; and because he will not be able to overcome them by argument, he will cause them to be put to death with the sword."

So too our own venerable Bede: "When the Antichrist cometh, Christ will come after him with a swift Advent, that he may slay him with the breath of his mouth. Enoch and Elias will then open to the Jews the grace of faith, and speedily as he believed, will receive death at the hands of Antichrist."

John of Damascus: Enoch, and Elijah the Tishbite, will then be sent, and will turn the hearts of the fathers to the children (that is will turn the Synagogue to the Lord Jesus Christ and the preaching of the Gospel), and they will be put to death by him (the son of perdition).

To the same effect Alcuin: "His (Antichrists's) persecution, as the Apocalypse informs us, will last three years and a half. But lest so severe and cruel a persecution should come unexpectedly and find all unprepared, the church believes that Elijah and Enoch, the great prophets, will come; by whose teaching the children of Israel will be converted to the faith. And these, after they have first preached three years and a half, will be crowned, together with the faithful, with a glorious martyrdom."

But the fact no doubt is that, when they speak of the last great Antichrist, and the two witnesses who withstand him to the death, Elijah and Enoch are the two names that we find in the teaching of the most eminent fathers, bishops, apologists, and martyrs, from the time of the Apostles down to the date of the Reformation. Martin Luther himself speaks in these words: "The old opinion that Elias and Enoch are to come again in the time of the Antichrist is derived from the the text where Christ says: 'Elias truly shall first come and restore all things.' It has found place in all the books, and has spread itself through the entire church."

An Illustrated Work on Prophecy.—Rev. M. Baxter's book on the unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, entitled, *Forty Coming Wonders*, containing a resume of the opinions of ancient and modern expositors of prophecy. 542 pages may be had from this office. Price, 75 cents.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing August 28. Acts 7: 54–60. I. Cor. 15: 55, 57.

It is a mistake to suppose that death furnishes a true criterion of a man's spiritual condition. In the full strength of life the inner life is affected by the state of physical health. Gloom and despondency, against which the Christian often struggles, have their origin in disordered physical functions. It may be that in the hour of dissolution that influence exerts itself irresistibly and the Christian whose eternal future is secure in God's hand, goes out of the world in darkness and depression. It would be rash to conclude that a man so dying had little faith. On the other hand there are men of naturally buoyant temperament, and men of strong physical courage, and men of blunt, callous perceptions who die without fear though they have no faith. They meet death as the inevitable and go to meet the future unconcerned about their fate. It is, therefore, unjust and misleading to base an estimate of a man's life on his behavior in the hour of his quitting it.

On the other hand, the triumphant spirit often manifested on the Christian's death-bed is a testimony of great value to the power of faith. If in the midst of physical pain, of undimmed intelligence, he goes forth unshaken, confident and without fear, we cannot but admire the strength which faith can give in such circumstances. His tranquillity is not mere apathy but a well grounded, intelligent perception of his standing before God. As the Apostle points out, "the sting of death is sin." It is that fact which makes death so awful to an intelligent man. He is conscious that he is going before a tribunal at which he must be judged for the deeds done in the body. The great service Christianity renders to him in that hour is to give him the assurance that through Christ's blood those sins are blotted out. The sting is taken out of the ordeal and he goes forth to meet God as a Father and not as a Judge. That which made death so awful is removed and he is no more troubled by the fear of the tribunal at which he is to appear. He has a sufficient answer to the indictment which could otherwise be brought against him. He has confidence in the strength of his plea and is assured in his soul that it will be accepted.

Nor is the support which Christianity gives the dying man negative only. He goes forth from life expecting newer and better life. He has been hampered and hindered and tempted by his body; he is expecting a spiritual existence where he will be unrestrained, where he will see God and live, where purer joys, nobler pleasures, supernal delights await him. Here his aspirations have been checked, his communion with God interrupted, his delight in him alloyed by the influence of uncongenial surroundings; he is going forth to the feast of the soul where his best desires will be fully satisfied. The promise of such a future fills his soul with joyous expectation and, like the great Apostle, he says, "It is far better."

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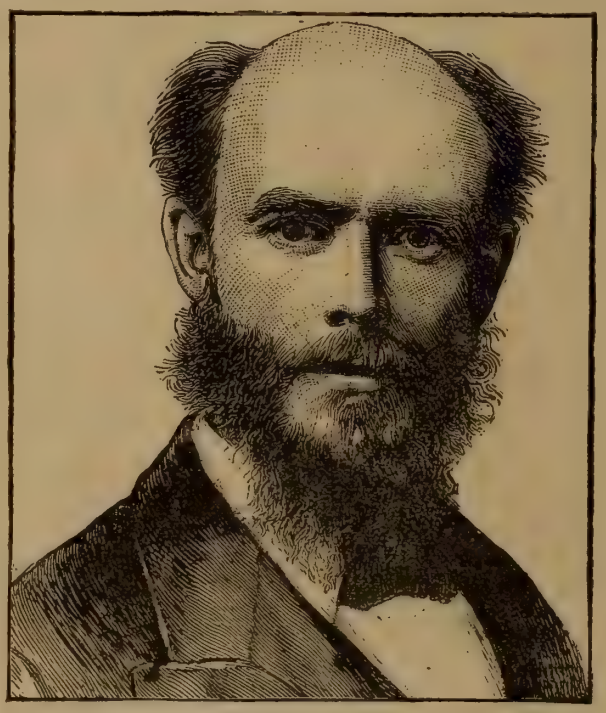
THE LATE REV. A. W. POTTS.

What work for Christ the Christian Endeavor movement is accomplishing in England is largely due, under God, to the efforts of the earnest minister whose portrait appears on this page. He has recently gone to his rest, but his name and work will never be forgotten either by his church or by other churches where through his means Christian Endeavor Societies have been planted. Mr. Potts was a native of Sunderland, and all through his life manifested the energy and activity which generally characterize the people of that section of Great Britain. He was converted in early life and united with a Congregational Church. He studied for the ministry at Spring Hill College, but just before his collegiate course terminated he accepted a call from a church at Crewe to become its pastor. The main support of the town of Crewe is the factories of the London and North Western Railroad, where the locomotives and cars are constructed and repaired. Some seven years ago these works were running at half time and many of the employees left the town to try their fortunes elsewhere. Among them was a young man who was a member of Mr. Potts' church. He came to America and connected himself with a Congregational Church which had a Christian Endeavor Society. The young man early perceived how valuable an aid to a church the Society must be, and



THE LATE REV. A. W. POTTS, PIONEER OF THE Y. P. S. C. E. IN ENGLAND.

wrote a description of its constitution and methods to his former pastor in England. Mr. Potts was impressed with the promise of usefulness it contained and opened a correspondence with Dr. F. E. Clark. Ultimately Dr. Clark was induced to visit England and presided at the organization in Mr. Potts' church of the first Christian Endeavor Society in England.

From that time on Mr. Potts became the pioneer of Christian Endeavor work in England. The labors of his own pastorate in the large manufacturing town were by no means small, but Mr. Potts found time to go from town to town explaining the principles of Christian Endeavor work and aiding in organizing new Societies. The movement spread so rapidly under his persistent efforts that in May 1891, there was a call for a national Convention, and it was held in Mr. Potts' church at Crewe. It was an inspiring gathering and Mr. Potts was full of joy and thankfulness. As the reports of the Convention were published there came to him numerous applications from the churches for visits to help in establishing new Societies. To these he responded gladly for a time, but the exertions overtasked his strength and before the end of the year he was prostrated. It was hoped he would recover after a few weeks' rest, but to the grief of all who knew him, his physicians announced that he was suffering from an incurable disease which must soon terminate his career. He was earnestly looking forward to the second National Convention which has just been held at Chester, and as the end of his useful life approached, it was his one desire to live long enough to hear of its success. His desire was granted, but before the sessions of the Convention had closed, he was called hence. The last time he ever used his pen was when he sent a message of congratulation and good wishes to the Convention. Soon after he had written it he was seen to be suffering acutely and his physician was summoned. "Is this the last call?" he asked. The doctor sadly replied in the affirmative. Mr. Potts was not distressed. "All is peace," he said, and soon afterward he quietly breathed his last.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

The first inter-Methodist Epworth Convention at Cleveland next year is already attracting much attention. The indications point to a large gathering. The convention is not in imitation of any other nor yet in a spirit of rivalry. The gathering will convene for mutual conference between the various divisions of the great Epworth army. This movement is growing to immense proportions, and its influence is spreading wonderfully. Its leaders should come together and plan and pray and seek the qualifications necessary to guide this providential organization. It will be nothing short of a great conference of young Methodists. Every part of the world will send delegates. The benedictions which such a meeting will confer are simply beyond calculation. No effort should be made to simply gather a crowd. Numbers do not count. Plans for enlargement and improvement should be eagerly considered. And above all, many hours should be spent in praise, prayer and consecration.

The Everett League of Central Church, Middleboro, Mass., was organized April 4 with thirty-two members, but has since raised the membership to forty-seven. Most of the work done yet has been in the department of Christian work, but the other departments are planning for greater activity during the coming months. A Junior League was organized a few weeks ago and will be heard from soon. The pastor, Rev. W. F. Davis, is working with all his might and the Lord aids his strength wonderfully. At Idaho Springs, Colorado, a strong Epworth League has been organized. The regular attendance is large. The members are loyal, earnest, devoted. They are true to Christ and the Church. They attend the regular services of the church as faithfully as they do the meeting of the League.

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THE ST. LOUIS W. C. A.

One of the most successful Women's Christian Associations in the country is that of St. Louis, Mo., which has been in operation for twenty-four years. The long experience of its managers has brought it to a degree of efficiency which is unsurpassed by its sister institutions. It has a Travellers Aid branch which looks after girls arriving at the Railroad Depots either to stay in the city or in passing through it to other places. A Christian Home is another feature. It boarded 512 inmates last year all being self-supporting young women. It has also a home for the aged in which one of the inmates has attained the age of 104 years. A Home for Blind girls and a Training School are two more of its manifold agencies of beneficence. During the twenty-four years of its work the Association has raised and devoted to benevolent purposes $440,000. This does not include the endowment funds secured, amounting to $74,000. Nor does the above estimate take into account the real estate and buildings owned by the Association, with the necessary equipments to run the different branches. These have been valued at $100,000. Aggregating moneys raised, endowment funds and property values, the Association has been the guardian of more than one-half million dollars.

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At a recent quarterly meeting of the Y. M. C. A. executive committee of Viriginia, these facts were reported: The list of associations is at present, local organization, thirty-six; college, eighteen; railroad, nine; army, one. Total sixty-four.

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California has thirty-one Young Men's Christian Associations with 3,000 members in all. Its ten buildings are valued at $475,000; libraries and furniture at $500,000. There are 1,200 visits to the rooms daily. Thirty-five men are employed by the Associations.

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The treasurer of the American Home Missionary Society of New York states that he has received $43,000 from the Christian Endeavor Societies during the past year.

EVENING.

THE long, long day has gone to rest
On rosy pillows in the West,
Where curtains of the rainbow's hue
Are drawn to hide it from our view;
And, darkly, night comes on again,
With all its silent, shadowy train.

The eve of life is drawing near,
The night of death will soon be here;
I fear not night, I fear not death,
I trust in what my Saviour saith;
He is my burning, shining light,
In him no darkness and no night!

My everlasting life is he,
My joy through all eternity.
He will for aye with me abide,
And closer draw at eventide.
And so I fear not night nor death,
But trust in what my Saviour saith.

THE TEMPLES OF INDIA.

Splendid Monuments of Heathenism and Idolatry—The Temples of Ongole, and the Wondrous Spread of the Gospel.

THERE is no more fascinating study than the architecture of the East. From time to time, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has published illustrations of some of the superb structures erected by the ancients, infidel as well as Christian, and the marvellous beauty of these buildings has seldom been equalled in modern times. Particularly do the great pagoda-temples of India and Burmah excite wonder and admiration, no less at their variety and beauty of design, than in the gigantic labor which it must have cost to rear them.

It is supposed that temple-building began in India about 250 years before the Christian era, when Buddhism became the State religion. The first structures were called *topes*, and are supposed to have been erected to commemorate some event in connection with a particular deity; but, later, these structures were made the shrines of various alleged relics, such as the tooth or collar-bone of some mythical heathen God. Many of these topes were built in the form of large towers, with flights of steps within, each successive flight terminating in a platform. Others were hemispherical, while still others were architecturally extended so as to form palaces, regal in dimensions and aspect. Among the most noted of the Indian temples are those found at Ellora, near Aurungabad, which are cut out of the solid rock, with great halls supported by massive pillars, richly carved with figures and friezes. At Sommauth there is a famous Buddhist temple of noble proportions, and at Tanjore is a pagoda-temple of fourteen stories, capped with a dome, which is by far the grandest temple in India being nearly two hundred feet high. At Benares and many other places in India there are famous pagoda-temples. The two temples shown in the illustration on this page are near the city of Ongole, in Madras, Southern India, a few miles north of Nellore. They are undoubtedly of the most ancient style of temple architecture, square in form, rising in successive turreted floors, supported by decorative pillars, until a square roof is reached. These pagodas form part of the great temple enclosure of Ongole, the outer walls of which are shown in the picture, and which is of the same character as the famous temple at Tiravalur, near Tanjore. The architecture is Tamul; indeed, the Tamuls were the greatest temple-builders in the world.

During its period of greatest magnificence, India regarded architecture so highly that no fewer than sixty-four famous treatises were written on the subject, and these still exist, being classed among the leading productions of Hindu literature. But with the conquest of India and the subjugation of its princes by England, came the decay of the native priesthood and their heathen temples. Many of the latter have gone to ruin. Where crowds assembled to celebrate heathen festivals with barbarous and cruel rites, Christian missions now stand. At Ongole, thirty years ago, a mission station was founded. In June 1867, the first Christian Church was organized by Baptist missionaries, with but eight members. During the first year, fifty converts were baptized by the mission, and in 1869, 628 publicly renounced heathenism and adopted Christianity. In 1870 two mission stations were established, 780 preachers ordained and a Theological Seminary built. In 1874, after six years of steady growth, the total Christian membership at Ongole was 2,761 souls.

This cheering recital of Christian progress in a section which was once a center of heathenism and the seat of a heathen priesthood, indicates the character of the work that has been done by our Christian missionaries elsewhere, in India, as well as in Assam and Burmah. Everywhere preaching the Saviour, their path has been marked by conversions, the founding of missions and churches, and the ingathering of souls. Troubles and trials are the lot of missionaries in the East, but these do not deter them from following out the work of the Master with diligence and unswerving fidelity. Persecution and plague have visited Ongole at different times. During a famine, about 400 native Christians in that section of India perished of hunger, and missionaries were the means of saving thousands of lives. On another occasion, in July 1878, there was a great revival in Ongole and in that month 8691 souls were baptized. That same month 1,000 persons, who had formerly been worshippers of the native gods, came into the mission and giving up their idols, asked to be baptized.

To-day, Ongole is a centre of religious activity. In that district there are 100,000 native professed Christians; there are about fifteen mission stations, over two hundred out-stations, forty missionaries, one hundred and fifty-four native preachers, thirty-eight Bible-women and forty-two churches. Christianity has there broken down the lines of caste probably more than in any other part of India. Ongole has become a second Antioch, and the splendid devotion of the little band of missionaries, who first broke ground there and faced all the perils of pioneer Christian work in a hostile land, has been rewarded a hundred-thousand fold.

TEMPLES NEAR THE CITY OF ONGOLE, INDIA.

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The Boys and the Country.

LET us send the boys out in the country every year for an airing. If their grandfather and grandmother be yet alive, they will give them a good time. They will learn in a little while the mysteries of the hay-mow, how to drive oxen and how to keep Easter. They will take the old people back to the time when you yourself were a boy. There will be for the grandson an extra cake in each oven. And grandfather and grandmother will sit and watch the prodigy, and wonder if any other family ever had such grandchildren. It will be a good thing when the evenings are short and the old folks' eyesight is somewhat dim, if you can set up in their house for a little while one or two of these lights of childhood. For the time the aches and pains of old age will be gone, and they will feel as lithe and merry as when sixty years ago they themselves rummaged barrack and mow, and wagon-house, hiding eggs for Easter.

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Good and Bad Books.

IT requires some heroism to say you have not read such and such a book. Your friend gives you a stare which implies your literary inferiority. Do not, in order to answer the question affirmatively, wade through indiscriminate slush.

We have to say that three-fourths of the books of the day are a mental depletion to those who read them. The man who makes wholesale denunciation of fiction pitches overboard "Pilgrim's Progress" and other good books. The fact is that some of the publishing houses that once were cautious about the moral tone of their books have become reckless about everything but the number of copies sold. It is all the same to them whether the package sent out be corn-starch, jujube paste or hellebore. They wrap up fifty copies and mark them C. O. D. But if the expressman, according to that mark, should collect on delivery all the curses that shall come on the head of the publishing house which printed them, he would break down his wagon and kill his horses with the load. Let parents and guardians be especially watchful. Have a quarantine at your front door for all books and newspapers. Let the health doctor go abroad and see whether there is any sickness there before you let it come to wharfage.

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Love Saved Him.

A CHRISTIAN father in good circumstances, in one of the Eastern States, had a reckless son who disgraced himself and brought shame upon his family by his misconduct, says *Vincent's Lesson Commentary*. From home the prodigal went to California, to become even more reckless. For years the father heard nothing of him. A chance offering, he sent this message to him: "Your father still loves you." The bearer sought him long in vain. At last he visited a low den of infamy in his search, and there recognized the erring son. He called him out, and at the hour of midnight delivered his message. The gambler's heart was touched. The thought of a father that loved him still, and wanted to forgive him, broke the spell of Satan. He abandoned the game, his companions, and his cups, to return to his father. The heavenly Father sends a like message to every prodigal.

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Be Prompt Boys.

IF I had only a dozen words to say to a boy in the morning of life, it would be this: be prompt. Time is more precious than gold, and a boy is known by his acts. A boy known as always on time at school, ever ready to the minute in his class, ready to do errands on time for his mamma or papa; will soon be sought for by men of business, and win his way to the highest place among men. All creation, animate and inanimate, echo, "be prompt." And the God of the universe, "Do with thy might, and the reward is eternal life."

J. C. V.

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PUSH AND PULL.

I WISH that more of our young men could graduate from the store store of "Push & Pull." We have tens of thousands of young men doing nothing. There must be work somewhere if they will only do it. They stand round, with soap-locks and scented pocket-handkerchiefs, tipping their hats to the ladies; while, instead of waiting for business to come to them, they ought to go to work and make a business. Here is the ladder of life. The most of those who start at the top of the ladder spend their life in coming down, while those who start at the bottom may go up. Those who are born with a gold spoon in their mouth soon lose the spoon. The two school-bullies that used to flourish their silk pocket-kandkerchiefs in my face, and with their ivory-handled, four-bladed knives punch holes through my kite—one of them is in the penitentiary, and the other ought to be.

Young man, the road of life is up-hill, and our load heavy. Better take off your kid gloves, and patent leathers, and white vest, and ask Push, with his stout shoulder, and Pull, with his strong grip, to help you. Energy, pluck, courage, obstinate determination are to be cultured. Eat strong meat, drop pastries, stop reading sickly novelettes, pray at both ends of the day and in the middle, look a man in the eye when you talk to him, and if you want to be a giant, keep your head out of the lap of indulgences that would put a pair of shears through your locks.

If you cannot get the right kind of business partner, marry a good, honest wife. Fine cheeks and handsome curls are very well, but let them be mere incidentals. Let our young men select practical women: there are a few of them left. With such an one you can get on with almost all the heavy loads of life. You will be "Pull," and she "Push;" and if you do not get the house built and the fortune established, send me word, and I will tear this article up in such small pieces that no one will find it.

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Two Kinds of Friends

WE have a poetic friend. The backs of his books are scrolled and transfigured. A vase of japonicas, even in mid-winter, adorns his writing-desk. The hothouse is as important to him as the air. There are soft engravings on the wall. This study-chair was made out of the twisted roots of a banyan. A dog, sleek-skinned, lies on the mat, and gets up as soon as you come in. There stand in vermilion all the poets from Homer to Tennyson. Here and there are chamois heads and pressed seaweed. He writes on gilt-edged paper with a gold pen and handle twisted with a serpent. His inkstand is a mystery of beauty which unskilled hands dare not touch, lest the ink spring at him from some of the open mouths, or sprinkle on him from the bronze wings, or with some unexpected squirt dash into his eyes the blackness of darkness.

We have a very precise friend. Everything is in severe order. Finding his door-knob in the dark, you could reason out the position of stove, and chair, and table; and placing an arrow at the back of the book on one end of the shelf, it would fly to the other end, equally grazing all the bindings. It is ten years since John Milton, or Robert Southey, or Sir William Hamilton have been out of their places, and that was when an ignoramus broke into the study. The volumes of the encyclopedia never change places. Manuscripts unblotted, and free from interlineation, are labeled. The spittoon knows its place in the corner, as if treated by visitors with oft indignity. You could go into that study with your eyes shut, turn around, and without feeling for the chair throw yourself back with perfect confidence that the furniture would catch you. No better does a hat fit his head, or shoe his foot, or the glove his hand, than the study fits his whole nature.

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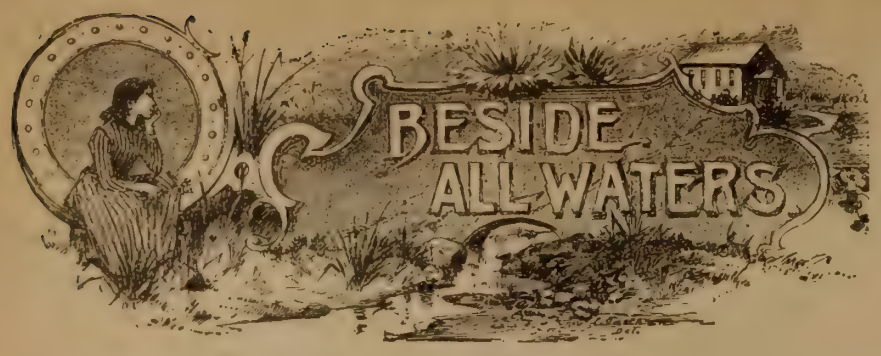
HAVE ye folded home to your bosom
The trembling neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Shepherd's name?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy,
With no clothing, no home, no bread?
The Son of Man was among them—
He had nowhere to lay his head.



BY

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*

Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

"WHY, Milly, I didn't expect to see you to-day," said Selina as she and Amelia Richmond met at the church door. "How quickly you slipped away! I meant to ask you to come into Sunday School."

"Thank you," said Milly. "I don't go to Sunday School, and I don't imagine I should gain very much from your dear cousin Celia's instructions."

"You might," returned Selia. "Father says cousin Celia is one of the best Bible scholars he ever knew. But we had Mrs. Van. Zandt this morning. Cousin Celia is not well."

"What, the old lady? I would have staid if I had known that," said Milly. "What was she like?"

"I thought she was lovely," answered Selina. "She introduced our class to Dr. Madison, and he spoke to us so nicely. Didn't you like him this morning?"

"Not so very much," answered Milly. "I thought it was a canting, gloomy kind of sermon. I like intellectual preaching, about science and art, and so on."

"We don't go to church to hear about science and art, but to hear the Gospel," said Selina.

"Oh, come, now, don't you begin," said Milly. "Has Miss Armstrong got you under her thumb already? She might well say she was coming on a mission to the heathen."

"I don't believe she said any such thing," returned Selina, coloring.

"I happen to kuow that she did. However, it does not matter. I ought not to have repeated it, I suppose, only I don't like to see people imposed upon. Miss Van Zandt's dress is not nun's veiling, Selina," added Milly, with a sudden change of subject, as Mrs. Van Zandt's carriage came in sight. "It is real China crape. I should not think she would wear such an expensive dress to church in the country, especially as they are not rich; but I dare say her aunt gave if to her."

"I must go to my seat," said Selina, feeling, for once, a desire to get rid of her companion.

"I will go with you," said Milly. "I like to sit up stairs: one can see every one so nicely."

Selina was not pleased; but she had so often asked Milly to sit with her, that she did not know how to decline her company. Milly made herself very much at home, rather to the annoyance of Myra Bassett, with whom she was no favorite; and she indulged herself in making remarks upon the congregation.

This was a little too much for Myra's patience. She leaned forward, and said in an energetic whisper,—

"Miss Richmond, will you please be quiet? We are not used to hearing such talk in the house of God."

Milly tossed her head; but she saw the eyes of some of the elders fixed upon her, and she did not venture to say any more. All through the sermon, which was a continuation of the one in the morning, she did her best to distract Selina's attention by writing notes and passing candy. Myra Bassett was furious. With all her good qualities, she had not her tongue under the most perfect government in the world; and, the moment service was over, she turned upon Selina.

"The next time you bring a stranger into the choir, Selina, I hope it will be some one who knows how to behave at least like a lady. I never was more ashamed in my life. I wonder what your father will say. It was a regular disgrace."

"Don't distress yourself, Miss Bassett," said Milly, taking the words out of Selina's mouth, as she was about to answer. "You are not responsible for my conduct. I hope every one could see that I do not belong here."

"I hope so too," returned Myra. "I should be sorry if they could not."

"Do be quiet," said Selina. "What a fuss you do make about nothing! I should think scolding and quarreling in church was as bad as anything Milly or I did. If you had been attending to the sermon, you would not have known anything about us."

Myra blushed. She felt, that, though her cause was just, she had put herself in the wrong by her hasty speech. She began to say something more, but Milly interrupted her.

"Oh, you need not apologize: I shall not bear malice," said she with a lofty tone of condescension. "We all know you are a well-meaning young woman, but you should think before you speak. When you have had more opportunities, you will know better.—Come Selina;" and she drew Selina away, leaving Myra wondering how she had been put down, and why she shonld be so angry at being called a young woman.

"Didn't I shut her mouth nicely?" said Amelia, laughing, when they reached the stairs. "She won't begin on me again in a hurry."

"Well, she was right," said Selina with some spirit; "I was ashamed, myself. What did make you act so, Milly?"

"What did I do?" asked Milly. "Are you going to set up too? But I see how it is," she added. "They have fairly conquered you, and broken your spirit among them, so that you don't care for me any more. The next thing, mother Weston will say, 'Selina, you must not go with Milly any more;' and then farewell to our friendship. You will never speak to me again."

Selina did not quite know what to say to this. She knew in truth that mother Weston did not approve of the intimacy.

"I do hope you won't give me up, Selina," Amelia continued. "You are the only friend I have. I hever can get on with Agnes Gleason; and Cordelia is worse than nobody, poor thing. I wanted mother to leave her at the Sanitarium with a nurse, and take me to Newport or Saratoga, where I could have some advantage of society; but every thing is Cordelia with her. She would put me in the stove and burn me up to warm Cordelia's feet. But you won't give me up, will you, Selina? I will promise not to say a word against religion. I am sure your mother would do me a great deal deal of good if she would only be kind to me. Come, now, say you will be friends."

What could Selina do but say she would always be friends with Milly? The two girls sealed their league on the spot with a sentimental embrace; and Milly began at once to exert her powers of conversation, which were not small, for the benefit of her companion. She began with a description of a grand ceremony she had attended at the Roman Catholic cathedral. From that, the divergence was easy to the park, and from thence to various gaieties, ending with a masked ball in which Milly had sustained a prominent character, had danced a minuet, and, according to her own account, had been the observed of all observers. When Selina reached home, all serious thoughts were completely dissipated. Her head was full of visions of that gay world in which Milly moved, and her heart of murmurs that she should be so wholly shut out of it. When she retired to her room after tea, it was not, as usual, to study her lesson for the next Sunday. The Bible lay untouched; while she indulged in dreams in which her own mother figured in the character of a lady of wealth and fashion, whom circumstances had compelled to abandon her child for a time, but who now turned up to claim her, and re-instate her in the splendor to which she was born. The birds of the air had picked up the seed pretty thoroughly. Amelia was doing the wicked work for her friend in one way while Melissa had tried to do it in another way with such seed as had fallen on the uncultivated soil of Kit's heart. But Melissa's new project promised to relieve Kit of that trial.

Symantha had an argument with her on the subject of the place at Stillwell's, but Melissa was not to be moved. She knew her own mind, she said, and she could take care of herself. Symantha need not be troubled about her. She gathered her possessions togther on Monday morning, and departed. The two sisters had never got on well together, and Melissa did not express any regret at parting. She did not speak to Kit; and Kit, on her part, made no secret of her pleasure on the occasion. Melissa had been her tyrant and torment ever since she could remember. It was she who had destroyed her cherished fragment of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and had instigated Phin to the burning of her beloved Testament. She felt sure that the proposition to send her to Stillwell's had come from Melissa in the first place. She did not feel safe until the wagon containing Melissa and her uncle was finally out of sight, and then it was with a rejoicing heart that she began to get ready for school.

"Well, Kit, I suppose you are perfectly happy to think that you are going to school this morning, instead of in the wagon going to Oldbury," said Symantha.

"Well, I am, but I would stay at home to help you."

"I know you would, but I would rather you went to school. I want you to learn all you can, now you have such a good chance."

"I wish uncle Phin would let me go to Sunday School, as the other girls do," said Kit. "There is not a girl in our school but me who does not go to Sunday School, and they get such nice books. I don't see what harm it would do."

"Nor I," answered Symantha. "You should go, Kit, if it depended upon me; but I don't think you had better say any thing about it at present. I am sure pa would not let you go, and it would only make a fuss. Make the best of your day-school, and learn all you can. There, good-by."

Symantha kisscd Kit,—an unusual demonstration of affection,—and the child went on her way with a light heart. She was happier than she had ever been before in her short life. She was used to the shadows of her home,—to her aunt's wretched state of health, and her uncle's varying humors, and Symantha's occasional impatience,—and did not mind these things as another child would have done. She loved with a kind of passion the beautiful things about her; all the more, that the last two years of her life had been spent in a wretched street of a wretched town, which had been left behind by an exhausted mine and an abortive railroad. She loved her school and her teacher, and found keen pleasure in the acquisition of knowledge for its own sake. And, above and beyond all, she rejoiced in her new-found inheritance in the kingdom of heaven. She had received it, indeed, as a little child, without a doubt or question. She could never be quite forlorn or alone again: for, let what would happen, she had a Father and a Saviour in heaven, who would never leave nor forsake her; and a home, sure to be hers sometime, where she should never be unhappy, and never do wrong again. For there were times when the sense of sin pressed heavily upon her. She had never known that many things were wrong which now appeared very dreadful to her. Like older people, she found herself hindered by "the bands of those sins which, by their frailty, she had committed," and from which she longed to be released. The temper would rise at any obstacle or annoyance; and the hard names and wicked words came to her mind, and fell from her lips, almost unawares. Now she felt these things to be sins, and grieved over them; but there was comfort even there. The same Father in heaven, whose name and nature had been so lately made known to her, hated sin; but then, he loved her, and therefore, Kit reasoned, he would help her to get rid of what he hated. It was a very happy little girl who went singing over the hill-pasture that morning.

Three or four weeks went on very quietly in Oldham, and especially in the red schoolhouse district. In the village, indeed, there was a little stir, occasioned by the startling proposition brought forward by the churchwardens, in a parish-meeting called for the purpose in the parlor of the hotel; namely, that the church should be cleaned and painted before the arrival of the new minister. If it had been proposed to blow up the church with dynamite, some people could not have been more astonished; and the most astonished of all was Mr. Archimball, the shoemaker, who had been sexton for years. He had, for the most part, confined his duties to ringing the bell, making fires in winter, and dusting the great Bible and other books, and sometimes the pulpit-cushions, on a Sunday, and filling and trimming the lamps when they absolutely refused to burn any more without.

"Such a lot of new-fangled notions!" said he sulkily. "Always the way when women-folks take hold of things. What's the matter, anyhow?"

"The matter is, that the church is dirty, and needs cleaning," said Mr. Weston.

"Where's the dirt?" snarled the sexton. For answer Mr. Weston pointed to the windows.

"They are kind of cloudy, that's a fact," said Mr. Andrews, the storekeeper.

"Kind of cloudy! I should think so," said his wife. "I wonder what you would say, Mr. Andrews, to see such windows in your own house."

"Well, you know, Harriet Anne, you never thought of the windows yourself till last Sunday," said Mr. Andrews mildly.

"That's true, and more shame for me. Anyhow, I'm ready to do my share of the work now it is started."

"And so am I," "And I," added several voices; and more than one notable lady felt a thrill of joy at the thought of a house-cleaning upon so large a scale.

"The sisters seem to be all sound upon the cleaning question," said Mr. Weston, smiling.

"The women-folks are for anything that will make a fuss, and give 'em a chance to gossip," muttered the sexton.

"Now about the painting," continued Mr. Weston, without noticing the interruption.

"That's another thing," said Mr. Blandy. "That will cost money."

"Most things do," said Dr. Chase.

"And how are you going to raise it? that's the question," continued Mr. Blandy.

"Yes, that's the pin't," said Aunt Betsy. "How are you going to raise it?"

"By subscription among ourselves," answered Mr. Weston. "I have made a calculation that two hundred will cover the whole expense."

"Two hundred dollars is a good deal of money," said Mr. Andrews. "Still, if every one will do his share— Would that cover the blinds, think, squire?"

"Yes, I think so. As you say, if everyone will do their share, the thing can be accomplished; not otherwise."

"Yes, but you'll see they won't," said the sexton. "It's one thing to stir up a lot of women, and another to get the men started."

"We have made a good beginning already, I am happy to say," remarked Mr. Weston, taking up a paper which lay before him on the table. "Dr. Chase has headed the list with twenty-five dollars; another person has put down the same; and the ladies at the stone house will give us twenty, and more if it is needed."

"Seventy dollars; that is a good beginning," said Mr. Bassett. "Put me down ten anyhow, Squire Weston. I will do more if I can, but that freshet which knocked down my dam has made it a kind of an expensive year for me."

"Put me down five," said Mr. Fletcher.

"That fifty dollars we raised for missions would come handy just now," said Mr. Blandy with a sneer. "I always thought charity began at home.'

"It is to be hoped the charity of this church is not to begin, after an extstence of nearly a hundred years," said Mr. Weston. "For my own part, I do not regard the money given to support my own church as given in charity, any more than that I use to pay my bills at Mr. Andrews's store. I get it all back, and a great deal more. Which of us would be willing to do without the help we get here, even if it cost twice as much to keep the church going?"

"Nobody, I guess," answered Mr. Andrews. "I don't know but you are right, squire, though I must say I never looked at it in that way before. Well, you may put me down for twenty dollars, to begin with."

A few more subscriptions were given in, and a committee appointed to canvass the town. The ladies decided upon a day to begin operations, as a good deal of cleaning was absolutely needful before the painting could be commenced; and the meeting was about to be adjourned when Mr. Archimball rose up to fire his great gun, which he had kept till the last moment. He had much to say about his long and faithful services, extending over a period of twenty-five years. Twenty-five years he had rung that bell for service, and tolled it for funerals; yes, for the grandfathers and grandmothers of some of the folks present. But it appeared that folks were not satisfied Very well. If he, Joseph Archimball, did not suit them, let them get somebody that did. He washed his hands of the whole business. He resigned his place as sexton. There were the keys of the church. He shook off the dust from his feet.

(*To be Continued.*)

* By special arrangement with Thomas Whittaker, publisher, New York.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

G. B. Horton, North Clarendon, Vt. What became of the Ark of the Covenant when the Temple was finally destroyed?

See answer to Student in our issue of Aug. 10th.

Lewis Jones, Raymond City, W. Va. If a man is born and dies a heathen, is he saved or lost?

See Romans 2: 11 to 15; see also Luke 12: 47, 48. All inferences beyond what is contained in the Scriptures are mere speculation.

W. W. Corson, Mosley's Junction, Va. Please give me the address of the meeting where they accept petitions from individuals to be prayed for to be healed of bodily infirmities?

Write to Rev. A. B. Simpson, 692 8th Avenue, New York.

Frank Bowser, Bernal, Kan. 1. Where can I get Dr. Robert Hall's book, entitled "Modern Infidelity"? 2. Who is Henry George? 3. Does he belong to any denomination of Christians?

1. Write to J. E. Jewett, publisher, Bible House, N. Y. 2. A noted writer and lecturer on social and political economy. 3. We don't know.

Thomas Reidy, Wyoming, Pa. 1. Is the history of the Christian Church, written by Wesley still extant, and if so, where can I obtain it? 2. What is the amount spent for tobacco in the United States?

1. Write to Hunt and Eaton, publishers, 150 5th Ave., New York. 2. Nearly $500,000,000 on domestic tobacco alone in the form of cigars, cigarettes, smoking, chewing and snuff.

Subscriber, Edina, Mo. 1. Where is *The Young Man* published? 2. Does any New York paper print Wm. M. Taylor's sermons, or Phillips Brooks' sermons.

1. Fleming Revell Co., 30 Union Square, New York. 2. *The African News*, 210 6th Ave., New York, publishes Bishop Taylor's sermons. No New York paper publishes Rev. Phillips Brooks' sermons.

F. W. L. G., Bethania, N. C. Where can I obtain help towards a proper sympathetic study of the Bible, both privately and in Bible class?

The "Bible Helps," bound up with the Oxford Bible, are the best for your purpose. Every new subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, sending $2, receives such a Bible.

Thomas B. Pearson, Archer, Fla. Does the Koran, Zendavesta, Shaster, or Confucius, give any account of the Creation, of the Antediluvians, the Deluge, and the repeopling of the earth?

The Koran has passages that correspond to the Scriptural account of the fall, the deluge, etc.; the Zendavesta gives the Creation; we do not find any of them in the Shaster; Confucius taught morals and did not found a religion. Revelation and immortality have no place in his doctrines.

Reader, Hurffville, N. J. 1. When, where and by whom was the Y. M. C. A., first founded? 2. Is the *Great Eastern*, which was used in laying the Atlantic cable, yet in existence? 3 Which of the heathen countries is the least civilized? 4. Is it necessary for a person to study for the ministry to become a missionary? 5. Did the Russian government send out fleets to assist the United States in the late war?

1. George Williams, a dry goods merchant of London, Eng., in 1844. 2. No. 3. The interior tribes of Africa. 4. It is the best preparation, though not indispensable. 5. Yes; their warships were at sea in readiness to aid us, if needed.

Reader, Iowa. 1. Will a person leading a good Christian life enter the kingdom of heaven although not baptized? 2. What is the meaning of the verse in the Bible saying; "If ye are not born again, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven?"

1. We can conceive of such a case, if there was no one to administer the rite, but we should expect that any person "leading a good Christian life" would be anxious to obey Christ's explicit command at the very first opportunity. What reason could he assign for continued disobedience? 2. The change worked on the heart by the Holy Spirit whereby the man's nature is changed so completely as to be equivalent to a new life in which love of God and a desire to serve him are the controlling and inspiring principles. Without this change he would not be happy in the kingdom of heaven, if admitted there.

Elsie Campbell, Troy, Neb. 1. What is the meaning of Matt. 16: 18, 19? 2. Do any of the Protestant Episcopal churches practice auricular confession?

1. The confession Peter had just made was the rock on which Christ said he would build his church. The keys Peter used at the day of Pentecost, when he opened the doors of the kingdom by his sermon to the first great influx of believers, and when he preached the first sermon to the Gentiles in the house of Cornelius. He in common with the other Apostles (see Matt. 18: 18 and John 20: 23) had mysterious and miraculous powers conferred upon him which Christ referred to as "binding and loosing," but there is not the slightest ground for imagining that they could transmit them to successors. 2. In some of the High and Ritualistic Churches confession is practised. The clergymen, like the Roman Catholic priests, profess to have the power to forgive sins and there are some people who believe them and go to them and confess and get absolution, instead of going to Christ, who alone has the power to forgive sins.

J. E. Anderson, West Boylston, Mass. 1. Is the term "close communion" as applied to Baptists used in derision? 2. Since it is conceded by all Christians that the Lord's Supper is a communion with him and not with one another, can it be less than a close communion?

1. We have never heard it so used. It is generally used to characterize a church in which no person is allowed to join in the sacrament who has not been baptized by immersion. In Churches where there is open communion the minister may, if he chooses, invite any person present (not a member of that particular church) who loves the Lord Jesus Christ, to join the members of the church in partaking of the Lord's Supper. In a close communion church such an invitation, if given at all, would be limited to those who had been baptised by immersion. 2. The word "close," we apprehend, is not used in the sense of nearness, but in that of shut—not open.

A CONSTANT Reader, apropos of a recent letter inquiring as to some of the causes of the failure of church work, writes as follows:

We often wonder why our church is not blessed more; why outsiders are still outside, and why the professing Christians are not drawing nearer to God. Generally the key to the whole matter lies at our own door. It is only one step in our path heavenward to attend the means of grace; it is a much higher one to go in the Spirit of your Lord and Master. Don't be among those who gather on the front steps to gossip over the weekly events: don't find fault with everything done or said by your pastor, and never on any account, hold the faults and failures of absent brothers up for the public benefit. Not the way things are said first causes trouble, but as they happen to be repeated. Don't expect because you go in and make the longest possible prayers for the prosperity of Zion, that it will blot out your evil talk outside, or that you will be blessed because you meant no harm. Don't forget your own faults in looking up your neighbor's. Don't waste God's precious time in making yourself and every one around you miserable; not even by thinking evil of another. Go inside, and if there is time to spare, spend it in prayer for a blessed meeting. Waiting to shower down heavenly manna, how sad must your loving Saviour be to see his professed followers filled with the worst of all food — trashy gossip.

L. G. Grant, Newport, R. I., writes as follows on a topic recently discussed in the MAIL-BAG:

Many Christian clergymen of various denominations unite unbelievers in marriage, or many Christian people to those who are not Christians. Now, if the laws concerning marriage, which are recorded in the latter part of I. Corinthians 7: 39, and in II. Corinthians 6: 11, express the will of God, is not the violation of these laws sins? And do not the clergymen, who aid in their violation by performing the marriage, become partakers in that sin? Men and women who trample under foot the law of God and disregard his authority over their lives, prefer to be married by ministers of the divine law, which they violate, rather than by ministers of the civil law, which they regard. Having denied the Lord, they nevertheless, expect his blessing to rest on their weddings, their children and their homes. And clergymen who know that the marriage of Christian to anti-Christian is contrary to the revealed Word of God, do not hesitate to invoke and pronounce his sanction and blessing upon such unions. Can the soul be married to both Christ and and anti-Christ? Can it render love and reverent obedience to God and to those who are in rebellion against him? Or is the clergyman, whose duty is to lead men and women to Christ, guiltless, if he aids in delivering one of the Lord's weak, faltering disciples to the potent, anti-Christian influence of an unbelieving husband or wife?

IN MR. SPURGEON'S POCKET-BOOK.

In a private pocket-book, that was left where it could be easily found after his departure, Mr. Spurgeon had written the following couplets.

NO cross, no crown—no loss, no gain;
They first must suffer who would reign.

He best can part with life without a sigh.
Whose daily living is to daily die.

Youth builds for age; age builds for rest;
Who builds for heaven will build the best.

Poor they may live, but rich they die,
Whose treasure is laid up on high.

Oh the sweet joy that sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"

We cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
But all is well that's done by thee.

Prepared be
To follow me!

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The unequalled cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla certainly entitle it to be called "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered." Jacob A. Kunkel, a reliable farmer of Mt. Royal, York Co., Pa., says that a running sore broke out on the leg of his nephew, Milton A. Kunkel, when he was 5 years old. It grew to a great size and the leg became weaker until he could not walk. Two years ago they began giving Milton Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a short time he began to improve. The sore healed up.

Milton A. Kunkel.

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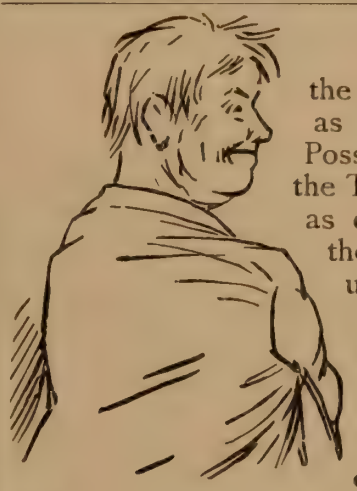

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THE NESTORIAN CHRISTIANS.

A Devoted People who Have Suffered Centuries of Persecution.

ONE of the most interesting features about Turkey in Asia, is the little Christian communities which dot all that region, remnants, as it were, of that precious Gospel which was first preached there eighteen hundred years ago. In a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was published the story of Pastor Jacob of Oroomiah, a descendant of this persecuted class. They are very poor and feeble, and have little left but their Christian name. There are different sects, and one is called Nestorians, from Nestorius, a pious bishop of Constantinople, who, daring to preach against some errors which were beginning to creep into the church, was called before a court, and banished to the deserts. This was in the year 450. He had many followers, who became zealous missionaries, and preached the Gospel in Persia, where it took deep root; they penetrated also into the snows of Siberia, and among the jungles of India, and many flourishing churches were gathered by them.

One day, a Tartar prince lost his way in the forests, when a Nestorian missionary suddenly appeared before him, and offered to lead him out of the wilds, provided he would give honor to the Christian's God. The prince promised, and what was better, he kept his promise; as soon as he joined his tribe, he sent for the missionaries, and the whole tribe was brought over to Christianity. After some years, a great Tartar warrior, Tamerlane, who was a bigoted Mohammedan, overran all Western Asia, and waged a terrible warfare against the Christians.

The Mohammedan power having gained a strong foothold in this region, the Christians have ever since been sorely oppressed; and cooped up as they have been, in poverty and obscurity, the existence of the Nestorian Christians was hardly known to us until about the year 1824, when some American missionaries determined to hunt them up and pay them a visit. Some they found living among the mountain crags, where they had flocks, and raised a little grain amid the sunny hollows of the cliffs. But the main body of the Nestorians, in the whole about 140,000, dwelt in Oroomiah, a province of Persia, which is a very beautiful land; but alas, it was under the iron heel of Mohammedan masters, who called the poor Christians "unclean infidels and dogs," and treated them accordingly. They were liable at any moment to be robbed of their children and property, and thrown into prison. And yet through centuries of oppression they have clung to Christianity. Through cold and nakedness and butchery they would never give up their faith.

The missionaries found them very destitute of a true knowledge of Bible truth. They had but few Bibles, which were written on parchment, and carefully kept wrapped up. One is said to have been written fifteen hundred years ago, and though found on the other side of the globe, it was just like our own Bible. The Nestorians were delighted to see the American missionaries, and begged them to stay; and a mission was established there in 1830, whose object was to revive among them the true spirit of the Bible.

When the missionaries told them about the Bible religion of America, what it had done and was doing, they could hardly believe it, and one of their bishops, Mar. Yohanan, came over to this country to see if it was all true. He found it was, and went back and told his people. The promise is, that "the knowledge of God shall fill the earth as the waters cover the sea;" and it will prevail.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, watchful of the progress of this grandest material enterprise of our time, has published descriptions of the buildings, now nearly completed, which conveyed but faintly an idea of their extent and magnificence to our readers' minds. But the Fair is something to be *seen* not read about; to be

Personally Visited and Enjoyed

as the grandest demonstration of God's goodness in prospering this Union and this people.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received many letters of inquiry from different parts of the country regarding the Fair, and after careful consideration it has arranged a plan specially for the benefit of its readers and their friends, by which those who wish to visit Chicago can do so, without the outlay of a dollar. This will secure to all who profit by the plan, railroad transportation from their own States to Chicago and return, and one week's board and lodging in a pleasant location, convenient to the Fair Grounds. They will have had an experience both novel and edifying, and one to remember in the coming years. The entire world will be represented at the Fair. This vast gathering will tax the facilities of railroads, hotels, and lodging-houses. As at all the previous great Fairs (and particularly that at Philadelphia, in 1876), prices will be put

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But these contingencies, as well as others that may arise, have been foreseen by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the plan it now proposes is suggested for the sole purpose of enabling its readers and their friends to visit Chicago and spend a delightful and instructive week viewing the grand spectacle. This is within the reach of all who care to make the effort; the minister, the farmer, the mechanic, the tradesman, the school-teacher, the shopgirl, have each an equal opportunity.

For every person who during the six months from July 1st to Dec. 31, secures the number of new, annual, full-paid subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, stipulated below, at $1.50 each, we will send transportation tickets to Chicago and return, and a coupon entitling the holder to seven days' excellent board and accommodation at a location convenient to the World's Fair Grounds. This offer applies to every State in the Union. The railroad tickets will be valid for twenty days, and will be accepted from any of the cities mentioned in the list below.

Those who intend to take advantage of this special offer should immediately notify us to that effect. Send us your full name and Postoffice address, stating at the same time the number of subscription blanks and sample copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD you require

To Begin Your Canvass

and we will immediately forward them to you. Remember, all subscribers must be *new* and *full-paid at $1.50 each. No premiums or commissions can be allowed* under this arrangement.

If you were to arrange for a trip to Chicago and a seven-days' stay there, the total outlay would be little short of the entire sum of these subscriptions. And by the arrangement proposed, it will cost you absolutely nothing in money, the reward being secured by your energy in obtaining the necessary number of subscribers. It will be found a comparatively easy matter to accomplish this. We have now on our list of agents in different parts of the Union a large number of individuals who have demonstrated the popularity of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and of

Rev. Dr. Talmage, its Editor,

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Should you fall short of the subscription limit fixed for your section in the appended list, you have the privilege of choice between two courses, in neither of which can you possibly be the loser. Thus: in a section where 60 subscriptions are fixed as the limit, if after securing 50 subscriptions, you find yourself unable to make further progress, we are prepared either to forward you our Publisher's check, making a proper allowance for the work accomplished, or to accept from you a small cash payment, in addition to the 50 paid-up subscriptions, on receipt of which we will immediately forward the transportation tickets and 7-days' coupon. All cases of this nature will be adjusted on a similar liberal basis, for the exact fulfilment of which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stands guarantee.

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"	Leadville	120
Conn.,	Bridgeport	100
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"	New Haven	100
"	New London	100
"	Norwich	100
Del.,	Wilmington	100
D. C.,	Washington	100
Ga.,	Atlanta	100
"	Savannah	100
Idaho,	Boise City	180
Ind.,	Fort Wayne	60
"	Indianapolis	60
Iowa,	Burlington	60
"	Cedar Rapids	60
"	Davenport	60
"	Des Moines	75
Kans.,	Emporia	80
"	Leavenworth	75
"	Topeka	80
Kans.,	Wichita	80
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La.,	Baton Rouge	100
"	New Orleans	100
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"	Portland	100
Md.,	Baltimore	80
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"	Fall River	100
"	Haverhill	100
"	Lowell	100
"	Worcester	100
Mich.,	Ann Arbor	60
"	Detroit	60
"	Grand Rapids	60
"	Jackson	60
Minn.,	Duluth	80
"	Minneapolis	80
"	St. Paul	80
Miss.,	Meridian	100
"	Vicksburg	100
Mo.,	Kansas City	75
"	St. Louis	60
"	Springfield	80
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Nebr.,	Lincoln	80
"	Omaha	80
Nev.,	Carson City	200
N. H.,	Concord	100
N. J.,	Bayonne	100
"	Newark	100
"	Trenton	100
N. Y.,	N. Y. City	100
"	Albany	90
"	Rochester	80
"	Buffalo	80
N. C.,	Charlotte	100
Ohio,	Cincinnati	65
"	Cleveland	70
"	Dayton	60
Oreg.,	Portland	200
Pa.,	Alleghany City	80
"	Reading	90
"	Philadelphia	90
R. I.,	Providence	100
"	Westerly	100
S. C.,	Charleston	100
Tenn.,	Chattanooga	8
"	Knoxville	8
Tex.	Dallas	100
"	Galveston	100
Utah.,	Salt Lake City	150
Vt.,	Rutland	100
Va.,	Norfolk	90
"	Richmond	90
W. Va.,	Wheeling	80
Wis.,	Madison	60
"	Milwaukee	60

TO THE FRONT.*

He signified his readiness to accept an appointment, and received a commission as second lieutenant, dated December 5, 1861. He was commissioned by Governor Buckingham on the nomination of Colonel Charles L. Russell, the gallant and experienced commander of the Tenth, whose desire of increasing the number of good officers in the regiment induced him to seek the best material from without, to take the place of that sifted out in the process of organization.

Camp entered joyfully upon his new sphere of action. Those who saw and heard him at the Asylum Hill Sunday-school, where he was a faithful and beloved teacher, on the Sunday before his departure for the army, will not soon forget the impressions of that occasion. Just before the close of the session, the superintendent called the attention of the school to the fact, that another of its valued teachers was to leave for the army in the course of the week, and added that it would be gratifying to all to listen to his parting words. Thus called upon, Camp rose at his seat, in a far corner of the room, and, modestly declining to step forward to a more prominent place, said in substance, in his quiet, unassuming, yet dignified and impressive manner: "My friends, I have no farewell speech to make today, nor would it be becoming in me to attempt one. I am only one more going out to the war, as many, who will be more missed than I shall be, have gone before. Why should this call for special notice? Although I love my home, and love this old school, I cannot say that I am sorry I am going away. I cannot even say that I leave you all because I deem it my duty to go. I rejoice rather, that, at length, I am to have the part I have longed for, but which has been denied me until now, in defending my Government and in serving my Country. I go because I want to go: and I give God thanks for the privilege of going." And so it was that Henry Camp went to the war.

Under Fire.

"The men fell in promptly and coolly, and stood awaiting orders,—eating their breakfasts many of them, in the meantime. The regiments on the right of the brigade took up the march first, the others following in brigade order (we came third), marching in column, four abreast, along a narrow road with dense underbrush on either side, making it very difficult for the skirmishers on the flanks to advance, and furnishing every advantage for an enterprising enemy to annoy us. They didn't, however. . . .

"As we advanced, we could hear the frequent reports of muskets, and the occasional crack of a rifle, sounding some half a mile ahead. It was evident that the skirmishers were at it. Not far beyond the brook, we passed the Twenty-first Massachusetts, who had been at the outposts during the night,—some in line along the roadside, some around fires a little farther in the woods,—a fine-looking set of fellows, who exchanged jokes and greetings with us as we went by. The farther we went, the sharper the firing became; and soon we had to make way for four men who came, carrying a litter, heavy, with a blanket thrown over what lay upon it. Men looked at each other, and grew sober. Presently a couple more came with one between them: no wound was visible; but he was ghastly pale, and could scarcely walk with their support. Then we came upon another, lying quite still by the roadside; he had been brought so far and left, the wounded needed attention more than he. There was no blood, or almost none, upon any of them. I looked to see the wounds, and wondered that there seemed to be none, until I remembered that gunshot injuries seldom caused any flow of blood which would soak through the clothing. Another passed, with one on each side to help him: he groaned heavily; and his left arm, what there was of it, hung in rags from its bloody stump: it had been shattered by the premature discharge of one of our own field-pieces.

"These things are so different to see and to read about, it strikes one like a new idea to have the sight actually before his eyes, just as if he hadn't expected that very thing. I can't describe the sensation it gave me. I shan't pretend to say that I wasn't at all affected by it; indeed, of all the men whom I have heard speak about it since the time, there was only one who did pretend so,—he may perhaps, have told the truth."

Death.

The chaplain turned to his work among the many wounded and dying. The major struggled on, through the thicket, out to the open space before the enemy's works; and there, when all at his left had fallen back, when only the brave men of the steadfast Tenth at his right were still pressing forward, he stood for a moment to re-form the broken line which could not be maintained in the tangled wood. The rebel parapet was but a few rods in his front. From the double battle-line behind it, the rifles poured forth their ceaseless fire of death. His tall and manly form was too distinct a target to escape special notice from the foe. Waving his sword, he called aloud cheerily, "Come on, boys, come on!" then turned to the color-sergeant just emerging from the thicket, that he might rally the men on the regimental standard. As he did so, a bullet passed through his lungs; and, as he fell on his side, he was pierced yet again and again by the thick-coming shot. His death was as by the lightning's stroke. His eyes scarce turned from their glance at the tattered, dear old flag, ere they were closed to earth, and opened again beyond the stars and their field of blue.

*From *The Knightly Soldier;* a biography of Major Henry Ward Camp, by Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull, a tender and loving tribute to a beloved friend and comrade who fell in the battle before Richmond; pp. 323; published by John D. Wattles, Philadelphia.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Loyalty, by Edwin H. Burgess; paper; pp. 54; Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., No. 182 Fifth Avenue, New York, Publishers.

A PRAYER.

I ASK not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have aright;
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside,
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.

I do not ask for love below,
That friends shall never be estranged:
But for the power of loving, so
My heart may keep its love unchanged.

For this I count, of all sweet things,
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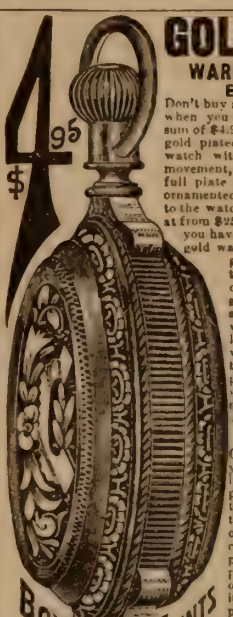

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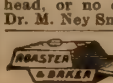

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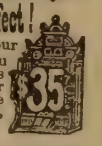

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor. Office Bible House New York. NEW YORK, AUGUST 24, 1892. PRICE 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

THE FAMINE CLOUD LIFTED.

Enthusiasm in the Russian Capital on the Arrival of the "Leo's" Cargo — Russian Gratitude for American Sympathy.

THE PREFECT OF ST. PETERSBURG.

THE year 1892 will long be remembered in Russia as one during which the clouds of affliction hung heavily over the nation, relieved only by the gleams of the sunshine of sympathy from the Christian people of other lands. Pestilence has trodden upon Famine's heels, and many who were saved from death by starvation are now perishing of cholera. But the famine is now over and amid all these other troubles the Russian people have not forgotten to be grateful. Their tribute of thanks to those who came to their succor in the time of need is still finding expression in the press of St. Petersburg and other leading cities of the Empire. Letters received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the past week speak of the generous feeling of brotherhood that has been awakened between that country and the United States, especially since the arrival of the steamship *Leo* and the visit of the editor and proprietor of this journal for the purpose of distributing her cargo of food. The illustrations in this issue are from photographs, taken in Russia expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and their publication now possesses a timely interest, and especially to the thousands of Christian people throughout this country who have given practical evidence of their goodness of heart for the suffering, by sending in their mite to the Famine Fund. One of the illustrations shows the "Duhma" or City Hall of St. Petersburg, where the American guests were publicly thanked by the municipality in behalf of the contributors they represented. Another shows the scene at the wharf, where the Chief of Nobility made an address of welcome to the American visitors.

When the news reached St. Petersburg that the *Leo* had sailed from New York for that city, and that Rev. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Klopsch contemplated visiting Russia to superintend the distribution of her cargo the Mayor, Prefect and City Council decided to give a grand banquet in honor of the guests and to invite city dignitaries, members of the nobility and American representatives to meet them on the joyous occasion. The daily papers of St. Petersburg devoted much space to a thorough discussion of the subject and hailed with delight every suggestion that promised to heighten the regal magnificence of the entertainment. Riga and Libau had vied with each other in the splendor and magnitude of the receptions accorded other visitors on like missions and St. Petersburg the capital city must hail the advent of the only relief ship sent to that port in a manner befitting her exalted position. But Mr. Geo. W. Wurts, the American Charge D'Affaires and Dr. J. M. Crawford our Consul-General, with that good judgment which uniformly characterizes our representatives abroad, gently intimated that such sumptuous and costly entertainment would not commend itself to two men who came to Petersburg on an errand of Christian charity, and that it would be the part of wisdom to await their arrival and consult their own views before pushing preparations to a finish.

Shortly after his arrival at Petersburg, Mr. Klopsch called on Count Andre Bobrinskoy, the executive head of the Grand Duke committee for the relief of destitution and suffering, at his city residence, and in behalf of Dr. Talmage and himself, firmly declined with many thanks the proposed banquet, as also all other expensive entertainment, preferring that the money intended for such purpose augment the Fund for the relief of the Famine sufferers. The Petersburg officials, in the true spirit of genuine hospitality which suggests without insisting, discontinued further preparations in that direction and employed simple though no less effective methods for giving exoression to their sense of gratitude.

THE MARSHAL OF NOBILITY MAKING AN ADDRESS ON THE ARRIVAL OF "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" RELIEF STEAMSHIP "LEO."
(Photographed in St. Petersburg expressly for "The Christian Herald.")

The *Leo* was officially welcomed on Thursday morning July 14, with every possible manifestation of joyful popular enthusiasm. The evening before, news had been received from Cronstadt that the *Leo* had passed that point on its way to Petersburg and official invitations, signed by Mayor Prokofiero, were hastily dispatched in different directions, requesting the presence of the recipients at 10:30 in the morning on board the harbor police boat *St. Petersburg*, for the purpose of welcoming the American Relief ship. By ten o'clock a tremendous crowd of people had gathered at the Admiralty Quay, near the Nicholai Bridge, ready to greet the American guests as they stepped out of their carriage on to the gang-plank. As the carriage drove up to the point and Dr. Talmage assisted Mrs. Klopsch to alight, three vigorous cheers went up from thousands of strong, powerful Russian throats, which were repeated again and again, as the *St. Petersburg* steamed out on her way to meet the *Leo*. On board, besides the guests of the occasion, were Mayor Prokofiero, the Prefect of Police, Gen. Von Wahl, Marshal of Nobility, Miss Polootsoff and Vsevolovshky, the Major-General of the Imperial Staff, the American Charge D'Affaires Wurts, Consul-General Crawford, Count Andre Bobrinskoy, Members of the Town Council and others. An hour's sail brought in sight the majestic *Leo* clad in bright festal array with flying colors from topmast to deck, as though herself rejoicing in the glory of her gracious mission. As soon as the distance would admit of the voice being heard, three rousing cheers from the *Petersburg* brought the Captain and some of the crew of the *Leo* on deck, who waved their hands while her whistle blew loud and long in response to the cordial greeting. Having sailed completely round the *Leo* the *Petersburg* steamed up the Neva for another hour, to afford those on board an opportunity to partake of lunch provided by the Mayor and served on deck and to give the *Leo* time to anchor at the New Port, where the official public reception was to take place. At one o'clock the party returned to the Admiralty Quay, just as the

(*Continued on page 531.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

HUNGRY AND HOMESICK.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Text: "*I will arise and go to my father.*" Luke 15: 18.

THERE is nothing like hunger to take the energy out of a man. A hungry man can toil neither with pen nor hand nor foot. There has been many an army defeated not so much for lack of ammunition as for lack of bread. It was that fact that took the fire out of this young man of the text. Storm and exposure will wear out any man's life in time, but hunger makes quick work. The most awful cry ever heard on earth is the cry for bread.

A traveller tells us that in Asia Minor there are trees which bear fruit looking very much like the long bean of our time. It is called the carab. Once in a while the people reduced to destitution would eat these carabs, but generally the carabs, the beans spoken of here in the text, were thrown only to the swine and they crunched them with great avidity. But this young man of my text could not get even them without stealing them. So one day amid the swine troughs he begins to soliloquize. He says: "These are no clothes for a rich man's son to wear; this is no kind of business for a Jew to be engaged in—feeding swine; I'll go home; I'll go home; I will arise and go to my father."

The resolution of this text was formed in disgust at his present circumstances. If this young man had been by his employer set to culturing flowers, or training vines over an arbor, or keeping account of the pork market, or overseeing other laborers, he would not have thought of going home. If he had had his pockets full of money, if he had been able to say, "I have a thousand dollars now of my own; what's the use of my going back to my father's house? do you think I am going back to apologize to the old man? why he would put me on the limits; he would not have going on around the old place such conduct as I have been engaged in; I won't go home; there is no reason why I should go home; I have plenty of money, plenty of pleasant surroundings, why should I go home?" Ah! it was his pauperism, it was his beggary. He had to go home.

Some man comes and says to me: "why do you talk about the ruined state of the human soul? why don't you speak about the progress of the nineteenth century, and talk of something more exhilarating?" It is for this reason; a man never wants the Gospel until he realizes he is in a famine-struck state. Suppose I should come to you in your home and you are in good, robust health, and I should begin to talk about medicines, and about how much better this medicine is than that, and some other medicine than some other medicine, and talk about this physician and that physician. After a while you would get tired, and you would say: "I don't want to hear about medicines. Why do you talk to me of physicians? I never have a doctor." Suppose I come into your house and I find you severely sick, and I know the medicines that will cure you, and I know the physician who is skilful enough to meet your case. You say: "bring on all that medicine, bring on that physician. I am terribly sick and I want help." If I came to you and you feel you are all right in body and all right in mind, and all right in soul, you have need of nothing; but suppose I have persuaded you that the leprosy of sin is upon you, the worst of all sickness, Oh! then you say: "bring me that balm of the Gospel, bring me that divine medicament, bring me Jesus Christ."

Again, I notice that this resolution of the young man of the text was founded in sorrow at his misbehavior. It was not mere physical plight. It was grief that he had so maltreated his father. It is a sad thing after a father has done everything for a child to have that child be ungrateful.

> How sharper than a serpent's tooth, it is,
> To have a thankless child.

That is Shakespeare. "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." That is the Bible. Well, my friends, have not some of us been cruel prodigals? Have we not maltreated our Father? And such a Father! So loving, so kind. If he had been a stranger, if he had forsaken us, if he had flagellated us, if he had pounded us and turned us out of doors on the commons, it would not have been so wonderful—our treatment of him; but he is a Father so loving, so kind, and yet how many of us for our wanderings have never apologized. We apologize for wrongs done to our fellows, but some of us perhaps have committed ten thousand times ten thousand wrongs against God and never apologized.

I remark still further, that this resolution of the text was founded in a feeling of homesickness. I do not know how

THE CARAB.

long this young man, how many months, how many years, he had been away from his father's house; but there is something about the reading of my text that makes me think he was homesick. Some of you know what that feeling is. Far away from home sometimes, surrounded by everything bright and pleasant—plenty of friends—you have said: "I would give the world to be home to-night." Well, this young man was homesick for his father's house. I have no doubt when he thought of his father's house he said: "Father may not be living." Many a man after having been off a long while, has gone home and knocked at the door, and a stranger has come. It is the old homestead, but a stranger comes to the door. He finds out father is gone, mother is gone, and brothers and sisters all gone. I think this young man of the text said to himself: "Perhaps father may be dead." Still, he starts to find out. He is homesick. Are there any here to-day homesick for God, homesick for heaven?

A sailor, after having been long on the sea, returned to his father's house, and his mother tried to persuade him not to go away again. She said: "now you had better stay at home; don't go away, we don't want you to go. You will have it a great deal better here." But it made him angry. The night before he went away again to sea, he heard his mother praying in the next room, and that made him more angry. He went far out on the sea and a storm came up, and he was ordered to very perilous duty, and he ran up the ratlines and amid the shrouds of the ship he heard the voice that he had heard in the next room. He tried to whistle it off, he tried to rally his courage; but he could not silence that voice he had heard in the next room, and there in the storm and the darkness he said: "Oh! Lord, what a wretch I have been, what a wretch I am. Help me just now, Lord God." And I thought in this assemblage to-day there may be some who may have the memory of a father's petition, or a mother's prayer pressing mightily upon the soul, and that this hour they may make the same resolution I find in my text, saying: "I will arise and go to my father."

But I remark the characteristic of this resolution was, it was immediately put into execution. "He arose and came to his father." The trouble in nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand is that our resolutions amount to nothing because we make them for some distant time. If I resolve to become a Christian next year, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve to become a Christian to-morrow, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve at the service to-day to become a Christian, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve after I go home to-day to yield my heart to God, that amounts to nothing at all. The only kind of resolution that amounts to anything is the resolution that is immediately put into execution. There is a man who had the typhoid fever. He said: "Oh! if I could get over this terrible distress: if this fever should depart, if I could be restored to health, I would all the rest of my life serve God." The fever departed. He got well enough to walk around the block. He got well enough to attend to business. He is well to-day—as well as he ever was. Where is the broken vow? "Oh!" says some man, "I'll attend to that when I can get my character fixed up, when I can get over my evil habits; I am now given to strong drink," or, says the man, "I am given to uncleanness," or says the man, "I am given to dishonesty. When I get over my present habits, then I'll be a thorough Christian." My brother, you will get worse and worse until Christ takes you in hand. "Not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to call."

Oh! but you say: "I agree with you on all that, but I must put it off a little longer." Do you know there were many who came just as near as you are to the kingdom of God and never entered it? I was at East Hampton, Long Island, and I went into the cemetery to look around, and in that cemetery there are twelve graves side by side—the graves of sailors. This crew, some years ago, in a ship went into the breakers at Amagansett, about three miles away. My brother, then preaching at East Hampton, had been at the burial. These men of the crew came very near being saved. The people from Amagansett saw the vessel, and they shot rockets, and they sent ropes from the shore, and these poor fellows got into the boat, and they pulled mightily for the shore, but just before they got to the shore, the rope snapped and the boat capsized and they were lost, their bodies afterward washed upon the beach. Oh! what a solemn day it was—I have been told of it by my brother—when these twelve men lay at the foot of the pulpit and he read over them the funeral service. They came very near shore—within shouting distance of the shore, yet did not arrive on solid land. There are some men who come almost to the shore of God's mercy, but not quite, not quite. To be only almost saved is to be lost.

I will tell you of two prodigals, the one that got back and the other that did not get back. In Richmond, Va., there is a very prosperous and beautiful home in many respects. A young man wandered off from that home. He wandered very far into sin. They heard of him often

THE RETURNED PRODIGAL.

but he was always on the wrong track. He would not go home. At the door of that beautiful home one night there was a great outcry. The young man of the house ran down and opened the door to see what was the matter. It was midnight. The rest of the family were asleep. There were the wife and children of this prodigal young man. The fact was he had come home and driven them out. He said: "Out of this house. Away with these children, I will dash their brains out. Out into the storm!" The mother gathered them up and fled. The next morning, the brother, a young man who had stayed at home, went out to find this prodigal brother and son, and he came where he was, and saw the young man wandering up and down in front of the place where he had been staying, and the young man who had kept his integrity said to the older brother, "Here, what does this mean? what is the matter with you? Why do you act in this way?" The prodigal looked at him and said: "Who am I? Whom do you take me to be?" He said: "You are my brother." "No, I am not. I am a brute. Have you seen anything of my wife and children? Are they dead? I drove them out last night in the storm. I am a brute. John, do you think there is any help for me? Do you think I will ever get over this life of dissipation?" He said: "John there is just one thing that will stop this." The prodigal ran his finger across his throat and said: "That will stop it, and I'll stop it before night. Oh! my brain; I can stand it no longer." That prodigal never got home. But I will tell you of a prodigal that did get home.

In this country, two young men started from their father's house and went down to Portsmouth. The father could not pursue his children; for some reason he could not leave home, and so he wrote a letter down to Mr. Griffin, saying: "Mr. Griffin, I wish you would go and see my two sons. They have arrived in Portsmouth and they are going to take ship, and going away from home. I wish you would persuade them back." Mr. Griffin went and he tried to persuade them back.

He persuaded one to go. He went with very easy persuasion because he was very homesick already. The other young man said, "I will not go. I have had enough of home. I'll never go home." "Well," said Mr. Griffin, "then if you won't go home, I'll get you a respectable position on a respectable ship." "No, you won't," said the prodigal; "no, you won't. I am going as a common sailor; that will plague my father most, and what will do most to tantalize and worry him will please me best."

Years passed on and Mr. Griffin was seated in his study one day when a message came to him saying there was a young man in irons on a ship at the dock—a young man condemned to death—who wished to see this clergyman. Mr. Griffin went down to the dock and went on shipboard. The young man said to him: "you don't know me do you?" "No," he said, "I don't know you." "Why, don't you remember that young man you tried to persuade to go home and he wouldn't go?" "O! yes," said Mr. Griffin, "are you that man?" "Yes, I am that man," said the other. "I would like to have you pray for me. I have committed murder and I must die; but I don't want to go out of this world until some one prays for me. You are my father's friend and I would like to have you pray for me."

Mr. Griffin went from judicial authority to judicial authority to get that young man's pardon. He slept not night nor day. He went from influential person to influential person until in some way he got that young man's pardon. He came down on the dock and as he arrived on the dock with the pardon, the father came. He had heard that his son under a disguised name had been committing crime and was going to be put to death. So Mr. Griffin and the father went on ship's deck, and at the very moment Mr. Griffin offered the pardon to the young man, the old father threw his arms around the son's neck and the son said: "Father, I have done very wrong and I am very sorry. I wish I had never broken your heart. I am very sorry." "Oh!" said the father, "don't mention it. It don't make any difference

"FATHER, I DID WRONG!"

now. It is all over. I forgive you, my son," and he kissed him and kissed him and kissed him.

To-day I offer you the pardon of the Gospel—full pardon, free pardon. I do not care what your crime has been. Though you say you have committed a crime against God, against your own soul, against your fellow man, against your family, against the day of judgment, against the Cross of Christ—whatever your crime has been, here is pardon, full pardon, and the very moment you take that pardon your heavenly Father throws his arms about you and says: "My son, I forgive you. It is all right. You are as much in my favor now as if you had had never sinned." Oh! there is joy on earth and joy in Heaven. Who will take the Father's embrace?

THE FAMINE CLOUD LIFTED.

(Continued from first page.)

Leo was about to drop anchor. Alongside the dock and parallel with the river one hundred freight cars elaborately festooned and each decorated with a Russian and an American flag, stood ready to receive the flour, destined to save a hundred thousand hungry peasants from starvation. In front of the cars, like well-disciplined soldiers ready for duty, stood a hundred stalwart stevedores, who had nobly volunteered to discharge the *Leo's* cargo without compensation. The anchor once cast, all was bustle and excitement. From thousands of throats rang out the loud huzzas like wave upon wave with constantly increasing enthusiasm. Hats, handkerchiefs and flags were waving in the air with rapid motion, and shrill steamboat whistles vainly contended with the great volume of human voices for supremacy.

Comparative silence is at last restored and the visitors can hear what is going on in their immediate vicinity. "There are the good Americans!" How kind they are to us!" "God bless these good friends!" "Just to think of it—one hundred carloads!" were some of the remarks which greeted their ears and assured them that not only the nobility and the officials, but also the people themselves have grateful appreciation of what America has done for the Russian nation. The gang-plank is adjusted and Captain Caines of the *Leo* is requested to come ashore. He is immediately surrounded by the City Council and others all in full dress, and wearing their badges of office. The marshal of nobility, Vsevolvshky, takes an elevated stand on the plank, and addressing the Captain in English, congratulates him on having safely made the journey with a ship laden with the tokens of sympathy and love from a distant nation. He assures him that his cargo is another bond which shall ever bind more closely together the two great nations represented in the transaction. Then Mayor Prokofiero mounted the improvised platform bearing in his hands a very handsomely finished oaken box. After the cheering which his appearance had evoked had subsided, he began: "Gentlemen, the City of St. Petersburg greets you and congratulates you on your safe arrival with the cargo presented by the generous readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the inhabitants of several Russian districts now suffering from the failure of last year's harvest. Gratitude for the contributions of the Americans will set an indelible stamp on the hearts of all Russians and will unite together two great nations in the bonds of mutual esteem and friendship. The City of St. Petersburg, the capital of all Russia, begs of you, gentlemen, to accept these little trifles in memory of this day."

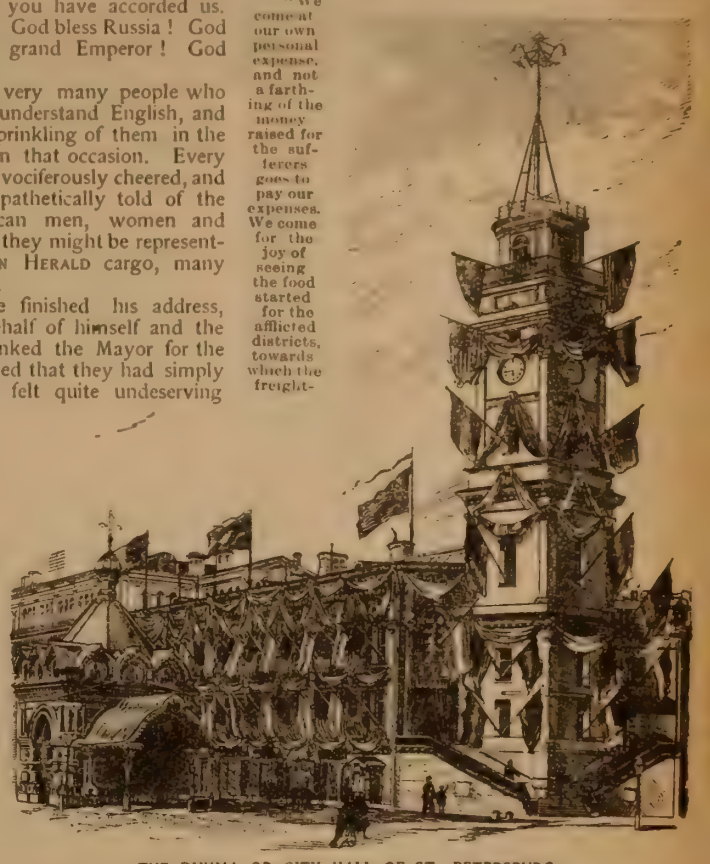
At the conclusion of these remarks, and amid deafening shouts of applause the Mayor then opened the case and displaying a large and beautiful solid silver speaking-trumpet, handed it to Captain Caines and at the same time handed the first mate of the *Leo* a magnificent silver, gold-lined, old-fashioned drinking cup. Both the Captain and mate were so completely taken by surprise that they remained mute and Dr. Talmage, perceiving their confusion relieved them by mounting the gang-plank. The moment he became visible to the crowd, every voice was hushed and throughout his address which lasted about fifteen minutes complete silence prevailed except when here and there broken by applause. Dr. Talmage said in substance as follows:

"Friendship for each other seems to have been handed down by the American and Russian nations as a legacy from generation to generation. From the earliest days of our national existence we have ever esteemed Russia as a warm, unselfish friend and ever have there been evidences of mutual friendship and esteem. When last Spring the American people heard that certain districts of this vast empire were suffering from famine, and that people were perishing from want of food, their practical sympathy was immediately enlisted and with willing heart and open hand contributions for relief funds poured in. Rich and poor, old and young gave, and gave gladly. The cargo here before you represents the contributions of Christian people, many of whom gave when giving meant for them less bread in the cupboard, that starving Russia might have more, but so deep-rooted is the desire to do good in the hearts of these godly people, that when THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a few months ago, published an appeal, money began to pour in from every quarter of our great land, and many who had no money sent their earrings, and their bracelets while children sent their savings, the result of self-denial for years, in order that Russian children might no longer go hungry, and we had to call, 'down brakes' to stop the flow.

"To-day we come to your shores with bread for the hungry, and you receive us in such royal fashion. Should famine ever visit our own beloved land—and no country is safe—we are sure that your ships would land on our shores on similar Christlike mission, and then we will receive you with the same loving cordiality that to-day you have accorded us. God bless America! God bless Russia! God save your great and grand Emperor! God save our President!"

In Russia there are very many people who can speak or at least understand English, and there was a goodly sprinkling of them in the crowd at the wharf on that occasion. Every patriotic allusion was vociferously cheered, and when Dr. Talmage pathetically told of the self-denial of American men, women and children in order that they might be represented in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cargo, many were affected to tears.

After Dr. Talmage finished his address, Captain Caines, in behalf of himself and the first mate, briefly thanked the Mayor for the beautiful gift and stated that they had simply done their duty and felt quite undeserving such distinction. Dr. Talmage and Mrs. Klopsch then drove home, while Mr. Klopsch and Count Bobrinskoy remained and saw a portion of the cargo dispatched for the interior, the very evening of the day the *Leo* arrived. Sending the *Leo* to Petersburg instead of to Libau or Riga, was evidently providentially arranged, for only thus could the provinces be reached that needed help most. Many of these localities had not yet received any American aid.



THE DUHMA OR CITY HALL OF ST. PETERSBURG.
(Photographed, while decorated, for the "Leo" reception.)

Our American visitors were honored with an official reception from the Town Council, the assembly meeting in the brilliantly decorated halls of the Duhma. Shortly before three o'clock the invited guests, the members of the Town Council, and other municipal dignitaries began to arrive in the Alexander Hall, which was decorated with tropical plants and with Russian and American flags. Among the visitors were General Wahl and his wife, and a great number of Russian officials. The galleries were crowded by the general public, many ladies being present. . . With American punctuality, precisely on the stroke of three, the chief guests of honor of the day, Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage and Dr. Louis Klopsch, accompanied by the American Consul and Mrs. Klopsch, appeared on the scene, and were accompanied to the platform by Herr Prokofjew (representing the chief magistrate), who had met them on the steps of the Duhma (also resplendent in festive decoration.) They took the seats of honor amid loud cheers and vehement applause from the public. Herr Prokofjew presided in the centre of the table. On his right sat Dr. Talmage and on his left Dr. Klopsch, the magistrates and councillors on either side. Herr Prokofjew opened the proceedings by reading the address of thanks drawn up by the Town Council, which he then, amid enthusiastic cheers, handed over to the pastor. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage then rose and replied in a speech which made a deep impression, and was repeatedly interrupted by applause from the audience, which was quite carried away. Dr. Talmage chose the thrilling subject of the relief of the poor and needy, and the no less impressive theme of the brotherly union of both nations. "Come to America; come to New York; come to my home," he cried. "You will find we have Russian books, Russian music, Russian pictures on the walls of our reception-rooms and studies. Come and see us." Continuing he said:

"You are now so near that when the harvests failed in one part of your empire, and hunger with white teeth gnawed on the lives of millions of your people, we heard the cry across the Atlantic and looking into the face of wife and children we said: 'This must not be. That is the hungry cry of our Russian brothers and sisters, for we are all blood relations, since God hath made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the face of the earth.' Then the rain poured from our national wheat-bins, and it was ground into flour, and, with the blessing of God and our nation, we launched it for Europe, and it is here, and we hand over to you a solemn sacrament of bread from nation to nation, and we join you in beating back the wolves of hunger to their jungle, and under the blessing of the Lord we hope that soon there will be bread enough and to spare, and no one perishing with hunger.

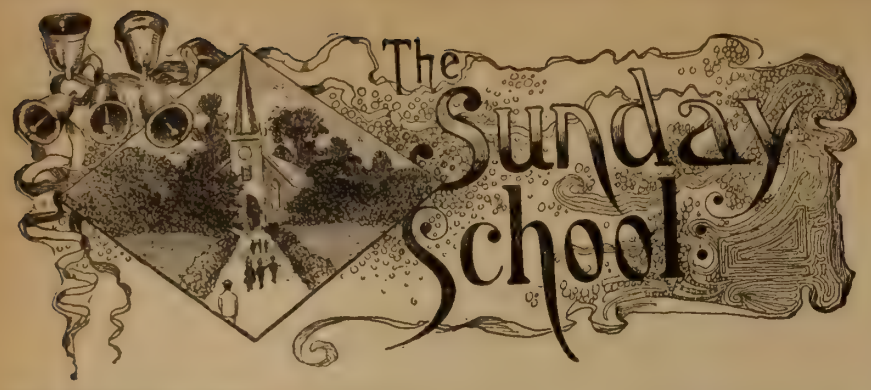
"When last Thursday morning we saw the freight-cars roll down to the wharf to take the flour our ship *Leo* was about to unload, and the Russian flag floated above one car and the American flag floated over another, and in that order all the long train was decorated, I said within myself, 'So may it always be.' And until the day when the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, shall swear by him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer, may the Russian flag and the American flag move on in the same procession. And if any arm shall ever be lifted to strike down that feeling of international brotherhood, may that arm, from shoulder-blade to finger-tip, wither!

"We come at our own personal expense, and not a farthing of the money raised for the sufferers goes to pay our expenses. We come for the joy of seeing the food started for the afflicted districts, towards which the freight-cars are now rumbling on their way. Thanks upon thanks! When we get back to our own beloved America, we will tell of your magnificent treatment of us, and if ever we want in two words to express all geniality, all sympathy, all generosity, all kindness, we will select, for those two words—Russian hospitality! God bless you all! May none of us ever know what a bitter thing it is for our children to cry for bread when there is no flour in the house. Upon us may there come the benediction of the Book which says, 'Blessed is the man that considereth the poor. The Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble.'"

The speech lasted over half an hour; at its close the audience burst into a storm of applause, which seemed as if it would never end. The strains of the Russian and American national hymns, the applause of the ladies, and the hurrahing of the public blended into one tumultuous sound. When at length it died away, Dr. Klopsch made a short speech, also Count Bobrinskoy and M. Sangalli, both speaking in excellent English. The meeting broke up soon after five o'clock. Dr. Talmage, Dr. Klopsch and his wife, greeted as they left the building with loud hurrahs by an enormous public, entered an open carriage and drove between lines of waving caps and handkerchiefs, to the Hotel d'Europe. Here they were awaited by a fresh concourse of people, and enthusiastically greeted. Dr. Talmage was at once raised by a dozen strong Russian arms and chaired amid loud hurrahs. When the Americans had disappeared into the hotel, the people still pressed round the doors, and they had to show themselves on the hotel balcony.

We have already referred to the inconveniences of railroad travel across Europe, but our pilgrims to the empire of the Czar, had something much more serious to contend with than mere lack of railroad accommodations. Before leaving London, they had heard rumors of cholera in Russia. Such a prospect would appal and halt a traveler, and this might have been their experience, had they been traveling for pleasure. Duty urged them forward, though it was not without misgivings that they set their faces resolutely eastward, trusting to a divine protecting power to see them safely through. Fortunately, as it proved, the situation had been grossly exaggerated. There was cholera in Russia, but the capital was free from the pest, and fairly healthy. More recently, the cholera, which had already seized upon Moscow, broke out in the city on the Neva, where it is now making terrible ravages.

The famine, fortunately, is practically ended. Thus far the harvest prospects are decidedly discouraging; but it is hoped that the government's preparations and the vast relief system now in operation will avert next year any repetition of the horrors of the summer of 1892.



PHILIP'S PREACHING AT SAMARIA

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 4. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Acts 8: 1-25. Golden Text, Acts 8 : 8.

STEPHEN was not the only representative of the seven deacons, chosen by the early Church to conduct their business matters, who was at the same time highly gifted for spiritual service. Philip, with similar gifts, yet quite another ministry, was also "full of the Holy Ghost and of power." It might be asked why should God have permited the career of such a man as Stephen to have been cut short so suddenly, and yet have allowed Philip to continue his ministry for many years. There are

Purposes of God

in regard to the life or death of his saints, which are not revealed to any man. "The Lord is in his holy temple (the temple of his body, the Church): let all the earth keep silence before him. (Hab. 2 : 20.) If we may venture upon any suggestions, they are but suggestions, and can be taken only for what they are worth. The testimony of such a death as Stephen's was perhaps, at the time, worth more to the cause of God than his life would have been. The utter unconsciousness of self, was a lesson which could not be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

The death of Stephen brought things to a crisis. After such an appeal, after such a testimony, after the death of a man with an angel face, under an opened heaven, praying with his dying breath for his murderers; the Gospel must spread and sweep all before it, unless its enemies had resort to further violence. With them all was at stake, they had begun to resist the Holy Ghost, and having gone so far, they were prepared to go further, there was no stopping short; a great persecution arose the same day (R.V.) against the Church in Jerusalem. The tears of the brethren who carried the martyr to his grave were not dry when their homes were attacked, and they were scattered, and many of them cast into prison. The world in Jerusalem, which knew not Jesus would not know his disciples, either. But the same spirit of disinterestedness, which lifted Stephen above personal considerations, caused these persecuted disciples, wherever they wandered, to preach the Word. Their first thought was for the progress of the Word, their second thought to provide for their daily needs. Philip was one of these persecuted disciples, he was a family man, and had four daughters who testified of Christ, probably evangelists. (Acts 21: 9; Rev. 19:10.) Driven out of Jerusalem, this man went down to Samaria, undoubtedly under the direct guidance of the Spirit, and "proclaimed unto them the Christ." (R.V.) Jerusalem had

Begun to Reject the Holy Ghost

as she had rejected Jesus. The order of God for the preaching of the Gospel was first Jerusalem, then all Judea and Samaria, then the uttermost parts of the earth. (Acts 1 : 8.) Jerusalem had had her day, from this time forward she never had the same manifestation of the power of God. Judea was next in order, and the scattered disciples were bearing their testimony hither and thither, with blessed results. (Acts 11 : 19.) How would Samaria treat the testimony? The people with one accord gave heed unto those things which Philip spake, hearing and seeing the miracles which he did. For unclean spirits, crying with loud voice, came out of many that were possessed with them; and many taken with palsies, and that were lame, were healed. And there was great joy in that city." When a great and remarkable work of God breaks out in a city or a village, the instruments whom God employs often fall into the mistake of trying to keep it going at the same pressure; and when the unusual manifestation of Divine power declines they try to keep it up by human means, and so they use "strange fire," an imitation, a caricature, of that which is divine. There are special visitations of the Spirit, given by the Lord, in his grace, from time to time. It is not in times, such as these; that God's children learn their deepest lessons. There are these times of glorious ingathering, but there are times also of fellowship with Christ's sufferings, when it would seem as though the enemy had all his own way. Often and often the Lord must stay his hand of blessing which would grant wondrous works of his grace, because his own children are not sufficiently advanced in knowledge of him and in self-renunciation to bear the glory of his outstretched hand without being uplifted.

Satan is always on the watch to sow tares among the wheat. The work of God was at its height in Samaria: conversions were taking place in every part of the city. Shining faces, telling of hearts made glad by the presence of God, and of the absence of sin, were seen everywhere; young and old, rich and poor, master and servant, rejoiced together: the joy of the Lord was indeed their strength. How should the enemy spoil a work like this? He would raise up a false disciple. There was a sorcerer, named Simon, who had led away or "amazed" the people of Samaria, "giving out that himself was some great one." Let us beware of this snare of the enemy. O how many earnest Christians have been ruined by the enemy, who, as an angel of light, sent them some dream concerning the work of the Lord or his Church, in which they themselves figured as "some great one," or he showed them some great need in the Church of God, and they were to be the chosen instruments to supply that need.

"Some Great One."

The Lord's people are all little ones. "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. 18: 3.) "He must increase, but I must decrease." (John 3: 30.) This man, Simon, had long imposed upon the credulous, whom he had bewitched with his sorceries or spiritualism. But now that the power of God was manifest among them, Simon's magical arts were at a discount. What should he do? What would best suit his purpose? To oppose such a universal current—as that which had set in, in favor of the Gospel, would be sheer folly; his only hope of regaining any popularity was to swim with the tide. In any case his conversion would make a stir; therefore he professed to believe, and was baptized. No doubt this new convert was much talked of, and much noticed by the people. It would run from mouth to mouth that Simon the sorcerer had been converted. Probably his testimony would be given far and wide, and this supposed miracle of the Lord's grace would perhaps absorb the attention of men, even Christian men, more than the Master whom he professed to serve. This man attached himself to Philip and was in constant amazement at the signs and miracles which he wrought; and Philip himself seems not to have been aware of the kind of man he was.

Tidings of the great work of God's grace in Samaria reached the apostles, Peter and John, in Jerusalem. These two apostles were not jealous that Philip should have been the instrument of this work rather than they. Peter had been marvellously used at Jerusalem but it did not therefore follow that God could do no similar work through another. The apostles were filled with the Holy Ghost; they saw things in the light of God, and not in the light of self. What matter whether one apostle or a deacon were used of God, so long as souls were converted, and the kingdom of God increased? They prayed for the converts "that they might receive the Holy Ghost." No exclusiveness was in their spirit. Having prayed, they laid their hands on the Samaritan converts, and they received the Holy Ghost! These new born souls were soon to be weaned from their beloved teacher, Philip, and they must know for themselves the power of an indwelling God. But it does not follow that because Peter and John laid hands on them, therefore the Holy Ghost is to be given by the laying on of hands. In this instance it was, no doubt under the special leading of God, and was a testimony to the Christian Samaritans that the old Jewish pride which forbade the Jews to have any dealings with the Samaritans (John 4: 9), was broken down by the Lord Jesus.

Now Came the Testing Time

for Simon. The old spirit, which made him give out that he "was some great one," had either never departed from him, or else had returned to the house from whence it came out, and found it empty of the presence of God. "Give me also this power," he said to the two apostles, at the same time offering them money, "that on whomsoever I lay hands, he may receive the Holy Ghost." (R.V.) What a humbling revelation for Philip! This convert on whom he had so counted; could it be that he understood so little that he could offer to make merchandise of the Holy Ghost, for his own aggrandizement? It is by these things that God leads his children to learn lessons of self abasement, and lessons of unerring guidance, which would be impossible without such experiences. Satan might have tempted Philip to think that since he was now used so much more than Peter was, that therefore he was in some way superior, spiritually, to Peter. But such a temptation must fall to the ground now, before the searching eye of Peter. Simon was dangerously near, if not within, that sin of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, which cannot be forgiven, (Mark 3: 19). "Pray ye to the Lord for me," said the unhappy man, who no longer sought to keep up appearances, "that none of these things which ye have spoken come upon me."

How clearly we see in this episode of the history of the early church, the blessed working, and interdependence of the members of Christ's body! Philip, wondrously used in conversion and healing; Peter and John the instruments by which God the Holy Ghost was received by the converts; Philip, blessed instrument as he was, yet lacking the discernment of spirit to discover the duplicity of Simon, and Peter used of God to find it out, and deliver Philip from such a companion!

LESSON POINTS.

"And there was great joy in that City." Acts 8: 8.

IT was natural that there should be joy in Samaria. The people had been listening to Philip's message and it was a message calculated to cause joy. When the angel announced it to the shepherds at Christ's birth he said it was "good tidings of great joy," and so it has proved ever since wherever it has been proclaimed and people have believed it. Then, too, there were so many of the city's sick healed, demented people, cripples and people sick of the palsy and other diseases. A man coming into a city with healing for soul and body would be sure to bring joy to the city.

It was a message of deliverance from Satan's bondage. Some six years ago a message that caused joy was talked of in the prisons all through the State of New York. It was to the effect that the Governor of the State had signed a bill limiting imprisonment for debt to six months. There was joy in many a prisoner's heart. In Ludlow Street prison there was one man who had been imprisoned for seven years on a bond for forty thousand dollars. Another man had been in for four years, another one year. In other jails were prisoners who had been in for various terms longer than six months. All now heard of the bill and rejoiced over the prospect of immediate release. When men realize how much they owe to God and how little they have ever paid, or can pay, they have reason to rejoice when they learn that, by giving himself to die on the Cross, Jesus has paid all their debt.

The message Philip proclaimed was one of deliverance from a dreaded enemy. He could tell them of One who had overcome Satan and had won victory over him for all who trust in his name. There is a story told of an incident that occurred during the Indian mutiny of 1857. The English were besieged in the city of Lucknow, and were in momentary expectation of perishing at the hands of the savage mutinous soldiers who had butchered women and children at Cawnpore and other places, who surrounded the city in vast numbers. There was a little Scotch lass in this fort, and, while lying on the ground, she suddenly shouted, her face aglow with joy, "Dinna ye hear them comin'; dinna ye hear them comin'?" "Hear what?" they asked. "Dinna ye hear them comin'?" And she sprang to her feet. It was the bagpipes of her native Scotland she heard. It was a native air she heard that was being played by a regiment of her countrymen marching to the relief of those captives, and these deliverers made them free.

There was joy in a Texas court on Dec. 3, 1887. A man was on trial for murder. Circumstantial evidence was very strongly against him; and the murdered man having been a popular citizen there was a general desire that some one should be hanged for the crime. The prisoner knew that he was innocent, but he was poor and his lawyer was not very skilful. The case seemed to be going against him and there was little hope of his escape, when a man sitting in the court rose and went to the witness chair. The prisoner did not know him but the police did and they suspected him of committing the crime but had not been able to get evidence against him. This man declared that he had committed the murder and told why he had done it. He said he could not bear any longer to see an innocent man under the accusation. The prisoner was so overcome with joy that he fainted in the dock. The message Philip preached in Samaria reversed the conditions but the effect was the same. Sinners under condemnation are forgiven because the Innocent has suffered in their place.

There was joy not long ago in an English hospital. A miner had been severely injured by a fall of coal and one of his legs had been amputated. He was a popular man among the miners, although a very wicked one. Some people said *because* he was a wicked one. He was known in every saloon in town. His presence was always welcome, for he drank freely and could sing more ribald songs than any other man. When he was well enough to see visitors, two or three of the miners went to condole with him on ths loss of his limb. He astonished them by demanding their congratulations instead of their sympathy. "I could have afforded to give both my legs," he said, "for what I have got in this hospital, and cheap at the price. I was going fast to a place where I should have lost soul and body. Now I am saved. Jesus has saved me while I have been here. I'm a new man" The miners looked at him in amazement, but the maimed man told them how, when he thought he was going to die, the chaplain had talked to him and prayed with him and led him to Christ. "Such a jolly fellow as you were, Bill," said one of the men. "You'll never sing us another song, now." The man looked at him triumphantly. "Won't I?" he said, "I'll sing more than ever in future. I'm always singing. I'm a sight happier now, and I can sing without drinking, and raising his voice he sang:

> "I will believe, I do believe,
> That Jesus died for me,
> That on the cross he shed his blood,
> From sin to set me free."

When a man realizes that fact there is sure to be joy in his heart.

The message that brings joy needs to be proclaimed as Philip proclaimed it in Samaria. The reason for the joy exists but not until it is published do men understand it. A traveler says: "I once spent a night on the summit of Mount Righi, and the darkness was so dense that I could not see one rod from my window. But when the morning broke, the polished mirror of Lake Lucerne spread beneath me, and the icy coronets of the Jungfrau and the Fenisteraar horn glittered in the rosy beams. They had been there all through the night waiting for the unfoldings of the day-spring from on high." When it is sent by missionaries to a heathen land, there is joy in that land sooner or later. Eighty years ago the Directors of the East India Company, who then controlled India, placed on record, "That the sending of Christian missionaries to our Eastern possessions is the maddest, most expensive, most unwarrantable project that was ever proposed by a lunatic enthusiast." Not long ago the Governor of Bengal placed a different statement on record. He said: "In my judgment Christian missionaries have done more real and lasting good to the people of India than all other agencies combined."

It brings joy even on a death-bed. A Scotch city missionnry says that he was much impressed by visiting a woman who died recently in the West-end of Glasgow. She had been a worker in a paper mill, but she had led a very wicked life outside the mill. She was dying of consnmption and when she learned that her case was hopeless she gave attention to the missionary's talk and was converted. Her joy knew no bounds. The missionary says he has never seen so joyful a Christian. When asked why she was so jubilant she spoke of her past life and of God's wonderful mercy in saving so great a sinner. "I was like the rags that go into the paper mill," she said. "They are torn and filthy, but they come out clear white paper and that is what Jesus is doing for me."

Then there is another place in which there is joy. Jesus said: "I say unto you that joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

THE NORTHFIELD CONFERENCE.

A Wonderful Assembly of Christian Workers From all Nations Drawn Together to Seek Increased Holiness and Power—The Speakers and the Character of the Proceedings.

THE hope expressed by Mr. D. L. Moody, in his letter of invitation to the Northfield Conference, which was published in this journal on July 6, has been abundantly realized. He said that though obliged to be absent himself he trusted that the friends of Christ would do all they could to make the Conference a great blessing. It was the tenth of these Conferences, and it is no slight tribute to it to say that it came in no whit behind any of its predecessors, if it did not surpass them all. A profound spirit of devotion pervaded all the meetings and there was manifested throughout, a conscious dependence of all present on the Holy Spirit for enlightenment and quickening influence. These conferences have developed greatly since the first was held in 1880, but the same spirit which made that Conference one never to be forgotten by any that attended it has animated all since, and the same blessing of deepened consecration and increased spiritual power has followed them.

MR. D. L. MOODY.

Mr. Moody's place was occupied by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., of Boston, whose portrait appears on this page. His figure and voice are well known at Northfield. He has attended nearly every Conference held there, and his deep spiritual teaching and irresistible logical speeches have been always highly appreciated. None knew better than he what a Northfield Conference was intended to be and do, and Mr. Moody's selection of him as a leader in his place was heartily approved by the workers who made the joyous, expectant pilgrimage to Northfield this year. He struck the true keynote of the Conference in the words with which he inaugurated its proceedings. He said in part:

"In the absence of our honored leader, Mr. Moody, who originated the Northfield Conference, and who for so many years has guided and inspired the sessions, it falls to my lot to preside at this session of the convention. In the name of our great leader, Jesus Christ, the Chief Shepherd of the whole flock of God, I welcome you once more to this Christian Convocation. You come from many states and nations, but you are one as fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God. May you enjoy a rich spiritual blessing and get a new uplift and inspiration in your attendance on these meetings. What is the Northfield Conference as to its character and aims? This question is often put to me; and, having been a participant in its meetings almost every year from the beginning, I am perhaps in a position to answer this question in an intelligent manner. Is it a summer school? I am asked. Yes, a school, and more than a school; for we come to seek the instruction and the illumination of the Holy Spirit, of whom it is promised that he shall lead you into all truth. Such instruction is the most urgent demand of our times.

DR. A. J. GORDON.

"The great canon of interpretation, that spiritual things are spiritually discerned, cannot be too strongly insisted on. One cannot interpret Scripture by mere intellect, any more than a mathematician can interpret the oratorio, 'The Creation,' by his multiplication table, or a shopkeeper can comprehend 'Paradise Lost' with his yardstick. Only the Spirit that inspired the Word of God can give us the key to that word; and so always, in these conferences, much prayer and seeking of the gracious influences of the Spirit has been urged. Is the Northfield Conference set for the defence of some special school of theology? I am constantly asked. No, we believe with Augustine, that the heart is the best theologian. Therefore we recognize the need of much heart culture and spiritual communion. Hence these convocations have always been devotional rather than didactic. Their aim has been to promote consecration rather than controversy. In a word, these meetings are designed for the spiritual health and quickening of all Christians. Therefore do we enter upon this one with much prayer that it may prove a time of true refreshing to our souls."

Rev. George C. Needham, a writer, whose articles on prophetic subjects we have frequently had the privilege of presenting to our readers, and whose portrait also appears on this page followed Dr. Gordon at the first session with an address on the Plan of the Ages. He briefly sketched the whole history of the race dividing it into the periods: from Adam to Noah; from Noah to Abraham; from Abraham to Moses; from Moses to Solomon; from Solomon to the Captivity; from the Captivity to Christ; the Times of the Gentiles and the Millennium. He said in closing:

"The present age began with the rejection of Christ; it will end with the rejection of Antichrist. It began when Christ ascended; it will close when he descends again to earth. The peculiarity of the age is its mixed character—ignorance of God and indifference to spiritual things, lawlessness and insubordination, apostasy, sneering and scoffing, false philosophies, supplanting faith; and speculating sciences, antagonizing revelation; lust of the flesh and laxity of morals, the desecration of everything sacred, including the Sabbath, marriage, the home and public worship. Piety has been swept aside, while pride occupies her place. Love to Christ has waned, while persuit after a false liberalism has waxed hotly. Soundness in faith and contention for sound doctrine have been undermined by fashionable scepticism and weakened by the dry rot of higher criticism. Nevertheless the light of the Gospel will continue to shine brighter and brighter in every dark land where it finds entrance. "Our age will not close the solemn drama enacted upon this planet. For six thousands years Satan has seemed to hold the seat of power. Certainly his work has been universal and unbroken. But the hour will arrive when he shall be defeated. There will be a space of years between the departure of the Church to meet Christ in the air, and the advent of both to take possession of the earth. During that time Satan will energize the Antichrist with his own awful power, will summon to his aid all the principalities and spirits of darkness will make another desperate effort to hold possession of the earthly kingdom and keep the true heir out of his own inheritance. But in this he shall signally fail. The Son of God will confront him, bind him and banish him to the abyss where he will remain imprisoned for a thousand years.

REV. GEO. C. NEEDHAM.

"The seventh age, inaugurated by the personal presence of Christ on earth, will continue for a thousand years. It will outshine all other ages preceding it, in universal righteousness. The glory of God will overshadow it. Converted Israel, in her restored national character, shall have the supreme place among the nations of the earth. Heathen nations, long enshrouded in pagan darkness, shall hail the King and willingly accept his sovereignty. Yet the blessed sabbatical era will not be perfect. Human nature will once more betray its perversity; Satan will have a respite given him. He will make a struggle to regain possession of the planet. It will be the final conflict between good and evil, righteousness and unrighteousness, heaven and hell, Christ and Satan. But right will prevail. We cannot but believe the prophecies which speak of an age when Christ shall reign over a new earth, and a holy, sinless race will follow these final judgments. How long this glorious era shall continue, we do not know. It is outside the circle of time, and will merge into the eternal state when the Son shall give up a perfected kingdom to the Father, and God shall be all in all, Eden replanted on a universal scale, Paradise restored and extended, Satan conquered, banished eternally, suffering in the quenchless fire; Jesus, Redeemer, King, forever vindicated, glorified, exalted."

A conspicuous figure at the Conference was *Mr. Ira D. Sankey*. Not only as a singer of marvellous power did he render valuable service; Mr. Sankey is a graceful and effective speaker and during these sessions he was at his best. His addresses are always short, but he never speaks without saying something which will not be forgotten by his hearers. There was not the slightest truth in the rumor that he has retired from active campaign work. His alliance with Mr. Moody was never firmer than it is now. He was with him in England all last winter, came to this country only under appointment to visit the New York Christian Endeavor convention and the Northfield Conference, is in constant correspondence with him, and will meet him here next October. Mr. Sankey's unfaltering loyalty to his old friend is as impressive as his outspoken admiration. He takes great pleasure in visiting Mrs. Betsy Moody, the mother of the eminent evangelist, now in her eighty-fifth year. He took a party of Northfield friends to her cottage on Aug. 12 and there held a song service much to the gratification of the venerable lady.

MR. IRA D. SANKEY.

Another of the company of famous teachers at the conference and a man on whose help Mr. D. L. Moody placed much reliance was *Rev. F. B. Meyer* of London. Mr. Meyer has just been called to the pastorate of Christ Church, London, which Dr. Newman Hall the author of the much blessed little book *Come to Jesus*, has just resigned after being fifty years in the pastorate. Mr. Meyer is a stalwart Baptist, but Dr. Hall and the church would not allow that difficulty to stand in the way of his acceptance and have had a baptistry built in the church to enable him to perform the rite according to his conscience. He is a slender, gray-haired Englishmen, cleanshaven, fresh colored, with deep but bright blue eyes and a singularly engaging manner.

Some idea of the practical character of Mr. Meyer's teaching may be gained from an extract from the address which he delivered at the conference on Aug. 10. His subject was the building of life on God's plan; and in the course of his remarks he said: "I do not think that God ever takes us up into the mountain to show us the whole conception of our lives at once, but I have learned that God gives us his plan a bit at a time, and that as we do each bit by itself in his grace and by his strength, we are really achieving his purpose, and that we will do the whole by doing each part. We will build up a perfect model by carefully and faithfully fulfilling the details every day. It is as if the mother and her child were working together upon some dress, and the mother cuts it out and gives a bit to the child and says: 'Child, hem this! stitch this!' The child turns to the mother and says, 'Why?' and the mother says, 'I cannot tell you, child; there is no time, but I want you to do it, and do it quickly and well;' and then the mother gives the child another piece and another piece and then another piece, and the child all day is working away without any distinct conception of what the mother intends, but at the end of the day the mother takes this bit from the first hour and this bit from the last hour and these bits of work, which were done at other times and with her deft hand, she weaves them all together to realize her perfect plan and she says: 'Child, that is what you and I have been working at all day!' I say, brothers and sisters, God puts into your lives a bit of weaving to do now, some work to do then, carved work to do presently; here to fashion a jewel, there to work in gold, or here to erect a brazen altar, there a golden one, and you and I do not realize what we are doing. But we have got to do moment by moment what he sets us to do and the result will be that some day when we are entering glory God will take us aside and he will show us the perfect symmetrical whole which has been produced by doing each part faithfully and thoroughly, in the power of the Spirit."

REV. F. B. MEYER.

A very welcome face at Northfield was that of *Dr. A. T. Pierson*, formerly of Philadelphia who has been filling the pulpit of the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon since his death. Dr. Pierson is a Presbyterian but he says he had no difficulty on that score with the Tabernacle people; for Mr. Spurgeon having looked into the New Testament and found that the early Apostolic church had a bench of elders, he promptly introduced one into the Tabernacle, thus making the church "Presbyterian in its elders, Baptist in its doctrine, and Methodist in its fervor." The membership of the church is 5600 which is the largest church in the world and these are all members in good standing, the church roll being carefully revised at short and regular intervals. Dr. Pierson recognizes how high is the tribute paid to him in inviting him to succeed the greatest preacher in the world and can have no doubt of its sincerity, for whenever he preaches the vast building is crowded as it used to be when Mr. Spurgeon delivered his matchless sermons there. But the responsibility of being pastor of so large a church oppresses him and is moreover a different idea from that he formulated as to the future work of his life. Dr. Pierson is tall, slender, with grizzled hair and beard, a large nose, blue eyes, has intense nervous activity, and is full of energy and ideas, quick in speech and in thought. He attended the first of the Northfield Conferences twelve years ago and delivered the opening address.

DR. A. T. PIERSON.

The subject of Foreign Missions always occupies a prominent place at the Northfield Conferences and this year was not an exception. At one of the sessions a report was received of a famine in the Laos country in northern Siam. The report was read to the Conference and a collection was immediately taken up to be sent to the Missionaries for the relief of the sufferers. To the surprise of all, it amounted to over $700 and at the next session a further sum of $300 was contributed.

A prominent speaker on the claims of the Foreign Mission field was Dr. S. L. Baldwin, the Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Foreign Mission Board and formerly a missionary at Foochow, China. On Aug. 10 he gave an earnest address on his favorite topic. At the opening of it he said: "I would like to speak to you about the difficulties of the work in China. About the first difficulty is that wonderful Chinese language. I remember addressing my first audience in Chinese and being very anxious to know whether they understood me or not, I stopped occasionally to ask them the question, 'Do you understand?' and it was very evident to me that they did not understand that question, whatever else they understood. There was a singular look upon their faces that told me that something was wrong. A few days afterward, a young friend, a Chinaman, who had been in America and had learned to speak the English language much better than I then spoke the Chinese, said to me: 'Do you know what you asked the people so often in the chapel the other day?' I said, 'No. What was it?' and he said: 'Do you know how to love?' You have to be very careful with your tones in that country."

Among other speakers who took part in this memorable Conference were: Dr. John L. Nevins who has been for thirty years a Presbyterian Missionary in China; Dr. L. W. Crinkheit, a Baptist Missionary in Burmah; Dr. Arthur Mitchell, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions; Dr. James E. Gracey, President of the International Missionary Union; Rev. James M. Gray, of Boston; Julius J. Estey, of Brattleborough, Vt.; Col. Van Rensselear; Shire Kuroda, a Japanese student from Amherst, and Rev. Jacob Freshman of New York.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
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RUSSIA'S GRATITUDE.

THE hearty reception accorded THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief steamship *Leo* and Rev. Dr. Talmage, and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Klopsch must prove a source of genuine gratification to every contributor to the Famine Fund to whom the whole Russian nation sends cordial greetings and heartfelt thanks, without qualification or number. The Russian Emperor, Alexander III., requested Dr. Talmage, and the Crown Prince requested Mr. Klopsch, to convey to our readers the expression of their sincerest appreciation of the generous assistance which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has, under divine blessing, been instrumental in affording to tens of thousands of helpless famine sufferers, many of whom, but for this timely aid, would to-day perhaps be no longer numbered among the living, and to assure their American friends that they will ever cherish the memory of this manifestation of christian brotherly love and charity so cheerfully, lovingly, and generously bestowed.

Were it possible for our readers to have entered the lowly huts of the suffering Russians and to have heard how the news of the arrival of help from across the ocean suddenly transformed their prayer that God would mercifully send the cholera—that they might be permitted to die a comparatively sudden though painful death, rather than undergo the slow and agonizing torture of literal starvation—into earnest, heartfelt invocation of heaven's blessings upon the heads of the kind and loving, though unknown friends, who came to the rescue in the hour of direst need, they would surely have shared the feelings of joy and gratitude that animated both the editor and proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD when they thanked God that they had been permitted to become interested in such grand and glorious mission-work.

"Our people rarely take the portion of American flour allotted to them without entreating us to give them the names of their benefactors," said a Russian official to Mr. Klopsch, "in order that they may remember them in their prayers, for the Russians are very pious people, but the best we can do is to tell them that Americans have thus aided them, and should you get below Moscow in your travels you will, wherever prayer is wont to be offered, hear the American people included in their petitions."

In this most beneficent work the American nation stands alone, for no other nation has contributed to the relief to any perceptible extent, and Russia profoundly and gratefully appreciates the fact. And while other nations came with small gifts in a fault-finding spirit, charging the Imperial Government with carelessness, incapacity, dishonesty and other altogether unfounded and imaginary shortcomings, America came with open hands in a spirit so kind, loving, and brotherly, that it makes the Russian feel tender when he mentions it.

THE COMFORTS OF OLD AGE.

DO not be worried because your ear is becoming dull. In that way you escape being bored with many of the foolish things that are said. If the gates of sound keep out some of the music, they also keep out some of the discord. If the hair be getting thin, it takes less time to comb it, and then it is not all the time falling down over your eyes; or if it be getting white, I think that color is quite as respectable as any other: that is the color of the snow, and of the blossoms, and of the clouds, and of angelic habiliments.

Do not worry because the time comes on when you must go into the next world. It is only a better room, with finer pictures, brighter society and sweeter music. Robert McCheyne, and John Knox and Harriett Newell, and Mrs. Hemans, and John Milton, and Martin Luther will be good enough company for the most of us. The cornshocks standing in the fields will not sigh dismally when the huskers leap over the fence, and throwing their arms around the stack, swing it to the ground. It is only to take the golden ear from the husk. Death to the aged Christian is only husking-time, and then the load goes in from the frosts to the garner.

My congratulations to those who are nearly done with the nuisances of this world. Give your staff to your little grandson to ride horse on. You are going to be young again, and you will have no need of crutches. May the clouds around the setting sun be golden, and such as to lead the "weather-wise" to prophesy a clear morning!

MESSAGES FROM HEAVEN.

EVERY Christian carries a dispatch from God to the world. Let him ride swiftly to deliver it. The army is to advance and the enemy is coming. Go out and fulfill your mission. You may have a letter committed to your care, and after some days you find it in your pockets: you forgot to deliver it. Great was your chagrin when you found that it pertained to some sickness or trouble. God gives every man a letter of warning to carry, and what will be your chagrin in the judgment to find that you have forgotten it!

A week-night meeting widens the pulpit till all the people can stand on it. Such a service tests one's piety. No credit for going to church on Sabbath. Places of amusement are all closed, and there is no money to be made. But week-nights every kind of temptation and opportunity spreads before a man, and if he goes to the praying circle he must give up these things. The man who goes to the weekly service regularly through moonlight and pitch darkness, through good walking and slush ankle-deep, will in the book of judgment find it set down to his credit. He will have a better seat in heaven than the man who went only when the walking was good, and the weather comfortable, and the services attractive, and his health perfect. That service which costs nothing God accounts as nothing.

If you are on a railroad train, and stop at the depot, and a boy comes in with a telegram, all the passengers lean forward and wonder if it is for them. It may be news from home. It must be urgent or it would not be brought there. Now, if while we are rushing on in the whirl of every-day excitement, a message of God meets us, it must be an urgent and important message. If God speaks to us in a meeting mid-week, it is because there is something that needs to be said before next Sunday.

A NEW LUTHER WANTED.

NO man that ever lived did so much for the liberation of human thought and religious freedom as Martin Luther. But the world and the Church ever and anon need another iconoclast to break ecclesiastical pretensions. In all ages and in all churches there have been those who would tyrannize the souls of the people. There are those who have supposed that the Catholic Church has had a monopoly of persecution. It is a great mistake. Who burned the Quakers? Protestants. Servetus wrote books offensive to Protestantism, and was burned to death, and John Calvin is said to have sanctioned the awful tragedy.

We want a new Martin Luther at least every fifty years to extirpate all spirit of religious tyranny. You see it ever and anon cropping out in all the denominations. If a man halt in his obedience, off goes his head ecclesiastically. If he be in the Methodist Church, his antagonist will try to get the bishop to sit down on him and freeze him out by appointing him to some insignificant station on a small salary. If he be in the Baptist Church, his antagonist will try to have him expelled from the association, or will cough him down when he is reading his essay. If he be in the Congregational Church, they will call a council and will not invite him.

Now, I am not so much opposed to one pope, if he be a good man, as I am opposed to these scores of little popes all over Protestantism. Methodist popes, Baptist popes, Episcopalian popes, Lutheran popes, Congregational popes, Presbyterian popes, and I will say that in this country it takes the least timber to make a pope of any country in the world. But ever and anon some one reads over the life and exploits of Martin Luther and catches his spirit, and there is another crash of consecrated humbug.

VISIT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

FROM the West comes the sound of active preparation for the World's Fair, which opens in 1893. So great has been the demand for space by American and foreign exhibitors, and so varied will be the showing by States and Governments in all parts of the world, that the management of the Fair are justified in claiming that our coming Exposition will be the greatest international display of the sciences, arts, and manufactures, and of every conceivable article of beauty or utility, that the world has yet witnessed. Excellent progress is being made in the construction of the great buildings for the different departments of the exhibition, and they will doubtless be ready in time. All the world and his wife will go to Chicago to see the Fair. And it is a sight which no one who dwells in our own land should miss—a memory to endure many years, for it is improbable that the present century, at least, will produce such another.

It is within the power of every reader of this journal to realize the beauty and grandeur of this splendid spectacle. In another part of this issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's plan is fully explained, whereby every one is afforded an opportunity of visiting Chicago and passing a pleasant and instructive week there during the Fair, *absolutely free of expense*. Already hundreds of our readers have taken advantage of this offer, and are now fulfilling their part of the conditions, and we have no doubt that when the time arrives for visiting the Fair, they will be a very numerous party indeed. The plan, as elsewhere stated, includes free transportation both ways, from any State of the Union to Chicago and return, and one-week's accommodation at a pleasant home, delightfully located on the lake front and within easy walking distance of the Fair grounds. The building is well shaded, has broad piazzas and contains an auditorium in which week-day meetings and Sunday services will be held. It is to be conducted on strictly Christian principles, and will accommodate all who may come.

We would urge all to read the offer carefully, and if they wish to visit the Fair, to make their arrangements without delay.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

A SECOND PENTECOST.

(Continued from last week.)

NOW I saw in my dream that many met for prayer and conference daily. I watched them come and go Once I visited their place of gathering. All differences in sect was forgotten. Their one thought and cry was for their sons and daughters, their neighbors and friends, that they might be reconciled to the King ere his wrath be poured out upon them. The under shepherds were anxious, not for the increase of their flock, but for the extension of the Saviour's kingdom. Spiritual selfishness had been repented of and sunk into the depths of the sea. There was a oneness that told of unity in heart as well as in words. Each preferred the other.

'Twas not long after this that Mr. Great-work announced the Tabernacle as finished, and invited all to view its parts.

While noting who they were that came and went, I saw one enter whose face bespoke an inward joy. His eyes took in the whole; a single glance revealed to him the perfectness of every part. Some there were who greeted him most cordially, others looked askance and turned from where he stood.

I noted that Mr. Great-work did not see him as he entered, but soon espied him, then their greeting was like that of David and Jonathan. When many saw them thus engaged in such earnest talk, some inquired who he was. Whereupon one Know-all made bold to ask, "What is thine occupation and whence comest thou? What is thy country? and of what people art thou?"

Evangelist, for such was his name, said: "My father lived long since; if you will search the records, there will be found one Philip of Cesarea (Acts 21: 8), from whom and whence we come. Since his day there have been many that bear the name, some false, some true, but as one tells the brass from gold, so all may know who the true descendants are. Each one who bears a roll like this is from our line." At this he unrolled a parchment and read:

"I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom; preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables. But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist."

"We have done our duty as best we could. It was ours to point one Pilgrim to the wicket-gate which led him by the way of the cross to Mount Zion. Thousands before and since have gone over the same road, and if I mistake not this city will find many houses for rent right soon. We shall persuade them here to leave for that 'better country.'"

While Evangelist had been speaking, both Mr. Great-faith and Mr. Good-sense came in. Then through they greeted him in the same manner as did Mr. Great-work. They plied him with questions about his helping them to reach their day—"the Second Pentecost." He complimented them on their work and results so far, and asked when they should begin to gather the people in. Mr. Great-faith reported his part as ready, and set a day when the Tabernacle services would commence.

It was soon noised about the city what mighty things were being done in Graceless Street. The people flocked from every quarter to hear the words of life. The Tabernacle was crowded to the very doors. Hundreds were saved. While Evangelist preached, Mr. Great-faith, Mr. Good-work and Mr. Good-sense, with their corps of workers, prayed. It was not many days before salvation was the theme in store, and office, and mill, and home.

Then came the one great day, the day for which they prayed and planned; from morn till night the sound of exhortation could be heard. Evangelist leading like Paul of old; all working for one great end—the glory of the King. God moved in their midst. In every service hundreds cried out for mercy, converts of other days became preachers unto them; all shared in the labor of love, and when the day was spent, lo and behold, more than three thousand were found enrolled as sinners saved that day. The second Pentecost had come.

THE REVOLT ON THE CONGO.

INTELLIGENCE has reached Brussels, from Zanzibar, of a very formidable and widespread revolt in Central Africa, which threatens not only white domination in the Congo Free State and adjoining territory, but the lives of many Christian missionaries in that part of the Dark Continent. It would seem that the Arabs, incensed by the activity of the European governments in repressing slavery, have determined to make a united effort to rid the Central African states, from Lake Tanganyika to Stanley Falls on the Congo, of white influence, and have formed an armed confederacy, under Makanjila, Kasembe, Roumaliza and other chiefs for that purpose. One conflict with the whites is known to have occurred, in which three Europeans, and a number of natives in their employ, were killed. News has been received of the killing or capturing of twenty agents of the Katanga Company on the upper Congo, the capture of the steamer *Beernaert*, and the destruction of several factories that had been established there by Belgian capitalists, under the protection of the Congo State government. Other stations, at Ribariba and on the Lomassi river, also belonging to the Congo State, have been destroyed, and the Arab Slavers are now said to be threatening Stanley Falls. Indeed, there is an unverified rumor that they have captured the station there and that the European President, representing the Congo State government has either perished or been taken prisoner. The expeditions under Captain Joubert and Captain Jacques, lately sent out to suppress the slave trade, have not been heard from and as the Arabs have sworn to exterminate both, the worst is feared. It is known that Raschid, a nephew of Tippu Tib the ex-slaver and former friend of Stanley is one of the rebel leaders. He is one of the largest slave dealers in the world, a thousand frequently passing through his hands in a month. The Arabs are armed with modern rifles, and otherwise well equipped, so that any movement for their suppression will have to be undertaken with a larger and stronger force of troops than any power now has stationed in Africa. They are believed to have been supplied with arms by the Portuguese who are intensely jealous of the influence of other European nations and who have uniformly encouraged the slave traffic and profited by it. It is reported that the movement was initiated by the proclamation at Mecca of a Jehad or holy war. It seems anomalous to give such a name to a war on behalf of the slave trade against missionaries and the pioneers of civilization, but it it is now as in Bible times; "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." (Ps. 74:20.)

Starving in the Woods.

A PITIABLE case of destitution came to light in the neighborhood of New York, recently. A policeman of the Thirty-third Precinct, was patrolling his beat on the outskirts of the city, when in a secluded spot in the woods, near Hunt's Point, he came upon a man and woman and three children, stretched on the bare ground. The man and the children were asleep, but the woman was awake and moaning. The man being awakened, told the sad story. He said he had no home and no means of subsistence. During the winter and spring he earned a scanty living as an oyster-opener, but at the close of the season he was thrown out of work. He fell sick, and the little money he had been able to save was soon spent. Then the owner of the house in which he lived had turned him and his family out. He had tramped around trying to get work but had failed. His wife and children had no shelter and he had not a cent with which to procure them a lodging. Not knowing where to go, nor what to do, they had gone into the woods, where they had slept for three nights. It was thirty-six hours since any of them had eaten a scrap of food. The appearance of the family supported the man's statement and the policeman took them to the station-house where they were supplied with food, which they devoured ravenously. The man was probably distracted by witnessing the suffering of his family which he could not relieve, or he would have realized the folly of going into so solitary a place where he would not be likely to meet any one who could help them. Had he remained in the city he might have earlier obtained food and shelter either from public or private charity. The same lack of wisdom is often displayed by the sinner in seeking salvation. Though God is waiting to receive and pardon him, and explicitly invites him to come to him, the anxious man often strives to win salvation by his own efforts or by going to men who can do nothing for him. (Jer. 2: 13.)

Eagles Carry off a Child.

A PRESS dispatch from Allis, Mich., reports that a farmer living two miles from that place lost his child by strange means on August 4th. He was in the field superintending the building of a fence and had taken his six months' old baby with him. He sat under a tree, but having occasion to go out in the field, left the child in the shade. He was gone only a few minutes when he saw an eagle swoop down upon the child and fly off with it. The load proved too heavy and the bird dropped the child, which landed in the tree. Another eagle which had been seen hovering in the air made a dive for the child and picked it out from the branches. The bird carried its burden some distance, when it again proved too heavy and the load was dropped a second time. This time the child fell into Cass Lake. The father plunged in, but the child was drowned before he reached it. Such a consequence of momentary unwatchfulness is very rare, but unhappily it is by no means so rare for the great enemy of souls to gain possession of the children of parents who leave them unguarded while they are engrossed in the pursuit of wealth or pleasure. (1. Samuel 3: 13.)

A Divorce Case Withdrawn.

ONE of the divorce cases set down for hearing in the courts of Yanktown, S. D., will not, it appears, come up for trial. A dispatch from that city says that a lady from Boston, Mass., came there some time ago to take advantage of the easy divorce law existing in that State. While she was waiting for her case to be tried, she was taken ill and became so much worse that her life was despaired of. She had no friends in the State and she felt very lonely and miserable. Finally she wrote to her husband telling him that she was near death and begging him to come and give her decent burial. He set out immediately, and she was still living when he arrived. His kindness and sympathy resulted in a reconciliation, and the wife declared that if she were to recover she would go no further with her case. It seemed improbable that she would recover, but in her renewed happiness in her husband's love she did begin to mend, and after a few weeks she was strong enough to travel. The pair went back together to their Boston home, the wife having abandoned all wish for a divorce. The same result from sickness and the prospect of approaching death has often happened to Christians who have wandered away from their Lord. The need of his presence with them in the dark valley has drawn them nearer to him and has led to a closer walk with him in future. (Ps. 119:67.)

A Delayed Repentance.

A YOUNG man's disappointment aroused general sympathy among the citizens of Bridgeport, Conn., last week. His father was a much-respected resident of the neighborhood; but some years ago the son quarrelled with him and left his home. The father lamented his son's undutiful conduct and mourned deeply over his absence. He received no word from him, and at length came to the conclusion that he was dead. His sorrow seemed to prey upon him and as he was sixty-five years old his lot was a very sad and lonely one. A few motnhs ago, however, to his great joy he received a letter from his long-lost son. It came from a city in the far west where the young man had settled. His father replied immediately and affectionately entreated his son to return without delay. He looked for him anxiously, but the son did not come. He wrote, however, promising to come home soon and the father was cheered by the prospect. Last week, without apprising his father of his coming, he arrived at Bridgeport. He was making his way to his father's house, when he heard that there had been an accident on the railroad. Men were carrying the body of a dead man from the tracks and the young man learned to his intense grief that it was the body of his aged father. In crossing the tracks the old man had been run over and killed at the very hour when his beloved, but erring son was at last on his way to greet him. The son's sorrow was deep and sincere and his regret that he had not returned sooner was almost more than he could bear. Infinitely more deplorable is the condition of men who, though always intending to be reconciled to God postpone it until death seizes them and they have no opportunity of making their peace with him. (Isa. 55: 6.)

Ill-Advised Litigation.

THE reason why a contest over a lady's will was settled out of court is stated by *The Traveller* of Boston, Mass. It appears that a lawyer of that city became acquainted professionally with a lady from Kansas who owned considerable property there. The acquaintance ripened into intimacy and eventually they were married. The lady subsequently died, and when her will was presented for probate, it was found that she had left half her property to her husband and the other half to be divided between three of her own relatives. The relatives sued to have the will set aside on the ground of undue influence. Their attempt failed but they appealed to a higher court. The widower, though a lawyer, had caused some surprise by the perfunctory defence he had made of the will. It appeared that he did not care much if the suit against him was successful and it was supposed that he considered himself rich enough without inheriting his wife's property. Before the appeal came to a hearing he had an interview with his opponents and then the appeal was withdrawn. It was disclosed that the lawyer had magnanimosly apprised the litigants that they were acting against their own interests, as the Kansas law gave the whole estate of a married woman dying, without a will, to her husband. If, therefore, the litigants had succeeded in having the will annulled they would have lost the legacies left to them in the will and the widower would have received the whole of the property. When they learned that fact, they prudently ceased their efforts to break the will and accepted the shares left to them. It was a ludicrous position for litigants to take—that of trying to annul the instrument under which alone they could gain a share of the estate. Similar folly is exhibited by men who are trying to find flaws in the Bible. The inheritance of which it tells is for those who believe and comply with its provisions "but unto the contentious tribulation and anguish." (Rom. 2: 7-9.)

A Senile Thermometer.

A LARGE thermometer well-known to citizens of New York has disappeared from the place it has occupied for thirty-eight years. It is the great seven foot instrument which was fastened to the wall of Cooper Union between the chief entrance doors. It was a present to Peter Cooper when he erected the building which has been one of the greatest boons ever given to the poor of a great city. The donor was Guiseppe Tagliabue who was Peter Cooper's neighbor when he began the glue business. Both were young men, poor and struggling and they became warm friends. Tagliabue was a native of Como, Italy, a very learned man and an expert instrument-maker. He became famous and supplied the Government with some of the best scientific apparatus. He heartily sympathized with his friends in his philanthropic project and declared that Cooper Union should have the finest thermometer in the world. He kept his word and when it was set in its place, there was not its equal in existence. It has remained there ever since and the thousands of persons who entered and left the big building would stop to look at the tube. Many an old weather prophet has staked his reputation on the registering of the famous thermometer. But the winds and rains and snows have obliterated the figures, the scorching sun has blistered the paint and the light has drawn the color out of the alcohol in the tube. The donor is dead, but the firm is still flourishing and they were requested to put the old instrument in repair. After an examination they pronounced the thermometer worn out and not worth repairing, so it has been taken down and laid at rest. Some men would have us believe that God's Word is in the same condition after being exposed to the storms of opposition and criticism for centuries. They contend that it is not now a reliable guide because in an age which boasts of progress it teaches that an age in which corruption, selfishness and greed flourish and the Church connives at and sometimes participates in the evil, is "wretched, miserable, poor and blind." But God will vindicate his Word. (Prov. 19:21)

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. Philip Schaff's many friends in this and other lands will learn with pleasure that he is recovering from his recent attack of paralysis. Many prayers are being offered that his valuable life may be spared for many years.

Immense in-door and open-air meetings have been held by Mr. Moody in England during the past month. He preached at Darlington, Stockton-on-Tees, and Middlesborough, and at each place there were large numbers of conversions.

The following additional contributions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Russian Relief Fund have been received: W. P Lonsdall, R. I., 50c.; "A Friend," New Milford, Conn., $5; D. G. M., Grand Rapids, N. D. $5; T. T., Edmund, Wis., $1; Danl. Colman, Huntsville, Ala., $1; M. L. Smith, Haley's, Tenn, $1.

Mrs. Spurgeon recently received a letter from an admirer of her late husband requesting that she would send his sermon on "The greatest fight in the world" to 35,000 ministers of various denominations in every part of Great Britain and Ireland. He enclosed in his letter a sum of money sufficient to defray the cost of complying with his request.

The Baptist Missionary car has been recently side-tracked at various places in California where most interesting services have been held. It is estimated by the Missionary in charge that the services held by means of the car have been blessed to the conversion of more than five hundred persons. California has contributed $2,500 toward the purchase of a second car.

Rev. W. E. Blandy who for some time had charge of the Berachah Mission in New York, has with his wife been laboring at the Primitive Methodist Church at Providence, R. I., with much success. He is now open to engagements for Evangelistic work. He is heartily endorsed by Rev. W. H. Aconley of Park Avenue Primitive Methodist Church, Brooklyn. Letters will reach him if sent to 64 Bible House, New York.

Bishop Walker, of North Dakota, whose cathedral car was recently described in this journal, is about to add another travelling church to his means of usefulness. A wealthy New York citizen with extensive interests in the West, has presented him with "a Gospel Barge" for use on the Missouri River. It is ninety-three feet long and twenty-five feet wide, and is appropriately fitted up for church services. It will be called *The Missouri Missioner*, and the Bishop hopes to be able in this barge to visit the mining camps for a distance of five hundred miles.

A Tablet in memory of the late Rev. Goyn Talmage, D D., has been placed on the wall of the church at Port Jervis of which he was pastor. The following is the inscription on the tablet: "In memory of Rev. Goyn Talmage, D.D., 11th Pastor of this church, 1879 to 1887. Born at Somerville, N. J., December 7th, 1821. Graduated from Rutgers, 1842. Theological Seminary, New Brunswick, 1845. Died at Somerville, N. J., June 24th 1891. A faithful and beloved minister in the Reformed (Dutch) Church during 46 years. They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

Contributions to the fund for the support of Rev. George W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the American Sunday School Union, have been received during the past week to the amount of $88. They were from: "A Reader," Washington, D. C., $10; Anonymous, Philadelphia, Pa., $10; Eliza G. Evans, $10; F. L. Putnern, $5; D. G. M. Grand Rapids, Mich., $5; "Subscriber" Sutton, Vt., $5; J. Brown & wife, $5; Mrs. M. J. Banks, $5; A Friend, Dane Co. Wis., $5; H. L. M. D., $5; A. P., Lambert's Point, Va., $5; Nelson Peterson, $2; Union Chapel, C. E. Society, Peoria, Ill., $2; Mrs. S. O. Frost, $2; "In the Name of the Master" $2; Mrs. O. L. Osborne, $1; "A Subscriber," Morrison, Ill., $1; M. K., St. Paul, Minn., $1; Mrs. Nettie O. Weber, $1; "A Reader," West Ferndale, Wash., $1; D. M. C., Indianapolis, Ind., $1; "A Friend," Cheyenne, Wyoming, $1; D. Harter, $1; M. L. Smith, $1; M. L. Graves, 50c; Mrs. H. Calhoun, 50c.

VETERANS' HEARTS GLADDENED.

The Second Quarter of "The Christian Herald's" Check-Cashing Work at the Grand Army Mission, New York—Thousands of Pensioners and their Families Helped.

SUNRISE on the morning of Aug. 4, witnessed the gathering of thousands of ex-soldiers in and around the Pension Office on Canal Street, NewYork. Many hundreds of them had been in the vicinity all night long, and before midnight the line had formed leading up to the office of Colonel Frank Loveland, Pension Agent. Meanwhile, the Grand Army Mission in the basement of the Pension Building, had also been crowded. Gospel services were held during the hours of waiting till daybreak. The issuing of pension checks to the veterans began as early as 7 o'clock, and simultaneously THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Check-cashing Bureau, in the main hall of the Mission below, began operations, under the management of Hon. W.S. McPheeters. The pensioners came thronging down-stairs with their checks, and soon a second line was formed starting in the Mission building, and extending around the block, and almost meeting the rear of the first line, which terminated in the Pension Office above. Profiting by the experience of the first quarter, the preparations for the rush at the Check-cashing Bureau were now complete. Matters ran much more smoothly than in May; there were no delays, and every department of the work was simplified. During the first day, fully $30,000 in bills and silver was paid out by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Bureau to the veterans and this rate was maintained during the entire period of payment, lasting fully a week.

The old soldiers, and their wives and dependants having learned generally of the existence of the Check-Cashing Bureau, it was patronized without hesitation, and with unbounded enthusiasm. Indeed, the saloons in the neighborhood of the Pension Office, which previous to the establishment of the Bureau regarded the pensioners as their particular prey during quarter-week, had apparently abandoned the fight. It will be remembered that in May last, when the check-cashing experiment was started, the saloons held out a variety of inducements to the pensioners, including free lunches, and even coaxingly offered to cash their checks free of charge. That battle, in which they were disastrously routed, satisfied them of the futility of renewing the fight at this time. A great victory has been scored for temperance during these three months. One of the pleasantest sights in the world was to see the old soldiers, frequently accompanied by wives or children, drawing their money, and handing it over to their relatives with the smiling remark "the saloon doesn't get any of my pay this quarter-day!"

As was the case during last quarter-week, expressions of gratitude to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for caring so generously for the veterans, were heard on every side. Many who had accepted the benefits of the check-cashing Bureau last May, now brought fellow-pensioners with them, and the latter, on facing the cashier, could not suppress their enthusiasm over the excellent arrangements for the convenience of their old "field-mates." Many declared that it was even better than an increase of pension, but there were others who looked beyond the mere money-saving aspect of the movement, and with tears in their eyes declared:

"Ah! this is what the old boys have needed these many years—somebody to take them by the hand and lift them out of the mire of self-indulgence and moral neglect. I tell you, sir, when a man is old and down, he gets hopeless and careless, and that's a fact; and he about concludes that nobody cares, but you've shown that some one else cares for them, and by giving them good, clean money, not smelling of rum, and by treating them so generously here, feeding them, and leading their minds to better things—why, it just hits me, that's all; and I wish we had twenty other places like it. If they'd only start them, I'm sure it would be one of the best things that could be done for the old soldiers—body and soul."

Many are the traps laid by shrewd and unscrupulous swindlers for the unwary pensioners, for the purpose of securing their money. Formerly, when the poorer class of pensioners went in droves to the saloons to get their government checks cashed, numbers of them fell an easy prey to these heartless rascals, who duped them mercilessly, frequently robbing them of their entire pension money. In this nefarious business they were aided by the rumsellers whose interest in the veterans' welfare began and ended with the drinks they sold them and the heavy percentage they extorted as commission for cashing the checks. After that, the other sharks might do as a pleased with the poor victim, whose complaint would elicit only a grin from the bartender, accompanied most likely, by an oath and the admonition to "get out!"

Since the opening of the Grand Army Mission and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Check-Cashing Bureau, all this has been changed. Police officers and watchers are in attendance and every possible safeguard is adopted to prevent the old soldiers from fallicg into the hands of sharpers. But the latter are wary and cunning and made several bold attempts at plunder, none of which were successful.

A man dressed in a black suit, presented his check and certificate and was paid. Directly back of him was another man, with a grey suit, who did not present any papers to the auditor, but followed up the first man closely, and when the latter was paid, the second man accused him of having taken his papers and received his money. The names of both parties were taken, and the papers were examined, when it was was found that the first man's papers were all right and that the money belonged to him and not to the second. A police officer went up-stairs to the Pension office with the men and ascertained that the second man had not been given any check. He was ordered out of the Pension office and at once disappeared, glad to escape arrest.

Shouts of praise went up from the long line of comrades, when they learned that one of their number, who had been overpaid six dollars last quarter, had returned and handed the money to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S paying-teller at the window. The amount had been missed, but, as no one knew who had been overpaid, it was placed to the account of profit and loss. A contrast to the above was a man who came forward and said that last quarter he had received a counterfeir five-dollar gold piece at the cash desk. He was quietly shown to be an impostor, for no five dollar gold pieces had been paid to any one at that time. His exposure drew taunts from the pensioners present, and he left the building hurriedly.

But there was another and brighter side to the picture, which made these unpleasant incidents soon to be forgotten. At different times, as the payments proceeded, the ear would be greeted with expressions of glad surprise and pleasure from some pensioner who now for the first time had come to take advantage of the benefits of the Free Check-Cashing Bureau.

"This way, father," said a little girl who was leading a blind man. The mission was

THE CENTRE CONE OF MOUNT ETNA, IN SICILY, NOW IN ERUPTION.

ness is being shown to them now. This is hot work for you to-day; but, remember, that some of those who are receiving their money here, earned all they are getting. I did not intend to let myself be known to any one, but I am so thankful that I must tell what I think before I go away. I do hope that the day is not far distant when kind-hearted people in other cities will cash the checks for the pensioners as willingly as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has done. God bless the work and those who help it on. Good day, sir."

Every evening during the days payment, services were conducted at the Mission, and many hundreds of veterans gathered there and shared in the exercises. Some who had not prayed for years; others who were given to profanity and drunkenness, and who had neglected their families; not a few to whom quarter-day had meant a debauch, and still others who were indifferent to the things of eternal life, all united fervently in prayer and praise, and in thanks to God for raising up friends for them and their families.

THE ERUPTION OF ETNA.

A Terrible and Awe-inspiring Sight, as Described by Eye-Witnesses.

IT is many years since the volcano of Etna has been so active as during the past few weeks. An eye-witness thus describes the eruption which broke out about July 9: "Above us to the right, on the Montegnola, was the principal crater, which was vomiting great sheets of flame and masses of scoriæ and earth as large as paving stones hundreds of feet in the air. The newly-formed crater has within eighteen hours become a hill two hundred and forty feet in height. Next to this are five or six other craters, each having its own work to do. The one amidst thunderous rumblings emits only clouds of smoke, thick with ashes, and shaped like ostrich feathers, many hundred yards into the sky. Two others vomit less forbidding grey clouds of smoke; others again which surround the large crater, like the latter are acting with great violence, and form small hillocks, which in the course of the day must disappear into the large crater, and here form one of the many perpendicular and slanting 'chimneys.' A shepherd who was present at the eruption counted twenty-eight different craters which were belching forth ashes, smoke, slack, and lava. Some earthquakes which shook the mountain on whichwe stood most ominously reminded us that we were on volcanic ground."

Mount Etna (shown in the illustration), is one of the largest volcanoes in the world. It was in active operation as early as 772 B. C. Later eruptions occurred in the years 140, 135, 125, 122 B.C. In the year 44 B.C., in the reign of Julius Cæsar, there was a very violent outburst of volcanic activity.

Of the eruptions in more modern times that of 1669, overwhelmed with its lava torrent fifteen towns and villages, including Catania. In that town a gentleman desiring to secure it from the fiery torrent went out with a party of fifty men whom he had dressed in skins to protect them from the heat, and armed them with iron crows and hooks. They broke open one of the solid walls which flanked the current near Balpasso, and immediately there issued forth a rivulet of melted matter which took the direction of Paterno; but the inhabitants of that town being alarmed for their safety, took up arms and put a stop to further operations. During another eruption in 1831, a new volcanic island was formed in the sea, the circumference of which at sea level was 3,840 feet (nearly three-quarters of a mile), while that of the crater, was 780 feet.

Unlike most volcanoes, Etna possesses a large number—it is said about 200—of minor craters, which rise up from the midst of the forest zone, and are covered with trees.

A NEGLECTED FIELD.

Rev. G. A. L. Dykes' Labors Among the Freedmen in the Indian Territory.

IN this column is the portrait of an energetic earnest worker who is laboring among a section of his own race which is little known or cared for. They are the colored men of the Indian Territory who were formerly the slaves of the Indians. At the time of the proclamation of emancipation, the Indians held about thirty thousand slaves. Part of these had come into their possession in compensation for relinquished lands. Meanwhile there was a sad dearth of spiritual teaching among them, and many of them imbibed Indian superstitions.

The first Christian worker who preached among them was Mr. Beemore, a half-breed Creek Indian, who had been converted and joined the Presbyterian Church. He labored for many years in the Territory, making Muscogee his head-quarters. Another noted worker was a negro named Peter Stidham. He was originally used by white preachers among the Indians, as an interpreter, as he spoke English

REV. G. A. L. DYKES.

and several Indian dialects fluently. He rendered invaluable service in that capacity, and he also subsequently labored among his own people in the Territory. He is still living, but is now totally blind. He gave willing help when, about twenty years ago, the African Methodist Episcopal Church began organized work among the freedmen of the Indian Territory. The colored men in the Choctaw nation were the first to receive attention, and gradually the work spread to the same race among the Cherokees, the Chickasaws and the Creeks. There are now about fifty appointments in this Conference, which is called the Indian Mission Conference. The number of pastors is about thirty-eight, some of whom minister to more than one church and are assisted by the class-leaders in keeping up the services.

The work of superintending the stations is confided to the Rev. G. A. L. Dykes, whose portrait is here given. He is now forty-three years of age, though in appearance and in energy he seems a much younger man. He was born in slavery on a plantation in Georgia, and while still a child went among his owner's slaves to Arkansas. After being emancipated, he hired out as a farm hand, and persuaded a boy with whom he worked to teach him to read. He went to a Sunday School at Arkadelphia, where he made the most of his opportunities, and where he was converted. After that, all his spare time was devoted to study, and he developed so rapidly that in 1874 he received a license to exhort. By close economy and hard work he succeeded in saving enough money to support himself for a course in Little Rock Union High School, and during his studies he continued preaching on Sundays and doing such Christian work as came within his reach. After laboring at several prosperous charges, he was transferred to the Indian Mission Conference in 1882. He succeeded so well wherever he was located that he was elected superintendent, and this is his seventh year in that office. Mr. Dykes says there are now between fifty and sixty thousand colored people in the Territory and in Oklahoma. The need for more church buildings and schools is very pressing, and there is a very large and promising field open for cultivation if there were means to occupy it. He is now soliciting help for this purpose. Contributions, which will be very welcome, may be addressed, Rev. G. A. L. Dykes, Muscogee, Ind. Ter.

Volume XIV., of the Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1891, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $4, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

To the Work.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser - vants of God, Let us
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all, For the
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a
fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the
fount - ain of Life let the wea - ry be led; In the
king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the
robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the
balm of His coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us
cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we
name of Je - ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be In the
home of the faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we
CHORUS.
do with our might what our hands find to do.
her - ald the ti-dings, "Sal - va - tion is free!
loud swelling chor - us, "Sal - va - tion is free!
shout with the ransom'd "Sal - va - tion is free!
Toil-ing on, Toil - ing
Toil - ing on,
on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Let us
Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on,
hope, Let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.
and trust, and pray,

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"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

"OUT of the depths" of sadness and despair,
I leaned my heart on the dear One
Whose love is everywhere,
With the true prayer I might my will resign
Unto that higher holy will
Whose promptings are divine.

"Out of the depths!" I cried with anguished heart;
"I cannot longer bear this pain!
"Oh, bid me, Lord, depart."
God did not heed that weak and foolish prayer
But in his loving tenderness
He gave me strength to bear.
Whatever God may send of grief or pain,
I know that through my Father's love
Each earthly loss is gain.
Oh, how I pray, when life seems dark and drear,
That light divine may shine on me,
And make my pathway clear.

Whatever burden I may have to bear;
However full my life may be
Of sorrow and of care.
I need not walk in loneliness, nor ever go astray,
For the dear Christ willl be my guide
Through all the weary way.

—SARAH CONGER ROBINSON.

THE SOUL'S HELPER.

GUIDE of the soul in trouble;
Strength for the heart that's faint
Is Jesus the Compassionate
Who heedeth each complaint.

Help to the soul that's helpless,
Joy to the soul oppressed
Is Jesus, the Omnipotent,
Who gives both help and rest.

Sight to the soul in blindness,
And hearing to the deaf,
'Tis Christ the Great Physician gives
Infallible relief.

Food for the soul that's hungry,
Drink to the soul athirst,—
Is Christ the Bread of Life, the Rock
Whence living waters burst.

Light of the soul in darkness,
Life to the soul that's dead—
Christ is both light and life to all,
For whom his blood was shed.

Oh, what a font of blessings
For sinners who believe,
And take the Saviour at his word—
"Ask and ye shall receive." —T. M. N.

THE LAST DAYS.

False Religious Systems the Predicted Signs of the Approaching Crisis.

BY DR. B. O. KINNEAR*

IN presenting to my readers the following exposition of a very remarkable chronology and its practical signification by the fulfilment of prophecies foretold thousands of years ago, to be known as signs of the speedily following, second advent of the Saviour, the writer is actuated by the most earnest desire to exhibit the truth, which, after long and serious thought, much prayer, and deep research into Scripture and works upon prophecy by previous authors, he is convinced is contained in this chronology, and in the corresponding signs around and about us to-day.

In a former paper illustrating the military aspect of the world of this generation as prophetic of "that generation" spoken of by the Saviour in Matt. 24, and pointed out as the generation of to-day by Prof. Totten, just before the Saviour speaks of the wars and rumors of wars applied to our day, he says: "For many shall come in my name, saying I am Christ, and shall deceive many." This same passage occurs in Luke 21, and Mark 15, placed directly before the time of wars and rumors of wars, and of nation rising against nation.

Is this prophecy, then, correct of our era, and what is the Biblical meaning of false Christs?

The First Epistle of John, second chapter, eighteenth verse, says: "Little chiidren, it is the last time [age or dispensation], and as ye have heard that Antichrists shall come, even now there are many Antichrists; whereby we know that it is the last time. They went out from us, that they might be made manifest, that they were not all of us.

"Who is a liar, but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is Antichrist that denieth the Father and the Son.

"Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father."

Again, 4: 2, 3 — "Hereby we know the Spirit of God; every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God. And every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God; and this is the spirit of Antichrist, whereof ye have heard that it should come, and even now already is in the world."

Have we had during the past seventy years forms of belief which have denied the Son, or the Father, or both, and which repudiate the necessity of the vicarious atonement of the Saviour?

A number of false Christs have arisen in these years, and a separate account or each could be given, but most of them are puerile, although on the whole, they have deceived many. But of false systems there has been a large assemblage, which do away with any necessity of atonement for man, and which deny the fundamental doctrines of the Bible.

They began, we may say, just previous to the French Revolution of 1789, with Rousseau and Voltaire and others of the same stamp, leading to a denial of God altogether, in France; and the erection of the "Goddess of Reason" in the shape of a French courtezan in his place. From the initiation of the "Age of Reason" the enemies of God and the Bible have advanced first one opinion and then another to enforce the view, that man is to rely on himself alone and his own efforts to obtain a higher place; which may ultimately end in his own possession of all knowledge in both earthly and heavenly places; so opposed is man in his fallen condition to the acceptance of the belief that he requires a Saviour, and is dependent for all good things on the mercy and free gift of his Creator.

All purely scientific writers advance their own views without reference to the Bible or prophecies, as to the beginning of creation, its course, and its end. They have all started on hypothetic premises, and based their conclusions on such presumptuous foundations. Darwin, Huxley, Beale, Tyndall, Spallanzani, Prof. Bastian, Herbert Spencer, Haeckel, Hughes, Bennett, and their followers, have formulated statements of life which contain words of jaw-breaking calibre, and sentences of incomprehensible meaning except perhaps to themselves; and then draw conclusions as to the future, founded upon these assumptions which are quite as dogmatic with a much less powerful origin, than the simple yet glorious command of God: "Let the earth bring forth."

The best of them acknowledge a compound

* From advance sheets of his forthcoming book, entitled, *In the Twinkling of an Eye*, and the Successive Manifestations on the Earth of the Judgments and Glories of the Son of God--Son of Man.

called "intelligent force," behind the germs, atoms, molecules, sky mist, etc., and a few patronize Deity by acknowledging a "supreme" intelligence.

They have succeeded in exploding the faith perhaps of millions in God's word, and have most emphatically denied both the Father and Son, thus coming among the category of false Christs.

Let us look now at a few of the erroneous systems which have arisen, and which deny either the Son, or the Father, or both. The various philosophies of the day, but particularly that of Ge many, have thrown away the Bible and become lost to the worship of God in the dusky mazes of their own self-satisfied obscurity.

Mohammedanism is making a large progress in England, and even some of the clergy have succumbed to it. This faith denies the Son.

Communism and anarchy have no God, but the so-called reason.

Mormonism, with a great number of followers, has its own sacred books, and denies any atonement.

Spiritualism, which is now estimated to number ten thousand converts, desires and requires no atonement, claiming a knowledge of and intercourse with spirits from the other, but truly only the nether world; fulfilling the prophecy of 1. Timothy 4: 1–3, "that in the latter times men should give heed to seducing spirits and the doctrines of the devils [should read "demons"]; forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats." Free love and vegetable diet are to day advocated, by the leaders of this devilish system which denies both Father and Son.

Theosophy and Esoteric Buddhism both claim intercourse with spirits, and teach "man as his own Saviour."

Lastly, the badly-named "Christian Science," which denies the Godhead, and the vicarious sacrifice of the Saviour for fallen man. Whoso denies the Son denies the Father also. Whoso denieth both Father and Son is Antichrist. Whoso denieth the Son hath not the Father."

Is not this array enough to prove, that many false Christs have arisen during this generation?

Once more, we have the "higher critics," self-called, who deny the plain statements of Christ and his leading apostles as to the inspiration of Scripture; rejecting thorefore, the Lord, who bought them.

These are the "false teachers" of II. Peter 2: 1, 2. Again—II. Peter 3: 3, 4, we have an earnest of to-day, when even good Christians, otherwise "The Foolish Virgins" of Matt. 25, follow in the footsteps of the scoffers, who Peter tells us will say:

"Where is the promise of his coming? For since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of creation." All these false systems are part of the falling away which Paul relates in II. Thessalonians 2: 1–12, is to take place just previous to the manifestation of "The Wicked One," or Antichrist; and which in former papers is seen to be true of to-day in social, religious, political and financial concerns.

The foregoing is put forward as an experience from the double points of view, of "the falling away"and "false Christs" and Sign I. of the approaching advent of the Saviour.

Sign II. is the return of the Jews to Palestine, now taking place in increasing numbers week by week, and month by month. A preceding paper has shown the return to be final, followed by the great tribulation which at last, ends in the second coming.

Sign III. (Psalm 102), proclaims that when the Lord shall build up Zion (Jerusalem), he shall appear in his glory."

Jerusalem is being rebuilt so rapidly that it is said unless it be revisited at once, the old city will be no longer recognizable.

Sign IV. The same Psalm declares, "Thou shalt arise and have mercy on Zion, for the time to favor her, yea the set time is come.

"For thy servants take pleasure in her stones. and favor the dust theref."

During the past twenty-five years both British and American Israel have surveyed Palestine,and through exploration and excavation have been taking pleasure in the "stones and dust" thereof.

Sign V. The same Psalm says: "This shall be written for the generation to come: and the people which shall be created shall fear the Lord."

Is not this generation beholding these things? and another verse tells us, "So, the heathen [or gentile nations] shall fear the name of the Lord, and all the kings of the earth thy glory."

In these four signs we have the approach of the end, the events succeeding, and the consummation into the millennium.

PRAYER AND ITS ANSWERS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Sept. 4. Acts 8: 15-17; II. Kings 3: 6-14.

BOTH the passages of Scripture selected for the Topic of the week, are illustrations of the kind of prayer God delights to answer. Men ask many things in prayer, and there is explicit encouragement to do so, but these two prayers are comprehensive and especially prevailing. Wisdom was Solomon's supreme need in his position. He needed it for the sake of the nation over which he was to rule. But every man needs it for the sake of those with whom he comes in contact as well as for his own sake. He who desires to serve his generation can crave for no better gift. Neither riches nor power nor learning gives him such opportunities as wisdom gives him. Problems lie around unsolved; difficulties are in our path and no one is able to overcome them; the world with all its advance in science and civilization is obviously a world of sorrow and suffering and misery, much of which must be remediable could we but see the way. The prayer of Solomon is the prayer for our time, so remarkable for its wealth and poverty,its tyrannies and its liberty, its pride and squalor its anomalies and its injustices. The seething discontent is approaching a gigantic eruption, and none knows how to render it less destructive than it threatens to be. Men go around with their little nostrums boasting of their efficacy, but the world sees their shallowness and pays no heed to their boasts. Charity and philanthropy are active, but the good they effect is microscopical compared with the vast ocean of distress they attempt to alleviate. At no time was there need so pressing for the wise man; and God who answered Solomon's prayer is still ready to answer ours.

But it is in the New Testament selection that we have the greatest encouragement. The gift of the Holy Spirit is our supreme need. God in men is the condition most to be desired. Wisdom of itself is not sufficient. Even Solomon,richly endowed as he was with it, found it lacking in the face of temptation. To know the right has never yet implied the power to do the right. The will needs to be chastened and strengthened. It is here that the Holy Spirit comes to man's help. Strength is given him in his hour of need. When the flesh rebels, and the world allures and the voice of conscience grows faint, then the Holy Spirit imparts power. The God within the man is "the power that makes for righteousness." And what an inspiring thought it is, that the human soul may become the habitation of God! There has no ideal ever been conceived by the philosophers which approaches it in sublimity. All that we worship, all that excites our veneration may dwell within us. Holiness, power, purity, infinite love, unlimited compassion, magnanimity, steadfastness—all are included in this one supreme gift. And God is the same God as he was in Apostolic days and his promise still holds as it did then and may be realized now as it was then, when Peter and John prayed that the people might receive the Holy Spirit and their prayer was answered.

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A COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

Differing in many respects from Association work in the cities, the College Association requires in its management the possession of peculiar gifts and constant vigilance. It has to look for its members and workers to a constituency which is continually changing and which can furnish only men of limited experience in this field of religious activity. Other Associations have the help of men who may have been ten, or fifteen, or even twenty years connected with them, but the College Association has no member, unless he happens to belong to the faculty, who has been a member for a longer peroid than the few years of his college term. Yet the College Associations have been very greatly blessed. Mr. John R. Mott, the International College Secretary gives it as his deliberate opinion that, apart from all other agencies, the Holy Spirit has used the College Y. M. C. A. in leading over two thousand young men to Christ. And these young men go from their college to their work in the professions thus doubly equipped for useful work in the world, having gained there spiritual, as well as mental power.

The picture on this page is that of one of the buildings thus used. It is the new home of the Y. M. C. A. of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y. It is significant of the efficiency of the Association and the extent to which its help is appreciated by the young men, that of the 150 students in the college last year no less than 110 were members of the Association and eighty-three of these were active members. The building is a substantial and tasteful structure, well adapted for its purpose. It cost $25-000, apart from the site.

THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING OF HAMILTON COLLEGE, CLINTON, N. Y.

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Y. M. C. A. SUMMER SCHOOL.

The second session of the Young Women's Christian Association Summer Bible and Training School has just closed at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. The attendance of 142 included young women representing Associations in 11 States. Its purpose is to train by thorough instruction, young women who wish to become General Secretaries of the Young Women's Christian Associations, and also to furnish an opportunity for members of the Associations to study the Bible and forms of Christian work among young women. The benefit of such training is seen in the fact that twenty-five young women entered the Associations last year as General Secretaries, Assistants, and Physical Directors.

There were three departments. The Bible courses were conducted by Professor W. W. White of the Xenia Theological Seminary,and Mr. L. W. Messer, General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago. There were four series of Conferences, each meeting an hour daily. Mrs. L. M. Gates of Scranton led the City Conferences, including discussion on all the main lines of the Association in its five departments. Physical, Social, Business, Intellecual, Spiritual. Miss Elizabeth Wilson of Chicago, was in charge of the College Conferences, which took, up all matters relating to Christian work in the institutions of learning. Gospel and Devotional Meetings, Bible and training Classes, Fall Campaign Missionary Meetings, Social Features, etc. The Missionary Conferences were led by Mrs. L. D. Wishard of the International Committee, who has just returned from a four years' trip around the world, and was assisted in these Conferences by Mr. J. C, White,traveling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement for foreign Missions.

Every evening there were addresses in the Lewis Memorial Tabernacle, where also the Sunday service was held. Each Sunday morning among the other guests from outside the camp, were the eighty girls from Holiday Home, the guests of the Lake Geneva Fresh Air Association. Members of the school also held services at Holiday home on Sunday Afternoon, and one day entertained the girls at the Association Camp. The evening speakers included, Professor R. F. Weidner, of Chicago, on the theme, "How to develop a Bible Topic"; Harlan P. Beach of China, "A Chinese View of Chinese Life"; Mrs. L. D. Wishard of New York City, "Young Women in Foreign Lands"; Robert Weidensall, Omaha, "Reasons for the Evangelical Basis in the Association"; Miss Margaret Leitch, Ceylon, "An Open Door in Ceylon"; Mrs. S. J. Rhea, Persia, "The Madonna of the Desert." On Saturday evening entertainments were arranged by the members of the school.

An occasion of much interest was the Anniversary of the organization of the International Committee at Camp Collie where delegates from eight States, representing eighty local Associations, had formed in 1886 an International Committee to develop and establish Associations in the United States and Canada, there being at that time no organization for that purpose. In the past six years the number of Associations has reached two hundred and fifty-six in thirty-five States and provinces, and with a membership of 16,129. Fourteen States have their own State organizations with Committees,headquarters, Secretary, etc.

The School was under the auspices of the International Committee of Young Women,s Christian Associations, whose headquarters are in the Venetian Building, Chicago. This committee is composed of twenty-seven members, all representing Christian women,who have at heart the interest of the young women of the country, and are intelligent concerning their needs and the Christian agencies at work among them.

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The Business and Industrial Department of the New York Young Women's Christian Association has just graduated 202 young women. At the branch, 1509 Broadway, classes in cooking are arranged for self-supporting women.

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Three hundred and seventy-six societies of Christian Endeavor enrolled during one week a short time ago.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells About the Walls of Jerusalem and the City in Olden Times.

ARCHÆOLOGY is a dreadfully deep and intricate study for young heads, but once fairly embarked in the pursuit of a knowledge of antiquities, the little men and women of household can find no more pleasant or fascinating occupation for leisure hours. Some of the children had been reading the published accounts of the wonderful discoveries recently made of cliff-dwellings in Utah.

"Don't we know anything about these people, and what language they spoke?" inquired Ted.

"Almost nothing," replied Uncle John. "Our present knowledge is limited to the fact that they were numerous, industrious and ingenious, partially civilized and that at last they either fell before the invasion of superior force, or perished in some awful natural upheaval. The latter is improbable, as they have left us fragments of their ancient dwellings in the canons and gorges of the west that show no evidence of any more violent agent than natural decay."

"Those dwellings in the cliffs and those walls that are found there, are they the oldest buildings in the world?" ventured one of the group, innocently.

Uncle John smiled at the questioner.

"Oldest in the world is a big word, my dear," he said. "There are the Round Towers at Newport and other structures, supposed to have been erected by the Norsemen, or some of the earliest European voyagers to America, long ages before Columbus or Amerigo Vespucci. Then there are ancient structures in other lands that may well contest our claim to priority. Some scientific men have even ventured the opinion that our own Gulf States and Mexico may have been the seat of the oldest civilization. But the only reliable and authentic records we have concerning antiquities are found in the East."

"Is it a fact, Uncle, that the walls of Jerusalem are older than any other part of the city?" asked Tom.

"The present walls of the city," said Uncle John, "are less than four hundred years old, having been built in Sultan Suleiman's time, about 1542. They are quite picturesque, but not as strong, probably, as those that preceded them. In rebuilding, much of the old material was used. The walls had been destroyed and partially restored repeatedly during the two hundred years of Crusader warfare. It is evident that many of the larger stones are very ancient."

"Then the city to-day is not quite the same as when Jesus dwelt in it?" asked the listeners.

"It has not materially changed since them. The walls are probably on the same foundation as two thousand years ago. Things move slowly in the East, and buildings there are constructed to endure for many generations. If you should ever visit Jerusalem," he added, "you will appreciate the language of the poet Tasso, who exclaimed:

Lo, towered Jerusalem salutes the eye!

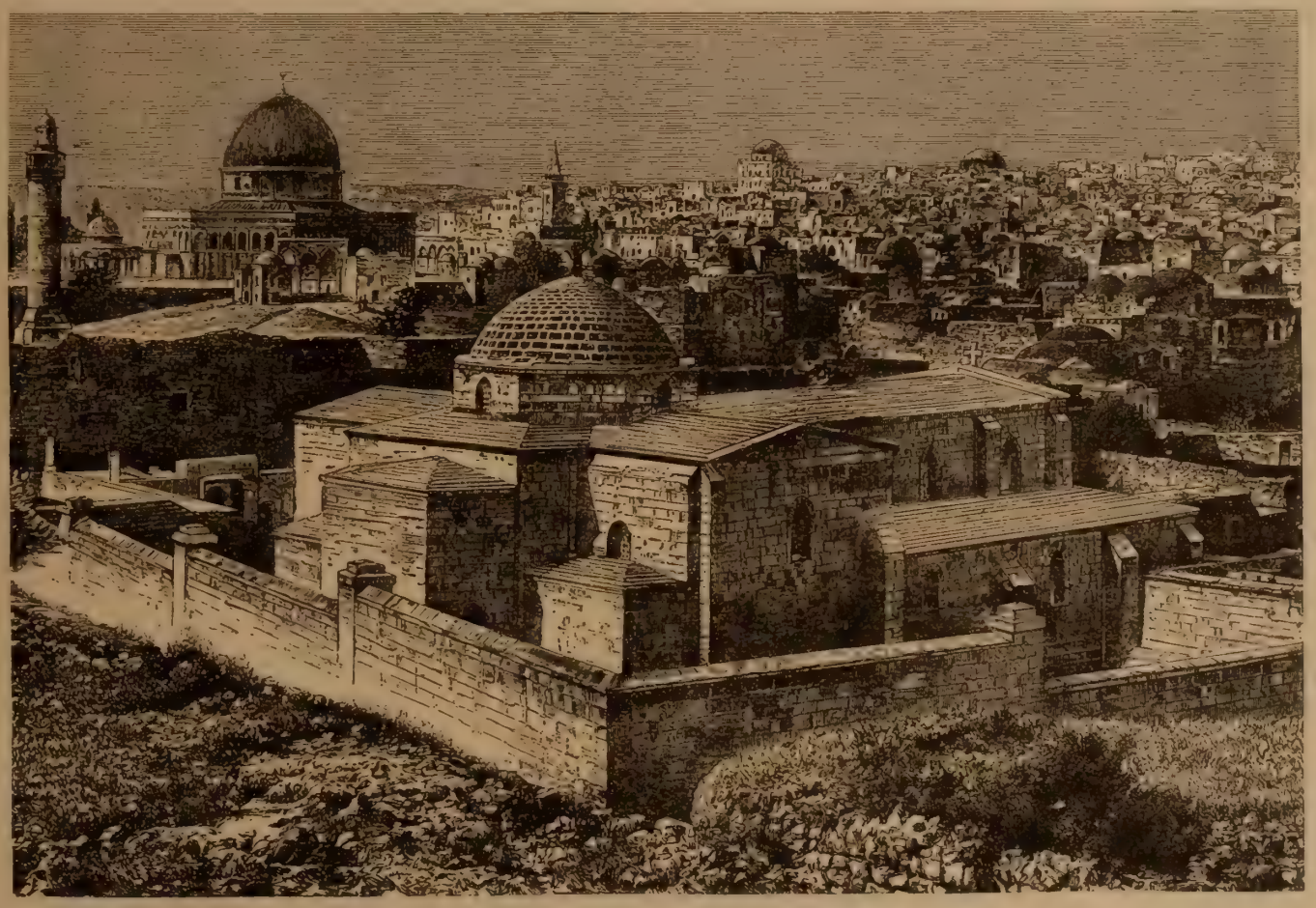
You will find it difficult to describe your feelings as you approach the city that has been called 'the joy of the whole earth.' If all the artists in the world were to cover their canvasses with views of it, they could not exhaust its beauties nor its attractions for the Christian. If all the photographers were to level their cameras at each separate building within its walls, there would still be enough left unrevealed to repay the reverent pilgrim for the cost of the journey.

"This picture," he explained, "presents a general view of the city from outside the walls. The city of Jerusalem was once much larger than now. The circuit of the present wall is about two and a half miles, but Josephus tells us there was a double wall all around, with sixty towers of which the Romans left scarcely a stone standing. Afterward there was a third or outer wall with ninety towers of defence. It was begun by Herod Agrippa, about A. D. 43. Portions of the present wall have stood since Solomon's time, but the splendor and magnificence of those days have given place to squalor and poverty.

"The streets through which kings and conquerors rode are now filled with monks, peddlers and beggars—riches and wretchedness jostling elbows. The temple that had kept 10,000 workmen busy forty-six years is replaced by a mosque, and the nineteen acres of land given over to the Moslem worshippers."

"The Turks haven't done much to preserve the city, then?"

"No, under them Jerusalem has stood still while the rest of the world moved. It is still dependent on cisterns for its water, it has no daily newspaper, its streets are disappointing, being narrow and far from clean. Moslem influence and Moslem tradition overshadow everything. One cannot help remarking the sorrowful and subdued countenances of the Jewish men and women of the city. The latter have a thoughtful matronly air, and even the young people seem tinged with sadness, while the men bear in their faces the marks of privation and sorrow. Hebrews are there from all lands, weary and travel-worn, came through incredible hardships to pass their last years of life in the Holy City, which is to the Jew as well as the Christian the most sacred spot on the globe."



GENERAL VIEW OF JERUSALEM, AS SEEN FROM OUTSIDE THE CITY WALLS.

* * *

Careless Mothers.

When a mother, who ought to be most interested in training her children for usefulness and heaven, gives her chief time to fixing up her back hair, and is worried to death because the curls she bought are not of the same shade as the sparsely settled locks of her own raising; and culturing the dromedarian hump of dry-goods on her back till, as she comes into church, a good old elder bursts into laughter behind his pocket-handkerchief, making the merriment sound as much like a sneeze as possible; her waking moments employed with discussions about polonaise, and vert-de-gris velvets, and ecru percale, and fringed guipure, and poufs, and sashes, and rose-de-chene silks, and scalloped flounces; her happiness in being admired at balls and parties and receptions—you may know that she has thrown off the care of her children, that they are looking after themselves, that they are being brought up by machinery instead of loving hands—in a word, that there is in her home a "patented self-rocker!"

* * *

Family Prayers.

Family prayers are often of no use. Perhaps they are too hurried. We have so much before us of the day's work that we hustle the children together. We get half through the chapter before the family are seated. We read as if we were reading for a wager. We drop on our knees, and are in the second or third sentence before we all get down. It is an express train with amen for the first depot. We rush for the hat and overcoat, and are on the way to the store, leaving the impression that family prayers are a necessary nuisance, and we had better not have any gathering of the family at all. Better have given them a kiss all round; it would have taken less time and been more acceptable to God and them.

Family prayers often fail in adaptedness. Do not read for the morning lesson a genealogical chapter, or about Samson's setting the foxes' tails on fire, or the prophecy about the horses. Rather give the story of Jesus, and the children climbing into his arms, or the lad with the loaves and the fishes, or the Sea of Galilee dropping to sleep under Christ's lullaby.

CHILDHOOD'S PRAYER.

(Now I lay me down to sleep.)

I LAY me down to sleep and knowing not
If I shall waken with the coming day,
Or if my spirit ere the shadows flee
Should burst its bonds and leave this house of clay.

I know not what of danger thro' the night
May be about me while I sweetly sleep,
But thou art with me, Father, and with thee
I trust my soul, knowing that thou wilt keep.

If I should die and wake on earth no more.
Would all the record of my life be shame?
Would there be one to whom I've sometime given
A cup of water in the Master's name?
Oh! would there be from all that I have known
A weary one made glad by act of mine?
Or any that were wandering from the fold
By word I've spoken now reclaimed as thine?

Alas! I fear I have not always been
As Christlike as I pray thee I may be,
If I should live, O help me! that I may [thee.
Each day, dear Lord, be more and more like
To-morrow I would fill with better things;
But if on earth I never more shall wake,
I pray thee, Lord, in pity pardon all,
Because thy blood was spilt my spirit take.

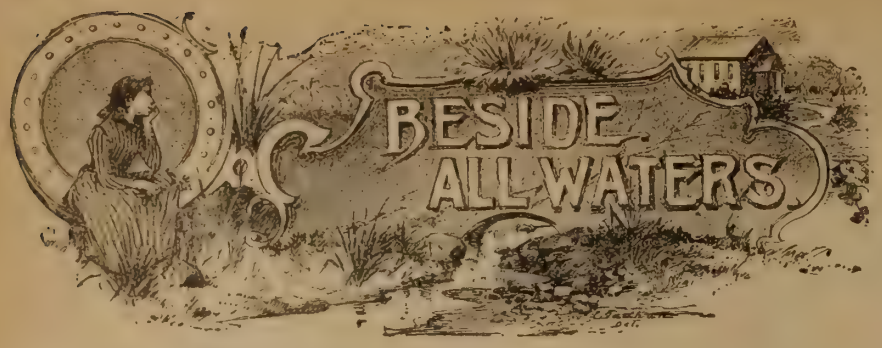
—Constance Entwistle.

SHELLS FROM THE BEACH.

OUR summer-house is a cottage at East Hampton, Long Island, overlooking the sea, once wrote Dr. Talmage. Seventeen vessels in sight, schooners, steamers, great craft and small. Wonder where they come from, and where they are going to, and who is aboard? Just enough clover-tops to sweeten the briny air into the most delightful tonic. We do not know the geological history of this place, but imagine that the rest of Long Island is the discourse of which East Hampton is the peroration. There are enough bluffs to relieve the dead level, enough grass to clothe the hills, enough trees to drop the shadow, enough society to keep one from inanity, and enough quietude to soothe twelve months of perturbation. The sea hums us to sleep at night, and fills our dreams with intimations of the land where the harmony is like "the voice of many waters." In smooth weather the billows take a minor key; but when the storm gives them the pitch, they break forth with the clash and uproar of an overture that fills the heavens and makes the beach tremble. Strange that that which rolls itself and never rests itself should be a psalm of rest to others! With these sands of the beach we help fill the hour-glass of life. Every moment of the day there comes in over the waves a flotilla of joy and rest and health, and our piazza is the wharf where the stevedores unburden their cargo. We have sunrise with her bannered hosts in cloth of gold, and moonrise with her innumerable helmets and shields and swords and ensigns of silver, the morning and the night being the two buttresses from which are swung a bridge of cloud suspended on strands of sunbeam, all the glories of the sky passing with airy feet in silent procession.

We have wandered far and wide, but found no such place to rest in. We can live here forty-eight hours in one day, and in a night get a Rip Van Winkle sleep, waking up and finding our gun rusty or our dog dead.

The strong sea-breeze ruffles the sheet upon which we write, and the "white caps" are tossing up as if in greeting to him who walks the pavements of emerald and opal.



BY

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*

Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

THE Sexton made his resignation complete by throwing down the keys of the church on the table, and departed, rather wondering that no one tried to detain him.

But they will be after me, he said to himself. "They won't find it so easy to do without me. They will come asking me to take the keys again. But I won't—not unless they offer me at least ten dollars a year more than I have had before."

As the time went on, however, and nobody came after him, Mr. Archimball began to wish he had not been so hasty. As it drew toward the end of the week, he decided that he would not say anything about that increase of salary and on Saturday morning he made up his mind that he would go down and get the keys, open the windows, and even air out the cellar. The women-folks must be out of the way by that time. Lo and behold! when he reached the church, the windows were already open, and a young man was going about with a duster, passing this unheard-of instrument over the backs of the old pews.

"Halloo!" said Mr. Archimball. "Who are you? and what are you doing here?"

"I am Edward Keetle, at your service," returned the stranger, with his best bow, which was, indeed, a very fine one. "As to what I am doing, I am putting the church in order for Sunday, seeing that the gentlemen has made me sexton."

Mr. Archimball felt that his great gun had "kicked" as sportsmen say. He could hardly believe his own senses.

To say that Mr. Archimball was disgusted, is to give a faint idea of his sensations. He was stunned. To think that he, he whose grandfather and great-grandfather were buried in that very burying-ground, should be turned out, supplanted! And for what? Just because people had taken some new notions into their heads about dust and air, and so on. It was too bad! He went home almost resolved never to enter the church doors again.

The subscription went on prosperously; and by Sunday Mr. Weston was able to announce that the money was raised, and everything ready to begin the work. It was with no little satisfaction that the ladies who had been engaged in the cleaning looked at the clear glass, and noticed the difference in the air.

"Isn't it delightful to have the church so clean! and won't it be fine when it is all painted!" said Faith Fletcher to the other girls as they stood at the door for a moment before Sunday School. "And, oh, isn't it nice to have Dr. Madison again!"

"I wish we could have him all the time," said Agnes. "Don't you, Selina?"

"Oh, I don't know. I think I shall like Mr. Brace quite as well," answered Selina indifferently. "Why didn't Milly come this morning, Agnes?"

"I don't know that she had any reason, only that she did not care about it. Mrs. Richmond staid with Cordelia."

"How is Cordelia?" asked Faith.

"Her mother will have it that she is better, but we think she fails all the time," answered Agnes. "Cordelia has given up all hope of ever getting well, herself. She wants to see a minister, and I asked Mrs. Richmond if I should not ask Dr. Madison to come over as he is staying at Mrs. Van Zandt's; but she won't hear of it."

"How cruel!" said Faith.

"Well, no, she does not mean it for cruelty. She says she can't have Cordelia's mind filled with gloomy ideas. She must be kept cheerful. She didn't like it a bit because I read the Bible to her last Sunday, and she hasn't let me be alone with her since."

"She is as bad as Phin Mallory with Kit," said Faith. "That poor child would give her eyes, almost, to come to Sunday School; and he won't let her. I do wish we could do something for her. She looked so sad when we were fixing the school house for meeting last Friday. You can't scold her now for not knowing the Lord's Prayer, Selina: she reads her Testament every chance she finds."

"I suppose she does not have many books of any sort," remarked Faith. "But I do believe Kit is a real Christian. I never saw any child try harder to be good."

The painting began the next day, and, of course, took longer than any one expected. It was discovered that some other very essential repairs were needed. Indeed, when the committee appointed for the purpose came to examine the tower, they found it in a really dangerous condition.

"So you are going to repair the tower, too," said Aunt Betsy. "That will cost more money. It is always the way; when folks begin to tinker, there is no end to it. When the tower is done, you will find something else to do."

"There would be an end to somebody if we didn't begin to tinker," replied Mr. Weston, "and that pretty soon. A very little would have brought the bell crashing down into the porch. Suppose such a thing had happened when the tower-room was full of the little children?"

"It makes me shudder," said Mrs. Weston. "Who noticed it first?"

"Edward told me, the very first time he rang the bell, that he thought there was something wrong; but I had no idea things were so bad till I came to look into them."

"Archimball never said anything about it, did he?"

"Not he. I don't suppose he has been into the belfry for years. The fact is, we have all neglected our duty. Selina did not think what a very large kettle of fish she was going to stir up, when she made that proposition about cleaning the church."

"Yes, that is always the way when folks go to stirring up things," said Aunt Betsy. "Let well alone, I say."

"A great bell hung on a rotten beam over people's heads can hardly be called well," said Mr. Weston. "We may be thankful it was looked to in time."

"And what are we going to do for a church while all this fuss is going on?" asked Aunt Betsy.

"We shall meet in the large room at the academy."

"Well, nobody need think I am going there, to sit on those hard benches," said Aunt Betsy. "I shall just stay at home till things get in decent order again."

"That old lady isn't burdened with gratitude, is she?" said Miss Armstrong when Aunt Betsy had finally taken her tea and departed.

"I doubt whether the idea of gratitude has ever occurred to her mind," replied Mrs. Weston. "She thinks she has a right to all she gets, and a great deal more."

"Mrs. Richmond says she wonders the church don't put her into the widows' asylum at Oldbury," remarked Selina. "She was talking to Mrs. Blandy about it yesterday, and they both agreed it would be cheaper. Her place would sell for enough to pay her entrance fee and more."

"There would be several objections to that," replied Mr. Weston. "In the first place, she would never consent to go."

"She would have to go, I suppose, if people left off helping her."

"I doubt it; and, in the second place, there is no reason why she should go. Her land brings her in something, and the neighbors must do the rest. Why should we turn one of our old church-members over to the Oldbury folks to take care of, when we are able to do for ourselves? There are a great many more poor people in Oldbury than there are here."

"But she is so cross and disagreeable."

"Well, she may as well be cross and disagreeable here as in Oldbury," said Mrs. Weston. "If she is so trying when she only comes in now and then, what would she be to those who lived with her all the time? The poor old soul is as much attached to her home and her church, as if she were the pleasantest person in the world, and it would be cruel to send her to finish her days among strangers."

"According to that, there need be no asylums of any sort, if people took care of their neighbors," said Selina.

"Perhaps we could not go so far as that, but certainly much fewer would be needed. You are quite right there," said Miss Armstrong. "As to poor Mrs. Burr, I can assure you, my dear, she is a very mild specimen of her class compared to some that I know. There is a woman in an aged-women's home that I know of, who regularly tells every one who comes to the house, never to get into that place if they can go anywhere else. I have known her, when the matron was conducting visitors through the house, to come out into the hall and ask in the humblest tone if she might not have just a crust of bread, she was so faint and hungry, or if she might not have an old carpet or something to put on her bed, she was so cold at night. And yet she is really better off than ever she was before in her life."

"I dare say."

"Oh, well, we must not be too hard on Aunt Betsy," said Mrs. Weston. "She is old and lonely, and we can very well bear with her humors. We are none of us any too grateful for what we receive."

Selina chose to take this remark to herself, though nothing was farther from Mrs. Weston's thoughts than such an application.

"If you think I am so ungrateful and unthankful, mother, I think I had better go and live somewhere else," said she, rising from the table, and bursting into tears. "I suppose I could earn my living; and, at any rate, I should not —" The rest was lost in sobs.

"What is the matter now?" said Mr. Weston in surprise.

"If you want to find fault with me, you might speak out, and not keep talking at me," sobbed Selina. "I wish you had never taken me from the asylum."

"Take care you do not make other people wish so," said Mr. Weston. "Now stop that noise at once. Go and wash you face, and then come and sit down to the table, and finish your supper. Do you hear me? and do you mean to mind me?" he added more sternly than before. "Come, we have had enough of this. If you will behave like a spoiled child, you must be treated like one. Do as I tell you."

Selina was frightened. Never had Mr. Weston spoken to her in such a tone before. He was one of the most even-tempered men in the world, and generally left the whole interior government of the family in his wife's hands. He had always been very indulgent to Selina, and, on that very account, his severity was more effective now. As he kept his eye fixed on her, she felt that there was nothing for it but to obey. Not another word was addressed to her till supper was over, and Miss Armstrong had left the room. Then Mr. Weston turned to her.

"You will help your mother do up the work, and then you will stay at home," said he. "Don't let me see you running away up to Mrs. Gleason's, as you have done every evening this week. You must turn over a new leaf, Selina, or I shall have to do it for you. I will not have your mother and the whole family made uncomfortable by you. Now, remember."

Never in all the seven years she had lived at the farm had Selina met with such a reproof. She felt small enough as she went about clearing the table, and worst of all was the growing feeling that she had made herself ridiculous. She did up the work sulkily, and then, retiring to her own room, she threw herself on the bed without a word of prayer, and cried herself to sleep.

"I don't see what has come over Selina," remarked Mrs. Weston as she took her knitting and sat down with Miss Armstrong in the wide hall, which was much used as a summer room. "She is certainly in a bad state of mind. I don't think Milly Richmond does her any good."

"From the little I have seen, I should not think Miss Richmond's society was calculated to be useful to any one," said Miss Armstrong. "She did me the favor to come to school as a visitor one afternoon last week, and certainly I never wish to have her visit repeated. It seems to me that poor Selina's great stumbling-block is her disposition to jealousy."

"Yes, that is the great trouble, and always has been," replied Mrs. Weston, sighing.

"It is a hard fault to deal with, because the person possessing it is so apt to take it for a virtue, or at least a mark of superiority," said Miss Armstrong. "However, it is a comfort that grace can conquer that as well as every other infirmity."

"I hoped that Selina was coming under the power of religion," said Mrs. Weston.

"And so did I. The first week or two after I came, she seemed much interested in the Bible lessons, and talked quite freely on the subject; but latterly I cannot get her to speak a word, and hardly to answer a question."

Sometimes I think she is resisting conviction, and that makes her more irritable than she would be," remarked Mrs. Weston. "How does she behave in school in other ways?"

"I see an unfavorable change there, too," answered Miss Amstrong. "The first week she was a great help to me. I cannot say as much now."

"She is at a trying age," said Mrs Weston, using the universal mother's excuse, which suits all ages from one to twenty-one. "Sometimes I think the fault must be in my management, and yet I don't know. I have never made any difference between her and Lizzy, and Lizzy never gave me an hour's anxiety in her life except from illness. I hear that Agnes Gleason means to join the church."

"Yes, she has quite decided to take the first opportunity. Her mother seems very much pleased."

"I was a little surprised when she said as much to me on Sunday," said Mrs. Weston. "Mrs. Gleason has never made any profession of religion. We thought she would do so when my sister and myself united with the church, and I dare say she would if her own mother had been alive. But she was boarding with Aunt Betsy at that time, and she held the child back. I think it was a great mistake."

"I believe it is a mistake in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred."

"I quite agree with you. Who is this coming in?"

"It is Ida Van Zandt and her cousin," said Miss Armstrong, rising. "You will like these girls, Mrs. Weston. They are as thoroughly genuine as any I ever knew."

Mrs. Weston was quite prepared to like her young neighbors.

"Perhaps I ought to begin with an apology for 'assumacy,' as old Alice calls it," Ida said. "It has occurred to me, Miss Armstrong, that, as almost all the children seem to come to the Friday evening service, it would be rather a nice thing to meet them some time during the week and practise upon the hymn. What do you think?"

"I think it an excellent plan," answered Miss Armstrong. "I have been regretting, ever since I came here, that I cannot sing. I suppose you mean to teach the class yourself, Ida?"

"Oh, yes; I am to be professor."

"I proposed something of the sort to Selina," said Miss Armstrong, turning to Mrs. Weston; "but she seemed to think it would not do."

"I don't see any objection to it," said Mrs. Weston; "that is, supposing Miss Van Zandt is willing to take the trouble."

"Oh, I shall like it," answered Ida. "I do think that I have some gift that way, too, though I say it that shouldn't. I have taught singing in our mission school for two winters; and really they do very well, don't they, Amity?"

"Indeed they do; but I fancy you will find it rather different teaching Miss Armstrong's children."

"Where is Mr. Weston?" asked Miss Armstrong. "We must have his sanction before we do anything."

Mr. Weston listened attentively while Ida unfolded her plan, which was to meet the school children twice a week, and sing with them the hymns and tunes used in Sunday School and at the Bible class, and any other music which might be deemed desirable.

"It seems a very nice plan," said Mr. Weston, "but it is a good deal for you to do."

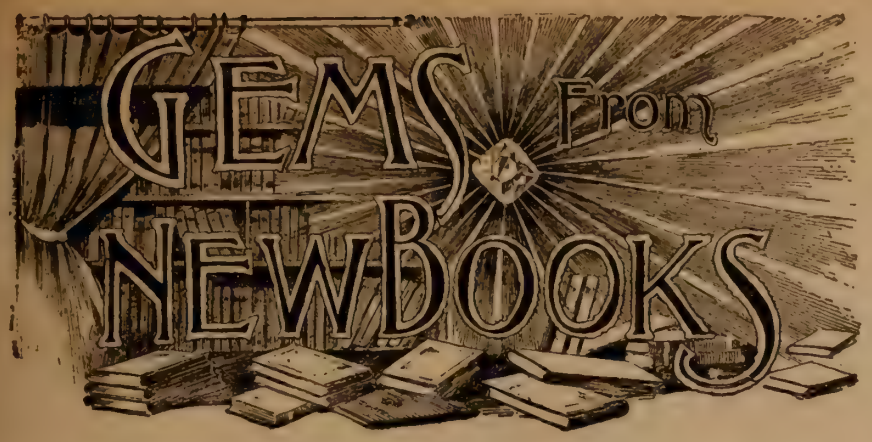
"I shall enjoy it," said Ida. I love children, and the practice will keep my hand in. Of course I shall not give them much instruction in the theory of music, but perhaps they may learn to read notes. I think children pick that up pretty easily."

"Well, Miss Van Zandt, I will talk it over with the other trustees," said Mr. Weston. "I can't think any one will object, but there is no telling. I expect we are going to have a fight over the Bible-reading at the next school-meeting. Phin Mallory says he means to put a stop to it; and like as not Tom Jewsbury will support him, just to show off what he calls his liberal ideas."

"If they turn the Bible out, they will turn me out," said Miss Armstrong. "I will never teach in any school where the Bible is shut out."

(*To be Continued.*)

* By special arrangement with Thomas Whittaker, publisher, New York.



LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE.*

THEY were sailing so close together, that Martin Pinzon tied a cord to the chart, and flung it on board the *Santa Maria*. It fell at the feet of Columbus, who picked it up and spread it out before him. Ruiz was looking over his shoulder; Hernando was at his side, and several sailors were near, all eager to know something of their locality.

Suddenly a wild shout rang out from the deck of the *Pinta*.

"What means that!" cried Columbus.

"See, see!" shouted Hernando, pointing to Martin Alonzo Pinzon, who was standing on the high poop-deck at the stern of his vessel, looking off to the southwest.

"Land, land!" cried Pinzon, at the top of his voice. "I claim my reward. I claim the pension for being the first to discover land."

The eyes of Columbus followed the direction indicated by Pinzon's finger, and he saw, about twenty-five leagues away, what indeed had the appearance of land. The admiral threw himself on his knees and returned thanks to God, all his crew following his example, and the wildest rejoicing followed. On board the *Pinta*, a scene of equal excitement and a ceremony fully as impressive was going on. Martin Alonzo repeated the *Gloria in excelsis*, in which he was joined by the crews of all three vessels.

The seamen now mounted to the masthead or climbed about the rigging, straining their eyes in the direction pointed out. The conviction of land in that quarter became so general, and the joy of the people so ungovernable, that Columbus found it necessary to vary from his usual course, and stand all night to the southwest. The morning light, however, put an end to all their hopes, as a dream. The fancied land proved to be nothing but an evening cloud, which vanished during the night.

For several days they continued on with the same propitious breeze, tranquil sea, and mild, delightful weather. The water was so calm that the sailors amused themselves with swimming about the vessel. Dolphins began to abound, and flying fish, darting into the air, fell upon the decks. The continued signs of land diverted the attention of the crews, and insensibly lured them onward.

On the morning of the 6th of October, Martin Alonzo Pinzon again came on board, and notified Columbus that he was losing confidence in their present course, and tried to urge the admiral to change it. But this Columbus refused to do, and issued an order, that, should the ships become separated, each was to stand due west, and endeavor as soon as possible to join the company again. He also directed that the vessels should keep near him at sunrise and sunset, as at those periods the atmosphere was most favorable to the discovery of distant lands.

On the 7th of October, several of the admiral's crew thought they beheld land to westward, but none ventured to proclaim it, for fear of losing the reward.

"The *Nina* sees it," Hernanda whispered to the admiral. "See how she presses forward. Santa Maria, what a sailor she is!"

The boy and admiral stood side by side, the former in breathless excitement, and the latter calm and unmoved, watching the ship.

"See, see," cried Hernando, clapping his hands with joy. "She hoists a flag at her masthead, and there goes a gun."

The boom of one of the ship's cannon at this moment rang out over the sea. New joy was awakened throughout the little squadron, and every eye was turned to the west. As they advanced, however, their cloud-built hopes faded away, and before evening the fancied land had again melted into air.

Again dejection settled on the crew, and it required all the skill of Columbus to rouse them.

"Look at the great flights of birds going southwest," he argued. "They must be secure of some neighboring land, where they will find food and a resting-place. The Portuguese attach great importance to the flight of birds, by following which they have made most of their discoveries."

Columbus has now come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at which he had expected to find the Island of Cipango; as there was no appearance of it, he might have missed it through some mistake in the latitude.

But, as land was not reached, the crew began to regard all this as so many delusions beguiling them on to destruction; and when, on the evening of the third day, they beheld the sun go down on a shoreless ocean, they broke forth into a turbulent clamor. They exclaimed against this obstinacy, as they termed it, in continuing a voyage into a boundless ocean, and insisted on abandoning it as hopeless and foolish. The seeds of dissension sown by Miguel had taken firm root, and, though the chief mutineer was in chains below, his deeds lived after him.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and the progress had been considerable. At sunset they again stood westward, and ploughed the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta*, owing to her superior sailing, keeping ahead. Great animation prevailed throughout the ships, and not an eye was closed for sleep that night.

About ten o'clock at night Columbus thought he beheld a light glimmering in the distance.

"Hernando, do you see anything?" he asked.

"Where?"

"Look straight ahead."

After a few moments' staring into the intense darkness, the boy answered:

"I believe I see a light."

"Are you quite sure?"

"I—I am not. Yet it glimmers."

At this moment Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, chanced to pass by, and Columbus hailed him.

"Ay, ay," he answered.

"Do you see a light ahead?"

"By the mass, I believe I do."

Columbus was now trembling with excitement, but determined to be certain ere he announced land. He called to Rodrigo Sanchez, of Segovia, and made the same inquiry.

"Come up to the round-house and be quite certain ere you answer," said the admiral. Before he could ascend to the round-house the lights had disappeared. They saw them once or twice afterward, in sudden and passing gleams, as if they were torches in the barks of fishermen, rising and sinking on the waves, or in the hand of some person on the shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house.

Rodrigo de Triana, a sailor on board the *Pinta*, was at the masthead, piercing the darkness with eyes that had long been accustomed to the sea. Suddenly his convictions became a certainty, and he gave the joyful shout of discovery. There was no mistake now, and from a heart overburdened with joy he shouts:

"Land! land! land!"

The joyful cry is taken up by all the squadron, and cannon boomed forth the glad tidings—the discovery of a new world, found for mankind once more.

There was no sleep that night, and all was given up to joy and thanksgiving. Land not two leagues away was plainly to be seen. Columbus ordered the vessels to lay to and wait for morning; and, as the admiral paced the deck with cheeks wet with tears of joy, Hernando pressed his hand, and asked: "My good and great friend, will I see my father on the morrow?"

"God grant you may, brave, noble lad, and faithful son!"

* From *Columbia*, a story of the discovery of America, by John R. Musick, illustrated. 351 pages; Funk & Wagnalls Co., N. Y., publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Estevan: a story of the Spanish Conquests, by John B. Musick, illustrated; 400 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co., N. Y., Publishers.

The Other Bond, by Dora Russell, 372 pages; price 50 cts. John A. Taylor & Co., N. Y., Publishers.

CONSECRATED ART.

An interesting reminiscence of the great painter, Benjamin West, is published in *The Engineering Magazine*. He was a Lancaster County boy, and his early life was spent amid hills and valleys. One day a party of Indians came into the village and he showed them his boyish pictures of birds and flowers, and so pleased were the red men that they gave him some of the colors with which they painted their ornaments. With these rude pigments, and a pencil made from the hairs of the family cat, fastened in the small end of a goose quill, Benjamin West painted his first picture of colors.

But the eventful period of his life came at the time when he became sixteen years old. We can fancy that the staid old Quakers of that day had little encouragement to give a boy who, as it seemed to them, was widely drifting away from the example and faith of his fathers; so a meeting of friends was called to consider the case. After a long communion in silence, in which their earnest, honest hearts pleaded to Heaven for guidance, John Williamson moved by the spirit, rose up to speak.

What he said can only be imagined, but we are led to believe that he pleaded for the boy, and for the God-given genius and inspiration that was within him, for, as he took his seat, a sweet-faced mother in Israel rose and walking across the room came to the side of the down-cast boy and imprinted on his fair cheek a kiss; then other mothers, and maidens following her example, kissed him and turned away as if they were, by so doing, offering him up as a sacrifice rather than to a vocation that afterwards filled the world with his praise, and all nations with admiration of his genius. In the old meeting-house among the hills, they consecrated the boy Benjamin West to his divine art.

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"JOHN ELIOT, APOSTLE."

The Heroic Missionary who Gave the American Indians their First Bible.

MISSIONARY work was begun in Eastern Massachusetts, by John Eliot, "the Apostle of the Indians." in 1646. He was at this time pastor of the church at Roxbury, Mass., says the *Encyclopedia of Missions*, and had for two years been engaged in the study of the Indian language. His first visit to the Indians took place in October, and his first preaching service was at what was afterwards known as Nonantum, on the borders of the towns of Newton and Watertown. His second preaching station was at Neponsitt, within the bounds of Dorchester. Early in his work Eliot framed two catechisms in the Indian tongue, which became the basis of his instruction. Under Eliot the Christian Indians were gathered into towns, where schools were located and the industries of civilization taught. These were known as "praying-Indian towns," and were governed by native magistrates chosen by the people. The first was located at Natick, Mass., the second, Pakemitt, at Stoughton (in this town John Eliot, Jr., began his work); the third, Hassanamesit, at Grafton; the fourth Okommakamesit, at Marlboro'; the fifth, Wamesit, at Tewksbury; the sixth, Nashobah, at Littleton, the seventh, Magunkaquog, at Hopkinton. There were besides these seven other towns, which were called "the new praying towns." These were organized between 1670 and 1673. The first, Manchage, was built upon the present site of Oxford; the second, Chabanakong-komun, of Dudley; the third, Maanexit, was the northeast part of the present Woodstock; the fourth, Quantisset, the southeast part of Woodstock; the fifth, Wabquissit, the southwest part of Woodstock; the sixth, Hakachoog, partly in Worcester and partly in Ward; the seventh, Waeuntug, is now Uxbridge. In 1674 there were in these towns two churches and 1,150 church-members.

In 1675 King Philip's War broke out. This was the last great struggle of the native tribes of New England against the race of foreigners who were gradually, but surely, crowding them out of the land of their fathers. The first warning received by the colonists of this outbreak came from the Christian Indians, who began at once to build forts for the protection of their towns, which stood as a breastwork between the English settlements and King Philip's warriors. Early in the war a levy of one third of all the fighting men in the towns was made, and quickly responded to. The service rendered by these Indians was invaluable to the colonists. With their knowledge of Indian warfare, of Indian language, and as scouts, they protected the colonies of the whites many times from surprise and massacre. Notwithstanding all this, the whites made no distinction between the Christian and the heathen Indians; and so intense became the prejudice, that the Governor and Council at Boston issued an order disbanding all Christian Indians, expelling them from white towns, imprisoning them within five of their own towns, and forbidding them to leave these towns on penalty of death. Later, a reward of one hundred dollars was offered for every Christian Indian killed, if found more than one mile from his town. Prevented from hunting, not allowed to gather their crops, forbidden to work or buy food in white towns, they were reduced to great suffering, and starvation seemed to face them; and yet they uttered no complaint, but continued steadfast in their faith. The English guard placed in these towns to watch them testified that they "behaved themselves both religiously toward God, and respectfully, obediently, and faithfully toward the English." About this time fifteen of these Indians who had rendered the colonists most faithful service as scouts and were then living peacefully in their own towns, were taken, their hands bound behind them, fastened together by ropes round their necks, and were marched down to Boston, where they were thrown into prison. Finally, they were expelled entirely from their towns and removed to Deer's Island, where hunger, exposure, and disease rapidly reduced their numbers.

The great work of Eliot's life was the translation of the Bible into the Indian vernacular. In 1658 he completed the translation of the Book of Psalms, upon which he had been engaged. This and the catechism were printed in Cambridge late in the same year, but no copy is now known to be in existence. In December, 1658, the translation of the whole Bible was completed. September 7th, 1659, the first sheets of the New Testament were put in type. September 5th, 1661, the printing of the New Testament was completed. Two years later the printing of the entire Bible was finished, this being the first Bible printed on the American continent. Seventeen years later a new edition was called for, which was begun in 1680 and completed within two years.

SUBMISSION.

THY will is as thy love, O Lord to met;
Thy will is as thy power, that
guards thy throne; [thee,
And I am strongest when I yield to
And thus two wills are one.

Ah, yes; two wills are joined in mighty league;
And, as I say thy way is best, I feel
My soul arise from shadows, deep and vague,
To paths invisible.

I cease the conflict so unequal urged,
And my surrender is my freedom found;
From damp and darkness into dawn emerged,
It seemed enchanted ground.—REV. D WILLIAMS

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, watchful of the progress of this grandest material enterprise of our time, has published descriptions of the buildings, now nearly completed, which conveyed but faintly an idea of their extent and magnificence to our readers minds. But the Fair is something to be *seen* not read about; to be

Personally Visited and Enjoyed

as the grandest demonstration of God's goodness in prospering this Union and this people.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received many letters of inquiry from different parts of the country regarding the Fair, and after careful consideration it has arranged a plan specially for the benefit of its readers and their friends, by which those who wish to visit Chicago can do so, without the outlay of a dollar. This will secure to all who profit by the plan, railroad transportation from their own States to Chicago and return, and one week's board and lodging in a pleasant location, convenient to the Fair Grounds. They will have had an experience both novel and edifying, and one to remember in the coming years. The entire world will be represented at the Fair. This vast gathering will tax the facilities of railroads, hotels, and lodging-houses. As at all the previous great Fairs (and particularly that at Philadelphia, in 1876), prices will be put

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"	Cleveland	70
"	Dayton	60
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"	Richmond	90
W. Va.,	Wheeling	80
Wis.,	Madison	60
"	Milwaukee	60

Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

C. C. Grubb, Elon, Va. Rev. Geo. W. Sharp's address is Kirksville, Mo.

Mrs. E. J. Phillips, Dunellen, N. J. None in New York City that we know of.

Charles G. Jensen, Fall River, Mass. See answer to W. R. Young, Antioch, Cal., in this issue.

E. Hengler, Hackensack, N. J. *The Young Man* is published by The Fleming H. Revell Co., Union Square, N. Y.

Mrs. M. E. Postlethwaite, Prescott, Wis. Address Fanny Crosby, care of Biglow & Main Co., Music Publishers, Ninth St., N. Y.

W. J. N., Albany, N. Y. Write to the Secretary, Board of Managers, Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., for all particulars wanted.

Mary F. Ayres, Crookston, Minn. The Seven Penitential Psalms are the 6, 32, 38, 51, 102, 130 and 143 Psalms. We are unable to supply the other information asked.

Carrie Nation, Medicine Lodge, Kas. The American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia, have what you need and if the circumstances were explained to them, might let you have them at reduced prices.

Percy Barker, West Bay City, Mich. 1. In the state of New York there are nearly 35,000 retail liquor dealers, of whom about 5,000 are in New York City. 2. The "slums" are on the east-side and west-side, below 23rd Street, chiefly in the downtown wards.

S. A. Feast, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "thanks are due to Clarence E. Eberman, Brooklyn, N. Y., for his full description and analytical account of the Moravian Church. It is the completest that I have read. Perhaps he will still further inform us what the Diaspora work is and whether he has seen a copy of their hymn book?"

J. J. Myers, New York City. I can give a good permanent home to one or two steady foreigners who are willing to work. Reasonable wages will be paid. Where and to whom should I write?

Write to the Employment Bureau, Ellis Island, N. Y.

Alonzo Knox, Sunbury, O. How would it do to introduce the study of vocal music in our schools of theology?

The suggestion is not a new one; but the conductors of theological seminaries doubtless have their own reasons (with which we are unacquainted) for not adopting it.

Hanson Harris, Griswold, Iowa. Did Peter mean in Acts 2: 34, that David was not in heaven? If so where is he?

If you will look back to the 29th verse of the same chapter, you will see that Peter was speaking of David's body. He was contrasting his condition with that of Christ who had, as Peter pointed out, ascended into heaven.

A. E. Davis, Lawrenceville, Ga. 1. What mark was set upon Cain? 2. Is there any passage of Scripture condemning the holding of funeral services in a church?

1. The best scholars hold that the expression, "The Lord set a mark upon Cain," is a mistranslation. The Revised Version has it, "The Lord appointed a sign for Cain." We are not told what the sign was, but it was evidently understood by Cain to be a protection. 2. We do not know of any that could be so construed.

E. A. Campbell, Corona, L. I. Can you tell a subscriber, who the author is of a poem of which a part of the first verse is as follows:—

Tell me ye winged winds,
That round my pathway soar
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more.
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest.

Can any of our readers supply this information.

Charity, Burlington, Vt. What is your opinion of the Christianity of a woman who refuses to speak to another young woman, because the latter regards her husband as a great friend? She has given no known cause, only that she confessed and showed her gratitude to her employer for his true and faithful friendship towards her. It it right for the husband to continue his friendship towards this young woman, ben no justifiable reason exists to treat her otherwise?

If no cause exists for ill-feeling or jealousy, as our correspondent asserts, the conduct of the wife would seem to be unreasonable. Most women, however, would feel aggrieved by the existence of close friendships between their husbands and other women, and probably the best way of solving the difficulty would be for the young woman to live apart. She could then still be on a basis of friendly feeling toward both, and the cause of the trouble would be removed.

W. R. Young, Antioch, Calif. In your issue of Aug. 3, you say that the recently published stories of the discovery of the remains of the Ark on Mount Ararat are canards, having no foundation save in the writer's imagination; but you do not give any reasons for this statement. Dr. Nouri, the authority for the statements concerning the Ark is a wealthy and learned traveler, and a high dignitary in the Greek Church. He has been for many weeks in San Francisco, and has been interviewed by many clergymen of various denominations. I, in company with two other ministers, sought him at his hotel, but he had left, so we failed to find him. However, I have conversed with those who have met him, and who were perfectly satisfied that he is a Christian gentleman, retiring in disposition, not seeking notoriety, and having no conceivable motive for publishing an audacious falsehood to the world. His account of the discovery of the Ark is circumstantial and reasonable, with no internal evidence of fabrication, and accords with statements made by other travellers some years ago. Of course those who do not believe that there ever was a flood or an ark disbelieve his story; but many intelligent Christians are satisfied of its truth, including a scientific man, whose name I forget, a member of the chief Scientific Society in Great Britain, who was in San Francisco at the time. To believe that such a man as Dr. Nouri would make up a story of this kind from his own imagination is more unaccountable than to regard his statements as truth; at least until some evidence to the contrary is forthcoming.

A number of years ago, a sensational story of the alleged discovery of the veritable Ark was published in the secular press, and illustrated. Dr. Nouri's supposed find is, therefore, ante-dated. In the intervening years there has been abundant opportunity for travelers and scientists to verify the first narrative; but this has never been done, and it was accordingly set down as a canard of some imaginative writer. It is strange, too (as our correspondent admits) that even Dr. Nouri's story has awakened no interest in the circles where such a discovery might well be expected to arouse intense enthusiasm. Descriptions of Ararat by standard writers of travel make no mention of such a find. Ascents have been made by Tournefort, a celebrated French traveler, in 1700, by the Pacha of Bayazid a century later, and by Dr. Parrot. The last named succeeded on a third attempt in reaching the summit of Mount Ararat in 1829, with a party of companions. In 1845, a Russian traveler, Abrich, performed the same feat. Both explorers took measurements of the two peaks of Ararat. Since that time, a Russian named Autonomoff and Mr. Seymour, an Englishman, accompanied by a guide named Orvione, four Cossacks and three Armenians, have reached the level summit of the highest peak. This was in 1846. Not one of these accredited travelers and writers make any mention of such a discovery, although if the Ark having survived through sixty centuries, still exists, it must have been there at the time they explored Ararat. It is not surprising, in view of what we have stated, that the narrative of Mr. Nouri should have attracted no serious attention in the scientific or religious world.

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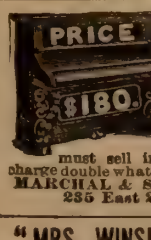

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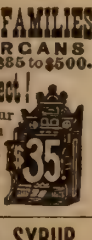

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VOLUME 15.

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JUST beyond the walls of Jerusalem and a little distance from one of the city gates that opened on the descent to the Mount of Olives, is a slope where, on the white limestone rocks streaked with red, tradition indicates the spot where the martyr St. Stephen was stoned to death. It is a rugged, uninviting place, bare and sterile, with scarcely a patch of soil to redeem it from utter barrenness; yet around it cluster holy memories of the last moments of a glorious life of Christian service. The city gate nearby on the East and fronting Olivet, is now called in remembrance of that event, the Gate of St. Stephen. It is one of two gates on the eastern side, and is described by ancient writers as being a portal leading down to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which originally gave it the name of the Gate of Jehoshaphat. Arabic writers call it *Bab-el-Usbat* (Gate of the Tribes). Four lions are sculptured over it on the outside and the style of the architecture shows that it existed long before the present walls. The view in our illustration is from the interior.

INTERIOR OF THE GATE OF ST. STEPHEN, JERUSALEM.
(From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage in the Holy Land.

Stephen, the protomartyr of the Christian Church and one of its seven original deacons, was probably a Hellenist. The place of his birth does not definitely appear in Scripture. Tradition declares that he had a Hebrew name, *Chelil* or *Cheliel*, (a crown). Epiphanius and others speak of him as one of the seventy disciples chosen by Christ, and again, as one of the first converts on the day of Pentecost. All authorities unite in according him a high degree of learning and eloquence. That he was a true man of God is repeatedly attested in Scripture, especially in the sixth and seventh chapters of Acts, where he is described as "full of faith and the Holy Ghost," of "grace and power" and of "spirit and wisdom," attracting attention by the great wonders and miracles he had done, as well as by his disputations with the Hellenistic Jews of North Africa, Alexandria and Asia Minor. His bold and exceedingly able preaching at Jerusalem, where he denounced the local worship and the ancient Jewish customs, claiming that the Gospel belonged not merely to the Holy Land, Jerusalem and the temple, but to the world, and his foreshadowing of the overthrow of the Temple and the dying out of the Mosaic ritual, were denounced in the "accusation" brought against him. At the time he was arraigned before the Sanhedrim, the Pharisees were in the ascendancy and it was clearly the intention of the council to put him to death. His beautiful Christian bearing, his fine fortitude and the masterly speech he made in his own defence are all described in Acts 7, where the plan of his defence is clearly outlined.

Without full authority or adequate jurisdiction, and without just trial or conviction, his judges, who had listened to the closing portion of his defence in bitter anger, condemned him to death by the ancient Mosiac form of execution for blasphemers. His accusers and their witnesses were assigned to lead in this brutal execution, which was to begin at a signal from one deputized for that purpose. The man who, while standing guard over the clothes of the naked executioners, gave the signal, was a youth from Tarsus, probably one who had disputed with the martyr. This was Saul, who afterwards became one of the greatest of the Apostles and himself suffered martyrdom for the Christian faith. At the time of Stephen's death, however, Saul was allied with the persecutors if not indeed one of their leaders. When the first volley of stones struck the martyr, he called upon Jesus, whom he had just seen in a vision, to receive his spirit. A second discharge forced him to his knees, while from his lips came the supplication: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Breathing a prayer of love and forgiveness for his murderers, as the Saviour had done upon the Cross, the martyr "fell asleep."

Tradition states that the body of Stephen was rescued by Gamaliel and buried at a village eight miles from Jerusalem, in a new tomb, and that the funeral lamentations continued forty days. Long afterward, the remains were identified, returned to Jerusalem and interred on Mount Zion.

"The Place of Stoning," as the Jews of Jerusalem named the scene of Stephen's martyrdom, is still pointed out to the traveller, who may have come thither over the old dried channel of the Kedron, and by the rocky path that leads in the direction of the gate. In some parts of the Christian world, the 3rd of August, the day on which his remains are said to have been discovered and deposited in their permanent resting-place, is celebrated by a festival, which is observed with great solemnity.

The record of this first martyrdom shines out bright and luminous amid the darkness of its perpetrators. As a special divine favor, and to compensate him for the agonies he was to indure, it was given to him to behold a wonderful vision — the heavens open and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. Heaven itself was watch the progress of his martyrdom, and the knowledge of this fact alone was sufficient to imbue him with the heroic courage he displayed in the crisis afterward. Stephen's example has been the cheering of many Christians in later days. Saul, who is described as "consenting unto his death," in the days of his own persecution doubtless recalled with anguish this tumultuous murder in which he bore a cruel part. Stephen's glorious end may have nerved him to face sufferings he was called to eudure, and this is the more probable from the fact that Saul, when facing death, followed the proto-martyr's example in committing his departing sptrit to Jesus.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE USE OF WINGS.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Text: *"With twain he covered his face; with twain he covered his feet; and with twain he did fly."*

IN a hospital of leprosy good King Uzziah had died, and the whole land was shadowed with solemnity, and theological and prophetic Isaiah was thinking about religious things, as one is apt to do in time of great national bereavement, and forgetting the presence of his wife and two sons, who made up his family, he has a dream, not like the dreams of ordinary character which generally come from indigestion, but a vision most instructive, and under the touch of the hand of the Almighty.

The place, the ancient temple; building, grand, awful, majestic. Within that temple a throne higher and grander than that occupied by any czar or sultan or emperor. On that throne, the eternal Christ. In lines surrounding that throne the brightest celestials,not the cherubim, but higher than they; the most exquisite and radiant of the heavenly inhabitants; the seraphim. They are called burners because they look like fire. Lips of fire, eyes of fire, feet of fire. In addition to the features and the limbs which suggest a human being, there are pinions which suggest the lithest, the swiftest, the most buoyant and most inspiring of all intelligent creation—a bird. Each seraph had six wings, each two of the wings for a different purpose. Isaiah's dream quivers and flashes with these pinions. Now folded, now spread, now beaten in locomotion. "With twain he covered his feet, with twain he covered his face, and with twain he did fly."

The probability is that these wings were not all used at once. The seraph standing there near the throne overwhelmed at the insignificance of the paths his feet had trodden as compared with the paths trodden by the feet of God, and with the lameness of his locomotion amounting almost to decrepitude as compared with the divine velocity, with feathery veil of angelic modesty hides the feet. "With twain he did cover the feet."

Standing there overpowered by the overmatching splendors of God's glory, and unable longer with the eyes to look upon them, and wishing those eyes shaded from the insufferable glory, the pinions gather over the countenance. "With twain he did cover the face. Then as God tells this seraph to go to the furthest outpost of immensity on message of light and love and joy, and get back before the first anthem, it does not take the seraph a great while to spread himself upon the air with unimagined celerity, one stroke of the wing equal to ten thousand leagues of air. "With twain he did fly."

The most practical and useful lesson for you and me—when we see the seraph spreading his wings over the feet, is a lesson of humility at imperfection. The brightest angels of God are so far beneath God that he charges them with folly. The seraph so far beneath God, and we so far beneath the seraph in service we ought to be plunged in humility, utter and complete. Our feet, how laggard they have been in the divine service! Our feet, now many missteps they have taken. Our feet. in how many paths of worldliness and folly they have walked!

Neither God nor seraph intended to put any dishonor upon that which is one of the masterpieces of almighty God—the human foot. Physiologist and anatomist are overwhelmed at the wonders of its organization. The Bridgewater Treatise, written by Sir Charles Bell, on the wisdom and goodness of God as illustrated in the human hand, was a result of the $40,000 bequeathed in the last will

BRIDGEWATER AND HIS DOGS.

and testament of the Earl of Bridgwater for the encouragement of Christian literature. The world could afford to forgive his eccentricities, though he had two dogs seated at his tabe, and though he put six dogs alone in an equipage drawn by four horses and attended by two footmen. With his large bequest inducing Sir Charles Bell to write so valuable a book on the wisdom of God in the structure of the human hand, the world could afford to forgive his oddities. And the world could now afford to have another Earl of Bridgewater, however idiosyncratic, if he would induce some other Sir Charles Bell to write a book on the wisdom and goodness of God in the construction of the human foot. The articulation of its bones, the lubrication of its joints, the gracefulness of its lines.the ingenuity of its cartilages, the delicacy of its veins, the rapidity of its muscular contraction,the sensitiveness of its nerves. I sound the praises of the human foot. With that we halt or climb or march. It is the foundation of the physical fabric. It is the base of a God-poised column. With it the warrior braces himself for battle. With it the orator plants himself for eulogium, With it the toiler reaches his work. With it the outraged stamps his indignation. Its loss an irreparable disaster. Its health an invaluable equipment. If you want to know its value, ask the man whose foot paralysis hath shrivelled, or machinery hath crushed, or surgeon's knife hath amputated. The Bible honors it. Especial care: "Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone;" "he will not suffer thy foot to be moved;" "thy feet shall not stumble." Especial charge: "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God." Especial peril, "Their feet shall slide in due time." Connected with the world's dissolution: "He shall set one foot on the sea and the other on the earth."

Give me the history of your foot, and I will give you the history of your lifetime. Tell me up what steps it hath gone,down what declivities and in what roads and in what directions, and I will know more about you than I want to know. None of us could endure the scrutiny, Our feet not always in paths of God. Sometimes in paths of worldliness. Our feet, a divine and glorious machinery for usefulness and work, so often making missteps, so often going in the wrong direction. God knowing every step, the patriarch saying, "Thou settest a print on the heels of my feet." Crimes of the hand, crimes of the tongue, crimes of the eye, crimes of the ear not worse than the crimes of the foot. Oh, we want the wings of humility to cover the feet. Ought we not to go into self-abnegation before the all-searching, all-scrutinizing, all-trying eye of God? The seraphs do. How much more we. "With twain he covered the feet."

All this talk about the dignity of human nature is braggadocio and a sin. Our nature started at the hand of God regal, but it has been pauperized. There is a well in Belgium which once had very pure water, and it was stoutly mas oned with stone and brick; but that well afterward became the centre of the battle of Waterloo. At the opening of the battle the soldiers with their sabres compelled the gardener, William Von Kylsom, to draw water out of the well for them, and it was very pure water. But the battle raged,and three hundred dead and half dead were flung into the well for quick and easy burial; so that the well of refreshment became the well of death, and long after, people looked down into the well, and they saw the bleached skulls but no water. So the human soul was a well of good, but the armies of sin have fought around it, and fought across it and been slain, and it has become a well of skeletons. Dead hopes, dead resolutions, dead opportunities, dead ambitions. An abandoned well unless Christ shall reopen and purify and fill it as the well of Belgium never was. Unclean, unclean!

Another seraphic posture in the text: "With twain he covered the face." That means reverence Godward. Never so much irreverence abroad in the world as to-day. You see it in the defaced statuary, in the cutting out of figures from fine paintings, in the chipping of monuments for a memento, in the fact that military guard must stand at the grave of Grant and Garfield,and that old shade trees must be cut down for firewood, though fifty George P. Morrises beg the woodmen to spare the tree,and that calls a corpse a cadaver, and that speaks of death as going over to the majority, and substitutes for the reverent terms, father and mother, "the old man," and "the old woman," and finds nothing impressive in the ruins of Baalbec or the columns of Karnac, and see no difference in the Sabbath from other days except it allows more dissipation, and reads the Bible in what is called higher criticism, making it not the Word of God but a good book with some fine things in it. Irreverence never so much abroad. How many take the name of God in vain, how many trivial things said about the Almighty. Not willing to have God in the world, they roll up an idea of sentimentality and humanitarianism and impudence and imbecility, and call it God. No wings of reverence over the face, no taking off of shoes on holy ground. You can tell from the way they talk they could have made a better world than this, and that the God of the Bible shocks every sense of propriety. They talk of the love of God in a way that shows you they believe it does not make any difference how bad a man is here, he will come in at the shining gate. They talk of the love of God in such a way which shows you they think it is a general jail delivery for all the abandoned and the scoundrelism of the universe. No punishment hereafter for any wrong done here.

The Bible gives us two descriptions of God, and they are just opposite, and they are both true. In one place the Bible says God is love. In another place the Bible says God is a consuming fire. The explanation is plain as plain can be. God through Christ is love. God out of Christ is fire. To win the one and to escape the other we have only to throw ourselves body, mind and soul into Christ's keeping. "No," says Irreverence, "I want no atonement, I want no pardon, I want no intervention; I will go up and face God, and I will challenge him, and I will defy him, and I will ask him what he wants to do with me." So the finite confronts the infinite, so a tack hammer tries to break a thunder-bolt, so the breath of human nostrils defies the everlasting God, while the hierarchs of heaven bow the head and bend the knee as the King's chariot goes by, and the archangel turns away because he cannot endure the splendor, and the chorus of all the empires of heaven comes in with full diapason, "holy, holy, holy!"

Reverence for sham, reverence for the old merely because it is old, reverence for stupidity however learned, reverence for incapacity however finely inaugurated, I have none. But we want more reverence for God, more reverence for the sacraments, more reverence for the Bible, more reverence for the pure, more reverence for the good. Reverence a characteristic of all great natures. You hear it in the roll of the master oratorios. Yor see it in the Raphaels and Titians and Ghirlandijos. You study it in the architecture of the Aholiabs and Christopher Wrens. Do not be flippant about God. Do not joke about death. Do not make fun of the Bible. Do not deride the Eternal. The brightest and mightiest seraph cannot look unabashed upon him. Involuntarily the wings come up, "With twain he covered his face."

Who is this God before whom the arrogant and intractable refuse reverence? There was an engineer by the name of Strasicrates who was in the employ of

THE WELL AT WATERLOO.

Alexander the Great, and he offered to hew a mountain in the shape of his master, the emperor, the enormous figure to hold in the left hand a city of ten thousands inhabitants, while with the right hand it was to hold a basin large enough to collect all the mountain torrents. Alexander applauded him for his ingenuity, but forbade the enterprise, because of its costliness. Yet I have to tell you that our King holds in one hand all the cities of the earth, and all the oceans, while he has the stars of heaven for his tiara.

Earthly power goes from hand to hand, from Henry I. to Henry II. and Henry III., from Charles I. to Charles II., from Louis I. to Louis II. and Louis III., but

from everlasting to everlasting is God. God the first, God the last, God the only. He has one telescope with which he sees everything: his omniscience. He has one bridge with which he crosses everything: his omnipresence. He has one hammer with which he builds everything: his omnipotence. Put two tablespoonfuls of water in the palm of your hand and it will overflow; but Isaiah indicates that God puts the Atlantic and the Pacific and the Arctic and the

THE CONDOR OF THE ANDES.

Mediterranean and the Black Sea and all the waters of the earth in the hollow of his hand. The fingers the beach on one side, the wrist the beach on the other. "He holdeth the water in the hollow of his hand."

As you take a pinch of salt or powder between your thumb and two fingers, so Isaiah indicates God takes up the earth. He measures the dust of the earth, the original there indicating that God takes all the dust of all the continents between the thumb and two fingers. You wrap around your hand a blue ribbon five times, ten times. You say it is five hand-breadths, or it is ten hand-breadths. So, indicates the prophet, God winds the blue ribbon of the sky around his hand. "He meteth out the heavens with a span." You know that balances are made of a beam suspended in the middle with two basins at the extremity of equal heft. In that way what vast heft has been weighed. But what are all the balances of earthly manipulation compared with the balances that Isaiah saw suspended when he saw God putting into the scales the Alps and the Appenines and Mount Washington and the Sierra Nevadas. You see the earth had to be ballasted. It would not do to have too much weight in Europe, or too much weight in Asia, or too much weight in Africa, or in America; so when God made the mountains he weighed them. The Bible distinctly says so. God knows the weight of the great ranges that cross the continents, the tons, the pounds avoirdupois, the ounces, the grains, the millegrammes—just how much they weighed then, and just how much they weigh now. "He weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance." Oh, what a God to run against, oh, what a God to disobey, oh, what a God to dishonor, oh, what a God to defy! The brightest, the mightiest angel takes no familiarity with God. The wings of reverence are lifted. "With twain he covered the face."

Another seraphic posture in the text. The seraph must not always stand still. He must move, and it must be without clumsiness. There must be celerity and beauty in the movement. "With twain he did fly." Correction, exhilaration. Correction at our slow gait, for we only crawl in the service when we ought to fly at the divine bidding. Exhilaration in the fact that the soul has wings as the seraphs have wings. What is a wing? An instrument of locomotion. They may not be like seraph's wing, they may not be like bird's wing, but the soul has wings. God says so. "He shall mount up on wings as eagles." We are made in the divine image, and God has wings. The Bible says so. "Healing in his wings." "Under the shadow of his wings." "Under whose wings thou hast come to trust." We have folded wing now, wounded wing, broken wing, bleeding wing, caged wing. Aye! I have it now. Caged within bars of bone and under curtains of flesh, but one day to be free. I hear the rustle of pinions in Seagrave's poem which we often sing:

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.

I hear the rustle of pinions in Alexander Pope's stanza, which says:

I mount, I fly,
O Death, where is thy victory?

A dying Christian not long ago cried out, "Wings, wings, wings!" The air is full of them, coming and going, coming and going. You have seen how the dull, sluggish chrysalid becomes the bright butterfly; the dull and the stupid and the lethargic turned into the alert and the beautiful. Well, my friends, in this world we are in the chrysalid state. Death will unfurl the wings. Oh, if we could only realize what a grand thing it will be to get rid of this old clod of the body and mount the heavens, neither seagull nor lark nor albatross nor falcon, nor condor pitching from highest range of Andes so buoyant or so majestic of stroke.

See that eagle in the mountain nest. It looks so sick, so ragged-feathered, so worn-out and so half asleep. Is that

HOUSES OF SANGUIR NATIVES.

eagle dying? No. The ornithologist will tell you it is moulting season with that bird. Not dying, but moulting. You see that Christian sick and weary and worn-out and seeming about to expire on what is called his death-bed. The world says he is dying. I say it is the moulting season for his soul—the body dropping away, the celestial pinions coming on. Not dying, but moulting. Moulting out of darkness and sin and struggle into glory and into God. Why do you not shout? Why do you sit shivering at the thought of death and trying to hold back and wishing you could stay here forever, and speak of departure as though the subject were filled with skeletons and the varnish of coffins, and as though you preferred lame foot to swift wing? O people of God, let us stop playing the fool and prepare for rapturous flight. When your soul stands on the verge of this life, and there are vast precipices beneath, and sapphired domes above, which way will you fly? Will you swoop or will you soar? Will you fly downward or will you fly upward? Everything on the wing this morning bidding us aspire. Holy Spirit on the wing. Angel of the new covenant on the wing. Time on the wing, flying away from us. Eternity on the wing, flying toward us. Wings, wings, wings!

Live so near to Christ that when you are dead people standing by your lifeless body will not soliloquize, saying: "What a disappointment life was to him; how averse he was to departure; what a pity it was he had to die; what an awful calamity." Rather standing there may they see a sign more vivid on your still face than the vestiges of pain, something that will indicate that it was a happy exit—the clearance from oppressive quarantine, the cast-off chrysalid, the moulting of the faded and useless, and the ascent from malarial valleys to bright, shining mountain tops, and be led to say, as they stand there contemplating your humility and your reverence in life, and your happiness in death: "With twain he covered the feet, with twain he covered the face, with twain he did fly." Wings! Wings! Wings!

EXPERIENCE IN CHURCH.

Having moved to a secluded country place, there being no church near, my heart hungry and thirsty to hear the Gospel preached, I went Sunday morning with my husband to attend service in the city. We come to a beautiful church, and as we pass in they hand me a paper as it is called *The Bulletin*. We are seated, and as we are early, I will look it over and see what it is, I read, "welcome" on the first page, and opening I find the order of service for the day, with the hymns, which were spiritual, comforting and pleasant to read, so I turn to the last page to see what other message my Father has for me. I see before me a picture of a large bee. I remember our Saviour used word pictures, such as (consider the lillies etc.), but I do not remember of reading very often of the bee, so I will read and see. "Keep in mind the Bee grocery store," new goods, new prices, etc., and I read on and I find all kinds of mechandise advertisements. Not one Christian word on that page.

I said to my husband, who is not a Christian, "what is the meaning of these advertisements here?" He said, "those merchants pay so much, I presume to hire the privilege of advertising in this bulletin, giving the church the money, while they receive the benefit of the customers."

I said to him "I do not think it is right. Is not God able to care for his church to-day as in days past?" "Oh" he says "God has too much to do, and if they trusted him, and did not resort to something of this kind, they would get left."

But I see a large gathering in another church, let us go over and see what the cause is of so much commotion. I see them flying from the temple, the broken tables overthrown, money scattered all over the marble pavement, and here comes Jesus with a scourge of small cords. It is he that is driving them out. But hear what he is saying, "take these things hence, make not my Father's house a house of merchandise, and I read the interpretation, that the temple had become an exchange bazar and the profits were no doubt shared with the priests.

Do you see a similarity between the two churches?

Avery, Neb. A READER.

THE SANGUIR CALAMITY.

An Eruption Which Destroyed an Island and Killed Thousands of People.

NOT since the volcanic upheaval of Krakatoa, several years ago, has anything occured so dessructive of human life as the recent disaster on the island of Sanguir in Borneo. The report of the total destruction of the

NATIVES OF SANGUIR.

island and its inhabitants, was recently brought to Borneo by the captain of a merchant-vessel that had passed large quantities of floating matter at sea, apparently cast forth by a volcanic eruption. Sydney J. Hickson, author of *A Naturalist in North Celebes*, gives the following account of this island:

"Sanguir, or 'Great Sanguir,' as it is more frequently called by the natives of the Archipelago, is the largest of a chain of volcanic islands that connects the northern peninsula of Celebes with the southern point of the islands, rising abruptly from the floor of the very deep Celebes sea—a depth of over two thousand fathoms was found by her Majesty's ship *Challenger* quite close to Great Sanguir are very mountainous and covered by dense tropical forests.

"The islands, Ruang and Siauw, are both little more than volcanoes standing in the sea, but Sanguir is a large island twenty-five miles long by about fifteen miles broad, with undulating hills and valleys occupying its southern half and the great Awu volcano and its slopes the greater part of its northern half. When I visited the islands in November, 1885, the Ruang and the Awu were quiet, but the Siauw was sending out dense volumes of smoke.

"It seems that the Siauw volcano has never been very violently active, but both the Ruang and the Awu have a history full of most terrible and heartrendering episodes. The last serious eruption of the Ruang occurred in 1871, when at least four hundred persons lost their lives either by the sudden rise of the sea, or by showers of stones and ashes. Of the Awu volcano we find recorded that a most terrible eruption occurred which lasted from the 10th to the 16th of December, 1711. Sjamsialam and his son, the Princess Lorolabo and her daughter Sarabanong, and over two thousand people of the kingdom of Kandahar were killed."

On March 2, 1856, there was another fearful eruption, which lasted until March 17, and destroyed nearly three thousand human lives. The streams of boiling water and of steam which poured down the mountain slopes rather than the flow of lava caused the enormous mortality of the second eruption. A great eruption came in 1856. The waters of the lake began to boil, burst their banks, and flowed down the sides of the mountain toward Tabukan and Taruna, causing immense destruction of human lives and property.

"The island is governed by five native Rajahs, who are advised by the resident Dutch Controlleur. For many years there has been no war or other disturbance; but the island, notwithstanding the richness of its soil, is not in a very prosperous condition. The only produce of any importance is copra, but some good ebony and other timber is found in the island forests." Our illustrations give types of these semi-barbarous people and the houses of the natives. Such sufferings as they must have endured cannot be realized by those who live in temperate latitudes.

PHILIP AND THE ETHIOPIAN.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Acts 8: 26-40. Golden Text, John 3 : 36.

GOD never allows his precious, blood-bought instruments to continue blest in their work, at an expense to their spiritual development. Few of his people understand "his way" and consequently there is in many Christian workers a continual conflict. In their devotion, they are ready to sacrifice everything, health, time, money, their own spiritual progress, for the sake of the work, verily believing that they ought to act thus, and expecting that, in some way or other, their own spiritual state will prosper in proportion to their zeal for the work. God can easily bring about a revival. A few days' preaching, by a most unsatisfactory and selfish prophet, brought all Nineveh down before the Lord in sackcloth and ashes,and nothing was heard throughout that immense city for three days, but the cry of the penitent. It was Jonah's education, not the evangelization of Nineveh, which took time and trouble. One of the shortest sermons that ever was preached, and a prayer of about half a minute's duration, which, however, brought down fire from heaven, was sufficient to bring a nation of Baal-worshippers back to their God; but it took three and a half years to prepare Elijah for this moment.

It was then no caprice on the part of God to withdraw Philip from his loved work in Samaria, and to leave the converts, who had now received the Holy Ghost, to go on without him. They had God, the Holy Ghost, and now they must learn to do without Philip. "The angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, arise, and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert." Philip was a man full of the Holy Ghost. He did not possess all the gifts of the Spirit, for he lacked the "discerning of spirits" as we saw in the case of Simon. But he did know that his God would not make a mistake, and so,when he received the direction to go from his thousands of converts, his Spirit-filled and joyous Church of Samaria, to be alone in a desert, he did not try to reason that this must be a mistake, and that it could not be really the voice of the Lord which led him;

"He Arose and Went."

But who would look after the converts? and what would become of the work? No one knew so much about the spiritual state of Samaria as he did; was it not contrary to common sense that he should leave just at such a time? This might be the argument of the flesh; this would be the reasoning of many Christian workers. But Philip had been in the habit of following the Spirit; he knew his leading. This direction was not exceptional. Leaving all the consequences in regard to the work in his hands to whom that work belonged, Philip "arose and went."

Oh, how blessed is simple obedience! "This is the love of God, that we keep his commandments." "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love. To do the will of God without question, as soon as we are aware of it, and to do nothing until we know his will: to let nobody hurry us into a decision until we have been able to obtain the mind of God —this is what keeps us in peace.

God had, no doubt, more than one purpose in removing Philip from Samaria. Probably he had been used there as much as his spiritual strength was capable of at the time. The work might have deteriorated, and he might have made grievous mistakes had he stayed longer just then. It was time also that the newly converted should learn to trust God for themselves, and besides this, he who maketh all things to work together for good to them that love God, had a work for Philip to do which he could not himself have imagined or foreseen. It is a great mistake to think that because there is a wondrous outpouring of the Spirit in a certain place, and God is wondrously using there a certain man or woman, that therefore if that man or woman remain there, the same work will continue. It was only once in a lifetime, that God used Elijah to change the faith of a whole nation in a day, it was only once in the life of Peter that three thousand were converted in a day. It was no proof of backsliding in Elijah or Peter that they were not always used in the same way. So Philip went his way into the desert, we may believe not sadly, but gladly, because the Lord was with him." Alone in the desert how many things, which he had previously been unable to pray out or to think out, would be made clear to him by the Holy Spirit! Man-made times of rest and relaxation from work often turn out to be the most unrestful. If any anxious spirit about the work is carried away to some place of rest outside the work, the elements of unrest accompany the worker, and neither change of scene nor climate can secure the desired quiet. But "when He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?" (Job 34 : 39.)

Just when his moment was come, God so ordered it that the prime minister, or at any rate, the state treasurer of Ethiopia, traveling back from Jerusalem, crossed Philip's path. This man was an inquirer. By some means he had become possessed of a copy of the Book of Isaiah; and being a well educated man, he could read Hebrew. A profound impression had been made upon him, and finding that the God of heaven, spoken of by the prophet, was worshipped at Jerusalem, he had taken the journey, which, in those days, must have lasted several months, from Ethiopia to Jerusalem that he might seek and find the God whom his soul longed for. God sees at this very moment every seeking soul on the face of the earth, and it is one of his unalterable laws that "every one that . . . seeketh, findeth." (Matt. 6: 8.) Wherever there is a seeking soul, God has means of bringing that soul in contact with his truth. The eunuch was reading the Scripture and the Spirit said to Philip, "Go near, and join thyself to his chariot." How many a Christian worker would have hesitated, and thought, "Such a man would only repel me, and treat me with rudeness. No; this cannot be the voice of God." But Philip had not

Trifled with the Spirit's Leadings.

By instant and unquestioning obedience, just as soon as he was sure of his way, he had come to know the leading of the Spirit, and, without an instant's hesitation to consider how he might be affected by this move, he ran to him and heard him reading aloud Isaiah the prophet. Philip was at home directly. Now he saw they had some common ground, and, guided by the Spirit, he inquired, "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

"How can I, except some man should guide me?" was the answer, and the great man brought the little man (as men would regard him) to "come up and sit with him." All had been prepared by the Lord. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord; He delighteth in this way." The eunuch was reading Isa. 53: 7, 8: "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and as a lamb before his shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth: in his humiliation his judgment was taken away: his generation who shall declare? For his life is taken from the earth." (R.V.) "I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other?" asked the eunuch of Philip. O how wonderfully had God opened the way! It was so easy now, at the earnest solicitation of this distinguished inquirer, to preach unto him "Jesus!" The eunuch knew well the antiquity of the prophecy, and when he heard how in the life of that wondrous Jesus of Nazareth, whose miracles had been reported far and near, his prophecy had received its fulfilment, and that this very man, described in the prophecy, was the Son of God, "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," now risen, ascended, living, and, at the same time, present with his people unto the end of the world,—the deep needs of his soul found their full and blessed satisfaction. God revealed himself to him; he believed; and with the decision of a man who was willing to stake all, he said: "Behold, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?" No labored theological classes prepared this catechumen for his baptism. Where the power of the Holy Ghost prevails you can dispense with much which man finds needful. Who will say that Philip was too hasty? God does not reprove him.

The chariot was drawn up, and in the presence of his retainers, braving all the consequences which such a step might bring upon him sooner or later, this noble man was baptized. Philip's ministry in the desert was fulfilled, he had served God's purpose there, and no sooner were they come up out of the water, than "the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip; and the eunuch saw him no more." But he saw Jesus, and went on his way rejoicing. Now it would have been as wrong for Philip to desire a longer sojourn in the desert, as it would have been to be unwilling to leave Samaria. Philip was sent back to his old work invigorated and blest. He was "found at Agotus: and passing through he preached in all the cities, till he came to Cesarea." Blessed God-given and God-directed ministry! Blessed to rest at God's bidding, blessed to work again at his command! There is no such perfect freedom as his service.

LESSON POINTS,

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting Life." John 3 : 36.

WE are accustomed to think of death as the worst evil that can befall us. When we are sick we send for a doctor; we watch his face anxiously as he feels the pulse and asks his questions, and cannot rest till we know if there is danger. We see the crape on our neighbor's door, and as we see the coffin carried out, we say, "Poor fellow." Property may go and we hope the loser will regain his lost position; misfortunes of many kinds may come and we say, "perhaps there will be better times soon;" but when life goes, the dead form, however dear it may be, is put in the ground and we know that the place which it once filled, it will never fill again. See how the man in danger of drowning struggles to save his life; see how a man will fight when attacked, to avoid death. There is nothing dreaded so much as death. Whether it comes by violence, by disease or old age it is rare indeed that it finds a welcome. Life, and more of it, is what we want. Every one, therefore, must naturally be interested in two of the words of the Golden Text: "Everlasting life."

The longing for endless life prompted researches which originated the science of chemistry. The learned men of Egypt, when that land was the centre of learning, many centuries ago,before Moses was put in the little bulrush boat on the Nile, believed that there was some food or drink in existence which would prolong life indefinitely. They thought that in all substances—metals, woods, trees, flowers, rock and soil there was some substance which all had in common; and that this substance, whatever it might be, was the source of life. They believed that if it could be discovered no man need die. If given to an old man he would immediately become hale and strong, and have all the beauty of youth, and live another lifetime. If given to the sick they would be instantly cured. They called it "the elixir of life" and many learned men spent all their lives in a vain search for it. Many since their time in all lands have continued the search. Some believed it was a gas, others thought it was a liquid, others thought it was an extract of gold. Roger Bacon in the thirteenth century declared that he knew a man who had found some of the elixir and had lived three ordinary lives. Bacon spent many years trying to discover the secret, as did Albertus Magnus, Aquinas, Lully, Basil Valentine and Paracelus. They never discovered it, but they made discoveries in chemistry while they were searching for it, which the world has made use of. They bore poverty and obloquy, gave days and nights to study and experiment,in the hope of finding this mysterious essence, which if taken, would enable them to live forever.

The desire and the search have been found in all nations. Ibu Batuta, the celebrated Mussulman traveler of the fourteenth century, speaks of a cypress-tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred by the natives, the leaves of which were said to fall only at certain intervals, and he who had the happiness to find and eat one of them was restored at once to youth and vigor. The traveler saw several venerable Jogees, or saints, sitting silent and motionless under the tree patiently awaiting the falling of a leaf.

A well-known modern scientist has hazarded the speculation that the origin of life on this planet has been the falling upon it of the fragment of a meteor or an ærolite, from some other system,with a speck of organic life upon it, from which all has developed. Whatever may be the case in regard to the physical life, that is absolutely the case in regard to spiritual life. It all comes because this heaven-descended Christ has come down the long staircase of Incarnation, and has brought with him into the clouds and oppressions of our terrestrial atmosphere a germ of life which he has planted in the heart of the race,there to spread forever.

In the Golden Text Christ tells men how they may have this long-sought prize. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life!" It is not a promise that he shall have it, but he has it now. Mr. Moody referring to this important verb, says: "Shall I tell you what h-a-t-h spells? It spells, *got it*." The saying may not be good orthography but it expresses a meaning not sufficiently recognized. The man who believes on Christ will live forever.

Christ told the people that he came that men might have life and might have it more abundantly. But he purchased the boon for them by sacrificing his own life. One day at a village called Ragenbach, in Germany, a number of people were assembled in a room, the door of which was open. The village blacksmith, a pious, brave-hearted man, was near the door. All at once, a great dog presented itself in the open doorway. His eyes were bloodshot, and his red tongue hung out of his mouth. The company was immediately thrown into confusion, for there was no escape without being bitten. "Stand back," cried the smith, "till I seize the dog, then hurry out while I hold him. Better for one to perish than for all!" He seized the beast, and dashed it on the floor. The dog bit furiously and tore the limbs of the heroic smith, but still he held the beast in an iron grasp, till all his friends had escaped in safety. Then he flung the half-strangled beast from him against the wall, left the room and closed the door. The dog was immediately shot, but what was to become of the deliverer? To the friends that stood weeping around him, he said: "Be quiet my friends. I have only done my duty. When I am dead, think of me with love; and now pray for me that God may shorten my sufferings. I know I shall go mad, but I will take care that I will do no harm." Saying this, he went to his smithy, and, rivetting a chain securely around his body, bound himself to the anvil. Looking around he said: "Now, its done! You are all safe, bring me food while I am well, and keep out of the way when I am seized with madness. The rest I leave with God." Soon madness seized him, and in a short time he died—died gloriously for his friends.

There are many kinds of life, but none so well worth having as this everlasting life that a man gets through believing. There is life in trees and flowers; there is another life in animals and birds and fishes but sensible men do not crave that kind of life. Then there are different grades of life in men. Some men seem to have no enjoyment except what comes from the body. To eat, to drink, to sleep is sufficient for them. A cultivated, intelligent man asks, "Do you call that life?" It is only existence. I should not be happy if I could not read and get knowledge. But mental life is not all. A higher grade yet, is moral and spiritual life and it is this which comes through believing. It will go on increasing and developing after the body has crumbled to dust. "Walter," said a gentleman on a ferry-boat to a poor, helpless cripple, "How is it, when you cannot walk, that your shoes get worn?" A blush came over the boy's pale face,but after hesitating a moment,he said: "My mother has younger children, sir, and while she is out washing, I amuse them by creeping about on the floor and playing." "Poor boy!" said a lady standing near, not loud enough, as she thought, to be overheard. "What a life to lead! What has he in all the future to look forward to?" The tear started in his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away showed that he did hear her. As she passed by him to step on shore, he said in a low voice, but with a smile: "I am looking forward to having wings some day, lady." The boy looked farther forward than the lady thought he did,and the vision he saw consoled him for his present limitations. They who have this hope of rising and living an endless life can afford to bear privations in this life. It is everlasting life that God gives to all who believe on his Son.

These Men Helped The Good Work.

Some Notable Personages of St. Petersburg and Moscow, who Facilitated the Distribution of the Cargo of "The Christian Herald" Famine Relief Steamship "Leo."

It is with considerable pleasure and gratification that we present to our readers in this issue the portraits of a group of noble-hearted public men of Russia, who were foremost in extending the hand of welcome to the editor and proprietor of The Christian Herald, when the latter recently visited the Czar's empire together, to distribute the cargo of the relief steamer, *Leo*, among the famine suffers. Their names will long be remembered in their native land for the activity they displayed and the yeoman service they rendered in aiding the measures devised to relieve the frightful and almost universal distress. They are the Comte Andre Bobrinskoy, Herr A Prokofiero, Mayor of St. Petersburg, V. Von Wahl, Prefect of St. Petersburg, Mr. Geo. W. Wurts, American Charge d' affaires, Vlassowsky, Prefect of Moscow, and Nicolas Alexiew, Mayor of Moscow.

As already stated in The Christian Herald, Count Bobrinskoy is the executive head of the Grand Duke Famine Relief Committee. He is a gentleman of fine, imposing, even intellectual appearance, and the possessor of large estates, the income from which he devoted for several years to the aid of the poor peasants. His philanthropic Christian nature has impelled him to take a most active part in the relief movement during the present year and no one in Russia did more to aid Rev Dr. Talmage and Mr. Klopsch in their work of distribution. Prefect Von Wahl and Mayor Prokofiero, two most courteous and accomplished officials, also rendered valuable service and were profuse in their courtesies to the strangers. Mr. Wurts has been at different times attached to the American Legations at Madrid, Turin, and Florence, and has been Charge d'Affaires at St. Petersburg since 1883.

By way of illustrating the enthusiasm with which the gift conveyed by the *Leo* was received, we cannot refrain from giving our readers a realistic glimpse of the scene immediately after the close of the great reception at the Duhma or City Hall of St. Petersburg, which was fully described in our last issue. The extract is taken from a letter from St. Petersburg:

"Every window full of faces, as far as the eye can reach. The dense mass of humanity watches every movement with ten thousand pairs of eyes. We had but descended a few steps of the stairs leading up to the City Hall when the people—who had waited for us and had mightily increased during the two hours consumed by the reception—decided to take a hand in the exercises.

"There must have been twenty thousand by that time, and with truly Russian vigor and enthusiasm they all united in shouting a long-continued 'Welcome!' The noise increased momentarily, and all the Americans could do was to wave their hands and hats. It seemed that the many thousands of women present were more demonstrative even than the men, and the look of loving welcome seen on every face, told even more than their voices how glad they were. At last we went down the Nevski, the Broadway of Petersburg, to the hotel. Here, after we had alighted, and were just on the point of entering, a hundred strong arms reached out for Dr. Talmage, and before he was aware of it, he was held high up in the air, far above the heads of the crowd, then down and up again and again, After he had been cheered abont twenty times, the crowd dropped him and Mr. Klopsch was seized and treated in like fashion."

At Moscow, Mayor Alexiew and Prefect Vlassowsky (whose portraits are included in our group), were equally cordial in their attentions to the Americans, and in the endeavor to aid their work of food distribution. The gratitude of the Russian people, officials and plain citizens alike, was universal and irrepressible, appearing in many forms. Mayor Alexiew personally escorted the visitors around Moscow a whole day, showing them the attractions of the city, and the invitations and attentions that were showered upon them everywhere, made such generous hospitality overpowering. When they were leaving Moscow, the Mayor, in explanation of the extraordinary attention they had received, declared that were they to visit the remotest village in Russia, they would meet with the same cordial reception; that it was the manner his countrymen had of expressing their gratitude for the sympathy and generosity of Americans to the Russian peasants. Everywhere it was the same; wherever the travelers stopped they encountered the same glad welcome, if not always in words, then in other forms that gave expression to what the hearts felt but the strange tongues could not utter. The story of the *Leo*, her mission and the Christian love and charity of those who sent her, were on every Russian's lips and became household words by Russian hearths.

In a recent interview in Scotland, Rev. Dr. Talmage spoke pleasantly of his meeting with the Czar of Russia at Peterhof. He said: "It would not be right to reveal private conversation between the Imperial family and myself, but I will say that they are the most extraordinarily genial, artless, sympathetic, and entertaining persons I ever met. I had been received by the Crown Prince several days before, in his own palace. He is a handsome young man of about twenty-two years, speaks English well, and is urbane and attractive in every way. When his time comes to take the throne he will be fully prepared. When I received the Emperor's invitation to come to the Peterhof, I considered it a happy opportunity. The Emperor received me in a room on the third floor of the palace. We sat on opposite side of a narrow table, and talked on many subjects, religious and political."

"I take the Czar," continued Dr. Talmage, in further explanation, "to be not only a strong and talented, but also a good man. I think from questions the Emperor asked me that he is more interested in religion than politics. There was not a line of care on his face; and I think all the talk about his being afraid of assassination is delusive. His face is radiant with smiles. He is known all though Russia as a model husband and father, and his home life is most admirable. I believe the Emperor Alexander is doing the best he can for his people.

"After a prolonged and delightful interview, the Emperor told me the Empress would like to see me, and I was then conducted to her parlor on the first floor of the palace—a room adorned with flowers, ferns, and bric-a-brac. She looks like her sister, the Princess of Wales, and I told her so. The Empress has no look of arrogance or self-assertion, but is simplicity personified.

"I do not wonder that the Russian nation almost idolizes her. She brought her children and introduced them. I said to myself, if ever there are wars in Europe, neither the Emperor nor the Empress of the Russias will ever have anything to do with starting them."

THE RUSSIAN ADDRESS OF THANKS.

The Address of the Royal City of St. Petersburg, Which was Presented to Dr. Talmage and Mr. Klopsch as Representatives of "The Christian Herald" Relief Fund.

REVEREND SIRS:—This is not the first time that the representatives of the City of St. Petersburg have had the happiness to welcome the citizens of the United States of North America. In the summer of 1866, a special embassy from the States of North America, with a Member of the Washington Cabinet, J. W. Fox, at its head, came to St. Petersburg to express their sympathy for Russia and its Sovereign. Now the citizens of the United States of North America express their sympathy for the Russian nation by bringing help to those who are in want of bread, owing to the failure of last year's harvest. Such friendly and cordial international relations are not to be forgotten; they are historically significant and bear fruit. The former American Ambassador at the Russian Court, Mr. Emory Smith, now returned to his native land, recently called to mind in his speech at a dinner given him at Philadelphia, how, many years ago, "an acorn from George Washington's oak" was sent from the United States as a present to the generous and chivalrous Emperor Nicolas; and how, by the Emperor's orders this acorn was planted on the Tsaritsin Island at Peterhof, where it has since grown into a stately American oak, now standing in its beauty among its verdant Russian brethren. "This year," continued Mr Smith, "The Americans have planted another acorn, disclosing several American patched in the shape of liberal offerings to those suffering from the failure of the crops," and in conclusion, expressed the hope, "that this other American acorn, planted in Russian soil, might grow up in time into a majestic oak, of fraternal affection, friendly mutuality and broad humanity."

1. COUNT BOBRINSKOY
2. PREF'T VON WAHL, PETERSB'G.
3. CHARGE D' AFFAIRES, WURTS.
4. MAYOR PROKOFIERO, PETERSB'G
5. PREF'T VLASSOWSKY, MOSCOW.
6. MAYOR ALEXIEW, MOSCOW.

You may be sure, Reverend Sirs, that these hopes of the former representative of the United States in Russia, are not vain. *The Russian nation knows how to be grateful.* If hitherto, during the whole period of the existence of the United States, two such great nations as the Russian and the American have not only never been at enmity, but, on the contrary, have always sincerely wished each other power and all prosperity, then these feelings of mutual sympathy can only increase with the consciousness that these two great nations will find in each other cordial, disinterested and sincere support and assistance in the hour of calamity. And when is true friendship to be known if not in the hour of misfortune?

Allow us, therefore, Reverend Sirs, as the representatives of the City of St. Petersburg, to express, through you, *onr deep gratitude to the transatlantic friends of the Russian people*, as well as our wishes for the continuance of the prosperity, power, freedom, and indissolubility of the United States of North America, and for the strengthening of the bond of sympathy between Russia and America. St. Petersburg, July, 1892.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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ABOUT MONUMENTS.

IT is well, this chiseling and unvailing of statues to commemorate great events, and the rearing of monuments for men and women who did well for the human race. It is not a waste of sculpture, not a waste of genius, not a waste of money. Great deeds of the past commemorated insure great deeds in time to come. They are lessons in courage and patriotism and self-sacrifice. But there is a surer way of being remembered, and there are monuments more enduring than marble or bronze. No sooner is an epitaph completed than time, with invisible chisel, begins its defacement. Not only do men die, cenotaphs die, epitaphs die, mausoleums die. But every good word a man utters, in places high or low, every kindly deed done, whether conspicuous or unheralded; every prayer offered, whether liturgical or broken, goes into the wall of God's spiritual temple, and will stay there and look as fresh after myriads of years have passed as when first there. Angels will see it. All the ransomed will see it. All ages will see it. God will see it. The story of a cup of cold water as plainly inscribed as that of a rescued empire. The story of a nurse binding wounds on a battle-field, as plainly as that of the commander-in-chief who led the army to triumph.

The story of a Sabbath-School teacher's faithfulness, as the work of a Whitefield. Christ will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, my brethren, whether by day or night, up the dark alley, or in high places of the field, with medicine for the sick or bread for the hungry, or comfort for the distressed, ye did it unto me." Go to work in such monument-building. All that you do for others in this spirit becomes your permanent and ineffaceable memorial. The last great day will be the the uncovering of that monument, Instead of two hundred and fifty thousand people assembled at the uncovering of a monument on earth, there will be a great multitude that no man can number, present at the uncovering of the monument that shall tell the story of your work, however great or imperfect.

DRESSING FOR CHURCH.

THERE seems to be in the churches a great strife raging. It is an Austerlitz of ribbons. The carnage of color is seen all over our religious assemblages. Along on the outskirts of the Sabbath audiences you see here and there a picket of fashion. But down in the middle of the church are the solid columns blazing away all through the service. Five hundred "broken and contrite hearts" covered in spangles and rainbows. Followers of the "meek and lowly Nazarene" all a-jingle and a-flash. Ten cents for the missionary cause and two hundred and fifty dollars for trappings. Church of God hung by the neck with gold chains diamond-locketed. Unsophisticated person traveling on two yards of silk dragged by the lady going up the aisle in front of him. Diamonds enough to give all India the Gospel. The item of dress among Christian people on the Sabbath Day is an outrage on the Christian religion!

For graceful and beautiful apparel we have admiration. But this strife in Christian circles as to who shall dash up to the church-door in the gayest turnout, and who shall make the most blazonment of wardrobe is one of the great hindrances of religious advancement. Our ladies' hats and shawls are so fine that on rainy days we are afraid to go to church lest we get a drop on them. Our headgear is worth more than our souls. We teeter and swagger up the aisles, to the disgust of good men and the grief of angels. Enough money is expended by Christians of our city, in excess of the requisite outlay for dress, to relieve all the poverty and educate all the ignorance and balk all the crime. Some of our Christian gentlemen have boots so tight, they can scarcely walk in paths of righteousness, and they feel in church more like swearing than praying, because their corns hurt; and our Christian women shut out the sun of righteousness by twenty dollar parasols, lace trimmed, silk lined, silver-mounted. The poor are kept out of church because their plain apparel looks so bad in contrast.

We want a great ecclesiastical reformation in the matter of Sabbath accoutrement. Shoo these religious peacocks out of the house of God. By your example make subdued and modest costume more popular than gaudy apparel. Do not put so much dry-goods on your back that you cannot climb into glory. You cannot sail into the harbor of heaven with such a rigging as that. They would level their guns at you as being a blockade-runner. Coming up to the celestial door, the gatekeeper would cry, "Halt! You cannot go in with such regimentals." And as you answered, the gatekeeper would say to one of the attendants, "Take this soul down to one of the outhouses, and tear off these puffs and ruffles, and knife-plaitings and Hamburg embroideries, and put on her more appropriate Sunday attire; for, going in as she is now, all heaven would burst out a-laughing."

OCEAN'S SECRETS.

WHAT a surrendering the ocean will make on the last day! How many brave sea-captains and ministers of religion, and men and women who adorned the world and the church, will rise from the billow. Some struck the iceberg and went down, some burned, some were twisted in the cyclone, some were swamped by three consecutive surges that can founder the mightiest craft. In my boyhood the question was often asked, "What do you suppose became of George C. Cookman?" He was the father of the present generation of brilliant and consecrated clergymen of that name. Visiting the United States on business for an English firm, he here entered the Methodist ministry, took front rank among the orators, was chaplain of the American Congress, went from appointment to appointment a flaming evangel, and was immortalized by one speech at the anniversary of a Bible society. Wishing to visit his friends on the other side of the sea on March 11, 1841, he took the steamship *President*, which was never heard of afterward. For years the Church and the world waited and expected and wondered concerning him, and finally postponed the secret of his taking off until the restitution of all things. The Atlantic and Pacific Oceans are the Westminster Abbey of dead shipping, and the roll-call of the last day will find response in almost every submarine cavern, from Sandy Hook Lighthouse to the Skerries.

Whether the land or the sea gets this cast-off shell of humanity, God will remember, and the two parts—the perishable and the inperishable—shall be adjoined, not as here for a few decades, but in that glorious conjunction called the resurrection body, with splendor like the morning and velocities like the light. Come together they must, come together they will. Whether going down with the splintered decks of a foundering steamship or from a calm pillow bent over by a tearful household, whether in youth or at seventy-five years, as did those whose burial we often chronicle, it shall be found that death is a good thing to those who believed the right and acted rightly. We are in this world, the most prosperous of us, kept on the limits. Ever and anon we run against the impassable.

But when we get off this planet we will have the universe for a range, Heaven shall be the headquarters from which we shall go forth a million miles with one sweep of the wing. Around what centres! Sweeping what peripheries! Exploring what infinitude! Death, the best thing; the breaking of shackles, the opening of door, the multiplication of opportunities, the widening of prospects, the transportation across immensities, the forming of cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, divine acquaintanceships.

SPIRITUAL CHLOROFORM.

SOME years ago, wandering through the streets of Edinburgh, Scotland, we were surprised to find photographs of the same face in almost all the public windows—the windows of stores and shops and hotels. They were photographs of the face of James Y. Simpson, the skillful physician, who had just died. Why was it that he was so beloved in Edinburgh, and honored through all Britain, and admired amid the most intelligent classes of the earth? It was because he had discovered the qualities and the adaptiveness of chloroform, and had found out the fact that men under its influence might be subjected to the severest surgical operation without suffering pain. All the hospitals and the sick-rooms of the earth might well thank God for that revelation. But long before Dr. Simpson received that medicament as applied to physical disease, there had been found in the earth a spiritual chloroform that would put the Church of God into a sound stupor, under which it could have this grace taken away, and that attainment amputated, until it should be left a mere fragment of what God intended it to be. The most important work now to be done is the rousing up of the Church of God from its state of somnolence and stupidity.

It must be a simple fact that multitudes of professors of religion in the churches to-day know nothing of practical religion. Among the original twelve who were around Christ there was one who came into condemnation and had no right to sit at the banquet—indicating that one-twelfth of those who profess the faith of Christ do not really possess it. Ay, we must go further with the statement, and say that if, in the times of trial, when the original disciples and apostles lived, and there was so much to test their faith; if, in the day of fire and sword, when it was such a hard thing to profess the faith of the Gospel—even then there was one-twelfth cast away, may we not solemnly suppose before God and the Church that in this day, when there are no fires to test their earnestness, and it is comparatively easy to glide into the outside kingdom of God, there may be one-eighth or one-sixth professing the faith of Christ who do not exercise it?

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

EUROPEAN TRIP—LETTER No. 2.

SO many have begged that I write another column on my trip abroad that I have at last determined to comply.

My advice to those who have never crossed the Atlantic is "to cross," and for all who have crossed, "to go again."

The best way to go, I know of, is by having some friends pay the bills. Next to this is the privilege of doing that yourself. There is no other way; walking not being good.

If you go, go for a purpose; and let that purpose be to widen your knowledge of Christ and his kingdom. The devil will spare no pains to put his circus enticingly near you in about every city—but search out the lighthouses of God. You will be amazed at the number and character of them. If a man or women goes to hell from Europe or America, it will be in spite of a thousand warnings and ten thousand winnings, which angels of mercies have and are giving on every side.

I may as well write this bit of truth right here, and that is, it will take more religion to keep you pious abroad than at home. It's not a hard thing to keep up the form of prayer and meeting-going, but to grow in grace while traveling abroad is no easy job; but it can be done. There are certain advantages in disadvantages which give the soul a pull towards God that is mighty. You will come home either better or worse. If the latter is to be the case; you had better stay home.

This will strike you, as a Christian, that everywhere in continental Europe Christ is seen as either a child or dead on the Cross. If your soul don't revolt at this, then you need a heavy dose of revival medicine. Jesus is neither a child, nor is he dead. He is the living, grown Son of Man. Son of God. "Christ lives," should echo and re-echo through the old cathedral, and from mountain crag to the hills and valleys. I found everywhere they were living in the past. I felt like beseeching every clergyman, every teacher, every evangelist, to preach Jesus and the resurrection. My soul burned within me more than ever, and I longed for the gift of tongues that I might then and there tell them to forget those things which are behind and to press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

If one wants to see aggressive Christian work of a true and abiding nature, let him go to Manchester and visit Central Hall; get acquainted with the leader, Mr. Collyer. Visit Free Trade Hall of a Sunday night and look over this real forward movement. It will also do the worker's heart good to visit the work being done by Mr. Charrington in Great Assembly Hall in the East End of London. Here you see an eager crowd listening to the plain Gospel with zest. For its location, its numbers reached, its care for children as well as grown people, it is, in my opinion, one of the best evangelizing agencies in London.

Don't visit Europe in July and August; that is not the season to see what you should see. May as well go to Florida in those months. No, no; go in April, May and June—then you can see something. Its worth a trip abroad just to attend the "May Meeting." Here you get the finest meetings in Exeter and other halls that London affords.

I met some people trying to see the whole of Scotland, England, Ireland, and the whole continent in one brief visit of a few weeks. I tried a bit of that myself and quit early. It's like trying to see Niagara in five minutes. Many and many Americans can sum up their foreign trip by telling it was a "hop, skip and a jump."

About as much sense in traveling that way as in some sinners' expectations of Christian joys and experiences. They imagine they can, or ought to get it all in one swing around the circle of truth. No, no; it takes time to get the best things, except it be salvation—that can be had "now," and yet I'm led to believe a great many get even that too quick—it goes about as quick as it comes, that is, a certain kind. I might add, the kind is very poor. The right kind brings consideration of the cost, and a grip on the handles of the plough without a backward look.

I longed to see American cities filled with known Christians as Germany is with soldiers. You meet them every where and in uniform. This sight made me study closely the sixth chapter of Ephesians.

It will do you good to stop reading right here and go over that bit of Scripture again.

THE LABOR CONFLICT.

LABOR war has unhappily now become more than a mere figure of speech. In New York and Tennessee the whole military force of the State has been called out to do battle with workingmen in arms. In Tennessee the trouble had its origin in the old grievance of convicts working in the mines. The free miners have long protested against the employment of the convicts and have vainly struggled for the repeal of the vicious law permitting them to be so engaged. The Legislature of the State having adjourned without remedying the grievance the miners rose in arms, overpowered the force guarding the convicts, destroyed several stockades, and putting the convicts on board trains sent them under guard to Nashville. At Coal Creek, which is about one hundred miles from Nashville, the soldiers guarding the convicts defended the stockade and repulsed the attack of the miners. A severe conflict ensued on a second attack. The guard had a Gatling gun which they used with terrible effect killing several men and wounding many more. The miners were exasperated by the resistance and when reinforcements were sent to the soldiers, they attacked them and fired upon them from ambush killing two and wounding others. They also succeeded by a stratagem in capturing Colonel Anderson who was in command. They threatened him with instant death if he did not write a note ordering his company to surrender. This he refused to do and warned the rioters that if they killed him the consequences to themselves would be serious. His cool and intrepid demeanor apparently had its effect on his captors, for they did him no harm though they kept him a prisoner. Subsequently the Governor sent Gen. Carnes with four hundred soldiers to Coal Creek and in a regular engagement he took a hundred miners prisoners and secured the release of Col. Anderson. Several conflicts have occurred since then, but the military force was strong enough to repulse the attacks of the miners. The disturbance in New York arose out of a strike of the switchmen and freight handlers of the Erie and Lehigh Valley Railroads at Buffalo. The company had given notice of a change in the basis of wages which the men believe would operate to their disadvantage. About two hundred went on strike and the men on other roads running through Buffalo soon afterward joined them. The Companies promptly brought other men to fill the places of the strikers with the usual result of violence and intimidation. Several loaded freight cars were burned and various devices taken to embarass the companies in continuing traffic. The companies appealed to the law for protection and the sheriff with a posse of forty armed men went to the yards. They were promptly disarmed and the strikers considerately piled the weapons in the sheriff's carriage and escorted him off the premises. An appeal for the military was then sent to the Governor who called out the National Guard. In a short time eight thousand soldiers were on the scene and in their presence the seven hundred strikers were overawed. With this guard for which Erie County has to pay $30,000 a day the companies think they will be able to move their trains, unless the engineers and firemen should strike, too. The resort of the men to violence is much to be deplored. It alienates from them the sympathy of the public; and it is futile, for they cannot hope to cope with the whole force of State Government, which is against them when they break the law. However just their cause may be and even if the State Governors sympathized with them, the laws must be enforced. The natural impulse of men who feel themselves unjustly treated is to resort to violence, but a wiser course would be to combine for the election of men of sense and integrity to the Legislature and to Congress who would take care that the laws were no longer made in the sole interest of the wealthy employers. The process would be slower but in the end would be more effective than rioting; for in the ircase, as government is now conducted, they who take the sword will surely perish by the sword. (Matt. 26: 52.)

A Legal Definition of a Home.

A matrimonial dispute which came before Vice Chancellor Bird of Trenton, N. J. for decision last week, elicited from him a definition of a home. The question arose on the complaint of a wife against her husband. She said that after her marriage, two years ago, her husband took her to reside with his parents although he had promised to provide her with a home of their own. She complained that she had been so meanly treated there, that she was miserable, and after vainly appealing to her husband to fulfil his promise, she had left him and applied to the Court for redress. The court ordered him to provide a home for his wife. Thereupon he had hired a poor six roomed house and put in cheap furniture although he owned a much better house which was well furnished. Again the wife appealed to the Court and this time, the Vice-Chancellor gave vent to his indignation. The man, he said, was trifling with the Court. He must understand that a house did not constitute a home, neither did a boarding-house, nor a dwelling with relatives, where some person other than the wife presided. As he was able to provide a proper home for his wife, of which she should be mistress, and which should be furnished in a style befitting their rank in life he must do so, and the court would not be satisfied with any more evasions or shallow pretences. If the husband complies with the judge's order, the home is not likely to be a very happy one. A man who will not provide a proper home for his wife until legal compulsion forces him to do so, will not give his wife the love without which no dwelling can be a real home for her. The courts can do nothing toward helping the wife in that difficulty. A similar trouble affects the Church of Christ. Too many of its nominal members are content with paying the rental of a pew and giving perfunctory attendance to certain duties and services, but the consecration of self and the enthusiastic interest and devotion which spring from true love to the Saviour are absent, and no law or scriptural command can compel those. (Rom. 13:10).

Perished in the Desert.

A PARTY of travellers who have just reached San Diego, Cal., report a ghastly discovery which they made near the Mexican line as they crossed the Colorado Desert. It was that of the bodies of three prospectors, who a few weeks before, had set out from San Diego to cross the desert. The position of the bodies told as plainly as if it had been written, how they came to their death. The men had evidently exhausted their supply of water. Their mules must have scented a stream in the distance and started for it. They had reached within a mile of it when one of the men sank exhausted from the back of his mule. His companions must have alighted and tried to restore him. It could be seen where they had tied up the mules. The broken cords showed, however, that the animals in their agony of thirst, broke loose and proceeded on their quest for water. The tracks showed that the two men having made their companion as comfortable as they could, followed the track of the mules. A can of meat and the garments lying on the ground indicated that they had thrown away everything that could encumber them in their toilsome journey. Then one of the two fell; his body was found half a mile from the place where the first one was found. The remaining man struggled on for about two hundred yards and then he too fell; and there were marks of the struggle he made to rise to his feet and resume his walk. It was futile, and his body was found less than half a mile from an abundance of water. Sometimes it seems as if the awakened sinner under the agony of conviction, would make a similar futile effort to reach the water of life. Human nature is so perverse, that it often insists on trying to earn by self-reformation and penance, the boon which Christ offers freely as a gift. (Isa 55: 1.)

A Heroic Workman.

THE self-sacrificing deed of a steel-worker in the Pencoyd Iron Works is reported by the *Philadelphia Press*. It states that on the previous day there were thirty thousand pounds of molten steel in the furnace ready to be poured into the moulds. A great ladle was filled by means of the overhead running gear, and was passed to the place where it could be emptied into the ingots. But the men did not notice that as it left the furnace it displaced an iron plate at the top of the furnace. The fiery mass began to run out at the aperture and would soon have reached the workmen busy below. But a man named John Cresswell saw the first thin stream and before it could spread in volume, he seized a large pair of tongs and with almost superhuman strength forced the plate back to its place. It was no sooner done than he fell prone, overcome by the intense heat and the inhalation of the deadly gas from the blue-burning carbon. He was badly burned and will have to lie on a bed of suffering for a long time; but he had the satisfaction of saving about twenty of his fellow-workmen who but for his heroism would have been badly, if not fatally, injured. They are all loud in the praises of his intrepidity and extremely anxious about his recovery. It is only right that they should be grateful, for the man might easily have saved himself from injury. He incurred suffering and risked his life to save them. Should he not recover, or should he be crippled by his burns, those men ought to see that his family do not lack support. Doubtless they would do their duty in the circumstances, though we know by painful experience that claims infinitely higher are often ignored. Men who owe their rescue from sin and their hopes of life eternal to Christ who gave his life for them, neglect his commands and do nothing for his afflicted people. (Rom. 12: 1.)

Germ Laden Money.

THE current number of a medical journal contains the account of some experiments recently made by a college professor with paper money. He has been spending his vacation in Cuba, and was impressed with the filthy condition of the paper currency in use there. He formed the opinion that if the notes were analyzed they would be found to contain septic germs. A few notes which had been evidently in use for some time were chosen for experiment. The result of the analysis fully confirmed the professor's belief. It was estimated that two notes weighing altogether about fifteen grains, contained more than nineteen thousand germs of various kinds. Cultures were made in broth, gelatine, and agar, and these were injected into the peritonical cavity of rats and guinea pigs, most of which died in twenty-four hours, the post-mortem examination showing signs of peritonitis and congestion of the liver and kidneys. The blood of the heart and peritoneum was made use of to inoculate solid media, in which colonies developed so rapidly that it was impossible to determine their precise nature, many different forms being intermingled. As some of our own currency is rather dirty, possibly we may be exposed to similar danger, but if its possession involved no other peril than that of spreading disease it would not be so much to be apprehended as it is. The most common evil that comes from it is that of making the possessor of it eager for more, and indifferent as to the righteousness of the methods by which he obtains it. (1. Timothy 6 : 9.)

A Disconcerted Stump Orator.

An amusing incident is reported among the political news from a State in which the campaign has already commenced. One of the political parties called a meeting of its supporters and the response was so generous that the hall in which it was held was crowded in every part. A large number of ladies filled the galleries. One of the speakers was the party's candidate for Congressman at large. After a lengthy speech in which he lauded the Party and its principles and declared what it would do if its candidates were elected, he came to his peroration, in the course of which he announced his conviction that victory was surely on their side. "I am glad, too," he said "to see that the ladies are on our side. A movement which has the good women of the land with it is not only right but will succeed. Now I want all who are in favor of our party to stand up." Four men rose. That dampened the speaker's spirits. Then he added, sarcastically: "All who are in favor of the party now in predominance keeping the iron heel of its tyrannical power on the necks of the people of this country will now have an opportunity to stand up." The audience, men, women, and children, got up and cheered. The speaker looked blankly at the scene for a minute as if not understanding it, and then, realizing how miserable the failure of his oratory was, he made his way ignominiously from the platform. Preachers sometimes make the same mistake of supposing that large audiences indicate sympathy with the doctrines they teach, and co-operation in the cause they advocate. They are not disconcerted as the stump-orator was because decorum forbids it, but if the preacher could look into their lives in business and in recreation, he would often have as convincing a proof as the political audience gave, that his preaching has had no effect God says of them: "They sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them; and their heart goeth after their covetousness." (Ezekiel 34 : 31.)

BRIEF NOTES.

In the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, there are now thirty-three colored priests and thirty colored deacons.

Dr. George F. Pentecost's services in London at the Presbyterian Church in Marylebone Road have been blessed to the conversion of a very large number of persons.

The following additional subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Russian Relief Fund are received: Y. P. S. C. E. Pres. Church, Marinette, Wis., $10.28; R. K. Hesseltine, McMinnville, Tenn., $4.00; J. Ball, Baltimore, Ont. Can., $5.00; Walter Givens, Cleopatra, Ky., $1.60.

The Census bureau has issued another bulletin of ecclesiastical statistics. It credits the Presbyterians of the country with 13,490 congregations, 12,462 edifices valued at $94,876,233 and 1,278,815 communicants. Of these the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America (the Northern branch) has 788,224 communicants and property valued at $74,455,200

Rev. Dr. John Van Nest Talmage, eldest brother of the editor of this journal died on Aug. 19 at his residence at Bound Brook, N. J.. He had been for nearly forty years a missionary at Amoy, China, and was the compiler of the famous Chinese-English dictionary which has been of inestimable service in assisting English-speaking missionaries to acquire a knowledge of the Chinese language. We hope to publish his portrait and a more extended sketch of his life and labors in our next issue.

During a service in the Synagogue of the Sons of Jacob in St. Paul, Minn. on a recent Saturday a strange Rabbi of distinguished appearance was invited to speak. His learning and eloquence made a deep impression at the beginning of his discourse, but as he went on to announce that he had become a follower of Jesus and to urge his hearers to accept him as their Saviour, great indignation was manifested. The Jews rushed upon him and flung him ignominiously out of the synagogue.

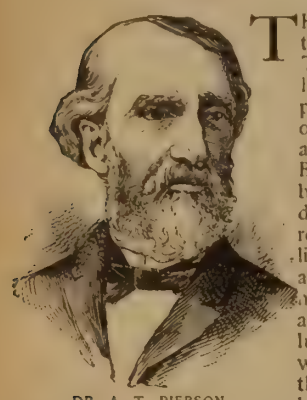
The fiftieth anniversary of the Order of Sons of Temperance will be celebrated in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, Thursday evening, September 29, 1892. Extensive arrangements are being made by the Grand Division of Eastern New York, to make the occasion one of great interest. Sir Leonard Tilley of New Brunswick, Gen. S. F. Carey of Ohio, and Dr. Theodore Cuyler will be among the speakers. Visitors and delegates are requested to communicate with Mr. J. N. Stearns 58 Reade st., New York.

Contributions to the Fund for the support of Rev. George W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the American Sunday School Union have been received since our last acknowledgement to the amount of $85.45. They were from: M. T. Gunderson, $10.; "A Friend," $10; N. H. Becker, $5.; "A Friend," Blue Earth City, Minn., $5.; T. C. E., $5.; S. S. Barnes, $5.; B. H. Edmonds, $5.; Daniel Drummond, $5.; E. J. Cook, $.5 M. J. Hersill, $5; E. B. Stewart, $2.20; D. C. White $2.; S. M. D., Methuen, Mass., $2.; "A Friend in Christ," Elizabeth, N. J, $2.; R. E. G., Johnstown, N. Y., $2.; Joseph A. Hooper, $2.; "Two Sisters," Mahoney City, Pa., $2.; D. B. S., Easthampton, Mass., $2.; "A Reader," Bridgetown, N. J., $2.; W. H. H. Martin, $1.50.: H. H., Philadelphia, Pa., $1.; Mrs. Sarah Raynor, $1.; Mrs. T. C. Johns. $1.; "A Friend," Placerville, Cali., $1.; D. B., Moran Park, Chicago, Ill., $1.; "Subscriber," 50 cents; G. E. W., Melrose, Mass., 25 cents. These with the amounts previously acknowledged, make a total of $561.62 toward the $700 which is necessary to keep Mr. Sharp in the field for another year.

The Heart of the Gospel.

A Sermon Preached in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, by Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D., Formerly of Philadelphia, Pa.*

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3: 16.



DR. A. T. PIERSON.

THERE is one text in the New Testament that has been preached from oftener than any other in the Bible. It has been the foundation of great revivals of religion, like that among the Tahitians; or that among the Telugus in India, where two thousand two hundred and twenty-two people were baptized in one day, nearly five thousand people in thirty days, and ten thousand people within ten months; and where, even during this year, nearly ten thousand more souls have been baptized. It is a wonderful text. Luther called it one of "the little gospels." It is this, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

You will naturally wonder what there is in that old text that is new. I have found something that was very new to me, and which also may be to you. It flashed on my thought that there are ten words in the verse that are prominent words, such as "God," "loved," "world," "whosoever," and so on. Then a little more close and careful search showed those words in a hitherto undiscovered mutual relation: the ten words were in five pairs. There is one pair of words that has to do with the two persons of the Godhead—God the Father, and God the Son. There is a second pair of words that has to do with the expression of the Father's attitude or posture toward this world—He "loved," and he "gave." Then there is a third pair of words that refers to the objects of the divine love—"world," and "whosoever." Then there is a fourth pair of words that shows us what the attitude of man ought to be when God's love and gift come to his knowledge—"believe" and "have" Then the last pair of words points us to the extremes of human destiny: the result of rejection, and the result of acceptance—"perish" and "life." Let us look at this text in the light of this fresh arrangement of the thoughts which it contains.

A Pair of Words.

In the first place, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son." There are two of the persons of the Godhead. Many persons are troubled about the relation of the Father to the Son, and of the Son to the Father. They cannot exactly see how Jesus Christ can be equal with God if he is God's Son; and they cannot see how he can be as glorious as the Father, and how he can be entitled to the same honor and homage and worship as the Father if he proceeds forth from the Father, and comes into the world. But let us seek a simple illustration. It is said in the introduction of this Gospel according to John, "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." What is a word? It is the expression of a thought that lies in the mind. The thought is the word invisible; the word is the thought visible. Now Jesus Christ was the invisible thought of God put into a form in which you could see it; and just as the word and the thought are so connected that if you understand the word you understand the thought, Jesus Christ helps us to understand the Father, and the Father could not make himself perfectly known to us except through the Son. But, again, we are told that Christ is "the light of the world." Suppose I should say, "In the beginning was the light, and the light was with the sun, and the light was the sun." The sun sends forth the light, and the light proceeds from the sun; yet the light and the sun are the same in nature and the same in essence, and the glory of the sun is the glory of the light, and the glory of the light is the glory of the sun; and although the light goes forth from the sun, it is equal with the sun, shares the same glory, and is entitled to the same valuation. We cannot think of the one without the other.

In this text not a word is said about the love of the Son for sinners, nor a word about the Son's offering of himself for the salvation of men. What is the common, old-fashioned notion that we sometimes find cropping out even in the conceptions of Christian people, as well as unbelievers, in these days? Many think of the Father as representing justice, and of the Son as representing mercy. They imagine the Son as coming between the wrath of the Father and the guilty sinner. It is very much like the story of Pocahontas, the daughter of an Indian chief, who came between the executioner and Captain Smith, when the executioner was standing with his club uplifted, ready to strike the fatal blow on the head of his victim. The notion of a great many people is that God the Father is all wrath, and Jesus Christ incarnates love, and comes in between the angry God and the sinner. That is a very shallow notion indeed. Have you never got hold of the idea that the Father is just as much interested in you as the Son is, and that the Father loves you just as much as the Son does? Look at this verse. It puts all the glory of the love and the sacrifice upon the Father: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." He put it thus that you and I may understand that our notion of the Son is our notion of the Father. When Philip said, Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us," Jesus answered, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou, then, 'Show us the Father'?"

Now, dismiss all that kind of trouble and perplexity from your mind; for as you think of the Son, you think of the Father; as you love the Son, you love the Father; as you pray to the Son, you pray to the Father; and as you obey and serve the Son, you obey and serve the Father. The Son thinks of you just as the Father does, and the Father thinks of you just as the Son does."

Loving and Giving.

The second pair of words is "loved" and "gave." He loved and gave. I have no desire to enter into nice distinctions, but with the simplicity of a little child approach this heart of the Gospel. And yet a child will understand that when we use the word "love," we sometimes mean one thing and sometimes another. For instance, suppose that you should try to get some poor criminal out of prison—a miserable, filthy, degraded, defiled man. Somebody asks you why you do it, and you say that you love him. Now, that would not be taken to mean the same kind of love as you bear your mother. Those are very different loves—the love that you bear to your mother and the love that you bear to some vile criminal. The word "love" has a different meaning in different cases. The Apostle John says, "We love him because he first loved us." Was not the love of God to us something different from the love that we bear to him? I love God because 'I know him to be the most beautiful, the most wise, the most glorious, the most fatherly, the most tender, the most pitiful, the most gracious Being in the universe. Why did he love me? Because he saw that I was beautiful and truthful, and lovely, and honest, and honorable? Not so, says the Apostle. "When we were enemies he loved us, and he commendeth his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." So there are

Two Kinds of Love.

Have you fixed that in your thought? The kind of love, then, that God had for us was the love of benevolence—extensive, inclusive, impartial, universal, self-denying, self-forgetting, voluntary.

Now, it is the characteristic of that kind of love that it gives. We call it the love of benevolence, and "benevolence" is another word for "giving;" and such love keeps nothing, but gives everything that it has, and gives to everybody. Of course, if God loved us after that sort, he had to give. He could not so love if he did not give, any more than the sun could be the sun without shining, or a spring of water could be a spring without flowing out into a stream. And so these words, "loved" and "gave," naturally go together. You could not have the one without the other. There could not be this wonderful loving without this wonderful giving.

Now, let us look at the third pair of words —"world" and "whosoever."

It need not be said that those are both universal terms. "World" is the most universal term that we have in the language. For instance, we sometimes mean by it the whole earth on which we dwell; sometimes the whole human family that dwells on the earth; and sometimes the world-age, or whole period during which the whole family of man occupies the sphere. That is the word that God uses to indicate the objects of his love. But there is always danger of losing sight of ourselves in a multitude of people. In the great mass individuals are lost, and become to us simply a countless throng. But when God looks at us, he never forgets each individual. Every one of you to-day stands out just as plainly before the Lord as though you were the only man, woman, or child on earth. So God adds here another word, "whosever," that is also universal, but with this difference between the two: "world" is collectively universal, that is, it takes all men in the mass; "whosoever" is distributively universal, that is, it takes everyone out of the mass, and hold him up separately before the Lord. If this precious text only said, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son," one might say, "Oh, he never thought of me. He had a kind of general love to the whole world, but he never thought of me." But when God uses that all-embracing word "whosoever," that must mean you and me; for whatever my name or yours may be, our name is "whosoever," is it not?

A Tahitian Chief.

In the South Seas, in the beginning of the present century, was a man of the name of Hunt, who had gone to preach the Gospel to the inhabitants of Tahiti. The missionaries had labored there for about fourteen or fifteen years, but had not, as yet, a single convert. Desolating wars were then spreading across the island of Tahiti and the neighboring islands. The most powerful idolatry, sensuality, ignorance, and brutality, with everything else that was horrible, prevailed; and the word of God seemed to have made no impression upon those awfully degraded islanders. A translation of the Gospel according to John had just been completed, and Mr. Hunt, before it was printed, read from the manuscript translation the third chapter; and, as he read on, he reached the sixteenth verse, and in the Tahitian language, gave those poor idolaters this compact little Gospel: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

A chief stepped out from the rest (Pomare II.), and said: "Would you read that again, Mr. Hunt?" Mr. Hunt read it again.. "Would you read that once more?" and he read it once more. "Ah!" said the man, "that may be true of you white folks, but it is not true of us down here in these islands. The gods have no such love as that for us." Mr. Hunt stopped in his reading, and he took that one word "whosoever," and by it showed that poor chief that God's gospel message meant *him;* that it could not mean one man or woman any more than another. Mr. Hunt was expounding this wonderful truth, when Pomare II. said, "well then, if that is the case, your book shall be my book, and your God shall be my God, and your people shall be my people, and your heaven shall be my home. We, down on the island of Tahiti, never heard of any God that loved us and loved everybody in that way." And that first convert is now the leader of a host, numbering nearly a million, in the South Seas. Reference has already been made to the fact that this was the great text that Dr. Clough found so blessed among the Telugus. When the great famine came on, in 1877, and the missionaries were trying to distribute relief among the people, Dr. Clough, who was a civil engineer, took a contract to complete the Buckingham Canal, and he got the famishing people to come in gangs of four or five thousand. Then, after the day's work was over, he told them

The Simple Story of Redemption.

He had not yet learned Teluga language sufficiently to make himself well understood in it, but he had done this: he had committed to memory John 3, 16, in the Teluga tongue. And when, in talking to his people, he got "stuck," he would fall back on John 3:16. What a blessed thing to be able at least to repeat that! Then he would add other verses, day by day, to his little store of committed texts, until he had a sermon, about half an hour long, composed of a string of texts, like precious pearls. I have sometimes thought that I would rather have heard that than many modern sermons.

Now we come to the fourth pair of words, "believe" and "have." You will see how important these words are. If God so loved that he gave, what is necessary on the part of man? Only this, that he should take and have. That is plain. Believing is receiving. John, at the beginning of the Gospel, tells us in what sense he is going to use the word "believe." That word occurs forty-four times in the Gospel according to John, which is the great Gospel of "believing." You do not find the word "repent" in it once, but it is constantly repeating believing, believing,

Believing, and Having life.

You have what you take, do you not? It is a simple thing to take what is given to you, and so to have it. That is, practically, all there is in faith. We may make faith obscure by talking too much about it, leading others to infer that there is in it some obscurity or mystery. Faith is very simple: it is taking the eternal life that is offered to you in Christ. If you can put forth your hand and receive a gift, you are able to put forth your will and receive the gift of God, even Jesus Christ, as your Saviour. The Lord Jesus Christ says to you, "I love you; I died for you. Do you not believe?" All that you need to do is with all your heart to say, "Dear Lord, I do take this salvation that thou has bought for me, and brought to me." Simple, is it not?

And what is assurance but consciously having what you take? Sombody comes and offers me, to-night, some freewill offering! It costs me nothing. All that I have to do is to take what is given to me, and have it for my own. Faith is the taking, and the assurance is the conscious having; and that is all that I know about it.

There remains another pair of words. Would to God that I might impress the meaning of those terms, "perish" and "everlasting life!" What does "perish" mean, and what does "life" mean? When the prodigal son went into the far country, and had wasted his substance in riotous living, he came to himself; and he came back to his father, and he said, "Father, I have sinned." And the father said, "This my son was dead and is alive again. He was lost and is found." A son that is lost to his father is dead to his father, and a son that is found by his father is alive to his father.

How do you know you are dead to God? You want to get out of his way. You do not love the things that God loves; you would like to be independent of God's rule. You would like, if possible, to get into some corner of the universe

Where there is no God.

You are like the men in America who went across to California, when the golden gates of that country were first opened, that they might enrich themselves. They tried to do without God, and there was a horrible state of sensuality and criminality there; and though there were, nominally, Christian families, and even Christian churches, these gold seekers had left God on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, if not still further off, on the other side of the Alleghenies. They sought to get where there was no sanctuary, Bible, or family altar, and no restrain. of Christian government, or recognition of God above. The Psalmist twice says, "The fool hath said in his heart, *there is* no God;" and if you leave out the italicized words, which are not in the original, it reads like this: "The fool had said in his heart—no God!" That is, "I wish there were no God." The impious man hates God. It is uncomfortable to think that beyond the grave there lie the great assizes of the judgment day, and that one is unprepared to go into that judgment and meet the Judge. And so people try to make up their minds that there is no hereafter or judgment, and that there is no God. It is a sign that you are "dead" when you would like that there would be no God, and you do not want God to have any rule over you. And what is the sign that you are alive? You come to yourself, and then you come to the Father?

Now, let us once more hear the word of the living God. God so loved you that he gave the best that he had to give, and all that he had to give; and while he gave to the whole world, he singled you out as the object of his love, and said, "whosoever"—"every creature." God comes and says, "Come back to me, my prodigal and wandering son. You shall have the robe; you shall have the ring; you shall have the shoes. I will give them all to you with the absoluteness of an infinite love, and you shall take them, and have them because you take them." Just the moment that you turn toward God, and say, "My Father, I take the robe and the ring, and the shoes, and the place of a restored son in the Father's house," you will live again; for you recognize his right to command, and your duty to obey. You recognize that the only place for a son is the home and the heart of his father. That is the proof that you are once more alive.

* From a volume of twelve sermons just published by The Baker & Taylor Co., New York, price, $1.25.

A MOROCCO SLAVE MARKET.

Marakesh, where Thousands of Human Beings are Sold like Cattle during Ramadan.

AS the recent troubles in Fez and Tangier as already mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have brought Morocco to general notice at this time, the following graphic description of a slave market in that country will be found of interest. It is from Mr. Charles H. Allen, of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society:

"I must now tell you of the caravan which arrived at Tendouf from Timbuctoo at the end of March last. It brought scarcely any merchandise, but there were 4,000 slaves, principally young girls and boys! So great was the influx of slaves at Marakesh (Morocco city) that instead of holding the market twice a week as usual it was held daily from the 25th of April to the 14th of May, and the prices were comparatively low, ranging from £10 to £14 a head. During the feast of Ramadan the Kaids, who come to Marakesh in order to present gifts to the Sultan's son, who is the Khalifa of his father, agreed that the most acceptable present would be some of these young slaves from Timbuctoo. There were forty-three Kaids, and each of them gave this young man, only eighten years of age, three slave girls and two slave boys—over 200 young slaves in all! As the young Khalifa has a bad reputation for cruelty and other vices, it is not pleasant to think of the fate of these young captives. It is said that more than 800 slaves were sold at this market in ten days to merchants who had come from Riff, Tafilat, and other distant places to obtain a supply of human chattels, and besides this many were sold privately.

"I was myself the witness of a sad scene in the market, where three little negresses, from eight to ten years old, who had evidently come from a very distant part, as no one knew their language, were ruthlessly parted from each other and sold to different owners amidst tears, pitiful cries, and such resistance as the poor little creatures could employ. Each had to go off alone amongst a strange people, not one of whom understood a word she said. I could give you many particulars which would shock you respecting the purchase of male and female slaves, simply for the purpose of increasing the stock, as was not at all uncommon during the days of slavery in the Southern States of America. This is found to be very profitable, as the offspring of this connection are carefully reared, and fetch very high prices as presents to men in authority. As you are aware, there are no banks in Morocco; every one who has money that he wishes to take care of buries it in the ground. It is necessary that no one should know where his treasure lies hidden; therefore, incredible as it may seem, old and worn-out slaves—male and female—are said to be employed to dig a hole to hide the wealth of their master; and the unfortunate negro may also be said to dig his own grave, as he never sees the light of another sun. A cup of tea, coffee, or some native drink contains the deadly poison so often administered in Morocco, where, it must be remembered, Coroner's inquests are unknown."

MISSION WORK IN CEYLON.

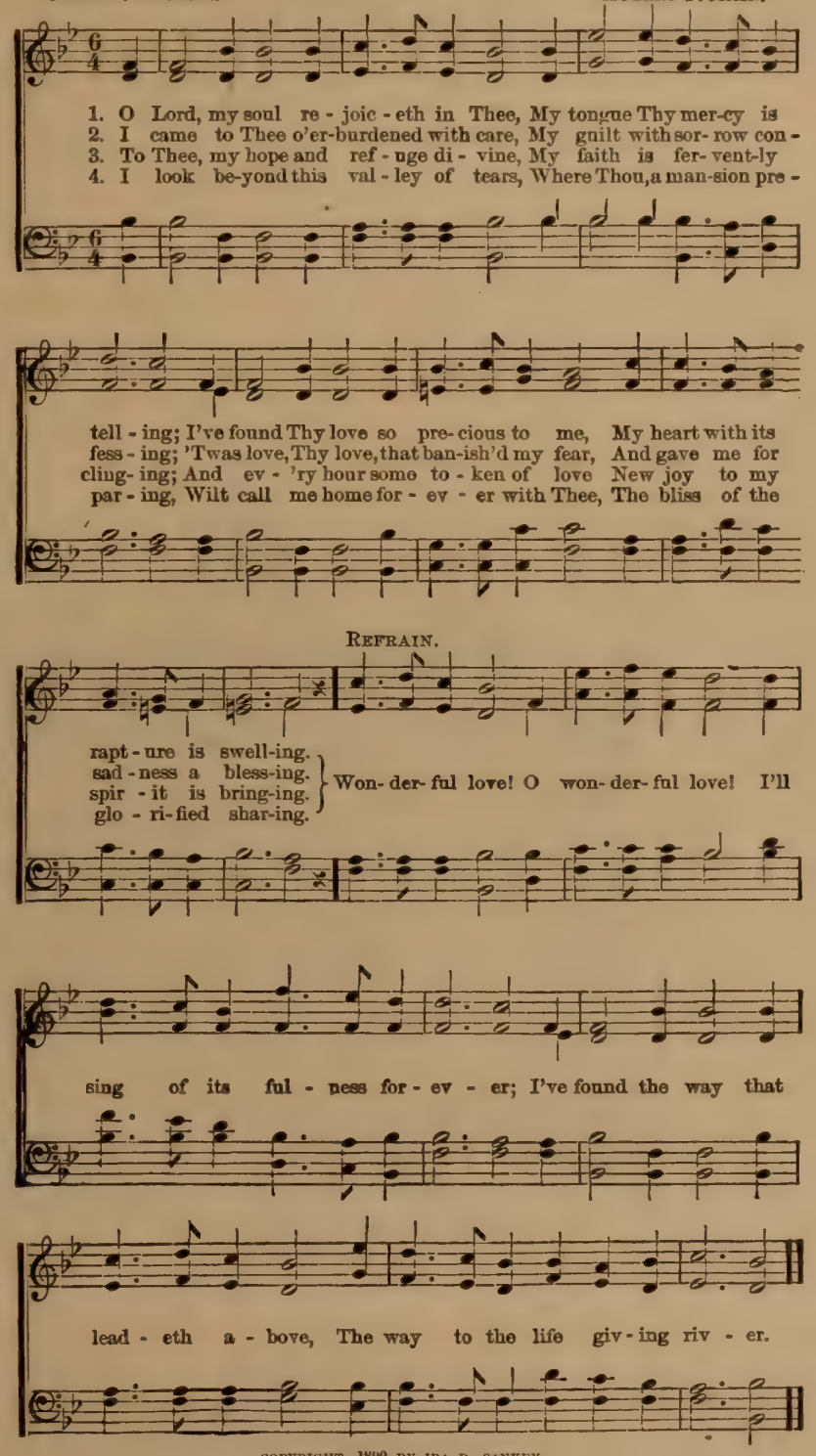
THE Rev Mr. Grubb and Colonel Oldham went to Ceylon lately, and conducted mission services there. They were living up on the hills of Ceylon, 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, when they were informed that some English people set a bad example to the natives by playing tennis on the Sunday mornings, and going to church and the Communion in the afternoon. But when through these mission services some of their number became converted, they began to preach earnestly by the roadside, and the people, not understanding the marvellous change, designated them fanatics. I am thankful to say that I soon had that name applied to me.

Last year I began to think what I could do for the Master, and at length decided to take my lantern and slides and visit various mission and other stations in Ceylon. In this way I visited some fifty mission stations, and addressed about thirty thousand people. I can bear testimony to the good work being carried on in the island by the Church of England, Wesleyan, Baptist denominations, etc. In one village there lived an earnest Christian man, who was a carpenter. For years he prayed most earnestly that a missionary might be sent to work there. One night a missionary came that way when a storm was raging, and he sought the carpenter's house for shelter, where he heard of the great desire of his host. A missionary was soon after sent to the place, and the results have been so blessed that there are now ninety baptised Christians in that village.

Wonderful Love!

"As the Father loved me, so have I loved you."—JOHN 15: 9.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. O Lord, my soul re - joic - eth in Thee, My tongue Thy mer-cy is
2. I came to Thee o'er-burdened with care, My guilt with sor- row con -
3. To Thee, my hope and ref - uge di - vine, My faith is fer- vent-ly
4. I look be-yond this val - ley of tears, Where Thou, a man-sion pre -
tell - ing; I've found Thy love so pre- cious to me, My heart with its
fess - ing; 'Twas love, Thy love, that ban-ish'd my fear, And gave me for
cling- ing; And ev - 'ry hour some to - ken of love New joy to my
par - ing, Wilt call me home for - ev - er with Thee, The bliss of the
REFRAIN.
rapt - ure is swell-ing.
sad - ness a bless-ing.
spir - it is bring-ing.
glo - ri-fied shar-ing.
Won- der- ful love! O won- der- ful love! I'll
sing of its ful - ness for - ev - er; I've found the way that
lead - eth a - bove, The way to the life giv - ing riv - er.

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OPEN YOUR HEART.

OPEN your heart as a flower to the light!
Darkness is passing, the sun is in sight;
Morning with splendor is piercing life through, [dew.
Arrows of radiance, and spear-tips of

Glad is the world in the holy One's birth,
Lo, the new heavens! and lo, the new earth!
Scattered and fled are the phantoms of night;
Christ is the victor and Christ is the light!

Open your heart, and his love will shine in,
Cleansing and healing the hurt of your sin,
Who can resist him, the Saviour, the Son?
Hell flies before him and heaven is won.

Open your heart as a flower to the light!
Bloom and bear fruit in the glory of right!
Be of his presence a perfume, a ray,
Child of the morning and heir of the day!

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

THE flower that has no dew within
The summer sun will wither and decay [fresh,
With warmth, that simply would re-
And cheer, and bless; if moisture, met the ray.

The heart that knows not love within,
Sad worldly cares will wither and decay
To dust, that simply would renew
Life's truest joy,—if love brushed them away.

The Soul that knows of love within,
Which conquers tears, and drives all fears away,
Is blessed with God's love, dwelling there;
And cares are banished by the Spirit's ray.

—B. O. K.

THE LAST DAYS.

False Religious Systems the Predicted Signs of the Approaching Crisis.

BY DR. B. O. KINNEAR*

(Continued from page 537.)

SIGN VI. is best given in a letter by Mr. J. Townsend Trench in *The Christian*, Jan. 9, '91. Mr. Trench's letter was to the following effect:

If I am correctly informed, one of the most remarkable signs of the times that has occurred since Pentecost, is taking place at this moment under our very eyes, though only noticed by a few.

In Deut. 11: 14, God warned Israel that if the people should forsake him, he would withdraw the latter rain.

The "former rain" falls in Palestine in December, and waters the crops that have been planted in November, and so makes them grow in the first instance. The "latter rain" falls in March (the first month, Jewish Calendar, Joel 2: 23, and fills the corn or vine prior to final ripening and harvesting in April or May. Of course, if there is no "latter rain," the crops do not fill, and they perish: "The corn is withered" (Amos 1: 17), and the fruitful land becomes a desert. Therefore to inhabit Palestine as of old, without the latter rain, would be impossible, and, therefore, to make Palestine habitable, the first thing must be the restoration of the latter rain.

In Jer. 3: 3, God announces the withdrawal or cessation of the latter rain as a punishment on Israel's unfaithfulness. In Jer. 5: 24, we find a declaration that the giving of the latter rain is an act of special divine providence.

In Joel 2: 23, there is a distinct promise of the restoration of the latter rain prior to "the day of the Lord" (Joel 3: 14), when he will "sit to judge all the heathen" (Joel 3: 12), and when the "day of the Lord cometh," and "is nigh at hand."

And finally, in Zech. 8: 7, we find God announcing that he will save his people Israel, and bring them from the East and West, and plant them in Palestine; and in Zech. 10: 1, we find God exhorting his people as preparatory to this, to ask him for rain in the time of the latter rain, and promising to send it.

The foregoing are the only passages where the latter rain is prophetically associated with the end of the age, and the restoration of Israel to Palestine. But they are clear, decisive and marked. So much for prophecy.

Now for the facts of the case. For some 2000 years the latter rain has more or less been withheld from Palestine. Hence Palestine's agricultural desolation. But, wonderful to say, for the last few years God has been restoring more and more of the latter rain. For the past three years, this latter rain has fallen regularly and copiously in Palestine.

Sign VII. is the statement made by the Saviour in the 24th chapter of Matthew, when predicting the rise of Antichrist, the time of tribulation, such as never has been before, and never shall be again, as well as his own coming to reign on the earth. He speaks thus:

"And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness, unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Note, that the Gospel shall be preached as a witness only; it is not to be accepted, but preached as a witness. Has not the Gospel been carried to every race on the face of the earth as a witness? I know of no countries except Borneo and Thibet, where missionaries of Christ have not ventured, from North to South, and East to West, and always to "chiefs and kings." Then, according to our Saviour's own words, the time is ripe, and the end is near at hand; viz., his coming.

Sign VIII.—In the 12th chapter of Daniel, and 4th verse, referring to the "last times," God says:

"But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words and seal the book, even to the 'Time of the end.'"

"Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

Never since the days of this prophet has there been such an increase of knowledge as during the present century, and such a running "to and fro on the earth" as we see in the present. The world is alive and alert in all directions: railways, steamboats, telegraphs, electric motors, etc., make a free and rapid transit to earth's remotest bounds. Science, philosophy and spiritual effort, are all running a race for supremacy; never has so much that is new been presented, never, within the annals of man, such a rush after superior and striking knowledge.

* From advance sheets of his forthcoming book, entitled, *In the Twinkling of an Eye*, and the Successive Manifestations on the Earth of the Judgments and Glories of the Son of God—Son of Man

Sign IX.—Joel 3: 9, 10: "Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles. Prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let them come up. Beat your ploughshares into swords and your pruning hooks into spears."

God here is speaking of the very last days "of these times of the Gentiles," when "all nations shall be gathered and he shall plead for his heritage, Israel." Never before have there been such vast armaments among those Gentile people, who are the leading and strong races of Gentile power; France, Italy, Austria, Russia; all the East, so far as their ability goes, so that it is estimated there are 29,000,000 of fighting men in Europe, ready for terrible wars.

Have not, then, the Gentiles been preparing for war, even to the exhausting of their resources? and only these powers themselves, know the dread that weighs upon their souls, in the fear of what may befall, when the crash comes, as come, they all believe, it must.

Now prophecy has it, that events will so shape themselves that Portugal, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Turkey—divided into two—Bulgaria and Syria, the empire of pagan Rome, will form themselves, with the other smaller powers covering the same territory, into a ten-kingdomed confederacy; which is ultimately to come under the sole rule of Antichrist, and a prostituted Romish church, which latter, fallen from even the Christianity she possesses, embraces the Antichrist, and his infidelity, and becomes the hold of every foul spirit;—giving her power unto the beast. These are the "ten toes" of Daniel's image. This Rome is the "Fallen Babylon" spoken of in Revelations 18: 2.

Sign X.—Famines, pestilences, tornadoes, earthquakes and disasters were to precede our Saviour's coming and have been of frequent occurrence, and are counted as the beginning of sorrows. (Matt. 24.) Buchanan, in a number of the *Arena*, speaking in the name of science, prophesies earthquakes, wars and pestilences, and states that observers in this line of study have noted two earthquakes per day during the past two years. He might in many points be simply repeating Scripture language in reference to "the last days."

Sign XI.—"In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof, to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign and a witness unto the Lord of Hosts, in the land of Egypt." This altar and pillar are to be in the midst of Egypt, and yet at the border thereof.

Has any witness come out to the Lord of Hosts in just this position of late years? Yes, all have at least heard of "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," by Prof. Smythe, while many no doubt have read his work, or that of Dr. Seiss of Philadelphia, called "The Miracle in Stone," which is simply a synopsis, clear and legible, of the lessons taught by this wondrous monument.

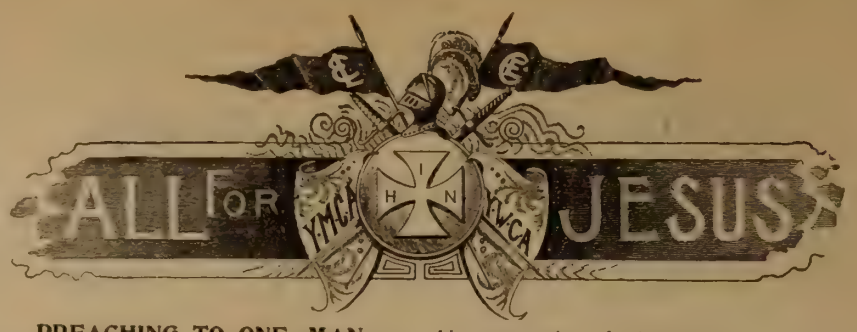
The Great Pyramid is at the border of Egypt, and yet in the midst thereof, because lower Egypt is fan-shaped, and the middle of a fan is where the handle joins the fan, and yet it is at the border of Egypt, for it is at the apex or ending of Lower Egypt. It is also at the exact junction of Lower and Upper Egypt, in the midst!

How is this great pillar a witness to the Lord of Hosts? It speaks of an exacter science than is known at the present day, in its conformation and welding together, for so accurately are its lines, angles and measures adjusted, as to indubitably solve many mathematical as well as astronomical problems hitherto unreadable by scientific uninspired men, during the past 3000 years; showing therefore that the architect of the pyramid knew, or was given measurements by divine direction, which would tell to a future age that the structure contained in its mass, problems then known, but not today. Yet oh wonderfully brilliant scientist of the 19th century, it was built, when you consider the races greatly your intellectual inferiors, viz., in the year 2170 B. C.

But the solution of mathematical and astronomical problems was the least of the marvels contained within this building; for its witnessing to the "Lord of Hosts" is shown, in the verified history of the downward course of man, in the entrance passage.

The history of the twelve tribes under Moses and the Prophets in its first ascending passage, Jewish history in the passage to the queen's chamber, and the history of the Christian dispensation, or "Israel's resuscitation," in the grand gallery, as well as the birth, death and resurrection of the Saviour.

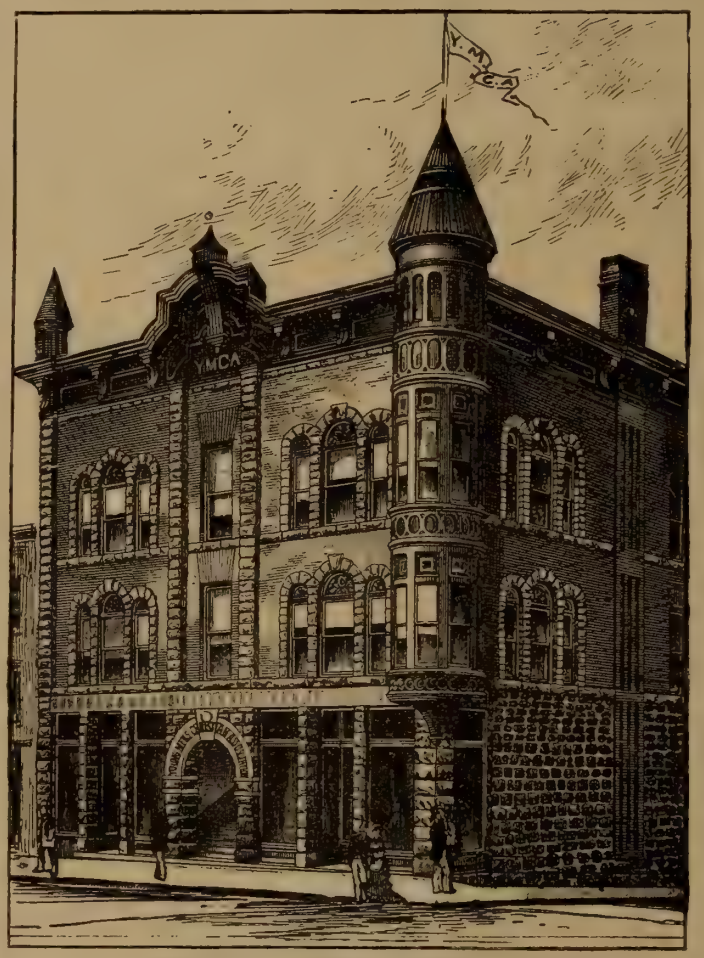
In fact the "Bible in Stone," therefore it is in truth, a witness to the Lord of Hosts. Thus this grand sign of the "latter days" makes the "very stones to cry out" in testimony to a living and soon returning Lord.



PREACHING TO ONE MAN.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Sept. 11. Acts 8: 29-35; John 3: 1-13.

THE essence of Christianity lies in its application to the individual. The time will come when a nation shall be born in a day, but from the time of Christ to our day the church has grown by individual addition. The process of regeneration is as complete in the single soul as if there were no other soul in existence. The idea that a man may be born in the church, or admitted into it unconsciously by baptism, or any other act of consecration on the part of his parents has no foundation in Scripture. There are no natives in that kingdom: every citizen has been naturalized. He has to abjure fealty to the Prince of this world and ask the Heavenly King to accept him personally. He has to comprehend the conditions of admission and voluntarily comply with them. He must obey the laws of the kingdom, declare his allegiance publicly, and yield implicit obedience to the Sovereign. This is demanded of him and in so far as he fails in these things, so far is he unfaithful to the requirements of his citizenship. Probably this conception of his kingdom which Christ promulgated was one of the most potent causes of the rejection of him by the Jews. There were several occasions when, had he raised a standard of revolt, thousands would have rallied around it. Indeed, there was at one time a disposition to take him by force and made him a king. But he would not. Had he yielded, a mere Jewish throne if he had succeeded in gaining it, would have given his kingdom a local limitation which would have effectually deprived it of the universality which he desired it to have. The process by which he proposed to attain world-wide dominion appeared slow and ineffective but its profound wisdom has been proved by the lapse of time. Could all those who own Jesus for their Lord be gathered in one company, what a mighty nation that would be! and that vast multitude has been collected singly. The talk of Christ with Nicodemus and Philip's talk with the Ethiopian have been the models of Christian effort. The light has been passed from hand to hand and the new torch-bearer must go forth to light other torches who in turn must continue the work. Even the preacher whose utterances are heard by thousands must measure his success by the effect on individual souls. He may amuse his congregation, may win their admiration, may influence their united action in public affairs, but if he does not "persuade men" to become followers of Christ, he is an abject failure as a Christian preacher. There is no condition so much to be dreaded as that of the preacher who has had thousands to hear him, but has wasted his opportunity of winning souls to Christ. If he has been seeking wealth or popularity or glory for himself and forgetting or ignoring the terms of his commission as an ambassador for Christ, he has reason to dread the doom which consigns "the unprofitable servant" to outer darkness.



NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT FREEPORT, ILL.

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THE FREEPORT, ILL., Y. M. C. A.

THE new building, a picture of which appears on this page, is the home of the enterprising Young Men's Christian Association of Freeport, Ill. The Association was organized twelve years ago, when Freeport had not near the population it now boasts. Several active and energetic young men were among its earliest members, and the Association was recognized in the town as a place of good healthy entertainment, where there was none of the dullness usually associated with the name of religion. Its membership grew rapidly and about four years ago the project of acquiring a building of its own was mooted. It found favor and subscriptions toward the purchase money began to flow in. A site was secured in an eligible part of the town, on the corner of Stephenson and Walnut Streets, at a cost of six thousand dollars. On this land the elegant and commodious structure shown in the illustration has been erected. It cost $26,000 and is in all respects adapted to its purpose. It has a reading-room, lecture hall, and gymnasium beside class-rooms and other conveniences for its work.

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AN APPEAL TO KING'S DAUGHTERS.

IN a letter recently received at this office from Miss Marie E. Ives, of New Haven, Conn., is a warm acknowledgment of help received from readers of this journal, who are members of the Order of King's Daughters in response to her appeal, published in this department some weeks ago. No less than eighteen barrels of clothing for the Moquis Indians were sent to her for which she expresses most sincere thanks. She also desires to enlist the sympathy of the circles, which have so kindly assisted her, in another enterprise for the benefit of the same tribe of Indians. She says:

"A very urgent need among the Indians is some provision for the sick. The one government physician at each Agency is not able to attend the cases all over the reservation, and often knows his visits will be useless because directions will not be carried out. At each Agency there should be a hospital, plain and simple, but where severe cases can be treated, and where young Indian girls can be trained in nursing.

"It is true that on some reservations the Indians are not ready for this progressive step in civilization, the old 'medicine men' would oppose it, aided by still existing superstitions. Many places, however, are not only ready but pleading for such help, and even struggling to obtain it. A band of Indian women, out of their own hard earnings, built a log house of one room, where one sufferer at a time could be cared for.

"The Women's National Indian Association has heard these moans of pain, it has looked with pitying eyes on many neglected ones, and, thrilling with the need, is reaching out tender hands to meet it. The Young People's Department would help in this branch of the Association's work. It has stilled some cries. It sent one hundred and fifty dollars, raised by two young girls through a sale, toward a hospital at Crow Creek, South Dakota. How many other young girls could do the same?

"Boys and girls are at work for the children's ward of a hospital soon to be erected at Agna Caliente, California, and now want to beckon others into the ranks for one among the Moquis of Arizona. These Moquis are the Cliff Dwellers, who have so long supported themselves in their rocky homes apart from all others, but who are now coming down to the plain, building houses, cultivating the ground, and sending their children to school. The new day of civilization is dawning for the well ones, let its bright beams shine gladly into the pain-darkened lives!

"Ah, happy young people, surrounded by watchful care, help these little red brothers and sisters, who are very much like you in spite of their red skins. Gifts of money and requests for further information, should be sent (enclosing stamps for reply, and mentioning this paper) to Miss Marie E. Ives, Chairman of the Young People's Department of the Woman's National Indian Association, P. O. Box 1065, New Haven, Conn.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE Chapter at Central Church, Stockton, Cal., starts off with a new set of officers. The rule requiring the adoption of the pledge is strictly enforced. The Chapter has subscribed $768 toward the building of a new church in the suburbs.—At Avilla, Ind., considerable work has been done along literary lines, and a library has been started.—The Chapter of the First Church, Rome, N. Y., began on a solid foundation. The various departments are well organized and bid fair to do excellent work.—The League of Grace Church, Newburg, is in growing condition. It has received twenty-five new members in four months. All departments are well organized.—The League of Jefferson, O., has been very active ever since its organization. The greatest amount of work has been accomplished through the devotional meetings, but the other departments have not been idle. The work of the Mercy and Help Department has been especially gratifying. A Junior League will soon be started.—The Canton, Ill., Chapter makes a very good showing for the past year. 2551 have attended the evening meetings. Fourteen cottage prayer-meetings have been held.—The Milton, Ill., Chapter is making good progress. This League recently presented the church with a new communion set. — Blue Earth City, Minn., League, recently gave a reception to the members of the church. The seats in the auditorium were arranged in the form of a Maltese cross. Refreshments were served in the church parlors to about two hundred persons.

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THE Baptist Young People's Union decided at the recent convention at Detroit, Mich., to raise a fund of twenty-five thousand dollars as a permanent endowment for the Union. It will be called the Founding Fund.

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THE Evangelistic Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations hope to have the services of Mr. J. W. Dean, the "Quaker Evangelist," for the coming year. His labors in union effort of the churches in many towns of New York, his cordial aid to Association work wherever he has visited, with the manifest results attending his work are causes of rejoicing to all who have enjoyed his teaching.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells of Hillah, a City Supposed to be the Site of Ancient Babylon.

SEVERAL weeks ago, when the children had listened with interest to Uncle John's story of the lost city of Hazazon-Tamar, in the valley of Engedi, one of the junior members of the household had expressed his desire to become a great antiquarian and explorer. It was Ted, the irrepressible. While they were sitting quietly the other evening, the subject of the lost cities came up once more.

"Patience, my little man," said Uncle. "You are still too young to set out on such a quest, but by-and-by, when you reach the years of manhood, if you still are of the same mind, you may have the opportunity you desire. Meanwhile, what do you say, children, to forming an exploring party this evening, and going out together to one of the lost cities?"

"Capital!" cried the young folks in chorus.

"But where shall we go, Uncle?" asked Tom. "There ain't any lost cities hereabouts, you know."

"Well Tom, I'm not so sure about that. There are some that will be, if they don't behave better. But I don't think it will be necessary for you to take your hats, and go outdoors in this venture," and he smiled significantly.

"A story! a story!" cried the girls.

"Babylon," began Uncle John, "was the greatest city in the world; indeed it is even now regarded as doubtful whether any city in modern times ever attained the same degree of splendor and magnificence in certain respects, altho' of course, we moderns are ahead of the ancients in most things, you know. It was located in a wide plain on the river Euphrates and was the centre of a great kingdom, the seat of boundless luxury and its inhabitants were rich, wicked, slothful and self-indulgent. In the Book of Genesis we are told that this great city was begun at the same time with the Tower of Babel, which God so signally defeated. Famous kings and queens reigned there—Semiramis and Nebuchadnezzar among them. Cyrus the Mede overthrew it after a two years' siege. You remember the story of the vision of Belshazzar, children?"

"In Daniel's time, wasn't it, Uncle?" said Milly.

"Yes, and afterward Daniel fell into disfavor with king Darius and was cast into the lions' den. Herodotus and Ctesias, two famous authors, both wrote of the glories of Babylon in these early days. Its walls were double, the outer line being fifty-six miles around, eighty-seven feet thick and three hundred and fifty feet high, with room on top for four chariots to pass abreast. The city had twenty-four gates of solid brass, six hundred and seventy-six public squares, two hundred and fifty towers of defence, and many thousands of houses, numbers of them of palatial splendor. The rivers Euphrates and Tigris ran on either side. The great temple of Belus in the centre of the city had brazen grates, and its altars and shrines and some of its statues were gold.

"But to punish the frightful wickedness of its inhabitants, this great city was utterly destroyed. Hardly a trace of it can now be found, but from its fallen towers have arisen several other cities, one of which is called Hillah, and is shown in this illustration. Four great capitals: Seleucia, Ctesiphon, Al Maidan and Kufa, are said to have been built out of the ruins which were transported long distances for that purpose. Hillah is on the western bank of the Euphrates, fifty miles south of Bagdad, and is believed to be on the exact site of the lost city. Near it are three great masses of buildings, one of which the Arabs call *Kasr*, or the palace. A little distance from this are huge heaps of debris in a valley, which show how complete was the devastation that Isaiah (21: 1-9) and Jeremiah (51:37) had prophesied. One vast ruin six miles from Hillah is known as the *Birs Nimrud*, and is regarded by many as marking the site of the Tower of Babel."

"Does the Bible tell the whole story of a Tower of Babel, Uncle?" was asked.

"No the sacred narrative mentions it once (Gen. 11: 4-5), and then indicates that it was incomplete. The subsequent books of the Bible make no reference to the tower, but there are in other writings many traditions concerning it, some of them very interesting. The Chaldeans relate that the first men on the earth were of great size and strength, and raised the tower in order to penetrate heaven, but the Lord sent a confusion of tongues among the workers. Plato, the historian and philosopher, mentions a tradition that in the Golden Age of the world, men and animals all used the same language. Still other traditions concerning the tower have ascribed its construction to the heathen giants, called Titans, who fought against the heathen gods, and who by this tremendous edifice, hoped to reach their abode. Still others say that the tower was built under the direction of Nimrod, who, in order to show his defiance of God, who had sent the Flood to destroy the wicked, induced men to build this tower too high for any waters to reach it. An ancient Arabic writer gives still another reason, and says that the people of Babylonia intended the tower to serve as a signal in the great plain to prevent travelers from losing their way. None of these, however, contradict the Bible narrative in its essential points. Jewish traditions declare that fire fell from heaven and split the tower through to its foundations."

"Is Hillah a large city?"

"No; it has probably about 10,000 population. It has good bazaars and some trade in silk and a few other industries. It is Turkish, but there are many Jews there also. Dirty, unattractive and unwholesome, like nearly all Asiatic Turkish cities, it conveys to the visitor no impression whatever of the ancient glories that once existed there, before Alexander the Great overthrew the last king of Babylon and the doomed city was visited by the vengeance of an offended God. The fate of Babylon should be a warning to the modern cities of the world of what may overtake them if they persist in their sins."

HILLAH, ON THE EUPHRATES, THE SUPPOSED SITE OF ANCIENT BABYLON.

***

"Gone Home."

THE commandment is, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Abbie Burris did. She gave her heart to the Saviour when but seven years old, and joined the church. She was so young and small, the pastor questioned her very closely, but she gave clear evidence that she realized what she was doing. From that time on she was an example to her mates by her beautiful Christian life. The eleventh of last May, she was taken very sick, but bore her severe sufferings with a patience beautiful to see, never murmuring nor complaining. The night she passed away, she told her father and the other watchers that she was going to die; to call her mother and the others. She kissed them all and bade them good-bye, charging them to meet her in heaven, sent her love to absent friends, and divided her little treasures between her sisters. Her mother asked her if she was willing to leave her parents and the children. She said "Yes. Do you think the angels will come for me?" "Yes, dear," said the mother. "Sweet angels come quickly," whispered the dying girl. Then with a glad smile, "Oh, see the light! The happy angels are coming. I am so glad that Jesus loves me. Oh, how peaceful I feel! My sufferings are all over now. How good God is to me!" and, clasping her little hands, "Dear Jesus come quickly." As she neared the other shore she whispered again: "I—am—so—glad—that—Jesus—loves—me," and with the light of heaven reflected in her little face and the sweetest, happiest smile to her father and mother, she was gone—gone to be with the angels forever more. It was the most glorious death I ever knew, in one so young. I wish all the unconverted and those who do not believe in children getting religion, could have witnessed her triumphant death.

E. A. HERNINGER.

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Don't Hesitate about Trifles.

IT is good to cultivate a habit of swift decision about trifles, says *The Housewife*. Into the life of each one of us a multitude of small affairs come daily to be settled, and too long consideration of any one of them is not only waste of time, but encourages a vacillation incompatible with true strength of character. An irresolute man—one who does not know his own mind—is unpleasant to contemplate, uncomfortable to live with, and his infirmity of purpose apparently makes him a most unhappy individual to himself. We can give our children no better preparation for the serious duties of life than a practice of quick determination in little things. Even should the child decide wrongly at first, forcing him to abide by his choice will do much toward making him wiser on the next occasion.

***

MOTHER AT THE GATE.

IT was long ago that the children played
In the quiet field where the daisies grew;
They twined the flowers and the wreaths they made
Were left all night in the summer dew,
"Oh, wait till the dew has died away,
And a star shines over the old oak tree!"
But a soft voice answered—"I must not stay,
For mother will watch at the gate for me."

And now, when the long day's work is done,
I go my way through the street or mart
In the loneliness that is known to One
Who sees the depths of a mourning heart;
But angels come at the close of day,
And sweet is the message they bear to me.
"Thou art near the end of the thorny way,
And thy mother waits at the gate for thee."

—*Sunday Magazine.*

***

How to Use Leisure Hours.

As to the use of leisure hours, every boy and girl finds the day a little too long for their regular work and play, writes James Buckman in *The Interior*. Sometime this precious leisure time is spent in fretful complaining, or listless turning from one thing to another, and passes away with no particle of good accomplished. If this waste of time continues, it becomes a source of mental enervation, and leaves the young person, at the close of every day, discontented and miserable. What shall be the remedy? This: Let every boy and girl have some useful hobby. If one has a taste for art, there is never-failing delight and instruction in clipping and pasting scrap-book pictures. Some boys could easily learn the use of tools during their leisure hours, and some girls might become skilled in embroidery, fancy work, etc. Then there is reading. The leisure hour is the hour of all others for the congenial book. "One hour's reading each day," says a well-known scholar, "will make one acquainted with all the greatest works of literature in twenty years." Time devoted to unhealthful exercise, like dancing, is worse than thrown away. Let recreation be moderate, both as regards the effort expended and the time consumed. The best of one's strength and time belongs to work. He who makes play the chief thing in life is exercising the poorest sort of economy as regards his resources and opportunities. Youth is the time for preparation. Let boys and girls devote themselves to the rudiments of sciences, arts, trades, or professions for which they seem to have to most aptitude. Then, as they grow older, they would advance to original and productive work.

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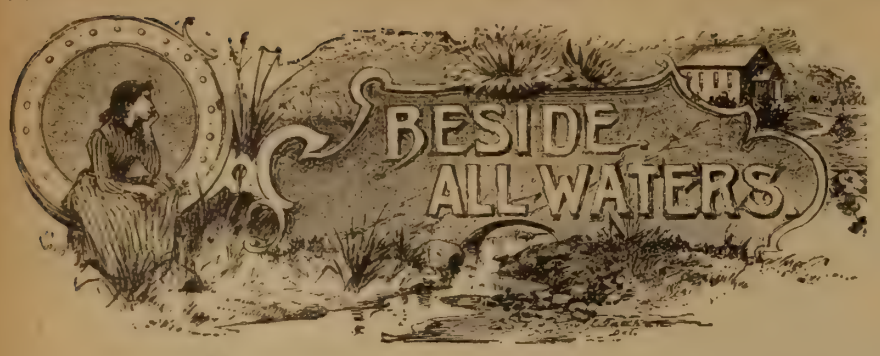
"Handy" Women.

As a rule, "handy women" are good-natured, remarks a writer in the *The Country Gentleman*. Having learned to overcome obstacles, obstacles do not overcome them. Their minds as well as their hands are busy. Cheerfulness is the daughter of successful employment. But parents must bear in mind that it is not mechanical labor but creative energy expended, which brings not only the best results, but the sweetest, truest happiness. Give the boys and girls a chance to do things their own way—and they may do differently from what you would have done, but to such freaks of a younger generation are we indebted for our improvements. What would we be to-day if every child had done exactly as his parents did? We never may know what possibilities lie in ourselves or in others. But nothing is accomplished by external forces.



BY
LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*
Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

THE possibility of Miss Armstrong resigning her position as school-teacher just as her influence was making itself felt in so many homes in the parish, was a painful idea to many in the little circle. But there was no doubt that she would resign, as she said, if the reading of the Bible in the school was forbidden. Mr. Weston therefore made haste to reassure her. "There are only one or two who wish to exclude it," he said. "They will try but they will not succeed."

"Perhaps it will be better not to have any connection between the singing-school and the day-school," remarked Amity. "Ida might just ask for the loan of the schoolhouse for her class to meet in."

"And I will have it directly after school, because then the children are together, and it is the most convenient hour for me," said Ida.

"Yes, that will be best,"

"People will be asking what your terms are," said Mr. Weston, smiling.

"But I haven't any terms," said Ida. "I don't propose to ask anything, Mr. Weston. It is just because I like children, and because it is so nice for them to know how to sing."

"Well, I will let you know in a day or two. Meanwhile, perhaps you will sing something for me." Ida complied at once, and sang song after song, grave and gay. She had a noble voice which had received every advantage of cultivation, and had not been spoiled thereby.

"That is grand!" said Mr. Weston. "I'll tell you what, mother, if any one makes an objection, we'll just ask Miss Van Zandt to come in and sing for them."

"One thing more," said Miss Armstrong: "that is, if you are not tired, Ida."

"Not at all. I am never tired of singing."

"Then sing 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'"

"I am not sure that I can do it justice," said Ida; "I have not tried it for some time. But I will do my best."

There was a moment's silence after that most beautiful of all sacred songs was concluded, and then Mr. Weston and his wife both drew a long breath.

"That is wonderful!" said Mrs. Weston. "How I wish Selina could sing that!"

"I dare say she could learn," replied Ida. "She has a fine voice. I noticed it in church. It is a pity it should not be cultivated."

"I have always meant Selina should have some good singing-lessons," said Mr. Weston. "I have thought of sending her to her sister's in Oldbury. They have an excellent professor in the school there, or so I have been told."

"Really, Ida, we must go," said Amity; "it is growing dark. Aunt Barbara will think we are lost."

"I will walk with you, if you will allow me," said Mr. Weston. "I was going over to the Corners, at any rate, and your house is but a few steps out of my way."

"What charming girls!" said Mrs. Weston. "Miss Bogardus's money does not seem to have spoiled her."

"Not a bit. She is one of the hardest-working, most self-denying girls I ever knew. Ida is a good child, too."

"It shows that wealth and beauty do not of themselves hurt people. I hope this singing-school may be a success, for Selina's sake," said Mrs. Weston.

But Selina had already made up her mind on that point. She had been waked by the singing, and had been listening with all her ears.

"Her voice isn't one bit better than mine," Selina said to herself: "it is only that she has had such good lessons. I don't think she sings so much better, either. I don't see what call she has to be setting up a singing-school here. We don't want any of her patronage." And Selina resolved, that, if she could help it, the singing-school should not be a success.

The trustees made no objection to the singing-school; and in two or three days Miss Armstrong announced that Miss Van Zandt would meet after school such of the children as would like to learn to sing.

"Any of us? little ones and all?" asked Ednah Fletcher.

"Little ones and all; every one who would like to learn to sing nicely in church and Sunday School. Miss Van Zandt is very kind to give up so much time to you, and I hope you will reward her by being very good and attentive."

"I am sure I will," said Kit. "I think she is awful good."

"Yes, very kind indeed," said Selina when school was dismissed. "For my part, I am not so fond of being patronized by city people."

"If city people want to do me a kindness, I am willing they should," said Faith.

"I am sure Miss Van Zandt is not a bit patronizing," said Kit eagerly. "She doesn't put on one bit of airs."

"Pray, what do you know about it?" asked Selina. "Where have you seen Miss Van Zandt, I should like to know."

The tone was rude enough to bring the color to Kit's face; but she answered quietly,—

"I have seen her two or three times. She and Miss Bogardus have been very kind to me. They gave me my Testament and my hymn-book."

"Well, I must say I agree with Selina," said Lucinda Hurd. "I don't want any stuck-up city folks coming and doing good for me."

"I don't believe you are in any danger of being done good to," said Sarah. "For my part, I mean to learn all I can. Miss Van Zandt does sing splendidly."

"Ezra says he never heard such a voice in his life," said Faith Fletcher. Now, Ezra Fletcher was a college senior, and a great personage in the red-schoolhouse district.

"Oh, very well; go and be patronized if you like," said Selina. "I shall not, that's all."

"Selina, are you ever coming home?" asked Milly Richmond, appearing round the turn of the road just by the schoolhouse. "I have been waiting for you half an hour at least," she added, putting her arm through Selina's, with a condescending nod to the rest of the girls as she walked away.

"There's distinguished city breeding for you," said Sarah.

"What is the use of calling it city breeding?" asked Agnes: "it is no more city than country. One sees underbred people everywhere."

"City-folks always are stuck up, anyway," said Lucinda. "They always look down on country-folks."

"I don't think so. Dr. Madison did not talk to us in Sunday School as though he looked down on us."

"If I could go to Sunday School, I don't think I should care very much who managed it," said Kit sadly.

"Can't you?" asked Eddie.

"No: Uncle Phin won't let me. I couldn't help crying last Sunday when I sat up on the hill, and watched the children coming out with their books."

"Think of that, Eddie," said Faith. "Somebody I know cried last Sunday for a very different reason from that."

Eddy blushed at the recollection, and made up her mind that she would never quarrel with her Sunday School lesson again.

"You will come to singing-school, won't you, Kit?" said Sarah.

"Yes, if they will let me. I think it is lovely in Miss Van Zandt to teach us, don't you?"

"I think it is very nice of her. Good-night, little one." As she kissed Kit she added, "Don't be down-hearted, Kit; I hope bettimes will come for you by and by."

"Won't you please ask God to let me go, Sarah?" whispered Kit as she returned Sarah's kiss.

"You love him, don't you?" said Sarah.

"Yes; and I love you too," answered Kit, "you are so kind to me."

"It would be a hard-hearted creature that could be anything but kind to such a kitten as you. Come home with me and I will give you some flowers."

"Oh, thank you!" answered Kit gratefully. "Aunt Martha loves flowers better than anything."

"What were you all talking about?" asked Milly of Selina as they walked down the road together. "You seemed wonderfully interested."

"About Miss Van Zandt's singing-school. She is going to set up a singing-school for the enlightenment of us ignorant savages here in the country."

"A singing-school! What do you mean?"

Selina told the story, adding, "But I am not going, I can tell her. I don't want any of her patronage."

"I think you will be very silly if you don't," was Milly's unexpected rejoinder.

"I don't know why I should take lessons of her," said Selina. "I don't know why I can't sing as well as Miss Van Zandt."

"Because you have not her voice nor her training," returned Milly. "Why, Selina, the idea of comparing your singing with Ida Van Zandt's! She is Signor A's crack pupil; and I know Prof. G., who trains the Handel Chorus Society, considers her's the best female voice he has. Not but you do sing very well, considering; but the idea of comparing yourself to Ida Van Zandt.

Selina had often admired and defended Milly's bluntness, which she called frankness and sincerity; but she did not find this same frankness so pleasant when it was applied to herself. She had a great opinion of her own powers, and to have that opinion so coolly set aside was almost more than she could bear even from Milly.

"You were talking the other day of your voice making you independent," continued Milly. "If I thought of any such thing as that, I would not lose such a chance as this of singing with Miss Van Zandt. I have no more voice than a crow, and no talent for music anyway; but if I had, I would go down on my knees to her to let me come."

"I am not in the habit of going down on my knees to people," said Selina loftily; "I am not so fond of being patronized."

"I call that nonsense," replied Milly, who possessed a certain common-sense which might have made her a valuable woman under good training. "In the first place, nobody wants you to go down on your knees, or to be patronized either. I dare say Miss Van Zandt never thought of such a thing. All Mrs. Van Zandt's set are engaged in missions or some such work. Ida teaches in the St. Timothy's School, I know, when she is in town, and in another in the country; and so does Miss Bogardus."

"That is just what I say," persisted Selina. "I don't want to be made a mission of."

"Anybody might make a mission of me who would teach me to sing like that," said Milly. "And, as to patronage, you ought to see how ladies in society will contrive and plan and scheme to get invitations from those who are a little more fashionable than themselves. I believe ma would not only go on her knees, but walk on them across Fifth Avenue, to get a card for Mrs. Anderson's Fridays or one of Mrs. Van Zandt's quiet lunch-parties."

"I call that downright mean," said Selina.

"Oh, well, every one does it. I wouldn't go as far as some do, myself; but I would like to know the Van Zandts."

"How is Cordelia to-day?" asked Selina, willing to turn the conversation.

"She is about the same; I don't think she is quite as well. Mother left her with Agnes on Sunday, and Agnes must go to reading the Bible and talking pious to her; and ever since, she thinks she is going to die, and is always wanting to have Dr. Madison come to see her. Mother won't hear of it, though; and she was angry enough with Agnes for putting it into her head."

"But if she should die, Milly, your mother would be sorry she did not let her have her own way."

"She isn't going to die," said Milly angrily. "I believe she would be a great deal better if she would exert herself a little. Not but what I would let her have her own way in this, and so I told ma," she added in a gentler tone. "Dr. Madison is a nice old gentleman, and I don't believe he would hurt her. But, as to this singing-school business, Selina, you will be very foolish if you don't go."

"I can judge for myself, I suppose," said Selina.

"All right; judge for yourself all you like. It is the last time I shall ever offer you any advice, you may be sure of that," returned Milly. "I had no idea you were such a grand personage, or I would not have ventured on such a liberty. Good-afternoon, Miss Weston, or whatever your name is. I won't trouble you any further." And Milly turned and walked away.

Selina was confounded for the moment. Like other passionate people, she was always surprised and aggrieved when anyone else showed any temper. To do Milly justice, such outbursts were rare with her. She had not reached home before she told herself that she had been silly to mind Selina's tantrums, and resolved that she would make up on the first opportunity. She forgot that she had dealt Selina a cruel and cowardly blow in the allusion to her name, knowing, as she did, how sensitive Selina was on that point. Selina stood still a moment, and then, turning round, walked rapidly toward home.

"I will never speak to her again,—never," she said to herself. "And I will not go to the singing-school either, if I can help it. I suppose, though, I shall have to, or make a fuss at home. They are all bewitched with this Ida Van Zandt, and Milly is as bad as the rest. I wish she had never come here."

The singing-school began prosperously with a full attendance. All the children came; and a good many grown people would have liked to do so, but Ida good-naturedly but firmly declined having any pupils outside of the school.

Selina made up her mind to attend the class, partly because she could not contrive any valid excuse for not doing so, and partly because on consideration she was obliged, however unwillingly, to own that Milly's advice was good. It would be foolish to throw away such a chance for improvement; and moreover, if she did, Mr. Weston might make it a reason for refusing to let her have singing-lessons in Oldbury. As may be guessed, she was not in a very good frame of mind for profiting by the lessons, since her chief end and aim was, to show that her voice was as good and she could sing as well as her teacher.

To Kit the singing-lessons were a source of unmixed joy. She had a real genius for music, and a wonderfully quick ear, which caught in a moment all the beauties of Ida's style, and reproduced them in a manner quite marvellous to the other girls.

Symantha made no objection to Kit's singing-lessons, and nothing had been said to Phin about them. He was away in Oldbury a good deal of the time, and often came home in a very bad humor. Kit kept out of his way at these times as much as possible. She noticed that Symantha's face began to assume the old anxious expression, which it had almost laid aside for a few months past; and she shrewdly guessed, that, as she said, "uncle Phin was going wrong again." One day she came home with a very grave, not to say scared, expression, and followed Symantha into the pantry.

"Symantha, do you remember that man who used to keep the saloon in our street in Goldsburg,—the one they said shot the peddler?"

"Yes," answered Symantha, startled. "What of him?"

"I saw him this afternoon," said Kit.

"Impossible, child! He is in State-prison, and long may he stay there!"

"He is not in State-prison now," persisted Kit. "I tell you I saw him this afternoon. I met him down by the bars, and he walked part of the way home with me. I was scared, I can tell you."

"What did he say to you?"

"He asked the nearest way to Oldfield, and I told him: and then he asked who lived in Mr. Weston's house, and in Mrs. Van Zandt's; and I told him. Then he said he supposed Mrs. Van Zandt was very rich, and I said I didn't know anything about it. He asked if I had ever been in the house, and I said, 'No.' Then he offered me a quarter, and I told him I didn't take money from strangers."

"Quite right," said Symantha. "But, Kit, I think you must be mistaken. Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, and I will tell you how. He has bleached his hair, and got white whiskers; but don't you remember one of his eyes was of two colors? He could not change that, and I knew him by it directly."

Symantha's face grew dark. "I thought he was out of the way, at least," said she. "I wonder what brings him here."

"He said he was going to Oldfield, and wanted to know the shortest road. I was glad when he walked on, for I am always afraid of him."

"He is a wicked wretch, said Symantha. "I have heard that he was born somewhere about here. Well, don't say a word, Kit. You were quite right not to answer his questions."

(To be Continued.)

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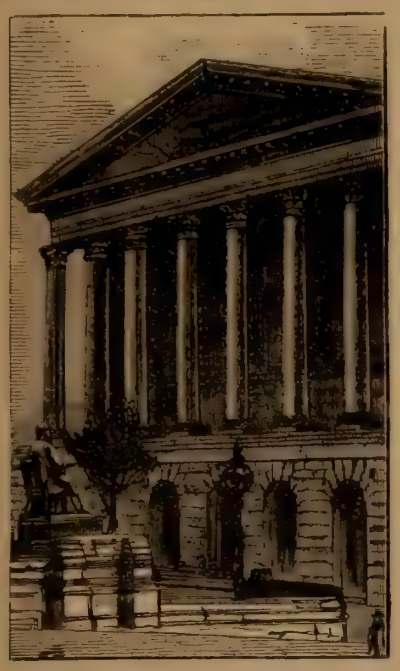
DR. TALMAGE'S PREACHING TOUR.

Services in the Leading Scottish and English Cities Attended by Vast Audiences.

CABLEGRAMS from England state that Rev. Dr. Talmage's preaching tour, which is now drawing to a close, has been the means of bring out at almost every point, the greatest audiences seen in many years. On Aug. 7, he preached in Free St. George's Church, Edinburgh, to a vast congregation, many of whom came from distant points. In the evening, services were held in the United States Presbyterian Synod Hall, which was filled to overflowing, while thousands waited outside, vainly trying to secure entrance. At the close of the indoor service, he addressed the outside audience from his carriage for twenty minutes,



BIRMINGHAM TOWN HALL.

and the pressure of the crowd was so great that the vehicle finally got away with difficulty. At Birmingham, on Aug. 21, the largest audience ever witnessed in that city assembled in and around the Town Hall. Nearly eight thousand persons were packed in the building an hour before the services, while thirty thousand more gathered around it, Dr. Talmage having consented to speak outside at the close of the indoor service. The sermon excited the most intense feeling among the audience, and three thousand persons arose and publicly asked for prayers. A liberal collection was taken for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Russian Famine Fund. On leaving the building, Dr. Talmage spoke fifteen minutes from his carriage, which was almost wrecked by the pressure of the throng that surged around it. He had driven half way back to his hotel, when he was informed that over ten thousand persons were patiently waiting on the other side of Town Hall, and that some one had led them to believe that he would address them also. Being unwilling to subject them to disappointment, Dr. Talmage instantly ordered the horses' heads to be turned, and in a few minutes he was speaking to a fresh audience, which greeted him enthusiastically, in spite of their long and tedious wait. At the conclusion of this third service, some one in the audience started the Doxology :

Praise God, from All Blessings Flow,

and twenty thousand voices swelled the tune in mighty volume. Returning to the hotel half a mile distant, a large part of the audience followed the carriage, which was compelled to proceed slowly, and the outer doors of the hotel had to be bolted securely to prevent an invasion of the building by the enthusiastic public which blocked the street.

DEMAND FOR BIBLES.

In a report of evangelistic meetings recently held in Australia by Rev. G. C. Grubb, statements are made of a large number of conversions. The clearest evidence of results, however, is given in the testimony as to the sale of Bibles in Sydney, of which a gentleman who accompanied Mr. Grubb, says: "One of the officers of the General Post office in Sydney, declares that since the Mission, Bibles are as common in the Post Office as racing-cards were before. In one shop in Sydney alone they told me they had sold between three hundred and four hundred pounds' worth of Bibles. And the other shops were in proportion. They had to get a cargo of Bibles from England."

DR. JUDSON'S CHILD CONVERT.

How Little Moung-Moung, the Burmese Boy Came to Know Jesus.

DR. JUDSON was one of the first missionaries from the United States. After learning the Burman tongue he built a zayat, where he used to sit and teach the new religion of Jesus; and often he read aloud from the Bible or a tract, to gain the attention of the passers-by.

One day a Burman officer passed with his little son. Tha child looked into the zayat, and cried, "See; there is Jesus Christ's man. Amai; how white." And every time they went that way, the child looked in and smiled, and raised his nut-colored hand to the missionary, as much as to say, "Good-morning, Mr. Teacher; I am glad to see you."

At length the Burman and his son stopped at the zayat, and the child brought a tray full of golden plantains, which he placed at the missionary's feet. "My little son," said the father, "has heard of you, sir, and he is very anxious to learn something about Jesus Christ. It is a very pretty story you tell of that man, and it has quite delighted little Moung-moung." The missionary and the Burman had a long talk about the new religion, and all the while the child sat on the mat, listening with all his might. At last he sprung forward, and cried, "Dear, papa; let us both love the Lord Jesus. My mother shikoed to him, and in the golden country she waits for us."

His mother was dead; but before she died, and while Moung-moung was a baby he fell sick, and his mother went to Dr. Judson to get medicine for him, which when the missionary gave her, he gave also the gospel of St. Matthew, and said it was medicine for her. She read the book, and found the Saviour; and when she died, she begged the nurse who took charge of the little boy to teach him the Jesus Christ religion; and as he grew up, the nurse took every opportunity of telling him about the good missionary, and the little she knew of the wonderful and blessed truths which he taught. The little Moung-moung loved to listen, and although his father hated the Christians, he tenderly loved his son, and visited the zayat for his sake. But he never came again; and not long after, the cholera broke out, the zayat was closed, and death and wailing reigned everywhere.

One night the teacher was suddenly called to Moung-moung's house, from which issued a wild wailing sound, as if death were there. No one seemed to mind the arrival of the foreigner, and he followed the sound until he stood by the corpse of a child. It was all that was left of bright little Moung-moung. "He worshipped the true God, and trusted in the Lord our Redeemer," said his old nurse, holding a palm-leaf before her mouth; "and the Lord who loved him took him home to be a little golden lamb for ever." "See," said the woman, lifting a cloth from the body where a copy of the gospel of Matthew lay on his bosom. "He placed it there with his own dear little hands. Amai—amai—ai," and she cried aloud with grief.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman, Edited by Rev. M. Baxter, may be obtained from this office, price six cents; seventy cents a year. The August number contains, among other articles: "Our entrance within 1335 Days of the Messiah's Advent," "Coming Persecution," by Rev. E. Nangle; "Dream of the Coming Translation," by Samuel Russell; "Future Procession of Waters from Jerusalem," by W. Greene, C. E.

PROMPT RELIEF

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the best family medicine, purely vegetable,

Every Dose Effective

ISHMAEL.

"For in Isaac shall thy seed be called." Gen. 20: 12.

AN oriental sun cast its fierce rays
Across a narrow strip of desert land;
An arid waste of drifting, burning sand. [days.
Once in the infant world, in early

Upon this scene two famous forms appeared—
A woman from old Egypt, stalwart, wild,
And in her arms a dark-haired, swarthy child;
In Abram's tent, both had been gently reared.

Beneath a shrub gently she laid the lad,
And thence departing sat her down hard by,
Perchance the mother e'en might see him die—
The wistful woman weeping, worn and sad.

The place Beer-Sheba—she the outcast wife
Of faithful Abram, Patriarch of old;
The "blessing of the nation" as foretold—
Thence wandered she through Sara's scorn and strife.

To her a voice: "Hagar, what aileth thee?
Take up the lad, and hold him in thy hand,
A mighty nation his, throughout the land:
Father of princes he, the promise be.

"Before his brothers shall he ever stand.
Ishmael, 'God heareth,' is the name he bears;
In deeds of conquest and of valor shares,—
A wild man, roaming ever through the land."

An Ishmael outlawed, and an Isaac blest—
In studied Scripture is the truth revealed—
The child of Hagar earthly power doth wield,
The sons of Sarai are eternal rest,

Sinner by type; you are of Ishmael's seed.
Children of bondage cannot e'er inherit
The blood of Christ; in it alone is merit.
Born of that blood thou shalt be free indeed.

Sing Sing, N. Y. —C. B. PALMER

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Wm. A. Lehr.

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

N. M. E., Sunbury, Pa. Write to Mr. Robert Metcalf, East Orange, N. J.

Mrs. H. Woodworth, Pierce, Neb. Who made Matthias an apostle in the place of Judas?

The history of the appointment is given in Acts 1: 15-26. The apostles and the 120 believers having offered prayer that God would indicate his will, cast lots between two persons, both of whom had the necessary qualifications, and the lot falling on Matthias, he was appointed.

G. C. D., Stickleyville, Va. Should Sunday School celebrations or picnics be held on Sunday?

Decidedly not; it would give the children who attend the school, impressions exactly contrary to the teaching which is, or ought to be, given in the school as to the way in which the Lord's Day should be spent.

Subscriber, Sommerdale, O. Can a man sin by proxy?

No; we cannot imagine any circumstances under which he can so sin. If he instructs an employee to commit sin, he sins himself in giving the instructions and the employee sins in obeying if he does obey, even if the profit of the sin accrues to his employer. If he keeps his store open on Sunday that is his sin, but the man who attends to the store will have to answer for the sin of engaging in worldly occupation on that day.

T. C. L., Middletown, Pa. 1. What will become of the wicked who are alive when Christ comes? 2. If Christ reigns in person not in spirit, how can he be in the United States, England, etc., reigning at the same time?

1. The wicked who are found in arms against his people when Christ comes to the earth will be destroyed (See Rev. 19: 21.) Many others will doubtless be converted during the Millennium. 2. Christ will reign personally in the new Jerusalem. The nations will send representatives to worship him there (See Zech. 14: 16-21.) It is not necessary even now to earthly potentates to be present everywhere in the dominions over which they reign. Beside which, Christ had when upon earth after his resurrection and before his ascension, supernatural powers of locomotion which he doubtless still retains.

R, Stockton, Cal. Why do Evangelical Churches condemn theatre-going?

Because the associations of the theatre as at present conducted are detrimental to spiritual life. Because the character of the people who usually attend is not the character which would be helpful to the Christian's acquaintance. Because the plays frequently put on the stage are liable to develop and nourish sensual thoughts which the Christian would desire to keep in subjection. Because time spent in the theatre might be employed to better purpose. Because the effect of witnessing simulated passion and emotion is generally to lead to the exercise of similar qualities without practical action.

F. M. Fredenburg. Kansas City. I am a theological student and have read with deep interest your articles about the grand relief work THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been the means of doing in Russia. I think the outfitting of the *Leo* on her mission of mercy is one of the noblest events in the history of the Christian Church in America. It must have cost a good deal of money for Dr. Talmage and Mr. Klopsch to go and personally supervise the distribution of the flour.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was simply the agent in the matter, the entire work of supplying the funds for the purchase of the *Leo's* cargo of food having been done by our generous subscribers, whose hearts were touched with Christian sympathy for the starving peasants of Russia. The editor and proprietor of this journal besides their individual contributions to the Fund, gladly gave their services free. Not a dollar of the Fund has been diverted from the purpose for which it was raised, Rev. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Klopsch having themselves borne the expense of the journey to Russia.

E. L. Yoder, Morrill, Kans. 1. Who are "The Brethren" to whose convention you refer in a recent issue of your paper? 2. From whom can I obtain details as to the organization?

They are commonly called Plymouth Brethren, but they do not accept the title. About the year 1830, John Darby, a clergyman of the Church of England, was led to believe that the theory of Apostolic Succession was false, and that any one spiritually and mentally qualified to preach, could do so. Also that systems of church government and organization were unauthorized by Scripture. He left the church and formed a society at Plymouth of persons in sympathy with him. Subsequently other societies were formed in England, Switzerland, France, Germany and the United States. The Societies have no creed but the Bible, have no salaried ministers, no ritual nor established forms of service. They meet every Sunday morning "to break bread," i. e., celebrate the Lord's Supper and one or more of the brethren take part in the services. They are among the most diligent of Bible students and it is largely due to their efforts that the Church has been awakened of late to the truth relating to Christ's Second Advent. 2. Write to Mr. Richard Owens, 99 Clinton Place, New York.

J. Wesley Bean, Berlin, Ont. Dr. Dowkontt's address is 145 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y. He, better than any one else, would be able to give you the other information you ask for.

John H. Andrews, Galva, Ill. Is there an edition of the Revised Version of the Bible published which has references? If not, why?

We have seen no edition that contains the references and believe that none has been published. The references to passages supposed to be parallel or explanatory, though often helpful, are sometimes misleading. Doctrinal teaching, on which the denominations are not agreed, may be conveyed indirectly by a marginal reference from one passage to another. denomination might hold that the second passage is explanatory of the first, while another denomination might hold that there was no connection between the two and that to join them would be to suggest that the first had a meaning which it was not intended to convey. The object of preparing a revised version was not to comment, or suggest meanings, but to give an absolutely impartial and accurate rendering of the original languages into English, and the revisers have succeeded as far as success was possible. Anyone who desires to know what the inspired writers really set down, if he cannot read the original languages, must consult the revised version rather than the King James version.

Mary L W. J., Rogerville, Pa. What did our Saviour mean by binding and loosing, in Matt. 16: 18 and 18: 19?

The phrase was one common among the Jews to imply the power of interpretation or authoritative teaching. At the ordination of their doctors of the law, a key and a book were placed in the candidate's hand with the words: "Receive the power of binding and loosing." As a king might send out to a distant province a trusted statesman or general who was fully conversant with his mind and the principles of government, to negotiate with the government or people of that province, and said to him: "You will act on your discretion in applying my principles to the details and conditions you find there on your arrival and I will confirm what you do;" so Christ gave power to Peter and the Apostles to act in his name, to work miracles and to organize his church. This they did under the guidance of the Holy Spirit and God confirmed their acts as in the case of the lame man (Acts 3: 1-8), of Ananias (Acts 5: 1-6), and of Simon Magus. (Acts 8: 18-24.) There is no evidence, however, to support the claims of men who in these times pretend to have inherited these powers and to be successors of the Apostles in that office.

Mrs. F. M. Bartlett, Osceola, So. Dak. Who is the writer of the article on "Dead Failures" in your issue of Aug. 10th?

Rev. Dr. Talmage wrote the article in question.

A Mistake in the Century Dictionary is hard to find. Its definition of the word "delicious," however, contains an error of omission The definition, "Pleasing in the highest degree; most sweet or grateful to the senses; as a delicious viand," would have been much more suggestive and intelligible if it had read "as a delicious Ferris Ham." Nothing like a concrete illustration, you know.

For that tired feeling, or when you are weak, weary and worn out, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to restore your strength and give you a good appetite. Give it a trial.

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ALL the world is now talking of the Chicago Fair, the great Columbian Exposition in celebration of the Quadri-Centennial of the Discovery of America, which opens in the Western Metropolis next spring. Everybody will make an effort to visit the Fair. The extent of the preparations, the number and vastness of the buildings, the widespread interest among other participating nations, and the enthusiastic, patriotic rivalry among our own States, all point to an Exposition of unrivalled scope and magnificence.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, watchful of the progress of this grandest material enterprise of our time, has published descriptions of the buildings, now nearly completed, which conveyed but faintly an idea of their extent and magnificence to our readers' minds. But the Fair is something to be *seen* not read about; to be

Personally Visited and Enjoyed

as the grandest demonstration of God's goodness in prospering this Union and this people.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received many letters of inquiry from different parts of the country regarding the Fair, and after careful consideration it has arranged a plan specially for the benefit of its readers and their friends, by which those who wish to visit Chicago can do so, without the outlay of a dollar. This will secure to all who profit by the plan, railroad transportation from their own States to Chicago and return, and one week's board and lodging in a pleasant location, convenient to the Fair Grounds. They will have had an experience both novel and edifying, and one to remember in the coming years. The entire world will be represented at the Fair. This vast gathering will tax the facilities of railroads, hotels, and lodging-houses. As at all the previous great Fairs (and particularly that at Philadelphia, in 1876), prices will be put

At Fabulous Figures.

The cost of living in Chicago during the Fair, will, it is safe to assert, be quadrupled.

But these contingencies, as well as others that may arise, have been foreseen by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the plan it now proposes is suggested for the sole purpose of enabling its readers and their friends to visit Chicago and spend a delightful and instructive week viewing the grand spectacle. This is within the reach of all who care to make the effort; the minister, the farmer, the mechanic, the tradesman, the school-teacher, the shopgirl, have each an equal opportunity.

For every person who during the six months from July 1st to Dec. 31, secures the number of new, annual, full-paid subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, stipulated below, at $1.50 each, we will send transportation tickets to Chicago and return, and a coupon entitling the holder to seven days' excellent board and accommodation at a location convenient to the World's Fair Grounds. This offer applies to every State in the Union. The railroad tickets will be valid for twenty days, and will be accepted from any of the cities mentioned in the list below.

Those who intend to take advantage of this special offer should immediately notify us to that effect. Send us your full name and Postoffice address, stating at the same time the number of subscription blanks and sample copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD you require

To Begin Your Canvass

and we will immediately forward them to you. Remember, all subscribers must be *new* and *full-paid at $1.50 each. No premiums or commissions can be allowed* under this arrangement.

If you were to arrange for a trip to Chicago and a seven-days' stay there, the total outlay would be little short of the entire sum of these subscriptions. And by the arrangement proposed, it will cost you absolutely nothing in money, the reward being secured by your energy in obtaining the necessary number of subscribers. It will be found a comparatively easy matter to accomplish this. We have now on our list of agents in different parts of the Union a large number of individuals who have demonstrated the popularity of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and of

Rev. Dr. Talmage, its Editor,

by rolling up in a few short weeks several hundreds of subscribers each. And these people were not professional canvassers, but simply enterprising, Christian men and women, who undertook the work because they liked the paper, and wished to extend its influence and its field of usefulness.

Should you fall short of the subscription limit fixed for your section in the appended list, you have the privilege of choice between two courses, in neither of which can you possibly be the loser, Thus: in a section where 60 subscriptions are fixed as the limit, if after securing 50 subscriptions, you find yourself unable to make further progress, we are prepared either to forward you our Publisher's check, making a proper allowance for the work accomplished, or to accept from you a small cash payment, in addition to the 50 paid-up subscriptions, on receipt of which we will immediately forward the transportation tickets and 7-days' coupon. All cases of this nature will be adjusted on a similar liberal basis, for the exact fulfilment of which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stands guarantee.

Some may have friends in Chicago with whom they prefer to stop during the visit. In all such cases, we will be willing, on receiving the necessary number of subscriptions, to forward to the tourist along with his or her railroad tickets

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in lieu of the 7-days' coupon for board and lodging. This will enable the recipient to take advantage of the offer as far as transportation is concerned and at the same time will help to make the stay in Chicago a pleasant and inexpensive one.

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"	Davenport	60
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"	Topeka	80
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"	Portland	100
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"	Worcester	100
Mich.,	Ann Arbor	60
"	Detroit	60
"	Grand Rapids	60
"	Jackson	60
Minn.,	Duluth	80
"	Minneapolis	80
"	St. Paul	80
Miss.,	Meridian	100
"	Vicksburg	100
Mo.,	Kansas City	75
"	St. Louis	60
"	Springfield	80
Mont.,	Helena	150
Nebr.,	Lincoln	80
"	Omaha	80
Nev.,	Carson City	200
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N. Y.,	N. Y. City	100
"	Albany	90
"	Rochester	80
"	Buffalo	80
N. C.,	Charlotte	100
Ohio,	Cincinnati	65
"	Cleveland	70
"	Dayton	60
Oreg.,	Portland	200
Pa.,	Alleghany City	80
"	Reading	90
"	Philadelphia	90
R. I.,	Providence	100
"	Westerly	100
S. C.,	Charleston	100
Tenn.,	Chattanooga	8
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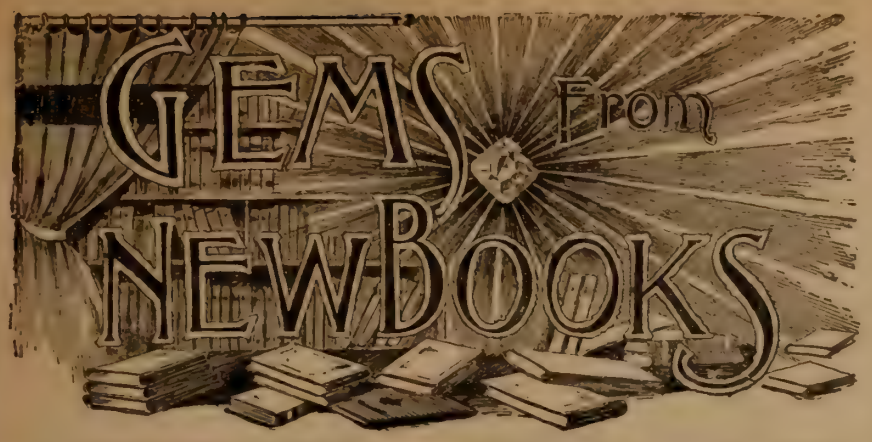

A CONVINCING SERMON.*

HARRY MORTON had listened to the preacher like one in a dream. Naturally conscientious, and with a heart as soft as that of a woman, he nevertheless had been so attracted by the eloquence of the sermon and the magnetism of the speaker that its logic and exhortation had been in a measure lost upon him. His sensitive organization responded to a strain of real eloquence as naturally and quickly as a piano key to the pressure of the player's finger. During the closing exercises he became sensible of an unusual quickening of conscience—a sort of pressure upon his moral nature—such as he had never before experienced. He was not easily excited, never lost in balance, and, as we have seen, could be relied on in an emergency. But here was an appeal to his higher emotional nature that could not easily be pushed aside. He went home from the meeting alone. He was disquieted within himself. The words of the text rang in his ears. He remembered the line of argument advanced by the evangelist, and knew that it was unassailable. But he could not make up his mind to talk with anybody about it. It seemed to him a matter between his own heart and his Maker, and he could not bear the idea of letting anybody into that inner life. And yet a few words from an older and more experienced person might have let a stream of light through the cloud that surrounded him, and perhaps changed the whole course of his life.

What was it that had broken into the placid current of Harry Morton's existence, and so stirred his soul from its inmost depths? No political speech or scientific lecture on "primal causes" and "class development" could have so wrought upon him. How is it that there is found implanted in every man—no matter what his condition in life whether savage, half-civilized, or enlightened—a certain element which we call the religious; a disposition to look up to something or somebody infinitely higher in the scale of being than himself, and to whom he is disposed to attribute powers far beyond his own; upon whom he is in a measure dependent; whose smile he covets and whose wrath he dreads; whose existence he deems to be eternal, and whose laws cannot be disregarded with impunity? Whereabouts in the development of the man from the monkey did this element enter into his composition, and from whence did it spring? That it does exist, and has existed in every race of men concerning whom we have any information, goes without dispute. Its position in the heart is impregnable. Neither the rack, the torch, nor the sword has been able to dislodge it. What is its significance? Is it there by mere chance? Has it no legitimate plan in the heart? Or was it placed there by the Creator of the universe as the living link between himself and his creatures, by which they were to be drawn toward him, learn to fear him, to trust him, to love him, and in another and better existence to enjoy his presence forever?

*From *Plain People*, a story of the Western Reserve, by Edward P. Branch, 293 pages; price $1.50, cloth. The Publishers' Printing Co., New York.

SMALL FAITH.†

A STORY is told about Mr. Spurgeon—and I have no doubt of its truth—that one Sabbath morning after the service was over, and the people came forward to shake hands with this beloved man of God, one young minister of the Gospel came and said to him, "Mr. Spurgeon, I should like to ask you a personal question."

"Well, what is it?" "I am a minister of Christ, and I have been preaching for several years, but I have not had much fruits of my preaching. Yet I believe I preach the truth in a right spirit, but the Lod does not give me souls." "Well," said Mr. Spurgeon, "you do not expect that every time you preach the Gospel the Holy Ghost is coming down upon the people to turn some soul to Jesus Christ, do you?" "Why, of course not." "*Well, that is just what I thought,*" said Mr. Spurgeon; "according to your faith be it unto you."

A Roman Senator Tortured.

DID you ever read that tale in old Roman history about Regulus, the Roman senator, being taken captive by the Carthaginians in the Punic wars? Carthage sent him to Rome with humiliating terms of peace, and he agreed that if he did not effect the peace with the Romans, he would go back and put himself under control of the Carthaginians, and submit to their punishment. Well, when the noble senator rose before the senators of Rome and presented the terms of peace, he advised them to reject the same. He said, "I would not have my country humiliated even for the sake of her peace or of my own safety. I will go back and submit myself to Carthage, but let not Rome submit to peace on these conditions." He went back, and what did the Carthaginians do with him? They inflicted on him the most awful torture that was known in ancient times. They cut off his eyelids; they bound him with his back to the earth and his face to the heavens; and from the time that the sun rose rose in the morning till the time that the god of day sank behind the hills in the evening, those eyes had to bear the unclouded blaze of sunshine, until the very powers of vision were paralyzed and the eyes were hopelessly blinded. You sometimes talk of going to heaven when as yet you are unsaved, having never been washed in the blood of Jesus Christ, and baptized into his spirit. In the case of Regulus the elements of this awful torture were just these—*an open eye and a pure glory!* What if the torture of the lost should consisist in simply being compelled to face the glory of the infinitely holy God, without any likeness to him or sympathy with his nature!

The Mother's Hand.

I remember during the late American War there was a young soldier that was wounded seriously, and very nigh fatally. He was borne to the hospital, and rapidly became delirious; but before that he had given the attending surgeon the name and address of his parents. The surgeon, fearing that the worst was near at hand, sent a telegraphic message to his mother, who lived not a great way off. She took the next train and came immediately down to where her son lay in this delirious state. The surgeon met her at the door of the hospital, and he said, "Madam, you must not go in. Your son is hanging between life and death; the least excitement, even the excitement of meeting you, might turn the scale and prove fatal. You must not go in;" and there that mother stood in the vestibule of the hospital and looked through the door at her son lying on the cot, and for two or three hours of mortal agony, such as a mother could only experience, she yearned to go and sit by his bedside. Finally, she could no longer endure it, and she beckoned to the surgeon, and said, "Doctor, just let me go and take that nurse's place. I won't say a word to him; I won't let him know that I am his mother; I will not even call him by name or put a kiss upon his brow, but I must go and sit by him; I shall die if I stay here." "Well, said the doctor, "Madam, you may go if you will solemnly promise me that you will not let him know who you are." She promised. She went in and took the nurse's place. The poor boy was lying with his face toward the wall, she reached out her hand and laid it on the fevered brow. "Why," he said, "nurse, that is *just like my mother's hand.*" If it is impossible to counterfeit a mother's love, who shall counterfeit a Saviour's!

SAVED BY A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

A YOUNG cavalry officer had been commissioned by the Duke of Wellington to carry an important message along the passes of the Pyrenees; this was a dangerous undertaking. There was one very deep ravine over which he must cross by a narrow wooden bridge; his guide thought they had reached it, but his horse refused to proceed; he coaxed it, then lashed it with the broadside of his sword. It still refused to move forward, when a vivid flash of lightning revealed to him his dangerous position; they were just on the verge of the awful ravine, and the bridge was several yards lower down—that flash of lightning saved him! When Jesus was upon the earth he constantly displayed the red light of urgent warning before the eyes of the reckless sinner. To those who wilfully disobeyed the laws of God, he said, "They shall be in danger of the hell-fire." (Matt. 5: 21-22.) Many such red flashes may be seen radiating from this lamp, may they lead you to pause and consider, while there is yet time.

†From *The Heart of the Gospel.* Twelve sermons delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, by Rev. Arthur T. Pierson. D.D. These specimens of Dr. Pierson's sermons are so permeated by the Spirit which made Pastor Spurgeon's so mighty a power that it is not surprising that the Tabernacle people are so anxious to make the preacher Mr. Spurgeon's successor. Pp. 310; published by The Baker & Taylor Co., 740 Broadway, N. Y.

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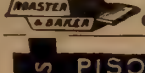

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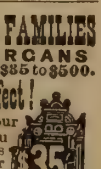

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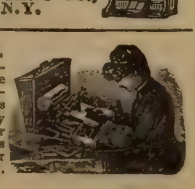

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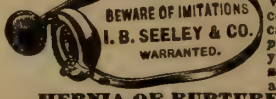

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 15. | NUMBER 36.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor. Office Bible House New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1892.

PRICE 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

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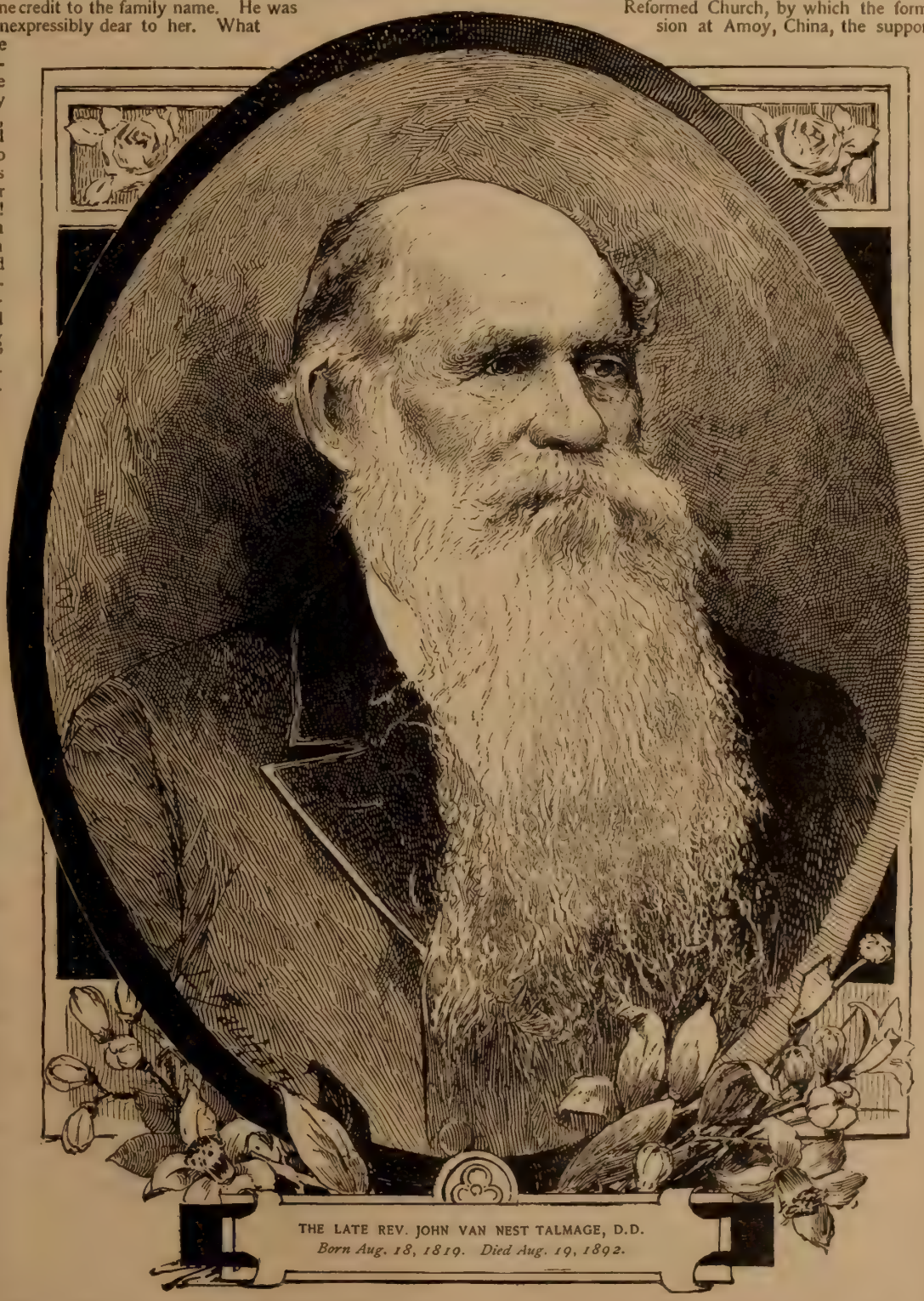
A VETERAN AT REST.

The Noble Life-Work of Dr. John Van Nest Talmage For China Peacefully Ended—A Sketch of His Forty-two Years of Missionary Work.

THERE was a pathetic scene, fifty years ago in a New Jersey farm-house. A tender, loving Christian mother was giving warm welcome to her son, who had just graduated from college with high honors. Only a mother's heart can realize the joy and pride she felt in her boy, who had distinguished himself and done credit to the family name. He was her boy, and inexpressibly dear to her. What then must have been her emotions when he told her, gently but firmly, that he had been led to consecrate his life to service for Christ in China! China was a long way off in those days and its people hostile to missionaries; how could she bear to hear of her dearly-loved son going into peril even in such a cause! "O John!" she exclaimed. Maternal love had its way for a moment and then the higher nature in her triumphed, and she said, "I prayed to God for this, and he has answered. How can I object?" They were brave words which no mother could have uttered but one in whom love of God held the highest place. They remind one of another mother who, long ago, heard with joy of the blessings which would come to the world through the babe she held in her arms; but heard, too, that "a sword should pierce through her own soul also." With faith like that of Abraham, she would not withhold her son when God called for him.

The young man was John Van Nest Talmage, who, as mentioned in our last week's issue, died on August 19th last, full of years, honored through all the churches and mourned by the missionaries of all denominations in the far-away land where he labored for more than forty years, and by a host of Mongolians, who, through God's blessing on his efforts, were won for Christ. To the world it seemed a strange choice of a career for a young man to make whose talents and learning would surely have won him distinction at home.

But the consecrated man has other aspirations than those that worldlings cherish. What the highest aspiration of this young man was we know from the text which was most frequently on his lips from the beginning of his career to the hour when he received the call to his reward: "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." Many who have set out to win wealth, or power, or fame, have believed that when a certain stage was reached they would be satisfied, but none have ever reached it. But this man knew what would satisfy *him*, and he went to his grave in the full confidence that it would be granted him. He was born at Somerville, N. J., August 18, 1819. The first act of his Christian father, on being told of his birth, was to kneel down and consecrate him to God. He was baptized in the First Reformed Church at Somerville of which his parents were members. It was in that building that the prayers were offered over their remains when life's labors and trials were over, and it was to the same place that the body of their distinguished son was taken on Aug. 22, for the services with which believing friends committed the precious dust to the earth, in firm hope of a glorious resurrection. He was converted in early youth and in answer to his father's prayers was led to give his future life to the Lord's service. He was sent to Rutgers College from which he graduated in 1842 and then went for special theological training to New Brunswick, from which he graduated in 1845. His attainments were so conspicuous that when, some years later, a Professor of Hebrew and Greek was needed at New Brunswick, all thoughts turned to the brilliant graduate and it was only the reluctance of calling him from his successful work in China that hindered his election to the responsible office by the General Synod of his church.



THE LATE REV. JOHN VAN NEST TALMAGE, D.D.
Born Aug. 18, 1819. Died Aug. 19, 1892.

On leaving college, as we have already stated, he decided to devote himself to the work of preaching the Gospel in China and offered himself to the Foreign Mission Board of the Reformed Church. The Board, at that time, was financially weak and was unable to undertake the support of another missionary in China. The young man was disappointed, but felt sure that Providence would open the way. He could be usefully employed at home while he waited, and accepted an invitation from Dr. Brodhead of the Central, afterward the Middle Reformed Church of Brooklyn, to assist him in his work. Soon afterward the American Board of Foreign Missions came to an understanding with the Reformed Church, by which the former should establish a mission at Amoy, China, the support of which the latter church should undertake as soon as it was strong enough to do so. The young man promptly availed himself of this opportunity. Dr. Thomas De Witt accompanied him when he went to offer his services. "This young man," said Dr. De Witt, presenting him to the President of the American Board, "does not belong to any of earth's aristocracy, but he does belong to the nobility of heaven." The Board accepted him and commissioned him to open the new station at Amoy. The classis of Philadelphia had just separated from the classis of Raritan, but it was decided to hold another united meeting for the purpose of ordaining John Van Nest Talmage to the work of the ministry.

The young missionary was destined to undergo another test of his fidelity to his purpose, before sailing for his field of labor. The sorrow with which he must bid adieu to his dearly-loved parents must have another and an unexpected addition. He had given his youthful affection to Miss Abby Woodruff, a young lady like-minded with himself, who had promised to accompany him to China. They were to have been married before their departure, but the lady's parents could not bear to part with their daughter for such a journey. They continued firm in their refusal and the young man had to decide between giving up his mission, or separating from his love. He chose the latter and bidding her a sorrowful farewell, he sailed alone for his sphere of labor. The voyage in those days was a long one. The vessel sailed from Boston and took the long course around the Cape of Good Hope. A cabin had been engaged for Mr. Talmage, but he found on board another missionary who, more fortunate than himself, had his wife with him. This couple had not been able to secure a cabin and Mr. Talmage learning the fact, with the concern for others and the indifference to his own comfort which characterized him all through his life, surrendered his cabin to them and contented himself with sleeping between decks through the voyage. The journey ended and he landed in Amoy on August 19, 1847, the very day on which forty-five years afterward he finished his

(*Continued on page 563.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

CELESTIAL SYMPATHIZERS.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Text: *"I have fought with beasts at Ephesus."* 1.Cor. 15:32. *"Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."* Heb. 12: 1.

CROSSING the Alps by the Mont Cenis Pass, or through the Mont Cenis Tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins of the world — the Amphitheatre. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier, until you count forty elevations, or galleries, as I shall see fit to call them, in which sat the senators, the kings, and the twenty-five thousand excited spectators. At the sides of the arena, and under the galleries, are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food, until, frenzied with hunger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor victim, who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The gala-day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women, and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword, with firm grip, into his right hand. The twenty-five thousand sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half-starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and, with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet, he rushes against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena; then, rallying his wasting strength, he comes up with fiercer eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke, until the monster is dead at his feet, and the twenty-five thousand people clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

Sometimes the audience came to see a race; sometimes to see gladiators fight each other, until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs down as an appeal that the vanquished be spared; and sometimes the combat was with wild beasts.

To one of the Roman amphitheatrical audiences of one hundred thousand people Paul refers when he says: "We are compassed about with so great a crowd of witnesses." The direct reference in the last passage is made to a race; but elsewhere, having discussed that, I take now Paul's favorite idea of the Christian life as a combat.

The fact is, that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper, The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor, through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of your soul!

Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it twenty years; but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine-flask. Nay! that is not the weapon. With one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take this weapon, sharp and keen—reach up and get it from God's armory: the Sword of the Spirit. With that thou mayest drive him back and conquer!

But why specify, when every man and woman has a lion to fight. If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let

THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

him speak out; for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trajan celebration, where ten thousand gladiators fought, and eleven thousand wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. The combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle; this is with the roaring lion of hell.

Men think, when they contend against an evil habit, that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand in the centre of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon, and Barak, and then says: "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Before I get through, I will show you that you fight in an arena, around which circle, in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages; and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can number. "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheatre, on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberius, or Augustus, or the reigning king. So, in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles, and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our King, one Jesus. On his head are many crowns! The Roman emperor got his place by cold-blooded conquests; but our King hath come to his place by the broken hearts healed, and the tears wiped away, and the souls redeemed. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or the lion beat; but our King's sympathies are all with us. Nay, unheard-of condenscion! I see him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting until all up and down his voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee! I will strengthen thee by the right hand of my power!

They gave to the men in the arena, in the olden time, food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly, and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our king has no pleasure in our wounds, for we are bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood.

> In all the anguish of our heart
> The man of sorrows bore a part.

Once, in the ancient amphitheatre, a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword, and with his other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the gallery, said, "That was not fair; the lion must be slain by a sword." Other lions were turned out and the poor victim fell. You cry, "Shame! shame!" at such meanness. But the king in this case is our brother, and he will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet; he will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Thank God! The King is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with us. His hand will deliver us. "Blessed are all they who put their trust in him."

I look again, and I see the angelic gallery. There they are: the angel that swung the sword at the gate of Eden, the same that Ezekiel saw upholding the throne of God, and from which I look away, for the splendor is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child. That one has been pulling a soul out of temptation! All these are messengers of light! Those drove the Spanish Armada on the rocks. This turned Sennacherib's living hosts into a heap of one hundred and eighty-five thousand corpses. Those, yonder, chanted the Christmas carol over Bethlehem, until the chant awoke the shepherds. These, at creation, stood in the balcony of heaven, and serenaded the new-born world wrapped in swaddling-clothes of light. And there, holier and mightier than all, is Michael, the archangel. To command an earthly host gives dignity; but this one is leader of the twenty thousand chariots of God, and of the ten thousand times ten thousand angels. I think God gives command to the archangel, and the archangel to the seraphim, and the seraphim to the cherubim, until all the lower orders of heaven hear the command, and go forth on the high behest.

Now, bring on your lions! Who can fear? All the spectators in the angelic gallery are our friends. "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot."

Though the arena be crowded with temptations, we shall, with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of our God, and leap on their fallen carcasses! O bending throng of bright angelic faces, and swift wings, and lightning foot! I hail you, to-day, from the dust and struggle of the arena!

IN THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE.

I look again, and I see the gallery of the prophets and apostles. Who are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea, and Jeremiah, and Daniel, and Isaiah, and Paul, and Peter, and John, and James. There sits Noah, waiting for all the world to come into the ark; and Moses, waiting till the last Red Sea shall divide; and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return; and John, of the Apocalypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that Time shall be no longer. Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at, ye were stoned; ye were spit upon! They have been in this fight themselves; and they are all with us. Daniel knows all about lions. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus.

In the ancient amphitheatre, the people got so excited that they would shout from the galleries to the men in the arena: "At it again!" "Forward!" "One more stroke!" "Look out!" "Fall back!" "Huzza! Huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they cannot keep their peace. Daniel cries out: "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David exclaims: "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah calls out: "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed!" Paul exclaims: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" That throng of prophets and apostles cannot keep still. They make the welkin ring with shouting and hallelujahs.

I look again, and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! He would would not apologize for the truth preached; and so he died, the night before swinging from the bed-post in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who are that army of six thousand six hundred and sixty- six? They are the Theban Legion who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array—eight hundred and eighty-four thousand—who perished for Christ in the persecutions of Diocletian. Yonder is a family group, Felicitas, of Rome, and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. One son was whipped to death by thorns; another was flung from from a rock; another was beheaded. At last the mother became a martyr. There they are together—a family group in heaven! Yonder is John Bradford, who said, in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord tonight!" Yonder is Henry Voes, who ex-

claimed as he died, "If I had ten heads, they should all fall off for Christ!" The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats; horses were fastened to their hands, and other horses to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart; they had their tongues pulled out by red-hot pincers; they were sewed up in the skins of animals, and then thrown to the dogs, they were daubed with combustibles and set on fire! If all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper distances, they would make the midnight all the world over, bright as noonday! And now they sit yonder in the martyrs' gallery. For them the fires of persecution have gone out. The swords are sheathed and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an all-observing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardship, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation. They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume. The floods cannot drown. The lions cannot devour! Courage! down there in the arena."

What, are they all looking? This night we answer back the salutation they give, and cry, "Hail! Sons and daughters of the fire!"

I look again, and I see another gallery, that of eminent Christians. What strikes me strangely is the mixing in companionship of those who on earth could not agree. There is Albert Barnes, and around him the Presbytery who tried him for heterodoxy! Yonder is Lyman Beecher, and the church court that denounced him! Stranger than all, there is John Calvin and James Arminius! Who would have thought that they would sit so lovingly together? There is George Whitefield and the ministers who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers, Toplady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing. And there, the band of missionaries: David Abeel, talking of China redeemed; and John Scudder, of India saved; and David Brainard, of the aborigines evangelized; and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burmah took heaven by violence! All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs! Do we, in Christ's cause, suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? They sweltered in the tropics. Do we get fatigued? They fainted, with none to care for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted? They were anathematized. And as they look from their gallery and see us falter in the presence of the lions, I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a little changed:

Must you be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
Or sailed through bloody seas?

Toplady shouts in his old hymn:

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in words, a little varied:

A charge to keep you have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky!

I look again, and I see the gallery of our departed. Many of those in the other galleries we have heard of; but these we knew. Oh! how familiar their faces! They sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children: do they look on with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle for eternity? They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in heaven, they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our names. They watch this fight for heaven. Nay; I see them rise up and lean over, and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full. They are keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion, they expect the King to call us, saying, "Come up higher!" Between the hot struggles in the arena I wipe the sweat from my brow, and stand on tiptoe, reaching up my right hand to clasp theirs in rapturous hand-shaking, while their voices come ringing down from the gallery, crying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and you shall have a crown!"

But here I pause, overwhelmed with the majesty and the joy of the scene! Gallery of the King! Gallery of angels! Gallery of prophets and apostles! Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of friends and kindred! Oh, majestic circles of light and love! Throngs! Throngs! Throngs! How shall we stand the gaze of the universe? Myriads of eyes beaming on us! Myriads of hearts beating in sympathy for us! How shall we ever dare to sin again? How shall we ever become discouraged again? How shall we ever feel lonely again? With God for us, and angels for us, and prophets and apostles for us, and the great souls of the ages for us, and our glorified kindred for us—shall we give up the fight and die? No! Son of God, who didst die to save us. No! ye angels,

THE MARTYR'S COURAGE.

whose wings are spread forth to shelter us. No! ye prophets and apostles, whose warnings startle us. No! ye loved ones, whose arms are outstretched to receive us. No! we will never surrender!

Sure I must fight if I would reign—
Be faithful to my Lord;
And bear the Cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

My hearers! shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier, dying in the hospital, rose up in bed the last moment and cried, "Here! Here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow, and asked him why he shouted "Here!" "Oh! I heard the roll-call of heaven, and I was only answering to my name!" I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our names will be called in the muster-roll of the pardoned and glorified, and, with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls, we shall cry, "Here! Here!"

A VETERAN AT REST.

Continued from first page.

journey of life and landed on the eternal shores. The first thing he did was to commence the study of the language under a native teacher. He studied hard and made very rapid progress. His formidable task was nearing completion, when his study was interrupted by a tragic occurrence. Mr. Pohlman, a brother missionary at Amoy, was accidentally drowned and his sister was prostrated by severe shock. It was necessary that she should return immediately to her home in America and Mr. Talmage was deputed to escort her. He was, however, unexpectedly rewarded for the interruption which, when it occurred, was a trial to his ardent nature. On visiting Miss Woodruff, he found that her mother had just died and her father had withdrawn his objections to her going to China. Mr. Talmage therefore had the joy of taking back with him to Amoy a wife to cheer his life and share his labors.

Mr. Talmage found on his arrival that the neighborhood of Amoy was the centre of commotion and apprehension. The great Taiping rebellion, was then at the zenith of its successes. The rebels were approaching Amoy and he had barely settled with his wife in his new home, when the city was attacked. They were for a time in considerable danger, the rebels' bullets frequently penetrating the frail walls of the mission house. God's protecting hand, however, was about them, and they were preserved from harm until the danger was past. New perils, however, awaited the young missionary. There were then only three native Christians in Amoy, in a population of over two hundred thousand. A storm of opposition broke out when he began to preach. It was no uncommon experience with him, to be assailed not only by abuse and vituperation, but by mud and brickbats. But he had not expected to escape persecution, and he bore it patiently. There was one district especially, on which he concentrated his efforts and from which he was driven with great violence. Before he quitted China he had the gratification of seeing a native church organized in that very district, the congregation of which supported their own pastor and paid all the church expenses.

The missionary was still bravely holding on his way amid persecution and discouragements, when he was prostrated by a severe domestic affliction. His beloved wife, whose steadfast faith and unfaltering affection had cheered him in his darkest hours, was taken from him, and he sadly turned his face homeward. It was a gloomy journey back to America, and he came into a country oppressed with sorrow and bereavement. It was the year 1862, the darkest and most sorrowful period in our history. He placed his children in safe keeping, where their comfort would be assured and their education cared for, and would gladly have returned to his sphere of labor. But the Missionary Societies shared in the general depression, and there were no funds available for his return passage. The Society begged him to visit the large cities and present the claims of Foreign Missions to the people. He complied, and for nearly three years he had the arduous duty of urging the claims of the Chinese on hearers whose minds were occupied by affairs much nearer home. The time, however, was not altogether lost to his beloved work. He was enabled to do much translating, which perhaps he could not have done in the activity of missionary labor in China. Those three years saw the beginning of the literary works with which his name will be forever associated in China. Hymns, portions of the Word of God, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, in the Amoy dialect, were among these works.

At last, in 1865, the national sky grew brighter; the treasuries of the Societies recovered from their long depletion, and Mr., now Dr. Talmage, (his *alma mater* had recognized his eminence by conferring upon him the DD. degree), was informed that his cherished wish could be gratified and he could return to Amoy. Happily, he was not to return alone. During his enforced stay in the country he had won the affections of a lady who was willing to go into exile with him. To this lady—Miss Mary Eliza Van Deventer—he was married before his departure, and he was spared the cheerlessness of laboring in loneliness.

He arrived in Amoy at a critical period in the history of the mission. The Reformed Church, some nine years previously, had taken over the mission as arranged from the American Board. It had, however, been deemed wise to form a union with the mission of the English Presbyterian Church, which is practically identical with it in doctrine. A short creed had been framed, and the two churches worked together harmoniously. The Synod of the Reformed Church, however, being misinformed as to the facts, refused to confirm the amalgamation. Dr. Talmage had strongly advocated it and he now labored with tongue and pen to win over the Synod. His eloquence, and still more the confidence inspired among his brethren by the wisdom and sterling discretion of his character, effected the purpose and in the following year the Synod reversed its former action and confirmed the union, which has since been applied successfully in other missionary fields.

The intimate acquaintance which Dr. Talmage had acquired with the Chinese language brought him into extended notoriety and he was approached with offers of consulships, but he was not to be diverted from his work; and the offers were always declined. He occasionally made translations of public documents, but always gratuitously. On one occasion he translated a very important paper and a large fee was persistently pressed upon him. He refused it, as usual, but when he found that his refusal caused pain and mortification, he accepted it and applied the whole sum to his work, making it the nucleus for the building of a Theological Seminary for the training of native evangelists. This institution is now the scene of a very valuable work.

Of the work of the subsequent years no record is accessible at present. Dr. Talmage was a man of exceptional modesty. So far from taking credit which did not belong to him, it was difficult to learn from him what work he had accomplished. Even his sons were unable to elicit from him the story of his labors, and when, toward the close of his life, he complied with a request to write the history of the Amoy Mission, it was found that throughout the volume he had *not once mentioned his own name.* From his colleagues, however, it is learned that his life was one of ceaseless activity. Preaching, teaching in the Theological schools, long tours into the interior, the preparation of books to aid in religious education—all made his life an intensely busy one, until at last, even his strong constitution succumbed to the continuous labor; and in 1890 at the age of seventy years, he left the shores of China for the last time. When he left Amoy, where on his arrival there, forty-two years before, he had found only three native Christians, there were over three thousand; there were eight organized self-supporting churches with native pastors, twenty-five out-stations, a school for the training of Bible women, a Theological Seminary, schools for boys and girls, an orphan asylum and a hospital under the charge of a native Christian lady, who had taken her medical degree in this country. In the achievement of all this beneficence he had taken no small part and thousands of people in that dark land are to-day blessing his name and mourning his loss.

He fondly hoped that he was returning to the United States for only a brief visit. He believed that in a short time his health would be restored and he would return to China to resume his work. To his sons in this country, who ministered to his wants with affectionate solicitude, he often spoke of what he intended to do when he was better and back in China; but only he expected that event. To one who in conversation mentioned the sacrifices of a missionary's life, he said: "Sacrifices! There are none: the hardship is to stay at home." Even in his weakness and pain he could not refrain from labor in connection with his beloved mission. He undertook the preparation of a Chinese-English, dictionary for the use of missionaries learning the language. On this work he labored most assiduously, and about six months ago he had the gratification of revising the proof of the last page, and then the pen which had written so much and so usefully was laid aside forever.

After the completion of that last great work his strength failed rapidly. It was evident to all that the end was near. The best medical service could not restore vitality exhausted by labor such as he had performed. On August 17 he was seized with apoplexy, and it was clear that his life-work was done. He lingered for two days, and then his bright spirit took its flight from the body which it had worn out in the service of its Master. His widow and three sons and two daughters survive him. The latter, whose portraits appeared in this journal on Dec. 16th, 1891, are now laboring for Christ in China. One of the sons, Rev. G. E. Talmage, is pastor of a church at Mott Haven, N. Y. A second, Rev. David L. Talmage, is pastor of a church at Westwood, N. J., and the third, Mr. John S. Talmage, is engaged in business. Only two members of the family, of the missionary's generation, are living—his sister Catherine, now Mrs. Cone, of Bound Brook, N. J., and his youngest brother, Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, editor of this journal.

AN UNSELFISH HEAVEN.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 18. By Mrs. M. Baxter. II.Cor. 5 : 15-17. Golden Text, Phil. 3 : 20.*

WHAT do you think heaven will be like? Shall we know our friends there? What will be our occupation? In what will the joys of heaven consist? Such are the questions which we often hear; and, Oh, how difficult are they to answer! "Heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool," saith the Lord. (Isa. 66 : 1.) In any case, God is supreme in heaven, the will of no creature can there prevail against his: "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." Earthly ideas of felicity are to have our tastes and desires fully satisfied, and thus there are people who have written imaginary descriptions of heaven, as a place of exquisite scenery, which will ravish the eye of the lover of beauty, where the most entrancing music will charm the ear of the musical, where the scientific man will be able to carry out his researches indefinitely, etc., in fact where

Personal Gratification

will know no bounds. Such a heaven would satisfy only the soulish, emotional, intellectual part of man. His spirit, where God dwells, would be at sea there. The Bible tells us of one who put every kind of personal gratification to the test, and found it vanity. The pleasures of the senses failed to satisfy, art and music also, architecture and agriculture alike, the accumulation of treasure, the laying out his estates with an eye to beauty—all failed to satisfy. He says: "Whatsoever mine eyes desired, I kept not from them; I withheld not mine heart from any joy . . . Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do: and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit." (Eccl. 2: 10, 11.) Should we make a heaven of that which cannot satisfy even upon earth?

There are many who talk about heaven, and sing about heaven, as though heaven were the place where all the gratification which is denied us here on earth would be given to us. How many of our hymns speak of the joy and rest, the peace and comfort, the wonderful repose, and cessation from conflict, which await us there, as though such an anticipation were to draw us heavenward. Is there anything elevated or heavenly in self-seeking? Is this to have our citizenship in heaven? Is there not a fallacy in such an anticipation? If Christ died for all that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again," surely he did not mean that this transformation from selfishness to unselfishness should be

Only Temporary,

and exist only upon earth! Surely it is the preparation for eternal union with him who "pleased not himself." If heaven were a selfish heaven, where personal gratification is to be sought and obtained, it would be no better than earth. It is a terrible thing to foster in ourselves and others selfish conceptions of heaven. "All seek their own" (Phil. 2 : 21), is the spirit of earth and not of heaven. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his Cross, and follow me," is of heaven and not of earth. There is nothing of heaven in self-seeking, even though it be the seeking of heaven's glory for oneself. The moments on earth, which have most of heaven in them, are those moments when we are most unconscious of ourselves, and most conscious of the wondrous grace of God which has purchased us with his own blood, and taken us into unity with him, to carry out his thoughts and purposes upon earth. Anticipation of peace, rest, joy, etc., cannot form themselves in his own immediate presence, it is his joy which makes ours, "That my joy may be in you, that your joy may be fulfilled" (John 15 : 11, R.V.) He has never said: "In heaven ye shall have peace," but: "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye may have peace. (John 16 : 33, R.V.)

But what will it be like in heaven? A man who knew far more of heaven than most men knew for he was caught up into the third heaven while he was yet upon earth (II. Cor. 12 : 2), said, he had "a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better. (Phil. 1 : 23.) To be with Christ was what heaven meant to Paul. But how? Where? Under what condition? All this was nothing to the man who wrote those words. He knew, even upon earth how to be abased, and also how to abound; in everything and in all things he had learned the secret both to be filled, and to be hungry; both to abound, and to be in want. (Phil. 4 : 12, R.V.) To him

To Live was Christ,

not personal satisfaction; whether in the Philippian dungeon, or when entertained by the hospitable Gaius. He had yielded himself up, had ceased to have a choice about anything, even though it were life or death; to him both meant Christ. Would you have said to him: "Paul, are you not weary of the battle of life; are you not longing for the moment when this severe strain will be at an end, and when you can relax and have things a little as you like? Oh, what exquisite suffering would such suggestions have been to such a spirit! What, take back from his Master his entire being, which he had "committed unto him against that day?" What, after having lived so many years in the glorious freedom of a renounced will, to go back again to the capricious slavery of an earthly will, which seeks its own gratification? Never: it would be hell to a man like Paul.

But, do you really take in that heaven would be no heaven if your human will were not renounced there, and if self-gratification should still have a voice? Do you really understand that the joy of heaven is to be not your own; that unselfishness and heaven are as much allied as selfishness and earth are allied? Do you take in that Christ died for us with the very purpose of delivering us from a self-life, that we should not henceforth, on earth or in heaven, live unto ourselves but unto him that died and gave himself for us? Is your anticipation of heaven that he shall have his way with you, or that you shall have your own?

Shall we Know our Friends in Heaven?

How did you know them on earth? Did you bask in the sunshine of their love, did you drink in the sweetness of their sympathy, did you rely on their advice, did you enjoy all the tenderness of their thoughtful care, and so get personal gratification out of your relations with them? This is to know them after the flesh, to know them in relation to what they were to you. But it belongs to those who live not unto themselves to know "no man after the flesh," not even Christ himself. Thank God we shall know again those who are asleep in Jesus, whom "God will bring with him." (I. Thess. 4: 14.) But it will be no more to minister to our selfish desire to enjoy their society, or to be soothed by their sympathy. He will outshine those whom he brings with him. Just as when Peter, James and John, on the Mount of Transfiguration, as soon as they began to talk about tabernacles for Moses and Elias, were left with "Jesus only," so when he comes again, our beloved ones who come with him will never take a place nearer to us than he takes. And if we would have heaven down here, we shall ask the Holy Spirit to regulate every interview, to watch over every moment with our loved ones, especially those whom we love in the Lord, lest they should take the place of Jesus. But what will be

Our Occupation

in heaven? Do we look forward, as members of the Bride of Christ, to eternal union with him? What is the true wife's work, or rather, what is it not? Does she wait, like a servant, for orders? Does she not so study her husband that she learns to anticipate his wishes? And does she not instinctively discover his joys and his sorrows that she may share them? And is not such a union a mere type of the union of Christ and his Church? Does it matter to a true wife what her work is so that it answers her husband's purpose? Does she want to have a holiday, a relaxation from his service? is not the service itself life to her? A servant's work may be planned, may be anticipated; a wife's never. "His servants shall serve him," (Rev. 22: 5), but his Bride shall sit with him upon his throne and share his every interest, as he sat down with his Father on his throne. (Rev. 3: 21.)

In all God's Word there is nothing to warrant us in the expectation of a selfish heaven. True, we may have treasures laid up there, bnt only by abstaining from laying them up here. Truly, those have in heaven a better and an enduring substance who take joyfully the spoiling of their goods down here. True, there is "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven" for such as are "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time." But this salvation has a wider meaning than simply the pardon of our past sins. It is spoken of in connection with "obedience, and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ," and also the "heaviness through manifold temptations," which is to try our faith with fire. Is it not that salvation "from this present evil world" to procure which, Jesus gave himself for our sins? (Gal. 1: 4.) Is it not

Salvation from our Selfishness

and from the self-life which would make us strangers in the company of such as "loved not their lives unto the death," or who, like Paul, in view of persecution, bonds and imprisonment could say: "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God"? The only cure for the self life is Christ's life. He will dwell, and live out his own life in any blood-bought disciple who will yield up all to him continually. Yield, and then trust; keep yielded, and keep trusting; he will do the rest, and a heaven of his own unselfishness within, will fit his child for the unselfish heaven which he has gone to prepare.

* This lesson has been sent by Mrs. Baxter as a suggestion to teachers in schools where the subject of lesson is optional. The International Lesson for Sept. 18, is Review of the Quarter's lessons.

LESSON POINTS.

Church Progress during the First Septennate after the Ascension.

THE lessons which form the subject of to-day's review cover the first seven years of the history of the Christian Church. From the Ascension of Christ to the death of Stephen and the preaching of Philip at Samaria, and to the Ethiopian in the desert, was a period of intense importance to the future of Christianity. The Apostles, bereft of their Master, were now to take up the commission entrusted to them, and initiate the movement which has already occupied over eighteen hundred years. Whatever may be said in disparagement of Christianity, the historian of those centuries must realize that no influence has affected the life of the world during their passage, so mightily as the religion of Jesus has done. If it were possible to eliminate from the story of the world's progress all that has resulted from Christian motive, the remainder would be small indeed. The world has made its chief gains by the labors of men who were prompted to the effort, who were made willing to sacrifice themselves, and whose energies were consecrated by the love of Christ and the desire to obey his commands. In exploration, in the sublimation of art, in civilization, in arrangements to relieve suffering, in humanitarian and philanthropic enterprise, our attainments had their origin in the principle of universal brotherhood and love of others, which Jesus enunciated, and his disciples proclaimed to the world. During these first seven years we see the principle bursting forth into life, becoming active and taking the place it has occupied ever since, of the most ennobling, elevating influence the world has ever felt.

The key to this mystery, the essence of this influence, the origin of this mighty power, was disclosed in the second lesson of the series—the descent of the Holy Spirit. A stranger entered a large building which some workmen had just quitted. He saw suspended from the ceiling a number of thin ropes with little bulbs attached. He thought they disfigured the building and supposed that when the workmen had finished their operations, the ropes would be removed. But no; those dead ropes remained. Later on an unseen connection was established with a dynamo. Then the ropes and glass bulbs were dead no longer, but gave forth the light which lighted the whole building. Compare the Apostles at the base of the mountain failing to deliver the demoniac, whom Christ set free by a word, and the Apostles in the fourth lesson of the series, healing the lame man, and there is as much difference as there was between the ropes before and after they were counected with the dynamo. Peter, whom a servant girl scared into a denial of Christ, became intrepid before the whole council. The disciples who were once cast down when he was executed, who they supposed would have delivered Israel, could now, as we saw in the third, fifth and last week's lesson, preach Jesus with full confidence as the deliverer. A great change had been wrought in them, and so terrible was the presence in which they lived that, as we saw in the seventh lesson, pretence and half-consecration meant death.

A great author has said: Did you ever happen to see that most soft-spoken and velvet-handed steam-engine at the Mint? The smooth piston slides backward and forward as a lady might slip her delicate finger in and out of a ring. The engine lays one of its fingers calmly, but firmly, upon a bit of metal; it is a coin now, and will remember that touch, and tell a new race about it when the date upon it is crusted over with twenty centuries. So it is that a great silent moving power puts a new stamp on us in an hour or a moment, and as sharp an impression as if it had taken half a lifetime to engrave it.

A tree planted in a Scottish valley beside a little brook, had no kindly soil in which it could be nourished. For a long time it was stunted and unhealthy. At length with a marvelous vegetable instinct, it sent out a shoot along a narrow sheep bridge which was near it. The shoot stretched, grew, rooted itself in the rich loam which it found on the opposite bank, and drew therefrom the sap which was required, so that the parent tree speedily revived. So our languishing spiritual lives are reinvigorated by the grace that comes to us from heaven by the Holy Spirit.

Theodore Monod illustrates the change which the Holy Spirit works by a common experiment. He says: If a piece of iron could speak, what would it say? It would say, "I am black, I am cold, I am hard." Perfectly true. Put that piece of iron into the furnace and wait awhile, and what would it say? "The blackness is gone, the coldness is gone and the hardness is gone"—it has passed into a new experience. But if that piece of iron could speak, surely it would not glory in itself, because the fire and iron are two distinct things that remain distinct to the last. If it could glory, it would glory in itself—in the fire that kept it a bright, molten mass. So in myself I am black, I am cold, and I am hard, but if the Lord take possession of my soul, if I am filled with love, if his Spirit fills my being, the blackness will go, and the hardness will go; and yet the glory does not belong to me, but to the Lord, who keeps me in a sense of his love.

Dr. Arnot says: I have seen a heavy piece of solid iron hanging on another, not welded, not linked, not glued to the spot; and yet it cleaved with such tenacity as to bear not only its own weight, but mine too, if I chose to seize and hang upon it. A wire charged with an electric current is in contact with its mass, and hence its adhesion. Cut that wire through, or remove it by a hair's-breadth, and the piece drops dead to the ground, like any other unsupported weight. A stream of life from the Lord, brought into contact with a human spirit, keeps the spirit cleaving to the Lord so firmly that no power on earth or hell can wrench the two asunder. From Christ the mysterious life-stream flows; through the being of a disciple it spreads, and to the Lord it returns again. In that circle the feeblest Christian is held safely, but if the circle be broken the dependent spirit drops off.

Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, referring to the power of the Spirit, said: It is as if you saw a locomotive engine upon a railway, and it would not go, and they put up a driver and said, "Now that driver will just do." They try another and another. One proposes that such and such a valve shall be altered; but still it will not go. Someone then bursts in among those that are conversing, and says, "No, friends, but the reason why it will not go is because there is no steam; you have no fire; you have no water in the boiler; that's why it will not go. It will go well enough if you but get the steam up." But now people are saying, "This must be altered and that must be altered." But the church's great want is the Holy Spirit; and until that want be supplied, we may reform and reform, and still be just the same.

MISSIONARY DAY AT NORTHFIELD

Eminent Missionaries Report Progress in Various Fields—Madame Tel Sono's Effort For the Women of Japan.

BY REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

MISSIONS and missionaries have always had a place and a hearing on the Northfield platform. Last year one full day of the Autumn Conference was devoted to missions, and at Mr. Moody's request, the programme was made and the service conducted by Dr. Arthur T. Pierson. At the

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

Conference just closed, Dr. Pierson was again called to arrange for a missionary day, and to preside on the occasion. The invited missionary speakers could not all be heard in one day, so the forenoon of the following day was also devoted to missions. Dr. Pierson, aflame with enthusiasm, happily introduced the services and the speakers, and closed, after the last speaker, with a marvellous exhibit of the progress and triumphs of Christianity in heathen lands. He said he had come back from his associations with the sainted Spurgeon with a sense of the power of prayer such as he had never known before. He urged, above all things, that this missionary day should be marked by constant, prevailing prayer, so that it might be signalized with the richest effusion of the Holy Spirit we had ever known.

Dr. S. L. Baldwin, formerly missionary in Foochow, China, and now a Secretary of the Mission Board of the M. E. Church, spoke impressively of the great difficulties and triumphs of mission work in China. The greatest of all the formidable obstacles to the progress of Christianity in that land, he affirmed, to be not in the people, not in their customs, not in their idolatry, because these can be overcome, but in the ungodly lives of men from Christian America and Europe. In answer to the oft-repeated and incredulous question whether the Chinese can really be converted, the speaker said emphatically that they make some of the best Christians the world has ever seen, worthy of the most heroic ages of the Church. In illustration and confirmation of this assertion, Dr. Baldwin related the life story of two men, which seemed like a page from the Acts of the Apostles—a story of supreme love and loyalty and heroic devoto Jesus Christ, and of wonderful success in winning souls for the Kingdom of God.

Rev L. W. Cronkhe.te, of Burmah, spoke on "The Compensations of Missionary Life." One of these is the warm, Christianlike love for the souls of the heathen that God kindles in the missionary's heart—a real mother-love as for children. Another is the manifest wonderful working of the Holy Spirit which the missionary is permitted to witness. Still another is in the people themselves who are saved, to whom God unites the missionary's heart in a tender love that is inexpressibly sweet. In illustration of the vastness of the work the speaker said: "How many people are there in the world? That is too large; let us narrow it. How many in India? That is too large: we will make it narrower still. How many women and girls are there in India? Well, suppose you send out somebody and you give him a stock of Bibles, and you say to him to give every woman and every girl in India one Bible. At the rate of 20,000 a day, how long would it take to furnish every woman and every girl in India with one Bible apiece? It would take seventeen years."

The veteran Dr. Nevins of China, representing the work in that great country, said among other things: "We have been accustomed until recently to think of China as in the far, far East, the last and most difficult country to reach. When my wife and I went to China in 1853, we went around by the Cape of Good Hope, and were six months on the voyage. But now, within a few years, China is not considered as very far. What is China? Why, China is just another United States in a good many respects. Through the literature of China you can reach all the nations around China, including a population of about 500,000,000, or one third of the human race. The Scriptures translated into the one language will reach 500,000,000. With one dialect you can reach 150,000,000 human beings."

Rev. G. H. Gutterson, of the Congregational Board, spoke at length of the true character of mission work, of some of its obstacles, its progress and triumphs, and methods for its promotion. The single, direct, ultimate work of the Church, said he, is to put into the hearts of all human beings around the globe, the thought of God in Jesus Christ.

Several intensely interesting meetings were held especially for women, addressed by Miss Helen Richardson, whose present errand in this country is to secure aid for rescue work in Western India, and the establishment of an Industrial Home and Refuge for women at Poona and Bombay.

Miss Emma Cummings, a medical missionary to India, told of the sickening horrors endured by women in India for the want of medical attendance. A number of other missionaries spoke, among them Mrs. Tel Sono, a Japanese lady, formerly a lawyer in Tokio, and now raising funds to establish a Christian school for her heathen sisters of the higher classes. Her's was an earnest, sincere, pathetic pleading voice, that stirred many hearts with sympathetic emotion, and moved many hands to helpful service in the work to which the lady's life is devoted. Mrs. Tel Sono spoke first at a woman's missionary meeting, in Stone Hall, in the afternoon. Those who heard the address were so deeply interested, that a strong desire was expressed to hear her again. Opportunity was accordingly given her to briefly address one of the largest audiences of the Conference. With charming Christian simplicity and sincerity she told the simple, touching story of her early life, and with a shining, happy face she poured out her heart in grateful recognition of the love and grace of Jesus. She also besought the sympathy and help of her dear "brothers and sisters" in Christian America, in behalf of the work she had undertaken for the welfare of her sisters in Japan. Mr. H. M. Moore, that great-hearted, devoted Boston layman and beloved friend of Mr. Moody, who conducted the meeting, spoke hearty words of commendation, and at the close of the service he called on our sweet singer, Ira. D. Sankey, to offer prayer in behalf of Mrs. Tel Sono and her work. Mr. Sankey, who was deeply moved, said he would not pray until he had first given one hundred dollars to her work, which he did. The outcome of it all was an intelligent interest and sympathy in behalf of the lady and her mission, and an addition of about $500 to the fund she is trying to secure for her work.

Mrs. Tel Sono is of high descent. Her father was a philosopher, physician and poet, and with his approval she chose the study and practice of law for her life-work, being the first female lawyer in Japan. During her experience in the courts of Tokio, she came to realize as never before, the condition of her countrywomen. She came to America to prepare herself to improve in some way their condition. While in San Francisco, she found Jesus as her Saviour and Friend. After a series of trying experiences she was led into the plan that now engages her heart and life—to prepare herself and to secure means to establish a Christian school near Tokio for the education of high class girls and women.

Mrs. Tel Sono has given herself entirely to what she is persuaded to be her God-given mission. Her consecration is complete. She literally accepts the words of Jesus as applied to the daily life of his disciples, and her life is a wonderful and beautiful daily testimony and illustration of the faithfulness of God her Saviour, Wherever she goes on her errands for Jesus, he opens the way for her, raises up friends, provides through them for her daily wants, and prospers her labors for him. Her's is emphatically a life of faith aud love and praise. But with all her child-like trust in Jesus, she is diligent, active, and energetic, always on the watch to make and to take opportunities for the promotion of her work, and exercises rare good judgment and common sense. "Must not miss opportunities," she says. "Jesus gives them. Must use them for him. It is all for Jesus."

Every penny given for her work is sacredly laid up for that one object. She calls it her "Jesus money." On no account would she use any of it for her personal needs. She hopes to secure $6000 during this year. In December she proposes going to Japan, by way of England, to open her school. She has the assurance that God will prosper her. That noble woman, Lady Henry Somerset, has promised to stand by her and aid her during her visit to England. Bishop Phillips Brooks cordially endorses her and commends "her devotion and great wisdom." Dr. William Elliott Griffis, the well-known missionary, preacher, and author of "Mikado's Empire," who knows her and her country well, says: "Mrs Tel Sono is a refined and zealous Japanese Christian lady, whose great purpose is to do for her sisters in Japan what Joseph Neesima did for his countrymen. She desires to give her life to uplifting the women of Japan to the status which obtains in Christendom. No foreigners, however able and consecrated, can do the work and command the influence especially among the upper classes, which a cultivated Christian woman like Mrs Sono may, by the grace of God and the help of American Christians, accomplish. Japan will never become Christian until the women, by becoming the disciples of Jesus, purify the home and cleanse their country of the licentiousness and idolatry that keep Japan uncivilized and pagan."

May God speed this noble, heroic woman on her Christian mission, and prosper still more the work of her diligent hands. To have known her, as a guest and a friend in the home, has been to us a great privilege and inspiration. To witness, as we hope to do, the realization of her loving purpose in her own land, will be a great joy and consolation. The Lord hasten it in his time!

If space permitted, I would like to note also the very effective addresses of Dr. W. Roberts, Dr. A. Bunker, and Rev. Mr. Janvier, but all the good things of that overflowing Northfield Missionary day cannot be gathered up into one article. Surely the instruction and inspiration of the day will yield results of blessing many days hence, both here and in other lands beyond the seas.

RUSSIAN PEASANTS IN THE FAMINE PROVINCES.
(Photographed in Russia expressly for "The Christian Herald.")

RUSSIA'S PEASANTS.

Now Fighting Cholera after Famine—Their Simple Lives in the Remote Villages.

DISASTER seems to follow disaster in Russia. Hardly has the famine been stayed when cholera comes and claims its victims by thousands, making a broad swath throughout the empire, and leaving a line of dead in its path.

The Russian peasant is one of the simplest of human creatures. He knows nothing of luxury. His attire is cheap, and is worn until he can wear it no longer; all his surroundings are primitive and economy is a prime virtue in the household. The little scattered village, with straw-thatched, mud huts, and wide, unpaved, grass-grown streets; the scanty crops and lean herds; the hard work in the field and the peasant life, barren of almost all that we regard as enjoyment, are not such as the dweller in great cities would envy. To many thousands of such homes, hope and sunshine were carried by the Famine Fund.

We publish, to-day, two illustrations engraved from photographs secured by the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD while in Russia recently, distributing the cargo of the Famine Fund Steamer *Leo*. They are those of a peasant and his wife in the famine-stricken district of Samara, and may be regarded as typical of the more fortunate class of peasants, who were providentially reached by the relief movement in time to avoid utter starvation. Many thousands were not so fortunate.

At the public reception to Rev. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Klopsch at the Duhma, or City Hall of St. Petersburg, (already referred to in these columns), Mr. Klopsch made the following remarks in reply to the address of welcome by the Mayor:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—We have in America a suggestive phrase which says "Let well enough alone" and, considering the very able response of my distinguished and eloquent friend (Dr. Talmage) to your pleasant words of greeting, it would seem peculiarly appropriate just at this time; but I have had so large a share in the very cordial and hearty welcome and the unbounded hospitality accorded us by the warm-hearted and enthusiastic Russian people, that I cannot resist the impulse to add a few words of heartfelt and sincere thanks. Your great country is the largest country on the face of the earth and the vastness of its domain is excelled only by the boundlessness of its hospitality. From the moment we arrived here, you have made our stay a most charming and delightful one. Your genial Mayor has been untiring in his efforts to show us honor. These gentlemen of the City Council, whose happy faces reflect the kindness of their hearts, have vied with the most exalted members of the nobility in affording us royal entertainment. Your noble Prefect, Gen. von Wahl, a man, so consecrated to his duty that he drives around nearly all night inspecting and looking after the best interests of this grand city, made both time and opportunity to contribute his share in demonstration of the gratitude of the people he so ably serves. For all this I tender you thanks unnumbered and unqualified. The warmth and kindliness of our reception has brought the Russian people very near my heart. Before I came here Russia was 5,000 miles away, but I have so learned to respect and to love you that henceforth I must regard you as neighbors.

As one of the representatives of the many thousands of Christian Americans who through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which you have been pleased to honor here, in the presence of this vast assemblage, have liberally and cheerfully contributed to this cause, and whose generosity has enabled us to send to your shores the *Leo* freighted with the evidences of their practical sympathy and good will, I desire to thank Count Andre Bobrinskoy, the able Executive of the Grand Duke Relief Committee, for the promptness with which he caused the cargo to be dispatched to the famine-smitten provinces, thus speedily bringing suffering Russia into blessed and help-giving contact with Christian America. The faithfulness with which he planned, and the business-like ability with which he effected this distribution, afford additional evidence of the love with which it has pleased God to fill his heart towards suffering humanity. I stand here today freighted with the gratitude to which you have given such unmistakeable expression, and with which your excellent Crown Prince has personally entrusted me, and it will afford me pleasure by tongue and pen to speedily distribute this delightful cargo among our American friends so that far and near they may read and hear how timely was the assistance they afforded and how gratefully Russia has appreciated it.

The other day my wife received at the hotel a magnificent floral piece representing a "Horn of Plenty." The name of the donor was not given, and we do not yet know who had the goodness to send it. It was delicately done, and done in a manner quite in keeping with that spirit of generous hospitality which has cheered and brightened the days which we have so delightfully spent among you. In behalf of my wife, I thank the kind, but unknown friend and I beg to assure you that the prayer of my heart is that this beautiful Horn of Plenty may be the symbol of what our kind Heavenly Father, who is the God of the Harvest, may pour out upon your famine-smitten provinces and that the crops this year and in the years to come may be so abundantly multiplied, that last year's lack may be more than supplied.

On their departure from St. Petersburg, Dr. Talmage and Mr. Klopsch issued the following farewell letter of thanks:

To whom it may concern: On leaving Russia, after a visit never to be forgotten by us because of the kindness shown by the Emperor, the Empress, the Crown Prince, the Nobility, the City officials of St. Petersburg and Moscow, and the people of all ranks, we wish to express our heartiest gratitude. It will take the rest of our lives to tell in our own country the high appreciation of the hospitality, the cordiality, the generosity, the affability and the loyalty of the people of Russia. May the blessing of God be upon this great Empire, and may the regions now afflicted with drought yet have their wounds bandaged with the richest harvests that ever grew. Surely the feeling of International brotherhood between Russia and the United States will forever abide. Farewell!

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.
LOUIS KLOPSCH.

St. Petersburg, July 10th-22nd, 1892.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

LIES AND THEIR AUTHORS.

THE first peculiarity of this *Tigris regalis*, commonly called a lie, is its longevity. If it once gets born, it lives on almost interminably. Sometimes it has followed a man ten or twenty or forty years, and has been as healthy in the last leap as in the first. It has run at every President, from Washington to Harrison. It has barked at every good man since Adam, and every good woman since Eve, and every good boy since Abel. Malarias do not poison it, nor fires burn it, nor winters freeze it. Just now it is after your neighbor; to-morrow it will be after you. It is the healthiest of all monsters. Its tooth knocks out the tooth of time. Its hair never turns white with age, nor does it limp with decrepitude. It is distinguished for its longevity. Observe also its powers of locomotion. It keeps up with the express train, and is present at the opening and the shutting of the mail-bags. It takes a morning train from New York to San Francisco, or over to London before breakfast. It can go a thousand miles at a jump. It would despise seven-league boots as tedious.

A telegraph-pole is just knee high to this monster, and from that you can judge its speed of locomotion. It never gets out of wind, and carries a bag of reputations made up of cold hash so that it does not have to stop for victuals. It goes so fast that sometimes 5,000,000 people have seen it the same morning. Keenness of nostril is also a characteristic of this monster, commonly called the lie. It can smell an imperfection fifty miles away. The crow has no faculty compared with it for finding carrion. It has scented something a hundred miles off, and before night has come upon its game. It has great genius of olfactory. It can find more than is actually there. When it begins to sniff the air you had better look out. It has great length and breadth and depth and height of nose.

Acuteness of ear is another characteristic of this *Tigris regalis*, commonly called the lie. The rabbit has no power to listen as compared with the creature we speak of. It hears all the sounds that come from 5,000 keyholes. It catches a whisper from the other side of the room, and can understand the scratch of a pen. It has one ear open toward the east and the other toward the west, and hears everything in both directions. All the title-tattle of the world pours into its ears like vinegar through a funnel. They are always up and open, and to them an old-fashioned tea-party is a jubilee, and a political campaign is heaven. Notice also the size of this monster's throat. The snake has hard work to choke down a toad, and the crocodile has a mighty struggle to take in the calf, but the monster of which I speak can swallow anything. It has a throat bigger than the whale that took down the minister who declined the call to Nineveh, and has swallowed whole presbyteries and conferences and associations of clergymen. The largest story about business dishonor or female frailty or political deception slips through with the ease of a homeopathic pellet. Its throat is sufficient for anything round or square or angular or octagonal.

Nothing in all the world is too big for its mastication and digestion, save the truth, and that will stick in its gullet. Furthermore, this monster, commonly called the lie, is gregarious. It goes in a flock with others of its kind. If one takes after a man or woman there are at least ten in its company. As soon as anything bad is charged against a man there are many others who know things just as deleterious. Lies about himself. Lies about his family. Lies about his house. Lies about his barn. Lies about his store. Swarms of them. Broods of them. Herds of them. Kill one of them and there will be twelve alive to act as its pall-bearers, another to preach its funeral sermon, and still another to write its obituary. These monsters beat all extinct species. They are white and spotted and black. They have a sleek hide and sharp claw and a sting on the tail. They prowl through every street in the city, lunch in the restaurants, sleep in the halls of Congress and in grandest parlor, have one paw under the piano and the other on the doorsill.

CITY FOOLS IN THE COUNTRY.

BECAUSE a man is wise in some places, we are not to conclude that he is wise everywhere. You find men grandly successful in the counting-room and at the board of trade, whose common-sense forsakes them as they cross the city limits.

During the past few years, a multitude of men have left town for country life, with the idea that twenty thousand dollars and a few books on agriculture, would make them successful farmers. They will take the prizes at the county fair. They will have the finest cattle, the most affluent hens, the most reasonable ducks, and the most cleanly swine. Their receipts will far outrun their expenses. The first year they are disappointed. The second year they collapse. The third year they tack to a post the sign, "For Sale!" They knew not that agriculture is a science and a trade, and that a farmer might as well come in with his carpet-bag, set it down in the engineer's room of a Liverpool steamer, expecting in ten minutes to start the machinery, and successfully guide the vessel across the Atlantic, as one, knowing nothing of country life to undertake to engineer the intricate and out-branching affairs of a large farm. As well set the milkmaid to write a disquisition on metaphysics, a rag-picker to lecture on æsthetics.

The city fool selects the country place without reference to socialities. He will bring a pocketful of papers from the store, which will be all his family will want to know of society and the world; and then a healthy library, from which shall look down all the historians and poets, will give them a surfeit of intellectualities. He does not know why his wife and daughters want to go back to town. What could be more gay? Market-wagons passing the door, the farmers going with grist to the mill, and an occasional thunder-storm to keep things lively, and the bawling of the cow recently bereft of her calf. Coming home besweated from the store at night, the father finds the females crying. What better concert do you want than the robins? What livelier beaux than the hedges of syringa? With a very wail of woe they cry out to the exasperating husband and father: "We want to see something!" "Good gracious!" he shouts, "go forth and look at the clouds, and the grass, and the Southdowns! One breath of this evening air is worth all the perfumes of fashionable society!"

There is apt to be disappointment in crops. Even a stupid turnip knows a city fool as soon as it sees him. Marrow-fat peas fairly rattle in their pods with derision as he passes. The fields are glad to impose upon the novice. Wandering too near the beehive with a book on honey-making, he gets stung in three places. His cauliflowers turn out to be cabbages. The thunder spoils his milk. The grass-butter, that he dreamed of, is rancid. The taxes eat up his profits. The drought consumes his corn. The rust gets in his wheat. The peaches drop off before they ripen. The rot strikes the potatoes. Expecting to surprise his benighted city friends with a present of a few early vegetables, he accidentally hears that they have had new potatoes, and green peas, and sweet corn for a fortnight. The bay mare runs away with the box-wagon. His rustic gate gets out of order. His shrubbery is perpetually needing the shears. It seems almost impossible to keep the grass out of the serpentine walks. A cow gets in and upsets the vase of flowers. The hogs destroy the watermelons, and the gardener runs off with the chambermaid. Everything goes wrong, and farming is a failure. It always is a failure when a man knows nothing about it. If a man can afford to make a large outlay for his own amusement, and the health of his family, let him hasten to his country purchase. But no one, save a city fool, will think to keep a business in town, and make a farm financially profitable.

THE "WORLD'S FAIR FREE TRIP."

Hundreds of Persons now at Work on "The Christian Herald's" Plan

ONE of the most popular suggestions yet made in connection with the World's Fair at Chicago, next year, is the plan proposed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (see on another page of this issue), whereby any of its readers can secure *free* transportation to and from the Fair, with one week's board and accommodation in Chicago at a location convenient to the Fair grounds. This offer, which applies to every State in the Union, has already been accepted by hundreds of our readers and their friends, and every day increases the number of applicants. We would urge all to give the plan a thorough examination and, if so disposed, to send in their names in order that we may enter them on the list of those who wish to make the effort to secure a delightful and profitable vacation trip next season, absolutely free of personal expense.

Although the offer was made only a few weeks ago, many have already made such substantial progress as to assure them of success. Here is a sample letter from one of our "Free Fair Trip" friends:

> EASTON, MD., Aug. 24, '92.
> THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York,
> Dear friends—I am pleased to inform you that I now have fifty new subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and it looks now as if I am going to "get there." Kindly send me fifty more samples by return mail. Will try to send in names the first of September. Yours truly,
> LEANDER R. HOOPER.

Mr. Hooper has set to work in the right spirit and, with a number of others who have displayed similar energy, has demonstrated that the task is by no means a difficult one. The "Free Trip" offer holds good until Dec. 31 next, the three best months in the year to work in.

YAITMAN'S COLUMN.

HELPERS.

I HAVE met very many people in the world and I call them all "Helpers," dividing them up in two classes.

First—"The helpers up."

Second—"The helpers down."

As the world goes, dear reader, to which class would you assign yourself? If the people you have met could vote on your character as a "helper up" or a "helper down," which would get the largest count?

I take it from the Ninety-first Psalm that the angels are "helpers up," while many other portions of the Book lead me to regard devils as "helpers down."

I don't know as I want to be an angel, or could be if I wanted to, but I greatly desire to be like them. Devils, when in a man or about a man, chase him like Gadara swine—down.

Oh, to get away from the devil and his ways—and I know of no better way than to resist him by joining the "Helpers up," and as an active member keep constantly busy.

Some of the unprinted rules to be followed, are: Read the "Tongue" chapter of the Bible. Keep your mouth shut when angry. Don't be a critic till you are four score and ten. Stick close to Matthew 5 : 6 and 7. Speak evil of no man. Look for good in everything and everybody. Practice the Golden Rule.

Friendship.

GIVE me friends and I'm not far from heaven.

One true-blue friend is worth more to a struggling Christian than tons of abstract truth.

To find in your hour of need a friend who will help and do it graciously, and liberally, and wisely, is happiness boiled down to the syrup of joy beyond description. Oh, the sweetness of this wine of gladness. How I long to be to others what some have been to me.

Friendship is above price, it has no mortal value; neither does it rise and fall with heat or cold. It can never be likened to the tides that ebb and flow; nor to the wind, for you know of friendship whence it cometh and whither it goeth. It is, next to God's gift of his Son, the best of heaven to mankind.

Some do not know what it is, either in giving or receiving.

Many know of it, the same as we know of the stars. To know of it, and to know it, is as different as Judas and John.

I wonder if you have ever known it dear reader, or has anyone ever known you as a giver of this great gift? Stop and think a moment as you hold THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in your hand, see how many would call you a "true blue friend" with proof other than words or letters.

I find every day I'm getting older. About the ears are a few silver threads even now, but I thank God I have friends—this keeps me young. I'm like a boy as the fragrance of these flowers comes to me.

Remember this: he who would have friends must show himself friendly.

Plan Now.

Now is the time to plan for big results for autumn and winter in Gospel fields. The wise husbandman will early arrange for the harvest he expects.

Revivals are of God, but as in nature, so in grace: plowing, planting, watering, and waiting, all go before reaping. Let this be done now. This year you may have a gracious revival if now you will prepare your own heart and the hearts of others. God waits to fulfill his promise in you that the plowman shall overtake the reaper.

Hints for a Good Meeting.

Pray for the meeting before you come.

Take some active part in the service.

If you pray or speak, be brief.

Let your remarks be pointed and to the subject.

Help make the singing good.

When one prays, let all pray.

Don't be listless nor critical.

A cheery face helps the service. Bring that.

Carry away truth for meditation and use.

A mind that is full of the world can hold no blessing from God.

Be at the service on time or a little before.

Depend on God for blessings, not on the leaders.

If a meeting drags, throw more soul into it.

"No voice" is a poor excuse for not singing.

Waiting for another, when you should take part is wrong.

The Bible and the Newspaper

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC.

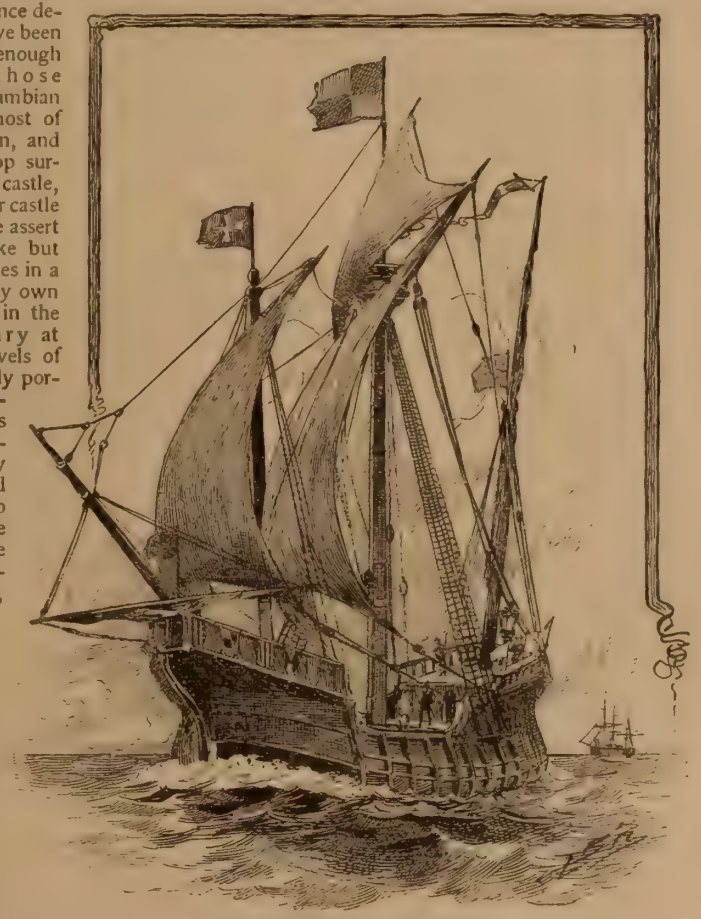
EUROPE is now undergoing a visitation of Asiatic cholera, more severe than any that has afflicted it since 1832. Starting from its breeding-place on the Ganges, the plague has spread through Asia, committing fearful havoc in Persia and elsewhere. Entering Russia by means of trading caravans, it has swept off the famine-weakened population at the rate of five thousand daily. From thence it has invaded Germany, France and Austria. At Paris, Havre, Hamburg, Berlin and many other Continental cities, the mortality has been very great. Despite the sanitary measures adopted, the cholera has progressed and extended until almost every important European city may be said to be infected. Several cases have occurred in London and the British cities. The percentage of fatal cases, as observed at St. Petersburg and Hamburg was very high, every third patient dying. Our own health authorities, both national and local, have been aroused to the danger that threatens this country from the importation of cholera. Immigration from those European cities where the plague has secured a foothold, has been suspended, and all mails, imports and baggage are subject to thorough fumigation. Stringent regulations have been enforced at the various quarantine stations along the Atlantic coast and the great Eastern cities are preparing to ward off the threatened danger. It is believed that the greatest peril will come next summer, with the approach of hot weather. While other epidemics which have assailed man are all now more or less controlled by medical science, no reliable agent has yet been discovered to conquer cholera. In many of the Eastern countries it is still regarded with superstitious terror, and even in Russia, spells and exorcisims are used by the ignorant peasants to ward off its advances. European and American physicians of distinction unite in declaring it non-infectious, and that the *comma-bacillus*, or cholera germ can only be transmitted by contagion, in water, milk, fruit, and other food, or in clothing. Accordingly their advice, reduced to a single sentence is cleanliness, abstention from fruit, and other uncooked food, and all milk and water to be boiled. But all physicians agree that those most likely to take the infection and die from the disease are those who are unnerved by terror of it. Thus the believing Christian, for whom death in any shape has no terrors, has the best protection from the pestilence in his faith and the equanimity it produces; for he trusts in him who has said: "thou shall not be afraid of the pestilence that walketh in darkness." (Ps. 91: 5, 6.)

A Cactus in the Fire.

AN engineer in the employ of the Ansonia Brass and Copper Company in Connecticut had a startling experience a few days ago. The *American* of Waterbury, Conn., says that the fireman was making up the fires under the boiler and the engineer noticed him putting in a great lump of soft coal so large and heavy that he could scarcely carry it. A short time afterward the engineer had occasion to open the furnace door. To his amazement, he saw in the midst of the fire a beautiful plant of the cactus species. It was bright red, and glowing with the heat, and every vein in the leaves was clearly defined. He carefully removed it from the fire and set it aside to cool. It became of a dull gray color, but its form had not been changed. It was evidently a petrified plant of a pre-historic period which, after it had turned to stone, had became imbedded in the vegetation of which coal is formed. When put in the fire the coal shell surrounding it had easily and quickly burned away, disclosing the plant within, which being of stone resisted the action of the fire. There was nothing in the appearance of the lump of coal to indicate that it contained an object so beautiful as was revealed when it went through the fire. So at the last day when death has dissolved the body into its elements, the soul redeemed by Christ having been denuded of its gross covering will shine resplendent and imperishable. (Rev. 20: 6.)

The Caravels of Columbus.

ONE of the interesting sights to be witnessed at the World's Fair in Chicago by all who take advantage of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S plan for visiting the Fair next year, will be the models of the ships or caravels in which Columbus sailed on his memorable voyage of discovery. Our illustration shows the caravel *Santa Maria*, the Admiral's own ship. Writing on this topic, Emilio Castelar, the well-known Spanish author-statesman, says: "A caravel has three masts of nearly equal size, with three large lateen yards and sails; but though the three ships of Columbus were called caravels, only one of them carried the kind of sail thus described, and that was the smallest and the frailest of them, the Nina. Unimpeachable masters of maritime science and experience declare caravels to have been stanch and stout enough for the needs of those times. The Columbian caravels were at most of eighty tons burden, and had a square poop surmounted by a high castle, to match the smaller castle at the bow. Some assert they could make but twenty-eight leagues in a day's run. With my own eyes I have seen, in the Columbian Library at Seville, the caravels of Columbus admirably portrayed. The discoverer himself has sketched them faithfully, with the steady hand long trained by his trade of map drawing. They are found traced in the first decade of Algeria's treatise, which is preserved as one of the price less books of Ferdinand, the second son of Columbus. The disproportion of size between the ships at once strikes the eye, and there withal the very great diversity of rig. The *Santa Maria* had the advantage of her consorts in build and size. Her rigging appeared more complicated than the others. Square sails were on the fore and main masts, a lateen yard on the mizzen. The contrast in the height of the prow and the poop was startling. The *Nina* looked very much like the modern fishing and trading lugger so common in the waters of the Mediterranean, whose sails show gaily between blue sea and bluer sky like gulls skimming over the softly rippling surface." Doubtless there were in the time of Columbus many better and finer ships being used for pleasure, or profit, or war, than those placed at his service; but the names of none of them are now so famous as those in which the discoverer put his faith in the existence of an unknown world to the test. So it will be in the ages of eternity. The names of men of power and genius will be forgotten while the names of men of faith in God and heaven are had in everlasting remembrance. "The memory of the just is blessed: bnt the name of the wicked shall rot." (Prov. 10: 7.)



THE CARAVEL OF COLUMBUS.

The Sound of a Sunbeam.

THE record of a series of experiments on the effects of light on various sensitive substances is published by a scientific journal. It says that one of the most wonderful discoveries of our time has resulted from these experiments. It is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lampblack, colored silk or worsted, or other substances. A disk having slits or openings cut in it is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel. Still more surprising were the effects when the light was colored. A prism was held in such a way as to cast the rainbow hues, which result from the sunlight shining through it, on the substances in the glass vessel. As the various colored rays passed over the vessel there were sounds in some places and silence in others. Thus, when the red ray fell upon the green silk, there was a clear note heard; when it fell on the black or red, no sound could be distinguished. Thus if, as appears, the sunbeam has a sound, it is audible only when it touches a sensitive object. This is true, also, of the higher manifestations of divine power. When it is in contact with natures prepared by the Holy Spirit its effects are seen, but even Christ, when among unbelievers, "could there do no mighty work." (Mark 6: 5.)

The Coldness of Space.

A SCIENTIFIC fact not generally known is presented in an article in *Harper's Magazine*. In referring to the storage of heat by rocks and soil and water, it says that we have no conception of the extent to which we depend on this storing capacity. The heat derived from the sun during the daytime would soon be lost to us, were it not for the power of temporarily retaining it, which the earth's surface possesses. Much of this heat is used in the building up of the bodies of animals and plants but the greater part is stolen by the extreme cold of the regions of space through which the world rolls on its way around the sun. Away out in space is a cold so intense that we fairly fail to grasp its meaning. Perhaps 300 or 400 degrees below the freezing point of water, some philosophers think, are the recesses beyond our atmosphere. And night and day, summer and winter, the insatiate space is robbing us of our heat. So, after all, our summer and winter temperatures are only maintained by the residue of the sun's heat which we have been able to store up and keep hold of in spite of the pitiless demands of space. Our margin sometimes gets so reduced on nights in winter that we can readily believe the astronomers and physicists when they tell us that a reduction of the sun's heat by seven per cent. and a slight increase in the number of winter days would suffice to bring again to our hemisphere a new age of ice, with its inevitable desolation. The balance is really a nice one between the heat we daily gather from the sun and the share of it which we lose in space. This is so also with our spiritual nature. The atmosphere of social and business circles, in which the Christian must move, robs him of the warmth of spiritual life and would lead to declension and death if not continually renewed by daily communion with God. (Ps. 103: 4, 5.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Catholic Review estimates that at the present rate of converts to Romanism it would take nearly a hundred thousand years to make the United States a Catholic country.

Several Young Men's Christian Associations in England are organizing weekly excursions to adjacent villages where they conduct Evangelistic services, generally in the open air.

A steamer which recently arrived at the mouth of the Congo with one missionary among its passengers left a thousand cases of gin at one port, five hundred at a second and a thousand more at a third.

The Bishop of Maryland has issued an admonition to the clergy of the diocese that the use of incense in the Protestant Episcopal churches is unauthorized, contrary to usage, and a disturbance to peace and good.

The following sums have been received for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Russian Famine Relief Fund: M. I. S., Antioch, Cal., $3; E. B. G., Baltimore, Md., $2; Anonymous, Lake Worth, Fla., $5; Geo. Marlindale, $1; Friend, Wadsworth, O., $4.93; Reader, Philadelphia, Pa., $1.50.

Mrs. Ricks, the old colored woman whose portrait appeared in this journal on August 17 in connection with her journey from Liberia to England to visit the Queen has returned to her own land. The Prince of Wales, previously visited the old lady at the hotel where she was staying.

Miss Katharine P. Bennett of Natchez, Miss. wishes to thank the many subscribers of this journal who in response to her appeal in these columns in May last, generously sent her hundreds of packages containing papers, tracts, cards, Testaments and Bibles. These she is distributing among needy colored churches to form the nucleus of libraries. Miss Bennett begs subscribers to whom she has been unable to send acknowledgments to accept her thanks.

Since the gospel wagon fitted out by the Bureau of Supplies of the International Christian Worker's Association first began operations in New Haven, July 5, over 17,000 persons have come within reach of its influence. It has visited most of the cities and large towns in the Connecticut Valley, in this period about a thousand Testaments, hymn-books and leaflets have been sold. The wagon will now work its way through Massachasetts and will be used in Boston in connection with the coming Convention of Christian Workers.

The Bible Conference convened at Asbury Park by Dr. L. W. Munhall was largely attended and full of interest. Dr. Stearns of Scranton, Pa., Dr. Nathaniel West of St. Paul, Minn., Prof. Moorehead, of Xenia, O., Rev. Wm. Needham of Germantown and many other eminent men took part in the proceedings. At one of the sessions Dr. Munhall said that as one thousand dollars would enable Bishop Taylor to plant a new station in Darkest Africa, he would ask the Conference to give the Bishop that amount. It was promptly subscribed.

Contributions to the fund for the support of Rev. George W. Sharp THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the American Sunday School Union have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $37. They were from Mrs. Ellen H. Wilson, $5; E. Johnson, $5; "A," Toughkenamon, Pa., $5; A Friend, Stamping Ground, Ky, $5; G. Alex. Oberg, $4.50; Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lawrence, $2.50; G. C. Funston, $1.25; Jas. S. Martin, $1.25; John Anderson, 50c.; and one dollar each from E. M. Phillips, A. McB., A Friend, Pilgrims Lake, Tex.; Nellie M. Roundy; A Friend, Racine, Wis.; E. E. Kirkland and Lucy A Carpenter.

The Central Union Mission of Washington, D. C. which is one of the best organized and most successful missions in the whole country, has secured an option on a new building for the mission. For some time past it has been evident that more and better work could be done if the accommodations were more adequate. It is now proposed to purchase the old City Post Office, on the corner of C street and Louisiana Avenue. The building can be secured on very favorable terms and it is believed that the friends of the Mission who know how valuable is the work that it has done and is doing will contribute the necessary funds.

HELPFUL ANECDOTES

Planted Before the Cross.

REV. MR. DAVIDSON, an English clergyman, of the Presbyterian Church, relates the following:

A few years ago I was one of the great army of young men who never go to church. My head got the better of my heart. I waked up to the fact that I was on the boundless ocean of unbelief, and drifting I knew not whither. But I would not suffer myself to think about it. I was passionately fond of study, and sought to drown thought in my books. But I found young men at college whom I could easily beat in Latin and Greek, but I would have given my life to have had what they had. I saw heavenly-faced women whom I knew had something which I needed sorely. But O, my heart was so full of unbelief! I would not believe the Bible. I prided myself on my morality and my intellectuality, and would not believe that a strictly moral man, who had been walking on stilts in intellect, must come down to the level of, and get saved in the same way, as the common drunkard. I read the Bible critically, but all the time my unrest increased. Then I began to read it prayerfully, and I found my doubts began to vanish, and soon they were all removed.

I kept praying, and the Cross began to be lifted up before me. In reading the Gospel record before, I had always jumped the Cross, but now I planted myself before it, and declared that, though I died and went to hell, it should be with both arms around the Cross of Christ. Soon he came into my soul, and filled me with such love as was unutterable. But I did not know it was conversion, and did not join the church. I knew nothing about minor points. I only knew that I loved the Christ of the Bible more than all else beside. But after a time the Spirit did reveal it to me that I had been "born again," that I was a child of God. I saw that Jesus was mine and I was his, and from that day till now I have never doubted my conversion.

* * *

A Business Man's Testimony.

DURING a recent conversation at Ocean Grove, N. J., says the *Christian Standard*, one of the parties was a Christian business man, having his church relations in a certain city, but his residence in another State. The church to which he belonged begged him, as is often done, to retain his connection there: but his conviction is that he ought to belong to the church where he lives; and, no doubt, he will act up to his conviction, as every Christian ought to do under such circumstances. He has been solicited to unite with a church a mile from his residence; but he declined, saying that it would necessitate his getting in the street-car on the Sabbath, or the using of his horses, which he could not conscientiously do—that his horses must have a Sabbath as well as himself. He is a man of large business, having many men and horses in his employ; "but," said he, "if anything breaks on Saturday, the repairs are not done on the Sabbath, but go over till Monday. The advantage would be *apparently*" (he emphasized apparently), "to do the work on the Sabbath;" but he had seen other firms who did so go to pieces—he preferred to obey God and take the risk, and he had not suffered loss.

* * *

Bible Women in Rome.

MRS. WALL, a missionary among the poor of Rome writes to *The Christian* as follows: Recently we have frequently had nearly six hundred weekly attendances at our Medical Mission. This work alone, leaving out the large meetings for the poor and the mothers' meetings, gives opportunities of visiting hundreds of families and talking to the people of Jesus. My two Biblewomen do all they can. Frequently when visiting one poor sick woman in one of these immense houses they have opportunities of conversing with ten or twelve more; in this way they have formed little social gatherings where these women will come, say every fortnight, to ask questions and converse about Jesus. They will remain an hour or more and not feel tired. They have established their little gatherings outside nearly all the gates of the city. The poor are obliged to live out there on account of the rents being much lower, so you can imagine the thousands of people who, although not often healthy, are obliged on account of the great poverty to live there. What we need is more workers. We could reccive in our "Home for Workers" four English ladies. The expense of living would not be great—one pound a week. There are at present two Italian workers in the Home, which makes the facility for learning the language very great. During the past winter we have frequently had nearly six hundred attendances at our Medical Missions during the week.

* * *

"Steer Straight."

SOME men were out for a sail, when a mist came on, and everything grew dim. It thickened into a fog, and soon nothing could be seen but the edge of the water against the boat. "I'd give five dollars to know where we are," said one of the men. Suddenly a far-off sound was heard. It was the custom in that fishing village, when fathers and sons are out in their boats and a fog came on, for the women and children to gather on the shore and sing high and clear. They were doing it now. "Steer for the voices," said the owner of the boat to the man at the rudder. He did so, and they were saved. Some years ago a fisherman was out in a fog all by himself. He was in danger of running on rocks, and began to think that he must be lost. At length he heard the cry of a small voice. He thought he knew it, and listened again. Then he heard clear:

"Steer straight for me."

It was the voice of his little daughter. He called, and she replied again and again, "Steer straight."

He passed the rocks, he stepped on the shore, and caught her in his arms. His little daughter had saved him. Some months afterwards he lost her. All was dark in life now, but after a time he remembered what she had said.

"Steer straight for me, father."

She was safe on the heavenly shore. How was he to join her there? Then he heard another voice in his heart cry, "Steer for Jesus Christ! Steer for Jesus Christ!" He did it.

* * *

The Infidel's Retort.

A PREACHER perceiving, on one occasion, among his hearers, an individual who was known in the neighborhood as a ringleader of infidelity, was induced to hope that some alteration had taken place in his views. To ascertain whether such was the fact, he called upon him the next day, and told him how happy he had been to see him at the house of prayer the previous evening; and more so, as he had been given to understand that he did not believe the Gospel. "Nor you either," said the unceremonious sceptic. "What!" he exclaimed, "do you mean, sir, to call me a hypocrite?" "I call you no ill names, sir," he coolly replied; "but what I mean to say is this; you have known of my infidelity for years, and though I have lived all the while within a short distance of your dwelling, you have never before attempted to enlighten me as to these matters; a thing which, to do you justice, I must believe you would have done, had you thought them as important as your creed would make them. Indeed, I can hardly fancy that you would see me going to hell, and never try to save my soul."

* * *

A Rock to Rest on.

THE Rev. John Rees, of Crown Street, Soho, London, was visited on his death-bed by the Rev. John Leifchild, who very seriously asked him to describe the state of his mind. This appeal to the honor of his religion roused him; it freshened his dying lamp, and raising himself up in his bed he looked his friend in the face, and with great deliberation, energy and dignity, uttered the following words: "Christ in his person, Christ in the love of his heart, and Christ in the power of his arm is the Rock on which I rest; and now (reclining his head gently on the pillow) death, strike!"

* * *

Fault-Finding and Prayer.

Two young men, who were members of the same church in New England, were one day engaged in conversation respecting their minister; when one asked the other, "Are you interested in our pastor's preaching?" "Yes," replied the other, "I am indeed; I derive instruction and profit from his discourses." "Well," said his friend, "I am sure I can't feel so; I am very far from interested in his labors, or getting any benefit from them." "Perhaps," rejoined the other, "you don't pray for our minister; do you?" "No, I confess I do not." "Well, it strikes me that your neglect of this duty explains your want of interest in his ministry. Now let me urge you to remember him daily in your closet supplications, and I presume the more you are exercised in praying for him, the more you will be blessed in hearing from him." The fault-finding brother took the advice; and some months afterwards he met with his friend and stated the result. He had given his minister a large place in his petitions, and meanwhile his minister had taken an equally large place in his affections; and if the minister derived no benefit from his praying, he surely derived great benefit from his preaching.

* * *

"The Bird With a Broken Wing."

ONE day a convict in Joliet picked up a scrap of paper from the corridor, on which were these lines:

I walked through the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing;
And found on a bed of mosses,
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wound, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain;
But the bird with a broken pinion,
Never soared on high again.

I found a young life broken
By sin's seductive art;
And, touched with a Christlike pity,
I took him to my heart.
He lived with a noble purpose,
And struggled not in vain;
But the life that sin had stricken,
Never soared on high again.

But the bird with a broken pinion
Kept another from the snare;
But the life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair.
Each loss has its compensation,
There is healing for every pain;
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soars on high again.

This man had been converted in the early part of his imprisoment, and the words came to him with great force. He thought of his sin and realized how hard it would be henceforth to make his way in the world. He copied the stanzas, and kept them carefully. When he came out of prison he resolved, God helping him, to preach the Gospel. Many looked upon him with suspicion, but God gave him friends, and he gained the confidence of people wherever he went.

He has been for several years now an earnest Christian worker, preaching much and with great acceptance to audiences of criminals. This should be our loftiest aim, as it was of the Saviour, to keep back the young and unwary from the snares of the devil, and rescue those who are led captive by him at his will.

* * *

A Troublesome Word.

A LADY, having spent the afternoon and evening at cards and in gay company, when she came home, found her servant-maid reading a pious book. She looked over her shoulders and said, "Poor melancholy soul! what pleasure canst thou find in poring so long over that book?" That night the lady could not sleep, but lay sighing and weeping very much. Her servant asked her once and again what was the matter. At length she burst out into a flood of tears, and said, "Oh! it is one word I saw in your book that troubles me: there I saw that word *eternity*. Oh how happy should I be if I were prepared for eternity!" The consequence of this impression was that she laid aside her cards, forsook her gay company, and set herself seriously to prepare for another world.

* * *

The Two Gardeners.

Two gardeners, who were neighbors, had their crops of early peas killed by frost; one of them came to condole with the other on this misfortune. "Ah!" he cried, "how unfortunate we have been, neighbor! do you know I have done nothing but fret ever since. But you seem to have a fine healthy crop coming up already; what are these?" "These!" cried the other gardener, "why these are what I sowed immediately after my loss." "What! coming up already?" cried the fretter. "Yes; while you was fretting, I was working." "What! don't you fret when you have a loss?" "Yes; but I always put it off until after I have repaired the mischief." "Why then you have no need to fret at all." "True," replied the industrious gardener, "and that's the very reason."

He Gave Good for Evil.

MANY years ago, a prominent lawyer happened to be in the office of Governor Steward of Missouri, when a convict was brought in from the penitentiary to receive a pardon at the Governor's hands. The convict was a "steamboat man," a large, powerful fellow, with the rough manners of his class.

The Governor looked at the man, and seemed strangely affected, scrutinizing him long and closely. Then he signed the document which restored him to liberty; but before handing it to him, he said:

"You will commit some other crime, I fear, and soon be back in the penitentiary."

The man protested solemnly that such a thing should never happen. The Governor looked doubtful, and after a few minutes said:

"You will go back on the river and be a mate again, I suppose?"

The man said yes, that was his intention.

"Well, I want you to promise me one thing," continued the Governor. "I want you to pledge me your word that when you are a mate again you will never take a billet of wood and drive a poor sick boy out of his bunk to help you load your boat on a stormy night."

The man answered that he never would, and seemed surprised, and inquired why the Governor requested such a pledge.

"Because," answered Governor Steward, "some day that boy may become Governor, and you may want him to pardon you for some crime.

"One black, stormy night, many years ago, you stopped your boat on the Mississippi river to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board working his passage from New Orleans to St. Louis, but he was very sick of a fever, and was lying in his bunk. You had men enough to do the work, but you went to that boy with a stick of wood in your hand, drove him on deck with blows and curses, and kept him toiling like a slave till the load was completed.

"I was that boy. Here is your pardon. Never again be guilty of so brutal an act."

The prisoner took the pardon, covered his face, and went out.

* * *

Hold Fast to the Old Bible.

FATHER TAYLOR'S powers of sarcasm found an illustration in his celebrated reply to Theodore Parker's criticism on the inspiration of the Bible. The old man read the report of the attack in the dailies and thought out a reply. On the ensuing Sabbath he delivered it. After talking awhile, he took up the Bible, laid it on his left arm, and commenced walking back and forth on the platform. "And he, Parker, will destroy this Book! This is your mother's Book, my lads! How often you have seen her poring over its pages up there in the old home on the farm! She drew her comfort from this Book. There she read: 'Though I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, there shall thy hand lead me, and my boy on the waters.' And, my lads, how often in your watch below you have opened that blue chest, and taken up that old Bible and on the fly leaf you read: 'From mother to John.' And he will destroy this Book, will he?" Here he hugged the Book close to his breast, patting it gently with his hand. By this time the excitement was universal, not a dry eye in the house, while his tears were dropping upon the precious volume. Then he burst out: "Oh, my boys, before he can destroy so much as the gilding on these covers, he will have been in perdition so long he will forget he was ever out of it!"

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An Unfaithful Father.

A FATHER who had a son in college, requested a minister who was going through the town where he was, to call on him and converse with him in reference to the salvation of his soul. The minister called, agreeably to the request of the father, and introduced the subject of religion. He alluded to the feelings and request of the father, who wished him by all means to attend first to the salvation of his soul. The young man replied, "Did my father send such word as that?" "He did," was the reply. "Then," said the young man, "my father is a dishonest man!" "But why do you say he is dishonest?" said the minister. "Because," replied the student, "he has often advised me, in regard to the course he would have me pursue in life, how to gain the riches, honors, and pleasures of the world, but he is not the man that has ever manifested any interest in regard to the salvation of my soul, any more than if I had no soul!"

THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

The Slumbering Virgins a Type of the Church of the Present Day.

BY REV. M. B. MOORHOUSE, M.A.

THERE is something very awful in being suddenly waked from sound sleep by a loud cry in the dead of night. When all nature is still and wrapped in slumber, when darkness broods over the quiet fields and streets—then anything which breaks the deep silence comes with a startling shock of fear. We instinctively connect such noises with alarm and danger, with violence and death.

This, I think, is the key-note to our subject. The loud midnight cry would not have been so terrible to any of these Virgins but for the fact mentioned in this fifth verse, "While the Bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept!"

While the Bridegroom tarried. He was a little longer than they expected. When they first went forth they seemed already to hear the distant sounds of his approach. The very air palpitated with the excitement of the hour. They strained their eyes to look beyond the little circle of their tiny lamps for the wider flashing of the great cavalcade which they fancied they could see in the far distance.

But though we may see various reasons for the Bridegroom tarrying, yet how sad the result of all this love when we read in the same verse, "they all slumbered and slept!" "All of them!" The wise as well as the foolish, prepared and unprepared, alike yielded to sinful drowsiness and shameful slumber, like those chosen apostles on the Mount of Transfiguration, and in the Garden of Gethsemane. They did not intend to do this. No doubt they thought they could keep themselves awake. But they were too confident of their own powers, too ready to trust in their own strength and vigilance. They forgot the Saviour's warning, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

We do not wonder so much at the foolish virgins being overtaken by this spirit of slumber. But what shall we say about the wise virgins slumbering also? These ought to have been all on the alert, and not suffered the slightest drowsiness to creep over their spirits, for fear of the consequences. They had been fully alive to the joy of a new experience, which should have kept them active and therefore vigilant. Yet these were among the slumberers!

Nothing will keep us spiritually awake so well as the exertion of arousing others, like the traveler growing cold and drowsy in the snow who stumbled over the prostrate form of one who had yielded to the fatal temptation to lie down. In saving him from that sleep of death he shook off the treacherons snare which had almost destroyed himself. What a wonderful description Bunyan gives us of the Enchanted Ground which his pilgrims had to pass over. And, mark you, it was toward the end of their journey, when they were inclined to feel themselves beyond the reach of danger. But tney overcame it by mutual help, and by earnest conversation upon the things which were dearest to the hearts of both.

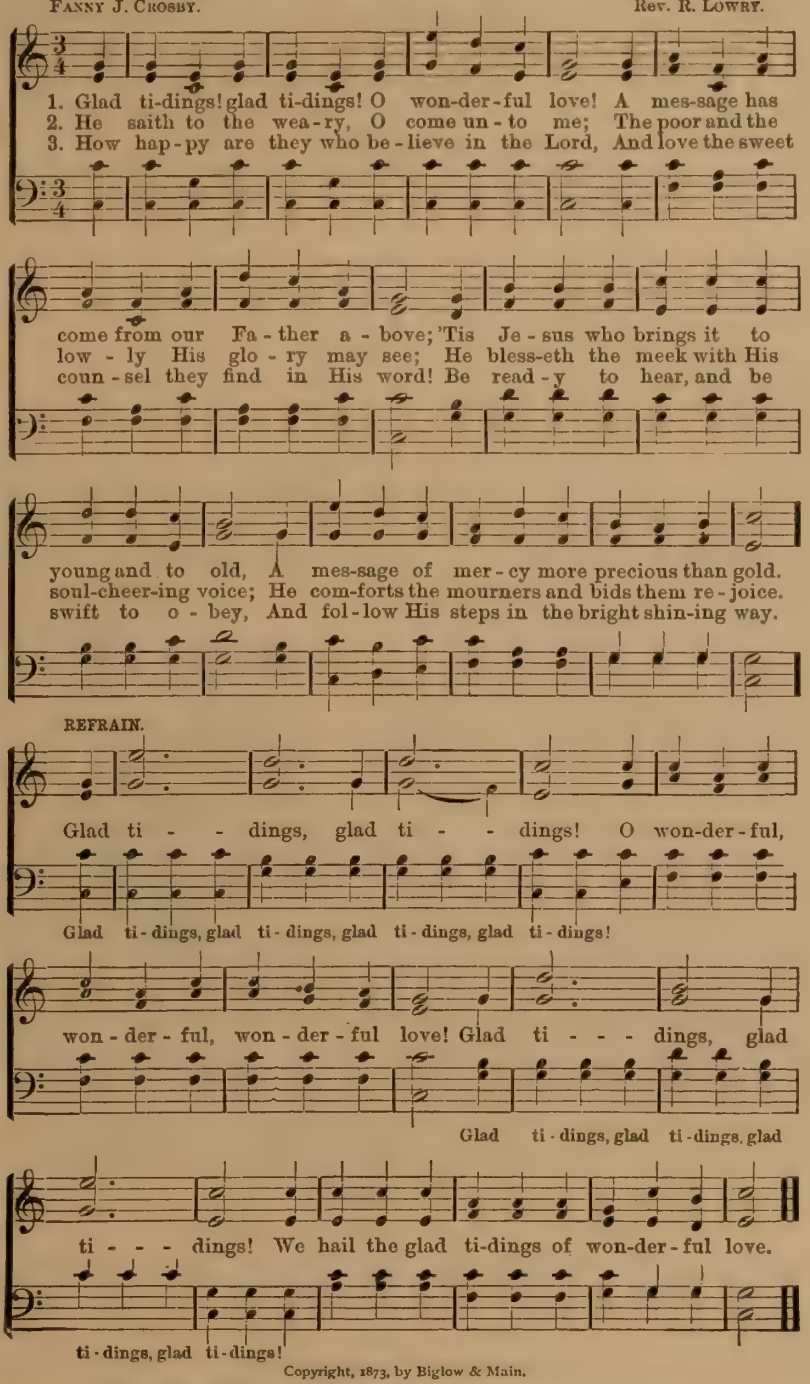
Hearken, then, to the solemn words which follow. "At midnight!" just when the darkness was at its deepest, just when the slumberer's sleep was at its soundest—when, if they were roused for a moment to their own consciousness, they were ready to sink back again saying, "Oh, he will not come to-night; we may sleep on now, and take our rest!" It is just at this hour that Jesus represents his heralds as coming to announce his approach. Is it not the most likely time?

"At midnight," through the dark streets there comes this pealing cry—not a whisper, not a mere rumor, but a distinct and authorized proclamation, in the clear loud tones which brlng a thousand echoes from the startled walls, rousing every inmate of the houses. The cry has been heard before, with a very similar meaning. What was it that John the Baptist exclaimed, the first time that he saw Jesus after that revelation of his real character at his baptism? "Behold the Lamb of God!" And you find that in speaking of it afterward to his disciples, he takes up the very same title which is used here, as if the thoughts were connected in his mind. "He that hath the bride is the bridegroom; but the friend of the bridegroom, which standeth and heareth him, rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice; this my joy therefore is fulfilled." (John 3 : 29.) So we, too, would announce the Lamb of God, the Bridegroom of his Church, to prepare men or his coming. "Go ye out to meet him!" This is the glad duty that will then belong to every faithful hearer of the call, bidding the watchful virgins to hasten forth to his reception.

Glad Tidings.

"Shewing the glad tidings of the kingdom of God."—Luke 8:1.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. R. LOWRY.


1. Glad ti-dings! glad ti-dings! O won-der-ful love! A mes-sage has
2. He saith to the wea-ry, O come un-to me; The poor and the
3. How hap-py are they who be-lieve in the Lord, And love the sweet
come from our Fa-ther a-bove; 'Tis Je-sus who brings it to
low-ly His glo-ry may see; He bless-eth the meek with His
coun-sel they find in His word! Be read-y to hear, and be
young and to old, A mes-sage of mer-cy more precious than gold.
soul-cheer-ing voice; He com-forts the mourners and bids them re-joice.
swift to o-bey, And fol-low His steps in the bright shin-ing way.
REFRAIN.
Glad ti - - dings, glad ti - - dings! O won-der-ful,
Glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings!
won-der-ful, won-der-ful love! Glad ti - - - dings, glad
Glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings, glad
ti - - - dings! We hail the glad ti-dings of won-der-ful love.
ti-dings, glad ti-dings!

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A HYMN OF PRAISE.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

THE mountains, and hills, and the valleys below,
The fountains, and rivers, as onward they flow,
Making fertile the plains wherever they go;
"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

The beasts of the forest, as wildly they roam,
And those of the field, for comforts of home,
Where'er they range under heaven's high dome;
"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

The fowls of the air as they happily soar
All over the land, to its furthermost shore,
In notes, and in songs their Creator adore;
"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

The sheaves so well laden with grain from the field,
And golden the fruit that the orchard doth yield,
The garden its tribute in bounty revealed
"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof."

The jewels of silver, and jewels of gold,
And stones that in beauty are grand to behold,
Their value in numbers has never been told;
"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof.

And man, in the image of God has been wrought,
By Jesus, our Saviour has dearly been bought,
The way, and the truth, and the life has been taught;
"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof."

All glory to God who dwelleth on high!
And ruleth the earth, the sea, and the sky;
His children he hears in their pitiful cry,
And opens his hands every want to supply.

Morrill, Kans. —J. S. MOMLER

A BAHAMA BAPTIST UNION.

Sixty-three Native Congregations Form an Independent Body.—A Noble Work that Deserves Christian Encouragement.

A DEEPLY interesting effort which appeals strongly to the sympathies of all Christians is now being made by a number of churches in the Bahamas. In an article published in this journal on February 17th, the story of the founding of the Baptist churches in those West Indian Islands was told. It was a difficult and arduous work, extending back to the year 1834, when the devoted missionary, Rev. Joseph Burton was sent out to labor there by the Baptist Missionary Society in England. The good seed which he sowed has been nurtured since his time by several earnest, self-sacrificing men and has attained its highest growth under the Rev. Daniel Wilshere, whom the Society in 1878 appointed its Superintendent.

REV. J. J. KERR.

Mr. Wilshere entered upon his work with the ardor of a man anxious above all things for the extension of the Master's Kingdom. He was not satisfied with overseeing the churches already established, but visited the other islands of the group, organizing new churches and erecting church buildings. In order to keep touch with these infant churches, he acquired a sailing vessel which, after a little experience, he was able to command himself and in which, manned by a few sturdy volunteers who were glad at any time to help the missionary to visit his outlying spheres of labor, he paid his pastoral visits. Capable evangelists, trained under Mr. Wilshere's own care, were placed in charge of the new churches and conducted the services, Mr. Wilshere making frequent visitations to preach, baptize converts and administer the sacrament. These journeys in the intricate channels, whose submerged coral reefs are the terror of the mariner, were a new experience for the missionary, but he proved a successful pilot and God mercifully preserved him from shipwreck. So frequent were these journeys that Mr. Wilshire travelled in his good ship no less than twenty thousand miles, and carried the gospel to many islands where previously no regular religious service had been held. Through his efforts no less than twenty-eight new chapels were erected in nine of the islands. What labor this must have entailed among a people whose sole means of subsistance are agriculture and the gathering of spunges from the reefs, is not easily realized But the people loved the missionary who was so anxious for their welfare as to brave the perils of the dangerous seas to visit them; and relying on his continued help and watchful care, they made sacrifices of money, time and labor to have their own religious homes Nor was the progress limited to material things. Mr Wilshere had the gratification during his ministry there, of baptizing over two thousand new converts many of whom have talents and intelligence which fit them to become Sunday School teachers or Evangelists. Mrs. Wilshere generally accompanied her husband on his voyages and her interest in the children, whom she gathered into Sunday School, made her as welcome a guest as the missionary himself.

During Mr. Wilshere's period of service in the Islands, the English Society defrayed his expenses. Recently, however, the Society, in its annual report, stated that "the desire of the Committee with regard to the Island churches was to develop their independence and self-support, gradually reducing the European staff with a view to withdrawing such agency altogether, and leaving the native churches to their own resources." The brethren in the Bahamas learned of this intention with consternation. They communicated with the Society begging that their beloved pastor might not be withdrawn. They described the work that had already been accomplished and explained the nature of the new enterprises commenced which must inevitably fail if they were deprived of the guidance, stimulus and oversight which had been so helpful to them in

the past. After some correspondence and the visit of a deputation to the Islands, the English Society decided to adhere to its original programme. The brethren in the Bahamas were advised to amalgamate with the Baptists of Jamaica and the hope was expressed that "the noble example of the churches of Jamaica would inspire them to a like independence and self-support." The suggestion of amalgamation with Jamaica had to be rejected as impracticable, but the idea of independence was adopted by the Bahama churches. With sixty-three preaching stations on nine islands and a membership of over four thousand, they deemed themselves strong enough to form a union, independent of the parent society. Their chief cause of regret was that the decision of the society had come at a time when the erection of several chapels had been commenced but was not completed. That, however, would be a comparatively small matter if they could retain the services of their devoted superintendent and provide him with the means of continuing his visitations.

A meeting of all the members of Baptist churches on the Islands was convened under the presidency of Rev. J. J. Kerr, one of the native pastors, whose portrait appears on page 569. One speaker after another deplored the possibility of Mr. Wilshere's withdrawal and drew gloomy pictures of the anarchy, and the probable abandonment of churches which would ensue if his supervision, his ready tact and his stirring preaching were lost to the churches. It was ultimately decided to make an appeal to Mr. Wilshere to return among them and continue his work if he could be induced to sever his relation with the English Society. With this decision the inevitable financial question was necessarily connected. There is not much money among the native Baptists of the Bahamas and it was found that after all sacrifices had been made, and every member had pledged himself to the utmost he could give, the total did not reach the sum needed for the maintenance of the preaching stations, the expenses of the evangelists, the completion of the unfinished edifices and the modest sum necessary for Mr. Wilshere's support, by about two thousand dollars. The figures were stern facts and for some time it seemed as if the Baptist cause in the Bahamas was threatened with a reverse that was perilously near extinction. Then the suggestion was made that perhaps the Baptists of the United States would help in the emergency. It was remembered that the first Baptist Church resulted from American teaching, before the English people sent a missionary there and the hope was cherished that American Christians might now take up the work that the English had relinquished, and aid the struggling churches to become self-supporting. With that hope the meeting adjourned and it now remains to be seen whether it will be realized. To a Baptist desiring the maintenance and spread of Baptist doctrine and practice, a contribution to a work so thriving and hopeful will be the natural prompting of his heart, while to the brethren in the Bahamas every such contribution will be a new ground of joy and thankfulness.

SELF-CONDEMNED.

THE late Rev. Dr. Ritchie was one day preaching in Tarbolton Church, England, where he was at that time minister, against profane swearing in ordinary conversation, while one of his principle members, who was addicted to that sin was present. This gentleman thought the sermon was designedly addressed to him, and that the eyes of the whole congregation was fixed upon him. Though he felt indignant, he kept his place till the service was concluded, and then waited on the preacher, and asked him to dine with him as he was quite alone. The invitation being accepted, the gentleman, immediately after dinner, thus addressed the minister. "Sir, you have insulted me to-day in the church. I have been three times in church lately and on every one of them you have been holding me up to the derision of the audience; so I tell you, sir, I shall never more enter the church of Tarbolton again, unless you give me your solemn promise that you will abstain from such topics in the future, as I am resolved I shall no more furnish you with the theme of your discourse." Dr. Richie heard this speech to a conclusion with calmness, and then looking him steadfastly in the face, thus replied: "Very well, sir, if you took to yourself what I said to-day against swearing, does not your conscience bear witness to its truth? You say that you will not enter the church till I cease to reprove your sins; if such is your determination, it is impossible you can enter it again; for which of the commandments have you not broken?" On observing his firmness, the man confessed he was wrong and promised amendment from his evil habits.

ORDINATION TO SERVICE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Sept. 18. John 15: 16; Rom. 12: 11.

HOW can we help our church and pastor? They can be helped by praying for them, by attending the services, by money contributions, by sympathy, and kindly cheerful words. But they need more, and the Christian's duty is not fully performed unless more is rendered. As a wholesale business house sends out drummers to extend the business of the house, so the church needs that its members should go forth to bring outsiders under its influence. "Come with us and we will do you good," is a message which should be carried to godless people in godless homes. It is not proselytizing that is needed, but the bringing in of souls from the highways and hedges, who have no church and are not serving God.

There are two prevalent errors to be avoided. The first is the idea that Christian duty can be performed by proxy. However faithful and earnest may be the pastor whose salary is paid by the church, he cannot relieve the members of the church of the duty of work for Christ. Every man who takes upon him the name of Christ is "ordained to go and bear fruit." The second error is that of supposing that only in the pulpit or the foreign mission field can such service be rendered. There is abundance of work waiting to be done by the ordinary Christian. Some of the noblest lives are those in which the man labors in the office or store or shop at secular work, and gives his hours of leisure without any compensation in money, freely and gladly to labor for Christ. Near to every man's hand in his family, his neighbors, his business associates and the poor, the ignorant and vicious of his own town, are spheres of usefulness which he may fill. Perhaps he has been ordained to occupy those particular spheres and may be leaving the path of duty if he quits them, even to go to Africa or China to preach to the heathen. There may be less of honor and glory for the stay-at-home Christian, but honor and glory are not the objects a Christian should seek. In himself, in his circumstances, the Christian may see indications of the work he is called to do. A case in point appears in a letter recently received. It is full of errors in spelling and grammatical blunders, yet the writer wants to become a foreign missionary, though he acknowledges that a widowed mother is dependent upon him for support. Another letter from a man quite as uneducated, proclaims his desire to become an evangelist, though he has a wife and family and has made no provision for them. Such men need not deplore the obstacles that keep them in humble spheres. There is fruit there which can be borne for Christ. Possibly the very obstacles which keep them from entering higher spheres may be the qualifications for work among other classes. The door of a tramp's heart, which may be closed to the preacher who knocks at it with learning and eloquence, is apt to open at the simple testimony of a brother who speaks to him in his own way and on his own level. Therefore, let no man neglect the call to service nor dispise the call even if it is the service in which he can win no fame.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE Chapter at *East Brunswick, N. Y.*, sustains a reading circle, sewing society and prayer meeting, besides working the Mercy and Help department as thoroughly as possible. The sewing society has furnished new lamps for the church, chairs for the orchestra, and other necessaries. Prayer meetings are held each Sunday evening and are well attended. Epworth Church, *Brooklyn*, has been holding special services for some time past, largely owing to their live chapter of the league. On Friday evening, Aug. 5, they held an "Epworth Camp Fire," which was helpful and cheering. During the exercises, Dr. Johnston of Chapter 1093, on behalf of the local Chapter, presented a gold league badge to Miss Genevieve Austin, who had successfully conducted two sessions of the district school for the benefit of the building fund of the church. In this church the Chapter is the pastor's right hand. The League at *Gloucester, N. J.*, has grown in membership from 60 to 124 in two years. The various departments are doing efficient work. The Mercy and Help committee has done much good service among the poor. The devotional services are well sustained. The League connected with the church at *Wortendyke, N. J.*, is in a flourishing condition. The "penny-a-day" subscription plan, recently adopted to clear off a three thousand dollar mortgage on church and parsonage, is progressing, a payment of one hundred dollars having already been made. The social, religious and business meetings are well attended and full of interest. C. I. E. Mastin is president, and Miss Cassie L. Payne is secretary.

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A FAMOUS B. Y. P. U. WORKER.

ONE of the most prominent advocates and enthusiastic supporters of the Baptist Young People's Union is the Rev. Charles Luther Williams, whose portrait appears on this page. Mr. Williams is pastor of the Baptist Church, at Upland, Pa., and has for many years been

REV. CHARLES L. WILLIAMS OF UPLAND, PA.

wonderfully blessed in his ministry. The influence of his teaching is far-reaching, for among his hearers are always to be found students from Crozier Theological Seminary, many of whom have gained help from his sermons which has been useful to them in their own after ministry. The faculty of the Seminary are members of the church so that Mr. Williams has an audience which, if not critical, is highly intelligent and discriminating. The organization of the Young People's Union was naturally an event of interest to a minister who was brought into close contact with so many young people in his ministerial labors. He hailed it with enthusiasm and warmly recommended it in an eloquent speech at the Baptist meetings in Cincinnati last year. Since that time he has actively supported the Union by tongue and pen and has missed no opportunity of urging his brethren in the ministry to introduce it in their churches and avail themselves of its power of usefulness.

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DR. F. E. CLARK'S TOUR.

REV. F. E. CLARK, D.D., has just started on his journey around the world in the interest of the Christian Endeavor Society. He sailed from San Francisco for Australia August 19, and will spend a month in Australia attending various Christian Endeavor Conventions in the different colonies. He will then visit Japan, China, India, Syria and Turkey, in all of which countries meeting have been arranged in the interest of the Society. In many of these lands the Society is already firmly rooted and missionaries find it of as much value as pastors in the home churches. In Australia the Society is growing with the same marvellous rapidity as in America. Dr. Clark's purpose is not so much to establish Societies, for this is always left to the pastors and churches, but his wish is to study the missionary problem, especially as it is related to young people's societies and to see what adaptation may be necessary to promote the growth of the movement in missionary lands. Meetings have also been arranged for Dr. Clark in Paris and Berlin also in San Sebastian, Spain, and in various places in England, and the last meeting which he will attend before leaving for America in season for the convention in Montreal, will be the National British Christian Endeavor Convention, in Bradford, in June of 1893.

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A TEXAS CIRCLE.

THE Order of King's Daughters flourishes in the Lone Star State. The following is the report which has been sent to the *Silver Cross*, by Mrs. A. A. Johnstone of Dallas: Our Circles, for we are really a central Circle, since our membership numbers about eighty, have made themselves felt for good this winter. Their helpfulness has been recognized, so that when a stranger in the city accidentally finds a suffering family and asks a policeman to whom she or the family may go to seek relief, they are directed to The King's Daughters, who attend to all such cases. Another proof of what this loving, earnest band of girls and women have done, is that we have been entrusted with a gift of $150, given in November by a large drygoods merchant to the poor of the city—we to be the almoners—and yesterday we were given an additional $50. The entire sum of the gift of this firm was about $2,110, and was divided among eight different charities. It was a marked compliment to the Order of The King's Daughters that each of the Circles in Dallas received for distribution $200. The Helping Hands are making all possible arrangements to open a Charity Kindergarten in connection with a Day Nursery for the poor children of the city, next fall. We are at the present time engaged in collecting a library for the prison. We will see that good religious papers, Bibles, etc., and flowers are placed on the table in this room every Saturday night as a silent reminder of the Lord's Day. We hope to thus minister to the Lord in prison, for some are innocent, and perhaps in others we may fan the spark of purity, until it will again blaze forth and purify the hearts of its owners. At any rate, we will do this "In His Name," and pray the blessings of our Father on the work. Our Circle claim that they receive more in spiritual strength than they are able to give in loving deeds to others.

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C. E. GIFTS TO FOREIGN MISSIONS.

NOT all of the Foreign Missionary Societies have yet begun to classify their receipts with a view of ascertaining the proportion received from the various young people's societies. Mr. John Willis Baer, however, has received statements of the exact figures in some cases and the approximate figures in others of the amounts contributed by Christian Endeavor Societies. These, which he publishes in the *Golden Rule*, show how lively is the interest the Societies take in this foreign mission work. The more prominent amounts are as follows: Mr. William Dulles, Jr., treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, writes, "The Christian Endeavor Societies gave us $3,405.41 in the year ending May 1, 1891, and in the year ending May 1, 1892, $9,035.60,—an increase of $5,630.19." Mrs. N. W. Campbell, writing for the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest, says, "The amount of money sent to our Board by the Y. P. S. C. E. during the last year amounted to $1,702.98. *The Missionary Herald* acknowledges in the last six months receipts from the Christian Endeavor societies of $3,500.00 to the American Board." Harriet W. May, assistant treasurer of the Woman's Board of Missions, writes, "We have received from the Christian Endeavor Societies in our territory from May 18, 1891, to June 18, 1892, $2,738.72." Mrs. N. M. Waterbury, the secretary of the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, writes, "We have received from Christian Endeavor Societies in New England and Middle States $562.77." Rev. J. H. Miller, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Board, says, "The Christian Endeavor Societies have sent to our Board $495.37."

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THE Young People's Baptist Unions of Missouri propose holding a great State Convention in October next. The meeting will be held in Kansas City, Mo., in the Calvary Baptist Church.

FOREVER HIS.

HEAVEN above is softer blue,
Earth around is sweeter green,
Something lives in every hue
Christian eyes have never seen;
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
Flowers with deeper beauty shine,
Since I knew as now I know,
I am his, and he is mine.

Things that once were wild alarms
Cannot now disturb my rest
Closed in everlasting arms,
Pillowed on the loving breast.
Oh, to lie forever here,
Doubt and care and self resign,
While he whispers in my ear,
I am his and he is mine.

His forever, only his;
Who the Lord and me shall part?
Ah, with what a rest of bliss
Christ can fill the loving heart!
Heaven and earth may fade and flee,
Firstborn light in gloom decline
But while God and I shall be,
I am his, and he is mine.

FEET-WASHING IN THE EAST.

A Time-Honored Ceremony, Peculiar to the Orient—Its Significance and Observance.

ONE of the most ancient customs known to Eastern civilization is depicted in our illustration on this page: that of feet-washing. The picture shows the washing of the feet in the court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem, as publicly performed by the Greek Church every year. The custom, in olden time, held a high place among the duties of hospitality, and was intended as a mark of regard for the guest, as well as a token of affectionate solicitude by his entertainer for his welfare. At the present time, it is still practised in many parts of the East, although not to the same extent as in ancient days.

Feet-washing doubtless had its origin in the necessities of the tropical climate of the Orient. In all warm countries, cleanliness is a matter of high importance and particularly in climates where leprosy prevails. Health demands it and religion sanctions it—hence foot-washing came to be of the nature of a religious ceremonial, rather than an ordinary ablution for sanitary purposes. Leading commentators have expressed the opinion that this is probably the reason of the stringent laws laid down by Moses, touching the clean and the unclean, with regard to feet-washing, which was enjoined not only on the ground of personal propriety and purity, but also as a rite approved by hospitality and religion. In hot climates, the washing of the feet is one of the most grateful attentions that can be paid to the traveller. There the foot is not protected as in colder latitudes, much of it being left exposed and liable to come in contact with the impurities of the streets and highways. Moreover, custom dictated that on entering a house, a guest should lay aside his sandals or shoes. Feet-washing is mentioned in Abraham's time as one of the obligatory usages of Eastern hospitality. (Gen. 18: 4; 9: 2 and 24: 32.) Slaves or menials were generally accustomed to perform this office; but when a host wished to pay special respect to a visitor, it was not considered undignified to personally undertake the humble task.

In many places in the Bible, feet-washing is mentioned. David (in Psalm 60: 8) says "Moab is my wash-pot," intimating its reduction to a state of servitude or slavery. The most extraordinary instance of the Eastern custom is that related in the 13th chapter of John's Gospel, where Christ is represented as washing the feet of his disciples after supper, and thereby teaching them a lesson in lowly humility, and brotherly, Christian love, which has come down to us as one of the most beautiful episodes in his life on earth. He showed them that love exalts the humblest service, and that the groundwork of Christian character is, above all, meekness, solicitude for others, and forgetfulness of self in the spirit of pure benevolence.

Not only among the Jews was the religious rite of washing the feet customary, but we find evidence of it having prevailed at one time among the Greeks and Romans. In apostolic days, the command "ye ought also to wash one another's feet," was observed in spirit and letter, and the subject was a matter of discussion by church synods and ecclesiastical counsels. Some held that it should be performed as a religious rite on the anniversary of the day when Christ washed the feet of his disciples. The Greek Church regarded it as a sacrament. In none of the Christian churches, however, did it become a public practice. In Greek convents and in Russian churches, it is still solemnly observed, as well as among the dignitaries of the Roman Church, the latter making washing of the feet of "twelve poor persons," an annual ceremony, in some of the larger European cities.

FOOT-WASHING BY THE GREEKS AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM.
(From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage in the Holy Land.)

In the modern Christian church, the custom has very largely died out. Luther opposed it as a useless symbol and said, "We have nothing to do with feet-washing with water, otherwise it is not only the feet of the twelve, but everybody we should wash." The Church of England, which for some time adhered literally to the practice, many years ago substituted an annual donation to the poor, of clothes, food and money. The Moravians revived it, but did not make it a rigid law of the Church. The Mennonites and some few other sects still practice the rite.

The spirit inculcated by our Saviour, rather than the act itself, is practised by earnest Christians in our own country. It was the spirit of humility and readiness to help and comfort the brethren, and Christ exemplified it by performing a most ignoble service—an act which had to be done frequently in a hot, dusty climate. This spirit may be exercised to-day by many kinds of service, and those so doing are yielding an obedience to the Master that will probably be more acceptable than the literal performance of an office which was peculiar to the climate and circumstances of its origin.

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Franklin's Choice of Books.

FROM a child (wrote Franklin in his autobiography), I was fond of reading; and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with *Pilgrim's Progress*, my first collection was of John Bunyan's works, in separate little volumes. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read. *Plutarch's Lives* there was, in which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to good advantage. There was also a book of De Foe's, called an *Essay on Projects*, and another of Dr. Mather's, called *Essays to do Good*, which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small book, which I was careful to return soon, and clean. After some time, an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing-house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read.

***

The Right of a Child.

THE child has a right to a place of his own, to things of his own, to surroundings which has some relation to his size, his desires, and his capabilities, writes Kate Douglas Wiggin in *Scribner's Magazine*. How should we like to live half the time in a place where the piano was twelve feet tall, the door-knobs at an impossible height, and the mantel-shelf in the sky? where every mortal thing was out of reach except a lot of highly interesting objects on dressing-tables and bureaus, which, however, would be guarded by giants and giantesses, three times as large and powerful as ourselves, who would say, "mustn't touch," and, if we did touch, we should be spanked, and have no other method of revenge save to spank back symbolically on the inoffensive persons of our doll?

Again, the child has a right to more justice in his discipline than we are generally wise and patient enough to give him. He is, by and by, to come in contact with a world where cause and effect follow each other inexorably. He has a right to be taught, and to be governed by the laws under which he must afterward live; but, in too many cases, parents interfere so mischievously and unnecessarily between causes and effects that the child's mind does not, cannot, perceive the logic of the things as it might.

***

Let the Children Romp!

WE expect too much of our children when they become Christians. Do not let us measure their qualifications by our own bushel. We ought to be ashamed to look for a gravity and deep appreciation of eternal things such as we find in grown persons. We have seen old sheep in the pasture-field look anxious and troubled because the lambs would frisk. No doubt the children that were lifted by their mothers in Christ's arms, and got his blessing, five minutes after he set them down were as full of romp as before they came to him. The boy that because he has become a Christian is disgusted with ball-playing, the little girl who because she has given her heart to God has lost her interest in her waxen doll, are morbid and unhealthy. You ought not to set the life of a vivacious child to the tune of Old Hundred.

When the little ones come before you and apply for church membership, do not puzzle them with big words, and expect large "experiences" It is now in the Church as when the disciples of old told the mothers not to trouble Christ with their babes. As in some households the grown people eat first, and the children have to wait till the second table so there are persons who talk as though God would have the grown people first sit down at his banquet; and if there is anything over, the little ones may come in for a share.

***

CHOOSING A CHOIR.

IN choosing a choir and setting it apart to its special work, says *The Musical Messenger*, the congregation has not turned over to it all its own rights and privileges, but there are some things that the congregation has a right to demand and that the true choir is bound to grant.

First, the choir must not usurp all the music. They must not spend all the time singing solos, duets, quartets and anthems, in which the congregation cannot join. Nor should the hymns they select be of such a character or rendered in such a manner as to bar out the members of the congregation. They are simply to be the leaders of the music, and that implies that the congregation is to accompany them, which they can only do when the music is brought within their comprehension and ability. In the selection of their music the choir should keep in mind the abilities of the congregation that they lead.

We would not be understood as intimating that the choir must pander to a congregation, if it has mediocre ability or low taste. On the contrary, as the leaders of the congregation they should lead them up to the highest possible planes of excellence. But let them be sure that they lead, and do not attempt to drive the congregation. There is quite a difference between the two procedures.

We would emphasize the fact that the choir is not chosen for the purpose of giving them opportunities to show off their abilities and wonderful talents. The church service is not a musical exhibition, but is a place of worship, and unless the choir can help in arousing and cultivating the devotional spirit in those assembled, it is a failure.

***

"Are You a Christian?"

THAT is what a girl wrote to me the other day, says Ruth Ashmore in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. I do not think she meant to be impertinent at all. Suppose I had answered "Yes," suppose I had answered "No." By neither of these answers would she have known what I really was; for one might accept the story of Christ, and believe it, and yet not be a Christian, because it is "by their works ye shall know them." What are your works? What have you done that gives you the right to call yourself a Christian?

Having you been like unto Christ himself, loving, forgiving even unto death?

Have you been like Christ himself, considerate of the sinner? Thinking out the cause of the sin, and tempering justice with mercy?

Have you been like Christ himself, the joy and comfort of your mother's heart?

Have you, like Christ himself, done absolutely unto each one as you would be done by?"

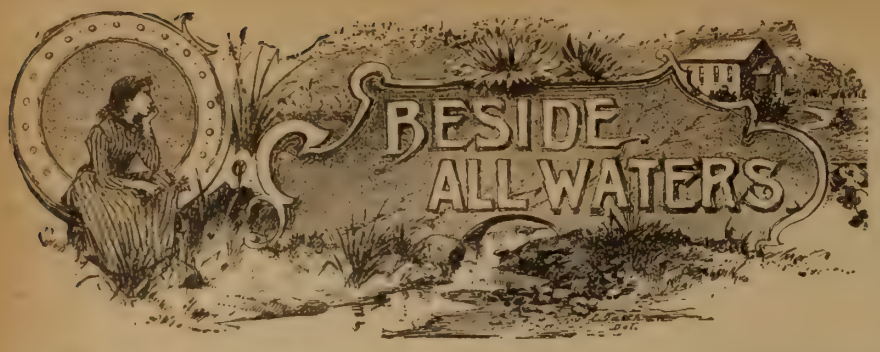
Have you, like Christ himself, been full of loving-kindness and sweet humility?

It is possible that you have not even tried to be all, or part of this; it is possible that your idea of Christianity is the reading of sermons and questioning the faith of your sister woman. Do not do this, my friend. Make your own life every day so much more like Christ's that out of your gentleness and sweetness will come not the unkind interrogation, but the beautiful example that makes every woman look at you and say, as a quiet prayer, "This woman is a Christian."

***

Over-Dressing.

THE evil in the feminine dress of to-day lies not with our rich women, but with our women of average means. It is not the mistress who overdresses so much as it is her servant, who tries to imitate her. Just in proportion as a woman is refined in her nature is she quiet in her dress. A refined woman never dresses loudly, or wastes money in useless gewgaws. Mothers would do well to warn their daughters against the sin and folly of vanity in dress. It has brought many a petted daughter to ruin to be permitted in youth to indulge in a passion for dress.



BY
LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*
Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

"SYMANTHA," Kit said timidly one day, why don't you ask our Father in heaven to make Uncle Phin good? Don't you believe he could?"

"I don't know, child; I suppose so. Do you believe it?"

"Yes, I do. There was the thief on the cross: I read about him this morning. And I know other wicked people have been made good."

Well, child, pray for him, then, and for me too, if you like. I am sure I am glad if you take comfort in that or anything else. How do you get on with your singing-school?"

"Oh, nicely!" replied Kit with animation. "We have learned 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' and 'There is a green hill far away,' and 'Onward, Christian soldiers.' That is splendid. They are going to sing it in meeting tomorrow night," said Kit with a sudden change of tone. "Don't I wish I could go!"

"Don't you wish you could go where?" asked Phin. He had left his boots at the door, and come quietly in his stocking-feet, so that no one had heard him.

"To meeting," said Kit, rather alarmed, but standing her ground, and half hoping her uncle might relent.

"Well, you won't do any such thing."

"I don't see what harm it would do," said Kit. "If it is all nonsense, as you say, it would do no more hurt than going to the circus or the theatre; and you used to let me go there. And if it is true"—

"Hush, Kit," said Symantha.

"True or false, you won't go. And you are not going near that schoolhouse for anything again. Do you hear?"

"Not to school?" faltered Kit.

"No!" thundered Phin. "Not to school nor for anything else. If you say another word I will take you over to Oldbury, and set you to drawing beer at Stillwell's. I was a fool not to do it before."

Kit's own temper flamed up. "I'll never draw beer at Stillwell's or anywhere else," said she. "I hate beer,—it makes you so ugly, uncle Phin—and I'll never touch it."

"You won't, eh? You go down cellar and get me a glass this minute."

"I won't."

"Father!" said Symantha warningly, but Phin was not to be controlled. He had come home from Oldbury vexed at losing money at gambling, irritated as a weak man always is at the slavery to which he was reduced by his own weakness, and ready to visit that irritation on the first helpless object that came in his way.

He whipped Kit till her screams alarmed him. "There, now go to bed; and don't let me see you again to-night," said he, releasing her at last. "Come, we'll know who is to be master."

Kit crept away to bed, trembling so she could hardly stand. Sorely beaten as she was, the pain was the least of her troubles. That which she had most feared had fallen upon her. To stay away from school,—that was the worst. To have no Miss Armstrong to go to in her troubles; to have no one to answer her questions, and explain to her what she did not understand,—oh, it was too dreadful to think of! Symantha watched her chance, and brought the child some supper; but she could not eat. Even her prayers seemed to bring her no comfort. She slept only in snatches till the cocks began to crow, and the light to shine into her uncertained windows. Then she rose, and sought her Testament in the place where she kept it hidden. As she read, her face became calmer, and she ceased her sobs. Her Guardian was still in heaven. He saw and knew it all. He would forgive her, and take her part. Kit kneeled and poured out her heart in prayer; and then, lying down, she fell at last into a deep, quiet slumber.

When Kit came down stairs, she found breakfast ready, and her uncle just come in.

"Halloo! here's the saint," said he roughly. "There, hold your tongue, and eat your breakfast; but mind, you are not going to school."

Kit dared not say any more Phin did not go to Oldbury, but staid about the house doing odd jobs of repairing, and waiting upon his wife, who had been very unwell for several weeks. His fondness and tenderness for her was one of his best traits. He never spoke harshly to her in his worst moments, and would take any amount of pains to give her a little comfort. Symantha brought out her basket of mending, and asked Kit to help her with the stockings; saying, with a meaning look,—

"You can take your work up in your own room, if you like. I am going to clean the floor."

Kit understood, as well as if the words had been spoken, that Symantha meant to give her a chance to read. She fastened the door, and, having despatched her task of mending neatly and quickly (for, thanks to Symantha's training, she was an expert needle-woman), she drew her precious "Pilgrim's Progress" from its hiding-place, and read for a long time. Then she got out her Testament, and read the two last chapters of St. Luke's Gospel. She was going through the book in course, wondering and delighted more and more at all she found there. Her lively imagiuation and quick sense of the beautiful gave reality to all the stories; and she pondered over them as she walked to and from school, or drove up the cows from their pasture, or helped Symantha with the sewing. This morning she was deeply impressed with the story of the Resurrection. She seemed to see it all,—the women coming to the sepulchre (something like the burial-vaults she had seen in the cemetery at St. Louis, she thought) in the early morning, while it was yet dark; the visit of the apostles; Mary mourning by herself, not recognizing her risen Lord in the perplexing dusk of the early twilight, till he called her by name.

Her meditations were interrupted by a call to dinner.

"Where is Uncle Phin?" she asked.

"He is sitting with ma. She is very bad to-day."

"I have not heard her."

"No, she has not spoken at all; and I cannot persuade her to eat a mouthful—Come, father; come to dinner."

The meal passed almost in silence.

"Let me wash up the dishes," said Kit after it was finished. "You look so tired!"

"I did not suppose such a fine lady as you are could wash dishes," said Phin. "I dare say Miss Armstrong never washed a dish in her life."

Kit made no answer. She was determined not to be provoked again if she could help it. She did up the work neatly; and then, taking her hat and her book, she went up to her old resting-place on the hill, from whence she could see the schoolhouse. She knew just what was going on, and could almost see the larger girls engaged in preparing their grammar lesson, and the little ones taking it in turn to read their small tasks by Miss Armstrong's side. It would be abont Jenny Hurd's turn now, she thought. She would lean against Miss Armstrong. Perhaps Miss Armstrong's arm would be around her. What would she not give to be in her place! Jenny did not like to come to school, and would rather play all day; and yet Jenny could have the privilege from which she was shut out. It was very strange, Kit thought.

"Anyhow, uncle Phin can't ever take away from me what I have learned. He can never make things as they were before I knew Miss Armstrong; nothing in the world can do that. And they are things which will last for ever and ever," said Kit, half aloud, realizing in her sorrow the truth which has come to so many other people in times of change and bereavement,—that the things which are seen are temporal; while it is only the things that are not to be seen by mortal eyes, or handled by mortal hands, that are real and eternal. Then another thought occurred to Kit, which made her take out her little Testament, already showing signs of the wear it suffered by being carried in her pocket. She turned to the second chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and was soon so deeply engaged in study that she started as if she had been shot when Ida spoke to her.

"Why, Kitty! how does it happen that you are not in school?"

"Uncle Phin won't let me go," answered Kit, with a quivering lip. "He says I shall not go any more."

"But that is a great pity, when you are getting on so nicely," said Amity. "Why did he say that?"

"He got angry at me," said Kit. "I was naughty, I know; but I don't think that was the reason. It was just because he was put out about something else. I was in hopes he had forgotten all about it this morning,—he does that way very often,—but he says I shall never go there again."

"We will hope that he will change his mind, as you say he has done so before. What are you doing now?"

"Learning verses out of the Testament," answered Kit. "I was thinking that uncle Phin nor any one else could take away the things I had learned. And then I thought, 'what if I should lose my Testament again, or go where I couldn't have any teaching?' So I made up my mind to learn as many verses as I could; because, don't you see, nobody can take away the things I have in my mind."

"Other people besides you have done that, Kitty," said Amity. "Last summer I went to visit a mountainous country in Europe, where live a brave and good people who for many hundred years were dreadfully persecuted on account of their religion. The more these people were persecuted, the more closely they clung to their own religion, and the more they loved the Bible. But, because they were liable at any time to lose their books, they used to do as you are doing. All the children were taught to commit to memory the whole of the Gospels. As they grew up they learned more and more, till many grown men and women could say the New Testament from beginning to end. See here, I want you to look at this picture, and tell me if you ever saw any one like it."

Kit took the photograph Ida offered her, and regarded it long and earnestly.

"It looks very much like aunt Martha, only it is younger," said she. "I think she might have looked like that when she was a girl."

"I suppose nobody sees your aunt," said Amity.

"Nobody ever comes to our house," replied Kit. "Uncle Phin doesn't like to have them, because aunt Martha is afraid of strangers. At least, he says that is the reason; but I don't really think so," she added, after a moment's reflection.

"Why not?"

"Because she was not afraid on the cars, when we came here," said Kit: "she liked it. She used to look out of the window. And sometimes she would say quite sensible things. She did not have a single bad time."

"How has she been since she lived here?" asked Amity.

"She has not been as well. She has grown thin, and coughs at night. Symantha thinks she has got the consumption."

"And about her mind?"

"Well, sometimes she is better, and then she is worse. She cries a great deal, and some days she will not eat at all. But I must be going," said Kit, looking at the sun.

"One thing more," said Amity. "Excuse me for asking so many questions, Kit; I have a reason for them. Are your uncle and Symantha kind to her?"

"I am afraid that is hardly a fair question, Amity," said Ida.

"Oh, yes, they are very kind to her," replied Kit. "Symantha is good to everybody, and Uncle Phin would do anything in the world for aunt Martha. I never heard him speak a hard word to her, even when she was the most troublesome. And even Melissa never dared to be cross to her when he was in the house. I don't think uncle Phin would be cross to any one if he would let the beer alone. When we first came here, before he began to go to Oldbury, he was just as good as he could be. But I must go. It must be nearly five o'clock."

"Yes; we won't keep you any longer," said Ida. "That is an excellent idea of yours, about learning the Gospels by heart. Good-night, little one."

"I believe that aunt of hers is really Kathleen Joyce," said Amity as she and Ida turned homeward.

"So do I. And I believe, moreover, that she is the child's mother. I do so wish aunt Barbara could see her; but I don't know what excuse she could make for forcing herself in, especially as we have no proof that the poor thing is ill-treated."

"Miss Celia says she screams dreadfully at times, and that the neighbors have talked of interfering," remarked Amity. "If they should, something might be done. At any rate, it might be a comfort to aunt Barbara to know that the poor thing is kindly treated."

As Kit came down the hill behind her uncle's house, she stopped and listened as the sound of wild and piercing screams, poured forth in quick succession, fell on her ear.

"Aunt Martha is bad again," she thought; and, quickening her steps, she reached the house, and entered her aunt's bedroom. The poor woman was sitting up in bed, uttering scream upon scream, and making frantic efforts to escape from her husband's arms and throw herself on the floor; while he and Symantha strove in vain to soothe her.

"What shall we do?" said Phin, glancing at his daughter with a look almost of despair. "She will hurt herself, and rouse the neighbors besides."

"Let me try," said Kit unable to keep quiet any longer. An idea had darted into her head which she longed to put in practice.

"Well do," said Symantha. "You can't do any harm. She is as bad as she can be, now."

Kit seated herself on the side of the bed, and, without a word of what she was about to do, she began singing,—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

to the tender pleading music of the Spanish hymn.

The poor woman's screams and struggles ceased at once. She leaned back on her husband's breast, and listened like one entranced till Kit sang the hymn all through.

"I used to sing that," said she when Kit was silent. "I used to sing a great many hymns before they took away my Lord. But they have taken him away, they have taken him away; and I know not where they have laid him."

"Oh, no, aunt Martha!" said Kit cheerfully. "They haven't taken him away: nobody could do that. You know Mary thought they had, but she was mistaken. He had risen from the dead, and was close by her all the time, only it was so dark she couldn't see to tell who it was. But when he spoke to her, then she knew him."

"But he won't speak to me," said the invalid. "He never speaks to me now. Do you think he ever will?"

"Yes, I know he will. I am going to read you what he says." And forgetting everything in her desire to comfort the sufferer, forgetting even her fears for her chiefest treasure, Kit took her precious Testament from her pocket; and, opening it at random, she began to read. Mrs. Mallory listened with evident pleasure. Presently, however, her eyelids began to droop, her fingers ceased to pick at the bedclothes, her head sank back. She had fallen into a quiet slumber. Phin gently laid her head back on the pillow, while Symantha darkened the window. Presently he went to the door, and beckoned out Kit, who was still reading in subdued tones. Kit obeyed, though she was terribly frightened when she thought of what she had done.

"But I don't care," she said. "I know it was right."

To her amazement, Phin lifted her in his arms, and kissed her.

"You are a good girl, Kit. You shall do as you like. You may go to school, and to meeting too, if you want to."

"O uncle Phin! do you mean it?"

"Yes, I mean it. There, child, don't strangle me," as Kit threw her arms round his neck in a vehement hug.

"And may I really go to meeting and to Sunday School?" asked Kit

"I didn't say anything about Sunday school. However, I don't care," said Phin. "Yes, you may go, though I don't see what pleasure you find in it."

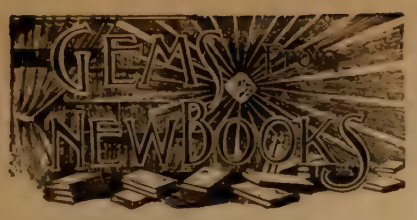
"Go yourself, ond you will find out," said Kit.

"See here! you are one of the folks, that, when you give an inch, they take an ell. Go to meeting, if you like; but don't take to preaching, yourself. But see here, Kit; how did you dare get out that Testament? Wasn't you afraid I would burn it up, as I did the other one?"

"I didn't think about myself, anyway," answered Kit: "I only thought of comforting aunt Martha. And, you see, it did comfort her. You won't burn it up, will you uncle Phin?"

(*To be Continued.*)

* By special arrangement with Thomas Whittaker, publisher, New York.



THE DEATH OF DE SOTO.*

THE country southwest of the Missouri was then occupied by the Dacota tribes. De Soto had heard the country so much praised, that he supposed it the vicinity of mineral wealth, so he resolved to visit its towns. With longing eyes they pressed on and on in the delusive hope of catching a glimpse of some Caxamalca, and day by day hoped that the rising or setting sun might throw its rays on the glittering spires and towers of a Cuzco with temples to despoil and altars to desecrate; but, alas, they were ever doomed to disappointment. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and as day after day and week after week went by with only the long, endless stretches of prairie and woodland in view, De Soto's heart sank within him. He grew more silent, and, in his despair, pressed on, as if determined to make some great discovery, or carry his decreasing band beyond human reach.

In ascending the Mississippi, they were often obliged to wade through morasses. At length they came, as it would seem, upon the district of Little Prairie, and the dry and elevated lands which extend toward New Madrid in Missouri. Here the Spaniards were worshipped as children of the sun, and the blind were brought in their presence to be healed by these sons of light. "Pray only to God for whatever you need," De Soto told them.

The pecan nut, the mulberry, and several species of wild plum furnished food for the wanderers. At a place called Pocaha, somewhere in the State of Missouri or Kansas, the Spaniards halted forty-five days. This marked the extent of their northward march. Estevan, with a small party, went a little further northwest, to find only endless stretches of prairie, but thinly populated and with the bisons roaming over the plains in every direction in which the imagination of the Spaniards or caprice of their leader would indicate that gold was to be found. Estevan and Nicosia had but one horse between them, which carried their arms and baggage, while they trudged along on foot, close behind the grim chieftain, who walked at the head of his diminished army. Their numbers were constantly reduced by sickness and famine. Some favored returning; others were for pressing on to Mexico and joining Cortez. They found the natives a little further advanced in civilization than on the eastern side of the river They were an agricultural people, with fixed places of abode, subsisting on the products of the field rather than the chase. The condition of the Spaniards was now growing desperate. The sixth of March, 1542, found De Soto on the Washita River, in what is now known as Paul's Valley, Chickasaw Nation, Indian Territory, north of Red River. By following Red River, on the 17th of April they came to the Mississippi River. On asking if there were settlements below, De Soto was told that the lower banks of the Mississippi were an uninhabited waste. Unwilling to believe such disheartening news, he sent Estevan, with eight of his horsemen, to descend the banks of the Mississippi and explore the country. For eight days Estevan pressed on through bayous and almost impassable cane-brakes, being able to advance only thirty miles. The report was received by De Soto with anxiety. His horses and men were dying around him, and the natives day by day became more bold in proportion to the weakening of his ranks. At Natchez, the governor tried to overcome the chief by claiming a supernatural birth and demanding obedience and tribute.

"You say you are a child of the sun," the undaunted chief replied. "Dry up this river and I will believe you. Do you desire to see me? Visit the town where I dwell. If you come in peace, I will receive you in good faith; if in war, I will not shrink from you."

"Alas, I am no longer able to punish the temerity of these savages," De Soto groaned, on receiving this insulting reply. The governor's stubborn pride was changed by long disappointment into a wasting melancholy, and only a few evenings later Estevan found him in his quarters burning with a malignant fever.

He became delirious, raving of cities of gold, mountains of pearls, and rivers of blood. When he called the name of his young and beautiful wife, in his more lucid intervals, his watchers were melted to tears. Shortly after sunrise he sank into a comatose state from which he never rallied, dying at noon on the 21st day of May 1542. His death was kept a secret from the Indians, and for a long time it was a serious question how they were to dispose of the body. Moscoso ordered him to be buried secretly at the gateway in the camp, and gave it out that he had gone up to heaven, but would soon return. The suspicions of the Indians, who had seen him sick, were aroused, and Moscoso ordered him to be disinterred at midnight. He was taken in a boat, wrapped in his finest robe, and sunk in the great river he had discovered.

The enterprise was now in its fourth year, and nothing but disaster had followed it from the beginning. It was decided to seek Mexico by land, rather than reach Cuba by such wretched vessels as they could procure; but after another half a year spent in wandering through wilderness and prairie, they returned once more to the Mississippi, reaching it a few leagues below the mouth of Red River.

*From *Estevan;* a delightful, historical narrative of the Spanish Conquests; by John R. Musick; illustrated, 400 pages, cloth; Funk & Wagnalls Co., N. Y., publishers.

SOCIAL CUSTOMS OF THE PUEBLOS.†

THE laws of the Pueblo are simple but admirable, and are thoroughly enforced. Crime is practically unknown; and for occasional minor lapses the offender is induced to jail by a handcuff more civilized than our own, since it fits about the neck, and the culprit can neither be tortured by it, nor reach nor pull back upon his captors. The gentleness of officials and laymen is always notable. A offender is never clubbed nor choked into acquiescence, but is overpowered without a scratch. A drunken vagabond once shot a woman in Isleta and fled. A posse with rifles pursued and soon overtook him. He intrenched himself and was ready to shoot the first who should come nearer. Instead of silencing him with a bullet, as there was perfect justice in doing, the Alguazil ordered him dislodged with stones. A deft throw stunned him, and he was captured with one unimportant bruise. This is a typical case.

The social corner-stone is not the family, but the clan. Husband and wife must belong to different gentes, and the children follow her clan. In other words, descent is from the mother, and not from the father. The Pueblo had invented Woman's Rights before any Caucasian acquired that social insomnia, and it remains one of his fundaments. He has never used his wife as a pack-beast. He is not henpecked, but just; and even finds no shame in "toting" the baby upon his back all day when he has no more essential duty. The spheres of the sexes are clearly defined, but manfully. The woman is complete owner of the house and all it contains save his personal trinkets; and she has no other work to do than housework, at which she is not sloven. Should her husband ill-treat her, she could permanently evict him from home, and would be upheld in so doing. The man tills the fields, and they are his; but after the crops are housed she has an equal voice in their disposition. The live-stock is of course his; but he will seldom sell an animal without consulting his wife. The family relations are very beautiful.

†From an article on "The Indian who is not Poor" by Charles F. Lummis in the September *Scribner.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Modern Dick Whittington, by James Payn; 334 pages: paper; price 50 cts. John A. Taylor & Co., New York, publishers.

Mayflower Tales, by Julian Hawthorne, Grant Allen, Richard Dowling and Hume Nesbit, 191 pages; paper; price 30 cts. John A. Taylor & Co., New York, publishers.

The Epistle to the Ephesians, by Rev. Prof. G. G. Findlay, B.A. of Leeds, England, (continuation of *The Expositor's Bible* series), 440 pages; cloth; price $1.50. A.C. Armstrong & Son, New York, publishers.

Silver Tones, a new Temperance and Prohibition Song Book, for use in the W. C. T. U., Temperance and Prohibition Party work, Religious Meetings, etc., by Rev. C. H. Mead, G. E. Charles and Rev. W. A. Williams; board covers, pp. 112; price 35 cents. W. A. Williams, Warnock, O., publisher.

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Wm. G. Oehmig, Chattanooga, Tenn. We have not the hymn you mention.

J. C. Nichols, Sutton Junction, P. Q. Address him care of Funk & Wagnalls, Publishers, New York.

M. A. S., Fort Custer, Mont. For all information about the King's Daughters write to *The Silver Cross*, 158 W. 23d St., N. Y.

A. M. M., Chillicothe, Mo. We have never heard that the history you mention was regarded as a standard.

Grocer, Pittsburg, Pa. All Sunday merchandise is sin. To purchase fruit picked on Sunday is to encourage sin in others.

Reader, Stratford, Ia. We do not care to express an opinion now on the matter, further than has already appeared in these columns several months ago.

Wm. R. W. Morey, Old Chatham, N. Y. Where can I obtain a copy of a compilation of poems entitled, *Great Sayings by Great Men?*

Write to J. E. Jewett, publisher, Bible House, New York.

J. D. F., Aurelius, Mich. 1. Is the —— Company, reliable? 2. What is the distance from Washington to New York?

1. We cannot undertake to guarantee the responsibility of any concern of which we know nothing. 2. 205 miles.

R. J. Park, Waterloo, Ia., How is the age of the palm tree discovered? On forest trees, it is found by counting the circles of wood-growth on the stump. I fail to find any way to tell the age of the palm.

Possibly some reader, who is a student of arboriculture, may furnish this information.

Rhoda Potter, Linden Hall, Pa. Where can I find the hymn which contains these lines:

But every virtue of the soul
Must constitute a perfect whole,
All shining in its place.

Possibly some reader may be able to furnish the desired information.

A. M., N. Y. City. Do you consider it wrong to play anything but sacred music on an instrument on the Sabbath?

Yes; secular work as well as secular amusements are forbidden on the Lord's Day. This would include secular music.

Reader, La Kisich, San Diego Co., Cal. Please give the Protestant explanation of the passage "And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven?"

See answer to Elsie Campbell, Troy, Neb., in No. 33 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

J. M. Brown, Chicago. How many postal cards are used in this country annually?

The total consumption now reaches 400,000,000, being an average of about seven to every person in the country.

G. B. S., Brooklyn, Mich. In view of the frequent disasters in our county by fire and tornado and flood, would it be legal for Congress to put at interest a fund of say half a million of dollars from the U. S. Treasury, which interest should be used as an emergency fund for the immediate relief of the suffering? Is there a precedent for so doing?

We know of no precedent. Congress has power to make a special appropriation in such cases, from the public funds. There would seem to be no need for the creation of a special fund.

Several answers have been received to the letter of E. A. Campbell, Corona, L.I., inquiring the name of the author of the poem beginning: "Tell me, ye winged winds." John H. Andrews, Galva, Ill., writes, stating that the author is Charles Mackay, and that the music is by the once famous Baker family. John L. Weeden, Campbell Hill, Ill., and Dora M. Varian, Baltimore, Md., also give the author as Charles Mackay, while M. B. S., Jersey City, N. J., declares it to have been written by Mrs. Felicia Hemans, the famous English poet.

Who said "A Rasher of Bacon?"

It was Pater Familias, and he said it because he was a little overworked, and wanted something appetizing for breakfast next morning. So the good mother sent out that very evening and got some Ferris Boneless Bacon, and when her other half had finished his delicious repast of bacon and eggs in the morning, he felt like a new man, and told her so as he kissed her good-by. She always buys Ferris' brand now.

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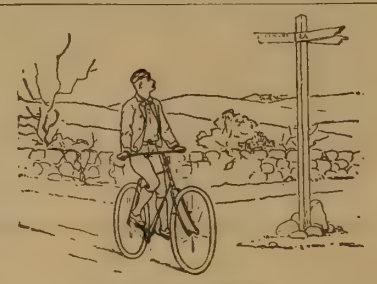

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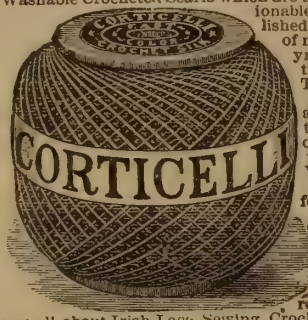

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ALL the world is now talking of the Chicago Fair, the great Columbian Exposition in celebration of the Quadri-Centennial of the Discovery of America, which opens in the Western Metropolis next spring. Everybody will make an effort to visit the Fair. The extent of the preparations, the number and vastness of the buildings, the widespread interest among other participating nations, and the enthusiastic, patriotic rivalry among our own States, all point to an Exposition of unrivalled scope and magnificence.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, watchful of the progress of this grandest material enterprise of our time, has published descriptions of the buildings, now nearly completed, which conveyed but faintly an idea of their extent and magnificence to our readers' minds. But the Fair is something to be *seen* not read about; to be

Personally Visited and Enjoyed

as the grandest demonstration of God's goodness in prospering this Union and this people.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received many letters of inquiry from different parts of the country regarding the Fair, and after careful consideration it has arranged a plan specially for the benefit of its readers and their friends, by which those who wish to visit Chicago can do so, without the outlay of a dollar. This will secure to all who profit by the plan, railroad transportation from their own States to Chicago and return, and one week's board and lodging in a pleasant location, convenient to the Fair Grounds. They will have had an experience both novel and edifying, and one to remember in the coming years. The entire world will be represented at the Fair. This vast gathering will tax the facilities of railroads, hotels, and lodging-houses. As at all the previous great Fairs (and particularly that at Philadelphia, in 1876), prices will be put

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For every person who during the six months from July 1st to Dec. 31, secures the number of new, annual, full-paid subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, stipulated below, at $1.50 each, we will send transportation tickets to Chicago and return, and a coupon entitling the holder to seven days' excellent board and accommodation at a location convenient to the World's Fair Grounds. This offer applies to every State in the Union. The railroad tickets will be valid for twenty days, and will be accepted from any of the cities mentioned in the list below.

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How the Faith of Two Aged Men was Increased by an Open Acknowledgment.

IN a large city, writes Rev. B. Fay Mills, the evangelist, I noticed an old man who had remained through the first and second meetings and was standing as though he were hesitating whether to leave the room or to tarry in order to confer with others. I asked a gentleman who was then my associate to speak to him, and approaching him he said:

"My friend, are you a Christian?"

The old man said: "No, sir, I am not a Christian, but I want to be. I have been trying all my life to find out how to be a Christian, but I have not been enabled to receive any satisfaction in connection with my endeavors in that respect. I have been to church all my life, and read the Bible. I have attended meetings like these, and yet have received no light as to what I need to do in order to be a Christian. When Mr. Moody was here several years ago, I attended almost all his meetings, and talked with him and others personally, and when the meetings were done I was as far away as ever. Now I don't suppose it is of any use, but I would be very glad if you would tell me what I need to do in order that I might become a Christian."

My friend said to him, "Have you ever confessed Christ with your lips?"

The old man said, "No; I was waiting to become a Christian before I should do that."

My friend said to him, "That is just the way to become a Christian," and quoted a passage upon that point from the tenth chapter of Romans, and said, "I believe you need to commence to-night with an open acknowledgment of Christ as your master."

The old man said, "It is too late to do it to-night, for the service has been dismissed."

My friend looked around the room, where there may have been ten persons tarrying, and said, "Suppose you confess Christ to these people who are now in this room?"

After a moment's hesitation the old man walked down the room and held out his hand to a gentleman whom he knew, and said, "Mr. W——, I want to confess Christ to you," and then went to others and said practically the same thing. I think I was the last one to whom he spoke that night, and I told him not to let the adversary make him think that he had not commenced the Christian life that night, but to count the matter settled, and to think of himself as a follower of Christ.

The next morning, when I came into the ten o'clock service, the old gentleman was seated in the front seat, and with him was another man about seventy-five years of age. The first man came to me and said:

"I have brought a friend to meeting this morning. He is a little hard of hearing. Will you please speak out so that he can hear, and be sure to say something about confessing Christ."

I said to him, "Has the light come to you?"

And he said, "Yes, and I want my friend here to confess Christ, too."

Before the day was done the second old man had risen in the meeting to express his intention of being a follower of Christ, and after that it was a joy to see the two old men, side by side, with their faces beaming with satisfaction that was brought to them by their new life. I believe that what God puts first we need to put first also, and that there is no greater aid to the faith of one who would be a disciple than open acknowledgment of his intention to be a follower of Christ.

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Oh Lord, can proffered be
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What stinted bliss, o'ershadowed peace
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—*Young Men's Era.*

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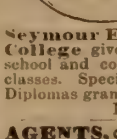
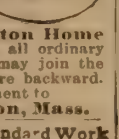
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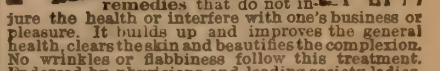

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It is made of SOLID OAK, varnished and hand-rubbed antique finish, with brass trimmings. It stands five (5) feet high, is two and a half (2½) feet wide and ten and a half (10½) inches deep. It is a perfect and complete desk, and also has three roomy book shelves, a top shelf for bric-a-brac, seven pigeon holes for papers, compartments for letter paper, ink, etc. When placed in your home, filled with books which you prize, and ornamented with the gifts of friends, it will become a centre of attraction, and you will be grateful to us for adding a new pleasure to your life.

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HEADQUARTERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN AMERICA,
111 Reade Street, New York.

Larkin Soap Manufacturing Company, June 1st, 1892.

Gentlemen—You may ship me another Combination Box of Sweet Home Soap at once. This is my fifth order so you may safely assume I am pleased with the liberal way you have always treated me. You can make such use of my testimonial, as to the excellency of your goods, as you desire.

MRS. (GENERAL) BALLINGTON BOOTH.

150 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, June 9th.

Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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(Signed) JESSE L. HURLBUT,
Sunday School Sec'y and Principal of the C. L. S. C

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 23.

My Dear Mr. Larkin:

I have thoroughly tested your various toilet articles and am delighted with their exquisite quality. The handkerchief perfume is especially pleasing and I intend to adopt it exclusively.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 15.
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NUMBER 37.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor.
Office Bible House New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 14, 1892.

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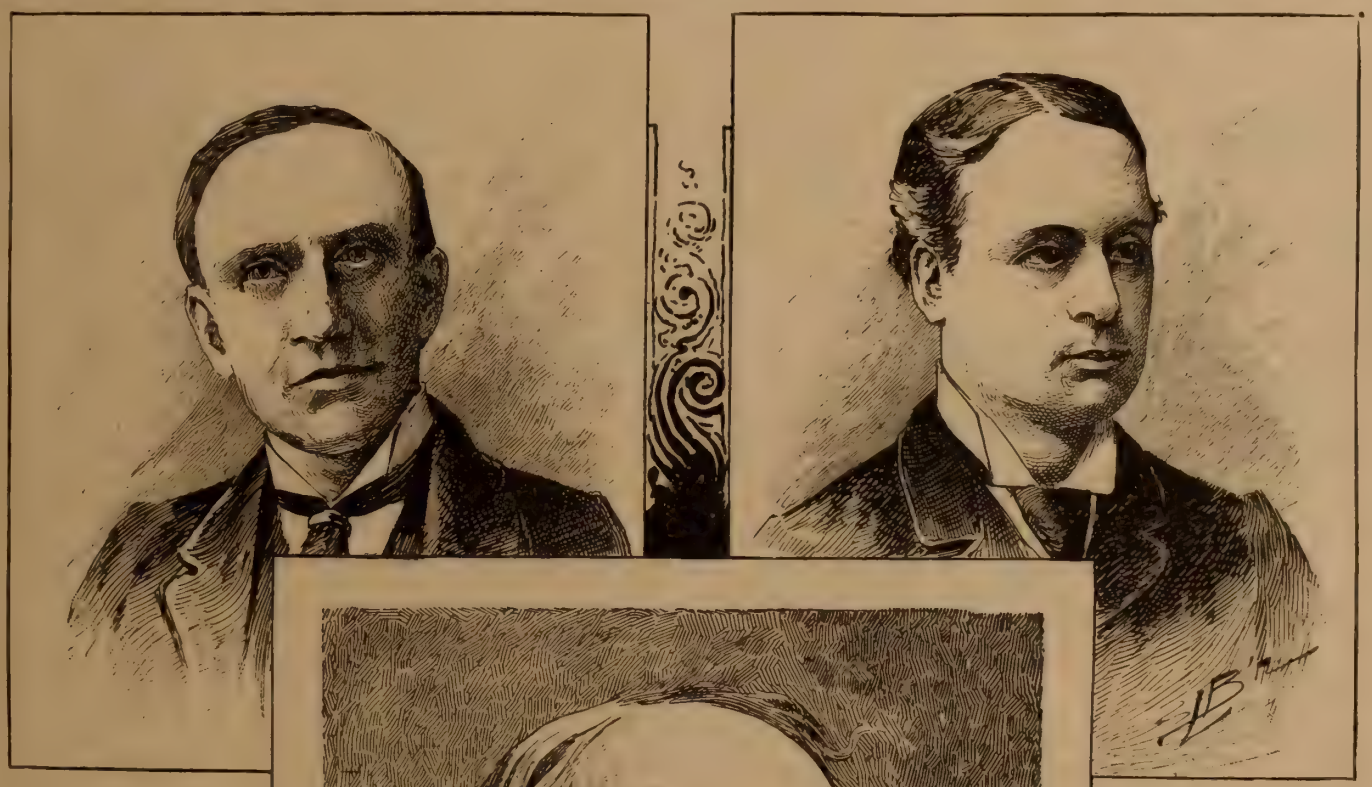
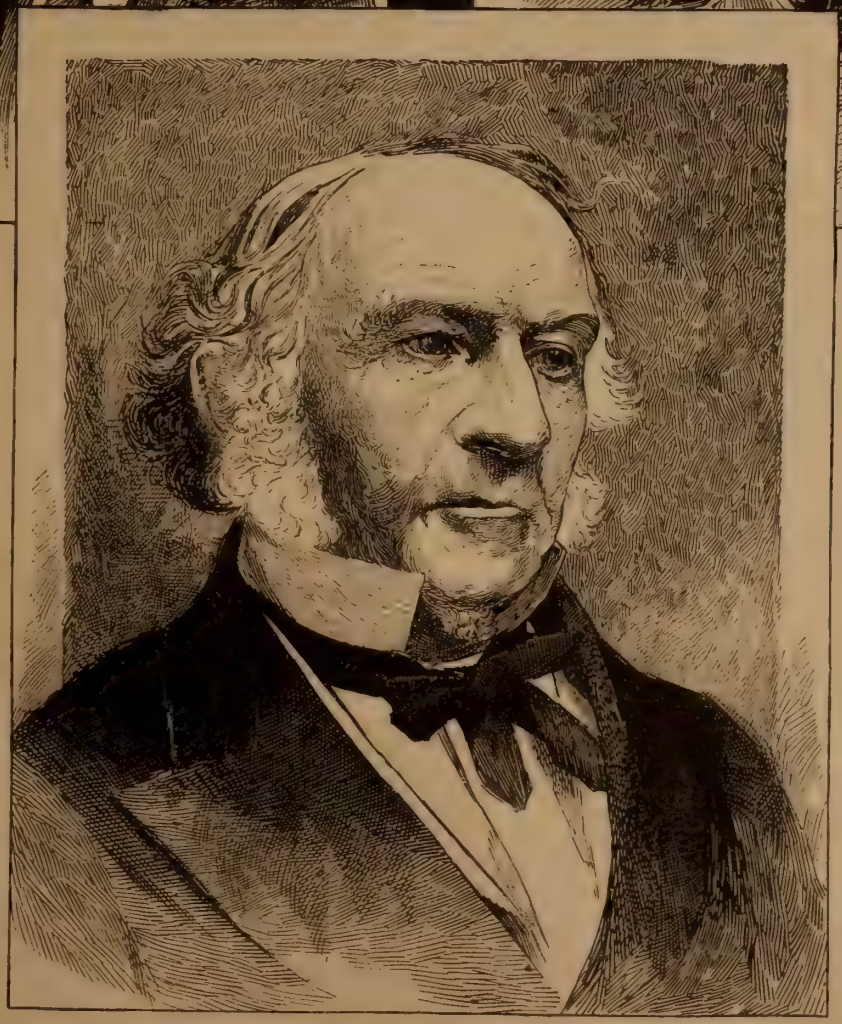
ENGLAND'S AGED PREMIER.

Mr. Gladstone and His New Cabinet—Mr. John Morley and Lord Rosebery and the Principles they Represent.

FOR nearly two years past, politicians have been predicting that at the next election of a new English House of Commons, it would be found that Mr. Gladstone would have more followers than his rival. The prediction has been fulfilled. The result, however, has not been so decisive as was anticipated. If Mr. Gladstone should introduce a bill to give Home Rule to Ireland and the Irish members approve it, he can count on 355 votes and there will be 315 members who will vote against him, giving him a majority of forty. But Mr. Gladstone cannot be sure that these 355 would vote with him on general questions. They might do so for the sake of keeping him in office, knowing that if he were outvoted on any important question he would resign, and their hopes of gaining Home Rule for Ireland would be extinguished; but on principle they are not all in agreement with him. They all desired, however, that he should be placed at the head of national affairs, and therefore when a motion was made that the House of Commons had no confidence in Lord Salisbury's government, they supported the motion and, it being carried, Lord Salisbury resigned and Mr. Gladstone took his place.

The question which was placed most prominently before the people for decision, was whether Home Rule should be conceded to Ireland. It was not clearly defined, but the people understood in a general way, that if Mr. Gladstone became premier he would endeavor to pass a measure giving the Irish people power to manage departments of Government which are now directed and controlled by Englishmen in London. These departments were not specified, but it was expected that Ireland would have, under the new system, about as much self-government as one of our States possesses, and that imperial (or as we should say Federal), questions, such as the Tariff, Foreign affairs, etc., would still be decided by Parliament in London in which Ireland would be represented, just as with us they are decided by Congress. When that question was submitted to the people six years ago the people were opposed to the change and they elected 394 men pledged to vote against it, and only 276 pledged to vote for it. This year they have returned a different answer. England is still opposed to the change, but whereas, in 1886, her delegation to Parliament was against Home Rule by a majority of 216, this year the majority is only seventy-one. Meanwhile the same tendency has been in progress in Scotland, Wales and Ireland, whose total delegation in 1886 was in favor of Home Rule by a majority of ninety-eight, and this year in favor of it by a majority of 111. Thus Mr. Gladstone obtains a majority from Scotland, Wales, and Ireland large enough to overwhelm the English majority against him and leave him a net majority of forty. This, however, does not mean that Ireland will gain Home Rule, even when the House of Commons passes the Bill. It must then be submitted to the House of Lords and must have the Queen's approval, before it can become a law. But, of late years, both the Queen and Lords have yielded, when the popular branch of the legislature has manifested a clear, and decisive wish for a measure, even when the measure has been disliked by both, as it is in the case of Home Rule for Ireland.





RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, Premier of Great Britain.
RT. HON. JOHN MORLEY, Sec'y of Ireland. EARL ROSEBERY, Foreign Secretary.

Mr. Gladstone, whose portrait with two of the most conspicuous members of his cabinet appears on this page, is in his eighty-third year. It is nearly sixty years since he was first elected to Parliament, and he has had a seat there during the whole of that period. He was first elected as a Conservative and Lord Macaulay wrote of him when he had been seven years in Parliament, that he was "the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories," and that it would not be at all strange if he became one of the most unpopular men in the country. So greatly has Mr. Gladstone changed in the period that has elapsed since the eminent historian penned those words, that the Tories regard him with destestation instead of hope and he has become so popular that this year the number of his countrymen who voted to put the destinies of the Empire in his hands was more than two and a quarter millions. He had not been more than two years in Parliament before his ability was recognized and he was appointed to a subordinate office in the government. It is common in England to give such offices to promising young members of Parliament to test their administrative ability as Parliamentary speakers, as they have to defend the management of their department in the House of Commons, if it should be criticized by their opponents, as well as to speak in defence of the general policy of their chief. He acquitted himself so well that Sir Robert Peel, who gave him his first office, intrusted him with higher offices until, in 1846, he entered the Cabinet as a full-fledged minister. Six years later his growing estrangement with the Tory party became so decided that he quitted it finally, and cast his lot with the Liberals. Since that time no Liberal Cabinet has been complete without him. The office assigned to him between the years 1852 and 1869 was the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, corresponding to the office which we call the Secretaryship of the Treasury. He served successively under several Premiers during those years, but in 1869, he was called to the highest place and became head of the government. From that time to the present, whenever the Liberals have had a majority in the House of Commons, the Premiership has been conceded to him as a matter of right, there being no man in the party who so thoroughly possessed the confidence of the Liberals in Parliament and the leaders of the Liberal party in the country.

Although so large a part of Mr. Gladstone's life has been spent in politics and he has been so often in high office, those who know him best say that it is not in political life that he finds his highest happiness. His chief delight is in his library and even in his busiest political periods he takes time to read the new books and to keep up his acquaintance with the ancients. He is one of the best Greek scholars living and has written a work on Homer in three volumes which is one of the standard

(*Continued on page 581.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Text: *"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there; and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."* Isaiah 35: 8-10.

THERE are thousands of people here this morning who want to find the right road. You sometimes see a person halting at cross-roads, and you can tell by his looks that he wishes to ask a question as to what direction he had better take. And I stand in your presence this morning conscious of the fact that there are many of you here who realize that there are a thousand wrong roads, but only one right one; and I take it for granted that you have come in to ask which one it is. Here is one road that opens widely, but I have not much faith in it. There are a great many expensive toll-gates scattered all along that way. Indeed at every rod you must pay in tears, or pay in flagellations. On that road, if you get through it at all, you have to pay your own way; and since this differs so much from what I have heard in regard to the right way, I believe it is the wrong way.

Here is another road. On either side of it are houses of sinful entertainment, and invitations to come in, and dine and rest; but, from the looks of the people who stand on the piazza I am very certain that it is the wrong house and the wrong way. Here is another road. It is very beautiful and macadamized. The horses' hoofs clatter and ring, and they who ride over it spin along the highway, until suddenly they find that the road breaks over an embankment, and they try to halt, and they saw the bit in the mouth of the fiery steed, and cry "Ho! ho!" But it is too late, and—crash!—they go over the embankment. We shall turn, this morning, and see if we cannot find a different kind of a road.

You have heard of the Appian Way. It was three hundred and fifty miles long. It was twenty-four feet wide, and on either side the road was a path for foot passengers. It was made out of rocks cut in hexagonal shape and fitted together. What a road it must have been! Made of smooth, hard rock, three hundred and fifty miles long. No wonder that in the construction of it the treasures of a whole empire were exhausted. Because of invaders, and the elements, and time—the old conqueror who tears up a road as he goes over it—there is nothing left of that structure excepting a ruin. But I have this morning to tell you of a road built before the Appian Way, and yet it is as good as when first constructed. Millions of souls have gone over it. Millions more will come.

The prophets and apostles, too,
Pursued this road while here below;
We therefore will, without dismay
Still walk in Christ, the good old way.

"An highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there; and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away!"

THE APPIAN WAY.

First, this road of the text is the King's Highway. In the diligence you dash over the Bernard pass of the Alps, mile after mile, and there is not so much as a pebble to jar the wheels. You go over bridges which cross chasms that make you hold your breath; under projecting rock; along by dangerous precipices; through tunnels adrip with the meltings of the glaciers; and, perhaps for the first time, learn the majesty of a road built and supported by government authority. Well, my Lord the King decided to build a highway from earth to heaven. It should span all the chasms of human wretchedness; it should tunnel all the mountains of earthly difficulty; it should be wide enough and strong enough to hold fifty thousand millions of the human race, if so many of them should ever be born. It should be blasted out of the "Rock of Ages," and cemented with the blood of the Cross, and be lifted amid the shouting of angels and the execration of devils.

The King sent his Son to build that road. He put head and hand and heart to it, and, after the road was completed, waved his blistered hand over the way, crying, "It is finished!" Napoleon paid fifteen million francs for the building of the Simplon Road, that his cannon might go over for the devastation of Italy; but our King, at a greater expense, has built a road for a different purpose, that the banners of heavenly dominion might come down over it, and all the redeemed of earth travel up over it.

Being a King's highway, of course it is well built. Bridges splendidly arched and buttressed have given way and crushed the passengers who attempted to cross them. But Christ, the King, would build no such thing as that. The work done, he mounts the chariot of his love, and multitudes mount with him, and he drives on and up the steep of heaven amid the plaudits of gazing worlds! The work is done—well done—gloriously done—magnificently done!

Still further: this road spoken of is a clean road. Many a fine road has become miry and foul because it has not been properly cared for; but my text says the unclean shall not walk on this one. Room on either side to throw away your sins. Indeed, if you want to carry them along, you are not on the right road. That bridge will break, those overhanging rocks will fall, the night will come down, leaving you at the mercy of the mountain bandits, and at the very next turn of the road you will perish. But if you are really on this clean road of which I have been speaking, then you will stop ever and anon to wash in the water that stands in the basin of the eternal rock. Ay, at almost every step of the journey you will be crying out: "Create within me a clean heart!" If you have no such aspirations as that, it proves that you have mistaken your way; and if you will only look up and see the finger-board above your head, you may read upon it the words: "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." Without holiness no man shall see the Lord; and if you have any idea that you can carry along your sins, your lusts, your worldliness, and yet get to the end of the Christian race, you are so awfully mistaken that, in the name of God, this morning I shatter the delusion.

Still further, the road spoken of is a plain road. "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." That is, if a man is three-fourths an idiot, he can find this road just as well as if he were a philosopher. The imbecile boy, the laughing-stock of the street, and followed by a mob hooting at him, has only just to knock once at the gate of heaven, and it swings open: while there has been many a man who can lecture about pneumatics, and chemistry, and tell the story of Faraday's theory of electrical polarization, and yet has been shut out of heaven. There has been many a man who stood in an observatory and swept the heavens with his telescope, and yet he has not been able to see the Morning Star. Many a man has been familiar with all the higher branches of mathematics, and yet could not do the simple sum, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Many a man has been a fine reader of tragedies and poems, and yet could not "read his title clear to mansions in the skies." Many a man has botanized across the continent, and yet did not know the "Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." But if one shall come in the right spirit, asking the way to heaven, he will find it a plain way. The pardon is plain. The peace is plain. Everything is plain.

He who tries to get on the road to heaven through the New Testament teaching will get on beautifully. He who goes through philosophical discussion will not get on at all. Christ says: "Come to me, and I will take all your sins away, and I will take all your troubles away." Now what is the use of my discussing it any more? Is not that plain? If you wanted to go to London, and I pointed you out a highway thoroughly laid out, would I be wise in detaining you by a geological discussion about the gravel you will pass over, or a physiological discussion about the muscles you will have to bring into play? No. After this Bible has pointed you the way to heaven, is it wise for me to detain you with any discussion about the nature of the human will, or whether the atonement is limited or unlimited? There is the road—go on it. It is a plain way.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And that is you and that is me. Any little child here can understand this as well as I can. "Unless you become as a little child, you cannot see the kingdom of God." If you are saved, it will not be as a philosopher, it will be as a little child. "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Unless you get the spirit of little children, you will never come out at their glorious destiny.

Still further: this road to heaven is a safe road. Sometimes the traveler in those ancient highways would think himself perfectly secure, not knowing there was a lion by the way, burying his head deep between his paws, and then, when the right moment came, under the fearful spring, the man's life was gone, and there was a mauled carcass by the roadside. But, says my text, "No lion shall be there." I wish I could make you feel, this morning, your entire security. I tell you plainly that one minute after a man has become a child of God, he is as safe as though he had been ten thousand years in heaven. He may slip, he may slide, he may stumble; but he cannot be destroyed. Kept by the power of God, through faith, unto complete salvation. Everlastingly safe.

The severest trial to which you can subject a Christian man is to kill him, and that is glory. In other words, the worst thing that can happen a child of God is heaven. The body is only the old slippers that he throws aside just before putting on the sandals of light. His soul, you cannot hurt it. No fires can consume it. No floods can drown it. No devils can capture it.

Firm and unmoved are they
Who rest their souls on God;
Fixed as the ground where David stood,
Or where the ark abode.

His soul is safe. His reputation is safe. Everything is safe. "But," you say, "suppose his store burns up?" Why, then, it will only be a change of investments from earthly to heavenly securities. "But," you say. "suppose his name goes down under the hoof of scorn

THE SIMPLON PASS.

and contempt?" The name will be so much brighter in glory. "Suppose his physical health fails?" God will pour into him the floods of everlasting health, and it will not make any difference. Earthly subtraction is heavenly addition. The tears of earth are the crystals of heaven. As they take rags and tatters and put them through the paper-mill, and they come out beautiful white sheets of paper, so, often, the rags of earthly destitution, under the cylinders of death, come out a white scroll upon which shall be written eternal emancipation.

There was one passage of Scripture,

the force of which I never understood until one day at Chamounix, with Mont Blanc on one side, and Montanvent on the other, I opened my Bible and read: "As the mountains are around about Jerusalem, so the Lord is around about them that fear Him." The surroundings were an omnipotent commentary.

Though troubles assail, and dangers affright;
Though friends should all fail and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scriptures assure us the Lord will provide.

Still further: the road spoken of is a pleasant road. God gives a bond of indemnity against all evil to every man that treads it. "All things work together for good to those who love God." No

THE KING'S HARPER.

weapon formed against them can prosper. That is the bond, signed, sealed and delivered by the President of the universe. What is the use of your fretting, O child of God, about food? "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." And will he take care of the sparrow, will he take care of the hawk, and let you die? What is the use of your fretting about clothes? "Consider the lilies of the field. Shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" What is the use of worrying for fear something will happen to your home? "He blesseth the habitation of the just." What is the use of fretting lest you will be overcome of temptations? "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

O, this King's highway! Trees of life on either side, bending over until their branches interlock and drop midway their fruit and shade. Houses of entertainment on either side the road for poor pilgrims. Tables spread with a feast of good things, and walls adorned with apples of gold in pictures of silver. I start out on this King's highway, and I find a harper, and I say: "What is your name?" The harper makes no response, but leaves me to guess, as, with his eyes toward heaven and his hand upon the trembling strings, this tune comes rippling on the air: "The Lord is my light and my salvation. Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" I go a little further on the same road and meet a trumpeter of heaven, and I say: "Haven't you got some music for a tired pilgrim?" And wiping his lip and taking a long breath, he puts his mouth to the trumpet and pours forth this strain: "They shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I go a little distance further on the same road, and I meet a maiden of Israel. She has no harp, but she has cymbals. They look as if they had rusted from sea-spray; and I say to the maiden of Israel: "Have you no song for a tired pilgrim?" And like the clang of victors' shields the cymbals clap as Miriam begins to discourse: "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea." And then I see a white-robed group. They come bounding toward me, and I say: "Who are they? The happiest, and the brightest, and the fairest in all heaven—who are they?" And the answer comes: "These are they who came out of great tribulations, and had their robes washed and made white with the blood of the Lamb."

I pursue this subject only one step further. What is the terminus? I do not care how fine a road you may put me on, I want to know where it comes out. My text declares it: "The redeemed of the Lord come to Zion." You know what Zion was. That was the King's palace. It was a mountain fastness. It was impregnable. And so heaven is the fastness of the universe. No howitzer has long enough range to shell those towers. Let all the batteries of earth and hell blaze away; they cannot break in those gates. The Lord God Almighty is the defense of it. Great capital of the universe! Terminus of the King's highway!

Doctor Dick said that, among other things, he thought in heaven we should study chemistry, and geometry, and conic sections. Southey thought that in heaven he would have the pleasure of seeing Chaucer and Shakespeare. Now, Doctor Dick may have his mathematics for all eternity, and Southey his Shakespeare. Give me Christ and my old friends—that is all the heaven I want, that is heaven enough for me.

When my last wound is healed, when the last heart-break is ended, when the last tear of earthly sorrow is wiped away, and when the redeemed of the Lord shall come to Zion, then let all the harpers take down their harps, and all the trumpeters take down their trumpets and all across heaven there be chorus of morning stars, chorus of white-robed victors, chorus of martyrs from under the throne, chorus of ages, chorus of worlds, and there be but one song sung, and but one name spoken, and but one throne honored—that of Jesus only.

DR. TALMAGE'S PREACHING TOUR

Addressing Immense Audiences in England After His Return From Russia.

THE preaching tour of Dr. Talmage in Europe closes this week. Since his return from Russia, he has been addressing audiences in England, Scotland and Wales, frequently making as many as three addresses the same day. He has been at Leicester, Cardiff, Swansea, Plymouth, Exeter, Bristol and Bradford, each time addressing vast assemblages, which were frequently moved to tears and a display of deep emotion. At Birmingham, the meeting, which was held in the Town Hall, was a monster occasion. Mr. Louis Klopsch, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, acted as Chairman, making the invocation, reading the Scriptures and also delivering a brief address on the mission of charity to the Russian famine provinces, from which he and Dr. Talmage had just returned. At the close of the services, the audience contributed $175 to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Russian Relief Fund.

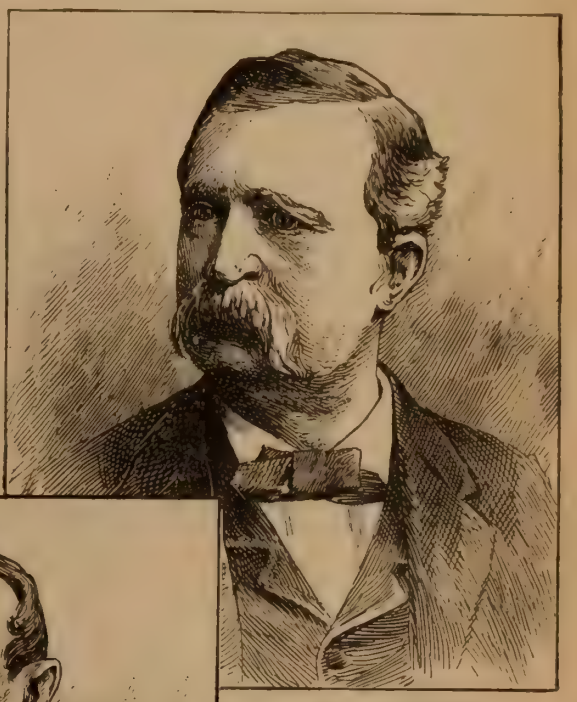
At Plymouth, Dr. Talmage preached four times to the largest religious gatherings ever witnessed in that city. Before leaving Plymouth, the Mayor, at a public meeting, at which many clergymen were present, thanked the American preacher for the great good his sermons had produced in awakening the community. Dr. Talmage, on the day of his departure for Plymouth, was driven to the wharf and alighted at the top of the flight of stone steps down which the Pilgrim Fathers went when they embarked on the *Mayflower* to seek the New World. He addressed vast audiences at Hyde Park Sept. 3rd, and at the Crystal Palace, Sept. 6. The closing services of the tour were held at Queenstown, September 11.

THE "PEOPLE'S PARTY."

Hon. James B. Weaver and James G. Field, its National Candidates.

A MOVEMENT that has attracted widespread attention among thinking men all over the Union is the action of the People's Party, at its recent Convention held in Omaha, in placing candidates in the field for the Presidency and Vice Presidency. Following out our purpose of presenting to our readers the portraits and biographies of those nominated for these high offices by the different parties, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to-day gives on this page portraits of the men chosen by the youngest of the political organizations as its standard-bearers.

Gen. James B. Weaver, of Ohio, the nominee for President is a gentleman widely known in politics and who, during the past few years has belonged to what is known as the "new movement," directed against the two great political parties. He was the leader of the Greenback Party in 1880. He is an earnest, able and forcible speaker, and in the Omaha Convention was practically unopposed after the announcement that Judge Gresham would not accept a nomination. There was only one ballot, Gen. Weaver receiving 995 votes as against 275 for Senator Kyle of South Dakota. James Baird Weaver was born in Dayton, O., June 12, '33, his father being a farmer. He studied law and was practicing his profession, when the Civil War broke out. He enlisted in the 2d Iowa Regiment and quickly rose to be Colonel, and was afterward brevetted Brigadier-General in 1865 for gallant conduct. When the war ended, he laid aside the sword and returned to his profession. Until 1873, he was an ardent Republican, but differing with his party on finance, he left it and became a leader among the green-backers, being elected by them to Congress in 1879. During a busy life, he has found time to contribute much to the literature of the new movement in politics.



GEN. J. B. WEAVER.

HON. J. G. FIELD.

James Gaven Field, candidate for Vice President, was born in Virginia, in 1826. Educated for the legal profession, he has held various public offices in his own state, being successively Commonwealth Attorney, County Judge, and State Attorney-General. During the War, he was in the Confederate service and lost a leg at the Battle of Cedar Run. Since the War, he has engaged in the practice of law, but for many years been active in politics, although holding no office. The lives of the two candidates, it will be observed, run in parallel lines to a considerable extent, both being able lawyers and gallant soldiers.

It was unquestionably a disappointment to many members of the Omaha gathering when the announcement was made of Judge Gresham's positive declination. Some of the more sanguine adherents had reckoned that with the strength his popularity would bring to the ticket, the party might have carried several States and upset the political calculations in others.

With General Weaver's leadership, and especially in view of the tendency of the times toward a readjustment of the relations between the people and the government on the one hand and great corporations on the other, there is a wide field of economic service open to the People's Party, even if it cannot yet hope to succeed in placing a President in the White House. The moral influence of such a movement is beyond question, and if wisely conducted, as it seems likely to be, it may be a factor in bringing about some notable reforms, as the dominant parties cannot afford to overlook the influence it has already shown itself capable of exerting, especially in the Western States. As a party it is committed to free silver coinage and the nationalization of railroads and other great public corporations, questions with which the older organizations are more or less struggling. There are not wanting those who believe that the People's Party is the party of the future, which will yet supersede the others as the chosen channel whereby the people will express their will in public affairs and secure a measure of progressive reform, impossible of realization under existing political conditions.

THROUGH MEEKNESS.

MR. JAMESON, of Nusseerabad, Northwest India, gives the following account of the conversion of a young Mohammedan: "This young man, when a lad of fourteen or fifteen years of age, stood one day in the Aligarh Bazaar and heard a native Christian of venerable appearance preach, to a crowd, mostly Mohammedans, and as the address proceeded the preacher was much interrupted. Discussion ensued, and considerable excitement prevailed. When feeling ran high and the Christian preacher seemed to be baffling the reasoning and rebutting the arguments of his opponents, 'one of the baser sort' standing by, lifted his hands and smote the old man severely on the cheek. The venerable disciple, without resentment, and without a moment's hesitation, to the wonderment of the crowd, followed his Master's injunction and turned the other cheek to the smiter.

The action not only silenced the riotousness of the crowd, but touched the heart of our young friend so deeply, that he marvelled what that religion could be whose devotee could brook and silence so strangely, and still so effectually, such insult and opposition. The seed that one Christian-like action sowed, bore in God's time good fruit; and now the Munshi has confessed his faith, and gives promise of being a valuable Christian worker.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 25. By Mrs. M. Baxter. 1.Cor.11: 23-34. Golden Text, 1. Cor.11 : 28.

OHOW men have sought to subject the truth of God to human systems, and, so doing, have spoiled or perverted some of the most precious truth of God ! Some have attempted to materialize, and others to spiritualize the Lord's Supper. Some have made it the point of separation, while others see that it is the Scriptural bond of unity among Christ's disciples. It was after the ordinary Paschal supper that Jesus, "in the same night that he was betrayed, took bread: and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said: Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me." It was the last time they should eat together on earth; it was a witness that our Lord and his disciples should share the same life, the same nourishment, should in some sense fare alike. But in a sense deeper than the disciples could then take in, a sense which could be known only after he was crucified and risen again, and had sent down the Holy Ghost; he could say: "Take, eat, this is my body, which is broken for you." Formerly he had taught them how, except they should eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, they had no life in them (John 6: 53), and they had heard, but could not understand; now they heard, and they partook with him of the bread and of the wine, but they still could not understand.

"Do this in Remembrance of me."

This was simple, and after his death, the remembrance of his broken body and shed blood, in the bread made from the broken, bruised corn, and the wine from the pressed grapes, so significant of his suffering, was no difficulty to the Church of Christ, but a sweet memorial of him. Thousands of congregations of divers denominations thus remember the Lord's death, and thank him for his deep love in giving himself as a sacrifice for them.

But the Lord's Supper is something more than a memorial. We can remember with gratitude a benefit which we have received, without being in any way one with our benefactor. But our Lord prayed his Father for his disciples : "That they all may be one as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they may be one in us . . . even as we are One. I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou has sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me." (John 17: 21-23.) And, in relation to the Lord's Supper the Apostle Paul says, while warning to flee from idolatry: "I speak as to wise men, judge ye what I say. The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ ? (or a participation in the blood of Christ ?) The bread which we break, is it not a participation in the body of Christ ? seeing that we also who are many, are one bread, one body." (R. V.)

In chapter 12, this Apostle teaches the precious truths of the body of Christ, and the relation of all the members to the Head, for "he is the Head of the body—the Church." The Lord's Supper is not only a memorial service, but also a witness to our oneness with the Lord, and with our fellow members. How then, can one Christian exclude another from the Lord's table, because he may not see exactly according to the special line taken by the denomination to which his brother in the Lord, his fellow member of the body, belongs? Paul warns against anything like division: "When therefore ye assemble yourselves together

It is not Possible

to eat the Lord's Supper: for in your eating each one taketh before other his own supper, and one is hungry and another is drunken. What ? have ye not houses to eat and to drink in ? or despise ye the the Church of God, and put them to shame that have not ?" (R. V.) The early church took their meals in common and probably made every meal a sacrament. But when self crept in, one would not tarry for another, one was occupied with his hunger and the glory of God and the cause of Christ were a secondary consideration—it was not possible that such a meal could mean to them what Christ meant the Lord's Supper to mean. Self-interest excluded the possibility of that bread and wine being to them the tokens and pledges of the Lord's body broken and his blood shed, given to them as food which should nourish his life within them. For the life of Christ can only be developed in the death of our self-life, which seeks its own. Thus, so long as there is self-interest in the Lord's Supper, whether denominational self-interest, or the personal self-interest which seeks in it a spiritual gratification, a self-pleasing, it is not possible to take the Lord's Supper; it becomes at once, our own supper and not the Lord's; all which is divine is eliminated from it, by the introduction of self into it.

There is a childishness in the idea of the Romanists that the consecration of the priest actually changes the bread and the wine into the very body and blood of Christ. How could he be risen in his human body if it were so ? Therefore Paul says: "My dearly beloved, flee from idolatry. I speak as to wise men; judge ye what I say. (1. Cor. 8: 14,15.) The Romish or Ritualist priest thrusts himself in between the Head of the body and the members, as though he were neccssarily the link of connection, forgetting that the very figure of the body is that every member is dependent on the head; and must have direct contact with the head, otherwise the life ceases.

The Lord's Supper is a witness to death, to life, and to the Lord's coming. "As oft as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do

Shew the Lord's Death

till he come." We not only remember that he died for us, but we "proclaim," in this simple service, that we die with him, that we are crucified with Christ, that we share his dying life on earth, "I die daily," (1.Cor. 15:31), and that the sources of all which is divine within us come from his death and resurrection. It is a witness too that we merge our individual life or interests in those of our Lord and of his Church. It is not possible to take the Lord's Supper in the spirit of self-interest, it is not for us apart from our brethren, it is not for one denomination apart from others, it is a Church ordinance, a binding link among Christians.

"Wherefore whosoever shall eat the bread or drink the cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man prove himself, and so let him eat of the bread, and drink of the cup." How "unworthily" ? Many a church exercises discipline, and very rightly, in the case of such as are guilty of grievous sins, as immorality or drunkenness, excluding those who offend in such things from the Lord's table, until he has pardoned, restored, and cleansed them. But here we have disunion as the great sin which unfits to partake of the Lord's Supper: "For he that eateth and drinketh, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, if he discern not the body." (R.V.) Oh how few recognize this to be a sin ! Yet so great is the sin of disunion, the failing to discern "the body" that the apostle says: "For this cause many among you are weak and sickly, and not a few sleep." Sickness fled before the Holy Ghost filled men and women in the days of Pentecost. Sickness revived with selfishness, and overcame many and took away by death not a few of those who, although believers, discerned not the "body," but lived a selfish life under the name of Christ. Unreality grieves God. Our beloved Lord could welcome a Mary Magdalene, cast out of her seven devils, and make her the first witness of his resurrection, but hypocrites got no quarter from him: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites," was his salutation to those who said and did not." (Matt. 23: 13.)

Christians who meet around the Lord's table, ostensibly to show forth, or manifest, the Lord's death till he come, and who, in their home life, manifest how alive they are to all which touches self, are hypocrites in the sight of the Lord. They do not partake with the Lord, they really feed at another table; his meat was to do the will of his Father; their meat is to do their own. They come to his table as members of the family, but he declares, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." (Matt. 12: 30.) No wonder that sickness, here spoken of as sent to those who in the Lord's Supper discern not the "body," is so prevalent among Christians. The whole passage bears upon this matter. "For this cause many among you are weak and sickly, and not a few sleep. But if we discern ourselves we should not be judged. But when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we may not be condemned with the world. Wherefore, my brethren, when ye come together to eat, tarry one for another." Have patience with the weak ones; shew the Lord's consideration for the halting ones; in lowliness of mind let each esteem others better than himself. If in the very sacrament ordained by Christ to be a manifestation of oneness, an exactly contrary spirit is manifested, then surely the light which is in us has become darkness, and how great is that darkness ! Yet to how few sick Christians does it so much as occur to inquire of the Lord if perhaps in their case he is reproving a lack of unity with their fellow members ! Some may say it means spiritual sickness. If so, does it mean by "sleep," spiritual death ? It is very certain that the want of Christian unity and forbearance paralyses the spiritual life in churches, and brings in death more than any open sin. Learning to tarry one for another, we appreciate how the Lord has had to wait that he may be gracious unto us (Isa 30: 18), aud the circulation of our life tells truer heavenwards and in relation to our brethren also.

LESSON POINTS.

"Let a Man Examine Himself and so let Him Eat of that Bread and Driuk of that Cup"

IN nothing does the contrast between the Jewish and Christian religion stand out more conspicuously than in its ceremonies. The elaborate Jewish ritual, with its many rites and gorgeous services was superseded by one with only two sacraments—Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Jesus spoke slightingly of the Jewish ceremonies because the people had come to rest in them, instead of in the truths they symbolized; But he did not despise rites, and he laid great stress on the two that he instituted. He rigorously insisted on baptism as the initiatory rite and, in instituting the Lord's Supper, the pathos with which he enjoined its observance, made it even more obligatory than a command. While baptism was a declaration of separation from the world, the Lord's Supper was to be a symbol of union among his followers. They were to partake together of a common meal and this, especially in the East, was a token of family union and affection. To this he added a symbolic meaning. He had been teaching his disciples all along that in him they must find the sources of spiritual life; now he gives them an object lesson. They must be reminded of their dependence on him for spiritual life, by regarding the bread and wine as his body and blood. So that whenever they gathered together for the meal that indicated union with each other, they must, at the same time, remember that to have the spirit and character of Christ in them, was as necessary to spiritual life, as to have food and drink was to the physical life. Thus the Lord's Supper was intended to unite them to each other and to him.

A simple, earnest Christian was assailed by a sceptic who complained that the Bible was full of inconsistencies. "How can you be in Christ and Christ in you ?" he asked. "Oh," said the Christian, "that is simple. There is this iron; I put it in the fire and it is red hot. The iron is in the fire and the fire is in the iron."

Dr. A. J. Gordon uses the following illustration of living union. In his garden there were two saplings growing side by side. Through the action of the wind they often crossed each other. The bark was rubbed off both trees where they had rubbed each other. After a time he noticed that the two were united by the sap that had leaked from the wounded place. There was still weather for a while, and they grew together so firmly that when the wind came it could not separate them. But one of the saplings was stronger than the other and absorbed its life. The weaker died above the point of union and the stronger grew into a large tree with two trunks and roots.

At the ocean-side, where cliffs jut out to the waves, certain mollusks may be found sticking tightly to the rocks. Each mollusk clings so tenaciously that the concussion of the waves cannot smite it off. The secret of its hold is that the mollusk is empty. If it were filled either with flesh or with air it would drop off immediately. This beautifully illustrates the condition of every sincere, humble conscientious believer, who has been emptied of self, and therefore clings by a divine law of adhesion, closely to the Rock of Ages. If he should become puffed with pride and self-conceit, or gorged with fleshly indulgence, he would yield to the waves of temptation and be swept away.

In approaching the table of the Lord to partake of the sacrament the idea of this close union with Christ, and with all believers if rightly understood will suggest self-examination as to a man's spiritual condition, and will show him that he is out of place at that table if he is cherishing in his heart feelings of pride or worldliness or hatred of any brother. It is related of one of the kings of England that at his coronation, after the crown had been placed on his head, he was told that the next part of the ceremony was the Lord's Supper. He was being conducted to the table on which the bread and wine were placed when he stopped. "Let me lay aside this crown," he said. He was told that it was customary for the king to wear the crown until all the coronation ceremonies were ended. "I cannot," he said, "eat of that bread and drink of that cup except as a humble servant of the King of kings. I will not wear a crown at such a time." And disregarding all precedents, he removed the symbol of monarchy from his head and so took the sacrament.

The Rev. Daniel Wilshere relates an incident which occurred during his work in the Bahamas. At a communion service in the island of Exuma the pastor noticed the presence of a girl who was visiting her aunt, a member of the church. In another part of the church her father was seated. He lived in the island of Great Guana Cay, but had come to Exuma to visit his sister, unaware that his daughter was there. Seven years before this service a violent quarrel had occurred and his daughter had been forced to leave home. She had been in San Domingo all those seven years earning her own living. The pastor, seeing the father and knowing the circumstances of the quarrel, sent for him to the vestry and asked him if he was cherishing any angry feeling toward his estranged daughter. The man assured him that he was not. "Then," said the pastor, "before we sit down at the Lord's table, let me see you reconciled." To the man's amazement his daughter entered at a signal from the pastor and the reconciliation took place.

A preliminary to the administration of the sacrament in Scotland is a series of discourses which are familiarly described as "fencing the tables." That name has been given to them because in these sermons the preachers tell the people of sins which if they exist in any present ought to prevent their joining in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. On one occasion a very solemn sermon was preached after which several persons rose and left the meeting before the bread and wine were passed around. A minister present noticed those who left and took an opportunity of speaking to them the next day. "The dominie pressed me too hard," said one. "Donald and I have had a quarrel about a sheep and I cannot forgive him the way he acted. When the Dominie said a man would be acting a lie if he took the sacrament when he had anger in his heart, I thought I had better not stay." The minister answered, "Cannot you forgive Donald ?" "If he will own he was wrong, I'll forgive him," was the reply. "If ye forgive not men their trespasses," quoted the minister, "neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you." But the man was firm and the minister went to seek Donald. He, too, was cherishing anger, and considered that he was the aggrieved person. The minister pleaded with him and at last brought the two men together. "We must have this matter settled," the minister said, "and first of all let us pray about it." The minister prayed and then each of the two men prayed. As they rose from their knees, Donald shyly extended his hand. It was cordially grasped, and without any discussion of the old grievance, the quarrel was a thing of the past. Each person who left the meeting was visited in turn and in each case it was found that emnity was the cause of the trouble. Reconciliation was effected and at the next communion service there was no occasion for any one to absent himself on that ground.

GOSPEL HEALING IN COREA.

Dr. W. J. Hall's Story of his Recent Expedition to the Interior—The Pathetic Plea of a Bereaved Family—A Wonderful Recovery—A Cheque on the Bank of Heaven.

IN fulfilment of the promise made before he left New York, Dr. W. J. Hall has sent another letter from his station in "The Hermit Kingdom," that the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may know of the progress of Christian work in that strange land. Dr. Hall speaks lightly of the hardships of the life of a medical missionary, but it is evident that in Corea as elsewhere they are by no means small. It is only when, as in his case, the heart is full of love to Christ and yearning pity for men whose souls are dark and whose bodies are in pain, that labor and privation can be disregarded. Dr. Hall writes:

SEOUL, July 28.

To the Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

On March 4th, Rev. Mr. Jones and I started on a seven hundred miles trip into the northern interior of Corea. Our pack ponies were loaded with books, medicines, and a small quantity of provisions. These were put into boxes about the size of a small trunk, and one box fastened on each side of the pony, which left a place in the centre for our blankets, upon which we rode when tired of walking. As our ponies could not travel faster than a walk, we were able to go on foot most of the journey. The principal modes of traveling in Corea are by pack pony, chair carried by men, rough ox cart and on foot. How slow compared with our rapid railways in the home-land! But we wished to meet the people, and this gave us every opportunity of stopping at the villages and towns that lay in our pathway. The Coreans showed us great kindness and hospitality. They have great faith in the foreign doctor. They believe him capable of curing all diseases that are brought to him, if he will. Those who have been blind from infancy expect to receive their sight, the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak.

Early one morning I was sent for in great haste. A young man about twenty years of age had been suffering from fever for several days, and was now at the point of death. I went as fast as possible, but as it was some distance away, it took considerable time to reach his home. The father met me at the door and informed me that his son had been dead nearly an hour, but urged me so strongly to come into the room that I consented. He was the only child, and I shall never forget the sorrow of the parents. They pleaded with me to bring their son back to life. They said, "Doctor, you can make the dead man live if you wish, and if you do we will do anything you ask of us." I told them how sorry I was for their trouble, but to bring the dead back to life was beyond my power. I then pointed them to Jesus, and told them how to prepare for the life beyond the grave. We had prayer together, and I left them with him who says, "My word shall not return unto me void."

In one of the villages I was called to see a young man suffering with pleuro-pneumonia. Life appeared to be fast ebbing away, and I entertained little hopes of his recovery. As we were only to be in the village over night, I left him some medicine and directions how to treat him. Judging from a human standpoint it seemed a hopeless case, but God has often shown us in our work for him that this is his work, and that all power is given unto him in heaven and in earth, and where it is for God's glory we have a right to expect wonderful results; we do ascribe to him all the glory. I pointed him to the great physician, and for the first time he and the family heard the glorious tidings of salvation. The father bought a copy of Matthew's Gospel, and promised to read it. No one except those who have had similar experiences know the joy that comes to the soul of him who carries the message of a Saviour's love to those who have never heard of it before.

Several weeks afterwards, as we returned to this village, the first to greet me was this young man. He had fully recovered, and his expressions of gratitude were very great. He said he was trying to do all that I had told him. He had been reading the Good Book every day, and the whole village of four hundred inhabitants knew what the doctor had done, and they met together every day to hear the Good Book read. The people flocked into our room and remained until nearly midnight, listening with the deepest interest to the story of salvation and inquiring the way to God. They pleaded with me to remain with them, and I was very sorry that I could not. In our return visits we will be able to follow up the work and reap the results.

Although women are not expected to see any men except those of their own household, the medical missionary has no difficulty in gaining an entrance to the homes and hearts of the people. God is wonderfully opening up our way before us. We treated a large number of patients, sold a great many books, and preached the Gospel to all with whom we came in contact. Many expressed themselves anxious to embrace Christianity. The fields are already white unto harvest, but the laborers are few.

We were able to live nearly entirely upon native food. It consists of rice, kimche, highly seasoned with Cayenne pepper, fish—often spoiled, soup, beans, and sometimes pork and beef. If we did not see them preparing our meals or know what we were getting they would be much more palatable. At one hotel we saw nine dog-skins spread on the straw roof. We asked what they did with the dogs, the reply was: "We make soup of them." I had quite enjoyed the soup previous to this, but I left it untouched the rest of the journey. I also gave up the meat, as I did not know whether I was getting beef or dog. My bill-of-fare had now narrowed down to rice and kimche (made from a vegetable almost similar to our cabbage and raw turnip, prepared somewhat similar to sauerkraut), three times a day, with occasionally fish, chicken, or eggs. The

TRAVELING IN COREA.

fire which cooked our food warmed the stone and sand floor upon which we slept. Sometimes it was far too hot, at other times too cold.

A day's travel was from twenty-five to forty miles. On our return trip on account of unexpected expenses our money was running short. We were still several days travel from where we could get any. We arose early one morning and prepared for a long day's travel. I told my men that as our money was nearly gone I would only take two meals that day. About nine o'clock rain came on and continued nearly all day. At other times we would have waited for fine weather, but it was very necessary for us to push on now as rapidly as possible. I had walked 120 li (40 miles) that day, and late at night footsore, wet, cold, hungry, and weary, we came to our inn. We were given a small room with stone floor for a bed, no fire, clothes wet through, straw roof leaking. Here we spent the night. We were very tired and slept notwithstanding our uncomfortable abode. We spent all excepting twenty cash (28 cash equals 1 cent), for lodging and breakfast. We traveled twenty miles that forenoon with less than a cent of money and several days' journey from home. We had a checque on the bank of heaven and asked to have it cashed. (Philippians 4 : 19.) We were within a mile of where we wished to get our dinner and feed our ponies. Just at this juncture we met a Japanese doctor that we had formerly known, but did not know he was then in that part of the country. If we had been ten minutes later we would have missed him as he would have branched off to another road. We made known our situation. He said he would gladly let us have all the cash we wished. "They that put their trust in the Lord shall never be confounded." What a wonderful Deliverer is ours! Yours in Christ, W. J. HALL.

A CRUSADE AGAINST GAMBLING.

MR. JOHN P. QUINN, the converted gambler, who is now lecturing to large audiences in different parts of the country against the gambling evil, has received numerous letters from Christian friends and sympathizers since the recent publication of the story of his work in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Some of these letters are from life-long gamblers, and show that their hearts have been touched through Mr. Quinn's instrumentality. James W. Porter, of 100 Duane St., N. Y., writes; "I am a poor colored man, but ask you to accept this trifle—a mere drop—to help the cause. I have heard you testify in consecrated meetings in Brooklyn several times, and have great confidence in the work." A Friend in Iowa, writes: "Please accept the enclosed from a man who is now broken-hearted, and absent from his family for embezzling money to gamble with. I hope my only boy will never gamble, as his father has." A man in Elgin, Ill., writes: "I am a gambler. God bless you, if you will save my boy from being one." Sophie Lichtenfels, N. Y., writes: "I read of your good work in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and my heart felt like helping you. I can help but little; but what I send, comes in the name of the Master, who loves the sinner." Mr. Quinn's present effort is directed towards raising sufficient money to purchase and equip a Gospel car for the work throughout the country. He has already received many encouraging promises from Christian people, who heartily approve of the plan of campaign against this popular vice. The following contributions are acknowledged: Allen Zilly, (a gambler), $5; A Friend, Des Moines, Ia., $1; James W. Porter, N. Y., 30 cts.; Sophie Lichtenfels, Brooklyn, $3. Miss L. M. Weaver, Sidney Centre, N. Y., $1.; Fred Weiss, Chicago, $1.; W. Leng, Pekin, Ill., $1.

Volume XIV., of the Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1891, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $4, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

ENGLAND'S AGED PREMIER.

(Continued from first page.)

authorities. He is a man of inexhaustible energy and with insatiable avidity for work. When in office he insists on doing personally duties which other statesmen usually leave to their subordinates and he takes part in debates on unimportant matters with which the head of the Government does not usually concern himself. When out of office and Parliament is not in session, he is usually at work at his country home of Hawarden on some new book or getting physical exercise by his favorite recreation of felling trees. He is a man of deep religious feeling and often assists his son, who is a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the public services.

The Earl of Rosebery

who is Mr. Gladstone's Secretary for Foreign Affairs is one of the most popular men in the new Cabinet. He is forty-five years of age and has had a seat in the House of Lords since he was twenty-one years old. He became entitled to it on the death of his grandfather the fourth Earl of Rosebery. The House of Lords is not a place in which the debates are very stirring or the proceedings of an animated kind but Lord Rosebery soon became known as a young man of sterling qualities who never spoke on a subject he did not thoroughly understand, and whose opinions were always worthy of attention. He took a deep interest in social questions outside Parliament and has manifested a genuine concern for the welfare of the poor. One of his latest acts of munificence, which has made him very popular in London, is the erection at his own expense of a magnificent free swimming bath in the very poorest quarter of the city. Many other graceful and generous deeds are reported of him and it is said that no man will take more trouble than he to relieve any distress among workingmen, or to render a service in cases of need. He is a ready and humorous speaker whose presence at any public meeting especially, one called in the interest of labor, is always sought and valued. It is understood that he is not Mr. Gladstone's ideal of a Foreign Secretary and that he is at issue with his chief on important questions of foreign policy. Mr. Gladstone, however, recognized the value of his popularity in the country and also, it is reported, deferred to the wish of the Queen that he should give the foreign department to Lord Rosebery, who, she believed, would continue the policy as to Egypt and the German alliance which Lord Salisbury has pursued.

Mr. John Morley

who occupies the onerous and difficult position of Secretary for Ireland in Mr. Gladstone's cabinet won his laurels as a journalist. He is fifty-five years of age and has been in Parliament only nine years. After graduating from Oxford University he studied law but although called to the bar he has never practised. He was attracted by journalism and was for about six years on the staff of that able, but virulent journal, *The Saturday Review*. Later he became editof of *The Fortnightly Review* and raised that periodical to a position of commanding influence, He was also for several years editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which, with the assistance of W. T. Stead, one of the most courageous and high-principled journalists of the day, he made the ablest exponent in the country of morality in politics and social life. Soon after his entrance into Parliament Mr. Gladstone propounded his Home Rule scheme for Ireland. Mr. Morley enthusiastically supported him. He contended that Englishmen had made a miserable failure in governing Ireland. He was not sure that Ireland would be more prosperous under Irish rule, but he held that the Irish people should be allowed to try what they could do to remedy the grievances which only they understood. He therefore gave Mr. Gladstone a hearty support and when Mr. Gladstone's colleagues dissented from him and quitted his cabinet, the philosophic editor was invited to fill one of the vacant offices. He quitted office with his chief in 1886 and now with Mr. Gladstone he again returns to power and as Secretary for Ireland will have a large share of the responsibilities of the cabinet. Mr. John Morley is a north countryman, a native of Blackburn. His father was a physician in good practice. John Morley was educated in Cheltenham College, proceeding thence to Lincoln College, Oxford, where he graduated as Bachelor of Arts in 1859, but it was in 1873 that he took his Master of Arts degree. Six years afterwards, in 1879, Glasgow university conferred upon him the honorable distinction of LL.D. He made an extended visit to America in 1867. He was cordially received by President Johnson and was feted by the leading journalists of Washington and New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

WE publish in this issue the Official Report of the distribution in the Russian famine provinces, of the cargo of food contributed by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and conveyed to St. Petersburg on the relief steamship, *Leo*. The report shows the thoroughness with which the distribution was made in the afflicted districts of Central Russia. Much of the success of the distribution is due to the energetic co-operation and assistance afforded by Count Andre Bobrinskoy, the executive of the Grand Duke Relief Committee.

OPENING THE SCHOOLS.

THIS month we will gather in our schools the children of the refined and the cultured and the educated; but alas! for the great multitude of the children of the abandoned and the lost. A few of them are gathered into our Sabbath Schools; but what about the 70,000 destitute children of New York, and the score of thousands of destitute children throughout the land, around whom are thrown no benign and heavenly and Christian influences? It is a tremendous question, what is to become of the destitute children of these cities? We must either act on them, or they will act on us. We will either Christianize them, or they will heathenize us. It is a question not more for the Christian than the philanthropist and the statesman. O! if we could have all these suffering little ones gathered together, what a scene of hunger and wretchedness, and rags, and sin, and trouble, and darkness!

If we could see those little feet on the broad road to death which through Christian charity ought to be pressing the narrow path of life; if we could hear those voices in blasphemy which ought to be singing the praises of God; if we could see those little hearts, which at that age ought not to be soiled with one unclean thought, becoming the sewers for every abomination; if we could see those suffering little ones sacrificed on the altar of every iniquitous passion, and baptized with fire from the laver of the pits, we would recoil, crying out: "Avaunt, thou dream of hell!" They are not always going to be children. They are coming up to be the men and women of this country. That spark of iniquity that might now be put out with one drop of the water of life, will become the conflagration of every green thing that God ever planted in the soul. That which ought to have been a temple of the Holy Ghost will become a scarred and blistered ruint. That prowling petty thief who slips into your store and takes a yard of cloth from your counter will become the highwayman of the forest, or the burglar at midnight picking the lock of your money-safe, and blowing up your store to hide the villainy. A great army, with staggering step, and bloodshot eye, and drunken hoot, they are coming on, gathering recruits from every grogshop and den of infamy in the land, to take the ballot-box and hurrah at the elections. The hard-knuckled fist of ruffianism will have more power than the gentle hand of intelligence and sobriety. Men bloated, and with the signature of sin burned in from the top of the forehead to the bottom of the chin, will look honest men out of countenance. Moral corpses which ought to to be buried a hundred feet deep to keep them from poisoning the air, will rot in the face of the sun at noonday. Industry, in her plain frock, will be unappreciated, while thousands of men will wander around in idleness, with their hands on their hips, saying, "The world owes us a living!"

O! what a tremendous power there is in iniquity when uneducated, and unrestrained and unblanched, it goes on concentering and deepening, and widening, and gathering momentum until it swings ahead with a very triumph of desolation, drowning like surges, scorching like flame, crushing like rocks. What are you going to do with this abandoned population of the streets?

* * *

IN some great crisis of the world's night, I have calculated upon the behavior of some one of shining capacities, and I have gone out to hear what noble thing he would say, or to see what thrilling deed he would do, and what long line of light he would stretch across the heavens. But my calculations have failed. The moral world wants fewer comets and more Jupiters; fewer fireflies, and more lamps; fewer Jack-o'-the-lanterns to dance the swamps, but more evening stars to cheer the world's darkness; fewer Lord Byrons, and more John Fosters. We never knew of but one meteor that went forth on a grand mission—the one that ran to stand over Bethlehem; and that got all its glory from the fact that it pointed to the Sun that never sets.

How the "Leo's" Cargo was Distributed.

An official statement, showing the Districts and Stations in the Russian Famine Provinces to which the flour and delicacies were sent, the quantities allotted to each and the names of the distributors, who co-operated with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in this great work of charity:

GOVERNEMEUTO, Or Province.	DISTRIBUTORS To whom consigned.	STATIONS Where sent.	NO. OF CARS.
Tambof,	Mrs. Trofimof,	Tokarevka,	2
	Mrs. Kondoidi,	Burnak,	2
	Mrs. Bologovsky,	Kozlof,	1
	Mrs. Plahovo,	Tokarevka,	1
	Mr. Reshko,	Kirsanof,	1
	Mr. Shilovsky,	Fitingof ka,	1
Tula,	Mrs. Bobrishchef Pushkine,	Homutovo,	2
	Rev. P. Modestof,	Malevka,	1
	Bogoroditsk Relief Committee,	Bogoroditsk,	2
	Prince Abamelek-Lazarew,	Lazarevo,	1
	Sitsky Relief Committee,	Karasi,	1
	Mr. Shestopewf,	Bogoroditsk,	12 Boxes Milk.
Orel,	Mr. Pisaref,	Tzmalkovo,	1
	Mr. Shirokof,	Elets,	1
Kursk,	Mr. Bibikof,	Prohorovka,	2
	Mr. Tomilin, Marshal of the Nobility,	Solntsevo,	1
Voronesh,	Mr. Alisof,	Usman,	1
	Mr. Haliutin,	Grafskaia,	2
	Mr. Alisof,	Voronesh,	1
	Mr. Lihachof,	"	1
	Governor of Voronesh,	"	6
	Mr. Levchenko, Marshal of the Nobility,	Shuravka,	7
	Mr. Teviashof,	Mihailovka,	2
	Mr. Popof,	"	2
	Mr. Teviashof,	Podgornaia,	2
	Mr. Teviashof,	Evdokimovo,	2
	Mr. Lutovinoff,	Podgornaia,	4
	Mr. Koliubakin,	Liski,	3
	Mr. Saveloff,	Davidovka,	4
	Mr. Bogushevsky,	Don,	2
	Mr. Ermoloff,	Mordovo	1
Don,	General Krasnoff,	Uriupinskaia,	10
Orenburg,	Prince Obolensky,	Bezenchuk,	1
Smolensk,	Mr. Arbuzof,	Seschinskaia,	2
Harkof,	Mr. Bekariukof,	Harkof,	1
Riazan,	Mr. Semenof,	Astapovo,	1
	Mr. Babin,	Hrushchovo,	1
	Mrs. Putilof,	Bogoiavlensk,	1
	Count L. Tolstoi, (Delicacies.)	Klekotki,	2
	Mr. Philosophof,	"	1
Moscow,	Countess Komarovsky,	Kolomna,	1
Penza,	Mrs. Levin,	Ramzai,	1
Simbirsk,	Mr. Gorodetski,	Nikulino,	1
	Prince Troubetskoy,	Simbirsk,	1
Samara,	Mr. Kotliarevsky,	Buguruslan,	2
	Mr. Krasnoperof,	Samara,	1
	Mr. Miagkof,	Stavropol,	1
	Dr. Krylof-Portugalof,	Samara,	1
Kazan,	Mr. Rembelinsky,	Chistopol,	2
	Mr. Maslof,	Kazan,	1
	Mrs. Klushin,	Laishef,	1
	Mrs. Molostvof,	Tetiushi,	1
	Mr. Molostvof,	"	1
	Princess Abashidze,	"	1
	Mr. Korsakof	Kazan,	1
	Mr. Gerken,	Spaski Zaton,	1
Perm,	Mr. Fedoroff,	Ostrovskaia,	2
		Total,	100

Each car contains about 21,800 pounds.

(Signed), COUNT ANDRE BOBRINSKOY.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

A DREAM.

I DREAMED.

Before me was a valley clothed with the cloth of gold. In the midst thereof I saw One whose face had first looked up from a manger. He was ineffably clothed in raiment of some other world, where looms work threads too fine to handle here. I drew near and heard his voice. Never woman spoke like he. It was the voice of love. I heard him say, "I am the Son of man; what would ye that I should do for you?" I turned my face toward a multitude, a strange glow was on every brow, their faces were lighted like the hills in the glow of a setting sun, but there was no sun, nor moon, neither were there any stars, they had all fled away, but there was light, abundance of light; it was not like that of candle or lamp, or burning carbon; stranger than all, this light had life, you felt it. You knew it, not as you feel life, in throbbing pulses, or see it in waving fields of wheat, it was more like the lire of a new born soul, the same as comes to a pleading penitent when you watch the infiux of an unseen something that transfigures the face, changing it from woe to joy. Life such as is felt when lovers meet, and you feel the touch of power in the life of their love; which, I doubt if scientist could read and define. Life cannot be defined neither can light. They are beyond that, no one goes save God.

Rich and poor were there; not many rich, nor many great. Aged and young stood side by side. I noticed a little cripple, one leg gone, my heart went out towards him greatly. He was not sad of face.

I could not tell if the scene was of this world or some other. I think of this, though changed, greatly changed. Jesus was changed. Not changed in face or form, as I have known him by the Gospels in mind and heart for many years, but he was more than I had ever known him. He was greater; like one's vision of heaven will be, much expected, but more realized.

I drew near just as he declared to the crowd he was the Son of man and asked what they would have. His voice, his manner, and his words were all expressive of the purpose he had to help every one. Even the power of a monarch or millionaire could not offer such as he offered.

I stood me close by as they came forward, one by one.

Till that hour I never knew what the friendship of God meant. his words, his face, his manner were so kind, so tender, so loving. He drew out of every applicant their real heart's desire. Some could hardly tell what they did want, at least they could not express it in words, and he in so gracious a way suggested it, and their "Yes, yes; that is it," was like as when one finds something they have lost brought back to them. Some asked for things not good for them, and his telling them so was the sweetest part of all, unless it was his word unto those who had waited long for something and "even yet it was not best—a little later on it should be theirs." Oh how sweet he made it for them to wait. They saw that to get then what they desired would be like gathering fruit before 'twas ripe.

The little cripple came forward, he was just about to tell his wants and — I awoke!

I have told my dream; learn what you can from it. I have learned my lesson therein.

Take the Good—Leave the Bad.

The city of Destruction is the *sinful* world, not the natural and beautiful and good world. Jesus made it plain when he prayed, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil."

Everything that's good you can have. Everything that is bad in itself or tendency you ought not to have, whether a Christian or not.

When the children of Israel went out of Egypt they "left not a hoof behind." Do thou likewise. Have no part with sinners in their sins.

I think James 4: 4 will help you much, and no Scripture is better to teach us our relation to the world than the tnird, fourth and fifth chapters of John's first general Epistle. Note especially chapter two, verses 15, 16 and 17.

From the sinful city of Sin, flee. Tell all whom you meet to "escape for thy life." They cannot stay there and be saved—neither can you. As Sodom perished, so will the unrepentant wicked.

The Bible and the Newspaper

A BARRIER AGAINST CHOLERA.

OUR nation's imagined immunity against a visitation from the Asiatic scourge now raging in Europe was rudely shocked, recently, on the arrival of the steamship *Moravia* from Hamburg, at the port of New York. The *Moravia* proved to be a veritable pest-ship, twenty-two deaths from cholera having occurred during the voyage. Although she sailed from Hamburg with a clean bill of health, less than twenty-four hours elapsed before the plague broke out in the steerage. Twenty of the victims were children. On reaching New York, the steamship was immediately quarantined, and all emigrant streamers and vessels from infected ports were placed under similar embargo by the health officials. Such an event naturally excited feelings of mingled apprehension and alarm and the Health Boards of every seaport and considerable city in the Union redoubled their exertions to secure a perfect sanitary condition, in anticipation of the spread of the plague. President Harrison called a Cabinet conference and directed the publication of a circular by the Surgeon-General, declaring a twenty-days' quarantine against all vessels carrying immigrants from infected ports. This practically stops immigration from Europe for the time being, and as the State and local Health Boards have already ordered a quarantine of two to five days against vessels from the cholera ports of Europe, our country has a complete protective cordon established at every point, including those parts of our borders where the plague would be likely to reach us by land. Two other Hamburg steamers, the *Normannia* and the *Rugia* also brought cases of cholera among their immigrant passengers, but the plague has thus far been successfully confined to the pest ships. The strange sight is seen in the outer harbors of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, of large fleets of ocean steamers lying idle at anchor before the quarantine stations, awaiting release from the health guardians after the period of detention has passed. It is to be hoped that the vigilance of our national and state officials may succeed in warding off the plague permanently from our shores. Had the Hamburg authorities been equally vigilant and instead of hiding the truth about the presence of cholera, invited the co-operation of other cities in fighting the plague, that city would not have become a hotbed of infection, spreading death over half of Europe. Forewarned is forearmed, and if our own communities are to be spared the fate of Europe's stricken cities, it will be because they have heeded the warning and, even at great commercial loss, purified themselves. It is the same with individuals as with cities, with moral as with physical impurity. The man who conceals his moral corruption and does not seek the cleansing which may be had from the blood of Christ, is he who will suffer himself and do harm to others. As Jesus told the Pharisees there would have been hope for them if they had known they were blind; but as they claimed to see, their sin remained upon them. (John 9: 41.)

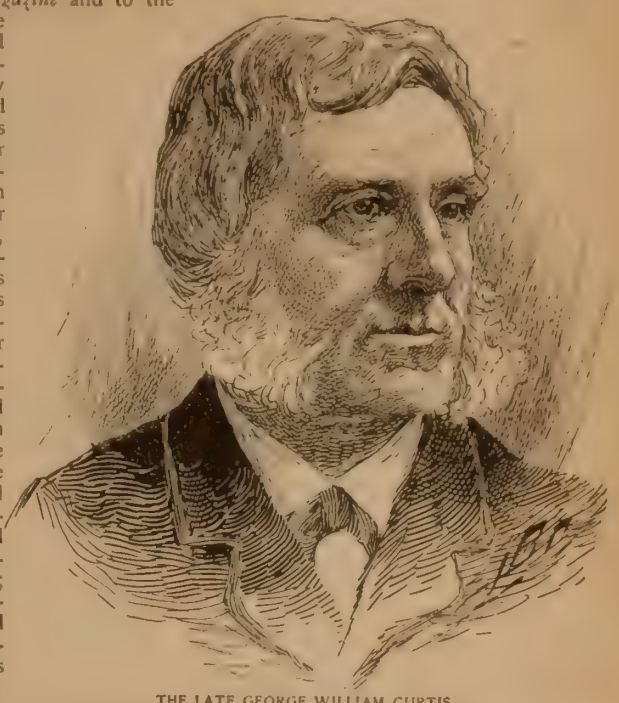
THE CHOLERA FLEET AT QUARANTINE, NEW YORK HARBOR.

A Strange Hallucination.

THE extraordinary behaviour of a widow who lives in Schuyler County, N.Y., is described in a press despatch from Elmira, N. Y. It states that she owns one of the finest farms in the country and has managed it with remarkable skill and energy. Several years ago she retired to bed and refused to rise. She has remained in bed until a few months ago, when she rose and went about her business as before. She has now taken to her bed again and declares her intention of staying there as long as she lives. Her health is good and her appetite suffers little. She spends her time in reading and writing, in receiving reports of the condition of her farm and in giving instructions for its management. She also receives visits from old friends, with whom she chats cheerfully, but will not listen to their appeals to her to quit her bed and lead a normal life. It appears that she is a spiritualist and her conduct is in obedience to a spirit's advice. She says that her first retirement to her bed was in consequence of a message she received from the spirit land directing her to remain in bed "for the purification of her soul." She obeyed until the spirit told her she might arise. Now she claims that the same spirit has instructed her to go to bed and not leave it again while she lives. No arguments can shake her determination to comply. She will not reply to them, as a rule; but she is evidently agitated when she is appealed to, and her friends considerately avoid the subject. She is perfectly sane on all other subjects and shows considerable shrewdness in the investments of the profits of her farm and in other business matters. It is a pity that she does not exercise her good sense in this matter of her abnormal life. If she did, she would realize that her duty was in obeying God and serving him by using the natural powers he has given her, in his service, instead of withdrawing from active life. If she cannot be convinced that all spirit communications are delusions she might yet be induced to take the Apostolic advice, to "believe not every spirit, but prove the spirits whether they are of God, because many false prophets are gone out into the world." (1. John 4 :1.)

A Leader Fallen.

BY the death of Mr. George William Curtis, which occurred on August 31, we suffer a national bereavement. Mr. Curtis served the public as a statesman, editor and orator, and in each capacity he did faithful and valuable service. For more than thirty years, the better class of citizens—that is the men who think and who are anxious to do right—looked to him for words of wise counsel in times of national perplexity and never looked in vain. He came of an old New England family which at the time of his birth in 1824 had settled in Providence, R. I. Subsequently his father removed to New York and there the youth, who was destined by his father to a commercial career, was placed in a house of business, at the age of sixteen. He stayed there only one year and then went to Brook Farm to join the brilliant company who were there trying to inaugurate a new social departure. He formed, during his four years residence there, the friendships with Emerson, Hawthorne, Ripley, Alcott and Dana which exercised a strong influence over him to the end of his life. Subsequently he spent two years at Concord in closer association with Emerson. Then he spent four years in foreign travel wandering in a leisurely manner, often on foot or by diligence, through Italy, Germany and Holland. Then he went to Egypt and on camel-back across the Arabian Desert to Gaza and Jerusalem. Finally he went to England where he became intimate with many men of letters, especially with Thackeray whose genius much like his own, made a deep impression on his character and literary style. Two volumes were the fruits of his foreign travel. They were styled, *The Nile Notes of a Howadji* and *The Howadji in Syria*. On his return in 1850 he began the literary work which continued until his death. Contributions to *Harper's Magazine* and to the New York *Tribune* were his first essays in periodical literature. He became involved in a new literary venture which terminated disastrously. Mr. Curtis was not legally liable for the debts which this enterprise incurred; but, with that high sense of honor which distinguished him, he assumed them all and devoted his income from his literary work and his lectures for many years to their discharge. He became editor of *Harper's Weekly* and also had charge of a department in the *Magazine* and it was in connection with these periodicals that he was best known to the reading world. Practical politicians derided his scruples and declared his ideal of political purity unattainable in present conditions; but Mr. Curtis steadily maintained his standard and worked strenuously to induce his hearers and readers to aspire to it. It was a salutary effort, and the fact that so few men are engaged in it renders the loss of Mr. Curtis all the more sad. The need of the time is for such men, who, like the two hundred men of Issachar, who went to the coronation of David, "had understanding of the times and knew what Israel ought to do." (1. Chron. 12: 32.)



THE LATE GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

A Struggle Over a Bride.

A MIDNIGHT disturbance aroused the people of a New Jersey village recently. Screams and cries of "murder" and "police" resounded through the streets, and there were sounds of windows breaking and furniture being smashed. On the arrival of the police it was found that the row was the result of a wedding which had taken place earlier in the day. A prosperous business man of Jersey City missed his niece, a girl of seventeen years, whom he had adopted as his daughter and who lived with him. He became concerned at her absence as the evening advanced and started out to search for her. He called at the houses of her friends, but obtained no tidings of her. Eventually he heard that she had been married during the day. This proved to be true, and he learned that the young man to whom she was married lived in a village a few miles away. He promptly hired a conveyance and with two friends drove to the village, arriving there about midnight. He easily located the house where the bridegroom lived and went there and demanded his niece. He was assured that the marriage had been perfectly legal and therefore the girl's husband was her proper guardian, and the uncle had no claim. The logic was irresistible, but the uncle was exasperated by it, and, declaring that he would have his niece, made the violent attack which brought the police on the scene. He told them his grievance and they had the girl brought in. She was much agitated, but said that she would not go with her uncle, but should remain with her husband to whom she was legally married. The police then removed the uncle and his friends and locked them up to prevent any further violence. It was the girl's declaration that settled the dispute. It would be well if young Christians, when in the beginning of their Christian life Satan and the world endeavor to regain possession of them, would be similarly outspoken. Too often they try to retain their connection with the world and worldly society while nominally belonging to Christ's Church. Christ is able to protect them if they declare their allegiance to him and confess him before men. (1. John 4 : 4.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Triennial Council of Congregational Churches will hold its sessions in Plymouth Church, Minneapolis, Minn., October 12–18.

Rev. B. Fay Mills has commenced a series of services in San Francisco which are to continue for five weeks. Prayer meetings for God's blessing on these meetings have been held in all the churches uniting in the movement. Mr. Mills has promised to visit Omaha, Neb., in the fall.

Arrangments are being perfected for concessions in railroad fares and entertainment for delegates and visitors to the Pan-Presbyterian Council which opens in Toronto on Sept 19. Inquiries should be addressed to W. Burno, P. O. Drawer 2607, Toronto, Canada.

Rev. C. H. Yatman proposes to meet at an early date the friends who suggested his going to Europe to study the methods of aggressive Christian work in European cities. He desires to render a report and present practical plans for work in New York and other cities. The date and place of meeting are not yet fixed, but it will probably be held on Sept. 27.

At one of Rev. B. Fay Mills' meetings in San Francisco a Jewess made profession of her faith in Christ. Her brother, a prominent Jew, had threatened to kill her if she did so; but, at a later meeting, he was present and at the close of the meeting he was among those who rose to ask the prayers of God's people for his salvation.

Major Geo. A. Hilton is making wonderful progress in the Gospel Union Mission at Los Angeles, Cal. Sympathetic friends are aiding him generously with personal work and gifts of money and clothing. Last month sixty-one persons received gifts of clothing, 578 men, women and children were provided with a free meal and 136 homeless men were sheltered for a night each. The spiritual interest increases. At some of the meetings over 400 persons have been present, a large proportion of whom manifested concern for salvation. Major Hilton is continually making appeals for help of one kind or another, but he testifies that God always sends him the needed provision. The mission has been a great blessing to the city.

The American Institute of Sacred Literature, of which Dr. W. R. Harper is principal, reports a large accession of students. The facilities it offers to persons engaged in business of acquiring a knowledge of the Bible languages have made the Institute a highly popular enterprise. A person who has but one hour a day available for study, and who wishes to learn Greek or Hebrew can easily do so by arranging with the Institute for tuition through the mail. Sunday School teachers may also obtain instruction in the English Bible in the same way; the books studied being those in which the lessons for the ensuing half year are located. The object being to promote the study of the Bible and not to make a profit, the tuition fees are fixed at extremely low rates. All particulars may be obtained by writing Dr. W. R. Harper, Hyde Park, Chicago, Ill., enclosing stamped envelope for reply.

HELPFUL ANECDOTES

"Pray Without Ceasing."

A NUMBER of ministers were assembled for the discussion of difficult questions, and among others it was asked, how the command "to pray without ceasing" could be complied with. Various suppositions were started, and at length one of the number was appointed to write an essay upon it, to read at the next montly meeting; which being overheard by a female servant, she exclaimed, "What! a whole month wanted to tell the meaning of the text! It is one of the easiest and best texts in the Bible." "Well, well," said an old minister, "Mary, what can you say about it? Let us know how you understand it; can you pray all the time?" "Oh yes, sir." "What! when you have so many things to do?" "Why, sir, the more I have to do, the more I can pray." "Indeed; well, Mary, do let us know how it is; for most people think otherwise." "Well, sir," said the girl, "when I first open my eyes in the morning, I pray, Lord, open the eyes of my understanding; and while I am dressing, I pray, that I may be clothed with the robe of righteousness; and when I have washed myself, I ask for the washing of regeneration; and as I begin to work, I pray, that I may have strength equal to my day. When I begin to kindle the fire, I pray, that God's work may revive in my soul; and as I sweep out the house, I pray, that my heart may be cleansed from all its impurities; and while preparing and partaking of breakfast, I desire to be fed with the hidden manna, and the sincere milk of the Word; and as I am busy with the little children, I look up to God as my Father, and pray for the Spirit of adoption, that I may be his child, and so on all day: every thing I do furnishes me with a thought for prayer." "Enough, Enough," cried the old divine, "these things are revealed to babes, and often hid from the wise and prudent." "Go on, Mary," said he, "pray without ceasing; and as for us, my brethren, let us bless the Lord for his exposition, and remember that he has said, 'The meek will he guide in judgment.'" The essay, as a matter of course, was not considered necessary after this little event occurred.

* * *

A Sign of a New Heart.

MR. YOUNG says: "It is related of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon that once in the course of his visitations he came upon an old woman whom he found in great fear lest after all she was not converted. Her assurance was gone, and she was in terrible doubt. Mr. Spurgeon spoke to her, and as she poured forth her grief she wailed, 'Oh, if I be lost, what shall I do, I who on earth could never bear the company of the ungodly to be shut up with them for ever, the thought is terrible. However shall I bear it?' and the poor creature wrung her hands while tears slowly trickled down her cheeks. But the great preacher wonderfully comforted her by assuring her that there was not the slightest chance of her being called upon to endure such misery. The very fact of her horror at being put among those who did not love God was a sign that she cleaved not unto sin, but unto righteousness, not unto Satan, but unto Christ. A man is known by the company he keeps. Are you at home among those who despise and talk lightly of their Master, or do you love to be in his company and the company of his saints? If you bring forth the fruit of the Spirit then you are in Christ."

* * *

A Lesson in a Dream.

THE Rev. Herbert Mends, of Plymouth, Eng., speaking of his early religious impressions, says: "If any particular circumstance might be considered as making a more deep, lasting, and serious expression, than others, it was a dream which I had when at school at Ottery. I felt the apprehension of the approach of the last great Judgment Day. I well remember all the attending circumstances; and observed that they were perfectly corresponding to the description of that awful event recorded in the Gospel of Matthew. After I had perceived vast multitudes of the human race appearing before the throne of Christ, some being approved and others rejected, I at length beheld my beloved father and mother, and several of the family, summoned to appear. Great agitation was awakened in my breast; but I heard them distinctly examined, and as distinctly heard the judge say, 'Well done,' etc. At this period, my whole soul was filled with horror indescribable, being conscious that I was not prepared to pass my final scrutiny. At length my name was announced, and I felt all the agonies of a mind fully expecting to be banished from the presence of God, and the glory of his power. The judge then, with a stern countenance, and in language which struck me with mingled shame and hope, said, 'Well, what sayest thou?' I fell at his feet, and implored mercy, and prayed, 'Lord, spare me yet a little longer, and when thou shalt call for me again, I hope to be ready.' With a smile, which tranquilized my spirits, the Lord replied, 'Go, then, and improve the time given thee.' The extreme agitation of my mind awoke me. But so deep was the impression, that I have never forgotten it."

* * *

What a Girl Did.

A GOOD many years ago, a little girl of twelve years of age was passing an old brick prison in the city of Chicago, on her way to school, when she saw a hand beckoning from behind a cell window and heard a weary voice asking her to please bring him something to read.

For many weeks after she went to the prison every Sunday, carrying the poor prisoner a book to read, from her father's library. At last one day she was called to his deathbed.

"Little girl," said he, "you have saved my soul; promise me that you will do all your life for the poor people in prison what you have done for me."

The little girl promised, and she has kept her promise. Linda Gilbert has been all her life the steadfast friend of the prisoner. She has established good libraries in many prisons, and visited and helped hundreds of prisoners; and of the great number of those she has helped 600 are now, to her certain knowledge, leading honest lives. Prisoners from all parts of the country know and love her name, and surely the God of prisoners has looked upon her work with interest. And all this because a little girl heard and heeded the call to help a suffering soul.

* * *

Do Good While You Live.

AN eminent divine was suffering under chronic disease, and consulted three physicians, who declared, on being questioned by the sick man, that his disease would be followed by death in a shorter or longer time, according to the manner in which he lived; but they advised him unanimously to give up his office, because, in his situation, mental agitation would be fatal to him. "If," inquired the divine, "I give myself to repose, how long, gentlemen, will you guarantee my life?" "Six years," answered the doctors. "And if I continue in office?" "Three years, at most." "Your servant, gentlemen," he replied; "I should prefer living two or three years in doing some good, to living six in idleness."

* * *

The King's Countenance.

A FRIEND of Mr. Spurgeon was sick; the great preacher sympathized with him in his affliction, to which a loving and appreciative reply was made. Mr. Spurgeon was so impressed by the spirit and beautiful utterances of the letter that he said his friend "must have gone far into the King's country, and been much in the light of the King's countenance."

The King's country! Blessed country! accessible to all the King's sons and daughters. Happy those who have an inheritance in the land, and happier those who have gone far into the country, and are basking in the light of the King's countenance.

* * *

Prayer Banishes Fatigue.

Two Christian persons were about to perform a long and trying journey; one of them was in such a state of health as to make it likely that the journey would be a very considerable trial to flesh and blood. The mind of one of these travelers was led to commend this matter to the Lord, and to ask him for such especial traveling mercies, and strength, for his friend, that the journey might not prove wearisome, or too much for the frame which had to sustain it. The hours of night rolled on, and as the morning broke, the one for whom the prayer had been offered, and who had shown no sign of fatigue, turned to the other and remarked that strange to say no fatigue was being experienced, and that time seemed flying by rapidly. Then the reason was told, and the secret of the prayer let out; and when the journey was finally accomplished and rest could easily be had, the traveler did not need it, nor take it, but was able to go about, as if the previous night had been spent in bed, and not in a railway train.

* * *

An African's Beautiful Faith.

A MISSIONARY some years ago, returning from South Africa, gave a description of the work which had been accomplished there through the preaching of the Gospel. Among other things he pictured a little incident of which he had been an eye-witness. He said that one morning he saw a converted African chieftain sitting under a palm tree, with his Bible open before him. Every now and then he cast his eyes on his book and read a passage. Then he paused and looked up a little while, and his lips were seen to be in motion. Thus he continued, alternately, to look down on the Scriptures and to turn his eyes upwards towards Heaven.

The missionary passed by without disturbing the good man, but after a while he mentioned to him what he had seen, and asked him why it was that sometimes he read and sometimes he looked up? This was the African's reply:

"I look down to the book and God speaks to me. Then I look up in prayer and I speak to the Lord. So we keep up this way a holy talk with each other."

As we read the account of this touching little scene, the words of Psalms 27: 8, flash over us. This picture is but a mirror to reflect the eighth verse of the twenty-seventh Psalm: "When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek." First, God talking to us; and then, our talking to God.

* * *

A Vacation Reproof.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL scholar went out into the country to spend his vacation—a visit he had long looked forward to with pleasure. He went out to help the men harvest. One of the men was an inveterate swearer. The boy having stood it as long as he could, said to the man: "Well, I guess I will go home tomorrow." The swearer, who had taken a great liking to him, said, "I thought you were going to stay all summer?" "I was," said the boy, "but I can't stay where anybody swears so; one of us must go, so I will go." The man felt the rebuke and he said, "If you will stay I won't swear,' and he kept his word. Take a bold stand for the right, throw all your influence on the side of Christ, and follow him, and you will sow seed, the harvest of which you will reap both in this and the next world.

* * *

Displeasing God.

MADAME GUYON once prayed very sincerely that "God would take away from her the power of displeasing him." All real, sincere Christians would be willing to have God answer this prayer. This, however, is not God's plan. But he will, if we are faithful, give us grace to enable us to please him at all times. He will not take away our free agency, but he will enable us to choose the best thing all the time. The best thing always will be the thing that is in perfect harmony with the divine will.

* * *

ONE STITCH.

ONE stitch dropped as the weaver drove
His nimble shuttle to and fro,
In and out, beneath, above, [grow
Till the pattern seems to bud and
As if the fairies had helping been;
And the one stitch dropping pulled the next stitch out,
And a weak place grew in the fabric stout,
And the perfect pattern was marred for aye,
By the one small stitch that was dropped that day.

One small life in God's great plan.
How futile it seems as the ages roll,
Do what it may, or strive how it can,
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole!
A single stitch in an endless web;
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb;
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,
Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed;
And each life that fails of the true intent
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

The Two Travelers.

TWO men were once traveling in the Far West; one was a sceptic, the other a Christian. The former was on every occasion ready to denounce religion as an imposture and professors as hypocrites. According to his own account of the matter, he always suspected those who made pretensions to piety, felt particularly exposed in the company of Christians, and took special care of his horse and watch when the saints were around him. They had traveled late one evening and were in the wilderness. They at last drew near to a solitary hut and rejoiced in the prospect of a shelter, however humble. They asked admission and obtained it. But it was almost as dreary and comfortless within, as without; and there was nothing prepossessing in the appearance of its inhabitants. These were an elderly man, his wife, and two sons, sunburnt, hardy and rough. They were apparently hospitable, and welcomed our travelers to such homely fare as the forest afforded; but this air of kindness might be assumed to deceive them; and the travelers became seriously apprehensive that evil was intended. It was a lonely place well suited to deeds of robbery and blood. No help was at hand. The two friends communicated to each other their suspicions, and resolved that on retiring to their part of the hut, they would barricade the door against the entrance of their host, that they would have their weapons of defence at hand, that they would alternate in watching, so that one should be constantly on his guard while his companion slept. Having hastily made their arrangements, they joined the family, partook of the homely meal and spoke of retiring to rest. The old man said it had been his practice in better times and he continued it still, before his family retired, to commend them to God, and if the strangers had no objection he would do so now. The Christian rejoiced to find a brother in the wilderness, and even the sceptic could not conceal his satisfaction at the proposition. The old man then took down a well-worn Bible on which no dust had gathered though age had marked it, and read with emphasis a portion of the sacred Scriptures. He then supplicated the divine protection, acknowledged the divine goodness, and prayed for grace, guidance and salvation. He prayed too for the strangers—that they might be prospered in their journey, and when their earthly journey was done, they might have a home in heaven. He was evidently a man of prayer, and that humble cottage was a place where prayer was wont to be made. The travelers retired to their apartment; according to their arrangement the sceptic was to have the first watch during the night; but instead of priming his pistols and bracing his nerves for an attack he was for lying down to sleep as quietly as if he had never thought of danger. His friend reminded him of their engagement, and asked where he had lost his apprehension of danger. Ah; the infidel felt the force of the question and all it implied; and had the frankness to confess that he could not but feel as as safe as at a New England fireside, in any house or in any forest where the Bible was read as the old man read it, and prayer offered as he prayed.

* * *

Joy Over Repenting Sinners.

A PIOUS Armenian, calling on Mr. Hamlin, the missionary at Constantinople, remarked that he was astonished to see how the people are waking up to the truth; how, even among the most uncultivated some are seeking after it as for hid treasure. "Yes," said he, "it is going forward; it will triumph; but alas! I shall not live to see it. Alas! that I am born an age too soon." "But," said Mr. Hamlin, "do you remember what our Saviour said, 'There shall be joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth?' You may not live to see the truth triumphant in this empire; but should you, through divine grace, reach the kingdom of heaven and be with the angels, your joy over your whole nation repentant and redeemed, will be infinitely greater than it could be on earth." He seemed surprised at this thought; but, after examining the various passages to which I referred him, he yielded to the evidence with the most lively expressions of delight, and seemed to be perfectly enraptured at the thought that our interest in the church of Christ and the progress of his kingdom on earth is something which death cannot touch, and which, instead of ceasing with this life, will only be increased and perfected in another. "Oh fool, and slow of heart," said he, "to read the Gospel so many times without perceiving such a glorious truth. If this be so, no matter in what age a Christian was born, nor when he dies,"

THE ANTICHRIST.

Dr. F. Godet's Opinon of the Origin and Development of the Potentate of the last Days.*

THE collection of sixty-six books which make up our Holy Scriptures may be compared to an edifice containing sixty-six rooms, in each of which there shines a ray of celestial light. Most Christians are contented to gaze upon it from without, as mere tourists. Are they prevented from entering by the fear of finding within it only closed doors? Such is, no doubt, the feeling of many. We now come forward to offer them the key to some of these mysterious chambers. If they are willing to make use of it, they will soon extend their visits to all the rooms in this Divine abode.

Antichrist's appearance will be preceded by a combat waged in heaven between Michael the champion of God, the representative of monotheism—that is the meaning of his name "who is like unto God?"—and Satan, the seducer of men, who entices them into idolatry, into that worship of imaginary beings which is, at bottom, only the adoration of Satan himself and of his angels.

Satan loses his place in the celestial spheres from whence he had been still ruling over men's hearts, and making himself worshipped as God. He is cast down to the earth. But a certain degree of power is still left to this enemy in the terrestrial sphere. Only he cannot exert it directly; and just as evil spirits require the body of those who are possessed, as a medium for their action, so Satan needs a man wholly given up to him, to enable him to realize the plans of vengeance which he is revolving in his heart. He seems to say to Christ, as he casts upon him a look of hellish defiance; I am about to rob thee of thy Christians. And the coming of the Antichrist is means which he employs for realizing this threat.

What will become of the Church under these circumstances! The end of the vision in Rev. 12 tells us; and chapter 13 will confirm it. She will disappear temporarily from off the face of the earth, at least as far as the kingdom of the Antichrist shall extend. But she will find a place of refuge prepared for her by God—a land of Goshen into which the perfidious solicitations of the Antichrist cannot pursue her.

The apostle Paul lays it down very decidedly that the Man of Sin realizes in himself the spurious Jewish Messiah set up by carnal Israel, in opposition to the Messiah of God. This personage will consent to that act of felony to which Jesus would not consent—that of doing homage to the sovereignty of the prince of this world, in order that he might receive from his hands universal empire. Satan will fulfil to him the promise which he made to Jesus: "If thou wilt worship me, I will give thee all these kingdoms, and the glory of them; for that is delivered unto me."

St. John attributes to the beast the form of a leopard, the feet of a bear, and the mouth of a lion. These three animals represented in Daniel the Grecian and Persian monarchies and the Babylonian empire. John intends us therefore to understand that the empire of the Antichrist will combine in itself all the powers which these four different nations had in succession possessed.

The existing European states formed themselves out of the materials of the Roman edifice. They are like the ten toes of the statue in Daniel's vision, and still form a part of the colossus. Roman civilization remains mistress of the world. It is these remains which a violent force, and one, as the vision says, of transitory duration, is to sweep away, like a devastating torrent. Then will the Antichrist appear the eighth head, and at the same time the beast himself, issuing this time not only from the sea of nations, but from the abyss—in virtue of the diabolical inspiration which animates him. He will present himself to mankind, in their disorganized and desperate condition, as their saviour, and in order that he may accomplish the work of their social restoration, will only ask to be recognized as the incarnation of the Infinite Spirit.

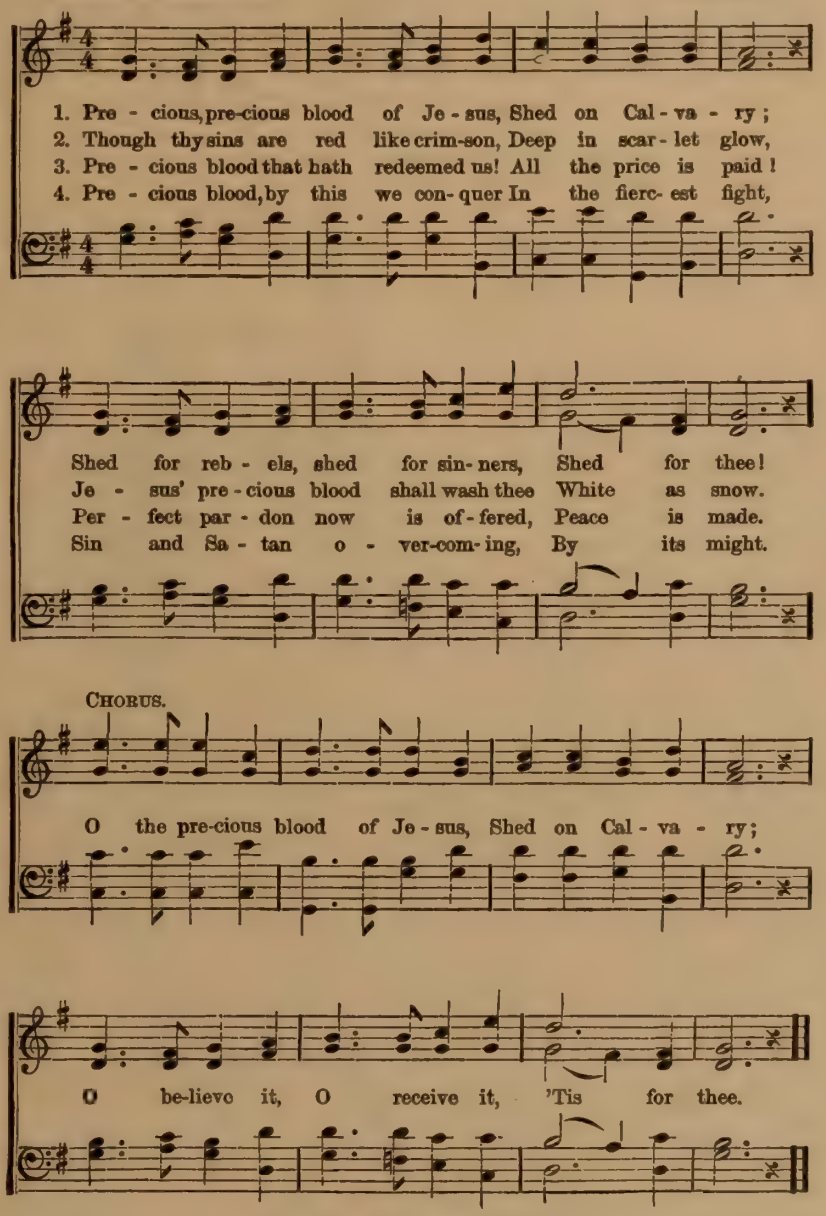
The Antichrist has an acolyte represented under the image of a second beast, having horns like a lamb, and called, later on, the false prophet. Antichrist cannot exist without a clergy at his command; and by the side of the new Solomon there will infallibly be found a complaisant high priest, willing to place his piety, his pantheistic wisdom, and even his tricks and pretended miracles at the service of this false Messiah. Whilst the monarch will exert his despotic power over the bodies of men by his legions, he will exert it over their minds, through the priest prophet who will celebrate the mysteries and the worship of the beast.

* From *Studies in the New Testament*, by Rev. F. Godet, D.D., Professor of Theology, Neuchatel.

Precious Blood of Jesus.

"The precious blood of Christ."—1 PET. 1: 19.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. J. H. BURKE.


1. Pre - cious, pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry;
2. Though thy sins are red like crim-son, Deep in scar - let glow,
3. Pre - cious blood that hath redeemed us! All the price is paid!
4. Pre - cious blood, by this we con- quer In the fierc- est fight,
Shed for reb - els, shed for sin- ners, Shed for thee!
Je - sus' pre - cious blood shall wash thee White as snow.
Per - fect par - don now is of - fered, Peace is made.
Sin and Sa - tan o - ver-com- ing, By its might.
CHORUS.
O the pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry;
O be-lieve it, O receive it, 'Tis for thee.

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"I LOVE JESUS BEST"

SHE was an angel in disguise:
Those rapturous eyes.
And lineaments of love,
Revealed her native home above.

How radiant and beautiful;
How wonderful
The joy and light
Of mind mature, and spirit bright.

On else than childish toys,
And temporal joys,
Her thoughts would rest:
She whispered, "I love Jesus best."

The birds, and radiant flowers,
And leafy bowers,
Were her delight,
But not the loveliest in her sight.

She loved and meditated more
The golden shore;
And things sublime,
Beyond the narrow realms of time:

And at the close of day,
Weary of play,
Her soul would rest
Confessing, "I love Jesus best."

In such a heart of grace,
The second place
We valued more
Than gold, or all our earthly store:

And oft evoked the preference sweet,
So wise and meet,
To hear expressed
Her loving, "I love Jesus best."

With mild and reverent voice
She spake her choice;
The accents, low,
In soft and silver murmurs flow.

But listening angels heard
That heavenly word,
In sweet surprise
To find such melody beneath the skies:

And soon their glorious flight,
To realms of light,
Another soul had borne;
While we are left our loss to mourn.

Yet listening now, with eager ear,
We seem to hear,
In the land of rest,
That sweet confession, "I love Jesus best."

Buena Vista, Pa. —B. C. MOONAW.

A HINDOO CHILD WEDDING.

EARNEST efforts are now being made by the ladies of the Zenana Mission, in India, to break up the custom of child-marriage, and to raise the condition of womanhood in that land from its present degradation. The Government has done nothing to check the evil, but the sympathy of Christ-like women is arousing public opinion among the natives and is prompting attempts to so culture and educate the girls as to fit them to be intelligent companions instead of as now the mere slaves of their husbands. The following description by Mrs. Samuel Merrill, wife of the U. S. Consul in Calcutta, shows how little the conception of true marriage enters into the Oriental's mind:

We asked, "Which is the bride?" She was pointed out. "That little creature? that tiny child?" I took her hand and patted her soft cheeks, and longed to pick her up in my arms and pet her, and love her—she was so small and yet going to be married to-night! She was eight years old, but looked not more than six. She did not smile or seem to care about anything. The mother was there, only twenty herself, and appearing like an older sister. I wondered if she did not pity her child, but probably not; the women are taught that marriage is the most desirable event in life and that the earlier it occurs the better. But the most engrossing object to our astonished eyes was the bridegroom. He sat in a large chair on a raised platform at one side and was being disrobed by several attendants. Every article of his rich attire was taken off; his magnificent velvet robe was carefully folded and laid in a trunk which stood open near by; his white shirt, with its big diamond buttons and studs, his gilded slippers, his silken hose, his velvet trousers were all removed, leaving him in the usual native underdress; every ring and bracelet and chain were laid away in the trunk. A simple white muslin cloth was thrown over him, and with bare feet he advanced to the middle of the room, where a space had been kept clear, and sat down on his heels before a small burning lamp. The father of the bride, having also thrown aside his gay clothes, sat by him while several priests clustered near. It would be impossible to describe all the ceremonies that were performed, the priests blessing seeds and powders and bits of sticks, and passing them back and forth, sometimes putting them into the hands of the bridegroom, sometimes into those of the father and sometimes again into the flame of the lamp. We could not understand what it all meant.

All this while the bands were clanging away, servants were passing ices and wines, some with huge baskets of flowers were giving every guest a buttonhole bouquet and others were throwing garlands of white flowers around the neck of each one. No bride had as yet been seen, but presently the groom was led from the room, and we were told he had gone to seek his bride. In about a half hour the pair returned hand in hand, and we looked eagerly at the little bride, this dear girl of eight years. The small toes were so covered with heavy rings that she could not step properly, but was forced to walk on her heels. She was simply dressed in a scarlet silk surree, as the woman's one garment is called, her hair done up in a knot behind. She looked timid and frightened. Just think of that child alone amid that multitude, not even her mother by her side—one little baby girl among a thousand men. The composure was astonishing. She was seated on her heels, of course, opposite her boyish lover with the lamp between them, and the same sort of proceedings as before were continued. She must have grown very weary before the long ceremony was finished.

Finally the oldest priest took her hand and laid it on that of the boy and tied them together with silken cords and chains of gold. It was a beautiful thing, but I never can forget my feelings as I saw that baby hand, that tiny, dimpled, pretty hand extended to be tied fast and forever to a boy she had never seen before, and at an age when she ought to be in a mother's loving, tender care. It was an interesting sight, but, oh, so sad. After awhile their dresses were tied together at the corners, some more rupees were passed about—there seemed to be a great abundance of them—some were tied up in their robes, different head-dresses were tried on the pair, glittering, spangled things; new garments were blessed by the priests and thrown over them, and at last the long, long ceremony was over, and the married children disappeared. This event is the end of that girl's childhood. She is a woman now—all freedom is over for her—entered into the zenana a wife, her future life is shut up within its high walls.

WORTHY CONFESSION.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Sept. 25. I. Cor. 11 : 23-28; Colossians 1 : 9-14.

THE duty of confessing him before men was one which Jesus required of all his followers. No teacher has ever appeared in the world who has insisted so strongly on personal allegiance. It was not an acceptance of a system of philosophy that he demanded, although as a system of philosophy, his teaching has never been equalled, but what he claimed was personal allegiance. He came as a king though in a humble guise. "He taught as one having authority," his words were revelations. He came to found a kingdom, and there was in his bearing, even when he humbled himself most, and was most tender, a conscious royal dignity, which was consistent with his claims. He expected his followers to believe *on him*, to own his supremacy, and to declare openly that they were members of his kingdom. That demand he still makes, and he deelares that they who deny him he will deny in the day of his power and glory.

But this duty is indissolubly connected with responsibility. The life of the professor must be consistent with the profession. Christ stands ready to give the necessary strength; he is forgiving and compassionate to those who fall and come to him for pardon; but woe to the man who, having taken his name upon himself lives carelessly and heedlessly, bringing reproach on the name. He made no concealment of the stringent conditions of discipleship. The test of leaving all to follow him, was applied at the outset, and he still expects that if his followers are confronted with the alternative of surrendering their possessions, their friends, and even life itself or deserting him, they will cleave to him though they lose all. His simile of the camel and the needle's eye has more pertinency than is generally recognized. The effort common in the present day to make the best of both worlds, must seem in his eyes a strange misunderstanding of all his teaching. The utter and complete unselfishness he inculcated, the preference of others to ourselves, the bearing of other's burdens, which formed so prominent a topic of his discourses, seldom characterizes those who boast of being his people in these days. The eagerness for wealth and fame and power which many Christians manifest is a clear proof that they are none of his. It is a spirit antagonistic to the first principles of Christianity, and in his last messages to his Church delivered to his servant John in Patmos, it is explicitly and emphatically denounced. "Let a man examine himself and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup," is an injunction by no means obsolete. Every age has had its snares and temptations, but the standard Christ raised has never been lowered. It remains to-day, and it is still required that every man who names the name of Christ shall depart from iniquity.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

AT Ventura, Cali.,the League is only a year old, and has more than doubled its membership and is doing good work. The recent convention was very helpful. The South Manchester Chapter, Connecticut, has issued one of the neatest announcement cards that has come to our notice. Doubtless this is a wide awake Chapter. The Chapter of Grace Church, Chicago, Ill., is a substantial success. The Sunday Evening devotional services are attended by large andiences of young people. The local chapter of Joliet, Lockport, New Lenox, Channahon, Minooka, Elwood, and Wilmington, Ill., met recently in Convention at Joliet. A song service opened the programme in the afternoon. The secretary of the Centenary Camp Ground's Association, Mr. Abel Bliss, has tendered the use of the grounds at New Lenox to the Joliet District League or to any Chapter of it for picnic purposes it is one of the most beautiful groves in Will County. The Rockland District League Convention, Maine, at Damaris cotta was a grand success. Seventy-three delegates, sixteen ministers, and friends made an enthusiastic company. Pastor G. F. Bundy, Missouri, recently organized a new Chapter at Wyaconda. A Chapter of fifty-three members has just been formed at at Mantes, O. The Chapter of Twentieth Street Church, Philadelphia, is in a prosperous condition. The secret of this League's success is found in the readiness with which the young people discharge every duty. The Covenant Chapter, Reading, has special devotional, musical meetings. In addition to organ there are two cornets, two violins, and other instruments.

The League works in harmony with the church, having at several times aided the trustees financially.

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A TRUSTEE OF THE C. E. SOCIETY.

ONE of the most earnest and enthusiastic helpers, Dr. F. E. Clark has had in the development of the Christian Endeavor movement is Rev. Charles A. Dickinson, whose portrait appears on this page. Mr. Dickinson was one of the first ministers to recognize the possibilities which lay in the Christian Endeavor idea, and to see how potent an aid it might be in the work of the Church. He has throughout been a warm and energetic supporter of the movement and accompanied Dr. Clark last year in his campaign in England. His official position is that of Trustee of the United Society, an office which calls for exactly those qualities of tact, discretion and enthusiastic faith in Christian Endeavor principles which Mr. Dickinson possesses. His colleagues on the Board have learned to rely on his judgment and to value his counsel. Mr. Dickinson is a graduate of Harvard and Andover and has held pastorates at Portland, Me., where he occupied the pulpit of the sainted Edward Payson, and at Lowell, Mass. He is now pastor of the Berkeley Temple Church in Boston. This church is famous throughout the country for its activity and its many forms of aggressive Christian work. Classes for young people in all kinds of practical work, kindergarten, kitchen garden, Dorcastry, Christian Endeavor societies, senior and junior, a summer outing home for girls in Vermont, and an orphanage in the old Dickinson homestead, also among Vermont hills, are some of the many enterprises which are undertaken by the Berkeley Temple. In all these the Christian Endeavor Society is able to give valuable aid to the pastor.

REV. CHAS. A. DICKINSON, TRUSTEE UNITED C. E. SOCIETY.

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A MENTAL TONIC.

How the thought for other people, and the effort to help them,relieves mental distress and alleviates mental suffering, is told in a note by the President of the King's Daughters in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "A letter has just come to hand," she says, " which reports a most interesting circle in an insane asylum. The writer is the wife of the physician in charge of the asylum. She formed the circle and it has had most wonderful success. She says: 'Many suffer from imaginary diseases, or from depression or delusion, and all seem to forget their own ills in ministering to the needs of others.' She has chosen for her work that which brings the sympathy of a woman quicker than anything else. As I read of the results of this Circle, they are simply marvelous, bnt almost my first thought was, how many women there are who are almost insane from one cause or another who might be helped in the same way. Delusions ! Depressions ! Imaginary diseases ! Surely, if these constitute insanity, then there are many people insane who are not in insane asylums, and it might be just as well to take preventive steps to save from going there. Many a one who is there might never have been there, perhaps, if they had taken vigorous measures to save themselves when they first began to be low-spirited. Somebody says we are all more or less deranged, so it might be well to find out just in what direction our incipient insanity lies and guard that weak place, and I really do not know of a better remedy than the one my friend has tried on those in the asylum—ministering to others in their great needs. A Loving Service Circle In His Name."

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A REQUEST FOR PRAYER.

A PATHETIC appeal for the prayers of Christian people comes from India. Nineteen years ago, through exertions of a lady missionary of the Zenana Mission, a Young Men's Christian Association was organized at Trivandrum. No such institution existed in India at that time, but when the Christian worker saw the number of young men who came to the city to study at the Maharajah's college she was anxious that some effort should be made to reach them with Gospel influence. An association was organized under the presidency of Rev. S. Mateer, and a number of Syrian Christian teachers co-operated in the work. One of the missions kindly lent its building for meetings free of cost. Meetings for prayer, for Bible study, and for mental improvement were regularly held, and many of the college students were induced to attend and became members. But the college was continually changing its constituency. The students finished their course and went to their distant homes and the new comers were not looked after. The Roman Catholic population of the city increased and the Protestant diminished, so that the Association lost its workers from the permanent residents as well as its members from among the transient students, and it came near extinction. An effort is now being made to resuscitate it by enlisting the co-operation of the Christians of Trivandrum. A new and energetic secretary has been appointed, who is thoroughly in earnest, and who realizes how much may be accomplished for that district of India by the conversion of the students of the college. It is he who writes to ask for the prayers of the Christians of other lands for the help of God in the work.

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Mr. John Willis Baer, General Secretary of the Society, whose health did not allow him to attend the recent convention at New York, is already decidedly better. He has taken a sea voyage, and is spending a few days in Scotland. He will return shortly after Dr. Clark's departure from San Francisco, and expects to be fully able so take up his office work, though he will not be able to attend conventions during the coming year.

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THE new permanent Young Men's Christian Association Camp and Summer School has opened under excellent auspices at Wanamassa, New Jersey. It is under the management of the New Jersey State Committee,and located about one mile from Asbury Park and Ocean Grove.

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THE English year book of the Young Men's Christian Association recently published, contains evidence of the growth of the movement. It is stated that from 1883 to 1892 the associations have increased from 292 to 846, and the membership from 40,000 to 83,000.

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THE National Guard Young Men's Christian Association organized last year, demonstrated its practicability since, for the first time in its history, the work was self-supporting.

A BENEFICENT CIRCLE.

THE report of a year's work presented by a Circle of King's Daughters, at Clifton, N. J., at its recent anniversary, shows how much good may be accomplished by a few ladies who are in earnest, and have real consecration of spirit. The circle was organized in August, 1891, and held its meetings in the Clifton Reformed Church. Miss Sadie M. Dinsmore was chosen president, Miss Margaret E. Paine, secretary, and Miss Mary Bailey, treasurer. Three months ago the work was extended by organizing another circle among the younger girls, which took the name of "The Whatsoever Circle," with the motto Eccles. 9: 10. Meetings have been held regularly throughout the year which have been opened and closed by devotional exercises. Besides these there have been special meetings which have been a source of much profit and pleasure. Shortly before Christmas a Donation Festival was held, when two barrels and two large boxes were packed with suitable gifts and despatched to poor children in New York and in the West.

During the year among other beneficent acts, the Circles subscribed for a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to be sent for one year to a Sunday School Union Missionary at Fort Scott. A large box of books and papers were sent to the Soldiers' Home, at Dodge City, Kans.; a gift of five dollars to Miss Louise Bonner, Teacher of the Mission School among the Seminoles of Wewaka, Ind, Ter.; barrels of clothing, jars of jelly to the Five Points Mission, New York, with a number of dressed dolls for the children in the Mission school; scrap-books for the New York Children's Nursery and Hospital, and forty-two baskets of fruit and flowers to the New York Flower Mission. Beside all this good work the Circle sent thirty dollars to India to help support and educate Lydia, a Hindoo girl who is now at the Arcot Missian, at Vellore, and the Circle has pledged itself to contribute the same amount annually. Lydia, the protege of the Circle, wears the Silver Cross and understands that she is being supported "in his name." The entire outlay of the Circle for the year has been $84.26 and the receipts $100.58 leaving a balance in the Treasury of $10.32.

The spiritual results of the year call for thankfulness. Five members of the Circle have made profession of faith in Christ and have united with the church. These daughters of the King are entering on the second year of service with full hearts and steadfast purpose to continue their work for the Master and those who are his representatives on earth. The Whatsoever Circle are also planning with hope and energy an extensive sphere of labor and hold themselves ready to do "Whatsoever" the King would have them do. Thus grateful hearts near at hand and far away, are praising God for the help they are receiving from Daughters of the King who are doing them good "in his name."

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THE B. Y. P. U. IN TEXAS.

A GLOWING report of the progress of the Baptist Young People's Union in Texas is sent by the Secretary to the organ of the Union. It appears that Texas was the first State in the South to effect a State organization of the Union. "Soon afterward," the Secretary says, "a very lively discussion of the movement began in the Baptist papers and continued for a while with great enthusiasm. Some of our most pious brethren thought the movement unwise and even dangerous, They expressed themselves in vigorous English, but in the main the discussions were conducted in a kind, fraternal spirit, and in a few months all opposition to the movement subsided. And now, so far as I know,there is no adverse feeling against this work. The Baptist churches throughout the State are rapidly falling into line. In all the cities and large towns, and many of the villages and country places the young people have been organized for more efficient work. The history of the churches in which unions have been formed is one of the best comments on the movement. In many of these churches a continuous revival has been in progress, beginning almost simultaneously with the beginning of the unions. The church in which the call for the first State meeting was made, has within the last fourteen months received about 130 members and is now receiving members at the rate of about twenty per month. Whereas, two years ago the church had a mere handful of young members, she now rejoices in the fact that a large majority of her membership consists of young people whose hearts are full of zeal for their Saviour's work. Among these young people there are no ball-goers nor saloon patrons."

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He tells about the Russian Peasants, their Simple Lives and Peculiar Ways.

THERE is probably not a household in Christian America whose members have not heard of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Russian Fund, raised by thousands of good men, women and children, to succor the famine-stricken peasants. It was not surprising, therefore, when the news of the arrival in Russia of the steamship *Leo* was published, that the young members of a certain household should appeal to Uncle John for information about the people in that distant country.

"Want to know about Russia, eh?" said the traveler, as he smilingly took the seat that was placed for him near the window that looked out on the garden. "Well, to begin, it's the biggest country in the world, in point of territory, and it has probably more different races and nationalities mingled among its inhabitants than any other. There are European, Asiatic, Mongol, Tartar, Cossack, Slav, and Circassian, and many more besides. The peasants live in villages and support themselves by cultivating small farms, each family receiving as many lots of land as there are grown-up members in the house. These village communities are called *mirs*, and there are many thousands of them in Russia. The *mir* is the general assembly of all the householders, men and women included, and this body elects an elder who is known as the *starosta*, who is really the father of the village and carries out the wishes of his people. So, you see, the Russian villager has a government of his own, very much like the old patriarchal system we read about in the Good Book. Besides tilling the land, these simple people have other industries, such as weaving in cotton and yarn, and making articles for domestic use. Every village has its shoemaker and its blacksmith."

"Don't they have any trade with the big cities?" inquired Tom.

"Nothing to speak of; for you see their articles are made for the use of their own little community only. They are almost cut off from the great noisy world of trade, and they know nothing of the glories of old Moscow, with its hundred domes, or of the beauties of the Nevski Prospekt, which is to St. Petersburg what Broadway is to New York. Princes and great men are to them like a distant tradition, and the emperor, whom they call their 'Little Father,' they hold in almost sacred reverence. Once in a while, a troop of soldiers comes dashing through the quiet village in the beautiful Russian spring, treading down the young corn in the fields under the horses' hoofs, frightening the children and the poultry, and taking with them when they go many of the grown lads and able-bodied men to fight the Czar's battles. Those are sad days among the poor villagers."

"Didn't the princes and nobles feed these people, when they were hungry this summer, at all?" inquired Millie, with tears in her blue eyes.

Uncle John stroked her fair curls softly, before answering.

"Yes, dear; they did indeed. Many of these nobles and their wives and daughters came to the villages with all the bread and meat and grain they could purchase; but there was not enough grain in the whole empire to feed all the hungry. Just think of it! There were some twenty millions of them, including hundreds of thousands of boys and girls like yourselves, who had not a morsel of proper food to eat in weeks and months. At the best, in times of plenty, the Russian peasant is lucky if he has coarse rye bread two hundred days a year."

"Oh, I'm glad we sent our pennies to them last June!" said Ted. "Do you think they know that the boys and girls of America really cared for them, though?"

"God never permits a kind deed to go unrecognized or unrewarded," said Uncle, gravely. "Here is a picture of a group of Russian peasants at dinner. You see, it has been taken in the summer season (summer lasts there from June to September) and they are eating in the open air, off a long table. As this picture was taken while Dr. Talmage and Mr. Klopsch were in Russia, distributing the cargo our good friends sent over in the *Leo*, I don't doubt that these peasants are making their dinner off some of it."

"What funny-looking clothes," remarked one of the children. "Don't they have any better than these?"

"Not for working in the fields," said Uncle. "The needs of the Russian peasant with regard to clothes are very simple. Indeed, one suit is about all he has, and he wears it until it is thoroughly worn out. And indeed their battle for bread is so great at all times that they cannot give thought to fine attire. Every year, half the grown men and one-third of the women leave home and tramp through Russia in search of work."

"And are they good people, these peasants? Do they pray to God every day, and do they love the Saviour," asked Ted.

"They are a sincere, honest, truthful and very devoted class," was the reply, "and their simple, religious duties, according to their own church, are usually faithfully performed. They have been and still are, subjected to bitter religious persecution. They have however, much to learn in these matters, and it will not be until they are better educated, and brought into closer relations with active Christian communities, that they can realize the best truths of the Gospel. They need the prayers as well as the help of all Christian people."

* * *

Truthful Mothers.

Do Christians mothers realize the importance of absolute truthfulness in their dealings with their children?

I was recently spending a few days in a family of which the mother is one of those women who shine at home, who lives her religion day by day—one who, while insisting upon exact truthfulness in her children, practices the same herself, says an eminent clergyman. I have known her sometimes to make quite a sacrifice that she might keep a promise made to a child; her word, once given, is held sacred.

During my visit I heard one morning a little five-year-old daughter telling an old playmate something that the latter seemed to doubt.

"How do you know it is so?" she asked.

"Oh!" replied the five-year-old child, confidently, "mamma says so."

Still the playmate doubted; when rising, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, the surprised and indignant little one exclaimed:

"What! don't you believe my mamma? Why, she never, never told me anything that was not true!"

Can our little ones always say: "My mamma never told me anything that was not true?"

* * *

RUSSIAN PEASANTS AT DINNER IN THE FAMINE DISTRICTS.
(Photographed expressly for "The Christian Herald.")

A GOODLY HERITAGE

MY vineyard that is mine I have to keep [and leaves.
Pruning for fruit and pleasant twigs
Tend thou thy cornfield; one day thou shall reap
In joy thy ripened sheaves.

Or if thine be an orchard, graft and prop
Food-bearing trees, each watered in its place;
Or if a garden, let it yield for crop
Sweet herbs and herb of grace.

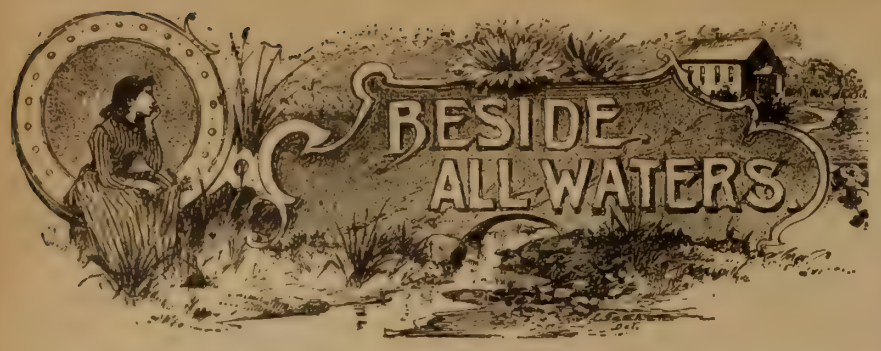
But if my lot be sand, where nothing grows?
Nay, who has said it? Tune a thankful psalm,
For though thy desert bloom not as the rose,
It yet can rear thy palm.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

THE whole tendency of the time is to abbreviate the frolicsomeness of youth. We have no boys and girls nowadays; they are young gentlemen and ladies. They scarcely get out of the cradle before upon them comes an avalanche of books. The rigid proprieties of life crowd up to the verge of the high-chair at the table. The children who will be men and women fifteen years from now will not start life with a surplus of spirits with which some of us were endowed by the outdoor romps and recreations of life in the country. Life is a struggle, even for those most prosperous, and the chief work of the first twelve years of it ought to be gathering up a reservoir full of strength and exuberance that could supply all the years subsequent. Of course parental supervisal must forbid the small cruelties and the meannesses which sometimes creep into children's fun, but I think one of the great mistakes of home life in our time is the lack of sympathy for the joys of juvenescence. In almost every day and in every household there ought to be the "Children's Hour," and all the hilarities should be arranged with reference to childish appreciation. It is a sad thing in a man's life where the boy dies out of his temperament. It is a sad thing in a woman's life when the girl dies out of her disposition. If we had more of the Hallow E'en in our hearts, our life would be happier and more useful, and childhood in our homes would be a bright experience. But in many a prosperous household there is little provision made for the entertainment of life under fifteen years of age. By day the children are at school, and at night the father comes home tired and with patience gone, and soon after tea the children see the shadow of bedtime approaching. All may go well even with such small allowance of merriment, but when the great burdens of life come down upon the shoulders of the young people, will they be able to endure the weight!

Blessed are those who enter upon active life with a large supply of superfluous energy. Childhood is the time for its accumulation. The ball-playing, the lawn-tennis, the croquet, the coasting down the hillside, the snowballing and the skating, are the means of multiplying the resources of life.



BY

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*

Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

KIT'S fears that Phin might burn her precious Testament were not realized. He was too glad of the improvement in his wife's mental condition and too grateful to Kit for the part she had taken in bringing that impression about, to do anything to distress the child. He even went so far as to reiterate his promise that she should go to school and meeting.

"Just to think that I can go to meeting!" said Kit to Symantha that night as she was helping her wash up the dishes. "It seems too good to be true. Ain't you glad, Symantha?"

"Yes, child, I am glad to have you take all the comfort you can" answered Symantha wearily. "There is none too much going in the world, anyway; and you have had less than your share."

But Kit did not go to school next morning, after all. Mrs. Mallory slept late, and the moment she waked she asked for the child.

"Was somebody singing to me? or did I dream it?" she asked of Symantha.

"You did not dream it," answered Symantha gently. Kit was singing for you."

"And can she sing again?" asked the invalid imploringly. "Will she come and sing for me again? Won't your father let her?"

"Oh, yes! she shall sing for you again," said Phin, answering for himself. "Try what you can do," he said to Kit. "Perhaps you can coax her to eat something. She did not touch a bit yesterday."

Kit glanced at the clock in some dismay. It was almost school-time. "God would want me to stay with aunt Martha, I know," she thought, "and I believe Miss Armstrong would too." Without a moment's hesitation she sat down by her aunt, and began to sing again.

"Thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Mallory; "you have done me a great deal of good. But I feel very weak and faint."

"That is because you haven't eaten anything," said Kit. "Let me give you your breakfast, and then I will read to you as I did yesterday. I will wash your face and hands, and then you will feel more like eating."

Mrs. Mallory submitted to all Kit's toilet offices without resistance, and even with some show of pleasure. As Kit tied on her cap, she held her hand for a moment.

"Who are you, little girl?" she said, gazing wistfully at her. "I seem to remember you."

"Why yes, aunt Martha; I am Kit. Don't you know Kit?"

"I don't think that is what I used to call you," said the poor woman, "but my mind is a good deal confused. I don't think I understand anything very well."

"That is because you are sick and weak," answered Kit with ready tact. "When you are better you will know all about it. See, here comes Symantha with the nice breakfast."

Mrs. Mallory ate with some appearance of appetite. "Now sing to me if you are not tired," said she.

"Oh, I am not tired," answered Kit. "I love to sing." She sang two or three hymns, and then read till Mrs. Mallory fell asleep again.

"She is asleep," Kit reported, stealing out of the room. "And, Symantha, you don't know how sensibly she talked."

"What did she say?" asked Symantha.

"Oh, not much; only she asked me if I thought any one could be saved who had denied their Lord. And I told her yes, and read her what it says about Peter. Then she tried to remember a verse; and I found it, and read it to her. It was about the blood of Christ cleansing us from all sin, you know."

"Well?"

"Then she asked if I knew a hymn about that; and I told her I did, and sung it for her. Then she whispered to herself a little while. I think she was praying," said Kit with a look and tone of awe. "And finally she went to sleep."

"That does seem as if she were getting better," said Phin. "Kit, if she does, there is nothing I won't do for you."

Symantha shook her head sadly. "Her mind may get better, but her body won't," said she. "Can't you see how it is, father?"

"You think it is the lighting-up for death?"

"I think so," said Symantha; "and I don't know that we ought to wish it otherwise, if she dies happy."

Phin sighed deeply. "Well, no, I suppose not; but this world will be an empty place when she is gone. Symantha, I haven't been a good father to you, I haven't been good at anything that I know of; but I do thank you for your kindness and patience with that poor thing."

"Then, if I have done anything for her, do something for her, do something for me," said Symantha: "stay away from Oldbury, and let the drink alone."

Phin shook his head, but he said no more; nor did Symantha pursue the subject any further.

Great was the amazement of all the schoolgirls to see Kit, neatly dressed, and book in hand, walk into the schoolhouse Friday evening and seat herself among the children.

"There is Kit," whispered Ruth to Selina. "I wonder if she has run away."

"I dare say she has. I know she said her uncle would not let her come."

"I wonder why she has not been in school."

"Her aunt is worse," replied Selina. "Dr. Chase went up to see her this morning. He told father she was in the last stage of consumption."

Never had the Friday-evening services in the red schoolhouse been so well attended as they were this summer. Perhaps this increased attendance might be partly owing to the fact that the red schoolhouse had never before been so comfortable. Miss Van Zandt's singing might also be an attraction. But I am inclined to think there was more in the case than either, and that a gracious influence was stirring the air, not only in the red schoolhouse district, but in the whole parish of Oldham.

Mr. Bassett opened the service, as usual, with a hymn: and some of the elder people smiled at the earnestness with which the children joined in the singing and more than one turned to look at Kit, whose voice sounded out beautifully clear and full of expression. The service went on as usual, except that more people spoke, and almost every one of the children had a text, or a verse from some favorite hymn. Miss Celia made a few remarks, in her silvery, tremulous voice. "Are there any more remarks?" asked Mr. Basset. There was a short silence; and then a clear little voice sounded from the low bench in front, where the little children sat:—

"Please, Mr. Bassett, will you ask the people to pray for aunt Martha, because she is very sick, and the doctor says she won't live but a little while."

Everybody looked round in surprise. Kit had risen to her feet in her earnestness, and stood with her shining eyes fixed on the good miller's face, while the color mantled beautifully in her cheeks. More than one mother felt the tears very near her eyes as they rested on the poor little motherless child, who stood so evidently thinking of nothing but the request she made; and more than one prayer went up there on her behalf and that of the invalid.

There was the usual little pause for neighborly chat when the service was over.

"Why, Kit! how did you come here?" asked Sarah.

"Uncle Phin let me come," answered Kit. "And only think, Sarah, he says I may go to Sunday School!"

"How glad I am!" said Sarah, bending to kiss the face turned to her. "But where have you been these two days?"

"I could not leave aunt Martha. She is very sick, and she likes to have me sing and read to her."

"Is she sensible?"

"Yes, almost all the time now, though she isn't quite right. She thinks I am her daughter, and she can't bear to have me away from her when she is awake; but she isn't unhappy, as she used to be, and she prays a great deal. But, Sarah, I wonder where Miss Armstrong is. I thought I should see her this evening."

"I don't know, I am sure. Let us ask Selina—Selina, where is Miss Armstrong?"

"She has gone to New York with Mrs. Van Zandt. They had a telegram that some friend of theirs is very low,—not expected to live. Miss Armstrong thought she could not go at first; but Miss Van Zandt must needs offer to teach the school while she was away, so she got ready, and started off in Mrs. Van Zandt's carriage to catch the train at Oldbury."

"I don't see why you should speak so scornfully, Selina," said Faith. "For my part, I think it is very kind of Miss Van Zandt."

"Well, I don't want to be going to school to a girl only two or three years older than I am."

"What differeuce does her age make, so long as she knows more than we do?" asked Faith very sensibly.

The children were early at the schoolhouse next morning, eager to see their new teacher, whom they were all prepared to like.

"Who do you think came to Bible class with me last night?" said Agnes as she joined the group of older girls. "No less a person than Milly Richmond."

"Milly Richmond?" exclaimed Selina. "I don't believe it. She laughs at the very idea."

"She came, for all that. We sat close by the door, and went away the very first minute we could."

"But how did it happen?"

"Well, I asked her. You see, Milly and I have never been very good friends," said Agnes with some embarrassment; "and I think perhaps I have been hard upon her, so I have been trying to make up. I did not believe that she would come to the service: but I remembered what Dr. Madison said about charity at home, and I though there would be no harm in trying; so I asked her, as I said, and she asked me if I really meant it. 'Of course,' I said; and then she said, well, she did not mind for once, only she would like to sit by the door, because it was so warm."

"How did she like it?" asked Sarah.

"I asked her, and she said she didn't know, herself; she should have to think about it. And after that she never said another word all the way home. Here comes Miss Van Zandt. Doesn't she look pretty in her brown-linen dress and blue ribbons? We must do all we can to help her, girls. I don't suppose she has ever taught before."

When noon-time came, Miss Van Zandt requested the elder girls to remain for a few minutes.

"I have a few words to say to you," said she. "As you know, I have taken the place of my friend, Miss Armstrong for a little time, in order that the school may not be closed while she is away. I have not much experience, at least in a day-school; and it is very likely that I may make some mistakes. What I have to ask is, that you older girls, who are the leaders in the school, will help me by throwing your influence upon the side of order. Little girls are apt to follow the lead of large girls; and, if the children see you desirous to maintain the character of the school during your teacher's absence, they will do the same. I don't believe I shall have any trouble with anybody. Does any one know where Kitty is?"

"I suppose she is at home," answered Sarah. "Her aunt is very sick. Dr. Chase says she can only live a few days. And she has taken such a fancy to Kit, she cannot bear her out of sight. She thinhs Kit is her daughter."

"Poor woman!" said Miss Van Zandt. "Well, girls, I don't know that I have any more to say, and I am keeping you from your dinners. I hope and believe that we shall have a very pleasant report to make to Miss Armstrong when she comes home."

"How long will she be gone?" asked Faith.

"The time is uncertain, because it depends upon her friend's health; probably not more than ten days, possibly two weeks."

"And are you going to teach the school all that time?" asked Selina with an emphasis on the "you."

"I fully intend to do so at present," answered Miss Van Zandt, not in the least ruffled. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing; only, if Miss Armstrong is going to be away so long, I suppose the trustees would engage some grown-up person to take charge of the school."

The girls looked at each other in indignant amazement as Selina gave vent to this piece of impertinence, but Miss Van Zandt only smiled.

"How much taller would you like me to be?" she asked, erecting her beautiful figure to its full height. "If the trustees get any one much more grown up, they will have to raise the roof or lower the floor. Pray, how old are you, Selina?"

"She is fifteen," said Agnes, as Selina did not answer.

"Exactly, and I am nineteen. You seem to feel tolerably grown up, yourself, I think; and so, you see I have a right to feel four years more grown up than you are."

"Well, Selina, I do hope you feel better," said Ruth Jewsbury. "You made a nice figure of yourself, I must say. I should think you would be ashamed."

Selina was surprised and vexed; for Ruth had hitherto been somewhat rebellious to Miss Armstrong, and she had looked to her for support in her attempt to put down Miss Van Zandt.

Selina continued doing all in her power to make Ida's work as disagreeable as possible. Ida tried the effect of a gentle remonstrance, but it did no good. Selina denied having done anything wrong; and, when one instance after another of disrespect and disobedience was brought home to her, she burst into tears, declared that every one was against her.

Much perplexed, Ida sought a private interview with Mrs. Weston, and laid the case before her.

"I don't think I have been unjust to Selina," said she. "She is the only one I have any trouble with; but really, she is so disrespectful that I do not know what to do with her."

"I can understand it," said Mrs. Weston, sighing. "Selina is very trying when she takes one of her perverse fits, and I hardly know how to manage her myself. It is not fair, however, that you should be troubled with her; and I think I will keep her at home for the present."

"That seems a pity," remarked Ida. "Perhaps if you were to talk to her ——."

"I fear that would do no good; she seems only to resent it. But I will consult her father, and see what he thinks it best to do."

The result of the consultation was, that Selina found herself taken out of school, and set to work about the house and dairy. The change was not at all to her taste; but she was too proud to complain, and took great pains to show that she did not care.

Kit was absent, too, from the school while Miss Van Zandt was teaching, but her absence was due to very different causes. Unlike Selina she would have been an eager and docile pupil. It was the illness of the poor afflicted wife which kept Kit at home. Mrs. Mallory was failing rapidly. Dr. Chase came to see her, and told her friends there was nothing to be done.

"She may last six weeks, or she may drop away at any moment," said he, in answer to a question from Phin. "Get her to take nourishing food and the tonic I have left her, and keep her as quiet as possible. I should not be surprised if her mind should clear at the last. I am glad to see her so well taken care of."

"She has had all I could give her," said Phin. "I don't amount to much, but I have tried to be good to her."

"It is easy to see that," replied the doctor kindly "But I don't see, Mr. Mallory, why you should not amount to as much as any one in the county. Why not?"

"Too late," said Phin. "When a man has sold himself to the devil, he can't break the bargain."

"Perhaps not; but there is One who can, and who will if you turn to him."

Phin shook his head. "I don't know," said he; "sometimes I think so, but — Well, there! we won't talk about it. It is too late for me, anyhow; but I'd like to think there was a good time ahead for that poor thing in there."

"I believe there is, as surely as I believe in my own existence," said the doctor.

"Well, I hope so. You will call again, doctor?"

"I will if you wish it; but I tell you frankly, I can do nothing for her."

It was a solemn, but on the whole, not an unhappy time for Kit. Phin staid at home, not drinking at all, but attending to his farm-work, and taking care of his wife. As Kit said, he was always good-natured when he did not drink. Kit helped Symantha with the work, waited on Mrs. Mallory, and when she had a little time, studied her school-lessons, and read in her Testament, which she now produced without fear in her uncle's presence.

(*To be Continued.*)

* By special arrangement with Thomas Whittaker, publisher, New York.

CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE.*

SUBORDINATION implies no inferiority, rather the opposite. A free and sympathetic obedience—which is the true submission—can only subsist between equals. The apostle writes: "Children, obey; . . . Servants, obey" (Eph. 6: 1, 5); but "Wives, submit yourselves to your own husbands, as to the Lord." The same word denotes submission within the Church and within the house. It is here that Christianity, in contrast with Paganism, and notably with Mohammedanism, raises the weaker sex to honor. In soul and destiny it declares the woman to be man, endowed with all rights and powers inherent in humanity. "In Christ Jesus there is no male and female," any more than there is "Jew and Greek" or "bond and free." The same sentence which broke down the barriers of Jewish caste, and in course of time abolished slavery, condemned the odious assumptions of masculine pride. It is one of the glories of our faith that it has franchised our sisters, and raises them in spiritual calling to the full level of their brothers and husbands. Both sexes are children of God by the same birthright; both receive the same Holy Spirit, according to the prediction quoted by St. Peter on the day of Pentecost: "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy. . . . Yea, on my servants and on my handmaidens in those days will I pour out of my Spirit, saith the Lord." (Acts 2: 17, 18.) This one point of headship, of public authority and guidance, is reserved. It is the point on which Christ forbids emulation amongst his people.

Christian courtesy treats the woman as "the glory of the man"; it surrounds her from girlhood to old age with protection and deference. This homage, duly rendered, is a full equivalent for the honor of visible command. When, as it happens not seldom in the partnership of life, the superior wisdom dwells with the weaker vessel, the golden gift of persuasion is not wanting, by which the official ruler is guided to his own advantage, and his adviser accomplishes more than she could do by any overt leadership. The chivalry of the Middle Ages, from which the refinement of European society takes its rise, was a product of Christianity grafted on the Teutonic nature. Notwithstanding the folly and excess that was mixed with it, there was a beautiful reverence in the old knightly service and championship of women. It humanized the ferocity of barbarous times. It tamed the brute strength of warlike races and taught them honor and gentleness. Its prevalence marked a permanent advance in civilization.

Shall we say that this law of St. Paul is that laid down specifically for *Christian* women? is it not rather a law of nature—the intrinsic propriety of sex, whose dictates are reinforced by the Christian revelation? The apostle takes us back to the creation of mankind for the basis of his principles in dealing with this subject. The new commandments are the old which were in the world from the beginning, though concealed and overgrown with corruption. Notwithstanding the debasement of marriage under the non-Christian systems, the instincts of natural religion taught the wife her place in the house and gave rise to many a graceful and appropriate custom expressive of the honor due from one sex to the other. So the apostle regarded the man's bared and cropped head and the woman's flowing tresses as symbols of their relative place in the Divine order. (*1.* Cor. 11: 13-15.) These and such distinctions—between the dignities of strength and of beauty—no artificial sentiment and no capricious revolt can set aside, while the world stands. St. Paul appeals to the common sense of mankind, to that which "nature itself teaches," in censuring the forwardness of some Corinthian women who appeared to think that the liberty of the Gospel released them from the limitations of their nature.

Some earnest promoters of women's rights have fallen into the error that Christianity, to which they owe all that is best in their present status, is the obstacle in the way of their further progress. It is an obstacle to claims that are against nature and against the law of God,—claims only tolerable so long as they are exceptional. But the barriers imposed by Christianity, against which these people fret, are their main protection. "The moment Christianity disappears, the law of strength revives; and under that law women can have no hope except that their slavery may be mild and pleasant." To escape from the "bondage of Christian law" means to go back to the bondage of paganism.

"As unto the Lord" gives the pattern and the principle of the Christian wife's submission. Not that, as Meyer seems to put it, the husband in virtue of marriage "represents Christ to the wife." Her relation to the Lord is as full, direct, and personal as his. Indeed, the clause inserted at the end of verse 23 of the fifth chapter seems expressly designed to guard against this exaggeration.

THE GRANDEST SUCCESS.*

EDUCATION is a power that ranks among the first. The man, otherwise well equipped, who enters the battle of life with a poor education, is bound to wage an unequal and difficult contest. He has the short end of the lever, while his brother, who has the advantage of a liberal education, holds the long end. It is infinitely better to give a boy a good education than to leave him a fortune. Without education, he is neither prepared to keep nor enjoy riches. Wealth is a great blessing, and a power for good, when coupled with intelligence and a full sense of the responsibility which attaches to it. Without these, it is liable to prove a curse. To amass a fortune of millions by the sacrifice of usefulness, benevolence, and perhaps honor is certainly a success not worth striving for.

Many a man, when success is almost within his grasp, gives up and retires from the contest. It is fortitude which keeps a man from going down after battling with the waves of adversity until he is in the very midst of the breakers, and needs only a few vigorous strokes to land him safely upon the shore. It is fortitude that scales mountains, fords wide and turbulent rivers, crosses desert wastes, carries through great reforms, and accomplishes the seemingly impossible. A man may have a whole bundle of the elements contributing to success, but without fortitude he is likely to come short of the mark. "Be strong and of good courage," was the command thrice repeated to Joshua when he was about to lead the children of Israel across the Jordan to the conquest and occupancy of the promised land.

But the grandest success is that achieved by the faithful Christian. Riches, fame, power over men, these can never fill the measure of a soul. Nothing short of forgiving sin, the assurance of eternal life, and the title-deed to a heavenly home can satisfy a soul endowed with the immortality of its Creator. Perhaps no man ever reached a higher pinnacle of earthly success than the royal son of David—the great and wise Solomon. And yet, when he had secured everything the world could furnish, he was compelled to confess that it was all vanity. To serve the age in which you live; to tread the plain path of duty, no matter where it leads; to do what you may be able to elevate the race and save souls—this is the highest measure of success, and will bring the richest reward. This is the path trodden by patriarchs and prophets, by saints and apostles, by martyrs and reformers, by patriots and philanthropists. Follow in their footsteps, and you shall scale the same shining heights and sit down in the same blessed abode of the soul

* From *Plain People:* a story of the Western Reserve; by E. P. Branch, 293 pp; cloth. New York Publishers Printing Co, N. Y. City, Publishers.

* From *The Epistle to the Corinthians;* by Rev. Prof. G. G. Findlay, B A., continuation of *The Expositor's Bible* series. 460 pp.; cloth, price, $1.50; A. C. Armstrong & Son, N. Y., publishers.

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THE POWER OF SONG.

IN the congregation of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, a few Sundays ago, says the *Religious Telescope*, was a man evidently a tramp. His face was seamed by the lines brought by dissipation, and his manner was restless and nervous. His shabby clothes were in striking contrast with the handsome attire of those among whom he sat.

When Dr. Wood, the blind organist, touched the keys of his instrument, and began to play a soft, sweet melody as a voluntary, the man's eyes filled with tears, and he buried his face in his hands. During the singing of the verse which immediately preceded the Litany—an invocation of the Saviour for pity—the man became more unnerved, and those around him could hear his short, quick breathing and perceive that he was weeping. But the climax was reached when the officiating clergyman began to read the commandments, and the choir sung the responses. When Dr. McConnel solemnly read: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land," etc., the man could restrain himself no longer. He broke out into sobs, and in emotion cried out audibly, so that all around him could hear him. "Would to God I had done so—I would not be where I am now!" His emotion touched deeply many people in the vast congregation, who wondered what story was hidden in this man's life.

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Thoughts that shall blossom in beauty,
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Feet that are swiftest for duty,
And Pentecost's tongue of fire.

O, for the tender pleading
Heard in the Master's voice
The loving and giving spirit
That made the poor rejoice;
For the touch of his infinite pity,
The strength of his regal hand,
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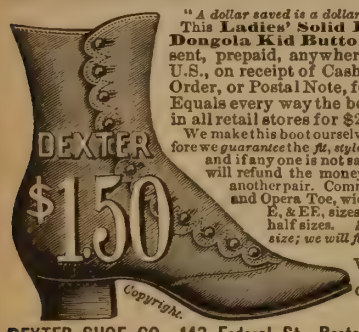

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J. W. Humphrey, Grantley, Ont. Write to F. H. Revell, publisher, 30 Union Square, N. Y., for Yatman's publications on "Soul Winning."

E. Hunt, New York. Consult a reputable lawyer. His fee will be in proportion to the services rendered. So many wills are contested nowadays, that it is unwise to draw up such a document without proper legal advice.

Mrs. L. C. Romans, Hunter's Springs, Mont. Are there any religious publications in the Swedish language?

Write to the Eastern Weekly Publishing Co., 2416 Second Avenue, N. Y.

O. J. D., Bath, Pa. 1. Is a lie justifiable, according to the Bible? 2. Would B. be justified before God in the following illustration: A. is in a certain building; B. is outside, knowing where A. is; C, who is sane, wishes to do A an injury. Would it be wrong to keep silence?

See the open discussion of this question in THE MAIL-BAG of July 29, 1891.

Locomotive Engineer, Boone, Ia. 1. Where can I get the *Treasury of David* and Watson's *Body of Divinity*? 2. What was the mark that God set upon Cain?

1. Write to J. E. Jewett, publisher, Bible House, New York. 2. The "mark upon Cain," has given rise to various speculations, and leading commentators have concluded that the words probably mean that the Lord *gave a sign* to Cain, but whether it was perceptible to him alone or to others cannot be stated with authority. Signs were given at different times to others (see Gen. 9: 13; Ex. 3: 2-12; I. Kings 19: 11.)

A Subscriber, Memphis, Tenn. Who founded Vassar College, and what are its standing and capabilities?

Matthew Vassar, a well-known layman of the Baptist denomination, and a native of England. He had amassed a large fortune in this country, and in 1861, procured from the New York Legislature, a charter for Vassar College, near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., which he endowed by transferring $408,000 to trustees for that purpose. He also gave the grounds on which the college was built. It was opened in 1865. Mr. Vassar, who died in 1868, made other generous gifts to the institution, the whole amounting to over $800,000. It is considered one of the best institutions of learning in the world for women.

M. L. Ray, Geneva, Ala. Does history tell of any instance of sweating blood, other than that of our Saviour?

Many cases are mentioned by various writers, both ancient and modern, but in almost every instance they are unauthentic. Aristotle mentions the sweating of blood as a malady caused by excessive mental emotion. Charles IX, the monarch who ordered the infamous massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which 60,000 Protestants perished, is said to have died of a bloody sweat induced by the agony of remorse.

Adela Pace, Oakland, Minn. 1. Can any person who is now a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, obtain an Oxford Teacher's Bible by getting a new subscriber at $1.50 and sending 50c. extra and if so, would it contain the Helps that were advertised in your issue of Feb. 10th? If the Bible cannot be obtained in this way, what would be the easiest way to get one? 2. Is there any place in the Bible that tells whether Paul was an educated man before his conversion? Is there not some place where he says that he received all his learning from the Lord after his conversion?

1. Yes; you have stated correctly the terms upon which we are supplying the Oxford Teacher's Bibles. These Bibles contain all the Helps. There is no other way whereby you can secure one of these valuable Bibles so easily and inexpensively as by getting a new subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. 2. It is not definitely known to what extent Paul was educated before his conversion. Tarsus rivalled Athens and Alexandria as a seat of learning, and he may have attended its famous schools. Dr. Bentley and several other writers have held that he was familiar with Greek literature. The fact that he brought to his apostolic work urbanity and polish in speech and writing and a skill in logic that may be regarded as a model, would seem to support the theory that he had received a liberal education. Being the son of a Pharisee, he was doubtless carefully instructed in rabbinical lore. Although born in Tarsus, he was brought to Jerusalem while still a youth, presumably for the purpose of completing his education. While there, as he himself states, he "sat at the feet of Gamaliel," one of the seven celebrated "rabbans." Festus admitted Paul's learning when the latter made his speech before Agrippa. What he received after his conversion was spiritual education, through revelation. (See Gal. 1: 11-14; II. Cor. 12: 7.)

J. Dorman, Paterson, N. J. Is it a sin to smoke? If so, what is the tobacco plant meant for?

Anything that defiles the body, which we ought to keep as a pure temple of the Lord, is sinful. The tobacco plant, like all others has its uses, which are entirely apart from its abuse. Physicians have found it to possess many valuable medicinal qualities. One American army surgeon has written a book or pamphlet on the use of the tobacco leaf in gunshot wounds. Corn and grapes have other uses in the human economy than the mere production of intoxicants and doubtless so has tobacco.

Gustav Walton, Ann Arbor. 1. What kind of a death did the Duke of Alva or Alba die and when? He persecuted the Protestants of Holland, and Belgium. 2. Did Jephthah kill his daughter for an offering, or was she single for life?

1. He died peacefully in 1583, aged 74, at Lisbon. He was a modern Herod and is said to have caused the death of 18,000 Christians. 2. Volumes have been written on the fate of Jephthah's daughter. It seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that she was literally offered up in sacrifice by her father, although other interpretations have been suggested. One commentator supposes that she may have been shut up in conventual form for the rest of her life, and visited four times in each year by the Israelitish maidens. This interpretation has been adopted by many eminent writers, but others, equally distinguished, hold the opinion first stated.

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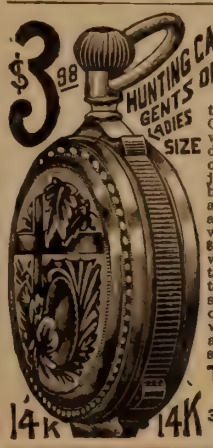

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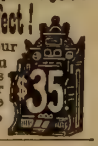

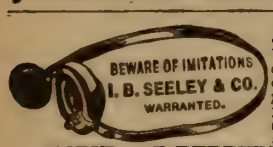

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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A CHRISTIAN POET DEAD.

John Greenleaf Whittier, the Sweet Quaker Singer Passes away—The Close of a Noble, Helpful Life, Beloved by a Nation.

WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE.

BE near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions,
The river of Thy peace

SO, many years ago, sang John Greenleaf Whittier, the grand old Quaker poet, who last week, in his quiet home in New England, closed his eyes forever on the things of earth. His was one of those pure spiritual natures that never seem to come under the contaminating influence of worldly wants and ambitions. A true poet whose genius was distinguished by its purity, who was without a living equal as an interpreter of nature, and whose whole life was an effort to inspire men with the lofty sentiments of patriotism and Christian brotherhood, Whittier's name will endure throughout the coming years.

He was born at Haverhill, Mass., on Dec. 17, 1807, in the old farmhouse built by his ancestor, Thomas Whittier, who had come from England to Boston in 1638. The earlier years of Whittier's life were uneventful. His school training was confined to narrow limits, and his opportunities for mental culture were few; but he made the most of them. At a time when most boys are enjoying the sports of childhood, he was busy working on the farm. Every "First-day" his father and mother would take the children to the Friends' meeting house in Amesbury, eight miles from the Whittier farm. Around that lovely pastoral country young Whittier roamed, his artistic spirit expanding by contact with nature and soaring upward to nature's Creator. In his poem, "The Bare-foot Boy," he recalls these halcyon times:

I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night.

Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides.
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold.

Although the Quakers usually professed no love for music or poetry, Whittier's verse was of so pure and spiritual a character, that his effusions received their warmest approval. The "Bare-foot Boy," almost unaided, mastered the mysteries of rhyme, and mounted "into the land of immortal dreams" among the many geniuses who had preceded him thither. His imaginative nature had already begun to develop, when he made the acquaintance of William Lloyd Garrison, who was then writing for a paper in Newburyport, Mass. This new friendship exerted a powerful influence on Whittier's career, for to Garrison's acquaintance may be traced much of the noble humanitarianism and the love of freedom which characterized Whittier's loftiest strains. At Garrison's suggestion, young Whittier was sent to high-school, where he doubtless did credit to his teachers, and to some extent made amends for his lack of previous training.

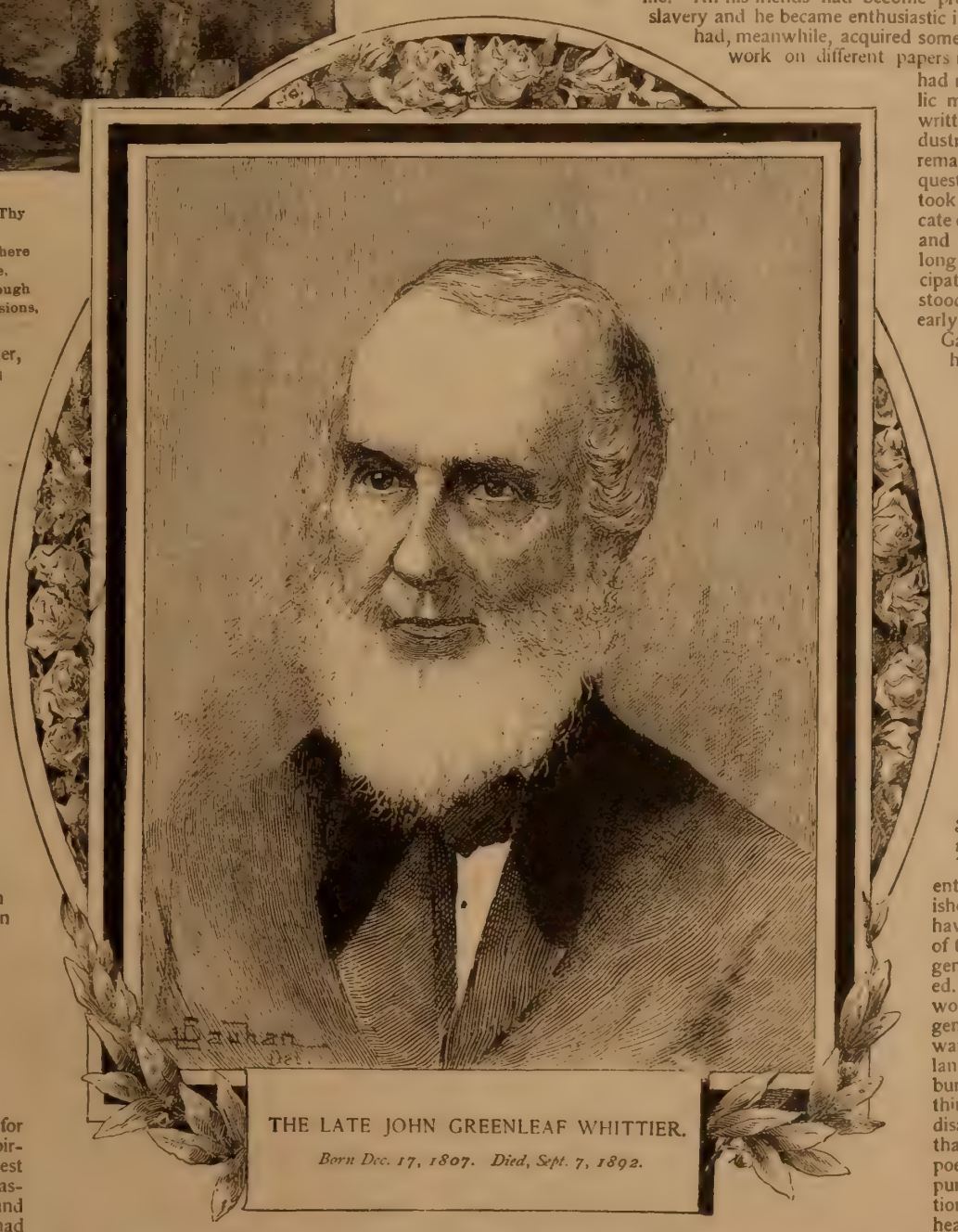
It must have been about this time that the poem which has been recognized by his biographers as being the turning-point in Whittier's career was written. He took for his subject the text, 1. Kings 19 : 11, 12:

"And behold the Lord passed by; and a great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind, an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake; after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire, a still small voice."

The concluding lines are:

The fiery beacon sank, a still small voice,
Unlike to human sound, at once conveyed
Deep awe and reverence to his pious heart,
Then bowed the holy man, his face he veiled
Within his mantle, and, in meekness, owned
The presence of his God, discerned not in
The storm, the earthquake, or the mighty flame.

The severe persecution to which the Quakers of New England had been subjected, and which doubtless had its effect upon their descendants, was to some extent reflected in the writings of Whittier. His poetic tendencies were early turned in the direction of deep conviction, a strong sense of spiritual allegiance and indifference to worldly honors and emoluments. This inheritance of Puritan character constitutes not the least charm in his writings. His simple verses, full of faith and promise, were at first unheeded, and the world moved on with neither admiration nor disdain. It was not until the year 1833, that Whittier, now grown to young manhood and with well-trained talents, took up the work nearest his heart, and to which he devoted some of the best years and noblest efforts of his life. All his friends had become pronounced opponents of slavery and he became enthusiastic in the same cause. He had, meanwhile, acquired some experience in editorial work on different papers in New England, and had met many leading public men. Besides, he had written much, and his industry and versatility were remarkable. On the public questions of the time he took ground as a firm advocate of temperance, freedom and religion. During the long warfare for the emancipation of the negro, he stood side by side with his early friend, the brilliant Garrison—the man who had been the means of emancipating him from the slavery of ignorance and farm service, and placing him in the wider field of philanthropy and Christian literature. In those unsettled days Whittier's pen was exceedingly active. He edited in succession the Haverhill *Gazette*, and the Hartford *Weekly Review*. Besides numerous articles in prose, he wrote many of his best lyrics and produced his first book, entitled: *New England Legends in Prose and Verse.* These alone, independent of later and more finished productions, would have stamped him as one of the leading poets of the generation in which he lived. Thoughtful men and women who appreciated genius, began to look toward the rural New England homestead at Amesbury, Mass., for still better things, and they were not disappointed, for lyrics that stirred to patriotism, poems that awoke the purest and tenderest emotions of which the human heart is capable, and songs of sublime Christian faith and hope, flowed in generous succession from this fountain of inspiration. Not only was Whittier, himself, a firm believer in the goodness of the Eternal Father, and his love for those who come to him through Christ's sacrifice, but he had the most wonderful faculty of communicating a like beautiful confidence to others. On one occasion, an old friend came to the white-haired poet, and confided to him that he feared he had sinned against the Holy Ghost, and was beyond the reach of salvation. "Does thee hate thy fellow-man?" asked Whittier. "No, no," said his unhappy friend. "Don't thee hate



THE LATE JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Born Dec. 17, 1807. Died, Sept. 7, 1892.

(*Continued on page 595.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE PALACES.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Text: *"The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces."* Prov. 30: 28.

PERMITTED as I was a few days ago to attend the meeting of the British Scientific Association, at Edinburgh, I found that no paper read had excited more interest than that by Rev. Dr. McCook, of America, on the subject of spiders. It seems that my talented countryman, banished from his pulpit for a short time by ill-health, had in the fields and forests given himself to the study of insects. And surely if it is not beneath the dignity of God to make spiders, it is not beneath the dignity of man to study them.

We are all watching for phenomena. A sky full of stars shining from January to January calls out not so many remarks as the blazing of one meteor. A whole flock of robins take not so much of our attention as one blundering bat darting into the window on a summer-eve. Things of ordinary sound, and sight, and occurrence, fail to reach us, and yet no grasshopper ever springs up in our path, no moth ever dashes into the evening candle,no mote ever floats in the sunbeam that pours through the crack of the window shutter, no barnacle on ship's hull, no burr on a chestnut,no limpet clinging to a rock, no rind of an artichoke but would teach us a lesson if we were not so stupid. God in his Bible sets forth for our consideration the lily, and the snowflake, and the locust, and the stork's nest and the hind's foot, and the aurora borealis, and the ant-hills. One of the sacred writers, sitting amid the mountains, sees a hind skipping over the rocks. The hind has such a peculiarly shaped foot that it can go over the steepest places without falling, and as the prophet looks upon that marking of the hind's foot on the rocks, and thinks of the Divine care over him, he says: "Thou makest my feet like hinds' feet that I may walk on high places." And another sacred writer sees the ostrich leaving its egg in the sand of the desert, and without any care of incubation, walk off; and the Scripture says, that is like some parents, leaving their children without any wing of protection or care. In my text, inspiration opens before us the gate of a palace, and we are inducted amid the pomp of the throne and the courtier, and while we are looking around upon the magnificence, inspiration points us to a spider plying its shuttle and weaving its net on the wall. It does not call us to regard the grand surroundings of the palace, but to a solemn and earnest consideration of the fact that: "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces."

It is not very certain what was the particular species of insect spoken of in the text, but I shall proceed to learn from it the exquisiteness of the Divine mechanism. The king's chamberlain comes into the palace, and looks around and sees the spider on the wall, and says: "Away with that intruder," and the servant of Solomon's palace comes with his broom and dashes down the insect, saying: "What a loathsome thing it is." But under microscopic inspection I find it more wondrous of construction than the embroideries on the palace wall, and the upholstery about the windows. All the machinery of the earth could not make anything so delicate and beautiful as the prehensile with which that spider clutches its prey, or as any of its eight eyes. We do not have to go so far up to see the power of God in the tapestry hanging around the windows of heaven, or in the horses or chariots of fire with which the dying day departs, or to look at the mountain swinging out its sword-arm from under the mantle of darkness until it can strike with its scimetar of the lightning. I love better to study God in the shape of a fly's wing, in the formation of a fish's scale, in the snowy whiteness of a pond lily. I love to track his footsteps in the mountain moss, and to hear his voice in the hum of the rye fields, and discover the rustle of his robe of light in the south wind. Oh, this wonder of Divine power that can build a habitation for God in an apple blossom, and tune a bee's voice until it is fit for the eternal orchestra, and can say to a firefly: "Let there be light;" and from holding an ocean in the hollow of his hand goes forth to find heights, and

SOLOMON AND THE SPIDER.

depths, and length, and breadth of omnipotency in a dewdrop, and dismounts from the chariot of midnight hurricane to cross over on the suspension bridge of a spider's web. You may take your telescope and sweep it across the heavens in order to behold the glory of God; but I shall take the leaf holding the spider, and the spider's web, and I shall bring the microscope to my eye, and while I gaze, and look, and study, and am confounded, I will kneel down in the grass and cry: "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

Again, my text teaches me that insignificance is no excuse for inaction. This spider that Solomon saw on the wall might have said: "I can't weave a web worthy of this great palace; what can I do amid all this gold embroidery? I am not able to make anything fit for so grand a place, and so I will not work my spinning-jenny." Not so said the spider. "The spider taketh hold with her hands." Oh, what a lesson that is for you and me! You say if you had some great sermon to preach, if you only had a great audience to talk to, if you had a great army to marshal, if you only had a Constitution to write, if there was some tremendous thing in the world for you to do—then you would show us. Yes, you would show us! What if the Levite in the ancient temple had refused to snuff the candle because he could not be a high priest? What if the hummingbird should refuse to sing its song into the ear of the honey-suckle because it cannot, like the eagle, dash its wing into the sun? What if the rain-drop should refuse to descend because it is not a Niagara? What if the spider of the text should refuse to move its shuttle because it cannot weave a Solomon's robe? Away with such folly! If you are lazy with the one talent, you would be lazy with the ten talents. If Milo cannot lift the calf he never will have strength to lift the ox. In the Lord's army there is order for promotion; but you cannot be a general until you have been a captain, a lieutenant and a colonel. It is step by step, it is inch by inch, it is stroke by stroke that our Christian character is builded. Therefore be content to do what God commands you to do. God is not ashamed to do small things. He is not ashamed to be found chiselling a grain of sand, or helping a honey bee to construct its cell with mathematical accuracy, or tinging a shell in the surf, or shaping the bill of a chaffinch. What God does, he does well. What you do, do well, be it a great work or a small work. If ten talents, employ all the ten. If five talents, employ all the five. If one talent, employ the one. If only the thousandth part of a talent, employ that. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." I tell you if you are not faithful to God in a small sphere, you would be indolent and insignificant in a large sphere.

Again, my text teaches me that repulsiveness and loathsomeness will sometimes climb up into very elevated places. You would have tried to have killed the spider that Solomon saw. You would have said: "This is no place for it. If that spider is determined to weave a web, let it do so down in the cellar of this palace, or in some dark dungeon." Ah! the spider of the text could not be discouraged. It clambered on, and climbed up, higher, and higher, and higher, until after awhile it reached the king's vision, and he said: "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in king's palaces." And so it often is now that things that are loathsome and repulsive get up into very elevated places.

The Church of Christ, for instance, is a palace. The king of heaven and earth lives in it. According to the Bible, her beams are of cedar, and her rafters of fir, and her windows of agate, and the fountains of salvation dash a rain of light. It is a glorious palace—the Church of God is; and yet, sometimes, unseemly and loathsome things creep up into it—evil-speaking, and rancor, and slander, and backbiting, and abuse, crawling up on the walls of the Church, spinning a web from arch to arch, and from the top of one communion tankard to the top of another communion tankard. Glorious palace in which there ought only to be light, and love, and pardon, and grace; yet a spider in the palace!

Home ought to be a castle. It ought to be the residence of everything royal. Kindness, love, peace, patience, and forbearance ought to be the princes residing there; and yet sometimes dissipation crawls up into that home, and the jealous eye comes up, and the scene of peace and plenty becomes the scene of domestic jargon and dissonance. You say: "What is the matter with the home?" I will tell you what is the matter with it. A spider in the palace.

A well-developed Christian character is a grand thing to look at. You see some man with great intellectual and spiritual proportions. You say: "How useful that man must be!" But you find, amid all his splendor of faculties, there is some prejudice, some whim, some evil habit, that a great many people do not notice, but that you have happened to notice, and it is gradually spoiling that man's character—it is gradually going to injure his entire influence. Others may not see it, but you are anxious in regard to his welfare, and now you dis-

HELD THE BANKER'S HORSES.

cover it. A dead fly in the ointment. A spider in the palace.

Again, my text teaches me that perseverance will mount into the king's palace. It must have seemed a long distance for that spider to climb in Solomon's splendid residence, but it started at the very foot of the wall and went up over the panels of Lebanon cedar, higher and higher, until it stood higher than the highest throne in all the nations—the throne of Solomon. And so God has decreed it that many of those who are down in the dust of sin and dishonor shall gradually attain to the King's palace. We see it in worldly things. Who is that banker in Philadelphia? Why, he used to be the boy that held the horses of Stephen Girard while the millionaire went in to collect his dividends. Arkwright toils on up from a barber's shop until he gets into the palace of invention. Sextus V. toils on up from the office of a swineherd until he gets into the palace of Rome. Fletcher toils on up from the most insignificant family position until he gets into the palace of Christian eloquence. Hogarth, engraving pewter pots for a living, toils on up until he reaches the palace of world-renowned art. And God hath decided that, though you may be weak of arm, and slow of tongue,and be struck through with a great many mental and moral deficits, by his almighty grace you shall yet arrive in the King's palace—not such an one as is spoken of in the text—not one of marble—not one adorned with pillars of alabaster and thrones of ivory, and flagons of burnished gold—but a palace in which God is the King and the angels of heaven are the cup-bearers. The spider crawling up the wall of Solomon's palace was not worth looking after or considering, as compared with the fact that we, who are worms of the dust, may at last ascend into the palace of the King Immortal. Oh, heaven is not a dull place. It is not a worn-out mansion with faded curtains, and outlandish chairs, and cracked ware. No; it is as fresh, and fair, and beautiful as though it were completed but yesterday. The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it.

A palace means splendor of apartments. Now, I do not know where heaven is, and I do not know how it looks, but, if our bodies are to be resurrected in the last day, I think heaven must have a material splendor as well as a spiritual grandeur. Oh, what grandeur of apartments when that Divine hand which plunges the sea into blue, and the foliage into green, and sets the sunset on fire, shall gather all the beautiful colors of earth around his throne, and when that arm which lifted the pillars of Alpine rock, and bent the arch of the sky, shall raise before our soul the eternal architecture, and that hand which hung with loops of fire the curtains of morning shall prepare the upholstery of our kingly residence!

A palace also means splendor of associations. The poor man, the outcast cannot get into Windsor Castle. The sentinel of the queen stands there and cries "Halt!" as he tries to enter, But in the palace of which I speak we may all become residents, and we shall all be princes and kings. We may have been beggars, we may have been outcasts, we may have been wandering and lost as we all have been, but there we shall take our regal power. What companionship in heaven! To walk side by side with John and James, and Peter, and Paul, and Moses, and Joshua, and Caleb, and Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, and Micah, and Zachariah, and Wilberforce, and Oliver Cromwell, and Philip Doddridge, and Edward Payson, and John Milton, and Elizabeth Fry, and Hannah More, and Charlotte Elizabeth, and all the other kings and queens of heaven. O my soul, what a companionship!

A palace means splendor of banquet. There will be no common ware on that table. There will be no unskilled musicians at that entertainment. There will be no scanty supply of fruit or beverage. There have been banquets spread that cost a million of dollars each; but who can tell the untold wealth of that banquet? I do not know whether John's description of it is literal or figurative. A great many wise people tell me it is figurative; but prove it. I do not know but that it may be literal. I do not know but that there may be real fruits plucked from the tree of life. I do not know but that Christ referred to the real juice of the grape when he said that we should drink new wine in our Father's kingdom, but not the intoxicating stuff of this world's brewing. I do not say it is so: but I have as much right for thinking it is so as you have for thinking the other way. At any rate it will be a glorious banquet. Hark! the chariots rumbling in the distance. I really believe the guests are coming now. The gates swing open, the guests dismount, the palace is filling, and all the chalices flashing with pearl and amethyst, and carbuncle are lifted to the lips of the myriad banqueters, while standing in robes of snowy white they drink to the honor of our glorious King.

Years ago, with lanterns and torches, and a guide, we went down in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. You may walk fourteen miles and see no sunlight. It is a stupendous place. Some places the roof of the cave a hundred feet high. The grottoes filled with weird echoes, cascades falling from invisible height to invisible depth. Stalagmites rising up from the floor of the cave—stalactites descending from the roof of the cave, joining each other, and making pillars of the Almighty's sculpturing. There are rosettes of amethyst in halls of gypsum. As the guide carries his lantern ahead of you, the shadows have an appearance supernatural and spectral. The darkness is fearful. Two people, getting lost from their guide only for a few hours, years ago, were demented, and for years sat in their insanity. You feel like holding your breath as you walk across the bridges that seem to span the bottomless abyss. The guide throws his calcium light down into the caverns, and the light rolls and tosses from rock to rock, and from depth to depth, making at every plunge a new revelation of the awful power that could have made such a place as that. A sense of suffocation comes upon you as you think that you are two hundred and fifty feet in a straight line from the sunlit surface of the earth. The guide, after awhile, takes you into what is called the "Star Chamber," and then he says to you: "Sit here," and then he takes the lantern and goes down under the rocks, and it gets darker and darker, until the night is so thick that the hand an inch from the eye is unobservable. And then, by kindling one of the lanterns, and placing it in a cleft of the rock, there is a reflection cast on the dome of the cave, and there are stars coming out in constellations—a brilliant night heavens—and you involuntarily exclaim: "Beautiful! beautiful! Then he takes the lantern down in other depths of the cavern and wanders on, and wanders off, until he comes up from behind the rocks gradually, and it seems like the dawn of the morning and it gets brighter and brighter. The guide is a skilled ventriloquist, and he imitates the voices of the morning, and soon the gloom is all gone, and you stand congratulating yourself over the wonderful spectacle.

Well, there are a great many people who look down into the grave as a great cavern. They think it is a thousand miles subterraneous, and all the echoes seem to be the voices of despair, and the cascades seem to be the falling tears that always fall, and the gloom of earth seems coming up in stalagmite, and the gloom of the eternal world seems descending in the stalactite, making pillars of indescribable horror.

THE SENTINEL CRIES "HALT."

The grave is no such place as that to me, thank God! Our divine Guide takes us down into the great caverns, and we have the lamp to our feet and the light to our path and all the echoes in the rifts of the rock are anthems, and all the falling waters are fountains of salvation, and, after awhile, we look up, and behold! the cavern of the tomb has become a King's star chamber. And, while we are looking at the pomp of it, an everlasting morning begins to rise, and all the tears of earth crystallize into stalagmite, rising up in a pillar on the one side, and all the glories of heaven seem to be descending in a stalactite, making a pillar on the other side, and you push against the gate that swings between the two pillars, and, as that gate flashes open, you find it is one of the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. Blessed be God, that through this Gospel the mammoth cave of the sepulchre has become the illumined star chamber of the King! Oh, the palaces! the eternal palaces! the King's palaces!

A CHRISTIAN POET DEAD.

(Continued from first page.)

God, then?" was the next question. "I love him," was the answer, "whatever happens to me." "Don't thee hate God, who would send thee to hell, and let others, who have led worse lives, go to heaven?" "No; I am glad of every one that is saved, even if I am to be a castaway." "Now, what does thee think the devil will do with thee? How can he use thee—one who loves the God that condemns him to torment, one who loves his fellow-men, and would keep them out of the clutches of Satan—how can the devil employ thee or endure thee?" The argument was unanswerable; the wretched man took courage, and found peace of soul in a full faith in the efficacy of the Saviour's work to cover all his shortcomings.

The theme of God's goodness runs all through Whittier's writings; it is at once his inspiration and his message. He finds in it a consolation for all the wrongs and the sorrows the world imposes—and he sings, with infinite variations:

The paths to trouble are many,
And never but one sure way
Leads out to the light beyond it—
My poor wife, let us pray!

And his aspiration to the universal Father is founded in no false confidence, for

The dear God hears and pities all,
He knoweth all our wants:
And what we blindly ask of him
His love withholds or grants.

In a poem written to a friend on the death of a sister, we find a beautiful expression of Christian submission to the Divine will:

With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.
Yet would I say what thine own heart approveth:
Our Father's will.
Calling to him the dear one whom he loveth,
Is mercy still.

This finely expresses the vanity of human ambitions and the rich and self-satisfying character of God's gifts.

I ask not now for gold to gild
With mocking shine a weary frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled,
I ask not now for Fame.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known,
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to thine own.

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye
I crave alone for peace and rest,
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

In "The Over-Heart," Whittier's muse strikes a pure and lofty strain:

The world sits at the feet of Christ,
Unknowing, blind, and unconsoled;
It yet shall touch his garment's fold,
And feel the heavenly Alchemist
Transform its very dust to gold.

The theme befitting angel tongues
Beyond a mortal's scope has grown.
O heart of mine! with reverence own
The fulness which to it belongs,
And trust the unknown for the known.

"My Psalm," is another beautiful poetic expression of holy hope and faith:

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track:—
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;—

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;—

These, and a hundred others almost equally beautiful, from which we might quote, show how deeply the vein of spirituality permeated Whittier's life and thought. The youth who, while following the plough by "Merrimack's green shore," or making shoes that he might earn money to pay his way in college, dreamed of fame and aspired to walk with the

Poets, garland-bound, the lords of thought,

had learned, even in his young manhood, the lesson of the value of Christian character, rather than seeking the world's empty honors and gifts. In all his writings, whether of War or Peace, fireside or mountain, legend or fact, this characteristic shines brightly forth. It was the foundation of his fame and the secret of the hold he possessed on the hearts of the American people, being inseparably interwoven with his cheerful philosophy and ardent love of nature. Moreover, in his long life of literary labor, there is happily not a moral spot or blemish, since the day he wrote his first poem on "The Deity" in 1827, to the moment he laid aside his pen for the last time at his favorite residence of Oak Knoll.

Probably the most successful of all his writings was one of the least ambitious—being *Snowbound*, a picture of his early life on the farm at Haverhill. *Voices of Freedom*, written from 1833 to 1848, comes next in popularity. Everywhere he breathes the sentiment of a deep, religious faith, and it is those productions of his pen and brain in which this shines out most brightly that have made the name and work of Whittier dear to the Christian heart. It is impossible to make here more than passing mention of these noble and helpful strains. We give below what is undoubtedly the best of Whittier's productions:

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

O friends! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument:
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds:
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fit with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise his justice; even such
His pitying love I deem:
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the Cross.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of his hate,—I know
His goodness and his love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God had led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

Other notable poems, in the same devout and soul-cheering strain are: "The Call of the Christian," and "My Soul and I." "The Reformer," has many strong and noble passages, these among others:

For life shall on and upward go:
Th' eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow
Which God repeats.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night;
Wake thou and watch! the world is gray
With moving light!

One of Whittier's latest, if not his very last poem was addressed to his life-long friend and fellow-poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, on the latter's birthday on August 29th last. Both belonged to that renowned group of American literati which included Emerson, Longfellow and Lowell. To his old friend Whittier wrote:

Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream,
The songs of boyhood seem.
Yet on our autumn boughs, unflown with spring,
The evening thrushes sing.

He sleeps beneath the elms in the Friends' Cemetery at Amesbury, his remains having been brought from Hampton Falls, Mass., where he died at the house of a friend. The school-children in many towns and villages of the old Bay State Commonwealth for years past have made "Whittier's Day" (Dec. 17), a holiday. Next winter, instead of visiting the old gray poet on the anniversary and giving him a basket of rare white roses as in late years, the children will lay a garland on the Quaker singer's quiet grave.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

SAUL OF TARSUS CONVERTED.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 2. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Acts 9: 1-20. Golden Text, John 3: 3.

"EXCEPT a man be born from above, [margin] he cannot see the kingdom of God." If any man could have prevailed with God independently of the blood of Christ, it might have been Saul of Tarsus. "Circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee; concerning zeal, persecuting the church; touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless." (Phil. 3: 5, 6.) Few men had such credentials, few could boast of so much in their favor. But Saul's righteousness was all of human manufacture, nothing of God was in it. It indeed looked beautiful outwardly, but within was full of "all uncleanness." But with all the force of a naturally strong character, he acted up to his convictions, and left no stone unturned in his ceaseless efforts to root out the worship of Jesus of Nazareth.

While thus attempting, by human force and by the arm of the law, to overturn what he thought to be heresy, there was yet speaking within him a voice which could not be stilled. Yet his very consciousness made him unwilling to listen to the voice of the Spirit, so long as he was unconvinced that Jesus was indeed the Messiah: he still thought he ought to do many things contrary to Jesus of Nazareth (Acts 26: 9), and resisted every other thought as a temptation; and he still breathed out

"Threatenings and Slaughter."

Following his conscience, Saul went to the high priest, that he might obtain from him letters, authorizing him to arrest men and women who were proved to be followers of "the Way" (R.V.,) *i. e.*, of Jesus, and "bring them bound unto Jerusalem." He sought to exterminate by force of law what seemed to him to be obstinate heresy. An unexpected stop was put to his proceedings. "Suddenly there shone round about him a light from heaven;" the first dawn of heaven's light upon an earthly mind. And Saul could not stand before it. Only when down upon the earth could he hear a voice,—that voice which was to become familiar to him above all others,—"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"

The entire being of the man had bowed before his God at the very instant when heaven opened to him; his was "an honest and good heart," he wanted only to know the will of God that he might do it: "Who art thou, Lord?" "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest. It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." The very earnestness with which in blindness he carried on his persecuting work was partly the fruit of fear lest he should be rendered untrue to his convictions through this influence of the death of Stephen which he thought himself bound to resist. But he was open to conviction, and now that he knew who it was that spoke to him, he instantly surrendered: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

It is true that in the revised New Testament these words do not occur, and it is uncertain whether they really existed in the original manuscripts of Luke the beloved physician. But, in any case, the whole life of the apostle Paul was but a carrying out of this act of surrender, it was a saying in deed as well as word: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" A man who starts thus on his Christian life, begins where many Christians end. Oh how many there are who take long years before they come to the point of an entire surrender of will to God! The surrender of this newly awakened soul was at once put to a test. Do not wonder, Oh child of God, if thou art proved on all sides. As soon as thy Lord sees in thee faith, or love, or zeal, or patience, he puts it to the test; thou wilt know the heat of the furnace.

"Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do."

"It shall be told Thee."

What? Must the man who was used to command learn at once to obey? Must he who was born to be a leader now consent to be led? Must this prominent man be reduced to become a nobody? Yes; it was his first lesson from his Lord, yet it was one which is not learned by many believers until near the end of their course. But Saul of Tarsus was a healthy, vigorous babe in Christ; he did not need to be coddled, and spared, and considered. With an unsparing hand he had given himself over to the Lord who had just revealed himself, and he never sought to withdraw from that consecration.

Meanwhile, God was at work preparing an instrument who should be helpful to him. The same voice which had called Saul by name upon the road, called this man in a vision: "Ananias!" He knew the voice: "Behold, I am here, Lord." "Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul of Tarsus; for

Behold, He Prayeth,

and hath seen in a vision a man named Ananias coming in, and putting his hands on him that he might receive his sight." "Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to thy saints at Jerusalem; and here he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that call upon thy name."

What? did Ananias think his God was ignorant of what transpired in Damascus, and that he must needs inform him of it? Was there not something of unbelief, something like an anticipation that if he followed the command of his God, he might have to suffer for it? Was it such a trembling disciple who must be a father in Christ to such a giant babe as Saul? Yes; it is thus that God acts.

"Go thy way, for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles and kings, and the children of Israel; for I will shew him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." No reproach! God could be severe with Moses when he smote the rock in heat of spirit, and in unbelief. (Deut. 32: 48-52.) He could reprimand an Elijah (1. Kings 19: 9); but Ananias had not graduated as fully as these men in the school of God; He uses him as far as he can and does not expect more from him. Ananias knows his God well enough to carry the contention no farther; he goes at once to the house which was indicated to him, and approaching the man whom he had learned to dread perhaps more than any other man living, he says by faith: "Brother!" "Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost."

"Brother Saul;"—was it thus that the man whom he had thought to destroy, greeted him? "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks," was it thus the Saviour whom he had blashphemed overcame his evil with good? All this was a revelation to the man who was but now a blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious (1. Tim. 1: 13): his heart was won. "Behold, he prayeth," described an intense communion with his God, making even the distraction of eating impossible for a time. And now he should experience in his own being the power of salvation from sin and the power of physical healing which dwelt in the name of Jesus. Immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales; "his whole body" was "full of light." (Luke 11: 36). He not only saw every man clearly, but he saw himself a sinner saved by the blood of Jesus, he saw the truth of God in the Old Testament in the light of of the Spirit of God: it was a new world. Saul of Tarsus had passed from darkness to light; old things had passed away, behold all things were become new (11. Cor. 5: 17); he "arose and was baptized." Now those who journeyed with him understood something of what had happened! Were they also converted? We know not.

Commissioned by God to bear his name, he could not keep silence: "straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God." Is it safe for a new convert to commence immediately to teach others? There are converts who have long been prepared for the moment of their conversion, and when that moment comes, no superficial word follows. A man who is so absorbed by his God when he is converted that he can neither eat nor drink for three days, and who does not need to be urged to bear testimony, but it flows from him spontaneously, may not only be trusted to preach the Gospel, but woe is unto him if he preach not the Gospel. (1. Cor. 9: 16.) Of course it caused a stir; the disciples were amazed, and one asked another: "Is not this he that destroyed them which called on this name in Jerusalem, and came hither for that intent, that he might bring them bound unto the chief priests?"

"But Saul increased the more in strength." He knew the Word of God before, but now, every page glowed with new light. The unbelieving Jews sought to counteract his influence. Impossible; God was with him, "he confounded the Jews that dwelt at Damascus, proving that this is very Christ." The Word was on his side, the newly found Christ was on his side, the Spirit of God who dwelt within him was on his side. The Jews could not withstand him, and they fell back on the policy pursued by the Jews of Jerusalem, and took counsel to kill him. His life was not safe a single day, but God did not let his servant be taken by surprise; there was work for him to do yet on earth, and although the Jews watched the gates night and day, the disciples found another way of escape, and let him down over the city walls in a basket; and thus he escaped for the time, to become eventually the great apostle of the Gentiles.

LESSON POINTS.

"Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

CONVERSION makes a change so radical and complete in a man that the description of it as a new birth is the most appropriate phrase that could be used. It is a new beginning in all ways. The converted man sees everything in a new light, he acts on new principles; he admires and loves things he formerly disliked or regarded with indifference; he has no interest in pursuits and pleasures he formerly delighted in; and his aims and objects in life are changed. No better illustration of this complete change can be found than in the man whose conversion is the subject of the lesson. Not much is known of Saul of Tarsus, but sufficient is known to make a picture of him which is in startling contrast to the picture of Paul the Apostle. The difference between the two is so great that so far as the influence on the world is concerned it was the same as if Saul's life had ended and Paul had been born. Without this change, Christ says, no man can *see* the kingdom of God.

A boy accompanied his mother to Florida and remained there with her for the whole of the winter. He thought it a very dull time, for he was away from his companions, in a country house where he saw few boys of his own age, and there were none of the sports and games in which he found his happiness. He was very glad to return to the northern city where he had formerly lived and to take up his old life. He went back to school. A new teacher had been installed in his absence. This teacher was an enthusiast in botany, and the boy began its study. It delighted him and he grew as fond of it as his teacher. Nothing pleased him so much as to wander away to the woods to collect specimens. The teacher made him a companion and told him of other plants and flowers which grew luxuriantly in the South, but would not grow in those northern latitudes. He told him of the wonderful orchids, which had no roots, but hung from limbs of trees drawing all the nourishment they needed from the air and the night dews. The boy's interest was excited. "Where do they grow?" he asked, "How I should like to see them!" "They grow plentifully in Florida," said the teacher. The boy looked at him in astonishment. "I have been there," he said, "and I never saw them." When his mother was about to go to Florida the following winter, she said she would not take the boy as he disliked it so last year. But he begged to go and went, and the country which before was so dull and uninteresting was full of interest to him because his eyes had been opened to the beauty of the kingdom of nature. He could not see it before; but he saw it then.

The new birth is a change of a man's nature not merely a reformation of his character. A vicious horse is none the better tempered because the kicking-straps prevent his dashing the carriage to atoms; and so a man is none the better really because the restraints of circumstances prevent his following that course of life which he would prefer. A young leopard which had been domesticated and treated as a pet, licked his master's hand while he slept, and it so happened that the hand having been recently hurt, the leopard's tongue drew blood from the wound. The first taste of blood transformed the gentle creature into a raging wild beast and when its master attempted to withdraw his hand the leopard gave an ominous growl. He let the hand remain, but calling his servant he bade him bring him his pistol, and taking it in the disengaged hand he shot the leopard dead. The taste of blood wrought no change in the leopard's nature; it only awakened the natural ferocity which had always been there. A change of nature is required for salvation—mere restraints are of small value.

A countryman took his gun to a gunsmith to be repaired. The gunsmith examining it and finding it to be too far gone for repairing said, "Your gun is in a very bad, good-for-nothing condition, what sort of repairing do you want for it?" "Well," said the countryman, "I don't see as I can do with anything thing less than a new stock, lock and barrel: that ought to set it up again." "Why," said the gunsmith, "you had better have a new gun altogether." "Ah," was the reply "I never thought of that; and it strikes me that is just what I do want. A new stock, lock and barrel; why that's about equal to a new gun altogether and that is what I will have." Just the sort of repairing that man's nature requires. The old nature cast aside as a complete wreck and good for nothing and a new one imparted.

"A man," said Pastor Spurgeon, "may beat down the bitter fruit from an evil tree until he is weary; whilst the root abides in strength and vigor, the beating down of the present fruit will not hinder it from bringing forth more. This is the folly of some men; they set themselves with all earnestness and diligence against the appearing eruption of sin, but leaving the principle and root untouched, perhaps unsearched out, they make little or no progress in this work of self purification."

Dr. A. T. Pierson relates the following incident of a conversion which made a thorough change in the character of a degraded man: A few years ago, while pastor in the city of Detroit, Mich., there tarried after sermon a man who, with tears, besought a personal interview. He came and sat down by me in my study, and for hours unfolded to me one of the darkest histories that I ever heard told. He was a profane swearer; an habitual drunkard; a liar, and virtually a thief. There was scarcely any sin that had not been his sin; and, when he unfolded to me that dark history, he said, "Now, do you mean to say that it is possible for such a man as I am to be saved?" "Certainly," I answered; "certainly." "How long do you think it would take me to be saved?" "Just as long as it will take you to turn your heart to Christ." "Do you mean," said he, "that I could be saved while I am here in this room?" "Certainly, if you take Jesus Christ as your Saviour." "But have I not got to get rid of all these sins and evil habits of mine, first?" "You are to cast all your sins on the Sin-bearer." "But I must get out of these evil relations in which I am living?" "Yes, by the power of God, when first you have taken Christ to be your Saviour." And so I talked with him for another hour. At last God brought him to a point where he was willing to submit himself at once to the Lord Jesus Christ, and I said, "Let us get down on our knees before God. I will offer a short prayer, and then you pray for yourself." I knelt with him and prayed with him that Christ Jesus would come into his soul and give him life from above, there and then. And I said, "Now, my friend, pray for yourself." He continued in silence for a few moments, and then began to pray. I thought I had never heard a man pray as he did. It was with a stammering tongue, but he poured out into the ears of God all the story of that vile life, and then and there he opened his heart to Jesus Christ and took him as his Saviour. He rose up from his knees a renewed man. He turned from his old sins and habits. That man became a minister of Jesus Christ. I had the pleasure of being called to ordain and install him as pastor of a church; and from that day to this he has been in no field of labor without a continual revival of religion. A deep experience of what Christ can do for a human soul was his; and men and women have been brought by scores and hundreds to the feet of Jesus through the power of his transformed life.

WORKING AMID PERILS.

An Interesting Report from "The Christian Herald's" Missionary in the Southwest—Relieving Distress and Organizing Schools.

KIRKSVILLE, Mo., Aug. 30, 1892.
EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

WHEN I wrote to you last I was driving through the southern portion of Adair County, and through the counties of Macon and Randolph. The tour was continued through portions of Boom, Howard, Chariton and Linn Counties. It was in the hottest season of the year. I never lost a day on account of the heat, though some days were fearfully hot, and when rain added mud to heat, I sometimes had to walk up the worst hills to avoid overheating my horse, and I made a steady drive one day that, as I found two days later, prostrated a stout young man, who came near dying from sun-stroke.

I drove through one village where a young man had recently been drowned, who a few years before, was converted in a meeting which I conducted. Farther on, where I stopped for a night, I met a man who was saved from the gutter through my instrumentality at another meeting. Then he was in great distress and came to converse with me at my lodging about his soul. He confessed Christ at that meeting, and for six years has led a life of sobriety, and is now a prosperous farmer.

Another night I lodged with a Christian whom I found about three years ago to be in perplexity for want of proper religious instruction. I caused him to test his case, not by the case of some one else, nor by his feelings, but by the Bible. He has ever since been both a happy and active Christian, and now superintends a prosperous Sunday School, which I organized.

I drove through another neighborhood where I had organized a school in a little schoolhouse in a district where the moral destitution was great, but where many parents and children have since been converted. An earnest Christian said to me on my late tour:

"That Sunday School is going to revolutionize the whole community."

As I passed there this month they were having an interesting meeting and they expect to build a church-house soon. I was heartily invited to stop and attend their meeting, but could not on account of work ahead of me. One of my appointments was in a hill country having been circulated by me from house to house on a hot day, for the night of the day following. The next day was rainy till late, and though the night was dark, the hills long and steep, and the roads muddy and slippery, a few of us went to the school-house. It was really dangerous travelling. Not enough attended to organize. An appointment was put out for the night following. It was largely attended, and a good organization, as to members, was effected.

Two days later I passed through a much hillier country. It was knobby—the travel was trying on me and the horse, and hard on the buggy. But I found a place for a school, put out an appointment for W—— school house and pressed on to another place where I had an appointment, and where I addressed the people and organized a Sunday School. There are many children in the district and they were far from Sunday School and church. But now they have a Sunday School in their midst. My route next day lay through another part of the like knobby country. At the foot of a hill my harness broke and I could not move a foot. I told one who was passing by of my situation and offered to pay any one who would bring me an awl and a "waxed end." These were brought me from a farm house nearby, and there under the blazing sun, I sewed up my harness—then drove on. The day following I reached home well nigh worn out, my horse in about the same condition and lame. I soon after hastened to the northeast part of the State to the bottom land of the Mississippi River to distribute relief to the flood sufferers from funds raised by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which I did as far as I found destitution, and of which I will give a particular account soon. (D. V.) There I found they also needed the bread of life and I organized a Sunday School.

A disease not unlike dysentry and cholera morbus, but not exactly either, has been general over the country. When I recall the heat, and sometimes the dust, at other times the mud; the hills, knobs, rocks, clods, and grubs; the rain, mud holes, bogs and flies encountered since the 16th of July, since which I have been almost constantly out; the sickness and absence from home I cannot regret that it is all behind me, nor fail to praise God for sparing me and mine through it, and for the work done which is only partly told.

Yours very truly, GEO. W. SHARP.

A BIT OF HELP.

I WANT to help the pastor who finds his sermons not strong enough to counteract the mighty tide of unbelief and materialism abroad in his congregation. His heart is bleeding sore over the fact that some of his best men, and women too, are already drifting towards the sea of skepticism in supernatural things. Many dollars have been spent for books and papers, the very latest and the very best, and the wheat therein has gone in his discourses, but the evil work goes fast on.

Listen! beloved servant of God. Try another kind of sermon. Get a dozen redeemed men and women, who have been lifted by some of God's workers in the mission fields, from lives of indescribable depths of woe and sin into the sunlight of salvation and cleanliness of soul and body, and let them tell their tale to your people. Neither you nor your people will forget that hour. It will do more to inspire faith and provoke religious discussion of the right kind than forty of your present sermons. Try it.

I lately saw a vast crowd gathered to hear religious speakers. A D. D. gave them logic and facts, and truth, and told about Jesus as plain as a sunbeam. Then came a big sinner who had been down and God had pulled him up and kept him there. Watch the crowd. To the first they gave a respectful hearing, but when that big sinner told of his big salvation the multitude woke up, they laughed, they cried, they told as only a multitude can, "That does us good." I questioned them all I could at the close and found the testimony of that saved sinner was the greatest sermon they had heard for a long time. This mingled with your other pulpit-work will work great good.

LEPERS AT RAMLEH.

A LADY writes from Jaffa as follows: "When we reached Ramleh, Abou Ibrahim went to look for the lepers in their different haunts and collected them together under some trees outside the town. A stone in the centre of the circle was spread with a red pocket-handkerchief for me to sit upon. I had been told there were ten of them, but I only counted nine. 'Who is missing?' I asked. 'Only poor Fatmeh,' they replied, 'her place for begging is rather far away, and she cannot walk much, for she has hurt her leg.' 'Cannot some one help her?' I said; 'I want you all together.' There was a little hesitation. At last a man got up. 'It is rather difficult, lady,' he said, 'and the day is hot, but for your sake I will try.' Off he went, and after some time returned, heated, panting, breathless, carrying the old woman on his back, she looking as overcome as himself, with the exertion of holding on! If I had known how difficult it was going to be for both, I fear I should not have insisted on Fatmeh's presence. However, she had come, and the circle was complete. There were ten of them, 'and they were lepers.' All forms of the disease were exhibited among them. The blurred features, the mutilated hands and feet, the hoarse rasping voice, the hidden wounds. Some, like Hassain, who carried Fatmeh, bore no outward tokens; others were painfully disfigured. One poor woman laughed mournfully as she told me her name 'Shellibiah—beautiful.' Her face was attacked by the disease, and, if she had ever merited her name, all traces of comeliness had long ago disappeared. One of the number was a little boy apparently about fourteen. Fatmeh was a middle aged woman who had been there thirty years, fifteen with her husband and fifteen after his death. One of the men had lately come, and one, Salah, had just left them for the leper hospital in Jerusalem. He had become quite blind and very helpless, so at last he consented to give up his free open-air life. He was a Protestant, and could read, the others were all Moslems."

FORWARD, MARCH!

FORWARD march! the cry is ringing
O'er the world from land to sea!
Gird on your armor, brave hearts bringing,
Ready to do work for me.

Take the helmet of salvation,
Word of God so true and free,
Sword of the Spirit, preparation
Blessed and boundless, offered thee.

Put on the breastplate, conscience clean,
Righteousness and truth within,
Forward march, with zeal unceasing,
With shield of faith, and love increasing.

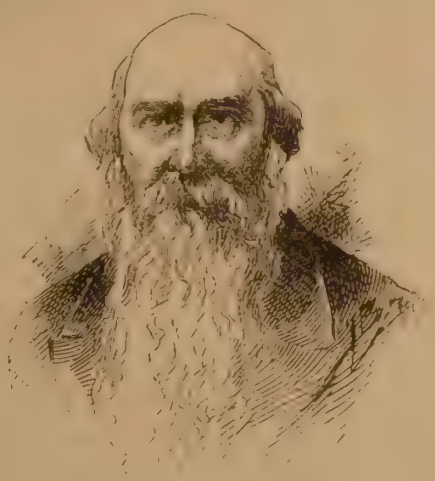
Forward, march! Satan advancing
Lures thee oft with wiles entrancing.
Forward march! Ne'er heed his frown,
God will faithful efforts crown.

—EMMA M. BANGS.

PREACHING TO LEPERS.

The Missionary Work of Rev. John Hewlett in the Lazar-Houses of India.

ONE of the strongest illustrations of the fact that, of all the religions of the world, Christianity alone has encouraged works of philanthropy, and demanded of its disciples that they take care of the outcast and the pariah, is found in the missionary work done among the lepers of India. Benares, the "sacred city" of the Hindoos, and the location of famous temples and ghauts, native monasteries, and princely mansions of old Indian families, is also the location of the chief Gospel mission station in India. Rev. John Hewlett, M.A., long Principal of the London Missionary Society's College at Benares, and recently dead, was the first Christian worker to gain admission to these monasteries, and to come into friendly intellectnal contact with the most distinguished professors of the Hindoo faith. Much of the late Dr. Hewlett's work was done among the educated class, bnt a very great deal, and not the least effective part of it, was among the humble population of India, who testified their esteem of his noble character and services by following his remains to their last resting-place in vast numbers.



THE LATE REV. JOHN HEWLETT.

One of the brightest features of Rev. Dr. Hewlett's work was his hearty zeal for the lepers of India. In 1863 he moved to the city of Almora, and while there, was impressed with the sad spiritual condition of the lepers in the asylum. He visited them; and with his accustomed earnestness, taught these neglected ones that there was hope—even for them. Several conversions followed, and with what joy did he baptize his converts, and soon after he formed the first leper church in India! After two years' further service at Benares, Mrs. Hewlett died, and he returned with his family to England in 1869. In June, 1871, Mr. Hewlett removed to Mirzapur, and in 1881, his health being restored, he was appointed to succeed Rev. M. Sherring, in the superintendence of the Central School, Benares. Here he continued the excellent work of Mr. Sherring, until the institution developed into a college.

The chief work of Mr. Hewlett was done at the Benares College, where his lovable disposition, his sympathetic and careful oversight of the students, as well as his willingness and ability to teach them many things beyond the ordinary curriculum, gave him great influence. It was essentially a Christian college. At all times and in everything his enthusiasm and moral earnestness in his efforts for the good of others were apparent. He was a good vernacular preacher, and Hindus preferred to hear him rather than even their most eloquent native preachers. He was well acquainted with modern theology, but held firmly to evangelical teaching. He rendered valuable assistance in establishing the University of Allahabad, being the only missionary upon its senate. He was recently engaged upon a new Hindi version of the New Testament, circumstances having left it principally in his hands. His most earnest wish has been graciously allowed by the Master, that he should die in active service.

JEWS RETURNING TO PALESTINE.

THE Rev. H. Barnett writes from Beyrout, Syria: "What a great privilege to be Christ's ambassadors in these closing days! I say closing days, for the time is not far distant when our Lord will come again for those who are looking for that blessed hope. Since I came to this land I have been watching with great interest the things that are now coming to pass. First of all, as to those Jews that are coming back to this, their land. Every steamer that arrives at Jaffa brings Jewish passengers from Russia. Among these are large capitalists who come here to buy land and houses; and whilst at one time the laws of the government would only allow a Jewish pilgrim to stay a certain time, these restrictive laws have all vanished, and the Jews have the same right as any other man in the country. Have you ever noticed that prediction in Jeremiah, where he says, 'Men shall buy fields with money'? (Jeremiah 32: 15-44.) Does it not seem that this is coming to pass now? There are a great many Jewish colonies entirely occupied by Russian Jews. Each colony has a certain amount of land which is cultivated by the Jews, and every one of them is cherishing the bright hope that their Messiah must soon come. The Arabs, too, are very glad to meet with people who buy the land from them. They say, 'Sooner or later the land must go back to the Jews; it is better for us at least to get the money for it.' But the Russian Jews are not the only ones who are coming back to the land. The Yeman Jews (the Jews from Arabia), are also coming back in large numbers. About three weeks ago I sheltered in the mission-house fifty souls of these Yemen Jews. They said, 'We have lived all our life in Arabia. Our fathers did not return to the Holy Land with those that were in captivity in Babylon. Of late the Ishmaelites have persecuted us very much; our lives are in danger among them. They tell us to leave their land and go to our own land. We consider this to be a sign of the times that our Messiah must soon come, and we gladly, for Zion's sake, left them to come here. Many more are coming. We have been on the way for three months.'"

BEAUTY OUT OF UGLINESS.

A LADY, who in her girlhood was discouraged by her lack of beauty, but lived to become a leader of society, with hosts of sincere and loving friends, told the following story of the incident which gave her hope and inspired her to usefulness: "If I have been able to accomplish anything in life, it is due to the words spoken to me in the right season, when I was a child, by an old teacher. I was the only homely, awkward girl in a class of exceptionally pretty ones, and, being also dull at my books, became the butt of the school. I fell into a morose, despairing state, gave up study, withdrew into myself, and grew daily more bitter and vindictive. One day the French teacher, a grey-haired old woman, with keen eyes and a kind smile, found me crying. 'What is the matter, my child?' she asked. Oh, madame, I am so ugly!' I sobbed out. She soothed me, but did not contradict me. Presently, she took me to her room, and after amusing me for some time, said, 'I have a present for you,' handing me a scaly, coarse lump, covered with earth. 'It is round and brown as you. "Ugly," did you say? Very well. We will call it by your name, then. It is you! Now, you shall plant it, and water it, and give it sun for a week or two,' I planted it and watched it carefully; the green leaves came first, and at last the golden Japanese lily, the first I had ever seen. Madame came to share my delight. 'Ah,' she said, significantly, 'who would believe so much beauty and fragrance were shut up in that little, rough, ugly thing? But it took heart when it came into the sun.' It was the first time that it ever occurred to me, that in spite of my ugly face, I too might be able to win friends, and to make myself beloved in the world."

A CHINESE LADY'S GIFT.

ALICE JANE MUIRHEAD, of Shanghai, says: "A crowd of Chinese villagers had gathered to listen to an English missionary as he preached from his boat by the river bank. They gave such quiet and earnest attention that, in concluding his simple address, the preacher was moved to say, 'If you wish to hear more concerning the Lord Jesus Christ, I will send you a Chinese teacher, if you will provide him with a home.' 'You shall have part of my house,' exclaimed an elderly, neatly-dressed woman: 'come and see if it will do.' To his surprise, the missionary found that the dwelling of the widow Tsii—her own property—was a spacious building, whose wide and lofty entrance-hall was admirably suitable for a preaching chapel. She also put at his disposal accommodation for a native preacher and his family, and a large upstairs room where any foreign missionary visitor could comfortably sojourn. And so, by degrees, a Christian church was gathered in that populous village; Mrs. Tsii coming forward among the first to confess faith in the Saviour. Her grown-up son has also embraced 'the doctrine,' and is doing good service in a mission-school elsewhere."

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MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

IT is never real morning except in the country. In the city in the early part of the day, there is a mixed color that climbs down over the roof opposite, and through the smoke of the chimney that makes people think it is time to get up and comb their hair. But we have real morning in the country. Morning! descending from "God out of heaven like a bride adorned for her husband." A few moments ago I looked out and the army of night-shadows were striking their tents. A red light on the horizon that does not make me think as it did Alexander Smith of "the barren beach of hell," but more like unto the fire kindled on the shore by him whom the disciples saw at daybreak stirring the blaze on the beach of Genesareth. Just now the dew woke up in the hammock of the tree-branches, and the light kissed it. Yonder, leaning against the sky, two great uprights of flame, crossed by many rundles of fire! Some Jacob must have been dreaming. Through those burnished gates a flaming chariot rolls. Some Elijah must be ascending. Morning! I wish I had a rousing bell to wake the whole world up to see it. Every leaf a psalm. Every flower a censer. Every bird a chorister. Every sight beauty. Every sound music. Trees transfigured. The skies in conflagration. The air as if sweeping down from hanging gardens of heaven. The foam of celestial seas splashed on the white tops of spiræa. The honeysuckle on one side my porch challenges the sweet-brier on the other. The odors of heliotrope overflow the urns and flood the garden. Syringas with bridal blossoms in their hair, and roses bleeding with a very carnage of color. Oh, the glories of day-dawn in the country! My pen trembles, and my eyes moisten. Unlike the flaming sword that drove out the first pair from Eden, these fiery splendors seem like swords unsheathed by angel hands to drive us in.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

IN the choice of our children's books, let us not mistake slops for simplicity, nor insult our children's tastes by disquisitions about "footsy tootsies," or keep informing them of the historical fact, which they learned a great while ago, that "Mary had a little lamb," or assemble the youngsters in coroner's jury to clear up the mystery as to "who killed cock-robin." If a child has no common-sense at seven years of age it never will have.

Have at least one book in your library in which all the good children did not die. My early impression from Sunday School books was that religion was very unhealthy. It seemed a terrible distemper, that killed every boy and girl that it touched. If I found myself some day better than common, I corrected the mistake for fear I should die; although it was the general opinion that I was not in much danger from over-sanctity. But I do believe that children may have religion and yet live through it. A strong mustard-plaster and a teaspoonful of ipecac will do marvels. Timothy lived to grow up, and we are credibly informed that little Samuel woke. Indeed, the best boys I ever saw, occasionally upset things and got boisterous, and had the fidgets. The goody-goody kind of children make namby-pamby men. I should not be surprised to find that a colt which does not frisk becomes a horse that will not draw. The most solemn-looking mule of our place has kicked to pieces five dash-boards.

Oh! for a religious literature that shall take for its model of excellence a boy that loves God, and can digest his dinner in two hours after he eats it! Be not afraid to say, in your account of his decease, that the day before you lost him he caught two rabbits in his trap down on the meadow, or soundly thrashed a street-ruffian who was trying to upset a little girl's basket of cold victuals. I do not think that heaven is so near to an ill-ventilated nursery as to a good gymnasium. If the Church of God could trade off three thousand hogsheads of religious cant for three thousand hogheads of fresh air and stout health, we should be the gainers, but the fellow with whom we traded would be cheated mercilessly and forever.

LOOK AT HOME.

THE Church saith in Canticles: "They have made me the keeper of vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept." So there are a great many Christians now who spend their chief time in looking after others while their own vineyard goes to waste. They are raising very fine grapes on the other side of the fence, but the property does not belong to them, nor the grapes. We know Christians who are lean as skeletons in religious experience, who are running hither and thither, looking after Sunday-schools, calling conventions, attending meetings. They are in everlasting ferment about other people, but have no anxiety about themselves. They cut the wool off somebody else's sheep, and spin it on somebody else's loom, for somebody else's back. Meanwhile, their own souls are shivering to death.

Now, the first thing for one to do is, to take care of his or her own heart. How was it that the old saints, with less opportunity than we have, were better men? They had more time for contemplation. Christians now seldom sit down to think. It is drive, and push, and pull. Their only quiet time is when they are on an express train, going at thirty-five miles an hour, watch in hand, wondering why they don't go forty. Just before communion they feel called upon for especial self-examination, and so take the ten minutes in which they are walking to church to think what miserable offenders they have been. Now you have no right to give so much time to your neighbors' crops that you let your own suffer. Beside, if your own piety be thin, your work will be inefficient. If we have been much with Christ, and have deep personal experiences, we will do more good in one month than with a shallow experience we could do in ten years. One half the Christian effort of to-day is mere gab. The world sees straight through it, while some man who says but little, yet feels much, gets hold of the heart of an audience, and rouses, and melts, and subdues, and agonizes it at will. Rickety and unsafe machinery always makes a great racket. Christians seeking no advancement in personal piety are often very demonstrative, as steamboats at the wharf blowing off steam.

A man of deep religious experience is always effective. We care not how poor his voice is, or how uncomely his countenance, or how awkward his gestures, or how shabby his clothes, or how lame his grammar. By taking good care of our vineyard, we learn how to help others in the care of their vineyard. If you cannot raise grapes in your garden, you cannot raise them in mine.

Friends, the Lord of the vineyard will after awhile appear at the gate. The day of vintage will come. When the grapes in olden times were gathered, there was sporting through all the land, and the sound of musical instruments. What kind of clusters shall we be able to show, at last, in our vineyard? Will they be stunted and sour, or ripe and large? If faithful in the planting, and the trimming, and the watching, the vintage will be glorious. Let the messengers of God put the full clusters into the wine-press, and then, with all the banqueters of heaven, the instruments chorded to the right pitch, we will drink new wine in our Father's kingdom. God forbid that ours should be the lamentation: "They made me the keeper of vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept."

HAVING TOO MUCH.

MORE will cases have come into court, with estates of millions of dollars in the balance. Family affairs publicly displayed, charges of insanity and over-influence, and strife for all following generations. Meanwhile, let all men of small means, or no means at all, take comfort in the fact that you have nothing in the way of large estate to set your children in quarrel.

Great peril for those who possess large estate, great peril for those who are expecting large estate. The surrogate's office is an Armageddon, The bitterest feuds ever seen are between brothers and sisters about their father's will. It does not make any difference how sound may be his mind when he makes his last will and testament; after his death mighty efforts will be made to prove him imbecile. It is always evidence of a testator's insanity when he does not give you as much as you think he ought to. Amid all the inconveniences of limited finances, take the consolation that your grave will not probably be made the battle-ground for legal contestants.

It is really a healthier state of things when you take care of your children until they are able to take care of themselves, and then in your old age they will take care of you. It is a beautiful scene when parents rear their children in principles of industry, and kindness, and honesty, and in all the amenities of life, and give them such a strong start in the right direction, that when the parents come on toward seventy or eighty years they get a letter from the son, saying:

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:—I have been consulting with my wife and our little children, about asking you both to come and spend the rest of your days with us. We have a good, warm room on the first floor which you could have all to yourselves. You can rise as early in the morning as you want to, and go to bed as early at night as you choose, and the nurse has promised to keep baby still while you are taking your afternoon nap. The children all clap their hands at the idea of grandfather and grandmother coming to live with us. We are having the old arm-chair mended, and I shall this afternoon buy a copy of the Psalms of David in large type. I will send the big wagon over for you next Monday morning, with blankets, buffalo robe, hot bricks and foot-stove. Tuck yourselves up warm and snug. The man will drive gently over the gullies. You shall never want for anything.

TALMAN'S COLUMN.

RELIGIOUS WICKEDNESS.

AMONGST the sins of men, none are worse than these. When Satan can get converted people to fling away their brains and rush in Christian work like a pack of hounds let loose on a hare, you may feel right sure there is little joy in heaven. Black angels have the laugh then. I can't find any where in the Bible or out of it that the Lord seeks a man for his service separate from the use of all wit and wisdom he may possess.

About the best sign I have had of late of knowing that I was growing in grace was the fact of getting mad—Yes, downright mad over the trickery and low devices adopted by a lot of Christians in getting people to become Christians. If we want to help the devil do his work just keep on with such methods of soul-winning and the harvest for hell will be very big.

In my study of the Gospels, I find Jesus the Christ to be *a man*—a real M-A-N.—A gentleman; and so were his disciples. They never stooped to any clap-trap methods, or razzle-dazzle schemes to turn men from sin to God. They were wise. They used great variety in their work, both of speech and illustration, but they never dressed a service or sermon either in the garb of the clown, or played the fool with their hearers.

It's about time a good many were taught this lesson.

There is a negative side to this religous wickedness, too, and that is permitting sermons and services, plans and purposes, getting so frigid that the home of God becomes a spiritual ice-box. The devil could teach many preachers and leaders a lesson of zeal, wisdom and perseverance. I don't believe we need the methods on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange to get people to "buy the truth and sell it not," but I could well pray: "Lord, set the legs and arms and mouth of thy servants going like that," that sinners may get eternal riches.

Summer and winter you will find the people crowding where they find life, earnestness, truth, and good fellowship.

Dear reader, stop a moment and think. Have you not been just a little religiously wicked in the way of doing your Lord's work.

Don't overdo or underdo, but keep to the middle of the road.

You be Sure and Go.

Go where? Ah, well you may ask, dear Christian, for there are many calls for the willing workers; but this exhortation is not to the place of work, but the place of prayer.

It's not of the clear and beautiful night when the many will be there, but that night when you know but few will go where they gather for worship.

What Young Men Want in the Pulpit.

Men, real men, no shams, either in dress, devotion or delivery.

Belief in the word preached, a belief that is in the very blood, taking the old Book from Genesis, chapter one, verse one, to Revelation, last verse; Jonah, and all.

Fire, words of fire, tongue of fire, heart on fire, message on fire, the whole man on fire with the work in hand. It's but twice a week we listen, and to have effect the sermon must be burnt into the soul.

Plain speech and straight Gospel with the law put in.

Variety—If eight notes can make songs, solos and symphonies, there is enough in the Gospel of Jesus to give changes for a lifetime at least.

Scripture—More of it. Tell us what God says. We are poor readers of the Book, but will listen if you give that to us with the sense.

Stories—Give us plenty of them: Jesus always did to his listeners. We can stand the application and will remember the truth longer.

Give us your prayers cut in the middle—they are too long—and then don't forget us while pleading for the heathen in other lands.

Post the choir a little, so you and they can pull together. It's not beneficial to have them upset the whole business.

"Give us a chance to "talk back." Sometime in your study, may be we'd like to "swing in line," if some things you don't think of were cleared up a bit.

Above all, give us faith in you; then 'twill not be so hard to believe in your God.

THE PEST AT THE GATES.

VERY busy lives are those of the Health officers who are standing sentry at the Port of New York to guard the city from the invasion of the Cholera. To the three infected ships in the lower bay have been added the *Wyoming* from Liverpool, which had two deaths on board while entering the port and the *Scandia* from Hamburg which had the worst record of the whole fleet. Thirty-two deaths from Cholera had occurred during the voyage and nine were sick of the disease when she arrived. There were 1086 passengers on board, of whom 981 were in the steerage. The first death of the voyage occurred before the *Scandia* had been one day out of Hamburg, yet the Captain continued his voyage toward a city as yet untouched by the plague. After the first death, there were deaths on board every day of the voyage, the highest number on one day being five, and there were two on the day of her arrival. In the meantime the disease was making daily havoc on the ships anchored in the bay. Thirty-nine new cases had broken out, of which nine had proved fatal. The bodies of the dead were promptly cremated, the sick sent to Swinburne Island and their friends who had been in contact with them were sent to Hoffman Island to await developments. All the ships were carefully isolated, a cordon of police boats being detailed around them to prevent any persons beside the Health Officers visiting the ships and carrying the infection to the city. The lot of the healthy passengers on the ships has been a very unenviable one. They have been separated from their friends as completely as when in Europe and know not from hour to hour when the plague might spread from the steerage and the forecastle to the saloon. They protested vigorously against being confined so long in the pest ships, on which fresh cases were continually breaking out and pleaded for removal to some other ship where they would not be exposed to infection. Relief for them came from private munificence. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan secured the steamer *Stonington* at a cost of $30,000 and placed it at the disposal of the Health Board for the accommodation of the saloon passengers on the *Normannia*; and the Washington Government lent the old war frigate *New Hampshire* for other passengers. On Sept. 10, they left the infected ships and were transferred to their new quarters. Arrangements were afterward made for their accommodation at Fire Island. The Governor of the State purchased on his own responsibility a large hotel and grounds there, at a cost of $210,000, where they are to be received and cared for until all danger of an outbreak of the disease among them is past. The military camp at Sandy Hook will, it is expected be used for steerage passengers. This separation was not so much an invidious distinction in favor of wealth and influence, as a necessary precaution, experience having proved that passengers in the steerage were far more likely to have the germs of the disease in their bodies than were those in the saloon. Wealthy people, even in the Church, sometimes act as if they thought there was a similar distinction between them and their poorer brethren and that it would be recognized also when they leave this world. But the deadly disease of sin afflicts rich and poor alike and we have Apostolic warning that if any distinction at all is made of God, it will be in favor of the poor. (James 2: 5.)

Two Heroines at Quarantine.

ON a little steam-tug which passed without protest through the police cordon at the cholera station on Swinburne Island on Sept. 9, were a venerable physician and two young ladies. The physician was a Health officer and his companions were Miss Helen E. Hill and Miss Alice P. Lyon who have been serving as nurses at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York. They had volunteered to go to the Island and nurse the cholera-stricken patients confined there. Over fifty of these patients were in the improvised hospital, many of whom could not hope for recovery. Already one nurse who had been employed there had contracted the disease and had taken her place among the sufferers. These ladies knew of the fact, knew of the danger into which they were going and that even if they escaped the contagion they would be cut off for a long time from association with their friends. The reporters surprised at their voluntarily braving isolation and possible death questioned them as to their motives and past history. They were, however, unwilling to speak of themselves and gave no information. It was noticed that each of them wore the badge of the King's Daughters and it was evident that in the principles of the Order lay the secret of their undertaking the arduous and dangerous duty. The men on the transport boat in which the sick were carried to the island mutinied and refused to continue the work that brought them into proximity with contagion but these delicate women voluntarily came into closer association because they were desirous of ministering to those of whom Christ said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto them ye did it unto me. I was sick and ye visited me." (Matt. 25: 40.)

A Fisherman Rescued.

A VERY thankful man was brought into New York a few days ago by one of the yachts of the New Jersey Yacht Club. As the yacht, which had been out at sea on a three days' cruise, was entering the Narrows, a small row-boat was descried in the distance. A man was in it in a state of undress, and he was making frantic signals of distress. The yacht was put about, and although a high wind was blowing and the water was very rough, succeeded in reaching the boat. A line was thrown out and the man was drawn on board. He said that he had gone down the bay for a day's fishing. He did not notice when the tide turned, but suddenly became aware that he was a long way from land and was being rapidly carried out to sea. He was a good oarsman and he set to work to row back to the shore. His utmost exertions, however, failed to bring him near, for the tide, as well as the wind, was against him. He determined to try to swim ashore and had just prepared to do so by taking off his clothing, when he saw the yacht. Then there was no need to make the perilous attempt to swim the long distance, and he availed himself of the kindness of the people on the yacht to make the journey. Sometimes ministers and Christian workers cannot induce the sinner under conviction to manifest similar sagacity. Too often he attempts by reformation of his life and by efforts of his own, to save himself, instead of accepting the salvation which Christ offers him freely. (Rom. 4: 5.)

A Prisoner's Strange Plight.

THE journals of San Francisco are discussing the situation of a convicted murderer named McNulty who has been in the county jail for nearly four years. The case was appealed after he was sentenced, and afterward there was a stay of proceedings and subsequently a reprieve from the Governor, until the whole affair was so tangled that no one knows what is the present legal status of it. The sheriff was of opinion that the man should be hanged on August 26th, but the prisoner's counsel interposed an objection, and when the sheriff consulted his legal adviser he was cautioned against hanging the man. It seems that the Governor's reprieve mentioned no day for the execution. An application was made to the judge who passed the original sentence, but he objected to dealing with the case. When the sheriff informed him that he proposed bringing the prisoner into his court, the judge told him it would be of no avail. Having passed sentence upon him once, the man was, in the eyes of the court, officially dead, and he could not recognize his existence. The time fixed for his execution having passed, the court must suppose that the prisoner was dead and was done with him. The judge consented to verify his opinion by an examination of the legal authorities, but if he adheres to his present opinion the sheriff will be puzzled to know how to deal with his prisoner, as the judge is the only authority in the State who has the power to act in the case. Some way will doubtless be found of bringing the man within the power of the law in spite of the judge's contention that he is officially dead. The Christian's condition is like the prisoner's so far as that he is dead to the law, but in his case justice has been satisfied by the expiation made by his Surety, and "there is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." (Rom. 8: 1.)

A Contested Funeral.

THE obsequies of a man who died recently in a hospital in Long Island City, N. Y., occasioned a dispute, which almost attained the proportions of a riot. The dead man had been a brakeman on the railroad, and his death was caused by injuries received in an accident on the road. He had no relatives in this country, but being of a genial, sociable disposition, had made a host of friends. He belonged to a military organization, was a member of the Independent Engine Company, and had joined the Railroad Employes' Mutual Benefit Association. When his death was annouuced the different societies held meetings and decided to give his body suitable burial. A deputation from one of the societies went to the hospital to obtain the body, but was told that a permit had already been given to a friend of the deceased man. Each of the societies was annoyed at being anticipated in its intentions, and some indignation was expressed at what was regarded as offieious interference on the part of a private indivldual. It was decided to disregard it and carry out the original programme of a public funeral. When the train bearing the body arrived, a crowd of more than five hundred persons had collected. The brakeman's friend was there with a hearse and mourning coaches, and there were deputatlons from the societies, similarly equipped. The latter were informed that they could not have the body, but as soon as the baggage car was opened, six stalwart men from among them marched to the car under the protection of the company of military, fully armed. They took up the casket, and in spite of the protests of the disappointed friend and his undertaker, bore it to their hearse, which drove away, followed by a long procession. Such a dispute was very unseemly on so solemn an occasion, and would doubtless have caused the brakeman pain if he could have known of it. As it was, it mattered nothing to him who might have charge of his body. The care of his soul was the all-important question, and it was safe if he had commiited it to Christ, for no one could pluck it out of his hand. (John 10:28.)

A Gold Mine in a Floor.

A REMARKABLE yield of gold has just been obtained from the floor of a factory in New York. For nineteen years past the manufacture of gold watch cases has been carried on in a building in Bond street. Recently, the firm decided to remove their business and vacated the premises. The utmost care had been taken by the firm to prevent the waste of the precious metal, bnt they knew that as they had been melting up over a thousand dollars' worth of gold every day, some of it must have fallen on the floor, and escaped the careful sweeping which had been regularly done. When they left the factory, they therefore decided to have the flooring taken up, and the window cases removed. The work was entrusted to a smelting and refining company, who gathered up all the rubbish, took up the flooring, and carried off everything to the works, leaving only the bare walls. The whole was burned to ashes, and these were carefully sifted, and subjected to a chemical process, which brought out the gold. When the work was completed, the refining company, after deducting their commission for the labor, had sixty-seven thousand dollar to hand over to the owners. That large sum was the value of the gold which had fallen in minute particles on the floor and timbers of the rooms. The company which did the smelting have had a large experience in the work. On one occasion they extracted gold worth a large sum, from the soot which had been swept from the chimney of a jeweller's shop. The operation is one requiring great delicacy and skill, but it always pays if the material has been any length of time in a room in which the filing and burnishing of gold has been going on. We do not always take similar trouble with the human waste and refuse that we come in contact with, or that trouble would also pay. Some of it, in the shape of men who are the sons of Christian parents, contains the gold of Christian character. It may not be perceptible to the eye, being mixed with evil habits and the vices of a life of sin, but early years in a home where God has been chastening and purging his sons and daughters, cannot have been passed without precious truths falling into the heart which under the hand of a skilful and loving refiner may be brought to light. (Eccles. 11: 1.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. Philip Schaff has so far recovered from his recent attack of illness that he hopes to deliver the opening address of Union Theological Seminary on September 29.

Ten dollars have been received from a subscriber in Philadelphia, to be given to the cause of Foreign Missions. They have been handed to Madam Tel Sono, for her work in Japan.

The thirty-fifth anniversary of the Fulton St. Daily Prayer Meeting will be celebrated on Sept. 23d, in the Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth Ave. and 29th St., New York. The meeting will be from noon to half past one.

A gentleman who went to reside in Boston, Mass., offered his services as teacher in a certain Sunday School. He complains that although he was regular in his attendance for two months he did not, during that time, make the acquaintance of a single person outside the children in his class. He might have had a similar experience in some schools of New York or Brooklyn.

The Misses Leitch whose portraits appeared in this journal on March 9, with a sketch of their work in Ceylon, have written Dr. Speer of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions that during their two years of work in this country they have succeeded in raising $150,000 for the Ceylon Mission and College. They are now selecting teachers for the College and will soon return to Ceylon.

Mr. Joseph English, the noted temperance lecturer and evangelistic worker, died suddenly on September 8th. Mr. English was holding meetings in Dr. Scudder's Tabernacle in Jersey City, N. J. He had crossed to New York on business, and was returning to Jersey City, to conduct the evening service, when he was seized with a hemorrhage and died before medical assistance could be obtained.

Francisco Penzotti, whose long imprisonment in Peru, for acting as agent of the American Bible Society, has already been decribed in this journal, reports another case of persecution. An agent of the Society, who went to Ayacucho, with several boxes of Bibles, was attacked, and his whole stock destroyed. The populace sought the man to put him to death, but he succeeded in making his escape out of the city.

Mr. Moody's Bible Institute in Chicago is making great preparations for the coming winter and next year, with especial reference to the need there will be for aggressive Christian work among the vast crowds who will visit the Fair. Two new stories upon the main building are about completed. These will afford accommodations for one hundred additional men. Mr. Moody, himself, expects to spend a large proportion of the year '93 in Chicago, and is trying to secure leading men from the old country and America, to preach the Gospel in English and other languages, and also to give instructions in the Institute, in addition to the regular corps of teachers. All inquiries regarding any of the Departments should be addressed to Bible Institute, 80 Institute Place, Chicago, Ill.

CONTRIBUTIONS to the fund for the support of Rev. George W. Sharp, the CHRISTAN HERALD Missionary of the American Sunday School Union, have been received since our last acknowledgment, to the amount of $81.45. They were as follows: "A Reader," El Poso, Ill., $25; "In His Name," St. Louis, Mo., $10.; Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Waterman, $10.; "In His Name," Columbus, Ind., $6.45; Mrs. Madge Nesbitt, $5; "A Clergyman's Wife," $3; Mrs. E. O. Manley, $2; L. A. Tobias, $2; C. R., Holyoke, Mass., $2; "Anonymous," Heislerville, N. J., $2; The Helping Hand Circle of King's Daughters, Havana, Ill., per Florence M. Collins, $2; Mrs. G. T. Easterbrook, $1.50; Mrs. Elisha Sanderson, 50 cents; and $1 each from S. Thatcher, Mary E. Shepherd, M. A. S., Fort Custer, Mont.; A. E. P., New York; Rose A. Istell, E. P. Roskoo, Mrs. J. W. Newell, W. S., Akron, O.; "Anonymous," Alto Pass; Mrs. R. M. Pierce. These, with the amounts previously acknowledged, bring the total received to $680.07. Less than twenty dollars are now needed to keep Mr. Sharp in the field until June, 1893.

THE GREAT CAMP MEETING.

A Sermon by Rev. Russell H. Conwell, delivered at Ocean Grove from the Text: John 7: 37: *"If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink."*

IT was the annual camp meeting of the Jewish Church, when the people gathered around the ancient city of Jerusalem, erected their booths and their shady tents under the trees, in the fields, and beneath the walls, when they covered the landscape with temporary habitations for those who had come up to this the greatest camp-meeting of ancient times.

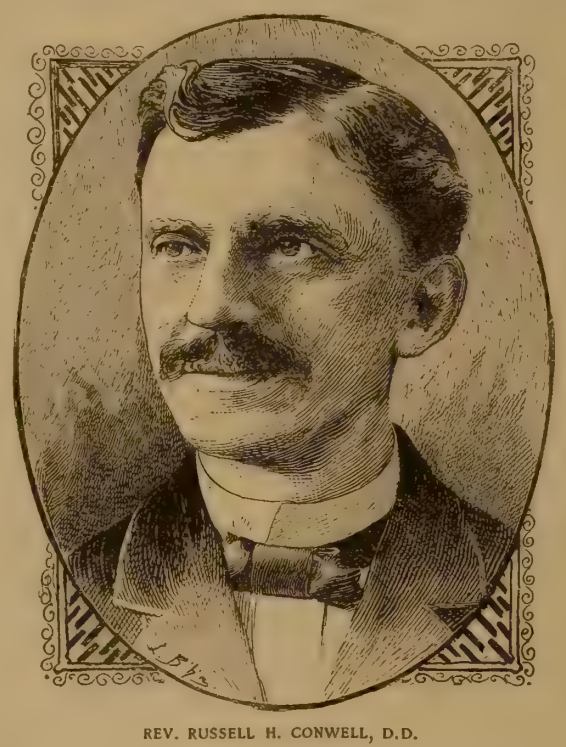
To the north their booths stretched away to Rama, on the west far off among the mountains to Emmaus, on the east away towards the rocky precipices of Jericho, on the south and east around Gethsemane, beyond Kedron, even to Bethany, along the sides of the mountain passes away toward the Mediterranean, the largest camp meeting, probably, that the Jewish nation ever saw, though it had maintained that annual institution through many ages. Let us look into that camp meeting and see what we find there, at the time when Jesus stood and cried. The assembly was composed of people from all parts of the known world. There were Galileans who came from that lovely blue sea and its fascinating scenes of beauty. There were Parthians from their rugged mountains. There were hunters from Lebanon. There were the merchants of Tyre and Sidon. There were the far-sailing sailors of Egypt. There were warriors from Mesopotamia and Arabia. All the lands around represented at that great camp meeting. The Macedonian was there. The Roman was there. The African was there, and the Spaniard was there, and the Babylonian was there, and the Abyssinian was there. The fashionable cottagers from Calliohoe's hot springs were there. Many a lover of those places of summer resort had left those valleys or mountain retreats, and all the luxuries of their palaces, to attend that camp meeting in the fields around Jerusalem. They were there from Cæsarea, because it was so attractive an occasion that even the Roman officers left their places and attended with the rest. For the heathen and the godly were attracted from every portion of the world. Alexandria was there with its philosophers, and every profession, every calling, every business was there. It was a gathering so great that we have not time to compass it, except in the introductory thought which is necessary to the lesson.

There were gathered there the preachers from the country synagogues, and Jewish ministers, whose duty it was in those disheartening fields to see that at least ten persons attended church, and if they would not come because of the preaching, he was to hire them to attend. There were at that great camp meeting preachers from the great city synagogues, where immense congregations with brain-racking excitements and heart-breaking cares sear the soul. There were college professors there from Antioch, from Alexandria, from Tarsus. There were school teachers there from all portions of Asia Minor, and many of the Roman towns and from many of the Jewish common school districts. There were custom house officers, politicians, representatives of all nations at that great camp meeting. There were merchants there, who sent ships over all the known world. There were mariners there, missionaries, explorers, students, and peasants. There were gathered there mechanics, manufacturers and owners of factories as well as their employes; all classes of people.

If you study the history correctly you will see that there were many different denominations there. There were the Pharisees, who, without spiritual feeling in their hearts, educated the head at the expense of the affections, who, as I heard Colonel Bain say, appeared with electric lights in their heads over the grave yard of their hearts. These hard sectarians, criticizing every mistake that any enthusiastic disciple made in that camp meeting. Saducees, who did not believe in the resurrection of the dead, who wished only that their bodies might be entirely destroyed, making a complete annihilation at death. There were Athenians there, who were lovers of the beautiful, students of art, and who claimed that the highest worship was the worship of beauty. There were agnostics there. Nothingarians, who loudly declared they did not know anything, which was largely true. There were there revisionists, conservatives, who believed that the old systems of the Talmud should be revised, and some that it ought not to be changed. There were Rechabites, believers in temperance, whose highest and chiefest motive was that grand motive of saving their friends from drink.

In that camp meeting, on that last greatest day, Jesus Christ was in the outer court, in the great auditorium, the court of the Gentiles, and cried out, "Come unto me. Come unto me." As I think of the close agreement between that occasion and this, the way people are gathered and the similarity in the presence of Jesus, being there in the flesh, and here in the spirit, I hear again his cry.

On that day when Jesus spoke, they were about to part, shake hands, and go home. Hundreds here will never hear me again. Thousands I shall never see here again. You will never see each other again on this earth, and yet we part. Oh, it is a sad thing to part, it touches deep to the very centres of the soul's experience to shake hands and say "Good-bye." And Jesus stood there on that platform, on those marble steps, looking toward the Gate Beautiful and bids them all "Good-bye." That good-bye message was the same message which a young man here, after the morning service on this street, told me was the message of his father. His father lay dying, and called his son, and said to his son: "Whatever else you do in life, make



REV. RUSSELL H. CONWELL, D.D.

sure you will meet me in Heaven." Jesus on that last day of that great camp meeting stood up and said: "Come unto me." He would meet them in heaven. He would not that any should perish, but that all should come unto him, and live, and he uttered that cry. I am glad that they translated it "Cry." I do not want to have any other translation put in any other word there, because I do not believe it will express the true sense so well. He stood there and "cried." It has a double sense in that word. He stood there with tenderness, with a sense of the fact that he was bidding them farewell.

It was an immortal moment. The sermons of that great day of the camp meeting were drawing to a close, the camp meeting was close to its end, they had preached and preached all the week, and many hearts had listened and had not been moved. Many a person had attended with caloused heart, but Jesus now stands there and says to them in effect: "The sermons are finished, the songs are silent, the tents are breaking up, the booths are coming down, the money changers are packing away their gold, the incense offerings are sailing away with the perfumed mountain breezes. We shall all separate, and I want to give you this last opportunity." It is here to-day.

It was the culminating point in the history of that camp meeting. It was the centre of all that they were working to do, and Jesus, springing up out of the common people, not with priestly garments, having none of the paraphernalia of high office, aroused by the spirit of God his Father, cried unto them, the last great cry, "Come unto me all ye that thirst, and I will give you drink." "Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

It is an immortal moment in the lives of some men here to-day. It is an immortal hour, either heaven or hell, either life or death, either goodness and purity or wrong and unrighteousness. Jesus felt it then, and Jesus feels it now, as the angels of God filled the air around Jerusalem, and as there were the white shimmering wings trembling as they wait for some sinner to repent, the report of which shall make heaven rejoice. So over this assembly they look down with shaded faces. An immortal moment, a decision between Satan and God. Satan pulling and drawing. God also drawing, while man holds the deciding power. It is man's important moment, the culminating point in all his life.

"This is the last day, the great day of the feast," said Jesus, "come now!" His winged tones, sailing down through the corridors of those beautiful temple walls, and along its magnificent gates, and away to Gethsemane's garden, his voice echoed on and echoes still. They heard it. It echoed in their hearts. Men hear it to-day, and yesterday, and though they may not confess it, they hear it, they feel it. As a young man said to me this day, "I have felt I ought to be a Christian for five years, but I would not confess it." In that audience they heard the voice, and when they heard, it moved them. Brethren and sisters, it is an interesting thing to see how human nature brought out the same traits then as it does now. In that audience there were unkind husbands. Husbands who had not spoken a kind word perhaps for years. There were husbands there who claimed that if they give clothing and food to the children, it is all that is required. There were those who took the name of God in vain. Who honored the godliness of their wife's character in secret, but would not acknowledge it in public; and would often swear at their godly wife. They were there that day and Jesus called them together and said, "Come unto me, and then go home and say, wife, I have been a sinner. I have not treated you right. I have not done my duty; but I have seen Christ, and now we will have a different home, now we will have a family altar, now we will teach our children to pray, now we will send our children to church, now I will go with you to church. I will confess it before the world, and will save others." They will love each other more than that home ever knew. Jesus saw in that audience ungrateful and unkind wives. "Come unto me, and learn how to love at home, how to control your temper, how to control your tongue, and behave with kindness and patience. And they went home to their husbands and said, "I have seen the Son of God and hereafter we will have a different home, and if I speak unkindly to you, please be patient and tell me of it, and I will repent.

Drunkards were there. If there had not been drunkards, there would not have been the Rechabites or temperance workers there at that camp meeting. Drunkards were there. Jesus said that day unto every drunkard, "Come unto me!" That is the only way in which a man may escape from the effects of drink. If the Gold Cure could take away the physical appetite, it could not take away the sin. This is the only way. It is the golden cure, it is the heavenly cure. If I were to call now, hundreds of men would arise up here among these many thousands and say, "That is true. I know, I have tried it." He saves from drunkenness. He says, "Come unto me, ye drunkards. Then go home and say to your family, 'I have been drunk a great many times, I have not confessed it, but I do now. My little child, you had a drunken father; your mother had a drunken husband, and you have spoken under your breath when you have mentioned my name, when the other children have asked where I was, you were ashamed to tell them. Many times you have gone to sleep with tears on your pillow. Many times my little child. But from this time, as God dwelleth in the heavens, and as his promises are sure, you shall never shed another tear for your drunken father."'

There were prodigal sons there. One young man came to me to-day, right here on the edge of the crowd, and said, "I want to talk to you." He began to weep, and I asked him what was the matter. "I do not know. That invitation of Dr. Stokes made me think of my crippled mother, praying for me away out in Missouri." So there, at that last camp meeting day, the great day of the feast of Jerusalem, when Jesus stood and cried, many a son was in that great assembly, whose mother, crippled or otherwise, in some distant place, knowing her son was there, went alone to some dark closet, and said to her God, "He is up to Jerusalem, where religious people are, with religious influences. Lord save him, let him hear some word that shall bring him to think and make him safe forever." There is a cry going up to-day from all over this land, from many you do not know, prayers ascending for you. Fathers are praying that could not perhaps acknowledge it in public. They are praying for sons here, daughters here, friends here. They are saying to God, "There are going to be sermons delivered there, and prayer meetings there. Lord, to-day bring them where they shall hear some expression that shall point their heart to the incoming spirit and bring them home converted to Jesus Christ." That prayer is going up from all over this wide land to-day, as it did from the ancient world when Jesus spake on the last day in Jerusalem.

There were frivolous people there. Such as I have seen around to-day. Frivolous people who play the songs of Zion upon the piano and organ as though they were dancing tunes and laugh and make sport at the same time they chant the sacred songs of God. Brethren and sisters, are we not ourselves responsible that we do not rebuke people, especially young people, for using the songs of Zion in an irreverent way, and using them for mere pastime and frivolous play? There were there such as we see here to-day and who appear for the purpose of showing their dress. There are young ladies who, under a greatly mistaken thought, have an idea that they are going to win the favor of a young man by dressing in some gaudy way. And yet, if he be not a consummate hypocrite and flatterer in his heart, on his lips is a rebuke, if he is a man he admires a true woman, not a caricature of a picture that may be drawn in a comic paper.

Oh, ye who love to carry the Gospel to the poor, to the ignorant and neglected, come unto Jesus and learn how he did teach. I say come unto him, I cannot say come unto me, because my example is so far from his. How did Jesus teach? Jesus never studied elocution. Jesus never in his history studied oratory, in the sense in which we understand it, but he had the highest elocution and the noblest oratory in expressing himself with that divine simplicity, that telling of chaste stories which held the attention of the child as well as of the old. Illustration, illustration, illustration! was the great force he used outside of the spiritual power. Brethren of the ministry, and ye teachers, come unto Jesus. Oh, that I could go to him with you, and never speak except it be in that simplicity of motive, with that very fellow-feeling that makes its way right into the heart of another, and wins it. Oh, for such preaching; oh, for such teaching! Christ, Christ all, Christ everything!

The time has come when the people are saying again, as they said to Jesus that day, "We will come; Oh, Master, we will come; only we have some doubts we want settled." If the Christianity of the Bible is true, why are there different denominations? Why are there Sadducees and Pharisees, why different sects in existence. But there has now come an influence from the great camp meetings, from the Chatauqua Assemblies, and the Young Men's Christian Associations, and such kindred societies, which is bringing the denominations together. And while we believe in our own denomination, and that it is the best place for us to work, yet over the low fence we can see all the denominations and recognize the fact that they belong to the same great family. Christ is all and in all. We are recognizing that now to-day. The other night I preached in a Roman Catholic Church in Paterson, New Jersey, and a Roman Catholic made the opening prayer, and there are brethren here who were present at that sermon. It was a wonderful occasion to me. I felt as though the millennium was drawing nigh, when denominations so different as the Baptist and Catholic could ever come into any common place of meeting, and yet I bless God for that day, I bless God for this day, when I can come and shake hands with my Christian brethren and think of my dear old father and mother, who loved the Methodists, and I feel as close spiritual communion as with any member of any Christian church on the face of the earth. But Christ is all.

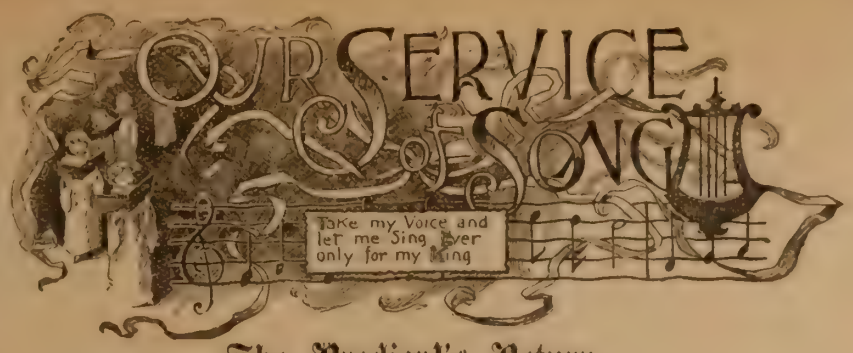
Some said, I do not understand your miracles. Some could not see why the devils went into the swine, how Jonah could enter into the whale. Doubters came to ask him for an explanation of such things. But he did not explain them. If he had intended them to be explained he would have explained them. The parables that his disciples did not understand he took them aside to teach. But when we ask explanation of the miracles, he gives us none. Many things are true which philosophers do not understand. Some inquirer came up to the Lord that day and said to him: Lord, there are mistakes in Moses and in different portions of the Bible. I wish you would explain the mistakes the critics point out. Jesus dismissed the whole thing.

We have read about faults in this Bible. That it is full of mistakes, full of errors, and yet, like a mighty engine, it sweeps on. It will will never stop! Hold up the Word of God, stand by it. It is your life. There is no other way to heaven but that, and Jesus did not stop to discuss these questions at all when there were souls to save. Let us save, and when the world is saved we will stop and discuss these questions of mistakes in the marks in the Hebrew.

Then there were those who believed, as we believe, that there was only one way to heaven, and that was God's way. They came to Jesus' feet the repentant ones, the prodigals to the marble stairs, and before him bowed down, one after another; there were many people who believed on Jesus the Christ, and who afterwards came out with their banners and palms to greet him. They came from the east, the west, the north, the south. The drunkards, the ignorant, the poor, the educated, and the refined, came and bowed down beiore him; and Jesus blessed them there, while the careless on fhe outskirts heard the cry die out, and went back to eternal remorse. Just so to-day. Christ stands to-day among beautiful angels, and on this day of this great camp meeting, its greatest day, he stands and cries, "Come unto me all ye that thirst and I will give you drink."

DR. TALMAGE'S TOUR ENDED.

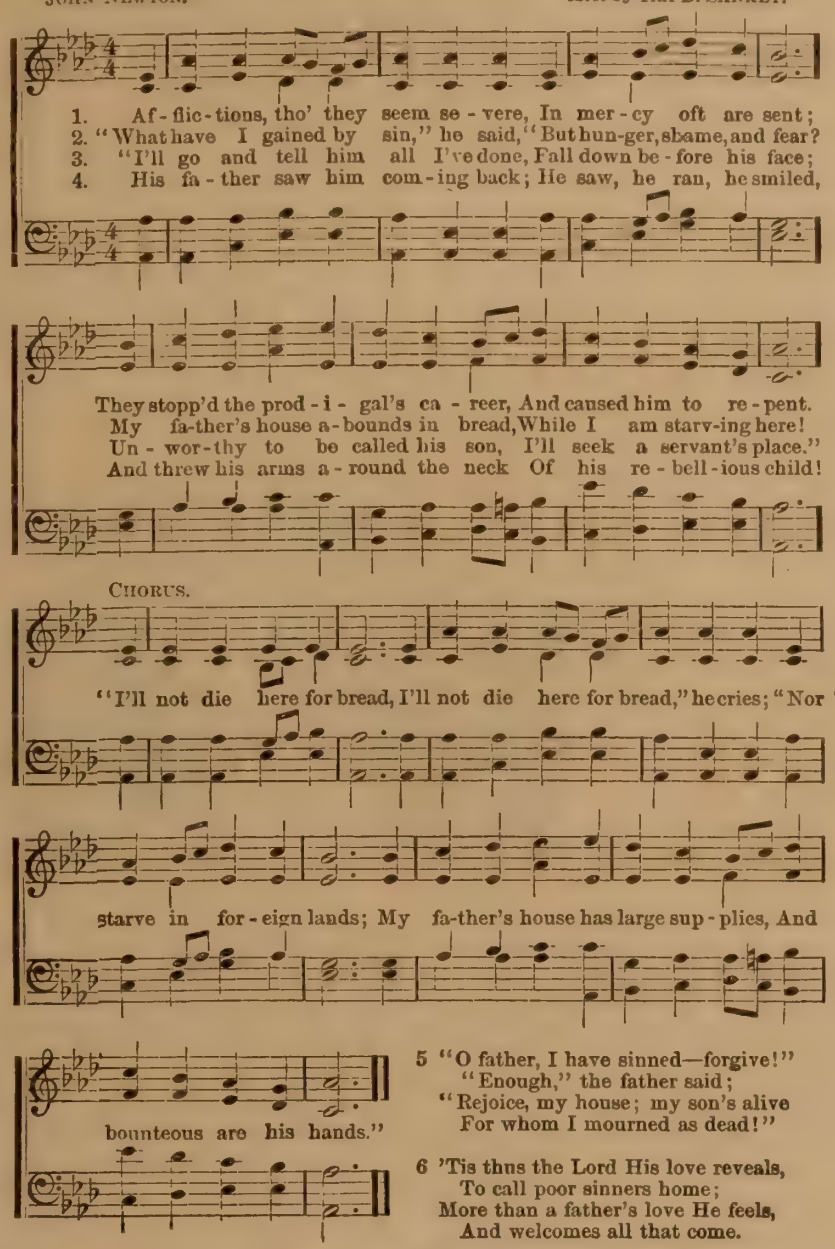
THE closing week of Rev. Dr. Talmage's preaching tour, in Great Britain, was marked by several gatherings which in magnitude and enthusiasm eclipsed all that had preceded them. The last service in London was on September 3, when, after addressing three great meetings durng the daytime, he spoke to an immense multitude in Hyde Park in the evening. Some estimates place the number at thirty thousand. The crowd was so dense that many women fainted and had to be removed. During the service the auditors were raised to the highest pitch of religious fervor, and scenes were enacted such as have not been witnessed since the days of Whitefield. On the following Wednesday evening, Dr. Talmage addressed a great audience at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, the largest building in the suburbs of London. Prayer meetings invoking the divine blessing on the services were held in various churches the preceding Monday and Tuesday evenings. Before the sermon, Dr. Talmage was entertained at a banquet in the large banqueting hall of the Crystal Palace, by 100 distinguished clergymen and laymen of every denomination, and from every continent, even including Australia. A vote of thanks was moved rehearsing Dr. Talmage's eminent services to God and humanity; also that he had traveled over 12,000 miles and preached in every prominent city in Great Britain to hundreds of thousands of eager auditors; collected vast sums for various English benevolences, and, throughout the entire tour, paid his own expenses, not retaining one farthing. Rev. Dr. Thain Davidson seconded the motion, and declared that Dr. Talmage commanded the admiration of the entire Christian world for faithfully preaching the orthodox Gospel in times of fierce religious dissension. The motion was unanimously carried amid great applause. Dr. Talmage was then presented, in behalf of his English admirers, with a beautiful and costly gold watch of unique design, inscribed: "Presented to Rev. Dr. Talmage at Crystal Palace, London, in commemoration of his preaching tour through England, in the summer of 1892." The preacher was then escorted to the great hall where the vote of thanks was unanimously endorsed and ratified by the entire audience. He then preached his farewell sermon and shook hands with hundreds at the close. This was the second sermon ever preached in the Crystal Palace. the first having been delivered by Pastor Spurgeon thirty-five years ago, on the Crimean War. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Klopsch, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, have sailed for New York on the steamship *City of Paris*.



The Prodigal's Return.

"I will arise, and go to my Father."—LUKE 15: 18.

JOHN NEWTON. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Af-flic-tions, tho' they seem se-vere, In mer-cy oft are sent;
2. "What have I gained by sin," he said, "But hun-ger, sbame, and fear?
3. "I'll go and tell him all I've done, Fall down be-fore his face;
4. His fa-ther saw him com-ing back; He saw, he ran, he smiled,

They stopp'd the prod-i-gal's ca-reer, And caused him to re-pent.
My fa-ther's house a-bounds in bread, While I am starv-ing here!
Un-wor-thy to be called his son, I'll seek a servant's place."
And threw his arms a-round the neck Of his re-bell-ious child!

CHORUS.

"I'll not die here for bread, I'll not die here for bread," he cries; "Nor starve in for-eign lands; My fa-ther's house has large sup-plies, And bounteous are his hands."

5 "O father, I have sinned—forgive!"
"Enough," the father said;
"Rejoice, my house; my son's alive
For whom I mourned as dead!"

6 'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love He feels,
And welcomes all that come.

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THE WEARY PILGRIM.

I AM weary of *wandering*, fain would I rest
In that far distant land of the pure and blest;
Where sin can no longer its blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations forever are fled.

I am weary of *loving* what passes away;
The nearest, the dearest, alas! may not stay;
I long for that land whose promise alone
Is unchanging and sure as Eternity's throne.

I am weary of *hoping* where hope is untrue,
As fair but as fleeting as morning's bright dew;
I long for that land where partings are o'er,
And Death and the Grave can divide hearts no more.

I am weary of *sighing* o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions that fade in their birth;
Oh the pangs of the love that cannot assuage!
For the yearnings of youth, and the weakness of age!

I am weary, my Saviour, of *grieving* thy love;
Oh, when shall I rest in thy presence above?
I am weary; but oh! let me never repine
Whilst thy love and thy word and thy promise are mine! —PROF. J. A. M. JOHNS.

New York, August, 1892.

FOR "THEE" OR FOR "ME."

SO often, so often, dear Master,
I think I am working for thee,
When down in my heart's deepest chamber
The "thee" is all lost in the "me."
The cross that I thought I was carrying
Through love for my Saviour, I see
Had self-exaltation beneath it—
The "me" overlying the "thee."

But well do I know, blessed Jesus,
When once fitly throned in my heart,
The source of my strengh and the centre
From whence every current doth start
The "me" will be lost in the fulness
Of life that flows only from thee,
Will fill me, and I shall be hidden—
The "thee" will supplant all the "me."

Oh, gladly, dear Lord, I surrender
My heart, will and being, to thee,
Not one cherished treasure reserving—
The giving is utter and free!
Oh, take me, and mould me, and shape me,
Write "thee" in the place of the "me!"
Such oneness with Christ will be heaven,
When "me" is all merged into "thee."

—MARY M. ANDERSON.

PROF. TOTTEN ON THE HEPTADS.

An Effort to Solve the Problem of Daniel's Periods and the End of the Times of the Gentiles.

LARGE audiences at Tylerville and Plainville, Conn., and Greene, R. I., and other places, have gathered during the past three weeks to hear Prof. Totten's lecture on the Prophetic periods. The professor is convinced that he has definitely and exactly fixed the dates of the two edicts for the rebuilding of Jerusalem after the Babylonian captivity. Those dates, as all prophetic students are aware, are the pivotal dates on which turn all calculations of prophetic chronology, as they are the starting point of the sixty-nine weeks mentioned in Daniel 9: 25, and the 2300 years in Daniel 8: 14, and are, therefore, the dates from which subsequent periods must be measured. Prof. Totten says:

"This astounding discovery sweeps all controversy aside. The sixty-nine weeks of Daniel began on solar time (365 days to the year) with the edict issued to Ezra in 3543 A.M., that is 456 B. C. and extend 483 such years to 4026, the baptism of the Saviour. Fourteen and one-half years later the second edict, issued to Nehemiah in 3557 1-2 A.M., to build the walls of Jerusalem." This was only 468 1-2 solar years from 4026 A.M., but by measuring on lunar time (354 days to the year) which is exactly 11 days per year shorter, he arrives at the same identical date for 468 1-2 solar are 483 lunar years or "sixty-nine weeks," that is sixty-nine periods of seven years each. This solution Prof. Totten maintains is an absolute guarantee of his figures and his credential to be heard in the premises. He now announces that he has just unsealed the whole Book of Daniel, and that by means of this key it covers and sweeps into its comprehensive scope the straight sequence of time from Adam to the year 6001 A.M. "We are now at the year 5891 A.M. (our 1892 A.D.)," he adds, "and since March 29th we have been in the final seven years or 'week' of the times of the Gentiles that began (3377 1-2 A.M.) with Nabopolassar. The half of the week (3 1-2 years) will bring us to the last 'jubilee' in this century, the sixty-ninth since the exodus! Here again we have in jubilees (really only forty-nine years apart) a repetition of Daniel's sixty-nine weeks on a scale of squares of seven, sixty-nine times forty-nine is 3,381, the interval in years between the exodus and the autumnal equinox of 1895 A.D."

The professor says that he is firmly convinced that during the jubilee year 1895-6 A. D., reckoning from the September equinox to equinox, the clouds now gathering upon all sides will culminate. "This year," he says, "is the central one of the seven with which the 'Gentile times' close (1892 1-4 —1895-6—1899 1-2). These 'Gentile times' are the seven times 360 years equal 2,520 years extending from 3377 1-2 A.M. to 5897 1-2 A.M., our 1899 1-4 A.D., as in all of my calculations.

The professor says that he looks upon the period in an odd and strangely significant, and of course original way. Thus he says these Babylonian times are in reality 360 "days" of seven years each, into the last of which we entered on March 29th. Hence the September equinox of 1895 A.D. will be the middle. He will not say whether this is the "midnight" of the "day" or not; but states that the selection lies between that date and the one twenty-one months ahead—the whole of the year 1894. He bases this idea on the fact that seven years are eighty-four months, that the Hebrews began their days at sunset, hence their "midnight" fell six hours later. This, on a scale of seven years to a day, brings us twenty-one months forward from March 29, 1892 A.D. The professor still declines to appoint "a day or an hour." He has never done so, as all who have read his books and not trusted to reports agree. He says "no man can know them." But that the advent is imminent.

With respect to the pestilences now raging abroad, the professor conjures the powers that be to spare no vigilance. His warning is "Enter into thy ports and close thy gates about thee, until the indignation is past."

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman, Edited by Rev. M. Baxter, may be obtained from this office, price six cents; seventy cents a year. The September number contains, among other articles: "Five Astounding Events within next 19 months between Sept. 1892 and April, 1894." "Predicted Wars, Crusades, and Revolutions." "Unveiling of the Edward Irving Statue at Annan—his life." "The Present 1,335 Days—from July 9, 1892, to March 5, 1896—of our waiting for the Messiah's Advent," etc.

A World's Fair Trip Free.

"The Christian Herald's" Plan for Providing its Readers with Free Transportation Both Ways—Seven Days' Hotel Fare, and a Week of Pure, Innocent Pleasuring.

ALL the world is now talking of the Chicago Fair, the great Columbian Exposition in celebration of the Quadri-Centennial of the Discovery of America, which opens in the Western Metropolis next spring. Everybody will make an effort to visit the Fair. The extent of the preparations, the number and vastness of the buildings, the widespread interest among other participating nations, all point to an Exposition of unrivalled scope and magnificence.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received many letters of inquiry from different parts of the country regarding the Fair, and after careful consideration it has arranged a plan specially for the benefit of its readers and their friends, by which those who wish to visit Chicago can do so, without the outlay of a dollar. This will secure to all who profit by the plan, railroad transportation from their own States to Chicago and return, and one week's board and lodging convenient to the Fair Grounds.

For every person who during the six months from July 1st to Dec. 31, secures the number of new, annual, full-paid subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, stipulated below, at $1.50 each, we will send transportation tickets to Chicago and return, and a coupon entitling the holder to seven days' excellent board and accommodation at a location convenient to the World's Fair Grounds. This offer applies to every State in the Union. The railroad tickets will be valid for twenty days.

Those who intend to take advantage of this special offer should immediately notify us to that effect. Send us your full name and Post-office address, stating at the same time the number of subscription blanks and sample copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD you require to begin your canvass and we will send them.

Should you fall short of the subscription limit fixed for your section in the appended list, you have the privilege of choice between two courses, in neither of which can you possibly be the loser. Thus: in a section where 60 subscribers are fixed as the limit, if after securing 50 subscriptions, you find yourself unable to make further progress, we are prepared either to forward you our publisher's check, making a proper allowance for the work accomplished, or to accept from you a small cash payment, in addition to the 50 paid-up subscriptions, on receipt of which we will immediately forward the transportation tickets and 7-days' coupons. All cases of this nature will be adjusted on a similar liberal basis.

Some may have friends in Chicago with whom they prefer to stay during the visit. In all such cases, we will be willing, on receiving the necessary number of subscriptions, to forward to the tourist along with his or railroad tickets a check for $25 in lieu of the 7-day's coupon for board and lodging.

Address all applications to WORLD'S FAIR DEPARTMENT, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York City.

STATE.	CITY.	SUBS.	STATE.	CITY.	SUBS.
Ala.	Montgomery..	100	Mich.	Jackson.....	60
"	Talladega	100	Minn.	Duluth.....	80
Ariz.	Prescott	200	"	Minneapolis ..	80
Ark.	Little Rock...	100	"	St. Paul.....	80
"	Pine Bluff.....	100	Miss.	Meridian.....	100
Cal.	Los Angeles..	200	"	Vicksburg.....	100
"	San Francisco	200	Mo.	Kansas City...	75
Colo.	Denver.....	100	"	St. Louis.....	60
"	Leadville	120	"	Springfield....	80
Conn.	Bridgeport....	100	Mon.	Helena	150
"	Hartford.....	100	Neb.	Lincoln	80
"	Meriden	100	"	Omaha.....	80
"	New Haven...	100	Nev.	Carson City...	200
"	New London..	100	N.H.	Concord	100
"	Norwich ...	100	N. J.	Bayonne.....	100
Del.	Wilmington...	100	"	Newark.....	100
D. C.	Washington ..	100	"	Trenton	100
Ga.	Atlanta.....	100	N.Y.	N. Y. City....	100
"	Savannah.....	100	"	Albany	90
Idah.	Boise City....	180	"	Rochester.....	80
Ind.	Fort Wayne...	60	"	Buffalo	80
"	Indianapolis...	60	N.C.	Charlotte.....	100
Iowa.	Burlington....	60	Ohio.	Cincinnati	65
"	Cedar Rapids.	60	"	Cleveland	70
"	Davenport ...	60	"	Dayton.....	60
"	Des Moines...	75	Ore.	Portland.....	200
Kas.	Emporia.....	80	Pa.	Alleghany C'y	80
"	Leavenworth.	75	"	Reading	90
"	Topeka	80	"	Philadelphia..	90
"	Wichita.....	80	R. I.	Providence....	100
Ky.	Louisville....	60	"	Westerly.....	100
La.	Baton Rouge.	100	S. C.	Charleston....	100
"	New Orleans..	100	Tenn.	Chattanooga..	8
Me.	Lewiston	100	"	Knoxville.....	8
"	Portland.....	100	Tex.	Dallas	100
Md.	Baltimore	80	"	Galveston	100
Mass.	Boston.....	100	Utah.	Salt Lake C'y.	150
"	Fall River....	100	Vt.	Rutland	100
"	Haverhill.....	100	Va.	Norfolk.....	90
"	Lowell.....	100	"	Richmond	90
"	Worcester	100	W.V.	Wheeling.....	80
Mich.	Ann Arbor....	60	Wis.	Madison	60
"	Detroit.....	60	"	Milwaukee ...	60
"	Grand Rapids.	60			

THE OLD LIFE AND THE NEW.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Oct. 2. Acts 9: 1-22; Gal. 1: 13-24.

IN Paul's case the old life and the new had points of similarity as well as of contrast. The natural faculties, traits of character, characteristics of mental action and general disposition were retained; but they were turned in a new direction. This was no idle, vicious man becoming pure and decent and energetic. God can work that change, too, but it was not needed with Paul. It was another kind of miracle that God worked upon him. Those who have studied the character of religious men will not underrate its magnitude. Probably there is no man less likely to be changed or turned from his course than the man who sincerely desiring to do God's will, believes that he knows what that will is, and that he is doing it. That was Paul's case. He was a religious man, and no man is so hard to convert. Argument would have had no effect upon him. It was a light from heaven and the voice of Jesus which effected the change, and nothing else would have done it. But in the new life the power and zeal and restless energy which had made Saul the terror of the Church, were still in exercise. He was a force in Judaism, enthusing, stirring up, inciting to activity. In Christianity, too, he was a force. There are some men of whom we hear with surprise that they are Christians; we never suspected them of it. Good, quiet, harmless men, but doing nothing to indicate their Christian principles. It was not so with Saul, or with Paul. The fierce, zealous Jew was as conspicuous as the energetic, indefatigable Christian.

The appeal Jesus made to Saul is that he makes to every man. "Why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." Why should any man persecute, or resist Jesus? The love and gentleness and compassionate interest he displays, make him a friend to be welcomed not an enemy to be opposed. His very remonstrance is based on pity. "It is hard"—"hard for *thee*." How many men have found that out! Sin is a wrong against the sinner. The man who sins injures himself. His sin is a loss and a detriment. He is making life hard for himself. The new life, into which he is invited to enter, is a life of development in which he is in harmony with his Maker. It is a life of supreme satisfaction, of the highest gratification. The man with the muck-rake whom Bunyan saw in his dream was false to his best interests while he gave his attention to the straws and rubbish and refused to look up at the crown that was offered him. Men are doing that now and they are wronging themselves. It is hard for *them*. The old life is a life of disappointment, of trying to reach a mirage, of striving to reach Dead Sea fruit. Those who fail are miserable and those who succeed cry "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." In the new life there are joys by the wayside and at the end everlasting life.

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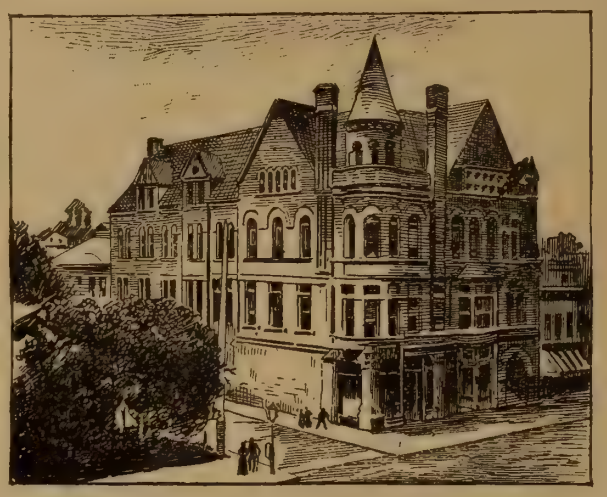
THE YOUNGSTOWN, O. ASSOCIATION.

AMONG the associations which have recently acquired buildings of their own, is the thriving and energetic Y. M. C. A. of Youngstown, Ohio. Their beautiful home, a picture of which appears on this page, cost eighty thousand dollars, and is said to be one of the finest in the State. It contains a Reception Room, well-furnished; a Reading Room, where the daily and weekly papers, and the best magazines are on the tables; a well-selected Library; a Gymnasium, fitted up with the newest appliances, where an accomplished physical director is in attendance to advise and instruct; a number of shower, sponge, and tub baths, and a large swimming bath, with an arrangement for keeping the water at a uniform temperature; and in addition, all the accommodations for meetings and classes. Special provision is also made in the building for the members of the Junior Branch, so that the boys find the Association as attractive as do their elder brothers.

The work of the Association is thoroughly organized. Besides the regular Bible Classes, Consecration meetings and Devotional meetings, there is held every Sunday a Gospel Evangelistic meeting for men, conducted by members of the Association, many of whom are very effective speakers. The Association has now five hundred members, and there is a good prospect of the number soon rising to a thousand. The effort to raise the large sum of eighty thousand dollars, which the new building has cost, has been an arduous one, and the members freely acknowledge that but for the exertions of the General Secretary, Mr. Herbert K. Caskey and several other devoted workers, and the assistance rendered by Evangelist C H. Yatman, the work would not have been achieved this year.



THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

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THE WORK AT WELLESLEY.

THE Young Women's Christian Association of Wellesley College now numbers between four and five hundred of the faculty and students of the college. The work is given into the hands of five committees, the chairmen of which are elected yearly by the Association. These committees are: the Missionary, Prayer-Meeting, Temperance, Indian and General Work. The latter committee has charge of a very interesting effort, at Charles River Village. The village is a few miles away from the College and the Association having heard that it was in need of Christian work has opened a Sunday School there and takes care that it is supplied with teachers from among the ladies who are students in the college.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE Board of Control of the Epworth League held a very important meeting on September 3, in the city of Cleveland, O. Rev. W. N. Broodbeck, D. D., of Boston, was elected General Secretary. Four Vice-Presidents were chosen: Gen. Willis W. Cooper, of St. Joseph, Mo.; Rev. W. J. Haven, of Boston; Robert R. Doherty, Ph. D., of New York, and Rev. H. C. Jennings, of Chicago. Mr. C. E. Piper of Chicago, was made treasurer. September and October will be important months in League Circles, especially throughout the West. Many of the Conference Leagues will hold conventions and anniversaries.

Many pastors find the League a great help in revival work, as its young people's meetings are leading souls to Christ in great numbers. The League of Blackford Street Church, Indianapolis, is conducting a young people's revival. Several of the members devote their spare time to house-to-house visitation and personal work. The League was very prominent at camp-meetings and assemblies during the summer. In many cases, a whole day's exercises were devoted to it.

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THE B. Y. P. U. IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

AN encouraging report of the progress of the Baptist Young People's Union in South Dakota is sent to the organ of the Union by Rev. D. P. Ward of Sioux Falls, S. D. The following is his account of the first convention held in the State, which has just closed its sessions at Centreville:

The attendance from the very first was good and the interest excellent. Rev. G. R Bisby, of Parker, assisted the writer. Normal lessons were given on "The Life of Paul," "Our Bible and Its History," and kindred subjects. A Young People's Symposium was conducted at which nearly all the young people of the city were present. About ten or twelve questions were discussed by the young people in five minute addresses. Among them were, "Young People and Bible Study," "How to Help the Pastor," "Increased Spirituality Among Young People, How Attained," "What Can Young People Do In Temperance Work," etc. It was a delightful session and at the close the audience repaired to the river's side and two young people were baptized. A fitting close to a young people's meeting. In the evening a "Conquest Meeting" was held at the close of which an "Echo Meeting" of the Detroit Convention was held. In many respects we consider it one of the best conventions we ever attended in the State. Pastor Walter Ross has a royal band of young people around him and the outlook of the Centerville Baptist church is grand on account of this young company of Christian workers.

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A CANADIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE Young Women's Christian Association of Kingston, Ont. has recently held its annual meeting of which it sends a report to *Faith and Works*. It was stated that the Association now has an efficient representative, who is a welcome visitor in many homes, speaking words of counsel and encouragement to many overtaxed mothers, and bringing Gospel hope and comfort to not a few, who, from circumstances of their lives, have drifted away from Christian ordinances, and require a helping hand to bring them back. She has also conducted the sewing classes for girls, the attendance averaging about fifty, aided by members of the King's Daughters. In addition to the sewing classes, Bible, and singing classes have also been maintained in the rooms; the sick and infirm visited, and cottage meetings occasionally held. Several pleasant little entertainments have been given to the children and the mothers.

As the meeting broke up a desire was expressed that the rooms in which the meetings are temporarily held should be secured for the permanent home of the Association. They would afford a pleasant and roomy centre for their work in which they are much cramped by lack of space.

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NEW YORK STATE C. E. CONVENTION.

THE Christian Endeavorers of New York State are to meet in their seventh annual convention at Binghamton, N. Y., on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 18th and 19th. Already a great deal of interest is centering in the event. The new Stone Opera House, now nearly completed, capable of seating upwards of 2,000 people, has been engaged as a place of meeting, and it is expected that the capacity of the building will be taxed to its utmost. The State Executive Committee, of which Rev. Henry W. Sherwood, of Rondout, is president, and the Programme Committee, of which, Mr. M. A. Hudson, of Syracuse, is chairman, are at work securing speakers, and arranging the programme for the two days' sessions. The singing evangelist Mr. George C. Stebbins, has been secured as Musical Director, and the programme, when completed will embrace many speakers who are popularly and widely known.

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MR. R. MCCANN, of Belfast, Ireland, and Mr. George Holmes, of Norwich, England, will depart upon their respective Y. M. C. A. missions on October 6th next, the one to Bombay and the other to Egypt and Palestine. Both will embark upon the steamship *Sutlej*. Mr. Holmes will land at Gibraltar, breaking his journey there and at Malta *en route* to Port Said. Valedictory meetings in connection with the departure of these brethren will be held in London and other cities.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells About Lydda, where Peter Healed Æneas and where George the Martyr was Born and Buried

"ONE of the places that is little mentioned by travelers in the East," said Uncle John to the group assembled around his familiar chair, the other evening, "is Lydda. It is a picturesque little town, about 32 miles from Jerusalem. Travelers in the Holy Land mostly patronize the stage-coach, in which they can ride each day from Joppa to Jerusalem, while a few prefer horseback, so that they may ramble about the surrounding country, sight-seeing at pleasure. A horseback trip, therefore, enables one to take a run to such places as Lydda, which the regular stage traveler would be likely to miss."

"Have you ever been at Lydda, Uncle?"

"No," replied the old traveler, "but some of my friends have. There is Dr. Talmage, who was there two years ago, with his party, and there are many others, quite distinguished in religion and literature, who have visited it, besides. This photograph gives a general view of the town as you approach it from the Joppa road. Its outskirts are surrounded by pleasant gardens. The town itself looks somewhat insignificant, although it has a remarkable history. It is very old, having been built by the Benjamites, and it has been many times the scene of warfare. Its inhabitants were sold into slavery during the Roman rule in Palestine. Now, can any of you children tell me what you know about Lydda from your New Testament reading?"

The youthful faces became thoughtful for a moment, and each bore a wistful expression.

"I think," slowly began Ted, "yes—now I remember! That was the place where Peter performed a miracle. Was it not? He healed the paralytic Æneas."

"You have answered rightly," said Uncle. "The story is told in the 9th chapter of the Acts. In A. D. 58, Paul touched at Lydda on his way from Jerusalem to Cesarea, but there had been a little band of Christians there long before; for Peter who performed the miracle mentioned in the Acts, wrote that he 'came to the saints at Lydda.'

"The landscape all around Lydda is dotted with villages, and the country is a series of undulations, low hills and gentle valleys. These hills and plains are what are called in the Bible 'the Shephelah,' one of the most fertile districts in all Palestine, and which in former times was thickly populated. Indeed, Rev. Cunningham Geikie asserts that the Shephelah must have been the scene of a vast population, as many ancient sites of large cities have been dug up in recent years."

"More lost cities?" inquired Tom.

"My boy, the world is full of such mysteries, of which time keeps the key. But we must go on to Lydda, instead of lingering in the vine-clad suburbs. We press through the orchards and gardens, and past the wells that give strength and nourishment to the soil, and presently we enter the town. One of the principal attractions there is a fine old church, built 700 years ago, and which is said to contain the tomb of St. George."

"The patron saint of England?"

"Yes; he is said to have been born at Lydda, and to have suffered martyrdom early in the third century at Nicodemia. His remains were transferred to his native town and a church erected in his honor by Emperor Justinian. The Moslems razed it, but it was restored by the Crusaders, who adopted George as their patron. He afterward became the patron saint of the English and several other nations.

"But Lydda is famous for other reasons. Josephus, the noted Jewish historian, mentions it as an eminent seat of learning. It is said that Queen Helena once celebrated the Feast of Tabernacles there. It was, at one time, the seat of a bishopric. All its greatness seems to have disappeared during the Crusader wars, and now it is scarcely more notable in the eyes of the average traveller than its neighbors, the towns of Rama, Hadid, Heballat and Ono."

"Ono! what a queer name!" exclaimed Milly.

"Yes," continued Uncle, smiling, "Ono or Ana is another Benjaminite town. You remember that the Bible speaks of the Plain of Ono. (1. Chron. 8: 12.) The town is simply a collection of mud huts, and a few ruins, such as you encounter everywhere in Palestine. Still a little further on is the village of Beit Dejan, which the tribe of Judah called Beth Dagon. This place, as you may remember reading, was famous for the worship of the fish-god, Dagon, by the Philistines. A short distance in another direction, is a village called El Yehudieh, where the Hebrew patriarch, Judah, is said to have been buried.

"And so, you see, every foot, and indeed every inch of the Shephelah is historic and almost sacred ground, recalling the great events of the past in the history of God's people."

"But what can the Moslems find to interest them in a place like Lydda?" inquired one of the group.

"Strangely enough," he replied, "it is to the Moslems one of the most interesting places in all Palestine. Their traditions declare that the city gate of Lydda will be the scene of the last conflict between Christ and Antichrist, when a great warrior, El-Khudr, will come to earth again to join the battle and bring the victory to the faithful."

ANCIENT LYDDA, NEAR RAMLEH, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.
(From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage in the Holy Land.)

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Early Moral Training.

How can parents best succeed in training their children up to be men and women of correct, strong moral convictions? asks the *Religious Telescope*. We answer: First. By beginning young. See that nursing babe. It is just old enough to begin to distinguish between its mother's smiles and frowns. Now is the time to begin its moral training. Now its embryo mind, just beginning to develop, is like wax in mother's hands. From now on, through the next twelve years of its life, that wax will be pliable. Then it will be gradually hardened into fixedness of character; but all through this period it will take and receive from mother's voice, from mother's smile, from mother's frown, from mother's every tone, and gesture, and air, impressions that will go very far toward shaping its character and destiny through all eternity.

Mother, you love that darling babe better than you love your own life. Would you see it develop into a pure-minded, loving, noble, useful man? Then this is your opportunity. As you guard its tender life, even more solicitously guard your behavior in its presence. Avoid anger; be sweet; reprove mildly, but firmly; lead it into right paths rather than seek to drive it. But, above all, be prayerful and devotional. *Each day*, in its presence, bow before God in prayer. Tell it of God—of the wonderful love of Jesus, and so live in its presence as to impress upon its mind the indelible conviction that "*my mother is a true Christian*—my mother's God does hear and answer prayer."

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Educate the Boys and Girls.

THERE are farmers with competence in possession, with money laid up in bank, with every comfort that a farmer's life commands, and with children needing thorough training, who have hitherto refused them this priceless boon, says the *Central Christian Advocate*. Were argument the only thing necessary in the case, it would be easy to prove that education of the right sort is worth more than houses, lands, mortgages, stocks, or all other earthly possessions; that the best capital which can be given a worthy boy ot girl is a good educational equipment; that a thorough education is the best endowment that can be conferred upon a child. Money invested in acres, in stores, in banks, may be easily lost; but money that is enfibred into character, that is turned into mental discipline, that is incorporated into working power, that is transmuted into intellectual, moral and physical manhood and womanhood, becomes an investment for time and eternity. "Give your boys and girls a chance to go to school" is the message we have to-day for the parents within reach of our voice, within the range of our paper. You will always rejoice that you have put within their reach the facilities and opportunities of the school, and they will rise up to call you blessed because of the service you have thus rendered them.

THE OLD BOOK.

I LOVE the dear old Bible,
God's ever-blessed Book;
Where else, in time of sorrow,
For comfort shall I look?

No compass, and no pilot,
Afloat on life's rough sea,
All dark the night, and starless,
Drifting so helplessly!

Oh, miseries of unbelief,
Oh, mists of doubt, so chill!
Give me the golden sunshine
Of inspiration still! —JOHN VICKERS.

HOW BABY MAY PASSED OVER.

BABY May was dying, and all the house was darkened and hushed. Then it was, as the shadows fell in denser waves about us, that she stirred ever so faintly, and our hearts gave a great bound as we thought, "she is better! She will live." Yes, she knew us; her eyes moved from one face to the other, with a dim, uncertain gaze! Oh! how good God was to give her back! How we could praise and bless him all our lives! She lifted one dainty hand—cold—almost pulseless, but better, better—we would have it so—and laid it on the rough, browned hand of the rugged man who sat nearest to her. His eyelids were red with weeping, but now a smile lighted all his bronzed face like a rainbow as he felt the gentle pressure of his little daughter's hand—the mute, imploring touch that meant a question.

"What is it, darling?" he asked in broken tones of joy and thanksgiving. She could not speak, and so we raised her on the pretty lace pillow, and her wee, white face shone in the twilight like a fair star or a woodland flower.

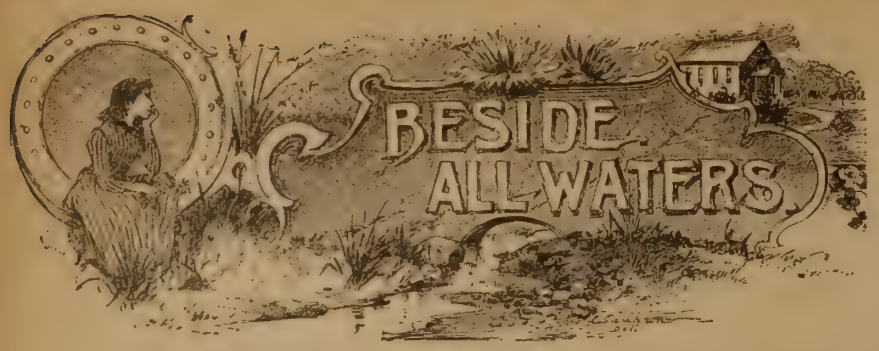
She lifted her heavy eyes to his, and reaching out her little wasted arms said:

"Help me across, papa!"

Then she was gone. We held to our breaking hearts the frail, beautiful shell, but she was far away, whither we dare not follow. She had crossed the dark river, and not alone.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.

O infinite Father! when we weary and disappointed ones reach our pleading hands to thee, wilt thou take us even as the little child, and help us across over the mountains of defeat and the valleys of humiliation into the eternal rest of thy presence, into the green pastures and beside the still waters, into the city of New Jerusalem, whose builder and maker is God.—*Presbyterian.*



BY
LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*
Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

NOTHING soothed Mrs. Mallory's disordered mind so quickly and effectually as Kit's singing; and Phin, who really loved his wife, was thankful for any means of comforting her. The Bible-reading also continued, which was a strange thing in that house. Phin did not even laugh at it; and when Melissa, who came home for a Sunday, began her old fashion way of teasing, she was promptly silenced by her father.

"Let the child alone. She is doing the work you ought to be about, by rights; and she shall read what she pleases. Perhaps it would be all the better for you if you read something of the same kind, instead of the stuff you do."

"Dear me, how good we are, all at once?" said Melissa, with a toss of her head; but she did not venture any further, knowing, that, if she came to an out-and-out contest with her father, she was sure to get the worst of it. She took her departure on Monday, unregretted by any one. Mrs. Mallory was afraid of her, and she and Symantha were never comfortable together. The next week a letter was received from her, saying that she was going to a place in New York, and that was the last that was heard of her for many a long day.

Mrs. Mallory failed every day; and, as so often happens in such cases, as her body decayed, her mind grew clear and calm. The old despairing wail was never heard now. Kit had learned to watch and anticipate her moods, and, as soon as she saw the cloud coming, she would begin to sing, or read in the Testament; and the remedy was always successful. After awhile Kit ventured to ask the meaning of things which she did not understand, and was surprised at the clearness of the explanations she received.

"I do think aunt Martha is as sensible as anybody now," Kit said one day to Symantha. But, she seems to think I am her little girl; and she wants me to call her 'mother.' Isn't it funny? Did she ever have a little girl?"

"Yes, she had a child who would have been about your age," answered Symantha, bending over her work. "Call her 'mother' if it pleases her. It won't do any hurt."

"I do," said Kit. "But isn't it queer that she should be crazy about that, when she seems all right about everything else?"

"Not at all," replied Symantha: "people often are that way. I read of a man who thought he was a glass bottle, though he was straight enough about every other subject. He was always afraid people were going to break him. Isn't this the day for your singing-class?"

"Yes; but I didn't know whether you could spare me."

"Oh, yes, I will manage. I will tell ma you have gone to learn some new hymns for her. Put on your other frock, and run along while she is asleep; and you will have a little time in school."

Kit had carried her point about going to Sunday School, and a very happy though very shy little girl it was who presented herself at the church door the first Sunday morning in August.

"Whose class would you like to be in, Kitty?" asked Mr. Bassett, the superintendent.

"I don't care," answered Kit; "only I think I had better go with the little ones, because I don't know anything hardly."

"I think I shall put you in my wife's class," said the superintendent; and Kit was quite content, for, like every child that came near her, she dearly loved "Ma Bassett."

"Well, how did Kit get on?" asked Mr. Bassett of his wife after school.

"Nicely," answered Mrs. Bassett; "no child could behave better. And as to her not knowing anything, she has more Scripture in her head, and her heart, too, than half the grown people in town. It is wonderful to see such a growth of grace in a child who has had so little teaching."

"Grace is not dependent on human means, happily," remarked her husband. "Did she say anything about her aunt?"

"Only that she is failing. Dr. Chase says she cannot live many days. He says, too, what I was glad to hear, that they are very kind to the poor thing, and that it is easy to see, by the way she depends upon her husband, that he is habitually good to her."

"Well, I am sorry for Phin Mallory," observed Mr. Bassett. "I don't think we have treated him quite right, either. After all, nobody really knows any harm of him, so far as his conduct goes, except that he drinks now and then. Can't you make an errand up there, ma? Perhaps you might get a chance to talk to him."

"I can try, at any rate. If he is so fond of his wife, he won't be likely to insult anyone who comes to do her a kindness."

Accordingly, next day Mrs. Bassett presented herself at Phin Mallory's door with a little basket of ripe apricots, the first of the season, and some other dainties, for the invalid. But she could not flatter herself that her visit had any particular result. She did not see Symantha. She had some talk with the invalid, who was much pleased with the prettily decorated basket of fruit, and made her acknowledgments in a way which showed her to be a cultivated, well-bred woman. Mrs. Bassett's womanly eye remarked with pleasure the delicate neatness of everything about the sick woman, and the gentleness of her husband's manner toward her; but Mrs. Mallory was so weak that she did not venture to prolong her visit.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Mallory. I hope you will let us know if we can do anything for you."

"Thank you," answered Mrs. Mallory, "but I have the best of care; and it is an unspeakable comfort to have my little girl with me again."

"Whom does she mean by her little girl?" asked Mrs. Bassett when they had left the room.

"She means Kit," answered Phin. "She thinks Kit is her daughter, and we let her think so, since she takes comfort in it. There isn't much use in arguing with crazy people."

"Not a bit of use," agreed Mrs. Bassett. "Kit is a dear child. I am so glad you let her come to Sunday School! Miss Celia Claxton was saying Sunday, she remembered your sister Chloe coming to church and Sunday School when she was just about Kit's age."

"Yes, Chloe was a good girl: she took after my mother, but she died young."

"So Celia was saying. She was telling me how happy she was in her last sickness and death. It is a blessed thing, Mr. Mallory, to have one's dying pillow smoothed by such a hope."

"Well, perhaps it is," replied Phin, with something of a sigh. "But what if it turns out all a delusion, and there should be no such thing as heaven and the rest of it, after all?"

"Well, what if it does?" answered Mrs. Bassett with spirit. "Then I shall be just as well off as you are, and there won't be much danger of your laughing at me, as somebody says. But if I am right, and you are wrong, you will be making an awful mistake, Mr. Mallory."

"There is something in that," admitted Phin. "Anyhow, I am willing folks should take all the comfort they can."

"But won't you think about it yourself, Mr. Mallory? Won't you come to our Friday evening meeting?"

"Well, no, I guess not. Folks wouldn't want me there."

"You are very much mistaken," answered Mrs. Bassett eagerly. "We should all be very glad to see you. Only come, and see if you don't have a welcome."

"I will see about it. Well, Mrs. Bassett, I am very much obliged to you for coming to see my wife, and for your kindness to Kit. You and your husband live up to what you profess, anyhow; and that is more than most folks do, even according to their own showing. I heard two church members talking in Oldbury the last time I was there, and it was all about the worldliness of the churches, and how little they were doing."

"They might have been better employed."

"I thought so myself. It was a little too much like the ill bird that spoils its own nest. I'd stick up for my own side, anyhow."

"Well, Mr. Mallory, if you need help any time, I hope you won't hesitate to ask for it. Celia and Delia Claxton told me to say that they would come and sit up any night."

"Much obliged, but I take care of my wife myself nights.—Old cats! they just want to satisfy their curiosity, and find something to talk about," muttered Phin to himself as he returned to his wife's room. "And yet I won't say that, either. It was kind of them to offer, anyhow."

But Mrs. Mallory was soon to be beyond the need of earthly aid. That night she seemed better and brighter than usual. She talked to Kit about her Sunday School lesson, and heard her read and sing as usual. After Kit had gone to bed, Mrs. Mallory called her husband, and had a long private conversation with him; so long that Symantha became uneasy, and went to the door.

"I am afraid ma is talking too much" said she.

"I have done now," said the invalid, smiling sweetly as Symantha kissed her. "I shall not talk much more. Good-bye, Symantha. You have been a kind friend to me; and I have tried you sadly, I know. Be kind to my child, as you have been to me. Will you promise me that?" she asked, holding Symantha's hand, and looking wistfully at her.

"Yes, ma, I promise you I will always be kind to Kit as long as it is in my power. Now lie down and go to sleep."

Phin remained with his wife, as usual, through the night. The sky was just growing bright with the approaching sunrise when he opened Symantha's door.

"Come quick!" said he.

Symantha lost not a moment. She called Kit and hastened to the bedside. Mrs. Mallory seemed to be still sleeping, but her face showed the approach of the shadow that never falls but once. Kit saw the change, and was awe-struck.

"Is she worse?" she whispered, taking hold of Symantha's hand.

"Speak to her, Kit. Call her 'mother,'" said Phin, hoarsely.

"Don't you feel so well, mother? Shall I get you something? Dear mother, speak to your own Kitty."

The blue eyes were opened, and lighted up for a moment with unearthly brilliancy. "Dear child, hold fast to your Father in heaven. Never let—go—never." Her voice faltered.

"Don't you know me, Matey?" asked Phin, bending over her. The eyes rested on him with a look of unutterable tenderness, but the power of speech was gone. There was a sweet smile, a long, soft sigh, and all was over. The tired and troubled spirit had found rest.

Mrs. Bassett and the two Claxton sisters came with offers of neighborly assistance, which were accepted by Symantha; and the last offices were kindly and tenderly performed by their friendly hands, as is the beautiful custom of the country.

When the old ladies returned to their home, they found Aunt Betsy sitting on the front steps.

"So you have come at last," said she. "Here I've been a-waiting and a-waiting as much as half an hour. Seems to me it is pretty early for folks to be going a-visiting."

"I think as much, Aunt Betsy."

"Where have you been, anyway?" demanded Aunt Betsy in a tone of exasperation.

"We have been up to Phin Mallory's to lay out his wife," answered Miss Celia. "The poor thing died at sunrise, and Symantha sent Kitty down for us."

"Do tell! Was she alone?

"No; her father was there."

"Do tell! Well, and how did you find things? Folks say they kept the poor thing tied down to her bedstead and half starved, and beat her to make her quiet."

"Folks say more than there is any call for," answered Miss Delia. "It is easy to see that poor Mrs. Mallory has been well done for. Her bed, and everything about her, was as neat as wax. Besides, Dr. Chase has been to see her several times, and he told me himself that it was plain she was well treated."

"Well, I don't know. Folks are very deceitful," said Aunt Betsy, evidently disappointed. "I don't believe she would have screamed so if she hadn't been abused. Are any of her folks coming to the funeral?"

"I'm sure I don't know. It is no business of mine," answered Miss Delia, whose patience, never her strongest point, began to grow threadbare: I suppose you have had your breakfast long before this time. Good-morning."

"You might have asked her to breakfast," said Miss Celia, coming from the pantry. "Why didn't you?"

"Because I wanted you to have your breakfast in peace. You are like a cat without claws, Celia. It is well you have me to do a little scratching for you now and then."

Two days after her death Mrs. Mallory's body was laid in the old churchyard beside the grave of her husband's young sister. Phin was deeply affected, and broke down entirely at the grave.

"Won't you come into the house and rest a little before you go home, Mr. Mallory?" said kind Mrs. Andrews, who lived close by.

"Yes, do; you and the girls, added Mr. Andrews.

"You are very kind, but I think pa will be best at home," said Symantha. "He is quite worn out with watching."

"Well, if we can do anything for you, you must let us know," said Mr. Andrews as he shook hands with Phin.

"And just let me say one word to you, Phineas," said old Mrs. Bassett. "I knew your mother and your grandmother, so you will excuse an old woman's freedom. Don't go to seeking comfort in drink. There may be forgetfulness in it, but there is no peace; and it will only leave you worse than you were before. Don't go looking for comfort in the world, my son; but turn to your wife's and your mother's God. He was stricken, and he can bind up. Don't touch the drink, whatever you do."

"I won't," said Phin, pressing her hand; and at the time he meant what he said. For at least a month he staid quietly at home, working diligently on his farm, mending the fences, and repairing the house and barns. He even went twice to the Friday-evening service, at Kit's entreaty, and joined his splendid bass voice to the singing. Symantha's face began once more to lose its expression of care and apprehension; and, as to Kit, she was never so happy in her life. She went to school every day, and to church and Sunday School on Sunday. Melissa, hitherto the greatest disturber of her peace was out of the way; and uncle Phin was always kind nowadays, and let her read the Bible and sing her hymns as much as she liked. Her mind expanded every day, and she was one of those happy people to whom the acquisition of knowledge is a keen delight for its own sake. All the girls liked her; and even Aunt Betsy allowed that "that Mallory young one" behaved very well when she was in sight, but made herself amends by adding, "But she'll show out what is in her yet, you may depend upon it. What's bred in the bone stays long in the flesh."

"Very true," said Miss Delia, to whom the remark was addressed. "We've all got total depravity bred in our bones, Aunt Betsy; and I, for one, haven't got rid of it yet, altogether."

"And there's Phin Mallory coming to the the meetings," pursued Aunt Betsy. "We shall have all the riffraff in town coming in next."

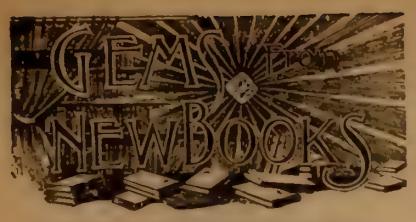
I am sure I wish we could," remarked Mr. Brace, the new minister. "I, for one, should enjoy the sight, as our Lord did when the publicans and sinners came together to hear him. What is the Church for, Mrs. Burr, if not to gather in just such people as those you call riffraff?"

"I think, sometimes, the Church doesn't do as much of that sort of work as it might," said Miss Delia.

"Of course not. The Church does not do as much work of any sort as it might. Nevertheless it does most of the work that is done in that line. Who sustains all the city missions and charities, all the mission Sunday Schools in low city districts and faraway Western towns, all the frontier missionaries and those in foreign parts, if not the Church? You talk about riffraff, Mrs. Burr: I should like to take you to New York, and show you the lady visitors going fearlessly into neighborhoods where even the policeman looks carefully to his revolver before he ventures. I should like to take you into one tenement-house I know of, where I found a district nurse, a well-educated lady, making a fire in a cracked stove, and cleaning floor and windows with her own hands, because no ordinary charwoman would venture into the place. Who does all these things but the Church in some of its branches,—that Church which is the blessed company of all faithful people? The Church does not accomplish half, no, not a tenth, of what it might if every member thereof were faithful in his and her vocation and ministry; but the world would be badly off without it."

(*To be Continued.*)

* By special arrangement with Thomas Whittaker, publisher, New York.



MAN'S LABOR UNLIMITED.*

THE civilized man is constantly acquiring tastes that are far-reaching in their influence, and to satify them, labor is essential, and that sometimes in distant portions of the world; and yet this labor, by a universal law, demands compensation, which must be by means of labor. For illustration: the American farmer prepares the ground, sows the wheat, harvests the crop, from which the miller manufactures the flour, and the merchant ships the latter to Brazil to exchange for rubber or coffee, which is equally the result of labor. Numerous commodities—the product of labor—go from the United States to China to exchange for tea, to Cuba for sugar, to Central Ameriea for spices, or to the countries of Europe for manufactured articles—thus labor goes on the world over. This in consequence of the desires or tastes of the civilized man taking in so wide a range. He finds that certain elements in the food that is produced in foreign lands are beneficial to his physical system and conducive to his health and comfort; therefore, to furnish his breakfast or dinner table, far separated portions of the world are made to contribute. It follows from this general law, that the most refined and cultivated people require to supply their numerous desires the diversified labor of a large number of persons in different lands. These desires are often characterized as being artificial, and they may be in a certain measure; but they are none the less prevalent in all civilized society and, instead of diminishing, they are increasing from generation to generation. These refined tastes and desires are not injurious, while each one serves to link the nations of the earth in mutual good-will, though it may be only commercial.

Mental Wealth.

Advanced culture and refinement by no means diminish the necessity for labor. The improvement of the mind must be acquired by means of the exertion of the individual himself, though he can make great progress by utilizing the experience of those competent to teach. Thus it is ordered that the most important acquisition of the cultivated man or woman cannot be bought—it is too valuable for that. The culture of the human soul, intellectually and morally, God has ordained must be acquired by the exertion of the individual alone. The best aid he can obtain is only directive; the intellect must act independently; and as the body, to sustain itself, must assimilate the proper food, so the mind must assimilate the truths presented—whether intellectual, moral or aesthetic; and this mode is consistent with the plan adopted by the Creator in aiding man; that is, supplying conditions, and demanding him to act for himself—to give him nothing that he can acquire by his own exertions.

The Nation's Debts.

THIS first National debt, in round numbers, amounted to $76,000,000; that was about nineteen dollars for each person in the nation. Owing to the exhausted condition of the country, this was by far the most burdensome debt the American people ever incurred; yet it was gradually being paid off when the war of 1812 occurred, which added to it materially. After its close, the government commenced paying that also, and in 1835 the nation freed itself of debt. Afterward (1846), came the Mexican War and its debt, which had diminished to $87,000,000 when the Civil War commenced. The National debt at its close reached the enormous sum of $2,807,000,000 which, according to the census of 1870, $126 for each white man, woman and child in the Nation. That debt on November 30, 1891, after deducting the cash in the treasury, was $733,333,398.08. Of this $316,681,016.00 does not pay interest. This debt is now about eleven dollars per capita. Congress, at different times, as necessity required, authorized the secretary of the treasury—the first time in July 1861—to borrow 256 million dollars; then in February, 1862, 500; in March, 1893,600; in June, 1864, 400; and in March, 1865, 600; in all 2,350 millions. Sometimes the secretary was unable to borrow the full amount for which he was authorized to ask. Thus the government obtained loans from time to time as the war was protracted.

*From *Political Economy for American Youth*, written from an American standpoint, by Jacob Harris Patton, Ph., D., 297 pages, cloth; price $1. A. Lovell & Co., N. Y., Publishers.

THE DEATH OF COLUMBUS.†

HOPE on Columbus shed a transient ray,
As on a couch of pain he, dying, lay;
But ere the vital spark from earth had fled,
He turned to Diego, whisp'ring on his bed,
And thus in falt'ring accents slowly said—
"Jehovah takes away the life he gave,
And, now, behold me sinking to the grave;
And far beyond I see the shining sky,
And Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, on High,
Where I shall be forevermore at rest,—
A sharer in the mansions of the blest; [meet,
And may we there—with God's anointed—
And all the holy host of angels greet,
And wear the wreath of glory we have won,
For righteous deeds, and Christian duty done:
But ere I go to everlasting bliss,
Remember, Diego—dutifully—this— [tomb,
To place the chains that bound me, in my
With me to crumble till the crack of doom.
The guerdon of my grandest enterprise,
My fortunes here they'll serve to emblemize:
But though on earth I've lost a promised prize,
I've gained through all eternity a crown:—
And what, compared with this, is man's renown?
To thee, O Lord, I now commend my soul!
I near, with flying speed the Christian's goal,
And see the heavenly host, at last, in view.
Farewell! my son;—once more a long adieu!"
The tidings through the kingdom quickly spread;
And all began to mourn the hero dead.
His foe, the king, was quick regret to feign,
And sorrowed with the masses for his end.
Years after, when his deeds had grander grown,
As more and more of all he'd done was known,
And when in Seville he was reinterred—
While booming minute guns again were heard:
He placed his name in marble o'er his grave—
"A New World to Castile Columbus gave."

†From *The Song of America and Columbus:* or the Story of the New World; a poem in celebration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, by Kinahan Cornwallis; pp 278; published by the author at 66 Broadway, New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Sermon Bible, Acts 7, I. Corinthians 16, with commentaries by Parker, H. W. Burrows, J. Oswald Dykes, Godet and Edgar Best, pp. 394, cloth: price $1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East 10th Street, New York, publishers.

The Gospel of St. John, by Marcus Dods, D. D., 2 volumes; pp. 427, cloth; price $1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East Tenth Street, New York, publishers.

Christianity Between Sundays, by Rev. George Hodges, Rector of Calvary Church, Pittsburg, pp. 267, cloth; price $1. Thomas Whittaker, 2 & 3 Bible House, New York, publisher.

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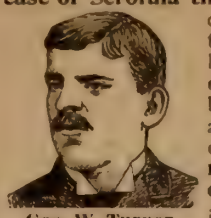
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A REASONABLE BELIEF.

TWO strangers got into conversation at a railroad station, and in the course of the talk one spoke of two fair, sweet little girls he had buried, writes R. B. Oliver in *The Ram's Horn*. "Well," said the other, who was a Christian, "we may be uncertain about the condition and whereabouts of some grown people after death, but we are always sure where the little children are."

"I don't know whether we are sure or not," said the father of the two vanished faces.

"What?" exclaimed the Christian, "don't you believe in immortality and heaven?"

"I don't believe in either," answered the sceptic. And further, "I don't believe in a God, or devil or anything else. Death ends all and that's all there is of it."

"Well," answered the Christian, "such wholesale denouncing proves nothing. You say you do not believe in a God, now prove that there is none."

"I can't," said the sceptic.

"Well," said the Christian, "give me five reasons why you think there is no God."

The sceptic answered, "I can't give you five nor one."

"Well," said the Christian, "I believe there is a God, because the human race needs one; because the existence of God has been universally admitted by both savages and civilized nations; because the holy men of God who penned the Scriptures by inspiration took it for granted that all intelligent beings would accept the doctrine of a God; because of the thousands of proofs around them, so they did not argue the point, but simply said: 'The fool hath said in his heart there is no God.'"

The sceptic recovered himself, and said: "Oh, the Bible is a good book, and I would not have my family without one. I read it myself."

"My dear man," said the Christian, "what is your idea of a good book?" Could a book be a good one and yet be packed with lies from cover to cover? You claim there is no God and no hereafter, and the Bible speaks of both of them thousands of times, and if you are right it must be wrong, and if it is wrong, what right have you to read it and recommend it to your family?"

The sceptic, as if to recover himself partially, said: "Oh, my wife is a Christian, and a good one."

"But why did you not marry an infidel woman?" asked the Christian.

The other replied, "If I were to marry a dozen times I should get a good Christian woman for a wife every time."

"But would it not be equally desirable for a woman to have a Christian husband?" asked the Christian. "Are not all people better for such an exalted hope as followers of Christ have?"

The sceptic seeing himself cornered, railed out on the churches, but his friend was his match, as he again received him on the point of his sword, as he said: "Why don't you go where there are no churches? You could lodge with the Digger Indians, or darkest heathen Asia or darkest savage Africa, and get clean out of sight of churches. If you don't like them, leave them.

"Now," continued the Christian man, "my train is about due, but I want to ask you a few questions. What advantages have your views of these things? Are you as happy as your wife? Did you ever wish you were in her place? If you were going somewhere, and one road could not possibly lead you out of the way, and the other road pretty middling uncertain, which one would you take?"

So saying I saw him part from his benighted companion with a sunny smile playing over his face, while the sceptic's face was a tablet of unutterable thoughts."

THE SIGN OF THE "RED LION."

THE late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon once told the story of a painter who was very famous for painting red lions, which was very much in demand by the publicans for their sign board. One publican wished to have his place repainted, but he thought he should like to have a sign somewhat different from the other taverns, and so he went to this man and said, "I want you to paint me a sign, but it is to an angel, not a red lion." "Oh," was the reply, "I think you should allow me to have my way and let me paint you a red lion; you know I have a good name for them; I can paint a lion with any man, and a red lion is the correct thing for your trade, so I think you should have it for a sign.' But the publican would not, and the painter was obliged to yield. "Very well," he remarked, "I shall paint you an angel if you insist upon it, but remember, when I am done, it will be very like a lion." So if a man be not in Christ, he can only do one kind of work—the work of the devil. He may try to do good work—the work of Christ—but unless he has come to Christ and surrendered to him, all his "angels," when they are finished, look very like the "red lions." "A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit."

PRAYING FOR MORE FAITH.

I HEAR men praying everywhere for more faith, says Rev. Phillips Brooks, but when I listen to them carefully and get at the real heart of their prayer, very often it is not more faith at all that they are wanting, but a change from faith to sight. "What shall I do with this sorrow that God has sent me?" "Take it up and bear it, and get strength and blessing out or it." "Ah, if I only knew what blessing there was in it, if I saw how it would help me, then I could bear it like a plume." "What shall I do with this hard, hateful duty which Christ has laid right in my way?" "Do it, and grow by doing it." "Ah, yes, if I could only see that it would make me grow." In both these cases do you not see that what you are begging for is not more faith, although you think it is, but sight. You want to see for yourself the blessing in the sorrow, the strength in the hard and hateful task. Faith says not, "I see that it is good for me, and so God must have sent it;" but "God sent it, and so it must be good for me." Faith walking in the dark with God only prays him to clasp its hand more closely, does not even ask him for the lifting of the darkness, so that the man may find the way himself.

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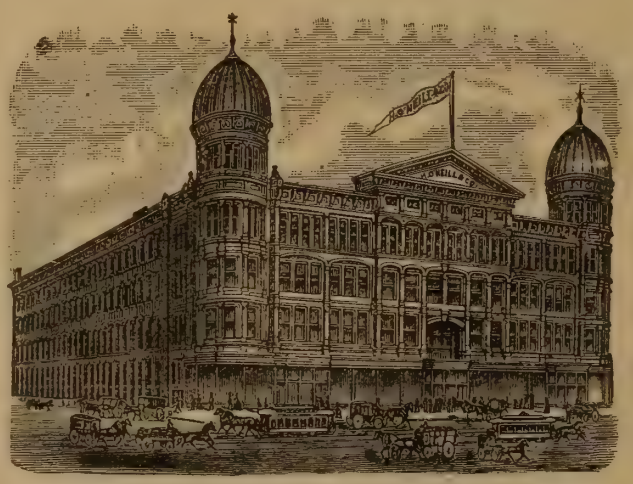

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

M. G., Biddeford, Me. Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., is a Presbyterian.

Subscriber, Kinsman, Ill. Your question has been repeatedly answered in this column. The last time on March 9 in reply to J. L. G., Callicoon Depot, N. Y.

Miss M. E. Walton, Putneys, Prince Edward Co., Va. Write to Randolph & Co., publishers, West 23d Street, N. Y., for the serial, "The Way Out," which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The price is $1.

R. J. H., Hamilton, Minn., and S. D. McEachern, Dublin, Texas. For poetic leaflets and Rev. C. A. Tyndall's *Object Sermons in Outline*, address J. E. Jewett, publisher, Bible House, N. Y.

H. W. Upson, Warsaw, Ind., "Subscriber," Lynn, Mass., Mrs. G. N. Baley, Geneva, N.Y., and others have replied to the inquiry of E. A. Campbell, Corona, L. I., giving Charles Mackay as the author of the poem beginning: "Tell me ye winged winds." James P. Cope, Bridgeport, Marion Co., Ind., writes: "The poem referred to was written by Lady Flora Hastings while undergoing persecutions for crimes of which she was later shown to be innocent. I think she was in prison on an island on the coast of England at the time of writing it. I have not at hand the data. I think it about 150 years old."

J. W. Pearsall, Rochester, N. Y. How many miracles are recorded in the Old Testament?

Fifty-six.

Mrs. H. E. Roll, Kansas City, Mo. Why were the Apocryphal Books omitted from the Bible?

Because their inspiration was regarded as doubtful.

Frank Coleman, Blairsburg, Ia. What is the meaning of Christ's words in Luke 16: 8: "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light?"

That worldly people in seeking worldly prizes such as wealth, or fame, or power, display more sagacity, and prudence and energy than Christians display in seeking eternal good.

Reader, N. Y. If a Christian have ungodly or unbelieving neighbors, does he do wrong to go among them to enjoy himself, or to have regard for them, if he has no opportunities to mingle with Christians except at Sabbath worship?

If he mingles with them at all, it should be for the purpose of helping them to an appreciation of spiritual things, rather than to join in their amusements. There is probably no godless home on earth which does not present some point vulnerable to the ardent Christian, who is continually waiting to do his Master's service.

A. A. Carman, Long Prairie, Minn. Do you regard any passage in the Bible as sufficient authority for changing the day of rest and worship from the seventh to the first? If so, what? 2. What do you consider the best work in favor of Sunday keeping apart from the Bible?

1. See answer to J. L. G., Callicoon Depot, in this journal on March 9. 2. There are many good works on the subject. One of the most useful, embodying the opinions of other authorities, is one recently published by The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. It is by Rev. Wilbur Crafts and is entitled *The Sabbath For Man*.

R. W. Jackson, Durant, Miss. 1. Was Paul an Apostle? 2. Was he one of the twelve? 3. What was the difference between the Apostles and the Disciples? 4. How many disciples were there?

1. Paul was an Apostle. See 1. Cor. 15: 9; Eph. 1: 1, and many other passages in his epistles. 2. He was not one of the twelve. Their names are given Matt. 10: 2–4 and again in acts 1: 13. Paul represents himself as an Apostle born out of due time; but he insists on his right to the title. (1. Cor. 9: 1.) 3. Literally, a disciple is a learner or follower, and the twelve were often called disciples. An Apostle is one sent or commissioned to carry a message. 4. After Christ's death the number of disciples is given as about 120. (See Acts 1: 15.

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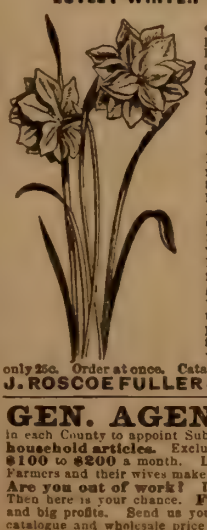

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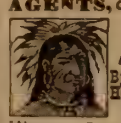

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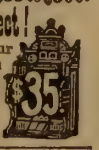

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THE STRICKEN CITY.

Hamburg's Affliction and its Cause—Moral and Sanitary Degradation an Invitation to Pestilence—The Progress of the Cholera.

DR. JENKINS.
Health Officer, Port of New York.

FOR the first time in many years, Asiatic cholera has crossed the Atlantic and found victims on American soil. Starting from its breeding-place in the pestilential delta of the Ganges in India, it has traversed Asia and Europe. Many have perished of the scourge in Persia and Arabia, and in Russia it is estimated that nearly 250,000 have died of cholera during the last six months. Passing Turkey and merely grazing the northern frontier of Austria, it entered Germany, despite the vigilant guard on the frontier, and spread to half a hundred towns and several large cities, including Bremen and Hamburg. England seems to have practically escaped its ravages. Belgium, Holland, and Denmark have only had isolated cases. In France, however, the pestilence found a foothold in the larger cities, whose populations were surrounded by conditions that invited disease.

Hamburg, the greatest commercial city in Europe and one of the most important seaports in the world, was more sorely smitten than any other city that has suffered during the present visitation. Not even St. Petersburg, where the deaths from the Asiatic plague frequently exceeded seventy-five per day, was so grievously afflicted as the beautiful city on the river Elbe. With the Alster—now dammed up and forming two lakes—on the northeastern side of the city, and the smooth-flowing waters of the Elbe washing its southern boundary; with suburbs whose cornfields and market-gardens made a lovely pastoral picture, and with a populace thoroughly engrossed in money-making and the pursuit of pleasure, Hamburg seems to have had no forebodings of disaster, until in August the Asiatic pest suddenly made its presence felt in the city. Just how the cholera came to Hamburg has not yet been made clear. It is known, however, that, early in August, a band of Russian immigrants were camped in tents on the banks of the Elbe, some distance from the city. These refugees are supposed to have brought the infection with them and to have polluted with their camp refuse the waters of the river. According to bacteriological authorities, the cholera bacillus thrives in water. The Elbe carried the pollution down to the city, disseminating it everywhere. "Old Hamburg" as the ancient quarter is called, lies low and its streets are traversed by numerous canals. During spring and fall freshets, this part of the city is frequently inundated, and there are other sections also subject to the rise and fall of the Elbe. As may be imagined, the drainage and water supply are none of the best from a sanitary point of view. The Elbe, whose waters should have been laden with health and blessing, became a stream of disease and death, and the advantages nature had given to Hamburg were converted into a deadly peril. Cholera spread with alarming rapidity and the authorities, appalled at the results of their official neglect to adopt timely precautions, tried to hide the true situation from the people. But the pestilence would not be hidden. Usually one of the gayest of cities, with no element of pleasure lacking, Hamburg became a city of death and desolation. The streets were deserted, the wharves, lately so busy with merchandise, were silent, and the fleets of steamers lay idle at the piers. The rich fled from their stately dwellings to the country to escape the plague, the hotels were wellnigh without a patron, the public vehicles and even the trams were almost empty, and those who attempted to leave the city found themselves halted at every point by cordons of sanitary guards, established to prevent the spread of the disease.

THE CHOLERA IN EUROPE — GENERAL VIEW OF THE AFFLICTED CITY OF HAMBURG.

In the hospitals, the full force of the affliction was visible. All ages and conditions were among the victims, and the percentage of mortality was exceedingly high. At the Altes

(*Continued on page 611.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

"ALL IN ALL."

Dr. Talmage's First Sermon after his return from his European Preaching Tour. Text: Colossians 3: 11: *"Christ is all and in all."*

RETURNED after the most eventful summer of my life, I must shortly, and as soon as I recover from the sea-voyage give you an account of our mission of bread to famine-struck Russia, and of my preaching tour through Germany, England, Scotland, and Ireland; but my first sermon on reaching here must be a hosanna of gratitude to Christ, and from the text I have chosen. I have found that the greatest name in the ocean-shipping, and from Liverpool to Moscow, and from Moscow to London and Edinburg and Belfast and Dublin, is Jesus.

Every age of the world has had its historians, its philosophers, its artists, its thinkers, and its teachers. Were there histories to be written, there has always been a Moses, or a Herodotus, or a Xenophon, or a Josephus to write them. Were there poems to be constructed, there has always been a Job or a Homer to construct them. Were there thrones, lustrous and powerful, to be lifted, there has always been a David or a Cæsar to raise them. Were there teachers demanded for the intellect and the hearts, there has been a Socrates, and a Zeno, and a Cleanthes, and a Marcus Antoninus coming forth on the grand and glorious mission. Every age of the world has had its triumphs of reason and morality. There has not been a single age of the world which has not had some decided system of religion. The Platonism, Orientalism, Stoicism, Brahminism, and Buddhism, considering the ages in which they were established, were not lacking in ingenuity and force. Now, in this line of beneficent institutions and of noble men, there appeared a personage more wonderful than any predecessor. He came from a family without any royal or aristocratic pretension. He became a Galilean mechanic. He had no advantage from the schools. There were people beside him day after day who had no idea that he was going to be anything remarkable or do anything remarkable. Yet, notwithstanding all this, and without any title, or scholarly profession, or flaming rhetoric, he startled the world with the strangest announcements, ran in collision with solemn priest and proud ruler, and with a voice that rang through temple and palace, and over ship's deck, and mountain top, exclaimed, "I am the light of the world!" Men were taken all aback at the idea that that hand, yet hard from the use of the axe, the saw, and adze, and hatchet, should wave the sceptre of authority, and that upon that brow, from which they had so often seen him wipe the sweat of toil, there would yet come the crown of unparalleled splendor and of universal dominion. We all know how difficult it is to think that anybody who was at school with us in boyhood has got to be anything great or famous; and no wonder that those who had been boys with Christ in the streets of Nazareth and seen him in after years in the days of his complete obscurity, should have been very slow to acknowledge Christ's wonderful mission.

From this humble point the stream of life flowed out. At first it was just a faint rill, hardly able to find its way down the rock, but the tears of a weeping Christ added to its volume; and it flowed on until, by the beauty and greenness of the banks, you might know the path the crystal stream was taking. On and on, until the lepers were brought down and washed off their leprosy, and the dead were lifted into the water that they might have life, and pearls of joy and promise were gathered from the brink, and innumerable churches gathered on either bank, and the tide flows on deeper, and stronger, and wider, until it rolls into the river from under the throne of God, mingling billow with billow, and brightness with brightness, and joy with joy, and hosanna with hosanna!

I was looking at some of the paintings of the artist, Mr. Kensett. I saw some pictures that were just faint outlines; in some places you would see only the branches of a tree and no trunk; and in another case the trunk and no branches. He had not finished the work. It would have taken him days and months, perhaps, to have completed it. Well, my friends, in this world we get only the faintest outline of what Christ is. It will take all eternity to fill up the picture—so loving, so kind, so merciful, so great! Paul does not, in this chapter, say

WASHING THE LEPERS.

of Christ he is good, or he is loving, or he is patient, or he is kind; but in his exclamation of the text he embraces everything when he says, "Christ is all and in all."

I remark, in the first place, Christ is everything in the Bible. I do not care where I open the Bible, I find Jesus. In whatever path I start, I come, after a while to the Bethlehem manger. I go back to the old dispensation, and see a lamb on the altar, and say, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!" Then I go and see the manna provided for the Israelites in the wilderness, and say, "Jesus, the bread of life." Then I look at the rock which was smitten by the prophet's rod, and, as the water gushes out, I say, "It is Jesus, the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness." I go back and look at the writings of Job, and hear him exclaim, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Then I go to Ezekiel, and I find Christ presented there as "a plant of renown;" and then I turn over to Isaiah, and Christ is spoken of "as a sheep before her shearers." It is Jesus all the way between Genesis and Malachi. Then I turn over to the New Testament, and it is Christ in the parable, it is Christ in the miracle, it is Christ in the evangelist's story, it is Christ in the apostles' epistles, and it is Christ in the trumpet peal of the Apocalypse. I know there are a great many people who do not find Christ in the Bible. Here is a man who studies the Bible as a historian. Well, if you come as a historian, you will find in this book how the world was made, how the seas fled to their places, how empires were established, how nation fought with nation, javelin ringing against harbegeon, until the earth was ghastly with the dead. You will see the coronation of princes, the triumph of conquerors, and the world turned upside down and back again and down again, cleft and scarred with great agonies of earthquake, and tempest, and battle. It is a wonderful history, putting to the blush all others in the accuracy of its recital, and in the stupendous events it records. Homer, and Thucydides, and Gibbon could make great stories out of little events; but it took a Moses to tell how the heavens and the earth were made in one chapter, and to give the history of thousands of years upon two leaves.

Then there are others who find nothing in the Bible but the poetry. Well, if you come as a poet, you will find in this book faultless rhythm, and bold imagery, and startling antithesis, and rapturous lyric, and sweet pastoral, and instructive narrative, and devotional psalm: thoughts expressed in a style more solemn than that of Montgomery, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dante, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollock, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser. This great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flames of judgment in its garland, and pours eternal harmonies in its rhythm. Everything this book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer threshing-floor, and the daughters of Nahor filling the trough for the camels, and the fish-pools of Heshbon, up to the Psalmist praising God with diapason of storm and whirlwind, and Job leading forth Orion, Arcturus, and the Pleiades. It is a wonderful poem; and a great many people read it as they do Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh," and Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." They sit down, and are so absorbed in looking at the shells on the shore that they forget to look off on the great ocean of God's mercy and salvation.

Then there are others who come to this book as sceptics. They marshal passage against passage, and try to get Matthew and Luke in a quarrel, and would have a discrepancy between what Paul and James say about faith and works; and they try the account of Moses concerning the Creation by modern decisions in science, and resolve that in all questions between the scientific explorer and the inspired writer they will give the preference to the geologist. These men—these spiders, I will say—suck poison out of the sweetest flowers. They fatten their infidelity upon the truths which have led thousands to heaven, and in their distorted vision prophet seems to war with prophet, and evangelist with evangelist, and apostle with apostle; and if they can find some bad trait of character in a man of God mentioned in that Bible, these carrion crows caw and flap their wings over the carcass. Because they cannot understand how the whale swallowed Jonah, they attempt the more wonderful feat of swallowing the monster whale of modern skepticism. They do not believe it possible that the Bible story should be true which says that the dumb ass spake, while they themselves prove the thing possible by their own utterances. I am amused beyond bounds when I hear one of these men talking about a future life. Just ask a man who rejects that Bible what heaven is, and hear him befog your soul. He will tell you that heaven is merely the development of the internal resources of a man; it is an efflorescence of the dynamic forces into a state of ethereal and and transcendental lucubration, in close juxtaposition to the ever-present "was," and the great "to be," and the everlasting "No." Considering themselves wise, they are fools for time, fools for eternity.

FILLING THE CAMELS' TROUGHS.

Then there is another class of persons who come to the Bible as controversialists. They are enormous Presbyterians, or fierce Baptists, or violent Methodists. They cut the Bible to suit their creed, instead of cutting their creed to suit the Bible. If the Scriptures think as they do, well; if not, so much the worse for the Scriptures. The Bible is merely the whetstone on which they sharpen the dissecting-knife of controversy. They come to it as a Government in time of war comes to armories or arsenals for weapons and munitions. They have declared everlasting war against all other sects, and they want so many broadswords, so many muskets, so many howitzers, so many columbiads, so much grape and canister, so many field-pieces with which to rake the field of dispute; for they mean to get the victory, though the heavens be darkened with the smoke and the earth rent with the thunder. What do they care about the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ? I have seen some such men come back from an ecclesiastical massacre as proud of their achievements as an Indian warrior boasting of the number of scalps he has taken. I have more admiration for a man who goes forth with his fists to get the championship than I have for these theological pugilists who make our theological magazines ring with their war-cry. There are men who seem to think the only use of the sword of truth is to stick somebody. There is one passage of the Scriptures that they like better than all others, and that is this: "Blessed be the Lord which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight." Woe to us if we come to God's word as controversialists, or as sceptics, or as connoisseurs, or as fault-finders, or merely as poets!

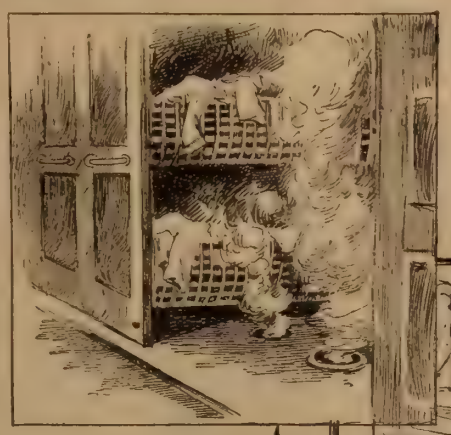
Those only get into the heart of God's truth who come seeking Christ. Wel-

come all such! They will find him coming out from behind the curtain of prophecy, until he stands, in the full light of New Testament disclosure, Jesus the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. They will find him in genealogical table and in chronological calculation, in poetic stanza and in historical narrative, in profound parable and in startling miracle. They will see his foot on every sea, and his tears in the drops of dew on Hermon, and hear his voice in the wind, and behold his words all abloom in the valley between Mount Olivet and Jerusalem. There are some men who come and walk around the Temple of Truth, and merely see the outside. There are others who walk into the porch, and then go away. There are others who come in and look at the pictures, but they know nothing about the chief attractions of the Bible. It is only the man who comes and knocks at the gate, saying, "I would see Jesus." For him the glories of that book open, and he goes in and finds Christ, and with him peace, pardon, life, comfort, and heaven. "All in all is Jesus" in the Bible.

I remark again that Christ is everything in the great plan of redemption. We are slaves; Christ gives deliverance to the captive. We are thirsty; Christ is the river of salvation to slake our thirst. We are hungry; Jesus says, "I am the bread of life." We are condemned to die; Christ says, "Save that man from going down to the pit; I am the ransom." We are tossed on a sea of troubles; Jesus comes over it, saying, "It is I, be not afraid." We are in darkness; Jesus says, "I am the bright and morning star." We are sick; Jesus is the balm of Gilead. We are dead; hear the shrouds rend and the grave hillocks heave as he cries, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." We want justification; "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." We want to exercise faith; "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." I want to get from under condemnation; "There is now, therefore, no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." The Cross—he carried it. The flames of hell—he suffered them. The shame—he endured it. The crown—he won it. Heights of heaven sing it, and worlds of light to worlds of light all round the heavens cry, "Glory, glory!"

Let us go forth and gather the trophies for Jesus. From Golconda mines we gather the diamonds, from Ceylon banks we gather the pearls, from all lands and kingdoms we gather precious stones, and we bring the glittering burdens and put them down at the feet of Jesus, and say, "All these are thine. Thou art worthy." We go forth again for more trophies, and into one sheaf we gather all the sceptres of the earth, of all royalties and dominions, and then we bring the sheaf of sceptres and put it down at the feet of Jesus, and say, "Thou art King of kings, and these thou hast conquered." And then we go forth again to gather more trophies, and we bid the redeemed of all ages, the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, to come. We ask them to come and offer their thanksgivings, and the hosts of heaven bring crown, and palm, and sceptre, and here by these bleeding feet and by this riven side, and by this wounded heart, cry, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever and forever!" Tell me of a tear that he did not weep, of a burden that he did not carry, of a battle that he did not fight, of a victory that he did not achieve. "All in all is Jesus" in the great plan of redemption.

I remark again, Christ is everything to the Christian in time of trouble. Who has escaped trouble? We must all stoop down and drink out of the bitter lake. The moss has no time to grow on the buckets that come up out of the heart's well, dripping with tears. Great trials are upon our track as certain as greyhound pack on the scent of deer. From our hearts in every direction there are a thousand chords reaching out binding us to loved ones, and ever and anon some of these tendrils snap. The winds that cross this sea of life are not all abaft. The clouds that cross our sky are not feathery and afar, straying like flocks of sheep on heavenly pastures; but wrathful and sombre, and gleaming with terror, they wrap the mountains in fire, and come down baying with their thunders through every gorge. The richest fruits of blessing have a prickly shell. Life here is not lying at anchor; it is weathering a gale. It is not sleeping in a soldier's tent with our arms stacked; it is a bayonet-charge. We stumble over grave-stones, and we drive on with our wheel deep in the old rut of graves. Trouble has wrinked your brow, and it has frosted your head. Falling in this battle of life, is there no angel



FUMIGATION AT QUARANTINE.

to bind our wounds? Hath God made this world with so many things to hurt and none to heal? For this snake-bite of sorrow, is there no herb growing by all the brooks to heal the poison? Blessed be God that in the Gospel we find the antidote! Christ has bottled an ocean of tears. How many thorns he hath plucked out of human agony! Oh! he knows too well what it is to carry a cross, not to help us carry ours. He knows too well what it is to climb the mountain, not to help us up the steep. He knows too well what it is to be persecuted, not to help those who are imposed upon. He knows too well what it is to be sick, not to help those who suffer. Ay, he knows too well what it is to die, not to help us in our last extremity. Blessed Jesus, thou knowest it all. Seeing thy wounded side, and thy wounded hand, and thy wounded feet, and thy wounded brow, we are sure thou knowest it all. Oh! when those into whose bosom we used to breathe our sorrows are snatched from us, blessed be God the heart of Jesus still beats; and when all other lights go out and the world gets dark, then we see coming out from behind a cloud something so bright and cheering, we know it to be the morning star of the soul's deliverance. The hand of care may make you stagger, or the hand of persecution may beat you down, or the hand of disappointment may beat you back; but there is a Hand, and it is so kind, and it is so gentle, that it wipeth all tears from all faces.

Volume XIV., of the Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1891, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $4, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

THE STRICKEN CITY.

(*Continued from first page*)

Allgemeines Hospital, there were, at one time, as many as 1,200 cases under treatment. At the Neues Krankenhaus in the suburbs, (the finest hospital in Germany), and at the other hospitals, the green-painted ambulances for the removal of cholera patients were in constant attendance. Large and efficient corps of physicians and nurses were on duty in all the hospitals and the most approved remedies medical science could suggest were applied to the patients, yet the victims died by hundreds daily. During less than a month of active prevalence, it is believed that fully 6,000 persons perished in Hamburg alone. Not until the public use of the contaminated Elbe water was forbidden, and boiled water supplied to the poor, was there a perceptible decrease in the death rate, which had been specially heavy among the residents along the Spitalerstrasse, Steinstrasse and Hammersbrook and other localities along the Elbe quays, peopled by the poorer class.

Meanwhile, the suffering caused in many sections of the city was unprecedented. Whole families were wiped out; in other cases, tender orphans were left helpless on the world. Charitable citizens raised a fund for aiding the needy and deserving. At the different morgues the bodies designed for interment were so numerous that the undertakers were unable to bury them as fast as they accumulated. At the cemeteries, interments were going on continuously. Vehicles of all sorts supplemented the regular hearses. In the Ohlsdorf Cemetery, 260 men were kept busy digging and filling graves and the others had almost as many. Many of the burials were made at night.

FIGHTING THE CHOLERA—HEALTH OFFICERS INSPECTING NEWLY ARRIVED IMMIGRANTS.

It is needless to dwell on the horrors Hamburg suffered during those terrible weeks. In the Steinstrasse alone 3,000 persons—one in thirty of the population of that street—are believed to have died. Yet at the Amerika Quai, where crowds of Russian emigrants were huddled together, awaiting transportation to New York, it was remarked with surprise that not a single case of cholera was known to have occurred. Prof. Koch, however, has asserted his belief that it was from that huge emigrant barracks that the epidemic started. Whatever the origin, Hamburg has learned, at frightful cost, the lesson of moral and physical cleanliness. Her municipal authorities, unlike those of Berlin, gave no heed to the warning from Russia and let a great portion of the city wallow till midsummer in a condition of filth that seems almost incredible in a city of civilized Europe.

On September 14, the Health Board of New York announced the actual presence of Asiatic cholera in the metropolis. Five deaths had taken place in the city during the previous eight days, all in densely populated tenement districts, and several suspected cases were under surveillance. The plague had crept in, notwithstanding the barriers imposed by Health Officer Jenkins and his aids at quarantine, where a number of ocean steamships from infected ports, lay riding at anchor. Up to that time, the only vessels that had brought cholera to American ports were those of the Hamburg-Packet Company, whose steamships, the *Moravia*, *Normannia*, *Scandia*, *Rugia*, and *Bohemia* all had suffered from the plague on the voyage. At that time cholera existed in Paris, and several other continental seaports, besides being almost epidemic in many interior French towns and villages. Sporadic cases had also appeared in Great Britain. Its introduction to our ports has had the effect of stirring up Health officers to still greater activity, and the result is that probably no country is so well prepared to ward off an epidemic as the United States at this time. Many cities have arranged reception hospitals after the example of New York. Immigration from Europe is practically suspended, and may so continue for many months till the danger be past. Several thousand immigrants are detained at quarantine at the different ports. Germ-proof dormitories for disinfecting, built of iron and fitted up with frames resting on sliding tracks (to contain clothing for disinfection) are in readiness to kill the pestilent bacilii, and arrangements have been made on every hand to check the disease. Without exciting panic in any quarter, the fact of being brought face to face with pestilence has aroused the best energies and activities of the American people. They have fumigated, disinfected, and "cleaned-up" most vigorously and thoroughly in every city and town in the Union, and the admonition of the Health Boards has imposed a salutary moral and physical check on vicious and intemperate living, and all habits that do not accord with the duties of the good citizen. The few isolated cases in New York City were not unexpected. With the approach of cold weather the probabilties of successfully stamping out the contagion are improved. Cleanliness, temperance, and an observance of the prescribed rules, added to a calm spirit and an abiding trust and confidence in God's loving care for his children, will confer practical immunity from the Asiatic pest, which only attacks those who, either through ignorance or carelessness, place themselves within its range.

THE BRAHMIN CONVERTS.

In a letter from Rev. F. T. Whitman Rangoon, Burmah, to the *Baptist Missionary Magazine* he sends the following testimony which was given by a candidate for baptism: "I was born in Benares, 1847, in a Brahman family, my forefathers being all Hindu priests of the Sirwari race. At the age of fifteen I was placed in the Jainarain's College in Benares, where I remained until twenty-one. After leaving college I joined the railroad employment. About one year and a half ago I came to hear the sermons and lectures of some missionaries in the streets and bazaars of Benares and other places. I questioned the preachers and asked how I could obtain this faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. They were very glad to answer me and to give me tracts and scripture portions. In about six months my heart was changed to love the Saviour I had heard and read about. But I knew that I could not not make public my faith in my own country, so I made plans to leave my home, my family, my people, and all my property which is on Dassawadnada Mohulla, and seek a home where I could serve the living God. Without informing even my wife, I prepared a few things and started. My boy, seventeen years of age, followed me to the station and asked, 'Father, why are you leaving me? I must go with you.' With tears, I tried to send him back, but the boy had always been with me, and would not go. I told him that I was going to be a Christian. He begged to go with me. I said 'If you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, come along.' He came. We reached Calcutta, but I found relations and friends [caste] there. I heard of Rangoon, that many missionaries are here, and that I can be an open Christian without fear from my caste people, so we came. I came to master [meaning me], and he gave me a New Testament. We have both been studying it for over a month and now we ask baptism."

DORCAS RAISED TO LIFE.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 9. By Mrs. M. Baxter
Acts 9: 32-43. Golden Text, Acts 9: 36.

WHAT a contrast there must have been between Christ's disciples and the world in those early days! How fully the tree must have been known by its fruit! Saul of Tarsus, an earnestly religious but unconverted man, bearing no better fruit than "threatenings and slaughter," against those who had sinned neither against God nor against him;—Dorcas, a humble woman, a disciple of the Lord Jesus—"full of good works and alms deeds which she did!" The corrupt tree could not bring forth good fruit, and the good tree could not bring forth evil fruit. The simple life of a godly woman had more that was divine about it than all the burning zeal of Saul of Tarsus. It has been the design of Satan throughout the ages which have elapsed since the coming of the Holy Ghost, to sow tares among the wheat, and to pass off the false for the true, substituting a false, spurious Christianity for the real thing.

In measure as the first, keen expectation of the Lord's coming gave way to a comparative indifference, the world and the things of the world began again to usurp the attention and the affections of God's children; and by that fact, his coming has been retarded. It would have been normal had the Christlikeness of the Church risen from the standard of days of her infancy, at Pentecost, to the stature of "a perfect Man, the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." (Eph. 4: 13.) Alas! it has not been so. Through all the ages of the Church, God has had his witnesses, but they have been the exceptions; and the Christlike life has been so rare a thing, that even Christian teachers have regarded it as the vocation of a chosen few, not to be dreamt of by the ordinary run of Christians! O how Satan has succeeded in putting off, for ages, the coming of our Lord! Let us go back to these early times and learn our lesson.

For a time there was a cessation of persecution, but the early church did not therefore relapse into idleness. "Then had the churches rest throughout all Judea and Galilee and Samaria, and were edified; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied. (ver. 31.) There was a development every way. "Edified," i. e., built up, instructed in the Word, learning to know and put in practice the mind of the Lord more and more; and at the same time, "multiplied:" more and more conversions took place.

The apostles no longer remained at Jerusalem. "Peter passed throughout all quarters," no doubt encouraging and confirming the new congregations of believers which were springing up everywhere. On his rounds he came to Lydda, a city not far from the sea, in the neighborhood of Joppa. There he found "a certain young man named Eneas, who had kept his bed eight years, and was sick of the palsy." We are not told whether the man was a disciple, but only the simple fact that Peter said unto him: "Eneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: arise, and make thy bed. And he arose immediately." But it is not therefore stated that Peter was ready to heal every paralysed man he should meet with. The same close guidance of the Holy Ghost, which made him know the mind of God about his dealing with Ananias and Sapphira, was with him, leading him to this paralytic and giving him the words through which God should heal him. And the same quickening power of the Holy Ghost which gave Peter the faith, quickened faith also in Eneas, "he arose immediately." It was God's way of

Doing a Great Work

quickly. The first disciples knew how to wait for orders. They did not undertake to evangelize a city by plans which had succeeded elsewhere, but waited on the Lord for "his going forth," which is "sure as the morning." (Hos. 6: 3, R. V.) And it was not in vain. A wondrous awakening took place, and two cities lay at the feet of Jesus. All that dwelt in Lydda and Saron saw him, and turned unto the Lord."

Joppa was not far from Lydda: in both these places a church had been formed. The healing of Eneas told of Peter's presence at Lydda, and the saints at Joppa sent two men unto him, entreating him, "Delay not to come unto us." A pressing need had arisen. "A certain disciple named Tabitha" (in Greek, Dorcas), had just fallen sick and died. All the Christians in the place knew Dorcas. She was not like Phœbe, "a servant of the Church," who could be sent from one congregation to another as "a succorer of many." (Rom. 16: 2.) Dorcas did not labor with Paul or Peter in the Gospel, as others of her sisters did. Hers was another vocation, but a very blessed and precious one. She "was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did." Without instituting any remarkable work which would bring credit to her and signalize her name, she simply sought out the needy and supplied their need. In that wonderful chapter which gives us the figure of the body of Christ there is a vocation which is spoken of as

Helps.

"God hath set some in the Church: first, apostles; secondly, prophets; thirdly, teachers; then miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, divers kinds of tongues." The Apostle asks: "Are all apostles?" are all prophets? are all teachers? are all workers of miracles? have all gifts of healings? do all speak with tongues? do all interpret?" But he never says: "Do all help?" Anyone can be a help, and yet the vocation of "helps" is placed above that of "Governments." It takes "more of Christ, and less of self," to have an eye, and ear, and hand, at liberty from ourselves to serve others just in any simple way in which they may need help, than it takes to fulfil the office of an apostle, a teacher, a prophet, a worker of miracles, or an instrument of God in the healing of the sick. Even Stephen could be spared, and God allowed this blessed martyr to pass away from this world, but the humble testimony of a Dorcas could not be spared.

"Peter arose and went with them." Among the charges given to the twelve by their Lord when he first sent them forth, there was that solemn one, "Raise the dead." (Matt. 10 :8.) Up to this time Peter had never been used as the instrument of such a work of God. What an intense communion with his God must this Apostle have entered into, on the road between Lydda and Joppa! He had understood his Lord on the day of Pentecost, this Peter, who could never forget how he had denied the Lord who died for him. He had been broken, humbled, emptied then. The name of Peter had lost its value: he would ever be known as the disciple who denied his Lord. But for that very reason he understood the value of the name of Christ as perhaps no other disciple did, and he was of "quick scent in the fear of the Lord" (Isa. 40 : 3, margin), to discern his mind in all things. But to raise the dead was no ordinary thing, and could be

Done in no Ordinary Spirit.

Peter must indeed be out of the way, and Christ, the Resurrection and the Life," must appear on the scene in order that death should yield, not before Peter, but before him who has "the keys of death and hades." (Rev. 1 : 1 16.) Had Peter not been sure of his ground he would never have been willing to accompany the brethren from Lydda. But he knew how to wait for direction from his Lord before acting, and so went forward. "When he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber: and all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them." Peter put them all forth: he must be alone with his God and with the dead; every other presence was a hindrance. He had to be a witness of the conquest of death by him who is Life eternal, and only one who lived in the immediate presence of God could be permitted such an experience. Elijah had learned for years to stand before the God of Israel, before he was authorized by his God to pray in faith over the dead son of the widow. Such things cannot be done by chance, it was no experiment. Alone, Peter was at ease, he knew with whom he had to do. He kneeled down and prayed. No one heard, no one knew what was contained in that prayer. This only we know that it was a prayer "in the Holy Ghost," that he was heard, and that he was directed what next to do. Turning to the corpse he said:

"Tabitha, Arise."

A power greater than death was in that chamber. "She opened her eyes; and when she saw Peter, she sat up. And he gave her his hand, and raised her up, and calling the saints and widows, he presented her alive." (R.V.) There was power in the Church of Christ, then, to conquer death at his bidding. We are approaching the time when death, the last enemy shall be conquered by the taking away without dying, of Christ's prepared ones, to meet him and those whom he has raised. (1. Thes. 4 : 17.) Meanwhile how do we stand? There are some, who, in a fanatical way, and by their own will, have sought to raise the dead, and prayed for the resurrection of their dead. But God would never let such a solemn thing as the raising of the dead go into any other hands than his own. Elijah, Elisha, Peter, Paul, were trained and disciplined disciples who know most intimately the mind of the Lord. The raising of Dorcas was used to the conversion of many, and yet not to do so great a work, apparently, as the healing of Eneas. Why? God has not revealed, for he is unsearchable and his ways "past finding out."

LESSON POINTS.

"This woman was full of good works and Almsdeeds which she did."

ONE of the most beautiful epitaphs that could be written is contained in this Golden Text. There are many girls, who if asked what they would like to be when they become women, would choose to be rich, or beautiful, or leaders of society, but a better choice would be to be enabled to lead such a life as that at its close, it might be truthfully said: "This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did."

An old legend runs that three girls who were in the country had a dispute as to which of them had the most beautiful hands, and also which of them could make their hands the most beautiful. One sat by a stream and dipped her hand into the water until it was white as marble, and held it up; another plucked strawberries until the ends of her fingers were pink, and another gathered violets until her hands were fragrant. An old, haggard woman passing by, asked, "Who will give me a gift, for I am poor?" All three denied her; but another who sat near, unwashed in the stream, unstained with fruit, unadorned with flowers, gave her a little gift and satisfied the poor woman. And then she asked them what was the dispute, and they told her, and lifted up before her their beautiful hands. "Beautiful, indeed," said she when she saw them. But when they asked her which was the most beautiful, she said, "the hand that gives to the poor is the most beautiful." As she said these words her wrinkles fled, her staff was thrown away, and she stood before them an angel from heaven with authority to decide the question in dispute. And that decision has stood the test of all time

A famous lady who once reigned in Paris society was so homely that her mother said one day, "My poor child, you are too ugly for anyone to ever love you." From this time she began to be very kind to pauper children of the village, the servants of the household, even the birds that hopped about the garden walks. She was always distressed if an opportunity to render a service escaped her. This good-will toward everybody made her the idol of the city. She became the famous Madame de Circourt, whose charm was felt by everyone who knew her. Though her complexion was sallow, and her eyes small and sunken, yet she held in devotion to her the greatest men of her time. Her unfailing interest in others made her irresistible.

No one would like to die unmourned. When Dorcas died, the widows and the poor surrounded her body, sorrowing and speaking to all who were there, of her kindness, and showing the garments which she had made and given to them. They had lost a friend and benefactor. How many fine ladies there are, who are rich and cultivated, and honored, yet who, if they died to-day, would have no poor person to follow them to their grave, deploring that in them they had lost a friend. About three years ago there was a funeral at Voluntown, Conn. It was that of an aged physician. As the carriages were wending their way to the cemetery, a little girl was seen running across a vacant lot toward the procession. She wore very old, patched clothing, having no hat on, and the March wind was blowing her hair about her face and neck. She hailed the driver of the hearse, and begged him to stop. The man, wondering what was the matter, complied. "What is it?" he asked. "Oh, sir!" she cried, "do let me see the doctor before you bury him. I want to go to his grave. He was so good to me when I was sick." A gentleman in the first carriage heard the pleading voice, and alighted. "Come here, my child," he said. "Get into the carriage; you are a real mourner; you feel as we do. Dr. M—— would like you to come if he knew. There are no tears to-day that do him so much honor as yours." He lifted her into the carriage, and held her hand as she stood with him, weeping, as they laid the kind physician in his grave.

The Earl of Shaftsbury, the famous English philanthropist, used to say, that he was led to devote himself to the cause of the poor by the sight of a funeral which he witnessed when he was a young man. He was one day walking alone down Harrow Hill, when he was startled by hearing a great shouting in a side street, and then he beheld a coffin carried by four or five drunken men. Staggering as they turned the corner, they let the burden fall, and then broke out into foul and horrible language. Horrified at the sickening spectacle, he gazed spellbound, and then exclaimed: "Can it be possible that a man should so live that there is not one person who cares enough for him, now he is dead to come to his funeral, and they have to hire men who treat the affair as a joke?" And before the horrid sound of the drunken songs had died in the distance, he had resolved to devote his life to the cause of the poor and friendless, so that at least there might be some who would miss him when he left the world.

There are none so poor that they cannot do something to make others happier. Dorcas was able to make garments and give them away, but there are many who cannot do that. But they can give a smile and a kind word to cheer the sorrowful, and that will do much for them. There was once a man who had fallen overboard, and some one held out to him a plank lying on the pier, one end of which was covered with ice. He reached out the plank to the man with the icy end to him. The man seized the end of the plank, ane again and again his hands slipped off. At last he cried out in despair. "For God's sake, give me the warm end of the plank!" Sometimes men are almost driven to despair by the coldness and austerity of manner with which we do our kindest deeds.

Dorcas may not have been a wealthy woman. The description of her work, in the original language indicates that the garments she gave were her own weaving as well as her own making. The poor are sometimes the best and kindest friends of the poor and occasionally a benevolent action wrought in faith brings with it a speedy recompense in kind. The late John Andrew Jones, a poor Baptist minister, whilst walking in a London street, was appealed to by some one he knew for help. He had but a shilling in the world and poised it in his mind, to give or not to give. The greater distress of his acquaintance prevailed, and he gave his all, walking away with a cheering remembrance of the promise, "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given, will he pay him again." He had not gone a hundred yards farther before he met a gentleman who said, "Ah Mr. Jones, I am glad to see you. I have had this sovereign in my waistcoat pocket for the week past for some poor minister, and you may as well have it." Mr. Jones was wont to add when telling the story, "If I had not stopped to give relief I should have missed the gentleman and the sovereign too."

Then see the honor that surrounds the name of Dorcas. Many of the names of kings and statesmen, who lived so far back as she did, are forgotten by the people and only learned men are familiar with them. But the name of Dorcas is familiar to all. In every town and village in Christendom there are societies called by her name. She rose again in them and she lives in them for they perpetuate her name and fame and continue her work. So she is held in everlasting remembrance.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.

A New Organization to Embrace all Lovers of Christ Irrespective of Creed for Social and Philanthropic Work.

THIS age is pre-eminently an age of organization. Men have been learning slowly, but surely, the power that is gained by union. The principle has been applied in labor, in capital, in government and in every sphere of human action, but it has, until recently, been neglected in religion. Of late, however, the Christian Endeavor movement has proved that the benefits that union has brought in other fields, it will also produce among the churches. The idea of a more extensive combination still, has now been launched and a description of it is peculiarly in place in an unsectarian journal. That it is worthy of attention and consideration is clear from the fact that it is endorsed by Dr. F. E Clark, President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, by men so eminent as the late John Greenleaf Whittier, Prof. William R. Harper and Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., the Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, as well as by such representative clergymen as Bishop J. H. Vincent, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. George Dana Boardman, Dr. A. H. Bradford and Dr. C. H. Parkhurst.

A remark of Dr. Conwell in the sermon published in this journal last week must have appealed strongly to many a lover of the Lord Jesus. It was an expression of satisfaction at the present tendency to lower the fences which divide the denominations, so that the worker in one church might be cheered by seeing what other churches are doing to advance the kingdom of Christ. Possibly that step is all that can be hoped for just now, as a general movement. But a step in advance of this is ardently longed for by many Christians in various denominations. That step is co-operation on the part of Christian men and women of different creeds, in labor for objects in which we all have a common sympathy. There are many such objects, such as the promotion of temperance, of morality in the community, of relief of the poor, of the suppression of betting and gambling, of the abolition of war and many others. All the churches desire these, and are more or less working for their promotion. Could they not be brought to speak with united voice, to work for them in compact phalanx instead of in detached regiments? The question was asked recently at a meeting at Orange, N. J., in which several denominations were represented and it has met with a prompt response from many eminent clergymen and laymen. It was asked by Mr. Theodore F. Seward, whose portrait appears on this page, and the sympathetic letters he has since received from all parts of the country and from other lands have encouraged him to hope that such co-operation is possible. He has therefore devised a practical programme which he submits to the consideration of the churches either for adoption or for extension and elaboration.

MR. THEODORE F. SEWARD.

Mr. Seward's plan is to organize a Brotherhood of Christian Unity. He is anxious that this brotherhood shall not be regarded as a new sect. It is not that in any sense, altogether the reverse of that. The members of this brotherhood may be members of any church or of no church. If they sympathize with the objects of the brotherhood, and acknowledge Christ as their leader, desiring to be imbued with his spirit, and trying to follow his example, they are eligible as members of the brotherhood. Such men are to be found in every denomination, and there are many who are not included in any church. Love to God and love of men is the corner stone, the succinct creed of the organization, and on that platform there is room for Christians of every name. Here the Episcopalian, the Congregationslist, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Methodist and the Unitarian are at one. So far all are brethren, having in that love a bond of unity which is ignored more frequently than it is realized.

What may we expect of the man who loves God and loves his fellow man? If the love be latent we shall have in him a harmless, gentle, genial citizen. But if it be active, as love from its nature is apt to be, we have a man who is laboring for the good of his neighbors and friends, and giving his support to every movement which promises to elevate and benefit the whole community. One sphere may attract him more than another, and he may concentrate his efforts on that sphere, as he realizes that by so doing he can effect more good than by dividing his efforts, but he has a brotherly sympathy and regard for those who are working in other spheres with a like motive. He who is trying to ameliorate the condition of the poor, knows that the temperance worker, the man who is striving to suppress gambling and the man who is trying to harmonize the interests of capital and labor, are all his allies, and are workers with him in a common cause. When a poor man dies and his family is left destitute, when there is sickness in the home and the larder is empty, when the man who should be the bread-winner of the family is spending his earnings in the saloon, or at the gaming-table, there is no difference in the methods that would be applied by a sympathetic Episcopalian or a sympathetic Methodist. And in the larger questions of corruption or laxity in municipal government, or of international disputes, which may be settled by the sword, or by arbitration, or mutual concession, the voices of the individual churches are in accord. But in the present condition of the Christian Church, much power is lost. There is a loss of influence which would be exerted on the opposing forces if the whole church spoke with a united voice, and acted in unison, and there is another loss in the encouragement and stimulus that the individual worker feels when he is standing shoulder to shoulder with his brother warrior. The object of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity is to repair this double loss.

That the churches are prepared to entertain the idea, there can be no doubt. They have already seen what can be done in that direction, by the Evangelical Alliance, und they have made, within the last year or two, practical experiments in the same direction, in many cities, for Evangelistic work. In some of the campaigns of Rev. B. Fay Mills and Dr. L. W. Munhall, those evangelists have found in the letter of invitation, signatures of the representatives of seven or more denominations, and in their meetings have seen members of those denominations working in cordial and harmonious co-operation for the rescue of souls. That combination is possible for a short time and for a special purpose, is an evidence that permanent association for other objects is not impossible.

Mr. Seward's hope, however, is rather with individuals than with churches, and rather in laymen than in clergymen. The clergyman, and the church in its corporate capacity, are, he thinks, more likely than the individual layman, to lay stress on the doctrines and system peculiar to the church, and less disposed to fraternize with others. Nevertheless he would cordially welcome the help of the clergy, and by no means underestimates the service they have the power to render to the movement. The main reliance, however, is in bringing into cordial relations the great mass of Christian people, who are now classified and divided into distinct companies, and uniting the forces for combined action. The Church of Christ is surrounded by enemies. The corrupt, the vicious, the infidel, the anarchist are opposed to it, and it is so divided up into small regiments, that it has no power against the opposing forces. It suffers defeat now, as the armies of Europe were defeated by the first Napoleon, because they pursued the old tactics of appearing in the field in separate divisions, while he, with an army inferior in numbers, but superior to any one of the divisions, conquered because he kept his army intact, and overthrew each division separately. Mr. Seward would have the vast number of Christians organized so that when any question arises which enlists the sympathies of the churches of all denominations, and arrays against them the enemies of Christ, they may be ready to act in one combined force as "a power that makes for righteousness." The organization of such a power has long been desired by lovers of Christ and holiness. To them Mr. Seward's project will be a very welcome one and they will endorse the words which, in almost the last letter he ever wrote, the late John Greenleaf Whittier said to Mr. Seward:

> For years I have been desirous of a movement for uniting all Christians with no other creed or pledge than a recognition of Christ as our leader. I have read thy published articles with hearty approval and sympathy.
>
> I am truly thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER.

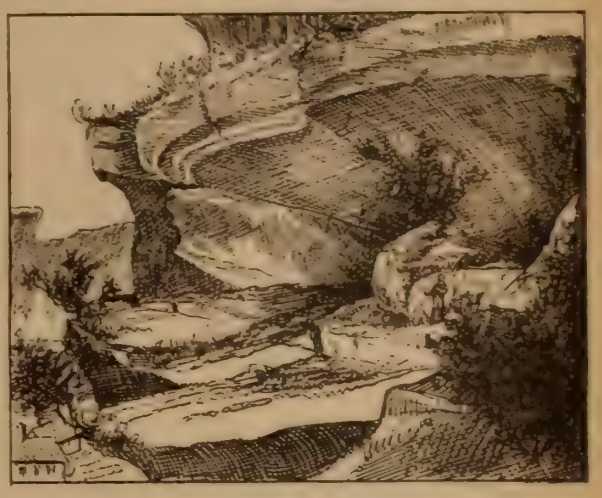
Doubtless the project of uniting in one brotherhood all who acknowledge Christ as their leader, may appear visionary to some men, but it must not be forgotten that Christ prayed that "they all may be one," and that prayer has not yet been answered. That he wished it and prayed for it, should remove it forever from the category of visionary projects. The Brotherhood is intended to be a recognition of the fundamental harmony of all denominations in their attitude toward evil in any form. It is not intended that it should supersede church work. The effort to save souls is, and always must be the first concern of the church, but beyond and outside that, the Christian has an interest in the welfare of the nation, and it is not a matter of indifference to him whether this shall be a Christian nation, or shall drift into a condition of godlessness, like that which made the first republic in France a blot on the history of the world.

An address recently delivered by Mr. W. T. Stead, with whom Mr. Seward discussed his project during a visit to England, places the mission of a Brotherhood of Christian Unity in a vivid light. He asked his hearers what they would do if the municipality of their city reverted to Paganism, and passed an ordinance declaring that four heathen gods were the gods of the city. If the authorities decreed that every three months a festival should be held in honor of one of these deities in turn, at which a man or woman, selected by lot, should be publicly burned as a sacrifice; would not that, he asked, stir the city to its depths? If it were known at the beginning of the year, that on April 1st, a citizen would be sacrificed to Bacchus; on July 1st a girl would be burned in honor of Venus; on October 1st a man would be sacrificed to Disease; and on January 1st a victim would be offered to Mammon—what would the citizens do? Would they not hold public meetings, and get all the churches to unite to effect a revolution and overthrow the city government before it could execute its barbarous murders? Yet in every city and town those four deities are practically enthroned. Temples to Bacchus are on the corners of the streets; Venus has its votaries in multitudes; the tenement houses furnish their victims to Disease, and Mammon worship is destroying the spiritual life of thousands. It is not one victim a year that each of these deities claims, but hundreds.

The design of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity is to move on the entrenchments of evil in whatever form they have been planted; and in every town and city of this broad land it can find work to do. Who can tell what might be effected for the moral purification of the country, if in every city every Christian man in it was enrolled in a force for the suppression of evils, which are more demoralizing than human sacrifices. We have no space to describe the details of organization, but Mr. Seward will be pleased to furnish them to all who are ready to organize in their own cities. His address is East Orange, N. J.

TRACES OF THE CAVE-DWELLERS.

SOME exceedingly interesting antiquarian discoveries have been recently made in the neighborhood of Les Eyzies, France, where the river Vezere has worn a channel through the limestone rock. It is concluded by scientists that the great glaciers which at a remote period filled a large portion of the central plateau of France, on dissolving poured their floods down the rivers, swelling them out of all proportion, and cutting, by their resistless strength, new channels out of the sides of the overhanging limestone precipices. Many of the rocks so cut into by the floods and dug out by the grinding, perhaps through centuries, of glacial boulders, were formed into caves, which, when the floods abated and the glaciers melted, were occupied by human beings. The illustration on this page is from a drawing of one of these caves overhanging the river Vezere, made by S. Baring Gould, and published in the *Graphic*. The prehistoric men who settled in this shelter lived by hunting and fishing; and the remains of weapons of the chase have been found in the debris of the place. The hearths used by these primitive people were merely flat stones, and the weapons were of bone or flint. There was no sign of pottery. On some of the bones of large animals found in the cave were engraved the outlines of the different animals these people hunted, and also sketches of horses and reindeer. There were also evidences of rude sculptures, showing that even in those early ages, the artistic idea and execution were not wanting.



ANCIENT CAVE ON THE RIVER VEZERE, FRANCE.

"CHRIST MORE THAN MONEY."

A LETTER from Oroomiah, gives some interesting facts concerning the sufferings inflicted by the Mussulmans upon native Christians in Persia. Mirza Eshia, the writer, says: "I want to tell you about Mirza Ibraheem, that poor man who boarded in the Mission house, whom you visited several times. He is now in prison. Yesterday he had gone to the Mussulman village to preach, and the people complained against him to the government, saying "That he has become a Christian is not enough, but he tries to turn others from their religion." So the government sent officers and brought him to the house of Sarparest, who is an enemy of the Christians. There he was troubled very much. They asked him if he was a Christian. Boldly he said "Yes, I am a Christian." In saying so they slapped him on the face as they did Christ. They told him "If you need money we can give it to you; why go there?" He said: "I need no money; as much as I can get I will give to the poor. I went and found one Christ, who is more than money and everything else." And they asked him again, "It may be that you love one of the Christian girls: we will bring her to you if you come again to your former faith." He said, "No, the one whom I love is Jesus, who is lovely; who died for me; and I can never deny him." Again they whipped him and sent him again to prison. (At one time he received five hundred lashes of the whip.) Last eve they took him to the governor's, but he did not keep him, so he was brought to the prison again. They told him he was going to be killed in the morning. He said: 'I am ready.' But we were praying very hard; God kept him this morning also. And when he was taken to the governor's house and asked of his faith, he said: 'I am a Christian.' I have been four times to see him, but could not. This morning I took some bread for him. He was shining like an angel—I wish I was in his place."

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

QUICK TRANSIT BETWEEN WORLDS.

A MARVEOLUS thing in oceanic travel has occurred. You see we are coming to the time when we can spend one Sabbath in America and the next in Europe. Congress has also been considering an enterprise that will put Montauk Point in direct communication with Europe. That will take off another day. I will yet exchange pulpits with some pastor in Ireland, or Scotland, and he and I will be absent only one Sunday. "There shall be no more sea," said the apocalyptic trumpet. "There shall be no more sea," echo modern inventions. This bringing together of nations is hastening millennial time. The world is too big a place to be put under one government until the ocean is practically abolished. When Jesus begins his reign, all nations will be within instant call and within swiftest transportation.

The nineteenth century has only nibbled along the edges of discovery. The twentieth century will unroll discoveries and inventions that will utterly eclipse their predecessors. The next century will be as far ahead of this century, as this century was ahead of the last. What a world this will be to live in in the year 1992! What with improved climate and improved transportation and improved morals, the obliteration of distance and universal gospelization, I would want to be here then, but for the fact that we shall be in a place better than anything this world can ever experience. People dying in those times will only go from paradise to paradise, and earth will be an annex of heaven. The ocean bridged of steamers, and the space between this world and the central world bridged with wings, and all the immensities bridged with love, I am glad that you and I are immortal, and shall live to see the resplendent unification. We cannot afford to die any time within the next ten thousand years. We are going to live as long as God lives, and we want to be like him, and reign with him, so that wherever heaven may be, on this reconstructed earth, as many suppose, or in some realm as yet unimagined, we shall be supernally happy, wanting nothing, but having all things. No summer heats like those which swelter here, but salubrious atmosphere tonic with the breath of God. No fatigues of work like those which now oppress us, but untiring locomotion from kingdom to kingdom, and from world to world. Forever with God and forever with each other. Then, lift up your heads in the anticipation. Why go sighing and vexed when there are such raptures to come? Why be so exasperated of annoyances that shall be only for a little while? Let us live more and more in the future. Our conversation in heaven, our thought in heaven, our ambition in heaven. Death will not be the end of us. It will be the beginning of our highest enjoyment and grandest activities. It is one of my brightest anticipations, the going into perpetual companionship with those with whom we have been associated in Christian work on earth.

This life is a dead failure unless it opens into something grander and better. The most of our life on earth is spent in drudgery; it is not an existence worth beginning, unless it be introductory. Blessed be God for the assurance that these burdens are to drop and in a land where there are no partings or struggles we are to be gloriously united. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy comes sure in the morning. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

PUTTING UP THE STOVE.

THE season has come when we can no more depend on the heat of the sun for our comfort. He kindles his fires so late in the morning, and banks them up so early in ashes of cloud at night. Even the extra coat or shawl in the evening time do not seem to do the work expected of them. In the city we send for a man to come and examine our furnaces, and the lighting of fires is no exciting event.

But in the country there is a day as marked as New Year or Christmas, and that is the day in which we put up the stove. It has been standing in the garret or shed all Summer, dull and dead, the fires gone out of the old back-slider. Spiders have festooned the joints of the pipe, and run in and out the sooty tunnel; the open top of the stove perhaps having been the nursery where the old cat honorably brought up her household of kittens.

But the day for putting up the stove has come. The children fly around with expectation, and are somewhat in the way during the undertaking. The pipes are brought out and emptied, and thumped clear of soot and dust. The housewife goes over all the surfaces with blackening polish, making the homely dark a handsome black, and then the work of carrying the stove into the sitting-room commences. There are not enough hands. There never are. We have put up stoves a dozen times, and never had help enough. Stoves are so unwieldy, and they feel so heavy when you set them down on your instep. Father, with his lower lip clinched on his teeth, lifts and pulls the stove, and gets fast in the doorway. Mother and the serving-maid come to the rescue, but pull the stove the wrong way, and get an invocation upon their carelessness. "Don't you see what you are doing? Pull it back the other way! Ouch! Just look at the back of my hand, black and blue from this scrouging. There! you have set that right leg of it on my sore toe! My side is stove in!" But with an altogether lift the heavy burden reaches the middle of the room. Now begins the work of finding one of the lost legs. One of them is gone. There is always one of them gone. The sheds are ransacked to no avail, and two bricks are temporarily substituted. Then the pipe is to be joined and set up. This requires more conscientious and determined consistency of behavior than any other part. A man who will keep correctness of speech in all the rest of the process needs some toning up here. You make up your mind as to where the joints and pieces belong, and insist on their taking their places, but how to insert the larger in the smaller is a conundrum; yet with hammer you pound, and bang, and twist until you have four stubborn pieces annexed, and have them hoisted. You rise on the top of a chair to make the last conjunction; you handle the whole affair with utmost skillfulness; you have your wife holding the pipe at the bottom, and the daughter holding it at the middle, when, without the slightest premonition, one of the lower joints backs out of its place, and down all comes in one grand crash, the wife struck of the falling pieces, the daughter frightened lest she may somehow have been the cause of the mishap, yourself running your sooty hand across your brow to wipe off the perspiration, leaving you, in stage-struck position, black as Othello.

Every time the attempt is made, the line of pipe parts at a new place, until at last, to the relief of the whole household, the undertaking in completed. Then the first fire is kindled, the smoke at first not knowing whether to come out in the room and be sociable, or go up the chimney and disappear. But at last the great black instrument of comfort roars with a chorus of congratulation and good cheer, and in the evening all the family gather about to hear it laugh and crackle. Good old stove! For the coming Autumnal and Winter months it will draw the family together. Let the winds howl down the chimney and the snows drift over the tops of the fences, on the floor of your country home will stand this great, warm-hearted benediction. May there be as many feet on the hearth next Spring as this Autumn, and no loss or sorrow or bereavement turn the damper.

A HINT TO TRAVELLERS.

"MR. Talmage, do not be rushing about in Europe as Americans generally do. Stay where you're happy!" We set this down as among the wisest counsels ever given us.

Americans travelling in Europe are for the most part in immensity of perspiration. Starting with what they call "the small and insignificant island of Great Britain," and having adopted the feeling of the Yankee who said he thought England a very nice little island, but he was afraid to go out nights lest he should fall off, they expect to see all Europe in a few days. They spend much of their time at depots, inquiring about the next train, or rush past Mont Blanc, with no time to stop, chasing up a lost valise.

Many of our countrymen are exceedingly annoyed at their lack of skill in the use of the European languages. After a vain attempt to make a Parisian waiter understand French, they shout at him in English. But we remembered the art of the physician who put all the remains of old prescriptions in one bottle,—the oil, and the calomel, and the rhubarb, and the assafœtida—and when he found a patient with a "complication of diseases," would shake up his old bottle and give him a dose. And so we have compounded a language for European travel. We take a little French, and a little German, and a little English, with a few snatches of Chinese and Choctaw, and when we find a stubborn case of waiter or landlord that will not understand, we shake up all the dialects and give him a dose. It is sure to strike somewhere. If we do not make him understand, we at any rate give him a terrible scare.

In journeying from country to country, the change in the value of coins is apt to be inextricable. But guineas, and florins, and kreutzers, and double ducats cease to be a perplexity to us. We ask the price of a thing, look wise as if we knew all about it, and then hold out our hands and let him take his pick. As riches take wings and fly away, we are determined to lose nothing in that manner.

Fifty years from now a Turkish piaster will be worth to me as much as a Holland guilder; and it worries me not when I am cheated, for the man who cheats must in the end suffer more than I, so that my chagrin is lost in compassion for his misfortune.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

WAITING.

SOME good folk are always waiting for a better time to come than the "now" to serve the Lord Christ in soul-winning work. "Four months and then cometh harvest," is repeated over and over. Dear readers, hearken not to unwise counsel either from within or without. If you will prepare your own heart to go forth with the good seed of the Kingdom, three things will surely happen:

1st. God will go with you.
2d. Souls will be waiting your coming.
3d. Good results will certainly follow.

Take July and August, they would not be counted the best revival months of the year by even wise churchmen, and yet I have seen in these two months just passed fully one thousand souls pass from death unto life. Better conversions I never witnessed. They were of all ages,—mostly grown people, some of them aged. All this at Ocean Grove, the summer sea-side resort. And why these results? Simply because a goodly number of God's people believed that "now" was the time, and they acted accordingly.

Let the truth of God be presented plainly, forcibly, and in earnest, and by those who believe in the presence and the power of the Holy Spirit, and conviction for sin will follow as naturally as at Pentecost. Then hold up Jesus as a real Saviour from sin and these sufferers, for such they are, as conviction of sin always brings mental and heart distress, and him will they receive as theirs.

The fall months are here. I beg of you not to wait for any week of prayer, for any series of special services, for any evangelist, for anybody or anything. Stir yourself. Awake out of thy sleep. Take hold of facts; they have great power to arouse. Try the following. It is a fact that,

1. Men die every day, all around me.
2. Death forever fixes character.
3. Without Christ, sinners are lost.
4. Christ presented, they may be saved.
5. God says: Now is the accepted time.
6. Neglect of doing good is sin.
7. You are God's messenger to some one.

These, and many more that will come to you in an hour of solemn thought such as you ought to give the subject will send you forth to your congregation, your Sabbath School, your scholars, your children, your employees, your friends, in a wise way to do your utmost to win them to Christ not only that they may be saved from hell, where the wicked are punished, but saved to a noble and useful Christian life, for it is far better to save one's life and soul than to just save their soul. I'm glad the thief on the cross passed out and up and in, but a Timothy reached in his youth and giving God precious years is far better.

Don't wait, my brother. I'm persuaded that if you go at it with zeal, having big faith, using all the brains given you, putting heart-power in every act, that before another week rolls by you will have won a sinner from the way of death to the path that leads to an endless day. This may start a revival.

A Night in Prison.

IN the lock-up."

"Arrested, and in jail."

"Always to face the fact of having been in prison."

Not very comfortable thoughts these especially to one who had borne a good name and was married.

"What would his wife think?"

"What would her folks say?"

"What would his friends say?"

"How about to-morrow—when his trial was to come off?"

All this and much more ran through my mind as I read in the quiet of my room the fourth of Acts, and stopped at verse three.

It's Peter, who with John had been doing the work of God and as a result found himself in this plight. Without going into the story, which is one of great interest in itself, I want to draw some lesson for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. Suppose I put it in this wise: "Duty done and the prison, or duty undone and freedom." If these two faced you squarely, which would you choose?

Then again. How much of the bitter wine of astonishment would you be willing to drink to see the cause of Christ advance?

Once more. Are not Christian character and achievements of Christianity due more largely to suffering of one kind or another than to ease and quietness? Think on these things.

LIEUT. PEARY'S RETURN.

ANOTHER stage has been reached in the dangerous work of Arctic exploration. Lieut. Robert E. Peary of the United States Navy telegraphed on Sept. 11, from St. John's, Newfoundland, that he had arrived safely at that port from his Arctic expedition. He sailed in June, 1891, under the auspices of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, with his wife and a party of seven men to explore the northern coast of Greenland, about which nothing was then known. The steamer *Kite* carried him to McCormick Bay on the western coast of Greenland where it left the party and returned. During the winter the Lieutenant was busy getting dogs for his sleigh journey, obtaining information from the natives, and preparing for his long journey northward. He was waiting for the sun, which appeared about the middle of February. It was at that time believed that Greenland extended considerably farther north than McCormick Bay, but after traveling six hundred miles, Peary found that the coast line suddenly turned in a southeasterly direction and he realized that he had reached its most northern point. He traveled for four days over the ice parallel with the coast line to verify the fact, and then landed and struck across the mountains for the western coast. He arrived there safely after a sleigh journey of thirteen hundred miles. He left his wife and three of the party at McCormick Bay on May 3, and after being delayed by storms struck the true ice cap on May 15 when his real journey may be said to have commenced. Having deposited stores three of the party were sent back and Lieut. Peary with only one companion proceeded. On June 26 they reached the 82d parallel. Then their journey lay eastward owing to the unexpected discovery of the trend of the coast. On July 9 they began their return to the west coast and after seven days of travel over mountains 8,000 feet above the sea level, they reached McCormick Bay again where the *Kite* was waiting to bring them home. Only one fatality marred the success of the expedition. Mr. John M. Verhoeff, the mineralogist of the party started out by himself on a geological excursion during Lieut. Peary's absence. As he did not return in seven days, search was made for him. His steps were traced to the edge of a precipice, where some minerals collected by him were found. No further trace of him was seen, and after a careful search had been made, the conclusion was reached that he must have fallen over the precipice and the party reluctantly returned. Though Peary has not penetrated so far north by about eighty miles, as did Brainard and Lockwood in 1882, he has done much to facilitate future exploration. He has proved his theory that to travel for long distances on the ice cap is possible, and in mapping out the north coast of Greenland he has made a valuable addition to our geographical knowledge. The world rightly honors the brave men who risk their lives in opening up these unknown parts of the earth's surface. It is much to be wished that there was the same disposition to render homage to Him who gave his life to lift the veil from that glorious country beyond the grave and to teach men how to get there. (John 14: 1-6.)

Afraid of a Collapse.

THE employees of a firm doing business in New York were alarmed last week by the discovery of a split in a pillar in the store where they worked. The floors above the store are occupied by a printer who has thirty-five heavy printing presses at work, and keeps a large stock of paper and type. The building shakes with the vibration of the presses, and as it is seven stories high, there were fears that some day it would shake itself down. The uneasiness of the men employed on the ground floor culminated last week when they found that one of the pillars in the store, which supports the building, was not of iron, as they had supposed, but of wood, coated with zinc, and that the wood was affected by dry rot and was badly split. The owner of the premises was notified, and he sent a contractor to make the necessary repairs. The contractor, however, refused to complete the work. On removing one of the wooden pillars to replace it with an iron one, a loud crack was heard in the beam above, and the men precipitately fled from the building, believing it was about to collapse. They said that if they were to be paid ten thousand dollars they would not venture in again. The alarm of the regular employees on the ground floor, who had discovered the split pillar, was increased by the reports of the contractor's men, and they, too, refused to remain tn the building. Their employers therefore moved out to safer quarters. They have displayed only common prudence in quitting a building which seemed about to collapse. If men showed the same concern about the safety of their souls as these people did about the safety of their bodies, there would not be the need that there is for the pleadings uttered Sunday after Sunday from our pulpits to induce men to seek safety in Christ, so that when "the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved" they may enter "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." (II. Cor. 5:1.)

Testing a Lens.

THE production of the lenses used in telescopes, especially those of large size for national observatories, involves more labor and skill than is generally known. A scienific journal, in the course of a description of the work, says that the getting of the correct focal power of the lens is one of the most intricate, delicate, and curious of the mechanical processes of the present day. The testing which is done perhaps hundreds of times, is by the aid of a silver mirror. On being set before the mirror a little starlike ray of light is made to pass through the lens and is reflected back through it from the mirror, but until all the inequalities of density in the glass are removed the ray of light transmitted is not perfect in shape, and on this account back and forth the lense goes, from the grinding and smoothing machine to the testing apparatus, until the tiny ray of light is as perfect as when it first leaves the little lamp which sends it forth. The lens is then fit for use and the astronomer sees by its aid the wonders of the heavenly bodies. The process is a fit type of the method God employs in the sanctification of his children during their life in this world. Faults of temper and defects of disposition have to be removed before the light of God shines through them and the world is able to see as Christ intended it should the glory of God in their lives. (Phil. 2: 15.)

A Cruel Repulse.

WHILE the passengers on the steamer *Normannia* were congratulating themselves on the arrangement Governor Flower had made for their reception on Fire Island, and the people of New York were rejoicing that there was no longer necessity for keeping so many persons in detention on an infected ship, an effort was being made to frustrate the Governor's project. The people at Islip, which is on the shore opposite to Fire Island, protested against the Island being made a Quarantine Station, and, having found an obliging Judge in Brooklyn, obtained an injunction from him against the landing of the passengers. They were assured that there was no intention to land any sick person there, but they contended that if there was no danger to be apprehended, the passengers might be landed in New York; while if there was danger they ought not to be put on Fire Island. A large crowd from Islip went to Fire Island to prevent the landing and when the *Cepheus* with the passengers on board approached the pier, the ropes were cast off and the steamer driven off. It was in vain that the captain and the representatives of the Governor pleaded with the mob, begging that the people who had been cooped on board the *Cepheus*, without proper food or sleeping accommodation, for forty-eight hours, might be allowed to go to the quarters provided for them. The mob was obdurate and the *Cepheus* had to sail away. The next day, however, the Governor secured a vacation of the injunction and ordered two regiments of the National Guard to the Island to clear out the inhuman mob, and under that protection the *Normannia's* passengers were landed. Two days later all fear of contagion being past, they were allowed to depart to their destinations and their places were occupied by passengers from the other vessels. The conduct of the Islip people was indignantly denounced in New York as unkind and unchristian. It was doubtless based on a misconception of the plans of the health authorities. They feared that the Island might become a refuge for patients suffering from cholera and that, their homes being near the Island, they might catch the infection. Their selfish concern was in conspicuous contrast with the brave men and women who, in this and other lands have volunteered to nurse the patients in the hospitals. There is the same contrast in the attitude of people toward a moral pestilence. It existed in Christ's time and it called forth from him the declaration which has made him dear to thousands of hearts since. When the Pharisees reproached him for associating with people of sinful life he said: "They that are whole need not a physician but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." (Luke 5: 31, 32.)

Real Estate Afloat.

A CURIOUS legal complication awaits the decision of the courts. It involves the ownership of about an acre of land to which two persons lay claim. The land was detached from a farm abutting on Chautauqua Lake during a severe storm which, on August 24, swept over that region. It was carried four miles down the lake and lodged in a bay. The owner of the property, against which it brought up, promptly sold it to a man who drove piles around it to keep it from journeying farther and began to cultivate it. In the meantime the owner of the farm of which it had been a part, heard where it was and sold it to another man who has tried to obtain possession of it. There is a difference of opinion among lawyers as to the person who had the right to sell it, as there appears to be no precedent applying to the case. It is so very unusual for real estate to be carried off, that one lawyer insists that it can only be considered to belong to the original owner by regarding it as personal property which has been lost on the highway. Another lawyer contends that as the original owner held deeds defining that particular piece of land, it must belong to her wherever it is found. The argument is an interesting one and will probably involve considerable litigation. Real estate is regarded as the most secure and permanent of all forms of property, but it seems there are circumstances in which it, like personal property, may drift away from its owner. The day is coming in which it will be seen that they only have been wise who have heeded Christ's words and have had their treasures in heaven. (Matt. 6: 20.)

Fortune Out of Misfortune.

A CITIZEN of New York, who mysteriously disappeared four years ago, returned on September 14, after a period of hardship and danger. Previous to the time of his disappearance he had been earning a living as a leather-worker. The firm who employed him failed and he was thrown out of employment. He was unable to get work and was reduced to severe straits as he had been unable to save anything from the small wages he had been earning. One day in a fit of depression he wandered down to the Battery where he met a man who asked him if he wanted work. He replied eagerly that he did and was told that a firm down in Costa Rica wanted men. They were paying four dollars a day in wages and would pay his passage. He quickly closed with the offer and, not daring to tell his wife where he was going, he went on board at once. On the arrival of the ship he learned that he and about forty other men were to be sent into the interior of the country to work on a railroad. He made inquiries about the country and was told by an American whose acquaintance he made in the port, that it was a fatal place. Not more than one in ten who went there lived to return. He refused to go and, with one of his fellow-travellers similarly entrapped, he set out to find work. He served as waiter in a hotel and later as a helper on a ranch near Leon in Nicaragua. He saved enough to start in business in a small way. His business grew until he accumulated a fortune. He wrote several times to his wife, but receiving no answer, concluded that his letters failed to reach her. He became anxious about her and finally disposed of his business and returned to New York, where, after a day or two's search, he found her living in poverty. She was surprised to see him, having long ago given him up as dead, and she was still more surprised to learn that he had come back a rich man. Very few men could have turned a misfortune so dire as that of being expatriated and deceived into the foundation of success; but there are many who have gained eternal riches through the calamity which stripped them of wealth. (Ps. 119: 71.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. C. H. Yatman is holding meetings at Hartford, Conn. After they are closed he has promised to conduct a series of services at New Albany, Ind. His fall work has opened most encouragingly, and he is very hopeful for the winter.

Mr. Henry Varley has been called to his Australian home by the sudden illness of his daughter, which has terminated fatally since he started. He intends sailing for India in November to engage in Evangelistic work, beginning in Calcutta.

It is suggested with the view of promoting the objects of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity, described on page 613 of this journal that all pastors in sympathy with the movement preach on Sunday, Oct. 28 from the text John 17: 21, "That they all may be one," etc.

The eighty-third annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will be held Oct. 4-7, in Chicago, Ill., in the First Congregational Church, corner Washington Boulevard and Ann street. Dr. Daniel March, of Woburn, Mass., will preach the annual sermon.

Rev. E. P. Thwing who is going as a medical missionary to China started from New York on September 12. He expected to sail from San Francisco, yesterday, September 27, on the steamer *China*, stopping at Honolulu for a few days: thence he goes to Japan and afterward to Canton, China, where the missionary headquarters will be situated.

The Episcopal General Convention which will assemble at Baltimore, Md., on Oct. 5, has several momentous subjects to consider. Among them is the report of the committee on the revision of the Prayer Book; the code of regulations for the government of brotherhoods, sisterhoods, etc.; the report of the committee on Christian Unity and measures for the spiritual care of immigrants.

Dr. A. T. Pierson, formerly of Philadelphia, has cabled to the Church of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, his acceptance of its invitation to him to succeed the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. It is gratifying to know that this choice of the Church would have had Mr. Spurgeon's hearty approval. When he went away on what proved his last journey, referring to Dr. Pierson, he expressed his delight in leaving in charge a minister in whom he had unbounded confidence.

During Rev. B. Fay Mills' meetings in San Francisco the sum of $9,500 was raised to establish a mission in the city. The work has been entrusted to a board of managers, of which Mr. C. N. Crittenton is chairman It has been decided to expend the amount in a large mission hall in which regular Gospel meetings will be held every night; an industrial home for the unemployed and a refuge for fallen women. Mr. H. B. Gibbud whose work in connection with the Florence Mission in New York was very successful has been invited to become manager.

Rev. B. Fay Mills has commenced a series of meetings in Salt Lake City, Utah. He has promised to pay another visit to California and hold services at San Jose after the conclusion of the Salt Lake campaign. The results of the work in San Francisco are very marked. Among the converts were several prominent men, including Mr. W. H. H. Hart, the Attorney General of the State. The cards which Mr. Mills uses in the meetings were signed by thousands of persons and have been handed to the pastors indicated by the signers, who will endeavor to complete the good work.

The following additional subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Russian Relief Fund are acknowledged: ——, Alto Pass, $1; Richard McDonald, New Brunswick, N. J., $2; Miss A. T. Miller, Franklin Grove, Ill., $2; Friend, Cincinnati, O., $1; Jessie F. Harper, Lisbon, Ia., $4.10; Mrs. Rosa A. Isbell, North Adams, Mass., $1; Reader, Arkalon, Kas., 40c.; Manchester Mills Sunday School, Tex., $4.05; D. E. Carman, Ann Arbor, Mich., 50c; M. A. France, New York, $5.; Elvira E. Talcott, Coventry, Conn., $1.; Mrs. B. H., West Hebron, N. Y., $1; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Williams, Jr., Lake Arthur, La., $3; G. V. Addis, Phila., Pa., $2; collection at Dr. Talmage's services in Birmingham, England, $171.

HELPFUL ANECDOTES

SHE TOOK THE "HARDEST POST."

WHEN the cholera broke out in Paris a few weeks ago, and special cholera wards were established, volunteer nurses were called for. One of the first to respond was a Mme. Miederlander. "Let me have the hardest post," was her request. She was assigned to night duty, and she often had as many as sixty patients in her charge. She was a small, active woman, delicate in apearrance, but tireless, and wonderfully efficient in her work. The strain told upon her, and she seemed about to break down. The house physician noticed how feeble she seemed, and sent for her one morning. He begged her to take a few days' rest, and insisted that at least she should leave the cholera ward. She thought the doctor had taken a polite way of telling her that she was not efficient, and she burst into tears as she thought of leaving her post. Dr. Lesage, in charge of the cholera patients, declared that he could not spare her, and she insisted on returning to her post. She went on working wonders among the patients with her deft skill as a nurse, and her quiet, comforting, Christian talk. One day, as she was following the doctor on his rounds, note-book in hand, she was suddenly taken by the dreadful pains of the plague. Collapse came quickly, and it was proposed to revive her by a transfusion of blood. A hospital attendant offered himself for the purpose, and more than a pint of his blood was transfused into her arm. She revived temporarily, but the next day the good woman, who had given her life for others, passed away to her reward. Her funeral was as quiet and simple as possible, but many of the hospital staff followed her to the grave. The Chairman of the Hospital Board wrote to her husband, saying that the martyred woman would be buried at the expense of the city, and that her name would be written in what is known as the Golden Book at the Hotel de Ville. But it is written in another volume, the Lamb's Book of Life, where devotion and Christian consecration to suffering humanity never pass unrecorded.

* * *

A Soul Sold for a Dance.

A YOUNG lady residing in Waterbury, Ct., made an engagement to attend a ball in a neighboring town. Before the time arrived, a series of religious meetings were held there, and not a few among the young people were led to reflection, and became hopefully converted. Miss A. was at that time residing in the minister's family, and was very deeply impressed with the necessity of becoming a Christian. Her distress by day and night was so great she could scarcely eat or sleep. She was faithfully conversed and prayed with; but while others found peace in believing, her distress continued. Her friends, who were aware of her engagement, pressed her at once with the question, whether she was willing to give up the ball for the sake of serving Christ. For a while she wavered; she wished very much to be saved, and was ready to surrender everything else; but she thought so much of the ball, and was so anxious to secure the regards of the young man who had invited her, she desired exceedingly to go this once. Here was a controversy with God; a severe struggle between motives of interest and convictions of duty. At length she fully decided to go to the ball. Her serious impressions were speedily dissipated; all anxiety about her soul subsided, and, so far as known, never revived again. That was doubtless the turning-point in her history; and that decision sealed her ruin. It is worthy of remark that the conduct of the young man towards her on the way to the ball, led her to a painful discovery of his corrupt character, destroyed her happiness at the ball, and broke up their correspondence forever. She sold her soul for an apple of Sodom: it tempted her eyes,

"But turned to ashes on the lips."

* * *

Wanted no Reward Here.

To the true Christian, poverty, while it may be a temporary inconvenience, is never a barrier between his heart and his Saviour. He regards present hardship as a privilege rather than an infliction, preferring rather to await an eternal reward, than to be enriched by worldly blessings. It is told of Luther that he left the honors and emoluments of this world to those who delighted in them. The poverty of this great man did not arise from wanting the means of acquiring riches; for few men have had it in their power more easily to obtain them. The Elector of Saxony offered him the produce of a mine at Sneberg; but he nobly refused it; "lest," said he, "I should tempt the devil, who is lord of these subterraneous treasures, to tempt me." The enemies of Luther were no strangers to his contempt for gold. When one of the popes asked a certain cardinal, why they did not stop that man's mouth with silver and gold; his eminence replied, "That German beast regards not money!" It may easily be supposed, that the liberality of such a man would often exceed his means. A poor student once telling him of his poverty, he desired his wife to give him a sum of money; and when she informed him they had none left, he immediately seized a cup of some value, which accidentally stood within his reach, and giving it to the poor man, bade him go and sell it, and keep the money to supply his wants. In one of his epistles, Luther says, "I have received one hundred guilders from Taubereim; and Schartts has given me fifty; so that I begin to fear, lest God should reward me in this life. But I will not be satisfied with it. What have I to do with so much money! I gave half of it to P. Priorus, and made the man glad."

* * *

The True Philosophy of Giving.

NOT many years since, writes a clergyman, I had occasion to solicit funds to aid in the prosecution of a work of benevolence. I stepped into the office of a Christian brother, with whom I had a partial acquaintance, and incidentally mentioned the unpleasant business before me, and inquired of him for the residence of a certain benevolent individual, and added that I hoped to get one dollar of him. After receiving directions, I turned to go out: "But stop," said this brother, "suppose you let me have the privilege of contributing a little of the money which the Lord has lent me, to this cause. Put down $100 for me." I expressed my surprise that he should contribute so liberally, and remarked that I should feel myself in duty bound not to call on him very soon on a similar errand. "Well then," said he, "my brother, I think you will very much mistake your duty. If you knew how much pleasure it gave me to contribute of my substance to the Lord, you would feel no reluctance in calling again. And now let me charge you, when engaged in similar business, never to pass me by. Call and I think I shall be able to do something; and if not, my prayers shall go with you."

* * *

A Darkened Soul Lighted.

ONCE in the heart of Africa, a native was dragged before Stanley by his men, for stealing a gun. Stanley looked at the gun—it surely belonged to the expedition. The poor man, frightened at the mention of Stanley's name and his presence almost beyond speech, could only find voice to say this wonderful thing: "I am a son of God; I would not steal." He repeated it again and again, but could say nothing else. Stanley comprehended that he must be a convert of some missionaries at work in that region, and gave him the gun, allowing him to go. At the next stopping station they found the gun waiting for them, with the explanation that the native had found it and was taking it to the missionary for instructions when he was captured. What a light must have touched this darkened soul, who, reared in all vileness and sin, had come to realize the divine fatherhood, and could say, "I am a son of God."

* * *

Zeal in Good Works.

An intelligent, industrious, and kind-hearted woman in Russia became a Christian. Her labors were transformed into Christian labors; and were followed up with an ardor and perseverance seldom exceeded. In her visits to the poor, she now carried books and tracts, as well as food and raiment; and when she found persons unable to read, which was frequently the case, she made it a point to read to them, and to explain what they could not understand.

Her prompt assistance was, in a great measure, instrumental in a zealous agent becoming extensively engaged in the circulation of the Holy Scriptures. She gave him two of the first Finnish Bibles that ever passed through his hands; and when there was a great demand for the sacred volume in that language, she actually sold her watch, in order to furnish one hundred Bibles to the poor, at reduced prices. This was a noble effort in the cause of God: it augured well as to future usefulness; and the expectations that were excited by it were more than realized. She took the whole city of St. Petersburg as her sphere, and perambulated it alone and succeeded beyond all expectations. In the course of a few months, she sold more than one thousand five hundred Bibles, and Testaments, and Psalters; and in this blessed work she continued perseveringly to engage. Hundreds derived advantage from her visits.

* * *

The Alarm Clock's Lesson.

NOT many years ago, says an exchange, a student, desiring to rise early in the morning, bought an alarm clock. For a few days it worked well. But one morning, after being aroused by its alarm, he turned over and went to sleep again. On subsequent mornings the clock failed to awake him. He placed it under the head of his bed, in close proximity to his ear. There it woke him till the time he disobeyed its summons; ever afterward it was a failure; he slept through its call with perfect regularity. Yet, on the other hand, many a mother wakes on the faintest voice of her child, and many a watcher on the slightest movement of the patient. They have trained themselves to heed such calls. In like manner the conscience may be deadened and trained. Let the Christian disregard its voice, and soon it will become unable to arouse him at all. Let him carefully heed its faintest remonstrance, and it will become to him a most valuable mentor. Take good care of your conscience; it is a most delicate apparatus.

* * *

A Revival Through a Stammerer.

FINNEY once told of a certain town where for years no revival had occurred. The young people were unconverted, and desolation was everywhere. In a quiet part lived an old blacksmith, who stammered so that it was distressing to hear him speak. He was a godly man, and one day, while at work, he was greatly troubled about the state of the church. His agony increased, so that he laid down his tools, and spent the afternoon in prayer. He prevailed, and calling on his minister, obtained a reluctant promise to appoint a conference meeting. The pastor feared few would come, but he called the meeting the same evening at a private house. Evening came, and more gathered than could get in. There was a silent hush for a time, and then one sinner burst into tears, and begged that if anyone there could pray he would pray for him. Another and another followed, till it was found that persons from every part of the town were under deep conviction. They all dated their conviction from the hour the old man was praying in his shop. A powerful revival began, and thus this man, whose speech was painful to human cars, found that his pleadings had power with God, and prevailed.

* * *

The Bullet and the Text.

DR. JOHN EVANS, tells of a young man whose inclination led him into the army, where he had a captain's commission. He was commanded, with his company, to storm a fort, wherein they were, for a short time, exposed to the thickest of the company's fire. When he had accomplished his enterprise, and the heat of the action was over, he found that a musket ball had lodged in his Bible, which was in his pocket, upon such a part of his body that it must necessarily have proved mortal to him, had it not been for this seasonable and well-placed piece of armor. Upon a nearer observation, he found the ball had made its way so far in his Bible as to rest directly upon the first unbroken leaf, at the words of Eccles. 11:9; "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." As the surprising deliverance much affected him, so a passage which his conscience told him was very apposite to his case, and which Providence in so remarkable a way pointed to his observation, made the deepest and best impression on his mind; and, by the grace of God, he from that time attended to religion in earnest, and continued in the practice of it to a good old age; frequently making the remark with pleasure, that his Bible had been the salvation both of his body and his soul.

AN UNEXPECTED SACRIFICE.

THE late Dr. Bush, of the American Board of Missions, had a gift of rare eloquence, with which he addressed congregations upon his favorite topic — foreign missionary effort. But few were ever cognizant of a most pathetic fact in his own life. He had a lovely daughter just budding into early womanhood, upon whom all his hopes were centered. He had given her every advantage of education and social position, and she had graduated with high honors, and with more than the usual accomplishments of social aspirants. She was the apple of his eye to her father, who anticipated many happy years in her society, now that she was exempt from school duties. It was at this time that Dr. Bush preached a sermon famous for its pleading pathos, asking for missionary labor. He addressed himself to his audience with a fervor that was overpowering. He demanded youth, beauty, talent, all to be laid upon the altar of sacrifice. He addressed himself especially to the young ladies present, and drew a vivid picture of the reward which awaited a life of self-abnegation; ending with an eloquent appeal that touched every heart. Then one beautiful girl arose and went forward, her face glowing with the zeal of inspired purpose. "I will go, my father," she said, in a firm voice. It was his own cherished daughter. He had never thought of this! Stricken to the heart, he walked home like one distraught, and entered his library. A small volume of poems lay upon the table. Mechanically, he took it up and read a verse inculcating entire consecration to God. It was like a voice of heavenly censure to the grudging father. From that moment he accepted the sacrifice in the spirit it was offered, and which he had himself inspired. His daughter became a missionary, and carried out to the letter the advice he had given so bravely to others, and which had come home to his own.

* * *

"Five minutes for Mercy."

IN the early part of my ministry, said a missionary preacher, a woman was in the habit of attending the place of worship in which I preached, who occupied a seat on the stairs, and who was very tenacious of her sitting, not allowing any other person to occupy it. She was observed by her friends, who sought occasion to converse with her on the important subject of religion; but she was very shy and evasive. All they could extract from her was this appalling reply: "Oh, I shall only want five minutes' time when I am dying to cry for mercy; and I have no doubt God Almighty will give it me." It was in vain to remonstrate with the woman; this was always her reply. Time passed on. One day, I was walking down the street, when a young woman ran up to me in a state of great excitement, exclaiming, "O, Mr. ——, I have found you; do come to my mother, sir; come this minute, sir, she is dying, she is dying!" I hastened with her to the house, and was astonished to find in the dying sufferer the poor unhappy woman who had attended my place of worship. She was evidently expiring; but, turning her dying eyes towards me, she cried out, "O, I am lost, I am lost!" and expired.

* * *

The Value of Christian Principle.

Two young men were working in the same factory. Twenty-five years afterward one of the young men was Governor of his State and the other was at the door of the executive mansion, a supplicant for an office of 500 dollars a year. The former had spent his evenings, after work in the factory was over, in study; had become an architect and civil engineer, and had grown rich and useful and prosperous. The other had spent his evenings in idle amusement and bad company, and had sunk lower in the social scale until he was in abject poverty. A similar case occurred in London not long ago. A gentleman received a pathetic letter, saying its writer had just met him in a crowded street, and recognised him, though they had not met since they were young men, ten years before. "I am glad to see you looking so well," he wrote, and the sight of your familiar face induced a number of pleasing reflections in connection with bygone scenes; but agonizing remorse at the maddening recollection that, from the neglect of those principles you endeavored to inculcate, I find myself stripped of fortune, friends and character, and hope of the world to come—a mere wreck—a waif on the restless waves of life that sway to and fro in this city. What would I not give to recall the past! The text, 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap,' is before me continually."

THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE.

The Holy Land to be Occupied by Judah and Israel in the Millennium.

BY DR. HENRY MEYMOTT.

WITH regard to the order of events ushering in the establishment of the predicted kingdom, the Church was warned against any undue interference with them, when the Lord corrected Peter's anxiety about John, and said, "Follow thou me." (John 21: 22.) The only true and safe position of the Church, therefore, is to follow Christ and testify of him irrespective of events, and "Wait for his coming from heaven," (1. Thess. 1: 10); at the same time everything that is revealed in God's Word is open to the investigation of the members of Christ's Church, and although they may not be personally mixed up in many of these coming events, still it is not unreasonable to suppose that they will take a special interest in them, now that they have been admitted into the family of God by the exercise of faith.

Some of the foretold events of the last days, such as wars and rumors of wars, and earthquakes, have occurred more or less frequently and intensely throughout the dispensation, but other events are clearly predicted to occur immediately before the "end comes," and with regard to these, both Jew and Christian are in danger of being deceived. Thus the Jew may suppose that the terrible judgments denounced against Jerusalem all took place at the siege of Titus; and the Christian may be led into the belief that there will be no further manifestation of a personal Antichrist, because some of his characteristics were indicated in the Popes of Rome. Such words are on a par with those of old who declared that the resurrection was passed already.

Two very striking of these penultimate events are now in active progress—viz., the diminution of the power and influence of Turkey, and the return of the Jews to Palestine. The former is figuratively pointed out as the drying up of the river Euphrates" (Rev. 16: 12), and as the termination of the "second woe." (Rev. 9:14.) When Turkish power is clean done away with, or held in harmless abeyance, the way will be cleared for the Jewish occupation of Palestine. It is very important to bear in mind that the return of Israel, or the Ten Tribes, will be a distinct event; and this clearly enunciated fact (see Isa. 66: 19, 20), is in accordance with the fact that Israel, as a nation, is not implicated in the crucifixion of Christ, and consequently will not in the righteous judgments of God, be partakers of the retributive punishment that will be inflicted on the Jews, on whom still rests the blood of Christ by hereditary imprecation. (Matt. 27:25.)

After Judah is gathered, which will be in unbelief, Jerusalem with its temple will be rebuilt, and the position of the Jews amonst the other nations of the world will become of such political importance, that all nations, and notably Russia, will be gathered against them. (Zech. 14: 2; Ezek. 39.) The covenant made with the infidel Anticrist will be broken, and terrible events will occur, constituting the last great tribulation, or time of Jacob's trouble. Contemporaneously with these events will be the abstraction from the Gentiles of the misused power divinely given, first to Nebuchadnezzar (Dan. 2: 37), and afterwards to Cyrus (II. Chron. 36: 23), which is figuratively foretold in the famous dream of Nebuchadnezzar, interpreted by Daniel, in which is described the dashing to pieces of the composite image by the stone cut out without hands, and then filling the whole earth.

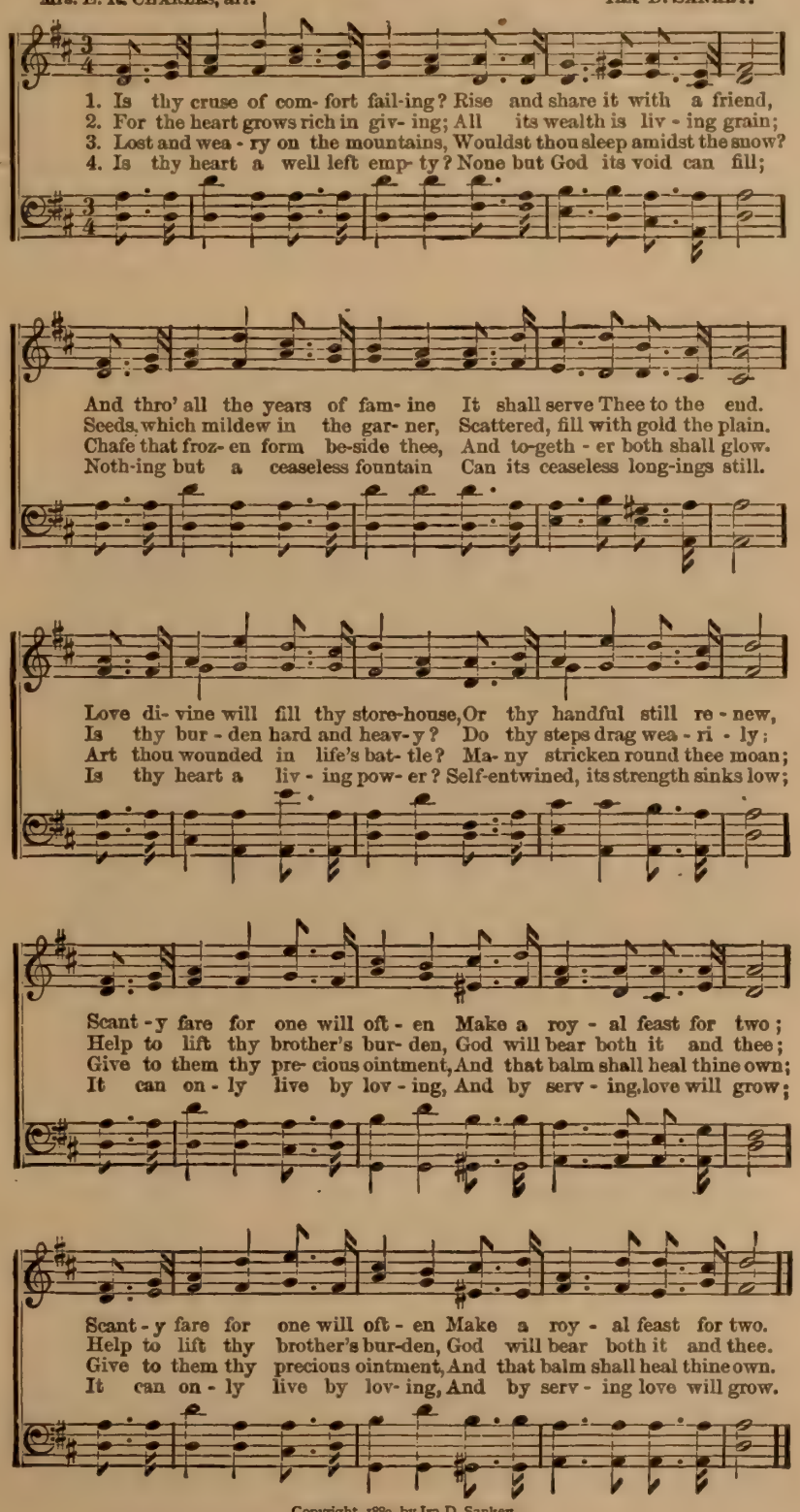
But in order that this prophecy shall be completely fulfilled, it will be necessary that the ten kingdoms, typified by the ten toes of the image in Daniel, should re-appear distinctly upon the scene, and this we know is in process of development. The concentration of these imminent judgments will be at Jerusalem. The Lord Jesus Christ, attended by his risen and translated Church, will "make his enemies his footstool" (Psalm 110 : 1), and the parabolic "wicked husbandmen" will be miserably destroyed. By the infliction of these judgments Judah will be miraculously delivered from her assailants, and will look upon him whom they have pierced, and will then repent and believe. After these events, Israel will be gathered from her protracted banishment, and as the two staves, "Beauty and Bands" were broken (Zech. 11: 14), and afterwards joined together (Ezek. 37: 20,21), so Judah and Israel will be united and become the chief nation on the earth.

The Title of Dr. Kinnear's Prophetical work is altered to *The Day of His Coming; or, Impending Judgments on the Earth.* The price will be one dollar It will be published in a few weeks. Orders may be sent now.

Is Thy Cruse of Comfort Failing?

"Neither did the cruse of oil fail."—1 KING. 17: 16.

Mrs. E. R. CHARLES, arr. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Is thy cruse of com- fort fail-ing? Rise and share it with a friend,
2. For the heart grows rich in giv- ing; All its wealth is liv - ing grain;
3. Lost and wea - ry on the mountains, Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
4. Is thy heart a well left emp- ty? None but God its void can fill;
And thro' all the years of fam- ine It shall serve Thee to the end.
Seeds, which mildew in the gar- ner, Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Chafe that froz- en form be-side thee, And to-geth - er both shall glow.
Noth-ing but a ceaseless fountain Can its ceaseless long-ings still.
Love di- vine will fill thy store-house, Or thy handful still re - new,
Is thy bur - den hard and heav-y? Do thy steps drag wea - ri - ly;
Art thou wounded in life's bat- tle? Ma- ny stricken round thee moan;
Is thy heart a liv - ing pow- er? Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
Scant - y fare for one will oft - en Make a roy - al feast for two;
Help to lift thy brother's bur- den, God will bear both it and thee;
Give to them thy pre- cious ointment, And that balm shall heal thine own;
It can on - ly live by lov - ing, And by serv - ing, love will grow;
Scant - y fare for one will oft - en Make a roy - al feast for two.
Help to lift thy brother's bur-den, God will bear both it and thee.
Give to them thy precious ointment, And that balm shall heal thine own.
It can on - ly live by lov- ing, And by serv - ing love will grow.

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I CLIMB TO REST.

STILL must I climb, if I would rest.
The bird soars upward to his nest;
The young leaf, on the treetop high,
Cradles itself within the sky.

I am not glad till I have known
Life that can lift me from my own.
A loftier level must be won,
A mightier strength to lean upon.

And heaven draws near as I ascend;
The breeze invites, the stars befriend,
All things are beckoning to the best;
I climb to thee, my God, for rest!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

IMMANUEL.

WHEN down the hill of life I go;
When o'er my feet death's waters flow;
When in the deepening flood I sink;
When friends stand weeping on the brink;
I'll mingle with my last farewell
Thy lovely name, Immanuel.

When tears are banished from mine eye;
When fairer worlds than these are nigh;
When heaven shall fill my ravished sight
When I shall bathe in sweet delight;
One joy, all joys shall far excel—
To see thy face, Immanuel.

—C. H. SPURGEON.

A World's Fair Trip Free.

"The Christian Herald's" Plan for Providing its Readers with Free Transportation Both Ways—Seven Days' Hotel Fare, and a Week of Pure, Innocent Pleasuring.

ALL the world is now talking of the Chicago Fair, the great Columbian Exposition in celebration of the Quadri-Centennial of the Discovery of America, which opens in the Western Metropolis next spring. Everybody will make an effort to visit the Fair. The extent of the preparations, the number and vastness of the buildings, the widespread interest among other participating nations, all point to an Exposition of unrivalled scope and magnificence.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received many letters of inquiry from different parts of the country regarding the Fair, and after careful consideration it has arranged a plan specially for the benefit of its readers and their friends, by which those who wish to visit Chicago can do so, without the outlay of a dollar. This will secure to all who profit by the plan, railroad transportation from their own States to Chicago and return, and one week's board and lodging convenient to the Fair Grounds.

For every person who during the six months from July 1st to Dec. 31, secures the number of new, annual, full-paid subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, stipulated below, at $1.50 each, we will send transportation tickets to Chicago and return, and a coupon entitling the holder to seven days' excellent board and accommodation at a location convenient to the World's Fair Grounds. This offer applies to every State in the Union. The railroad tickets will be valid for twenty days.

Those who intend to take advantage of this special offer should immediately notify us to that effect. Send us your full name and Post-office address, stating at the same time the number of subscription blanks and sample copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD you require to begin your canvass and we will send them.

Should you fall short of the subscription limit fixed for your section in the appended list, you have the privilege of choice between two courses, in neither of which can you possibly be the loser. Thus: in a section where 60 subscribers are fixed as the limit, if after securing 50 subscriptions, you find yourself unable to make further progress, we are prepared either to forward you our publisher's check, making a proper allowance for the work accomplished, or to accept from you a small cash payment, in addition to the 50 paid-up subscriptions, on receipt of which we will immediately forward the transportation tickets and 7-days' coupons. All cases of this nature will be adjusted on a similar liberal basis.

Some may have friends in Chicago with whom they prefer to stay during the visit. In all such cases, we will be willing, on receiving the necessary number of subscriptions, to forward to the tourist along with his or railroad tickets a check for $25 in lieu of the 7-day's coupon for board and lodging.

Address all applications to WORLD'S FAIR DEPARTMENT. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York City.

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mr. H. Buffat, Knoxville, Tenn., writes in reference to the answer to E. L. Yoder in this journal on August 31, that societies of Brethren, such as we described, existed in Switzerland before the movement initiated in England by John Darby. The State Council of Vaud issued an edict in 1823 against these societies, which proves that they had at that time attracted much notice. That they were persecuted for at least twenty-two years afterward is evident from the public records. Darby's arrival was followed by a separation of the Switzerland Brethren into two bodies. A number of the Brethren came to America and settled near Knoxville, Tenn., in 1848.

J. A. Kinsman, Denver, Colo. Will the world be converted before Christ comes?

No; the Bible does not lead us to expect it. All that we are told is that the Gospel will be proclaimed as a witness in all lands before he comes. Christ said (Luke 18: 8,) "When the Son of Man cometh shall he find faith on the earth?" The description of the last days II. Timothy 3: 1-5 and in other places implies that the world will be in an evil state when he comes. There is also the fact that he comes to take vengeance on his enemies.

Subscriber, Pittsburg, Pa. 1. Is a Judge who is a temperance man and a Christian, justified in granting a license to saloon-keepers? 2. What is the meaning of Proverbs 31: 6, 7? 3. Did Burns, the poet, ever profess to be a Christian?

1. Law and Christian principle may be, and frequently are, at variance. The law provides for the granting of licenses under certain conditions; if these conditions are complied with, the judge who issues licenses has no choice in the matter. It is his duty to fulfil the law. There are unquestionably many Christian men on the bench who have a high ideal of public duties, but who find that owing to the existing conditions of society, they cannot realize those ideals at present. Yet were these Christian judges to abandon the bench for this reason, they might be replaced by men who, having no such scruples and no fear of God in their hearts, would not hesitate to prostitute the judicial function to sinful purposes and thus establish a worse evil. 2. These verses refer to the custom of giving drink to criminals about to be executed, in order to stupefy them. 3. No.

P. C. Fletcher, Rome, Ga. 2. Is a man judged and assigned his portion immediately after death or does he await the final judgment? 2. Why did John the Baptist send his disciples to Jesus as described in Luke 7: 22 to ask him if he was the Messiah, when he had already acknowledged him as such? John 1: 29.

1. The Bible makes no explicit statement of the condition of disembodied spirits. Its object is rather to teach men how to live in this world so that they may obtain everlasting life, rather than to satisfy curiosity about the world to come. The inferences, however, from what is revealed, are generally believed to indicate that the soul goes immediately after death into a state of conscious happiness or misery, according to its standing before God; but that its full realization of either state does not take place till it has been clothed again with the body at the resurrection and judged at the final judgment. 2. If John made any statement of his reasons, it is not recorded. Perhaps the fact that Jesus made no public claim to the throne of David may have caused John some perplexity. Or it may be that he wished his disciples to satisfy themselves by personal application to Christ.

Subscriber, West Point, Ga. 1. To what extent may a genuine Christian, who has been wrongfully excluded from membership in the Missionary Baptist Church, engage with propriety in public worship? 2. Please explain 1 Cor. 3: 15. 3. Why have the crowned heads of Europe only one name?

1. A *genuine* Christian who has been *wrongfully* excluded, should join some other church and take the same course there that he would have taken if the M. B. Church had not excluded him. Without knowing any of the facts beyond those mentioned in the question, we would hazard the suggestion that generally a man's brother members are better judges than he is himself to what extent he is qualified to be a leader. 2. The meaning is that a man whose work for God is mistaken, or unworthy, or detrimental will lose the reward of the sincere and humble worker but he will not lose his personal salvation which is a free gift, not a reward. The preacher whose aim in his work is personal profit or aggrandizement will lose his reward, though his own soul may be saved. 3. They have usually many names beside their surname, but are sufficiently identified by the one name they choose.

ALL FOR JESUS

THE LIFE OF DORCAS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Oct. 9. Acts 9: 36-42; II. Cor. 9: 6-8.

BENEVOLENCE as a Christian duty occupied a more prominent place in Christ's teaching, than the Church seems to have realized. Of late years it has awakened more generally to its duty in the matter than formerly, but even now there are many churches in which there is no organized system of relieving the needs of the poor. It is true that philanthropists have generally been religious men, but their work has, for the greater part, been done apart from the Church. Religion and philanthropy have occupied distinct, if sympathetic spheres. Yet when we read Christ's description of the separation of the sheep from the goats in Matthew 25: 31-46, it would appear that personal service in the cause of charity, was the test of acceptance. Those to whom the words, "Come ye blessed," were addressed, had fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited the sick, and ministered to the prisoners. Those who were bidden "depart," were not charged with heterodoxy, or neglect of church services, but with failing in the duty of benevolence and kindness to the needy. Christ complains that they had neglected him in neglecting the poor. The apostle James pressed the same injunction home. He even goes so far as to doubt whether a man really has any faith at all if he fails in this duty. Yet how does the case stand? In the lower wards of New York City there are sights to be seen and tales to be heard that make the heart ache. Women stitching hard from dawn till after midnight, who will receive not more than a quarter of a dollar for the day's work. The merchant who pays her is able to sell the manufactured article cheaper because he pays her so little, and the ladies who go to his store to buy his bargains wonder "how the article can be made for the money." He is an officer of the Christian Endeavor Society, a teacher of a Bible class, and a very rich man; they are ladies of refinement, richly dressed and bejewelled. Is it nothing to them that the bargain he has sold and they have bought, has blood on it?

This matter of obeying the injunction "to consider the poor" needs to be taken up as an urgent and important duty. Spasmodic charity, the sending of a check to a charitable society, or an orphanage, does not discharge the duty. The vast problem of suffering, of hardship, of absolute want confronts us, and to whom does the duty of solving it belong so properly as to the Church of Christ? There is in the Church sufficient sagacity and sufficient wealth to deal with this awful problem. But, meanwhile, the need is pressing, and immediate relief is needed. While the larger problem is under consideration there are people around us in want of food and clothing. There are men whom sickness has prostrated, or who are "out of work," or are sufferring from any one of a thousand ills, which beset men who live from hand to mouth, as so many are obliged to do. The bread-winner stricken down, the family need temporary help. Or the man may be dead and his wife and children struggling to support themselves. Help is needed to give them a start in life. Hundreds of such cases may be found in every city by persons who look for them. There is no lack of opportunity for any one who is disposed to work. One of the busiest and, perhaps, too, one of the happiest women in our day is she, who like Dorcas, is full of good works and alms deeds.

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A GRAND RESCUE WORK.

EVERY one has heard of the Central Union Mission of Washington, D. C. The energy with which its aggressive rescue work has been conducted, and the enterprise, sagacity and industry which have characterized its little band of directors, and, still more, the success with which God has blessed their efforts—have spread the fame of the mission far and wide. It had its origin in the peculiar conditions of life and society in the Federal Capital. Washington is in all respects a representative city. Men from all sections of the Union congregate there and the various foreign legations bring men from every country on earth. It has beautiful and commodious houses of worship of every creed; but a few earnest, godly men, about eight years ago, noticed with sad concern that not more than a fifth of the population of the city were to be found in them on the Lord's Day. What became of the other four-fifths? How were they spending their day of rest? The answer to those questions was not difficult to give and these Christian young men determined to make an effort to reach the thousands who, far away from the cities of their residence, were making their sojourn in the capital a time of drinking, gambling and debauchery. Many a young man from a distant State, having obtained a government office, or while seeking one in Washington, was being drawn into the vortex of ruin and no hand was being stretched out to save him. There was Gospel preaching in the churches, but the men who were most in need of it did not go to church. It was decided to go out after them.

THR NEW HOME OF CENTRAL UNION MISSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A room was hired on Pennsylvania Avenue as an experiment and the zealous workers brought in hearers from the streets and from the localities where saloons and dens of vice abound. Cards of invitation were left at hotels and boarding-houses and were distributed in the parks, a short song service was held outside the doors of the Mission and the crowds that gathered were invited to the service. In a few months no less than ninety men had been converted in that room, some of whom had been notorious for their evil lives. Encouraged by their success, the workers secured better quarters and organized for permanent work. Since that time the progress has been extraordinary. Following the principle of going out into the highways and hedges according to Christ's command, expeditions were made to other sections of the city and services held in open-air or in tents and afterward in rooms, until now there are eleven branches of the mission in as many quarters of the city, each under the charge of a volunteer leader. Nor did this work exhaust the energy af the workers. They purchased a Gospel-wagon with which they made excursions into country districts, giving addresses and song services from the steps of the wagon at convenient stopping places. Large numbers have been brought to Christ by this means.

In the meantime the work at the Central Station on Pennsylvania Avenue was increasing rapidly. In five years over two thousand professed conversion there, and these were from all classes, from the tramp to the millionaire, and they hailed from every part of the United States and from foreign lands. Every night the mission room is crowded to its utmost capacity and many seek admission who cannot get in. Larger accommodations have become an imperative necessity, as well for the services as for the philanthropic work which has been gradually growing in connection with the Mission. Offers of financial help were made by wealthy Christian men who knew how valuable was the work the Mission was doing and the managers have now resolved to avail themselves of them to secure a building suitable for their work. The building selected is that formerly used for the City Post Office, a picture of which is here given. It is not far from the quarters now occupied by the Mission and it is in all respects suitable for the work after a few alterations have been made. The cost is heavy, as real estate in Washington brings high prices, especially when, as is necessary in this case, it is in the heart of the city. The managers feel, however, that they have a claim for help on Christian people of every State as the good work has reached men from all sections especially young men, some of whom though coming from Christian homes have been rescued from ruin through its agency. They therefore ask with confidence for help to secure the building in which they can do more and better work for Christ than they have ever done. Contributions may be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. T. A. Harding, Ohio National Bank Building, corner G and 12th Streets, Washington, D. C.

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Y. M. C. A. IN ENGLAND.

Two important questions are just now being debated in the Young Men's Christian Associations in England. One is the proposed amalgamation of the Y. M. C. A. with the Y. W. C. A. It is felt that the present division is both unnatural and absurd. Men and women meet together in churches, restaurants and railway carriages; why should they be separated when they wish to attend a class, hear a lecture, or sit in a reading-room? The reasons for the proposed union are, that, (1) It would save expense—one large successful institution would cost less to carry on than two small, struggling ones; (2) The refining influences of female society would be beneficial to the young men; (3) Opportunities would be given for the formation of pleasant friendships, which would undoubtedly lead to happy marriages; and (4) "Union" would certainly lead to "strength." The other question which is likely to cause trouble is the creed upon which so many of the Associations insist as a basis of membership. Many men who have wished to join the London Association, for instance, have at once withdrawn when they have found that this creed test was a condition of membership. The advocates of the abolition of the test, remind their opponents that in America, where the Y. M. C. A. are worked on a broader basis, and are much more successful, there is no creed test. Any man who is in full communion with a Christian Church is at once admitted to membership.

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LORD JERSEY, Governor of New South Wales, has sent a check for $175 to the Secretary of the Sydney Young Men's Christian Association to pay for Sunday morning breakfasts, which the Y. M. C. A. provides for the unemployed during the winter. In the letter accompanying the gift he approves of the practical way which the association has adopted of relieving the distress now existent. The destitution of the working classes in the colony is very great.

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L. C. S., Youngstown, O., can obtain all information as to the organization of a circle of King's Daughters, with badges, etc., by writing to the headquarters of the Order, 158 West 23d Street, N. Y.

THE HOMES OF BETHLEHEM.

A Glimpse of Family Life in the City of Christ's Nativity.

GOING out from Jerusalem toward Bethlehem, the traveler crosses the Valley of Hinnom, deep and impressive, with a high, rocky wall on one side and a steep hill on the other, dotted here and there with a few sentinel olive trees. If it be morning as he approaches the city of the Saviour's nativity, he will first catch a distant glimpse of it, white and beautiful, its limestone walls and roofs gleaming like marble in the sunlight. From the rising ground of the nearer approach one can see, looking to the west, ancient Mizpeh rising skyward and to the right Mount Moriah, now crowned by the Mosque of Omar, while far off to the southeast lies the Dead Sea. Every step of the path is historic and sacred. It is the road taken by Joseph and Mary when they went to their own city to be taxed, the road taken by the wise men when they sought and found the babe of the manger, and it is a road that is much traveled to-day, for upon it one meets horsemen, camels with burdens and travelers afoot.

Bethlehem is somewhat in the shape of a horse-shoe, with houses extending to the end of the curve on either side, and well tilled fields between. These were the fields in which Ruth gleaned when she met Boaz, and the pastures where the watching shepherds sat at night when they saw the angel host. Near one end of the curve of buildings, and by the city gate in the wall, is David's well, a wide, deep stone basin, cut out of the ancient rock, and full of clean, cool water nearly the whole year round.

There are other wells outside the walls, but few within; indeed, Bethlehem depends mainly on cisterns for its water supply for domestic purposes. To these outer wells many of the wives and maidens of Bethlehem come for drinking water. Our illustration shows one of these Bethlehemites—a Christian girl, doubtless, for her face is exposed, and with the exception of a few Moslems the greater part of the population is Christian—at a well from which she has just filled her water-jar. She wears the peculiar dress of the women of Bethlehem, which is in some respects different from that worn elsewhere in Palestine. Young girls wear a light frame on the head, over which is thrown a long white linen or cotton veil, which falls over the shoulders to the elbows. The frame itself is covered with cloth, sometimes plain, at other times of a brilliant colored pattern, and is frequently ornamented with coins that dangle from tiny chains; indeed, as Rev. Cunningham Geikie remarks, in his *Holy Land and the Bible*, "it often happens that the whole personal fortune of the matron or maiden alike is sewn on her headdress or hung about her neck, and not a few women have been murdered in past days for the sake of the wealth thus changed, in the strictest sense, into vanity."

But the women of Bethlehem, like their sisters elsewhere in the Orient, are not satisfied with the mere display of coins. A typical instance of personal ornamentation is found in the subject of our photograph, whose tastes in that direction, while regarded as permissible and proper in her own land, where the practical is often sacrificed for the picturesque, would certainly be too pronounced for any daughter of an American household. A heavy chain of silver depends from a circlet composed of a number of coins closely overlapping and worn as a coronet, leaving the forehead only partly visible. The striped gown, generally of dyed cotton, is loosely tied at the waist and has open sleeves that hang down to the knees. These leave the arms exposed to the elbows and afford opportunity for the display of half a dozen or more superfluous armlets and bracelets of silver or copper, sometimes fancifully decorated and quite valuable. With the addition of a jacket of brilliant red cloth, short-sleeved and embroidered in varied colors, the extraordinary costume is complete.

The veil worn by the women of Bethlehem is generally about two yards long and thirty inches in width. Being made of stout material, it is often utilized for carrying purposes. In Ruth 3: 15, this habit was illustrated when Ruth, holding out her veil, had it filled with six measures of barley by Boaz, who then laid it upon her shoulders. Some veils, however, being trimmed with silk, are not used for such humble service.

A VILLAGE GIRL OF BETHLEHEM.

(*From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage in the Holy Land.*)

Home-life in Bethlehem is very simple. Generally speaking, the buildings are good and the apartments frequently wholesome and comfortable, although they would hardly be considered inviting to western eyes. In the workshops, the men sit on the ground, the women on low wooden benches. The living rooms seem dingy, the walls are rough, the floor, where not of wood, is either earth or limestone and the carpentry of doors and windows is not above reproach. Bethlehem ranks above its neighbors in hospitality, cleanliness, and intelligence. It has good Protestant schools and Christian churches. The favorite promenade of the old people and the playground of the young is the open square in front of the Church of the Nativity. This famous edifice, the centre of sacred interest to the entire Christian world, and especially dear to the Christians of Bethlehem, has already been fully described in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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Woman's Help to the Nation.

WOMANLY wisdom is strong, and womanly instincts always point to the best interests of a man. Where he will unconsciously ruin himself women will save him. She led him out of the garden of Eden and she will lead him back again, says a writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. She is better in her nature to-day; she is stronger in her character; she is purer in her love and warmer in her affection than she ever was, and if ever there was a time in the history of the world when women could act as man's best helpmate, as his safest adviser, as his loyal friend, it is to-day, and I pity that man who lacks faith in her or is unwilling to put his trust in her wisdom and goodness. She will be to him what his strongest or most intimate man-friend can never be. She is the surest and safest refuge for man in times of trouble. Her heart is the most sympathetic spot against which to press, her arms form the downiest pillow for a tired head, while from her breast wells forth that love and affection for him of which woman's nature is alone capable, and to which man is an utter stranger. A man will be a hero for the woman he esteems, but a woman will be a martyr for the man she loves.

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The Folly of Neglect.

NEGLECT is the great cause of failure, says the *Cumberland Presbyterian*. Success is in every man's reach if he takes pains to succeed. We must face our task and work with our might to accomplish it. Your garden does not grow up in weeds because it might not be otherwise, but because you neglect it. The schoolboy fails and goes to the bottom of his class because he does not take pains. The sermon is crude and rambling and puts the congregation to sleep, because the pastor allowed himself to be diverted by other things from the work of careful preparation. "Diligence insures success," slackness and neglect mean inevitable failure. To know how is, of course, much; but to do the best you know, and keep diligently at it, is the best way to learn how, and the only sure road to success.

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GLIMPSES.

SOMETIMES I catch sweet glimpses of his face,
But that is all.
Sometimes he looks on me and seems to smile,
But that is all.
Sometimes he speaks a passing word of peace,
But that is all.
Sometimes I think I hear his loving voice
Upon me call.

And is this all he meant when thus he spoke,
"Come unto me?"
Is there no deeper, more enduring rest
In him for thee?
Is there no steadier light for thee in him?
Oh, come and see!

—*The Interior.*

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WELL-ORDERED HOMES.

IN a well ordered home almost everything planned and done has reference to the children. The happiest period in the family, remarks *The Children's Home-Finder*, is when the ages of the children range from the teen down to that of the little one that is just beginning to be interesting; whose little antics are such as call forth the display of that deep-seated affection, known only to parents, and which is the root of the tenderest care. Here are boys growing into manhood, and girls grow into womanhood. Here are father and mother with their combined wisdom directing these youths that they may adorn the home, ornament society and honor the church. Here is a great charge. The older ones, especially the boys, require much attention, that they may not improperly influence the younger. The tender years, the delicate frame, the pliable mind of the infants call for an attention that is careful even to nervousness.

What wisdom, what grace, what consciousness, what strong faith there must be to confront this task and carry it through! Yet where that love exists which is natural to right-thinking parents, how cheerfully the work is carried forward from day to day! The wise, affectionate, and practical mother realizes in a happy way the knowledge and strength of the older children in assisting in household duties and in caring for those that are younger. The father, in like manner, bears his share of duty, being careful that the boys do not lack parental example and guidance. Their literary training is carefully superintended. They are not sent to school too early, simply to have them out of the way.

Tney are first taught at home. Study is not irksome. The first lessons are rather of the nature of amusement. As they grow older and their minds develop they incline to more solid reading.

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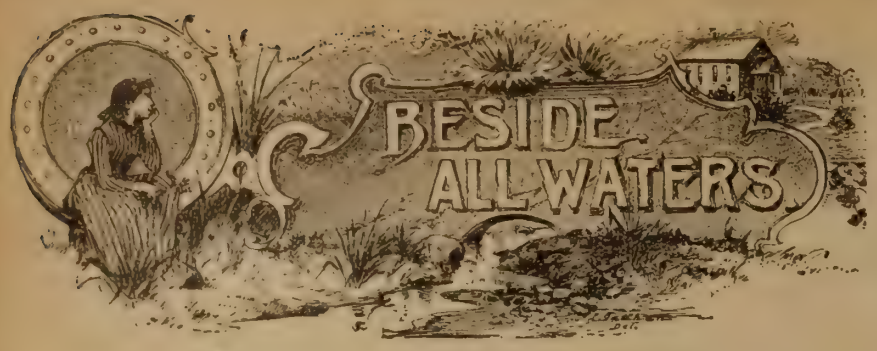
The Quiet Girl.

SHE never wears high colors on the street. You do not see her flaunting in brilliant plaids when they happen to be in style; when high hats are "in," she does not pile hers so high that she sweeps the cobwebs from the sky; she does not wear an exaggerated bang when the bang is in vogue, says a writer in *Harpers*, nor the longest train to her gown, nor the greatest number of bangles when bangles reign. But because she does not chatter and giggle, and make herself conspicious in horse cars, does not announce her convictions, and profess her admiration at every hand's turn, it must not be supposed that she has not ideas or convictions, or enthusiasm; that she moves along like a star in the heavens which obeys the laws of gravitation without selecting its course or objecting to its orbit. It is the quiet girl who marries earliest, who makes the best match, who fills the niches her more brilliant sister leaves vacant, who manages the servants, runs the sewing-machine, and remembers the birthdays.



BY

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*

Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

PHIN staid at home, as I have said, for nearly a month. Then he felt himself obliged to go to Oldbury with a load of hay.

"Why don't you sell your hay in Oldfield?" asked Symantha.

"Because I promised it to Stannard at the tavern, and I don't want to break my word. Don't you be scared, my girl, I'm not going to make a fool of myself any more. I've turned over a new leaf about that. Keep up a good heart, and I'll bring you and Kitty each a new frock if I have good luck with my hay."

"I want a piece of cotton sheeting, more than a new frock. Kit needs a dress or two, but I thought I should get them just as well at Mr. Andrew's; he has some nice black and white checks. Anyhow, father, do keep away from Stillwell's."

"I'm not going near Stillwell's," said Phin, rather angrily. "I believe you think your father is a fool." Then, softening as he saw his daughter's evident distress, "Don't you borrow trouble. I don't much wonder at your doing it, all things considered; but you'll see I'll come home all right. I'm no such tow-string of a man as you think me."

But alas! what man is not a tow-string when assailed by old appetites and old temptations, and old companions ready to do the devil's work and take the devil's wages? Phin came home silent and morose. He brought no new frocks for anybody; and when Symantha asked him, next day, for money to make some needful purchases at the Corners, he replied shortly that he had none.

"I thought you sold your hay," said Symantha. "Didn't Stannard pay you?"

"No——yes, partly; but I had to use the money another way. Take some of the butter-money, or get Andrews to trust you; I'll make it all right with him."

"I thought we agreed to save the butter-money for ma's gravestone," said Symantha.

"I can't help it," answered Phin, turning suddenly away. "I'd give you the money if I had it; but I haven't, and there is no use talking."

Symantha sighed, but said no more. In a few days Phin went to Oldbury again, and came home so drunk that Symantha and Kit had to take care of the team. His visits became more and more frequent, often lasting two or three days at a time. He brought home another keg of beer, and from that time was hardly ever sober. He began to talk of selling the farm and going West again, and Symantha was in despair.

"I did think we were settled at last," said she. "I thought I was to have a home."

"Well, have a home. Who hinders you?" said her father roughly. "You and Kit can hire a room somewhere, and take care of yourselves."

"You know I won't do that father. I shall never leave you."

"Maybe I shall leave you," said Phin. "It don't follow because I am going to destruction that I need drag you after me.—Well, there, you needn't cry, Kit, I haven't gone yet."

"I can't help crying when you talk so," sobbed Kit. "Oh, Uncle Phin, do be good. You have been so nice lately, and gone to church, and all. I did think you were going to turn out a Christian."

"I almost thought so, myself Kitty; but it's no go," said Phin, with a hard laugh. "You see, I'm one of those stony-ground hearers that you read about the other day, and nothing good will grow in me. But you and your friends believe in prayer; why don't you pray for me?"

"I do," replied Kit with emphasis, "every day and every night; and I am going to keep on. You don't believe in God, Uncle Phin, but you can't get away from him, not in Oldbury nor anywhere else."

Kit kept her word; and her prayers were heard, but not in the way she expected or would have chosen.

Meantime the school was prospering in Ida's hands; and every one was satisfied, except Aunt Betsy, who never was satisfied with anything. Ida and Amity, from real compassion, had set themselves to work to conciliate the old woman. Ida, who had a genius for millinery, made her a pretty cap, and Amity carried her a pound of very fine green tea, such as she liked; but all to no purpose. Aunt Betsy admitted that the cap looked tolerably well, considering; she supposed it was fudged up out of some of Mrs. Van Zandt's old ones. As to the tea, she thought it was a queer color.

But though Aunt Betsy was not to be won over, Ida had plenty of friends. Even the Jewsbury girls liked her, and behaved better in school than they had ever done before. The truth was, that Ruth had grown secretly tired of her rebellion against Miss Armstrong, and was glad of a pretext for giving it up; and her younger sister followed her lead, as a matter of course. There had been no symptom of rebellion or discontent in any of the girls since Selina left. She had been sent, as Mrs. Weston proposed, to visit Mrs. Weston's married daughter at Oldbury. Selina did not like going, but had been tempted by the promise that she should have singing lessons from Professor Schultz of New York, who was spending the summer at Oldbury.

Lizzie Woodbury was Mrs. Weston's favorite daughter, and she welcomed Selina cordially, not only because she wanted to please her mother, but because she was fond of Selina. She had begun by being much pleased with the arrangement; but she was growing uneasy, and wishing her sister at home again. Selina had made the acquaintance of a certain Mrs. Orme, who had come up from New York, and taken a house for the summer. Mrs. Orme was apparently rich, at least, she spent her money freely; she was handsome, and had a frank, not to say free manner, which took Selina's fancy greatly. There was nothing to be said against the woman, but Oldbury did not take to her. Mrs. Orme's garden joined Mr. Woodbury's, and at her first coming Lizzie had shown her some neighborly civilities, though she had never responded to her attempts at intimacy. Nevertheless, the two families spoke together, and Mrs. Orme introduced herself to Selina over the garden hedge. She had heard her singing, and been struck with her fine voice. Mrs. Orme had a piano, and was no mean performer herself. She asked Selina to sing with her, and lent her the latest music. Mrs. Orme was in ecstacies over Selina's voice, and threw out broad hints of having her young friend to spend the winter with her, that she might have proper instruction.

"With that voice, and a few lessons in elocution, you might do anything," said Mrs. Mrs. Orme. "You might make your fortune."

"Singing at concerts, do you mean?" asked Selina.

"Yes; of course, or on the stage. You needn't look so shocked, child. A great many society ladies go on the stage now, just for fun. And, if you don't care to do that, there are always church choirs in New York, where they will pay almost any price for a good soprano voice. You must practise diligently, and especially singing at sight, for that is all-important."

"Mr. Schultz says I improve in that, but he was very severe on me at the last lesson," observed Selina. He said, 'Miss Weston, you do not improve in style. You are imitating your friend, Mrs. Orme, or whatever you call her, who sings in the manner of the beer-garden.' "

"Spiteful old hunchback!" said Mrs. Orme, coloring. "His mind is as crooked as his body, and his own style is that of a broken-down church organ. But never mind, wait till I get you to New York, my dear."

"I don't believe my father and mother will ever let me go," said Selina, regretfully.

"They are not pour own father and mother, and I don't see that you are bound to obey them," returned Mrs. Orme. "According to your own account, you have done work enough to pay for all they ever gave you. I don't doubt that they are very nice people," she hastened to add, seeing that Selina looked rather shocked; "I am sure Mrs. Woodbnry is charming, if she would condescend to be friendly; but she seems to have taken a dislike to me, tor some reason."

Mrs. Orme was right. Lizzy did not like her, and she was annoyed at the intimacy that Selina had struck up with her.

"I do wish you would not go to Mrs. Orme's so often," she said to Selina one day. "I am sure mother would not approve of it."

"What have you against Mrs. Orme, I should like to know?" asked Selina in a tone which said, "What business is it of yours?"

"I have nothing against her personally; that is, she has done nothing to me," answered Lizzy gently. "But I do not like her manners, and I don't like such intimacy with a stranger. We know nothing at all about Mrs. Orme."

"There spoke all Oldham," said Selina. "We don't know her, therefore she must be bad."

"I did not say she was bad," returned Lizzy. "But I do say, that it is better to know something of a person's antecedents and present standing, before rushing into a violent friendship with them."

"Don't you see what an advantage it is to me to sing with her?"

"I am not so sure of that. Mrs. Orme has a fine voice, and plays well; but, I don't think she has improved your style at all. Just compare her singing with Miss Van Zandt's."

"Oh, Miss Van Zandt! I hate the very name of Miss Van Zandt; and I wish she and her model, Miss Armstrong, had never come near Oldham. They have set father and mother against me, and got me into disgrace; and all for what? Because I would not play the hypocrite, and pretend to be religious. I believe Miss Armstrong is a humbug, if ever there was one; but, then, she can talk pious, and whoever can do that goes down with mother."

"I have no more to say, Selina," returned Lizzy. "Only I hope the time will never come when you will need the love and kindness you despise. But one thing I must add: I will not have my mother treated disrespectfully under my roof by any one. Remember that."

"Who treats her disrespectfully?" said Selina. "I guess I love mother as well as you do, any day, and would do as much for her, if I don't flatter her, and swear that every thing is right because she does it. But everybody is against me," she added, bursting into tears. "I have always been alone in the world; and, when I make a friend, I can't be allowed to enjoy her, because you are jealous of her. I should think you would be ashamed to show such a spirit."

"Heyday! what is that," asked Mr. Woodbury from the other room. "I don't allow any one to scold my wife but myself, Selina. What is that Lizzy is to be ashamed of?"

Selina deigned no answer, but retreated to her own room to have her cry out. Having accomplished this fully she began to think, which is quite a different thing from talking to one's self. She reflected that she would be very foolish to quarrel with Lizzy and her husband. Suppose Mr. Woodbury should say that he would not keep her any longer; suppose he should complain to her father: there would be an end of the singing-lessons, for which she had longed, and on which she had built so many hopes. She had already thrown away one chance of improvement,—that of singing with Ida Van Zandt. Would it not be folly to lose another?

Then another voice began to make itself heard,—that of conscience; a voice which Selina had not succeeded in silencing, and had not yet learned wholly to disregard. She was an orphan, with no claim of relationship to any human being that she knew of. She had never known of any home but the asylum in Oldbury, till Mr. and Mrs. Weston came and took her home to the ease and plenty of the Oldham farmhouse. But for them she might still be living in the red-brick house on Elm Street, dressing on week-days in pink or lilac calico, and walking to church on Sunday with the other children, if, indeed, she had not been bound out as a servant somewhere. She could not deny, even to herself, that Mr. and Mrs. Weston had always treated her like a daughter, that there was not a girl in Oldham who had more pretty things or more chances for education. Mr. Weston had bought the piano expressly for her, for Lizzy was not musical, and he had given her every advantage that the place afforded; while Mrs. Weston and Lizzy had done more than there share of the work, that she might have time to practise. Pursuing the subject with the obstinacy which belongs to that inconvenient counselor, conscience further informed her that she had heretofore made a very inadequate return for all that had been done for her, that she had been often ill-natured and disrespectful, often careless, and always jealous, lest, perhaps, Lizzy might have something which she had not. She knew that Mrs. Weston had made a great sacrifice in letting her come to Oldbury in the very busiest time of the year, making the condition that she should be guided by Lizzy in all things. What sort of a return was she making?

But Selina did not care to listen to the voice of conscience. She said to herself that she would be more cautious; that she would not quarrel with Lizzy, or come across her prejudices. It was perhaps only natural that Lizzy should be jealous of her friendship with a superior person like Mrs. Orme, and she must be careful not to annoy her. She would go to work that very evening, and knit a pair of shoes for the baby, and that would make everything right. She had just arrived at this conclusion when Lizzy called her to tea. She bathed her face and eyes, smoothed her hair, and went down prepared to be amiable.

"Horace and myself are going up to see mother Woodbury a little while," said Lizzy, after tea. "Will you go with us? Mother sent word this afternoon that she would like to have us come over."

"She is very kind, I am sure," said Selina. "I will go some other time, but to-night I have something I want to do."

"I hope she won't go into Mrs. Orme's," said Lizzy, as they walked away.

"And so do I. The fact is, Lizzy, that intimacy must be broken up, if Selina goes home to do it. I don't like the woman; and I like still less the style of visitors she has, the men especially."

Some of them are not nice-looking, certainly. However, I don't think Selina has ever been there when Mrs. Orme has had company. Well, we will think about it, and try to see our way. I rather wish we had not left her at home alone. However, I don't believe she will go there to-night."

Nevertheless Selina did go to Mrs. Orme's. She persuaded herself that there was something she did not understand in the pattern for a baby's shoe that Mrs. Orme had lent her, and that it was necessary for her to seek information. It could do no harm to run in just for a minute.

Mrs. Orme received her with open arms, and introduced her to a friend of her own, from Boston, Mr. Pyncheon, a member of one of the oldest Beacon Street families. No, she said playfully, they would not waste time over the stupid knitting; Mr. Pyncheon was an excellent judge of music, and he must hear her sing. Mr. Pyncheon seconded his hostess. He was a comparatively young-looking man, with very white hair and whiskers. He delighted Selina by his praise of her music. "I have not heard such a voice since I lost my own daughter," said he. "Miss Weston reminds me of her."

"She is like poor Angelina," said Mrs. Orme. "I noticed it myself. Isn't it a shame, Mr. Pyncheon, that such a voice should be buried in the wilds of Oldfield, and never heard, except in the village choir?"

"It is indeed. Miss Weston ought to go to some of the great German schools. Even now her voice would be noticed in New York."

It is useless to repeat any more of the compliments by which Selina was fooled to the top of her bent. She sang song after song, alone and with Mrs. Orme, till, warned by the striking of the clock, she returned just in time to meet Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury as they returned from their evening visit. Lizzy was greatly annoyed, and spoke more sharply than was at all common with her.

"I only went in to get a pattern Mrs. Orme promised me," said Selina, restraining herself by a great effort. "Mrs. Orme had some new music, and kept me to try it. I am sorry you are vexed, Lizzy; but you know I can't break off with her all at once, when she has been so kind to me in lending me music, and so on. I won't go there if you don't want me to, though I must say I can't see any harm in her."

Already sorry for her severity, Lizzy said no more; and Selina, warned by what had happened, actually staid away from Mrs. Orme's for three whole days.

(*To be Continued.*)

* By special arrangement with Thomas Whittaker, publisher, New York.

FOUNDING SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

"The Christian Herald" Missionary's Work not Unattended with Peril.

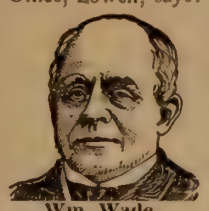
AN idea of the nature of the missionary and Sunday School founding work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD missionary in the Southwest. Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, has already been gathered from some of his recent correspondence published in these columns. Writing from Madison, Monroe Co., Mo., lately, he says:

"The fourth Sunday in May I visited two school-houses near one of the forks of the Fabbius River. I had to walk from the farm house to the place of meeting, about a mile and a quarter. The morning was rainy, as usual at this season, and the attendance was small, but arrangements were made to organize a school at a later day. In the next district visited, I found the people were in reach of a church-house about two and a-half miles distant, which was much more easy of access than the school-house, and it was thought best not to organize there, but to encourage the Sunday School at the country church. On account of the continuance of the great rains, I confined myself mostly to railroad towns for the first two weeks in this month, giving preference to the newest, as most likely to be the most needing my labor. The first Sunday in the month, I visited two feeble schools near the line between Missouri and Iowa, to encourage them and also preached twice. The second Sunday, I visited two places near the Grand Chariton river. The first was a very hard place. The river had overflowed the bottom land three times this spring. When I was there, the water had receded to the main channel, leaving its mark near the village. The little village is noted for drunkenness, profanity, and other vile deeds, and though it is of recent growth, one man has been killed in it. Low dances are encouraged, and such of its inhabitants as try to improve the morals of the place, encounter opposition and ridicule. One of the baser sort tried to guy me, but I ignored him and went on with my work, and organized a Sunday School of the success of which I am quite hopeful. The Lord has a few people even there."

From there Mr. Sharp went to another village, where he had organized a school a few years ago in a poor hall, there being neither school-house nor church in the place, but much wickedness. This school is prosperous, a church has been organized, and after visiting the Sunday School the missionary preached at night to an audience that filled the large school-house, which had been built since the first visit. Mr. Sharp then went through the country on horse-back, as the condition of the roads forbade the use of a buggy. He thus travelled seventy-three miles from home, stopping on to deliver three addresses.

Indigestion Cured

Mr. Wm. Wade, the well known boot and shoe dealer at 17 Merrimack St., near the Post Office, Lowell, says: "When I find **a good thing** I feel like praising it, and I know from personal experience that Hood's Sarsaparilla is



Wm. Wade.

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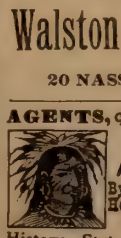

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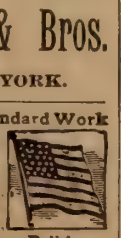

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WRITING from Osaka, Japan, the Rev. William Wynd, the famous Baptist Missionary there, says: Some time ago I opened a country station at a very needy place in the Island of Shikoku. A few having professed their faith in Christ, and asked for baptism, we went to hold a series of meetings and baptize those who gave evidence that their hearts had been changed by the Holy Spirit. We had a time of great blessing. Our meeting-house, a pretty little place, holding about two hundred people, was full every night. The first night there were some inclined to be noisy. They shouted, whistled, and called out, "It is false." But after reasoning with them, and saying how uncourteous it was to condemn a man before they heard him, their native politeness restrained them, and there was no more interruption. We held meetings every night, and often far into the night, for a week, and during the day we had many inquirers. I baptized four men and four women, who had been receiving instruction for some time, and who gave evidence of conversion. The mother of one of the young men baptized, kept a liquor shop, which, like the same trade in America, is a profitable one. I showed him the evils of the drink, and readily obtained from him a promise to have nothing to do with the accursed thing. He seemed greatly concerned about his mother, and when he went home he reasoned with her so that she, too, resolved to have nothing to do with it. Although it was nearly midnight when they came to that decision, the young man came right back to my house, and aroused me out of bed, to tell me the good news, when we rejoiced together, and praised the Lord who was indeed showing that the hearts of all men are in his hand. His mother is now a candidate for baptism, and although we are keeping her waiting a little, I think the fact that she was willing to give up her business for Christ's sake, is an evidence of her conversion.

A NEW LEAF.

HE came to my desk with a quivering lip—
The lesson was done— [said;
"Dear teacher, I want a new leaf," he
"I have spoiled this one." [ted
In place of the leaf so stained and blot-
I gave him a new one all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled—
"Do better now, my child."

I went to the throne with a quivering soul—
The old year was done—
"Dear Father, hast thou a new leaf for me?
I have spoiled this one."
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one, all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled—
"Do better now, my child."

—*Episcopal Recorder.*

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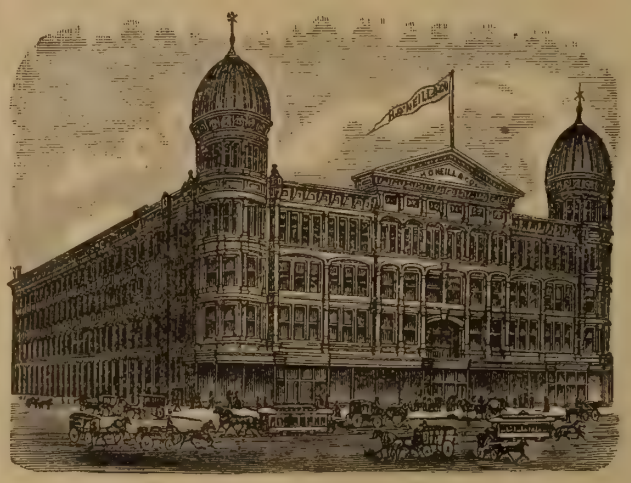

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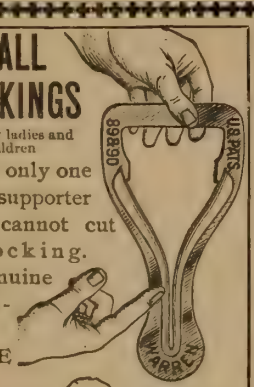

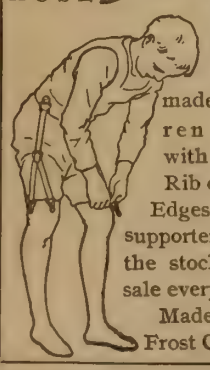

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In cool and shade his peace to find,
Like dew-fall settling on my mind;
Assured that all I know is best,
And humbly trusting for the rest,
I turn from Fancy's cloud-built scheme,
Dark creed, and mournful Eastern dream
Of power, impersonal and cold,
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Alike the subject and the cause;
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And, baffled ever, babble still,
Word prodigal, of fate and will;
From Nature, and her mockery, Art,
And book and speech of men apart,
To the still witness in my heart;
With reverence waiting to behold
His Avatar of love unfold,
The Eternal Beauty new and old.

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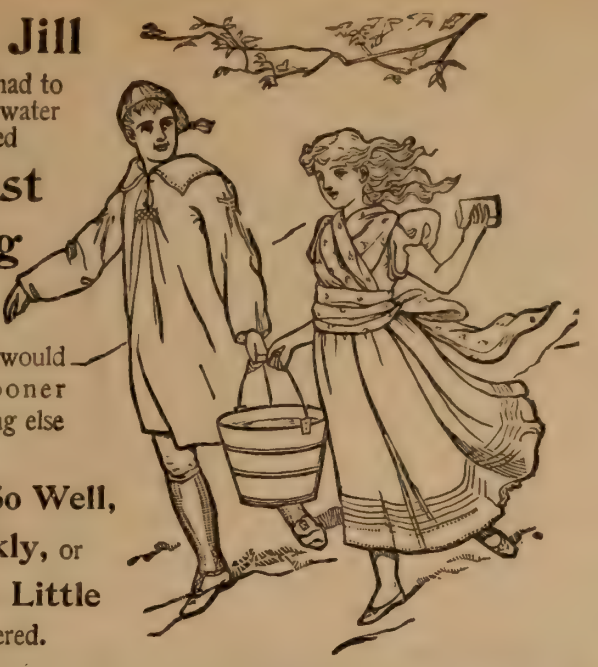

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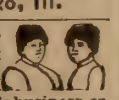

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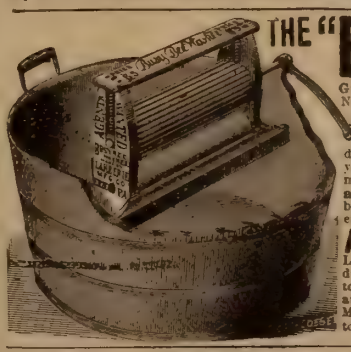

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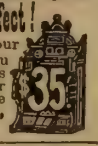

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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VOLUME 15.

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Office Bible House New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 5, 1892.

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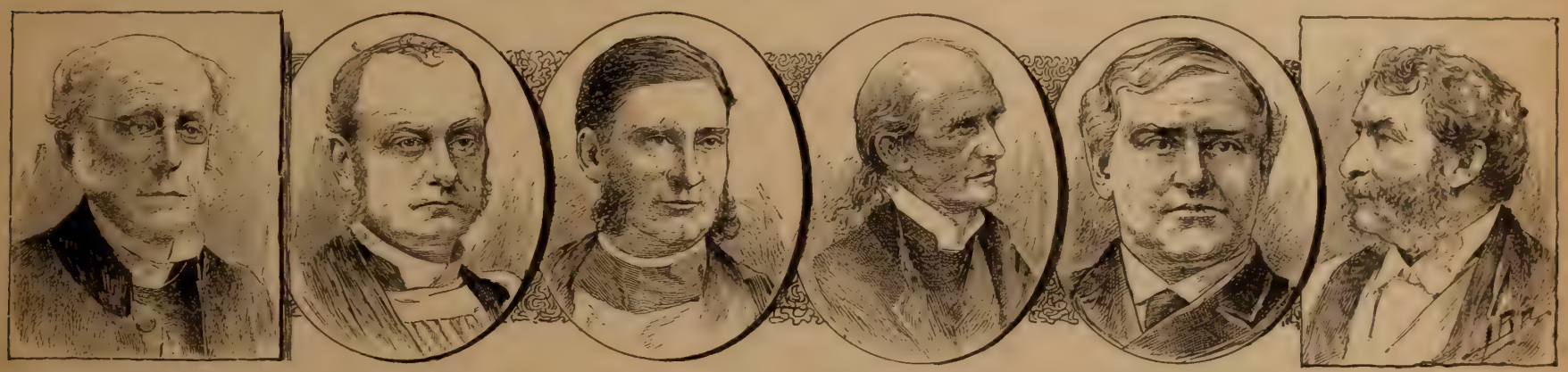
A GREAT CHURCH CONVENTION.

The Triennial Assembly of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America at Baltimore — A Month of Momentous Church Legislation — Prominent Leaders who will Take Part in the Deliberations.



BISHOP WILLIAMS, CONNECTICUT. BP. POTTER, NEW YORK. BP. WALKER, NORTH DAKOTA. BP. WHIPPLE, MINNESOTA. BP. BROOKS, MASSACHUSETTS. BP. THOMPSON, MISSISSIPPI.

NOTABLE in many points of view is the great assembly which meets to-day in Baltimore, Md. It is the thirty-seventh triennial General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is now one hundred and seven years since the first convention was held. Compared with the small number which in 1785 assembled in Philadelphia to confer and legislate for the infant church, the large and distinguished body of men which will meet to-day in Emmanuel Church, Baltimore, is significant of rapid growth and extension. It is also notable on account of the intellectual standing of its members. Probably no branch of the Church of Christ has insisted so strenuously as the Protestant Episcopal Church on having the men who occupy its pulpits thoroughly educated and trained for the work which they have to do. As theologians as well as men of culture and secular erudition, the members of this convention form a distinguished gathering, whose debates and deliberations must command the respectful attention of Christians of all denominations. There is also a significance which is very impressive to members of other churches in the spectacle of men whose theological opinions are widely divergent, meeting together under a common name and with a common object. The Protestant Episcopal Church is, and was intended to be, a comprehensive communion. Loyal to the Church, thoroughly in earnest for the salvation of souls, sincerely desiring to advance the kingdom of Christ on earth, they differ from each other in doctrine and the character of their teaching more widely than they differ from clergymen of other denominations. Yet the broad platform of their church has room for them all, and each of them finds in the sublime liturgy of the Church an expression of his individual feelings, aspirations and beliefs. Differences of opinion will inevitably arise in this as in former conventions; but underneath all the differences there will be, as in the past, a sense of brotherhood and a recognition among opponents of sincerity of belief and a conscientiousness of purpose.

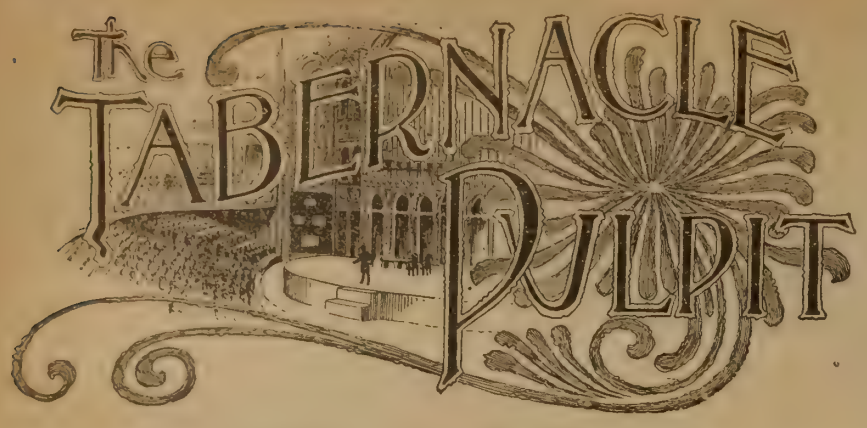
THE PROPOSED NEW MISSION HOUSE OF THE P. E. CHURCH.

The convention is composed of two houses. The one consists of the fifty-two bishops of the Church with the assistant bishops and the missionary bishops, and the other of 208 clergymen and the same number of laymen, four of each being elected by each of the fifty-two dioceses into which the United States are divided. Besides these, who will vote on the questions to be submitted, there are a number of delegates from the mission districts, who will be at liberty to speak on the subjects in which they are interested, but who have no votes in the convention. Each house has the power of initiating legislation, but the concurrence of both houses is necessary to make any edict valid and binding on the Church. The presiding officer of the House of Bishops is the senior bishop, the venerable Dr. John Williams of Connecticut, whose portrait appears on this page, with those of Bishops Walker, of North Dakota; Potter, of New York; Thompson, of Mississippi; Whipple, of Minnesota; and Phillips Brooks, of Massachusetts. Bishop Williams is in his seventy-fifth year. He has been fifty-four years in the ministry and has been nearly forty-one years a bishop. He will be aided in the chairmanship by one of his brethren—probably by Dr. Henry A. Neely, Bishop of Maine, who will preside when Bishop Williams is absent. The chairmanship of the lower house will probably devolve on Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church, New York, who presided at the Convention of 1886 in Chicago, and 1889 in New York. Dr. Dix on both occasions proved an able presiding officer, and a skilful parliamentarian, who in the maze of motions, amendments, and appeals to the chair, always kept a clear head, and maintained order in the house. Dr. Dix is in his sixty-fifth year; he is a son of the late General John A. Dix, the famous war governor of New York. He is a profound theologian, an eloquent speaker, and the author of several standard theological works. As he was unanimously elected chairman of the House of Deputies at the last Convention, he will probably be asked to preside again this year.

It is expected that the business to be transacted will keep the Convention busy for a full month. In addition to the ordinary business of receiving reports from the various institutions and societies, missionary, educational, and philanthropic, connected with the Church, which the Convention is in the habit of scanning very closely, in order to test and maintain their efficiency, there is this year an unusual quantity of new and unfinished business to occupy its attention. Much of this will come before the Convention in the form of reports from Committees appointed by the Convention of 1889, and these are likely to give rise to protracted discussion.

A re-arrangement of dioceses is also likely to be urged on the consideration of the Convention. The Church has grown so rapidly that some of the dioceses are now too large for episcopal functions to be efficiently discharged by their bishops, and there is a general opinion that it is better to divide them than to appoint assistant bishops. There are also applications

(*Continued on page 627.*)



"DEEP SEA FISHING."

Dr. Talmage's Second Sermon after his return from his European Preaching Tour. Text: Luke 5: 4: "*Launch out into the deep.*"

CHRIST, starting on the campaign of the world's conquest, was selecting his staff officers. There were plenty of students with high foreheads, and white hands, and intellectual faces, and refined tastes, in Rome and in Jerusalem. Christ might have called into the apostleship twelve book-worms, or twelve rhetoricians, or twelve artists. Instead, he takes a group of men who had never made a speech, never taken a lesson in *belles-lettres*, never been sick enough to make them look delicate—their hands broad, clumsy, and hard-knuckled. He chose fishermen, among other reasons, I think, because they were physically hardy. Rowing makes strong arms and stout chests. Much climbing of ratlines makes one's head steady. A Galilee tempest wrestled men into gymnasts. The opening work of the Church was rough work. Christ did not want twelve invalids hanging about him, complaining all the time how badly they felt. He leaves the delicate students at Jerusalem and Rome for their mothers and aunts to take care of, and goes down to the sea-shore, and out of the toughest material makes an apostleship. The ministry need more corporeal vigor than any other class. Fine minds and good intentions are important, but there must be physical force to back them. The intellectual millwheel may be well built and the grist good, but there must be enough blood in the mill-race to turn the one and to grind the other.

He chose fishermen, also, because they were used to hard knocks. The man who cannot stand assault is not fit for the ministry. It always has been and always will be rough work; and the man who, at every censure or caricature, sits down to cry, had better be at some other work. It is no place for ecclesiastical doll-babies. A man who cannot preach because he has forgotten his manuscript or lost his spectacles, ought not to preach at all. Heaven deliver the Church from a ministry that preach in kid gloves, and from sermons in black morocco covers! These fishermen were rough and ready. They had been in the severest of all colleges. When they were knocked over by the main boom of the ship, they entered the "Sophomore;" when washed off by a great wave, they entered the "Junior;" when floating for two days, without food or drink, on a plank, they came to the "Senior;" and, when, at last, their ship dashed on the beach in a midnight hurricane, they graduated with the first honor.

My text finds Jesus on shipboard with one of these bronzed men—Simon by name. This fisherman had been sweeping his net in shoal water. "Push out," says Christ; "what is the use of hugging the shore in this boat? Here is a lake twelve miles long and six wide, and it is all populated—just waiting for the sweep of your net. Launch out into the deep."

The advice that my Lord gave to Simon is as appropriate for us all in a spiritual sense. The fact is that most of us are just paddling along the shore. We are afraid to venture out into the great deeps of God and Christian experience. We think that the boat will be upset, or that we cannot "clew down the mizzen top-sail," and our cowardice makes us poor fishermen. I think I hear the voice of Christ commanding us, as he did Simon, on that day when bright Galilee set in among the green hills of Palestine, like water flashing in an emerald cup: "Launch out into the deep."

This divine counsel comes, first, to all those who are paddling in the margin of Bible research. My father read the Bible through three times after he was eighty years of age, and without spectacles; not for the mere purpose of saying he had been through it so often, but for his eternal profit. John Colby, the brother-in-law of Daniel Webster, learned to read after he was eighty-four years of age, in order that he might become acquainted with the Scriptures. There is no book in the world that demands so much of our attention as the Bible. Yet nine-tenths of Christian men get no more than ankle-deep. They think it is a good sign not to venture too far. They never ask how or why; and if they see some Christian becoming inquisitive about the deep things of God, they say: "Be careful; you had better not go out so far from shore." My answer is: The farther you go from shore the better, if you have the right kind of ship. If you have mere worldly philosophy for the hulk, and pride

"HE CHOSE FISHERMEN."

for a sail, and self-conceit for the helm, the first squall will destroy you. But if you take the Bible for your craft, the farther you go the better; and after you have gone ten thousand furlongs, Christ will still command: "Launch out into the deep." Ask some such question as "Who is God?" and go on for ten years asking it. Ask it at the gate of every parable; amidst the excitement of every miracle; by the solitariness of every patriarchal threshing-floor; amidst the white faces of Sennacherib's slain turned up into the moonlight; amidst the flying chariots of the Golden City. Ask who Jesus is, and keep on asking it of every Bible lily, of every raven, of every star, of every crazed brain cured, of every blind man come to sunlight, of every coin in a fish's mouth, of every loaf that got to be five loaves, of every wrathful sea pacified, of every pulseless arm stretched forth in gratulation; ask it of his mother, of Augustus, of Herod, of the Syrophœnician woman, of the damsel that woke up from the death-sleep; of Joseph, who had him buried; of the angel posted as sentinel at his tomb; of the dumb earth, that shook, and groaned, and thundered when he died.

A missionary in France offered a Bible in an humble dwelling. The man took it, tore out a dozen pages, and with them began to light his pipe. Some years after the missionary happened in the same house. The family had just lost their son in the Crimean war, and his Bible had been sent back home. The missionary took it up, and saw that it was the very same Bible that he had left in the house, and from which the leaves had been torn. The dying soldier had written on one of the leaves of the Bible: "Rejected and scoffed at, but finally believed in and saved." The Bible may be used to light the pipe of witticism by some, but for us it is a staff in life, a pillow in death, and our joy for eternity.

Walk all up and down this Bible domain! Try every path. Plunge in at the prophecies, and come out at the epistles. Go with the patriarchs, until you meet the evangelists. Rummage and ransack, as children who are not satisfied when they come to a new house, until they know what is in every room, and into what every door opens. Open every jewel-casket. Examine the sky-lights. Forever be asking questions. Put to a higher use than was intended the Oriental proverb: "Hold all the skirts of thy mantle extended when Heaven is raining gold."

Passing from Bonn to Coblentz on the Rhine, the scenery is comparatively tame. But from Coblentz to Mayence it is enchanting. You sit on deck, and feel as if this last flash of beauty must exhaust the scene; but in a moment there is a turn of the river, which covers up the former view with more luxuriant vineyards, and more defiant castles, and bolder bluffs, vine-wreathed, and grapes so ripe that if the hills be touched, they would bleed their rich life away into the bowls of Bingen and Hockheimer. Here and there, there are streams of water melting into the river, like smaller joys swallowed in the bosom of a great gladness. And when night begins to throw its black mantle over the shoulder of the hills, and you are approaching disembarkation at Mayence, the lights along the shore fairly bewitch the scene with their beauty, giving one a thrill that he feels but once, yet that lasts him forever. So this river of God's word is not a straight stream, but a winding splendor—at every turn new wonders to attract, still riper vintage pressing to the brink, and crowded with castles of strength (Stolzenfels and Johannisberger as nothing compared with the strong tower into which the righteous run and are saved), and our disembarkation at last, in the evening, amidst the lights that gleam from the shore of heaven. The trouble is that the vast majority of Bible voyagers stop at Coblentz, where the chief glories begin.

The sea of God's word is not like Gennesaret, twelve miles by six, but boundless; and in any one direction you can sail on forever. Why, then, confine yourself to a short psalm, or to a few verses of an epistle? The largest fish are not near the shore. Hoist all sail to the winds of heaven. Take hold of both oars, and pull away. Be like some of the whalers that went out from New Bedford or Portsmouth, to be gone for two or three years. Yea, calculate on a lifetime voyage. You do not want to land until you land in heaven. Sail away, oh ye mariners, for eternity! Launch out into the deep.

The text is appropriate to all Christians of shallow experience. Doubts and fears have in our day been almost elected to the parliament of Christian graces. Some consider it a bad sign not to have any doubts. Doubts and fears are not signs of health, but festers and carbuncles. You have a valuable house or farm. It is suggested that the title is not good. You employ counsel. You have the deeds examined. You search the record for mortgages, judgments, and liens. You are not satisfied until you have a certificate, signed by the great seal of the State, assuring you that the title is good. Yet how many leave their title to heaven an undecided matter! Why do you not go to the records and find out? Give yourself no rest, day nor night, until you can read your title clear to mansions in the skies.

THE RHINE AT BINGEN.

Christian character is to come up to higher standards. We have now to hunt through our library to find one Robert M'Cheyne, or one Edward Payson, or one Harlan Page. The time will come when he will find half a dozen of them sitting in the same seat with us. The grace of God can make a great deal better men than those I have mentioned. Christians seem afraid they will get heterodox by going too far. They do not believe in Christian perfection. There is no danger of your being perfect for some time yet. I will keep watch, and give you notice in time, if you get too near perfection for the safety of your theology. One-half of you Christians are simply stuck in the mud. Why not cut loose from everything but God? Give not to him that formal petition made up of "O's"—"O Lord!" this, and "O Lord!" that. When people are cold, and have nothing to say to God they strew their prayers with "O's!" and "Forever and ever, Amen," and things to fill up. Tell God what you want, with the feeling that he is ready to give it, and believe that you will receive, and you shall have it. Shed that old prayer you have been making these ten years. It is high time that you outgrew it. Throw it aside with your old ledgers, and your old hats, and your old shoes. Take a review of your present wants, of your present sins, and of your present blessings. With a sharp blade cut away your past half-and-half Christian life, and with new determination, and new plans, and new expectations, launch out into the deep.

The text is appropriate to all who are engaged in Christian work. The Church of God has been fishing along the shore. We set our net in a good, calm place, and in sight of a fine chapel, and we go down every Sunday to see if the fish have been wise enough to come into our net. We might learn something from that boy with his hook and line. He throws his line from the bridge: no fish. He sits down on a log: no fish. He stands in the sunlight and casts the line: but no fish. He goes up by the mill-dam, and stands behind the bank, where the fish cannot see him, and he has hardly dropped the hook before the cork goes under. The fish come to him as fast as he can throw

them ashore. In other words, in our Christian work, why do we not go where the fish are? It is not so easy to catch souls in church, for they know that we are trying to take them. If you can throw your line out into the world, where they are not expecting you, they will be captured. Is it fair to take men by such stratagem? Yes. I would like to cheat five thousand souls into the kingdom.

The whole policy of the Church of God is to be changed, Instead of chiefly looking after the few who have become Christians, our chief efforts will be for those outside. If after a man is converted, he cannot take care of himself, I am not going to take care of him. If he thinks that I am going to stand and pat on the back, and feed him out of an elegant spoon, and watch him so that he does not get into a draught of worldliness, he is much mistaken. We have in our churches a great mass of helpless, inane professors, who are doing nothing for themselves or for others, who want us to stop and nurse them! They are so troubled with doubt as to whether they are Christians or not. The doubt is settled. They are not Christians. The best we can do with these fish is to throw them back into the stream, and go after them again with the Gospel net.

"Go into all the world and preach the Gospel," says Christ; into the factory, the engine-house, the club-room, into the houses of the sick, into the dark lane, into the damp cellar, into the cold garret, into the dismal prison. Let every man, woman, and child know that Jesus died, and that the gate of heaven is wide open. With the Bible in one pocket, and the hymn-book in another pocket, and a loaf of bread under your arm, launch out into the great deep of this world's wretchedness.

The text is appropriate to all the unforgiven. Every sinner would come to God if he thought that he might come just as he is. People talk as though the pardon of God were a narrow river, like the Kennebec or the Thames, and that their sin draws too much water to enter it. No; it is not a river, nor a bay, but a sea. I should like to persuade you to launch out into the great

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

deep of God's mercy, I am a merchant. I have bought a cargo of spices in India. I have, through a bill of exchange, paid for the whole cargo. You are a ship-captain. I give you the orders, and say: "Bring me those spices." You land in India. You go to the trader, and say: "Here are the orders;" and you find everything all right. You do not stop to pay the money yourself. It is not your business to pay it. The arrangements were made before you started. So Christ purchases your pardon. He puts the papers, or the promises, into your hand. Is it wise to stop and say, "I cannot pay for my redemption?" God does not ask you to pay. Relying on what has been done, launch out into the deep.

The Bible's promises join hands, and the circle they make, will compass all your sins, and all your temptations, and all your sorrows. The round table of King Arthur and his knights had room for only thirteen banqueters; but the round table of God's supply is large enough for all the present inhabitants of earth and heaven to sit at, and for the still mightier populations that are yet to be.

Do not sail coastwise along your old habits and old sins. Keep clear of the shore. Go out where the water is deepest. Oh, for the mid-sea of God's mercy! "Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you forgiveness of sins." I preach it with as much confidence to the eighty-year-old transgressor as to the maiden. Though your sins were blood-red, they shall be snow-white. The more ragged the prodigal, the more compassionate the father. Do you say that you are too bad? The high-water mark of God's pardon is higher than all your transgressions. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Do you say that your heart is hard? Suppose it were ten times harder. Do you say that your iniquity is long-continued? Suppose it were ten times longer, Do you say that your crimes are black? Suppose that they were ten times blacker. Is there any lion that this Samson cannot slay? Is there any fortress that this Conqueror cannot take? Is there any sin this Redeemer cannot pardon?

It is said that when Charlemagne's host was overpowered by the three armies of the Saracens in the pass of Roncesvalles, his warrior, Roland, in terrible earnestness, seized a trumpet, and blew it with such terrific strength that the opposing army reeled back with terror; but at the third blast of the trumpet it broke in two. I see your soul fiercely assailed by all the powers of earth and hell. I put the mightier trumpet of the Gospel to my lips, and I blow it three times. Blast the first—"Whosoever will, let him come." Blast the second—"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." Blast the third—"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." Does not the host of your sins fall back? But the trumpet does not, like that of Roland, break in two. As it was handed down to us from the lips of our fathers, we hand it down to the lips of our children, and tell them to sound it when we are dead, that all the generations of men may know that our God is a pardoning God—a sympathetic God—a loving God; and that more to him than the anthems of heaven. more to him than the throne on which he sits, more to him than are the temples of celestial worship, is the joy of seeing the wanderer putting his hand on the door-latch of his Father's house. Hear it, all ye nations! Bread for the worst hunger. Medicine for the worst sickness. Light for the thickest darkness. Harbor for the worst storm.

Dr. Prime, in his book of wonderful interest entitled *Around the World*, describes a tomb in India of marvelous architecture. Twenty thousand men were twenty-two years in erecting that and the buildings around it. Standing in that tomb, if you speak or sing, after you have ceased you hear the echo coming from a height of one hundred and fifty feet. It is not like other echoes. The sound is drawn out in sweet prolongation, as though the angels of God were chanting on the wing. How many souls in the tomb of sin, will lift up the voice of penitence and prayer? If now they would cry unto God, the echo would drop from afar—not struck from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but sounding back from the warm heart of angels, flying with the news; for there is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth!

A GREAT CHURCH CONVENTION.

(Continued from first page.)

for admission and regular organization from dioceses which are now under missionary jurisdiction. It is probable, too, that four missionary bishops will be chosen—one each for Alaska, and Oklahoma, one for China, and another for Japan. In addition to these multifarious duties, the Convention will have to deal with the new brotherhoods and sisterhoods which have been formed of late years, and to frame a code of rules and regulations for the management of them.

One of the most important matters before the Convention is a discussion as to the revision of the liturgy. This work has been under consideration for twelve years. It was initiated at the Convention of 1880, by Dr. Huntington now rector of Grace Church, New York calling for the appointment of a committee to report to a subsequent Convention what, if any, changes in the prayer-book were desirable to promote greater flexibility in the services of the Church. The outcome of the committee's labors was the presentation of fifty-two resolutions recommending changes, some of which were merely transpositions in the order in which the various parts of the services were printed in the prayer-book, so that they might more nearly conform to the order of reading in church. Others were verbal changes, rather of enrichment than omission, and others again were the substitution of passages of Scripture more appropriate than those now in use to the subject for the day. The remainder of the changes proposed were for the purpose of giving the officiating clergyman discretionary power to shorten certain services by the omission of specified parts, when circumstances required it. As a whole the proposals of the Committee were generally approved. They indicated that the work of revision had been careful and exhaustive, and had been performed in a conservative spirit. The report was received by the Convention of 1889, and was adopted. In accordance with the law of the Church, each diocese was formally notified of the action of the Convention, and the final ratification or rejection remained to be taken by the next General Convention—that which has now assembled.

REV. MORGAN DIX, D.D.

A subject which will give rise to a keener discussion is the new hymnal. The one now in use was completed in 1870 and improved in 1884. Its use, however, was not obligatory, and in consequence several other hymnals have been used in the churches. A commission was appointed by the Convention of 1889 to revise and enlarge the hymnal, and its report has been printed for presentation to the present Convention. The Commission, of which Dr. Doane, Bishop of Albany, is chairman, appears to have proceeded on the principle that no hymn should be accorded a place in the hymnal that was subjective, not objective, that is that the hymn should always be addressed to the Deity. This principle excludes such hymns as that commencing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and many which are favorites in the Church. No less than 261 of the hymns in the present hymnal have been rejected by the Commission. To the remainder many hymns have been added, making a larger book than the one now in use. It contains 673 hymns and 32 doxologies. The work of the Commission has been severely criticized, and the hymnal, if adopted by the Convention, will not be popular. The Convention may not adopt the hymnal, as it has been prepared, but may instruct the Commission to revise its work, and report to the next Convention, or appoint a new Commission. A third alternative is to adopt the popular hymnal, *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and this is advocated by a large number of clergymen and laymen.

Another subject which will be debated if not decided by this Convention, is that of forming groups of dioceses, to be called Provinces, for the management of their own affairs. Much of the time of a General Convention is now occupied with matters relating to some one section of the country. If these were left for the decision of the dioceses concerned, the time of the General Convention would be saved, and it would have more leisure to devote to questions affecting the whole church. The difficulty in the way of making the proposed change is largely geographical. It is obviously wise to recognize State boundaries, in constituting the provinces, but there are some States which contain only one diocese and therefore could not become a province. An attempt will probably be made to solve the difficulty by constituting the larger States such as New York with its five dioceses a province and grouping into other provinces the smaller States, thus making groups as nearly as possible of the same size. Some plan of this kind to relieve the General Convention of a portion of its work by a species of "home rule" has become a necessity and will doubtless be initiated by this convention.

While the attention of the Convention will thus, as is natural, be devoted mainly to the business of the Church of which it is the governing body, it will have under consideration a proposal which is of interest to the whole Christian community. About four years ago an effort was made by the English Bishops to construct a basis on which other churches could co-operate, if not enter into organic union with the Protestant Episcopal Church. A similar effort will probably be made at this Convention. If it should adopt the basis of the English Bishops it will have little chance of acceptance from other churches, as one of its planks is a recognition of the historic episcopate. But although the offer if made, may be declined, there will be no lack of appreciation of the fraternal spirit prompting it. The very fact of its being under consideration willl evoke a lively interest on the part of members of other churches in the proceedings of the Convention and the good wishes of all for the continued prosperity of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

THE NEW HOUSE OF MISSIONS.

With the portraits of the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, on the first page, we give a picture of a building which will be of general interest to the whole church throughout the United States. The necessity of a building in which the various Home and Foreign Missionary Societies of the Church could have a suitable home and other benevolent and educational societies their headquarters has long been felt. The project took definite shape last year, and it was decided to erect a modest edifice on a plot of land adjoining Calvary Church on Fourth Avenue near Twenty-second Street. The plan, however, was changed by an unexpected act of munificance. The large building on the corner of Twenty-second Street between which and Calvary Church lay the plot of land to be occupied, was purchased last spring by the Hon. J. Pierpont Morgan and presented to the Church. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, at the same time increased the amount he had promised to give the building fund from $25,000 to $50,000 and other subscriptions were also increased to enable the Church to make the best possible use of the opportunity Mr. Morgan had placed at its disposal. Plans were drawn for the noble building represented in our illustration, the corner-stone of which was laid with appropriate ceremonies on October 3. The building will have a frontage of eighty feet on Fourth Avenue and seventy on Twenty-second Street and will be a hundred feet high. There will be seven stories which will furnish accommodation for the offices of the Board of Missions for the Woman's Auxiliary and other Boards and societies. There will also be a small chapel on the second floor and a Library for the use of the officers and visiting clergymen. It will be a handsome structure of which the Church will justly be proud.

PETER'S VISION.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 16. By Mrs. M. Baxter Acts 10: 1-23. Golden Text, Acts 10: 34.

GOD makes "all things work together." (Rom. 8 : 28.) While to an uninstructed eye the wheels of circumstances get clogged, evil seems to dominate, and the power of the enemy of souls seems far more manifest than the power of God. Yet, under all that human eyes can see, there is an unseen working of the invisible God, utilizing all the elements which appear, to effect his own purpose of bringing out from the nations "a people for his name," and educatiug them for the glorious destiny of eternal union with Christ.

He calls his own from all classes, all callings, all nations, all languages. Cornelius, the Roman centurion, was one of these. Holding a responsible position in the Roman army, his military repute was nevertheless not the most remarkable thing about him; he was known as "a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, who gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway." Cornelius was a man who had learned, probably in the Jewish synagogue, that there was one true God, and he set himself to seek after him: stirring himself up to lay hold on God. (Isa. 64: 7.) Even before God had manifested himself to this man by his Holy Spirit, Cornelius acted up fully to the light he had. He was "devout," he yielded up to God all his rights, acknowledging him in all his ways, for he "prayed to God alway." Conscientious in the extreme, ready for any sacrifice to the God whom he had learned to fear, Cornelius possessed that "honest and good heart" (Luke 8: 15), where the seed of the word can "bring forth fruit with patience." But all his devotion, his almsgiving, and his prayers, were an offering to a God who seemed to be

At a Distance from Him.

Of the immediate presence of God, as yet, he knew nothing, he was not yet brought "nigh by the blood of Christ" (Eph. 2 : 13). Up to this time his religion had been, as far as his consciousness was concerned, all on his side, God had never spoken directly to him. But a new horizon was about to open before him. The same eye of love which could read under the threatenings and slaughter which Saul of Tarsus breathed out, a heart which could respond to an undoubted call from heaven, saw also in the devout soldier one whom he could count on. Suddenly, and in an unexpected moment, heaven's light broke upon Cornelius. About the ninth hour, *i. e.* 3 P. M., a vision appeared to him, of an angel of God, calling him by name: "Cornelius." It was a new experience. And now that he was persuaded, God had sent him a message, his first impulse was fear! How could it be otherwise? How can man draw near to God uncovered by the blood of the Lamb which "cleanseth us from all sin"? But the fear of Cornelius was not of the kind which would make him flee from the face of God: he knew who it was that spoke to him, and, fastening his eyes upon the angel, he answered: "What is it, Lord?" "Thy prayers and thine alms are gone up for a memorial before God." Oh, the thrill of joy which must have passed through this earnest seeker after God when it dawned upon him that at last God was indeed speaking to him by his angel, that heaven was open to him, that God cared to commune with him! Eagerly he must have drunk in every word, and when the angel had directed him to send men to Joppa, and "fetch one Simon, who is surnamed Peter," Cornelius "was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision" (Acts 26: 19), he did not hesitate a moment; "he called two of his household servants and a devout soldier of them that waited on him continually: and having rehearsed all things unto them, he sent them to Joppa." This earnest inquirer had let his faithful servants share his own seeking after God, it was of as much importance to them as to him to understand the mind of God. Exclusiveness can get no hold on an honest and good heart; what Cornelius sought for himself he sought for his household, too. Oh, that more heads of houses cared thus for the souls of all who live with them!

While God thus prepared Cornelius to receive the knowledge of Christ, he also was at work preparing his own chosen instrument. The apostle Peter had been the first among the twelve to acknowledge Jesus as "the Christ, the Son of the living God." (Matt. 16: 16.) Uplifted by the commendation of his Master, he had to pass through the deepest humiliation before the time came when, filled with the Holy Ghost, he had preached on the day of Pentecost, had discerned the lying spirit in Ananias and Sapphira, and raised Dorcas from the dead. But precious and valuable instrument as he was in the hands of his God, Peter yet lacked much of the mind of Christ. Zeal can develop in very unripe disciples, but divine love is no bud of springtime, it is the fruit of autumn; and in love, the largeness of divine love, Peter had much yet to learn.

The messengers from Cornelius approached Joppa in the teachable spirit of their master, and at the same time Peter was engaged with his Lord on the house top, little knowing that he would have any connection with such a deputation. But how clearly we see here that in order to do any true work for our God we need to be prepared by him. Christian workers who rush from one thing to another without taking time to be alone with their God, are apt to do their work mechanically, and give to others what has become stale to them. Hungry after his interview with God, he waited until some food was prepared, and meanwhile he fell into a trance, and beheld heaven open, and a certain vessel descending, as it were a sheet, let down by four corners upon the earth: wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts and creeping things of the earth and fowls of heaven." (R. V.) Heaven open; and unclean beasts let down from heaven! This was contrary to all Peter's preconceived notions, and when there came a voice to him, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat," even though he knew the voice he would not accept the command; and once again Peter withstood his Master. "Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean."

God's ways are not our ways nor his thoughts our thoughts. There might to Peter's mind seem something quite incongruous in an open heaven which brought before him, not heavenly things, but the very earthly things which he had learned to consider unclean, and which now, contrary to the law, he was commanded from heaven to slay and eat. Oh, how many of God's children come to like perplexities in their communing with God! How unlike is his path for us from what we should imagine! and how infinite in wisdom does the end show him to be in all! Peter's adherence to the law was just and right, and nothing but God's revelation from heaven could justify him in taking a course that seemed to be contrary. But the well-known voice which had spoken to him uttered the words: "what God hath cleansed that call not thou common."

Three times this vision with the same words spoken, was given to the apostle, and the last time "the vessel was received up again into heaven." God had spoken, but as yet Peter was at a loss to understand what his Lord wanted to convey to him. Yet he was in the spirit and in the place of a learner, and God could not withhold from him what he wanted to know.

It Takes Time to Know God's Mind.

Our times are in his hand, not his times in ours. We can never know the mind of God when we are in a hurry. It behooves us when we know God is speaking to us to be very still, that we may not lose what he says. Better by far leave work undone than do it in uncertainty of God's mind. At first Peter was "perplexed in himself." No wonder! When a man says: "Not so, Lord," to any command of God's, when he takes for granted that God has made a mistake, there is a complication at once. Our whole being needs to lie still before God, that we may really know his voice, and understand all he has to say to us. But God knew that in the depth of his heart Peter willed only his will, and very soon his loyal servant was relieved from his perplexity. Before he had any clue to the meaning of the vision, and while he was still occupied in thinking of it, not letting anything distract him from that which he counted the primary business of his life, to understand his God—the messengers of Cornelius stood before the door, and asked for Peter. Before anyone in the house could tell him of their coming, the Spirit of the Lord spoke to him, saying: "Behold three men seek thee; but arise, and get thee down, and go with them, nothing doubting: for I have sent them."

Blessed, clear direction! A bit of firm ground on which to set his foot. God was then not leaving him in the dark because he had for a moment withstood him. Without a word from man, Peter went directly to the travellers, and said to them: "Behold, I am he whom ye seek: what is the cause wherefore ye are come?"

Peter's hunger did not draw him away from his post of listening at the Master's feet until he fully understood him, but a clear message from the Lord was quite another thing. And when he learned that a Gentile centurion had sent the Gentile servants to bring him to shew to a company of Gentiles the way of life, Peter learned his lesson, the narrow exclusive Jew became the true Christ's man, with a heart full of love, and a faith which embraced both Jew and Gentile. If his Lord could speak from heaven to Cornelius, then the barrier between Jew and Geutile was broken by God himself, and Peter would not withstand the will of God.

LESSON POINTS.

"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons."

IT is well that we know this. Earthly monarchs are unapproachable, save by privileged persons and if it had not been revealed to us that God is no respecter of persons, the sinner, conscious of his low condition, might have been afraid to approach the King of kings. Among all the things that have been revealed to us about God this is one of the most encouraging. If God is no respecter of persons, the most humble may come to him and find a welcome. There are some men who think that their birth, or their wealth, or their sanctity gives them special claims on God for recognition. The Jew had an idea that he had a monopoly of Divine favor and in spite of his association with Jesus, it required a miracle to open Peter's eyes to this fact that God is no respecter of persons.

It is evident that God is no respecter of persons if we notice how many men in humble circumstances he has taken into his service and to do his most conspicuous work. Moses was the son of a poor Levite; Gideon was a thresher; David was a shepherd boy; Amos was a herdsman; several of the apostles were fishermen; Zwingli was a shepherd; Melancthon, the great theologian of the Reformation, was an armorer; Luther was the child of a poor miner; Fuller was a farm servant; Carey, the originator of the plan of translating the Bible into the language of the millions of Hindoostan, was a shoemaker; Morrison, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, was a last-maker; Doctor Milne was a herd boy; Adam Clark was the son of Irish cotters; John Foster was a weaver; Jay, of Bath, was a herdsman.

There are some even now who cannot make up their minds to come to God as sinners. Like the Pharisee they go to him with words of self congratulation on their lips, thanking him that they are not as other men. Pastor Spurgeon used to tell the story of a man who came to him iu deep distress because he could gain no assurance of his soul being saved. He had been under religious influence from childhood, had read the Bible regularly, prayed, attended church, and lived a moral life, yet could not be sure that he was really a Christian—that he had been born again. He explained all this to Mr. Spurgeon and asked him what he should do. "So you are not sure that you are in God's family, that you have entered his household?" "No." "Did you ever try to enter at the sinner's door? You know, in great houses there is a door for visitors, and a door for servants. Perhaps you have been trying to go in at the wrong door. If you go to God as a sinner, instead of as a good man, you will get in. None are refused who go in that way. It was sinners not the righteous Jesus came to call." The man went away meditating. He did not consider himself so great a sinner as others. But eventually he went to God pleading for mercy and claiming the promises made to sinners and found peace.

An old ecclesiastical legend relates that an emperor won a part of the true cross in battle from a pagan king, and brought it back, with great pomp, to Jerusalem, but found the gate walled up, and an angel standing before it, who said, "Thou bringest back the cross with pomp and splendor; he that died upon it had shame for his companion, and carried it on his back, barefooted, to Calvary." Then, says the chronicler, the emperor dismounted from his steed, cast off his robes, lifted the sacred wood on his shoulders, and with barefeet advanced to the gate, which opened of itself, and he entered in.

Some English officers were invited to attend the marriage of an Eastern magnate. They went in full-dress uniform; but the servant at the door said, "You cannot enter, gentlemen, in that dress. All the guests are expected to wear the garments provided for them." "Oh, yes; we can go anywhere in this uniform," rejoined the officers; "we can even go to Her Majesty's receptions in it." "I can't help that," was the servant's answer; "you must put on the proper dress or you cannot enter." He reached up to some robes hanging on the wall, and gave them one each, which they put on and were admitted without further parley.

God being no respecter of persons, the most insignificant of his servants may be sure that his work, if he does it faithfully, will not be despised. It is said that once when Sir Michael Costa, the great musician, was having a rehearsal with a vast array of performers and hundreds of voices, as the mighty chorus rang out with thunder of the organ and roll of drums and ringing horns and cymbals clashing, some one man far away up in some corner, who played the piccolo, said within himself, "In all this din it matters not what I do," and so he ceased to play. Suddenly the great conductor stopped, flung up his hands, and all was still. And then he cried aloud, "Where is the piccolo?" The quick ear missed it, and all was spoilt because it failed to take its part.

A colored girl, was setting the table, when a boy in the room said to her, "Mollie, do you pray?" The suddenness of the question confused her a little, but she answered, "Yes, every night." "Do you think God hears you?" the boy asked. She answered promptly, "I know he does." "But do you think," said he, trying to puzzle her, "that he hears your prayers as readily as those of white children?" For full three minutes the child kept on with her work; then she slowly said, "Master George, I pray into God's ears not his eyes. My voice is like another girl's, and if I say what I ought to say, God does not stop to look at my skin."

The fact of God being no respector of persons should encourage us to bring to him even the worst and most repulsive. They are sure of a welcome and in taking an interest in them in spite of their unattractiveness we show that we have God's spirit. One day there came to the open door of a Sunday School, attracted by the singing within, two little girls of ten and twelve years. Their faces and hands were not clean and their garments were coarse, ragged and very dirty. They were bare-headed and bare-footed. The superintendent asked them in, and they sat down on a seat by the door. He asked them if they would sit in a class; they nodded assent. But now, who would take them? The superintendent went to a teacher with a warm, loving heart, and said, "There are two little girls by the door, will you take them into your class?" She looked at the two waifs, and replied, "Yes, I will take them." The superintent led them to her class and room was made for them on one end of the seat. This teacher was in the habit of kissing each member of her class at the close of the school, and the superintendent queried whether there would be any exception to her custom on that Sunday, and he fairly trembled as he thought how much depended on that teacher's kiss. The hour of dismissal came, and with a throbbing heart he watched that teacher. One by one the little girls of the regular class passed by their teacher, received the usual kiss and went out. The two little strangers still sat in the end of their seat. The teacher went to them, sat down by them, spoke kindly to them, took their names and residences, put her arm around each one and kissed them. The tears made great roads down their cheeks—those kind words, that loving embrace, and that sympathetic kiss were new things to them. They promised to come again, and kept their promise.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

AT THE COURT OF AN AFRICAN KING.*

The Experience, Perils and Triumphs of a Young Christian Missionary in Uganda — Alexander M. Mackay's Consecrated Career—Braving all Dangers for the Master's Sake.

ONE of the most interesting and instructive narratives of missionary experience in Africa ever published, is that of the late Alexander M. Mackay, who in 1876 went to the interior kingdom of Uganda, to preach the Gospel. Uganda, as many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may remember, is the country concerning whose king, Stanley the explorer, wrote in most extravagant terms, declaring him a true and devoted Christian. Yet the same monarch, the notorious Mtesa, soon after became an apostate, and a persecutor of the missionaries and their native converts. Alternately he was Mohammedan, Roman Catholic and Protestant, and before he died he finally had relapsed into his original heathenism. His notorious son, is King Mwanga, who signalized his accession to power by the murder of Bishop Hannington, and under whose cruel treacherous, and degrading rule the country was plunged into war, and the successful labors of years of missionary effort were brought to nought.

Alexander Mackay, a native of Scotland, from early manhood consecrated his life to Africa. After his death, a biography was prepared by his sister. That lady has now prepared a new volume containing Mr. Mackay's diaries in Uganda, and these she has edited with the special object of kindling the missionary spirit in the young. Her story is told in simple yet effective language. We make the following extracts:

When Mackay arrived at Urganda, as a missionary of the Church Missionary Society, Mtesa was on the throne. He was a king with an exaggerated idea of his own importance. Speke gives an amusing account of his first interview with his majesty: how again and again in the course of an hour he inquired, "Have you seen me?" and how he handled the articles which the traveler presented to him, "made some silly remarks, and pondered over them like a perfect child, until it was quite dark." Stanley talks of his dignified expression of face, and of the "large, lustrous, lambent eyes that lent to it peculiar beauty." The missionaries allow that he had many kingly qualities, but that he was very capricious and self-indulgent. Mackay frequently denounced his wickedness to his face, and yet the king was always disposed to befriend the missionaries. Doubtless his ambition to imitate the ways of the white men, his respect for their courage and conscientiousness, and a keen eye for "bintu" (goods) all prompted him to favor them.

Mackay believed that the climate of Uganda was far healthier than anywhere on the coast of Zanzibar, and much less enervating, although more so than Unyamwezi, because moister. The lake itself is a centre of atmospheric disturbance, and the very broken nature of the surface of the country certainly encourages rainfall, yet it is very far from being a regular rainy region. On the whole, he considered that rain contributed more to comfort and pleasure than nine months of drought. The moister the climate the darker the complexion of the black. The inhabitants of Busongora and Karague are black as coal, while the Banyoro are more of a chocolate color, and the tribes from the hills of Busoga and Gambaragara are some of them, not much darker than Arabs. It remains to be proved, but is probably true, that the darker the skin the deeper the degradation; at any rate, the more agricultural, and therefore peaceful and timid, the tribe; while the lighter shades own herds and cattle, are freer and livelier, and more addicted to war. The country is a constant succession of hills and swampy hollows, and the soil is wonderfully fertile. It is true of Uganda as of the Promised Land that each man sits under his vine and under his fig-tree, for the banana—the king of fruit trees—each bunch being as heavy as the renowned cluster of grapes of Eschol—flourishes everywhere, as also the *fictus*—from the bark of which the national dress is made. There are several species of fig.

From his great skill in all kinds of iron-work, Alexander Mackay soon became as much esteemed by King Mtesa and his court as the early smith was by our wood-stained ancestors. Miscellaneous articles were showered upon him to repair, and much wonder expressed at the burnished face he put on metal goods. The native smith could manufacture hoes and hatchets, also steely knife-blades, but the art of tempering was unknown. To *burogo* (witchcraft), the natives attributed the process by which he put hardness into steel and took it out again. Neither had they any idea of rotary motion, and when he rolled some logs up an inclined plane, he was followed by dense crowds calling out, "Mackay lubare! Mackay lubare dala!" (Mackay is the great spirit: he is truly the great spirit.")

Mtesa was very intelligent, and could understand anything if properly explained to him. Mackay told him about railways and steamers: how seventy years ago there were no railways, and now the world is girdled with a network of them. He entertained his majesty with accounts of the telegraph, and the telephone, and the phonograph, and greatly impressed him by saying, "My forefathers made the wind their slave; then they put water in the chain; next they enslaved steam; but now the terrible lightning is the white man's slave, and a capital one it is, too!"

Another time he gave the King and court a lesson on astronomy, illustrating it with Reynold's beautiful diagrams. They very quickly understood the first principles of the Cosmos. Many Arabs were present, and Mackay showed that it would be impossible to fast a whole month, as the Koran ordered, in the polar regions, where some months the sun never sets, and others he never rises, adding, "Mohammed could not have been a true prophet of God, else he would have known this. I am not a prophet, and yet I know much more than he did."

On another occasion he took Huxley's "Physiography" to the palace with him, to show the circulation of the blood, etc. Such a subject proved intensely interesting. He dwelt on the perfection of the human body, which no man could make, nor all the men in the world; and yet the Arabs wished to buy a human being, with an immortal soul, for a bit of soap! The argument went home, and the king said, "From henceforth no slave shall be sold out of the country." Mackay told him that was "the best decree he ever made in all his life." In his diaries Mackay tells of a most interesting episode. It was at an audience granted to the Catholic and Protestant missionaries.

"Mtesa began asking his chiefs a host of questions about the gods of the country. Some under-chiefs had returned from plundering in Busoga, and the charms which their sorcerers had taken with them were presented to his majesty. This was probably the occasion of Mtesa's asking his chiefs, 'Which is the greater, the king or the lubare?' Some said the king was the greater, others said the lubare. Talk continued on the matter for a long time, to little or no purpose, as all the chiefs are profound sycophants and echo everything Mtesa says, although one moment he said that their own gods were nothing, and Katonda all in all, and next moment, that the idols and sorcerers had divine power.

"Mr. Pearson (a missionary) asked if anything would be done to those embracing Christianity? Mtesa replied that there were many old people (women chiefly) in the country, who had power, and these would be sure to kill any one who despised the gods of the country. Mr. Pearson replied that he (Mtesa) was king of Uganda, and that if he gave the order that men embracing Christianity were to be let alone, no one could touch them. Mtesa then said that if any one went to the Bazungu (white men) to read, he surely committed no criminal offence. 'To read,' he said, 'was not robbery, and one could not be condemned for that.' No answer was given, but talk was continued on the power of the gods.

"'What is Nende?' asked Mtesa.

"Kyambalango replied, 'Nende is an image.'

"'Sekibobo!' said Mtesa, 'what is Nende?'

"(Sekibobo is one of the three greatest chiefs.) Sekibobo was sitting a little behind, as he was troubled with catarrh, and etiquette forbade him to sit in his usual place. But before Sekibobo could make up his mind, not as to what Nende *is*, but as to what answer would please the king most, Mr. Pearson, who was sitting behind the chief, called out, 'Nende is a liar; Nende can neither walk, speak, nor eat.' Mtesa repeated this for the benefit of all, and from many a sycophant came the echo, 'Nende is a tree, and cannot speak or eat.' Some, however, dissented, saying that Nende is a god.

"Again we asked if people could with impunity come to us to be taught the knowledge of God?

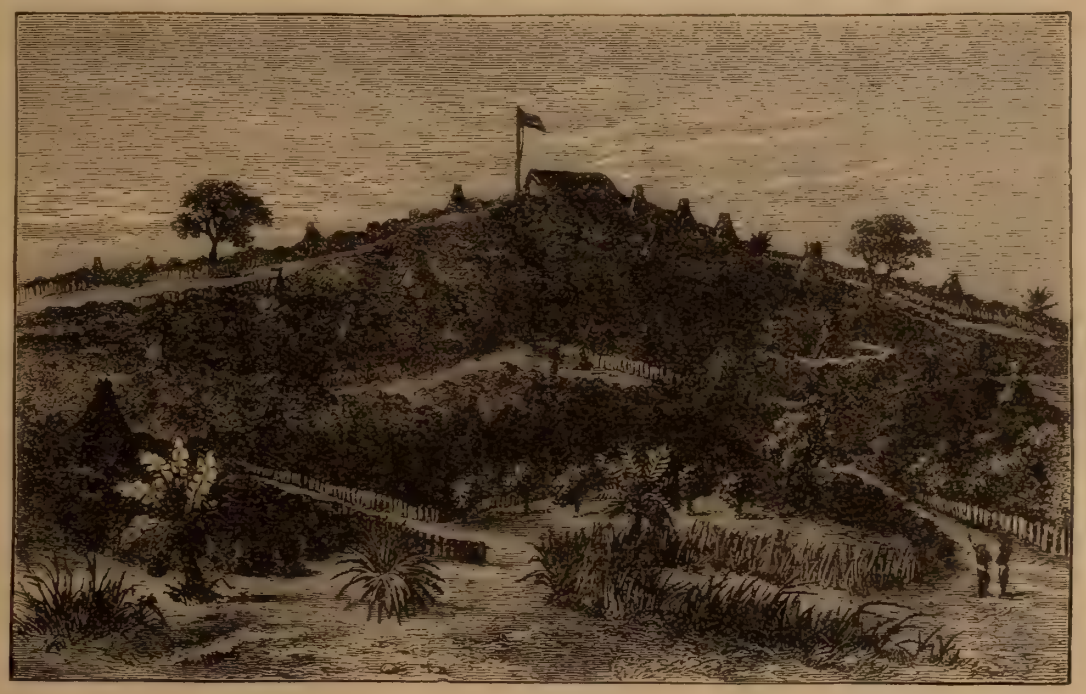
"Mtesa replied that before Stanley came he was a Mussulman, then he became a Christian, and when Lieutenant Smith came here he used to teach one part of the day and he (Mtesa) the other. I said, 'Those were happy days, but they are long gone by.' 'Suppose,' said he, 'I divide the country, and give *Singo* (Mkwenda's country) to the English to be taught, and *Kiangwe* (Sekibobo's) to the Frenchmen, that they may teach every one; then will there not be rows between them?' We replied that in Zanzibar both English and French lived and taught in peace, and in Europe also.

"Mtesa then proposed that the Frenchmen and ourselves should first agree on religious matters, and then he would listen to us both."

These passages show the craftness of this barbarian monarch. Yet there had not been a cloud of trouble until the party of French Romish priests arrived and began intriguing with the king and his Arab proteges at court. The new comers soon had a huge armed guard about them. At one time Mtesa and his chiefs prohibited both Christianity and Mohammedanism and returned to paganism. A native sorceress, named Mukasa, who was held in great fear by the tribes, and a large number of *maandwas* (wizards and witches), opposed the missionaries at every point. These so-called witches were headed by a little witch named Wamala, who dressed in an apron of goatskins and a cap of colored beads.

While this persecution was in progress, the missionaries endured great hardships and privations. They were robbed, abused, and plundered, and at different times almost starved to death. Many times their lives were in peril from native treachery and Arab hostility. Five times in two years Mtesa sent out his armies to plunder and slay and they came back burdened with spoil—women, children, cattle and goats. Mtesa and his Arab allies delighted in these slave-hunting expeditions. The king repeatedly promised that if the missionaries would procure him as a wife an English princess he would put away all other wives and open up the land to Christianity. Although Mackay, who was a capital mechanic, taught the natives the arts of housebuilding, baking, well-digging, wagon-making, coffin-making, and blacksmithing, made them bridges and viaducts and helped them in a thousand ways, besides teaching the Gospel, the spiritual progress was slow. One of the best converts was Nua, the king's blacksmith, who helped Mackay to make a great coffin for dowager Queen Namasole. At the queen's burial, cloth and ivory valued at $75,000 was placed in her grave. She died a pagan. Mtesa who at different times had showed great friendliness, died on Oct. 9, 1884, and Mwanga aged 17 succeeded him. The new ruler was completely under the control of his pagan chiefs and Arab advisers, who more than once counselled him to put Mackay to death as he had done Bishop Hannington. Finally, under such pressure, Mackay left Uganda. He afterwards befriended this wicked king, when the latter had been driven from throne and country by his rebellious people, thus returning good for evil.

KING MTESA OF UGANDA.
(From "Mackay of Uganda" by per. of A. C. Armstrong & Son.)



THE ROYAL PALACE AT UGANDA.
(From "Mackay of Uganda," by permission of A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

*Mackay of Uganda, the story of the life of Mackay of *Uganda*, told by his sister. The matter in this volume is entirely new and not found in the former book on the same subject issued some time ago by the same firm; 338 pages; cloth; illustrated; price $1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, pub's.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

PRIDE of ancestry is with some a chief mania. Now, we believe in royal blood. It is a grand thing to have the right kind of kindred. There is but little chance for one badly born. If we belonged to some families that we know of, we would be tempted at once to give ourselves up to the police. But while far from despising family blood, we deplore the fact that so many depend entirely upon heraldry. They have not been in your company a minute before they begin to tell you who their father was and their mother. The greatest honor that ever happened to them was that of having been born. It is a congratulation that there was but one mechanic in their line, and he helped build the first steamboat. They were no possible relation to one Simon, a tanner. The only disgraceful thing in their line, as far back as they can trace it, was that their first parents in Palestine were gardeners. There was a big pile of money somewhere back, a coat of arms, and several fine carriages. They feel sorry for Adam, because he had no grandfather. To hear them talk you would suppose that the past was crowded with their great progenitors, who were lords, and dukes, comrades of Wellington, accustomed to slapping George Washington on the shoulder, calling him by the first name: "hail fellow well met" with Thomas Jefferson.

How distasteful is the companionship of one who is always on the subject of his high associations and honored ancestry! We get vexed, and almost wish that their ancestors had been childless. At proper times and to proper degree let such schemes be discussed, but what a folly to be on all occasions talking of it.

TAXES.

I HAVE no sympathy with the ordinary grumbling about taxes. No money will a good citizen of the United States more cheerfully pay than his tax-bill. By that we purchase protection for ourselves and our families. By that our streets are made safe. By that ruffianism and crime are hindered. By that good order is preserved, and we secure to ourselves the blessings of civilization rather than the cruelties of barbarism. But Adam Smith, who did more than any other man who ever lived to elucidate the subject of taxation, lays it down as a principle that it ought to be clear and plain to the contributor of tax, and to every other person, what he is taxed for. It ought not to be possible that the money we pay for the support of government shall be voted to build a railroad from the top of Trinity Church steeple to the mountains in the moon, or the making navigable of some creek that a thirsty ox might drink dry. The taxpayer ought to feel that good use will be made of the money when he hands it over to the collector.

A nation unrighteously taxed will never be a quiet nation. It is time that all over this land the people cry out on this subject. Years ago, when all the steamers to and from California were overcrowded, on a vessel coming from San Francisco, and after it had been many days out, a passenger appeared on deck, and his friends said: "Why, I didn't know you were on board. Where is your room? What berth do you sleep in?" "Oh," said the man, "I have no room. I couldn't get a berth. I have been sleeping on the top of a sick man so far, but he has got well now, and he won't stand it any longer!" So long as the people of this country will lie down and allow Congresses to impose upon them, the imposition will be practiced. It seems to me that we are about strong enough to rise up and hurl off this monster of overtaxation. Talk about stringency in the money market. It will never be corrected or lifted until it is corrected and lifted in this way.

The fact is, that if it were not for these unjust demands that I speak of, and the intemperance in this country, our taxes would go down until they would hardly be worth speaking of.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

IN the great conflict, sometimes Christian men and philanthropists get thoroughly discouraged, and you hear the disheartenment in their prayers and exhortations and sermons. In such a mood you are of no use. A soldier who does not expect to win the day might better be outside the regiment. I suggest a healthy thing for you to do. When a long and severe Winter is raging, it is most refreshing to go into some art gallery and look at a picture of Spring-time and see the blossoms, or at a picture of the Summer and see golden grain-fields or at a picture of the Autumn and see ripe orchards. So if you ever get depressed at the long Winter of the world's sin and sorrow, just open your Bible and look at the pictures of the Spring, the Summer, the Autumn of what the world is yet to be, beyond all possibility of disappointment. There is no more doubt about it than that June and July and August are soon to follow the inclement weather. Right after I read in the newspapers the story of the crime and the wretchedness of the world, I want to read Isaiah's description of the time when the whole earth will be a garden. So, while I work as hard as I can to make the world better, I have not fretted a half-minute concerning its condition in twenty years, nor will I fret. I sympathize and weep with its woes, but fret about them I dare not. That would imply that I have lost confidence in God's capacity to manage his own world. That would imply that the world is on the way to catastrophe instead of being on the way to a glorious millennium.

HOBBIES.

TOO much hobby-riding belittles the mind, distorts the truth, and cripples influence. All our faculties were made for use. He who is always on one theme cannot give full play to judgment, imagination, fancy, reason, wit, and humor. We want harmony of intellect—all the parts carried, treble, alto, tenor, and base, accompanied by full orchestra, sackbut, violoncello, cornet, drum, flute, and cymbals. He who goes through life using one faculty, hops on one foot, instead of taking the strong, smooth gait of a healthy walker. He who, finding within him powers of satire, gives himself up to that, might as well turn into a wasp and go to stinging the bare feet of children. He who is neglectful of all but his imaginative faculty, becomes a butterfly flitting idly about till the first "black frost" of criticism kills it.

He who devotes himself to fun-making will find the better parts of his soul decaying and his temporary attractiveness will be found to be the phosphorescence of rotten wood. He who disports himself in nothing but dialectics and mathematics, will get badly hooked by the horns of a dilemma, and after a while turn into trapezoids and parallelograms—his head a blackboard for diagrams in spherical geometry—and, while the nations are dying, and myriad voices are crying for help, will find their highest satisfaction in demonstrating that if two angels on equal spheres are mutually equilateral, they are mutually equiangular: the flying missiles in a South American earthquake to him are only brilliant examples in conic sections; the one describing a parabola, that an ellipse, the other a hyperbola.

When God has given us so many faculties to use, why use only one of them? With fifty white palfreys to ride, why go tilting a hobby? He who yields to this propensity never sees the whole of anything. There is no sin in all the earth but slavery, or intemperance, or municipal dishonesty. All the sicknesses would be healed if they would take our medicine.

The only thing needed to make the world what it ought to be, is a new pavement on our sidewalk. The nations are safe as soon as we can bring to an end the expectorations of tobacco-juice. All that we can see of anything is between the leather pricked-up ears of our hobby.

THE HATCHET BURIED.

THANK God that so many rams of the Church have had their horns sawed off, and that the ecclesiastical chanticleers have lost their spurs. The books of controversialists will be on the shelves of college and State libraries, old and yellow and cobwebbed, until even the book-worms will get tired of the slumberous literature, and depart from old leather-backs, and some day the books will be cast into the fire, and just before the last flame goes out, the world will see in the consuming scrolls the image of two religious combatants with their hands in each other's hair, combing it the wrong way. Bigotry is an owl that cannot see in the daytime; on black and spectral wing it flits through the midnight heavens and roosts in the belfries of ruined churches.

The millennium has already begun. The Episcopalian lion is eating straw like a Presbyterian ox: and Baptist and Pedo-Baptist, while lovingly discussing their differences, are first sprinkled, and then immersed, by a baptism of the Holy Ghost. Peace! If you, the Methodist, want an anxious seat, long as from Mulberry street to the Golden Horn, have it, and may it be crowded with repentant sinners. And if it shall be found out that all our Presbyterian brethren have been fore-ordained to eternal life, Bishops Simpson and Janes will rejoice with us in the fore-ordination. If this brother will preach in gown and bands, and the Western pioneer shall proclaim the Gospel in his shirt-sleeves, may the divine blessing come down upon both the preachers.

Life is too short, and the work too great to allow disputation about non-essentials. If a drowning man is to be pulled out of the floods, it makes but little difference whether the hand you reach out to him has on it buckskin mitten or kid glove.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

WORKING CHRISTIANS.

THERE are lazy Christians, idle Christians, quiet Christians, noisy Christians, mean Christians, stingy Christians, critical Christians, good-for-nothing Christians, and others we won't mention this week, that we have met, but of all the Christians born none are so good as the working Christian. There are not many of them, you know them when you see them. There is an air about them that tells of Hebrews 11 and James 2. If you should ask them "why they work?" they would quickly reply:

1st. Because souls are lost. They know that fools and philosophy cannot change the fact that there is penalty to broken law and sinners are law breakers, and the sentence passed against the soul that sinneth is death. An awful, endless, conscious death, the same as was his who "in hell lifted up his eyes being in torments."

2d. Because souls can be saved. These working Christians have well read James 5: 20. They know its full meaning. They know that an uplifted Christ can reach the lowest. They cannot always explain the atonement theologically, but they can say and sing and satisfy a sinner that the blood of Christ cleanseth from sin.

3d. Because of the example of Jesus and his disciples. Jesus worked, his followers worked. It was not all talk with him. It wasn't all bluster and plans. They did something, and so these Christians do something. The record of their doings is not found in newspapers, or always told in meeting, or known even to the preacher, but it is all written down. God and the angels know and there will be a day of revelation.

Now, if you should ask me "How they work?" I think I could answer that too:

1st. They work thoroughly. No untempered mortar with them, they want souls converted, really converted. They don't look for quantity so much as quality. One man saved, with his heart changed is more to them than a dozen meetings when five hundred lift their hands for prayer and go out to live the same old sinful lives. They want conversion that will stick by a sinner when men and meetings have passed, that will give him power to say "no" to sin and "yes" to righteousness, no matter where he is or who is about him.

2d. They work decently, and I admire them for this. They are not in for getting up a "circus" to please a hundred and disgust a thousand. Fire they want and will have, religious fervor they seek, but they won't have "wild-fire" nor permit the devil to carry a good thing from the sublime to the ridiculous. If a soul is born into God's kingdom, shouting happy, they let him shout, but they have too much good sense to make everybody else believe it is always like that, or that the best meeting is one where there is the most noise.

3d. They work enthusiastically. Zeal consumes them. It is not the fever of noise or nonsense, but the zeal of God. Convictions deep and abiding keep them young; when others are asleep they are awake. When all seems quiet they are hardest at it. Every now and then I find cities where great revivals break forth. It looks as if God had suddenly wrought a mighty work, but a little searching revealed the work of working Christians, who for long months, and sometimes years, had been literally the slaves of Jesus Christ in preparing for their harvest day. I have seen attached to the name of some one soul-winner the fact that in a week or two he had made so many hundred converts in that town. Bless his dear heart, how surprised he will be to find the glory of their salvation under God, given to others than himself, people whom he never knew, but whom God knew and used to ripen their souls for the gathering.

Dear reader, are you a working Christian?

Backsliders or Prodigals

Should read with much prayer and confession of sin:

Jeremiah 3, The Backslider's Chapter;
Psalms 41, The Prodigal Psalm;
Luke 15, Lost and Found Chapter;
John 10, The Shepherd Chapter;
Hebrew 3, The To-day Chapter;
Luke 13, Repentance Chapter;
Luke 22, The Sad Chapter;
Romans 12, The Consecration Chapter;
Deutt. 28, The Blessing Chapter.

The Bible and the Newspaper

A MODERN HERO.

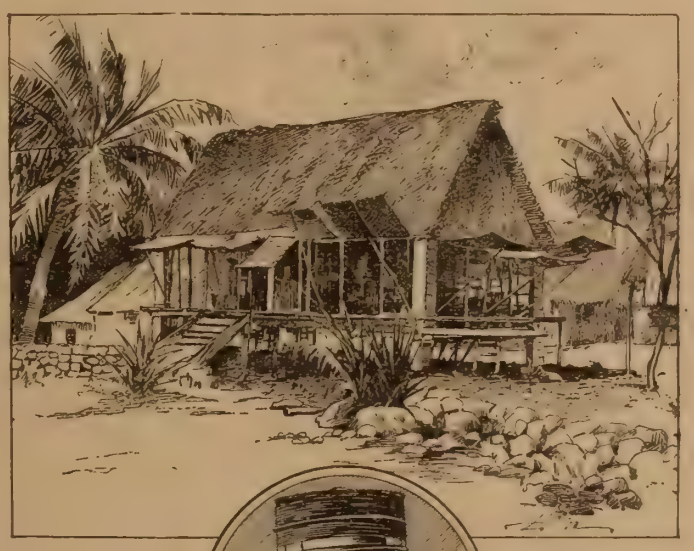
In the worst cholera ward of the hospital at Hamburg is a man who is voluntarily doing all in his power to take the fatal disease. He is a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, and his name is Stanhope. A few weeks ago he underwent inoculation with the cholera injection at the hands of Dr. Haffkine, the disciple of Pasteur. If Dr. Haffkine's theory is true, and the inoculation really prevents the man who undergoes it from taking cholera, or if he takes it, has in it a very mild form, there will no longer be need for people to dread the pestilence. They may escape it by being inoculated, just as they escape small-pox by being vaccinated. But no one knew by actual experiment whether inoculation really is a protection against cholera. Mr. Stanhope therefore determined to test the theory in his own person. Having been inoculated, he went to Hamburg to make the test. He was admitted to the hospital as a nurse. He was furnished with a list of precautions which nurses were required to adopt to save them from infection. He told the hospital doctor that he intended to neglect them all and, at the doctor's request, signed a declaration that he had been faithfully warned of his peril and was incurring it voluntarily and with a full knowledge of possible consequences. He then proceeded to make the test as perfect as possible by doing all the things he was warned not to do, and which all the other nurses carefully avoided, as sure to cause the disease. He writes: "I remained thirty-six hours without washing, much as I regretted it, being of a cleanly nature; in the midst of patients, all of whom, except four have since died; intentionally courting every means of contagion; putting my hands into my mouth; sleeping in the bed of the dead, surrounded by the dead; drinking, not only cold water, but Elbe water, condemned by such men as Professor Koch and every doctor here as rank poison; eating bread and butter which had been in my pocket for hours, while I attended the sick, and butter, as all doctors know, is most likely to harbor microbes in the ward." He is at the hour of writing, still in the hospital awaiting developments. If he does not take the cholera after all his exposure, it will go far to prove that inoculation is a protection against the dread scourge. He will have shown the world how, protected by this virus, a man may walk unhurt through the severest epidemic, for the fangs of the disease will have been extracted. The world will owe him a debt of gratitude, but how small will that debt be compared with that it owes to Christ, who by dying and rising again took the sting from death itself by the assurance of immortality. (1. Cor. 15: 54-57.)

Gold from the Sky.

The fall of an aerolite on a South Dakota prairie is reported by the Minneapolis *Tribune*. A dispatch to that journal from Aberdeen, S. D., states that several sharp detonations were heard by many persons in that neighborhood on Aug. 30. It was supposed that a boiler had burst or that there had been an explosion in a chemical factory. A farmer, however, who was at work in his field near the city furnished the true explanation. He and his men heard the noise, which appeared to come from the sky. Looking up they saw a dark mass falling and heard another explosion. A piece of the dark mass was broken off at the second explosion and fell on the prairie not more than three hundred yards from where they were standing. The farmer's son went to the place where it fell and found that a stone had entered the hard soil to a depth of two feet. He dug it out and found that it was quite hot. It was a hard mass of stone and iron weighing forty-four pounds. On one side its exterior was worn smooth, apparently by its rapid descent through the air; and on the other it was jagged, as if violently broken from a larger body. The inside looked like granite, but on being tested it was found to contain gold, iron and nickel. Search is being made for the other part of the aerolite from which the fragment was thrown off. There is little doubt of its being persistent, for the prospect of finding gold is always alluring to men, though they too often neglect the gold of the Gospel, which also descended from the heavens. (Ps. 19: 10.)

A Change of Allegiance.

Some surprise was awakened, recently, in consequence of the announcement that England had annexed the Gilbert Islands in the Western Pacific Ocean. Those islands were first discovered by a British captain named Byron about one hundred and thirty years ago. Their united population is about 25,000, and many natives are Christians, for American and English missions have been actively at work there for many years. There are several kings or chiefs who govern the different groups of islands, and one of these monarchs is King Paul, a boy ten years of age, who rules on the island of Apemama, twenty miles north of the equator. A portrait of the boy-king and a picture of his palace are given on this page. Tembinoko, who had been king for many years, died in 1891, and was succeeded by his brother, Simmon, a drunkard, who died after a five-months' reign, which had been a prolonged carouse. When the English man-of-war, *Royalist*, arrived, the condition of affairs at Apemama was such that, to secure order and protection for foreign residents, Commander Davis announced a British protectorate over King Paul's dominions. He also enforced the law prohibiting the sale of fire-arms and intoxicating liquors to the natives. The young king is an intelligent lad, but he is surrounded by peculiar advisers and is under the influence of some thirty or forty aunts, wives of the late king Tombinoko. White traders in copra and shark's-fins have done much to demoralize these beautiful islands by the introduction of liquors and evil practises. Under its new allegiance, the little kingdom may now advance in moral and material prosperity. The island government demoralized and weak appears to have been at the mercy of the unprincipled white traders who expedited the progress of disintegration. The islands would probably have been utterly ruined if some strong government had not taken hold of them. It is so in the spiritual world. Left to his own devices a man is the prey of temptation and of his own appetites and lusts. His hope of salvation lies in his giving up the government of his heart and life to Christ. (Luke 11: 21.)



KING PAUL AND HIS PALACE.

Water in a Jewel.

A wonderful natural curiosity is described in the columns of a Washington journal. The writer says that among some geological specimens, recently collected, is one that must have had an interesting history. It is a rounded crystal of chalcedony three inches long, of an oval form, white and translucent. It is but a thin shell, and when held to the light is seen to be nearly filled with water, which flows about as the object is turned this way and that. What makes it interesting is that the water has undoubtedly been inclosed and hermetically sealed in this natural receptacle for thousands of years. There is only one process that could have produced it. Originally there was a cavity in the rock formed by volcanic bubble. Water percolated into it, bringing in solution silex, which was deposited on the walls of a little hollow in a coating of chalcedony. In time it would have been filled solid with beautiful crystals forming "geodes" as they are called, which are nature's treasure caskets found concealed in rocky formations where least expected, and revealing wonders of brilliant color. Agates are made in the same fashion. However, in this instance the small channel by which the water flowed in and out became closed up in some way, and so the process stopped. After a lapse of no one can tell how many centuries the stony mass containing the chalcedony chamber with its liquid contents was broken open and it was disclosed. Seldom does nature produce anything so pure and beautiful. God sometimes permits us to see the same elements of purity and beauty combined in a lovely Christian character when the soul is impregnated with God's grace, as the water was with the silex. But in that case it is the inward rather than the outward beauty that we admire for "we have the treasure in earthen vessels." (II. Cor. 4: 7.)

Vessels Lost in Port.

A maritime journal commenting on the recent capsizing of a vessel when it was tied up to a wharf in Brooklyn, N. Y., remarks that although such an accident is sufficiently unusual in this country to excite comment, it is common enough at ports along the Bay of Fundy and its tributary streams. The usual rise and fall of the tide along that bay is from forty to fifty feet, and high tides sometimes exceed sixty feet. With the fall of the tide all craft are left high, but by no means dry, with an area of chocolate colored mud all about them. This mud is too shifting to hold a vessel in safety, so each pier is provided with one or more strong wood frames called shoes fixed at the bottom of the stream or bay. Upon these shoes all vessels rest at low tide. It frequently happens, however, that a vessel does not get her shoe snugly on, so to speak, and if a strong wind comes when she is thus ill-balanced, over she goes into the mud, to be buried forty feet under the next rising tide. We are familiar with troubles of this kind in the spiritual world. Persons, who, we hoped, were safe within the harbor of the church have fallen, because they were not firmly resting on Christ. (Colossians 2: 6, 7.)

A Trunk Identified by an Album.

For ten weeks past, a lady living at Sioux Falls, S.D., has been using mail and telegraph in an effort to find a trunk which she lost on a railroad journey. The trunk was fully described, and the railroad officials took a great deal of trouble in helping her to find it, but failed, until September 12th, when it was restored to her. It was found on a pier used by a Block Island, Conn. steamer. It was lockless and checkless and its record showed that it had been the round of more than twenty watering-places and had been sent hither and thither by steamer and railroad over thousands of miles. It was finally left on the pier in despair of finding its owner. After it had been there several days, one of the baggagemen opened it to see if it contained any clue to the owner. There was no address among its contents, but there was a photograph album which the baggage-man carried to a photographer in New London. Among the photographs was one that he had taken himself, and he had the address of the lady it represented. He wrote to her stating that her portrait had been found in a stray trunk and asking if she knew anything of it. She happened to be a sister of the owner of the trunk, and was aware of the search that had been made for it. She supplied her sister's address and the trunk was duly restored to her. It would be well if all Christian people could be identified on a similar principle. The lady who loved her sister well enough to carry her portrait around with her was evidently sincerely attached to her, although she may not have made so much profession of her love as some members of churches do at consecration meetings, yet who leave their Bibles and sometimes their Christian character behind them when they go on their summer excursions. (Matt. 7: 16.)

BRIEF NOTES.

All persons to whom we have sent canvassing blanks for the "World's Fair Free Trip" are requested to send their names and addresses immediately to The World's Fair Department Christian Herald Office, Bible House, N. Y.

Gen. O. O. Howard presided at the recent meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society. It was reported to the Board that since April 1 the number of volumes issued had been 295,284.

Six students from Bangor and Yale Seminaries have been ministering to several churches in Maine, including those in Machiasport, Marshfield, Jonesboro, Northfield, Whiting and Whitneysville, and have also held union meetings in each place, all uniting in charge of them. The results have been encouraging.

It is gratifying to learn that the attempt to re-open the famous Andover case has failed. The Board of Visitors have dismissed the case and express the opinion that the best interests of the Seminary would not be served by a re-hearing of the charges against Prof. Smyth. In that opinion they have the hearty concurrence of the general Christian public.

The American Institute of Christian Philosophy will hold its meetings this year in Hamilton Hall, Columbia College, New York. The first meeting was called for October 4th, at which Rev. Arthur Mitchell, D. D., had promised to read a paper on "The Providential History of America." Full particulars as to membership, etc., may be obtained from the secretary, Mr. Charles M. Davis, 4 Winthrop Place, New York.

The Brooklyn Training Institute for Christian Workers in Sunday School and other departments of work begins its winter sessions this week in Hanson Place Baptist Church of which Rev. A. C. Dixon is pastor. On October 4, 5 and 6 Prof. Nathaniel West will open the course with three lectures on the Pentateuch and the Higher Critics. The classes will be held every Tuesday evening at eight o'clock until the end of the year, and there will be lectures on Thursday evenings. No charge is made for admission to the course.

The following additional sums have been contributed toward supplying Evangelist Quinn, the "Converted Gambler" with a Gospel car for conducting his anti-gambling crusade: Y. M. C. A., $4.50, Rev. John L. Scudder, $2, Rev. David Mitchel, Jersey City, $2; Y. M. C. A., $35, P. Oppenheiser, 50 cts., W. H. Snedaker, 50 cts., C. D. Kanmeyer, 50 cts., Chas. Lendner, 50 cts., Geo. W. Buckland, $2, Mrs. L. S. Gales, $2, H. S. Mayer, Buffalo, N. Y. $2; W. C. T. U., $5; Mrs. J. Q. Hawks, Georgetown, N. Y., $2; Carrie Wilson, Detroit, Mich., 10 cts.

Contributions to the fund for the support of Rev. George W. Sharp, The Christian Herald Missionary of the American Sunday School Union, have been received since our last acknowledgement to the amount of $19.93. They were as follows: Subscriber, Chattanooga, Tenn., $5; G. C. Sydenham, $5; O. R. Bidwell, $3; Carrie E. Madison $2; T. E. Mitchell, $1; Subscriber, Hart Springs, Ark., $1; A Friend, Empire, Mich., $1; Mrs. L. Bunce, $1.; G. Van Zandt, 50 cts.; Annonymous, 43 cts. This sum completes the amount necessary for Mr. Sharp's support for the year. We thank our readers for their response to our appeal, and they with us will rejoice that the good work Mr. Sharp is doing will go on. We trust our readers will pray that the blessing of God will be with him in his labors for Christ.

PROF. TOTTEN ON DANIEL'S LAST VISION.

A Remarkable Article, Explaining His Recent Discovery of the Key to the Prophetic Chronology of Daniel.

PROFESSOR C. A. L. TOTTEN.

A VISIT was paid by Prof. Totten to the office of this journal on September 20th, when he expressed his gratification at the accuracy of the resume of his lectures printed in this journal two weeks ago, and said that he had prepared an article expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that its readers might have the benefit of a full explanation of his discovery of the key to the chronology of Daniel's prophecies. The confusion in which the subject was involved, he said, which had misled former expositors, arose from the fact that there were two starting points from which the periods could be reckoned, and two measures of time which might be used—the solar and the lunar year. He had found that all four might be harmonized with startling results. If we use the earlier starting point, which is the decree granted to Ezra (Ezra 1: 1) and the solar measure of time be taken, the result is exactly the same year as we come to, if we use the later starting point—the decree granted to Nehemiah (Neh. 2: 1) and measure by lunar time. With this mode of reckoning, the sixty-nine weeks of years (Daniel 9: 25) end at the baptism of Christ, when the voice from heaven was heard, declaring, "This is my beloved Son." And the date is the same whether we start from the earlier year, reckoning in solar time, or the later year, reckoning in lunar time. The latter mode of measurement, the professor thinks, must be applied to all the later periods, reckoning a prophetic "time" or "year" as 354 years. "I think it is significant," said Prof. Totten, "that this day when I am giving out my discovery to the world is the day when the Jewish people are celebrating the commencement of the new Jewish year 5683." Following is the article Prof. Totten prepared for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

As an example of the potence of this system, which has already been explained in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, let us study Daniel somewhat closely. He was born in the year 3381 A.M. This was the 17th year of Josiah, and the one which preceded the finding of the Law and the great Passover of Josiah's 18th year. Now the number 3381 is patently resolved into 49 times 69. Thus it was in reality the year which marked the 69th Jubilee in the generations of the Sons of Adam.

Furthermore, when the prophet was in his sixty-ninth year, *i.e.* in 3449 A.M., Belshazzar came to the throne, and the vision of empire already granted to Nebuchadnezzar under two forms (Dan. 2 and 4) was repeated to Daniel, himself, under another and with additional details. (Chapter 8.)

Now it is from this latter date (3449 A.M.) that we can sweep unerringly down the stream of time to the last Jubilee in our current century. Thus 2,520 lunar years (at 354 days each) equal 2,445 solar ones (at 365 days each) and 3,449 A.M. plus 2,445 equals 5,894 A. M. which is our 1895–6 A.D. (September to September.)

That this latter year (5894 A. M.) will be a Jubilee, and the last one in our century, upon the actual scale established by Moses, is demonstrated by subtracting from it the year of the Exodus (2513 A.M.) which leaves 3,381, or the very number we have just shown (in relation to Daniel's birth) to be equal to 69 times 49!

Daniel's name (Dan–i–el) signifies the "Judge of God," and he is particularly the prophet whose visions concern the chronological execution of the violated Law of God. Hence as the law was found at the end of Josiah's 17th year, so at the end of Daniel's 17th year the prophet was himself taken to Babylon to pronounce the sentence. Seventeen years added to 3381 A. M. brings us to 3398 A.M., which was the first year of Nebuchadnezzar, and from which Daniel dates his own captivity.

Add to 3398 A.M. seventy years, and you have 3468 A.M., which was the first year of Darius the Mede (Dan. 5) in which he took the kingdom of the Chaldees.

But it is noticeable that the prophet is very careful to state the age of Darius at this time (Daniel 5:31) and the reason is apparent only to the student of the true chronology. For instance, we are told that "Darius the Mede took the Kingdom, being about three score and two years old," *i.e.* sixty-two years old. Hence, deducting 62 from 3468 A.M. gives us 3406 A.M. as the birth year of Darius. But this was the year of Ezekiel's captivity, and that of the really official sacred count. Hence, seventy years forward fetch us to 3476 A.M., which was the first of Cambyses, the son of Cyrus the Persian. Now as the reign of the latter was eight years, his first year was 3468 A.M., or the same as that of Darius.

It is now apparent that this discovery is exactly what we ought to have expected, for Darius was a Mede, and Cyrus a Persian, and it was the joint kings of this dual kingdom of "the Medes and the Persians" that succeeded the Babylonian "Head of Gold."

No scale but the true one has revealed this secret, nor do I know of any former chronologist who has ever pointed out that the first years of these kings were necessarily one and the same. The fact that Daniel refers to the first of Darius and also to the third of Cyrus, has misled them into supposing these kings were successors, though the collateral fact that Darius died in his own third year should have set them back upon the trail.

Let us now examine the official date of Judah's captivity as Ezekiel records it, from the downfall of Jehoiachin and his own expatriation, and employs it consistently throughout his prophecies. All my own calculations show that this was the year 3406, Anno Mundi (or from the creation), and I freely admit that to disturb it from the straight chain of A. M. years as related to Hebrew History is to invalidate the whole of my published work.

It now turns out that Daniel himself employs this very year as the date from which to sweep down through all the years then remaining ahead of 'his people' in order to fetch them into the millennium, or to the seventh thousand (*i. e.*, Sabbatic) years toward which the wise of all ages gone have pressed in hope.

Now the year 3406 A. M. not only witnessed the beginning of Judah's seventy years' captivity, but of her thirty-six times longer period of 'punishment,' to wit 2,520 years. Hence, adding to 3406 A. M. these seven 'times' (seven times 360 equals 2,520 years), we reach the year 5926 A. M., and by the further addition of thirty to forty-five we have seventy-five years, we reach the year 6001 A. M., which is the first year of the Sabbatic thousand reckoned on the longest possible, or solar scale. Now this method does not allow a single hour for the promised 'shortening' of 'the latter days,' which I have elsewhere shown, probably began with Joshua's Long Day. Moreover, as we are at this moment (Sept. 20–21, 1892, A. D.), only at the end of Solar year 5890 A. M., it would appear that the first year of the millennium was still about 111 years off. And so it is upon the long or Solar scale, whereas for this very reason, upon the short or Lunar one, it ran out in 1823 A. D., or *fully sixty-nine solar years ago.*

We have therefore just arrived (1892 A. D.) at a most propitious period in the interval between the expiration of the short Lunar (5821 A. M.) and full Solar (6001 A. M.) terminals of the 6,000 years, for prosecuting our further studies of Daniel's Chronological scale, and while the disclosure I am about to make will demonstrate that the Prophet's system comprehends the whole stretch of Solar years from Adam to the first year of the 'Sabbatic Thousand,' I still desire to be plainly understood as placing the actual beginning of events which are destined to lead up to 'the restitution of all things' within this current decade (1892–5-6-1899 A. D.) In fact I am convinced that they have already begun.

The whole matter depends upon the expiration of the *Babylonian Era.* This began with Nabopolassar's accession in the middle of 3377 A. M., and therefore extends 2,520 full Solar years forward, i. e., to 5897 1-2 A. M., or to our 1899 1-4 A. D. Now I have elsewhere shown upon a dozen or so lines of independent calculation that 'the times of the Gentiles' must terminate with this latter date, and it is on this account that I unhesitatingly place the termination of the *hidden scale of 6,000 years at this very point.* And here we actually find it, for the only way we can measure 5,897 1-2 Solar years (with a long solar unit up to a certain point, and the remainder with a short lunar unit) so as to sum up 6,000, is to divide the scale at the Winter Solstice of 2555 A. M. (Notice that this date is exactly seven times 365 !) i. e., at Joshua's Long Day.

Let us therefore remove the seal from Daniel's Book. To do so I go to the final vision he records. It is comprised in the tenth, eleventh and twelfth chapters, and is dated by the prophet himself as follows: "In the third year of Cyrus (3470-1 A.M.), King of Persia a thing was revealed unto Daniel, whose name was called Belteshazzar; and the thing was true, *but the time appointed was long*, and he understood the thing, and had understanding of the vision." Then follow the sixty-nine verses which comprehend this vision and fetch us to the fourth verse of the twelfth chapter inclusive, and which reads as follows:

"But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book *even to the time of the end:* many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased." We are to-day at this period, and so sure as "a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation, even to that time," has already begun for Judah in the Iron Furnace of Russia, so surely are we at the time when Michael shall shortly stand up, and Daniel's people be delivered !

For instance, I am satisfied that the New Year's day of 1901 on the true scale, i. e. 5901 A. M., will find Daniel himself standing in his "lot." This will be one full century plus the "half a week" or 3 1-2 years, after the year 5897 1-2 A. M., (or 1899 1-4 A. D.), which all my calculations make so ominous, and will be exactly 2520 solar years from 3381 A. M., the year of Daniel's birth ! It is to *each end of this ominous century* that my calculations point with such explicitness.

But it is to the interpretation of the *postscript* to the Book of Daniel that I am leading up,—the last nine verses that form the closing paragraph of the twelfth chapter. These cover a vision complete in itself, and one that none of my predecessors have been able to solve; indeed Daniel himself declares of it that he "heard but understood not." The reason was that from his standpoint of time the solution was practically impossible while the situation is reversed from ours. This closing vision is as follows (its date being the same as that of the other parts of the three chapters referred to, to-wit: 3570–1 A. M., Daniel's age being somewhat over 91 years, i. e., 1-4 of 365!

"Then I Daniel looked, and, behold, there stood other two, the one on this side of the bank of the river, and the other on that side of the bank of the river. And one said to the man clothed in linen, which was upon the waters of the river, How long shall it be to the end of these wonders? And I heard the man clothed in linen, which was upon the waters of the river, when he held up his right hand and his left hand unto heaven, and sware by him that liveth forever, that it shall be for a time, times and a half; and when he shall have accomplished to scatter the power of the holy people, all these things shall be finished. And I heard, but I understood not: then said I, O my Lord, what shall be the end of these things? And he said, Go thy way, Daniel: for the words are closed up and sealed till the time of the end. Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly; and none of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand. And from the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, there shall be a thousand two hundred and ninety days. Blessed is he that waiteth, and cometh to the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days. But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."

This is the vision, and we will now tell the interpretation thereof, before those who are Daniel's people; for verily they comprehend both the Anglo-Saxons (the Ten Lost Tribes) called in Isaac's name; and the Jews who keep to-day, their New Year's day!

The burden of the matter is Chronology, and the river whereon the man stood who was clothed in linen is the dividing line of the times and seasons of the year 4666 A. M. And in that Daniel saw other two, the one on *his own* side of the dividing line, and the other upon *our's*, the division was between them.

Now it was Daniel himself who inquired as to the length of this vision, and the man clothed in linen raised *first his right* hand to one of the men on Daniel's side of the river and *then his left* hand towards the other, upon our side of the river and both towards heaven, and sware by him that liveth forever that it should be for "time, times and half a time," he assigned *an equal interval or 1260 years to each of the parts represented by the other two*, or *seven times to the whole*, the *which are* seven times 360 or 2520 years!

And let it be furthermore related that the man upon the right, or Daniel's side of the river, stood at the official year of the captivity, according to Ezekiel, even at the year 3406 A.M., so that 1260 years onwards brought him to the year 4666 A.M., at which time the daily prayers were abrogated throughout Palestine and the permanent Mosque of Omar set up, or dedicated. (Temporary mosque 4636, elaborate mosque finished in 4690 A.M.)

Now from that time, 4666 A.M., reckoning 1290 years forward on *our* side of the river, brings us thirty years beyond the 1260 years (or to the year 5926 A.M.,) whereat the man stood who was furthermost from Daniel, or to the year 5956 A.M.; and as 1335 years are still other forty-five more than were these 1290, it follows that the time at which he who waiteth is to be fully blessed, is the year 6001 A.M. Thus the vision literally extends 2595 years forward from the date (3406 A.M.) of Judah's Babylonian captivity, on to the first year of the Sabbatic Thousand which is the Millennium upon the undiminished Solar scale.

But and moreover, in that the vision was thus for 2595 years, and in that at the end thereof Daniel himself was to stand in his own lot, the same may be interpreted as to the prophet himself, but on the shorter Lunar scale whereby his chief visions are found to be unfolded. From the birth of the prophet therefore (3381 A.M.) "time, times and half a time" upon the Lunar scale bring us to the middle of the year 4603 as the dividing of the seven times, and the same repeated or 1222.5 years beyond the stream, bring us to the end of 5826 A.M. Thence 30 added to 45, that is 75 years fetch us respectively to the years 5856 A.M. and 5901 A.M., which latter is the 1335th year from the dividing line. The river was thus about three score and two years wide, which was the age of Darius at the fall of Babylon as recorded by Daniel himself.

Finally, between 5901 A.M. upon the one scale, and 6001 A.M. upon the other—a hundred years—the work of "the Restitution of all things" must be accomplished, and as "the times of the Gentiles" must close in 5897 1-2 A.M. or three and a half years before the earliest of these dates, it is manifested that we may be nearer the initiation of these momentous events than even the "wise" have dreamed.

I have fully explained what I expect to take place during this decade in my published Studies comprised in the *Our Race* Series. During the succeeding century I believe the arduous task of rehabilitation will be consummated, and I anticipate that the year 6001 A.M. will witness a centennial celebration of some special event now soon to occur, and so introduce the initiation of the New Regime.

Finally, the chief object of divulging the fact that Daniel's system of chronology sweeps in the first six working Millennaries, and blesses those who enter the Sabbatic one, is now accomplished. In that the interpretation should make it clear to all that we, who enjoy the blessed hope conveyed in all these matters, by no means expect the end of the world as such, but only the end of "the Gospel Age" and of the Gentile Times, and that thereafter we expect a Golden one inaugurated by an age of restitution, but that the latter, *in this current decade*, will be ushered in by a period of such unprecedented trouble as to call for Michael's services in behalf of Daniel's people.

Whoso hath ears let him hear, for the wise only can comprehend even what is now so plainly written.

Briefly then, we have already entered into the Period of Trouble. We crossed the threshold on March 29th, 1892, and the gloom grows deeper as the Heptade progresses. Its central year (1895-6, September to September, as the Jews reckoned and still reckon their years), is to be a most significant Jubilee, and *may* be honored by the return of Messiah the Prince ! This, however, I do not presume to announce as the inevitable result of calculation, but merely give it forth as an interesting and glorious possibility founded upon the fact of its being the 69th Jubilee year since the Exodus out of Egypt. Personally I am satisfied that it will at least cover events with whose renown the world shall ring, and I believe they will cluster around the incidents of such an Exodus of Israel and Judah out of the North Country and out of all countries whither they are scattered, as to put all after memory of the Egyptian one forever in the shade.

I am glad to make this important announcement upon so notable a date as this (Sept. 20-21, 1892 A. D.), as it is not only made remarkable astronomically, by a New Moon at Autumnal Equinox, but marks the beginning of a new year (as manifest from the present festival of the Jews) on the very scale of time upon which I am working.

Helpful Anecdotes

How a Famous Tract was Written.

Rev. Newman Hall thus relates the history of his famous tract, "Come to Jesus." "I had rheumatic fever, and as I was recovering, I thought if I died I should have left nothing but temperance tracts, and I should like to leave an evangelical tract; I will write that out, every topic shall occupy two pages. It was rather an amusement, because there must be a measure between the copy and the size of the page, and when I had written my task for the day, I generally found I had written twice too much; then I went over it, cut out every unnecessary sentence, made every long word a short word, in thorough Saxon style. I kept condensing it and counting it up again until I had got just the right number of words to go into a page, and that was the work of a day. When the whole of it was ready, I ordered two thousand copies; I thought, I will give away one thousand and my people will buy one thousand. So two thousand copies were printed, and a copy or two were sent to London, as such things always are, to some publisher. Within a month an order came for five or ten thousand copies; somebody had seen it and wanted to circulate it. And so, without any advertising or without any commendation, that little thing started on its journey. God chooses the small things; there is nothing in it to be vain about. It is such a small thing. Whatever excellence there is in it is that it is a bit of transparent glass, through which you can see clearly God's own Word. That is the chief event of my first ministry."

* * *

An Opportunity Missed.

A clergyman recently told an audience of an incident that occurred when he was coming up the Mississippi river sometime ago He observed a neatly dressed old colored man, with whom, after a word or two of greeting, he began a conversation about the Kingdom. The minister remarked: "Though a perfect stranger to me, I felt sure you were a disciple of Jesus. How do you think I knew it?" "You know'd it by de mark," he replied. "De Scripture tells ob de saints having a mark in dar foreheads. You know'd it by de mark. And now, I tuk yoh for a young preacher ob de Gospel; and I want to know why, having de Gospel message, you did not preach to us on dis boat?"

Somewhat startled by the suggestion, the minister reptied, "Some of the officers knew I was a clergyman, and they did not invite or suggest that it would be agreeable, and I did not wish to appear officious or intrude my message."

"Ah!" said the colored saint, "de ole Apostle Paul 'didn't wait for no invitation. Most everybody likes to hear de Gospel. 'Twould be no 'trusion, and you might a done much good."

* * *

Never Lose Heart.

"I once knew a man who lost his heart," wrote Pastor Spurgeon. "His wife had not got it, and his children had not got it, and he did not seem as if he had got it himself. 'That is odd!' say you. Well, he used to starve himself. He scarcely had enough to eat. His clothes were threadbare. He starved all who were around him. He did not seem to have a heart. A poor woman owed him a little rent. Out she went into the street. He had no heart. A person had fallen back a little in the payment of money he had lent him. The debtor's children were crying for bread. The man did not care who cried for hunger, or what became of the children. He would have his money. He had lost his heart. I never could make out where it was till I went to his house one day and saw an iron safe; it stood behind the door of an inner room, and when he unlocked it with a heavy key, and the bolts were shot and the inside was opened, there was a musty, fusty thing within it, as dry as a kernel of a walnut seven years old. It was his heart. If you have locked up your heart in an iron safe, get it out. Get it out as quickly as ever you can."

* * *

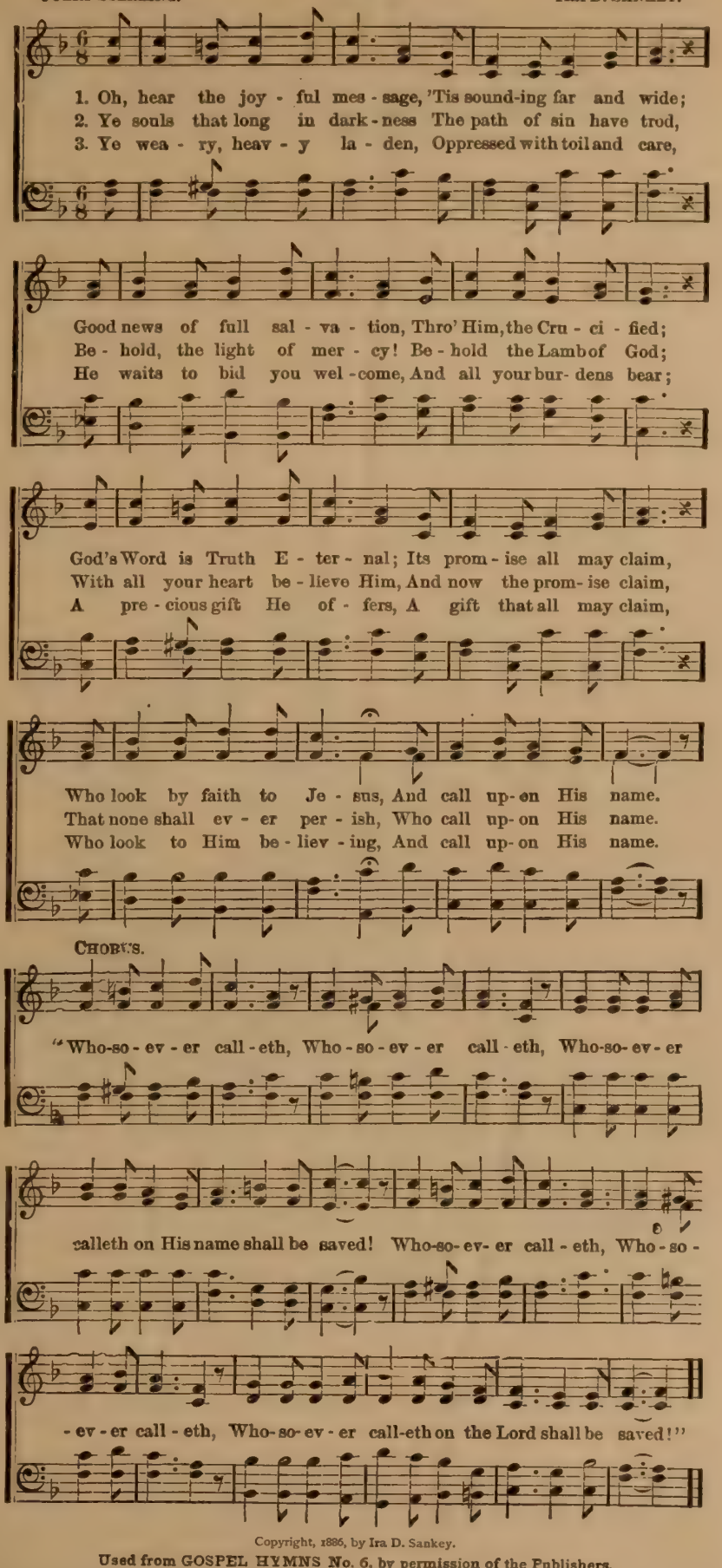
The Place to Lose One's Self.

A person who had long practised many austerities, without finding any comfort or change of heart, was once complaining to a good clergyman of his state. "Alas," said he, "self-will and self-righteousness follow me everywhere. Only tell me when you think I shall learn to leave self. Will it be by study, or prayer, or good works?" "I think," replied the pastor, "that the place where you lose self, will be that where you find your Saviour."

Whosoever Calleth.

"Whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Joel 2: 32; Acts 2: 21; Rom. 10: 13.

Julia Sterling. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Oh, hear the joy - ful mes - sage, 'Tis sound-ing far and wide;
2. Ye souls that long in dark - ness The path of sin have trod,
3. Ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Oppressed with toil and care,
Good news of full sal - va - tion, Thro' Him, the Cru - ci - fied;
Be - hold, the light of mer - cy! Be - hold the Lamb of God;
He waits to bid you wel - come, And all your bur- dens bear;
God's Word is Truth E - ter - nal; Its prom - ise all may claim,
With all your heart be - lieve Him, And now the prom- ise claim,
A pre - cious gift He of - fers, A gift that all may claim,
Who look by faith to Je - sus, And call up- on His name.
That none shall ev - er per - ish, Who call up- on His name.
Who look to Him be - liev - ing, And call up- on His name.
Chorus.
"Who-so - ev - er call - eth, Who - so - ev - er call - eth, Who-so- ev - er
call - eth on His name shall be saved! Who-so- ev- er call - eth, Who - so -
- ev - er call - eth, Who-so- ev - er call-eth on the Lord shall be saved!"

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In Memory.

We take the living bread,
Jesus, as thou hast said,
In memory.
The blessed cup we take,
Dear Master, for thy sake,
And think of thee!

Our sins wrought all thy woe:
Our hatred pierced thee so
And broke my heart!
And yet thou dost forgive—
Dost bid us come and live—
How good thou art!

O thou the Living Bread!
Now let our souls be fed—
Be in us, Lord!
Give life and power divine,
Nourish our hearts with wine,
Wine of thy word!—D. M. H.

The Hour of Prayer.

When I'm kneeling at the altar, thou seemest close beside,
To gather up the tender prayers breathed out so far and wide,
For all the loved and loving ones whom thou to me hast given,
To make life's path more beautiful and point the way to heaven.

A holy hush comes over me; who prays is ne'er alone;
I hear the crystal waters pure that pulse beneath the throne,
And almost catch the seraph's song outringing clear and sweet
Till all my life becomes a prayer,—I lay it at thy feet.

—Mary R. Wade.

A World's Fair Trip Free.

"The Christian Herald's" Plan for Providing its Readers with Free Transportation Both Ways—Seven Days' Hotel Fare, and a Week of Pure, Innocent Pleasuring.

All the world is now talking of the Chicago Fair, the great Columbian Exposition in celebration of the Quadri-Centennial of the Discovery of America, which opens in the Western Metropolis next spring. Everybody will make an effort to visit the Fair. The extent of the preparations, the number and vastness of the buildings, the widespread interest among other participating nations, all point to an Exposition of unrivalled scope and magnificence.

The Christian Herald has received many letters of inquiry from different parts of the country regarding the Fair, and after careful consideration it has arranged a plan specially for the benefit of its readers and their friends, by which those who wish to visit Chicago can do so, without the outlay of a dollar. This will secure to all who profit by the plan, railroad transportation from their own States to Chicago and return, and one week's board and lodging convenient to the Fair Grounds.

For every person who during the six months from July 1st to Dec. 31, secures the number of new, annual, full-paid subscribers to The Christian Herald, stipulated below, at $1.50 each, we will send transportation tickets to Chicago and return, and a coupon entitling the holder to seven days' excellent board and accommodation at a location convenient to the World's Fair Grounds. This offer applies to every State in the Union. The railroad tickets will be valid for twenty days.

Those who intend to take advantage of this special offer should immediately notify us to that effect. Send us your full name and Post-office address, stating at the same time the number of subscription blanks and sample copies of The Christian Herald you require to begin your canvass and we will send them.

Should you fall short of the subscription limit fixed for your section in the appended list, you have the privilege of choice between two courses, in neither of which can you possibly be the loser. Thus: in a section where 60 subscribers are fixed as the limit, if after securing 50 subscriptions, you find yourself unable to make further progress, we are prepared either to forward you our publisher's check, making a proper allowance for the work accomplished, or to accept from you a small cash payment, in addition to the 50 paid-up subscriptions, on receipt of which we will immediately forward the transportation tickets and 7-days' coupons. All cases of this nature will be adjusted on a similar liberal basis.

Some may have friends in Chicago with whom they prefer to stay during the visit. In all such cases, we will be willing, on receiving the necessary number of subscriptions, to forward to the tourist along with his or railroad tickets a check for $25 in lieu of the 7-day's coupon for board and lodging.

Address all applications to World's Fair Department, The Christian Herald, 92 Bible House, New York City.

STATE.	CITY.	SUBS.	STATE.	CITY.	SUBS.
Ala.	Montgomery..	100	Mich.	Jackson.....	60
"	Talladega	100	Minn.	Duluth.....	80
Ariz.	Prescott	200	"	Minneapolis ..	80
Ark.	Little Rock...	100	"	St. Paul.....	80
"	Pine Bluff.....	100	Miss.	Meridian.....	100
Cal.	Los Angeles..	200	"	Vicksburg.....	100
"	San Francisco	200	Mo.	Kansas City...	75
Colo.	Denver.....	100	"	St. Louis.....	60
"	Leadville	120	"	Springfield....	80
Conn.	Bridgeport....	100	Mon.	Helena	150
"	Hartford.....	100	Neb.	Lincoln	80
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"	New Haven...	100	Nev.	Carson City...	200
"	New London..	100	N.H.	Concord	100
"	Norwich ...	100	N. J.	Bayonne.....	100
Del.	Wilmington...	100	"	Newark.....	100
D. C.	Washington ..	100	"	Trenton	100
Ga.	Atlanta.....	100	N.Y.	N. Y. City....	100
"	Savannah.....	100	"	Albany	90
Idah.	Boise City....	180	"	Rochester.....	80
Ind.	Fort Wayne...	60	"	Buffalo	80
"	Indianapolis...	60	N.C.	Charlotte.....	100
Iowa.	Burlington....	60	Ohio.	Cincinnati	65
"	Cedar Rapids.	60	"	Cleveland	70
"	Davenport ...	60	"	Dayton.....	60
"	Des Moines...	75	Ore.	Portland.....	200
Kas.	Emporia.....	80	Pa.	Alleghany C'y	80
"	Leavenworth.	75	"	Reading	90
"	Topeka	80	"	Philadelphia..	90
"	Wichita.....	80	R. I.	Providence....	100
Ky.	Louisville.....	60	"	Westerly.....	100
La.	Baton Rouge.	100	S. C.	Charleston....	100
"	New Orleans..	100	Tenn.	Chattanooga..	80
Me.	Lewiston	100	"	Knoxville.....	80
"	Portland.....	100	Tex.	Dallas	100
Md.	Baltimore	80	"	Galveston	100
Mass.	Boston.....	100	Utah.	Salt Lake C'y.	150
"	Fall River....	100	Vt.	Rutland ...	100
"	Haverhill.....	100	Va.	Norfolk.....	90
"	Lowell.	100	"	Richmond	90
"	Worcester	100	W.V.	Wheeling.....	80
Mich.	Ann Arbor....	60	Wis.	Madison	60
"	Detroit.....	60	"	Milwaukee ...	60
"	Grand Rapids.	60			

Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Ralph Cromwell, Chicago, Ills. We have no data for supplying the information you want.

Charles J. Freese, Lowell, Snohomish Co., Washington. Write to J. E. Jewett, Publisher, Bible House, New York.

J. J. Norris, Anderson, S. C. For the information wanted write to *The Photographic Times*, 423 Broome Street, New York.

A new postoffice in Lancaster, Pa., has been named Talmage, in compliment to the Editor of The Christian Herald.

Mrs. McGonigal, Mt. Pleasant, O. Write to Porter & Coates, publishers, Philadelphia, about Dr. Seiss's books on Prophecy.

J. M. A., Williamsport, Pa. The reason why your question was not answered was because it was purely secular, and one that would be more suitable for the columns of a daily newspaper than for those of The Christian Herald.

Jacob D. Eisele, Philadelphia (an expert nurseryman), writes: "In answer to inquiry of R. J. Park, Waterloo, Iowa, in the September 7th issue of The Christian Herald, I would say there is no way to tell the age of a Palm, even by an experienced grower, their size and appearance depending entirely on the cultural skill under which they have been produced. Frequently a plant grown in a careful manner will be of a much greater size and beauty than a plant of double its age, that has been grown under ordinary circumstances."

Miss Jessie Mitchell, Wewachitchka, Fla. Who is now filling the late Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit in London?

Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, formerly of Australia, a son of the late pastor.

A. Mills, Lockport, N. S. Is it wrong for a Christian minister to play in a baseball match?

While the taking of proper physical exercise is to be commended, it can be done without frivolity, or the sacrifice of dignity. The office of a minister should not be degraded by its incumbent, even to the extent of a mild indulgence such as you suggest, or to any extent that might endanger the respect his spiritual flock entertain for him. While there are many things that are proper for a clergyman to do, there are some which good taste, and a due regard for his sacred calling should distinctly prohibit.

Subscriber, Iuka, Miss. What is your candid opinion regarding phrenology? Is there much in it?

Phrenology is not accepted as a science, being regarded as an empirical system of psychology, although it has many points of great interest to the student. It is the general impression among scientific men that a majority of the so-called phrenological professors are charlatans, ignorant of physiological principles and qualified by smooth talk and shrewd guessing to deceive the credulous as to their ability to read character. The method of estimating the size of the organs is arbitrary, and their boundaries are indefinite.

Reader, —— An employee, under stress of circumstances, takes six or seven dollars of his employer's money, intending to put it back when he could. After a year and a half, he returns the sum, with interest, the employer knowing nothing of the affair. Since that event the employee has undergone a change of heart. Should he confess the whole matter to his employer, or is the restoration he has already made sufficient?

The case is a peculiarly hard one, but confession is a duty that cannot be avoided, if the employee is indeed a Christian. This course should be taken even at the risk of loss of situation. At the same time, he should be able to prove to the employer's satisfaction that restitution has actually been made, and if the employer be a just man, he will take all the circumstances, including the repentance, into consideration and will act accordingly.

Elijah Lucas, Trenton, N. J. 1. Where do the Scriptures teach that there will be two stages in Christ's coming? 2. Where do they teach that our Saviour will again dwell on the earth? 2. Where do they teach that there will be two resurrections a thousand years apart?

1. That Christ will descend into the air where his waiting and expectant people (not all Christians) will be caught up to meet him, is taught in 1. Thess. 4: 16, 17. It is evident also from Luke 21: 36 and other passages that a portion of the Church will be withdrawn before the Great Tribulation. Christ does not come to earth *then*, but to the air. At the end of the tribulation, Christ comes to the earth bringing his saints with him. (Zech. 14: 5.) That will be at the battle of Armageddon. (Jude 14, 15 and Rev. 19.) 2. The promise to the faithful Christians is that they shall reign *with* Christ a thousand years. (Rev. 20: 4.) That will be on earth. (Rev. 5: 10.) The descriptions of the millennium by the prophets Isaiah and Zechariah clearly indicate the presence of Christ. 3. Revelation 20: 4, 5, 7, 12.

GOD'S MESSENGERS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Oct. 16. Acts 10: 5-6; Exodus 3: 11-14.

In both the passages selected as illustrations the human instrument was used for the delivery of God's message. Both were imperfect instruments and both were surprised at being charged with the duty. In the case of Moses, there was manifest reluctance to undertake it, and in the case of Peter there would have been repugnance, but for the dream he had before being called to the work. Yet success attended both men when they obeyed. They were called to perform the simple duty of bearing a message entrusted to them, and their only duty was to deliver it, not to change it, to add to it, or withhold any part of it. Jonah received the same command, but he evaded it for a time, and when he did deliver it brought mortification on himself by fixing a limit which was no part of his message. Moses and Peter were more faithful ambassadors, and God honored their fidelity.

God still uses the human instrument. He has not changed his method of declaring his will to the world. There is no minister or Sunday School teacher really anxious to do God's service who may not receive a commission. He will not receive it if he is anxious for his own glory or popularity. God chooses docile, humble men for that work, men who will not mar the message by obtruding their own thoughts or their own personality. Nor does he choose men who have ends of their own to serve. The messenger of God who bears his word to men is not hindered by the unpopularity that he may earn by declaring it. This or that man may be offended, prudent friends may warn him that pecuniary loss may be entailed, but he is not concerned as to results. His duty is a very solemn and responsible one and he dare not misrepresent the message committed to him. And when the message comes, what is the duty of the hearers? The messenger may not be eloquent—Moses is said to have been a stammerer and Peter was not likely to have been an educated man—but it is with the message not with the manner of its delivery that the people are concerned. Conscience will tell the hearer if the sermon or the talk be a message from God to him. If it is so recognized, woe to the man if he heed it not. If he criticises the speaker's style, or appearance, or delivery and pays no attention to the message itself, he is in a perilous state. This makes church-going and all dealings with religious teaching a very solemn business, alike for preacher and hearer.

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THE Y. M. C. A. IN JERUSALEM.

An interesting communication is sent to the *Young Men's Era* by Mr. R. C. Morse, relating to the organization of a Young Men's Christian Association in Jersualem. He says: The rooms of the Jerusalem Young Men's Christian Association are happily located in one of the new buildings on the street outside the Jaffa gate. This street is a busy oriental thoroughfare. The Turkish post-office and telegraph department are located in the same building with the Association, and the Custom House and the Jerusalem hotel are near at hand. The rooms were engaged as early as last November, while the block of buildings in which they are situated was being completed. The Association had only just moved into the rooms when Messrs. McBurney, Morse and Ober visited Jerusalem. Mr. F. T. Ellis, the excellent honorary secretary of the Association, having learned of their being in Jerusalem, arranged for a meeting in the rooms that evening. It proved a very interesting occasion. The three American secretaries made addresses which were interpreted to the audience of young men. The buildings in which the rooms are located are commodious, and we learn from the report that the Association has sixty-four members. The rooms are opened daily from ten to twelve in the morning and in the evening from four to ten. Chess is the favorite game, some of the members being very good players. A number of papers are loaned by friends, and a few volumes of books. Three Arabic periodicals are taken. Many drinking saloons are now opened on the Jaffa road. The innocent khan and resting place is gradually turned into a dram shop. The rooms have just been opened at the right time to combat the growth of intemperance and increase of evil.

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A BAPTIST Y. P. U. LEADER.

One of the most enthusiastic advocates of the Baptist Young People's Union is the Rev. Warren G. Partridge, pastor of the Penn Avenue Church, Scranton, Pa., whose portrait appears on this page. He was among the first Baptist pastors to organize a Union and he has carefully fostered it since its formation and urged his brethren in the ministry to do likewise. Mr. Partridge had learned the value of organizing the young people of a church when at Norwich, N. Y., where in 1886 he had a flourishing Christian Endeavor Society and

REV. WARREN G. PARTRIDGE.

where with its help he was enabled to add over three hundred persons to the membership roll. He attributed much of his success to the hearty sympathy and co-operation of the Society in his church work. He was therefore prepared when the Baptist Young People's Union was organized, to enter into the movement with all his heart. Mr. Partridge is a graduate of Hamilton College where he distinguished himself as an earnest and conscientious student. His first charge was at Cooperstown, N. Y. Thence he removed, after receiving over a hundred new members into the church, to Norwich. He is now at Scranton, Pa., with a church of nine hundred members in good standing and a Sunday school containing nearly a thousand children.

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A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MEETING IN A TREE.

In a letter from Mr. H. H. Hildreth of Santa Cruz, Cal., to the *Young People's Union* he describes a singular Christian Endeavor meeting. "Dr. F. E. Clark," he says, "has been in the State for several days, and yesterday attended the County Convention of Christian Endeavor of Santa Cruz County, Cal., at this place and made an excellent address at a mass meeting in the evening. He was accompanied by Wm. G. Alexander, State President of the Y. P. S. C. E., and several other prominent Endeavor workers of this State.

"Having a half day's time to spare the Endeavorers of this place decided to give Dr. and Mrs. Clark and their friends a pleasant reminiscence of Santa Cruz, the noted watering-place of the Pacific coast. Accordingly, they were escorted by some thirty Endeavorers in carriages along the famous Cliff road, and thence to the noted big trees of this country, where a good opportunity was afforded them of examining the great giants of the forest. A delicious lunch was spread under the shadows of the great sequoias, some three hundred feet in height. After lunch an impressive and memorable prayer meeting was held in the base of the great redwood, "General Fremont," at which meeting twenty-six grown persons and three children were present in the hollow of the tree at one time, with ample room for at least ten more. The space in this great tree, hollowed out by fire, which failed to destroy it, is historic as having been the winter's home of a family in 1848 and the birth-place of a child. General Fremont camped in this tree for several weeks during the war with Mexico, hence its name in his honor. This meeting was probably the largest religious service ever held in a tree.

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A KING'S DAUGHTERS' CHAPEL.

A request comes to The Christian Herald from Mrs. H. L. Kramer, of Mineral Springs, Ind., that we would lay before our readers, who belong to the Order of King's Daughters a statement of the spiritual destitution existing there. She writes that there is no church nearer to the Springs than Attica, which is four miles away. In consequence, few of the residents go to any church, and there are frequently hundreds of visitors there, many of whom would attend church if there was one in the town. Mrs. Kramer suggests that instead of building a Cougregational, Baptist, or Methodist Church, that a King's Daughters' Chapel should be erected for undenominational worship. She is a member of the Order, and would be glad to aid in personal service and by liberal contributions. The project is a very commendable one, and we cheerfully comply with her request to bring it to the notice of the King's Daughters. If they think it comes within the legitimate scope of the Order and are willing to entertain the project they may obtain further particulars by addressing Mrs. H. L. Kramer, Mineral Springs, Warren County, Ind.

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A Y. M. C. A. DEDICATION.

The *Telegram* of Youngstown, O., reports the formal dedication of the Young Men's Chrstian Association building, a picture of which appeared in this journal on Sept. 21. It appears that Evangelist C H. Yatman, who has been in the city for a few weeks past, has rendered the Association valuable service. Chiefly through his efforts the sum of thirteen thousand dollars has been raised, which enables the Association to enter its new home free of debt. This sum added to the sixty thousand dollars previously contributed, is a wonderful instance of what can be effected by earnest, praying men, when they have to deal with a generous Christian community. The *Telegram* hails the acquisition of the Association with enthusiasm. It says: "Its usefulness will be far more valuable to the city than any plant of material interests, for its great product will not be measured in dollars, but in the moral character of young men. Appropriate in every appointment, artistic in every aspect, beautiful in every design, it is a model in architecture and a credit to the city."

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EPWORTH LEAGUE IN BALTIMORE.

The manner in which the Epworth League has grown in strength and influence in Baltimore is surprising. At the South Baltimore Station, every department is doing good work. They have a membership of over 250, and last Sunday, on the re-opening of their prayer and praise meeting, the meeting had to be closed before one-half of those present could speak. Young men and women have come to the meetings who, before, did not attend the church at all. This chapter of the League will hold a re-union of the Epworth Leagues of Baltimore city on Thanksgiving evening. More interest has been manifested in the League meetings than has ever been manifested in any meeting in this church. The people of South Baltimore are pleased with the League motto "Look Up and Lift up," and are trying to fulfil it to the very letter. Chapters intending to join in the re-union on Thanksgiving evening are requested to communicated with Oliver M. Rpark, 261 Warren Avenue, Baltimore.

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The Christian Endeavor Societies of Pennsylvania will hold their Sixth Annual State Convention on October 11-13 at Altoona in the Second Presbyterian Church. The convention opens with a prayer meeting on Tuesday, October 11, and closes with the consecration meeting on the evening of October 13. Free Parliament, a Model Bible Class, Conferences on Special Subjects will be the features of the Convention.

YE WINGED WINDS.

TELL me, ye winged winds
That round my pathway roar,
Do you not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and quiet dell,
Some valley in the West,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind softened to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Knows't thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs?
Where sorrow never lives?
And friendship never dies!
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for awhile, and answered—"No!"

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Upon the world looks down—
Asleep in night's embrace—
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded—"No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
O! tell me, Hope and Faith—
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest?
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings and whispered—"Yes, in Heaven."

[THIS beautiful poem, concerning whose authorship a large number of letters have been written to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has been recently sent to us by a subscriber. It was written by Lady Flora Hastings, who was the victim of a cruel slander whilst she was one of the ladies-in-waiting to Queen Victoria. Her character was, after a painful ordeal, entirely cleared, and the Queen evinced in the most marked manner her restored confidence and esteem, and her desire to assuage the wounded feelings of the injured lady. Lady Flora was daughter of the Marquis of Hastings, who, as Lord Rawdon, figured in the British service in our Revolutionary War.]

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells of the Hindoo Heathen Goddess, Meenatchie, and Her Little Indian Namesake who became a Christian.

"I BADE godspeed and good-by to a noble woman, a few days ago," observed Uncle John, as he dropped into his accustomed chair by the south bay-window, now fragrant with pots of rich-colored geraniums, heliotrope and waxy-leaved begonias. "It was Margaret Leitch, the missionary, who with her sister Mary, has just returned to Ceylon, where for seven years she has labored teaching and spreading the Gospel. These ladies have been doing a wonderful work among the children."

"What! the little heathen girls and boys?" inquired one of the younger members of the household.

"Yes; the sisters have taught almost exclusively among the heathen, and many of them have been won over to Christ. Would you like to hear about a very bright little girl named Meenatchie, who, when she went to school, had never heard of the Saviour?"

"Yes, yes; Uncle John! Do tell us, please," came in chorus.

"Well," said the old gentleman, as he hoisted Milly on his knee, while Louis and Ted leaned forward on their elbows to catch every word of the narrative, "this little heathen was found by Miss Margaret Leitch during a tour among the islands west of Jaffna, in the Indian Ocean. She had somehow picked up her letters and could read a bit, and she was so bright and clever that the missionary asked the parents to allow her to come to the Christian girls' boarding-school at Oodooville. In that school it is the custom for each of the older girls to take charge of one of the younger girls and play 'mother' to her, teaching her the ways of the school and to read the Bible and to pray. One of the girls, Miss Leitch writes, chose Meenatchie and told her the wondrous story of God's love and the Saviour's life on earth. Meenatchie mourned because she had no Bible of her own, but soon she was supplied with the Gospels printed in her own language. Each of these Gospels costs just five cents; so you see, children, what good you may do with your spare nickels, if you will."

"And did she read them?" asked Tom.

"Yes; it was slow work at first, but the child was encouraged with the promise that when she could tell her teachers what was in the Gospels, they would give her a New Testament. She soon got the Testament, you may be sure. Next she learned to sing the Christian hymns, also in her own tongue. Soon her earnest Christianity became so apparent that the other girls were touched by it, and thus through the influence of the little girl who was once a heathen many were led to know Christ's love, and to impart the same sweet knowledge to their parents and friends.

"But Meenatchie's gentle influence extended beyond the school, for when she went home in the holidays, she sang her hymns and read the Gospels to her parents. The Tamils are fond of music, and Meenatchie's hymns and the stories she read from the good book delighted them. But her father, who was a heathen, worshipping the gods Pulliar and Siva, could not be persuaded to go with the girl to the mission church, much as he loved her. At last after much persuasion, he went and next the mother went also, and soon the whole family left their idols and were received into the Christian church. And thus one little Indian girl was the means of bringing in many souls."

"Meenatchie is such an odd name, uncle. What does it mean?" asked one of the girls.

"It is the name of a heathen goddess, who has a great temple in Madura, and heathen fathers often call their children after their gods. But when Meenatchie was baptized into the Church, she took another name, as she did not wish to bear any longer the name of the idol, being now a follower of the Saviour. Her beautiful experience shows how much good can be done by one earnest girl or boy, no matter how humble their position in life. Some of our brightest and most successful missionaries—those who have turned thousands heavenward—were men and women who once were just as humble in their own land as little Meenatchie, the heathen Tamil girl of the Indian islands."

A TOWER OF THE TEMPLE OF THE HINDOO GODDESS, MEENATCHIE.

***

Gathering in the Children.

FOR years we labored in the Sabbath School as officer or teacher, and that old problem of how to reach the children and young people, and get them to attend church and school, is always with us but never saved. "A short time ago, while on a vacation, we were speeding along over the rail and our thoughts were upon the school; and we were wondered if we were doing all we could, and if we were not possibly blind to many of the glories of God that were around us, and if golden opportunities for doing good, were not slipping past us unnoticed. My thoughts were arrested by something in the fields we were passing. Acre after acre of beautiful yellow flowers, the like of which we had never seen, so close together as to form a perfect mat like sheets of gold glistening in the sunshine. But the engineer's hand is upon the throttle, and on, on, we go towards our destination. Our eyes have been gladdened by what they have seen but that is all. Our mind camera has done its work; the picture is made and placed in our album of thought and years may come and go before it is at last laid away for all time. We liken the flower picture to the children that are about us, many of whom we do not see in the Sabbath School, but in the streets and upon the highways. These beautiful flowers, much in the image of God, these flowers with immortal souls that must be saved or lost. We see and admire their beauty and freshness but we have no time to stop and gather them in from the cold world. We do what we can for those that come to us of their own accord, but we cannot go after the one lost lamb; our time is all taken up with business and, and—pleasure. So many engagements on hand; society's calls must be attended.

We live in a rushing age; our destination is heaven, and we are traveling at lightning speed. We look out and see the beautiful flowers that are growing by the wayside but a hand is upon the throttle; we cannot stop to gather them in. SOUTH BEND, IND.

***

More Music in the Home-Life.

SOME years ago, the *Tintern Abbey* left England for New Zealand with one hundred starlings, goldfinches and thrushes, one hundred hedge-sparrows, one hundred and seventy yellow-hammers, and a great multitude of bright plumes and sweet voices. The farmers of New Zealand proposed to let them loose, and thus clear their land of noxious insects. Heavy penalties were enacted for the protection of these foreign birds. What a grand thing it would be if we could all have an importation of birds, not only into our land, but also in our dispositions! We want more music and plumes. We have too large an importation of crows and owls. Give us a touch of goldfinches. We have enough who know how to croak; let us have more of those who know how to sing. Let it be against the law for any one to hunt down the innocent merriments of life. Let the songbirds loose in our homes and schools and churches. Be not frightened if some great eagle of a hallelujah flies through the religious assemblies. If ever the earth is to be a type of heaven, it must become a more cheerful place. Blessed the man, or woman, or child who kindles a smile, or plants a flower, or lets loose a robin. The winged joys of life will eat up the cold, creeping sorrows as partridges devour grasshoppers, and linnets kill the caterpillars. From the four winds of heaven let there be brigantines of good cheer bearing down upon us with a rich cargo of starlings and sparrows.

***

THE OLD CLOCK.

IT first took its place on the old homestead about seventy years ago, writes Dr. Talmage. Grandfather and grandmother had just been married. That was a part of their outfit. It called them to their first meal. There were the blue-edged dishes, and bone-handled knives, and homely fare, and an appetite sharpened on the wood-pile, or by the snow-shoveling. As the clock told twelve of noon, the rugged pair, in home-made garments, took their position at the table, and keeping time to the rattle of knives, and forks, and spoons, the clock went tick—tock! tick—tock!

The old time-piece had kept account of the birthdays of all the children. Eighteen times it had tolled the old year out, and rung the new year in, and fair Isabel was to be married. The sleighs crunched through the snow till at the doorway with one sudden crash of music from the bells, the horses halted, and the guests, shawled and tippeted, came in. The stamp of heavy boots in the hall knocking off the snow, and voices of neighborly good-cheer shook the dwelling. The white-haired minister stood mid-floor waiting for the hour to strike, when the clock gave a premonitory rumble to let them know it was going off, and then hammered eight. The blushing pair stepped into the room and the long charge was given, and at the close, a series of explosive greetings, no simpering touch of the lips, but good round, hearty demonstrations of affection into which people threw themselves before kissing was an art. The old clock seemed to enjoy it all.

The iron pulses of the old time-piece seem to flutter, as though its spirit were departing. Its tongue is thick; its face is white now as one struck with death.

***

Be Gentle to the Old Folks.

DON'T thrust the old folks aside too soon. They love to be busy and it is a very great sacrifice for father and mother to be compelled, through the mistaken kindness of their children, to sit idle while others do what they used to delight in doing about the house or store. Susan Teall Perry expresses this charmingly when she writes:

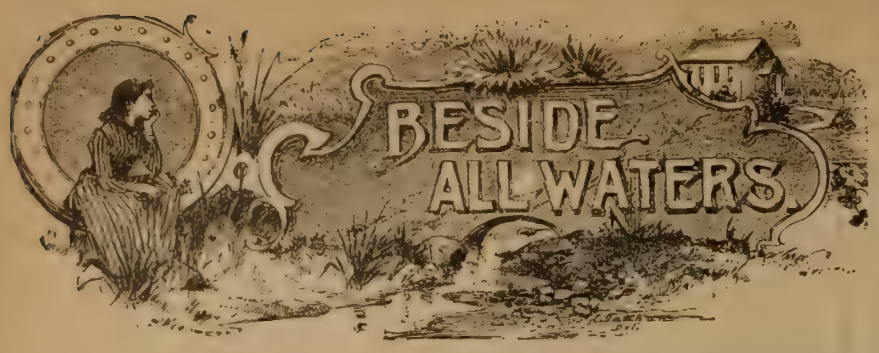
It is easier said than done, my dears—
Giving up to the young folks now.
Yes, father and I are along in years,
And not very spry, I'll allow,
But yet we don't like to be shoved one side,
And do just as our children say—
Spend the rest of our lives in rocking-chairs,
Doing nothing the livelong day.

We're both going to make our southeast room
A "Chamber of Peace," by God's grace,
And nearing the city, hope to bring gleams
Of its glory into this place,
That young folks may see the roseate light
Which at evening time is given
To the old folks, who are sighting the gates—
The beautiful gates of heaven.

***

"Taking Care of Mother."

MONEY in a savings bank is not the best financial test of a manly character. There is another form of investment, says an exchange, which pays, not only in character and happiness, but also in ultimate temporal prosperity, better than anything I know of. I refer to the support of parents—one or both—if they need it. "John," said one friend to another, after many years of separation, "how are you getting on financially?" "I am doing very well indeed," was the reply. "How is your mother, and who takes care of her?" "Oh! I take care of mother, and have for many years." "If I had known that, I would not have asked the question. I would have known you were prospering." And he was right. "Honor thy father and thy mother" means immensely more in temporal affairs than appears on the surface. Of two brothers, alike in all else, one caring for his mother and the other neglecting her, the one has a mortgage on temporal success; the other's success is mortgaged. Foreclosure in either case may appear to be delayed, but sooner or later it is sure to come: and another fact to be realized is that the results follow, in both cases, into the second generation.



BY

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*

Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

ALTHOUGH Selina refrained from visiting Mrs. Orme, in deference to her sister's wish, she wished she could go, and she wondered what Mrs. Orme must think of her staying away. One day she met that lady in the street as she was coming from her music lesson.

"Where have you been all this time?" said Mrs. Orme. "I have not had even a glimpse of you."

"It hasn't been my fault, Mrs. Orme," answered Selina.

"Call me Eva," interrupted her friend: "'Mrs. Orme' sounds so cold and formal. Why haven't you been in? Mr. Pyncheon was so anxious to hear you sing again. I wanted you to be friends with him, Selina; he has neither chick nor child, and he has no end of money. He said, after you went out 'How I wish that child belonged to me! I should be so glad to give her a first-rate musical education.'"

"Did he?" asked Selina. "I know he said my voice was like his daughter's."

"Yes; poor thing, she went to the bad—made a runaway match, and he never saw her afterward; though he heard that she died somewhere in this neighborhood and left a child. It was that brought him to Oldbury—to see if he could find any trace of her. Just think, Selina, if you should turn out to be Mr. Pyncheon's granddaughter, what a grand thing for you!"

"I don't believe there is any chance of that," said Selina. "I never asked any questions; but I always supposed my parents lived here, and were very poor people."

"They would naturally want you to think so," said Mrs. Orme, reflectively, more as if she were addressing herself than speaking to Selina. Then, catching herself up, "But that might be true, too. Poor Matilda married beneath her; as I said, a very common sort of man—her father's coachman, in fact—and I dare say she might have died very poor. It was a terrible blow to her parents, and fairly killed her mother. After the first natural heat of his anger was over, Mr. Pyncheon made every effort to find his daughter, but without success. Then he went abroad, and has just come home. He has gone back to Boston now, but when he returns we will talk to him. Come in and spend the evening with me. I have a lot of new songs for you to try."

"Mr. Schultz does not want me to sing any more songs, just now," replied Selina. "He has given me a parcel of scales and exercises to practise."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Orme. "However, singing scales is very good practice. But you can come over and see me, all the same."

"I don't believe I can, but I will see. I must go now, at any rate, Mrs. Orme—Eva, I mean; it is dinner time."

"Barbarous hours!" said Mrs. Orme. "Well, good-bye, dear. I will contrive to meet you, somehow."

Selina went home as if she were treading on air, her imagination all on fire with the news she had heard, and the brilliant prospect which seemed opening before her. As she said, she had never asked about her own parents; being restrained by a vague feeling that she might hear something she would not like. It was pleasanter to dream of wealthy and distinguished relatives coming to claim her, than to know for certain that her mother was a poor laundress or something of that sort. And now it really seemed as if her day dreams were coming true. Mr. Pyncheon's granddaughter! Pyncheon was such an aristocratic name, that of one of the oldest New England families. It was worth while to have such an ancestry as that, Selina said to herself. She did not reflect that this grand ancestry had not kept her mother from running away with the coachman, who certainly could not be considered a very aristocratic connection; still less did it occur to her to suspect, what was the fact, that Mrs. Orme had invented the whole story to serve her own purposes.

Mrs. Orme had a plan with regard to Selina, and she was not likely to spare any amount of lying needful to carry it out. Selina saw a great deal of her for the next week. Old Mrs. Woodbury was ailing; and, as she had no daughter, Lizzy naturally devoted as much time as possible to waiting upon and comforting her mother-in-law. Whenever she went out, Mrs. Orme popped in, or called Selina into her own house. As the two grew more intimate, Mrs. Orme was more off her guard; and she did and said some things which certainly struck Selina as peculiar. For example, she drank wine and beer very freely, and on several occasions there was an oder of tobacco-smoke about the house which Selina could not account for. Selina, who had been brought up on strict total-abstinence principles, ventured to remonstrate, but she was met with a torrent of ridicule, which speedily silenced her.

"You poor little chicken, brought up in a coop among the daisies! It is really refreshing to meet with such innocence. But you must put these strait-laced Puritanical notions out of your head before you come to New York, or we shall have you making a laughing stock of yourself. Fancy any one talking like that to my friend Mrs. Robert Livingstone on Fifth Avenue! Why, the wine alone at Mrs. Livingstone's last lunch-party cost three hundred dollars."

The idea of making herself a laughing-stock to an unknown Mrs. Livingstone on Fifth Avenue was enough to silence Selina; but happily for her, even the name of that great lady could not make her break her Sunday School pledge by taking the glass of champagne Mrs. Orme urged upon her.

"I can't, Eva; I have promised not to touch it, and I can't break my word."

"Oh, well, if you have promised, of course that is all about it," said Mrs. Orme; adding to herself, "I will drive all that nonsense out of you, my lady, before I have had you very long."

But Selina was not destined to enjoy any longer the dangerous delights of Mrs. Orme's society. The very day after the temperance lecture, Mr. Bassett came for her. Mr. Weston had fallen from the barn-loft and broken his leg. It was a bad fracture; he was perfectly helpless, and Selina must come home and help wait upon him. There was nothing for it but to go; and to do Selina justice, she never thought of anything else till she ran in to bid Mrs. Orme good-bye.

"What a shame," said that lady, "to take you away from your music and all, just to wait upon that old farmer, who is not related to you."

"I should not have had many music lessons only for that old farmer, as you call him," said Selina indignantly, her better nature roused for the moment.

"Well, don't be angry. I did not mean any disrespect," said Mrs. Orme, perceiving she had overshot her mark. "Of course it is very kind and self-sacrificing in you to go. I suppose you will be back before long."

"I can't tell. It will depend upon how father is. Good-bye, Eva; I must not keep Mr. Bassett waiting."

"Don't you want something to read?" asked Mrs. Orme, hastily gathering together and tying up a quantity of paper books, with which her room was always strewed.

"I don't believe I shall have much time to read, but I will take them," replied Selina. "Good-bye, Eva, and thank you for all your kindness."

"Good-bye, dear, till I see you again. I shall write to you. And see here, Selina, don't hamper yourself by any more pledges and promises. And I wouldn't say anything about Mr. Pyncheon, if I were you. Your friends would not like it, and might put obstacles in your way. And you must see, that if he is really your grandfather, he has the best right to you."

"Of course," said Selina. "I really must go, Eva. Good-by."

Selina could not restrain her tears as she took her seat in the miller's comfortable carriage; and Mr. Bassett, respecting her grief, was silent for the first mile or two. By that time Selina had recovered her self-control, and began to ask questions.

"Is Miss Armstrong at our house?"

"Oh, yes! Ma wanted her to come to us, and Mrs. Van Zandt sent for her up there; but she left it to your ma, and she said Miss Armstrong made no trouble in the house, and was such a comfort she couldn't bear to part with her."

"Well, I wonder she should care to stay," said Selina. "She and Mrs. Van Zandt are such great friends, and she would be much more comfortable up there."

"Miss Armstrong isn't the woman to be always thinking first of her own comfort," replied Mr. Bassett. "She and I together took care of your pa last night, and persuaded your ma to go to bed; and a better nurse I never saw. Symantha Mallory was down in the afternoon to see if there was anything she could do."

"I should not think mother would care to have her about," said Selina.

"Oh, well, I don't think there is any harm in Symantha. Every one agrees that she took good care of her stepmother; and she keeps Kit just as neat as a pin, though she hasn't much to do with, I fancy, for Phin isn't going on very well. Kit comes to church and Sunday School regular now; and ma says she never had a better scholar, only she asks such queer questions. We have another new scholar too,—a great friend of yours."

"You don't mean Milly Richmond!" exclaimed Selina. "What brings her to Sunday School, of all people?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, unless she wants to learn something. I can't think how she has grown up to know so little about the Bible. Poor Kit is a good Bible scholar compared to her. But she behaves very well, I must say that for her, and seems interested in her lessons."

"I should not think Mrs. Richmond would allow it," said Selina, "she is so very liberal in her views."

"So liberal that she doesn't want her daughter to have any opinion of her own, eh? Isn't that a funny kind of liberality?"

"Perhaps so. But I have heard her say that she did not wish to bring up her daughters to any religion; when they were old enough, they could choose for themselves."

"That might do, perhaps, if trouble and death would only wait till people are grown up," remarked Mr. Bassett. "But they don't, as Mrs. Richmond ought to know by this time. Poor Cordelia is failing fast, as Mrs. Gleason thinks; but her mother won't allow it at all."

"What makes you turn up this way?" asked Selina as Mr. Bassett turned his horses into a cross-road.

"Well, it cuts off quite a piece of the distance, and it is good enough this time of year. It is rather lonesome, but we needn't mind that as long as we take daylight with us."

"I don't mind it: I like it," said Selina, "the woods are so pretty. Do you think father will be laid up long?"

"Well, yes, I'm afraid he'll have a tedious time. You see, he is getting an elderly man; and, beside the broken bone, it was a pretty severe shake for him. I hope he will get well, I'm sure; for, beside the blow to his own family, he would be a dreadful loss to the neighborhood. But he is in the Lord's hands, my girl, and there we must leave him."

"How is mother?"

"Just what she ought to be, neither more nor less," said Mr. Bassett with emphasis: "never thinking about herself, always doing and saying the right thing at the right time. I'll tell you what, Selina, if you don't turn out a good girl, you'll have a great deal to answer for. Never girl had a better father and mother than you have, nor a pleasanter home."

"Well, I hope I shall turn out a good girl," said Selina. "Why should you think I won't, Mr. Bassett? I don't think I have been a very bad girl so far."

"I don't say you have,—far from it," answered Mr. Bassett. "Only, if you'll excuse my plain speaking, Selina, I don't think you have always appreciated your advantages. But then, none of us do that; and perhaps it isn't to be expected of young folks. I tell my boys sometimes, I believe they think money grows on bushes, like blueberries."

"How did Miss Van Zandt get on with the school?" asked Selina, willing to turn the conversation.

"Oh, famously; as well as Miss Armstrong herself. That young lady has a genius for other things beside music. She knows how to teach what she has learned. The children think her perfection."

"Yes, she gets on nicely with little ones," said Selina. "She knows how to amuse them, and she is so childish herself, she is like a companion to them."

"Childlike, if you choose, not childish," replied the miller. "There is a difference."

"I don't see it."

"Well, it seems others do. St. Paul says, when he became a man he put away childish things; but our Lord says we must become as little children, or we cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. There is just the same difference between 'childish' and 'child-like' as between 'womanish' and 'womanly.'"

"Isn't there some one on the road there before us, Selina," said Mr. Bassett. "I am rather short-sighted, and I have forgotten my glasses."

"Yes, two men; one looks like Phin Mallory," said Selina, bending forward to look. "Yes, it is Phin Mallory. There, they have turned into the woods. Why!" exclaimed Selina in a tone of great surprise, and then she checked herself.

"Why, what?"

"I thought the man with him looked like a gentleman I met in Oldbury; but it couldn't be, of course."

"Well they won't interfere with us," said Mr. Bassett. They had now come to the place where the two men had disappeared, and discovered Phin in the act of lighting a cigar; but nothing was to be seen of his companion.

"Halloo, Phin! Have a ride?" said the miller, pulling up.

"No, thank'ee, Mr. Bassett; I'm going up through the woods to look for a stray critter of mine. You didn't see her, did you—a red steer with a ball on one horn?"

"I saw him in your pasture-lot when I drove by, this morning."

"All right, tnen; he has got home before me. No, thank'ee, I won't ride. How is the squire?"

"Much about the same, only his head is all right, to-day."

"Tell his folks I'll come and sit up any night. I used to be reckoned a good hand in sickness."

"I dare say. I'll tell Mrs. Weston. Well, good-bye, if you won't ride. Take care of that cigar of yours in the woods, for everything is as 'dry as tinder. By the way, who was that you were talking with just before we came up?"

"Talking with? Nobody," replied Phin with a curious tremor in his voice. "Oh, yes; a tramp asked me the way to the village. You'll pass him farther on, I dare say."

"Poor Phin! he has good streaks in him, after all," said Mr. Bassett as they drove on. "They say he was kind to his wife. And it was neighborly in him to offer to sit up with your pa. You might have thanked him."

"I was thinking of something else," said Selina, with perfect truth. It could not be possible, she thought, and yet certainly the man she had seen talking with Phin Mallory bore a very strong resemblance to Mrs. Orme's aristocratic Boston friend, Mr. Pyncheno.

(*To be Continued.*)

* By special arrangement with Thomas Whittaker, publisher, New York.

A NEW AND CHARMING SERIAL STORY

ENTITLED:

"Rosemary and Rue,"

Expressly written for The Christian Herald.
By the famous author,

MRS. JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT,

Will shortly begin in this journal.

This delightful story should be read alike
By the young and old,
By the married and unmarried in

EVERY CHRISTIAN HOUSEHOLD.

MEN'S MISTAKES.

THERE are men who suppose they have all the annoyances. They say it is the store that ruffles the disposition; but if they could only stay at home as do their wives, and sisters, and daughter, they would be, all the time, sweet and fair as a white pond-lily. Let some of the masculine lecturers on placidity of temper try for one week the cares of the household and the family. Let the man sleep with a baby on one arm all night, and one ear open to the children with the whooping-cough in the adjoining apartment. Let the pump give out on a wash-day, and the stove-pipe, when too hot for handling, get dislocated. Let the gossiping gabbler of next door come in and tell all the disagreeable things that neighbors have been saying. Let the lungs be worn out by saying indoors without fresh air, and the needle be threaded with nerves exausted. After one week's houshold annoyances, he would conclude that Wall Street is heaven and the clatter of the Stock Exchange rich as Beethoven's symphony.

We think Mary of Bethany a little to blame for not helping Martha get the dinner. If women sympathise with men in the troubles of store and field, let the men also sympathize with women in the troubles of housekeeping. Many a housewife has died of her annoyances. The poor cooking-stove has sometimes been the slow fire on which the wife has been roasted. In the day when Latimer and Ridley are honored before the universe as the martyrs of the fire, we do not think the Lord will forget the long line of wives, mothers, daughters and sisters who have been the martyrs of the kitchen.

PAIN BEFORE HEALING.

CAPTAIN BURNABY, in his "Ride to Khiva," relates that when passing over the frozen steppes he was attacked by frost-bite, and was in great danger. The remedy used was naphtha, which was vigorously rubbed on the affected parts. For some time all endeavors seemed in vain. At last, in reply to the inquiry, "Does it hurt?" came the answer, "A little." "Capital!" they exclaimed, "you are saved. When under the pungent appeals of God's Word in the ministry of his truth men are at all aroused in conscience, there is hope; but if seared at heart and insensible, their condition is full of foreboding. Be thankful, unconverted sinner, if conscience smites; at least, you are not "past feeling" and "twice dead" yet.

LONG LIFE

Is possible only when the blood is pure and vigorous. To expel Scrofula and other poisons from the circulation, the superior medicine is AYER'S Sarsaparilla. It imparts permanent strength and efficiency to every organ of the body. Restoration to perfect health and strength

Results from Using

AYER'S Sarsaparilla. Mary Schubert, Kansas City, Ks., writes:

"I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried three other proprietary medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The result was a complete cure. Since then I have recommended this medicine to others, and always with success"

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you

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Was a beauty, fair, plump and healthy. But when two years old **Scrofula Humor** spread

Emma Frederick.

over her head, neck and forehead down into her eyes, one great sore, offensive and dreadful, causing such **itching and burning** that we had to tie her hands to prevent scratching. For 3 years she suffered terribly. The first beneficial effect from Hood's Sarsaparilla was that she began to show more life and have an appetite. Then the humor soon began to subside, the **itching and burning ceased,** and the sores entirely healed up. She is now perfectly well, and so different from before taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

that she seems like another child." I. W. FREDERICK, Danforth street, near Crescent ave., Cypress Hill, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, biliousness, nausea, sick headache, indigestion.

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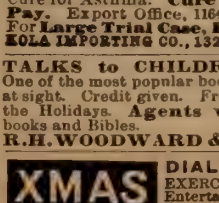

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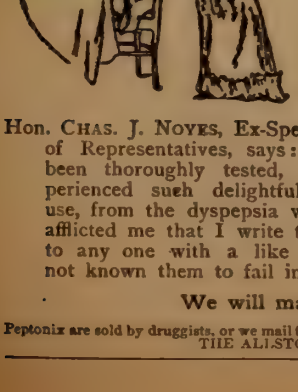

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From HIM I all things now receive;
Through HIM my soul shall ever live.

With HIM I daily love to walk;
Of HIM my soul delights to talk;
On HIM I'd cast my every care;
Like HIM I one day shall appear.
Bless HIM, my soul, from day to day;
Trust HIM to bring thee on thy way;
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Take HIM for strength and righteousness;
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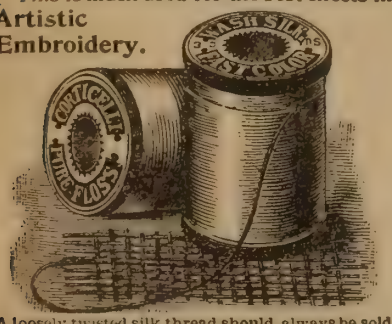

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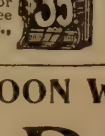

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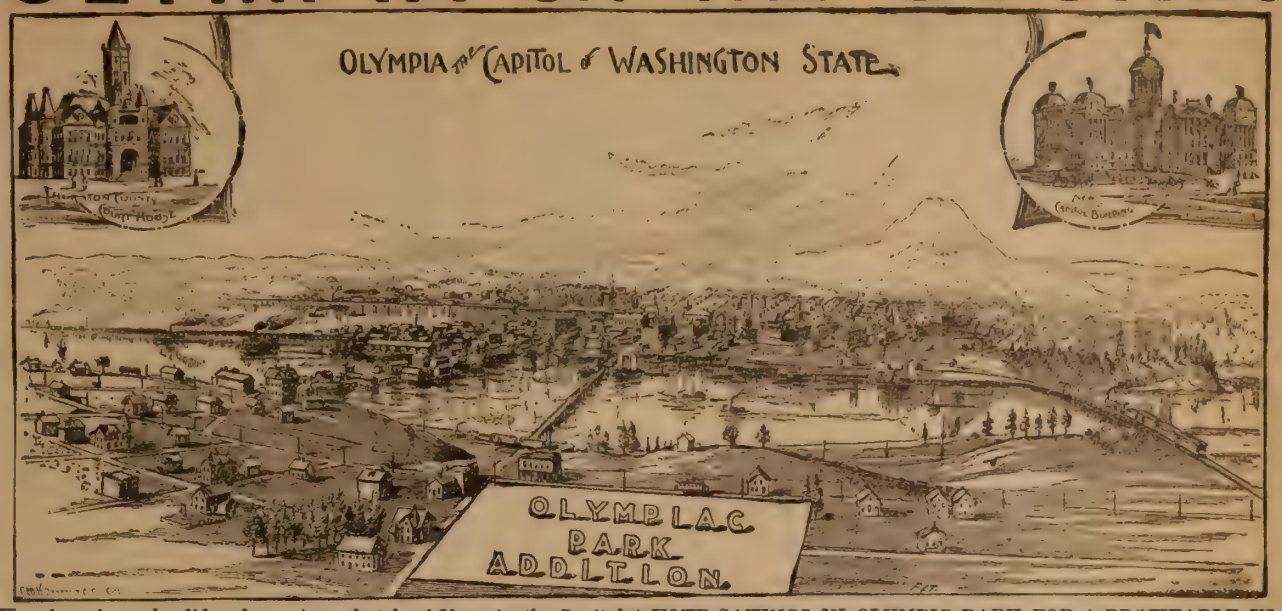

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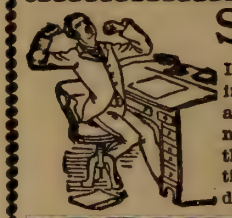

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor. Office Bible House New York. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 12, 1892. PRICE 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

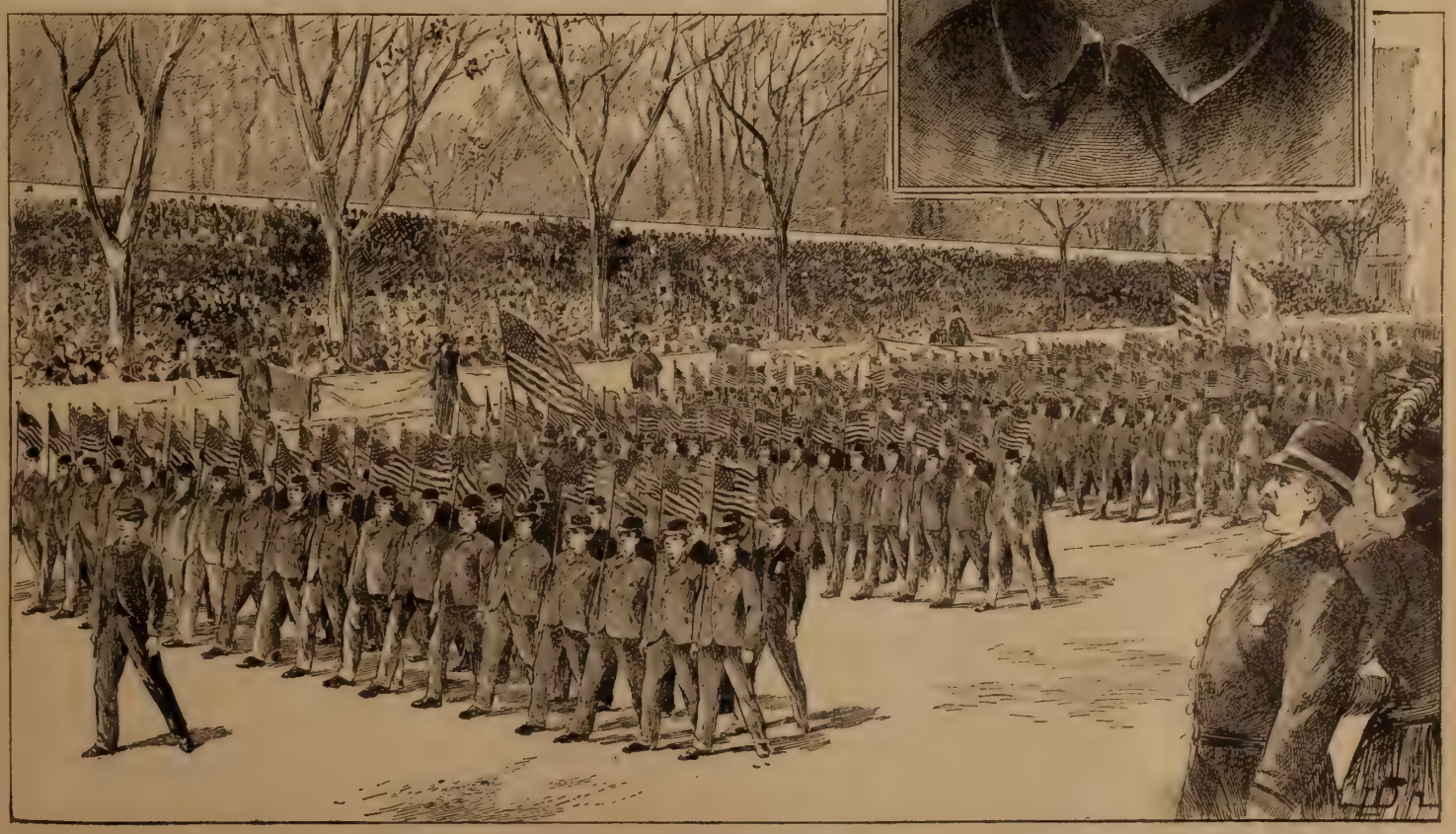
THE COLUMBUS CELEBRATION.

A Five Days' Commemoration of the Quadri-Centennial of the Discovery of America—Special Religious Services, Patriotic Parades, the Unveiling of a Monument to the Illustrious Genoese, and a Grand Illumination of the Metropolis.

THE COLUMBUS STATUE.

NOT since the great celebration in 1889, on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of Washington's inauguration as President of the United States, has so much patriotic enthusiasm been witnessed in New York and throughout the country as now prevails. For weeks past, the metropolis has been in the throes of preparation for the advent of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. The municipal authorities united with state and federal officials and patriotic citizens, in preparing a programme at once imposing and attractive, the announcement of which drew vast numbers of visitors to New York from adjoining cities, and even from far distant states. The celebration began on Sunday October 9th, with special and appropriate services in all the churches, which were very largely attended. In the Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday School a special Columbus Commemoration Service took place, and in many other Sunday Schools in New York similar services were held. On the previous day, special services had been held in the various Jewish synagogues throughout the city. The next four days (which had been declared public holidays), are devoted to a series of spectacles probably more imposing and splendid than any ever before witnessed in the metropolis.

On Monday, Oct. 10, the secular celebration began in earnest. As early as 8 o'clock, twenty-five thousand students from the schools and colleges formed in processional array at Washington Square, and preceded by bands of music and with banners streaming, marched through several of the principal streets and avenues. The boys carried flags and the girls held bouquets. Along the route the scene was a most brilliant one. In Union Square, a grand-stand had been erected, which was occupied by a vast body of spectators, including city and state functionaries, high army officials, many statesmen from different parts of the country, men and women famous in art and literature, besides thousands of citizens, with their wives and daughters in holiday attire. The decorations were very handsome and hundreds of Italian and American flags added brilliancy to the scene. In the evening, at the Carnegie Music Hall, a special musical composition entitled the "Triumph of Columbus" was rendered by 6,000 voices. The Brooklyn Bridge was made dazzling with fireworks, illuminating the river-front and the streets of the city for miles.



PARADE OF 25,000 SCHOOL AND COLLEGE STUDENTS IN NEW YORK—PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS, (AFTER DEL PIOMBO).

The programme for the remainder of the present week is exceedingly attractive. On Tuesday Oct. 11, the grand Naval Parade, in which many of our country's warships will participate, takes place. These naval vessels will be supplemented by a magnificent array of steam-yachts and merchantmen, making the whole fleet a mammoth marine pageant, down the lower bay and up the North River to a point opposite General Grant's tomb, at Riverside Park. In the evening, a parade of church societies and a concert of German-American singing societies, will take place. Wednesday, Oct. 12, will be devoted to a military display. The parade will form at 10 o'clock at the Battery, and will march up-town, through the principal streets, to Forty-second Street. Over 100,000 troops will be in line, and the pageant will be reviewed by President Harrison at the Worth monument. In the afternoon, the Columbus monument (an illustration of which appears on this page), at Fifty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue, will be dedicated. In the evening there will be a grand civic pageant, with a pyrotechnic display and an illumination of the entire city. Mounted heralds will precede the pageant, and behind them will follow twenty allegorical floats, prepared at a cost of $25,000 and representing: "Fame," "The Pre-Historic Cave-Dwellers," "The Toltec Sun Worshippers," "Homage to Columbus," "The Santa Maria," "Car of Liberty," "The Capitol at Washington," "The Press," "Poetry and Romance," "Music," "Science," "Wealth and Commerce," "Supremacy of the American Woman," "The United Oceans," "Columbus' Car of State," "Car of Electra," and several others. All the floats will be electrically lighted and drawn by horses. Following them will march 5,000 men in Indian costume, the chiefs on horseback, and these will be followed by civic bodies and societies. In the parade distributed at different points will be various historical groups in brilliant costume, representing Spanish grandees, American discoverers, Washington and his staff, Puritan Colonists, winged Amazons on horseback, etc. To enable citizens to view these and other features of the celebration, stands have been erected at many points along the line of route. Thursday, the closing day of the celebration, will be devoted to a banquet to 1,250 distinguished national guests at the Lenox Lyceum. Such, in brief, is the manner in which New York is now engaged in commemorating the triumph of the Genoese woolcomber's son, and the culminating days of his memorable voyage of discovery.

It will be remembered by those readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who are familiar with the story of Columbus' voyage, that the last five days, from Oct. 4, to Oct. 10, 1492, were specially momentous. There had been a mutiny in the small fleet, which had been only partially subdued and threatened to break forth afresh. The Admiral's vessel had been steadily pointing to the southwest, and signs of land grew more apparent. Great flights of parrots and other bright-plumaged birds hovered around the fleet, and at night swept further parent, clearly indicating the southward, which land was to be direction in found. Weeds, flowers and branches were seen floating by on the tide. On the night of Oct. 11, Columbus, who stood on the bow of the *Santa Maria*, saw a light; but so faint and uncertain was its glimmer, that he hesitated to announce it. At two o'clock the next morning, Rodrigo de Triana, a sailor on the *Pinta*, sang out, "Land! Land! Land!" and the joyful cry was taken up by all the squadron, while the ships' cannon boomed forth in honor of the discovery of the New World! The career of Christofero Colombo is one of the romances of history. Learning his father's trade at twelve, then studying nautical astronomy and mathematics at Pavia University; at fifteen a sailor, he was an expert navigator at twenty, and had made many long

(*Continued on page 645.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

HALF A PLANET.

Dr. Talmage's Third Sermon after his return from his European Preaching Tour. Text: Deut. 3: 27: *"Lift up thine eyes westward."*

SO God said to Moses in Bible times, and so he said to Christoforo Colombo, the son of a woolcomber of Genoa, more than four hundred years ago. The nations had been looking chiefly toward the East. The sculpture of the world, the architecture of the world, the laws of the world, the philosophy of the world, the civilization of the world, the religion of the world came from the East. But, while Columbus, as his name was called after it was Latinized, stood studying maps and examining globes and reading cosmography, God said to him: "Lift up thine eyes toward the West." The fact was it must have seemed to Columbus a very lop-sided world. Like a cart with one wheel, like a scissors with one blade, like a sack on one side of a camel, needing a sack on the other side to balance it. Here was a bride of a world with no bridegroom. When God makes a half of anything, he does not stop there. He makes the other half. We are all obliged sometimes to leave things only half done. But God never stops half way, because he has the time and the power to go all the way. I do not wonder that Columbus was not satisfied with half a world, and so went to work to find the other half. The pieces of carved wood that were floated to the shores of Europe by a westerly gale, and two dead human faces, unlike anything he had seen before, likewise floated from the West, were to him the voice of God, saying: "Lift up thine eyes toward the West." But the world then as now had plenty of Can't-be-Done's. That is what keeps individuals back and enterprises back and the church back, and nations back—ignominious and disgusting and disheartening Can't-be-Done's. Old navigators said to young Columbus, "It can't be done." The republic of Genoa said, "It can't be done." Alphonso, V., said, "It can't be done." A committee on maritime affairs, to whom the subject was submitted, declared, "It can't be done." Venetians said, "It can't be done." After a while the story of this poor but ambitious Columbus reaches the ear of Queen Isabella, and she pays eighty dollars to buy him a decent suit of clothes, so that he may be fit to appear before royalty. The interview in the palace was successful. Money enough was borrowed to fit out the expedition. There they are, the three ships, in the Gulf of Cadiz, Spain. If you ask me which have been the most famous boats of the world, I would say, first, Noah's ship, that wharfed on Mount Ararat; second, the boat of bulrushes, in which Moses floated the Nile; third, the Mayflower that put out from Plymouth with the Pilgrim Fathers; and now these three vessels that on this, the Friday morning, August 3d, 1492, are rocking on the ripples. With the idea that there will be perils connected with the expedition, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is administered. Do not forget that this voyage was begun under religious auspices. There is the Santa Maria, only ninety feet long, with four masts and eight anchors. Near by, but far enough off not to run into each other, are the smaller ships, the Pinta and the Nina, about large enough and safe enough to cross the Hudson River or the Thames in good weather. There are two doctors in this fleet of ships, and a few landsmen, adventurers who are ready to risk their necks in a wild expedition. There are

COLUMBUS LANDING.

enough provisions for a year. "Captain Columbus, where are you sailing for?" "I do not know." "How long before you will get there?" "I cannot say." "All ashore that are going," is heard, and those who wish to remain go to the land. Now the anchors of the three ships are being weighed and the ratlines begin to rattle and the sails to unfurl. The wind is dead East, and it does not take long to get out to sea. The crew are rather grouty. Some of them came on under four months' advance pay and others were impressed into the service. For sixteen days, the wind is dead east, and that pleases the Captain, because it blows them further and further away from the European coast, and further on toward the shore of another country, if there is any. After a while, there comes a calm day, and the attempt is made to fathom the ocean, and they cannot touch bottom though the line and lead run down 200 fathoms. To add interest to the voyage, on the 20th day out, a violent storm sweeps the sea, and the Atlantic Ocean tries what it can do with the ships.. The mutinous crew would have killed Columbus had it not been for the general opinion on shipboard that he was the only one that could take them back home in safety. Every evening on shipboard they had prayers and sung a vesper hymn. But, after all the patience of those on board the ships had been exhausted, and the great Captain or Admiral had been cursed by every anathema that human lips could frame, one night a sailor saw a light moving along the shore, and then moving up and down, and then disappearing. On Friday morning, October 12th, 1492, a gun from the Pinta signalled "Land Ahead." Then the ships lay to, and the boats were lowered, and Captain Christopher Columbus first stepped upon the shore, amid the song of birds and the air a surge of redolence, and took possession in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. So the voyage that began with the Sacrament ended with Gloria in Excelsis Deo. From that day onward, you say there can be nothing for Columbus but honors, rewards, rhapsodies, palaces and world-wide applause. No, no! On his way back to Spain, the ship was so wrenched by the tempest and so threatened with destruction that he wrote a brief account of his discovery and put it in a cask, and threw it overboard, that the world might not lose the advantage of his adventures. Honors awaited him on the beach, but he undertook a second voyage and with it came all maligning and persecution and denunciation and poverty. He was called a land-grabber, a liar, a cheat, a fraud, a deceiver of nations. Speculators robbed him of his good name, courtiers depreciated his discoveries, and there came to him ruined health and imprisonment and chains, of which he said while he rattled them on his wrists: "I will wear them as a memento of the gratitude of princes." Amid keen appreciation of the world's abuse and cruelty, and with body writhing in the tortures of gout, he groaned out his last words: "In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum:" "Into thy hands Oh, Lord, I commend my spirit."

Of course he had regal obsequies. That is the way the world tries to atone for its mean treatment of great benefactors. Many a man has had a fine ride to his grave who during this life had to walk all the way. A big funeral, and instead of bread they give him a stone, that is a tomb-stone. But death that brings quiet to the body of others did not bring quiet to his. First buried in the church of Santa Maria. Seven years afterward removed to Seville. Twenty-three years afterward removed to San Domingo. Finally removed to Cuba. Four post-mortem journeys from sepulchre to sepulchre. I wish his bones might be moved just once more, and now that they have come so near to America as Cuba, they might during the great Columbian year be transported to our own shores where they belong, and that in the fifth century after his decease the American continent might build a mausoleum worthy of him who picked this jewel of a hemisphere out of the sea and set it in the crown of the world's geography.

But the bright noonday sun of that old sailor's prosperity went down in thickest night, and though here and there a monument has been lifted in his memory, and here and there a city called after him, the continent that he was the means of founding was named after another name and no fitting commemoration of his work has been proposed until nearly four hundred years after his body turned to dust. May the imposing demonstration now being made in his honor on the Atlantic coast, and to be made next year in his honor mid-continent, be brilliant enough and far-resounding enough and Christian enough and magnificent enough to atone for the neglect of centuries. May the good Lord allow that most illustrious sailor of all time to look over the amethystine battlements long enough to see some of the garlands wreathed around his name and hear something of the hemispheric shout that shall greet his memory.

What most impresses me in all that wondrous life, which, for the next twelve months, we will be commemorating by sermon and song and military parade and World's Fair and Congress of Nations, is something I have never heard stated, and that is, that the discovery of America was a religious discovery and in the name of God. Columbus, by the study of the prophecies and by what Zechariah and Micah and David and Isaiah had said about the "ends of the earth," was persuaded to go out and find the "ends of the earth," and he felt himself called by God to carry Christianity to the "ends of the earth." Then, the administration of the Last Supper before they left the Gulf of Cadiz, and the evening prayers during the voyage, and the devout ascription as soon as they saw the new world, and the doxologies with which they landed, confirm me in saying that the discovery of America was a religious discovery. Atheism has no right here; infidelity has no right here; vagabondism has no right here. And as God is not apt to fail in any of his undertakings (at any rate, I have never heard of his having anything to do with a failure), America is going to be gospelized, and from the Golden Gate of California to the Narrows of New York Harbor, and from the top of North America to the foot of South America, from Behring Straits to Cape Horn, this is going to be Immanuel's Land. All the forms of irreligion and abomination that have cursed other parts of the world will land here—yea, they have already landed—and they will wrangle for the possession of this hemisphere, and they will make great headway and feel themselves almost established. But God will not forget the prophecies which encouraged Columbus about the "ends of the earth seeing the salvation of God," nor the Christian anthem which Columbus led on the morning of the 12th of October, 1492, on the coast of San Salvador. Like that flock of land birds which met the Santa Maria and the Pinta and the Nina far out at sea, indicating to the commanders of that fleet that they were approaching some country, so a whole flock of promises and hopes, golden-winged and songful, this morning alight around us, assuring us that we are approaching the glorious period of American evangelization. A Divine influence will yet sweep the continent that will make iniquity drop like slacked lime, and make the most blatant infidelity declare it was only joking when it said the Bible was not true, and the worst atheism announce that it always did believe in the God of Nations. Let others call for Requiem and Dead March, I call for George Frederick Handel's Hallelujah Chorus. There has been much talk of late about communication with other worlds. Mars has come so near we can see its canals, and it has been hoped that by signals after a while we may communicate with other stars. Ah, that will not be possible until our world has been reformed and evangelized. It would not do for our world in its lost and ruined state to have communication with

COLUMBUS IN CHAINS.

other worlds. It would spoil their morals. But wait until this world is fully redeemed, as it will be, and then perhaps interstellar correspondence may be opened. Till then, this smitten and sickened world of ours must be quarantined from coming too near the unfallen worlds.

That great Italian navigator also impresses me with the idea that when one does a good thing, he cannot appreciate its ramifications. To the moment of his death, Columbus never knew that he had discovered America, but thought that Cuba was a part of Asia. Had he known what North and South America were and are, and that he had found a country three thousand miles wide, ten thousand miles long, of seventeen million square miles, and four times as large as Europe, the happiness would have been too much for mortal man to endure. He had no idea that the time would come when a nation of sixty million people on this side of the sea would be joined by all the intelligent nations on the other side the sea, for the most part of a year reciting his wonderful deeds. It took centuries to reveal the result of that one transatlantic voyage. So it has always been. Could Paul, on that June day, when he was decapitated, have had any idea of what effect his letters and the account of his life would have on Christendom? Could Martin Luther have had any idea of the echoes that would ring through the ages from the bang of his hammer nailing the Latin theses against a church door at Wittenberg? Could Eli Whitney have realized the continents of wealth that would be added to the South by the invention of his cotton gin? Could John Guttenberg, toiling year after year, making type, have any idea that, as as a result of his invention, there would be libraries that placed side by side would again and again engirdle the earth, or the showers of newspapers that snow the world under? When Manhattan Island was sold to the Dutch for $24, neither they who sold or bought could have foreseen New York, the commercial metropolis of America, that now stands on it. Can a man who preaches a sermon or a woman who distributes tracts; or a teacher who instructs a class, or a passer-by who utters encouraging words, realize the infinitudes of useful result? The teacher at Harrow School who toiled with William Jones the most stupid boy in school, and at the foot of his class, did not know that he was fitting for his work the greatest Oriental scholar of modern times, his statue now in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Every move you make for God, however insignificant in your own eyes or in the eyes of others, touches worlds larger than the one Columbus discovered. Why talk about unimportant things? There are no unimportant things. Infinity is made up of infinitesmals. On a clear night, the smallest dew-drop holds a star. Each one of you is at the centre of a universe, and all you say and do somehow vibrates to the extreme of that universe in all directions. I promise everlasting renown to those who will go forth with Christian and sympathetic words. After the battle of Copenhagen, Nelson the admiral, went into a hospital and halted at the bed of a wounded sailor who had lost his arm, and said, "Well, Jack, what is the matter with you?" and the sailor replied, "Lost my right arm, your honor;" and Nelson looked down at his own empty sleeve and said, "Well. Jack, then you and I are both spoiled for fishermen. Cheer up, my brave fellow!" and that sympathetic word cheered the entire hospital. Before you die, you can, out of your own misfortunes, cheer a hundred souls, and start unending echoes. You can no more appreciate the far-reaching results of your life than Columbus could see this continent from arctic to antarctic. I say this not to make you proud and arrogant, but to make you tremble with your responsibilities, and put you on your guard as to what you do and what you say.

While studying the life of this Italian navigator, I am also reminded of the fact that while we are diligently looking for one thing, we find another. Columbus started to find India, but found America.

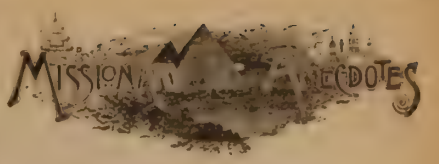
THE HOUSE IN VALLADOLID IN WHICH COLUMBUS DIED.

Go on and do your duty diligently and prayerfully, and if you do not find what you looked for, you will find something better. Saul was hunting for the strayed animals of his father's barnyard, but met Samuel, the prophet, who gave him a crown of dominion. Nearly all the great inventions and discoveries were made by men who at the time were looking for something else. Professor Morse gone to Europe to perfect himself in Chemistry, on returning happens to take the packet-ship Sully from Havre, and while in conversation with a passenger learns of some experiments in France, which suggest to him the magnetic telegraphy. He went to Europe to learn the wisdom of others and discovered the telegraph. Hargreaves by the upsetting of a machine, and the motion of its wheels while upset, discovered the spinning-jenny. So, my friend, go on faithfully and promptly with your work, and if you do not get the success you seek, and your plans upset, you will get something just as good and perhaps better. Sail ahead on the voyage of life, keep a correct log-book, brave the tempest, make the best use of the east wind, keep a sharp look-out, and I warrant you in the name of the God of Columbus that if you do not find just what you want of an earthly nature, you will find heaven, and that will be better. What was worn-out India, crouching under a tropical sun, compared with salubrious and radiant and almost illimitable America, and what is all that this little world in which we live can afford you compared with that supernal realm, whose foliage, and whose fruits, and whose riches, and whose population, and whose grandeurs, and whose worship, and whose Christ make up an affluence that the most rapturous vocabulary fails to utter.

Another look at the career of that Admiral of the Santa Maria persuades me that it is not to be expected that this world will do its hard workers full justice. If any man ought to have been treated well from first to last, it was Columbus. He had his faults. Let others depict them. But a greater soul the centuries have not produced. This continent ought to have been called Columbia, after the hero who discovered it, or Isabelliana, after the queen who furnished the means for the expedition. No. The world did not do him justice, while he was alive, and why should it be expected to do him justice after he was dead? Columbus, in a dungeon! What a thought. Columbus, in irons! What a spectacle. The wife of Robert Murray, after whom Murray Hill, New York, was named, never has received proper credit for detaining at a very rich luncheon the officers of the opposing army until Washington and his army could escape. Mrs. Murray saved American Independence. How the wrong men and the wrong women get credit that does not belong to them, while God's heroes and God's heroines go ungarlanded. You have heard of the brave words of dying chieftains, but you probably never heard of what a private soldier said, fallen at Resaca, and bleeding under a shell wound in his mouth, and who though suffering dreadfully from thirst, when a cup of water was offered him declined to drink, saying, "My mouth is all bloody, sir, and it might make the tin-cup bad for others!"

The world knows little or nothing of the bravest words and the bravest deeds. In one of the last letters which Columbus sent to his son, he wrote this lamentation: "I receive nothing of the revenue due me. I live by borrowing. Little have I profited by twenty years of service with such toils and perils since at present I do not own a roof in Spain. If I desire to eat or sleep, I have no recourse but the inn, and for the most times, have not wherewithal to pay my bill." Be not surprised, my hearer, if you suffer injustice. You are in the best of company; the men and women who wrought mightily for God and the world's improvement, and got for it chiefly misrepresentation and abuse while they lived, although afterward they may have had a long row of carriages at the obsequies and a gilt-edged set of resolutions unanimously adopted for the consolation of the bereft household. Do your full duty, expecting no appreciation in this world, but full reward in the world to come.

And, now, while I am thinking of this illustrious Ship Captain of Genoa, let me bespeak higher appreciation for the ship captains now in service, many of them this moment on the sea, the lives of tens of thousands of passengers in their keeping. What an awful responsibility is theirs! They go out through the Narrows, or start from Queenstown, or Southampton, or Glasgow; not knowing what cyclone, or collisions, or midnight perils are waiting for them. It requires bravery to face an army of men, but far more bravery to face an Army of Atlantic surges led on by hurricanes. A more stupendous scene is not to be witnessed than that of a ship Captain walking the bridge of a steamer in the midst of a cyclone. Let the ship companies award them pensions worthy of what they endured until they start on their last voyage from this world to the next. Aye, that voyage we must all take, landsmen as well as seafarers. Let us be sure that we have the right pilot, and the right chart, and the right captain, and that we start in the right direction. It will be to each of us who love the Lord a voyage more wonderful for discovery than that which Columbus took, for, after all we have heard about that other world, we know not where it is, or how it looks, and it will be as new as San Salvador was to the glorious captain of the Santa Maria. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man." May the light from that Golden Beach flash on the darkness, and we be able to step ashore amid groves and orchards and aromas such as this world's atmosphere never ripened or breathed. Aye, fellow-mariners, over the rough sea of this life, through the fogs and mists of earth, see you not already the outline of the better country? Land ahead! Land ahead! Nearer and nearer we come to heavenly wharfage. Throw out the planks, and step ashore into the arms of your kindred, who have been waiting and watching for the hour of your disembarkation. Through the rich grace of Christ, our Lord, may we all have such blissful arrival!



AN ENEMY RECONCILED.

A NARROW escape from destruction at the hands of the Koords, who are the terror of the people of Western Persia, is described in a letter to the Presbyterian Board of Missions by Dr. J. P. Cochran, who has charge of themissionary hospital of Oroomiah. It appears that a party of Koords attempted to carry off the gatekeeper of the hospital. They failed, but as they still remained near the hospital, Dr. Cochran reported the matter to the authorities. A Persian general with seventy horsemen who happened to be in the neighborhood, went to the hospital, and instead of scaring away the Koords as Dr. Cochran hoped, corralled them in one of their haunts and a fierce fight ensued in which several Koords were wounded, among whom was a young man who was a favorite of the chief. "A day or two after this occurrence," writes Dr. Cochran, "word came to us that the Koords, who live up a valley only fifteen miles away, were greatly enraged at us, saying that it was we who had sent the troops against them. We are ordinarily on good terms with them.

"We found out that the young chief had sworn revenge. He swore he would take my life or the lives of ten of our people. Friends of ours came begging us to effect a reconciliation with him. He walked into our house one day with nine of his men, all armed with Martini Henry rifles, loaded down with cartridges. They spent the night here. After hearing our explanation, while taking supper, the chief solemnly said, "Oh God, how thankful I am that thou didst prevent me from coming down and attacking this place and taking my revenge!" He then swore lasting friendship with us. It cost not a little effort to bring about this reconciliation. We hope never to fall into such a 'scrape' again. The chief has called here frequently since and has brought his friends to the hospital."

A BURMESE PRINCE BAPTIZED.

THE baptism of a Burmese prince is announced in a dispatch to the *Indian Witness*. It states that two young princes were placed after the conquest of Burmah, under the charge of Dr. Wyatt, the Missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel at Trichinopoly. The elder of them recently married a girl in the Missionary Boarding School, who is said to be a member of the royal family of Tanjore. The princes were boarding with the mother of the girl, who is a Bible-woman in the mission, and as they do not understand the vernacular language, the young lady often used to act as an interpreter. This interpretation business was going on for a long time, until matters assumed the shape of a love affair. The Prince informed the missionary that he had decided to become a Christian and honorably take the girl in marriage. On this the missionary applied for the permission of the Commissioner, who, though astonished at the intelligence, had no alternative left him but to consent to the union. The Prince was baptised in the chapel at Puthoor, by the Rev. Mr. Wyatt, and a few days after married the girl. The prince lives with his wife in a separate house and attends the Chapel regularly.

SUCCESS IN LAOS.

THE missionaries whose boating journey in Laos was recently described in this journal are meeting with most encouraging success. One of them writing to the *Church at Home and Abroad* says: "I went last Sunday to an outvillage and to my surprise there were ten candidates to be examined. Eight of them live in that village, and were received with seven children. The other two adults live in another village, and were advised to wait and be received next monthly communion. This makes eleven adults baptized this month. Next morning, Monday, we held services in two other villages, in houses of new, unbaptized believers. In the second one, especially, there was apparently an unusual interest. We estimated that about one hundred men, women and children came and stood around and listened. We have since heard that three men came to the elder in that neighborhood the next day and professed a desire to be taught, and that the singing captivated the children, many of whom are begging their parents to take them into the Christian faith and worship. 'And a little child shall lead them.'"

PETER AT CESAREA.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 23. By Mrs. M. Baxter Acts 10: 21-48. Golden Text, Acts 10: 43.

PETER had learned his lesson: henceforth he was no longer a Jew priding himself upon an intrinsic superiority to the Gentiles; the exclusive spirit had received its deathblow in time; if his Lord had a heart for the Gentiles, Peter would have one,too. God had conquered, and his instrument thus prepared, he was ready for the work which Peter would have marred if God had not thus instructed him. Blessed are they who live near enough to their God to understand his teaching, who have an open ear for what he has to say, without the constraint of isolation through sickness or anything else by which God insures the attention of his inattentive children.

Peter went down to the men who were sent from Cornelius, and said: "Behold, I am he whom ye seek: what is the cause wherefore ye are come?" "Cornelius," they said, "a centurion, a righteous man, and one that feareth God, and well reported of by all the nation of the Jews, was warned of God by a holy angel to send for thee into his house and to hear words of thee." No apology, no human circumventions! How simply men can act, who are strangers to one another, when they follow the direct guidance of God! Peter only yesterday deeply prejudiced against the Gentiles; the men of Cesarea three days ago knowing not even the existence of Peter. But God had worked and brought about their meeting which was prepared beforehand in his wondrous counsels! Now the Holy Ghost filled apostle and the inquirers from Cesarea had one common ground; they had equally received communications from on high, and this obliterated all the distinctions which had formerly separated them.

Men Draw Together

as they draw near to God. It was not the commendation of Cornelius by his messengers which induced Peter to take the journey to Cesarea; he had learned by bitter personal experience how little any righteousness of man can be relied on: God the Holy Ghost had said "Go," and he went on the morrow, after extending to these men the hospitality which formerly he would have reserved for Jews only.

Peter took with him some brethren from Joppa; he and Paul knew well the value of the presence, sympathy, and above all, the prayers, of men of faith. Those who trench the most upon the kingdom of darkness know what an untold help it is to have someone present whose whole soul is absorbed with God as to the issue of the meeting, the letter, or the conversation, in which they are engaged for the Lord. The battle on the plain depends upon the intercession on the mountain now as in the days of Moses. (Ex. 17.)

Arrived at Cesarea, they found that Cornelius had not been idle. This man was in deep earnest; the light of God and of eternity had broken in upon his life. By special revelation from heaven,he had learned whom God could use to enlighten him. It was, he knew,

A Critical Moment

in his life, and all else must give way that he might receive a message from the Lord. "Cornelius was waiting for them," and he had already "called together his kinsmen and near friends." If he was in darkness, so were they; if God would speak to him, they needed the Word of the Lord even as he. There are times of special visitation for families, when, as families, they come under the convicting power of the Spirit of God; it is the time of their visitation. There are other times when the families of those with whom God has special dealing are, more than any others, difficult to reach. None can say wounding things which gall and hurt as a husband, wife, brother,sister, father, mother, son or daughter can. God was with Cornelius, and gave him power to influence his surroundings. It was a touching sight when this man and all the company which he had gathered, waited together for the messenger of God, and the same God who had so prepared his instrument thus prepared the material with which Peter should work.

Peter's value for himself was infinitely smaller now than when he had said: "Lo,we have forsaken all and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?" (Matt. 19 : 27); and the vision which God had just shown to him had still further reduced him in his own estimation. Thus, when Cornelius, knowing no better, fell down at Peter's feet to worship him, Peter may have felt conscience stricken, aud grieved in heart that one thought of superiority to the Gentiles could have entered his heart. "Stand up;" he said, raising him at the same time, "I myself also am a man." Seeing the company which Cornelius had gathered, Peter, before speaking another word, told out the lesson which God had taught him: "Ye yourselves know how that it is unlawful for a man that is a Jew to join himself or come unto one of another nation; and yet unto me hath God shewed that I should not call any man common or unclean; wherefore also I came without gainsaying when I was sent for." (R.V.) How simple it is to let

Our Own Explanation

to man consist in: "God hath said it." This settles endless questions; the life of obedience and of trust is a life of peace under all circumstances. "I ask therefore," continued the man of God, "with what intent ye sent for me." (R.V.) No beating about the bush, no attempt to win the attention of the heathen by temporal advantage of medicine, presents, or other things; the power of God, and no human plan, had prepared this assembly,and Peter could go straight forward with his God.

Cornelius, on his side, was just as simple, just as business-like; he detailed in order the incidents of his vision, and his embassage to Joppa, adding: "Forthwith, therefore, I sent unto thee; and thou hast well done that thou art come. Now, therefore, we are all here present in the sight of God, to hear all things that have been commanded thee of the Lord."

A Prepared Audience.

Every preacher of the Gospel who preaches in the Spirit knows the difference between an audience recognizing the presence of God,and expecting a message from him and an audience which only deals with man, either flattering or criticising God's instrument. The Word of the Lord has free course in a truly prepared audience,and the preacher is as much surprised as his hearers at the floods of truth which God pours through his yielded lips. Even if God may see that it is not safe for him to know all that God is doing through him, and he may be humbled that the message seems to suffer loss through him as the instrument, yet, when the audience is truly a prepared one,he cannot but see how wondrously God works in those who do not resist him. It seems to have been a revelation to Peter that such an audience could be found among Gentiles: he could not but speak out that which filled his heart. "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him. He sent the Word unto the children of Israel." (R. V., margin.) And that Word? "Peace through Jesus Christ." To whom? To the Jew only? No; "He is Lord of all." O preachers of the Gospel, preach not first a doctrine, but a Person, the living Word, God's message in our human nature. A doctrine is addressed to the understanding, man may reason about it without coming in contact with it; but a Person,our crucified, living, risen Lord, mast be accepted or rejected. Cornelius was already a devout man, an earnest worker up to his light, a man of prayer, a man of good repute before the world, but he lacked real acquaintance with God, and conscious forgiveness of his sins. "This is life eternal that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

Peter introduced his Lord as One "who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil . . . whom also they slew, hanging him on a tree, and to testify that this is he which is ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead. To him bear all the prophets witness, that through his name every one that believeth on him shall receive (or receciveth) remission of sins." A short epitome of the Gospel; but how full! That wondrous Man whose fame had spread throughout the Roman world for his miracles of healing, whose death as a malefactor must have surprised those who heard of his fame before, that he, this great Benefactor, should be the Judge at the dreaded bar of God, and that the very Judge, by virtue of his death for the unjust, now sent forth his messengers with the offer of forgiveness. It was unique—this message—it indeed was, if true, glad tidings. And this man, Peter, summoned there by a command directly given from heaven to Cornelius, who had convoked the meeting, declared that he and those who accompanied him were witnesses of these things. Peter had seen, heard, touched, ministered unto, yes, and denied his Lord; yes, and had been forgiven; he was witness to all he taught. Peter and his companions were not only messengers, but samples of the power of their message.

What effect should it have on the gatherings in the house of Cornelius? Peter was full of the Holy Ghost, and that eager company with open eyes, open ears, and open heart were waiting for that immediate contact with God by which they should know him. They could do nothing more, the next step must come from God's side. "While Peter yet spake these words the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word." Blessed result of a prepared preacher and a prepared audience "Can any man forbid the water," asked the once exclusive Peter, "that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we? There was not a dissentient voice; from beginning to end, the work had been of God, and thus was formed the first truly Gentile Church. God is not changed: when preachers and people are found thus teachable, God is ready to work in the same power.

LESSON POINTS.

"Through His Name, Whosoever Believeth in Him Shall Receive Remission of Sins."

LUTHER used to call this text one of the "little Gospels," because it contained so many Gospel truths in its few words. It must have been Gospel, that is good news, to Cornelius and his friends for many reasons. There could be no doubt of its authority, because Peter came as an authorized messenger of heaven. Cornelius had received the assurnace in his vision that Peter would tell him what he ought to do. Therefore, when Peter said that, "Through Christ's name whosoever believeth in him should receive remission of sins," Cornelius would understand that God was telling him, through Peter, how his sins might be blotted out. "Through his name." Peter had learned the power of that phrase. More than one wonderful miracle had been wrought by him with those words. Now he tells Cornelius that in the same way sins are remitted.

Dr. Todd tells the story of a young man on trial for murder. The jury finds him guilty, and he is asked if he has anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. The young man has nothing to plead on his own account. But he has a plea. He tells the judge that far away in a quiet little village in a distant State is an old man who was once a soldier and the comrade of the judge whom he is addressing. The judge would not be sitting on the bench,the prisoner says,if his life had not been saved in battle by that old man. The judge remembers the fact and nods his head in assent. That old man is the prisoner's father, and though the young man has nothing to plead in his own account, he dwells on the fact that his execution will break the father's heart, will kill his mother and disgrace his sisters. For their sakes he pleads for mercy,and especially for the sake of the father who saved the judge's life many years before. It was a pitiful plea, and the judge was moved to tears. He said he had no discretion in the case; he must pass the sentence of the law. But he would apply to the Governor of the State, who alone could exercise the prerogative of mercy. So the prisoner is condemned to execution; but the judge goes his way to the executive mansion, and there pleads with the governor for the prisoner's life. The governor knows neither the prisoner nor his father, but grants the request for the judge's sake, and the judge's powerful intercession was secured by the merits not of the prisoner but of his father. If the prisoner had not had so influential a name to plead, he would have been executed. It would have been of no avail to say he was sorry or to promise amendment. Some people are not so wise when they are conscious of their sins and want God to pardon them as to plead the mighty name of Jesus.

A story is told of Balzac, the French novelist, which shows how much may be missed by not using the influence of another. He was on intimate terms with Baron Rothschild, the head of the French house. Balzac, being about to make a journey to Austria when, as often happened with him, he was in money difficulties, went to the baron, who, with his usual benevolence, advanced him three thousand francs, giving him also a letter of recommendation to his nephew in Vienna. The letter was unsealed, according to custom. Balzac read it, found it cold, poor, and unworthy of him, and never took it to the nephew. Returning to Paris, he went to see Baron Rothschild. "Well," said the latter, "have you seen my nephew?" Balzac proudly said that he had kept the letter. "I am sorry for you," said the baron; "have you got it with you?" "Yes, parbleu — here it is." "Observe this little hieroglyphic below the signature; it would have opened a credit of twenty-five thousand francs for you at the Vienna firm." Balzac bit his nails and said nothing more. Had he known what benefit the presentation of that letter would have brought him he would have presented it. But people are often told that through the name of Christ they may have salvation,yet they do not plead it, but try to save themselves by amending their lives.

The next word of this little Gospel is very comprehensive and must have surprised Cornelius and his friends when they heard it used by a Jew. "Whosoever" was a word that admitted Gentile as well as Jew. It was a universal amnesty. Amnesties have often been issued by European monarchs on occasions of special jubilation, but it is seldom that they have been so wide as to inciude all the king's enemies. Generally, some persons have been excepted, and the amnesty expressly declared that it did not apply to them. In the earliest recorded amnesty, that of Thrasybulus at Athens thirty persons were excepted. When Charles II. of England came to the throne he issued an amnesty to Cromwell's soldiers, but it was not to apply to any one who had taken part in the execution of the King's father, Charles I. In 1815 Napoleon issued an amnesty to the men who had transferred their allegiance to King Louis, but the amnesty did not include Talleyrand and twelve others mentioned by name, whom Napoleon apparently could not forgive. But this which Peter was commissioned to declare was universal—there were no exceptions. All would be received who complied with the conditions.

The conditions were simply belief in Christ. What Peter meant was not a mere intellectual belief that Christ had lived, but a belief in his power to save. When a man is ill and likely to die, if he sends for a certain doctor and takes his medicine he shows that he believes in him. If a man is charged with murder and intrusts his defence to a certain lawyer and follows his advice he shows that he believes in that lawyer's ability to get him acquitted. That is the kind of belief that the sinner must have in Christ—a belief that Christ can and will save him. Peter told Cornelius that "Whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins."

There are some people who are not anxious for remission of sins but they are people who do not realize how terrible is the punishment for sins that are not remitted. When one gets a conception of that punishment, there is nothing he wishes for so much as to have his sins forgiven. God's message through Peter was that he would forgive the sins of every one who believes in Jesus. An old man, lying at the point of death, said to the minister who stood at his side, "Oh! I have been in great trouble this morning; but I am happy now. I saw an immense mountain, with precipitous sides, up which I endeavored to climb; but when I had attained a considerable height, I lost my hold, and fell to the bottom. Exhausted with perplexity and fatigue, I went to a distance, and sat down to weep, and, while weeping, I saw a drop of blood fall upon the mountain, and in a moment it was dissolved." "That was certainly a strange sight," remarked the minister. "What construction did you put upon it?" The dying man seemed astonished at the question, and replied, "That mountain was my sins, and the drop which fell upon it was one drop of the precious blood of Jesus, by which the mountain of my guilt has been melted away."

THE COLUMBUS CELEBRATION.

(Continued from first page.)

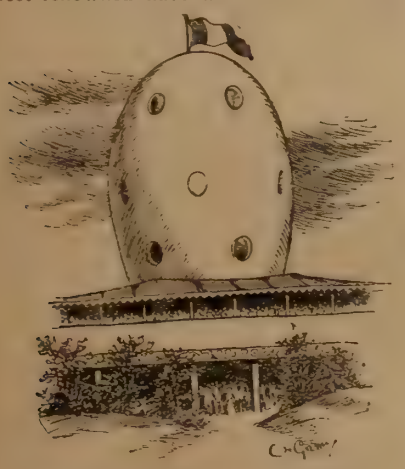
voyages. About 1470, he first conceived the project of reaching Asia by sailing west, and the persistent prosecution of this idea ultimately led to the discovery of America. History has related and art portrayed many of the incidents in the almost tragic struggle made by Columbus to secure support

QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN.

(Who offered to sell her jewels to equip Columbus for his voyage.)

for his scheme—a long quest, fruitless for many years. Successively repulsed by kings, queens, cabinets, juntas and councils, the great heart of Columbus was well-nigh broken by disappointment. It was not till Garcia Fernandez, a man of influence and a profound geographical scholar, interested himself sufficiently to aid in procuring Columbus an audience with Queen Isabella of Spain, that fortune smiled on the ambitious sailor. Isabella, who was a noble-minded, patriotic woman of superior intelligence, was won over to the scheme and a little fleet, consisting of the *Santa Maria*, *Pinta* and *Nina*, weighed anchor at Palos on August 3d, 1492, and stood out for the open Atlantic. Thus was begun a voyage probably more fraught with interest to the human race than any since that of Noah across a flooded world.

Columbus has been a favorite personality with painters and sculptors, and some of the most renowned have with brush and chisel



THE COLOSSAL COLUMBUS EGG AT GENOA.

immortalized the great admiral. He is described as having been tall, and shapely, long-faced and aquiline, clear-eyed, auburn-haired and with a fine complexion. At thirty his hair was quite gray. Never was sailor more temperate in his manner of life or more deeply religious. His piety was earnest, steadfast and predominant, illuminating his whole life.

The Columbus monument, the dedication of which is one of the principal features of the present celebration, is to be erected on the Plaza at 59th Street and 8th Avenue, New York, and is the gift of the Italians of the United States, Canada, Central America and Mexico to this country. Statue and pedestal will have a total height of seventy-five feet. The figure, which is shown in the illustration on the first page of this issue, is the work of Gaetano Russo, an artist of Rome, whose design was accepted by a committee appointed by the Italian government. It is considered one of the masterpieces of Italian art. Other illustrations include the portrait of Columbus, from the oldest drawing in existence of the famous admiral; the portrait of Queen Isabella, his benefactor and patron, and a view of the parade of schools and colleges in New York on the 10th inst. Another interesting picture shows the colossal Columbus egg at the Genoa exhibition—a huge structure built to commemorate a well-known incident in the discoverer's career.

New York's celebration ushers in the fifth century of America's history. It will be a fitting prelude to the later celebration next year, when the President and Cabinet with the officers of Congress and the Supreme Court, the State Governors and Army Corps, will dedicate the great exhibition at Chicago in the name of the American nation.

COLUMBUS SIGHTING THE NEW WORLD.

EVANGELIST QUINN'S GOSPEL CAR.

THE following subscriptions have been received by John P. Quinn, the evangelist and converted gambler, to aid in providing a Gospel car, in which to conduct his crusade against the gambling evil: Ellen T. W——, Peak's Island, $1; A Friend, Hoboken, N. J., $5; Geo. S. Martin, 50 cts.; John A. Phillips, 50 cts.; Geo. H. Wells, 50 cts.; H. A. Crockett, 50 cts., I. A. F. Talbot, 50 cts.; J. E. Fairbank, 50 cts.; John H. Newton, Jersey City, 50 cts.; Bertie Thomas, Pittsburg, Pa., 25 cts; Mrs. C. W—, Detroit, Mich., 10 cts.; A Tramp—gambling the cause, 2 cts.; J. L—a saved gambler, $1.

Some of the letters received by Mr. Quinn, in response to the article recently published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, describing his work, are peculiarly touching. One from Des Moines, Ia., says: "Please accept $1 from a man who is now broken-hearted, and absent from his family, through embezzling money to gamble with. This dollar is for my only boy, who will own a nail in the car, and who, I hope, will not gamble as his father has done."

THE CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE.

The Ninth Annual Convention of Believers in the Fourfold Gospel in Session in the Gospel Tabernacle New York.

A GREAT assemblage of earnest Christian men and women from all parts of the land, and from other lands, gathered at the Gospel Tabernacle, New York, at the Ninth Annual Convention of the Christian Alliance. Large numbers of our readers have attended former conventions of this great Society, and those who were unable to do so this year will rejoice to hear of the time of blessing which was enjoyed there as on former occasions.

Many of the familiar faces were again to be seen on the platform and in the auditorium of the beautiful little church, and with them many faces familiar to the evangelical world though new at these conventions. Rev. A. B. Simpson was in his usual place, with his old time power and tact and intense spirituality. Dr. Henry Wilson, his valued and active colleague, was also there with his usual earnestness and zeal. Rev. Stephen Merritt, vigorous, fervent and joyous as ever, communicating to his hearers something of his own ecstatic ardor. Rev. A. E. Funk, Rev. F. W. Farr, Rev. C. H. Pannell, Mrs. Whittemore, Mrs. S. G. Beck and many others who have been prominent in former conventions were again present and full of faith and enthusiasm. Beside these, the convention had the pleasure this year of listening to Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston; Rev. T. C. Horton, of St. Paul, the famous evangelist Major James H. Cole, Dr. Blake, of London; Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, Rev. F. Sanford and the bright Swedish lady, Miss Nellie Hall.

The convention was opened on Saturday evening, October 1st, with a preparatory meeting for prayer and praise at eight o'clock. The following day, sermons appropriate to the exercises of the coming week and a great consecration meeting occupied the day. Each day of the week was fully taken up. A meeting at nine; another at half past ten; a testimony service at two; public addresses at three; meetings for inquirers at five, and the great general meeting at half past seven, followed by the consecration meeting at half past nine—made the days a very busy, but very blessed time.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday were occupied with the great subject of "the highest Christian life." Testimonies, counsels, and encouragements to higher aspirations, stronger faith and deeper love were heard at every service; and dull and cold indeed must he be who could listen to them without being aroused to effort and inspired with greater earnestness than before. Thursday was given up to the subject of "the blessed hope," the glorious appearing of the Lord from heaven. On Friday the subject was "The Lord our Healer," and at the afternoon testimony meeting many wonderful instances were related of the Lord's power to heal, by persons who spoke from experience of their being raised up from beds of sickness and made strong. Saturday and Sunday the Convention had before it the great work which has now become the all-absorbing occupation of the Christian Alliance—the evangelization of the world. Monday was young people's day. The new organization of The Crusaders was explained, officers appointed and plans of operation discussed. The Young Ladies' Christian Alliance and the Young Ladies' Christian League reported and the nature and prospects of the work were considered. Tuesday, the last day of the Convention was devoted to Rescue Work at home especially in New York City and its vicinity. There was a great gathering of workers from the various rescue missions of the city who told thrilling incidents of their labor, showing that from the lowest depths of degradation Christ could and did save the victim and keep him from falling. The Convention closed on Tuesday night according to custom with the special prayer-meeting for consecration and pleading with God for the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

One of the most interesting features of the Convention was the new organization of Crusaders. These are young men who have solemnly pledged themselves to the Lord to make it their chief end in life to advance the four-fold Gospel in the world. Whether God will lead them to give themselves to home or foreign service, or to remain in secular callings devoting their means to his work, they know not, but however it may be, they hold themselves and all they have at his call.

The foreign missionary work of the Alliance shows marked progress. No less than three hundred persons have offered themselves during the year for foreign service and one hundred and thirty have already been sent out. The utmost care is taken in the selection of these missionaries as to their physical and mental fitness for the work, but chiefly as to their spiritual standing. They must give evidence of thorough consecration before the Alliance will take the responsibility of sending them forth. The funds required for sending out these missionaries have necessarily been large, but the Alliance gratefully acknowledges that God has always enabled it to meet the need whenever it arose, and the treasury has never been empty.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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CHOLERA AND CLEANLINESS.

THE medical profession has again stood between us and Asiatic cholera. They have been successful advocates of quarantine, ventilation, and fumigation. Their sentiments were well expressed by Lord Palmerston when he said to the English nation at the time a fast had been proclaimed to keep off a great pestilence: "Clean your streets or death will ravage, notwithstanding all the prayers of this nation. Clean your streets and then call on God for help."

I rejoice that the poorest classes get advantage of highest medical skill. No excuse now for any man's not having scientific attendance. Dispensaries and infirmaries everywhere, under the control of the best doctors, some of them poorly paid, some of them not paid at all. A half-starved woman comes out from the low tenement house into the dispensary and unwraps the rags from her babe, a bundle of ulcers and rheum and pustules, and over that little sufferer bends the accumulated wisdom of the ages, from Esculapius down to last week's autopsy. In one dispensary in one year 150,000 prescriptions were issued. Then the physicians of this country do more missionary work without charge than all the other professionals put together. From the concert-room, from the merry party, from the comfortable couch on a cold night when the thermometer is five degrees below zero, the doctor must go right away. He must always go right away. And how many hard and unjust things are said about physicians. There are many who blame the doctor because people die, forgetting the divine enactment: "It is appointed unto all men once to die." The father of medicine, who announced the fact that he had discovered an art by which to make men in this world immortal, himself died at forty-seven years of age, showing that immortality was less than half a century for him.

Men of my profession often greet men of the medical profession. We shake hands across the table of suffering infancy. We join each other in an attempt to solace where the paroxysm of grief demands an anodyne as well as a prayer. We look into each other's sympathetic faces through the dusk as the night of death is falling in the sick room. You, doctor, are the first and last earthly friend. You stand at the gates of life when we enter this world, and you stand at the gates of death when we go out of it. In the closing moments of our earthly existence, when the hand of wife or mother or sister or daughter shall hold our right hand, it will give strength to our dying moments if we can feel the tips of your fingers along the pulse of the left wrist.

God bless the doctors all the world over, and help the people better to appreciate them, and hasten the time when the last bitter draught shall be administered and the last wound healed and all sorrow and sighing shall for ever be done away!

THE CHEERFUL WHISTLE.

IT is a prevalent notion that a propensity to whistle indicates an indolent or trivial nature. When we are indulging in it by soliloquy, and some one meets us we stop short, snapping the whistle in two, as though we had been doing something disreputable. There is nothing more healthful than this exercise. The faculty has been granted to those of us who cannot sing much. Though we might lose our way in a tune if we attempted the customary suprano or bass, we revel in the sounds which, without any skill rush with the breath through contracted lips. Grumblers seldom, if ever, whistle. The art is left only for the blithe and cheerful. Whether it is the whistle that makes the good cheer, or the good cheer the whistle, we have now no time to analyze. This kind of music is an inspiring accompaniment of work. Let two masons be busy on a scaffolding, their strength alike, their hods and trowels alike, the one who whistles will better set the bricks and rear the truer wall. Do not rob us of any of our helps. What the world wants is an augmentation of diversions and entertainments: not less skip, and romp, and curvetting, but more. God has no objections to it, or he would not fill the kitten with play, and the lamb with frisk, and the dog with facetious bark, and send the night wind around the gable with mouth full of whistle.

We know not why women, with all their cares, should be denied this exercise, and yet an ungallant rhyme has for ages forbidden it. Do tell us something that women may do? You do not want them to skate or lecture or preach, or walk too fast, or laugh very loud, and you finish your long list of prohibitions by saying:

Whistling girls and crowing hens
Always come to some bad ends.

There are times in a woman's life when a psalm-tune does not seem particularly appropriate, and a carol too formidable to attack—the former is too grave and the latter too jubilant, and nothing on earth is consonant with circumstances but a whistle. That privilege shall not be denied if we have anything to say about it.

Soon after going on board a steamer, we noticed a little pewter instrument that hung to the boatswain's jacket. On such a simple thing you would not suppose a man could make more than one or two sounds, but that little instrument can play a hundred tunes, and at its call cables, cordage, rigging, sails, colors, boats and anchor respond, and all the crew fly swiftly from hammock to capstan, and from capstan to ratline. After eight days of headwind we heard the boatswain's long, keen, resounding whistle. It meant that the wind had changed, and the sails must go up. There was in that pewter whistle more music than in any harp we have since heard, and when it fell down again from the boatswain's lips we re-examined it to see where all the chirrup and glee of sound and shrillness of blast could hide themselves. Thus we sail on in life, and sometimes in the teeth of a headwind, and it is tough navigation. Our whistle dangling at our neck, seems of no use. Everything is against us; but after a while there is a change in the moon, and the wind that was adverse wheels round into our favor. Then we take up our whistle, and, all hands on deck, the sails rise, and the port looms up in the distance. If at such a time we make more noise with our mouth than we ought to, charge it not to us, but charge it to the boatswain's whistle.

HAPPY HOMES.

SO much has recently been said about marriage as a failure, it is interesting to see that people do not believe a word of it. Recently, in high life and common life, the altars have been surrounded by congratulatory groups. It is evident that all the talented things that have been said antagonistic to marriage have made no impression against this divine institution. Never so many orange-wreaths have been twisted — never so many wedding-marches played—never so many high hopes raised—never so many hearty congratulations offered. No one thinks marriage a failure unless he be a scoundrel, or he be chained for a life-time to a vixen, a termagant or a fool. God instituted marriage, and he never instituted a failure. The case of unhappy conjugal alliance are as few when compared with the happy homes as the cases of rheumatism when compared with healthy limbs, as the blind eyes when compared with the good eyes, as the figure 1 when compared with 5,000. You might as well denounce health as a failure because some people are sick, or honesty as a failure because some people are villainous.

Just in proportion as the institution of marriage is honored in any community is that community prospered; and there is no exception. Just in proportion as men have loose ideas in regard to marriage are their lives corrupt. And what is most beautiful about this heaven-descended institution is that its happiness depends not on worldly successes. Indeed, those are apt most to appreciate their homes who are maltreated of the world, and who fly to them as a refuge. I warrant there is as much domestic love in $800 a year as in $8,000. The exquisiteness of the marriage-robe and the length of the white veil trailing through the church-aisle are no surer prophecy of a happy life than the plain promise of that one in fustian and the other in calico. What multitudes of men and women have in this relation proved themselves heroes and heroines, Their unfaltering love turned the crust into a banquet, and the one room in a fifth story, without any elevator, becomes an Alhambra. They started at the foot of the ladder together. Not dependent upon the whims of the world, which one day may blow from the west and the next day may blow from the east, they were content with their own home. Upon it God came down in blessing, and their lives were hallowed. Though the outside world knew little about them, God knew; and when angel would point out to angel the happy homes of earth, the finger of light would sweep around that dwelling. Oh, how much a man and woman can stand of trouble if they stand together!

There is a way of laughing off many of the hardships of life, and blessed is that man, blessed is that woman, who has at home one who can make light of misfortune and turn tragedy into comedy. But far better than the power of caricature and a natural disposition to make the best of things is religion dominant in a household. That explains and sanctifies and irradiates as nothing else can. May the divine spirit sanctify all our homesteads.

It shall be well with those who marry in the Lord. Happy in life. Happy in death. Happy forever. What more beautiful, suggestive thing was ever said than that which aged Jacob said: "Bury me with my fathers in the cave of Machpelah. There they buried Abraham and Sarah, his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebecca, his wife, and there I buried Leah."

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

HIT THE MARK.

I WANT a word, this week, with the Christian soldiers. If I could, I'd fire off my own Gospel gun loaded with the truth of the sixth chapter of Ephesians, and you would get hit, but you are too scattered to get at personally, for The Herald readers girt the globe. So I take this method of saying to you "Hit the Mark," as soldiers in the army of Christ remember that parading and practice do no slaughter.

By this time, if your church is alive, you will be well in the fight against the devil and all his imps, seen and unseen. Live churches don't wait for any new year. Now is the time. So I expect you are pushing ahead like Wellington at Waterloo.

Be sure you have an aim in all you undertake, plan to get something. Go in to succeed and know what kind of success you want. I'm going to be bold enough to set up a mark for you in your religious warfare, and I want you to hit it. Stir every one else up in your parish to hope for the same. It is this. A revival that will bring the following:

1st. A genuine revival.

2d. A greater love for the Bible.

3d. Genuine conversions by the Spirit of God.

Just take those three items up, one by one, and look at them.

"A revival." That will mean a lot of church quarrels straightened out, a lot of old debts paid, a lot of broken family altars restored, filling up of empty pews and making happy church and missionary treasurers. It will mean more than that in extent. You will see a lot of old church letters brought out from bottoms of trunks and handed to preachers. You will see smiles of joy on faces that have been given to frowns. Less Sunday newspapers will be sold. There will be less talk of pugilists, a less number of booby and other prizes. Prayer-meeting nights will be held sacred, and indecent shows will have less decent people at them. The fact is, my column is not big enough to tell the good things that will come from hitting that mark.

"A greater love for the Bible." To hit that mark means more than one pen can write. Why, I'd rather get people reading the Bible with thought and prayer than any thing else I can think of. Nothing will do them so much good. You can no wise keep a Bible-reading, Bible-living, Bible-talking community from rising spiritually, and temporally, too, for that matter, than you can keep spring flowers from growing after April showers.

"Genuine conversions by the Spirit of God." Oh, that the good God may help you aim for this in every sanctuary, sermon and service. To get people converted. Converted to God. Converted from sin to righteousness. Converted so not only the heart but the whole life is changed. Converted so thoroughly as to be a standing argument for Christ's resurrection. Converted to stick. Converted so as to be able to stand up and say so. Converted so God, men, angels and devils will know it.

Christian soldier, hit this mark.

Meet the Conditions.

There are a host of religious grumblers who growl because they don't get from God what other folds do. If they would stop sputtering and go to thinking, soon they would be enriched. The fact is, God's blessings and gifts are conditional, always. There is no one praying for pure air in a sewer. Get out of the ditch. When God says, "I will send thee help from the sanctuary and strengthen thee out of Zion," the best thing for able people to do is to go to church.

Take salvation, you would be surprised at the number of men and women, of good sense, too, who for years have been crying unto God to save them. There has not been a moment since they were old enough to sin but God wanted to do this. There is no need of crying long days and nights unto God for what he is waiting to bestow. Any one who will receive Jesus Christ as their Lord and Master, will get salvation by getting him.

So with love, joy and praise let one receive the Holy Spirit by faith, and in the life he comes and the fruit of his abiding presence and power is love, joy and peace.

Meet the conditions, and every promise may be fulfilled in your life, dear readers. Try it.

The Bible and the Newspaper

EAST AFRICAN EXPLORERS.

ONE of the most hazardous enterprises in African exploration hitherto attempted, has been undertaken by Mr. William Astor Chanler, a young American of a well-known wealthy family, and Lieut. Von Hohnell of the Austrian army, whose portraits appear on this page. The explorers are on their way to Mount Kenia, the most wonderful and mysterious mountain in Africa, about which the strangest and most romantic stories circulate among the African peoples. Its highest peaks are said to be twenty thousand feet above sea level, and it can only be reached by passing through a region of swamp and jungle, and afterward a vast stretch of desert. The country has never been mapped, even if it has ever been trodden by the foot of a white man. It is rumored that it is inhabited by tribes so fierce and barbarous that it would be foolhardy to venture into it without a force almost as large as an army. The two explorers are taking with them about two hundred carriers and attendants, which is much too small a contingent to protect them if there should be fighting. Mr. Chanler has bought a caravan of camels with which to cross the desert, but other explorers express doubts whether they will be able to cross the swamp and jungle to reach the desert. The explorers are not inexperienced. Several years ago they penetrated to Mount Kilimanjaro and passed around the base of the mountain through the country of the dreaded Masai tribe, the most warlike of the yet known African peoples. They incurred many dangers, but escaped all except the African fever, an attack of which prostrated Mr. Chanler for some days. The present enterprise is a much more serious matter, but if the explorers are successful, their journey cannot fail to add greatly to our knowledge of the Dark Continent and its unknown inhabitants. It may also be a means of blessing to the natives, in preparing the way for the introduction of missionaries to tell them of the way of life. Unhappily, their contact with the white man has not hitherto been an unalloyed good, for the trader with his fire-water has counteracted the efforts of the missionary with his Bible. The savage like the civilized man is more responsive to the evil than to the good. Nevertheless, the Christian rejoices in every opportunity of reaching the peoples still ignorant of Christ, knowing that "where there is no vision the people perish." (Prov. 29: 18.)

A Clerical Hero at Niagara.

A LADY'S life was saved at Niagara Falls by a clergyman on Sept. 24. Three ladies from Toronto were visiting the Falls and started to walk over the new suspension bridge from the American to the Canadian side. One of them made a mis-step and slipped off the edge of the narrow foot-walk which is raised several inches from the roadway, and pitched toward the edge of the bridge. In her struggle to regain her footing she pitched down toward the edge and between the iron stays. Her death seemed sure, but she was held momentarily by her dress catching on some projection of the iron work and she hung head downward over the gorge a hundred and sixty feet deep. Among the people on the bridge who saw her fall, was Rev. John Ramsay a Presbyterian clergyman from Ireland who had come to the Falls from Toronto where he was attending the Pan-Presbyterian Council. Mr. Ramsay jumped over the railing, and, grasping a cable, let himself down to the lowest girder, where the woman was hanging. He grasped her and clung to her, while the Chief of Police and bystanders lowered ropes to him which he attached to the woman, who had swooned, and she was safely hoisted back to the roadway of the bridge. Another rope was then lowered to him and he also was drawn up. The lady was considerably shaken but was otherwise unhurt and was profoundly grateful to the man who had saved her life at the risk of his own. It was a brave act and Mr. Ramsay will prove a very successful preacher if he goes about his ministerial work in the same way, thinking lightly of his own safety and comfort and going down to those in danger of eternal death whom he seeks to rescue. (Acts 20: 24.)

Obstinacy Causes a Collision.

A SHIPWRECK occurred in the harbor of Boston, Mass., on Sept. 28, through the obstinacy of two captains. The steamer *Whitney* was leaving the harbor with a valuable general cargo for New York just as the *Ottoman*, a steamer in ballast, was entering the harbor from quarantine. On seeing the *Ottoman* approaching, the *Whitney* blew two whistles to indicate the course she intended taking. Almost simultaneously two whistles came from

EXPLORER W. A. CHANLER.

the *Ottoman* intimating that the captain would keep on his course. The rule of the road in such cases is that the steamer first signalling has the right of way. Each captain apparently believed he was the first to signal, so acted on that assumption. Neither veered a point from his course even when a collision seemed inevitable. In a few minutes the steamers came together with a terrific crash. The *Ottoman*, being a steamer of five thousand tons, while the *Whitney* was little more than one-half that tonnage, crushed the smaller vessel and she sank in a short time. Happily, the catastrophe was plainly seen in time for tugs to go to the rescue of the crew, so that no lives were lost. One vessel with her cargo is lost and the other vessel will have to be laid up for repairs because each captain insisted on what he believed to be his right. The same disposition is sometimes manifested by Christian people in their business and in the church, and often with disastrous results. This, too, in defiance of the Apostolic injunction to suffer wrong and even to be defrauded rather than engage in contention. (1. Cor. 6: 7.)

Complaints Against a Mayor.

MAYOR GRANT of New York, has been the recipient for some time past of numerous indignant letters from the residents on several uptown streets complaining about the paving of the streets. The complainants remind him of the large sums they contribute in taxes to the city's treasury and denounce him for neglecting their interests. The explanation of the neglect came out last week when the Mayor received a copy of a series of resolutions adopted by the Ladies' Health Protective Association. The resolutions set forth the opinion of sanitary experts that one of the best precautions against an epidemic was the nightly flushing of the roadways with water, and that roadways of asphalt could be flushed more easily and thoroughly than those of granite blocks. The ladies, who are deeply interested in the condition of the poor, thanked the Mayor for having several of the down-town streets where the poorest of the people live, paved with asphalt and expressed the hope that others would be laid with the same material. The Mayor said he was very glad to receive this commendation, as he had been severely censured for the course he had taken. When the Commissioner made out his list of streets to be paved with asphalt and those to be paved with granite blocks, the Mayor instructed him to revise it so that some down-town streets in the tenement district might have asphalt paving, too. It was found afterward that the appropriation would not cover the list as revised, so it was proposed to strike out the tenement-house streets. But the Mayor ordered him to strike out streets uptown, one of which was the street in which he himself lives, and it had been done. He thought if there were any sanitary advantages in the asphalt the poor needed it more than the rich. That was true; but it is not every official who takes that view of it. The principle applies to the moral and spiritual condition of the tenement-house districts, as well as their sanitary condition. It may be commmended to pastors and churches who are eager to leave the poor localities to move uptown where the rich people live. (Luke 5: 31.)

An Island Lost.

NEWS of the earthquake on the Island of Sanguir which was published some weeks ago is now followed by the report of the submergence of another island. The San Francisco *Call* says that a Dutch skipper reports that on his voyage here from Australia he sailed over the place where Expedition Island existed a few months ago. Sanguir lay midway between the Islands of Mindanas and Celebes and in the same longitude twenty degrees farther south was Expedition Island at the mouth of Collier Bay in Western Australia. As the sea in which it lies is unfrequented by shipping, it is quite possible that its subsidence, was simultaneous with the submersion of Sanguir below the waves. The Dutch skipper reports that he found eight fathoms of water in the

LIEUT. VON HOHNELL.

place where the island had been, whereas all around the place the depth was normal for the Sea of Timor, say, seventy to one hundred fathoms. The island was thirteen miles long by one wide. It was forty miles from the coast of Australia. The whole crust of the globe is probably in motion, changing its relative level as it gradually adjusts itself to the contractions of the interior, on which it rests. In the circumpolar regions, Grant Land, Grinnell Land, and Franz Josef's Land are rising. And simultaneously the coast of Greenland, in the neighborhood of Disco, is sinking so that stakes which were driven in the beach to moor boats to are now under water. It is easy to understand that, without any volcanic agency, the surface of the earth, resting as it does on a foundation which must be incandescent, must rise and fall as the action of fire expands and contracts its subterranean support. The day is coming, however, when natural causes will be superseded by supernatural, and the heaven will "depart as a scroll when it is rolled together and every island and every mountain will be moved out of their places." (Rev. 6: 14.)

Valuable Playthings.

ONE of the banks of Philadelphia was surprised a few days ago by failing to receive a package from another bank at Darby, Pa. It was the custom of the Darby bank to send its out-of-town checks regularly to the Philadelphia bank for collection. When the usual package did not arrive, the Darby bank was communicated with. It replied that the package had been mailed as usual and an investigation was begun at both ends of the line. It was discovered that several children in Darby had been seen playing with peculiar oblong pieces of paper like checks and they were hunted up. Checks to the amount of three thousand dollars were found in the possession of the children. They explained that they had been playing around the post-office and one of them, a little girl under six years of age, had put her hand through the big slot in the door and brought out a large envelope. The children had opened it and going to a vacant lot had played at bankers with the contents. The children were evidently aware of the nature of the checks, though they were ignorant of their value; but as payment had been stopped and no loss had occurred, there were no criminal proceedings against them. They were too inexperienced to think of applying the checks to the purpose for which they were written. They simply made playthings with documents which, when presented at the bank would have produced large sums of money. Christian people often act so with the promises. They read them and talk about them, but, though the promises belong to them, they do not, when they are in need, take them to God in faith that he will fulfil them. (Mal. 3: 10.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. C. H. Yatman's report of his investigation of evangelistic and philanthropic work in Europe was presented at a meeting held on October 7th in New York. It was resolved to lay the report before a number of influential laymen and call another meeting for its further and more mature consideration.

Mr. D. L. Moody has accepted the cordial invitation of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, to hold services there. Mr. Moody has frequently preached in the immense building at the request of the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, and last Sunday he began the services which will close next Sunday night. Mr. Moody hopes to hold three services every day and asks the prayers of the Christian public for God's blessing.

Rev. J. W. Chapman, D.D., has resigned the pastorate of Bethany Church, Philadelphia, to enter the Evangelistic field. Rev. B. Fay Mills writes us, warmly recommending Dr. Chapman to the churches. He says that the assistance he received from Dr. Chapman in Jersey City, N. J., Providence, R. I., Philadelphia, Pa., and Cincinnati, O., convinced him that "no man is better qualified as an Evangelistic preacher, or would be more acceptable in his chosen work."

Contributions to the Fund for the support of the Rev. George W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the American Sunday School Union have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $32.65. They were as follows: Mrs. J. W. Flesher, $5; Mrs. C. L. Donaldson, $5; Samuel Edwards, $5; J. Armitage, $3; "A Reader," Gloversville, N. Y., $2; C. L. Walker, $2; G. H. Melville, $2; P. H. H., Charlesville, Ind., $2; "In His Name," Orondo, Wash., $2.15; A. Young, $1; Sadie E. Mercer, $1; Jennie C. Williams, $1; S. A. Bruce, $1; Sila F. Atkinson, 50 cents.

At Trinity Methodist Church, Harlem (Rev. Dr. Birch, Pastor), Rev. Thomas Harrison was invited to be present on Sunday, Oct. 2, and tender the hand of welcome to a number of the converts who were brought into the fold during the great revival he conducted in that church last winter. There was a very large gathering and much enthusiasm. Fully 100 converts, came forward and united with the church in full membership. Mr. Harrison then gave an exhortation, and persons arose all over the church and came forward to the altar, which was quickly crowded with seekers. The revival broke out anew, and Mr. Harrison was at once invited to return to the church and begin another Gospel campaign.

Dr. George D. Dowkontt opened the 1892-3 session of the International Medical Mission College on Oct. 3. Thirty students have entered their names. One of them is an object of special interest from the fact that he is the first medical missionary to be trained for service at the cost of the Moravian Church. The authorities of the Moravian Church at Herrnhut in Austria, appointed a committee to find the best institutions for the purpose and on the report of Dr. C. E. Ebermann, Dr. Dowkontt's institution was selected to receive the first student. The only cause for regret in connection with the college is that it is not rich enough to take students free of charge. Several promising young men and women have had to be rejected this year because they were unable to pay the actual cost of their board.

NOT WEARY IN WELL-DOING.

A Sermon Preached Before Calvary Baptist Church, New York, on Oct. 2, by the Pastor, Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. "*And let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.*" Galatians 6: 9.

THREE different nations or tribes inhabited Galatia. Their heathenism had been of a peculiarly gross and debasing kind. Tall and imposing in person, and impetuous in their attacks, they were dangerous foes; but they formed a special attachment to the Apostle Paul, who had, as it would seem first preached the Gospel to them. Their first love to him and to the truth was ardent and demonstrative. They were ready the Apostle reminds them to pluck out their eyes and to give them to him, if that were possible; but he also, in a tone of mingled authority and sorrow, expresses his wonder that they were so soon drawn away to another Gospel than that which he had preached. They were warm-hearted, but fickle. They needed the word of rebuke and encouragement implied in the text: In our need of this word we are Galatians. We run well for a season, then we hesitate, droop, and loiter. Let us take these instructive and encouraging words as our own to-day.

An Inspired Standard.

1. We have here an inspired standard for a noble life—"Well-doing." Many never attempt to come up to this standard. Such a thought has never suggested itself to their minds. There are thousands in all our cities who were born in sinful and wretched homes, and whose companions and surroundings all tended to drag them down; they have scarcely known a pure thought, felt a noble aspiration, or made even one effort in the direction of well-doing. Such people are to be blamed; they are to be pitied also. But go higher up in the scale of life, and you may find the same absence of such a standard. There are homes in which wealth abounds, and culture is possessed and yet there is no thought of well-doing. Self is supreme. As compared with that of the former class, this is doubtless a refined selfishness; but it is nevertheless selfishness, and selfishness is the essence of sin. Living for self is abominable idolatry. The man who so lives is dead while he lives.

No doubt all of us fall far below this lofty standard given by Paul. There never was but one life which perfectly reached this standard. What a suggestive description we have of Christ where it is said of him: "Who went about doing good!" This simple and sublime description brings before us a picture of unceasing activity and unchanging benevolence. This element in Christ's life gives him power even to this hour. Good deeds never die. Those who imitate the example of Christ in well-doing may for a time be despised and rejected, but eventually they will receive their reward. It is still true that "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." The names of the three noble Hebrews who for truth and for God went into the fiercely-heated furnace are written forever on the sacred page. The names of "the most mighty men" who cast them into the furnace were never recorded; the furious flames "slew" their persons. "The memory of the just is blessed; but the name of the wicked shall rot."

Although we may not reach the high standard which Paul gives us, and which Christ illustrated, it is well to aim for it. Emerson in a very Emersonian phrase says, "Young man, hitch your wagon to a star." We catch his meaning. It is good advice. In the Royal Gallery at Dresden, that gallery so rich in the triumphs of art, is the matchless Madonna of Raphael. An entire room is devoted to that wonderful creation of genius. For hours students and lovers of art gaze upon it. They depart but to return and gaze again on this masterpiece. No artist can hope to approach, far less to excel it; but it is a constant inspiration to every true student. This endeavor brings joy. We have too much exaggerated the trials of the Christian life. We, as Christians, need give up only what it is harmful to keep. We give up what the sick man gives up when the flush of health again mantles his cheek. We give up what the prisoner does when the prison-door is thrown open, and he breathes again the air of freedom. There is joy in this lofty aim. The Christian looks to the end of his course for his full reward, but he has a glorious reward in peace and love even here. Many a transgressor finds his way through sin to death and perdition tenfold harder than does the Christian in striving to follow Christ in well-doing. Life is short, but it determines our eternity. It projects itself into a never-ending future. Short as is a cannon, its direction when discharged determines the course of the ball. Only "well-doing" here receives "well-done" there.

He lives who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beside.

A Danger Suggested.

2. The Apostle suggests a danger to which we are exposed—"Let us not be weary in well-doing." We are all liable to weariness in doing good. The infirmities of the flesh often make us weary. We are in the body. We are of the earth, earthy. We are subject to the limitations and conditions of our earthly life. Here, as everywhere, the example of Christ is helpful. He knows what weariness means; he has felt the same. No laboring man was ever more exhausted than was Jesus when he laid his head upon the pillow in the hinder part of the ship and slept. A sleeping Christ! How marvellous the thought! It had been a day of exciting and exhausting toil with Jesus, whichever view of the incident, and its place in the narrative, we may take. Jesus was physically weary in well-doing; and he slept, although the spray may have dashed into his face and bedewed his hair. He slept, although fear had unmanned the disciples so long inured to the dangers of the lake. We know that on another occasion Christ was "wearied with his journey"; and he "sat thus," thus wearied "on the well." Still, he embraced the opportunity to talk to the sinful woman of Samaria of the water of life. Yes, often we are weary in, but never of the work to which we are called.

The ingratitude of those we strive to help is another cause of weariness. Ingratitude is as common as it is detestable. Almost all nations have voiced their sense of the sin of ingratitude in striking proverbs: "Eat the present, and break the dish," says the Arabic proverb. The Spanish says, "Bring up a raven, and it will pick out your eyes.' "Put a snake in your bosom, and when it is warm it will sting you," says the English proverb.

The World is Ungrateful.

It lives on God's bounty, and yet refuses to own his power or to accept his love. "Where are the nine?" asked Christ; and there is a tone of indescribable sadness in his question. To do some men the favor they solicit is to make them ever after your cold friends or your open enemies. When love turns to hate, no hate is so bitter. It is said that the man who severed Cicero's head from his body, the leader of the assassins, was one whom Cicero's wonderful eloquence had successfully defended when on trial for the murder of his father. We have all felt the deadening influence of ingratitude. Our warm sympathy has flowed out in words and deeds of helpfulness, and that warm sympathy has been so chilled by the ingratitude and unworthiness of those we helped, that it has flowed back to paralyze our hearts. But we must do good from higher motives than to secure the gratitude of those benefited. We must do it for its own sake and for Christ's sake. He laid down his life for us when we were unthankful. Thank God, there are some who are grateful. We have seen the tear of gratitude tremble in the eye, and when it was wiped away we have seen the light of hope sparkle there. A word of kindness has banished from some weary heart and sorrowful home weeks of sadness, and has opened a future of hopefulness. Do not become morose. In many cases your words and deeds of well-doing are bearing precious fruit in the changed homes and the redeemed lives of men, women and children, who shall rise up to call you blessed.

Discouragements.

Our apparent want of success is another cause of weariness. There is so much to be done, that sometimes we are disposed to give up in despair. Where shall we begin? How can we do anything? Much of the labor which has been performed seems wasted. Then there is so much opposition to contend with. This opposition often comes from those whom we wish to benefit, to lift from sin to holiness and heaven. Sometimes it comes from cold-hearted Christians. It is so easy to criticise; so easy to charge those who are willing to work with being visionary, impracticable, fanatical. It is so hard to help men who have no sense of their need of our help. Again, many who apparently have accepted Christ run well for a season, then fall back in, or entirely out of, the Christian race. You have seen a man redeemed from his cups and other vices. Prayers of gratitude for his deliverance were offered; songs of joy were sung. You have seen him again in his place of business and society,—his home a paradise, his wife radiant with joy, and his children transformed almost beyond recognition. Your own heart leaps for joy. You glory in the bliss of well-doing. Earth is to you a foretaste of heaven. How glorious life is to you! But one day when you come home, this man's wife meets you. Her face is stained with tears, her eyes red with weeping, her heart is nearly broken with sorrow. She does not speak. She need not. You know the story. Yes, he has been drinking for a week. He is a demon. To her and her children life seems hopeless and death would be welcome. Or perhaps it is a disobedient son or an infatuated daughter you tried to save, and with equally sad results. I am giving history, not romance. Tell me, Christian worker, have you not sometimes been so weary that you have thought, if you have not said, "It is enough, O Lord. I give up; I will never try again?" Not so fast, brother, sister; be patient. Have you done your duty? Rest there.

An Encouraging Promise.

3. We have also in this text an encouraging promise. But a condition is also suggested. We must not faint. We must persevere to the end. There must be no repining, no retreating, no fainting. We enlist for life, for eternity, indeed. The dew of youth, the vigor of manhood, and the wisdom of age must be consecrated to well-doing. It is "to them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honor, and immortality;" that the promise of blessedness is given. Then let us not forget that God must be the Judge of the "due time." We are often in a hurry; God never is. Perhaps the greatest miracle in Christ's life is that he should wait thirty years before performing a miracle. He bided his time. Undue haste pays the penalty of speedy decay. Did we know all the reasons as God knows them we should always approve of his seeming delay. How few converts apparently, there were in Christ's personal ministry! But one sermon on the day of Pentecost brings three thousand to Jesus' feet. Soon the number increased so rapidly that Luke ceases to give us figures. Cary and his companions must labor seven years before the first Hindoo convert is baptized. Judson must toil on till the churches grow disheartened, and everything but his own faith and God's promise fails. In a single recent year eighteen thousand are baptized in connection with our Baptist work in these foreign lands! These things are not accidental. They have their reasons. We cannot always trace the law. God can. Let us do our duty, and leave the result with him.

But, complying with the conditions of God, success is certain.

What is Success?

Not all which either the world or the church calls by that name. Much which neither the world nor the church so calls is success. We remember the oft-quoted incident at Waterloo. At the crisis in the battle when all depended on the firmness of the soldiers, messenger after messenger came into the presence of the Duke of Wellington, urging that the troops at an important point be withdrawn, as they must soon yield before the terrible onsets of the French. The only reply of the Duke was "Stand firm." The officer remonstrated, "We shall all perish." Again the iron-hearted Duke said, "Stand firm." "You'll find us there," said the officer as he galloped away. Every man it is said of that doomed brigade fell fighting at his post. They did their duty. That is success. A little time ago I saw a workman carving part of a floral design on a stone, to be placed in a great building now going up in our city. I asked, "Where is this stone to be put, and what will be the design when completed?" "I don't know," said he, "my business is to transfer this pattern to this stone, the master-workman knows the rest." He was doing good work. He did his duty. That was success. To-day that stone adorns some lofty arch. The parts are joined, a complete and beautiful whole is the result.

I have referred to the Duke of Wellington. It is a noticeable fact that in his dispatches, which fill twelve large volumes, the word "glory" never appears; not even after his greatest victories, but always the word "duty," "duty." The word glory predominates in all of Napoleon's dispatches. This characteristic of Wellington is to be traced to the lesson he learned, as he himself tells us, in youth from his catechism, the lesson "of doing your duty in that station in life to which it shall please God to call you." That is success. Reap that. God will care for the other certain harvests.

To-day I summon you to duty. Through the summer's heat some of you stood at the post of duty; the fall and winter will soon be here. Shall we reap great harvests of souls? Already the fields are white unto the harvest. While it is often true that one soweth and another reapeth, it is also often gloriously true that sometimes we may both sow and reap; that sometimes the reaper may tread on the feet of the sower. God help us to sharpen our sickles and to go to-day into his great harvest field. Do your work. Let "well-doing" be your standard. Never be weary, so as to neglect duty. Know that as God's promise is sure, "We shall reap." Know that "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Weary ones, the everlasting arm is about you. Worldlings may faint. Christians never. "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

ANGELS IN HEAVEN.*

HOW beautiful they are,
Unseen by mortal eyes,
Those angels bright and fair
That dwell above the skies

And shall I ever be
An angel clad in white?
Is there no place for me
Amid the angels bright?

Then let me live to love
That God so good and kind,
Till, safe with him above,
That endless bliss I find.

With joy we'll ever sing
When that bright day is come,
When with our God and King
We ever dwell at home.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.†

DR. JOSIAH STRONG says: The great forces of civilization are all working in favor of combination, co-operation, organization, centralization. The churches could not resist this powerful tendency of the times, even if they tried. The very stars in their courses are fighting against existing sectarianism and denominational competition. Carlyle somewhere described the insight of genius as a "co-operation with the real tendency of the world." Those who are seeking to bring the fragments of the dismembered church of Christ into closer relations, and finally into organic union, may be said to possess this insight, and may see their triumph from afar.

Dr. Washington Gladden writes: The municipal Church embraces all the Christian disciples of the municipality. It is founded upon the idea that the primary business of the Christians in any community is to Christianize that community; that their obligation to co-operate for this purpose is a great deal stronger than the obligation of any of them to co-operate with other congregations in distant cities for the propagation of a few theological or ritualistic fads of their own; and that their primary Christian duty is not done until they are firmly and compactly banded together for the systematic and thorough evangelization of their own community.

THE FIRST TRIAL OF ETHER.‡

As all eyes were now fixed upon the scene before them, Dr. George Hayward stepped forward and remarked that, with the advice of the other surgeons, he should allow Mr. Morton to administer an article by inhalation to the patient upon whom he was about to operate, which it was alleged would prevent any pain from being felt.

Thereupon, Morton, a man of commanding figure and appearance, came in from an adjacent room, and advancing to the operating-table, spoke a few words of encouragement to the patient and instructed her in the method of inhaling. The curiosity on the part of all present was intense. The stillness was oppressive, broken only by the hurried respiration and occasional sob of the patient. Grouped about Morton, standing as the central figure at the head of the operating-table, were the surgical and medical officers of the institution, as also the attendants, all as intent upon the unusual scene before them as were the most untried spectators in the seats of the amphitheatre.

In three minutes the patient was completely under the influence of the preparation, as shown by the complete muscular relaxation, the drooping eyelids, the immobile pupil, and the deathlike insensibility to external impressions.

The operation completed, and even before the removal of the patient from the room, the profound stillness and suspense which had hung over all present, was broken by loud murmurs of surprise and admiration at the success which had been attained. Morton was the hero of the hour, and was regarded with feelings akin to those which might have been awakened had an angel suddenly appeared, bearing waters from "the Lethean streams of oblivion," which having been administered to the suffering invalid, had produced the effects witnessed.

*From *Gems from the Field of Thought*, or a Glimpse into Mute Life, by Miss Emeline L. Knox; cloth; pp. 117. T. J. Griffiths, Utica, N. Y., publisher.

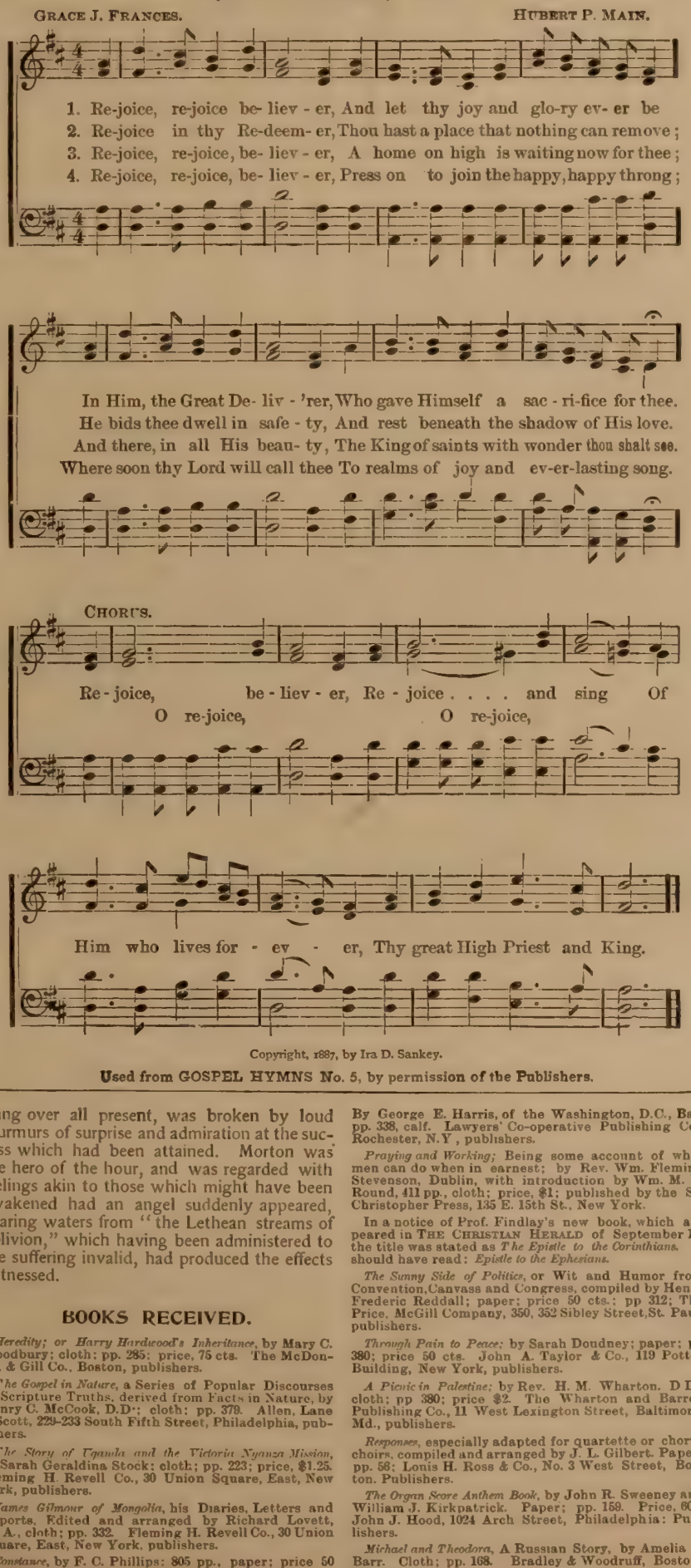
†From the October Number of the *Review of Reviews*, a number more than usually full of interesting features. Price, 25c.; published 13 Astor Place, New York.

‡From a charming article entitled "Historic Moments," in the October number of *Scribner's Magazine*. Price, 25 cents; published by Charles Scribner's Son's, 745 Broadway, New York.

Rejoice, Rejoice Believer.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—PHIL. 4: 4.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. Re-joice, re-joice be- liev - er, And let thy joy and glo-ry ev- er be
2. Re-joice in thy Re-deem- er, Thou hast a place that nothing can remove;
3. Re-joice, re-joice, be- liev - er, A home on high is waiting now for thee;
4. Re-joice, re-joice, be- liev - er, Press on to join the happy, happy throng;
In Him, the Great De- liv - 'rer, Who gave Himself a sac - ri-fice for thee.
He bids thee dwell in safe - ty, And rest beneath the shadow of His love.
And there, in all His beau- ty, The King of saints with wonder thou shalt see.
Where soon thy Lord will call thee To realms of joy and ev-er-lasting song.
CHORUS.
Re - joice, be - liev - er, Re - joice . . . . and sing Of
O re-joice, O re-joice,
Him who lives for - ev - er, Thy great High Priest and King.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Heredity; or Harry Hardwood's Inheritance, by Mary C. Woodbury; cloth; pp. 285; price, 75 cts. The McDonald & Gill Co., Boston, publishers.

The Gospel in Nature, a Series of Popular Discourses on Scripture Truths, derived from Facts in Nature, by Henry C. McCook, D.D.; cloth; pp. 379. Allen, Lane & Scott, 229-233 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia, publishers.

The Story of Uganda and the Victoria Nyanza Mission, by Sarah Geraldina Stock; cloth; pp. 223; price, $1.25. Fleming H. Revell Co., 30 Union Square, East, New York, publishers.

James Gilmour of Mongolia, his Diaries, Letters and Reports, Edited and arranged by Richard Lovett, M. A., cloth; pp. 332. Fleming H. Revell Co., 30 Union Square, East, New York, publishers.

Constance, by F. C. Phillips; 805 pp., paper; price 50 cents; John A. Taylor & Co., New York, London and Toronto, publishers.

A Treatise on Sunday Laws; The Sabbath, the Lord's Day, its history and observance, civil and criminal. By George E. Harris, of the Washington, D.C., Bar. pp. 338, calf. Lawyers' Co-operative Publishing Co., Rochester, N.Y., publishers.

Praying and Working; Being some account of what men can do when in earnest; by Rev. Wm. Fleming Stevenson, Dublin, with introduction by Wm. M. F. Round, 411 pp., cloth; price, $1; published by the St. Christopher Press, 135 E. 15th St., New York.

In a notice of Prof. Findlay's new book, which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of September 14, the title was stated as *The Epistle to the Corinthians*. It should have read: *Epistle to the Ephesians*.

The Sunny Side of Politics, or Wit and Humor from Convention, Canvass and Congress, compiled by Henry Frederic Reddall; paper; price 50 cts.; pp 312; The Price, McGill Company, 350, 352 Sibley Street, St. Paul, publishers.

Through Pain to Peace; by Sarah Doudney; paper; pp 380; price 50 cts. John A. Taylor & Co., 119 Potter Building, New York, publishers.

A Picnic in Palestine; by Rev. H. M. Wharton. D D., cloth; pp 380; price $2. The Wharton and Barron Publishing Co., 11 West Lexington Street, Baltimore, Md., publishers.

Responses, especially adapted for quartette or chorus choirs, compiled and arranged by J. L. Gilbert. Paper; pp. 56; Louis H. Ross & Co., No. 3 West Street, Boston. Publishers.

The Organ Score Anthem Book, by John R. Sweeney and William J. Kirkpatrick. Paper; pp. 159. Price, 60c. John J. Hood, 1024 Arch Street, Philadelphia: Publishers.

Michael and Theodora, A Russian Story, by Amelia E. Barr. Cloth; pp. 168. Bradley & Woodruff, Boston: Publishers.

The Preacher's Daughter, A Domestic Romance, by Amelia E. Barr. Cloth; pp. 207. Bradley & Woodruff, Boston: Publishers.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

W. V. Pine, Humboldt, Kans. With regard to the two young people who desire training for missionary work, we would suggest that you write for all information to Rev. A. B. Simpson, 692 8th Ave., New York City, and Dr. H. B. Hartzler, East Northfield, Mass.

J. McL. Porter, North Ogden, Mich., writes: "I acknowledge that I have missed a vast amount of profitable training in the past by not being in possession of your invaluable weekly, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. What pleasure it affords me, what comforts it brings—its doctrine is of such a character that I have never seen anything its equal. I think the time long from one week to another in order to get its desirable lessons. While I am permitted to live, I shall be your subscriber. I am trying to persuade others to engage in the work along with me, in regard to taking THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. You may give this short letter a place in your HERALD, if you please, and let others see how a North Ogden reader admires that which is so desirable."

B. M., North Hillsdale, N. J. What do the characters under the word "Jerusalem" on the pieces of olive wood presented to the subscribers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, mean?

They mean "City of Peace."

Mrs. J. A. Rockwood. Who invented the contribution box?

We have no data to show at what time contribution boxes, plates or baskets were first introduced in churches.

Subscriber, Catskill, N. Y. When my children were babes, one was taken quite ill, and shortly afterward, the other also. I baptised one, as I was not living near a minister. Since then, I have had so much trouble that I have forgotten which was baptised. Can I have them baptised by a minister now? Is it necessary to tell the minister all about the matter?

By all means, tell your pastor frankly about it. There can be no possible objection to having them both baptised.

J. Y. Gortner, Evanston, Ind. Is there any journal published in the United States devoted to American poetry?

None is exclusively so devoted that we know of, although nearly all the leading magazines and weeklies make poetry a feature, and are quick to give recognition to real native talent.

A. B., Danbury, Conn. 1. Do you consider the Lecture Bureau the best means of entrance to the lecture platform? 2. What is the address of such a Bureau in New York City?

1. Generally so, save possibly in the case of persons possessing rare and exceptionally high talent, sufficient to compel attention. 2. Address Major Pond, Everett House, New York.

Mrs. H. E. Roll, Kansas City, Mo. Why was the Apocrypha omitted from the Bible?

Because in making up the canon a majority were of the opinion that it was not inspired. The Council of Nice admitted it, but the reformers rejected it.

J. M. P., Allegheny, Pa. Here are two epigrams by the late Pastor Spurgeon, which may be new to many of your readers. Speaking of people who stare in church, he wrote:

"Attend your church!" the preacher cries,
To church each fair one goes;
The old ones go to close their eyes,
The young to eye their clothes.

And in rebuking dull preachers and somnolent hearers, he wrote:

The people praise our curate's eyes;
I never see their light divine,
For when he prays, he closes them,
And when he preaches closes mine.

Inquirer. 1. Where can I get the book entitled: Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted?* 2. Also the tract, *Come to Jesus*, by Rev. Newman Hall, of London? 3. Would it be wrong to make an engagement of marriage on Sunday?

1 and 2. Write to J. E. Jewett, Publisher, Bible House, N. Y. City. 3. Marriage considered in its proper character is a sacrament, and a pledge or promise, given or taken on the Sabbath, with a view to Christian union in the future, cannot be condemned as absolutely wrong without knowing all the circumstances.

H. G. Conrad, Cowdin, Ill. 1. What book would you recommend to a young teacher who has a class of Bible scholars from twenty to fifty years old, the teacher himself being only twenty? 2. Is it wrong for a Christian to play in a band on the Sabbath—for pleasure only?

1. The best book he could possess is an Oxford Teachers' Bible, with the Helps, Concordance, Subject-Index, References and Maps. This Bible is presented to every new subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, sending two dollars. 2. Decidedly wrong, if by "pleasure" is meant the worldly gratification of the senses. We can, however, conceive of a higher pleasure, in employing the musical talent to God's glory and praise, which is to be commended.

TWO STAGES IN THE ADVENT.

Dr. Alder Smith Explains the Difference Between the Parousia and the Epiphaneia.

WE must always remember that there are two stages in our Lord's Second Coming, and though the second part (when his feet shall stand on the Mount of Olives, and he shall come *with* all his saints) must be during the last days of the final portion of the great tribulation mentioned in Daniel and in Zechariah, yet the first portion, *for* his saints will be before the great trouble, or at its commencement. In Luke 17 we read: "For as the lightning, that lighteneth out of the one part under heaven, shineth unto the other part under heaven; so shall the Son of Man be in His day." "I tell you, in that night there shall be two men in one bed; the one shall be taken, and the other shall be left." This is the rapture. But we read in Matthew: "Immediately *after* the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light. And then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven." And in Mark: "But in those days, after that tribulation, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light." Then follows the description of the Coming, and "the gathering together of his elect from the uttermost part of earth to the uttermost part of heaven."

Christ Comes for His Church.

From these, and other verses, we may conclude that our Lord will come first for his church, as suddenly and as universally as the lightning flash, and that he will then gather his elect from the uttermost part of earth to the uttermost part of heaven. There can be no catching up of living saints before the dead in Christ are raised, and that event is evidently after our Lord descends from heaven into the air with a shout, and with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God!

Rapture Precedes Manifestation.

From other prophecies it is very clear that the rapture must precede the glorious manifestation of Christ with all his saints; but we have no data to enable us to determine the interval between the two stages of the advent. We know that great troubles are coming upon the earth before our Lord again stands on the Mount of Olives with his saints; and we have the cheering words of St. Luke: "And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." Note the words, "begin to come to pass," as if the rapture would take place before the world was convulsed with trouble. In Luke 17 we read: "And as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man." "Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot." Noah was safe in the ark before the flood came, and Lot was removed out of Sodom; and "thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed." That is, watchful Christians will be removed before the final great troubles come upon the earth. Our Lord will undoubtedly come as a thief in the night for his Church, when least expected by the world, as we read in Matthew 24: 43-44, and in Luke 21: 34-36.

The Lord may now come at any time for his Church, although it is very probable that that day will not come as a thief on watching Christians. In the parable of the "ten virgins" we read of the midnight cry before the Bridegroom appeared, and we hear of the Master's knock before he comes in. There is also "the sign of the Son of Man in heaven." This (whatever it is) may synchronise with the advent. At any rate, the foolish virgins will not have time to buy oil when the cry is heard, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh," but will be left behind. Therefore it is easy to see that the proper attitude of Christians ought to be one of watching and praying.

Signs of the End.

It does not say anywhere that we shall not know the period of the Lord's return; and we have this sign given us of the end: Matthew 24: 14: "And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Only as a witness. Surely that is now almost an accomplished fact. There is certainly no civilised nation where the Gospel has not been preached as a witness; and when it has been preached in all nations, then shall the end come."

Therefore be ye all ready, and "let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord. . . . Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching."

WITNESSING FOR CHRIST.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Oct. 23. Acts 10: 39-43; Luke 24: 44-48.

IT is worthy of notice how closely Peter, in speaking to Cornelius and his friends, kept to the actual commission as recorded by Luke. He stated the facts succinctly, declared himself as a witness and quoted his authority—the command of Christ. The brief sermon produced its effect, for the Holy Spirit descended on his hearers, which is evidence that their hearts were changed. However elaborate and argumentative a sermon may be, the message Peter delivered should always be its essence. There is much that is beautiful and inspiring and precious in the Gospel besides, and much more that everyone should know, but this is all that is essential to the salvation of the soul. He that believes these things as Peter cited them and appropriates them, passes from death to life and has in him the seed which will grow to life eternal.

And we are witnesses. There is no one who has declared those truths with power who has not seen wonders surpassing miracles of healing or miracles of nature. To see the heart changed, to see the drunkard delivered from his bondage, the vicious man become pure, the indifferent become zealous, the penurious become generous and the quarrelsome gentle and affectionate, is to see a greater miracle than the turning of the water into wine or the cure of the man sick of the palsy. And this miracle is being wrought continually. It is a miracle that no one can explain. Even those who declare the message do not understand its operation on the hearer. How it is done we know not; but Christ said it would be so, and we find by experience it is so. Every converted man is a witness of the mighty power that attends the delivery of the message. Innumerable objections have been urged against the Gospel, men have derided its philosophy, have criticized and opposed it and have puzzled its adherents by their quibbles, but the fact is unassailable. "Whether this man be a sinner," said the man whose sight was given him, "I know not; one thing I know: that whereas I was blind, now I see." So we come back to experience and against that there is no power in argument. The man who has ridden on a railroad could never be convinced by the most conclusive argument that cars could not be propelled by steam-power. The man who has experienced conversion is proof against arguments against the Christian religion. We have seen and felt the effects, and therefore we preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling block and to the Greeks foolishness, but unto them that believe, whether Jews or Greeks, the power of God and the wisdom of God.

THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT CLINTON, IOWA.

THE C. E. IN GALATIA.

IN a letter to an English journal from Yozgat in Galatia the pastor of the Protestant church there writes: Our young people are organized according to the plans of the Y.P.S.C.E. Yozgat has the honor of being the first to adopt Christian Endeavor methods in Turkey. The good example has been copied by many, and the interest has spread through communication and conference, until the movement has become well nigh general. Consequently a small manual has been prepared, which is to be printed in the Armenian and Turkish languages. We verily hope that the interest thus started will kindle every church and congregation in Turkey with the zeal of Christian Endeavor.

THE GIFT OF A BUILDING.

THE Young Men's Christian Association of of Clinton, Iowa, is the happy recipient of a munificent gift. The building, of which a picture appears on this page, has, we learn from the *Young Men's Era*, been presented to the Association by Mr. W. J. Young, one of the leading business men of Clinton. The Association was organized about a year ago, and an effort was made to secure suitable quarters. The effort, however, was unsuccessful, and the Association has been hampered by its lack of facilities for its work. After several months waiting, a fine brick residence in an eligible locality was thrown on the market. Mr. Young purchased it at once, and informed the Association that he intended to fit it up for its use and that he would let the Association occupy it the first year free of rent. Extensive alterations were made by Mr. Young to adapt the house to Association purposes, and bath-rooms and a gymnasium were added. He then furnished it throughout and equipped the gymnasium. On September 16th all was ready, Mr. Young put in a Bible and an American flag and handed the trustees of the Association a deed of gift of the entire property. This noble gift, which is said to be worth over $20,000, was a genuine surprise to the Association, and was accepted with gladness and thankfulness. The building has now been formally dedicated, and the Association has entered upon its occupancy with joyful hope of doing effective work for Christ in the city.

THE B. Y. P. U. IN MISSOURI.

A CALL has been issued for an important meeting to be held in Calvary Church, Kansas City, on Monday evening, October 17th, to organize a Baptist Young People's Union. A full representation of all Baptist Pastors, churches and young people in Missouri favorable thereto is heartily invited. It is suggested that all such pastors be regarded as *ex-officio* delegates, and that each such church or young people's meeting (of whatever name or character) send five representatives. A fine programme has been prepared, and will be sent to any one wishing it. It contains such names as D. T. Denman, T. M. S. Kenney, L. E. Martin, J. S. Kirtley, F. L. Wilkins. The subjects will be of great interest and value. There will be no free entertainment, but special rates will be secured at the hotels. It is expected that there will be a full attendance, and an enthusiastic meeting.

EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE Epworth League of Prospect Street M. E. Church, Paterson, N. J., celebrated its anniversary on Thursday evening, Sept. 22. An address was delivered by Rev. J. E. Price, D. D., of New York. The Board of Control at its last meeting was wisely conservative. No important changes were made. There were, however, a few slight modifications. A change was made in the name of two of the departments. The name of department No. 1, was changed from "Christian Work" to "Spiritual Work." The name of the fourth department was changed from "Entertainment" to "Social Work." These changes have given great satisfaction, as the new names better indicate the work of the departments. Other proposed improvements consist in membership cards for those who make a change of residence, and traveling cards for those who are away from home.

In Philadelphia the cabinet officers of the League hold general meetings in which they confer together concerning the interests of the work in the whole city. The temperance question was under discussion at one of these meetings recently held. But one spirit prevailed, and that was the uncompromising opposition to the liquor traffic. The League of Englewood, Ill., recently held a consecration service in which nearly the entire membership renewed their dedication to the Master's service. The Chapter at Arlington, N. J., has 150 members. Rev. E. S. Garrison, the pastor, believes in the League, and all unite to make it efficient and successful.

KING'S DAUGHTERS IN GREECE.

THE national organization of the Order of King's Daughters in Greece has been perfected. The *Silver Cross* says that it has received notice from Athens of the formation of the national branch with headquarters in that city. Some delay occurred on account of the necessity of securing the government recognition of the Constitution of the Order which had to be translated into Greek for this purpose. On the anniversary of the organization of the first Circle in Greece, there was a special liturgy in behalf of the work in the Greek Church. "It was most touching and suggestive," writes the Greek lady who sends the report, "to hear a priest of the Orthodox Eastern Church praying in the centre of the church, at the great introit, when special petitions are offered, for God's blessing on the work of the Greek Branch of our Order and for all the Sons and Daughters of the King throughout the whole world."

The writer adds: "This thought came to me—'Who knows but King's Sons and Daughters may be a force in hastening the future union of Christendom. Is not the germ of such a union already in the Order, united as it is in a brotherhood and sisterhood of love and service to each other and in common service to our Lord, the King invisiblle, immortal, and full of glory!"

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

THE Young Women's Christian Association is making progress on the Pacific coast. At Sacramento the Y. W. C. A. has classes in physical culture, two, morning and evening, cooking, stenography and type-writing, vocal music, instrumental music and a workers' training class. These, including the health talks, are the benefits of membership. The annual regular membership fee is $1. New members are constantly coming in. Occasionally a reception is tendered to the young women engaged in some one branch of employment, as, young women from this or that dry goods store or cannery. The Association meeting is a festival time, and usually after the business is transacted a short programme is given; sometimes refreshments are served.

The Y. W. C. A., of California College, at East Oakland, was organized the early part of the year with fifteen members. The meetings are full of interest, and kept up during the summer vacation for those members who were in the city.

WE shall be glad to receive from readers who are members of Christian Endeavor Societies, the King's Daughters, etc., reports of the progress of the work in their localities and of any new methods which have been found successful.

HE KEEPS ME.

THERE'S One—and there's none other—
That cheers me in the way;
'Tis he, my elder Brother,
That keeps me day by day.

This Jesus in the manger,
This Christ upon the sea;
He keeps his own from danger
And makes them truly free!

This God who rules in kindness,
We bask within his love;
He heals us of our blindness
And lifts our souls above.

—ALBERT S. RUSSELL.

Jefferson, Ia., Sept. 21, '92.

By Philip's Fountain.

The Traditional Scene of the Baptism of Queen Candace's Chamberlain by the Evangelist.

FEW incidents, apart from those connected with our Saviour's personal ministry on earth, are more familiar to the Scripture student than that which tells of the conversion and baptism of the Ethiopian eunuch. The illustration on this page, reproduced from a photograph of the fountain at which, as tradition affirms, this baptism took place, serves to bring the whole scene more vividly before the eye and mind of the reader. The fountain is on the road to Hebron, the locality being called *Ain-ed-Diroueh*. The country round about is rich in springs, and more than one of these is declared on legendary authority to be "Philip's Fountain"; but while the site is not positively known, that represented in the picture is probably more strongly supported by tradition and the circumstances of locality and situation than any other, and is therefore most generally accepted.

Peter and John had come to Samaria to further the work that Philip had begun, when the Evangelist himself was divinely directed to proceed toward Gaza. He was led to "go south the way that goeth down from Jerusalem to Gaza." There was such a road, across Mount Hebron, which Philip could take without going to Jerusalem. As he went, a chariot passed him in which sat an Ethiopian, who proved to be the Court Chamberlain or Treasurer of Queen Candace of Ethiopia, and who had been on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He had doubtless heard, while there, of the new sect which men called Christians, and he may possibly have inquired into their doctrines. In any event, he seems to have been a man of intellect and integrity, with a spiritual depth in his nature that is more frequently found among the humble than among those in authority. As he rode, he read in a copy of the Scriptures at the book of Isaiah. Philip, whose mind was intent rather on the end of his journey than on incidents by the way, observed the man and noted his serious, contemplative mood. The Evangelist instantly was prompted by the Holy Spirit—just as God's ministers are frequently prompted in these days—to improve the opportunity and speak with the stranger concerning the eternal life. He did not question the promptings, nor pause to consider that he might be committing a breach of etiquette in obtruding himself upon a total stranger, especially one of considerable rank and authority. He ran to him at full speed, until he overtook the chariot. Breaking in upon his meditations abruptly, Philip asked: "Understandest thou what thou readest?" The Ethiopian, looking up and seeing the Evangelist all flushed and out of breath and yet intensely in earnest, gave the frank answer: "How can I, except some man should guide me?" Then, moving aside in the chariot, he invited Philip to mount beside him. The Evangelist then unfolded the prophecies, beginning with Isaiah and concluding, as we are told in Acts 8: 35, by "preaching unto him Jesus."

Then followed the episode which gives to the fountain, shown in our illustration, its sacred historical association—the baptism of the eunuch. While they still rode slowly along, discoursing together, they came to the spring. The Ethiopian, halting and pointing to the well, said, "See, here is water. What doth hinder me to be baptized?" To which Philip responded: "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." He answered and said, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." Whereupon, Philip performed the sacred ordinance of baptism. At its conclusion the Evangelist was "called away" by the Spirit and the eunuch looked around for his companion in vain. Philip had fulfilled his mission and his presence was no longer necessary.

The conversion of Queen Candace's high treasurer was full of important results. The country over which she ruled was a region in Upper Nubia on the Nile, called by the Greeks, Meroe. The capital city, long since in ruins, was near the present city of Assour. At that time, Meroe was one of the richest countries on earth, and the wealth of Ethiopia was talked of by poets, travelers and statesmen the world over. By this conversion and baptism, therefore, Philip became instrumental in planting the first seeds of the Gospel in Ethiopia, which afterward bore fruit a thousand-fold.

PHILIP'S FOUNTAIN, NEAR JERUSALEM.
(*Traditional Scene of the Baptism of the Ethiopian Eunuch.*)

* * *

Kitchen Martyrs.

SOME one asked a little girl whether her mother's hair was gray. "I don't know," was the reply; "I can't see to the top of her head, and she don't ever sit down." Such a woman is always overrun with work, never a chance to rest for a single minute, who is always bustling about, anxious, burdened, her whole aim being, to all outward appearance, to get her work done. Busy, busy, busy, catching the broom to whisk away an infinitesimal spot of dirt here, flourishing the dust-brush to tear down an imaginary cob-web over yonder, ripping open all the feather beds in the house to see whether some stray moth has stolen a march on her and sought rest within the downy contents, scalding up all the preserves in the cellar once a week for fear they might begin to work when she didn't know it, running up-stairs and down, out to the barn and into the attic, tiring herself and every one else in the house. No woman, says the *Golden Rule*, who is a drudge in her kitchen can do justice to her family. The husband of such a wife eats his meals as quickly as possible, and goes where he can find somebody to talk to him, and with whom he can talk upon something besides bread and potatoes, and wood and water.

* * *

Four Bad Acquaintances.

AMONG the many friendships that are pressed upon our young people, there are four acquaintances to be specially avoided. They are a quartette always to be found around where there is anything of interest going on, and so plausible, sociable and insinuating are they that they almost deceive at times the very elect. Their names are: "There's no Danger;" "Only this Once;" "Every Body Does It;" "By and By." All four, says a reverend writer, are cheats and liars. They mean to cheat us out of heaven, and they will do it if we listen to them. The young especially should take pains to avoid such acquaintances and should resent the first overture looking to familiarity. Let them be "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," and the quartette will look elsewhere for a victim. These spurious friends have no opportunity to impose upon one whose time and energies are wisely occupied, and whose heart is fixed upon God.

* * *

The Morning Waking.

CHILDREN will wake up early in the morning. Perhaps you have been disturbed in the night, and gone wandering about the room in your somnolent state, as much confused as ourselves on one occasion, when, at midnight, we heard a croupy cough in the nursery, and gave the ipecac to the wrong baby. Just as you begin your last morning nap, you hear a stir in the adjoining room. The trundle-bed is evidently discharging a lot of bare feet on the floor. You hear suppressed laughter at the doors, slipping out into an occasional shout as one of them applies the force of a tickle to the bottom of the other's feet. You are provoked to be interrupted at such unseasonable hours, and proclaim children a nuisance. You are glad that the door is locked. But they rattle the knob. They blow through the keyhole. They push slips of paper under the door, and, getting more and more bold, they knock. Ten fingers tipped with the rosy tints of the morn, are running races up and down the panel. Your indignation begins to cool, and your determination not to admit is giving way. The noise of fingers is intermingled with the stroke of dimpled fists. At last you open the door, and there bursts in a snow-flurry of night-gowns, and they bound along, brunette and blonde, wild as young Arabs. The lock that would have confounded a burglar, and the bolt that strongest hand could not have broken, flew open at the touch of the tip-end of a baby's finger.

* * *

Saturday Night.

ON Saturday night, as we open the family paper, let us catch the odor of pine, and the glance of an autumnal leaf dropping like the spark from a forge. Let some geranium-leaf overpower the smell of printer's ink. Tell us of home. Let us know how wives ought to be attentive to their husbands, and how husbands — but never mind that. Come, O weekly visitant! into the front door with a blessing. Our week's work done, and notes paid, and accounts squared, and the hurry over, and the Sabbath near, speak you a cheerful word to the desponding, a chiding word to the wandering, a soothing word to the perplexed; and help the ten thousand of the weary and the foot-sore, and the hardly bestead, by the camp-fires of life's great battle-field, to thank God that the seven days' march is over, and it is Saturday night. Before long our pens, and needles, and trowels, and yard-sticks, and saws, and pickaxes will be still. With our hand in the hands of some loved one, we will be waiting for a brighter Sunday morning than earth saw ever. Others call that waiting—Death. I call it "Saturday Night."

* * *

A Boyhood Memory.

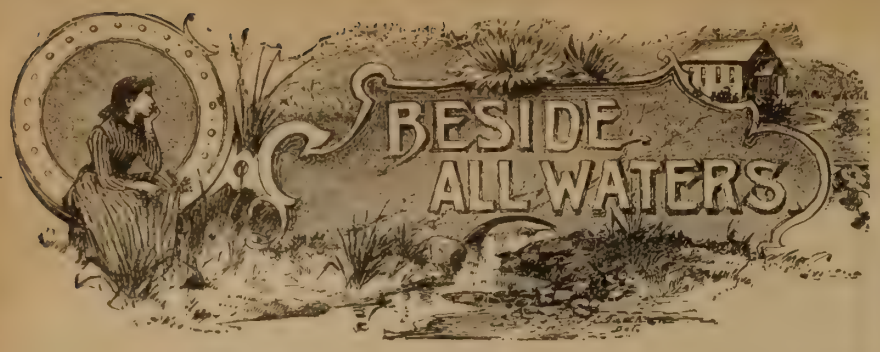
Alas, for boys in the city, who never ride a horse to brook! An afternoon airing in ruffles, stiff and starched, and behind a costumed driver, cannot make up for this early disadvantage. The best way to start life is astride a farm-horse, with a rope-halter. In that way you learn to rough it. You are prepared for hard bounces on the road of life; you learn to hold on; you get the habit of depending on your own heels, and not upon other people's stirrups; you find how to climb on without anybody to give you a boost. It does not hurt you so much when you fall off. And some day, far on in life, when you are in the midst of the hot and dusty city, and you are weary with the rush and din of the world, in your imagination you call back one of these nags of pleasant memory. You bring him up by the side of your study and counting-room table, and from that you jump on, and away you canter through the old orchard, or down the lane in front of the barn, dashing into the cool, sparkling water of the meadow, or you hitch up to the rocking-chair in which you have for twenty years sat rheumatic and helpless, and he drags you back some Sunday morning to the old country church, where many years ago he stood tied to the post, while you, with father and mother at either end of the pew, was learning of the land where there is no pain, and into which John looked, and said: "I saw a white horse!"

* * *

Building.

WE are building every day,
In a good or evil way,
And the structure as it grows,
Will our inmost self disclose.

Build it well, whate'er you do;
Build it straight, and strong, and true;
Build it clean and high and broad;
Build it for the eye of God.



BY
LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*
Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

IT was strange how completely Selina had been carried captive by the witchery of Mrs. Orme's flatteries. In a few weeks that lady had won a firmer hold on her heart than had her foster parents who had taken her from the orphan asylum and brought her up as their daughter. She came back to them with a heart estranged and hoping that she might soon leave them for more aristocratic friends.

With the atmosphere of home, Selina's better nature revived for a time. The sight of her father's resolutely endured suffering, and of her mother's pale, cheerful, patient face, brought back the old respect and affection. Then, she felt herself to be a person of consequence; and that was agreeable to her, as it is to most people. She took the whole care of the dairy, and most of the housekeeping, off her mother's hands, and attended to it with an efficiency and quietness which equally pleased and surprised Mrs. Weston. She spoke of the matter to Miss Armstrong.

"I always thought Selina had great capabilities," said Miss Armstrong. "All she needs is to forget herself; and you see she can do so when the motive is strong enough."

Selina had begun by heartily wishing Miss Armstrong away; and she had even ventured in her mother's absence, to give some broad hints that she thought Miss Armstrong would be much more comfortable somewhere else, and, in fact, that her room would be better than her company. But Miss Armstrong paid no attention to these hints.

She had been at home more than a week and Mr. Weston had been pronounced out of danger, when Mrs. Weston called Selina into the dairy, or milk-room as they call it in those parts

"Daughter, suppose you take a pitcher of this nice buttermilk up to Cordelia Richmond," said she. "Mrs. Gleason was telling me yesterday that it is almost the only thing the poor child fancies. It will be a nice walk for you, and you can stay and have a visit with the girls."

"Well, I will," answered Selina, "I have not seen Milly since I came home. And I will come round by the post-office, and get the mail. What do you think of my churning, mother?"

"It is beautiful," answered her mother. "I don't see but I may give up the care of the milk to you altogether, Selina: you manage every thing as well as I could, myself. God bless you, my child! You are a great comfort to us."

Selina took up her jug of buttermilk, and went on her way, well satisfied with herself and with all the world. She found Milly and Agnes sitting together on the porch. Both girls greeted her kindly, and then Agnes went indoors to attend to her household duties.

"So you are really going to Sunday School, Milly," said Selina when they were left alone.

"I really am; and, what is more, I like it."

"Whose class are you in?"

"Miss Celia Claxton's, only old Mrs. Van Zandt has it now."

"Oh," said Selina, as who should say, "Now I understand." Milly colored.

"Yes, that was it exactly, to begin with," said she frankly: "I did want to be acquainted with the Van Zandts, and I thought it would be a good way to bring it about. So, when I heard that Miss Celia had gone to Elmfield for a month or so, and Mrs. Van Zandt had taken the class, I told Agnes I would go with her."

"A fine motive for going to Sunday School, I must say," said Selina sarcastically.

"Wasn't it? Well, that was the beginning; but I got interested in spite of myself. Madam Van Zandt makes every thing so real; and she was very kind to me, and made me feel so mean—that wasn't nice, a bit, I can tell you. So, one day when she walked home, I walked with her; and then I just told her all about it."

"Amelia Richmond! you didn't."

"I did, then, just as I am telling you."

"What did she say?"

"I can't tell you all, only she was just as good as she could be, and didn't despise me as I was afraid she would. She talked about the danger of loving the world, and how little it was worth, after all."

"Yes, it is very well for her to say so, when she has every thing that money can buy," interrupted Selina.

"But think how many things money can't buy, Selina. It can't give her back all the children she has lost. Well, I can't tell you all she said, but she asked me to keep on coming; and I have, because I like it, as I said. And, after all, Selina, if religion is any thing, as Agnes says, it must be everything."

"What does your mother say?"

"I don't think she likes it very well; but it is Mrs. Van Zandt, so she won't say I shall not go."

"And do you really mean to be a Christian out and out?"

"That is just the point. You see, if I do, I am afraid I shall have to give up a great many things that I should like to keep. To be sure, I know a great many church-members who are just as gay as those who are not; but I could not be like that. It would be all or nothing, with me. But now tell me about yourself. Did you have a nice time? Your mother said you had made a great friend of some New York lady. Who was she?"

Selina poured out the story of her intimacy with Mrs. Orme. Milly listened seriously; but, when Selina came to the story of Mrs. Robert Livingstone's lunch-party, she broke out—

"Nonsense, Selina! The Robert Livingstones are the most strait-laced temperance people in the world, and never give wine at all. Mrs. Livingstone gives beautiful lunch-parties—or so I have heard, for of course I never went to one: she is a long way above our mark—but every one knows how they feel about wine. Mrs. Orme has been humbugging you," said Milly with her usual bluntness. "Did she bring any letters of introduction, or any such thing?"

"Not that I ever heard of. The ladies in Oldbury don't like her, and don't visit her much; but she has a good deal of company—gentlemen friends from New York."

"And she has asked you to spend the winter with her?"

"Yes; and she says she will give me every advantage of lessons from the best masters, and introduce me to all her friends in society."

"Well, Selina," said Milly seriously, "if you will take my advice, you will let this Mrs. Orme alone; at least, till you know something more about her. I must say I don't think it very nice for her to try to get you to leave Mr. and Mrs. Weston for her. And, as to society, you had better know what kind of society she keeps. She may be the mistress of a beer-garden, for aught you know."

An uncomfortable remembrance of Mr. Schultz's remarks upon Mrs. Orme's singing returned to Selina's mind, and kept her silent. In truth, since she had been away from Mrs. Orme's personal influence, a good many things in that lady's conduct and conversation had come back to her in a new light. Certain misgivings had arisen in her mind as to the gentlemen she had met at Mrs. Orme's, and the way in which Mrs. Orme treated them and was treated by them. Milly's plain-spoken remarks chimed in with these same misgivings, and irritated her accordingly.

"I must go, Milly," she said, starting as the clock struck five. "I have to go to the village on my way home."

"I wish you could stay to tea."

"I wish so too; but, you see, I have the care of the dairy now. Come and see me."

"I will. I would walk part of the way with you, but Cordelia is sure to ask for me the minute she wakes. She has taken a great liking to me, poor thing; I'm sure I don't know why, for I have never been very kind to her."

Selina was not very sorry to be left to a solitary walk. She had been vexed at Milly's remarks about Mrs. Orme, and, as I have already said, all the more because they chimed in with her own misgivings.

"But I don't care, I will believe in her anyhow," she said to herself. "Milly says that the Livingstones are above their mark, and I dare say Eva knows more about them than she does. I do hope I shall have a letter from her!"

Selina's hope was destined to fulfilment. She found a long letter from Mrs. Orme, written on the most elegant paper, in the most fashionable of hands,—so very scratchy and sharp-pointed, indeed, as to be almost illegible. She took the short way home, which led through a somewhat deep and shady ravine by the side of the river. Once in the shadow of the woods, she walked along reading her letter. It was full of protestations of affection. Mrs. Orme told how she missed her young friend, and how she longed for the time when she should have that same young friend all to herself. "Of course you cannot leave Mr. and Mrs. Weston, as things are at present," she wrote; "but it is absurd to think of your being bound to them forever."

Selina read the letter through and put it in her pocket. She walked on till she came to where the path made a sudden turn round a projecting angle of the rocky bank. As she did so she started violently; for she stood face to face with a man, and that man was Mr. Pyncheon. For a moment he seemed as startled as herself; then he recovered his presence of mind.

"My dear Miss — I beg pardon, I have forgotten the name; but I am sure I met you in Oldbury."

"Miss Weston," said Selina; feeling, as she spoke, a pang of mortification that Mr. Pyncheon should have forgotten her already. "Have you seen Mrs. Orme lately? I have just received a letter from her."

"Mrs. Orme? Oh, yes, our friend in Oldbury," said Mr. Pyncheon, recovering his usual ease, not to say freedom, of manner. "That was where I met you. No, I have not seen her in some time. Did you say you had a letter from her? I hope she is well."

"She is very well," answered Selina. "I wonder she did not tell me you had returned. Are you staying at Oldbury?"

"No—yes, for a day or two. I drove over with a friend who will be waiting for me, so I must ask you to excuse me. Perhaps we shall meet again at Mrs. Orme's. Good-afternoon."

He held out his hand; and Selina, though deeply mortified, could not refuse it. At that moment Kit Mallory came down the path singing as usual. The moment she caught sight of Mr. Pyncheon and Selina, she stopped short an instant, as if petrified; then, turning, she fled up the path, as if pursued by a wolf.

"Who is that child?" asked Mr. Pyncheon, looking after her with an expression which seemed to Selina equally compounded of fear and anger.

"Her name is Kit Mallory. She is a kind of adopted child of a family who live up on the hill. You can see the end of the house a little farther on. Do you know them?" she could not help asking, remembering what she had seen or fancied on the cross-road.

"Mallory? no. In fact, I don't know anybody about here. Good-evening, Miss Wilson." And, turning round the rock, he was out of sight so quickly that Selina could not help thinking he must have climbed the bank and hidden himself among the bushes. Thoroughly confused by this strange interview, she walked hastily homeward, till, just where the path came out into the open field, she found Kit evidently waiting for her.

"Selina," said Kit, speaking under her breath, and looking around her, "you must not talk to that man: he is a very wicked, bad man."

"Nonsense, you little goose! He is a gentleman from Boston whom I met in Oldbury. His name is Pyncheon."

Kit shook her head. "He is no more Mr. Pyncheon from Boston than you are. I know him, if he changes his hair a dozen times a day. He is a bad, wicked man; and if you talk to him you will be sorry."

"Nonsense!" said Selina again. "You are a very silly little girl, and very impertinent besides, to say such things about a gentleman. Don't you think my friend Mrs. Orme knows him?"

Kit shook her head, but said no more. She had apparently discharged her conscience; and, bidding Selina good-night, she turned again toward the village,—not by the ravine this time, but by the high road,—and Selina saw her look behind her more than once, as if fearing pursuit.

Selina took her own way homeward, a good deal mortified and still more puzzled by the conduct of her late acquaintance. Certainly his recognition of her, such as it was, had not been flattering. He had seemed in a great hurry to get away; and, if Kit had been scared at the sight of Mr. Pyncheon, Selina could not get rid of the idea that Mr. Pyncheon had been equally scared at her. In short, she could not tell what to make of it; and, between the meeting and Mrs. Orme's letter, she returned home in anything but a comfortable frame of mind.

Kit, after leaving, her did her errands at the village store, gathered her parcels together, and, not without fear and trembling, prepared to set out on her homeward walk. At the door she found Abner Bassett with his father's team and wagon.

"Halloo, Kitty! Want a ride home?" was his cheery greeting. The offer of a ride was an ordinary civility; and Kit was a great favorite with the family at the mill, from Mr. Bassett down to the latest baby. Kit gratefully accepted the offer, and climbed into the rattling lumber-wagon with as much pleasure as if it had been the finest coach in the land. Abner chatted pleasantly all the way home but he found his little companion very quiet and a little sad.

"Well, here we are, Kitty," he said as they came to the gate of the Mallory farm. "Have you got all your papers? Good night."

Kit had been in some measure diverted by Abner's chat; but, as she climbed the somewhat long and steep ascent from the bars to the house, her fears returned upon her with double force; and it was with a very anxious and troubled face that she sought out Symantha, whom she found in the dairy taking care of the milk.

"Well, Kit, did you have a nice walk, and get your papers? Why, what ails you, child? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I have seen something worse," answered Kit in a low tone. "Symantha, what do you think! I have seen Gale again, and he was talking to Selina Weston."

"Are you sure?" asked Symantha.

"Just as sure as that I see you. I went down the brook-path; and, when I came round the corner, there he stood talking with Selina. I saw him shake hands with her."

"Impossible!"

"Yes, he was. He has got white hair and whiskers; but I should know him by his eyes and the shape of his face if he were to paint his face black."

"What did you do?"

"I turned and ran till I came to the road; and then I waited for Selina, and told her who he was."

"She call me silly and impertinent, and said he was a gentleman from Boston that she had met in Oldbury. But I knew him well enough; and, what is more, I believe he knew me."

"I hope not," said Symantha, evidently much discomposed. "I do wish I knew what was going on. I believe that man is making a tool of father, and drawing him into some scrape."

(*To be Continued.*)

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A NEW AND CHARMING SERIAL STORY

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By the married and unmarried in
EVERY CHRISTIAN HOUSEHOLD.

A JOURNEY IN CHINA.

A FIVE-WEEKS' tour through districts beyond Pingshan, hitherto unoccupied by missionaries, has just been taken by Rev. William M. Upcraft, the Baptist missionary at Sin-chan-fu. He says: "From Pingshan we made Fu-Kuanshen, but did not make a long stay. This place is in Yunnan, and the people seemed to be literally opium sodden. Faces, forms, and clothing all showed it, and nearly every adult seemed to be steeped in opium, dirt, and poverty. At this place the ruling literary spirit threatened to beat and kill the unnecessary foreigner. He proved to be a bad character and leader of the local secret society that here overawes the civil powers. It is superfluous to add that his boasting was vain, and the victory remained with us. Hearing this threat, I asked the evangelist if he feared to go on, as the road hence westward was unknown to either of us; but he confidently replied, 'No, why should I fear? God is with us on the road.' So we prayed together and went forward."

At Luipo the missionaries were entertained by "the great man" of the district who invited a party of guests to meet them at dinner. "They seemed eager to believe," says Mr. Upcraft, "that we in some way are connected with our government and hold official positions. 'Can you go home when you like?' 'Does the king of America pay your expenses?' 'Well, if you can go home without consulting your government, why don't you go?' Then came the question—that will 'never down' — 'What is the difference between you and the Roman Catholics' and so on; and I laid before them the stories that have been circulated in Suifu and the district. All this they attributed to the ignorance of the people whose 'hearts are not straight!'

"On our way home we met with one incident of a cheering character that was a stimulus to us, and may be to others. The evangelist was out distributing tracts on the street of a small market village, when a man accosted him, asking for a book, saying he himself was a believer. He came to the inn and said his name was Tseo; that several years ago he had heard the Gospel, and received instruction at Chung King, and that he now has daily worship in his house and desires to be baptized. We had no opportunity of verifying his statement, but there was no reason to doubt his word. It was encouraging—a case of 'bread cast upon the waters,' of 'seed in good soil' apparently."

PREACHING IN JAPAN.

Two years ago a Japanese Christian teacher was placed at Hachinshei in Japan, where there was no foreign missionary. A few weeks back the Rev. E. H. Jones, the Baptist missionary at Sendai, paid him a visit to learn what progress had been made. He found a company of believers gathered and subscriptions already commenced toward securing a meeting place. The news of a foreign missionary being in town quickly spread, and it was decided to hold a preaching service in the open ground floor of the hatagoya, or hotel. "The floor," says Mr. Jones, is raised from the ground about two feet, and covered with straw mats. An empty box, covered with a red blanket, and lamps hung from the low hanging rafters, furnish the fittings of our preaching-hall. The audience room extends from the blanketed box to the other side of the street. At the beginning of the service, while Haraguchi San, the native evangelist, is preaching, there are frequent cries of 'No! No!' That makes me fear trouble when the foreigner has to speak. The crowd gradually gathers till our street front is full. Some 250 or 300 people are crowded in the narrow street. I commence by telling the audience of the polite treatment I always receive from the Japanese (I did not have to stretch the truth, either); that it was a day of enlightenment when people would listen quietly to things new or contrary to their views, and that the old way of shouting a speaker down (which I feared they were going to do for me) was now discarded, and quiet discussion was taking its place; that I hoped Hachinshei people were not going to break the customs of the age, even though they should hear something that did not agree with their preconceived notions, etc. Well, for forty-five minutes my Japanese sermon was quietly and respectfully listened to. The Lord evidently had a people here, and he thus gave us a chance of presenting the Gospel to them. After the meeting the suppressed feelings of the bigoted Buddhists could not be so well controlled. Led by a young priest, they pressed forward and plied me with questions showing considerable intelligence and shrewdness." Mr. Jones avoided useless discussion and left the Word to do its own work in the town.

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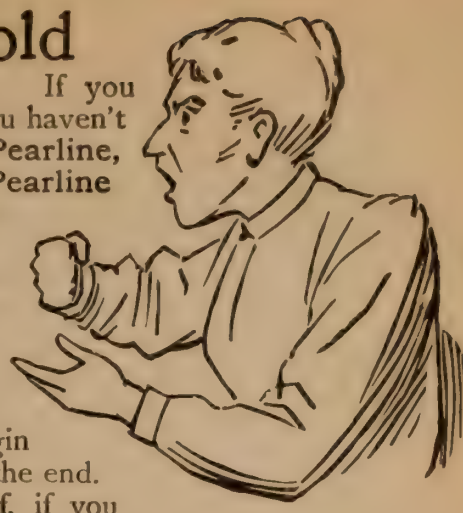

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I know not whether they be brief or
Darkened with clouds and weary, rough and lonely, [song.
Or bright with sunshine and with voice of
I only know that thou, my King and Saviour,
Wilt surely guide me in the path that's right,
I am so sinful, wandering, wilful, wayward;
Make my will thine, and lead me into light.

I cannot see the joy that lies before me,
The bliss when I shall see thee face to face,
I only know the rest of thy salvation,
The riches of thy free and boundless grace;
The peace that passeth human understanding
Is but the earnest of the life to come,
When earth's dark maze with glory is illumined
In the clear sunlight of the Father's home.

KATIE A. CLARK.

CROCODILE WORSHIP IN INDIA.

The late Dr. Wilson, a noted missionary, when traveling in the Northwest Provinces, visited the Muggar Pool, or crocodile lake, which is still one of the sights near Kurachee. It was formed from the water of some hot springs within 150 square yards—"the space of a barn-yard pond"—and accommodated seventy-five monsters of all sizes, from the baby of a cubit long to the patriarch, Mor Saheb, who was eleven feet long and was marked with red lead, and worshipped by the Hindoos. He says: "They seemed quite tame, as they allowed us to lay hold of their tails, and turned round at the call of the fakeers, expecting a dainty meal on some unhappy goat. We found the Mor Saheb asleep, but poked him up with our sticks. He opened his jaws about a cubit wide, and then hissed and blew like a pair of smith's bellows. He had lately had a dreadful duel with a competitor for the championship, and as the battle was a drawn one, and threatened to be renewed, he was kept apart from his fellows. They are all of the species *crocodilus communis*. The illiterate keepers form a community of Mohammedans, more remarkable for the practice of pleasantries than austerities.

Oh, sing a song of juicy hams and crisp delicious bacon,
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THE WORLD'S FAIR FREE TRIP.

THERE are now hundreds of readers of The Christian Herald busy working for the Free Trip to the World's Fair next year. We would remind our readers that the term during which subscriptions have to be secured for this purpose continues to 31st December next. The number of subscriptions necessary to secure free transportation to the Fair and return, together with one week's excellent board in Chicago, has been repeatedly stated in previous issues of The Christian Herald, and all necessary information can be obtained by reference to these issues. A majority of the canvassers for the Free Trip are meeting with encouraging success, and doubtless there will be a very large representation of them at the World's Fair under this arrangement.

Mr. L. R. Hooper writes us from Easton, Md.: "Have just obtained my eighty subscribers, so my list is complete and I am open to congratulations." Mr. Hooper has our congratulations upon the result of his energetic canvass; but he is very closely pressed by many others.

We again request all persons who have received World's Fair subscription blanks from The Christian Herald, to send at once their full names and correct addresses to the World's Fair Department, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

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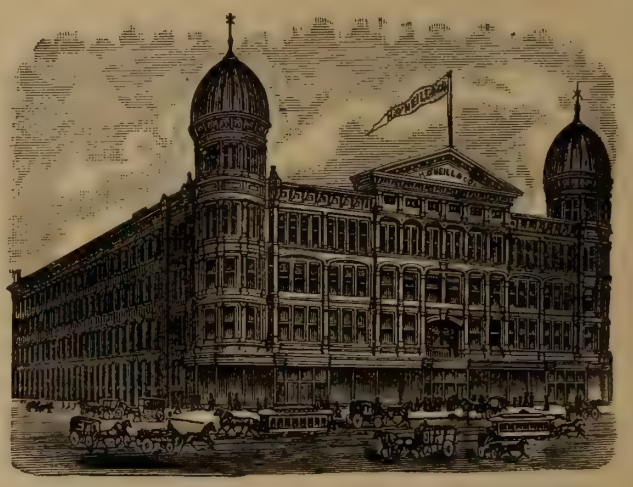

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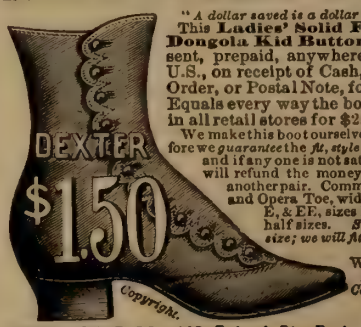

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A REMARKABLE ceremony took place recently in the Free Church Mission in Calcutta, India. It was the administration of the rite of baptism to the two sons of the learned pundit, Prosonno Coomar Vidyarutna. The pundit himself was at the same time received into the Christian church. More than sixteen years ago he was baptized, but after his baptism, doubts as to the truth of Christianity began to cloud his mind, in consequence of which, he, as a sincere man, could not remain attached to the Church of Christ any longer in the troubled and wavering state of mind he was in at the time. Being well versed in Sanscrit lore, he, occupied himself in translating such ancient Hindu religious books as "Ordinances of Manu," "Bhagbutgita," "Life of Krishna," "Rigveda," etc. The value of the work done by Pundit Vidyarutna is shown by the fact that he obtained from some of the highly learned Pundits of India, testimonials of a very superior order, in which he is greatly praised and his work applauded. It may be well to mention here that the Government recognised his merits and have been pleased to confer on him the title of "Companion of the Star of India."

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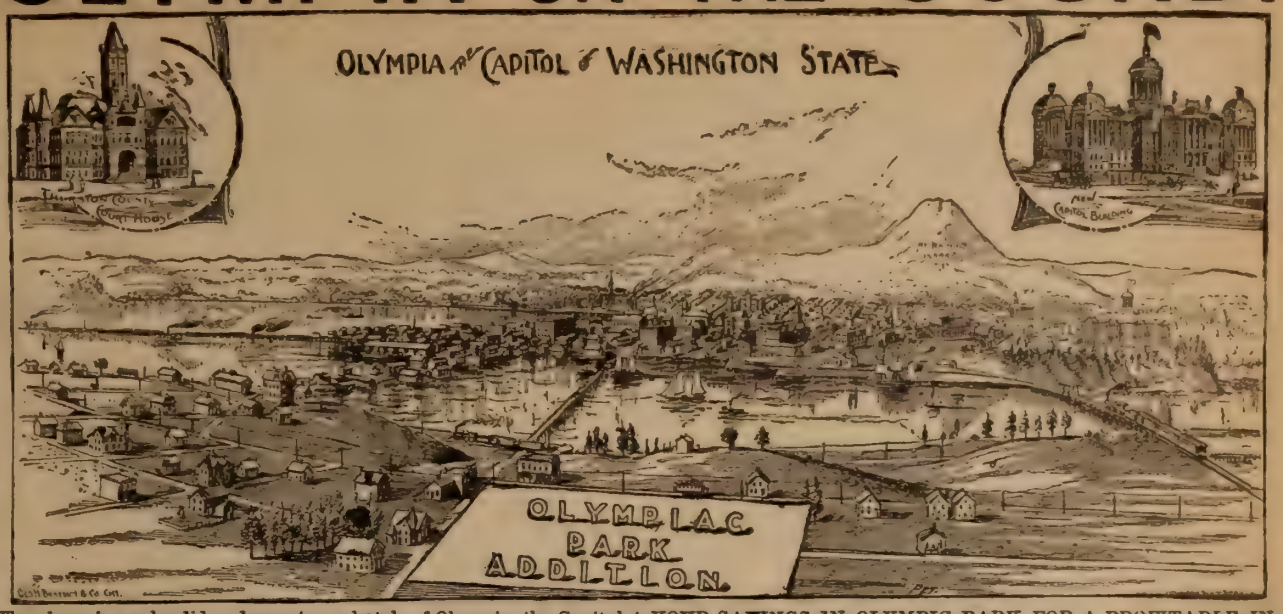

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Office Bible House New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 19, 1892.

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THE CITY OF HEROD.

Proud Tiberias, once the Greatest Among the Cities on Lake Cinneroth's Border and Now the Sole Survivor—Its Long Dead Glories—Why Christ Never Visited It.

ANCIENT, beautiful in situation, and attractive even in its decay, the city of Tiberias stands out prominently in sacred literature. It is said to have been founded by Herod Antipas (*The Fox*), who, having lived much in Italy, had imbibed a taste for Roman architecture and decoration, which he indulged when he built this beautiful city on the margin of one of Palestine's fairest lakes, and named it in honor of the emperor Tiberius. Josephus, the Jewish historian, describes the ornamented palaces erected by Herod, whose extravagance surprised and shocked the Hebrews. The brilliant Galilean capital underwent many vicissitudes, and the tides of war surged over it roughly through the centuries. It came successively under the rule of the Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Mussulmans and Christians, and but little now remains of the magnificent public edifices and temples that once gave it architectural beauty and character.

One of the most interesting descriptions of Tiberias that has ever been written is that penned by Rev. Cunningham Geikie. He says "The shore is strewn with the wreck of the once splendid city, which extends along it for more than half a mile. In its place the modern town presents a spectacle of ruin and wretchedness peculiar to Palestine. The castle on the north end, with its towers standing on a low height, was greatly injured by the terrible earthquake in 1837, which killed half the population. The sea-wall rising out of the water in front of the town—a relic of antiquity—was twisted and rent in many places; the town walls were shaken and split and most of the houses destroyed." Earthquakes are not infrequent in Palestine, and they were as much dreaded in Bible times as now, though only one is mentioned in the Old Testament—that which happened in the reign of King Uzziah, and which so terrified the people of Jerusalem that they fled to the Mount of Olives. Josephus tells of an earthquake which desolated Judea in the reign of Herod, some thirty years before Christ, killing 10,000 people. The next notable seismic disturbance was at the time of the Crucifixion.

The earthquake of 1837, overthrew not only Tiberias but Safed also, and the volcanic shocks were felt for hundreds of miles in different directions. At Tiberias, the sufferers by the earthquake were principally Hebrews, although a few Mohammedans also perished. A Mohammedan eye-witness told Dr. Robinson, that he and four companions saw the earth open and close during the visitation of 1837 and on going over the ruined city, were terror-stricken at the devastation and sacrifice of life. Whole families were engulfed, and some persons were afterwards found by the excavating parties, standing upright, dead. A large portion of the earth's surface expanded by gas and steam, causing the catastrophe. Before the great explosion, the hot baths at Tiberias had risen to a temperature that made ordinary thermometrical records useless. Their usual temperature was 1440 Fahrenheit. This premonitory symptom was followed by widespread shocks, the earth opening and literally devouring houses and people.

The little inland sea, which is variously known as Lake Cinneroth, the Lake of Gensareth, Lake Tiberias and also the Sea of Galilee, is about sixteen miles in length and its average width is between six and seven miles. Mountain-girt on all sides, save where the Jordan enters, it is something like a pear in shape and the climate along its shores is tropical. Very many of the scenes recorded in the New Testament in connection with the Saviour's life on earth occurred on the borders of this lake; yet it is somewhat remarkable that there is no recorded instance of Christ ever visiting the city of Tiberias. It may have been because of the fact that Herod, the murderer of John the Baptist, resided there at that time. Herod knew of the fame of Christ (see Luke 23: 8), though he never saw him till they met in Jerusalem. In all probability, the feast of Herod and his courtiers, before whom the daughter of Herodias danced, took

(*Continued on page 665.*)

THE ANCIENT CITY OF TIBERIAS, AS IT NOW APPEARS.
(*From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage in the Holy Land.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

OBSERVATIONS IN RUSSIA AND GREAT BRITAIN

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Reviewing his Summer's Journey in Europe, including his Trip to Russia. **Text,** Psalm 139 : 9: *"If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me."*

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" RUSSIAN RELIEF STEAMSHIP "LEO."

WHAT an absurd book the Bible must be to a man who has no poetry in his soul. "Wings of the morning!" What kind of a bird is it, and how long are its wings and of what color? Ah, some of us have seen and felt its wings. They are golden. They are buoyant. They are swift. They are wide-spread. The 15th of last June, I took "the wings of the morning" and started for Europe. June 20th, on "the wings of the morning" I started from Liverpool, July 12th, on "the wings of the morning," I entered Germany, the land of Martin Luther and many of that ilk, living and dead. On "the wings of the morning," I entered St. Petersburg, Russia. On "the wings of the morning" I entered Moscow. On "the wings of the morning" I entered the palaces of Russia, greeted by the Emperor and Empress, surrounded by a lovely brood of princes and princesses. On "the wings of the morning" I entered Inverness, the capital of the Scottish Highlands, country of Robert Burns and Thomas Chalmers, the one for poetry, the other for religion. September 21st, on "the wings of the morning," I entered the finest haven of all the earth—New York Harbor—and looked off toward the most interesting place I had seen in three months—1 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn. Oh, I like "the wings of the morning." I am, by nature and by grace, a son of the morning. I think I must have been born in the morning. I would like to die in the morning. I have a notion that heaven is only an everlasting morning. In the summer of 1892, my text was fulfilled to me again and again. "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me." Yes, he led me as he always has led me since I took my first walk from the cradle to my mother's lap at Bound Brook until this pulpit where I now stand, and he will lead me until I stop for all time about three miles out yonder, where the most of you will be my fellow-slumberers.

You all know why I went to Russia this summer. There are many thousands of people who have a right to say to me, as was said in the Bible parable: "Give account of thy stewardship." Through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which I have the honor to edit, we had for months, in publisher's, in repertorial, and editorial column, put before the people the ghastly facts concerning twenty million Russians who were starving to death, and subscriptions to the Relief Fund had come by letters that seemed not so much written with ink as with tears, some of the letters practically saying: "We find it hard to get bread for our own families, but we cannot stand this cry of hunger from beyond the seas, and so please to receive the enclosed." And others had sent jewels from their hands and necks, saying: "Sell these and turn them into bread." And another letter said: "Enclosed is an old gold piece. It was my mother's. She gave it to me and told me never to part with it, except for bread, and now I enclose it." We had gathered thirty-five thousand dollars in money, which we turned into three million pounds of flour. When I went down to the Board of Trade at Chicago and left $5,000 of the amount raised with a prominent flour merchant, taking no receipt, and leaving all to him to do the best thing, and returned, it was suggested that I had not done things in a business way. How could we know what sort of flour would be sent? There are styles of flour more fit for the trough of the swine than the mouths of hungry men and women. Well, as is customary, when the flour came to New York, it was tested, and we found indeed they had cheated us. They gave us better flour than we had bought. I bought in Chicago fine flour, but they sent us superfine. God bless the merchants of Chicago!

Now, we know nothing about famine in America. The grasshoppers may kill the crops in Kansas, the freshets may destroy the crops along the Ohio, the potato worm may kill the vines of Long Island, the rust may get into the wheat of Michigan, yet when there has been dreadful scarcity in some parts of the land, there has been plenty in other parts. But in districts of Russia, vast enough to drop several nations into them, drought for six consecutive years has devastated, and those districts were previously the most productive of all the empire. It was like what we would have in America if the hunger fiend somehow got out of hell and alighted in our land, and swept his wing over Minnesota, and said: "Let nothing grow here," and over Missouri, and said: "Let nothing grow here," and over New York State, and said: "Let nothing grow here," and over Ohio and Georgia and Massachusetts and Pennsylvania and Nebraska and Dakota and the Carolinas, and said: "Let nothing grow here," and the hunger fiend had swept the same withering and blasting wing over the best parts of America in the years 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891 and 1892, and finally all our families were put on small allowance, and we all had risen from the table hungry, and after awhile the children had only quarter enough, and after awhile only one meal a day, and after awhile no good food at all, but a mixture of wheat and chaff and bark of trees, and then three of the children down with hunger typhus, and then all the family unable to walk, and then crawling on hands and knees, and then one dead in each room, and neighbors, not quite so exhausted, coming in to bury them, and afterwards the house becoming the tomb, with none to carry the dead to more appropriate sepulchre—whole families blotted out. That was what occurred in Russia in homes more than were ever counted, in homes that were once as comfortable and happy and bountiful as yours or mine, in homes as virtuous as yours or mine, in homes where God is worshiped as much as in yours or mine. It was to do a little something towards beating back that Archangel of Wretchedness and Horror that we went, and we have now to report that, according to the estimate of the Russian Famine Relief Committee, we saved the lives of 125,000 people. As at the hunger relief stations, the bread was handed out—for it was made into loaves and distributed—many people would halt before taking it and religiously cross themselves and utter a prayer for the donors. Some of them would come staggering back, and

EMPEROR ALEXANDER III.

say: "Please tell us who sent this bread to us." And when told it came from America, they would say: "What part of America? Please give us the names of those who sent it." Ah, God only knows the names of those who sent it, but he certainly does know, and many a prayer is going up, I warrant you, day by day for those who sent flour by the ship *Leo*. Perhaps, some of us at our tables rattle off a prayer that may mean nothing, although we call it "Saying Grace," but I warrant when those people who received the bread which saved their lives "said grace," it meant something. I tell you plainly, as I told Emperor Alexander III in the palace at Peterhoff that I had never been so impressed with the fidelity to their religion of any people as by what I had seen in Russia, and especially among her public men. I said respectfully to a Russian, when I saw him cross himself: "What do you do that for?" "Oh," he said, "when I do that I always say: 'God have mercy on me!'" I hold in my hand something very suggestive. What does that black and uncomely thing look like? That is what is called hunger-bread from Russia; that is what millions of people lived on for months before help came from England, Scotland, Ireland and America; that is a mixture which seems to have in it not one grain of sustenance. It is a mixture of pig-weed and chaff and the sweepings of stables. That is something which, if dropped in the street, your dog or cat might sniff at, but would not eat. That was the only food on which millions of men and women lived. You must look at that hunger-bread of Russia before you can get proper appreciation of what an attractive and beautiful thing a good loaf of bread is. It is so common to us we cannot realize its meaning. Stop and look at it in a bakery window or see it on your family table—I mean an honest loaf of bread, white as a ball of packed snow, with a crust brown as the autumnal woods, and for a keen appetite more aromatic than flowers.

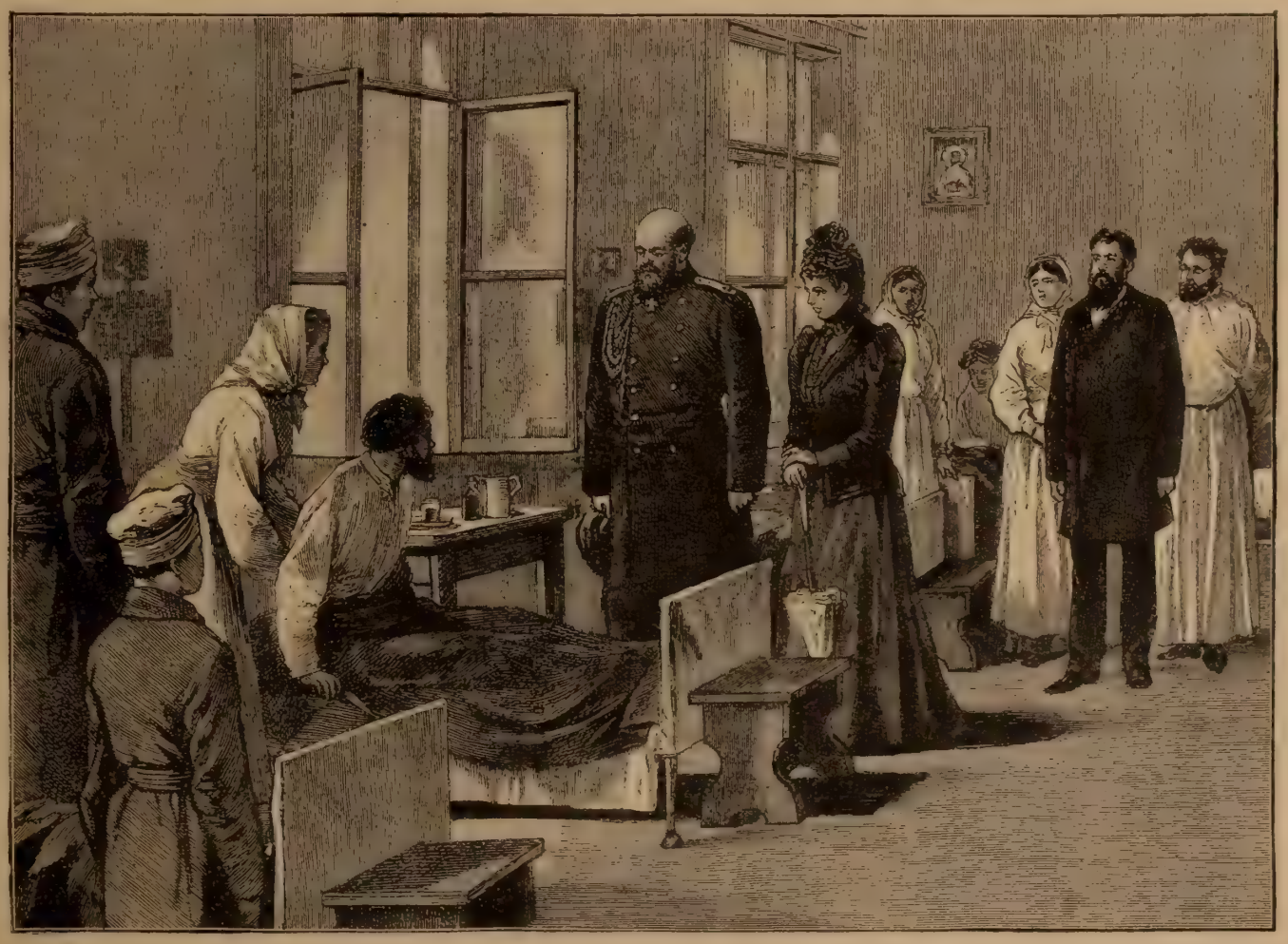
Why does not some poet ring a canto on a loaf of bread, or some modern Raphael paint it, or some historian tell its history? Not like many articles of food, pretentious, and iced all over like wedding cake, or dotted with fantastic ingredients, but that grandest product of the earth, that richest yield of the flour mill, that best benediction of a hot oven, a God-given loaf of bread. But the rhythm of it, the luxury of it, the meaning of it, the benediction of it, the divine mercy of it, only those know who have seen a famine. No wonder Christ put this food into the sacrament and said of a broken loaf of bread: "This is my body." Thank God that I ever saw that transcendent and compact kindness of the infinite God—a loaf of bread. And it was our joy this summer to hand over a shipload of material for gladdening many thousands of Russians with such a beatitude. But, I have been asked by good people in Great Britain and America again and again, why did not the prosperous people of Russia stop that suffering themselves, making it useless for other nations to help? And I am always glad when I hear the question asked, because it gives me an opportunity of explaining. Have you any idea what it requires to feed twenty million people? There is only one Being in the universe who can do it, and that is the Being who, this morning, breakfasted sixteen hundred million of the human race. The nobility of Russia have not only contributed most lavishly, but many of them went down and staid for months amid the ghastliness and the horror and the typhus fever and the small-pox, that they might administer to the suffering. I sat at the dining table in the house of one of our American representatives beside a baroness, who had not only impoverished her estates by her contributions to the suffering, but who left her own home and went down into the worst of the misery, and until prostrated with fever; then reviving, and toiling on until prostrated by the small-pox. She had come home to get a little strength, and in a few days she was going down again to the suffering districts, and she commissioned me to execute in America a literary enterprise by which she expects with her pen more money, all of which is to go for bread to those who lack it. Then there are the Bobrinskoys. They are of the nobility, not only the nobility of earth but the nobility of heaven. The Emperor has made larger contributions toward this Relief Fund than any monarch ever made for any cause since the world stood, and the superb kindness written all over the faces of Emperor and Empress and Crown Prince is demonstrated in what they have already done and are doing for the sufferers in their own country. When a few days ago I read in the papers that the Emperor and Empress, hearing an explosion, stopped the Royal rail-train to find out what accident had

occurred, and the Empress knelt down by the side of a wounded laborer and held his head until pillows and blankets could be brought, and the two wounded men were put upon the royal train to be carried to a place where they could be better cared for, I said to my wife: "Just like her." When I saw a few days ago in the papers, that the Emperor and Empress had walked through the wards of the most virulent cholera, talking with the patients, shaking hands with them and cheering them up, it was no surprise to me; for I said to myself: "That is just like them." Any one who has ever seen the royal family will believe anything in the way of kindness ascribed to them, and will join me in the execration of that too prevalent opinion that a tyrant is on the throne of Russia. If God spares my life, I will yet show by facts beyond dispute that the most slandered and sytematically lied about nation on earth is Russia, and that no ruler ever lived more for the elevation of his people in education and morals and religion than Alexander the Third. So I put all the three prayers together: God save the President of the United States! God save the Queen of England! God save the Emperor and Empress of Russia! I will, whether in sermons or lectures, I have not yet decided, show that nineteen-twentieths of all the things written and published against Russia are furnished by men who have been hired by other countries to "write up" or rather write down Russia, so as to divert commerce from that empire, or because of international jealousies. Russia being larger than all the rest of Europe put together, you can see how natural would be the jealousies. I know of two prominent European newspapers that keep men on salaries to catch up everything unfavorable to Russia, and magnify the incident. And the sterotyped stories of Siberian cruelty in one case out of a hundred are true, but in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases they are fabrication. And in the one case as soon as it is reported the official is discharged. They who have been sent "to write up" Russia and Siberia have done as that man would do who sent to "write up" New York should write up the slums as a specimen of what New York is, or sent to write up the American Congress should write up some depraved politicians as a a specimen of American statesmanship, or sent to write up the sanitary condition of this country, should send a kodac picture of all the warts and carbuncles he could find as a specimen of American health. I believe I can reverse the opinion of any man antagonistic to Russia who will give me an honest hearing, as my own opinions have been reversed by what I recently saw and heard.

Before passing to the other field of my summer observation, I give you one little specimen of the falsehoods about Russia. I stood in London with my tickets for St. Petersburg, Russia, in my pocket. It was two o'clock in the afternoon, and at three o'clock I was to take the train. An American physician came in and said: "You certainly are not going to Russia." I said: "Why not?" Then a morning paper was shown me, saying that in St. Petersburg there were two thousand cases of virulent cholera; the city had been divided into hospital districts, and the doctors were at their wits' end what to do with the number of patients; the population was flying in terror. It was almost as bad in Moscow. While reflecting on these accounts, two messages arrived from other friends protesting against the foolhardiness of my rushing into the presence of two thousand cases of cholera in one city. Of course, I halted. I halted for four days. Meanwhile a telegram from St. Petersburg encouraged me to go. I went. There was not a single case of cholera either in St. Petersburg or Moscow, and there was not a single case in either city until four weeks after I left those cities. But the Continental falsehood had done its commercial errand.

But that whole subject of systematic fabrication, I adjourn to some other hour. Yet, I must tell you of a picture of pathos and moral power impressed upon my mind so that neither time nor eternity can efface it. The ship *Leo* swung to the docks a few miles below St. Petersburg, loaded with flour from America. The sailors on board huzzaed as they came to the wharf. From a yacht, on which we had descended the river to the sea, the prominent citizens of St. Petersburg disembarked. While we stood there, the long freight train rumbled down to the docks, the locomotive and each car decorated with a flag—the American flag and the Russian flag alternating. Though a flag to some eyes is only a floating rag, you ought to see how the American flag looks five thousand miles from home. It looked that day like a section of heaven let down to cheer mortal vision. Addresses of welcome and responses were made, and then the work began, the only contest being who should lift the hardest and be most expeditious. From ship to rail-train. From rail-train to kneading board. From kneading board to oven. From oven to the white and quivering lips of the dying. Upon all who helped make that scene possible, may there come the benediction of him who declared: "I was hungry and ye fed me."

But I must also give a word of report concerning my other errand—the preaching of the Gospel in Great Britain last summer. It was a tour I had for many years anticipated. With the themes of the Gospel I confronted more people than ever before in the same length of time—multitudes after multitudes, and beyond anything I can attempt to describe. From the day in which I arrived at noon in Liverpool, and that night addressing two vast assemblages, until I got through my evangelistic journey, it was a scene of blessing. I missed but three engagements of all the summer, and those from being too tired to stand up. At all the assemblages large collections were taken, the money being given to local charities, feeble churches, orphan asylums or Young Men's Christian Associations, my services being entirely gratuitous. But, what a summer! There must have been much praying here and elsewhere for my welfare, or no mortal could have gone through all I went through. In every city and town I had messages poured into my ears for families in America. Oh, sons of Scotchmen, Englishmen, Welshmen and Irishmen, there are hearts on the other side of the sea, beating in affection for you and praying for your present and eternal welfare. They wanted me to give you their love, and here it is by the wholesale, for I cannot give it by retail. Disappoint not the old folks on the other side the Atlantic. You will probably never see them again in this world. Their hair is whitening and their step is not as firm as when you saw them last. So live that you may meet them in heaven. It seems to me the Gospel is making mighty strides over there. Only one thing I saw in the chapels and churches I did not like. That is a lack of appreciation of each other, as between the National Church and the Dissenters. Now, each is doing a great work that the other cannot do. God speed them all, they of the Episcopacy and they of the Dissenters! Some need the ritual of the National Church and others the spontaneity of the Wesleyan. In the Kingdom of God, there is room for all to work and each in his own way. Some people are born Episcopalians and others Methodists and others Baptists and others Presbyterians, and do not let us force our notions on others. As for myself, I was born so near the line that I feel as much at home in one denomination as another. What is the use of controversy about anything, except how we shall keep close to the Cross and do the most for helping people for this world and the next? May there come in England more cordiality between the National Church and the Dissenters. Although I would be called a Dissenter there, almost my first step in England was into a banqueting hall—the Lord Mayor's banquet, given to the Bishops and high officials of the National Church, the great and good and genial Archbishop of Canterbury at their head, and a more magnificent group of folks, intellectually and spiritually, I never got amongst; and I found that though we had never met before, the Archbishop and myself were old friends. But, all up and down Great Britain, I found a multitude that no man can number enlisted for God and eternity, and I tell you the Kingdom is coming. If the pessimists would get out of the way, the world would soon see the salvation of God. Christianity is only another name for elevated optimism. The greatest thing I can think of would be to have a triple alliance of America, England and Russia in complete harmonization, and then to have upon all of them come a deluge of the Holy Ghost. Let the defamation of other nations cease. Peace and good-will to men. For that glorious consummation, let us pray, remembering that God can do more in five minutes than man can do in five centuries. If the consummation is not effected in our day, I shall ask the privilege of coming out from heaven a little while to look at this old world when it shall have put on its millennial beauty. I think God will let us come out to see it at least once in its perfected state before it is burned up. I should not wonder if all heaven would adjourn for an excursion to this world to see how a shipwrecked planet was got off the breakers and set afloat again amid the eternal harmonies. Meanwhile, let us do all we can to make it better, and it will somehow tell in the final result, though it be only a child's sob hushed, or a trickling tear wiped from a pale face, or a sinful soul washed white as the wool. May God help us to help others! And so these lessons of gratitude and sympathy and helpfulness and vindication, I have brought you on the wings of this morning.



THE CZAR AND CZARINA VISITING A CHOLERA HOSPITAL IN ST. PETERSBURG.

THE GOSPEL AT ANTIOCH.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 30. By Mrs. M. Baxter Acts 11: 19-30. Golden Text, Acts 11: 21.

THE Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want is the experience of all who really trust in, and follow the Shepherd. Had Peter yielded to human reasonings, or allowed himself to be influenced by past experiences, he might well have dreaded the reception which might await him at Jerusalem from the believing Jews, whose point of view now was just what his had been before the vision at Joppa, and the Holy Spirit's interpretation of it. But a man who obeys God, and walks in the light of his countenance, has nothing to dread from man; his God will not fail him in difficult moments. On his arrival at Jerusalem he was welcomed by the accusation: "Thou wentest in to men uncircumcised, and didst eat with them." Peter's answer to his accusers was the simple relation of God's dealings with him in vision; the voice from heaven: "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common," the coming of the messengers from Cornelius, the command of the Spirit to accompany them, the wondrous work at Cesarea, and the descent of the Holy Spirit on all the company in Cornelius's house, the whole account being confirmed by the six brethren from Joppa who had accompanied him to Cesarea, and who were present now as witnesses to all he said. And he concluded, "If then God gave unto them the like gift as he did unto us, when we believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, who was I that I could withstand God?" the evidence was unanswerable, God had prepared them to receive it, and when they heard it, "they held their peace, and glorified God, saying: "Then hath God to the Gentiles also granted repentance unto life."

There is a purpose why so much of the Lord's individual dealing with Peter and with Paul is made known to us, just as in the case of Joseph, Moses, Elijah, Daniel, etc. If one of the Lord's instruments is to be much used of him, an elementary education in God's school will not suffice for him, he must pass standard after standard, take degree after degree. First Peter must understand God's heart to the Gentiles, and then God could make it known to the Church at Jerusalem. Until the Church at Jerusalem was ready to receive Gentile believers as brethren, he did not send his witnesses to the Gentiles. But now things were ripening. While Peter was being taught and enlarged at Joppa, the disciples (Jews), of Cyprus and Cyrene visited Antioch, and spake to the Greeks or ancient Jews, also preaching the Lord Jesus. And just as at Cesarea the blessing was so marked, just so at Antioch, "the hand of the Lord was with them, and a great number that believed turned unto the Lord."

There was in this early Church an invariable recognition of God. It is not said that these were powerful preachers, or men of great energy, but that "the hand of the Lord was with them." If we were asked: "What is the great requisite to make a successful preacher?" we should say without hesitation, "God;" God with Samuel made the words of a child of more weight than those of a High Priest, God with the "unlearned and ignorant" fisherman, Peter, made him mightier than all the elders of Jerusalem. It is very significant that it is only said of one of the preachers of the Gospel in Apostolic times that he was "an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures." (Acts 18: 24), while it was the universal qualification of those who preached the Word that they should be filled with the Holy Ghost. Tidings of these things reached the Church at Jerusalem, which God had prepared by the testimony of Peter, and now, instead of reproaching the instruments whom God had used, as they had reproached Peter, they chose the most tender-hearted man amongst them, to go down to Antioch and encourage the young converts. Barnabas came, not in the spirit of a critic, but of a father in the Lord, and he saw, not only crowded meetings and earnest converts, but above and beyond, and through all else, he had an eye to what God was doing. He

Saw the Grace of God,

he had an eye for the unseen, and he "was glad, and exhorted them that with purpose of heart they should cleave unto the Lord." It is a blessed thing when a man of God has an eye for what he is doing in a church or mission: one who sees below the surface, behind all that is human, and detects immediately what there is of God in all that happens. Such are seldom to be found, and they are true fathers in Christ. There might have been many faults in the working of these earnest disciples, but Barnabas saw God in it and, instead of disheartening, he encouraged them, and cheered them on. Why? He was "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." There is no latent power in any child of God, no provision or source of power which can make them necessarily helpful to others. It is only as the Holy Ghost uses them as his instruments that they can impart help or blessing. The more a man lives in the presence of God, the more conscious he is of this utter nothingness in himself, and the more absolutely necessary does he find it to ask and receive from his God all that he shall do or say. In measure as we become acquainted with the infinite God, we see how finite we are, how shortsighted, how little we do or can take in of the eternal issues of all around us. We are always coming up to the boundary line of our strength, our wisdom, our knowledge, our experience. And God is always, and in everything, taking us out of our depth, that we may see and understand all in a divine light.

Barnabas was surnamed "the son of consolation (Acts 4: 36), and probably his natural character was a very lovely one. But this was not the power which God made a blessing to the church at Antioch. He was made a blessing because he was

"Full of Faith

and of the Holy Ghost, and much people was added to the Lord." He dealt with the believers, but the added power of God in the church, through his ministry to them, had its influence upon the world too. How are the masses to be reached? Why are the churches so dead? Questions always asked, but never so answered as that they need not be asked again. Barnabas was "full of faith," he believed God could and would both deepen believers and save sinners; he did not look on the dark side of things. He had not come down to Antioch without the living God, and it was no question of how much Barnabas could do, but how much God could do; he was not hindered by the small love to souls in his own heart, the very Fountain of all love had sent him to Antioch and was with him there.

Oh for Holy Ghost power in the Church of Christ! Oh for that Spirit who testifies of Christ at all times and in all circumstances! When all things are seen in the light of God, and God is seen and recognized in everything, then we can understand and live that which Paul taught, how to use earthly things with an eye to eternity. A Holy-Ghost-filled man sees everything in the light of eternity. His domestic happiness or trials are only things which last for a time, his joys or sorrows are not final, his possessions are not for eternity, this divine view of things tempers and modifies everything. It makes marriage, joy, sorrow, earthly possessions, etc., all to be with an ultimate object, the glory of God in them all. Thus the deepest earthly sorrows or the greatest earthly joys can neither produce despair nor exaltation. It is this superiority to earthly influences, this witness that the fashion of the world passeth away, which gives power to the life and preaching of men such as Peter, Paul and Barnabas.

Barnabas was at God's disposal for all in which he would use him; he remained at Antioch. It was necessary that the first samples of church life among the Gentiles should be good. But Barnabas needed a helper, and God directed him to the earnest young Saul of Tarsus, whom he had so encouraged at Jerusalem when he fled from the persecuting Jews at Damascus. He went to Tarsus, and finding Saul, brought him to Antioch; and there for a whole year these two men of God taught in the church, and laid the foundation of the Gentile Church to which we belong. Up to this time, the converts to Christ were known as Nazarenes. But the opprobrium which came upon Jews who believed in the crucified Jesus of Nazareth did not fall in the same measure on the Gentile Church. The annointed One of God, the Christ, was everything to them, and they called themselves by his name;

Christians, or Christ-Men.

Alas, now the name exists, but the reality is seldom seen. A Christ-man, a man who does as Christ did, and speaks as Christ spoke, who loves his enemies as Christ loved his, is rarely to be found.

LESSON POINTS.

"A Great Number Believed and Turned unto the Lord," Acts 11: 21.

ANTIOCH was the place where this event occurred. It was a great city at that time with half a million inhabitants. It lay about three hundred miles north of Jerusalem, and was the capital of Syria. In beauty and magnificence it ranked next to Rome and Alexandria. The notable feature about these people who "believed and turned to the Lord," was that they were Greeks. The Jews had the idea that they had a monopoly of God's love and favor. The Jewish Christians seem to have thought that Christianity was only for the Jews, and it must have been a great surprise to them when they heard that the Roman Centurion had been accepted of God, and now, that a large number of Greeks had been received into the church. Birth and nationality, it would appear, counted for nothing now, and any one would be admitted who "believed and turned to the Lord." That is a fact that we are declaring now and are trying to get every one to understand. Sometimes people think they are too young, or too poor, or too weak, or too wicked to become Christians, but it is a mistake. Anyone is welcome who will believe and turn to the Lord, and any one can do that. It seems very simple, and it is strange that everybody does not avail himself of such an easy way of securing the good things promised to the Christian.

The trouble is that people don't believe. A number of ladies who were visiting a manufactory were taken into one of the rooms that was used as a laboratory. The professor showed them a vessel containing a certain solution. He explained its properties and told them that, by moistening the hand with it, molten lead could be taken up without pain or injury. He told them why it was that the hot lead could not burn flesh when it was moistened with the solution. They were all much interested and when the professor asked them whether they believed it they all declared that they did. "Now," said the professor, "here is a caldron of molten lead, who of you will handle it?" No one spoke. They shrank back from the seething mass which was so hot that its heat could be felt several feet away. "You say you believe what I told you, just try it," urged the professor. But no one dare venture. Then he dipped his hand in the solution and plunged it into the lead. As he told them, it did not harm him. But though they protested that they believed, they would not venture. They thought they believed, but they did not. They had the same kind kind of belief that people have who go to church and Sunday School for years but never become Christians.

A kind old gentleman was walking along a street in the suburbs of Boston when he met a little girl who was crying bitterly. She was running and seemed in a great hurry. He stopped her and asked her why she was crying. "I have lost my way," she said, "I want to go home but I cannot find the road." He asked her where she lived and she told him. "You are going the wrong way," he said. "Will you come with me? I will take you home." He held out his hand and the child put her little hand in it. She dried her eyes and went with him cheerfully. She had faith in him. That is how people act when they become Christians; they let Christ lead them; they trust him.

It is related in the records of the Ottoman empire that when the Sultan Amurath II. died, his son, who had been chosen as his successor, was absent several days' journey in Asia Minor. He was not the Sultan's eldest son and he had several brothers who would like to be Sultan instead of him. The throne was his by right of appointment; but as he was away from the capital it was very likely that one of his brothers might get himself proclaimed Sultan before he could return. News of his father's death was sent to him and he was advised to hurry back. He told his friends who were with him and begged everyone who loved and trusted him to return with him, and he would reward everyone who did so if he got back in time to be proclaimed before his brothers. Then he mounted his swiftest horse and galloped back to the capital. Some of his friends followed him but others did not. They thought that if one of the brothers had been made Sultan in the interval they would be killed if they appeared in the train of their friend, as was very probable. The young man rode hard and arrived in time. He was duly proclaimed and when he became Sultan he gave the best honors in the Empire to the friends who had followed him, and to the others he gave nothing. When they came to the reception at his palace he professed that he did not know them. This is the time to follow Christ; it will be too late when he comes in glory.

Then these Greek people not only believed, but turned to the Lord. That is indispensable. Before conversion every one is turned away from the Lord. Conversion is turning around. A great preacher was once asked to put the way to heaven in a few words. He said, "Go to the Cross, *turn to the right* and keep straight on." A man turns to the Lord when he stops doing the things that would displease the Lord, and tries to find out what the Lord wants him to do and does just that. If a man does not turn to the Lord we do not think he is telling the truth if he says he believes. If he were sick and had a doctor, yet did not follow the doctor's instructions and take his medicine we should not think much of his avowals that he believed in the doctor. Many good things come from turning to the Lord:

It brings enlightenment. Hume, the infidel, visited his friend Robertson who was a devout Christian, and the conversation turned on a book Hume had just published, to prove that the light of nature was sufficient for man. Robertson argued that revelation was needed. The discussion was continued far into the night. Hume at last rose to leave. Robertson politely took up a lamp to light his friend out, as the servants had retired, but Hume would not permit it, declaring that he could find his way pertectly and bade Robertson take no trouble. But there was some obstruction on the stairs and Hume stumbled over it and fell to the bottom. Robertson heard the fall and hurrying to the top of the stairs held the lamp above his head and said softly and kindly, "You had better have a little light from above, friend Hume."

It gives help. A Chinese preacher explained why Christ was better than Confucius or Buddha. He said: A man had fallen into a deep, dark pit, and lay in its miry bottom, groaning and utterly unable to move. Confucius walked by, approaching the edge of the pit, and said, "Poor fellow I am very sorry for you. Why were you such a fool as to get in there? Let me give you a piece of advice; if you get out, don't get in again."

A Buddhist priest next came by, and said, "Poor fellow! I am very much pained to see you there. I think if you could scramble up two-thirds of the way, or even half, I could reach you and lift you up the rest." But the man in the pit was entirely helpless and unable to rise.

Next the Saviour came by, and hearing the cries, went to the very brink of the pit, stretched down, and laid hold of the poor man, brought him up and said, "Go, and sin no more."

Then, when anyone turns to the Lord, his life is useful and beautiful. He helps others. Dr. Clemance says: "One day I was climbing a mountain of the Alpine range near the boundary line between France and Switzerland. By and by we came upon snow and icicles and all the usual attendants in the train of winter, but as we followed the path around the mountain, which we had to do as it was very steep, and came to the other side, we found delightful flowers blooming in all the beauty of floral loveliness. I said to myself, how is this? Down yonder are icicles and snow, up here are those exquisite flowers. The secret of the matter was that this part of the mountain had a southern aspect, and faced the sun, while the other was turned from it. Even so it is with ourselves. When we have turned to the Lord he causes our nature to be productive and our dispositions are brighter and better, and we are more ready to help others. It was a good thing for the city when "a great number believed and turned to the Lord."

A Great Poet Gone.

Alfred Tennyson England's Poet Laureate and the World's Sweetest Singer Dead —The Modern Pioneer of a Pure Poetic School—His Sublime Faith and Genius.

WE read in the inspired volume the beautiful epitaph on the poet-king: "David, after he had served his generation, by the will of God, fell on sleep." Happy the generation which has such a servant! Happy, too, the man to whom God has given the genius which enables him so to serve his generation! The world welcomes him, accepts the service and loves him more than those who "exercise lordship over it." It was sound philosophy that Jesus taught when he said, "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." If we had to decide who is the greatest man in the world, the monarchs of the earth would assert their claim to the distinction; but there is no occupant of a throne whose death would be so sincerely mourned by the whole English-speaking world, as is his who fell on sleep in a quiet English village on October 6th. Alfred Lord Tennyson had done good and faithful service to his generation, and thousands of men on both sides the Atlantic and in widely scattered lands, sorrowed when they learned that the tuneful voice which had cheered and inspired them was hushed in death. He served us all, and the hearts which only a few weeks ago sympathised with us as we laid our own venerated Whittier in the tomb, now need our sympathy in their bereavement. But in neither instance could there be national appropriation, save the national pride in fellow-citizenship with one whom all the world delighted to honor. Both Whittier and Tennyson were servants to the whole world, and whosoever would might appropriate their service.

Tennyson's poems came to the world at a time when it was ready to receive them and profit by them. It had grown weary of the vicious and pernicious poetry of Byron and the crowd of unprincipled men who imitated him. The thoughtful, pure and elevating strains of Tennyson came like a breath of cool sea-air on brows heated with the fever stanzas of such writers and the better nature rejoiced to find that a poet could be charming without being vicious and that genius was not necessarily allied to depravity. They called the youthful poet a school-miss at first; but by-and-by they realized that a great teacher had arisen, whose robust thought, clad in phrases of singular charm, could reach the heart and please the most fastidious taste. It was in 1830 that the reading public first made his acquaintance. A small, modest volume, giving an evidence of his quality though not of his power, surprised the public. Inquiring as to its author, it was learned that he was a student at Cambridge University, twenty-one years old, the son of a clergyman at Somersby, Lincolnshire. A previous volume, issued three years before, had almost escaped notice. That was the joint production of Tennyson and his elder brother and appeared under the title of *Poems by Two Brothers*. Of these the best were the work of the elder brother, in the judgment of men so well qualified to judge as Coleridge and Wordsworth. This elder brother, Charles, had the privilege of being the first reader of the first poem ever written by the future poet-laureate. Tennyson used to relate in after years how he, then a little boy, was staying at home one Sunday morning, while the elder members of the family went to church. Charles put a slate into his hand and bade him write some verses on the flowers in the garden. When the family returned, he timidly showed his big brother the slate covered with lines in a school-boy's hand. Charles read them critically while the little poet stood watching him anxiously with wistful eyes. "Yes," Charles said when he had finished, "you can write," and he handed the slate back. Thousands of competent critics said the same thing afterwards, but no favorable judgement ever gave such pleasure to the poet as that first commendation. Less satisfactory was a prediction as to his poetry which was egregiously falsified. It came from the boy's grandfather whose wife was just dead. Alfred wrote an elegy on her, at his grandfather's request, and presented it to him. The old man read it and gave the boy ten shillings. "There," said he, "that is the first money you have ever earned by poetry and, take my word for it, it will be the last."

Tennyson's second volume appeared in 1832. Then the true poet was recognized. It was seen how varied were his powers and how wide the field of study and fancy from which he drew his themes. It contained "The Lady of Shalott," "The Lotos Eaters," and many other pieces that charmed the public ear. "The May Queen" especially won its way to popular favor, and the "Death of the Old Year" was read in many a home to the children on New Year's Eve. But it was the sweet poem entitled "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" that appealed to the popular heart, and no lines were more frequently quoted than those in which he pictured Adam and Eve smiling at aristocratic claims to pedigree:

> Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
> From yon blue heavens above us bent
> The grand old gardener and his wife
> Smile at the claims of long descent.
> Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
> 'Tis only noble to be good.
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood.

The home at Somersby had by this time been broken up by the death of the poet's father, and Tennyson removed to the neighborhood of London, where he had the society of Carlyle, Thackeray and other men of letters. It was his delight at that time to go for long rambles of many days at a time through the rural districts, studying the ways of the people and the beauties of landscape, sea, clouds, sunshine, birds, and flowers which enriched his subsequent poems and gave them the accuracy of description that could come only from a close observer and an ardent lover of nature. This was a period of silence and it lasted ten years, and the world had begun to think that, like so many young poets, Tennyson must have turned his attention to the sterner realities of life. But in 1842 a new volume appeared. He called it *English Idyls* and it revealed more plainly than the former volumes the depth and glorious wealth of his genius. Here we have "St. Simeon Stylites," "The Golden Year," "Locksley Hall," and the exquisite fragment, the promise of the future volume of "The Idyls of the King," "Morte d'Arthur." Here, too, was "The Talking Oak," so full of dainty imagery that it is still admired and loved as one of his most beautiful creations. He showed in this volume also his power of dealing with some of the most profound problems of human experience. In "The Two Voices," he pictures the inner debate of a man tempted to suicide. The poor, worried, distressed being cries:

> "I toil beneath the curse,
> But knowing not the universe:
> I fear to slide from bad to worse.
> And that in seeking to undo
> One riddle, and to find the true
> I knit a hundred others new.
> For I go, weak from suffering here:
> Naked I go, and void of cheer:
> What is it that I may not fear?
> * * *
> 'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
> O life, not death for which we pant;
> More life, and fuller, that I want."

THE RECTORY AT SOMERSBY, ENGLAND, WHERE LORD TENNYSON WAS BORN.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, BORN, AUGUST 6, 1809; DIED, OCTOBER 6, 1892.

Tennyson's first long poem appeared in 1847. He styled it "The Princess." It showed all the beauties of his earlier work, the brightness of fancy, felicity of diction, elegance and grace in the movement of the lines, with a skill of which he had not before given evidence, of sustained narration and vigor of thought. It did not become so popular as his former works though the critics lauded it as a more marked proof of genius. But this was followed by a volume which at once fixed Tennyson's place in the highest rank of poets and was undoubtedly the greatest of all his works. This was "In Memoriam," a tribute to his beloved and lamented friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, and never before was so glorious a chaplet laid by friend on the grave of man. The delicate praise of Longfellow in the opening lines was very precious to the American poet:

> I hold it truth with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.

Never was there a poem that spoke to the mourner so effectively the words of consolation and encouragement which usually fall with such emptiness on the heart crushed with the loss of a loved one. Stanza after stanza speaks of comfort, coming from one sufferer to another. How often has the mourner responded to such as this when it has been quoted to him:

> I hold it true, whate'er befall;
> I feel it when I sorrow most;
> 'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all.

But the lines are not all in the minor key. There is, here and there, a joyous burst of eloquent anticipation of a brilliant future when trial and sorrow shall have passed away. A specimen of this is the following:

> Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
> The flying cloud, the frosty light:
> The year is dying in the night;
> Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
>
> Ring out the old, ring in the new.
> Ring, happy bells, across the snow.
> The year is going, let him go:
> Ring out the false, ring in the true.
>
> Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
> For those that here we see no more;
> Ring out the feud of rich and poor.
> Ring in redress to all mankind.
>
> Ring out a slowly dying cause,
> And ancient forms of party strife;
> Ring in the nobler modes of life,
> With sweeter manners, purer laws.
>
> Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
> The faithless coldness of the times;
> Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
> But ring the fuller minstrel in.
>
> Ring out false pride in place and blood,
> The civic slander and the spite;
> Ring in the love of truth and right,
> Ring in the common love of good.
>
> Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
> Ring out the narrowing lust of gold:
> Ring out the thousand wars of old,
> Ring in the thousand years of peace.
>
> Ring in the valiant man and free,
> The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
> Ring out the darkness of the land,
> Ring in the Christ that is to be

The poem contains many often-quoted passages that tell of the deep, yearning love of the poet for all mankind, and his longing that in some way unrevealed to us, there might come peace even to the worst.

> O yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,
> To pangs of nature, sins of will,
> Defects of doubt, and taints of blood

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

* * *

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God.

I stretch lame hands of faith and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all
And faintly trust the larger hope.

The year in which "In Memoriam" was published brought Tennyson government distinction. He was made Poet Laureate. The office is not highly paid, the salary being only $500 a year, but it is the official recognition that the holder is the greatest living poet in the realm to whom the government will be entitled by his acceptance of the office to look for the poetic celebration of events of national importance. Wordsworth had held the office and, before his death in 1850, expressed the opinion that Tennyson was the man who ought to be chosen to succeed him. It was five years before the poet issued another volume. This was "Maud" and with it was the exquisite idyl, "The Brook" and the famous poem so often recited, "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Following this volume was the work which alone can dispute pre-eminence with "In Memoriam," "The Idyls of the King." Tennyson had been fascinated by Sir Thomas Malory's legends of the Round Table and the romance of King Arthur and his knights became to him a rich treasury from which he drew materials for his glowing verse. In the poet's hands the mythical stories became an eloquent picture of the struggle which every strong and good man must wage—that of the spirit against the flesh, the higher nature crippled by appetite and lust. The poems were distinguished by dramatic insight as well as by dramatic power and many passages are among the most pathetic in the English language. Only four of the idyls appeared in the first volume but at intervals for nearly forty years, Tennyson added others until the whole attained the proportions of an epic.

Of his later poems "Enoch Arden," "Rizpah," and Lucknow," are the best known. To the last, the poet continued to write in the same pure, elegant melodious style, and with an added solemnity of thought. There was little of sadness, but, as he approached the close of life, he dwelt still more than in his earlier works on duty being above pleasure and raised his voice against the tendency of the times to the sensuous and voluptuous in poetry. His work had always been pure and lofty in moral tone and in his later years it grew still more direct and clear on the side of righteousness. His countrymen loved him and were proud of him. To the queen he was very dear. In 1884, she elevated him to the peerage, but he cared little for such honors and rarely took his place in Parliament. His health continued good until about three weeks ago, when he took a slight cold, which developed into influenza accompanied by gout. He was eighty-three years of age and too feeble to resist such an attack, and on October 6, he calmly breathed his last. Sir Andrew Clark, one of the physicians who attended him, says that Lord Tennyson's death was the most peaceful he had ever seen. There was no artificial light in the room, and the chamber was almost in darkness, save where a broad flood of moonlight poured in through a western window. The moon's rays fell across the bed upon which the dying man lay, bathing him in their pure pelucid light and forming a Rembrant-like background to the scene. All was silent save for the soughing of the Autumn wind as it played through the trees surrounding the house, a fitting requiem for the poet who sang of love and the beauties of nature. The wish had been fulfilled that he expressed in his well-known lines:

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

So passed out of life the poet who had so faithfully served his generation, calling men with sweet and winning voice to leave the mire of sensuality and directing their gaze to pure ideals, to which he urged them to aspire.

That God which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

Scripture scenes and incidents and Scripture quotations abound in his poems telling us indirectly how he found in the Old Book the thoughts which most fully met his conception of man's needs.

Twice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
Whose souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

THE FIRST CHRISTIANS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Oct. 30. Acts 11: 26; 2: 41-47.

IT is a very beautiful picture that the Evangelist gives us of these first Christians. Their religion was something more to them than the mere incident it has become to some of us. It was the essence, the chief fact, the most potent force of their lives. It compelled a sense of brotherhood, with recognition of the obligations of the relation. "All that believed were together and had all things common." It was a large family of which God was Father and Christ the Elder Brother. The stranger who believed in Christ was nearer to them than the brother who did not believe in him. Christ was a living bond of union and it brought them so close together that their very possessions were surrendered under its influence. They were mere externals which were unimportant to men concerned about other matters. We have drifted very far from that condition. Having lost the conception of the reality of our religious belief, the man who is in our own station of life is a more congenial associate, whether he is a Christian or not, than a man of another station. It is as Christ said, "where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." When a man's treasure, the thing he values most, is his property, or his learning, or culture, his heart is with those who have the same estimate as himself. Thus social classes are apparent even in the Christian Church. The essential bond of union is strained and the poor brother is kept at so great a distance by the rich brother, that the relationship exists only in name.

The great problem that perplexes the Church to-day—the problem of how to reach the masses, would never have confronted us had we "continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship." We offer to the masses a condition so like the one that galls them in the outside world that they are not attracted by it. They are invited to a brotherhood which is no brotherhood; a fellowship which is not recognized outside the church doors and is forced and constrained within those doors. Our very charities miss the effect they ought to produce, because they are doled out in a condescending manner that makes them offensive to the recipients. When our religion becomes the vital essential principle of our lives, as it was of the lives of the first Christians we shall regard the man who has that principle as our brother no matter what may be his social condition, his education or nationality. Then the world will believe that religion has power in it and that those who profess it are really under its influence. Then we shall really have the spirit of Christ, who said, "Who are my brethren? Whosoever doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother."

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

The leagues in various parts of the country are planning for a fall and winter campaign, both of educational and spiritual work. Rev. W. F. Taylor recently gave his lecture upon "Possibilities," to the League at Thornton, Ind. At Woodlawn Park, Ill., a home camp-meeting was held a short time since, and very blessed results were obtained both by the church and the League. Church sociables are utilized in many places to bring the members together and promote kindly feeling, and unite them in Christian labor. Wortendyke, N. J., and Market Street Church, Paterson are doing good work through the Leagues in this direction. The months of October and November are great convention months especially in the West. The Atchison, Kansas District recently held its fifth annual convention at Holton, Kansas. Rev. W. T. Quayle, D.D., President of Baker University gave an admirable address upon "What Atmosphere to Breathe." The Chapter of the First M. E. Church of Rome, N. Y., has commenced its winter work with a series of ten lectures on "The Study of the New Testament," by Prof. L. Davies. That the League movement is developing in a very remarkable degree, a very intelligent and earnest type of piety among the young people admits of no doubt. It trains heart, head and hands for the Master's use. Considerable interest is felt in the selection of a general Secretary since Dr. Brodbeck has resigned. The position is one of vast opportunities for usefulness and the right man can do a great work in marshalling and leading on to victory the hosts of consecrated young people who are united in the League movement.

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A STATE SECRETARY OF B. Y. P. U.

OUR readers will be glad to have the portrait which appears on this page, of the gentleman who has been chosen secretary of the State Baptist Young People's Union of Minnesota. Mr. Charles S. Chapman had the honor

MR. C. S. CHAPMAN, SECY. MINNESOTA B. Y. P. U.

of a unanimous election at the great State Convention. The fact indicates how profoundly his zeal and devotion to the work among young people must have impressed the Union in his State. Mr. Chapman is a native of Wisconsin, and spent his boyhood in Iowa, although the greatest part of his life has been passed in Minnesota. He is an active member of the Central Baptist Church of Minneapolis, and has always been prominent in any work organized with the object of reaching children and young people. The forming of the Union therefore, appealed strongly to his sympathies and he gave it his hearty support from the outset. The organ of the B. Y. P. U. warmly commends the choice of the State Convention and speaks in the most glowing terms of Mr. Chapman's capabilities which, it believes, will have a congenial field for exercise in his new office, developing and extending the work of the Union throughout the State.

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Y. M. C. A. WORK IN JAPAN.

A SUMMER school modelled on that of Northfield has recently been held in Japan at Hakone Lake. Prof. Ladd of Yale College was present and took a prominent part in the proceedings. A correspondent of the *Young Men's Era*, who attended the school says that the meetings were of the most encouraging character. Several were devoted to conference on the work of Young Men's Christian Associations of which many members came as delegates. The Kobe Association reported a membership of ninety-seven (thirty-six active), and a library, reading room and evening school; Osaka reported 122 members and a building; Nagoya, an association organized in 1890, reported eighty members, a library and reading room, with an evening school planned. This association has recently received the thanks of the police and the local press for the important service rendered by it to the city in suppressing immoral songs and literature introduced to ruin the children. The college association also reported work done in lecture meetings and meetings for prayer and Bible study; the association at Sendai, especially showed a good record with seven new members, mostly unbelievers, added during the year, five of whom had been baptized and others earnestly seeking light—all the result of persistent personal work.

Especially noticeable, too, has been the way in which all the associations, a number of which do not yet bear the common name of Young Men's Christian Association, seem to be looking toward the Tokyo association as a model; and how ready they are to accept suggestions from that source; so that Mr. Niwa, the chairman, had thoroughly sympathetic audiences and was able to present to them the aims and methods of association work with clearness, definiteness and force, supporting his views by the actual workings of the association in the capital.

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A SPECIMEN C. E. MEETING.

THE report of a Christian Endeavor meeting at Erie, Pa., which is published by the *Golden Rule* is a specimen of numbers which take place in all parts of the land. It is a most cheering fact that at no previous period in the history of the Church have so many young people manifested the enthusiasm and the power for work that they are now doing. The report is of a meeting held in the First Christian Church and reads as follows: It was the monthly consecration meeting and lasted just one hour. There were fifteen minutes of song, ten minutes of sentence prayer, twenty minutes of testimony, ten minutes of roll-call, and five minutes for the closing exercises. About two hundred and twenty-five persons were present. Fully thirty took part in the prayer service, and over one hundred in the twenty minutes given for testimony,—at least five each minute. In the ten minutes for the consecration-meeting roll-call there were thirty personal responses out of thirty-six active members, and of the remaining six, four were out of town, and two were sick and unable to attend. "But," says the writer, "I realize that the best of that meeting cannot be expressed in words, but believe that hundreds of Christian Endeavorers can read between these lines the inspiration of such an hour. I can truthfully say it was the most inspiring meeting I ever attended, even including that grand farewell and consecration meeting in New York."

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A VACATION TRANSFERRED.

A BEAUTIFUL incident aptly illustrating the principles of the Order of King's Daughters is reported to the *Silver Cross* by Miss Carrie Bell of London, Ont. She writes: "A member of one of our city Circles, whose life is filled with home and business responsibilities, and whose few leisure hours are spent in visiting the sick and destitute, had long been planning a Summer trip; the very thought of the cool lake-breezes in prospect kept up her strength through all the busy Winter and Spring. At last, when everything was in readiness for the long-looked-for outing, this true Daughter of the King, in one of her visits to the sick, discovered a weary, many-burdened soul with four little children. The poor woman was fast falling into invalidism for want of change and rest, and her heart was fast breaking for a sight of her mother and her childhood's home, unvisited for eight long years. It was enough. With a glad thought of the money laid away for her holiday trip, the visitor assured the poor, care-laden woman that she should have her visit. Ere many days had passed, a woman was secured to care for the little ones, while the mother went home once more, to so mend her strength that life's burdens would not seem so heavy when she returned to take them up again, and surely with a clearer realization of the loving Christ, whose image is reflected by his followers. 'But what about the lady who gave up her trip; did her health suffer for want of a rest?' I asked her that question. She said: 'No, I am much stronger and happier than I ever was before.' I thought of the text, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.' Our Father loves his children and he will not give them stones for bread."

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Two new trustees have been added to the Board of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. It was considered scarcely fair that two denominations which have been active in the movement should have no representatives on the board. The United Society remedied this defect at its recent called meeting by electing Rev. J. A. Cowan, of Pittsburg, Pa., as a representative of the M. E. Church, and Rev. Willian Patterson, of Toronto, of the Canadian Presbyterians.

CROSSING THE BAR.

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a time as ocean seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells of Eisenach, the Home of Martin Luther, and its Historical Surroundings.

"YOU said some time ago, dear Uncle," began Ted the other evening, "that some day you would tell us more about Luther, the miner's son, who translated the Bible while he was kept a prisoner in the Old Castle of the Wartburg," —"and who planted the oak tree in the Saxon village near the river," interrupted Tom, —"and burned the letter from the Pope," broke in still another of the group.

"Hoity, toity, children!" exclaimed Uncle, sitting down in his chair in an attitude of unconditional surrender, "what does all this Luther raid mean? Why, you are about as bad as the villagers of Wittenberg who danced around the oak when Luther made a pile of the Romanish books and papers, and topped it with the Pope's bull. But I remember my promise, and now that you have me at your mercy, I suppose I am bound to redeem it. So you want to know about Luther's home? Well, he had several in his time; for he was buffeted about by adverse fortunes a good deal, before he finally reached the Christian's home above. You remember I told you how he became a monk and then left the Roman Church, and, under divine guidance, became the leader of a movement for independence. His enemies tried to cast contumely on the peasant's son; but Luther was never ashamed of his humble origin. While the whole world was talking about him, he wrote 'I am a peasant's son; father, grandfather, great-grandfather were all peasants.'

"Let me tell you about some incidents in his career during his early manhood. He had left school at Magdeburg, where he had been taught Latin and music and other branches, for his father had made an effort to give him a good education. He decided to go to a higher school at Eisenach, where he remained three years. This high school cost more money than that at Magdeburg, but this did not frighten Martin. He had a beautiful voice and he used to go round from door to door singing to the burghers, who gave him money. One wealthy lady, Frau Cotta, was attracted by the lad's sweet voice and became his patron. Luther made her house his home as long as he remained at Eisenach, and she always reserved for him a place at table and a cosy seat by the kitchen fire. In after life, when he became famous he never forgot kind Frau Cotta."

"Where is Eisenach, uncle?" asked Tom.

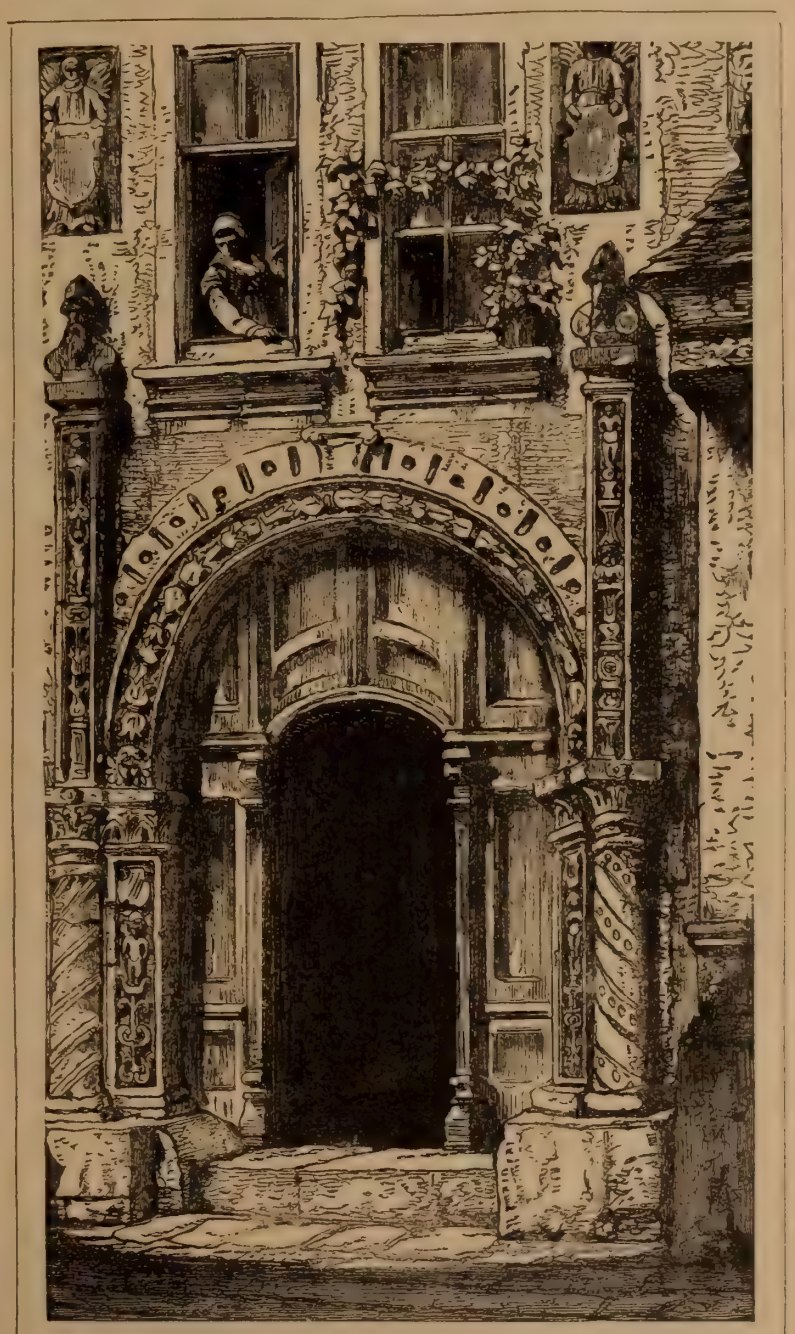
"In the District of Saxe-Weimar, in Germany. At the town of Munden two rivers, the Fulda and the Werra, unite to form the Weser. The Werra comes down from the famous Thuringian forests, making the western boundary of Thuringia; following its banks a few miles upward from the point of junction brings us first to Eisenach.

"Not far off is the Castle of the Wartburg, where Luther was imprisoned. Eisenach is a rather pretty town, and not a few distinguished men have been educated at its gymnasium and Latin school. One of young Luther's school-fellows and playmates was Sebastian Bach, afterwards a great musician. Here is an illustration," he added, "showing the house in which Luther lived while he remained at Eisenach; it is probably the house of Frau Cotta. You can see the quaint old buildings dating back to the middle ages, many of them having stood for centuries."

"He must have been sorry to leave such kind people" suggested one of the listeners. "Doubtless," said Uncle John," but the time came when he must go to the University at Erfurt. There his mind developed rapidly, for he was an apt student. He labored hard and diligently at his books and his studies were blessed for it was at Erfurt, while reading in an old Latin Bible in the college library, that he first realized that he was a sinner before God. The full light did not shine in upon his soul however until years later, after he had been in a monastery, and had made a still deeper study of the Scriptures. He found an old Bible chained to a reading stand in the oratory and he studied it with so much care and diligence that his mind absorbed its precious truths and this ultimately led to his leaving the Romish church and its hypocrisies and declaring for a pure religion."

"Is the house in which he was born still standing," was asked by one of the juvenile inquisitors.

"Yes; it is a queer-looking old two-story corner structure, with high gable ends, in the street that is now known as the Lutherstrasse, of Eisleben. The original house was nearly destroyed by fire, and the present building is completely new. In the house are many relics of the reformer, including his oval writing table, seal, wedding ring and diploma. The building is now used as a school for poor children."



THE HOUSE IN WHICH LUTHER LIVED AT EISENACH.

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Things Hard to Bear.

It is George Macdonald who remarked that "things are unbearable, just until we have them to bear; their possibility comes with them." This we have all experienced more or less, but we have not learned from our experience. We are often as much daunted now as ever we were, when we meet with trials which are really no greater than those through which we have gone already. How many things have been gone through, and even well come out of, concerning which we declared that they would be our death; we sometimes on looking back on them wonder how we ever went through them—we don't know how we did—but we did. The fact is imagination conjures up a multitude of errors of its own; we die, as it is said, "a thousand deaths in fearing one."

Anticipation is often worse than reality. As no man knows what he can do until he tries, so no man knows what he can bear until he is tried. Until the time of actual trial comes, we do not experience the grace which belongs to it; if we felt the grace, we should face the trial. "I can never cross that boiling river," says the traveler when he sees it from a distance foaming on its rushing way; but when he comes up to it, he finds the foam and the rush are made by the great stepping-stones which have been put across the stream. "I can never climb that mountain," says the traveler, as he sees it looking almost perpendicular at a distance; but when he comes close to it, he finds there is here a stone and there a little hole, which give him foothold. And here is a tuft of grass, and here a bit of heather by which he can pull himself up, and so the impossible becomes the possible, as soon as it has to be done.

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AUNT MARY'S ROOM

ENOUGH to say, Aunt Mary was a lifelong invalid, and yet her room was more attractive than any other, writes Dr. Talmage. The children had to be punished for going up-stairs and interrupting Auntie's napping hours. The kitten would purr at the invalid's door seeking admittance. At daybreak, the baby would crawl out of the crib and tap its tiny knuckles against the door, waiting for Aunt Mary to open it. If Charlie got from a schoolfellow a handful of peaches, the ripest was saved for Auntie. At nightfall, a little procession of frisky night-gowns went up to say their prayers in Auntie's room, until three years of age, supposing that she was the divinity to be worshipped: one hand on their foot, and the other over their eyes they would peep through into Auntie's face during the solemnities, the "forever and ever, Amen," dashed into Auntie's neck with a shower of kisses.

When a young maiden of the neighborhood had a great secret to keep, she was apt to get Aunt Mary to help her keep it. Auntie could sympathize with any young miss who at the picnic had nice things said to her. Auntie's face had not alway been so wrinkled. She had a tiny key to a little box hid away in the back part of the top-drawer, that could have revealed a romance worth telling. In that box a pack of letters in bold hand directed to Miss Mary Tyndale. Also, a locket that contained a curl of brown hair that had been cut from the brow of the college student in whose death her brightest hopes were blasted. Also, two or three pressed flowers, which the last time she was out she brought from the cemetery. When in conversation with a young heart in tender mood she opened that box, she would say nothing for some moments after Then she would look very earnestly into the eyes of the maiden, and say, "God bless you, my dear child! I hope you will be very happy!"

Yes! yes! the brightest room in the house was hers. Not the less so on the day when we were told she must leave us. That one small room could not keep her. She heard a voice bidding her away. The children broke forth into a tumult of weeping. The place got brighter. There must have been angels in the room. The feet of the celestial ladder were on both sides of that pillow. Little Mary (named after her aunt) said, "Who will hear me say my prayers now?" George said, "Who now will take my part?" Katie cried, "Who will tell us sweet stories about heaven?" Brighter and brighter grew the place. Angels in the room! Sound no dirge. Toll no bells. Wear no black. But form a procession of chants, anthems, chorals, and hallelujahs! A white robe on her body! White garlands about her brow! And he, from whose tomb she plucked the flowers the last time she was out, come down to claim his bride. And so let the procession mount the hill, chants, anthems, and hallelujahs: Forward! the line of march reaching from enchanted sick-room to "house of many mansions."

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The Housewifely Faculty.

"I have before me now the picture of a wife who many years ago sickened me with the phrase that she had "no talent for these things" writes Marion Harland in the preface to her new book, *Common Sense in the Household.** "In a slatternly morning gown, at four in the afternoon, leaning back in the laziest and most ragged of rocking chairs, dust on the carpet, on the open piano, the mirrors, even on her hair, she rubbed the soft palm of one hand with the grimy fingers of the other and whined out:

"I have no talent for such things. The kitchen and housework and sewing are absolutely distasteful to me. The height of my earthly ambition is to have nothing to do but paint on velvet all day."

If you have not what our Yankee grandmother termed a "faculty" for housewifery, there is one reason for earnest application to your purpose. Do not scoff at the word "profession." Call not that common and unclean which Providence has designated as your life-work. I speak not now of the labors of the Culinary Department alone; but without naming the other duties which you and you only can perform. I do insist that upon method, skill, economy in the kitchen depends so much the well-being of the rest of the household, that it may safely be styled the root—the foundation of housewifery.

*From *Common Sense in the Household* A manual of practical housewifery by Marion Harland; pp. 546; cloth; price $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

LETTING GO AND LAYING HOLD.

A Sermon Preached by Dr. A. J. Gordon in Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass.

"Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection: not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God." Heb. 6:1.

REV. A. J. GORDON.

THE "therefores" of Paul's writings should always be well studied. They are often the narrow channels through which the whole stream of his concentrated thought pours itself into some larger conclusion. In the previous chapter he has been exhorting Christians to leave milk for meat—elementary instruction for higher teaching, saying, "milk is for babes, meat is for those of full age." "Therefore," —and then changing the figure from that of nourishing to that of building, he exhorts them to go on from foundation to superstructure, till the house is completed. From which we get two lessons.

I.—Leaving our past. "Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ." It is not simply our sinful and unworthy past that we are to leave behind us, but just as truly our good and useful past. Our successes are often more dangerous to us than our failures; for the

Successes Beget Self-Confidence

while the failures engender self-distrust. If we expect to make real and substantial advance we must even leave behind our best attainments and our most substantial foundations—our faith as well as our faithlessness, our triumphs as well as our defeats—and say with the Apostle, "What things were gain to me those I counted loss for Christ."

Let me warn you, therefore, fellow Christians against over-confidence in these two things:—the old manna and the old methods. Now it may seem like a trivial requirement that the Israelites should gather their manna every day as they were journeying through the desert; and there may seem nothing noteworthy in the fact, that if they attempted to leave it over it "bred worms and stank." Nay as says the Apostle, "All these things happened unto them for ensamples; and they are written for our admonition upon whom the ends of the world are come."

The greatest offence of the Christian life often comes from the stale manna; old experiences of grace perpetually re-hashed in the public assembly, the old story of conversion continually reiterated. It makes the religion of Christ such a dry and musty thing that it is repulsive to those who want to hear something fresh and living and fervent. Is the Christian a gold beater whose business it is to hammer out some precious nugget of experience till it is thin enough to gild a whole lifetime with its brightness? Or, is he not rather a gold miner whose daily business it is to explore the depths of Christ and to find out and fetch out new wealth from him "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge?" So certainly is he required to act in the latter way, that God has shut him up to it. He makes not only our happiness, but our usefulness depend on our daily appropriation of his inward life and light.

New Experiences.

The manna was sweet and fresh if gathered every day, so with Christian experience that is new every morning and fresh every evening. How beautiful that saying of the Apostle, "For we are unto God a sweet savor of Christ in them that are saved and in them that perish." This can only be true as we are in daily contact with Christ by prayer, and are daily feeding on Christ through study of the Word. Oh my soul, fail not morning by morning to look into the face of Christ before thou hast looked into the face of any man: breakfast with him before thou break the fast of thy body: come forth from his presence into the presence of men, then truly shalt thou be a sweet savor of Christ; all thy garments "shall smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces whereby he hath made thee glad."

The Christian is a "Gospeller" to use a name that used to be given in derision to the followers of Wickliffe and other reformers; but since Gospel means "good news," Christians are Christ's newsmen to the world. And is it not a reasonable requirement that our news shall be news, gained by direct telegraphic communication with heaven, and not the rehearsal of fifty-years'-old experiences revamped and retold? I, for one, think so. If we are in living communication with Christ we shall have answered prayers to speak of every day, good tidings from heaven, confirming his faithfulness, fresh evidence that Christ lives at the righthand of God and is doing for his people and through his people just what he promised to do before he went away.

A Daily Message.

Observe the things which we are to leave behind: —the fundamentals—repentance and faith. Do not dwell forever on your conversion years ago, but tell us about your conquests over sin to-day; the doctrine of baptism and laying on of hands—beautiful and blessed as it is: do not take us back forever to the day of your espousal when you were baptized into Christ, and received the hand of fellowship or confirmation. Can't you tell us something about your baptism of the Holy Ghost to-day? Can't you report that only lately you have had faith to lay hands on the sick and see them recovered? The latest news is what the world wants to hear from Christians. If you haven't such, then make it your study to get it. If you know your privilege you will have a private telephone connecting you with the throne; and will not have to depend on the weekly bulletin of the religious newspapers or even upon the announcements of the pulpit. Daily manna gives a daily message.

And then speaking of old methods. Now because the Holy Ghost is the Spirit of Life it is to be expected that he will constantly employ new and fresh methods, lest we forget the Divine Mover and get our eyes on the human means. It seems to me a very high tribute to the wisdom of Samson that when he had gained a great victory over the Philistines he immediately threw away the weapon by which it was won. You remember the story. He "found a new jaw-bone of an ass and put forth his hand and took it and slew a thousand men therewith." Then hear his

Song of Victory:

"With the jaw-bone of an ass, heaps upon heaps, with the jaw of an ass have I slain a thousand men." Well, Samson, if you have found such a powerful weapon as that you had best hold fast to it; you had better construct a secure box in which to lock it up lest the Philistines should steal it from you and you should be robbed of your strength! But no, the next thing we hear is that "when he had made an end of speaking he cast away the jaw-bone out of his hand." It was not the jaw-bone that wrought the work. The secret of his victory has just been told; "and the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him." If that divine power be on us, no matter how mean the instrument is, there will be victory; but without the Spirit the best instrumentality becomes worthless. When we we have preached a sermon that mightily moved the people and brought souls to Christ, this advice has constantly been urged: "Preach that sermon wherever you go: use it on every possible occasion." But when repeated the sermon has often proved utterly powerless: all the warmth and fire seemed to have gone out of it, and we have found ourselves pouring out stale enthusiasm and fervor a week old. No! "It is the Spirit that quickeneth," says Jesus. When he moves mightily through a discourse nothing can resist; if he be absent the mightiest discourse will come to naught. What a lesson is here for Christian workers. Our age is going wild over methods. If some Samson has done wonders with the ass's jaw-bone straightway everybody adopts the jaw-bone. If some church has succeeded by art and entertainment in getting the crowd, immediately all the churches fall into line. But, my brethren, the Gospel does not depend on any particular mode or fashion. If you have the Spirit he will make his own methods. And it may be that God will have to dishonor the old agencies in which we have trusted if we are going to idolize them and so lose our trust in the Holy Ghost.

The Exaltation of the Shadow.

You remember the history of the brazen serpent; how the bitten Israelites were commanded to look to it and live, and what wonders of healing were wrought by it. But nearly a thousand years later King Hezekiah "broke in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made." Why? Because "in those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it"—they made it an object of worship; they put it in the place of God. So the good king had to disenchant them. He pointed to it and said "Nehushtan"—a thing of brass; and then he smashed it with his hammer. Oh, how constantly we are putting God's instruments and symbols in the place of God himself. Baptism is good—a sign of our death to sin and resurrection and righteousness, and the laying on of hands is good—the symbol of the communication of the Holy Spirit. But the church has often done with these as the Israelites did with the brazen serpent, they have attached salvation to baptism, which the Scriptures do not; they have made the validity of the Christian ministry depend on the laying on of hands, which the Scriptures do not. We have need to beware at this point that we do not magnify shadow above substance. Great power rested with the Methodists a hundred years ago. If at the end of the century they fall into the delusion that power is in the method rather than in the Divine Motor, the glory will depart from them. The Baptists have gloried in their rigid adherence to the primitive ordinances; but if they imagine that the baptism in water is going to preserve their orthodoxy without the baptism in the Holy Ghost, their history will soon demonstrate the contrary. The Episcopalians have emphasized their claim to an apostolic ordination, but if they ignore the fact that it is apostolic success not apostolic succession which makes a true ministry, they will be found glorying in their own weakness.

Power Above Polity.

The church's confidence is not in her polity but in her power; and "God hath spoken: twice have I heard this that power belongeth unto God," without his power the best polity is impotent; with his power the poorest is omnipotent. Not in sacraments but in the Spirit lies our secret of victory. Seek therefore with all your heart the fulness of the Spirit.

II.—*Laying hold of our future.*—"Let us go on unto perfection," which is simply saying, "Build the house that God has ordained you to live in, and do not be taken up with the architect's plans and drawings." This is the thought contained in the word "perfection" as here used. It is the completion of the thing in distinction from the beginning of it. As Paul pointedly puts it in the Epistle to the Corinthians, *"Now therefore perform the doing of it."*

Why do I call this laying hold of our future? Because God has set this before us as the goal of our attainment: "Whom he did foreknow he did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son." That is your future as it lies in the plan of God; grasp it, realize it, be it.

A great artist was once asked to name the secret of his success. He replied, "I begin where others leave off." Admirable rule for Christian attainment! How many disciples of Christ spend their whole lifetime on the fundamentals of faith and never dream that the time may have come for them to bring forth the capstone "with shoutings of grace unto it." "Laying the foundation of repentance from dead works and of faith toward God;" sinning and repenting; repenting and believing, as the pendulum swings backward and forward with repeated strokes. Let the pendulum swing indeed as long as we have sins to be forgiven — repentance and faith — repentance and faith. But let the hands on the dial-plate of your lives, move up toward the high-noon of perfection. Let us be ambitious, in other words, not simply to keep the pendulum swaying, but also to strike twelve.

The Son and the Beggar.

In order that this may be so: Let our praying be communion as well as petition. The beggar never gets beyond asking alms; the son sits down at the Father's table and has happy fellowship with him. Let me press this question on you, Oh, Christian! Has not your private and public devotion been almost exclusively taken up with petition, asking this boon and that? Begging for this mercy and that? And so you have only come to know God as an almsgiver instead of a Father. How grandly the apostle John's words break in at this point. "And truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his son Jesus Christ." Fellowship—*Koinonia*—the having in common. There is nothing in common between the beggar and the prince. Not so between the Son and the Father. They have common interests, and a common work; they have a common sorrow over the wayward son and brother who is missing from the family board, and a common solicitude as to the best way of bringing him back. Oh, Christian, there is your ascended Lord upon the throne, and his voice to you is "draw nigh." Be ashamed to come with no other errand than the pardon of your sins—old sins forgiven years ago and now raked up for the sake of having some errand as you come into the presence chamber—or new sins that ought not to be perpetually repeated. Let us have something else to talk about as we come into the Saviour's audience-room. Talk with him about the thing that is dearest to his heart—the bringing of a lost world to a knowledge of his love. Plan with him new missionary enterprises; exult with him in the certainty of his coming kingdom. This is fellowship, not simply alms-taking. If you are truly in Christ all your past sins are under the blood. Leave them there; make no further mention of them; come at once to business when you pray, even the King's business, which requires haste. Be sure that you have a common interest with the Lord if you would pray acceptably to him and profitably to yourself.

Contemplation and Contrition.

Again, in order that we may advance into the highest stage of the Christian life, let our praying consist of contemplation as well as contrition. It is the Holy Spirit's office to reproduce Christ within us; but in order to this there must be much contemplation of his blessed and adorable person. The apostle graphically describes the method of this transformation: "But we all with open face beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord are changed into the same image from glory to glory by the Spirit of the Lord." Would you think him a careful sculptor who looked altogether at his block and never at his model? Now Christ is our model, and when we are exhorted to go on unto perfection, it is simply that we press forward to attain the measure and stature of the perfect Christ. But we are occupied so much with ourselves and with our work, and not with him as we should be. Let us have our hours when we may simply sit at his feet and gaze into his glorified face. "Still hours," they have been called. Only the quiet water can reflect the sun or moon in clear outline, and we need much to have our still hours, that we take in the reflection of Christ, and that the Holy Spirit may fashion in us his perfect likeness. Oh, my brethren, by these and all other ways let us strive for Christ-likeness—not as though this were to be obtained by the effort as the painter slavishly copies a picture of some of the old Masters. If the Holy Spirit dwell in us constantly it will be done. Therefore let us open all our doors to him; let us give the key to every chamber of our hearts into his keeping. As the Lord standing above us once more breathes upon us saying: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," let us receive that our joy may be full.

Thus I have spoken to Christians. "Let us go on unto perfection." I cannot say this to you who are unsaved—for how can you go on when you have not begun? I ask you not to leave the foundations of repentance and faith, but to come to those foundations. Turn away from sin—that is repentance. Trust in Christ—that is faith. Believe in the Son of God. And the Scripture saith, "Whosoever believeth in him shall not be ashamed."

THE THREE PILLOWS.

A FATHER, tender and beloved,
Lay dying of a dread disease;
The daughter near his bedside moved
His painful suffering to ease.
One day her willing hands had brought
Three downy pillows white and soft,
To give his wasting frame support;
Meantime she asked the question oft':

"How do you feel?"—"O much the same,
Thank you, my daughter; you are kind."
From trembling lips the answer came,
"The Lord is good; he, too, I find,
Has placed three pillows 'neath my soul
To stay me in this trying hour,
And hold me in their sweet control—
They are: God's wisdom, love, and power.

"And round about and underneath
The three are everlasting arms;
Why should I fear the hour of death?—
The very thought all fear disarms."
Thus spake the dying saint; no pain
This heavenly vision could obscure;
Full well he knew that who would reign
With Christ, must to the end endure.

New Brunswick, N. J. —Mrs. Mary Lutz.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE CITY OF HEROD.

(Continued from first page)

place there. John the Baptist was then in prison in the castle of Machærus, and the order for his decapitation and for the presentation of his head to the sanguinary Herodias, may have been sent from Tiberias.

The waters of the lake are singularly transparent; yet their clear placidity can be suddenly and rudely transformed to an angry tempest, by the gusts that sweep through the mountain gorges. Holy memories cluster around this inland sea. Capernaum on the northern shore, had been the scene of many of the Saviour's miracles and in fact the centre of his preaching. From the margin of Galilee he had summoned the fishermen to become his disciples, and he had taught the multitudes as he walked along its strand, or on the mountain-sides that overlooked it. He had walked on its waves, soothed its billows and blessed and multiplied its fisheries.

Apart from its strictly Biblical associations, Tiberias has an interesting history. The city as it now appears, does not date much further back than the days of Christ, but is probably on the site of a much more ancient and extensive city. Besides bearing a conspicuous part in the wars between the Jews and the Romans, as the ruins of its once powerful fortifications testify, it was a seat of learning and for three centuries the Sanhedrim held its assemblies within its walls. After the destruction of Jerusalem it became a favorite resort and refuge of the dispersed Israelites. It had many schools and a noted university where learned rabbins taught the higher education to the Jewish youth. In Tiberias, too, the Rabbi Jonathan wrote the Talmud, and the Rabbi Judah-hak-Kodesh compiled the Mishna. It was the most important city on the lake in the time of Christ and is the only city that has survived, Bethsaida, Capernaum, Tarichœa and Mejdel being mere ruins. It has witnessed some of the severest afflictions sustained by the Jewish nation. In one sea fight near it on the lake, 6,500 Jews perished. At another time 1,200 Jews were put to death in the public circus at Tiberias by their brutal conquerors. Yet, despite these gloomy memories, it is still very dear to the Hebrew heart, and is one of the four holy places, the others being Hebron, Safed and Jerusalem. One of the prominent Hebrew traditions is that when Messiah appears, he will emerge from the waters of this translucent lake and after first halting at Tiberias (known as Tubarieh), will proceed to Safed—the highest summit on Galilee—and there establish his throne, from which he will rule the nations of the earth.

MADE DESTITUTE BY FLOODS.

A very pathetic letter reaches us from New Era, La., one of the sections of country most severely afflicted during the recent floods in the South. Having read of the noble work done by the readers of The Christian Herald for the Russian famine sufferers and also for the flood sufferers in Missouri and other Southern States, these destitute Louisianians were doubtless moved to submit their own necessitous condition to the same generous audience. The letter says: "We, the citizens and flood sufferers of New Era, Concordia Parish, Louisiana, apply to you for help. Our entire crops were lost by the terrible overflow and there is not much chance for us to make anything; this country is in a very bad condition. People do not know what to do. The State Government has contributed to our aid about $30,000 which has all been consumed in bread and meat. We have appealed to the Federal Government for aid through our Representative, Hon. C. J. Boatner, but his bill was defeated in Congress; hence we ask for private aid through your valuable paper. If you will assist an afflicted people, any contributions you may send, clothes, shoes or money, will be *thankfully received*. It will be accounted for by T. C. Jeter, R. M. Dale, and S. L. Lanius, distribution committee." The letter is signed by Ruth M. Dale, S. L. Lanius, Phenie Lanius, Emereth A. Lanius, G. M. Lanius, Donna Lanius, Laura Lanius, M. M. Lanius, A. T. Lanius, Ida Bole, Arzila Bole, W. W. Holland, Apsaly A. Holland, R. P. Holland, Nancy J. Holland, Mattie M. Wilson, A. J. Wilson, M. E. Wilson, Sarah Lewis, Wm. Boles, J. W. Pruitt, M. F. Pruitt, T. C. Jeter, Daisy A. Jeter, R. L. Jeter, Susie Boles, Ed. Wise, O. M. Dale, R. M. Dale, R. W. Dale, Isabella Dale, Mary Dale.

Any readers of The Christian Herald who may desire to assist those unfortunate people by forwarding clothes, shoes or other articles should send by way of New Orleans to Dale's Landing, Black River, La. We do not doubt that any assistance rendered will be most thankfully received.

While the Days are going By.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Eccl. 9: 10.

George Cooper, by per. Ira D. Sankey.

1. There are lone-ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by;
There are wea-ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by;
2. There's no time for i - dle scorning, While the days are go - ing by;
Let your face be like the morning, While the days are go - ing by;
3. All the lov-ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by;
One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing by;
If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur-
Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep - ing
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will
- sue, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.
eyes; Help your fall - en broth-er rise, While the days are go - ing by.
grow, And will keep our hearts a-glow, While the days are go - ing by.
Refrain.
Go - ing by, go - ing by, Go - ing by, go - ing
go-ing by, go-ing by, Go-ing by,
by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by.
go-ing by,

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BY HEAVEN'S GATES.

IN fancy I stood by the bright gates of heaven,
And saw that to them who were worthy was given
An entrance abundant to mansions of light,
Within the fair city where cometh no night.

Wide opened the gates, as redeemed ones from earth
Came safely to glory who were from their birth
In intellect feeble, and never had dreamed,
Beyond these dark shadows for them glory gleamed.

From far distant climes blood-washed souls winged their way
To Jesus, their Lord, a sweet homage to pay.
The law in their hearts was a lamp to their feet,
And for this inheritance made them thus meet.

Then came there one knocking and cried, "Let me in!"
Like Cain he had turned from the offering for sin,
And proudly presumed through his works to obtain,
A home in the house of our Father—in vain.

His soul heard the voice of the Lamb cry in wrath:
"How cam'st thou, unclean one, to tread on this path?
To regions where hope never enters—depart!
In chains and in darkness be henceforth thy part."

Again was the gateway transparent and bright
As ransomed ones entered this home of delight.
None asked of them what was their station on earth,
Attainments or knowledge, their nation or birth.

If wearing the beautiful robe of the bride,
Provided by Christ, our dear Lord, when he died;
Within the bright courts they were welcomed and crowned
To dwell evermore where pure pleasures abound.

York, Pa. Katherine R. Ruiss.

SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

BY THE REV. G. M. PEMBER, M. A.

WHEN the blue-gray clouds begin to gather in the sky and move towards each other, though we may as yet have perceived neither flash nor sound, we know that a storm is impending, and that the quiet hills and valleys will soon be startled by the forked lightnings and by heavily pealing thunder. "Ye hypocrites," said our Lord to the Pharisees, "ye can discern the face of the sky and of the earth; but how is it that ye do not discern this time?" He spoke thus of his first coming, the signs of which are not nearly so fully depicted in Scripture as those of his second.

What, then, will he say to us if we fail to discover the secret of God in the things which are taking place around us, when we have so wonderful a commentary whereby to explain them? Even the statesmen, philosophers, and thinkers of this world are expecting great changes in its social and political condition. Surely, then, it becomes us to search and see whether the preparations which are everywhere apparent, do not show that the last times in our age have come: that the world will shortly be confronted by her despised but rightful and all-powerful King; and therefore that his church—the living and the dead alike—no longer may but must, speedily be

Summoned to Meet Him in the Air.

Were we floating on a broad river which at no great distance was hurling itself in mighty cataract to a lower level, what should we infer when we found that we were being borne along more swiftly by the quickening stream, when we perceived an ever-increasing agitation in the waters around us, and began to hear mingling with their tumult the sound of a deeper roaring? Should we not at once understand that we were already within the rapids caused by the terrific fall?

And have we not exactly described the present condition of the stream of time? For both the prophets and the Lord himself foretold a mighty catastrophe which will usher in a new age; a season of perplexity and trouble immediately preceeding the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; a general disruption and disintegration of society, amid wars, tumults, and the most appalling calamities, to be followed by the glorious

Reign of the Prince of Peace.

And are not signs of our approach to these predicted days of terror continually multiplying around us? Do not events, which were wont to float by in slow procession, now chase each other before our bewildered eyes with such rapidity that they pass away in months, or it may be even in weeks, instead of years? Still more terrible woes are projecting their advancing shadows. Europe is armed to an extent hitherto unknown, and has been converted into a vast camp through the jealousy of the great Powers, which are simply waiting an opportunity of carrying out their aggressive schemes.

Revolutionary Terrorism.

Yet again, the rapid spread of Socialistic principles among all the nations of Christendom, and the numerous secret leagues organized for their propagation, are giving statesmen grave cause to apprehend a revolutionary outburst which may shatter the whole framework of society.

Nor are physical commotions wanting to heighten their excitement. The last few years have been unusually prolific in violent storms and inundations destructive to life and property. Earthquakes are frequent, and the shocks, though at present comparatively slight, seem by their ubiquity to betoken a widespread disturbance in the bowels of the earth, which may culminate in some appalling catastrophe. Famines, too, have occurred in divers places; in different parts of India, in Persia, in Russia, in China, in Morocco, and in several other countries.

And there are scientific men who suppose that the impending astronomical events will render the next few years dismally memorable, and by vitiating the atmosphere cause an outbreak of epidemics and pestilence, like the frightful visitation of the times of Justinian, or the murderous "Black Death" of the fourteenth century, which, as it swept through Europe, is said to have slain five-and-twenty millions of persons.

The inhabitants of the earth must awake some morning to find that the day of the Lord is present; and a snare will come upon all those who have not understood the warnings of revelation. It is, then, our duty to pray for wisdom that we may understand, and for the power of the Holy Spirit that we may watch.

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T. De Witt Talmage
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A New Serial Story.

In its first issue during the month of November, The Christian Herald will begin the publication of a new and delightful Serial Story, entitled: "Unequally Yoked;" or "Rosemary and Rue," which has been written expressly for the readers of this journal by Mrs Julia McNair Wright.

Mrs. Wright is one of the foremost living authors of that class whose works afford pure entertainment, combined with an elevating, healthful morality, which makes them specially suitable for the home circle. The new Serial, we are assured, is one of the most attractive stories she has ever written.

COMMERCIAL PHARISEES.

THERE is a great deal of uneasiness and nervousness now among some people in our time who have gotten unrighteous fortunes; a great deal of nervousness about dynamite. I tell them that God will put under their unrighteous fortunes something more explosive than dynamite—the earthquake of his omnipotent indignation. It is time that we learn in America that sin is not excusable in proportion as it declares large dividends and has outriders in equipage. Many a man is riding to perdition, postilion ahead and lackey behind.

To steal one copy of a newspaper is a gnat; to steal many thousands of dollars is a camel. There is many a fruit-dealer who would not consent to steal a basket of peaches from a neighbor's stall. but who would not scruple to depress the fruit market; and as long as I can remember, we have heard every summer the peach crop of Maryland is a failure, and by the time the crop comes in, the misrepresentation makes a difference of millions of dollars. A man who would not steal one peach basket, steals fifty thousand peach baskets.

Go down into the reading-rooms, and see the newspaper reports of the crops from all parts of the country, and their phraseology is very much the same, and the same men wrote them, methodically and infamously carrying out the huge lying about the grain crop from year to year, and for a score of years. After a while there will be a "corner" in the wheat market, and the men who have a contempt for a petty theft, will burglarize the wheat-bin of a nation, and commit larceny upon the American corn-crib. And some of the men will sit in churches and in reformatory institutions, trying to strain out the small gnats of scoundrelism while in their grain elevators and their store-houses they are fattening huge camels, which they expect, after a while, to swallow. Society has to be entirely reconstructed on this subject. We are to find that a sin is inexcusable in proportion as it is great. In all circles, religious or irreligious, the tendency is to excuse sin in proportion as it is mammoth. Even John Milton, in his "Paradise Lost," while he condemns Satan, gives such a grand description of him you have hard work to suppress your admiration. O this straining out of small sins like gnats, and this gulping down great iniquities like camels!

FASCINATIONS OF GAMBLING.

AT certain times, almost every prosperous merchant wakes up, and says: "Now, I have been successful in my line of trade, and I have a tolerable income; I think I shall go down to Wall Street and treble it in three weeks. There's my neighbor. He was in the same line of business; he has his three or four hundred thousand dollars from the simple fact that he went into Wall Street. I think I shall go, too."

Here they come, retired merchants, who want to get a little excitement in their lethargic veins. Here they come, the trustees of great property, to fool everything away. Here they come, men celebrated for prudence to trifle with the livelihoods of widows and orphans. Do you wonder that sometimes they become insane? It is insanity. Do you know, there are hundreds of young men in Brooklyn and New York who are perishing under the passion for stock-gambling? Do you know that in all Christian lands this is one of the greatest curses?

You know that for years men have been made heroes of and pictorialized and in various styles presented to the public, as though sometimes they were worthy of admiration if they have scattered the funds of banks, or swallowed great estates that did not belong to them. A different measure has been applied to the crime of Wall Street from that which has been applied to the spoils which the man carries up Rat Alley.

And our young men have been dazed with this quick accumulation. They have said: "That's the way to do it. What's the use of our plodding on with small wages or insignificant salary, when we may go into business life, and with some stratagem achieve such a fortune as that man has achieved?"

Gambling is gambling, whether in stocks or bread-stuffs, or dice or race-track betting. Exhilaration at the start, and a raving brain and a shattered nervous system and a sacrificed property and a destroyed soul at the last.

NEWSPAPER THEOLOGY.

SERMONIC publication in newspapers is a characteristic of the times, and fraught with weal or woe to uncounted multitudes. I lay it down as a proposition capable of demonstration that sermonic publication in secular newspapers is doing a vast good. It is estimated that each paper is read by five people. It is then within bounds to say that the Monday morning and Monday evening papers of our American cities put into the hands of this nation ten million attacks upon infidelity, upon iniquity, upon fraud, upon vice, ten million defenses of the truth. What a stupendous achievement, which has not yet had the first acknowledgment on the part of any church court in the United States.

Our general ecclesiastical courts pass resolutions commendatory of some sectarian organ made out of scissors and mucilage, with a circulation of five, or ten, or fifteen thousand copies, but where is the public ecclesiastical recognition of this ten million utterance every Monday which, during the course of the year, and multiplied by fifty-two, becomes a five hundred and twenty million utterance? I say that man does not take an intelligent account of the moral progress of the day that does not take this fact into consideration. The very objection made to it is the argument in favor of such publication. It is said that this newspaper habit mixes worldly business and religion. One column a sermon, the next a horse race; the one a defense of the family institution, the next a divorce case.

My friends, what we most want is more mixing of religion and business. If the stock-dealers of this country had mixed more religion and less water with their stock, there would not have been so many impoverished people. What will cure this epidemic of frauds, forgeries and failures is the religion of Jesus Christ. "Oh," you say, "some of them were elders, and trustees, and vestrymen in churches." Yes; but they stood their religion in one place and their business in another place.

They ought to have mixed them. It is not religion standing on the spire of Trinity Church at the head of Wall Street, that will send the right kind of influence through that main artery of American finance, but religion starting from the foot of that architectural pile, walking the whole length of Wall Street, from Trinity Church to the ferry, going down on one side and going back on the other. It is not religion worshipping in Grace Church, but religion starting from the shadow of that cathedral, and going to the Battery, down on one side of Broadway and up on the other. Do the Monday morning and Monday evening newspapers of New York and Brooklyn mix religion and business? Then I say, let them mix away. It is high time this delusion is scattered that a man may serve the Lord so well on Sunday that he can serve the devil all the rest of the week. What is that in the pocket of those bankers, and brokers, and merchants, and in all the hotel reading-rooms of our great cities? It is an immense tract distribution.

Let the professional distributor of tracts in her heavenly mission, and package of tracts in hand, attempt to enter these places in business hours, and she would meet with cold reception, or be roughly treated. But these business men not only take the tracts in newspaper form, but pay for them. Last Monday there were sermons on the desk of every intelligent business man in New York, and Boston, and Philadelphia, and Chicago and all America. He is a bat who has not eyes to see this. The business man may have seen only the text of Scripture, but one text saved Martin Luther, and one text saved Jonathan Edwards, and I can pick out fifty texts any one of which is enough to save a world.

Toward night the business man says, "well, I guess it is time to go home," and he locks the fireproof safe, he puts his newspaper tracts in his pocket, takes a car at the ferry and goes home, and in that way becomes a tract distributor.

Wife and children get hold of the newspaper, and after the family have retired, the servants get hold of it and read the sermons, and the next day a bundle is to be sent out, and wrapping-paper is needed, and the errand-boy reads the sermon on the back of the bundle while he is carrying it, and after a while the person to whom the bundle is delivered takes it up and reads it. So every week our newsboys and our bankers and brokess and merchants are turned into tract distributors. But you insist that there is something incoherent in having that which is bad in the paper right beside the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I answer, give the Gospel and sin a fair fight, and the Gospel will always come out ahead. Sin is an old hag and gets all out of breath, while Righteousness has stout lungs and swarthy arms, and the step of a morning coming out of a clear sky. I put the column of Gospel in any newspaper against the column of sin. With the poison send the antidote.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

WAITING FOR WORK.

THE number of "waiters" is great. Not the waiters who serve, but waiters who wait; wait for some one to tell them what to do and how to do it, and this is usually followed by the instructor doing it, instead of the one instructed. Look about you, dear fellow worker. See what one thing is needed in your parish by pastor or people or both; then with the help of an omnipotent God go in and do it. Neither falter nor fail till the thing is done.

Don't wait longer, plunge in now, make this fall and winter record some service that will enrich both earth and heaven.

The devil will meet you at the start, follow you possibly all the way and do his best with bad men, bad women, and bad angels to stop you or hinder your work, but go on. The world, the flesh and the devil are no match for the worker who has got in him, "God, love, and go."

I notice many prayer-meetings have many "waiters" attending. They wait for everything and everybody before they lend a hand to pull the service up to success. Some preachers' tongues have got a "don't wait" twist in them so that it's as natural to cry that out as for a news boy to yell his papers.

Don't wait; when there is a gap—you fill it; when there is a pause—you jump to your feet with a well prepared word. Christian soldiers should never travel without full equipment for active duty.

Don't wait for any superintendent to give you a class—go out and get one for yourself.

Don't wait for a church collector to see you, pay your dues or your subscriptions promptly.

Don't wait on the will of men to do what God tells you. I verily believe if Paul had waited to consult the brethren at Jerusalem about preaching Christ he would have lost five or ten years of the best service a man converted can give to God.

With all their wisdom I guarantee they would never have set that blasphemer at work in Damascas or anywhere else.

There is a depth of meaning in Paul's statement that he conferred not with flesh and blood.

Many a heaven-born scheme, sent direct from the throne to some soul has been killed by "waiting to see about it." Oh my dear reader if you have had a heavenly vision do not be disobedient, don't wait. Set about it at once to bring it to pass. Time is too short to wait. This is the time to work.

More Nimrods Wanted.

Nimrod was a great hunter, and while the Bible never tells us to go gunning, but always fishing for men, nevertheless more Nimrods are now wanted in the field where preachers live. Men who will hunt for souls. I have just met a man whom I would call a Nimrod. So far as learning is concerned he has it; enough titles following his name to make a whole conference jealous, but there is one more I'd like to add, the initials would be A. G. H. These three in my opinion are far more excellent and worthy than PH.D. or D.D. or LL.D. though he is worthy all three. Mine mean, a great hunter. Scores upon scores of men and women hunted out and housed in the Lord's Sanctuary. Old church letters hunted up and put where they belong. Awakened sinners hunted after till they fly for refuge to the Cross. Reader, are you a spiritual Nimrod?

Forgiveness.

There will be a lot of forgiveness done before a good many I know will ever enter heaven. Twenty camels can more easily go through the eye of one needle than some folks enter the gate of the city of God.

People who won't forgive, won't be forgiven. Heaven will never open to any one who will not forgive their enemies.

There would be a mighty big exodus in some churches if it were truthfully told next Sunday that every grudge-bearing member would be read off the list in a month's time.

"Forgive your enemies!" one exclaims. "I can't do it." Hold a bit; it may be you cannot in your own strength, but this I affirm, that with the love of God shed abroad in your hearts by the Holy Ghost you can. I know it, for I've done it.

There is not a man, woman or child on God's footstool with whom I would not divide my loaf and eat in peace.

I tell you there is more in that than can be told in words.

The Bible and the Newspaper

CRESPO'S VICTORY.

THE triumph of General Crespo in Venezuela appears to be complete. A cable message to the New York journals on October 8 announced that he had entered Caracas and had taken formal possession of the capital. So far from meeting with resistance he was welcomed by all classes of citizens. When the news of the crushing defeat of the government army at San Pedro was carried to Caracas by the refugees of the army, President Pulido and the members of the Provisional Government made their escape from the city. Men who had been prominent in political circles followed and then the city was without the semblance of government. An indescribable scene of disorder ensued. So rare an opportunity for pillage was not allowed to pass unused. All the criminals in the city and many of the government's soldiers began to sack stores and private houses. Any one who had the courage to resist was roughly handled, and it is feared many were killed. The Spanish minister protested vigorously and remonstrated with some of the soldiery who were engaged in brutal excesses, but they grossly insulted him and hustled him away from the scene. From dawn to sunset the work of pillage continued and the night was worse than the day. Drunken gangs were rioting in the streets and fighting over their plunder. The whole city might have been burned had not Admiral Walker of the United States Navy landed a force of sailors and marines from the *Chicago* and *Kearsarge*, who held the mob in check and confined it to the lower quarters of the city. The entrance of Crespo's troops put an end to the disorder. They were heartily cheered as they marched in, even by the people who had most dreaded their coming, but who now looked to them as their only hope of protection against the lawless mob. They were received as friends instead of enemies and they proved themselves worthy of the reception. Stern measures were immediately taken to suppress the rioting and in a few hours a measure of order had been once more established. Crespo was proclaimed Provisional President, and the unfortunate city went wild with joy over its deliverance from anarchy. The only people dissatisfied with the situation are the criminals whose plundering has been summarily ended. There is many a human heart that has experienced a revulsion of feeling like that in the unhappy city, when it has surrendered to the Saviour. The misery that is endured when appetite and lust and avarice reign turns to happiness and peace when the Son of God, who may have been long resisted enters and takes possession. (Luke 11: 20–22.)

Victims of Heliocy.

AN extensive search of statistics in many States and in Europe has been made by a medical writer in a Rochester, N. Y., journal, to test a theory of mental disease. One of his own patients, whose condition he watched with great care, exhibited a certain periodicity in his malady which the doctor believed must have an exciting cause. The patient is called a lunatic, but the doctor now holds that he would be more correctly described as a *heliotic*. The record of his case, extending over a long period, showed that his times of mental excitement corresponded with the sun-spot periods. The time of solar activity, which is always attended with magnetic and electric disturbance on the earth, was a time when the doctor's patient was at his worst. With the subsidence of the solar phenomena the patient became calmer and more rational, gradually recovering the control of his faculties to a given point, when, the sun entering on another period of activity, the patient grew restless and excitable, and reached the acute stage of his disease when the sun attained its maximum of the sun-spot period. So regularly had the patient's condition reflected the solar phenomena that the doctor determined to investigate further to ascertain if other cases of mental derangement were characterized by similar symptoms. He has visited many public asylums here and across the Atlantic and finds his theory fully confirmed. The records of Superintendents of the Poor show that the number of commitments of insane persons to the asylums also follows that course and that every period of solar activity is accompanied by an increase in the number of persons becoming insane and solar quiescence by a decrease in the number. The fact shows, in the physician's opinion, that the magnetic disturbances, originating in the solar perturbations, affect the human mind producing insanity in the weak and increasing the paroxysms of those already demented. The idea appears to be original. It was not suspected that the sun had so potent an influence over the mind. It is a blessed thought that comes, however, from analogy, that a more potent force, tranquilizing and ennobling, is exercised by the Sun of Righteousness whose rising brings healing to the people. (Mal. 4: 2.)

Fell Into His Own Trap.

THE death of a miner who was buried at Grouse Greek, Idaho, on October 2d, is to be made the subject of judicial investigation. He was one of four miners who were working in partnership. They had been working for some months without much success, but a few

GEN. JOAQUIN CRESPO.

weeks ago they struck a rich placer mine, the location of which they kept secret. They agreed that on a certain night they would have a big drink to celebrate their good fortune. Early in the evening, however, one of them went to the place where the liquor had been placed in readiness for the orgie and took a large potation of whiskey. Instantly he became panic-stricken and begged his companions to get him an emetic. All means were tried to make him sick, but unsuccessfully, and in a short time he fell into convulsions and died in great agony. The contents of the bottle of whiskey from which he drank were analyzed and were found to contain a large quantity of strychnine. Inquiries were made which elicited the fact that the dead man had bought strychnine a few days before. It is supposed that he intended to kill his three companions in order to get sole possession of the mine, and having mixed the poison in the whiskey, afterwards mistook the bottle and drank from it himself. He was known to his partners as a very clever miner, whose aid was valuable; but as a man of desperate character who would not hesitate to commit a crime to enrich himself. It was a terrible example of the declaration of the wise king: "His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins." (Prov. 5: 22.)

Breaking Sad News.

AN engine-driver's appeal to a clergyman is the subject of a pathetic story sent to a Boston journal by a correspondent. He found it in the diary of the clergyman who, when the event occurred, was pastor of a church at Ironburg, Pa. The clergyman was writing in his study one morning when his wife came to say that a rough looking man wanted to see him in a hurry. He went down and found that his visitor was an engine-driver, whose acquaintance he made some time before, by going to break to him and his wife the distressing news of the death of one of their children. "I am just in from a run," the man explained, "and as we came in, we had the bad luck to run over a little boy. I ran back after we got in and picked him up and had him carried into my house. Then I came to see you. I aint forgotten how you comforted me and my wife when our little Willie was took and I thought you wouldn't mind coming to see if you knew his folks and would break it to him gentle-like. He's a beautiful boy and it'll be an awful blow to his folks, but parson you'll know how to talk to em. You did to us." The clergyman consented at once, though his heart sank as he thought of the painful duty that lay before him. It must be very distressing, whoever the parents might be. On the way, the engineer told how the accident occurred. He saw the boy, who was playing on the top of an embankment, slip and roll down under the engine wheels. "You can tell the folks the boy's in heaven, you know parson," the engineer continued. "That's so isn't it? You don't dread having to tell em that?" "I dread it, but I shall do my best," the clergyman answered. They had reached the engineer's house by this time and he led the way to an inner room in which the little body lay covered with a sheet. Before the engineer uncovered it, he put his hand on the clergyman's shoulder and said: "Parson, it's the hardest thing I ever had to do in my life and I've bungled it, but God can help you bear it." He turned back the sheet and there lay the clergyman's own child, beautiful even in death. It was delicately done and the engineer took the right course in preparing the clergyman for the shock by reminding him of the consolation he administered to himself; though it is not always that in our troubles we appropriate the comfort we give to other sufferers. (Rom. 2: 17-21.)

A Summary Ejectment.

A NUMBER of families in New York had a novel experience a few days ago. Two policemen visited the two tenement houses in Ludlow Street which they occupied and compelled them to quit the premises. Only twenty-four hours were given them to remove their furniture and goods, and the police superintended the removal to see that it was done on time. The people were not charged with crime or misconduct, although they were thus disturbed by the police. The reason for the clearance was that the Sanitary Inspector had reported to the Health Board that the houses were dirty, foul-smelling, badly lighted and ventilated, and in a dilapidated state. Thereupon the Health Board ordered the police to effect an immediate vacation of the premises. The Board was acting within its powers, for the law authorizes it whenever it is notified that any building is infected with contagious disease or by reason of repair has become dangerous to life, or is unfit for human habitation by reason of defective plumbing or drainage, to issue an order for all persons in the house to vacate the premises, until the evils have been remedied. The tenants, however, regarded this ejection as a hardship. They would have preferred to stay in spite of the danger to their health, although afterward they might have regretted it. It seemed hard to turn them out, but it was really a kindness. Some of the dispensations of God's providence are of the same kind. The time will come when we shall see that trials which were hard to bear were sent in mercy for our good. (Rom. 8: 28.)

A Cruel Swindle.

A PRESS dispatch from San Francisco announces the indictment of three men who appear to have been guilty of extensive swindling. One of them purchased the option of a large tract of unimproved land in Tehana County, California, and formed a partnership with the other two men to place the land on the market. A glowing prospectus was issued, describing the land as the most desirable in the State and offering it in five acre lots at sixteen dollars the acre. A colony of settlers was to be established with all facilities for transportation and settlement. Purchasers were sought from the poorer classes and they were invited to purchase on the installment plan. A payment of five dollars a week for sixteen weeks would make any man owner of one of the finest five acre farms in the country and contracts would be forwarded on receipt of the first payment, which called for deeds of ownership when the last installment should be paid. The bait was successful. Over four hundred persons began making weekly payments. Absolutely nothing was done to develop the property and the original owner was not paid for it. Beside this, the promoters of the colony scheme borrowed a large sum from a bank and having received a large part of the installments two of the plotters transferred their interests to the third, who fled to Mexico to avoid prosecution. The value of the land is not nearly sufficient to satisfy the claims of the original owner and the advance of the bank; and the poor colonists who were expecting to enter in a few weeks on the possession of their five acre farms, find themselves without a colony. They seem to have been very easily induced to exercise faith in the promises of these unprincipled men. It is matter for regret that such faith is so seldom found when ministers and Christian workers proclaim the offers of the Gospel of an eternal possession. (II. Cor. 5: 1.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. Justin D. Fulton, D. D., has commenced a series of revival services in Chicago. They have been held so far in the Belden Avenue Church and will continue till Oct. 23.

The duties on spirits in India increased from 1,000,000 rupees in 1870 to 90,000,000 in 1889. The editor or the *Indian Witness*, says: "Drink is now a rising tide among the masses of this empire."

The following additional sums have been received for the benefit of the sufferers by the Russian famine: "Subscriber," Hart Springs, Ark., $1.50.; "Reader," Seneca, Kans., $1.; "One," Philadelphia, Pa., 35 cents.

Mr. J. M. Cannon and the Wesley Evangelists are holding services in Grace M. E. Church, Paterson, N. J., of which Rev. J. M. Marshall is pastor. The meetings commenced on Oct. 9 and will continue every evening for two weeks.

The census returns just issued show that the Congregationalists have 4,868 organizations, 4,736 churches edifices, valued at $43,335,437. and 512,771 communicants. Of the latter 102,000 are in Massachusetts, and nearly 230,000 in the six New England States.

Twenty-five dollars have been received at this office from M. B. W., Virginia Dale, Colo., with a request that it should be applied in some way to supply a pressing need in the Master's service. The amount has been handed to a needy student who is preparing for the ministry.

A few days ago 111 trained boys from Dr. Barnado's homes sailed for Canada. This makes the total number for the present year 609, and for the past twenty years 5,618. The majority of these were street waifs, picked up in London, who were apparently destined for lives of poverty and crime.

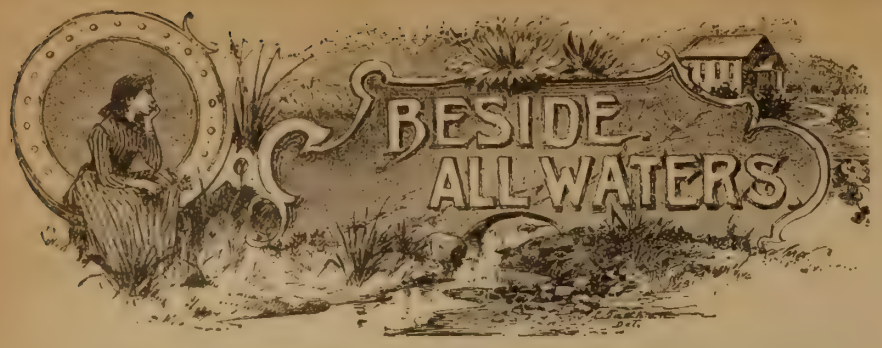
A number of readers have forwarded letters containing recipes for the treatment of cholera. Many of these are doubtless excellent in their way, but their publication, besides causing confusion, would be out of place in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Happily there is no danger of the Asiatic plague spreading in the United States.

A Colporteur of the American Bible Society had the privilege recently of going on board the Russian steamship *Kostronia* at St. Petersburg and giving a New Testament to each of a hundred female convicts who were being conveyed to a place of imprisonment for various crimes. They received the books gratefully and talked freely with the Colporteur.

Any reader of this journal having Bibles, hymn-books, or useful religious literature to give away may send them to Mr. James Archer, Stanton, Adams County, Miss., who will take a pleasure in distributing them among poor families, white and colored, in his neighborhood. He writes us that the people there are very poor, and many of them are without the Bible or means to purchase it.

Contributions to the fund for the support of Rev. George W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD missionary of the American Sunday School Union, have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $11.50. They were as follows: Mrs. James Wilkinson, $5.; Mrs. Lucy A. Bliven $2; A Friend, Snopomish Co., Wash., $2.; Mason M. Bukey, $2.; Mrs. A. M. Brown, 50 cents.

Contributions to the fund for supplying Colored Ministers in the South with this journal, have been received to the amount of $15.50. They were from: Mrs. G. W. Ostrander $2.; Wm. S. Magee, $5.; Annie Calder, $2.; T. J. Weeks, $1; S. Bell Craver, $2.; Anonymous, Salt Lake, $1.50.; G. Norconk, $1.; Walter W. Bristol, 50 cents; Mrs. A. C. Bogardus, 50 cents.



BY

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*

Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Continued.*)

SYMANTHA was evidently more distressed by Kit's news than she cared to let the child see. It might be that Kit was wrong in identifying the man whom Selina knew as Mr. Pyncheon, but if the child was right, none knew better than Symantha that, he and Phin being together, mischief would be done. As she stood thinking Kit drew her into the little room that was next the dairy.

"Symantha," she whispered, "I don't know what you will say; but do you suppose they can be planning to rob Mrs. Van Zandt!"

Symantha dropped on a seat, her face as white as her apron.

"Kit, what do you mean? What makes you think so?"

"Well, a good many things. It is the only house round here that would be worth the risk, for one thing. And there is another reason. You know uncle Phin would not let me go near Mrs. Van Zandt's for ever so long. He did not like it because I went to the flower party; and he would not let me go again, though Miss Van Zandt asked me, and offered to teach me to make lace. Then all at once he turned round, and wanted me to go." Kit sank her voice still lower. "And ever since I began, he has asked me such queer questions when I am alone with him."

"What sort of questions?"

"Well, about the silver—how much they used, and where they kept it. And yesterday, when I was helping him pick the harvest apples, he asked me if I had ever been in the ladies' rooms, and where they kept their jewels."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him I didn't know anything about it, and that I had never been in any of the up-stairs rooms only Miss Bogardus's when she was teaching me the lace stitches; and I didn't believe they had any jewels with them only the diamond ear-rings Madam Van Zandt always wears. And then he muttered that he knew better, and that folks ought to have more sense than to bring such things to lonely country houses. And it is lonesome," added Kit. "The house stands so far back from the road, with no other nearer than this, except Miss Claxton's; and I don't know what good they could do. You don't think uncle Phin would be led away to do such a thing as that?"

Symantha pressed her hands hard together.

"I don't know, Kit. If he were left to himself he would cut his hand off before he would do anything to injure Mrs. Van Zandt. But he is in this man's power—at least he thinks so—and there is no telling— Hush! there he is."

And at that moment Phin's voice was heard, calling harshly, "Here, Symantha, Kit, where are you all?"

"Don't say a word, for your life," whispered Symantha; then aloud, "Here I am, pa. What is it?"

"Symantha, I want you to take a light, and look up in the back chamber for the bottle of horse-liniment. I know I put it uy there somewhere, but I can't find it. Kit, why don't you go to bed? It's late."

"I am going, uncle Phin," said Kit, gathering her papers together. "And I'll tell you what I am going to do when I get there: I am going to kneel down and ask God to keep you away from wicked men who want you to do wicked things." Then, coming close to her uncle, she threw her arms around his neck, and whispered in his ear:

"Uncle Phin, don't; please don't. Just think what aunt Martha would say if she knew. And God loves you more than she did—I know he does. O uncle Phin, don't!"

"Don't what? Don't be a fool," said Phin. "There, I am not angry with you, child," he added with a hesitating curious irresolution in his tone, unclasping, but not ungently, the arm which clung round his neck. "Go to bed, like a good girl, and pray as much as you like. You sit up too late, and that is what makes you so thin—Symantha, are you going to find that bottle? or do you want the colt to die before I get it?"

"I don't think I can, father," said Symantha, who had dropped on the nearest chair. "I have had one of my headaches all day, and I am so dizzy just now I can hardly stand. I was going to ask you to help me up stairs."

She tried to rise as she spoke, but nearly fell to the floor. Phin caught her in his arms. "I'll carry you up," said he. "Come, Kit; hold the light, and then go to bed yourself."

Phin laid his daughter on the bed, and kissed her tenderly enough.

"There, Kit will help you to get settled," said he. "You will be better when you have had a good rest."

As soon as Symantha had dismissed Kit, she rose, and, though blind and giddy with pain, she crept to the other side of the house, where a small window looked toward the barn. She had waited only a few minutes when she saw her father leave the house with a basket; and presently she saw, or thought she saw, a gleam of light from the loft. Yes, there it was again; and then she saw it, but only for a moment, from the window of the little bed-room over the stable, which Kit had used all summer for a play-room. Phin had lately taken possession of this room for a harness-room, as he said, and had fitted it with a stout lock and key. Symantha sighed deeply, and even groaned. She was like one who sees a friend in horrible peril, and is unable to lift a finger to save him. She knew there was no use in talking. Like other weak people, Phin had an abundant fund of obstinacy, and was excessively jealous of being governed. Such people are sometimes said to be easily led; and so they are in some directions, as a stone is easily started down hill. But try to roll your stone up hill, and you will find that a very different matter. Symantha had wondered at her father for taking Kit's remonstrance so quietly; but then, he had been exceedingly kind and indulgent to the child ever since his wife died, even going so far as to attend the schoolhouse meetings with her two or three times, where he had been made very welcome. But all the good in the universe is of no use to a man so long as it is outside of him, as the wise old German has it. Phin's feelings had been touched, and his natural musical taste pleased by the singing; but his will remained the same. He had made a solemn promise to his dying wife, which at the time he fully meant to perform; but he was waiting from day to day, "till things should be different," he said. Meantime Satan was not idle, but was working by one of his most active agents, now awaiting Phin in the barn chamber.

"Well, here you are at last," was the salutation Phin received as he entered the room. "I thought you were never coming. What kept you?"

"Well, I had to get the women-folks out of the way"

"Bother the women! Why don't you send them adrift? That young one will bring you into trouble yet. I believe she knew me this afternoon."

"Nonsense! How could she know you? She has not seen you since she was a baby. But say, Harry, I wish you would give this thing up."

"Why?"

"Oh, because I have a feeling that harm will come of it; and, besides, the old lady was kind to my poor wife."

Gale poured out a flood of abuse upon cowards and soft-heads who did not know their own minds; ending with, "But I'll tell you what, Phin: if you play me false, I'll have your life, just as sure as you live. I have planned to do this thing, and I am going to carry it through; and you are going to help me, or you are not going to see sunrise tomorrow."

"Who said any thing about playing false?" asked Phin sulkily. "You do well to bully me, don't you? Where would you be this minute but for me?"

"I know, and I don't forget it; but I won't be played fast and loose with."

"And, as to playing false, you had better look out for somebody besides me," continued Phin. "Much need to talk to me when you put your head in that woman's pocket."

"What, Sally? She's as true as steel. You ought to see her playing the fine lady there in Oldbury. Well, there, go and get a nap, and I'll do the same; but keep one eye open, and call me at one: and remember, no fooling!"

Phin crept back to the house ashamed, enraged, wretched as a man could be; feeling himself a slave, and lacking courage to make a stroke for freedom. A French writer has said, that to reap the benefit from sin, a man must be altogether wicked; and Phin was not that. His conscience, though blunted, was not dead. Since he had lived in Oldham, a good many things had happeded to bring to mind the teachings of that Christian mother and sister whose memory he still revered. He had more than half made up his mind to give up all his old courses, and betake himself to a decent, sober life. But then the tempter had come in his way—the man who, as he believed, had him in his power—and the weak will had yielded to the strong one. He had been led into more than one piece of wickedness in his absences from home. Now came the crowning atrocity, for so he felt it. He was being made a tool to rob, perhaps murder, the woman who had been a mother to his wife. To be sure, Gale had promised that there should be no violence; but what was his word worth? The fright alone was enough to kill such an old lady. There was not a man about the place, he knew, for the coachman had gone to Oldtown to meet some friends of Mrs. Van Zandt's who were coming by the early morning train. Nobody was there but three or four weak woman. Phin flung himself down in the rocking-chair,—his wife's chair,—and groaned almost aloud. "Talk of going to sleep!" he said to himself. "You might as well tell a man to go to sleep when the Indians were pouring hot coals on his head." The clock struck nine—ten—eleven. How dreadfully fast the hours were going on! It would soon be time to call Gale.

Suddenly a thought flashed across him. What if he should send them warning? If they were all awake and up, and the house lighted, surely Gale would never dare go near it.

Nothing is so dear to a weak mind as a compromise. Phin rose to his feet in an instant, found his way softly up the stairs in the dark, and opened Kit's door. He dared not strike a light, lest a ray should betray him; but it was a starlight night, and the large window was wholly uncovered, so that his eyes, accustomed to the darkness, saw the bed and its occupant. As he bent over, and laid his hand on her arm, Kit, who was alwas a light sleeper, started up broad awake on the instant.

"Uncle Phin, what is it?"

"Hush!" said Phin sharply. "Kit, listen. Are you afraid to run up to Mrs Van Zandt's? You can go along by the trees, and nobody will see you. Are you afraid to go—to save Mrs. Van Zandt and the young ladies?"

"I'm afraid, but I'll go," was Kit's characteristic answer. "But how shall I get out without—any one seeing me?"

"Go down the front stairs, and out at the little side door. Keep along the road in the shadow of the trees till you come to the turn by Crossett's red barn, then go across lots. Quick, now, if you are to do any good."

Kit was up and dressed in an instant. "What shall I say?" she asked.

"Tell them to get up and have the lights burning, and to make as if they had company. Tell them— Oh, bother! tell them what you like; but be quick if you are going to do any good."

"Wait one minute," said Kit. For a brief space, which did not seem long even to Phin's impatience, she knelt by her bedside. Then, taking her shoes in hand, she crept down stairs, slipped out of the little side door, leaving it ajar behind her, and glided like a shadow out at the gate, and up the road shaded with maple-trees of sixty years growth. Phin watched the little figure as far as he could see it, and then went to the other side of the house, toward the barn. All was quiet there; and he returned to his chair, to be tormented by a hundred misgivings, and to wish he had let the child alone. He had sent her into terrible danger, for he well knew that Gale would never hesitate to murder Kit if he caught her.

Kit sped swiftly and silently as a mousing-owl under the shadow of the great maple-trees, where the soft, short grass returned no sound to her tread. It was not till she reached a spot out of sight of house and barn that see stopped to put on her shoes, without which she dared hot try to ascend the stony path. It was soon done; and she took her way up the hill, stopping more than once to look round, and strain her eyes through the darkness. She could not resist the conviction that some one or something was following her, stopping when she stopped, and moving when she moved. Her blood chilled at the thought. Could it be Gale, who had seen her, after all? Or was it—what?

It seemed an age to her before she reached the turn by her favorite ledge, and saw the stone house not far away, and a dim light burning in Madam Van Zandt's window. The next room was Amity's, she knew; but how to rouse them? She stood a second to consider, and then took up a handful of gravel, and threw it against the window.

Waked by the noise, Amity started up; but, before she could strike a light, the sound came again, and a soft voice called, "Miss Bogardus!" She sprang to the window, and, opening it, saw a little dark figure below.

"Oh Miss Bogardus, hurry and let me in!" said Kit in a tone of entreaty, for her courage was fast giving way.

It seemed hours to Kit, though it was not more than a few minutes, before she was admitted to the side hall, where were assembled Mrs. Van Zandt, Amity, and Ida, and another tall young lady whom Kit did not know.

"Fasten the door, quick!" were Kit's first words. "Fasten all the doors and windows."

"Yes, yes, we will fasten them," said Amity soothingly. "My dear child, what is the matter?"

"Fasten the doors; never mind me. Oh, do be quick! they will be here. The robbers are coming. Uncle Phin sent me to tell you. They are coming to rob the house tonight. Don't ask me any more questions, but hurry and fasten up everything. They will be here: I heard some one coming up the hill. Oh, do hurry! they will kill you."

"My dear child, I don't understand you," said Mrs. Van Zandt soothingly. "I almost think you must have been dreaming."

Kit stood up and strove to speak calmly; but, before she could answer, the tall young lady broke in,—

"Excuse me, Mrs. Van Zandt, but I think we are the dreamers. If the child's story is true, we have not a moment to lose; if it is false, we shall only have lost our labor. Don't stand staring, girls, but collect the valuables to some safe place.—Aggy, get together Mrs. Van Zandt's jewels and laces. Amity, you and Ida take the spoons and silver. Is there any money in the house?"

"Only a few dollars."

"So much the better. Come, girls, be quick."

In a very few minutes every thing of value was stored in a strong closet built for such purposes, and not easy to find unless the searcher knew where to look; and the ladies betook themselves to the front bedroom over the door, and awaited their unwelcome visitors. They had not long to wait. In less than half an hour, stealthy steps were heard, and the handle of the door was carefully tried.

(To be Concluded.)

* By special arrangement with Thomas Whittaker, publisher, New York.

A NEW AND CHARMING SERIAL STORY

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This delightful story should be read alike
By the young and old,
By the married and unmarried in
EVERY CHRISTIAN HOUSEHOLD.

THE GIPSY EVANGELISTS.

Tillie Smith Evens and her Husband and their Lifelong Work for Christ—Devoted Careers.

GIPSY TILLIE SMITH EVENS, whose portrait, together with that of her husband George Evens, appears on this page, is a trophy of grace won from the gipsy camp, to be a bright ornament in the Saviour's crown. Her parents are descendants of the ancient tribe of Smiths, who have long been prominent among the gipsies both in England and this country. Tillie was born in the County of Bedford, England, near the place where John Bunyan, the "Bedford tinker" and author of *Pilgrim's Progress*, lived and preached. She is still quite young, with the dark eyes and features of her tribe. She is bright, genial, and wholly consecrated to her work.

Tillie Smith was converted in early life, the light breaking in on her soul in a period of affliction. Her mother had just died. After that event, her father, she noticed, became very thoughtful.

"I have seen father early in the morning," she said, "by the light of a fire, reading his New Testament. His head would be closely bent over it, so that the light would fall on the page, and there I have heard him spelling out 'God is love,' letter by letter, while the big tears rolled down his cheeks as he read. Yes, it is wonderful, sir; but God can save even gypsies; for he has saved me, and for fourteen years I have been witnessing his mighty power to save and I have sung it to thousands."

"Have you no desire, then, to go gipsying again?" she was asked, a few days ago.

"Well, your country is perfectly lovely; so inviting, such woods and lanes! but I have received a call from God: 'Let the dead bury their dead, but come thou and follow me;' and I gladly obey. My husband and I expect to be used for God in this country."

"Is your husband also a gipsy?" we asked.

"No, he is a native of Plymouth, England. Plymouth, you know, is the city of the Pilgrim Fathers, who came over to your country in the *Mayflower*. My husband was converted by a Methodist preacher. For a number of years we have been laboring in some of the largest churches of our own land, the last two years being spent in co-operation with the Rev. Charles Garrett, of Liverpool, ex-President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, in what is known as the 'Forward Movement.' We expect to be in the United States during the coming winter, conducting revival services."

Tillie Smith, for a number of years after her conversion, was connected with the Salvation Army in England, and during that time earned her *sobriquet* of "The Gipsy Lass." Some of her experiences in evangelistic work have been quite stirring. At one time, while working in Bradford, England, in 1881, she attracted enormous crowds, men deserting the drinking saloons and leaving their places of business to see and hear "The Gipsy Lass." One of the most attractive features of her work is her singing. Her voice is rich, full and melodious, and the intonation perfect. Few Gospel singers can reach the heart of an audience quicker than Tillie Smith.

She is tall and attractive in appearance, with a very sweet and winning expression, and despite a swarthy complexion, she possesses a refinement that makes her singing and speaking specially interesting. Under the influence of her eloquent voice, men and women who have led hard, sinful lives, sit with melting hearts and tearful eyes, while even the most indifferent are affected. It has been well said of Tillie Smith, that she belongs to that class of Christians, whose innate goodness is everywhere felt and who literally sing and talk their way into the hearts and souls of those with whom they come in contact.

Mr. Evens was converted during a series of consecration meetings held by Rev. Asa Mahan in the King Street Wesleyan Church, Plymouth, England. After he had been led to give himself wholly to the Lord and his work, he received a call from Plymouth to London. From the latter city he went with Rodney Smith to Hull, where they conducted revival services which were marvelously blessed, thousands attending the meetings nightly and hundreds being converted. It was in Hull that he first met the lady who soon afterward became his wife. They were married at Hanley in Staffordshire in 1883, and since that time they have labored together in evangelistic work in nearly all the Methodist Churches of the United Kingdom. The present is their first visit to America. Recently Mr. and Mrs. Evens have been conducting evangelistic services in the Jane Street Methodist Episcopal Church, New York City, where a fresh revival has been in progress. At the meetings every available space was filled and the audiences were deeply moved, scores being converted. From New York they will go to Asbury Park, and afterwards to New Brunswick and Camden. They will pass the coming winter months in Gospel work in the states of New York and New Jersey.

GIPSY EVANGELIST TILLIE EVANS AND HER HUSBAND.

ONE WAY OF WORKING.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Sunday School Times* writes, telling how the young people of a certain church, having discarded fairs, etc., decided on a different line of working and met with success. They accepted the suggestion that each member should earn one dollar by their next meeting, and their methods reported at the next meeting are suggestive. "A young man put up a fence in a graveyard around two graves." A delicate-looking young woman "dug around nineteen fruit trees" for her brother; another "helped take care of the horse for a week;" another raked the lawn; a young man stopped smoking, and did some work after hours; a young woman painted Easter cards; another did some copying; another did house-cleaning; two members wrote extra articles for the newspapers, and appropriated a dollar from their receipts. One girl waked a member of her family every morning at five o'clock; another helped in dress-making. A young man took the place of one of his workmen, and "unloaded a wagon." A young woman made and sold aprons; another sold eggs; another made tissue-paper ornaments; another made candy. A schoolboy worked in a store on Saturday. A member "did the collars and cuffs" and other household matters. A young woman arose and said she earned her dollar by amusing her brother in the evening and trimming hats.

A STRANGE CONVERSION.

AT Mr. Moody's recent meetings in Belfast, the Rev. Wesley Guard mentioned an incident of which he said the facts had just been related to him. It was to the efect that a farmer, living three miles out in the country, wanted to come into the meeting one day, but was unexpectedly detained, and did not know how he would get there in time. He started, and presently he heard a car coming behind him. When it came up the vehicle was stopped, and the man said to the driver, "Thank you, sir, for giving me a lift." "I did not offer you a lift; but as the horse stopped you had better get up." The farmer got up and they drove on. After a little conversation the driver confessed that he was in great distress about his soul, and the tears began to fall. The good man told him the way of life, and there and then as they journeyed on the car the man found salvation. Said he, "I can see now why the horse stopped; it was that I might get into the light."—Mr. Guard, in closing, expressed his conviction that the mission was such as Belfast had never witnessed, even at the great revival of 1859.

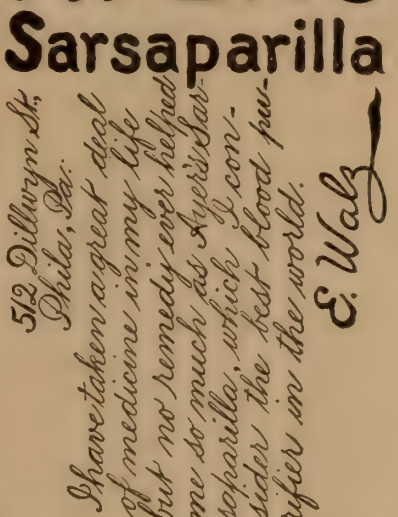
THE GRATEFUL SOUL.

WHEN Mercy spreads her wings
And enters in,
And Justice sulking out,
No more is seen,
And God speaks to the soul—
All is serene.

Death's shadows fright me not,
For God is might;
And though I feel the dark,
Within is bright—
A living lamp, supplied
By living light.

A fount of gratitude
I'll surely be,
For all the mercies, Lord,
Bestowed on me;
Each spray a prayer of thanks,
Sparkling toward thee.—C. B. BAIRD.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla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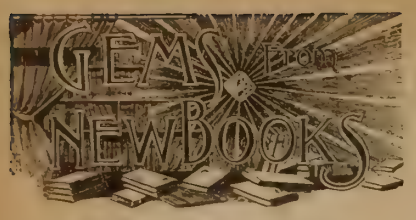

RELIGION IN BUSINESS.*

EVERYBODY in this world who has any sense at all, desires to succeed in religion. For it is evident, upon the least reflection, that that is the only permanent success. There will be no money in the world to come. Among the "many mansions" of the Holy City, there will be none of the significant differences which we see about us here. There will be no tenement-houses. And there will be no social distinctions in that other country, except the differences which are based on actual character. The question as to what this man or that is "worth" will not be answered there by any sum of dollars. And that we leave behind us when we die. The only success that lasts is success in religion. You may be the most moral man that ever kept the last six commandments, but unless you live your good life thinking of God, desiring the approbation and fearing the displeasure of God, striving to learn the will of God, and loving God, "one thing thou lackest," and that a lack so immeasureably important that all else is ruined by that lack. I do not believe that any child who did not care for his father ever really pleased his father. Religion is the pleasing of God our Father. Morality is the pleasing of one's self or one's neighbors. The most important fact that enters into human life is the fact of the existence of God. Without God there is no religion.

Now, what we want is success in religion. And what I desire to say is that success in religion, like success in business, depends on certain business principles. One of these business principles is, that nobody can do anything without trying. Nobody can make any progress in either business or religion without trying. There is no way in this world in which to get something for nothing, except stealing. Whoever wants anything worth having must work for it. Now, to please God is the purpose of religion, just as much as money-making is the purpose of business. Let us see, then. We know, for example, what kind of words please God just as well as we know what kind of bargains make money. Do not enter into that sale, because you will lose by it. Lose what? Lose money, lose success in business. Do not utter that speech, because you will lose by it. Lose what? Lose character, lose the approbation of God, lose success in religion. Who will set up a comparison between these losses? Who will balance duty against dollars? Who will do more to keep the good-will of a customer than to keep the good-will of the Lord God Almighty? And yet does everybody shun a bad word like a bad bargain? Are not the children of this world wiser sometimes than the children of light?

Heart Love and Soul Love.

It is not easy to tell wherein the difference lies between the love of God with the heart and the love of God with the soul. Heart and soul seem to be words of very nearly the same meaning. We notice, however, when we think about it, that the soul signifies much more about a man than the heart. The heart is the seat of the emotions and affections; it is that part of our being with which we experience joy, and grief, and love. But the love of a man is the man himself; it is the immortal, the spiritual, the divine part of us. The most blessed privileges, the profoundest realities of religion, are associated with the soul. Christ came to save our souls.

We love God, then, with the heart when we love him somewhat as the disciples loved the Master, as St. John, whom he loved, loved him. We love him as Mary did, when she cried, "Rabboni!" in the resurrection, and fell at his feet in adoration. There are blessed, serene souls, to whom God seems close as a personal friend. They are always conscious of his blessed presence. They trust him; they depend upon him; they go to him with all their troubles and temptations, with their blessings, sure of his attention, of his unfailing interest, of his help and sympathy. They delight in praying to him. They rejoice in reciting sentences of devotion. The still sanctuary, with its holy associations, its heavenly symbols, its company of silent worshipers seems to them like an opening of the gates of pearl.

Every-Day Christianity.

Christianity means the bettering of common life. It has just as much to do with business as it has with religion, and six times as much to do with week days as it has with Sunday. It is concerned with prayer-books, yes; but not any more than with pocket-books. And yet, listen to this! "The complaint made by American workingmen against the churches is that they fail to influence conduct, that they fail to impress their fundamental principles upon those who give direction to the practical affairs of life in the counting-room, in legislative halls, and on the bench, although these men profess Christianity. Laboring men do not feel that if is better for them to work for a Christian than for one who denies the obligations of Christianity—the outcome of experience has not taught them that such is the case; they do not believe that church membership on the part of their landlord insures just and considerate treatment for his tenants; they do not flock to the merchants who acknowledge Christ as their Master, in confidence that they will merely on that account receive of them honest goods for a fair price; they do not rejoice when they learn that a railway magnate, in whose employ thousands of their number stand, is regularly attending an orthodox church." You know better than I whether that is true or not. And you know just as well as I what Christ would say to such a Christianity as that.

Now, the application which I want to make to-day of this intimate bearing of genuine Christianity upon common life has to do with the holiness of holidays. Christ took the tired disciples out into the country for a holiday. Amidst all the great matters which urged themselves upon the attention of him who had come to save a world, Christ found time and interest to care for the bodily needs of his followers. He felt that the holiness of holidays was a part of his religion.

*From *Christianity Between Sundays*, by George Hodges, pp. 267; cloth. Price $1.00. Thomas Whittaker, 2 and 3 Bible House, N. Y., Publisher.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Human and its Relation to the Divine, by Theodore F. Wright, Ph. D.; pp. 271; cloth; price $1.00. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

Garnered Gems of Sunday School Songs, by H. R. Palmer; pp. 192; price, 35 cts.; paper. The John Church Co., 74 W. 14th Street, Cincinnati, publishers.

Answered Prayer, "A Bood of Remembrance Written Before God," by Arthur T. Pierson, D.D.; leather; price, 25 cts. Fleming H. Revell Co., 30 Union Square, East, New York, publishers.

Outline Analysis of the Books of the Bible, by Prof. Barnard C. Taylor; cloth; pp. 191; price. 75 cts. American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, publishers.

A New Harmony of the Four Gospels in English, Revised Edition, by Rev. George W. Clark, D.D.; cloth; pp. 302; price $1.50. American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, publishers.

The Love of the World, by Mary Emily Case, Professor of Latin and Greek at Wells College, a book of religious meditatations, in the style of Thomas A. Kempis's "Imitation of Christ." Pearl-gray cloth covers; pp. 92; price $1. The Century Co., N. Y., Publishers.

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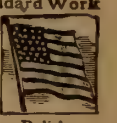
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W. A. J., Eden, Somerset Co., Md. No, to both questions.

S. G., Watertown, N. Y. Write to J. E. Jewett, publisher, Bible House, New York.

Old Subscriber, Red Bank, N. J. There is a paper of the name you mention published in Boston, Mass. That address will reach it.

"A Member of a Presbyterian Family, writes: "The prayers of yourself and others who attend your meetings for prayer are most earnestly requested for one whose soul is in great distress—that she may he saved, and given 'repentance unto life.'"

James Cavana, Dayton, O. The portrait of Columbus, which appeared on the first page of last week's issue of The Christian Herald, was from the only authentic portrait of the explorer that is kown to be in existence. It is said to have been found many years ago in an an old house at Como, where it had been treasured through various generations, ever since it was placed there by Paulo Jovius, an Italian historian and a contemporary of Columbus. Jovius had a portrait gallery and the painting of the Admiral was one of its principal attractions.

Subscriber, N. Y. City. Is it wrong to read the newspapers on Sunday?

It is so regarded by all who believe in complete Sabbath observance.

Subscriber, Chauncey, Ga. What is the best history of Rome from the foundation to Augustus?

There are many excellent ones, including those of Mommsen, Arnold, Niebuhr and Gibbon. The last named is excellent. A more modern history is that of Lenormant, published, we believe, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Inquirer, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. What is the best Bible Encyclopedia and by whom published? 2. Where can I get a complete list of the Protestant churches in Brooklyn?

1. The best is by McClintock & Strong, published by Harpers. 2. The Church Directory, published by C. N. Case, New York City.

James Boughton, Brooklyn, N. Y. Is there any authority for ministers of the Gospel and other public speakers using the plural "we"?

It is a custom established originally for the purpose of avoiding the appearance of egotism. Besides, a speaker frequently speaks in a representative sense, when "we" is unavoidable. The custom has the sanction of immemorial usage.

Isaac W. Wooklynd, Oak Grove, Mo. What is implied in a commander's sailing from port under "sealed instructions"? What are the advantages, or benefits, or purpose of the government issuing sealed instructions?

The only object or advantage of "sealed orders" is that absolute secrecy is secured until the time of opening the orders, when important action immediately follows. To divulge the plans of a commander would in most cases imperil their success. The issuance of sealed orders does not imply any lack of confidence in the judgment or discretion of the commander.

A. M. Lanning, Delaware, Ia. 1. Can a person be immersed and still be a Methodist? 2. Does one receive the greater benefit from reading or traveling?

1. Yes. 2. "Reading," says the proverb, "maketh a full man." Unless the mind be first opened by cultivation and by coming in contact with the great minds of the past as they expressed themselves in books, traveling alone would accomplish little. Sailors may circle the globe and yet know less of the lands they have visited than the scholar who stays at home. Travel is an excellent supplement to a liberal education. It is not an education of itself.

W. S. M., Shamokin, Pa. Was Cornelius converted before Paul was called to visit him, and by whom?

Cornelius is reckoned by Julian and other noted writers as one of the few persons of distinction who embraced Christianity in its earliest stages. His religious position before his interview with Peter has been the subject of much debate. It has been contended that he was a Gentile who, having renounced idols, worshipped the true God, but not after the manner of the Jews, and that he gave much alms. He probably belonged to the same class as Queen Candace's Treasurer (described in The Christian Herald last week), and who had benefited by their contact with the Jewish people so far as to have become convinced that theirs was the true God. Cornelius was regarded as having been selected of God to become the first-fruit of the Gentiles, but he was not converted until his meeting with Peter (not Paul, as our correspondent writes.) In Acts 10 we are told of his vision, and of the divine instruction to him to send to Joppa for Peter, who had already been prepared by the noonday vision on the housetop, for the messengers. It was not until Peter reached the house of Cornelius and explained his mission that the Holy Ghost fell on all present and they were baptized.

E. J. P., Suttons, S. C. Did Judas partake of the Lord's Supper?

It is doubtful, as the Gospels do not state the fact explicitly. The inference from the four narratives is that he left the table before the institution of the sacrament.

"Subscriber," Erie, Pa. 1. How many miracles are recorded in the New Testament? 2 Will there be any deaths during the Millennium? 3. Will people live on the earth as they do now? 4. After the thousand years, what will Satan do after he is released? 5. What is the meaning of gathering them together to battle?

1. Fifty-four, of which thirty-six were worked by Jesus. 2. That is the inference from Isa 65: 20 and other passages. 3. They will live on the earth, but not as they do now. The misery, selfishness, oppression and suffering which now characterize life on earth will disappear under the rule of Christ. 4. See Rev. 20: 7-8. 5. That Satan will make one supreme and final effort to overthrow Christ's kingdom. There will be an outbreak of the sinful rebellion which has been held in check for a thousand years.

CANARY ISLAND SUPERSTITION.

Mr. E. W. Searle, a missionary amongst sailors in the Canaries, writes as follows: "Sometimes a few Spaniards come in, and are pleased with the singing, and gladly receive Gospel tracts; but they are very ignorant of spiritual things, as the following incidents will show: I was returning from the town one day in a tartana, or small cart, when the ringing of a bell and a man carrying a red banner in front of a priest announced that the latter was on his way to administer extreme unction to a dying person. The cart stopped, and all alighted; at the request of the driver I did the same. They then removed their hats and kneeled on the road until the priest had passed. Seeing me standing, they looked very angry and said: 'Are you an infidel? Why did you not kneel?' I said, 'No, I am not an infidel; but why did you kneel?' 'Oh,' replied one, 'because God went by; the priest carried him in a little box.' I asked, 'Do you not know that God is a Spirit and is present everywhere? Besides, he is almighty. Do you think, then, he would allow a man to carry him about in a box?' He and his companions looked amazed and said, 'Does your religion teach that God can see everywhere?' I said it did. 'Then,' said he, 'your religion is better than ours, for I only think of God when I see the box.'"

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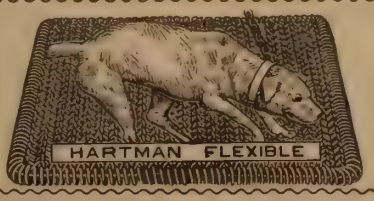

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BORN OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

A Correspondent Describes the Origin and Growth of a 10-Year Old Mission in Panama —God's Work Extending.

S a correspondent of your very valuable paper —giving to its readers that class of matter which tends to help the Christian in things pertaining to his soul's salvation, as he day by day continues his pilgrimage to that far-off land whither we are all traveling. I have very often thought of sending you a few items of news from the Isthmus of Panama. An event has just occurred, marking a very important epoch in the history of mission work here, and one in which hundreds are rejoicing, and may well exclaim:

> High in the heavens, eternal God,
> Thy goodness in full glory shines;
> Thy truth shall break through every cloud
> That veils and darkens thy designs.

Ten years ago this Isthmus—from Panama on the Pacific side, to Colon on the Atlantic—was violently

Shaken by Several Earthquakes,

doing considerable damage in both cities. People deserted their houses and took to the open plazas, others to the savannahs, as they were in fear of their houses falling on them. Amidst all this excitement, two persons took sweet counsel together and decided to throw open their house for prayer; the venture proved a success, as many resorted thither to pray to God. Prayer meetings were continued night after night, and when the dreaded visitant had ceased its angry upheavals, which made many a hardened heart to remember that there is a God, it was decided that on Sundays similar prayer meetings should be held.

Gradually it grew—it took, so to speak—another shape—for then there was a suggestion to have regular services. After some few years the mission was visited periodically by ministers of the Wesleyan body from Jamaica and finally a resident minister was sent down to

Take Over the Little Band

into their fold. The mission, now on a sure footing, commenced work in earnest. Rev. A. W. Geddes, was the minister sent to undertake the important work and he has proved himself an earnest and indefatigable worker in the Master's vineyard, and by his untiring zeal and energy and by the help of God, with joy and gladness to-day we can sing praises to the Redeeming King, for the mercies he has bestowed on us, as the harvest we enjoy is a glorious one. The Wesleyan Mission's sphere of observation extends from Panama to Colon, with seven intervening stations along the line of the Panama R. R. Co., the church at the large village of Empire, being the most flourishing, with Bujio and Trijoles coming next in importance. The church at Colon is under the charge of the Rev. C. M. Clark, who was ordained on the 25th of August of this year.

To go back from where I made this digression, let me proceed to tell of this event, and what was its chief importance. As is customary, the mission yearly celebrates its founding; but this year completed the decade. Rev. T. Penzotti, who arrived here three weeks ago as an agent of the New York Bible Society, kindly consented to preach in Spanish, and accordingly the three P.M. service on Anniversary Sunday, Sept. 25, was set apart for that important event. The service was given wide publicity, it having been announced

In the Three Different Languages.

Hymns specially printed in Spanish were freely distributed. A dense congregation of Colombians and Jamaicans, etc., filled the mission room to overflowing. This was the first time such a thing had been ever witnessed in the history of the Isthmus. At the close of the sermon, Mr. Penzotti spoke in quite an eulogistic manner of Colombia and its people, —the freedom he found in the country and in the press. Great praise is expressed on all sides for the very orderly manner in which the people conducted themselves, when taking into consideration the mixed congregation, also to the marked attention which was paid to the first sermon ever preached in the Protestant Church here. There were present between five and six hundred people, and it is a fair average to say that 250 were Colombians. They went away quite delighted. It is to be earnestly hoped and prayed for that this service will, if not immediately, but some time to come, yield forth its fruit.

Panama, Sept. 26. JAMES M. REEVES.

"THE MARTYR-LAND."

In a very interesting article on "The First Hundred Years of Modern Missions," in the *Methodist Magazine*, Rev. J. S. Ross, writes: "Africa has been called the "martyr land," and also the "white man's grave," from the astounding mortality of the missionaries sent out. In forty years, of eighty-seven men sent by the Church Missionary Society, thirty died in the first twelve years. The Wesleyan Missionary Society up to 1864 had in their burial ground on the west coast of Africa, graves of more than forty missionaries and their wives. The Moravians sent nine missionaries to Guinea, and in two years they were all dead, and the mission had to be abandoned. Fifty-five missionaries, nearly all of whom labored on the lower Congo, died within ten years. Professor Drummond, a few years ago visited the Livingstonia mission on Lake Nyassa. He found houses, but they were all empty. One by one the missionaries had sickened and died of fever. Four or five mounds under the shadow of a huge granite mountain told the sad tale of Africa's deadly climate."

"GIVE ME MY PORTION HERE."

A MERCHANT of ——, engaged in a lucrative trade, was convinced by the Spirit of God that he was an heir of hell, but might, by repentance and faith in Jesus Christ, become an heir of heaven. The "god of this world" tempted him with much earthly gain, and God, in the person of the Holy Ghost, offered him durable riches and righteousness. He was fully convinced, as he said, that the riches of earth and the riches of heaven were set before him, and that he could not obtain both, but might have his choice. He glanced at heaven's durable riches, and then settled his covetous gaze upon earth's glittering gold. He paused, feeling his choice was for eternity, but strangely, madly said, "Give me my portion here." His prayer was answered. His riches were multiplied. But, said he, "I know that to gain the world, I have lost my soul."

THE FRIGHTENED BUSHRANGER.

A good clergyman was once sent for to a wild and dangerous part of Australia, on some errand of duty and mercy. He travelled up too poor to be in any great danger from bushrangers or robbers, but as he came back he had to bring in his saddle-bags a large sum of money, not of his own, but belonging to the dying man he had been sent for to comfort. He knew that a dangerous robber was aware that he was riding along this lonely track through the bush with all this money about him, and when he got to one part of the road he felt so frightened that he thought he was not trusting God as a Christian should. He wanted a little quiet, so he got off his horse and stood by it, with his eyes shaded against it, praying for faith and courage not to be afraid of the bushranger robbers, and to be guarded against them. He prayed till he felt calm enough to ride on, and then he mounted his horse, and reached the town in safety with the money which he had in charge.

Sometime later he was once more called to visit a man on a sick bed, and he recognized him as the robber of whom he had been so afraid in his ride. This man had told him he had felt he could not die without confessing that on that day he had followed him, intending to rob and murder him, but could get no opportunity.

"Why did not you do it when I got off my horse?" asked the clergyman in surprise. "I could not then," said the bushranger; "there were too many of you."

"What do you mean?" said the clergyman; "I was quite alone in the bush—standing with my head resting against my horse's side for a long time. You could have killed me then."

"You were not alone," said the bushranger. "I saw you standing as you describe, but there was a man standing on each side of you."

Certainly there had been no other men with the clergyman in that hour of terror when he cried to God, but it is just possible that God really did open the robber's eyes, and show him his angels guarding his servant as he went on his dangerous duty, as Elisha's servant's eyes were opened to see celestial guardians around his master. But, whatever may be the explanation, God did send his angels to frighten away the robber, and by so doing he saved him from a great crime as well as the good clergyman from death.

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BEATTY Pianos, Organs, $33 up. Want agts. Cat'lg Free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N.J.

"WELL BRED, SOON WED." GIRLS WHO USE
SAPOLIO
ARE QUICKLY MARRIED. TRY IT IN YOUR NEXT HOUSE-CLEANING.

Grateful Flood Sufferers.

Through "The Christian Herald" Missionary, they tender Thanks to those whose who Helped them in their Extremity.

GRATEFUL and comforting are the words of Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, The Christian Herald Sunday School Missionary in the South, in the letter which we publish below. He conveys to those sympathetic Christian readers of this journal who contributed toward the relief of the sufferers by the recent floods, the thanks of all who have been benefited by their generosity. His letter deals with the disposition of the final remittance from the Relief Fund. He writes:

Kirksville, Mo., Sept. 16, 1892.

Editor of The Christian Herald:

Soon after receiving the last check, I went to Gregory's Landing, taking with me from Alexandria, Mr. Noah Childers, who was well acquainted with the people where we were going. They were entire strangers to me. The village is situated on the west bank of the Mississippi, on low, level land. The Fox river coming down from the northwest empties into the Mississippi about half a mile north of the village. Honey Creek meanders around northwest, west, and southwest of the town, at a distance of about a mile or more from it, and a mile and a half to two miles from Fox river. The land between Honey Creek and Fox river is a low plain, abutting on the Mississippi on the east. The village is situated on the east of this plain, very close to the great river. The overflow of this place, and of the plain west of it, seems to have been even deeper than the floods at Alexandria—which were described in my former report.

Mr. Childers and I visited from house to house in the town, to ascertain the wants of the people; we then procured a horse and wagon and visited houses in the adjacent country. Following are the names of the persons to whom the last remittance from The Christian Herald Fund for flood sufferers was distributed:

At and near Gregory's Landing, Clark Co., Mo., Jasper Miller, $9.70; Monroe Anderson, $6.50; Clifton Brown (colored), $5.00; John A. Jewett, $7.50; Robert Wheeler, $7.50; Jasper Higbee, $6.00.

At and near Alexandria, Clark Co., Mo., Mrs. Peeples, $5.00; Mrs. Mary L. Brown, $4.50; Mr. S. B. Scott, $4.50; Noah Childers (services), $1.50; donated by Geo. W. Sharp, $1.10.

Following is the plan of my report of the former distribution. I refer to each case in the order in which assistance was rendered.

1. A renter, has a wife and five children—their house was shaken so by the violence of the flood that they moved (in a skiff) to their barn loft, about 100 yards distant—the water was about three feet deep in their house, and was all around it; their children are small, the oldest being about twelve years old. The family lived in the barn-loft about three weeks.

2. A renter, lost his crop, had made some improvement to render his tenement house comfortable, all of which was lost and the house torn to pieces by the flood; had been having sickness in his family three or four weeks when I was there.

3. A renter, has a wife and three or four children, is a needy and aged colored man.

4. Lost household goods in the house which he had to abandon; a renter; lost his crop; is quite old; has four children.

5. A renter, has a wife and four children; lost his crop.

6. An old man afflicted with asthma, a renter, has a wife and four children.

7. A widow woman with small children, no income except from washing, etc., driven from her house by the flood.

8. This case is best described in a letter from the writer, a poor aged widow:

> I am thankful and grateful to you for remembering me so kindly, and my heart overflows with love to God for all his goodness and mercy to me. Yes, I would be thankful for some help as I have been sick all summer and did not raise anything but burs.

9. This case was made known to me in a letter from a trusty Christian man from which I make extracts:

> The family live in a house in the outskirts of town and rent a small piece of ground on which to raise truck, this year of course nothing. They are becoming quite feeble, being about eighty years old. They have one boy, the only child I know of, who is at times crazy and has to be taken to the asylum. They are, I think, the most needy of anyone I know.

10. A friend to whom a small compensation was given for his time and services, left his work in the morning at my request to go with me from Alexandria to Gregory and remained with me till next day near noon. His assistance was very helpful. He also kindly consented to distribute a box of clothing which was sent to me at Kirksville and which I sent to him. It was sent from a lady in Vermont, and though the letter has been preserved I regret that it is not at hand at this writing, so that I could give the name of the town from which it came. A lady from Bolivar, Mo., had previously sent me a package of clothing which I distributed to flood sufferers at Gregory.

As I shall be very much from my home, Kirksville, it would be better that persons who may hereafter desire to send clothing for the people at Alexandria or Gregory should send to Mr. Noah Childers, Alexandria, Mo.

A considerable portion of the flood sufferers have found employment and are earning wages, and some have moved to other localities; but there is a number of aged and infirm people, and widows, some with small children, who may need to be assisted with clothing suitable to the approaching cold weather.

When I was at Gregory the water had entirely subsided, and finding they had no Sunday School I circulated an appointment, and at night addressed the people and organized a Sunday School. I had a pleasant interview with a beloved brother of the Old Baptist persuasion He was reading in The Christian Herald of Aug. 3, the account of my distribution to flood sufferers at Alexandria, during the high water. He said,

"Goodness! the people were in an awful fix. Why didn't they get out of there?"

I answered, "How could they, when the overflow extended seven miles back to the bluff?"

"They could get out, like you got in."

"But the water had fallen enough," I rejoined, "by the time I got there for me to get to the town on the railroad."

Then, in the evident allusion to my having to row through the streets and around the town in a skiff, he said, "And your life was in danger, too. I just believe it was foreordained that you should go in there and help that people and get out alive. Yes, sir, I do."

I beg to express my sincere and gratetul thanks to The Christian Herald and all the donors who have so kindly contributed to sustain me in my missionary work; and to all whose donations to flood sufferers have enabled me to assist them in various ways; and to all who by gospel tracts, etc., and by assurances of their prayerful interest in my work as missionary have encouraged me to go forward in the name, and for the glory of our adorable Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

The exposure, hardships and sufferings incident to missionary life are a heavy tax on health and strength; and I earnestly request the prayers of the Christian reader in my behalf; and in behalf of my family, from whom I am absent so much; and for God's blessing upon the work. Geo. W. Sharp.

Ealse Economy

Is practiced by many people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

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and by persistence in their use the chronic case of dyspepsia can be absolutely cured.

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Peptonix sold by druggists, or by mail, postpaid, 75 cents per box.

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South Waukegan NO SALOONS.

The Business Center is now located, and

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FACTORIES are preparing to begin operations, and all who will come in the near future to live at South Waukegan will be given employment. Now is the time to visit the town. For the next twenty days we will pay your railroad fare here and return, providing it does not exceed 2 1-2 per cent. of the value of lots you purchase while here. RESIDENCE LOTS can still be had at $200 and up. New plats and pamphlets mailed on request.

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REV. C. H. SPURGEON,

THAT WILL BE READ WITH GREAT INTEREST BY ALL WHO ARE AT DEATH'S DOOR.

Dear Mr. Congreve:—As a rule I have no faith in advertised remedies; but it must now be some twenty-five years since first I saw in the person of one of my students the effects of your remedy. He seemed at death's door, but he lives now, a strong, hearty man

Since then I have seen in many, very many instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but I testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have saved numbers from Consumption. I have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of your medicine with sincere gratitude.

Personally, I find it most useful in the case of wearing cough.

Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation.—

Yours heartily,
(Rev.) C. H. SPURGEON.
"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

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THE CRY OF THE SOUL.

O H how the name of Jesus fills
With joy the waiting heart!
His perfect love the bosom thrills,
And gives to each a part.
Lord Jesus, let thy will be done;
Through thee alone the crown is won.

Oh perfect love that casts out fear!
Oh holy peace, divine!
To thee, my Saviour, draw me near,
I would be wholly thine.
I consecrate my life, my all,
And at thy feet I humbly fall.

Cast out the dread of death and hell,
The terrors of the tomb,
And in my bosom, Jesus, dwell,
Dispel the dark and gloom;
And may I lay my all on thee,
Both now and through eternity.

No other joy I yet have found
As perfect, Lord, as this;
I'm standing now on holy ground,
Awaiting future bliss.
Oh let me live and let me die,
While thus on thee, Lord, I rely.

The grave has lost its darkened gloom,
And all is love and light;
I hasten now toward the tomb,
All clothed in Jesus' might.
I meet my Saviour at the door;
He bids me weep and sigh no more.

I'll work for Jesus here on earth,
I'll rest with him on high;
I've found what means the holy birth,
And love's eternal tie:
Upon thy breast of love, O Lord,
I only wait my great reward.

Evanston, Ills. —J. N. Gortner.

MORE EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

DR. FLINDERS PETRIE'S latest excavations in Egypt have resulted in finding many valuable antiquities. Last season Dr. Petrie explored the "City of Khuenaten," a new city which that Pharaoh built for himself, now known as Tel le Amarna. The strange and interesting results of the explorations show that Khuenaten had introduced many novelties into Egypt in addition to that of a new religion. Among these, it is found that he had brought in a new style of art, not only in sculpture, but in painting and decorative art as well. 1400 B. C. is the date given to these relics by Dr. Petrie (that is over 3,000 years ago), and most of the colors appear as sound as when first laid on: the touches with the brush are yet clear and distinct. The question as to how this new style of art reached the Nile Valley will, no doubt, attract the consideration of Egyptologists. Dr. Petrie thinks it was entirely due to the personality of Khuenaten himself; for the art, as well as the sun-worship, was all swept away by the Pharaohs that followed him.

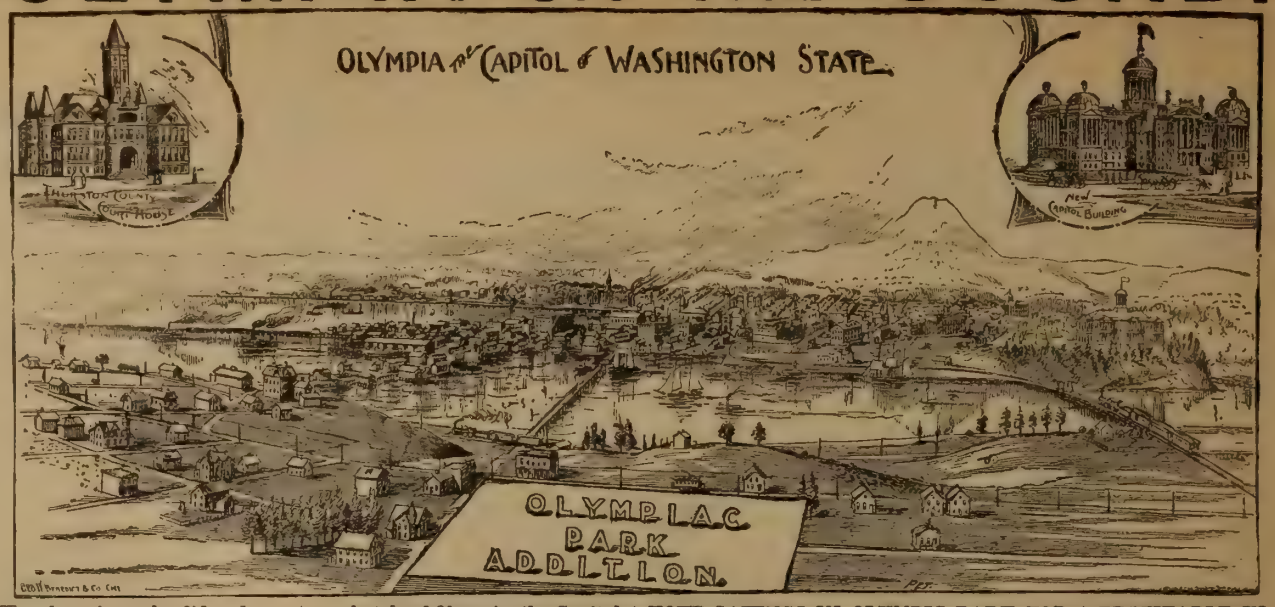
A SECRET RECORDER.

It is recorded of that reverend martyr, Bishop Latimer, that he took especial care in the placing of his words before Bonner, because he heard the pen working in the chimney, behind the cloth, setting down all (it may be more) than he said. So we ought circumspectly to look to our sayings and doings: for conscience, as a scribe or registrar, sitting in the closet of our hearts, with pen in hand, makes a record of all our ways, sets down the time when, the place where, the manner how things were performed, and that so clear and evident, that go where we will, do what we can, the characters of them shall never be cancelled or razed out, till God appears in judgment.

THE HEART'S GARDEN.

Gotthold ordered a pasture in his garden to be dressed afresh, and planted with all varieties of bulbs. The work, when finished, suggested to him the following reflections. Although the gardener has exercised his skill upon this plot of ground, and given it a form, which adds greatly to its beauty, nevertheless like other earth, it still retains the wildness of its nature, and unless carefully kept, would, ere long, be overgrown with weeds. It is the same with the hearts of God's children. No doubt they have experienced a blessed regeneration, have become other men, and by the grace, word, and Spirit of their heavenly Father, have had their hearts transformed and renewed. Still innate sinfulness continues lurking within them, and must daily be kept under, by repentance and prayer, struggle and holy resolutions. They who are sincerely pious, do indeed forsake sin, but sin does not forsake them.

OLYMPIA ON THE SOUND.



The above is a splendid and very true sketch of Olympia, the Capital of the wonderful State of Washington, showing the relative position of Olymyic Park Addition. OLYMPIA is a growing, thriving young city of over 8,000 people, situated at the head of navigation on Puget Sound; possesses unrivaled transportation facilities, both rail and water, resources great and inexhaustable, such as Lumber, Coal, Iron, Tin, Gold, Silver, etc., etc., and abundance of natural advantages; one of the greatest water powers west of the Mississippi River; a harbor second to none in the world, which floats the largest vessels and is headquarters for a great many steamboats. Olympia's population has more than doubled during the past 18 months, and is growing faster and making more substantial improvements according to her population than any other city in America. OLYMPIA has four railroads, besides these the Great Northern and Union Pacific are now actively engaged in building, and will be running trains into Olympia in a few months. MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES OF ALL KINDS ARE LOCATING AT OLYMPIA. The combination of unlimited resources and great natural advantages, capital and enterprise is pushing Olympia to the front and will keep her there. PUT YOUR SAVINGS IN OLYMPIC PARK FOR A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT. Interest yourself in this great young city, the coming metropolis of the Pacific Coast. It will be safer and more profitable than depositing in a savings bank. Olympic Park is within one mile of the State Capitol building and Post Office. All lots are 25x100 feet. All lay well, not a bad lot in the whole addition. Inside lots are $125 each; corner lots, $150. Terms, $10 cash, balance, $5 per month; or one-third cash, balance in two equal payments running one and two years. Ten per cent. discount for all cash. Deferred payments draw six per cent. interest. Warranty deeds given, title guaranteed. By having lots reserved you will secure better location. Lots ordered by telegraph will be reserved a reasonable time for remittance to reach us by mail. Send us $10 and we will select for you the best lot unsold, we will send you a plat showing the lot selected. If you do not like the lot selected you can exchange for any lot unsold. We will reserve lots 10 days upon payment of a small amount per lot, which amount will apply as part of first payment. Send money by express or P. O. order or Chicago draft, payable to order of Russell & Russell. As to our reliability we refer you to

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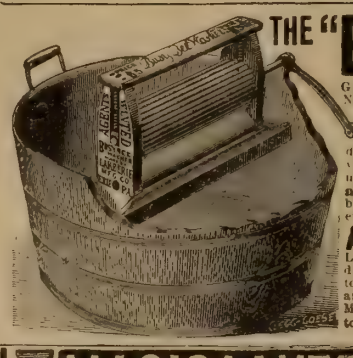
Prices will be advanced $25 per lot on the 15th of November, 1892.



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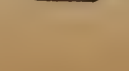

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Helpful Anecdotes

TWO LETTERS.

IT was a time of spiritual awakening in a small manufacturing town. The foreman in a department of one of the factories became anxious about his soul. He was directed to Christ as the sinner's only refuge by many, and by his own master among the rest; but it seemed to be without result. At last his master thought of reaching his mind, and bringing him to see the necessity of God in the Gospel, by writing a note asking him to come to see him at six o'clock, after he left "the work."

He came promptly, with the letter in his hand. When ushered into his room, his master inquired, "Do you wish to see me, James?"

James was confounded, and holding up the note requesting him to come, said:

"The letter! The letter!"

"Oh," said the master, "I see you believe that I wanted to see you, and when I sent you the message you came at once."

"Surely, sir! surely, sir!" replied James.

"Well, see; here is another letter sent for you by One equally in earnest," said his master, holding up a slip of paper with some texts of Scripture written upon it.

James took the paper and began to read slowly: "Come—unto—me—all—ye—that—labor," etc. His lips quivered; his eyes filled with tears; and, nearly choking with emotion, he thrust his hand into his jacket pocket, grasping his large red handkerchief, with which he covered his face, and there he stood for a few moments not knowing what to do. At length he inquired:

"Am I just to believe that in the same way I believe your letter?"

"Just in the same way," rejoined the master. "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater." This expedient was owned of God in setting James at liberty. He was a happy believer that very night, and has continued to go on his way rejoicing in God his Saviour, to point others to Calvary, and to walk in the narrow way.

* * *

The Influence of a Child.

A LARGE, strong man came forward as a candidate for church membership. By the hand he held a fair, delicate child of nine years, and pointing to her as the tears rolled down his cheeks, he said: "She showed me the way. I knew I was a sinner, and needed the pardon and sanctification, but I kept putting the matter off. I heard the most powerful sermons, but would say: 'Go thy way for this time.' My pious wife entreated me to be reconciled to Jesus, but I turned a deaf ear to all her persuasions. But when my little daughter came again and again, and putting her loving little arms about my neck would say, 'Dear father, won't you go to heaven, too? Father, you don't know how good Jesus is. O father! He died for you and me; can't you love him?'—I could resist no longer; and blessed be the God of my dear child, he is mine too now, and shall be mine to all eternity." Thus was the father's soul saved through the prayers and entreaties of a little child.

* * *

Spiritual and Carnal Appreciation.

ALPHONSE KARR heard a gardener ask his master's permission to sleep for the future in the stable; "For," he said, "there is no possibility of sleeping in the chamber behind the greenhouse, sir; there are nightingales there which do nothing but guggle, and keep up a noise all the night." The sweetest sounds are but an annoyance to those who have no musical ear; doubtless the music of heaven would have no charms to carnal minds, certainly the joyful sound of the Gospel is unappreciated, so long as men's ears remain unopened.

* * *

A Merit-Monger Rebuked.

A GARDENER offering a plant (being the best present the poor man had) to the Duke of Burgundy, was bountifully rewarded by the duke, which his steward observing, and thinking to make use of his bounty, presented him with a fine horse; the duke, being a very wise, discreet man, perceived the project, received the horse, and gave him nothing for it. So will God deal with all merit-mongers who think, by their good works, to purchase heaven, which cannot be, the work being finite, the wages infinite.

* * *

"The Chariot of His Providence."

ALEXANDER of Russia used often to ride in a plain carriage, incognito. A man on the road asked if he might ride with him. He got into the carriage, and after awhile was inquisitive as to the name of the man with whom he was riding. He said, "Are you a lieutenant?" "No," said the king. "Are you a major?" "No," said the king. "Are you a general?" "No," said the king; "but I am something higher than that." The man said, "Then you must be the emperor," and was overwhelmed with his company. In this world God appears to us in strange ways. He takes us up in the chariot of his providence to ride with him, and we know him not. At death the disguise will be gone, and for the first time it will be known to us that we have been riding with the King.

* * *

The Arm and the Sword.

IT is reported of a great person, that being desirous to see the sword wherewith Scanderbeg had done such great exploits, when he saw it, replied, he saw no such great matter in that sword more than any other sword. "It is truth," said one, standing by; "you see the sword, but not the arm that wielded it." So, when we look upon the Scriptures, the bare word, whether printed in our Bibles or audible in the pulpit, we shall find no such business in it more than in other writings; but when we consider the arm of God's power that joins with it, when we look upon the operation of his Holy Spirit working therein, then we shall change our thought and say as Jacob did of Bethel, "Surely, of a certain, God is in this Word!"

ENGLAND SPEAKS.

THE FOLLOWING IMPORTANT FACT cannot be too frequently impressed upon the minds of suffering humanity, that Mr. Gould, E. B. P., of England is giving the Hop Prescription for Bitters to all applicants who send a two cent stamp for postage. Anyone in possession of this valuable prescription can for 25 cents make a quart of this marvelous medicine. It may be interesting to learn that with this prescription all kinds of hopeless cases have been treated with success, when all other remedies have absolutely failed; for the simple reason that under its influence the food begins to digest, the Appetite increase, Langour and Drowsiness depart, Swelling after meals is no more felt, Constipation is remedied, and by a gentle stimulation of the Liver and Kidneys removes Nervousness and General Debility which frequently accompany the same; and by correcting the principal organs of the system arouses into action the main Springs of Life. Thousands of letters of thanks have been received, and thousands are blessing the day the Hop Compound for Bitters fell across their path: and the prescription is given absolutely free of charge to all people, rich or poor, who send a two cent stamp for postage of the same. Or I will mail a packet of the ingredients and the prescription for 25 cents in stamps or postal note. A mode of Self Treatment at home has been a long-felt want by all well regulated minds, and will be found exceedingly advantageous to sensible people who desire to see and know what they are swallowing. Address—Mr. GOULD, 1345 Arch Street, Philadelphia Pa. P. O. Box 934.

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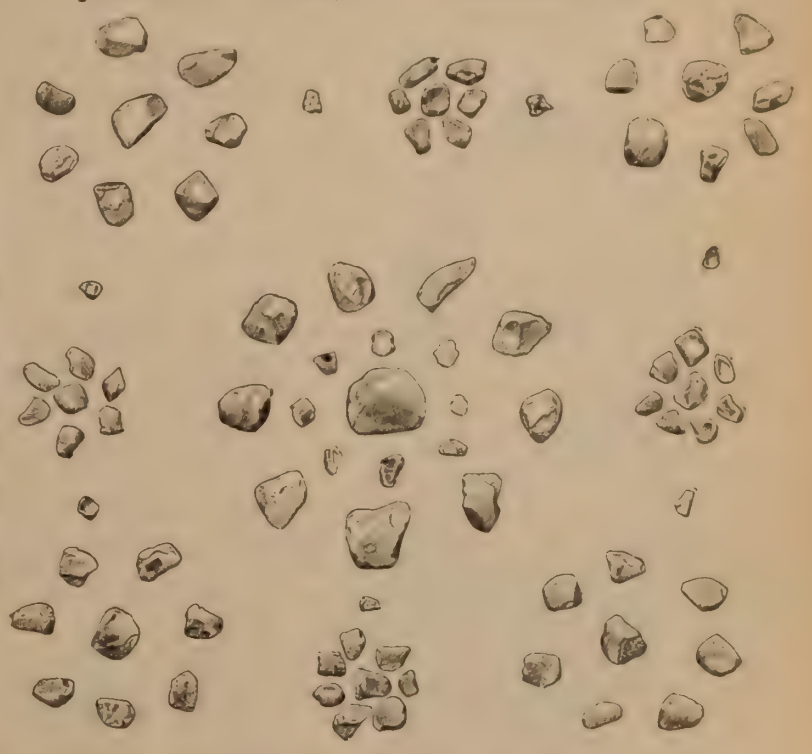
The following plate is from a photograph, and represents the exact size and shape of Calculi passed by the Hon. T. J. JARRATT, ex-Mayor of Petersburg, Va.:



The original stone shown in the cut together with one from a similar case will be on exhibition from October 6th to 30th inclusive, at Dimmit's Pharmacy, Astor House, cor. Broadway and Barclay Street, New York, from whom information may be obtained.

STATEMENT OF DR. JOHN HERBERT CLAIBORNE, M.A., M.D., of Petersburg, Va., Ex-President and Honorary Fellow Medical Society of Virginia.

PETERSBURG, VA., September 5, 1892.

Dr. E. C. Laird, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.:

MY DEAR DOCTOR.—I send by this mail a box of CALCULI, passed at various times within the last year by Hon. T. J. Jarratt, our former Mayor, whilst drinking the BUFFALO Lithia Water.

They gave him but little pain now when passing. I have never critically examined the broken CALCULI, passed in such quantities from Mr. Jarratt's bladder; but am under the impression that the most of them were MAGNESIAN PHOSPHATES. There were specimens, however, which presented the appearance of OXYLATES, and, I remember, impressed me specially as being URIC ACID. I do not pretend to account for the mode of their solution by the Buffalo Lithia Water There is nothing in its analysis which would warrant such results; but THE RESULTS ARE THERE, and seeing is believing. I can only suppose that in Nature's Alembic there has been some subtle solvent evolved, too subtle to be caught by our course re-agents, which makes this wonderful disintegration. "There are many things in heaven and earth not dreamt of in our philosophy," and his is a short creed who only believes what he can prove or explain.

Faithfully yours, JOHN HERBERT CLAIBORNE.

IT IS WELL KNOWN THAT **STONE IN THE BLADDER**, FOR THE MOST PART **GOUT, RHEUMATIC GOUT, RHEUMATISM**, AND ALSO VARIOUS FORMS OF **DYSPEPSIA** AND NERVOUS PROSTRATION HAVE A COMMON ORIGIN, VIZ., **EXCESS OF URIC ACID** IN THE BLOOD. IT IS EVIDENT, THEN, FROM THE FOREGOING STATEMENT, THAT THIS WATER MUST POSSESS EXTRAORDINARY POTENCY ALIKE IN ALL OF THESE MALADIES. IN **BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS** IT IS WELL-NIGH SPECIFIC.

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FOR ALL CHRISTIAN PEOPLE.

C. M. HOTCHKIN, President. CHAS. B. HOLDREGE, Secretary.

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Beautiful in Location.

All Christian people are invited to make this their home while visiting the World's Fair. **It is not necessary** to be an Endeavorer to secure a room at Hotel Endeavor. Hotel Endeavor is to be three stories high, and will accommodate two thousand guests. It is to be constructed in the form of a hollow square, **with a park two hundred and forty feet square within,** filled with large native trees. In this park there will be a **chapel,** where there will be morning and evening services, and preaching every Lord's Day, by distinguished clergymen, **among them Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.**

The Chapel Services.

Around the whole building, facing the park, will be a wide, covered piazza, which will be the **grand social meeting place,** and **where the Endeavor Orchestra will play daily.** There will also be a large piazza three hundred feet long on the lake front, at the beach. Hotel Endeavor will have a large lobby, general parlor, ladies' writing-room, and ladies' reception room, gentleman's writing-room, news stand, telegraph office, etc. Every floor will have ladies' toilet and bath rooms, also men's toilet and bath rooms. **The beautiful, large Dining Hall,** and the entire house and grounds **lighted by electricity.** Hallways and dining-room heated by steam. The majority of the rooms we call "B" rooms. They will contain double spring bed, with mattress, bureau, table, and other furnishings, with electric call-bells connecting rooms with hotel office. This class of rooms is designed for two persons. Larger rooms called "C" rooms, with same furnishings, but in addition having a single bed, are designed to be occupied by three persons.

On The Beach.

Many of the rooms are in suites. All rooms in the Hotel Endeavor are **outside rooms, with large windows.** All have plenty of light and fresh air. Transom over each door. The price per day for "B" rooms is $2.00, *i. e.*, $1.00 each, if two occupy it, or $2.00, if only one. Price of "C" rooms is $3.00 a day for one person, or $1.50 each for two persons, or $1.00 each if three persons occupy it. This does not include meals. The above prices are for those who have paid the **advance register fee.** If not registered in advance, the regular prices will be charged. There is connected with Hotel Endeavor a very large **Dining Hall, 200 x 60 feet, under our own management,** conducted on the European plan, and persons can live very comfortably on $1.00 a day for meals, while $1.50 will be all one need spend. Everything furnished will be first-class, and well served. Hotel Endeavor is only a few minutes' walk from the World's Fair grounds (the south line of the Fair being at Sixty-seventh Street). It is only one block from the electric railroad (fare, five cents), which takes you to the main entrance of the Fair. Pier in front of Hotel Endeavor, where steamer will take you to World's Fair grounds and business centre of the city. The hotel is but two blocks from the Illinois Central Railroad, with sixty trains a day to the city, stopping at all entrances of the World's Fair. Fair opens May 1, and closes October 31, 1893. It will be open every day, **except Sunday,** at 10 A.M., and close at 10 P.M. Hotel Endeavor will be open from April 15 to November 15, 1893.

Rates For Rooms.

The Dining Hall.

Near the World's Fair.

Do you wish to stop at Hotel Endeavor and enjoy all the privileges it offers? Do you want your rooms **reserved** for you, so when you arrive they will be **all ready for you** to occupy? Do you want rooms in any particular **location?** Have you a choice of **floors?** Do you want your rooms in **suites?** Do you want a light, pleasant, and airy room for **$1.00 a day?** Do you want to go to a hotel where you have fine and safe bathing, the best on the lake, with a beach perfectly safe for children to play on? *Do you want to stop where* **no liquor of any kind** *is sold, and in a prohibition district,* without a saloon or bar? **If so, send $3.00 for every adult person** as an advance register fee (no register fee required for children under twelve years old), remit to our **treasurer, James R. Chapman,** cashier American Trust and Savings Bank (capital, one million dollars), corner LaSalle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill. **Send your advance register fee at once,** and avail yourselves of these advantages, as the number to be registered is limited. At your earliest convenience, unless able to do so now, write us, giving date you hope to come, number of days you expect to stay, your preference of floors and rooms. Same will be assigned to you unless already engaged; in which case we will give you a room nearest to that you wish; if that is not satisfactory, *will return your register fee.* Should you name a date, same can be changed any time **thirty days before March 1, '93;** or, should you for any reason be unable to come, your register ticket can be transferred to any person you may designate by writing to the secretary. The $3.00 register fee does not apply on room-rent, but secures you a room **in advance, at the reduced rates.** *Upon receipt of register fee, your room will be reserved for you.* **No further payment will be required until you are given possession.** April 1 a circular will be sent to every registered name, giving the **proper directions** for reaching Hotel Endeavor from every railroad entering our city. **WE WOULD ADVISE YOU TO SEND YOUR REGISTER FEE AT ONCE,** and secure your room. If you delay, it might be impossible to care for you when you come, even at the regular rates. Our present rates are exceedingly low, and will be advanced at an early date.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 15. Copyright 1892, by Louis Klopsch. NUMBER 43

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor. Office Bible House New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1892.

PRICE 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50.

Gospel Work Among Seamen.

How the New York Port Society, through its Pastors and Missionaries, has Preached Christ to the Sailors for Seventy Years—Work that has been Richly Blessed in Conversions, and whose Influence has Spread Throughout the World.

MARINERS' CHURCH, NEW YORK.

"CHILDREN of the Sea," the sailors have been called; and both in sacred and secular literature they are regarded as a class apart from those who dwell on land. When the first sailors came in their ships across the Atlantic to the shores of America, the aborigines deemed that they had dropped from Heaven, and that their gleaming sails were wings. In both poetry and prose, the lives of the "Children of the Sea," are invested with a halo of romance, and are full of heroism and self-sacrifice. "It requires bravery to face an army of men," said Dr. Talmage in a recent sermon, "but far more bravery to face an army of ocean surges, led on by hurricanes."

Inured to peril by day and night, the sailor comes to regard the ocean as his heritage, and its billows as landmarks. So little of the sailor's life is spent on shore, that he can hardly be said to have a home on land. When off the ship he is out of his natural element, and, surrounded by the many temptations and allurements that beset the stranger, he is easily led into vice and sin. In a great port like New York the sailor is made the special object of attack by harpies and sirens, who lie in wait for "poor Jack," and also by the freebooters who associate with him merely for the purpose of plunder. It too often happens that a sailor's earnings of many months are swept away in a single night of dissipation ashore, and that the vicious habits thus formed result in blasting a whole life-time.

In many large maritime cities throughout the world, Seamen's Homes and chapels have been established by Christian people for the purpose of affording a refuge for the sailors and a social and spiritual anchorage during their stay in port. The leading institution of this character in America is the New York Port Society. It was organized in 1818, and has for over seventy years been a light-house and safe-harbor to the sailor. Its incorporators were prominent Christian merchants of New York, who were brought into contact with the sailors, and became impressed with their sadly neglected spiritual condition. A meeting was called to consider the matter, and the society was shortly afterward organized and incorporated. In 1820, the Mariners' Church was built in Roosevelt St., being the first edifice erected on land for seamen, and Rev. Henry Chase was appointed pastor. Mr. Chase labored faithfully and successfully until his death in 1853. In the following year, a new and larger church edifice was erected on the corner of Madison and Catharine streets, at a cost of $40,000, and Rev. Charles G. Jones was appointed as Mr. Chase's successor. After a faithful pastorate of eight years, he was followed in 1864 by Rev. Elijah D. Murphy, who for twenty-four years labored diligently among the "Children of the Sea," and whose work was greatly blessed of God in the conversion of many souls. His health failing about five years ago, Rev. Samuel Boult was chosen as Pastor, and has continued in spiritual charge since that time.

During Dr. Murphy's pastorate, the work of the Port Society expanded greatly. He was assisted by two male and three female missionaries, who regularly visited the seamen's boarding houses in New York and Brooklyn, and invited the sailors to the church and reading-room. Morning and evening services were held daily, and Sunday was always a Gospel field-day. A regular church organization was effected and soon a good-sized congregation was enrolled. Besides the reading-room, there were other facilities for the convenience of the sailors, including a post-office, to which Jack could have his letters addressed so as to avoid the scrutiny of boarding-house keepers, and unscrupulous persons. The Marine Temperance Society in connection with the Mariners' Church has on its list over 75,000 members, all fighting the sailor's worst enemy—strong drink. The Mariners' Church—which is shown in the illustration on this page—is a substantial building, and contains, besides the church proper, a reading-room, room for lectures and prayer meetings, and several inquiry-rooms together with the pastor's study and offices. The reading-room and chapel are both well-known to the sailors who come to New York. They have sent out blessing and healing all over the world, and hardly a week-day passes without some testimony being given at some of the meetings demonstrating the good results that have followed the long and faithful work of the Society and its missionaries. Many of the converted sailors have become missionaries in their turn, and are now carrying the Gospel to distant parts of the world.

Several of these cases are specially deserving of mention in this connection. One of those who gave their souls to the Saviour at the Mariners' Church, is Capt. D. C. Smith, formerly of the steamer *Doris*, who was converted about ten years ago. For sometime after that event, he labored at the Church as missionary. He was afterward ordained as a Baptist preacher and is now pastor of the First Baptist Church, Sheboygan, Wis., where he is conducting a most earnest and glorious work for the Master. Another sailor-convert is Jonas Johnson, a native of Iceland, who gave his heart to the Lord at the Mariners' Church some six years ago. Johnson, who is a serious, earnest and energetic young man of more than average intelligence, had long realized that religion in Iceland is a mere formalism. After his conversion he went to Winnipeg, Man., where he entered upon Gospel work. A number of Presbyterians in the section where he labored were so pleased with his ministrations that they sent him to college and meanwhile built a chapel for him, to await his return. He is now conducting in Mnaitoba the First Icelandic Presbyterian Church in America, and the divine blessing in a bountiful measure has already followed his efforts in that part of the country.

REV. SAMUEL BOULT, PASTOR.

SAILORS IN THE READING-ROOMS OF THE MARINERS' CHURCH, NEW YORK.

Still another sailor-convert, who gave his

(*Continued on page 681.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE FINGER OF GOD.

Dr. Talmage's Fourth Sermon after his return from his European Preaching Tour. Text: Exodus 8: 19: *"The finger of God."*

PHARAOH was sulking in his marble throne room at Memphis. Plague after plague had come, and sometimes the Egyptian monarch was disposed to do better, but at the lifting of each plague, he was as bad as before. The necromancers of the palace, however, were compelled to recognize the divine movement, and after one of the most exasperating plagues of all the series, they cried out in the words of my text: "This is the finger of God," —not the first nor the last time when bad people said a good thing.

We all recognize the hand of God and know it is a mighty hand. You have seen a man keep two or three rubber balls flying in the air, catching and pitching them so that none of them fell to the floor, and do this for several minutes, and you have admired his dexterity. But have you thought how the hand of God keeps millions and millions of round worlds vastly larger than our world flying for centuries without letting one fall? Wondrous power and skill of God's hand! But about that I am not to discourse. My text leads me to speak of less than a fifth of the divine hand. "This is the finger of God." Only in two other places does the Bible refer to this division of the Omnipotent hand. The rocks on Mount Sinai are basalt and very hard stone. Do you imagine it was a chisel that cut the ten commandments in that basalt? No, in Exodus we read that the tables of stone were "written with the finger of God." Christ says that he cast out devils with "the finger of God." Yet though so seldom reference is made in the Bible to a part of God's hand, if you and I keep our eyes open and our heart right, we will be compelled often to cry out, "This is the finger of God." It is my intention before long to begin a series of sermons on the Astronomy of the Bible, or God among the Stars: the Ornithology of the Bible, or God among the Birds: the Pomology of the Bible, or God among the Orchards: the Ichthyology of the Bible, or God among the Fishes: the Geology of the Bible, or God among the Rocks: the Waters of the Bible, or God among the Seas: the Zoology of the Bible, or God among the Beasts: the Precious Stones of the Bible, or God among the Amethysts: the Conchology of the Bible, or God among the Shells: the Botany of the Bible, or God among the Flowers: the Chronology of the Bible, or God among the Centuries, and I want this coming winter to get you and get myself into the habit of seeing the finger of God everywhere and in everything; but this morning I want to induce you to look for the finger of God in your personal affairs.

To most of us gesticulation is natural. If a stranger accost you on the street and ask you the way to some place, it is as natural as to breathe for you to level your fore-finger this way or that. Not one out of a thousand of you would stand with your hands by your side and make no motion with your finger. Whatever you may say with your lips is emphasized and reinforced and translated by your finger. Now, God, in the dear old Book, says to us innumerable things by the way of direction. He plainly tells us the way to go. But in every exigency of our life, if we will only look, we will find a providential gesture and a providential pointing, so that we may confidently say, "This is the finger of God."

For much that concerns us we have no responsibility, and we need not make appeal to the Lord for direction. We are not responsible for most of our surroundings. We are not responsible for the country of our birth, nor for whether we are Americans, or Norwegians, or Scotchmen, or Irishmen or Englishmen. We are not responsible for the age in which we live. We are not responsible for our temperament, be it nervous or phlegmatic, bilious or sanguine. We are not responsible for our features, be they homely or beautiful. We are not responsible for the height or smallness of our stature. We are not responsible for the fact that we are mentally dull or brilliant. For the most of our environments, we have no more responsibility than we have for the molluscs at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. Oh, I am so glad that there are about five hundred thousand things that we are not responsible for. Let us take ourselves as we are this moment, and then ask "which way?" Get all the direction you can from careful and constant study of the Bible, and then look up and look out and look around, and see if you can find the finger of God.

It is a remarkable thing that sometimes no one can see that finger but yourself. A year before Abraham Lincoln signed the Proclamation of Emancipation, the White House was thronged with committees and associations, ministers and laymen, advising the President to make that Proclamation. But he waited and waited, amid scoff and anathema, because he did not himself see the finger of God. After awhile and at just the right time, he saw the divine pointing and signed the Proclamation. The distinguished Confederates, Mason and Slidell, were taken off an English vessel by the United States Government. "Don't give them up," shouted all the Northern States. "Let us have war with England rather than surrender them," was the almost unanimous cry of the North. But William H. Seward saw the finger of God leading in just the opposite direction, and the Confederates were given up, and we avoided a war with England, which at that time would have been the demolition of the United States Government. In other words, the finger of God as it directs you, may be invisible to everybody else. Follow the divine pointing, as you see it, although the world may call you a fool. There has never been a man or a woman who amounted to anything that has not sometimes been called a fool. Nearly all the mistakes that you and I have made have come from our following the pointing of some other finger, instead of the finger of God. But, now, suppose all forms of disaster close in upon a man. Suppose his business collapses. Suppose he buys goods and cannot sell them. Suppose a cold spring or a late autumn or the coming of an epidemic corners a man, and his notes come due and he cannot meet them, and his rent must be paid and there is nothing with which to pay it, and the wages of the employees are due and there is nothing with which to meet that obligation, and the bank will not discount, and the business friends to whom he goes for accommodation are in the same predicament, and he bears up and struggles on, until, after a while, crash goes the whole concern. He stands wondering and saying: "I do not see the meaning of all this. I have done the best I could. God knows I would pay my debts if I could, but here I am hedged in and stopped." What should that man do in that case? Go to the Scriptures and read the promise about all things working together for good and kindred passages? That is well. But he needs to do something beside reading the Scriptures. He needs to look for the finger of God that is pointing toward better treasures, that is pointing toward eternal release, that is urging him to higher realms. No human finger ever pointed to the East or West or North or South so certainly as the finger of God is pointing that troubled man to higher and better spiritual resources than he ever enjoyed. Do you know what made

THE DOG MADE THEM FRIENDS.

the great revival of 1857, when more people were converted to God, probably, than in any year since Christ was born? It was the defalcations and bankruptcy that swept American prosperity so flat that it could fall no flatter. It is only through clouds and darkness and whirlwind of disaster such a man can see the finger of God.

A most interesting, as well as a most useful, study is to watch the pointing of the finger of God. In the Seventeenth Century South Carolina was yielding resin and turpentine and tar as her chief productions. But Thomas Smith noticed that the ground near his house in Charleston was very much like the places in Madagascar where he had raised rice, and some of the Madagascar rice was sown there and grew so rapidly that South Carolina was led to make rice her chief production? Can you not see the finger of God in that incident? Rev. John Fletcher of England, many will know, was one of the most useful ministers of the Gospel who ever preached. Before conversion he joined the army and had bought his ticket on the ship for South America. The morning he was to sail someone spilled on him a kettle of water, and he was so scalded he could not go. He was very much disappointed, but the ship he was going to sail on went out and was never heard of again. Who can doubt that God was arranging the life of John Fletcher?

A missionary in Jamaica lost his way, and in the night was wandering about, when a fire-fly flashed and revealed a precipice over which in a moment more he would have been dashed. F. W. Robertson, the great preacher, of Brighton, England, had his life-work decided by the barking of his dog. A neighbor, whose daughter was ill, was disturbed by the barking of that dog, one night. This brought the neighbor into communication with Robertson. That acquaintanceship kept him from joining the dragoons, and going to India and spending his life in military service, and reserved him for a pulpit, the influence of which for Gospelization will resound for all time, and all eternity.

Why did not Columbus sink when in early manhood he was afloat six miles from the beach with nothing to sustain him till he could swim to land but a boat's oar? I wonder if his preservation had anything to do with America. Had the storm that diverted the *Mayflower* from the mouth of the Hudson for which it was sailing, and sent it ashore at Cape Cod, no Divine supervisal? Does anarchy rule this world, or God?

St. Felix escaped martyrdom by crawling through a hole in the wall across which the spiders immediately afterward wove a web. His persecutors saw the hole in the wall, but the spider's-web put them off the track. A boy was lost by his drunken father, and could not for years find his way home. Nearly grown he went into a Fulton Street prayer-meeting and asked for prayers that he might find his parents. His mother was in the room, and rose, and recognized her long-lost son. Do you say that these things "only happened so." Tell that to those who do not believe in a God, and have no faith in the Bible. Do not tell it to me. I said to an aged minister of much experience, "All the events of my life seem to have been divinely connected. Do you suppose it is so in all lives?" He answered, "Yes, but most people do not notice the divine leadings." I stand here this morning to say from my own experience that the safest thing in all the world to do is to trust the Lord. I never had a misfortune or a persecution or a trial or a disappointment however excruciating at the time that God did not make turn out for my good. My one wish is to follow the divine leading. I want to watch the finger of God.

Nations also would do well to watch for the finger of God. What does the cholera scare in America mean? Some say it means that the plague will sweep our land next summer. I do not believe a word of it. There will be no cholera here next summer. Four or five summers ago there were those who said it would surely be here the following summer because it was on the way. But it did not come. The sanitary precautions established here will make next summer unusually healthful. Cholera never starts from where it stopped the season before, but always starts in the filth of Asia, and if it starts next summer, it will start there again—it will not start from New York quarantine. But it is evident to me that the finger of God

is in this cholera scare, and that he is pointing this nation to something higher and better. It has been demonstrated as never before that we are in the hands of God. He allowed the plague to come to our very gates and then halted it. The quarantine was right and necessary, but oh how easily the plague could have leaped the barriers lifted against it. Thanks to the President of the United States, and thanks to the health officers, and thanks to the Thirteenth Regiment, and thanks to all who stood between this evil and our national health, but more than all, and higher than all, thanks to God! Out of that solemnity we ought to pass up to something better than any-

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

thing that has ever yet characterized us as a nation. We ought to quit our national sins, our Sabbath breaking, and our drunkenness, and our impurities, and our corruptions of all sorts as a people. The tendency is in self-gratulation at our prosperity to forget the mercy of God that has kept us from being blotted out for our crimes, and that still multiplies our temporal prosperities. Forward, and upward! See you not the finger of God in this protecting mercy.

I rejoice that there are many encouraging signs for our nation, and one is that this Presidential campaign has less malignity and abuse than any Presidential campaign since we have been a nation. Turn over to the pictorials, and the columns of the political sheets of the Presidential excitements all the way back and see what contumely Washington and Jefferson and Madison and Monroe and Jackson went through. Now see the almost entire absence of all that. The political orators I notice this year are apt to begin by eulogizing the honesty and good intentions of the opposing candidate, and say that he is better than his party. Instead of vitriol, camomile flowers. That we seem to have escaped the degradation of the usual quadrennial billingsgate is an encouraging fact. Perhaps this betterment may have somewhat resulted from the sadness hovering over the home of one of the candidates, a sadness in which the whole nation sympathizes. Perhaps we have been so absorbed in paying honors to Christopher Columbus that we have forgotten to anathematize the prominent men of the present. No man in this country is fully honored until he is dead. Whatever be the reason, this nation has escaped many of the horrors that ordinarily accompany the Presidential contest. But let us not pause too long in hilarity about the present and forget the fact that there are not only temporal possibilities far greater than those attained, but higher moral and religious possibilities. The God of our fathers is the God of their children, and his finger points us to a higher national career than many have yet suspected. For our churches, our schools, our colleges, our institutions of mercy, the best days are yet to come.

But, notice that this finger of God almost always and in almost everything points forward and not backward. All the way through the Bible, the lamb and pigeon on the altar, the pillar of fire poised above the wilderness, peace offering, sin offering, trespass offering, fingers of Joseph and Isaac and Joshua and David and Isaiah and Micah and Ezekiel, all together made the one finger of God pointing to the human, the divine, the gracious, the glorious, the omnipotent, the gentle, the pardoning and suffering and atoning Christ. And now the same finger of God is pointing the world upward to the same Redeemer and forward to the time of his universal domination. My hearers, get out of the habit of looking back and looking down and look up and look forward. It is useful once in awhile to look back, but you had better, for the most part of your time, stop reminiscence and begin anticipation. We have, none of us, hardly begun yet. If we love the Lord and trust him—and you may all love him and trust him from this moment on—we no more understand the good things ahead of us than a child at school studying his A B C can understand what that has to do with his reading John Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," or Dante's "Divina Commedia." The satisfactions and joys we have as yet had are like the music a boy makes with his first lesson on the violin compared with what was evoked from his great orchestra by my dear and illustrious and transcendent, but now departed friend, Patrick Gilmore, when he lifted his baton and all the strings vibrated, and all the trumpets pealed forth, and all the flutes caroled, and all the drums rolled, and all the hoofs of the cavalry charge, which he imitated, were in full beat. Look ahead! The finger of God points forward.

"Oh, but," says someone, "I am getting old and I have a touch of rheumatism in that foot, and I believe something is the matter with my heart, and I cannot stand as much as I used to." Well, I congratulate you, for that shows you are getting nearer to the time when you are going to enter immortal youth and be strong enough to hurl off the battlements of heaven any bandit, who, by unheard of burglary, might break into the Golden City. "But," says someone, "I feel so lonely. The most of my friends are gone, and the bereavements of life have multiplied until this world that was once so bright to me has lost its charm." I congratulate you, for, when you go, there will be fewer here to hold you back and more there to pull you in. Look ahead! The finger of God is pointing forward. We sit here in church, and by hymn and prayer and sermon and Christian association we try to get into a frame of mind that will be acceptable to God and pleasant to ourselves. But what a stupid thing it all is compared with what it will be when we have gone beyond psalm book and sermon and Bible, and we stand, our last imperfection gone, in the presence of that charm of the universe—the blessed Christ—and have him look in our face and say: "I have been watching you and sympathizing with you and helping you all these years, and now you are here. Go where you please and never know a sorrow and never shed a tear. There is your mother now—she is coming to greet you—and there is your father, and there are your children. Sit down under this tree of life, and on the banks of this river talk it all over." I tell you there will be more joy in one minute of that than in fifty years of earthly exultation. Look ahead! Look at the finest house on earth and know that you will have a finer one in heaven. Look up the healthiest person you can find and know you will yet be healthier. Look up the one who has the best eyesight of anyone you have ever heard of, and know you will have better vision. Listen to the sweetest prima donna that ever trod the platform, and know that in heaven you will lift a more enrapturing song than ever enchanted earthly auditorium.

My friends, I do not know how we are going to stand it—I mean the full inrush of that splendor. Last summer I saw Moscow, in some respects the most splendid city under the sun. The Emperor afterward asked me if I had seen it, for Moscow is the pride of Russia. I told him yes, and that I had seen Moscow burn. I will tell you what I meant. After examining nine hundred brass cannons which were picked out of the snow after Napoleon retreated from Moscow, each cannon deep cut with the letter "N.," I ascended a tower of some two hundred and fifty feet, just before sunset, and on each platform there were bells, large and small, and I climbed up among the bells, and then as I reached the top, all the bells underneath me began to ring, and they were joined by the bells of fourteen hundred towers and domes and turrets. Some of the bells sent out a faint tinkle of sound, a sweet tintinnabulation that seemed to bubble inthe air,and others thundered forth boom after boom, boom after boom, until it seemed to shake the earth and fill the heavens—sounds so weird, so sweet, so awful,so grand, so charming,so tremendous, so soft, so rippling, so reverberating—and they seemed to wreathe, and whirl, and rise, and sink, and burst, and roll, and mount and die. When Napoleon saw Moscow burn, it could not have been more brilliant than when I saw all the fourteen hundred turrets aflame with the sunset, roofs of gold and walls of malachite, and architecture of all colors mingling the brown of autumnal forests and the blue of summer heavens, and the conflagration of morning skies, and the green of rich meadows, and the foam of tossing seas. The mingling of so many colors with so many sounds was an entrancement almost too much for human nerves or human eyes or human ears. I expect to see nothing to equal it until you and I see heaven. But that will surpass it and make the memory of what I saw that July evening in Moscow almost tame and insipid. All heaven aglow and all heaven a-ring,not in the sunset but in the sunrise. Voices of our own kindred mingling with the doxologies of empires. Organs of eternal worship responding to the trumpets that have wakened the dead. Nations in white. Centuries in coronation. Anthems like the voice of many

LISTENING TO MOSCOW'S BELLS.

waters. Circle of martyrs. Circle of apostles. Circle of prophets. Thrones of cherubim. Thrones of seraphim. Throne of archangel. Throne of Christ. Throne of God. Thrones! Thrones! Thrones! The finger of God points that way. Stop not until you reach that place. Through the atoning Christ, all I speak of and more may be yours and mine. Do you not now hear the chime of the bells of that metropolis of the universe? Do you not see the shimmering of the towers? Good morning.

THE FINAL SCENE.

The Dispensation Closing in Conflict and the Appearance of the Lord in Glory.

BY GEO. H. PEMBER, M. A.

IN the reception of the world-sovereignty by the Antichrist there will be a parallel with the history of Christ. To the Lord Jesus also an offer was made of the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them; but he indignantly rejected both the gift and the conditions. The Antichrist,on the contrary, will accept them, and be invested by Satan himself. A somewhat obscure sentence of the prophecy in the ninth chapter of Daniel seems to hint that he will be conveyed through the air by demons—perhaps from the pediment of the Temple into the court—and so be hailed by the apostate Jews as the long expected sign from heaven. In the Revised Version, a clause of the twenty-seventh verse is well rendered by the words—"And upon the wing of abomination"—that is, of the false gods or demons—"shall come one that maketh desolate." Then the image of the Beast, the Abomination of Desolation, will be set up in the Holy Place; and the signal will be given for all those who fear God to fly from Jerusalem.

The last scene of this Dispensation, the very eve of the millennium,is sketched for us in the fourteenth chapter of Zechariah and the nineteenth of the Apocalypse. The armies of Antichrist will have marched from Armageddon, in the north of Palestine, to besiege Jerusalem; and so numerous will they be that they will literally overspread the land. They will have closed in upon the Holy City, and the anxious eyes of those who peer from its loftiest watch-towers will be able to discern nothing but the serried ranks of splendid infantry and cavalry, and the long and heavy trains of artillery, covering the ground. Yet, although the inhabitants of Jerusalem are defenceless so far as carnal means are concerned, the spirit of grace and supplication is at last poured out upon them, and, as the cruel faces of the foe advance upon their city, fervent prayer is ascending from its midst; and, from no feigned lips, the cry goes up to God—"Oh that thou wouldest rend the heavens, that thou wouldest come down!"

There is, however, no interference; the foremost companies of the enemy are on the point of entering the streets; another moment, and the voice of prayer will be drowned by the outcries of terror and the shrieks of the wounded and the ravished. But, just at this awful crisis, the noon-day sun suddenly withdraws its light, and becomes black as sackcloth; the city is snatched from the view of those who are already sure of their prey; thick night enshrouds them; a horror of great darkness paralyses every eagerly advancing foot. An instant of silence, and then, swiftly as God's arrows speed from East to West, the blacknes of heaven is cloven asunder, and the dazed earth flooded with light such as it has never beheld since the sin of Adam. In the midst of the refulgent splendor the hosts of heaven are revealed descending towards Jerusalem, and at their head, conspicuous far beyond all, glorious in his apparel, and moving in the greatness of his strength,rides the Christ, at last confronting the Antichrist.

Hitherto proud boastings have issued from the lips of Satan's king: but now he falls helplessly to the ground, blasted by the red lightning which streams from the King of kings; and, together with the False Prophet, and in full sight of his countless armies, he is seized by the angels of the Lord, to be hurled alive into the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.

The Christ alights upon this earth, and his feet stand upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the East: there is a mighty earthquake, and the mountain cleaves asunder, one half moving towards the North and the other half towards the South, so that there is a great valley between them. Then the Jews, guided by a Divine impulse or command, pour out of their city and run into the newly formed valley, with such haste as they have never shown since they fled before the earthquake in the days of Uzziah, king of Judah. For it is the place where the meek of the land are to be hidden: it is the rock cleft and the chamber prepared for them. And as soon as they are safely enclosed within it, the Lord will destroy his unrepentant foes throughout the whole length of Palestine. The merciless countenance of the Antichrist, "that opened not the house of his prisoners," will have vanished for ever, and in his stead the Christ will be standing before them, their Redeemer and Saviour, who loved not his own life that he might bring them peace.

PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 6. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Acts 12: 1-17. Golden Text, Ps. 34: 7.

PERSECUTION is the privilege of a faithful Church. In all ages and in every land, "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." (II. Tim. 3 : 12.) True followers of Christ do not count it strange concerning the fiery trial which shall try them, but rejoice inasmuch as they are partakers of Christ's sufferings. Paul could even long for fellowship with Christ's sufferings. (Phil. 3 : 10.) It was then no wonder that "Herod the king began his persecution with the murder of James, the brother of John; the first martyr from among the twelve apostles. Herod, who seems to have sought popularity at any cost, seeing that the death of James pleased the Jews, "proceeded to seize Peter also." The king did not deal with his prisoner as with an ordinary criminal. He took every precaution to prevent any chance of his escape, as much as to say: "God shall not deliver him now. Peter was chained on either side to a soldier, thus imprisoned even in the prison, and sixteen soldiers kept guard outside the door; Herod probably made quite sure of his prisoner now. How long, whether days or weeks, he remained there, we know not; but prayer was made for him without ceasing by the church. But day after day went by and there was no deliverance. "It may be the company of the disciples expected Peter's deliverance to be just in the same manner, and just as quickly, as when the angel of the Lord by night had opened the prison doors before Peter and John, and brought them out, and said to them, "go ye, and stand and speak in the temple all the words of this life." (Acts 5: 19, 20, R.V.) But

God does not Repeat Himself

everything which happens has a purpose, and, in God's economy, an event may bring out several parts of the purpose of God. He had something to teach a praying church, and something to teach a persecuted apostle, and, at the same time, to rebuke an ungodly and blasphemous king. Oh, how often answers to prayer are other than we expect ! God comprehends a larger area than we in his thoughts and ways, which are higher than ours. Often we have to trust where we understand little or nothing of the way of God's deliverances. We may be always sure of him, but not sure that he will work on our lines, or in the way we have pictured to ourselves. Perhaps these same soldiers may have been chained to other prisoners before this time; desperate characters, dangerous to public safety. But a prisoner who neither defended himself nor pitied himself, who made no complaint, but accepted cheerfully all which befell him, who loved and prayed for the very men who were chained to him as his keepers, was one of such an unusual kind, that they must have been impressed with his unlikeness to men of evil lives. Thus, the night before execution, they and

Their Prisoner Slept!

Here was an apostle to be delivered, a praying church to be answered, a king to be rebuked, above all the power and holiness of God to be vindicated—how was it to be done ? That very night, the eve of his intended execution, just while Peter and the soldiers soundly slept, he who "never slumbereth nor sleepeth" sent his angel to liberate his servant. His presence, the light which shone around him failed to awaken the man who was so at rest in his God. The angel must needs smite him on the side to awaken him, saying: "Rise up quickly." Instantaneously his chains fell off from his hands. God has the key of every fetter; no power in earth or hell can retain his children in bondage except as he wills. Paul was ever "the prisoner of the Lord," none are so free as they who recognize the Lord's hand in everything which is permitted to touch them. How came it that the clanking of the falling chains did not arouse the sleeping soldiers ? Men who exalt natural law above the God which made it would smile cynically at the idea that God made such a deep sleep to fall upon them that neither the noise nor the vibration of the chains could awake them.

Peter was as one in a dream, he needed an angel's word before it occurred to him so much as to dress himself and bind on his sandals; but at last he understood, and followed the angel, leaving his sleeping companions with the empty chains behind him. Past the guard which were placed without the door, past the first and second ward, door after door opening before them, Peter and his heavenly guide went on. As they approached the entrance gate which leadeth into the city, the iron portal moved as by invisible hands, and they passed through. The God of the whole universe willed the release of Peter, and neither gates, nor chains, nor soldiers could keep him bound. Oh beloved reader !"

Art thou Bound?

bound by sin, by some habit from which thou hast sought in vain to be free ? Jesus died for thee to loose thee from thy sins by his blood! He wills thy freedom, give him credit for willing it, and working it; be willing, be decided that he shall make thee free; take time to understand his will for thy deliverance, and the iron gates shall open before thee too. When the angel had accomplished his mission, he departed, and Peter was left alone. Now he came to himself and took account of God's dealings with him. The chains which had bound him, the soldiers which had guarded him, the prison itself, all were left behind: he was free. God had heard the prayers of his children. Free, to go where he would ? No; that would have been no real freedom to Peter: he was free to go where God sent him. If human calculations had entered his mind and his own liberty and safety his first thought, Peter's steps would not have been directed to the house of Mary the mother of Mark, where a company were gathered together praying for him.

A Christian woman was speaking with a sister in the Lord, and, alluding to a brutal assault by a man who had a homicidal mania, she said it made her afraid to go anywhere alone. Human calculations lead to human fears. When we have to do with God in every step we take, and go where he wills, he is our guarantee, "God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid." (Isa. 12: 2.) As long as Peter was in the will of God, he had nothing to fear from Herod. God had a message to the praying band who, in the dead of the night, were praying for Peter's release, while other people were asleep, and Peter was himself to be the messenger. He came, stood at the door, and knocked for admission. A maid, named Rhoda, was sent to hearken. The times were dangerous: it might be an emissary from Herod. In answer to her inquiry as to who was there, she heard Peter's voice, and in her joy, forgetting to open the door, she left the apostle standing there in the street in imminent danger, as man might think, while she ran in with the good news that Peter stood before the door. Were their prayers answered ? "Thou art mad," was the unbelieving response with which they received the tidings. Real faith

Wonders at Nothing.

It makes no plan as to how prayer shall be answered, or when, or by what means, but rests quietly in God. When prayer is more an agonized cry than a steady, quiet trust, men can look at circumstances, and when the answer comes, can say: "It cannot be." But real trust in the living God sees only him, and says, in spite of all which seems to the contrary: "With such a God engaged on my behalf, it must be."

Peter stood yet before the door. Rhoda stood within, assuring the little company that it was indeed Peter who continued knocking. Another word of unbelief: "It is his angel." At last they opened, and were amazed: surely amazed at their own unbelief. Peter's mission to them had to be speedily accomplished. He beckoned to them to hold their peace, that in the few moments he could give he might tell them of his deliverance, and leave them to be humbled before God for their unbelief. Having told them all, he commanded that James and the rest should hear of it, then he departed, and went into another place, leaving them a lesson from God about faith in him, which they were not likely to forget.

But Herod too, must learn his lesson. Day broke, and with it the deep sleep of the soldiers gave way. Where was Peter ? "There was no small stir among the soldiers." It meant death to them if he could not be found. Probably suspicions and recriminations were freely uttered, but it was as though he had vanished, no trace of him was left: the letters were there, the soldiers were there, the locks had not been tampered with, but Peter could not be found. In his rage, Herod commanded the execution of the whole guard, but Peter was not discovered. Why did not this man of the world then bow to the God who thus cared for this faithful apostle ? Alas! Herod's day of visitation was almost gone. Shortly after, on a day of public rejoicing, when some of the people from Tyre and Sidon, thinking to please him by flattery, shouted when he spoke, "It is the voice of a god, and not of a man," this blasphemous king accepted the divine honors. His cup of iniquity was full; the patience of God must for righteousness sake give way to judgment; the wretched Herod was eaten of worms and died. Thus God worked out his purposes.

LESSON POINTS.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them." Ps. 34: 7.

DAVID states this as a fact. When he wrote it he had just been, himself, delivered in a very remarkable way from a grave danger. His statement must have had the endorsement of Peter, whose still more wonderful deliverance is the subject of our lesson. Elisha actually saw the angels encamped for his protection (II Kings 6: 15–17), and, at his request, his servant was also allowed the privilege of seeing them. In recent times many instances are on record of the extraordinary preservation of God's servants. The angels have not been visible, as they were to Elisha, nor has their touch been felt as Peter felt it, but the rescued man has been as firmly convinced as they were that God had interposed on his behalf, and that in the hour of peril his angels have been around him. But it is not always that God interposes. We must not suppose when a man is killed in a railroad accident, or when his house is burned down, or some other calamity happens to him, that God has forgotten him or does not consider him worthy of his intervention. There may be a reason for allowing trials or even death to befall him. His soul is of more importance than his body, and God may have seen that sorrow and suffering are needed to promote spiritual growth. Job suffered more than most men, and God did not put forth his hand to deliver him, but permitted his faith to be tried to the utmost.

A calamity has been known to have prevented a greater one. The story has often been told of a Protestant preacher in the reign of the wicked Queen Mary being summoned to London to answer the charge of heresy. There was a strong probability of his trial terminating in his being condemned to be burned alive. But on the way to the city he met with a disaster in which one of his legs was broken. He was detained at a wayside inn for several weeks while his leg was set and became strong enough for him to travel. Inns were poor places in those days and the man suffered many privations and much pain and hardship. Before he recovered and reached London, the Queen was dead, and her Protestant sister reigned in her stead. The trial was abandoned and the man who would probably have been burned if he had reached London a week or two earlier, as he would have done if his leg had not been broken, returned to his rectory in peace and safety.

In 1857 when the mutiny broke out in India, the governors of the various provinces did not know how far it might spread. Each of them had a few white soldiers and a large number of native troops. It was the native troops, who had been drilled, disciplined and armed that were doing the mischief. They killed the white soldiers and officers and drove the women and children into a large building. After keeping them there and treating them brutally for some time, they sent in butchers out of the market, who chopped and hacked them to pieces as if they had been cattle. That the women might suffer most, the children were killed first, before the eyes of their mothers. Sir John Lawrence the Governor of of the Punjaub heard of these awful barbarities that were taking place in the neighboring province, and did not know how soon they might be repeated in his own province. If they were to be attempted there, nothing could save him and the white people from death but the few white soldiers under his command. Yet he dispatched them all to the help of the white soldiers who were making a desperate stand in Allahabad against an overwhelming force of natives. He notified the chiefs of the government of what he was about to do. They appreciated his intrepidity but they thought that, in giving up the white troops who were his sole protection, he was running too great a risk. They therefore telegraphed to him orders to retain the troops for his own security. But the native troops had cut the telegraph wires and Sir John Lawrence never received the order. The white regiments were despatched and it was mainly through the assistance they rendered to Havelock and Outram that the lives of thousands of women and children were saved. If the natives had not cut the wires they would probably have succeeded in killing every white person in India. So those who feared the Lord were delivered, if not by an angel, by the over-ruling providence of God.

Sometimes, in a way we cannot explain, God sends relief to those who trust in him. It is related that sixteen shipwrecked sailors were cast on the Island of Ascension. They were likely to die of exposure and starvation, and they prayed earnestly to God for deliverance. At that time Admiral Sir Thomas Williams was voyaging across the Atlantic. His course brought him in sight of the Island, at that time uninhabited, and never visited by any ship, except for the purpose of collecting turtles, which abound on the coast. The island was barely descried on the horizon, and was not to be noticed at all; but as Sir Thomas looked at it he was seized by an unaccountable desire to steer toward it. There was no reason that he could give for thus leaving his course, when his officers expressed their surprise at his doing so. It was an unaccountable impulse that he felt unable to withstand, but as he was in supreme command his ship was directed toward the island. All eyes and spy-glasses were now fixed upon it, and soon something was preceived on the shore. "It is white—it is a flag—it must be a signal!" and when they neared the shore the sixteen men were found. They had been on the coast many days and were nearly dead of hunger. They had set up a signal though almost without hope of relief. Who can say that the impulse to go to the island was not imparted to Admiral Williams by an angel, in answer to the prayers of those men to God.

Not long ago a girl in a large city was delivered from ruin in answer to the prayers of her parents and of a city missionary. She was a beautiful girl just budding into womanhood. Before leaving home one morning she was reproved for something she had done, and in a fit of anger she declared that she would never come back. It was regarded as an idle threat until her mother found that she had taken with her all her girlish treasures. Then she sent to the business house where the girl was employed and found that she was not there. The parents were in great distress not knowing where to seek her. They sent for their friend, a city missionary, and asked his advice. "Let us pray to God," he said, "in this great city of half a million people, we cannot find her, but God can." Meanwhile a Christian lady was impressed with the desire to go to a certain lawyer to transact some business that was to be attended to later in the week. She did not know why she should go that day as it was not the day appointed, but she yielded to her impulse and went. While she waited in the lawyer's outer office a girl entered, to whom she spoke in a friendly manner. As they waited for the lawyer to see them the conversation turned on religious subjects and the girl at last gave the kindly lady her confidence. She told her that she had left her home and that the lawyer had promised to take care of her. The lady reasoned with her and pointed out to her the danger of such a course. She eventually induced her to return to her home and accompanied her thither. When they arrived, the city missionary was still there with her parents, waiting for an answer to his prayer. Why was the lady impelled to go to the lawyer's office that morning just at the time when a good Christian was needed there to do such a work ? She saw no angel, but God may have sent an invisible messenger to move her to go.

GOSPEL WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

(Continued from first page.)

heart to Christ at the Mariners' Church is Michael Paulsen, a Norwegian. After conversion, he decided to leave the sea and devote his whole life to Christian work among his fellow-countrymen. He studied for three years at the Northfield Institute and, on completing the course, accepted an appointment as pastor to a Scandinavian congregation. A fourth convert of note is Campbell Keith, who was a sailor on one of the steamship lines running from this port to Europe. He was converted six years ago and is now Superintendent of the Reading Room at the Mariners' Church. These are only a few of the many who have been led into the fold through the ministrations at the Mariners' Church. Its converts have scattered the good seed in many lands, and letters from South America, the East Indies, England, the Continental countries and many parts of the Old World, as well as our own States and Territories, testify abundantly to the manifold blessing that has followed the efforts put forth at the Mission in past years. Rev. Samuel Boult, the present pastor, is a native of Birkenhead, Eng., the son of an an old sea-captain, and a descendant of an old Lancashire family. He is one of four brothers, all of whom became sailors. He went to sea at the age of thirteen, sailing for several years on English ships and then on the American lakes. At eighteen, he was third mate of the ship *Toronto* of Glasgow. In 1867, he came to Portland, Me., and in 1872, took up his residence in New York. He was mate of the bark, *Albina*, Captain Pike, sailing between New York and Havre, when he was converted at the services in the Mariners' Church, seventeen years ago. He then decided to study for the ministry, and with that view, entered Rev. Dr. Talmage's Lay College, after which he studied for three years under Rev. Dr. Sampson, the famous Baptist divine and Bible expositor, in New York. Five years ago he was regularly ordained to the ministry. For sometime before his appointment as pastor by the Port Society, he was employed as missionary in charge, and on the retirement of Rev. Dr. Murphy became pastor. He is a man not yet in middle life, vigorous, earnest and sincere and greatly loved by all who go to the Mission.

It is impossible to over-estimate the good accomplished by a work like that of the New York Port Society. Within the last three years, it has established two new branches, one called the "West Side Branch," on the corner of Washington and Charlton Streets, New York, and another on Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn. Among the sailors' boarding-houses and the vessels in the docks, the Society's missionaries make an average of 12,000 visits a year; tracts in various languages are distributed and Testaments are supplied to those desiring them. The Sunday services include a short service for Scandinavians, as many sailors coming to this port are of that nationality. Over 40,000 visitors go to the Reading-room during a year, and the number of conversions steadily and hopefully increases. In his latest report, the Pastor states that in prosecuting the work there has been "no resort to sensational methods," either to induce men to join the services or to yield themselves to Christ. The glorious Gospel of the blessed God has been relied upon as setting forth the divine and only remedy for sin. What the oasis is in the desert, the Mariners' Church and Reading-rooms are in the neighborhood in which they are located. One of the greatest needs is a more plentiful supply of religious literature. It is in this field, embracing the docks and the sailors' boarding-houses in the shipping sections of New York, Hoboken, Jersey City and Brooklyn, that the Mariners' Church, its pastor and aids find congenial work. Vessels, boarding-houses, hospitals, saloons, and dance-houses are visited every day in variation, while tracts, hand-bills, Bibles and testaments in nine languages are distributed, and a "word in season" dropped where it may be expected to fructify in due time. Some of the scenes encountered by the missionaries of the Mariners' Church are dramatic in the extreme. They meet "all sorts and conditions of men," from the profane and blasphemous, in the full vigor of health, to dying men

RUSSIAN PEASANT WOMEN AT WORK IN THE HARVEST FIELDS.
(From a photograph taken expressly for "The Christian Herald.")

weeping over their sins and yearning for the living water. It is their part to throw out the life-line to those who have made moral shipwrecks of their career, to call back the wandering "Children of the Sea" to safe anchorage, and point them to the Pilot who alone can guide them into the eternal haven of rest and safety.

JOSEPH COOK'S DREAM.

ALMOST remarkable vision was that related by the Rev. Joseph Cook in a recent sermon. He said: "Once in the blue midnight in my study on Beacon hill in Boston, I fell into long thought as I looked out on the land and on the sea, and passing through the gate of dreams, I saw the angel having charge of America stand in the air above the continent, and his wings shadowed either shore. Around him were gathered all who, at Valley Forge and at Andersonville and the other sacred places, suffered for the preservation of a virtuous republic, and they conversed on what was and is and is to be. There was about the angel a great multitude whom no man could number; and I heard thunderings and saw lightnings but the face of the angel was above the lightness of the lightnings and the majesty of his words above that of the thunders.

"Then came forth before the angel three spirits whose garments were white as the light. And I saw not their faces, but I heard the ten thousand times ten thousand call them by names known on earth—Washington and Lincoln and Garfield. And behind them stood a vast multitude who had scars and crowns. And they said to the angel, 'We will go on earth and teach the diffusion of liberty. We will heal America by equality.' And the angel said, 'Go. You will be efficient, but not sufficient.' Meanwhile, under immigrant wharves, and under crowded factories, and under the poisonous alleys, I heard far in the subterranean depths the black angels laugh.

"Then came forward before the angel three other spirits whose garments were white as the light. And I saw not their faces, but I heard the ten thousand times ten thousand call them by names known on earth—Franklin and Hamilton and Irving. And behind them stood Pestalozzi and Shakespeare and Bacon and Aristotle, and a multitude who had scrolls and crowns. And they said to the angel, 'We will go on earth and heal America by knowledge.' And the angel said, 'Go. You will be efficient, but not sufficient.' Meanwhile, under immigration wharves and crowded factories, and under Washington, and under scheming conclaves of men acute and unscrupulous, and under many newspaper presses, and beneath Wall Street, and under the poisonous alleys, I heard the black angels laugh.

"Then came forward before the angel three other spirits whom I heard the ten thousand times ten thousand call by names known on earth—Adams and Jefferson and Webster. And behind stood Chatham and Wilberforce and a multitude who had keys and crowns. And they said to the angel, 'We will go on earth and teach the diffusion of property. We will heal America by the self-respect of ownership.' And the angel said, 'Go. You will be efficient, but not sufficient.' Meanwhile, under immigration wharves and crowded factories and beneath Wall Street, and under the poisonous alleys, I heard the black angels laugh.

"Then lastly came forward before the angel three other spirits, with garments white as the light, and I saw not their faces, but I heard the ten thousand times ten thousand call them by names known on earth—Edwards and Dwight and Whitefield. And behind them stood a great multitude who had harps and crowns. And they said to the angel, 'We will go on earth and teach the diffusion of consciousness. We will heal America by righteousness.' And the angel lifting up his hand, said, 'Go. Not in the first three, but only in all four of these leaves from the tree of life, is to be found the healing of the nations—the diffusion of liberty, the diffusion of intelligence, the diffusion of property and the diffusion of consciousness. You will be more than ever efficient, but not sufficient.'

"I listened, and under Plymouth Rock and the universities there was no sound, but under immigrant wharves and crowded factories, and under Wall Street, and in poisonous alleys of great cities I heard the black angels laugh, but with the laughter came up from beneath a clanking of chains.

"Then I looked, and the whole firmament above the angel was as if it were one azure eye, and into it the ten thousand times ten thousand gazed, and I saw that they stood in one palm of a hand of him into whose face they gazed, and that the soft axle of the world stood upon the finger of another palm and that both palms were pierced. I saw the twelve spirits which had gone forth, and they joined hands and moved perpetually about the globe, and I heard a voice, 'Ye are efficient, but I am sufficient.'"

A BRIGHT young Jew is among the most recent converts from Mr. Chas. Cook's meetings in Hyde Park, London. This makes fourteen nationalities represented by the converts from the Park services. This Jew has joined the choir, and is singing the praises of Jesus as the Messiah. Mr. Cook has now commenced services in the Metropolitan Music Hall. A crowded meeting was assembled the first day and there was an evident appreciation of the effort Mr. Cook is making to bring the Gospel to the masses.

RUSSIAN PEASANT WOMEN.

Their Toilsome, yet Patient Lives—Field-work and Home-work—Signs of Progress

WOMAN'S place in Russian peasant households is not, as many imagine, one of abject servitude, as in some less civilized countries. But it is far from being as desirable as it is in Western Europe and America. She is a toiler, whether in the household, or on the farm, at the loom, or in the factory. The photograph from which our illustration is drawn shows a phase of woman's work in Russia which it possibly would not be difficult to duplicate in some parts of our Western States.

In the rural districts of Russia, woman is as ready to undertake heavy physical work as man. Her training fits her for it and she exhibits a power of endurance that is frequently surprising. In the cities, however, it is different, and here woman is rapidly extending her sphere of action, as in Western countries. A characteristic feature of the intellectual movement in Russia is its tendency to extend to women the means and opportunities of obtaining higher instruction.

The gymnasiums for girls are both numerous and good. In addition to these, a series of higher schools, where careful instruction in natural and social sciences is given, have been opened in the chief cities, under the name of "Pedagogical Courses." At St. Petersburg a Women's Medical Academy, the examination at which was more searching than those of the ordinary Academy, was opened. In several university towns there are also free teaching establishments for women, supported by subscription, with programmes and examinations equal to those of the universities. In 1882 the women students numbered 914 at St. Petersburg, about 500 at Moscow, and 389 at Kazan.

The machinery used by the peasants of Russia is very primitive, and the wages for a day of twelve to sixteen hours is exceedingly low. But the women are patient, industrious and kind. They are good wives and careful mothers, striving to instil in the minds of their children the simple religious principles taught by the orthodox church of the country. The Russiaks, who constitute a large proportion of the agricultural community in five great sections of the empire, are a simple people, with little cultivation, but living cleanly, pure lives. They belong for the most part to the United Greeek Church, and preserve among themselves much folk-lore like that common in Poland and Servia. Christianity was introduced into Russia in the early part of the ninth century, when the people renounced idolatry and had a bishop placed over them. The baptism of the Princess Olga, a century later, was the first recognition of the true faith by royalty, and when Czar Vladimir married Anne Sister of Emperor Basil II. and was baptized, Christianity may be said to have been established in Russia.

THE MOTTO ON THE CLOCK.

One of the speakers in a recent church convention in Dublin said: Some years ago, a new clock was made to be placed in the Temple Hall. When finished the clockmaker was desired to wait upon the Benchers of the Temple, who would think of a suitable motto to put under the clock. He applied several times, but without getting the desired information, as they had not determined on the inscription. Continuing to importune them, he at last came, when the old Benchers were met in the Temple Hall, and had just sat down to dinner. The workman again requested to be informed of the motto. One of the Benchers who thought the application ill-timed, and who was fonder of eating and drinking than inventing mottoes, testily replied, 'Go about your business.' The mechanic taking this for an answer to his question, went home and inserted at the bottom of the clock, 'Go about your business!' and placed it in the Temple Hall, to the great surprise of the Benchers, who, considering the circumstances, argued that accident had produced a better motto than they could think of, and ever since the Temple Clock has continued to remind the lawyer and the public to go about their business: reminding us of the text, 'Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.'"

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T. DeWitt Talmage
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WHAT IS NEEDED.

ONE-HALF of the professed Christians amount to nothing. They go to church. They pay pew rents. They have a kind regard for all religious institutions. But as to any firm grip of truth, any enthusiastic service for Christ, any cheerful self-denial, any overmastering prayer, any capacity to strike hard blows for God, they are a failure. One of two things these half-and-half professors ought to do—either withdraw their names from the church-roll or else go so near the fire as to get warm.

Do you know that your present position is an absurdity? You profess to be living for God and heaven, but all the world knows you are lying. Wake up! Do something before you are dead. Either help pull the Lord's chariot, or get out of the way. We want more old-style holiness, the kind they had before railroads, steamboats and telegraphs. A consecrated heart is momentum for all Christian work. Your gun is well enough, but the gun-carriage is rickety, and so unfit for the Lord's battery. The Lord give us all a higher life, a deeper life, a broader life. We cannot do much toward saving others till we ourselves are more surely saved. More purity, more faith, more consecration will be more momentum.

WORK AT OUR DOORS.

SATAN is the prince of the power of the air, and he employs certain states of atmosphere for working desperation. If the adverse weather makes some good and pious people irritable in behavior and monosyllabic in greeting, do you not suppose that very bad people are proportionately affected by it, and that what might make a good man snappish might make a bad man murderous? The only way to stop such desperadoes is to insure their arrest and capital punishment. But how much room yet for reformatory and Christian work in all our land. Foreign heathenism is added to our genuine American heathenism, and there is an infinite work to be done at our very doors. We have more schools for vice than we have schools for virtue. Our cities are malodorous with drunkenness, and the distilleries send up the smoke of their torment for ever and ever. The proposition made in our large cities to stop intemperance by putting up the price of licenses—the privilege of selling rum to be bought at auction—may have been well-meant by reformers, as it no doubt is well-meant, but it fails at this point—that it implies that some people may have a right to debauch society with a bad business, and rob hearth-stones and fill poorhouses and jails and Potter's Fields. The payment of $1,000 or of $10,000 can give no man a right to deal out damnation to a city. What we want in our cities is not so much a new law on this subject as the prompt and inexorable execution of the law already on the statute-book.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD WILL BEGIN THE PUBLICATION OF THE NEW SERIAL STORY:

"UNEQUALLY YOKED;"

Or, "ROSEMARY AND RUE."

BY MRS. JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT,

Author of "THE CAPTAIN'S BARGAIN," (which also appeared in this Journal.)

"Unequally Yoked" is one of the most entrancing stories ever written.

THE CURT REPLY.

WE know people so genial that their faces are always full of sunshine and there is no night there. When they have trouble we can scarcely tell whether they are crying or laughing. The wave of tears dashing against a bank of smiles. But we meet others who are explosive and gunpowdery under slight provocation. There is such a thing—who would have thought of it?—as a snappy editor. When you enter his editorial rooms he does not look up for a long while. You stand with your hat in hand, thinking what a luxury it would be to be asked to sit down. While you are meditating the best way of attracting his attention, he suddenly looks over his shoulder and spits out, "What is it?" There is a flash in the eye and a venom in the tone that makes you feel yourself a villain, though previously you had supposed yourself honest. Before you get through telling him what you want, he is at another editorial, and he finally puts you off by telling you he cannot attend to you now. You back out with apologies for interruption, but inwardly resolving that you will never risk your life again in an editorial sanctum. There is such a thing as a snappy railroad conductor. When he announces the name of a depot he bites off the first letter and the last syllable. It is at your peril you ask him the name of the next place. While you are deciding in which of your eight pockets you put your ticket, he gapes upon you devouringly as much as to say: "I have you now; you expected to get a ride without paying for it, eh?" If you venture to tell him that the car is very cold, he will freeze you still worse with a wondering stare. If you ask him why there is no water on the train he will throw over you the wet blanket of a curt reply, and that is water enough. He is snappy to the old lady who is too long in getting off and the old gentleman who is too long getting on; snappy about where you set your feet, snappy about where you set your valise. Before many miles all the passengers feel the contagion from having been bitten by such a snappy disposition, and so they get snappy too. You have noticed furthermore the snappy merchant. After you have asked for a certain kind of goods he halts before showing them, as much as to say: "Do you really want to buy? or are you among those who do nothing but go a-shopping, and are you going to take up my time for nothing?" He talks over the counter in exasperating monosyllables. When you point out a defect in the fabric, he asks: "Do you expect to find anything perfect under the sun?" While you are meditating whether or not you had better take the goods, he says: "You need not have it, if you don't want it." As you quietly suggest that you saw something a little cheaper at the next store, he howls at you: "Go there and get it!" As you go out he slams the door after you, and you go down the street with irritations all over you just because you came in contact with a snappy merchant. Suavity is an art that we all need to cultivate. Porcupines are fit for nothing but museums. Most of us need to have a smoothing-iron run over our temples. Many people get up a red heat at a moment's notice and do not always cool off so quickly. Some are like hot journals on the railway cars—a little friction, and lo! they are on fire, and it takes ice and salt and waste and time to get things running smoothly; and then there is no saying when they will be on fire again. If we had more of the spirit of him concerning whom it is said, "Grace be poured into thy lips," we would all cease being snappy.

PRAYER ANSWERED.

THERE has been much discussion about what Paul meant when he spoke of "the thorn in the flesh." He spoke of something that irritated, or annoyed him, or hurt him, or mortified him, under the figure of a "thorn in the flesh." Others think it was a stuttering tongue. More persons think, and among them the learned Kitto and Dr. John Brown, the Scotch essayist. that it was diseased eyes, amounting almost to total blindness. They think this because he almost always wrote by the hand of an amanuensis, once mentioning it as a rare occurrence that he had written a large letter with his own hand; and they think this also because he was always accompanied wherever he went, although he was much of the time a poor man and could not have paid attendants; and also because he seems to refer to his trouble with his eyes when, in describing the enthusiastic love of the Galatians he says: "ye would have plucked out your own eyes and given them to me." In other words, "you love me so much you would have been willing to trade off your good eyes for my poor eyes." But whatever may have been the trouble, Paul prayed to have it cured. I suppose he prayed hundreds of times on this matter, but he made three agonizing prayers. Did God answer those prayers? He did, by giving something better than Paul asked for. Not by straightening the back, or by unloosing the tongue, or by curing the disordered eyesight, but by giving him grace to turn into glorious advantage that which had been an irritating detriment.

Instead of curing the physical misfortune, he sanctified that trouble until Paul became the greatest Apostle of the Gentiles, the greatest and grandest Christian of all the centuries. "I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, my grace is sufficient for thee." So it was then—so it is now. In the six thousand years of the world's existence there have not been one hundred right-hearted prayers unanswered. Nor fifty, nor ten, nor five, nor has there been one. If there had in the six thousand years been just one right-hearted prayer unanswered, it would have impeached the character of God. If there be any truth well set forth in the Bible it is that God answers prayer. God gives what you ask for always, or better; and there is no exception.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

"The Repentance Revival."—Mark I.

REVIVALS like men have their characteristics. So this revival of John the Baptist had for its cry of victory "Repentance." If I had power to raise the dead, the first man I'd bring forth would be this mighty preacher. His first and best work would be to gather together the students of theological schools and teach them to be preachers of repentance. It's a fact that may as well be stated, and stated now, that the harvest of "Repentance Preachers" is far too small to meet the needs of the times. We have "love" preachers, and "peace" preachers and "joy" preachers, but successors of John the Baptist are few.

Then a mass meeting of mean, stingy, close, penurious Christians should have him as main speaker. Where to get a place to hold them all would be a serious question. No place now built that I know of would hold any fit portion of them.

Following this, let him take the no small crowd who think by money they can purchase heaven. Great numbers think because of their charity they will pass the portals. This can never be. Alms-giving is good, but is not sufficient to save a sinner.

By this time, under the repetition of the sermons he gave preceding Christ, there will have come a trembling amongst the godless, a cry among the convicted and salvation amongst the truly repentant.

"The Ephesian Revival." Acts 19.

For those who like noise, this revival will suit them. There was plenty of it. Some dear good people can never enjoy a service unless it is full of shout and fervor that boils over in outward expression. God has all kinds of people and he evidently suits his work to the need of all. If some like the shout let them have it, others may not like that kind and they are entitled to respect. For myself I like to keep to the middle of the road. I don't think, however, the church is dying just now from over-expression in religion. It may be that she is dying from a lack of it, for true piety will always in a company find itself given to expressions of joy.

This Ephesian revival needs close study. The excitement of the crowd, the repentance and the results all demand at the hands of soul winners thorough study and meditation.

As one result of this revival we get the book of "Ephesians," which is the ripest of all the Pauline epistles.

The Dry-bone Revival. Ezekiel 37.

This chapter in Ezekiel is fine reading for those whose religious lot is cast in a dry place, and there are not a few who suffer from location.

Many a true-hearted minister of Jesus Christ cries out in bitter anguish for some sphere where he can do something for God fitting his ambition and hopes and talents, though he may never mention the last even to himself.

Many a parent cries unto the Creator for a place where the children may be brought up under influences such as will turn all hearts of their loved ones to God.

They dwell in a land, where religiously speaking, the place is full of bones and they are very dry. Dry prayers, dry songs, dry meetings, dry deacons, dry teachers, dry—everything and everybody.

If some reader in finding this declares they live amidst the valley of dry bones, I bid you hope. Seek God and ask him to send a prophet there who will preach till the very dead hear the word of the Lord and live. This thirty-seventh of Ezekiel is a chapter that was written to give hope to the hopeless.

The Pentecost Revival. Acts 2.

Three thousand converts in one day. Glorious and mighty was this, but beloved be not given to littleness of faith, for the Church is now at work in her multiplied ways so that almost every day we live that many are added to the Church. Rejoice with me, but let us not rejoice over much. There were one hundred and twenty workers Suppose every one hundred and twenty Christians now could get that many converts; not in a day or a week or a month, but in a year. How the angels would rejoice. How wildernesses would blossom like roses. Can this be brought to pass? Yes; if *you* do your part and get right with God and keep so, and the others do the same. "The same cause will always produce the same results," this is a scientific fact.

The Bible And the Newspaper

THE POET'S GRAVE.

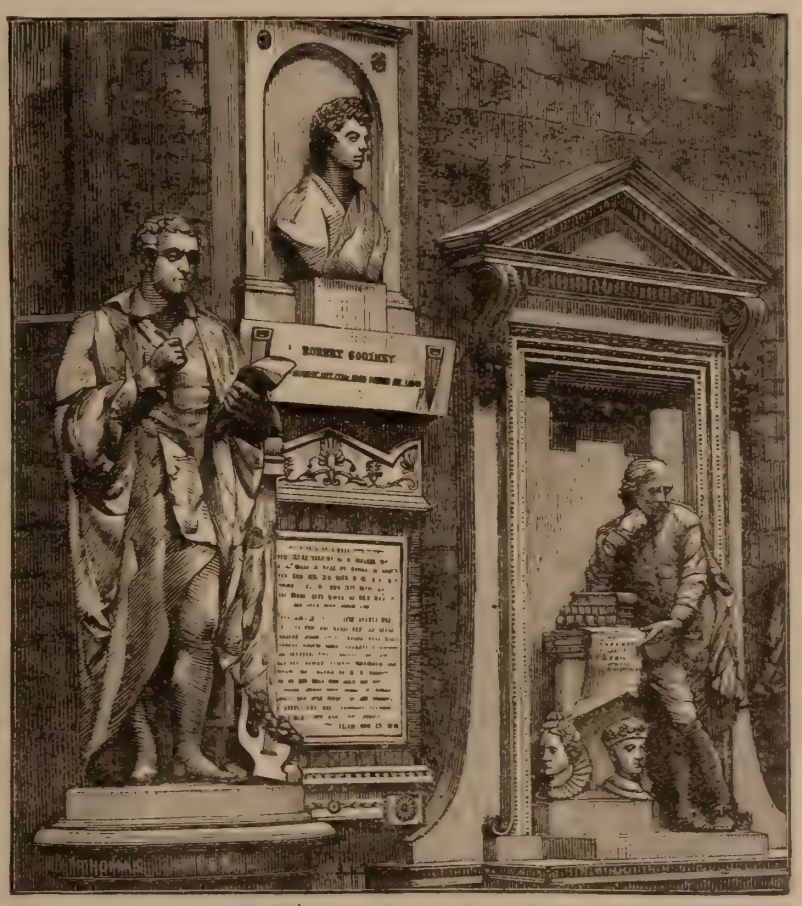
WITH all the pomp and ceremony that befitted his splendid genius, Lord Tennyson's remains were laid on Wednesday, October 12, in the grave beneath the pavement of Westminster Abbey. The place of sepulture is that depicted in the illustration on this page and is known as Poet's Corner. It is in the east aisle of the southern transept and it is distinguished by monuments to Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, Dryden, Southey, Thompson, Goldsmith and other poets, many of whom are buried there. Tennyson's grave is near that of Browning and close to the bust of Longfellow. Many distinguished men attended the funeral. Among the pall-bearers were the ex-Premier, Lord Salisbury, the Secretary of State, Lord Rosebery, the ex-Lord Chancellor, Earl Selborne, the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis Dufferin, Professors Lecky and Froude and Mr. Henry White of the American Legation, who represented Mr. Robert Lincoln. Participating in the solemn service were the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and several eminent prelates. An ordinary English flag covered the coffin, in place of the sombre pall generally used, and upon it lay a wreath of laurel leaves sent by the Queen "as a mark of sincere regard and admiration." During the service, the choir sang "Crossing the Bar," one of Lord Tennyson's latest poems and "The Silent Voices," a poem he dedicated to his wife only ten days before his death. It was a solemn and impressive spectacle, that of the assembly of the greatest living Englishmen reverently laying the poet's remains in the great Abbey, where England puts the dust of her most illustrious sons. It was a fitting tribute to his greatness, but there is one other which Tennyson would have valued far more, which can be rendered by men of every nation—the tribute of a life in accord with the principles he enunciated, pure, kindly, benevolent, righteous in thought, word and deed. That is the best memorial any teacher can desire. It is the one coveted by Christ, himself. His people, he said, were not all those who called him "Lord," but those who did the things which he said.(Matt. 7 : 21–24.)

Naturalization Refused.

THE eagerness of active politicians to secured citizenship for immigrants who will vote at the approaching election for their candidates, has received a check from the judges in some of the courts. In one court in New York six candidates were rejected on October 11th because they were unable to read and write. One of the applicants, a native of County Kent, England, is more than sixty years of age and has been in America twenty-five years. In denying the application the judge said: "It is no use to make such applications. I will not admit to citizenship in courts at which I preside applicants who cannot read and write the English language. Every citizen should be able to read and write. An alien asking naturalization must have these qualifications before I will grant to him a certificate of citizenship. He should be able to read the Constitution of the United States before he is asked or allowed to take the oath of citizenship, and I intend to adhere to this rule, whether, as in this case, the applicant speaks the English language as his mother tongue or whether he is a subject of one of the continental nations ignorant of our language." The judge evidently thought that a man who could not read was probably ignorant of the Constitution to which he was ready to swear allegiance. He was therefore logical in rejecting him, as citizenship involves duties as well as rights. That is so, too, in Christ's kingdom, and there would be less reproach on the church, if the fact was impressed on everyone who desires to enter it, as it was when Christ was upon earth. (Luke 9: 57-62.)

A Schoolboy Reclaimed.

A VETERAN principal of a school in Boston, Mass., recently told a reporter of his methods of dealing with a boy who had the character of being the most refractory boy in the city. He had been severely whipped in other schools where he had been, and when he presented himself had a look on his face that boded trouble for his new teachers. He was at once sulky and fierce and seemed the incarnation of obstinacy. It was not long before he was in trouble again and was recommended by his teacher to the attention of the principal for discipline. The principal told the boy to follow him to the basement, and he obeyed sulkily, with a prevision of a sound thrashing. But he was taken to a closet where the benevolent principal kept some good clothes, which had been given him for charitable purposes. He took down a very handsome jacket, which had been placed at his disposal by a rich man whose boy had died, and said to the boy: "Try this on." He found that it was a nice fit, and then said to the boy: "I will hang your jacket, which is very dirty and worn, here and you shall wear this as long as you behave like a gentleman, for the boy who wore this was a gentleman. When you forfeit it, I will give you yours back in exchange for it." The boy went back to the school-room a changed boy. He took interest in his studies from that time, and never gave occasion for reproof in school afterward. He wore the jacket out, and grew up to be an excellent man. Kindness and trust touched a heart which severity had never reached. It is so that the Gospel wins its triumphs in the world. "What the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh," was done by "God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh for sin." (Roman 8: 3.)



IN POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The Sensation of Dying.

A RECENT newspaper article on the sensations of dying, based on the theory of an eminent physician, has elicited a number of letters from persons who have been restored to life after being so near death as to have lost consciousness. The majority of them aver that they felt little pain of body, but rather a dullness and apathy that was not distressing. One, however, gives the following graphic description of his emotions: "One day in my boyhood when playing on some big logs that were quite a distance from shore, I fell off and came near drowning. I struggled, desperately of course, and tried to swim, but could not, and was sinking for the third time, when I was rescued. Just before I had given myself up for lost, everything I ever thought or did seemed to pass with lightning speed before me, and it seemed as though I could separate the evil things from the good ones of my past life. The sensation was torturing rather than pleasant. My brother, who witnessed my struggling, could never forget the utterly despairing expression on my face." It must have been a strange experience and there are reasons for believing that the mind is gifted with that power. It will not be torturing, however, to one who being clothed with the robe of Christ's righteousness is assured that the evil things of his life are forgiven. They who despise that covering will own the justice of their doom and be speechless. (Matt. 22: 12.)

A War Relic Found.

The members of the old Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, which, in April, 1861, was assaulted on the streets of Baltimore on its way to the capital, have secured a valuable relic, which will be added to its collection of mementoes. Some of the members of the regiment while in Washington at the recent Grand Army Encampment were tramping over the fields occupied by the organization in 1861, in the suburbs of Washington, when they met a man who was a Baltimorean at the time of the attack on the Sixth, and was a witness of the affair. He said he had, with the help of a colored man, rendered aid to one of the men who fell in the street fight. He had kept the man's gun ever since that day and had it now. The gun was produced and was found to be of similar make to the arm carried by the Sixth in 1861. The members of the regiment purchased the weapon and carried it home with them. It is accounted a treasure now and the service in which it was borne an honor; but both brought scorn and reproach to the man who entered Baltimore in 1861. So will it be with the Christian when the Lord comes in his glory. They who bore the reproach of the Cross will be honored before the whole universe. (Matt. 19: 28.)

A Beautiful Mirage.

A MARVELLOUS spectacle visible in Alaska in certain months of the year is described by a traveller in the Philadelphia *Ledger*. It appears about five o'clock in the evening over the great Pacific glacier. It is first like a heavy mist but soon becomes clearer, and one can distinctly see a large city, well defined streets and trees, tall spires, huge and odd shaped buildings, which are like ancient mosques or cathedrals. It is a city which would seem to contain at least 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants. As yet no one has been able to identify it, although several have professed to recognize the place. There is no city like it in Alaska, nor in any country about it for thousands of miles. Some declare it is a city in Russia, others say it is a city in England, but none can say positively what or where it is. The mirage is known by the name of "Silent City," as it appears to be like a dead city; there is nothing that would indicate that it is inhabited. People gaze at it in wonder and admiration; but, knowing that it is unsubstantial as the rainbow no one tries to reach it. Too many think in the same way of the city of God which John saw descending out of heaven, although that is "a city which hath foundations whose Builder and Maker is God."(Heb. 11:10.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. H. W. Brown, the successful Chicago Evangelist, has returned from Scotland, and began work at once at Plainfield, Ill., with a ten-day service. Mr. Brown expects to spend the winter on the Pacific coast.

Rev. B. Fay Mills had a successful work in Salt Lake City, Utah. The mayor issued a proclamation, recommending the closing of places of business on the concluding day of the services, and a very general response was the result. Mormons and all classes joining in the observance of the day.

At the recent Orientalist Congress in London Mr. Flanders Petrie exhibited a collection of tools which had been used by workmen in building the Pyramids of Egypt. Mr. Petrie who is a distinguished Egyptologist vouches for their genuineness. They included straight and circular saws, drills and chisels in no way inferior to those now in use.

An excellent system of bringing pastors and strangers into communication is adopted at the Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth avenue and Twenty-ninth street, New York. An envelope is placed in each seat containing a card on which the stranger is invited to write his name and address and mail it to the pastor, who will call upon him.

Major D. W. Whittle is holding very successful evangelistic meetings in Ireland. Many conversions are taking place and there are demands for services from districts where no meetings of the kind have been held in this generation. He has asked the assistance of Mr. George C. Stebbins, the famous Gospel singer, who sailed last week to aid him in his work.

Mr. and Mrs. Polhill Turner, the famous missionaries in China, who went out under the auspices of the University Mission, have been severely maltreated in China. The *Oceanic*, which arrived at San Francisco on October 14, brings news that a mob of over a thousand Chinese attacked their house at Sunghau, and beat them and tried to drown them. Happily, they succeeded in making their escape to a place of safety at Szechuen.

The Secretary of the Rescue Band, Philadelphia, writing to one of our subscribers says that copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been found very useful in the work of the Band and have been much blessed of God. There is a great demand for them and she would be grateful if subscribers who do not wish to preserve their copies for binding would send them to her after they have read them. Her address is Mrs. M. Cranmer, 1733 Filbert St., Philadelphia.

The annual Convention of Christian Workers will be held this year in Boston, Mass. The first session will be held on Nov. 10, in Tremont Temple, and each day afterwards until Sunday Nov. 16. Those who have attended the previous conventions especially the one held last year in Washington, D. C., will know how rich a season of blessing they are. The programme of the approaching convention indicates that this one will in no respect be inferior to its predecessors. All evangelical Christians interested in practical religious work are cordially invited to attend. Reduced railroad and entertainment rates have been secured. Persons desiring to avail themselves of them, should write to the secretary, Rev. John C. Collins, New Haven, Conn.

A farewell reception was given at Lenox Hall, New York, on Oct. 14, to a number of missionaries who sailed the following day on the *Alaska* for their fields of labor in Syria and India where they go under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. They were the Rev. J. N. Forman and Miss Forman, who are natives of India; the Rev. C. A. R. Janvier of Madison, N. J; Miss Emma Morris of Perth Amboy, N. J.; Miss Emma Templin, M. D., of Cincinnati, O.; Miss S. M. Wherry of Pennsylvania, the Rev. J. N. Hyde of Carthage, Ill., all of whom will go to India, and the Rev. and Mrs. W. K. Eddy, Miss Eddy, and Miss Schauffler, who will locate in Syria. Along with Mr. Eddy go his three children. Mr. Forman, Mr. Janvier, and Miss Wherry have already spent some time in the mission fields of India. All the others enter into the services as novices. Miss Schauffler will meet her brother in Syria. Addresses were given by Rev. John D. Paton. D. D., the veteran missionary to the South Sea Islands, Dr. S. I. Baldwin, of the Chinese Mission, and Bishop Thoburn, of Calcutta.

SPIRITUAL SOMNOLENCE.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. R. S. Mac Arthur, D.D., in Calvary Baptist Church, New York.

And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow; and continued his speech until midnight, etc. Acts 20: 7-12.

WE learn from the context that the Apostle Paul was pressing forward in his journey to be at Jerusalem to attend the Feast of Pentecost. We learn also that he spent a few days at Philippi, and we can well believe that they were days of great joy, because of his love for that church. We learn further that it took Paul and Luke five days to sail from Neapolis, the port of Philippi, to Troas; although six years before Paul made the voyage in two days when going in the opposite direction; now they must have been becalmed, or have encountered contrary winds. Scholarly critics fix the date of his arrival on the 10th of April; they also agree that he was due in Jerusalem on the 17th of May, the date of Pentecost for that year. The uncertainties of navigation at that time would necessitate his taking that much time in order to be sure of reaching Jesusalem for the great feast. Twice before Paul had been in Troas; but on both occasions his visits were cut short. This church was especially interesting to the Apostle, because it was flourishing, and because he had not here been subjected to persecution. The town is famous as a maritime city of Mysia in the northwest part of Asia Minor, on the Ægean coast, and only a short distance south of the supposed site of ancient Troy. It was opposite the Island Tenedos; and Mount Ida, so famous in song and story, overlooked it on the East. It is said that "its remains, in the centre of an oak forest, are still grand and imposing."

The scene presented is profoundly interesting. It gives us

A Beautiful Picture

of a Sunday in that ancient city of Troas. Conon Farrar fixes the year as 58, and we have already seen that the month was April. It was an evening meeting; and probably it was the second service of the day. The congregation, for the place and time, was large and the interest very great.

It is quite evident from the seventh verse that the first day of the week had already come to be observed as a holy day. This practice began immediately upon the resurrection of the Lord. Meetings for religious exercises were held on the day of his resurrection, and eight days after, that is, on the next first day of the week. Tender associations from the very first thus clustered about that day, and nothing could be more natural than that each returning first day should be one of worship, one of holy joy and thanksgiving. It seems also that the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was observed as the disciples met on each first day. Now twenty-eight years later, according to the reckoning of some, on a first day, Paul meets this worshipping company at Troas.

Some time before this date, as we see by 1. Cor. 16: 1-2, Paul assigns special duties for the first day of the week; and many years later the Apostle John speaks of the Lord's Day, which expression refers not to the seventh day as that was called the Sabbath. Some suppose that this present service was held on Saturday evening. That opinion would make the Apostle's journey take place

On the Lord's Day;

but it is much more likely that the reckoning here is according to Gentile rather than the Jewish methods, as the Evangelist Luke had mingled so much with foreign nations, and as he was writing for Gentile and not for Jewish readers. According to this reckoning, the evening of the first day of the week would be the end of the Christian Sabbath, and the morning of Paul's departure would be Monday.

One cannot help wondering why special attention is called to the fact that there were many lights in the place of meeting. Some have said that the purpose was to refute the slander early promulgated that the Christians met in darkness, in order the more easily to practice the wickedness which the heathen affirmed to be carried on in their assemblies. Others suppose that the reference is made as an excuse for the sleepiness of the young man Eutychus; as, according to this supposition, the smoke issuing from the many lamps might have produced drowsiness and finally deep sleep. Others suppose that the reference was made to the lamps to explain how the young man's fall was so quickly seen; but all these explanations are fanciful. Dr. Hackett and others say that the reference to the lights seems to be made as the natural remark of one who was an eye witness; the remark of one who mentions the matter not for the sake of removing a difficulty, but simply because the whole scene stood out before him with great vividness and in striking reality. One who was present, and upon whom the scene made a deep impression, would in telling the story say, "I see it before me now. The people so eagerly listening, the Apostle so earnestly preaching, the many lights brightly burning, and Eutychus nodding and sleeping on the window-sill." We know that up to this time about three weeks have passed since the full moon of the Passover, so that now there would be only a pale light from the crescent moon to dispel the darkness.

A Long Sermon.

We cannot tell exactly when the Apostle Paul began his sermon, but we learn that he discoursed until midnight, and then after the interruption mentioned he continued until the break of day. It has been supposed, taking into account the date of the occurrence and the latitude of Troas, that the sun at that time and place set about seven P.M., and rose about five A.M. We are safe, therefore, in saying that the sermon was from six to seven hours long, granting that considerable time was lost by the interruption caused by the fall of Eutychus; but we must not suppose that the Apostle was speaking continuously. Much of the time would naturally be spent in hearing and answering questions. The word that is translated "preaching" in the ninth verse implies that the discourse was of the nature of a dialogue. Much of the preaching of that early day was of this kind. This method of preaching was not uncommon during the Reformation period, as it still is in many of our foreign mission churches. It might be well if this method were more common among ourselves. There would be less dullness in the pulpit if the pew oftener asked the pulpit questions, and the pulpit were obliged to give prompt and conclusive answers.

Pulpit Profundity.

Long sermons are not justified as a rule because of the Apostle's long sermon in this exceptional case. When a man has nothing to say it usually takes him a long time to say it; but when a preacher has thoroughly mastered his subject and so has clasified his thought, he usually is able to state briefly the results which he had reached. Much so-called pulpit profundity is nothing more than clerical stupidity. You can see a pebble lying at the bottom of a clear stream many feet deep; but you cannot look a quarter of an inch into mud. The object of all true learning is to simplify and not to mystify truth. Obscurity in presenting truth is usually due not always to the profundity of the truth, but rather to the obtuseness of the preacher or writer. What a man knows thoroughly he can tell briefly and clearly. What a man cannot thus tell he does not thus know. It is possible to make long speeches and to say little. Long speeches usually have some other object than to convince the hearers. I once knew a member of the Quebec Parliament who spoke for fourteen hours. His object was to postpone action on a bill until an absent member could be brought from his home. He detained the house while a messenger was dispatched, and until the absent member arrived; and upon his arrival he voted against the bill to secure the passage of which the speech of fourteen hours had been made, and the long delay had been caused. But long speeches and long sermons are as a rule unnecessary. The Apostle's long sermon on this occasion was due to the fact that the

Next Day he was to Leave

that Church and probably would not see the people again. Their hearts turned toward him, and his heart turned toward them with peculiar tenderness because of the circumstances in which they met. He was closing a part of his ministry with them, and the conclusion of such spiritual fellowship is always an occasion of tender and pathetic interest.

Dr. Parker, with equal wit and wisdom, reminds us that love is never patient with the clock; that love always looks with suspicion on the time-keeper. It is always hard for love to say "good-bye"; it must say it at least half a dozen times, and it will return and repeat it several times more. Love never knows how to open the gate, nor how to shut it when once it is opened. Love insists that now it really must go, and yet it still remains. In this case this familiar principle was raised to a high point of spiritual application. Here heart was bound to heart with many intertwining fibres, and it was no easy matter for the Apostle and the people to disentangle these bonds of love. When the heart of the listener is profoundly moved the heart of the speaker will be correspondingly moved; no doubt the reverse is true in both cases. Paul's eloquence was due partly to the attentiveness of his hearers, and the attentiveness of the hearers was due partly to the eloquence of the Apostle.

The Fall and Death of Eutychus.

We are now led to a pathetic incident in connection with this historic assemblage. The preaching was sadly interrupted. The description given by the Evangelist Luke is so vivid as to suggest that he had been for some tims watching the nodding young man sitting on the window-sill. He eyes close, his head nods, and then sinks upon his breast; he is in deep sleep. As Luke watches him, he slumbers, sleeps, loses his balance, falls. In a moment more the dull sound of his fall upon the pavement of the street or of the court is heard. A cry of horror is raised in the chamber, and the whole assembly is for a time wildly excited and then sinks into grief. The window projected either over the street or the inner court, and the fall was from the third story. We must bear in mind that the window was probably left open to admit the fresh air. Of course there was no glass, and as the shutter, or lattice work, was not closed, there was nothing to prevent Eutychus when asleep from falling out and down. The word window originally signified a windore, or wind-door—i.e., the door to admit wind or air. The evening perhaps was warm, the room was crowded, the lights were numerous, and the sermon was long. It is not remarkable, therefore, that the young man was overcome with sleep; and being so overcome, that he should fall from his ill-chosen seat to the pavement.

Excusable Sleepiness.

While it would not be true of a hearer of the great Apostle, it would often be true of one of our hearers that sleepiness would be more the fault of the preacher than of the hearer. If one of you should become sleepy to-day I should blame myself rather than you. Dullness in the pulpit is conducive to sleepiness in the pew. Occasionally there is great excuse for sleepiness on the part of hearers even when the preacher is not especially dull. Many in our audiences bear burdens which banish sleep at the right time; they have trials of which preachers and fellow-hearers know nothing; and they are not to be blamed if wakeful nights in their homes lead to drowsiness in the house of God. Sleepiness is often due also to atmospheric and similar causes. I remember years ago preaching to an audience of farmers on Sunday afternoons. The church was closed all the time, with the exception of the afternoon on which the service was held; the air, as a consequence, was close and heavy. These farmers worked in the fields with light clothing, and breathing the fresh air of the open country. After a hearty dinner on Sunday they put on heavy clothing, came into the close air of the church, and soon were dozing in sweet slumber. It seemed as if all the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero, of Paul and Apollos, of Chrysostom and Augustine, of Luther and Latimer, of Bunyan and Baxter, of Spurgeon and of all modern divines could not keep these men awake. They slept as sweetly as if my voice were that of a charmer. But I did not feel disposed to blame them sharply; they could not help themselves in the circumstances; neither was I disposed to blame myself unduly. Let us not be harsh in our judgment of those whose heavy eyes and nodding head sometimes attract our attention.

The Mind Asleep.

We ought, however, to blame those who sleep because they have no interest in divine things. Such men sleep in the house of God because their soul has gone out after the world and left only the empty body in the place of worship. There are men often asleep in God's house whose eyes are wide open; but their hearts are cold and dead, even though their bodies seem to be alive and awake. There are men who solve the problems of the hour, and who lay business plans for the week while they are in the house of God. With open eyes and dead heart they are more objectionable in God's sight than the men and women whose eyes close, whose heads nod, and whose minds are locked in slumber. To these worldly hearers we must cry out, Awake, awake! We must say to them with the voice of thunder, Awake, thou that sleepest! Arise from the dead and Christ shall give thee light.

Amid all the excitement consequent upon the fall of Eutychus the Apostle Paul was calm and self-controlled. No man is able to control others except he first can control himself. The Apostle, after the manner of Elisha and Elijah, when he had gone down to the youth stretched upon the pavement, fell upon him and embraced him. The people, after the oriental manner, began to utter passionate outcries. Eutychus was not merely taken up for dead, but really was dead; the natural interpretation is that the fall had killed the young man. I never wish needlessly to multiply miracles; but neither do I wish cowardly to refuse to recognise miracles when they are plainly recorded. The obvious interpretation is usually the true interpretation. Luke, the physician, who had the advantage of being present and of possessing professional knowledge, tells us that the youth was dead, not that he seemed to be dead, but was dead. But the Apostle Paul was soon able to exhort the people to desist from their wild outcries, assuring them that life had returned. The Apostle's calmness produced a profound impresion upon the audience. He silenced the people, and under

The Influence of Divine Power

he restored the young man to life. He then proceeded to administer the Lord's Supper, which the accident to Eutychus had delayed. Then a meal seems to have been eaten, then a long familiar conversation was had with the people—the word here translated "talked" implies familiar and social intercourse rather than formal preaching—then came the break of day, when the Apostle proceeded on his journey. The young man Eutychus was brought into the congregation before the Apostle left, and his presence gave joy to all the people.

We learn that these disciples met together on the first day of the week for religious worship. It was not enough that they read the Scriptures in their homes; that they prayed in secret and at their family altars, they must also obey the inspired injunction not to forsake the assembling of themselves together. There is power in fellowship, there is a blessed influence in the communion of saints in work and worship, they are likely to wander in their faith and finally to bring reproach upon their Lord. Their failure to meet together argues a dangerous coldness in their souls. When Christians are warm in heart they will come close to one another in public worship. Those who seek the back seats in the prayer-meeting are already cold in heart and are the more likely to wander in life. This meeting was on the Lord's Day. We are still to honor that day. The man who lifts his hand against God's holy day is an enemy to the Republic,

An Enemy to the Race,

an enemy to God. We are to look with suspicion upon those who strive to break down the proper restraints which this holy day imposes. It will be a sad day for this Republic when the holy day becomes simply a holiday. It will then soon cease to be even a holiday, and will become simply a work day. Working men will then be robbed of a day of rest in seven. These early disciples met not in a stately cathedral, but in this plain upper chamber. But every place is glorious when filled with the presence of Christ; when resplendent with the glory of the Lord. The lowliest chapel may be the dwelling-place of the Eternal as truly as the loftiest cathedral.

This boy's sleep suggests a more fatal sleep. It was a good thing that he was present listening to this sermon. Parental authority ought to be used to induce the young not to forsake the house of God. This was also the evening worship. Many both older and younger in our day are disposed to neglect the second service in our churches. This is a dangerous tendency; it sets a bad example to servants, to children, to friends, to all. Let us not allow ourselves to indulge in indifference and laziness on the evening of the Lord's day. Many are more dangerously asleep now than was this boy; some in this congregation are spiritually asleep at this moment. They are day by day in a state of religious somnambulism. We read lately in the daily papers of a young woman while in a state of physical somnambulism walking out on the balcony of a European hotel; she was humming a tune, and keeping time with her feet to the music. The crowd gathered on the street were horrified; a single misstep and she would be dashed upon the pavement. A friend climbed out after her; a light flashed from a window opposite; she instantly awoke, and was caught by the strong arms of the friend who had hastened to her rescue. O men and women, awake from the sleep of death. A light from the Cross flashes upon you at this moment. You are standing upon

the confines of time; a moment more and you may be in eternity. Jesus Christ has come to save you. He reaches out his strong arms for your deliverance. If you awake now he will give you life and light forevermore.

We see here a glorious illustration of the power of an Apostle when the Lord works with him. Paul had to come into close contact with this dead boy as did Elijah and Elisha in that earlier day; just as did Jesus when he took a boy by the hand and lifted him up. So must we if we are to lift men from the sleep of death. We cannot do effective work for Christ at long range. We must bend over the sleeping and the dead, we must be willing to take their hand, however poor and sinful they are, that we may lift them into light and life. There is no selfishness in a true Christianity; the love of Christ banishes pride. It awakens love and that love is willing to make any sacrifice to honor God and to save men. Christianity values a human soul; it finds even in one soul a meaning which no words of man can express. Who was Eutychus? Only a boy. His name implies that he belonged to the lower walks of life; that he was of the freedmen class. Probably his ancestors were slaves; as has been said, he represented the plebeian side of social life; but that life was precious in the sight of God. God intends to make the lowliest his sons and daughters, to make them the noblest in heaven's aristocracy. I would to-day that I might save some young man or woman in this audience. I would rather win one soul to Christ than win millions of this world's goods to myself. Once more I bend over each one; once more I would take you by the hand; once more I would cry, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

HOW A CONVICT WAS CONVERTED.

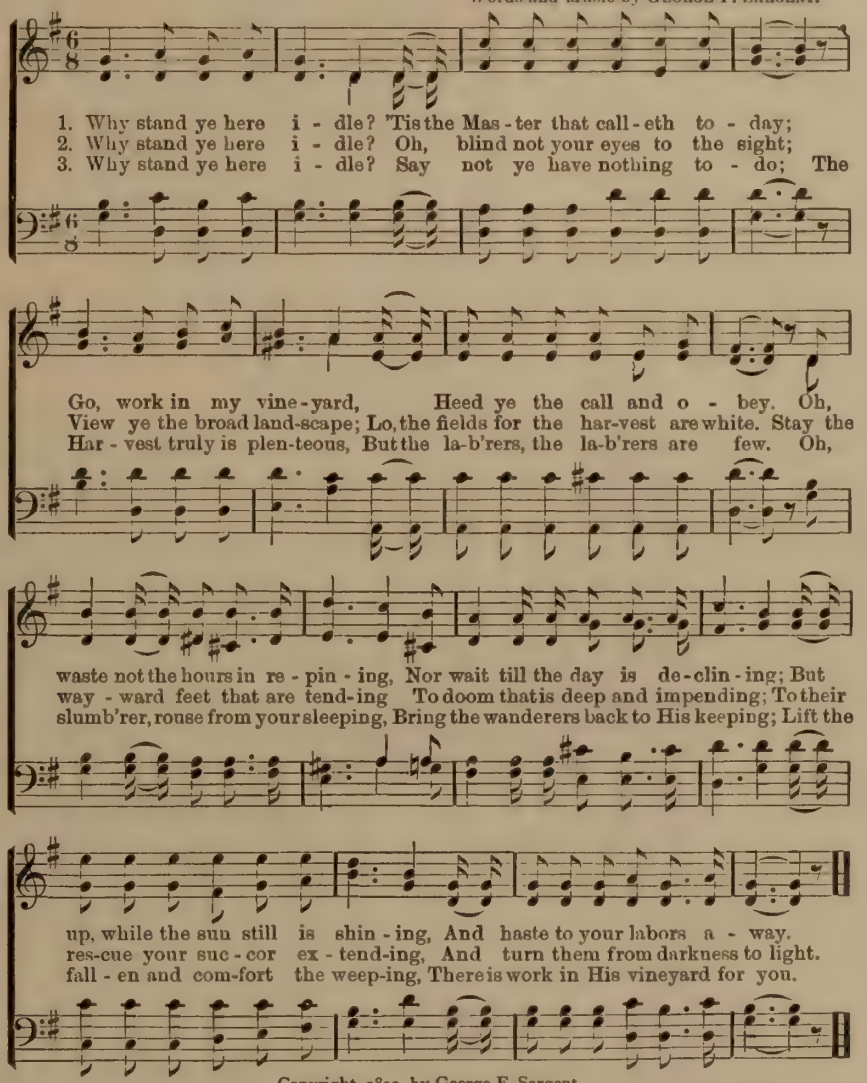
Rev. S. S. Murray, an English clergyman relates the following: "I knew a man, who, having gone through various stages of vice and crime coupled with intemperance, at the age of thirty-five was condemned to serve a long sentence in a State's prison. Having completed his term, he was released, and in an effort to find relief from the remorse that was as a consuming fire in his veins, he returned to his intemperate habits. Just recovering from a delirium that had nearly sent him unshrived into the presence of his God, he staggered feebly into a mission, praying for food. He was barefooted and bareheaded, his matted locks strayed roughly over his face, his wretched garments were held in place by a rope, every spark of manhood had gone out of him, he was an abject wreck mentally and physically. His immediate wants were supplied, and he was directed to an evening service in an adjoining chapel. As he entered, his eyes fell on the text, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved,' and for an instant he stood as though spellbound. He realized his absolute helplessness, every foundation on which he had thought to stand, had been swept awept away, every earthly ambition was gone, he knew himself a lost creature, like the piston-rod he had reached the very bottom of his experience. With an energy of will, given by God, he exclaimed: 'I do believe,' and fell upon his knees. A marvellous change was there wrought. When he arose, his face was transformed, the leaden eyes were radiant, and a glow of divine light so suffused his very being, that the filthy garments themselves seemed to catch the radiance. In that moment life had succeeded death. Here was an absolutely new creation, an instantaneous exertion of God's almightiness—his direct gift, and the man became converted on the spot."

THE IRON CHAIN OF HABIT.

Professor Drummond tells of an over-laden coal barge which stood in the river: "A sailor reported to the captain that the water was gaining upon the vessel. The captain drove him away with scoffs. Twice, thrice, the warning was repeated. Each time the warning voice was unheeded. At last the barge began to give evidence of sinking. The captain ordered the men to the boats. They took their places. He then said, 'I told you there was plenty of time.' Then he took out his knife to cut the cable which bound the boat to the barge. He fell back with a cry of horror. The cable was an iron chain!" The eleventh hour is an hour of haste and danger and disappointment. The thread becomes a cord, the cord a cable, the cable a chain. The time to get clear of sinking craft is now; and the time to flee from sin, to forsake wrong-doing, to cut every cable of evil habit, appetite and passion is to-day. Delays are dangerous, and they often prove fatal. "Now is the accepted time."

Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

Words and Music by George F. Sargent.


1. Why stand ye here i - dle? 'Tis the Mas - ter that call - eth to - day;
2. Why stand ye here i - dle? Oh, blind not your eyes to the sight;
3. Why stand ye here i - dle? Say not ye have nothing to - do; The
Go, work in my vine-yard, Heed ye the call and o - bey. Oh,
View ye the broad land-scape; Lo, the fields for the har-vest are white. Stay the
Har - vest truly is plen-teous, But the la-b'rers, the la-b'rers are few. Oh,
waste not the hours in re - pin - ing, Nor wait till the day is de-clin - ing; But
way - ward feet that are tend-ing To doom that is deep and impending; To their
slumb'rer, rouse from your sleeping, Bring the wanderers back to His keeping; Lift the
up, while the sun still is shin - ing, And haste to your labors a - way.
res-cue your suc - cor ex - tend-ing, And turn them from darkness to light.
fall - en and com-fort the weep-ing, There is work in His vineyard for you.

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WHITHER THEN SHALL I GO?

(For The Christian Herald.)

WHEN my soul wings its flight from this body of clay, [away,
In the arms of some spirit is carried
When my eyes shall close here for the last time in death,
When my heart has ceased beating, and still is my breath;
Whither then shall I go?

When my work here is finished, my time come at last,
When the years of my life are the years of the past,
When no more I can gaze in the kind friendly eyes,
But to fields of some clime must soar upward and rise,
Whither then shall I go?

When I've trod for the last time the dust of the earth,
When I've heard for the last time the sweet songs of mirth,
When their echo has died on my cold ears away,
And once more I am doomed to return unto clay,
Whither then shall I go?

When the funeral train bears my form to the tomb,
And there lays me to rest amid darkness and gloom,
When my casket is covered with dust and with sod,
And my body committed to earth and to God,
Whither then shall I go?

The sad time will soon come when farewell must be said,
When I must be borne to the land of the dead,
And when then in the silence that spreads 'round the grave,
I shall rest with earth's victims, the true and the brave,
Whither then shall I go?

When asleep on the bosom of death I shall lie,
And when in that slumber I'm carried away,
When my task is done and my warfare is o'er,
When no longer I dwell here, on earth's dreary shore,
Whither then shall I go?

Evanston, Ills. —J. N. Gortner.

THE SWEETEST DAY.

SWEET Sabbath day! by thy soft wind
The heads of lofty trees inclined
Their humble tribute pay.
The bird-choir sings from chancel green
The songs of peace and joy serene:
They chant their sweetest hymns, I ween,
On Sabbath day.

Beneath thy shade my spirit lies;
My soul looks upward to the skies
Whence comes my help alway.
There is a rest from every care,
There is an all-pervading prayer—
The good in life is everywhere
On Sabbath day.

To feelings parched with grief and pain
The Sabbath comes like gentle rain
To cool the heated way.
The weary mortal and oppressed,
The poor, the sick, are doubly blest
By thy return, O day of rest,
Sweet Sabbath day! —*The Interior.*

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

THE WORLD WITHOUT GOD.*

HOW deep is the gloom which weighs upon the spirit in reading the words of those who find no God in the world, nothing but man and a something which they call nature! These prophets of no-god would seem, like the prophets of God, to have been since the world began. It seems but a step from that Roman poet who

> Dropped his plummet down the broad,
> Deep universe, and said, "No God."
> Finding no bottom,

to this Mr. Richard Jefferies whose books I have been reading to-day. One can scarcely believe them two thousand years apart. There are the same close observation of nature, the same yearning for some kind of heart-union with nature, the same longing to save men from all their sorrows and mistakes by bringing the race into harmony with nature, the same gloomy intensity and brooding sadness. Well may they be sad. Neither will they win thus peace for their own souls nor redemption for men. Man is not a child of nature; he is a child of God. What is nature? The all-mother? Strange mother! Blind and deaf; pitiless, or powerless to aid; who torments her children for a few brief years with meaningless and useless sufferings, then blots them out as they had never been. What is nature? Matter, force, and law. Which of these shall be just? Which of them shall show mercy? Which shall help or save? Nature is not our parent. She cannot even reveal to us a parent. Nature reveals power, and not with certainty anything else. Is it an intelligent power? Is it a beneficent power? We know not. Call it, then, the unknowable, and escape despair if you can. Our case is worse than that of the ancient pagan world, inasmuch as an unknowable is infinitely farther off than an unknown. Worse than the pagan world, unless, indeed, we be a Christian world. Knowing Christ, we know God, a father, a redeemer, a sufferer. No other but a suffering God for such a world as this. Nature and man, suffering and sin, a black, black world. But into that world light is come.

> The awful unknown power that in the darkness lies
> Thou saidst could be revealed, through thee, to mortal eyes:
>
> And what though earth and sea his glory do proclaim,
> Tho' on the stars is writ that great and dreadful name—
>
> Yea—hear me, Son of Man—with tears my eyes are dim,
> I cannot read the word which draws me close to him.
>
> I say it after thee, with faltering voice and weak,
> "Father of Jesus Christ"—this is the God I seek.
>
> On thee I lean my soul, bewildered, tempest-tost,
> If thou canst fail, for me then everything is lost.
>
> For triumph, for defeat, I lean my soul on thee:
> Yes, where thou art, O Lord, there let thy servant be

ILLUSTRATION IN ORATORY.†

Instruction should be one of the first aims of every public speaker, and in this his illustrations should be in keeping with the whole of his discourse. This is an age when the world is seeking knowledge upon all sorts of themes, and he who gives it in liberal measure will not lack an appreciative audience. But let him be sure that if, in his illustrations, he sinks below his subject or an instructive standard, whatever of interest may be apparently gained, will be of transient avail; for, however delighted a hearer may be with it today, when he has learned (as he probably will) that it was built upon a false foundation, not only does he reject the illustration, but also the illustrator and the illustrated. Some there will be in every audience who will understand, at once, its falsity.

To say that it should be instructive does not necessarily mean that it must be true in every particular; but it certainly must be that which could have been true under the given circumstances. Much of myth and legend and fable which contain the very essence of truthfulness in spirit, are not, and never have been, true in fact. Myths which deal with the exploits of the gods, and fables which introduce impossible fairies, however, are of little

*From *The Love of the World;* by Mary Emily Case; pp. 92; cloth, gilt; The Century Co., New York, publishers.

† From *Conwell's System of Oratory*, a text book, by Horace G McKean; prepared by special permission of Rev. R. H. Conwell, of Temple College, Philadelphia; pp. 74; cloth; Henry Neil, Philadelphia, publisher.

practical value to the everyday lives of men and women of our day. When illustrations of this class are used, they must be selected with judicious care, and given for exactly what they are worth as ornament—no more, no less—and always the spirit of the truth impressed, rather than the form which the truth there assumes.

Again, to say that it must be instructive does not necessarily mean that it must be developed from history, or science, or the intricate problems of the day, or from any high-sounding theme of which, perhaps, the audience knows little and the speaker no more. [As a rule the speaker's knowledge of these things may be safely reckoned at the inverse ratio of his apparent desire to make an unnecessary display of them. When he has become thoroughly master of them, he will use them so simply and naturally that attention will never be drawn from the truth illustrated to the source of the illustration.] There is not a realm in nature but can be made to yield instruction upon many points. Indeed, this could not be otherwise, as every existing fact of created being was formed or overruled by one Master Mind, who makes no mistakes and never contradicts himself. Everything must throw light upon every other thing, when rightly understood.

The finest examples of illustrations which the world has ever heard are those which fell from the lips of the Great Teacher when addressing, perhaps, the largest audiences that ever convened at the call of the truth. It will be highly instructive to the student to make deep and particular inquiry into these, noting the purpose of their use and the characteristic elements to be found in them.

THE JAFFA-JERUSALEM RAILWAY.

A correspondent of the *Jewish Chronicle* writing from Jerusalem says: On the last Sunday in August, crowds of people passed through the Jaffa gates to witness a sight that had never been seen before in the Holy City. This was no other than the first locomotive engine, which had arrived at the new railway station, preparatory to the opening of the railway line. Modern civilization, with its rapid modes of communication, is penetrating into the realms of more ancient civilization. The crowds which assembled to watch the gigantic moving thing, that seemed to be propelled without any power, was as much astonished as if a locomotive engine had never been heard of. The Arabs, Turks, Jews and Christians all alike, who constituted this motley assembly, were filled with awe and wonder at the sight of the smoking thing that moved along and dragged carriages after it. One old Jewess, who had never been outside of the city, declared it was possessed of the devil.

A party of young Arabs were pressed by curiosity to approach a little nearer, when all at once the engine uttered a shrill whistle. At this hideous shriek the Arabs started back with horror, lifted up their hands, and cried, '*Ma scha Allah*,' 'What is the great God doing? This is the work of Satan!' It is a curious fact that, through all ages, whenever any new and strange thing has been brought before the common people, they have invariably credited the Evil One with its invention, though the results obtained by it were conducive of comfort or benefit to mankind. It was so with printing, perhaps the greatest benefit that has come to the modern world. What the railway has done for the rest of the world will follow here also. It will develop the resources of the country, and unite men more and more by bringing them into close contact with each other. The year 5653, which burst upon September 22d, 1892, will witness one of the grandest sights that have been known in Palestine for many centuries. May it prove an unmixed blessing!"

"BE STILL."

Ps. 46: 10.

THIRSTING? Crying?
But the day's dying,
Hush now its weakness and wrong:
Each little pain of it,
Would you complain of it?
Peace, oh, my heart: be strong.

Bleeding? Breaking?
But the night's waking,
Watching the glory of stars.
Borrow the calm of it,
Make thee a balm of it;
Cover the dead-day scars.

Throbbing? Aching?
But a day's breaking,
Hopeful and happy and long:
Get thyself taught of it,
See thou leave naught of it,
Room for the old day's wrong.

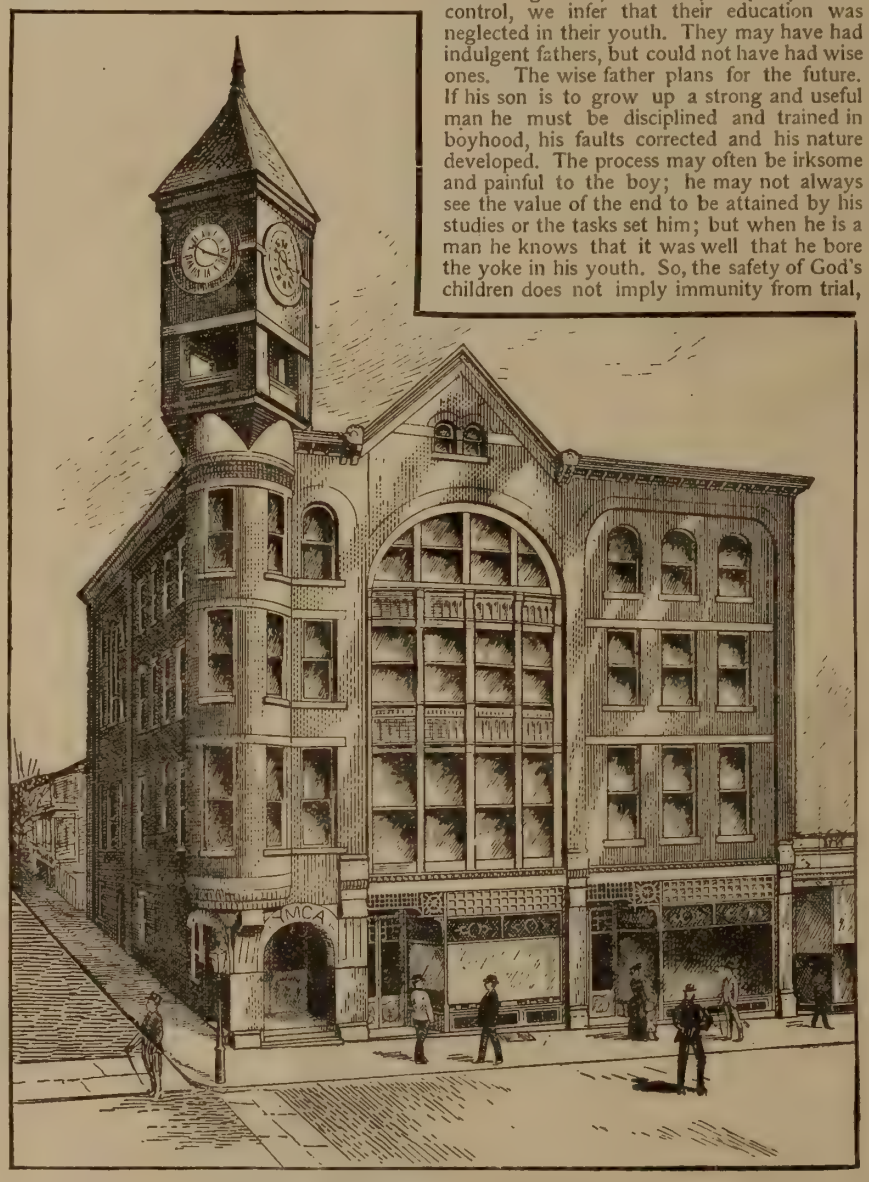
—E. E. Garnett.

SAFETY OF GOD'S CHILDREN.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Nov. 6. Acts 12: 5-12; Psalm 34: 7-10.

PAUL'S declaration to the men of Athens that God is not far from every one of us, is too much forgotten in the present day. The tendency of the teaching of modern philosophers is to increase the distance between God and man. The final first cause, the existence of which is practically admitted even by Herbert Spencer, is so remote from us as to exercise no influence on thought or life. The result is one that can never satisfy the human mind. It leaves man bereaved and desolate in a universe ruled by mechanical, inexorable law. Human instinct rebels against this conception of his condition. The savage who has no revelation of God, makes a god for himself. This deep need of humanity finds no real satisfaction till it finds it in the God of the Bible. There God is revealed, creating, ruling, guiding and protecting his people; and finally, in Christ we have the supreme revelation of him, the most welcome that ever fell on mortal ears: "Our Father who art in heaven." This is what we need and how much it includes! Can it be true? Does the incomprehensible Being who created the universe, who rolled the worlds in their orbits, who existed from all eternity, uncreated, omnipotent, omniscient—can such a Being care for the individual man? Christ answers the wondering question: "The very hairs of your head are numbered." How close this conception of God as a Father brings us to him, without diminishing our reverence for him! Every child understands it and every father realizes it. Infinite power and infinite love combine in the revelation to banish fear and anxiety.

But are God's children safe? Is the man who puts his trust in this heavenly Father preserved from the ills that afflict humanity? We see the good man in affliction more frequently than we see him in prosperity. Sickness, poverty, distress, assail him as they do other men, indeed they seem to single him out more than other men for their worst assaults. In what way then does God manifest paternal love? It is only when we view life as a school and apply it to our own methods of dealing with children that we obtain the clue to the mystery. When we have to do with men who are ignorant, untrained, incapable of self-control, we infer that their education was neglected in their youth. They may have had indulgent fathers, but could not have had wise ones. The wise father plans for the future. If his son is to grow up a strong and useful man he must be disciplined and trained in boyhood, his faults corrected and his nature developed. The process may often be irksome and painful to the boy; he may not always see the value of the end to be attained by his studies or the tasks set him; but when he is a man he knows that it was well that he bore the yoke in his youth. So, the safety of God's children does not imply immunity from trial, God's wisdom being infinite, like his love. Trials come to the Christian, but he bears them as a son, not as a slave, and he accepts them as a discipline that is to fit him for the future, that his Father knows, though it is unknown to him.



THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, AT STAUNTON, VA.

B. Y. P. U. CONVENTIONS.

In *South Dakota* there are now twenty-six Baptist Young People's Unions. This is a gain of twelve in one year. A State Convention recently held at Parker showed that there was no lack of enthusiasm and devotion to the work. Mr. D. P. Ward, of Sioux Falls, has been elected State President, and Mrs. Abbie Ross, of Brocking, Secretary. In *Illinois* there will be a State Convention at Peoria on October 28th. Chairmen of Committees have been reminded that they can contribute materially to the success of the Convention by bringing with them memoranda of methods of work which have been found practically valuable in their own Unions. Ideas of this kind are not protected by patent and their originators do not wish such protection, but rather that they should be adopted as widely as possible. In *Pennsylvania* a State Convention is announced at Franklin. The speakers include Dr. W. T. Chase, of Philadelphia; Dr. W. A. Stanton, of Pittsburg, and Rev. N. C. Hall, of Erie. In *Iowa* the State Convention is now in session at Mason City. The State President, Mr. E. P. Fox, and the State Secretary, Mr. R. A. Smith, had made elaborate preparations for the reception of a large number of delegates and a programme of more than ordinary interest. In *Connecticut* the State Convention was held at Willimantic, October 17th and 18th. Among the speakers were Hon. Francis Wayland, Rev. J. H. Mason, of New Haven; Rev. F. E. Marble, of Wallingford; President E. B. Andrews, of Brown University; Rev. H. W. Pinkham, of Bridgeport, who read a paper on "The Secret of a Great Life," and Mrs. Helen M. Kent, of Putnam, whose paper on "Enlistment in Missions" was able and exhaustive. The musical exercises were under the charge of Mr. T. C. Evans, of Boston, Mass.

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A VIRGINIA Y. M. C. A.

A cordial invitation from the Young Men's Christian Association of Staunton, Va., brought a notable assembly together in their commodious home on October 7th. The invitation was given to the students of the city, and they came from the Military Academy, from the business college and from various high schools and other educational institutions in large numbers. The Association's hospitality was heartily appreciated by its guests who enjoyed an evening of varied exercises. Music and gymnastic performances by the members prevented any part of it being dull, and the Ladies' Auxiliary took care that the collation was the best of its kind. The guests were so delighted with their reception that many of them are likely at future receptions to rank as hosts, by becoming members of the Association.

The building, a picture of which appears on this page, is little more than two years old and is one of the finest and best equipped in the State. It cost, with the lot on which it stands, $33,500, and covers an area of fifty-five by eighty-two feet on the corner of a central thoroughfare. It has a library of 2,600 volumes, a reading-room and a large gymnasium with the latest appliances. Its membership is nearly three hundred. The Association was organized eighteen years ago with only a few members, but is now, though it has not yet attained its majority, a most flourishing and prosperous institution.

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THE C. E. ON SHIPBOARD.

Probably some members of the Christian Endeavor Society are unaware how large a number of members are sailors, who have the privilege of participating in meetings of the Society at home. There are now nearly three hundred such members and there is no doubt that the number will grow. A converted sailor returning to his ship needs the assistance the Christian Endeavor Society gives even more than the convert on land who has his church and fellow-members to give him strength. Christian workers who labor among sailors in our seaport towns will do well to recollect the fact and suggest to the newly converted sailor the value of a membership in the Society.

The pledge is the Christian Endeavor active membership pledge, with the insertion of a clause relating to pure living, total abstinence, and non-profanity; having a "coupon" for name, ship, and permanent address, to detach and keep on file, while the pledge is placed in the sailor's Bible. A signer becomes a "member-at-large," but can join a society whenever practicable. The special pledge and all about the membership-at-large may be obtained from Miss Antoinette P. Jones, Falmouth, Mass.

Among the testimonies received from these sailor members are the following which are really pathetic in the appreciation of the value of the Society:

"The life-boat and crew of Christian Endeavor rescued me from the wreck," says one. "I was an old hulk, drifting, when Christian Endeavor rescued me," writes another. "Christian Endeavor rescued me when I was fast going in the downward road," is one grateful testimony. "I lost my pledge (card) and pin," writes a shipwrecked member "but my promise I will keep in my heart so it will never be lost." "I have always been very selfish," is another confession, "but I find Christian Endeavor means to please others."

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells the Story of Lucknow and the Relief of its Garrison in 1857.

OF course, the all-absorbing topic in the household, as in many thousands of others in America, has been the recent Columbus Centennial Celebration in New York. To the children it has been an unfailing theme of inspiration and a cause of endless admiring comment on the beauty of the pageant and the magnitude of the crowds.

"Yes, it was a great spectacle," observed Uncle John, replying to a little burst of chatter by some of the young folks, "and it afforded an opportunity for all good American boys and girls to show their love of country. Nothing could have been finer, I am sure, than the patriotic display they made in the School Children's Parade. While our country has been celebrating its Fourth Columbian Centenary in such a jubilant way, our English friends have been commemorating an anniversary in which sadness and joy equally mingle. I mean the anniversary of the first relief of Lucknow, in 1857."

"That was during the Indian mutiny, was it not," interrogated Tom.

"Yes," was the reply. "You, who are old enough to have read history other than that of our own land, may recall the thrilling story of the rising in India. It was a terrible time for mothers and children. Lucknow is one of the most beautiful cities in Hindostan, very old, with some magnificent buildings and with a gate whose architectural style has excited the admiration of designers and artists the world over. You know, almost all Eastern cities possess gates and walls, built for purposes of defence. Well, Lucknow was occupied by a British garrison. Some of the troops were white, but the majority were natives in the English service. They defended the place as well as possible from the mutineers who gathered in force, several thousand strong. For months the little garrison was cut off from the outside world, and in July, 1857, they were driven to seek refuge in the Residency building within the walls, where, in the space of a few hundred yards wide, the women and children were huddled together. To defend this large number, there were only a few hundred British troops and about one hundred and fifty native soldiers, who had remained faithful, while their comrades had rebelled."

"What a terrible position to be in!" interposed the mother, who sat listening beside her children, to Uncle John's recital.

"Dreadful, indeed," said the old gentleman. "Just think of their perilous position. Outside the mud walls there were 5,000 mutineers whose numbers were being constantly swelled by new arrivals, accustomed to the use of arms; yet for ten weeks the heroic little garrison repulsed every attack. Every morning witnessed a renewal of the siege and the fire of the cannon and musketry was continuous. Beside the outside enemy there was another with whom they had to contend, for disease began to tell upon them and many died from fever and heat."

"But they were relieved at last, were they not?"

"Yes, and that gloriously. When hope had been almost abandoned and even the bravest were well-nigh in despair; when prayers had been said until hearts were sore and lips were dry, then—as it always does in our direst extremity—help came from the Fountain of all Help. Some of the women had thrown themselves to the ground in utter despair, when Jessie Brown, the servant of an officer's wife, is said to have suddenly started up, her face brightening and her eyes shining, and to have asked the other women kneeling about her, whether they did not hear the strains of music made by the bag-pipes of the Highlanders. In an instant all within the Residency was hushed, but not a listening ear seemed able to catch the note that Jessie Brown had heard. But the poor girl persisted and as she bent lower, almost to the earth, she cried, 'Yes, yes, it is the slogan of the Camerons.' Then another ear caught the strain, and another, and another, until it could be distinguished by all within the besieged building. When at last the firing of the mutineers slackened and ceased altogether, as they drew off on approach of the advancing troops, the glad groups in the Residency building could hear not only the bag-pipes' martial strain, but the steady tramp of the welcome regiments, as they marched sturdily to their rescue. You can probably better imagine than I can describe the glad scene, when the soldiers, under Sir Henry Havelock, entered the city. The mothers and children ran out weeping with joy to greet them, and strong men bowed their heads with tears of thankfulness to Heaven for saving their dear ones from a terrible fate. The Highlanders caught up the children, hugged and kissed them, remembering, no doubt, their own little darlings at home, and thanking God that they had been the means of saving these little ones to their parents."

THE GATE OF THE CITY OF LUCKNOW, INDIA.

Sympathetic tears glistened in the eyes of the home group, as they followed Uncle John's pitiful story. The quivering lips and the tender expression on their faces told how much it had touched their hearts.

"Then I suppose they were all safe after that, Uncle, were they not?" asked one, after a pause.

"For a time they were; yet all danger was not past. Three weeks later, when the mutineers seemed to have grown bold again and more perils were threatened, 5,000 fresh troops under Sir Colin Campbell arrived to reinforce Havelock's regiment.

"One of the late Lord Tennyson's noblest poems deals with the defence of Lucknow. After telling of the long weeks of peril, the repeated assaults and the sufferings of the besieged, he describes the moment of rescue:

All on a sudden the garrison utters a jubilant shout
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers;
Forth from their holes and hidings our women and children come out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,
Kissing the war-hardened hand of the Highlanders wet with their tears.

"And that, children," said Uncle John in conclusion, "is the story of the relief of Lucknow, whose beleaguered people with their women and children were 'Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven.'"

***

Bad-Tempered People.

MEN are to some extent mirrors to each other, says a recent writer. The cheerful, happy face is reflected in the faces of those in its company, and with light hearts work is carried on much more rapidly than by galley slaves without ambition or hope to stimulate them. On the other hand, the bad-tempered man, if in a position of influence, is no less baleful. He can keep an office or a shop in a constant state of irritation, rousing fretful complaints and bitter feelings that prevent harmonious working. As a matter of business economy it would probably pay an employer to get rid of such an irritant in his workshop as a bad-tempered man, for the men have to work together to produce the best results, and they cannot do this if they are brought frequently into antagonism and the habit of fretful complaining is developed. Bad temper is so foreign to the natural state of man that under its influence the victim ceases to be controlled by reason. He does not pass upon work on its merits, but according to the man who has done it and his feelings toward him. If he should hold a position of authority, he will condemn in one man that which he passes from another, and the injustice begets resentment, until the shop is a ferment, and work cannot be economically and successfully carried on because of the bickering.

THE EVENING GLORY.

WHISPERING autumn zephyrs
Murmur in every tree,
And the harsh winds of winter
Come floating o'er the sea.

The fading robes of the forest
Are tinged with many a dye,
And gorgeous clouds of glory
Hang in the evening sky.

We look at the faded flowers
Of the Summer that has fled;
And our thoughts are often resting
With dear ones who are dead.

But out of the depths of sorrow
Our souls are lifted high,
As we think of the glad to-morrow,
And the time that draweth nigh,

When the resurrection glories,
In the evening of the world,
And the banners of our coming Lord
From Heaven are unfurled.

Buena Vista, Va. —B. C. MOONAW.

TWO ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.

"I SAW a dead angel yesterday in a house of sorrow where I visited," writes Rev. Henry Wilson, D.D. "It was a little girl whose soul had gone to God the day before. How the calm face spoke to us! But I saw a live angel yesterday also. And will you believe it, this angel was blind! She was a lovely child, twelve or thirteen years of age, who had never seen the sun for ten years, and yet how her face shone with the very life of God which was inside, when you spoke of Jesus to her—her whole countenance lighted up like a lamp. No angel could say as much to me as that dear child looked, and I went away thanking God for the 'blind angel' he had sent to me with a message of sunshine and peace. So you see, to be angels, we need not be up in heaven, need not have wings, need not be able to fly in the air, or sing in the choir above. We may be very poor. We may even be blind or deaf, or dumb, or lame, and yet with a smile on our face, a grasp of our hand or with our little feet willing to carry a flower or a message of pity and love to some one worse off than ourselves, we may be angels indeed, and make little heavens down here, for those who have so much of hell and darkness in their lives."

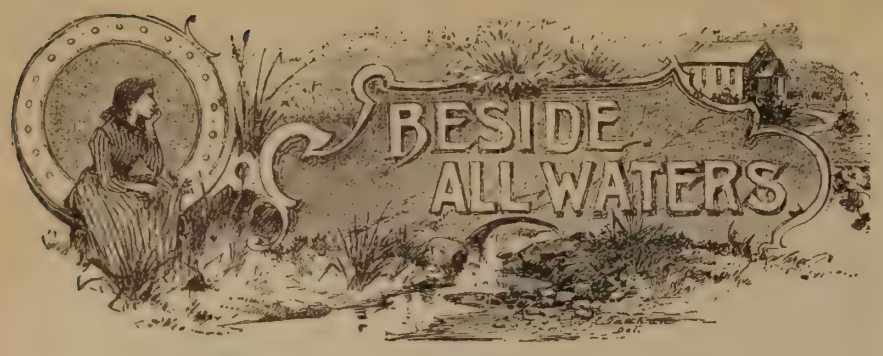
***

Unresponsive Children.

Do not think for a moment, writes Mrs. M. F. Butts, that there is no key because your boy's heart is closed to you. He is open with somebody, you may be sure—with somebody who will listen with him, feel with him, or pretend to. The girl-friend who listens, sympathizes, appears to feel, when your daughter confides in her, is the friend who is adored with boundless enthusiasm. She has the key that you have lost, and, by its aid, reaches the secret places of your daughter's nature, and leads her as she will.

***

During an illness, that illustrious scholar Bengel, sent for a student in the Theological Institution, and requested him to impart a word of consolation. The youth replied, "Sir, I am but a pupil, a mere learner; I don't know what to say to a teacher like you." "What!" said Bengel, "a divinity student, and not able to communicate a word of scriptural comfort!" The student, abashed, contrived to utter the text, "The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth us from all sin." "That is the very word I want," said Bengel, "it is quite enough," and taking him affectionately by the hand dismissed him.



BY
LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.*
Author of "Loveday's History," "Lady Betty's Governess," etc., etc.

(*Concluded.*)

THE little group of women stood listening breathless to the sound of the burglars at work on the door. Presently the noise of the saw ceased. There was a little silence, then the sound of a scuffle; and a shot was heard, followed by a heavy groan. Ida ventured to open the window and look out. She saw two figures stretched on the ground, surrounded by two or three more.

"What is it?" she cried.

"All right, ma'am," answered a cheery, manly voice from below. "We got here just in the nick of time. Please open the door: there's no danger now."

In another minute or two a desperately wounded man was carried in by a policeman and two gentlemen, one of whom was Mr. Van Alstyne, the husband of the tall young lady. The sufferer was laid on the wide sofa in the hall, and Kit had thrown herself on her knees beside him with a cry of anguish.

"Uncle Phin, O Uncle Phin! speak to Kitty."

"Kitty," said Phin, opening his eyes. "Is Kit safe? Then it's all right." He sank back with a sigh, and closed his eyes.

"Oh, do some one go for the doctor!" cried Kit, wringing her hands. "Don't let him die. O Uncle Phin."

"Hush, my child. I am a doctor, and I will see to him," said one of the gentlemen who came in with the policeman, advancing to the sofa. "Ladies, please step out of the way. Policeman, I shall need your help. Take the child away, Ida.—Yes, my dear, you shall see him again directly."

"And now what is all this about?" asked Mr. Van Alstyne. "Frank and I walked over from the railroad, and the first we knew found ourselves in the midst of a battle."

Ida told the story as far as she knew it. As for the rest, you must ask our champions themselves," she concluded. "They may have come out of a cloud, for aught I know. I am sorry poor Mallory was the one to be shot, for it was he who sent us warning."

"So much the better for him," remarked the tall policeman. "But it was none of us who shot him: it was that fellow Gale, or Burchard—he has a dozen names or more. We have been watching him for a week. His wife put 'us on his track at last. We came up just as they started out, and followed them every step of the way.—But what brought you up here, sis?"

"Uncle Phin sent me," sobbed Kit. "He told me to come up and tell the ladies. Oh, do you think he will die?"

"I don't know, child. He is badly hurt, I am afraid; but we shall hear what the doctor says. Here he comes now.—Well, doctor?"

"It is a desperate case," said Dr. Van Alstyne. "He may last till morning, or even a little longer if kept perfectly quiet; but it would be instant death to move him. He knows his condition, and is very anxious to see Mrs. Van Zandt and his daughter."

"Potter, you might go down for the woman," said the tall policeman. "Get out the horse, and bring her up."

"Well, my poor man, this is very sad," said Mrs. Van Zandt, seating herself beside the wounded man. "Dr. Van Alstyne says you wish to speak to me."

"You are Mrs. Barbara Van Zandt, who adopted Martha Kathleen Joyce?" said Phin.

"Yes, my friend."

"She was my wife," said Phin, speaking slowly but clearly. "She was my cousin's widow,—David Selkirk's widow. He died, and left her and her child to my care; for I was pretty steady then, and was helping him in his business. Afterward I married her. There was quite a good deal of money coming to her and the child, but I fooled it away gambling and horse-trotting. Gale got most of it. Then my wife went crazy; and I was afraid a fuss would be made about the money, so I passed off Kit as an adopted child. Her mother never knew her till just at last. Then she made me promise to put the child into your hands; and I meant to do it, but I kept putting it off: I hated to part with her. And there was the money."

"I should not have troubled you about that," said Mrs. Van Zandt. "O my poor little Kathleen! To think or her dying so near me!"

"There was more about it than that," said Phin. He paused a little, and then added, "The farm is Kit's by rights. Grandfather left it to David. I found the first will at Mr. Green's in Oldbury, and proved it. Afterward I found the second in grandfather's desk. It is there now. Symantha don't know anything about it You'll be kind to Symantha, won't you?" said Phin, turning his eyes wistfully on the old lady. "She is a good girl, and she was good to Matey."

"Indeed I will!" answered Mrs. Van Zandt, "as kind as if she were my own daughter. Oh, if you had only come to me at once!"

"Well, I meant to," said Phin feebly; "but, you see, I kept putting it off. I felt so ashamed. David left them ten thousand dollars, and I just fooled it away. I've been a fool all my life; but I was good to my wife, wasn't I Kit?"

"Yes, indeed!" sobbed Kit, always."

"He must not say another word if he is to live to see his daughter," said Dr. Van Alstyne in a low tone. "He is sinking fast."

"Just one thing more," said Phin. "I want to see Gale."

The prisoner was brought forward strongly guarded. He gazed at the dying man without a sign of emotion in his hard, cruel face.

"Gale, do you think I sold you?"

"I know it," answered Gale.

"You are mistaken," said Phin eagerly. "I did send Kit up to warn the ladies; but I never betrayed you, did I, Cap?"

"No," answered the policeman, "you had nothing to do with it. Some one else put us on the track at last."

"Who?" asked Gale, changing color for the first time.

"Never mind, my man: you'll hear all about it in time."

"Not—not Sally?" Then, as it seemed reading an assent in the man's face, he set his teeth hard.

"Phin, I'm sorry," said he, suddenly turning to the dying man. "You've saved my life, and I've taken yours; but I was mistaken. I'm sorry, that's all I can say.—There, take me out of this."

Phin was silent for a little, and seemed to fall into a doze, from which he waked with a start.

"Where am I? Oh, I know. It's most over, I guess. Kit, can't you sing that hymn you sung for aunt Martha? Seems to me I should like to hear it."

Kit tried hard to sing,—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

but the effort was too great. Ida took it up; the two gentlemen joined her, and they sang it all through. Phin listened quietly.

"My mother used to sing that," said he. "She believed in him. She taught me to say my prayers, too; but I can't remember them now, it is so long ago. Kit, what was that verse you said at the Bible class that night I went with you? Say it for me."

"'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin,'" repeated Kit. "O uncle Phin, do believe in him! He will save you, I am sure he will.—Won't he?" she asked, appealing to Mrs. Van Zandt.

"Yes, indeed he will, if you look to him," answered the old lady. "It is never too late to turn to him in this world.—O Frank! pray with him."

All knelt, while, in a few plain, earnest words, Frank Van Alstyne commended the dying man to the Fountain of all mercy. Phin evidently followed, and understood the words.

"Thank you," said he faintly.

"I guess ma was right, after all. I am a poor wretch, but he can save me if he is what you say.—There, don't cry, Kit. Be a good girl, and mind Mrs. Van Zandt.—Lord, have mercy on me!"

These were his last words. He lay in a sort of slumber, starting now and then, till Symantha came in. He evidently knew her; for he pressed her hand, and tried to put it into Mrs. Van Zandt's. The old lady understood the movement, and bent over him.

"Have no fear, Mr. Mallory: your daughter shall have every care and help."

Phin smiled, sighed once, and all was over.

Of course, by nine o'clock the whole town of Oldham was ringing with the news of the robbery and the capture. Aunt Betsy burst in upon Mr. Weston's family at the breakfast-table. But, before she had time to tell her tale, Miss Delia Claxton popped in.

"Oh, have you heard? Isn't it dreadful! And that poor man to be taken so!"

"It serves him right," said Aunt Betsy grimly. "I only hope folks will have enough of these Mallorys," with a fell glance at Miss Armstrong. "I always said it was a shame to let that young one go to school with decent folks' children."

"But what is the matter?" asked Mrs. Weston. "What has happened?"

"Why, a gang of robbers, with Phin Mallory at their head, have robbed Mrs. Van Zandt's house, and would have murdered every one in it only the police came and caught them," said Aunt Betsy.

"Mrs. Van Zandt sent Aggy down for me by daylight this morning," put in Miss Delia; "and, when I was helping to lay poor Phin out, Aggy told me the whole story;" which story Miss Delia repeated with great precision.

"So Phin is dead," said Mrs. Weston. "Poor fellow!"

"Yes, he is dead; but I can't help hoping he had grace to repent at last, from what they told me. The other robber was—who do you think?—Harry Burchard. It seems his wife has been living in Oldbury, pretending to be a great lady from New York; and he has been visiting her off and on, calling himself Pyncheon, and disguised like an old gentleman. She took that Whitman cottage, and they say it was she who betrayed him, to try to get off herself; but she didn't, for the house was just full of stolen goods." Miss Delia stopped for want of breath.

Selina, who had been listening quietly, could bear no more; she went up to her own room and sat down, not so much to think as to stare aghast at the gulf which had opened at her feet, and into which she had been so near falling. For she had been very near it; only last night, sitting in that very chair, she had made up her mind that she would write to Mrs. Orme, and arrange to return to New York with her. She would have done so then and there, but that, on opening her desk, she fouud she had used all her paper. And now it would all come out, and every one would know. Kit would tell how she was talking with that murderer. What should she do? Where could she hide? She rose to her feet with some wild idea of running away, and hiding from the disgrace; but her limbs trembled so, she could not stand, and she dropped down again.

She was sitting with her head hidden on her folded arms, conscious of nothing but a crushing load of shame and misery, and that vague, unreasoning wish to die which so often seizes on young people in the presence of their first overmastering trouble, when a gentle hand was laid on her arm, and a gentle voice said:—

"My daughter."

"O, mother, don't!" moaned Selina. "Oh, send me away somewhere, where I shall not be a disgrace to you. Oh, I wish you had never seen me."

"Hush, my dear, hush. Don't say such things," said Mrs. Weston gently. "Why should I send you away? Suppose you have been foolish, and made a mistake; what better place than mother's house could you find?"

That night Selina opened her heart to her mother as she had never done before, and received her full and free forgiveness.

But Selina's trials, were not all over, by any means. It was known in Oldbury that she had been on very intimate terms with Mrs. Orme, as she called herself; and, on examination, Kit was obliged to reveal the fact that she had seen Selina talking with the prisoner. What is known in Oldbury was known in Oldham, and Selina knew that the whole town was talking about her. Moreover, she was called as a witness on the trial; and, though her testimony amounted to nothing, except to show how she had had herself been victimized, it was a terrible ordeal, and when at last she was dismissed, she felt as if she could never hold up her head again. As she dropped into a seat beside her mother, a little hand sought hers, and a soft voice whispered,—

"O Selina! don't be angry with me. I didn't mean to tell anything about you, but they would make me."

"You couldn't help it," returned Selina, pressing Kit's hand.

"Are you really going to live with Mrs. Van Zandt in New York?" asked Selina as they walked away from the court-room together.

"I am not going to live with her at first," answered Kit. "She says her house is too dull for a little girl; so I am to stay with Miss Ida's mother, and take lessons of her this winter."

"And what is Symantha going to do?"

"Oh, Miss Armstrong has got her a place as nurse in some institution in New York where they take weak-minded people. It seems like a very hard place, but Symantha likes the idea; and she is just the one for the work, she had so much experience taking care of mother."

"And when are you going?"

"As soon as school closes. Selina, do you remember that first day Miss Armstrong taught, when I could not say the Lord's Prayer?"

"Yes, indeed; and how I behaved!"

"That was about the best day of my life," continued Kit thoughtfully. "I shall never forget how different the world looked to me after Miss Armstrong told me I had a Father in heaven who loved me."

"And you believed it the very minute you heard it?" said Selina, "and you loved him?"

"Why, yes, I couldn't help it," answered Kit simply.

"And I had been taught about him all my life; and yet, if anyone had made me believe there was no God, I should have been rather glad," said Selina. "Your heart was the good ground, Kit; but mine was so hard, it is a wonder that anything good could ever grow in it."

There is little more to add to our story. When the school closed, Miss Armstrong proposed that Selina should accompany her on a visit to her sister in Colorado. It was a long journey, she said; she should be glad of a companion, and her sister and niece would make Selina more than welcome. Mr. and Mrs. Weston gladly consented, willing to removed the girl for a time from the unavoidable annoyances which surrounded her in Oldham. Selina found employment as a teacher in one of the schools which Christian enterprise has set up.

Kit is staying with Ida Van Zandt at Rockdale, studying. She spends most of her Sundays with Mrs. Van Zandt, who finds great delight in her society, and promises to take her to see Miss Armstrong next Summer.

For Miss Armstrong is settled in Oldham for good. She has actually married Mr. Brace, and settled down in the Oldham parsonage, which has been beautified to such an extent that it hardly knows itself. More than that, the parish has built a fine, convenient Sunday School room, which it is Mr. Kettle's pride and delight to keep in the best of order; remarking, as he does nearly every Sunday, that he don't grudge the work so long as it keeps the wear and tear of the school out of his church.

THE END.

* By special arrangement with Thomas Whittaker, publisher, New York.

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THE Bible's the harp of Immanuel's love
Transmitted to earth from the kingdom above;
Its strains through the universe blissfully rang
When the sons of the morning in symphony sang.
Its words are inspired with music sublime,
Which poesy breathes into heavenly rhyme.
The Psalms with the spirit of music are fraught
Which David in lyrical ecstasy taught.
Methinks there was silence, deep, sacred and long,
When the Psalmist broke forth into heavenly song;
The universe trembled with holy delight
When his soul was inspired with lyrical might;
And the sons of God shouted for joy in their choir,
When they heard the sweet notes of his mystical lyre;
Then hushed were their holy ineffable strains
To catch the sweet flow of the blissful refrains.
Behold the sweet Psalmist of Israel stand
With Immanuel's harp in his glorified hand,
He calls on creation to join in accord
In praising his Maker, Redeemer and Lord;
Then all earthly creatures unite in the song,
And mountains and forests the anthem prolong,
And stars mid etherial regions of light,
And angels on thrones inconceivably bright,
And seraphs on pinions of glory-lit flame,
Respond in beatified, holy acclaim:
Praise ye the Lord, through his Spirit and Word:
Let everything breathing praise sweetly the Lord.
Heaven's orchestral harmonies blissfully roll,
From this mystical book, o'er the ear of the soul,
And we seem, when in spirit we read it aright,
To see standing forth on the portals of light
Arrayed in immaculate, spotless attire,
King David in ecstasy leading the choir;
While Christians with angelic spirits unite
In songs of ineffable, holy delight,
Whose anthems of bliss in harmonious strains
Roll o'er Immortality's glory-lit plains.

Hall's Peak, N. M. Sept. 26. —R. W. H.

OUTCAST FOR CHRIST.

A MOHAMMEDAN in North West India having recently become a Christian, resolved to visit his relatives who live at Chawinda and tell them of his conversion. He thus writes to the Rev. F. H. T. Hoffner: "I arrived at Chawinda safe and sound and was received kindly by my brother-in-law. But when he heard that I was a Christian his face reddened, and his anger was kindled, and he said, 'Why have you become a Christian?' 'For the kingdom of heaven,' I replied. 'You cannot go to heaven,' he rejoined, 'because you do not say your (Mohammedan) prayers, nor keep the fasts, and you have just now said that Mohammed was a false prophet. So here you have no relatives, and as to my sister, your wife, I will consider her to be dead: and now please go to some other place.'

When I heard and saw this I became very sad, and my feelings overcame me, but seeing how his anger kindled I thought it best not to say any more, so I rose and bade them good-bye. When Karamdad, an elder and relative, and a rich man who can also read, saw that I was going, he took my hand and said, "Come with me to my house, because you are our brother, and of our flesh and blood.' This consoled me again, and I thanked God for his mercy toward me. I then went with him to his house; he made ready for me, and I partook of his food. After that he said, 'So now tell me all about the Christian religion.' I then opened my Bible and read to him different passages about our dear Lord, and explained to him the way of salvation. He listened attentively and asked questions. I believe he will yet become a Christian."

It is No Wonder

Mr R. J. Brundage.

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One Way

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So you can wash clothes with soap and a washboard—but it isn't the best way. It's slow work, hard work, costly work. It wears out the things you're trying to get clean.

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Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

In answer to inquiries in regard to the famous tract "Come to Jesus," by Rev. Newman Hall mentioned in our issue of Oct. 5th., it can be procured of J. E. Jewett, bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York.

Subscriber, Rockford, Ill. What is B. Fay Mills' address?

Pawtuxet, R. I., is his permanent address. He is at the present time in Utah.

James Quinn, St. Paul, Minn. I see some statements in a recent newspaper issue to the effect that religion is declining, and that the number of churches in decreasing. What are the facts about the churches?

According to recently compiled statistics, there are now in the United States 142,256 churches as against 38,183 in 1850.

J. Boyd, New Brunswick, N. J. Where can I find the poem from which these lines are taken and who wrote it? The lines are:

> **Then in her gracious womanhood**
> **She gave her days to doing good.**

It is from a poem entitled, "How Mary Grew," by Whittier, and can doubtless be found in any popular edition of his works.

Minnie Asher, St. Louis, Mo. We heard sometime ago of the souvenir half dollars that were to be coined for the World's Fair? Has the project fallen through?

No; the Treasury officials are now studying the design. When this is settled and the dies are made, the coins can be issued at the rate of 1,500,000 per month. The coinage may continue nearly a year.

Baltimorean, Baltimore, Md. I read some time ago that a man out West had stolen a communion service and also some money intended for Missions. Do you believe such a man can be forgiven?

Christ's sacrifice and God's grace are all sufficient, even for so hardened a sinner. See John 3: 15; Rom. 9: 33. If truly repentant and confessing his sin, his appeal for forgiveness would not be made in vain.

B. F. F., Jr., Scranton, Pa. 1. What are the addresses of the Training Schools at Northfield and Chicago? 2. Is either a Baptist Training School, and if not, where is there a Baptist Training School?

1. East Northfield, Mass., and Bible Institute, 80 W. Pearson St., Chicago. They are undenominational. 2. We know of no Baptist Training School. Mr. Rockefeller's projected University in Chicago will probably embrace that feature, however.

Jack. What course of studies or readings would you recommend a young man to take up during the winter months? How can he best educate himself without a teacher?

Assuming that he has already advanced beyond the elementary stage and that no special study is in view, we would suggest a course of reading to include history, biography, travels and explorations. If his time is limited, there is probably no one study that will be found so helpful as history, since it furnishes the key to almost all the others.

Jas. L. Biscoe, Scotland, near Ridge P. O., Md. The echo is so great in our church that we often cannot distinguish the meaning of our minister's words, and not knowing what to do, will you kindly inform me how to correct the same? The church is 44 ft. by 32 ft.—18 ft. pitch, square ceiling, no gallery.

Prof. Henry of the Smithsonian Institute who has experimented with acoustics, told Dr. Talmage that the best way to overcome or neutralize an echo is to cover the opposite wall with a curtain, portieres, or tapestry, or carpet or anything that will break the blank smooth surface which reflects the sound waves.

"In His Name," Orondo, Wash. If God joins man and wife together as stated by our Lord (Matt. 19: 6), why do our laws provide for separation for any other cause than the one which he specified as justifying separation?

Because the laws of all our States are not based on Christ's teaching. The hardness of heart which Christ referred to (Matt. 19: 8), as existing in the time of Moses exists now and leads to a laxity in divorce legislation, but Christian men and women cannot consistently avail themselves of these laws to obtain divorce except for the cause Christ specified.

Subscriber, West Philadelphia. Does a boy who dies from smoking cigarettes, or a man who dies from a cancer in the tongue caused by tobacco poisoning, commit suicide? Does the man who uses tobacco live to the flesh or to the spirit?

The person who indulges in anything to the extent of impairing health or losing life may have done so through ignorance and without any intention of committing suicide, as our correspondent suggests. The use of tobacco however, is a carnal indulgence that is without excuse, except when applied medically as an anodyne or pain-reliever. While the plant has undoubtedly its place in the economy of nature, the habitual indulgence in its use by young men and adults frequently produces deplorable results. The best authorities agree that tobacco impairs the vitality, and whatever a person does to injure the body is a sin. There are other effects to be considered, both moral and mental. We would refer our correspondent to a book entitled *Tobacco, Its Use and Abuse*, by Rev. J. B. White, published by A. W. Hall, Syracuse, and recently noticed in The Christian Herald.

"Reader." Mansfield. Is it right for a minister to omit the usual preaching service on a Sunday morning and hold a business meeting to raise funds for a new church, instead?

It should not be done. Business matters should be transacted on week days and the Lord's day should be devoted to the spiritual edification of the congregation. The temptation is strong to appeal to the people for money when they come together for worship, especially when it is difficult to get them together for the purpose, but it should be resisted. We are not to do evil that good may come.

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(Rev.) C. H. SPURGEON,

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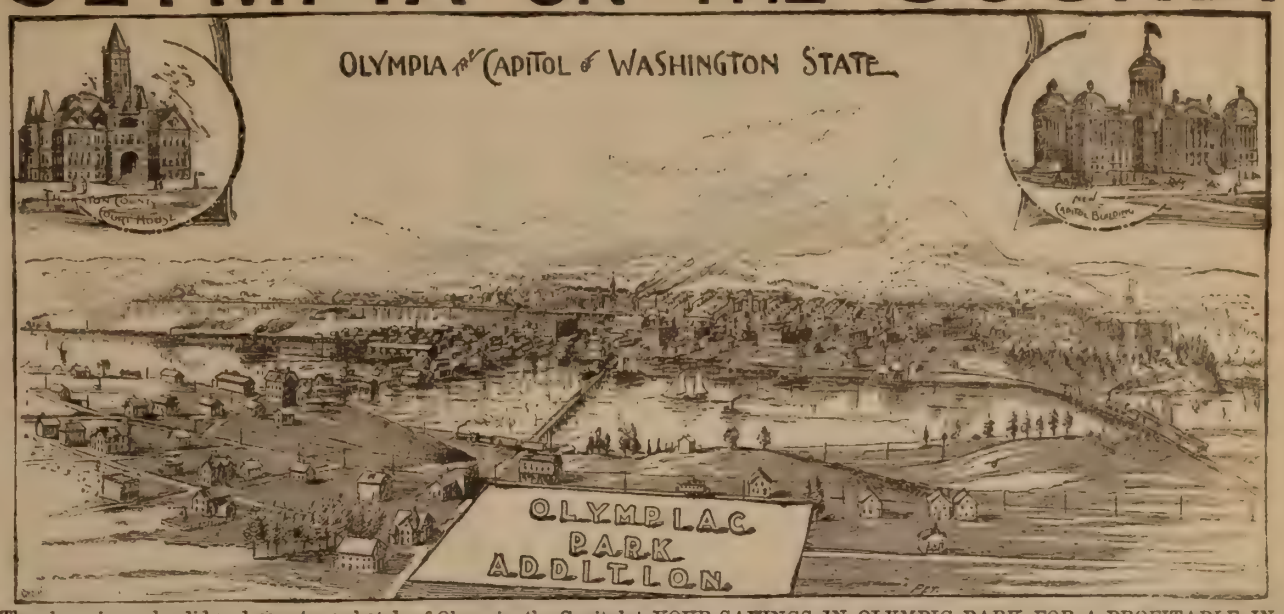

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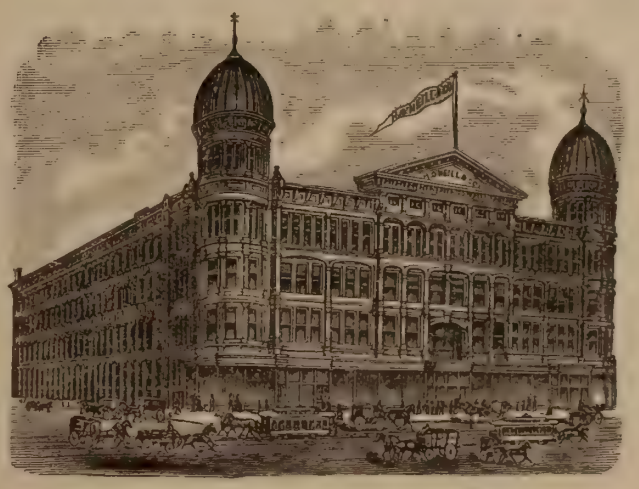

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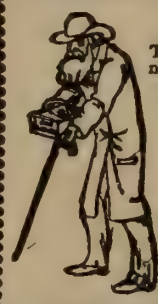

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ARE QUICKLY MARRIED. TRY IT IN YOUR NEXT HOUSE-CLEANING.

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RESIDENCE LOTS can still be had at $200 and up. New plat and pamphlet mailed on request.

ONE HUNDRED GIRLS

Should apply before Oct. 15 to MORROW BROS., South Waukegan, Ill., to operate steam-driven sewing machines. Piece work. Ordinary persons can learn and make $5.00 to $7.00 first week.

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To apply at once to MORROW BROS. for work in their new factory.

Wanted—Several Good Boarding Houses.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 15. | NUMBER 44.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor. Office Bible House New York.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 2, 1892.

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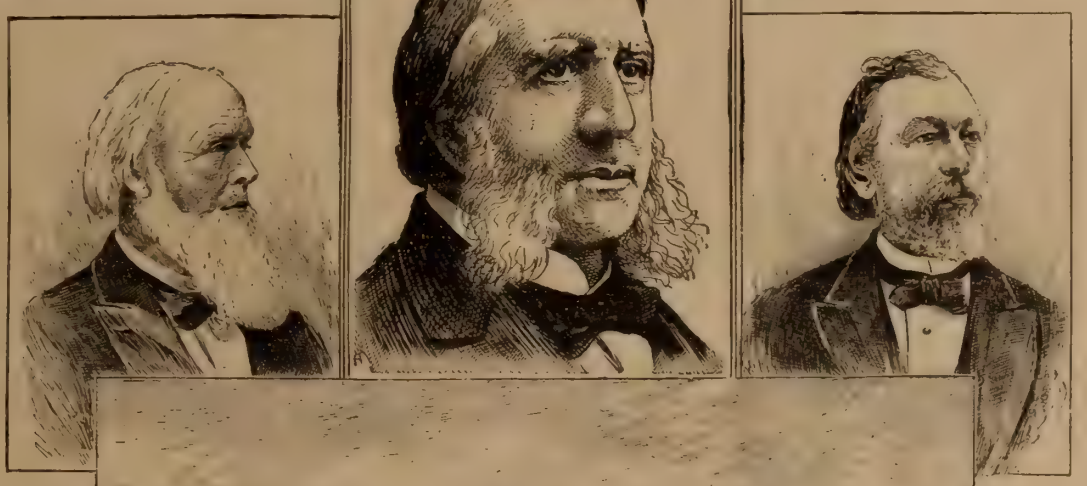
LIGHT FOR THE HEATHEN.

The Work of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—Its Leaders, Resources, Field of Operations and its History—The Recent Eighty-third Anniversary at Chicago—The Congregational House in Boston, Mass.

NEARLY nineteen hundred years after Christ gave the command to preach the Gospel to every creature, the world contains about a thousand million persons to whom the Christian preacher must go as a missionary. This number does not include the immense multitude in Christian lands who have not personally accepted Christ as a Saviour, but only those who are ignorant of Christ, like the African savages and the people of China, and those who are hostile to him, like the Mohammedans and Buddhists. A thousand millions; that is the missionary field. Truly the work of disseminating the Gospel has been slow. If Christian preachers pursued the policy of the man of the world who has a good thing to offer, they would not preach year after year to the same congregations, but, having made sure that every man, woman, and child had listened to one sermon in which the offer of salvation was clearly and distinctly made, they would go forth to make the offer to others, who have had no opportunity of accepting it. Why should it need more than one sermon to win a soul?

Of these thousand millions, one tenth is assigned as a sphere to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions which has just been celebrating the eighty-third anniversary of its organization in Chicago. On this page we give a picture of the building in Boston which is the head-quarters of the Board, and portraits of its President, Dr. Richard S. Storrs, and one of its Secretaries, Dr. N. G. Clark, its Treasurer, Langdon S. Ward Esq., and the newly elected Chairman of the Union, Dr. Alonzo H. Quint. To achieve the stupendous task of reaching the hundred million people to whom it has undertaken to preach the Gospel, the Board has now five hundred and thirty-four American missionaries in the field, and twenty-five hundred native preachers, teachers and other workers who have been trained by the missionaries for labor in their respective countries. Thus every worker has on the average a parish of much more than thirty thousand persons assigned to his individual charge. Another view of the undertaking brings us nearer home. The American Board is now a Congregational institution. There are, in round numbers, half a million members of Congregational Churches in the United States. Thus each member has on his shoulders the responsibility of sending the Gospel to two hundred persons in foreign lands. The contributions furnished to the Board last year for its work amounted to $545,097, and it received in addition from legacies and interest on its permanent fund $295,707, bringing its total income for the year to $840,804. There was much congratulation at the recent meeting over the fact that the income for the year was in excess of that of the preceding year by $104,000; but it is evident that more money will have to be raised if the Board is to carry on its work and extend it in proportion to the increase of population. At present the contributions average little more than one dollar a year from each church member, a plain proof that as yet the members have not realized the extent of the work undertaken by the Board, which represents the Church. To appoint a body of men to do such a work and withhold the funds necessary to its performance is a manifest injustice.

The money actually expended by the Board in its various fields during the year was $784,856 the balance being used in the necessary cost of publications, agencies and general administration. The Board has twenty distinct missions in Africa, China, Japan, India, Ceylon, Turkey, Austria, Spain, South America, Micronesia and the Sandwich Islands. It maintains 2,568 preaching stations and has 434 regularly organized churches, averaging a hundred members each. During the past year there were added to the rolls of church membership 3,516 names. New missions were opened in East and West Central Africa and at Hongkong and Shansi, China, during the year and thirty-one missionaries and assistant missionaries, two of whom are regularly qualified physicians, were sent out. Many more are needed and opportunities for opening new stations are continually occurring; there are many men eager to go out to engage in the work, but the Board has no available funds to send them, the stations already occupied being underpaid and straitened in their operations by lack of means to put the Word of God in the hands of the people. Small as the actual results appear in figures, from the expenditure of money and labor for so many years, the church has no reason for dissatisfaction with the enterprise. It is necessarily arduous and costly, but it is a work undertaken at the divine behest; and who are we, that we should count the cost of obeying the command of Him who counted not his life dear unto himself but gave it freely for the redemption of the world? To have won over three thousand souls from heathenism to Christ in one year and to have preached the Gospel to many thousands more, who never heard it before, is a result justifying unbounded thankfulness, and is an encouragement to further effort. It is something, too, to have the machinery in existence for unlimited development. The American Board needs only larger contributions to extend its operations indefinitely and could do so with scarcely any increase to the cost of administration.



THE HEAD-QUARTERS IN BOSTON, OF AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Dr. Nathaniel G. Clark, Secretary; Dr. Richard S. Storrs, President; Langdon S. Ward, Esq., Treasurer.

The Board, itself with its grand income of $840,000 and its proud record, small as it appears in comparison with the vast work in which it is engaged, is an institution which would have struck earlier generations with wonder. It had a most insignificant beginning. One autumn day, eighty-three years ago, three young men walked to a lonely glen in the neighborhood of Andover Seminary, and in its shady recesses prostrated themselves in prayer to God for the heathen world lying in darkness. Their names were Samuel Mills, Gordon Hall and James Richmond. The concern of these devoted youths increased as time passed, and they spoke of the subject to their friends. The prayer-meetings in the glen were continued and there were added to the original three, four others, Judson, Newell, Hall and Nott. Finally the whole seven offered themselves for foreign mission work. No missionary society was then in existence which could send them out, but the church was ripe for the movement, and the Massachusetts Congregational Association promptly took the matter in hand. It was decided to form a general society for the purpose, which should include several evangelical denominations. Sixteen years previously the London Missionary Society had been organized on a similar plan, and and Mr. Judson was sent to England to study its methods, and report. The result of his visit was the appointment of the Board of Commissioners in September, 1810. Less than two years later the first party of missionaries sent out under its auspices, of which Adoniram Judson was the leader, landed in Calcutta to begin missionary work. The meeting which appointed the commissioners numbered only twenty-one ministers, eighteen from Massachusetts, two from Connecticut and one from New Hampshire. With them were associated the "four young gentlemen members of the Divinity College" who were ready to set out as missionaries, and two Presbyterian ministers from New Hampshire. Nine commissioners were chosen, of whom five were ministers and four laymen. They assembled in the little parsonage at Farmington, Mass., and there prayerfully and solemnly accepted the sacred trust and discussed the first methods for executing it. Three of them were appointed a sub-committee to correspond with other Missionary Societies and "to obtain the best information on the state of the unevangelized nations on the western and eastern continents." They adopted the name of the *American* Board in the hope that it might really be regarded as a national institution, not limited to any section or any communion and they defined their object as, "the propagation of the Gospel among those who are destitute of the knowledge of Christianity." The five ministers signing the constitution were: John Treadwell, Joseph Lyman, Samuel Spring, Calvin Chapin and Samuel Worcester.

(*Continued on page 697.*)

THE CHARMING SERIAL STORY:

UNEQUALLY YOKED; or, Rosemary and Rue,

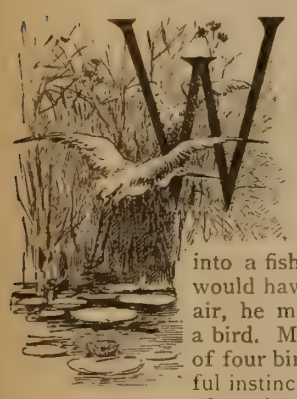
Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by MRS. JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT,

IS COMMENCED IN THIS NUMBER.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

GOING SOUTH.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Jeremiah 8: 7: "*The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord.*"



WHEN God would set fast a beautiful thought he plants it in a tree. When he would put it afloat, he fashions it into a fish. When he would have it glide the air, he moulds it into a bird. My text speaks of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly to come, in Holland and Germany, and build its nest over the door-way; the sweet-dispositioned turtle-dove, mingling in color white, and black, and brown, and ashen, and chestnut; the crane, with voice like the clang of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a dart shot out of the bow of heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, sailing—four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rousing truth under glossy wing and in the clutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have been this very season of the year—autumn—and the prophet out-of-doors, thinking of the impenitence of the people of his day, hears a great cry over-head.

Now, you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of eye-sight to look into the deep blue of the noonday heaven; but the prophet looks up, and there are flocks of storks, and turtle-doves, and cranes, and swallows, drawn out in long lines for flight southward. As is there habit, the cranes had arranged themselves into two lines making an angle, a wedge splitting the air with wild velocity, the old crane, with commanding call bidding them onward; while the towns, and the cities, and the continents slid under them. The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and begins to think how much superior the birds are in sagacity about their safety than men about theirs; and he puts his hand upon the pen, and begins to write: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

If you were in the field to-day, in the clump of trees at the corner of the field, you would see a convention of birds, noisy as the American Congress the last night before adjournment, or as the English Parliament when some unfortunate member proposes more economy in the Queen's household—a convention of birds all talking at once, moving and passing resolutions on the subject of migration; some proposing to go to-morrow, some moving that they go to-day, some moving that they go to Brazil, some to Florida, some to the table-lands of Mexico, but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord, written on the first white sheet of the frost, and in the pictorial of the changing leaves. There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire-crested wren, or a plover, or a red-legged partridge but expects to spend the winter at the South, for the apartments have already been ordered for them in South America, or in Africa; and after thousands of miles of flight, they will stop in the very tree where they spent last January. Farewell, bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great band of heavenly musicians! Strew the continents with

THE FLIGHT SOUTHWARD.

music, and whether from Northern fields, or Carolinian swamps, or Brazilian groves men see your wings, or hear your voice, may they bethink themselves of the solemn words of the text: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

I propose, so far as God may help me, this morning, carrying out the idea of the text, to show that the birds of the air have more sagacity than men. And I begin by particularizing and saying that they mingle music with their work. The most serious undertaking of a bird's life is this annual travel from the Hudson to the Amazon, from the Thames to the Nile. Naturalists tell us that they arrive there thin, and weary, with plumage ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way; the ground, the lower line of the music, the sky, the upper line of the music, themselves, the notes scattered up and down between. I suppose their song gives elasticity to their wing, and helps on with the journey, dwindling a thousand miles into four hundred. Would God that we were as wise as they in mingling Christian song with our every day work! I believe there is such a thing as taking the pitch of Christian devotion in the morning, and keeping it all the day. I think we might take some of the dullest, heaviest, most disagreeable work of our life, and set it to the tune of "Antioch" or "Mount Pisgah."

It is a good sign when you hear a workman whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still better sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin chorded and strung, if something accidentally strike it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by

THE KING'S QUESTION.

divine grace, that even the rough collisions of life will make a heavenly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried. I believe that if you could roll the "Old Hundred doxology through Wall street, it would put an end to any financial disturbance! I believe that the discords, and the sorrows, and the sins of the world are to be swept out by heaven-born hallelujahs. Some one asked Haydn, the celebrated musician, why he always composed such cheerful music. "Why," he said, "I can't do otherwise. When I think of God, my soul is so full of joy that the notes leap and dance from my pen." I wish we might all exult melodiously before the Lord. With God for our Father, and Christ for our Saviour, and heaven for our home, and angels for future companions, and eternity for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes of joy. Going through the wilderness of this world, let us remember that we are on the way to the summery clime of heaven, and from the migratory populations flying through this autumnal air learn always to keep singing.

Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way your fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

The Church of God never will be a triumphant church until it becomes a singing church.

I go further, and remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, in the fact that, in their migration, they fly very high. During the summer, when they are in the fields, they often come within reach of the gun; but when they start for the annual flight southward, they take their places and go straight as an arrow to the mark. The longest rifle that was ever brought to shoulder cannot reach them. Would to God that we were as wise as the stork and crane in our flight heavenward! We fly so low that we are within easy range of the world, the flesh, and the devil. We are brought down by temptations that ought not to come within a mile of reaching us. Oh, for some of the faith of George Muller of England, and Alfred Cookman, once of the Church militant, now of the Church triumphant! So poor is the type of piety in the Church of God now, that men actually caricature the idea that there is any such thing as a higher life. Moles never did believe in eagles. But, my brethren, because we have not reached these heights ourselves, shall we deride the fact that there are any such heights? A man was once talking to Brunel, the famous engineer, about the length of the railroad from London to Bristol. The engineer said, "It is not very great. We shall have, after a while, a steamer running from England to New York." They laughed him to scorn; but we have gone so far now that we have ceased to laugh at anything as impossible for human achievement. Then, I ask, is anything impossible for the Lord? I do not believe that God exhausted all his grace in Paul, and Latimer, and Edward Payson. I believe there are higher points of Christian attainment to be reached in the future ages of the Christian world.

You tell me that Paul went up to the tiptop of the Alps of Christian attainment. Then I tell you that the stork and crane have found above the Alps plenty of room for free flying. We go out and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God, and lie down. On the morrow, those temptations rally themselves and attack us, and by the grace of God we defeat them again; but, staying all the time in the old encampment, we have the same old battles to fight over. Why not whip out our temptations, and then forward march, making one raid through the enemy's country, stopping not until we break ranks after the last victory. Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat, at any rate, by changing, by going on, by making advancement, trading off our stale prayers about sins we ought to have quit long ago, going on toward a higher state of Christian character, and routing out sins that we have never thought of yet. The fact is, if the Church of God—if we, as individuals, made rapid advancemment in the Christian life, these stereotyped prayers we have been making for ten or fifteen years would be as inappropriate to us as the shoes, and the hats, and the coats we wore ten or fifteen years ago. Oh for a higher flight in the Christian life, the stork and the crane in their migration teaching us the lesson!

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

Again, I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, because they know when to start. If you should go out now and shout, "Stop, storks and cranes,

"IT IS ONLY THE BODY OF YOUR LOVED ONE."

don't be in a hurry!" they would say, "No, we cannot stop; last night we heard the roaring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill flute of the north wind has sounded the retreat. We must go. We must go." So they gather themselves into companies, and turning not aside for storm or mountain top or shock of musketry, over land and sea, straight as an arrow to the mark they go. And if

you come out this morning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and try to get them to stop, they are so far up they would hardly see it. They are on their way south. You could not stop them. Oh that we were as wise about the best time to start for God and heaven! We say, "Wait until it is a little later in the season of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are all dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year." After a while we start, and t is too late, and we perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little. There are, you know exceptional cases where birds have started too late, and in the morning you have found them dead on the snow. And there are those who have perished half-way between the world and Christ. They waited until the last sickness, when the mind was gone, or they were on the express train going at forty miles an hour, and they came to the bridge and the "draw was up" and they went down. How long to repent and pray? Two seconds! Two seconds! To do the work of a lifetime and to prepare for the vast eternity in two seconds! I was reading of an entertainment given in a king's court, and there were musicians there, with elaborate pieces of music. After a while Mozart came and began to play, and he had a blank piece of paper before him, and the king familiarly looked over his shoulder and said, "What are you playing? I see no music before you." And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, "I am improvising." It was very well for him, but oh, my friends, we cannot extemporize heaven. If we do not get prepared in this world, we will never take part in the orchestral harmonies of the saved. Oh that we were as wise as the crane and the stork, flying away, flying away from the tempest.

Some of you have felt the pinching frost of sin. You feel it to-day. You are not happy. I look into your faces, and I know you are not happy. There are voices within your soul that will not be silenced, telling you that you are sinners, and that without the pardon of God you are undone forever. What are you going to do, my friends, with the accumulated transgressions of this lifetime? Will you stand still and let the avalanche tumble over you? Oh that you would go away into the warm heart of God's mercy. The Southern grove, redolent with magnolia and cactus, never waited for Northern flocks as God has waited for you, saying, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Another frost is bidding you away—it is the frost of sorrow. Where do you live now? "Oh," you say, "I have moved." Why did you move? You say, "I don't want as large a house now as formerly." Why do you not want as large a house? You say, "My family is not so large." Where have they gone to? "Eternity!" Your mind goes back through that last sickness and through the almost supernatural effort to save life, and through those prayers that seemed unavailing, and through that kiss which received no response because the lips were lifeless, and I hear the bells tolling and I hear the hearts breaking—while I speak, I hear them break. A heart! Another heart! Alone! alone! alone! This world, which in your girlhood and boyhood was sunshine, is cold now, and oh! weary dove, you fly around this world as though you would like to stay, when the wind and the frost and the blackening clouds would bid you away into the heart of an all-comforting God. Oh, I have noticed again and again what a botch this world makes of it when it tries to comfort a soul in trouble! It says, "Don't cry!" How can we help crying when the heart's treasures are scattered, and father is gone, and mother is gone, and companions are gone, and the child is gone, and everything seems gone? It is no comfort to tell a man not to cry. The world comes up and says, "Oh, it is only the body of your loved one that you have put in the ground!" But there is no comfort in that. That body is precious. Shall we never put our hand in that hand again, and shall we never see that sweet face again? Away with your heartlessness, oh world! But come, Jesus! and tell us that when the tears fall they fall into God's bottle; that the dear bodies of our loved ones shall rise radiant in the resurrection; and all the breakings down here shall be lifted up there, and "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

You may have noticed that when the chaffinch or the stork or the crane starts on its migration, it calls all those of its kind to come, too. The tree-tops are full of chirp and whistle and carol and the long roll-call. The bird does not start off alone. It gathers all of its kind. Oh that you might be as wise in this migration to heaven, and that you might gather all your families and your friends with you! I would that Hannah might take Samuel by the hand, and Abraham might take Isaac, and Hagar might take Ishmael.

Start for heaven yourself, and take your children with you. Come thou and all thy house into the ark. Tell your little ones that there are realms of balm and sweetness for all those who fly in the right direction. Swifter than eagle's stroke, put out for heaven. Like the crane or the stork, stop not night nor day until you find the right place for stopping.

To day the Saviour calls,
Ye wanderers come.
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

The Spirit calls to-day,
Yield to his power.
Oh, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

SIX FOES TO AVOID.

HENRY MUELLER, a pious German, who lived two hundred years ago, used to say, "When I look upon the youth of our day I see six grave-diggers. The first is called 'Drunkenness.' How many kill themselves with excessive drink! The seed must spoil when there is too much moisture. Therefore, young men if you wish to live, give up drinking. The second is called 'Lust.' How many have thereby hastened to death! Is it not true that all that is exposed to fire is ultimately consumed? The third is called 'Wrath.' Sirach says, 'Jealousy and anger shorten life;' and Paul in Galatians, places next to each other wrath, strife and murder. Wrath brings on strife, strife is often the cause of murder. The fourth is called 'Disobedience to parents.' We know what a blessing the fourth commandment proclaims. He who does not keep it will feel its curse. Dry wood which cannot bend must break. The fifth one is called 'Bad Company.' How many thereby have lost life and soul eternally! Tie a corpse to a living body, and although the living body cannot bring the dead body back to life, yet the contaminating odor of the corpse will ultimately kill the living. The sixth and the last is called 'Idleness.' It kills a man, though he seems alive. Is an idle body of more use than a dead body? When a tree will not bear fruit, it is cut down and thrown into the fire."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE AISSAHOUAS' DANCE IN MOROCCO.

THE AISSAHOUAS OF MOROCCO.

A Sect of Whirling Dervishes Whose Contortions and Performances Gain the Reverence of the People.

RUMORS of internal conflict continue to arrive from Morocco, and the jealousy of European powers, eager to establish commercial relations with the people, has concentrated a degree of interest on the issue that has never before attached to disturbances in that kingdom. It may be hoped that the change which appears to be impending may open up the country not to European commerce only, but to missionary operations. No African kingdom, not even in the equatorial regions, is more in need of the Gospel. Mohammedanism corrupted by strange superstitions is the nominal religion of the country, but it is not the Mohammedanism that prevails in Turkey and Egypt and Arabia, but is cruel, ferocious and intolerant as that of the Mahdi's region in the Soudan.

In Morocco the dervishes are repulsive creatures called Aissahouas, whose sanctity is reverenced by the people, but arouses only disgust in the mind of the civilized spectator. They proclaim themselves followers of a certain saint, by name Sidi Mohammed-Ben-Aissa and claim to have been endowed by him with miraculous powers. One of their fanatical exhibitions sketched by an artist attached to an expedition, which recently visited Morocco, is represented in the accompanying illustration. The chief Aissahoua on this occasion sat cross-legged and motionless for some time while two of his assistants played a melancholy strain on reed flutes and a third beat a drum. When the chief had finished the prayers he was supposed to be repeating he rose and commenced a dance like that of the whirling dervishes. At a signal from him the others danced, too, shouting themselves hoarse and bending their bodies in extraordinary contortions. The music grew wilder and the frenzy of the dancers increased. They crushed pieces of wood with their teeth, foamed at the mouth, gashed their flesh with sharp knives, and one after another fell fainting and bleeding to the ground. Then the chief plunged his hand into a basket and took out a venomous snake known in Morocco as a *leffah*. A hen was brought and presented to the snake to prove its deadly power. The snake struck the fowl, and in a few moments it fell dead. Then the Aissahoua wound it around his body and arms. In the same way other serpents were taken up, and with them coiled about him he resumed his dance, bounding and whirling and shrieking like a maniac. When the serpents were returned to their basket, the Aissahoua delivered a short sermon calling the spectators to witness how Allah protects his servants. Then a collection was taken up and the exercises closed.

It is believed that Morocco was nominally Christian until the end of the seventh century, when the Saracens over-ran the country and compelled the people to accept Mohammedanism. Until recently little, if any, effort was made to preach the Gospel in Morocco. So intolerant was the Government that no Christian missionary was permitted to live there. French influence succeeded in gaining permission for Roman Catholic priests to reside there, but their ministrations were to be confined to persons of foreign birth. In 1883, Mr. Grattan Guinness endeavored to establish a mission in Morocco, but he was compelled to leave, and he attributed his expulsion to French influence. He succeeded in getting the assistance of some French Protestant preacher of whom, he thought, the French minister would be less likely to be jealous. The North Africa Missionary Association was organized and several stations have been established in Morocco. The work, however, has not as yet had much success owing to the ignorance and superstition of the people. The most hopeful prospect is in the medical missions, one of which has been established at Fez. Numbers of the Moors have gone there for treatment and have listened to the Gospel. It is believed that lady medical missionaries would be welcomed there.

FIRST CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 13. By Mrs. M. Baxter
Acts 13: 1-13. Golden Text, Luke 24: 47.

THE missionary vocation was not easily understood by the early Christians. Their marching orders read clearly enough to us: their mission was to "all nations," (Matt. 28: 19), to "every creature," (Mark 16: 15), God had never limited his message of salvation; he "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but should have eternal life." (John 3:16.) And yet so ingrained is selfish exclusiveness in human nature, that he had to teach

Lesson after Lesson

even to those who were filled with the Holy Ghost, before they fully understood the breadth and universality of his message of salvation! They had been charged, indeed, to preach "repentance and remission of sins . . . among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." (Luke 24: 47.) But they were slow indeed in going on from this "beginning."

We are about to review the institution of the first Christian Mission; a matter of such intense importance just now that God, in his grace, has so revived the missionary spirit in all the churches. As the result of the working of Barnabas and Paul, the gifts of Christ to his church in the way of special ministries (Eph. 4: 4-16) had developed among them. The object of the Lord in these was the increase of the Body (therefore missionary work), to the edifying, or building up of itself. Foremost among these ministries were "prophets and teachers, as Barnabas, and Simeon that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen," Herod's foster brother, and Saul. "As they

Ministered to the Lord,

and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." Ministered to the Lord? What does that imply? There are many Christians whose only idea of devotion is to seek personal satisfaction in their religion; happy feelings, comfort in their souls, joy, etc.,—it is all for self; this cannot be ministering unto the Lord. There are others, earnest and true soul-winners, who live for the work of God; all their heart, all their interest, all their strength is laid out to win lost souls to the Saviour who died for them. Bless the Lord for such men and women; this is far above self seeking, and yet it is not essentially ministering to the Lord, but rather ministering to souls. The true Levites are separated "to bear the ark of the covenant of the Lord, to stand before him, to minister unto him, and to bless in his name." (Deut. 10: 8.)

What is then this ministering unto the Lord? It may, and often must include the ministering to lost souls, but that is only a part of the true ministering to the Lord. To minister to the Lord is to be at his disposal, always listening to him, attending to him. The Lord Jesus himself had the tongue of the disciple, and was awakened, morning by morning, to hear from his Father what his will was, and what he should teach to others. (Isa. 50: 4, 5 R.V.) Thus he ministered to his Father, as his willing, disposable Instrument at every moment. "The Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." (John 14: 10.) He did not make his plans but fell into the plans made by his Father; he did not choose whom he should heal, where he should preach. The true spirit of ministry is that of the Psalmist when he says: "Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God." (Ps. 123: 2.) Watching, listening, and then carrying out his will—such is the spirit of a true minister.

It was from above, the Holy Ghost, that the first missionary venture had its origin. A pressure had come upon some of the leaders of the church of Antioch that God had something to say to them. If we are in

The Habit of Listening

to God, we shall know when he wants to speak to us, and if we prize all he says, we shall find no work and no duty, even though it be the winning of souls, so pressing as to gather what the Lord may have to say to us. These first disciples went apart, not even joining in the ordinary repasts, that they might hear, and take in, that which was on the heart of God for them. As they "ministered to the Lord," by thus paying attention to him, and fasted, a most important intimation of his will was given to them: "Separate me Barnabas and Paul, for the work whereunto I have called them."

Four times in the Revelation Jesus say: "I am Alpha and Omega." Where he is the Beginning and the Ending, things go well. The true Scriptural line of missionary work is to wait upon the Lord until he takes the initiative, then things are certain to succeed. "They, being sent for by the Holy Ghost, departed unto Seleucia." A missionary sent forth by the Holy Ghost is at God's charges; he may well trust him who sends him for every needful thing, language, climate, an entrance for the Word in the hearts of the people,—all is subject to him in whose name he goes. The very same God who bowed Nineveh is with every one of his missionary children who truly and fully trusts in him.

The first missionaries did uot choose out their own field of labor, they received their direction straight from God the Holy Ghost, and if he saw that Seleucia was the fitting starting point, it did not occur to them to object; or say, "I cannot," or "I don't like." Such expressions, and all within them which could make such possible, had died out of the lives of these men; the Holy Ghost filled the place of the self-life from which they spring. From Seleucia, the seaport of Antioch in Syria, they sailed to Cyprus. Why begin their missionary work in an island? Why not go to Rome or Athens, from whence the truth might have a chance to spread? There is one only answer; God willed it otherwise, and he knows best. He often begins great things by something very small.

Salamis, a seaport town, was their first stopping-place, and there they began by teaching "the Jews only." "Beginning at Jerusalem," "begin at my sanctuary" (Luke 24: 47; Ezek. 9: 6), is God's unalterable order. If those who do know something of God become converted, and filled with the Holy Ghost, it is a gain for the work of God; these make the truest friends, or the bitterest enemies of the Gospel. They went throughout the whole island of Paphos, and all this time nothing is said of distinct conversions among the heathen. Those who sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus know something of the "patience of the saints," and they learn to do such good work as God has before prepared that they should walk in them, there is none of the feverish rush and hurry which characterizes those who do not know the leading of the Spirit, or the voice of the Good Shepherd. They learn that the best economy of time is to wait upon their God, that they may do nothing until the hour is come, when he has prepared all for them.

But might not this have seemed loss of time, a mere sowing of the seed with no tangible result? Perhaps so to near-sighted men. Probably God had a special purpose in permitting the results of the first missionary enterprise should not be anything remarkable, that his children may learn both faith and patience. But it is probable that a considerable number of true conversions did take place. This was not the first announcement of the Gospel to men of Cyprus; it was some of the inhabitants of the island, converted perhaps on the day of Pentecost, who first preached the Gospel to the Gentiles at Antioch in Syria. They may have urged Paul and Barnabas to visit their island for the sake of the souls of the heathen inhabitants, and the Spirit of God directed them to go thither.

At Paphos, on the west of the island, they met with strong opposition from the enemy. Satan knew Paul, and knew that he was a "chosen vessel" to bear Christ's name "before kings, and rulers, and the children of Israel." Therefore he brought up one of his emissaries to withstand him.

Elymas the Sorcerer,

a spiritualist medium of those days, had great influence over the governor of the island, Sergius Paulus, "a man of understanding." The governor, hearing about the missionaries, instead of concluding as many narrow-minded people do, that which was outside of his knowledge and experience must of necessity be wrong and hurtful, sent for Barnabas and Paul, that he might hear them and judge for himself. Oh, how many Christian teachers might learn a lesson from this heathen governor! How many there are who have never had close dealings with God about being filled with the Spirit, and who condemn those whom God distinctly honors, and disbelieve their testimony and criticize, those from whom they will do well to learn, sitting in the dust. Sergius Paulus examined, and judged for himself. Satan's prime minister in Cyprus was alarmed, he withstood the missionaries, and sought to turn away the deputy from the faith. Here stood a man empowered by Satan, known at court, and bowed to as a great authority, and here stood two men who had left their all, position, wealth, everything, for God, but they were filled with the Holy Ghost; which should have the victory — God or Satan? Could it, can it, be a question where men really trust in God? "Saul, who also is called Paul, fastened his eyes on him, and said, O full of all guile and all villainy, thou son of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?" (R. V.) Had Paul stopped here, and nothing else had happened, it might have been looked on as a drawn battle, argument against argument. But Paul was in close contact with his God, and, led of the Spirit, he continued: "And now, behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season." Sergius Paulus was listening and watching. There was no question as to what had happened: the miserable tool of the enemy stretched out his hands, imploring some one to lead him—it was evident that he was struck blind. Thus by his promised accompaniment of his Word by signs and wonders, God won Sergius Paulus, who "believed, being astonished at the teaching of the Lord." (R. V.) The governor won, Christianity would of course take root. The missionaries had done their work, and they moved on.

LESSON POINTS.

That Repentance and Remission of Sins Should be Preached in His Name Among all Nations. Luke 24: 47.

TO-DAY'S lesson describes the performance of the duty enjoined in the Golden Text. It was the last command Christ laid upon his disciples before he was parted from them and a cloud received him out of their sight. They were not to keep the blessing to themselves, but to preach far and wide—to all nations—and the subject of their preaching was to be repentance and remission of sins in his name.

It was a commission like that which was given to Jonah, but it had in it the promise which Jonah's message did not contain. The Ninevites could only *hope* that repentance might lead to pardon; those who hear the new message *know* that it will be, because of the new mighty name. Yet what a potent missionary journey that first was in its results, surprising and puzzling the ancient prophet. As a great writer has said: "Nineveh was a great city—great even unto God. It included parks, and gardens, and fields, and people, and cattle within its vast circumference. Twenty miles the prophet penetrates into the city He has still finished only one-third of his journey through it. His utterance, like that of the wild preacher in the last days of the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, is one piercing cry from street to street, from square to square. It reaches at last the King on his throne of state. The remorse for the wrong and robbery and violence of many generations is awakened. The dumb animals are included, after the fashion of the East, in the universal mourning, and the divine decree is revoked." That was a perilous mission, as missionary journeys still are and ever must be, but the new message which Paul and Barnabas were to carry was one of joy and gladness.

Men have welcomed it when they understood it, and have even sought it. One sunny evening in Burmah, a missionary named Mason was returning from a preaching journey, when on entering his home he was surprised to see a stalwart man seated, like a child, on a footstool at his wife's feet. Still more surprised was he when he learned the business which had brought the great Sgau chief there. He had come to implore the missionary to visit the Karens in his village and neighborhood. "We have heard of Christianity," he said, "and it seems to us something wonderful. We do not understand it, and yet it seems the thing we want. Come to our jungle homes and preach to us on our native streams. I have a wife, and daughters, and sons-in-law, and brothers, and nephews, all of whom will become Christians, as well as myself, as soon as we really understand." Mr. Mason gladly responded to the appeal, and in a short time the chief found what he sought, and became one of the most efficient laborers in Mergui and Tavoy.

Paul and Barnabas must have been aware that the work of Foreign Missionaries to which they were thus set apart would involved hardships, privations and danger, yet they undertook it cheerfully and many have since entered upon the same work with the same prospects and the same alacrity. A band of missionaries and native teachers spent a night on Darnley Island, when a project was formed to establish a mission on Murray Island. Some of the natives of this island seemed specially intent on intimidating the teachers, and convincing them that a mission there was perfectly hopeless. "There are alligators there," said they, "and snakes and centipedes." "Hold!" said Lepeso, one of the teachers, "are there men there?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "there are men, but they are such dreadful savages that it is no use your thinking of living among them." "That will do," responded Lepeso. "Wherever there are men, missionaries are bound to go."

Hundreds have died martyrs' deaths in heathen lands and hundreds more have perished of sickness resulting from the fatal climate, yet there are more volunteering for the service now than at any time since those two pioneers, Paul and Barnabas went forth. They go that they may help win the world for Christ and like Paul they count not their own lives dear to them. A short time before the late Mr. Cox, an American missionary, sailed for Africa, he visited the University at Middletown. In conversation with one of the students he said, "If I die in Africa, you must come after me and write my epitaph." To which the other replied. "I will. But what shall I write?" "Let a thousand missionaries die before Africa be given up," was the reply In this spirit he died.

And what a joy it is to give the message that they carry! It is like going to slaves and telling them that they are free; like going into a prison and telling the captives that the prison doors are opened. They have to tell the heathen that Christ by his blood paid the penalty of their sins and to proclaim in his name remission of sins. An Englishman traveling in Africa was present when a native chief ordered the execution of a slave who had committed some trivial offence. The Englishman pleaded for the poor creature's life but the chief was obdurate. Gold was offered to the chief in vain. "I don't want your gold," he said, "I can get all I need if I go to yonder tribe and capture their villages. What I want and will have is this man's life." He ordered his executioner to shoot him with an arrow on the spot. The Englishman instinctively raised his arm, and the next moment the arrow was quivering in the white man's flesh. The chief was astonished and alarmed. He did not know what consequences might result from his shedding the white man's blood. But as the Englishmau pulled the arrow from his arm, he said to the chief: "Here is blood; I give my blood for this poor slave, and I claim his life." The chief had never seen such love before, and he was completely overcome by it. He gave the slave to the white man, saying: "Yes, white man, you have bought him with your blood, and he shall be yours." In a moment the poor slave threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, and with tears flowing down his face, exclaimed: "O, white man, you have bought me with your blood; I will be your slave forever." The Englishman could never make him take his freedom. Wherever he went the rescued man was beside him, and no drudgery was too hard, no task too laborious for the grateful slave to do for his deliverer. This was redemption by blood. By the same means Christ has redeemed the world; but in heathen lands the people do not know that they have been so redeemed and the missionaries go to tell them that they may be free.

LIGHT FOR THE HEATHEN.

(Continued from first page.)

The names of the four "young gentlemen members of the Divinity College" were added: Adoniram Judson, jr., Samuel Nott, jr., Samuel J. Mills and Samuel Newell, with the statement that they were "impressed with the duty of personally attempting a mission to the heathen."

For some time the hope of united effort was realized. Twenty years afterward, when the number of corporate members of the Board had risen to sixty-two, one half of the number were Presbyterians and the other half made up of Congregationalists and Reformed Dutch ministers, and of the seventy-nine missionaries working under the Board in foreign lands, thirty-nine were Presbyterians, thirty-eight Congregationalists and two from the Reformed Dutch Church. In 1831, however, the Presbyterians who had previously formed local societies in New York and other large cities, organized a Board of their own, and the American Board gradually became a Congregational institution, as it remains.

DR. ALONZO H. QUINT.

One feature of its system should be mentioned to prevent a misunderstanding in reference to fields apparently abandoned. The Board desired its missionaries to regard appointments as temporary only. It was the theory of the Board that a country could be best evangelized by its own natives, and the missionaries were instructed to establish schools and training institutions at the earliest period that they could be practically useful, with the object of preparing converts to become themselves preachers to self-supporting churches. Thus the resources of the Board would be available for the occupation of new fields. The principle was faithfully carried out, although the work of establishing the institutions and organizing self-supporting churches, doubtless proved much slower than the Board expected.

A subject, which has brought the American Board unpleasant prominence in the secular press, cannot be passed over in silence in any notice of the institution. It is that of a doctrinal dispute which has alienated the confidence of many large churches from the Board and has depleted its treasury. For some time past, the younger preachers of the Congregational Church have been troubled with doubts about the condition of men in heathen lands who died without ever hearing of Christ. The old creed of the church involved the belief that such were condemned to endless punishment; but of late some ministers and laymen have cherished the hope that those who had no opportunity of accepting Christ in this life would have an opportunity of doing so after death. Several earnest young men able and talented and in every way desirable men for missionary work, but having this hope, offered their services to the Board. Being questioned by its examining officers they admitted their attitude on the question and the Board refused to appoint them. This action offended some of the Congregational Churches who argued that, at the most, the objectionable hope was a mere theory, which in no way interfered with the efficiency of their labor, and those churches have ceased to contribute to the funds. But the Board remained firm, and in one case, at least, the young man was sent out at the expense of the church of which he was a member and is being supported by it. Out of this question naturally grew another —that of the constitution of the Board itself, efforts have been made to remodel the mode of its election so as to make it more truly representative of the churches and more liberal. The recent meeting at Chicago, marked a change in the system and in future an arrangement will be adopted, by which vacancies on the Board will be filled more directly by the churches, instead of, by the Board itself.

That the Board has been able to maintain its work and to increase its income is due in no small degree to the tact and wisdom displayed by its president Dr. R. S. Storrs, whose portrait appears on the first page and who was re-elected this year. Dr. Storrs has won the name of "the Peacemaker" and at the recent anniversary, as on former occasions, he gave proof of deserving the title. A delicate compliment, or a humorous story from the chair, when contention between the rival parties grew warm, acted like oil on the troubled waters. Respect for him and confidence in his disposition to administer affairs in a liberal spirit have encouraged many ministers to continue their connection with the Board who, before his election, were believed to be drifting toward separation. Dr. Storrs is a native of Massachusetts and has passed his seventy-first birthday; yet he is active and vigorous physically and mentally. He has been pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn, N. Y. for forty-six years. Dr. Nathaniel G. Clark, whose portrait also appears on the first page, has held the position of Corresponding Secretary of the American Board for twenty-six years. He is a native of Vermont and is sixty-seven years of age. Langdon S. Ward, Esq., whose portrait also we give, is the efficient Treasurer of the Board. He, too, is a veteran in the service, having held office since 1865. A committee of the Board who recently examined his department, reported that "Mr. Ward is emphatically the right man in the right place." Two other prominent officers are Dr. Edmund K. Alden and Dr. Judson Smith who have long held the office of Corresponding Secretaries. Very valuable service is also rendered to the Board through the New York and Chicago agencies, the former of which is in charge of Rev. C. H. Daniells, D.D., and the latter in charge of Rev. S. J. Humphrey, D.D., and Rev. A. N. Hitchcock, D.D.

The Congregational House, a picture of which appears on the first page, is the headquarters of this great Missionary Association as it is of other Associations connected with the Congregational Church. In fact the building may be regarded as the headquarters of Congregationalism in this country. It was erected in 1873 on the historic site at the corner of Beacon and Somerset streets, Boston, Mass., where 210 years before, the famous pastor, James Allen, built his home. It is a large granite edifice of no architectural pretensions, but plain and substantial like the denomination which occupies it. Under its roof are many possessions of priceless value to the members of the church. Here is the library of rare books and manuscripts nearly twenty thousand in number relating to the history of Congregationalism, and here, too, are sacred relics of the Mayflower Pilgrims—a stone window-cap from Scrooby Manor House, where William Brewster lived and where the Mayflower Church was cradled, and here also is a fragment of Plymouth Rock, on which the Pilgrims landed on their arrival on this side the Atlantic. In these days of mammon-worship such relics are lightly esteemed, but it is well that they should be treasured, if only to remind us that the religious liberty we enjoy and our freedom from political and ecclesiastical tyranny are due under God to the heroism of those uncompromising men who rather than surrender their religious principles left home and country to make a new home in a strange land where they could worship God according to their consciences. Of that despised sect a handful of which came here and founded the republic on religious principles, and the handful who staid at home to battle under Cromwell for the overthrow of the miserable Stuart, the Congregationalists of to-day are the representatives and they have a right to be proud of their history.

The denomination, according to the report presented the other day at Minneapolis, to the Triennial Council, now numbers in this country 4,985 churches, with a membership of 525,097. During the past year they raised for home expenditure $6,091,231 and for benevolent purposes, $2,448,875, which in the aggregate of both accounts, is an average of over sixteen dollars to every member. The figures showed an increase over the previous years both in numbers and contributions which was extremely gratifying. The Council unanimously elected as its moderator, Dr. Alonzo H. Quint of Boston, Mass., whose portrait appears on this page. He has been a member of every council since the first at Oberlin and was one of the Committee that drew up the constitution of the Council. Dr. Quint was described as a prince of parliamentarians, and an able and eloquent preacher. He served through the war as the chaplain of a Massachusetts regiment. He is sixty-four years of age and has been in the ministry nearly forty years.

A MYSTERIOUS PROVIDENCE.

When all sources of earthly help have seemingly failed, then it is that the Christian finds his confidence in God's tender care for his children most strikingly justified. It is in the moment of deepest distress that he realizes the nearness of the Lord as never before. A poor woman tells the following incident in illustration of this fact: "I lived away out West, on the prairie, me and my four children, and couldn't get much work to do, and our little stock of provisions kept getting lower and lower. One night we sat hovering over our fire, and I was gloomy enough. There was about a pint of corn meal in the house, and that was all. I said, 'Well, children, may be the Lord will provide something.' 'I do hope it will be a good mess of potatoes,' said cheery little Nell, 'seems to me I never was so hungry for 'taters before.' After they were asleep, I lay there tossing over my hard bed, and wondering what I would do next. All at once the sweetest peace and rest came over me, and I sank into such a good sleep. Next morning I was planing that I would make the tin full of meal into mush and fry it in a greasy fry-pan. As I opened the door to go down to the brook to wash, I saw something new. There on the bench, beside the door, stood two wooden pails and a sack. One pail was full of meat, the other full of potatoes, and the sack filled with flour. I brought my hands together in my joy, and just hurrahed for the children to come. Little dears! They didn't think of trousers and frocks then, but came out all of a flutter, like a flock of quails. Their joy was supreme. They knew the Lord had sent some of his angels with the sack and pails. Oh, it was such a precious gift, I washed the empty pails, and put the empty sack in one of them, and at night I stood them on the bench where I found them, and the next morning they were gone. I tried and tried to find out who had befriended us, but I never could. The Lord never seemed so far after that time," said the poor woman looking down with tearful eyes.

ENEMIES OVERCOME.

In the course of a description of his labors Monsieur J. F. Guillon, one of Pastor Theodore Monod's assistants in the Faubourg St. Antoine, Paris, remarks: "A native of lower Brittany had threatened to strike me. One Sunday, I met him. Knowing what he had said, I went straight to him, and shook hands with him. He replied by repeating his threats. I calmed him by a few words, and offered him a Breton Bible I had with me. He accepted it, saying, 'I cannot read, but my wife will read it me! The wolf had almost become a lamb. As we parted he begged me to call and see him. A few weeks after, I found that he had listened to the Bible, read by his wife, and was coming regularly to the Monday prayer-meetings." Here is another instance: "Seven years ago, I lent a New Testament to a married man. I asked his wife some time afterwards if her husband had read my book. 'Your book? My husband would not think of reading such a book!' And she threw it in my face. I nevertheless called on them every three or four months. On Sunday, June 14, I visited them. The husband said to me, 'You gave me a Breton Bible a little while ago This is what I have understood in it. And he pointed to Lnke 13: 40–42. Then he said, 'I believe in the Gospel. The thief on the Cross asked Jesus Christ to forgive him, and he went straight to heaven without passing through purgatory. I will do what the thief did, and I shall go to heaven by the Saviour's grace."

AN ESCAPE FROM A MANIAC.

The late Mr. Spurgeon has been often heard to say that he never passed the "Hotel des Anglais" at Mentone without looking up at the windows of a certain room in that house, and thanking God for a merciful deliverance there experienced. The story is told in detail by Mr. Harrald in his article on Mr. Spurgeon's "Last Drive" in the "Sword and the Trowel." Many years ago Mr. Spurgeon was lying in the room referred to very ill; but he had insisted upon the friends who were with him going out for a little exercise. Scarcely had they left, when a madman, who had eluded the vigilance of his keepers, rushed in and said, "I want you to save my soul." With great presence of mind, the sufferer bade the poor fellow kneel down by the side of the bed, and prayed for him as best he could under the circumstances. Mr. Spurgeon then told the man to go away, and return in half an hour. Providentially, says the narrator, he obeyed; and as soon as he was gone, the doctor and servants were summoned, but they were not able to overtake the madman before he had stabbed some one in the street.

DEATH IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

The whole country learned with sorrow of the death of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, wife of the President of the United States, at Washington last week, after a tedious illness. Several years ago, during the prevalence of the grip, Mrs. Harrison was attacked by the malady in a severe form, and never thoroughly recovered from its effects. Apparently a healthy woman when she entered the White House as its mistress, the first signs of illness were developed during the summer spent at Deer Park, Md., in the first year of her husband's administration. This was probably due, to some extent, to the changed routine of her life, which had been quiet and homelike until she became the social head of the Executive mansion. After the grip came an attack of pneumonia, followed by hemorrhages of the lungs, and then, in May last, it became apparent that she was suffering from tuberculosis. It was first suggested to take the invalid to Florida, but a seaside resort in Virginia was selected instead. She grew rapidly worse, and it was determined to take her to Loon Lake in the Adirondacks, where, amid the invigorating pine woods and with the care of a famous specialist in pulmonary diseases, she might possibly rally.

On September 19th, all expectations being disappointed, she was taken back to Washington, where for weeks she lay between life and death. The supreme crisis came on October 25th, when, at 1:45 A. M., she passed away.

The story of Mrs. Harrison's early life is that of many other American girls, who have been reared amid Christian surroundings. She was born at Oxford, Ohio, in 1833. Dr. John W. Scott, her father, was President of Miami University, Ohio. Caroline, the daughter, received a plain, substantial education. Her training included a thorough knowledge of housework, as her parents could afford to keep no servants, and the mother and daughter performed the necessary duties between them. This education stood her in good stead in later years. While still very young she became acquainted with Benjamin Harrison, then a struggling lawyer, lately graduated from college. The young couple were soon married, and started with stout God-fearing hearts and light purses—having, indeed, less than $200 in all—to face the battle of life. The story of their struggles and successes and of Benjamin Harrison's rise to fame and prosperity, which was largely due to the aid and counsel of his devoted Christian wife, is well known to the readers of The Christian Herald.

THE LATE MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON

Mrs. Harrison was not only a model wife and mother, but an admirable example for American women everywhere, having filled the highest social position in the country in a most Christian and dignified manner. Few women of attainments, moving in society, were less wedded to the pleasures and dissipations that are too often the accompaniments of such a life. Notoriety was distasteful to her, although she was compelled, from the nature of her exalted position, to live in the light of publicity. Among the many mistresses of the White House since the first administration, none entertained with more grace and dignity, nor was any more deeply loved by the country at large, which will remember her as a charming, accomplished woman, who brought many of the Christian graces to the adornment of her high position. The only son, Russell Harrison, has owned an extensive cattle ranch in the West, and been connected with different publications. The daughter, Mary, is Mrs. J. R. McKee of Indianapolis.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
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GENIUS FOR WORK.

THE curse of this country is the geniuses—those men who think themselves Lord Byrons, not because they have any of his talent, but because they have his vices and his big shirt-collar. The only kind of genius that is worth anything is the genius for hard, practical, useful work. If God has given you two hands and two feet and good health, you have magnificent equipment. Those who were born at the top of the ladder do not have much chance, for they are apt to fall to the bottom, but those who are born at the foot of the ladder have the better chance. Michael Faraday, the greatest philosopher of his time, started from a blacksmith's anvil, and Shakespeare held horses at the door of a London theatre before he held the attention of all ages. The path of life opened for Robert Burns in a plough-boy's furrow: George Peabody endowed a library in the village where once he had sawed wood. The shoemaker's last would have been the most appropriate coat-of-arms for William Carey the missionary, and Cloudesley Shovel the admiral and famous author. The butcher's stall was the starting place for Kirke White and Akenside and Cardinal Wolsey. Herschel played in a brass band before God called him up to listen to the music of the spheres and the orchestra of the morning stars. A barber shop was the starting-place for Copernicus the astronomer, and Arkwright the inventor, and Jeremy Taylor the ecclesiast, and Tenterden the Lord Chief Justice of England. A mason's trowel was the weapon with which the learned Ben Johnson and Hugh Miller the geologist began to fight the battle of life. With a weaver's shuttle Columbus the discoverer, and Dr. Livingstone the explorer, and John Foster the essayist, and Wilson the ornithologist, began to weave their fortunes and their usefulness.

Out of every hard position in life there are fifty doors which at the tap of the hard knuckle of toil swing wide open. Do not join the great army of able-bodied beggars. When the time comes that you feel like putting your lazy hands on your hips and saying: "The world owes me a living," it owes you a halter!

HARD WORK NECESSARY.

DO not get the fatal idea that you are a genius, and that, therefore, there is no need of close application. It is here where multitudes fail. I had rather be an ox than an eagle; plain, and plodding and useful, rather than high flying and good for nothing but to pick out the eyes of carcases. Extraordinary capacity without work is extraordinary failure. There is no hope for that person who begins life resolved to live by his wits, for the probability is that he has not any. It was not safe for Adam, even in his unfallen state, to have nothing to do, and, therefore, God commanded him to be a farmer and horticulturist. He was to dress the garden and keep it, and had he and his wife obeyed the divine injunction and been at work, they would not have been sauntering under the trees and hankering after that fruit which destroyed them and their posterity; proof positive for all ages to come that those who do not attend to their business are sure to get into mischief.

I do not know that the prodigal in Scripture would ever have been reclaimed had he not given up his idle habits, and gone to feeding swine for a living. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest." The devil does not so often attack the man who is busy with the pen, and the book, and the trowel, and the saw, and the hammer. He is afraid of those weapons. But woe to the man whom this roaring lion meets with his hands in his pockets.

Do not demand that your toil always be elegant, and cleanly and refined. There is a certain amount of drudgery through which we must all pass, whatever be our occupation. You know how men are sentenced a certain number of years to prison, and after they have suffered and worked out the time, then they are allowed to go free. And so it is with all of us. God passed on us the sentence: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." We must endure our time of drudgery, and then after a while, we will be allowed to go into comparative liberty.

A BRILLIANT VICTIM.

IN my parish of Philadelphia there was a young woman brilliant as a spring morning. She gave her life to the world. She would come to religious meetings and under conviction would for a little while begin to pray, and then would rush off again into the discipleship of the world. She had all the world could offer of brilliant social position. One day a flushed and excited messenger asked me to hasten to her house, for she was dying. I entered the room. There were the physicians, there was the mother, there lay this disciple of the world. I asked her some questions in regard to the soul. She made no answer. I knelt to pray. I rose again, and desiring to get some expression in regard to her eternal interests, I said: "Have you any hope?" and then for the first time her lips moved in a whisper as she said: "No hope!" Then she died. The world, she served it, and the world helped her not in the last.

With many life is a masquerade ball, and as at such entertainments gentlemen and ladies put on the garb of kings and queens or mountebanks or clowns and at the close put off the disguise, so a great many pass their whole life in a mask, taking off the mask at death. While the masquerade ball of life goes on, they trip merrily over the floor, gemmed hand is stretched to gemmed hand, gleaming brow bends to gleaming brow. On with the dance! Flush and rustle and laughter of immeasurable merry-making. But after a while the languor of death comes on the limbs and blurs the eye-sight. Lights lower. Floor hollow with sepulchral echo. Music saddened into a wail. Lights lower. Now the maskers are only seen in the dim light. Now the fragrance of the flowers is like the sickening odor that comes from garlands that have lain long in the vaults of cemeteries. Lights lower. Mists gather in the room. Glasses shake as though quaked by sullen thunder. Sigh caught in the curtain. Scarf drops from the shoulder of beauty a shroud. Lights lower. Over the slippery boards in dance of death glide jealousies, envies, revenges, lust, despair, and death. Stench of lamp-wicks almost extinguished. Torn garlands will not hall cover the ulcerated feet. Choking damps. Chilliness. Feet still. Hands closed. Voice hushed. Eyes shut. Lights out.

THE DESPOTISM OF DEBT.

SOCIETY slaughters a great many young men by the behest, "You must keep up appearances; whatever be your salary you must dress as well as others; you must wine and brandy as many friends, you must smoke as costly cigars, you must give as expensive entertainments, and you must live in as fashionable a boarding-house. If you haven't the money borrow. If you can't borrow, make a false entry, or subtract here a bill from a bundle of bank-bills; you will only have to make the deception a little while; in a few months, or in a year or two, you can make all right. Nobody will be hurt by it; nobody will be the wiser. You yourself will not be damaged." By this awful process a hundred thousand men have been slaughtered for time and slaughtered for eternity.

Suppose you borrow. There is nothing wrong about borrowing money. There is hardly a man in the house but has sometimes borrowed money. Vast estates have been built on a borrowed dollar. But there are two kinds of borrowed money. Money borrowed for the purpose of starting or keeping up legitimate enterprise and expense, and money borrowed to get that which you can do without. The first is right, the other is wrong. If you have money enough of your own to buy a coat, however plain, and then you borrowed money for a dandy's outfit, you have taken the first revolution of the wheel down grade. Borrow for the necessities; that may be well. Borrow for the luxuries; that tips your prospects over in the wrong direction.

The Bible distinctly says the borrower is the servant of the lender. It is a bad state when you have to go down some other street to escape meeting some one whom you owe. If young men knew what is the despotism of being in debt more of them would keep out of it.

GOOD TYPE.

AUTHORS and publishers are often chagrined at the blunders of the printing press. A Frenchman, having counted three hundred typographical errors in his favorite book, gave up the ghost, and got out of the world as soon as he could. We wonder that a similar departure was not witnessed when one of our popular magazines was, by mistake of the printer-boy, called "The Epileptic Review." But the worst of all typographical errors is that of small type. Let publishers not forget the failing sight of the old. As age comes on, father and mother cannot go out as much as they used to, and are more dependent upon reading for entertainment. Put not before their diminished sight typography that blurs and confounds them. In plain print tell them the news of the world out of which they go, and the news of the world which they are about to enter. Let the hymn-book, and the Bible, and the religious newspaper be in distinct letter-press.

The poorest compliment ever paid to the Lord's prayer was the cutting it in small letters on a five-cent piece. It is a hard thing for an octogenarian to "read his title clear" in type smaller than nonpareil or agate. It is a grand thing to have a page so plain that old age can read it either with or without spectacles.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

BIBLE REVIVALS.

"The Damascus Road Revival." Acts 9.

NUMBERS in a revival do not always count the most, so far as this world is concerned. Oftimes one man or woman saved is more to the church militant than a hundred. I doubt if you can find a bigger revival in the Bible than this one on the Damascus road, only one out of the number saved, but that one equaled in power and influence all the known converts of some revivals where ten thousand have been reported saved.

Let the preacher, the evangelist, the soul winner get so filled with the Spirit, that literally he is consumed with devotion to God, then will he appear as a "great light," and coming suddenly upon some mighty sinner, overtake them with the same message Jesus used with Saul, and the results in conversion will follow. I've quite made up my mind this winter to do more of this personal work with the Sauls who are abroad persecuting the church. A few like him converted would revolutionize the close of this old century.

Fellow worker, pick out some one person now, and seek to lead that one to Christ. Nine out of every ten revivals worth having begin that way.

"The Persecution Revival."—Acts 11.

THE death of Stephen was untimely. So many would naturally say, "Such a man if left in the world could have done so much good," but it's often the case one can do more dead than alive, here is an example. His death scattered them abroad, and every where they went like flaming torches of light, and revival fires sprang up in places remote as well as near.

Persecuted Christians, if of the right stuff, will often do more for the cause than those in quiet and ease.

I venture to say that a good and thorough persecution of the Christian church in all the world would do much for the kingdom of God. I don't know that I'm ready to pray that the good God send such, but nevertheless from the pages of history—and God is in all history—I can see that thus he has widened the sway of his Son as nothing else could have done.

Who will ever forget that "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church."

Prayer.—Oh Lord! send this wicked world a great revival. Cost us what it may. Send us a work of grace that will reach the perishing millions.

"The Iconium Revival."—Acts 14.

IN this revival I want my readers to notice three words in the first verse of the chapter. "And so spoke."

There was something in their manner of speech and tone that a great multitude of both Jews and Greeks were converted. Now I notice

First.—There is much speaking in revival meetings that does not bring conversions.

Secondly.—This lack is due to a well-known cause, which is lack of unction or more plainly written is a lack of the speaker in being filled with the Holy Ghost.

Thirdly.—This lack may be supplied by waiting on God in confession of sin and forsaking of same; beseeching God to send his Spirit upon you for service.

Fourthly.—Both classes named as converts in this revival were considered as peculiarly hard to reach.

Fifthly.—Hard or not hard the Gospel preached won them for Christ as it always will when presented by workers filled with faith and joy and the Holy Ghost.

Sixthly.—Notice how you speak, and if there be a lack of power to produce results, wait on God for endowment such as these workers had.

How Consecration may be Determined.

1. As a worker, where would you go and work for Christ?

2. Your money and possessions—how much would you be willing to give to God's cause?

3. Your bodies—are they constantly kept as temples of the Holy Ghost.

4. In service, what and how much are you willing to do.

Study Francis Ridley Havergal's consecration hymn.

The Bible and the Newspaper

THE FATE OF UGANDA.

THE decision of the British Government to abandon Uganda is awakening considerable opposition in various quarters. The Commercial Company, whose interests are at stake have protested against the withdrawal of the Government, and have suggested the possibility of France taking possession if the English Government gives it up. This consideration, however, has had no weight. The Government apparently believes that the possession of Uganda will be a profitless burden to any European nation that acquires it. Another protest has, however, been made from a different quarter. The Archbishop of Canterbury and representatives of various missionary societies have had an interview with Lord Rosebery, and have urged that the protection of the Government is necessary to the safety of the converts of the Protestant missionaries. They also apprehend that the withdrawal will be followed by an extensive revival of the slave trade. Under these circumstances they ask that the decision of the Government be reconsidered. Lord Rosebery admitted the force of their arguments, but was unable to give a definite answer without consultation with his colleagues. It is understood that Mr. Gladstone is opposed to the extension of the British empire in any direction, and that he will be very reluctant to continue the occupation of the country. It may be hoped that even if English protection is withdrawn, the missionaries will not abandon the country. It was there that Bishop Hannington died, and there that the late Alexander Mackay spent sixteen years of arduous toil. The native converts are numerous and intelligent and proved their sincerity by suffering persecution for their religion and some of them have died rather than renounce it. The effort to win Uganda has cost too much to be lightly abandoned. The missionaries well know that they will never be placed in the position of the commercial company of finding that the Head of their government is opposed to the extension of the kingdom; for the Lord will yet reign over the whole earth. (Daniel 7: 14.)

An Opium Victim's Visions.

A PHYSICIAN in Colorado sends to a medical journal an account of his experience in trying to deliver a victim of the opium habit from his thraldom. He says that it is a common mistake to suppose that the opium habitue takes the opium because he likes it. His patient, like many others whom he has treated, had an aversion to the drug, but delighted in the effects it produced. He was an ambitious man, but lacked the opportunity as well as energy to achieve his ambition. As a young man he had drawn a picture in imagination of what he would be at middle age—a man of wealth, respected in his city, with a wife and children and pleasant surroundings. But at middle-age he had attained none of these things, and was earning a salary barely sufficient to pay his own expenses and not enough to support a wife. He saw no way of improving his condition and fell into a low melancholy condition. He began taking opium, and in the dreams that followed the dose he imagined himself in just the condition he had pictured to himself. In his dreams he was wealthy, honored and happy in the possession of a wife and children. When he awoke he was more miserable than ever, as he realized the facts, and was eager to take more of the drug, that he might go back to his dreams. Thus he lived a double existence, one-half of which was intensely wretched and the other half full of fancied happiness. The fascination of the latter was so powerful that nothing short of physical restraint could wean him from the drug. He was always eager to return to a condition in which the trouble of life did not hurt him. His feeling was like that of the besotted creature in the Proverbs (23: 35), who said: "They have stricken me and I was not sick; they have beaten me and I felt it not. When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again." It is a pity that such a man on whom the ills of life are pressing cannot be led to a better refuge than a fool's paradise. One is opened to him that has been well tried and proved. Of its efficacy one wrote: Troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed. While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. (II. Cor. 4: 8, 9, 18.)

Five-Years' Search for a Wife.

A ROMANTIC incident is reported from Seattle, Wash. In 1885 a German family settled on a farm near Bismarck, S. D. They could speak little English, but they were able to succeed with their farming and were prospering. After two years, repeated attacks of sickness convinced them that the climate did not suit them and they decided to remove to California. The husband went first to secure a location, but before leaving, arranged his affairs so that on hearing from him, his wife could dispose of the farm without his having to return. He had been gone only a week or two, when through a mistake in identity an acquaintance wrote to his wife that he had died in a San Francisco hotel. She was deeply afflicted by the news and at once sold the farm and went away. A few days after her departure a letter came from her husband, but could not be delivered as she had left no address. After some delay, it was returned to the writer with the usual endorsement. He then wrote to the Postmaster making inquiries, and then learned the grievous mistake under which his wife was suffering. He returned at once to make personal search for her, but as she had made no friends, owing to her imperfect knowledge of the language, he could get no trace of her. She had told no one where she was going, and did not appear to know herself. Then the husband began a long search for her which continued for five years. He did not succeed in finding her until the beginning of this month. Then he learned her residence from his own father in Germany. His wife had written to him giving her address. His father, who knew of the search, at once wrote him telling him that she was living near Seattle, and the delighted husband lost no time in going there to rejoin her. The wife must be very glad that she wrote that letter, and doubtless wishes she had written earlier, as she doubtless would have done if she could have had any idea that it would lead to reunion with her husband. It is so with communion with our heavenly Father. None can tell what blessing may be in store for them as a result of their being often at the throne of grace. God is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." (Eph. 3: 20.)

An Unexpected Inheritance.

THE chance remark of a bank-cashier to one of the bank's customers has led to the acquisition of a sum of money. The customer was talking with the cashier about the possibility of obtaining a loan from the bank and incidentally remarked on the difficulties of getting enough capital to carry on business. The cashier agreed with him. "Yet," said he, "there are a large number of persons who seem to have no better way of using money than to let it lie in a bank. We have some people who have not drawn principal or interest for half a lifetime. Here is a case in point," he said, opening a ledger. "A man deposited a sum of money with us forty years ago. He came from somewhere up the country and placed it here, as we supposed, until he was ready to purchase a farm. He looked like a farmer. He added a little to it from time to time but never drew any out and for more than thirty years we have seen nothing of him. He'll turn up some day perhaps, a very old man and draw it out to live on in his old age and pay for his funeral." "What was his name?" asked the customer. The cashier told him and he recognized it as that of an uncle of his wife who had been dead many years. Inquiries have been made which have established the wife's right to the fund which with the interest that has been accumulating amounts to more than twelve thousand dollars. The alacrity with which the man acted on hearing of the possibility of his acquiring the inheritance is in sad contrast to the conduct of many who hear Sunday after Sunday of the inheritance, eternal in the heavens, which they might have through Christ. (Heb. 9: 15.)

A TOWN IN UGANDA IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

A Singular Property Suit.

A STRANGE case is set down for trial before the Supreme Court at Columbus, O. It appears that some two years ago, a lady was murdered in a lonely house neat Eaton. She was a widow living with her only son in a retired way, with few servants around her. After a patient investigation by the detectives every clue was exhausted but that which implicated the son of the murdered widow. The crime appeared so unnatural that there was considerable reluctance to charge him with it. At lengh, however, facts were discovered which strengthened suspicion against him and he was arrested. At the trial new evidence was produced so conclusive as to leave no doubt of his guilt and he was convicted. Efforts were made by his lawyers to save him from the gallows, but they proved unavailing and he was executed. The convict had taken possession of his mother's property as her heir, immediately on her death, and he mortgaged it to pay the lawyer who defended him at his trial. Before his execution, he made a will leaving the balance to certain friends. The question now arises whether he had the right to take possession of the property and to bequeath it to anyone after removing the source from which it came. The right is disputed by the next heirs and the Supreme Court will have to decide the question. The principle of the law is that neither the criminal nor his representatives should be allowed to profit by his crime. It is well for the human race that such a principle does not apply in the case of the darkest crime the world has witnessed. Through that greatest of crimes has come the greatest of blessings. (Acts 4: 10.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The general conference of the Society of Friends, which meets every five years, has just closed its sessions at Indianapolis, Ind. The conference passed a resolution approving the Christian Endeavor movement in the course of its business.

Rev. Hermann Warzawiak is raising funds for the erection of a Christian Synagogue in New York. His work among the Jews of the city has outgrown the accommodation of De Witt Memorial Church, in connection with which he has been laboring for some time past.

The Salvation Army has been suffering from mob violence at Wyandotte, Mich. On Oct. 16th, a number of roughs attacked the Salvationists with sticks and stones. Three were severely hurt and the leader, Lieutenant Low, a woman, will probably die from her injuries.

Union Theological Seminary, New York, in spite of the trouble with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, has a larger entering class this year than usual. Dr. George B. Fisher, of Yale Divinity School, supplies the place of Dr. Philip Schaff, who has not sufficiently recovered from his illness to resume his lectures on "Church History."

Major George A. Hilton is doing a great work at Los Angeles, Cal. The mission under his charge is gathering in numbers of men who never went near a church. A host of warm-hearted friends furnish means for free Sunday breakfasts and contribute articles of clothing which are much needed for destitute men. The pastors of the city speak in the highest terms of the value of the work being done.

The recent Statistical Quarterly Statement of the German Empire reports the latest religious data of the country. According to these Germany has 31,026,810 Protestant subjects; 17,674,921 Roman Catholics; 145,540 other Christians; 567,884 Jews; 562 adherents of other religions, and 12,753 without any religious profession. The total population is 49,428,470.

The American Institute of Christian Philosophy has issued its programme for the winter. It includes lectures by Rev. Leighton Williams, Prof. A. G. Hopkins, Rev. D. H. Greer, D.D. and Prof. E. G. Sehler. The meetings are held in Hamilton Hall, Columbia College on the first Tuesday evening of every month at 8 o'clock. All information may be obtained of Mr. Charles M. Davis, 4 Winthrop place, New York.

Mr. D. L. Moody has completed his series of services in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, of which the late C. H. Spurgeon was pastor. He reports "a phenomenal harvest of souls." He is now at Norwich holding services after which he goes to Ireland. Efforts are being made to induce him to hold meetings in the West End of London. He is reported to be arranging with evangelists of various nationalitiies to preach during the Chicago Fair to visitors in their own tongues.

Rev. C. H. Yatman's services at New Albany have been wonderfully blessed. The *Tribune* of that city says that not in twenty-five years have such scenes been witnessed as those in the Centenary Church. Every part of the building packed, the aisles filled, and hundreds around the doors unable to gain admiasion. It has been the same at the Baptist Tabernacle, at the Presbyterian Church and at Trinity M. E. Church. Meetings for men only and women only have been held with the most blessed results.

The new bishops of the Protesant Episcopal Church elected by the Triennial Convention at Baltimore, are: Rev. William M. Gray of Nashville Tenn., to be Bishop of Southern Florida; Rev. William M. Barker, of Duluth, Minn., to the Bishopric of Western Colorado; Rev. Francis K. Brooks, of Atchison, Kan., to be Bishop of Oklahoma, Rev. Joseph H. Johnson of Michigan, to be Bishop of Northen Michigan; Rev. Samuel H. Wells, D.D., of Tacoma, Wash., to be Bishop of Spokane; Rev. Thomas A. Tidball of Camden, N. J., and Rev. Samuel R. J. Hoyt, D.D., of Iowa, to be Missionary Bishops, the former in Japan and the latter in China.

VICTORY THROUGH DEFEAT.

A Sermon Preached in Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, By Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D.

"Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place." II. Cor. 2: 14.

REV. A. J. GORDON, D.D.

THE Revised Version translates these words in such way as almost to reverse their meaning, 'Now thanks be unto God who always leadeth us in triumph in Christ." Which rendering is right? Conqueror or Captive—which is it? Triumphing or triumphed over? The shading of this thought is so fine that it is difficult to say which is correct. It is perfectly certain moreover that in the deepest meaning of the text both ideas are distinctly involved. If we are led in triumph in Christ it is to the end that we may be made to triumph in Christ.

Recall the apostle's enumeration of his trials for the Lord, and then his verdict concerning them:—Tribulation, distress, persecution, famine, nakedness, peril and sword—killed all the day long, accounted as sheep for the slaughter—"Nay," he declares, "in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us." (Rom. 8: 37.) How can this be, O fervent apostle? To be victor is enough, and how can one be more than victor? I think his reply would be: "He is conqueror who is victorious through victory; he is more than conqueror who is victorious through defeat."

Bible Paradoxes.

Consider then; first, *Christ's triumph over us:* "Thanks be to God who always leadeth us in triumph in Christ," The Gospel of Christ is full of paradoxes. It is always sending us downward in order that we may rise; and requiring us to be small that we may be great; and bidding us to submit to defeat in order that we may gain the victory. Hear some of its maxims: "He that will be greatest among you let him be the servant of all." "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." When I am weak then am I strong." Strange contradictions these, as though we were told to go East in order to find the West, or to look to the sunset in order to find the sun rising. And yet there is no end to such Gospel paradoxes culminating in that which is greatest of all: "He that loseth his life for my sake the same shall find it." And here we have a very striking one, "Thanks be to God who always leadeth us in triumph in Christ," conquest through being conquered. How shall we explain it?

Mainly on the principle of the strengthening power of self-denial. I saw a husbandman sawing off the branches of his apple tree. Branch after branch fell under his hand, till the ground was strewn with the severed boughs. Had he cut off dead branches I could have understoood it, but these were green and lusty and sound to the heart, And when I asked an explanation of his strange conduct, he answered that he desired to make his trees bear more and better fruit. Too much sap has been going into wood and leaf, and now by this cutting off of the boughs he would turn the stream of life into fewer channels, so that larger and more abundant fruit might be brought forth in those that were kept open. And I immediately took the lesson to heart—"Every branch in me that beareth fruit he purgeth so that it may bring forth more fruit." It is not simply your sins that need to be put off; the dead wood of disobedience and selfishness; the excrescences of lust and appetite and passion; the good works on which you have depended as well as the sins which you have deplored must be put away. "Oh God!" said a high saint, "thou knowest that I have more trouble with my self-righteous self than with my sinful self." And it is the crisis of victory when self and all the belongings of self are submitted to Jesus Christ.

The Ego Overthrown.

Was not Paul, before his conversion, zealous and moral, and religious to the highest degree? Yes! and what then was the matter with him? Capital I was his failing. Read his confession and see. "I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth, which things I also did." How the first person singular towers up here, filling the whole horizon, dominating his whole career, as of a man going about to establish his own righteousness and not submitting himself to the righteousness of God! Like a Roman conqueror, he would go to Damascus and bind the followers of the Nazarene to his chariot, and return with them to Jerusalem and make a triumphant entry into the City of David, But the Lord met him on the way, and with one stroke of the sharp two-edged sword proceeding out of his mouth, he felled him at his feet. Now, instead of leading men and women bound to Jerusalem, he himself was bound to Messiah's chariot and led captive thereto. Capital I capitulates. Henceforth we hear him saying: "Not I but Christ that liveth in me." And the words of my text become evermore his song—"Now thanks be to God who always leadeth us in triumph in Christ."

This, my brethren in Christ, is the conquest that must be wrought in us before we can make any real advance in the divine life. Your trust in Christ will *save* you, but only Christ's triumph in you will *sanctify* you. Oh how many Christians there are who have given Christ their sins and kept their pride! Surrendered their persons to the Saviour but kept back their purses; followed Christ in the way but failed to give Christ their wills. Let me here and now call for a surrender.

Who is Ready?

You recall that significant custom concerning the Hebrew bondman. If, when the time of his servitude had expired he desired to remain with his master, he declared his choice thus: "I love my master. I will not go out free." Then the master brought him to the judges and they brought him to the door. Then his master took an awl and thrust it through his ear into the door, and he became his servant forever. "Oh Christ, thou hast made us free, indeed, but we gladly choose to be thy servants forever. Nail our ear to thy cross! Henceforth we will be thy willing servants. We will hear only thee: we will serve only thee: we will belong only to thee: gladly and exultantly we write our name—'a servant of Jesus Christ.'"

Consider again how the text teaches, *Our triumph in Christ:* Self-denial is only one-half of consecration, useless without the other half which is appropriation of Christ. "Thanks be to God who always leadeth us in triumph in Christ." This last word "in Christ," is a note of victory. The great value of our weakness and defeat is that it lets us down solidly upon Christ. "What the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh," says Paul. And again, "Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might." The only place where God is weak is in us; the only place where we are strong is in God. The "in Christ," is the coupling which attaches us to God. All the strength of his omnipotence becomes ours when this coupling is fastened. Here is the secret of

A Victorious Christian Life.

"If we abide in him and he in us"—we have a divine element in which to live and move and act; and having that, nothing can resist us. One who is not in Christ has reason to be afraid of sin, of death and of the devil, for he has no temptation-proof armor. But if we abide in Christ nothing can harm us, since he becomes to us a protecting environment.

You may have heard of the startling experiment of thrusting the naked hand into a mass of molten iron without being burned. It can be done. But when a man connected with the foundry proposed to perform the operation before a company of ladies and gentlemen they begged him to desist. They were frightened at such a daring attempt. Nevertheless, he bared his arm and having immersed it in water plunged it to the elbow in the liquid fire and experienced no harm. What was the secret? Why the water in which the arm had been immersed, being instantly vaporized by the heat formed a surrounding atmosphere which furnished a momentary protection against that heat. If we are in Christ the Holy Spirit forms an atmosphere of defence round about us. Temptations cannot hurt us; sin cannot touch us; death cannot fasten upon us; we lead a victorious life. "Led in triumph in Christ" we shall also overcome the world, the flesh and the devil. Here is the secret of victory.

Surrender to Christ

that we may find supremacy through Christ; losing ourselves in him that we may be altogether used by him. Simple and true-hearted answer was that of the Chinaman when having told the wonderful story of his deliverance from the opium habit, he was asked, "And what did you use to cure you?" "Only my two knees," was his artless reply. And one of the wisest of Christian philosophers, Sir Thomas Brown, said the same thing when asked how he had overcome his doubts and scepticism. "Not in any martial posture, but on my knees," was his answer. Ah! this is the great divine recipe. "Praying in the Holy Ghost." Our very activity for Christ may become a snare to us unless we are careful, and we may neglect our Master when most busy for our Master. I sorrowfully own that I make many failures in the Christian life; but the secret has often been too much work, and too little prayer. I believe in the maxim of John Eliot: Prayer and pains through faith in Christ can do all things." Yes, if we only keep the two yoked together, and always moving with equal footstep. But let pains out-run prayer, and then comes an inevitable breakdown. How often have I found it so! In the

Rush and Pressure

of the train of Christian activity, there comes a sudden stop: Symptoms? Hot boxes—the head burning with fever, and the brain smoking with friction! The cause? Too much work with too little prayer! Too high speed and too little oil of the Spirit! Daily, must there be the unction of the Holy One if we would do all things as well as know all things.

Then consider again *Christ's influence through us.* "For we are unto God a sweet savor of Christ." When the holy anointing oil was poured upon the head of Aaron it ran down upon his priestly garments, and the perfume of it filled all the house. Our Aaron, Jesus Christ, the Great High Priest, was anointed with the Holy Ghost, and because we are in Christ we share in the fragrance of his anointing, and are a sweet savor of Christ. This I understand to be the thought. Some have supposed that Paul borrowed the figure from the custom of the Roman conquerors of the scattering perfume from the chariots as they returned in the triumphal procession. But I prefer to find the explanation in scripture rather than in secular usage.

If we are in communion with Christ the fragrance of his sacrifice will be diffused abroad from us. You remember that it is said of Jesus that "he gave himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savor." That is, the offering of Christ for the sins of his people was well pleasing unto God, and came up before him as

Fragrant Incense.

Then you remember how Paul in acknowledging the gifts of the Philippian Christians calls those gifts "an odor of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God." It was the element of self-denial in the gifts which gave to them their attractiveness. It is a very lovely conception—this redolence of the loving Saviour going out from us like ointment poured forth. "The savor of Christ is made to pervade us," says Bengel, "as that of aromatics prevades assent to Christ. Don't you know how they whose graves are yet fragrant with the perfume of Christ—men like Schwartz and Carey and Burns and Bowen, who copied Christ's life literally, becoming poor that they might make many rich, and the odor of their names was scented by the people as voyagers smell afar off the spicy breezes of India. Take up another's burden when you might be free from it; assume another's sorrow when you have no need to do so; put yourself to menial tasks and lowly offices for the poor and needy. This is cross-bearing, and by this may you shed abroad the savor of Christ's name among those that are saved and those that are perishing.

A Notable Conversion.

How quaint aad pathetic the story of the Hebrew Warzaviack's conversion. "I smelled a sweet savor of Christ," he says. He was hungry for a satisfying sacrifice. He inflicted penance on himself; he scourged his heart; he afflicted his soul; but still there was that gnawing of unsatisfied desire. How can I expiate my sins? How can I get peace with God? And then, as he read the story of the Levitical sacrifices he began to scent the food which his soul desired. As he came to the fifty-third of Isaiah the odor of the sweet smelling savor became more distinct; and then he was led to the Gospel and found Christ, and all his soul was satisfied.

Christ is gone into heaven now, but it is for us "to manifest the savor of his knowledge in every place." And do you not see how all this depends on the rich and constant indwelling of the Holy Spirit? Does the rose try to be fragrant? Does the lily exert itself to smell sweetly? No! it is the rich and hidden life within exhaling its perfume unconsciously and without effort. If we abide in Christ we shall exhale much fragrance as well as bring forth much fruit.

True Fragrance.

Be filled with the Spirit, my brethren, if you would be redolent of Christ. There is, there can be, no attainment compared with this. The perfumery of profession and pretence ean never deceive men. This poor world of ours has an instinct which distinguishes the exhalations of real life from the artificial odors of sanctity. The indwelling Christ can alone beget the influence of Christ. Yield to Christ, oh, unsaved hearer. Submit to him if you would learn the true secret of a victorious life. The old Adam is too strong for you; but Christ is stronger than he. "Be of good cheer," he says to you, "I have overcome the world." If you take him and trust him his victory is yours. For "this is the victory that overcometh the world even your faith."

ANTICHRIST'S EXPLOITS.

The Events of the Seventieth Week the End of the Times of the Gentiles.

BY J. T. CROSTHWAITE, C. E.*

MANY books on Prophecy go carefully into the question as to what country shall, or shall not, be included in the revived Roman Empire; and now, when we are, so to speak, within a measurable distance of the end of this dispensation—for the Gospel has already been carried for a witness to all nations—surely if the Roman Empire is to be revived, it is high time there was some signs of its revival. Is there any sign?

The Roman kingdom, as one undivide Empire, existed from 725 B. C. to 396 A. D., when it was divided into the Eastern and Western Empires, a period of over 1,100 years. It was at the zenith of its power, and at peace with all the world, and the temple of Janus shut, when our Saviour Jesus Christ was born. It then ruled from England to the Euphrates, including Egypt; and Greece itself became a Roman province as early as 146 B. C., being only 187 years from the conquest of Persia by Alexander the Great. Judea also became a Roman province in 63 B. C.

The Roman Empire, in its undivided state, appears to have been at the summit of its power till about A. D. 400, giving a period of 546 years from its conquest of Greece.

This Roman Empire, no doubt, was specially raised up, and was at peace with all the world, when our Lord came, so that the Gospel might be preached throughout all the then known world, as we know it was, from Babylon, even to England. When this mission was fulfilled, the Roman Empire declined, and broke up into various states. From that time, down to the present date, there has been no kingdom bearing rule over all the earth.

From the time of our Saviour, till he comes again, is denoted by the "times of the Gentiles;" which together with Nebuchadnezzar's image, both come to their end at the same time. The condition of the time of the end is also laid down by our Saviour: "And this Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." (Matt. 24: 14.) Now it is evident, that since the Gospel has already been preached in all the world, the time of the end must be near.

The Antichrist whose appearance marks the closing period is to rise, in point of time, after the ten kings whose territories will compose the revived Roman empire. One of his first exploits appears to be, to make a covenant with the Jews for seven years: many of whom apparently return to Jerusalem under the treaty and commence the daily sacrifice at the commencement of the 2,300 days, and it then continues until the commencement of the 1,290 days. (Daniel 8: 14; 8: 11.)

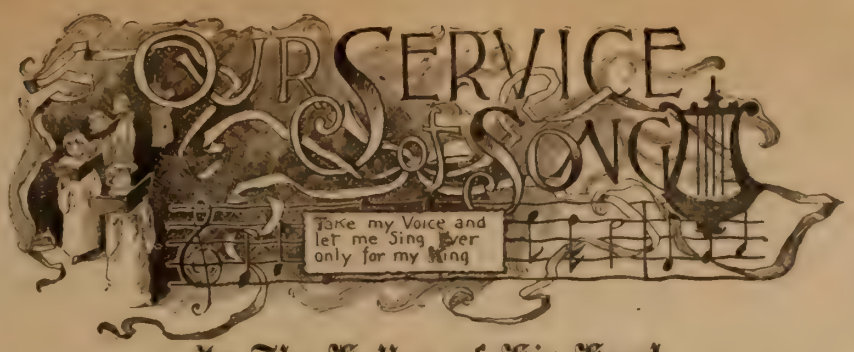
Antichrist's next exploit is, he subdues three of the ten kings. This appears to bring him to the summit of his power, about the time that the 1,290 days commence. He is not to be of the same nature as the ten kings. He is to be "diverse from them."

In the midst of the week, when the 1,260 days and 1,290 days and 1335 days begin simultaneously, he causes the sacrifice and oblation to cease, for the overspreading of the abomination that maketh desolate. From the time to the end of the abomination standing in the temple, is 1,290 days. (Dan. 12: 11.) He makes war with the saints, and opens his mouth in blasphemies against God, and power is given unto him to continue forty and two months; he loses his power at the end of the 1,269 days—that power which was given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations.

He is also to set himself up, "so that he, as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God;" and we read, "All that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb." (Rev. 13:8.)

The "one week" for which Antichrist confirms the covenant with "many," is the last week of the seventy weeks. (Dan 9:24.) These are weeks of years, or 490 years, taking a year for a day, the first sixty-nine of which, or 483 years, terminated the day our Lord entered Jerusalem as King. (Matt. 21: 1-16.) The seventieth, or last week, is consequently seven years, and is the closing seven years of this dispensation. The 1,260 days mentioned by Daniel, and by John in Revelation are literal days, and are the last three and a half of these seven years.

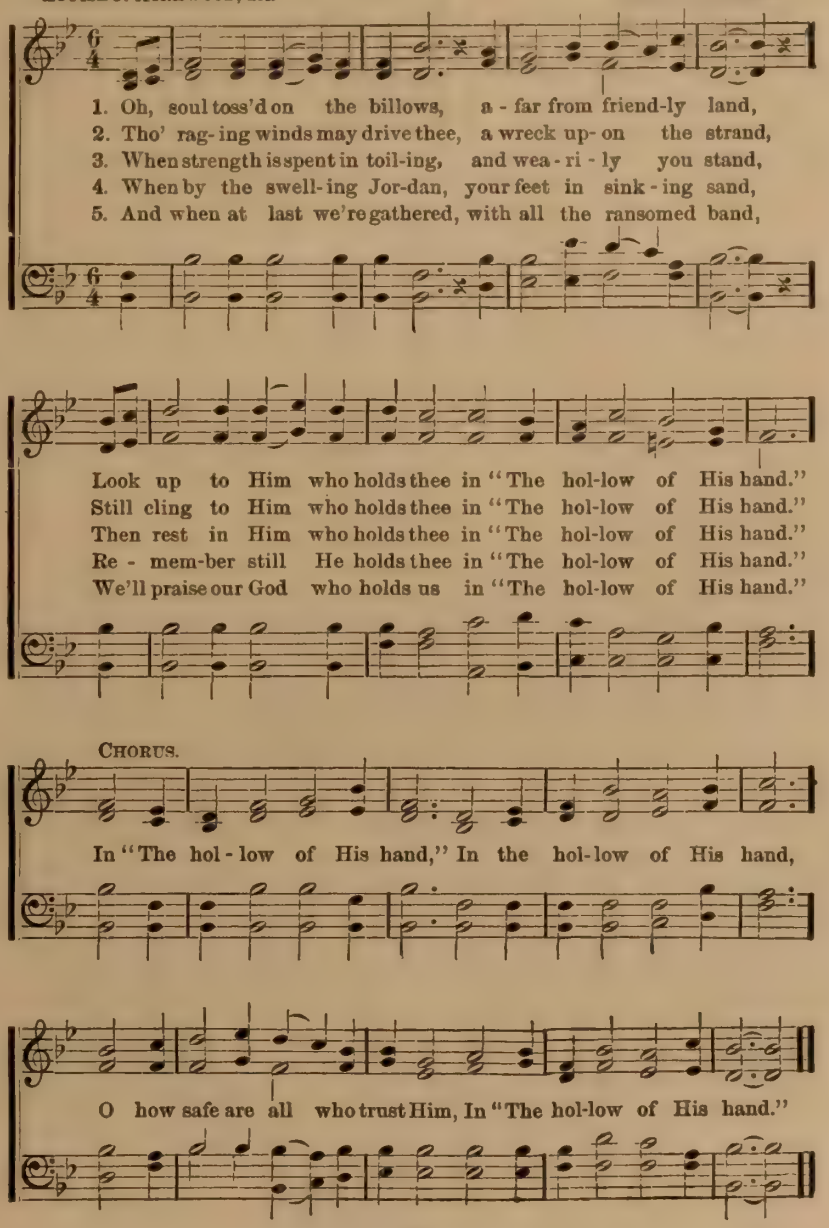
*From his article in the Prophetic News for October which contains also articles on "The Final Form of Antichrist," "The Pouring out of the Sixth Vial," "Spiritualism in England," etc. Price, six cents; seventy cents a year. May be had from this office, 92 Bible House, New York.



In The Hollow of His Hand.

"Neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."—JOHN 10. 28.

LOUISE J. KIRKWOOD, alt. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Oh, soul toss'd on the billows, a - far from friend-ly land,
2. Tho' rag-ing winds may drive thee, a wreck up-on the strand,
3. When strength is spent in toil-ing, and wea - ri - ly you stand,
4. When by the swell-ing Jor-dan, your feet in sink - ing sand,
5. And when at last we're gathered, with all the ransomed band,
Look up to Him who holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."
Still cling to Him who holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."
Then rest in Him who holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."
Re - mem-ber still He holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."
We'll praise our God who holds us in "The hol-low of His hand."
CHORUS.
In "The hol - low of His hand," In the hol-low of His hand,
O how safe are all who trust Him, In "The hol-low of His hand."

5
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FAITH'S REWARD.

SHE only touched the hem of his garment,
As to his side she stole,
Amid the crowd that gathered round him,
And straightway was made whole.

Oh, touch the hem of his garment!
And thou, too, shalt be free;
His saving power this very hour
Shall give new life to thee!

She came in fear and trembling before him,
She knew her Lord had come;
She felt that from him virture had healed her,
The mighty deed was done.

He turned with, "Daughter, be of good comfort,
Thy faith hath made thee whole!"
And peace that passeth all understanding
With gladness filled her soul.

—*Primitive Methodist.*

THERE IS NO DEATH.

THERE is no death;
'Tis but a step
That leads up to the higher;
Each setting of the sun doth bring
Us one day nigher.

There is no death;
'Tis setting free
From clay's incumbering fetter,
Where spirit grows in wisdom's ways
Far better.

—E. S. WHITE.

PURPOSE.

THE uses of sorrow I comprehend
Better and better at each year's end.

Deeper and deeper I seem to see
Why and wherefore it was to be.

Only after the dark, wet days
Do we fully rejoice in the sun's bright rays.

Sweeter the crust tastes after the fast
Then the sated gourmand's finest repast.

The faintest cheer sounds never amiss
To the actor who once has heard a hiss.

And one who has dwelt with his grief alone
Hears all the music in friendship's tone,

So, better and better I comprehend
How sorrow ever would be our friend.

ORIGIN OF THE LORD'S DAY.*

IT may be asked by what authority the first day of the week was set apart. And on the other hand, it may be asked, What authority was wanting? It was not commanded by Christ himself; it was not among his teachings, because it was in commemoration of his resurrection; and it would have been contrary to his whole course, character and conduct, through a life of humiliation, to have so commanded. It was not the command of God the Father, for they no longer had Moses and the prophets.

We have seen that the old law had passed away with the end of Aaron's priesthood, and they had no Sabbath, unless they accepted the Jewish Sabbath, which they could not do, because that law was not given to them, and if they had undertaken to accept that part of the law, they must accept the whole law, including circumcision and the sacrifices; as Luther says, "accept the whole Moses." The Gentiles had no rights under the law of Moses, as it was given to that peculiar people whom he had led from Egypt—the house of Israel. As to the sacrifices, they were administered by the Levites, and only to Israel. As to the claim to circumcision, the Gentiles had no claim whatever; that was given in the covenant with Abraham, to him and his seed forever (Gen. 17: 7), as a token of the covenant, by which they were to have an inheritance in the land of Canaan, and they did possess it and divided it among their tribes, after the death of Moses, who never reached it. What authority was wanted to inaugurate a Christian Sabbath, so to speak, when they were left without a fixed day set apart for rest or worship? They set apart the first day of the week and kept it in practice; it was approved by all, including Paul, who met with them. It met the sanction of the apostles, was reproved by none, not even rebuked by the Jews, except as they rebuked the Gentile for not keeping the whole law; and beyond all, it met with the crowning smiles of a heavenly approbation; as evidenced by the miraculous conversions during the period of this practice of the Lord's day observance.

Some of the reformers, gathering light upon this subject, among whom was Beza, who died in 1605, concludes that the Lord's day was a substitute, and a fit substitute, for the Jewish Sabbath. That the Christians assembled in the synagogues on the first day of the week as the Jews did on the seventh, and this to show that the Sabbath of the fourth commandment was ceremonial, and as regarded the day, a legal service. But he advances a further idea, that as to the worship of God it was a precept of the perpetual unchanging law, for the Sabbath day, which he thinks existed from the creation of the world to the resurrection of Christ, and substituted by the apostles under the direction of the Holy Spirit. The lives and labors of the two great reformers, Luther and Calvin were contemporary, Luther having died in 1546 and Calvin in 1564. Melancthon, also one of the most learned of the reformers, died in 1560. Whan he was asked "What then, is to be thought of the Lord's day, and the like formalities of public worship?" he replied that "bishops or ministers have liberty to appoint forms of proceeding, that everything may go on regularly in the church . . . of this nature is the observance of the Lord's day, of Easter, Whitsuntide and the like holidays and ceremonies. For those who think that the observance of the Lord's day has been appointed by the authority of the church, instead of the Sabbath, as a thing necessary, greatly err. The scripture allows that we are not bound to keep the Sabbath, for it teaches that the ceremonies of the law of Moses are not necessary after the revelation of the gospel. And yet, because it was requisite to appoint a certain day, that the people might know when to assemble together, it appears that the church appointed for this purpose the Lord's day, which for this reason also seemed to have pleased the more; that men might have an example of Christian liberty, and might know that the observance neither of the Sabbath nor of any other day is necessary."

*From *A Treatise on Sunday Laws*: by George E. Harris, of the Washington, D. C. Bar: pp. 338; calf; published by the Lawyers' Cooperative Publishing Co., Rochester, N. Y.

From the liberal view of this learned divine, it seems that he regarded the day important, only as importance was attached to it, and claimed for it no higher authority than a selection by the church. Then it follows that the church in the days of the apostles, was all the authority that was wanted to set it apart as the dominicum (Sunday) and for that uniformity and that the day itself is a holy day only as sanctified by setting aside and due observance.

THE BABY KING OF SPAIN.*

The little prince—who, dressed in a white frock, rests his baby head against his mother's cheek, and clings to her with tiny hands—is not really a prince, after all, but a king—a poor, innocent baby king, with no one to protect him but his brave young mother. I am never happy about him. I am always sorry for him. He touches me to the very heart. He is the little king of Spain. He never saw his father—he was born after his death. Poor baby, born with the weight of a crown upon his head. And it is not a light weight to bear in Spain. It's wearer has to govern a passionate, tumultuous, rebellious people, divided amongst themselves, subtle and clever at intrigue and plot, who would not be sorry for the five-year-old baby, who, if he is strong enough to grow up to be a young man, will be called upon to face and to try to control all this. And he is not a strong little prince. He has always been delicate, and not very long ago was so ill that every one thought he would die; and one can imagine the suffering of those days for the poor mother watching over his bed, soothing his pain, kissing his poor little hot forehead, and praying only that her baby might be well again and smile at her once more, while she knew that the grand, clever Court Ministers were only waiting to see whether the king would live or die. I think sometimes she must have longed to snatch him away from all those watching eyes, and carry him into some pretty room where she could hold him in her arms and rock him to sleep all by herself, and talk soft, coaxing, soothing nonsense to him, and never let him hear any one say, "Your Majesty."

I know a bright clever American woman who had seen this little King often under very interesting circumstances. There are not many people—even Spaniards—who see him in the same way. She had talked to him and shown him pictures, and she told me some very pretty stories about him. Somehow it rather touched me when she described this white-frocked baby's entrance into a room, and his holding out his hand to be kissed, and her playful talk with him in which she addressed him always as "Your Majesty." It would have seemed so much more natural to have picked him up in one's arms and kissed him on his soft cheeks and on his soft neck, and to have held him on one's knee and played with him. But of course it would be very improper to romp with a King and especially a King of Spain.

But there is one thing that even Kings and Princes cannot be deprived of even by etiquette—that is a mother. And this little King of Spain has one of the tenderest, and wisest, and sweetest. She lives only to guard and love and care for this helpless little King. She is young and fair, and a Queen, but she does not care for the world. She is so brave, and so gentle, and so wise, that even her enemies and her baby's foes have learned to respect her and know that she is not to be trifled with. It is said that even the gentlest, most timid creature will be brave when its little ones are in danger—even the soft-eyed deer will stand at bay. This young Queen mother is brave like that, and I think that everyone with a kind heart watches her with interest, and hopes that her sweet courage and faithfulness will be rewarded, and her boy will live to wear his crown through a long life, and be the best King that Spain has ever known.

* From *Giovanni and the Other:* Children who have made stories, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Twelve charming stories of children whom the famous author met in a European tour. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From the Pulpit to the Palm-Branch. A Memorial of C. H. Spurgeon. Sequel to the sketch of his Life, entitled "From the Usher's Desk to the Tabernacle Pulpit." Five Memorial Sermons by Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D., with the official report of the services in connection with his funeral. 281 pp.; price, $1.25. A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East 10th Street, New York, publishers.

Faith-Healing Christian Science and Kindred Phenomena, by J. M. Buckley, LL.D.; cloth; pp. 308; price, $1.25. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

Saint Augustine, a story of the Huguenots in America, by John R. Musick, illustrated; cloth; pp. 319; price, $1.50. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York, publishers.

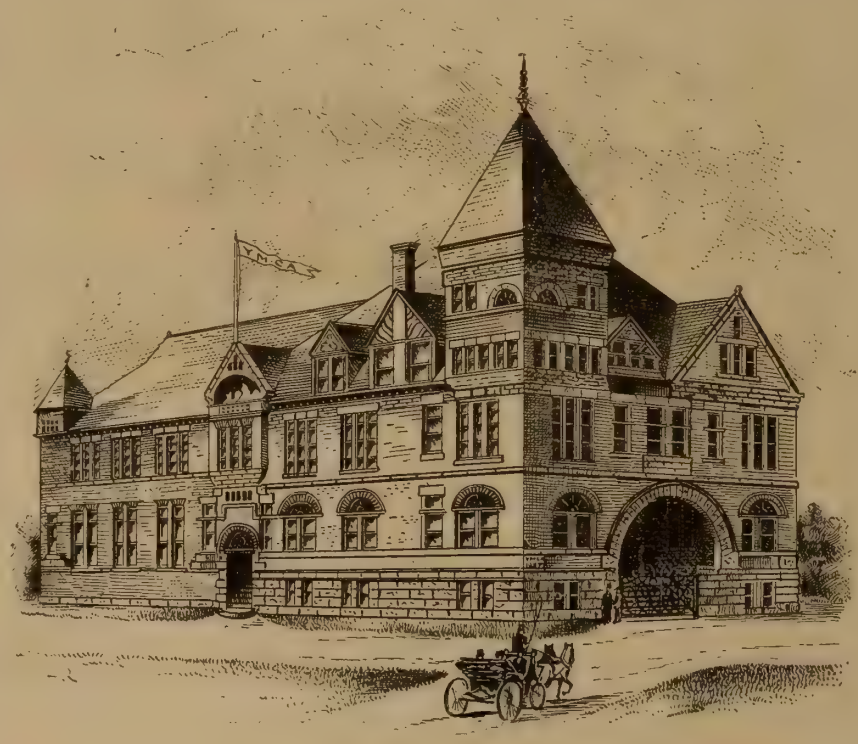
The Resultant Greek Testament, by Richard Francis Weymouth, D. Lit., with introduction by The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Worcester; cloth; pp. 644; price, $3. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York, publishers.

The Miracles of Our Lord Expository and Homiletic, by John Laidlaw, D.D., cloth; pp. 384; price, $1.75. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York, publishers.

PREPARATION FOR SERVICE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Nov. 13. Acts 13: 3; I. Peter 4: 7-10.

PREPARATION for service begins in the desire to serve. This does not mean the desire for some particular position or place of service; but a readiness to take any position in which service can be rendered. This does not imply the surrender of individuality the mechanical condition of an automaton, but an intelligent confidence in the wisdom of the supreme Commander who has work to give and power to give it to whomsoever he will. The soldier does not fight less valiantly for knowing that at any moment he may be sent on another duty, nor is he less highly esteemed by his captain for being in an inconspicuous place. If he does his duty in the place to which he is appointed and does it cheerfully and well he is the man most valued. A great General was once taunted by a rival with his humble origin. "I knew you," said the man, "when you were only a drummer-boy." The General answered: "Well, did I not do my drumming well?"



THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

The man who is doing his duty thoroughly and efficiently in the Church in a humble sphere is very likely to be called to a higher one, though he will be content if God keeps him in the place he is filling well. "He that does the best his circumstance allows, does well, acts nobly; angels could do no more." The one essential is that a man holds himself at God's call, ready to do whatsoever God intimates to him is his duty. This intimation, if it is to higher service, to greater honor, or to better remuneration, should be unmistakable. Our own hearts are so ready for such promotion, that we are apt to imagine a call where there has been none. God will take care that his servant shall hear his voice if he has need of him.

The public preparation for service, if of the right character, is one of solemn recognition of responsibility. As soldiers deeply concerned for the success of their cause might bid farewell to a party going out on a critical and dangerous expedition would desire above all things that the party might acquit themselves well and do their duty without shrinking or faltering, so these disciples bade farewell to Paul and Barnabas with fasting and prayer. They were going on active service, going to new and untried work, going into danger. We read nothing of commiseration on the one hand, nor congratulation on the other. They were to be separated for the work whereunto they were called and it was done. We are not told what it was that the disciples prayed for, but there is no doubt that it was for an endowment of special power on the called ones. The desire of all in those early days of consecrated service was for the advancement of the kingdom and the triumph of the king. That should be the desire now. All jealousy, all selfishness should be excluded from the Church and no desire felt but the one that every man in the service whereunto he is called should do it efficiently and with a single eye to the Lord's glory.

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AN ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION.

Among the Young Men's Christian Associations which have recently acquired homes of their own, a place of honor is due to that of Rock Island, Ill., a picture of whose new home appears on this page. Though one of our youngest Associations, with a career of only eight years it has outstripped many of its older sisters in its enterprise and achievements. In a town, the population of which is under fifteen thousand, it has gone ahead so rapidly that it now possesses a building of which many a large city Association might justly be proud. It is centrally situated on the corner of Third Avenue and Nineteenth Street, occupying a site sixty by one hundred and forty feet. The cost of building and ground was $24,400, nearly the whole of which is paid or covered by reliable promises.

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CHRISTLIKE WORK.

The King's Daughters connected with the Presbyterian Church at Fernadina, Fla., have found themselves unexpectedly engaged in a noble work. They helped a poor sick woman some months ago by supplying her with medicine and nourishing food. To another sick woman they ministered by paying her rent and providing her with skilful nursing. Other sick persons enlisted their sympathies, and it was suggested that the work of attending to them would be done more efficiently and more economically if they were all under one roof. A cheap house was hired and gradually furnished, much of the furniture and linen being contributed by the King's Daughters, and the remainder purchased with the funds in the treasury and the proceeds of entertainments. It was merely a house for the entertainment and nursing of the sick, as it appeared to the kind-hearted ladies. But the people of the neighborhood spoke of it as a hospital, and when the King's Daughters came to think of it, the little house was really a hospital to all intents and purposes. They named it "Berachah" (blessing), and they are supporting it and making it a veritable blessing to the poor around them. They would probably have never dared to entertain the idea of founding a hospital, but they have unintentionally founded an institution out of which a hospital of some extent will grow.

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THE EPWORTH LEAGUE IN ITALY.

A report which is sent to the organ of the Epworth League by the Rev. William Burt, the Superintendent of Methodist Missions in Italy indicates that the League is as valuable an aid to the missionary abroad as to the pastor at home. Referring particularly to the branch at Milan, Mr. Burt says that the Epworth League assumed charge of the cleaning of the church, the reception of strangers and the supply of hymn-books to visitors. The members of the League also visited the sick, collected and disbursed funds for the relief of the poor, distributed tracts and conducted an evening school on two nights of the week. A Junior League has also been organized which has a Library and has held several social entertainments. Beside all this outside work, the League has held its regular prayer-meetings and kept up the work of its several departments. The President of the League is Guiseppi Asti and he and the pastor, Signor Dardi work harmoniously together, the pastor giving lectures under its auspices.

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THE NORTHWEST B. P. U. CONVENTION.

A great convention of Baptist Young People has just been held at New Westminster, B. C. The reports of the sessions have not yet been issued, but the programme as published by the *Young People's Union,* shows that they must have been of a most interesting and helpful character. The first session was called for Saturday, October 15. The exercises were to commence with an Address of Welcome, by President of New Westminster Union and Response, by E. S. King, President of Convention Union.

On Sunday afternoon there was to be a Young People's Mass Meeting with the following order: School of Methods: How we conduct our devotional work, Rev. F. C. Brownlee; How we conduct our missionary work, M. E. Cleveland; How we study the Bible, L. D. Goodwin, Ph.D.; How we do the social work of our Union, Miss Dora Espey. Closing with a great consecration meeting.

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The National Conference of French Young Men's Christian Associations took place at Valentigney, in the department of Doubs, Eastern France, Sept. 22-25. At the request of the French unions, Mr. George Williams, the founder of British Y.M.C.A's, accompanied by Dr. Kirby of London, and Mr. W. H. Mills, the English National Secretary, attended and took part in the proceedings. Reports were presented from the groups of associations in the different departments, showing a considerable increase both in the number of associations and the membership. It was announced that the Paris association was erecting a building for its work, which, together with the site, will cost $200,000.

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At a Christian Endeavor Convention held recently at Manchester, England, the president of one of the societies remarked that since the last anniversary of their society three friends who took part in the proceedings had offered their services for foreign mission work; and during the past week, at a meeting of the general committee of the Nottingham Institute for Missionary and Theological Training, three out of the four young men accepted were "Christian Endeavorers." Another president said that in all his experience of work amongst the young, he had found nothing that so well suited the activity of young people as this society.

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The Young Women's Christian Associations of Ireland have been holding a national convention in Dublin. Mrs. S. H. Smith, President for Ireland, stated that the membership had increased to 17,576, with 328 branches. Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission spoke on the claims of the Foreign Mission field on Christian Young Women. Mrs. Oatts, of Glasgow, gave an interesting account of work in that great city amongst shop girls, factory hands and in drawing-rooms. The new training home for missionaries in connection with the Y.W.C.A. in Dublin presented a report, and addresses were heard from young ladies about to go out to China and elsewhere as missionaries.

SAFELY GARNERED.

"WAS she your only child?" asked I.
"My only one," the answer brief;
And yet he spoke without a sigh,
Without a touch of grief.
He said the words with quiet smile;
I paused, and wondered for awhile.

I marveled at that quiet tone,
In which no shade of sorrow lay;
And thought of darlings of my own,
Of laughing faces gay.
And yet, not one amongst all there,
Not one, I felt, that I could spare.

"You need not grieve for me," said he;
"Your little ones are not more blessed;
This darling child, so dear to me,
Has entered into rest.
Amid the joys that never fade
She dwells for aye, my little maid."

I saw him raise his eyes and hand
Up to the quiet summer skies—
Up to the sinless, better land,
To where his treasure lies,
Where with untiring, little feet,
She treads the city's wondrous street.

"Your little ones," he still went on,
"May live to feel life's toil and care:
But where my little child has gone,
Thank God, no pain is there!
No shade to dim the starry eyes.
In the deep calm of Paradise.

"The coming year will changes bring;
Your little ones will older grow·
But she is still the little thing
I loved so long ago.
Forever, in the higher place,
She'll bear the dear and changeless face.

"Too true! Down here the years roll on,
And hearts grow hardened and defiled
She beareth yet—this little one—
The pure heart of a child.
No deeds that I need wish undone;
A very blameless little one."

—LILLIAN CLAXTON.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He tells of the Young Shipwright who Founded a Great Nation—A Historic Cottage.

THE desire to rise in the world is a laudable and proper one," remarked Uncle John, during a pleasant chat a few evenings ago, "provided," he explained, "it is actuated by right motives. The only worldly fame that is really worth striving for is that which comes of being of service to our fellowmen. All other fame is vanity."

"Then the great warriors we read about in history were not all good men?" interrogated one of the elder children.

"One may become truly great and good, whatever his calling," was the reply. "Many famous soldiers have been good men, and when valor is inspired by patriotism and the soldier fights for home, freedom and religion, no higher motives can nerve his arm. The inscription on many of our own national monuments—

Sweet and proper it is to die for one's country—

shows how men love a true hero, while for blood-thirsty men, greedy of conquest, men like Cæsar, Cyrus, Alexander, Timour, Attila, and Napoleon, they have nothing but abhorrence."

"What about Peter the Great, Uncle?" asked Ted.

"There was much in Peter's character that was excellent," replied the old traveler. "He tried as far as his training taught him, to be a benefactor to his country; but he lived in a warlike time and was surrounded by anything but peaceful influences. You doubtless remember reading of Peter's early life ——"

"Oh, yes; how he learned to be a shipwright in England," interrupted Tom.

"Yes. As a child, he was sickly and puny; indeed, it is said that when he was a baby three days old, his parents, hardly believing he would live to grow up, followed an old Russian superstitious custom of having a full-length portrait made of the little one. This was supposed to keep the child safe, amid the dangers of infancy. Of course, Christian people will regard such a proceeding as ridiculous and sinful; but you must remember that Russia was then almost semi-barbarous. Two artists, named Ushakoff and Koslof, painted the picture and it was decorated with two angels, one on either side, and now hangs beside Peter's tomb. Well, the weakling grew to be a great strong six-footer. He learned fourteen trades, read and traveled and studied, in order that when he was called to fill a throne, he might be able to deal justly and helpfully by his people. He seems to have realized, early in life, the dignity of labor, the emptiness of worldly honors and the vanity of man's attainments. When in after years he was ruling an empire, planning the construction of great cities and fortresses and warships, he maintained, about his immediate person, the simplest surroundings imaginable. His favorite residence, encircled by splendid palaces and beside magnificent grounds with artificial lakes, fountains and cascades, was a very plain, substantial-looking cottage, whose walls were lapped on one side by the river, and had an old-fashioned garden and park on the other. This illustration shows the old building which is still standing, and which contains many interesting mementoes of the great Czar, who was 'the father of his country.' There are his desk, staff, chair, slippers, weapons, a boat he built, and some tools, said to be those he worked with while employed as a shipwright. Although we of to-day may regard Peter as little better than a semi-savage, when we remember that he used all his powers and acquirements to advance his country and its people, we can understand why Russians call him 'great.'"

"Then he wasn't so much of a warrior after all?" said Louis.

"No," replied Uncle, stroking his little nephew's curls. "His greatest desire, I really believe, was to make his people happy, and to some extent he succeeded, although he was a man of violent temper and made many mistakes. Yet he introduced a school system, libraries, the arts and civilized customs. His wife Catherine, whom he called by the pet name, Katinka, was his very opposite in disposition, having one of the sweetest tempers in the world. It is said of her that she was never peevish, disobliging or out-of-sorts and was generally loved. History, which tells us a great deal of the second Catherine, says very little about the first—the amiable Katinka; yet if she had been as sour-tempered and cross as Xantippe the wife of Socrates, what might not have happened to Russia?"

"Was Peter a Christian, Uncle John?" said Milly in her childish treble.

"I'm afraid not as good a Christian as he should have been, little one," he answered. "He professed himself a believer, sang in the choir, read the good Book to the people in a little country chapel in summer, and took for a motto: 'For the Faith and the Faithful.' He had many faults and some noble virtues. There let us leave him in the hands of One who alone is competent to judge."

THE COTTAGE OF PETER THE GREAT.

(From a photograph secured by Dr. Talmage during his visit to Russia.)

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Right Habits.

THEY are our unconscious allies in all efforts at self-improvement. They might reinforce us in upright and godly living. It is particularly important, remarks a reverend writer, that young people should give heed to this matter: for with them character has not yet gone through the stages of its evolution and reached its fixed and final status. They are susceptible to manifold impression that after awhile will not touch them, and they should "watch the beginnings." If they reach their majority without having been brought under the sway of vicious modes of thought, utterance and action, they have made a great gain. If they have gotten into the habit of purity, of truthfulness, of honesty, of industry, of piety, they are comparatively safe. God have mercy upon any young soul that is already submerged under the tide of wicked passions and appetites.

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Good Humor as a Talisman.

IN one of his latest sermons, Dr. F. W. Robertson, speaking of a peculiarly beloved Christian woman, said: "What was the secret of her heavenly power in the home? Absolutely nothing but radiant smiles, beaming good humor, the tact of divining what every one felt and every one wanted, told that she had got out of self and learned to think of others; so that at one time it showed itself in deprecating the quarrel, which lowered brows and raised tones already showed to be impending, by sweet words; at another by soothing a sobbing child; at another by humoring and softening a father who had returned weary and ill-tempered from the irritating cares of business. None but she saw those things; none but a loving heart could see them. That was the secret of her power." The only charm she employed was the talisman of a heavenly spirit and abiding good-humor.

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THE PLEASURE OF GIVING.

THE Christian adage that it is "more blessed to give than to receive," and the philisophic truth that true happiness lies not in possession but in generous dispersion, were beautifully illustrated during the Columbus Centennial week in New York. A wealthy gentleman, owner of a fine residence on Fifth Avenue, employed a force of carpenters, the week preceding the parade, to construct a grand-stand in front of his beautiful home. It was erected at a point which commanded a splendid view of the route of the proposed pageant. Strange to say, however, no tickets were sold, and even on the morning of the great pageant, when the vast crowds were assembling all along the line of march, this beautiful stand was comparatively deserted. A number of watchmen guarded it, preventing the crowd from storming it and capturing the seats. By and by, the crowds grew denser, and the number in the street were larger than ever before seen in New York. It is believed that nearly a million persons were massed along the line of the parade, on the sidewalks, on wagons, roofs, balconies and grand-stands and at windows. In the neighborhood of the particular grand-stand in question, there was a great swaying mass of humanity, momentarily increasing in bulk. But the seats were no longer empty. Sturdy men, employed by the owner of the stand, were reaching forward into the struggling human sea and extricating from its dangers scores of women and children and aged men, whom they placed in comfortable seats on the grand-stand. Wherever any one in the crowd was bruised or crushed or apparently hopelessly wedged in, the stalwart men reached out to help. Fainting women, many of them having come from long distances to see the pageant; children screaming with pain and terror, and momentarily afraid of being trampled to death underfoot; weak ones, already breathless with the frightful pressure—these were revived and gladdened by being rescued from the crowd whose embrace had threatened to crush out their lives. Many others, too, there were who shared in the same generous and timely hospitality, and the admiration of the multitude—in that part of the city at least—was divided between the splendors of the civic show and the goodness of the kind-hearted man who had employed his wealth and opportunities, not in ostentatious self-seeking display, but in making others happy. Although the donor did not appear in public to receive the plaudits of the multitude, we believe there was no happier man than he in the great Metropolis on Columbus Day.

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Woman's Place.

THERE are probably fewer complaints on the whole from women than from men about the lack of opportunites. The woman who complains that she has no place in the world has only to open her eyes, and she will quickly see what is awaiting her. The cultivation of some talent may be destined to bring pleasure and profit. To many a secluded one the Chautauqua reading courses have proved sources of untold, almost unending delight. If the necessity of self-support exists, there is a large place for the single woman. Good nurses, teachers, artists, musicians, writers, dressmakers and workers in a dozen more lines of industry are always in demand. None but the inefficient or the unfaithful ordinarily need complain of lack of employment. Success is to be expected in the line of one's abilities, not always in the line of one's desires. Discontent because genius or great power has been denied is simply an impious fault-finding with the Creator's plan.

UNEQUALLY YOKED
or
ROSEMARY AND RUE
A STORY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HOME

(Written expressly for "The Christian Herald".)

BY

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

(Author of "The Captain's Bargain.")

CHAPTER I—THE HOTEL MAROT.

A NUMBER of years ago, so many that they have grown into decades, a man with some superfluous money, and but a modicum of common sense, built a large and somewhat ornate house upon the highest eminence that overlooks the Niagara River. This building was too small for a hotel, and too large for a private dwelling. It had a great ball-room in which no feet ever danced; a vast dining-room, wherein no tables ever were spread; a parlor that was never furnished.

Behind the house were stables larger than the house itself, but their grain bins were empty, and their numerous stalls were uninhabited, but for a dun cow, named Brownie, and a bay mare, named Lady Lucy. This mare had small hoofs, slender legs, a long fine neck, delicate skin, quivering nostrils, full black eyes lit by intelligence and nervous excitement, and small sharp ears, constantly on the alert. She proclaimed blood in every inch of her, and was the one joy, possession and future hope of her owner, Jean Marot. The great house was not without distinguishing points of beauty. A wide green lawn swept to the noble woods that lined the river; on the one hand stood an orchard of grape vines beyond the road leading to the stables—and to the great carriage-house—empty but for a light, very ancient topless buggy and a cracked wheel-barrow, by a delightful garden of flowers, vegetables and small fruits.

"Sumpter's Folly," people called this house and its appurtenances, and it stood empty for some years after it was finished. Finally it was tenanted. Sumpter, the owner, had a niece and nephew; the niece died leaving orphan girls, Peggy and Betty, twelve and fourteen years old. Sumpter felt that conscience and public opinion, required something of him, as the nephew and the grand-nieces were penniless. He said to Jean Marot, the nephew, "Take your sisters' girls and live in my big house, and take summer boarders. The girls can do the work. The home is better than you deserve, there is some furniture in it,—and so I wash my hands of you."

Jean Marot, an easy fellow, given to yielding, prepared to obey, and had this forlorn hope; but while he and the girls were packing up their few belongings, Jane Ditson, a vigorous and hard-featured woman, more than five years Jean's senior appeared.

"Jean Marot, you can't keep a hotel, nor yet a boarding-house. What do you and the girls know about it? You haven't a carpet, nor yet dishes, nor bed-clothes, nor table-cloths. I'll keep that home for you. I've got dishes, linen and three good rag carpets. You need a wife, and the girls need a mother to the front. We'll go down to the justice and be married. Jean followed Miss Ditson to the justice's office, much in the guise of a calf going to the abbotoir. The knot tied, and the move made to Sumpter's folly, Jean found that he and the girls had acquired a very hard mistress. For an entire winter the lonely, empty house echoed only to the sharp tones of Mistress Marot, and whether Jean or his nieces were most subjugated by her, it is hard to tell. Spring came: the "Folly" was christened Hotel Marot, and—the boarders came: John Cardiff, his wife, four children, a nurse and two young men John Cardiff's assistants, took possession of the empty, airy bed-rooms of Hotel Marot, a small breakfast room, back of the empty dining-room was arranged for their meals, and the children rioted in the vacant hall room, the orchard, lawn and garden. John Cardiff was known as "The Chief," and was employed in road-building—an erect, compact, blue-eyed, brainy Scotchman, who considered nothing foreign to him that concerned his kind.

It was a Sabbath noon. Mamma Cardiff in her room was instructing her daughter Laura, six years old; the nurse in the ball-room, kept quiet the fidgetty Marion, aged three. The chief had taken his son Rodney, and a book, into the garden, where Rodney was chiefly occupied in efforts to stand on his head, or walk on his hands. Tom McGregor, Assistant First, was up a cherry tree with a book and a plate. Alone on the front porch learning her usual Sabbath chapter was Philippa Cardiff, child of the chief's first wife. All was calm and restful as Sabbath should be. Then, something happened. A closed carriage, dragged heavily by two exhausted horses, came down the road and turned into the drive-way to the stables. At this unprecedented event, all the Marot family hurried out of the kitchen and formed a group by the low hedge that divided the lawn from the drive-way. The dusty individual who held the reins, dropped them; the horses covered with lather, panting and trembling seemed ready to lie down in harness.

"Can you take out these horses and give me another pair at once?"

"No. Haven't any," retorted Jean.

"Can you give me a buggy, and horse to go on with?"

"No," said Jean.

"Yes," said Mistress Marot.

"What!" screamed Jean to his wife. "Do you mean the mare?"

"Why not?"

"I'll be hanged if I do," shouted Jean; "I'll shoot the first person that lays a finger on Lady Lucy. She's mine."

"I'll see about it," said Mistress Marot to the stranger.

"I'll see that you don't get her," said Jean, "she's mine and she shan't go a foot."

"Twenty dollars for her, for the afternoon."

"Not for a hundred."

"Jean! you're crazy—you're an idiot," said his wife with pleasing frankness.

"She don't go. I'll stand up for the mare, if I don't for anything else. I tell you, she shan't go." Jean looked quite fierce.

The stranger glanced at his watch. "Can you get these horses fit to go in three or four hours?" he asked.

"Yes he can," cried Mrs. Marot, scenting custom. "Jean is a great jockey—he'll do wonders with them."

Jean looked compassionately at the weary beasts.

"They can be rubbed, and sponged, and rested, and then fed; mebby I can fix them up in three or four hours."

"Have you a private room, where I can have bed and dinner?"

"Oh yes," said Mistress Marot. "Whatever you like. The chief's folks are all in their rooms, and they don't eat till three! And my parlor has a bed in it."

"Dinner at once then," said the traveler to Marot, "and the best care of those horses"—this to Jean. Then he opened the door of the carriage and said sharply, "Come out."

He did not speak to a dog, but to a young woman who appeared on the steps of the carriage. She held a little black hand-bag.

She was about seventeen, very pretty, with tumbled yellow hair, a childish immature face, quivering lips, eyes and cheeks swollen with long weeping. She hesitated on the step and looked earnestly at the group by the hedge.

By that subtle human magnetism which draws or repels on the instant, even before reason decides on sufficient grounds, this weeping girl recognized Mistress Marot at once, as her foe, and the man's ally. For one second her pathetic blue eyes met the glance of Jean and recognized—a sympathizer; Peggy and Betty did not arrest her glance any more than the iron post against which they lounged—but framed under the green arch that sprung over the little gate in the hedge, she saw Philippa Cardiff, who had abandoned her chapter, as the carriage turned into the drive. Philippa was in white with a red tie at her throat, and her dark brown hair bound back by a red snood. Flashing dark eyes, broad brow, sensitive, eager face all alert, she showed as a quivering vital flame beside the bucolic dullness of Peggy and Betty. In one look Philippa had summed up the terrified, wretched, pretty girl and her tall, well-made, dark, wicked-looking companion. The tear-swollen eyes meeting the eager look of Philippa divined a champion. Philippa was ten, but a keen, intellectual organization made her already in some ways older than this girl in the handsome gray dress, and with the tear-swollen face. All this took but a moment, while the young woman halted on the step of the carriage and the man held the door in his hand. "Come out!" he repeated irritably. Then, to Mrs. Marot, "She has a terrible headache, riding tires her."

They came through the gate, and the young woman felt a tap on her hand, a reassuring tap, given by Philippa.

Mrs. Marot led her guests into the sitting-room on the west side of the hall, and received orders for dinner, and for an immediate supply of water and towels.

All Hotel Marot was in a stir—Jean took the carriage and horses round to the stables, and devoted himself to the labors of a groom. High in the kitchen rang the voice of Mistress Marot, ordering a quest for eggs, the cutting of salad, making up the fire, whipping of cream and the like. It occurred to Phil that Peggy and Betty were going to have rather a lively time of it. Philippa had resumed her place on the porch, and picked up her Bible, but she no longer studied—her thoughts, and indeed, her ears, were intent on the sitting-room, close by her. There the blinds were drawn down, and she heard now and then the murmur of a voice, and then the sharp imperious voice that had said, "Come out."

Finally the blind was raised, the window pushed up, and the girl who had evidently washed, and also re-dressed her hair, sat down by the window, placing her small black bag on the table before her. Philippa gave her a quick nod, and drew back a little. She heard the man's voice. "Now see here, I want you to stop this nonsense, and don't make yourself so absurd and conspicuous. I am just what I was last week, and you liked me well enough then. You have hysterics that is all. You need toning up. Drink this glass of wine. Drink it. That will quiet your nerves, and you'll behave like other people."

Phillippa heard the sound of pouring, and a setting down of glasses. She was so eager to see and know what went on, that with child-like superiority to any idea of spying, she climbed up the trellis, covered thickly with honeysuckle and clematis, and through her fragrant screen commanded the window. The young girl looked out to the lawn—a new expression was growing into her face—the blue eyes showed anger and hate, rather than terror and grief, and a setting of the lines about the pretty mouth, made her seem older and less manageable than when she stood on the carriage step. It flashed into Philippa's mind that she meant self-defense.

"Drink it, I tell you!" cried the man's voice.

The girl took up the glass and put it to her lips. "I can't, it is too strong. I'm not used to wine. It would make me drunk. I'll take it if you send for some real cold water to put into it." She opened the black bag, searched, found a kerchief, and wiped her lips.

"O, I'll get the water, anything in reason," said the man.

The door opened and shut. Then the girl's hand opened. She dropped a white powder into the glass she had tasted: stirred it vigorously with her finger, and looked at the potion in longing, as if in it she should find some help.

The man returned, filled up one glass with water, pushed it toward the girl, and as she did not touch it, waiting for the other into which she had put the powder. He suddenly filled that with wine and lifted it to his lips.

"Stop!" cried the girl, holding out her hand—"that is mine, I'd tasted that one."

The man drank it off at a draught "It's mine now," with a laugh, "suppose such a pretty mouth had tasted it, that did not spoil it! Drink your wine, and don't be sulky."

The girl hesitated, looked toward her bag, then in a flash her face changed. She turned toward the window, and over her lovely expressive countenance broke the light of hope. It was not the fair prospect of garden and woodland domed by blue skies that she saw—but deliverance, redemption. She drank her wine and water slowly, thoughtfully. What she had put into the glass was opium. She had of late suffered with neuralgia, and her doctor, as many doctors do, had gotten rid of trouble in the case, by giving her opium-powders to make her sleep. She had slept none the previous night, and she had looked to a few hours of oblivion as the best help she could have. Now to her surprise her jailer had taken the opium himself! Suppose he slept soundly for an hour or so, might she not use that time well?

Philippa shook with excitement. What did it mean? What ought she to do? She had read much for her age, but memory of what she had read brought her no light. However, perhaps, that fountain of all knowledge, the Bible, would help her out, she slid down from her perch and proceeded to investigate the Book of Proverbs.

"After dinner," said the man to the girl, "you had better take a sleep."

"I don't want to take a sleep."

"I shall, and you ought to."

"I'm cooler here by the window."

The man had evidently flung himself on the bed. The girl looked out of the window steadfastly. Presently she saw Philippa, and her look seemed to ask the child to remain near at hand. Dinner was carried into the sitting-room. Philippa watchfully noted that it was more elaborate than those usually served to "the Chief" and his household, and she resolved to complain to her father.

There was the click of knives, forks and spoons. The girl turned from the window, but did not seem to eat much. Finally, the meal ended, and the man summoned Mistress Marot.

"Is your husband tending the horses?"

"First rate. They are coming round nicely."

"I want them at four o'clock."

"They will be ready."

He came into the hall, closing the sitting-room door.

"See here. I'm going to take a sleep. Is there any place where you can watch the door of this room?"

"Yes; from the end of the hall. See?"

"Take a chair there, and don't take your eyes off the door one minute. If my wife leaves the room, accompany her closely."

"All right," said Mrs. Marot. "Thank you."

Philippa divined that Mistress Marot received money, and intended to leave to Peggy and Bella the preparation of the Cardiff dinner.

Mrs. Marot at her post in the lower part of the hall. The girl at the window. Philippa, unknown to Mistress Marot, on the porch. Sabbath stillness everywhere. Baby Cardiff, Laura and mamma asleep. Nurse writing a love letter. Papa Cardiff and his son in the garden asleep in the hot noon. Philippa and the girl establish communication. The girl looks back, sees that the man is asleep, and signs to Philippa for pencil and paper. Philippa creeps under the window, and supplies the need.

The girl, watching betimes over her shoulder, writes and drops the paper out of the window, glancing at Philippa. It is a note directed to "Mr. Marot"—and the child darts off with it to the barn. Even if Philippa is seen, it will surprise no one; she is wakeful and ubiquitous always. Marot ceases rubbing the horses and looks curiously at the note. "See here," he says, "I'm no good at finicky writing, Philippa, you read it to me."

With great joy Philippa complies. "Mr. Marot you look kind, have mercy on me for the sake of the good God. You have a fast mare. Will you take me to catch the four o'clock boat at Lewiston? He is asleep. Be very quiet about it. O, save me, for heaven's sake!"

"Your wife, says Philippa, the astute, "is sitting in the hall to watch their door. The man told her to."

"How can she get out then?"

"Out of the window, of course," says Philippa serenely.

"The man will be after us and maul me."

"He's asleep—and he'll sleep. He has had something in his wine. I heard him say he was going to sleep."

Marot had stumbled upon a tragedy—might share it. He glowed, "O, ain't she sharp! Say, Philippa, you write the answer. I'll take the mare in the buggy quietly into the drive behind the hedge, and you tell her to skip out quietly, and we'll drive like shot. He can't catch us with these tired horses."

Philippa wrote the arrangement on the note, crept back under the window, and handed it in. Presently a hood, then a mantle, then the black bag dropped out softly, and Philippa secured them. Then, silently, as shadows steal across the grass, the bay mare and the light topless buggy passed along the roadway and behind the hedge.

Peggy paring potatoes, Betty shelling peas, saw it, but why should they inform their tyrant, concerning the manœuvres of their fellow-slave?

The girl, carrying a large satchel, swung herself out of the window, seized bag, hat and mantle, and swift as a deer sped to the buggy and climbed to Marot's side.

"Be quick—save me!" she gasped. The mare leaped forward, the wheels crashed on the gravel—Mistress Marot saw her husband and her lodger going past the front gate, fleet as wind. She rushed to the sitting-room door to give the alarm.

(To be Continued.)

Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

E. W. F. Yes; he was present in person.

Mr. J. M. Sprunkel, Sterling, Ill. Professor Totten's address is New Haven, Conn. Mr. U. Grant Houston's address is Concordia, Kan.

J. M. Brown, Dorchester, Mass. We have no further information than already published, concerning the authorship of "Tell me ye winged winds." The version and explanatory note given recently were sent us by a subscriber.

Subscriber, Morgan Park, Ill. 1. If a person who has experienced the indwelling power of the Holy Spirit falls away for a time and becomes ungodly, can such a person be forgiven and receive the Holy Spirit a second time? 2. What does the Bible teach regarding the final end of the unjust?

1. If the person is really repentant and sincerely and earnestly seeks pardon it will be granted. Such condition is the work of the Holy Spirit. If the Holy Spirit had been permanently "grieved away" the person would be heedless and indifferent. 2. It gives no ground for hope of pardon after death.

F. Leveridge, Jacksonville, Fla. Can you tell me what the leading wars of our generation have cost in blood and treasure?

The Franco-German war cost over $2,500,000,000 and nearly 120,000 lives; the Crimean war cost 750,000 lives and $2,000,000,000. The American Civil War cost nearly 800,000 lives and the North in money $5,100,000,000 and the South $2,300,000,000. These estimates are from a German source.

J. G. W. Daniels, Albany, N. Y. To what denomination does Rev. Russell H. Conwell belong? 2. Is it true that he preached recently in a Roman Catholic Church, and if so, what was the occasion of his doing so?

1. Dr. Conwell is pastor of the largest Baptist Church in Philadelphia. 2. Yes, he preached in a Roman Catholic Church, but we do not know on what occasion. We imagine that so earnest a Gospel preacher as he, would avail himself of any opportunity to preach Christ to the people there or anywhere else.

Mrs. T. A. Barnes, Burlington, Ia. In answer to H. G. Conrad, Ill., your MAIL BAG of October 12, do you mean you will send an Oxford Teachers' Bible and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for $2.00, or that subscription price must also be paid? What is the size of the print?

Every new subscriber forwarding $2 will receive THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year and the Oxford Teachers' Bible free, as a premium. The Bible is bound in French Morocco, with overlapping edges. Type is a good, clean pearl.

W. Conant, Harrisbrug, Pa. How did the Red Sea get its peculiar name? Was it because of the fact that so many Egyptians were engulfed there that their blood reddened the waters?

Etymologists have suggested that the name is derived from the fact that it is the Sea of Edom, i. e., the Red Man, while botanists affirm that it doubtless arose from the fact that portions of the waters are covered with patches from a few yards to several miles square, which, being composed of minute animalculæ organisms, dye the waters a blood red. Ordinarily its waters are blue, like those of other seas.

W. S. M., New York. I am a Christian and am boarding with a family of very nice Christian people. Lately they have received into their household a young lady—also a Christian. Before she came, we were as one family, always went to church and other meetings together; now they do not ask me to go anywhere, nor do they talk with me evenings, as formerly. I ask you what I should do under the circumstances?

The change of attitude is probably dictated by motives of delicacy toward their new guest, who may not care to form acquaintances hurriedly, especially of the opposite sex. A straightforward talk with the head of the household, would probably convince you of this.

Mary Dodworth, Mobile, Ala. At a recent meeting, one of the speakers claimed that women had done little or nothing in the line of missionary work. I believe he was wrong, but have not the data at hand. Can you supply it?

He was both inaccurate and unjust. Woman's influence has inspired almost every missionary enterprise, in this country at least. In 1862, the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America for Heathen Lands, was organized in New York. It has expended nearly $2,000,000 and sent out hundreds of missionaries to carry the Gospel to other lands. The various Women's Missionary Boards of the Congregational Church have done wonderfully effective work. The Methodist Episcopal Sisters organized a Missionary Society twenty-four years ago and now, through their mission press, they teach hundreds of thousands of readers in India. The women of the Baptist Church, and also those of the German and Lutheran churches all have their successful mission boards in full operation. We could not tell in an entire issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of all that has been accomplished by godly American women in missionary enterprises.

A Friend, Turin, N. Y. Is it the duty of a Christian to remain in the same line of business that he was in when he was converted? (See 1. Cor. 7: 20, 24.)

No, the passage does not enjoin it as a duty. There was much discontent in the church at Corinth at the time the Epistle was written and the Apostle thought they were more concerned about their temporal than their spiritual condition. He exhorted them to be content and give their attention rather to the welfare of their souls. If it applied to Christians of the present day it might be held to prohibit a converted gambler or saloon-keeper quitting his occupation, which would be absurd.

Mary L. Balch, Washington, D. C. 1. I see it stated that Martha of Bethany was a widow; how is that fact known? 2. Does Dr. Talmage favor the revision of the confession of faith?

1. The fact is not certainly known. The house at Bethany being called her house (Luke 10: 38), and the leading part she took in domestic affairs seems to confirm the tradition that she was a widow, with whom her brother and sister lived. But where the Gospels are silent it is not safe to speak positively. 2. Dr. Talmage was opposed to overhauling the creed but now that its imperfections have been set in the sight of the world he is in favor of making a new creed.

J. W Ensign, Forsyth, Ga. In one of the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD recently the statement was made that the neglect of doing good is sin. Is there Scriptural authority for the statement?

Yes we are commanded to do good and not to do it is disobedience. The man who had one talent (Matt. 25: 24-30), was punished not for losing it but because he did not employ it. The people on the Lord's left hand (Matt. 25: 41-46) were not punished for doing wrong but for neglecting to do good.

W. S. Beatty, Plainfield, N. J. Why do prophetic expositors speak of 2520 years as a period to terminate in the end of this dispensation?

The period is seven prophetic years or times, each year according to ancient Jewish custom counting as 360 days. The seven times or years were the period during which God said he would punish his people for their accumulated sins. (See Leviticus 26: 18, 19, 24, 28.) Prophetic expositors, therefore expect that in 2520 years after the capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, the Jews will be restored to their land and the curse removed. Other Scriptures show that the restoration of the Jews will occur at the close of this dispensation.

William Covey. Did Dr. Talmage ever deliver a series of sermons in reply to Col. Ingersoll? If so where can they be obtained?

Yes; they were delivered in 1882 and published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. They have since been published in book form with other sermons. You can obtain the volume from Mr. J. E. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House, New York.

B. Both, Port Allegany, Pa. 1. Did Pastor Spurgeon practice close communion? 2. Is Dr. Pierson, pastor of the Tabernacle? 3. If so, how does he administer baptism and communion?

1. Pastor Spurgeon would not allow anyone to become a member of his church who had not been baptized by immersion, but persons who had not been so baptized were welcomed to unite with the church at the Lord's table though they could not be members of the church. 2. Dr. Pierson is not pastor of the Tabernacle. Before Mr. Spurgeon died, he invited Dr. Pierson to preach for him during his sickness and he did so. After Mr. Spurgeon died, his trustees invited Dr. Pierson to continue preaching and he has promised to do so for a year. 3. A Baptist minister, generally Mr. Spurgeon's brother, administers the two ordinances.

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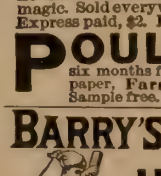
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CHANGED TIMES.

IN replying to the question, often tauntingly asked, "What have missionaries accomplished?" The *Indian Watchman* prints a long list of abuses which existed seventy years ago but which have now been almost entirely swept away, and that mainly through the change in public opinion which the teaching of the missionaries has produced. "Seventy years ago," it says, "the fires of Suttee were publicly blazing all over India, in which the screaming and struggling widow, in many cases herself a mere child, was bound to the dead body of her husband, and with him burned to ashes. Seventy years ago infants were publiciy thrown into the Ganges, as sacrifices to the goddess of the river. Seventy years ago, young men and maidens, decked with flowers, were slain in Hindoo temples before the idols of the goddess Kali, or hacked to pieces in the Meras, that their quivering flesh might be given to propitiate the god of the soil. Seventy years ago the cars of Juggernaut were rolling over India, crushing hundreds of human victims annually beneath their wheels. Seventy years ago children brought their parents to the banks of the Ganges and hastened their death by filling their mouths with sand and water of the sacred river. Seventy years ago the swinging festivals attracted thousands to see the poor writhing wretches, with iron hooks thrust through the muscles of their backs, swing in mid-air in honor of their gods. But now these tremendous evils are almost entirely abolished."

ESKIMOS AND THE SABBATH.

In May and June a large number of Eskimos were preparing for an Arctic seal hunt. The Rev. J. Lofthouse, a missionary among these people writes: "There were fully 150 souls there, and I visited them as frequently as possible. It was a real reward to see them crowding around me, eagerly listening to the Word of God. I have had as many as thirty in a small tent for an hour together, until I was obliged to rush out for a breath of fresh air, their deer-skin clothing and blubber being so very strong. Whenever I visit them many of the children will walk with me for a mile or more, singing some of the hymns. One day, when returning home, I met a band of women. They sat down, and asked me to teach them. This cheered me greatly, for many of the women had before seemed quite indifferent. The Eskimos are learning truly to reverence the Lord's Day. I had good proof of this while the men were away at Marble Island. One night the boat was surrounded by walrus, so that the men could not sleep. Some of the men wanted one of the Eskimos to fire at them. His reply was, 'No, it was Sunday.' Then, after thinking a moment, he said, 'Take up the anchor and go away with them.'"

BUILT A LIE INTO THE WALL.

Two young masons were building a brick wall—the front of a high house. One, in placing a brick discovered that it was a little thicker on one side than the other. His companion advised him to throw it out. "It will make your wall untrue, Ben," he said. "Pooh!" answered Ben, "what difference will such a trifle as that make? You are too particular." "But you make your wall tell a lie, and I have read that a lie in one's work is like a lie in his character—it will show itself sooner or later, and bring harm if not ruin." "I'll risk it in this case," answered Ben, and he worked away, laying more bricks and carrying the wall up higher, till the close of the day, when they quitted work and went home.

The next morning they went to resume their work, when, behold, the lie had wrought out the results of all lies. The wall, getting a little slant from the untrue brick, had got more and more untrue as it got higher, and at last in the night had toppled over again. Just so with ever so little an untruth in your character; it grows more and more untrue, if you permit it to remain, till it brings ruin.

THE REAL HAPPINESS.

"HALF the world," says Professor Drummond, "is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness." Their belief is that there is happiness in securing and possessing; but what satisfaction there is in this cannot be compared to the happiness in giving which comes not from acquisition, but from meeting the wants and supporting the needs of others. The poor widow was happier in giving her two mites than the rich men were in acquiring their fortunes. Happiness comes from contributing to the happiness of others. If you have a doubt on this point try it. George W. Childs, the millionaire philanthropist, recently wrote: "I cannot sum up my advice to young people better than to say the greatest pleasure in life comes from doing good to others. Do good constantly, patiently, and wisely and you will never have cause to say that life was not worth living."

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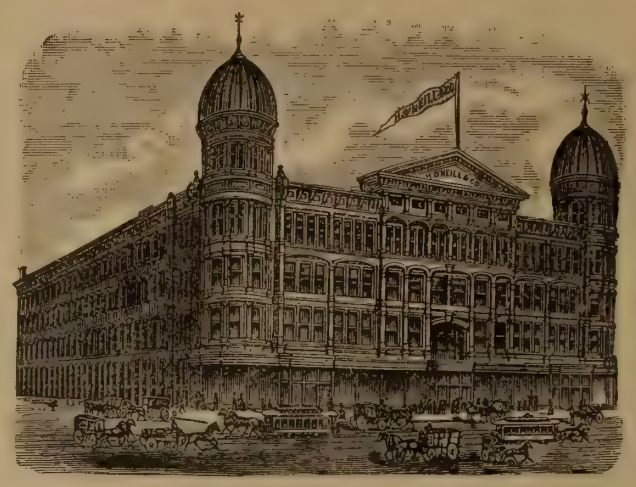

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A GIPSY'S GUIDING STICK.

IN impressing on an audience, recently, the right way of looking to God for providential guidance, the Rev. W. Forbes related an incident to illustrate the habit some people have of praying for indications while being indisposed to accept any which do not point in the way they wish to take. He said it is the custom among gipsies in some localities to have no set programme of their journey, but to go pretty much at haphazard, as chance may lead them. One of their methods of determining the direction in which they will pursue their journey is to throw up a stick, and to go in the road to which it points. One old woman was observed approaching a crossing where five roads met. A clergyman watched her with a certain observant interest as he leaned on the stile. The old woman stopped where the roads met and threw up her stick, then regarding it attentively, she lifted it up and again threw it in the air. But the second time did not seem to please her, nor did the third, and it was not until the fourth throw that she lifted it up with a satisfied look on her face and continued her journey. The clergyman who had been watching her, approached and asked why she had thrown the stick into the air. "To see in which direction I was to go, sir." "But why did you throw it up four times?" "Because it would not point the way I wanted it to point until the fourth time." While pretending all the time to follow the guiding of the stick, she had been striving to make the stick point to the way she wanted. It is much the same with some persons who profess to walk in the way of the Lord and yet ignore all that God may show them unless the will of God and their own desire point in the same direction. This is not being led by the Spirit.

A BUDDHIST NUN'S PRAYER.

IN a letter from Kwang-vuen, Miss L. Bastone gives this interesting account of a recent visitor to the mission: "A Buddhist nun, from a temple two miles away, came one afternoon into the guest-hall; this was her first visit, and she said she had come to hear the Book. After listening earnestly for some time, she seemed much touched by the story of Jesus; and admitted that all the years she had worshipped Buddha she had not had peace or happiness in her heart. 'Then,' said she, 'I did not know of your Jesus; now I will do as you say and pray to him every day to wash away my sins and change my heart.' A week latter I visited her in the temple and met with a warm welcome. I asked her if she had remembered her promise to pray to Jesus; she replied brightly, 'Yes, but I could not remember the name Jesus, so I said, 'Son of God; would that do?' After a little further teaching she was called away; presently she passed the door, saying, 'Jesus, Jesus,' over and over again. I looked up, and she said, 'Oh, I am only trying to remember that Name; my memory is is bad, and I don't want to forget it again.' I was glad to see her earnestness to remember that Name, which is above every name, and prayed that she might soon know more of its sweetness and preciousness. The last two Sundays she spent most of the day with us, eagerly desiring to learn more about him."

THE INDIAN SUN-DANCE.

How urgently the work of the missionaries among the Indians is needed to deliver them from superstition and from cruel and barbarous practices, is show by the following description of the sun-dance which was witnessed by a writer of a Canadian journal: "On passing through an Indian reserve, near Calgary, we saw a large number of trunks of trees leaning against one central pole, forming a circle, and surmounted with what appeared a collection of rubbish, sticks, and feathers. Here the sun dance takes place, though last year, owing to the persuasions of the missionaries, the ceremony did not take place, and the authorities are anxious to do all in their power to prevent its recurrence with its attendant cruel practices. A young man who desires to be made 'brave' first goes up to the pole in the centre, and, clasping his arms around it, prays for strength to go through the ordeal, for which he is afterwards prepared. This preparation consists in first painting the body a dead white, and then making a slit below two muscles in the chest, underneath which a wedge of wood is introduced. The wedge is then attached by cords to the top of the pole, and the candidate for the honors of a brave has to sway himself backwards and forwards and jerk himself until the wedge is torn out of his flesh by force. He must not utter a groan or a cry during the process, but is given a whistle wherewith he may divert himself, and he is considered the bravest who laughs and jokes most during his agony, which often lasts for hours. When the ghastly performance is ended, the newly-made brave is taken charge of, often in a fainting condition, by the medicine-men, who have various processes of their own whereby to heal the cruel wounds."

AN UNNATURAL OPIUM SMOKER.

WHEN once the habit of opium-smoking has been acquired, the smoker becomes an absolute slave. If he has not the means to purchase the drug he will sell his most treasured possessions to raise money, or failing that will beg, borrow or steal. At a recent anti-opium meeting Miss Geraldine Guinness related a shocking incident of the mania which she witnessed in China. In the city where she was staying was a woman who had become a true disciple of the Lord, and who was very frequently at her house. One day, quite suddenly, she was called out to an opium case, and on reaching the spot she found her Chinese friend stretched upon the ground with a crowd around her and a terrible, evil-looking man standing near, while a woman was holding the poor sufferer's little girl in her arms. This Chinese woman had been separated from her husband, who had become a terrible brute through opium smoking. On this day his money was exhausted and he was suffering torture through being deprived of opium. All means of obtaining money being exhausted he had seized his wife and child, seven years old, by force, and sold them both into the worst kind of slavery. As she was being taken away the woman preferring suicide to slavery had dashed into a shop, and taken sufficient opium to destroy two women's lives, and she was now in the greatest danger of death. Miss Guinness raised her from the ground and walked her about until something like life revived, and she heard the horrible story. The woman was saved, and her neighbors collected among themselves sufficient money to ransom her from the wretch who had bought her, and thus she was rescued.

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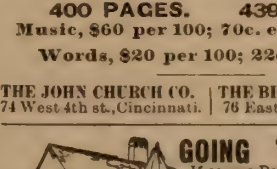
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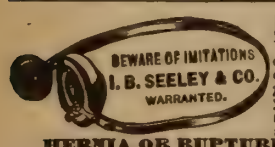

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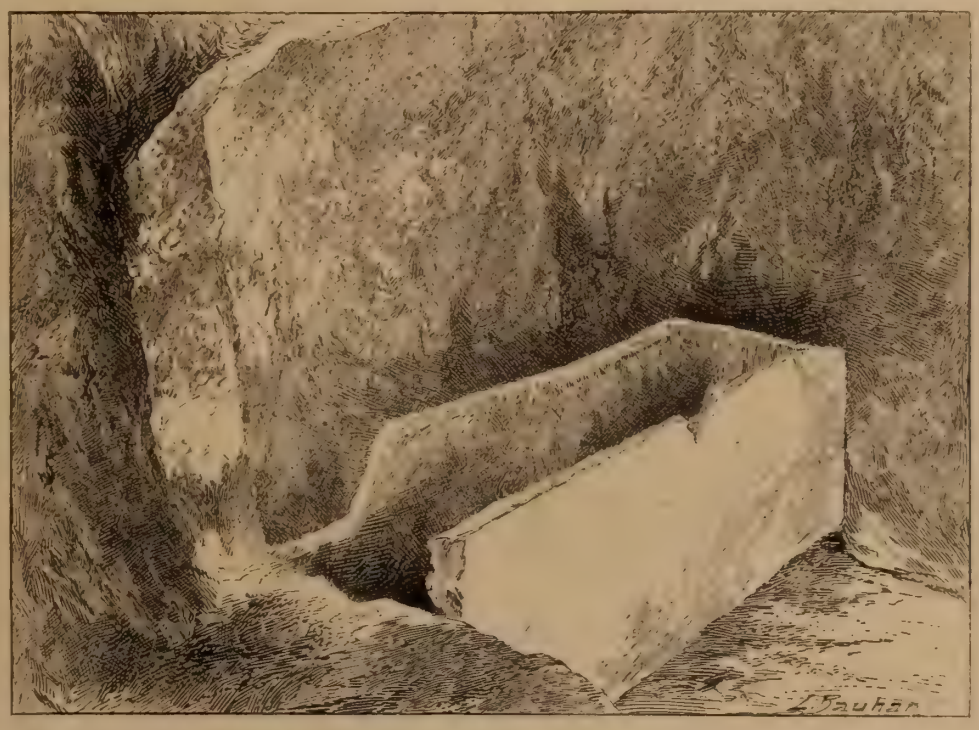
THE TOMB OF OUR SAVIOUR.

A Movement Begun in England Among Believers and Scripture Students, to Acquire and Preserve the Supposed Actual Site as an Object of Christian Veneration.

SINCE Christ suffered for the sins of the world on Calvary, probably no subject has given rise to more frequent conflict and controversy than that of the identification and control of the inexpressibly sacred spot wherein his body was laid, after being taken down from the Cross. Recently the discussion has been renewed among noted Palestine topographers and distinguished Biblical scholars, with especial reference to the ancient tomb outside the Damascus Gate of Jerusalem, which the late General C. G. Gordon declared, after long and exhaustive archæological investigation, to be the true sepulchre in which the mangled body of the Redeemer was deposited. Additional interest has been given to the discussion owing to the effort that is being made by a number of eminent Scripture students in England to raise a fund for the purchase of a plot of some four acres of land, outside the walls of Jerusalem, which has fallen into the hands of speculators, and whose boundaries include the supposed site of Calvary, and the "new tomb wherein was never man yet laid." That tomb, the property of Joseph of Arimathea, a Sanhedrist, but a believer in Jesus' divine mission, the evangelists declare to have been in a garden. The place of crucifixion, was contiguous to this garden. (John 19: 41.) The site identified by General Gordon seems to comply conclusively with every topographical requirement of the sacred narrative, and its claim to authenticity has a constantly growing army of supporters, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Salisbury, Rochester and Ripon, Prof. Stuart Poole, and many influential clergymen abroad, and not a few well-known Biblical scholars in America. A committee in England has appealed to the public to subscribe a fund of $30,000, of which $20,000 will be applied in making the purchase and $10,000 in providing for the proper care and keeping of the "garden tomb" during the coming years, as a sacred resort and heritage for Christian pilgrims throughout the world.

Time's flight, the effacement of ancient landmarks and the absence of official records, have compelled us to depend largely on local tradition for the identification of many places of Biblical interest in Palestine. It sometimes happens that these traditions conflict, confusing the visitor. The Greek and Roman Churches point out in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre a spot which they affirm to be the actual Tomb of the Saviour. This is repudiated by many eminent travelers and scholars. Rev. Alexander Wallace, D.D., a celebrated English divine, in his book entitled: *The Desert and the Holy Land*, written twenty-five years ago, says of this place: "Notwithstanding all our convictions that this was not 'the place where the Lord lay,' (a feeling strengthened by every succeeding visit), we approach with veneration . . . On the supposition that this is actually the place where there was a garden, 'and in the garden a sepulchre wherein was never man yet laid,' no one would be more at a greater loss to recognize his new tomb than Joseph himself . . . Could we believe that this is really the Tomb of our Lord, there would be no spot on earth that would have greater claims to be visited and honored by our race." And this conviction seems to be widely shared by students and travelers familiar with the New Testament narrative and subsequent literature on the subject. All agree that the real site is unquestionably to be found outside the walls.



THE SUPPOSED TOMB OF THE SAVIOUR, AS IDENTIFIED BY GENERAL GORDON.

For more than a thousand years, the religious world has accepted the site under the roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre as the true Calvary, and the vault beneath as the tomb of the Saviour. The Protestant world has now practically rejected both. Yet it was for the control of these hallowed spots that the long and bloody wars of the Crusades were once waged. First to suggest a doubt as to the genuineness of the sites was a traveler named Kortens, in 1738. Just a hundred years later, Dr. Edward Robinson declared the sites aprocryphal. Otto Thenius, a German writer, (as J. M. Otts states in his new book, entitled: *The Fifth Gospel, the land where Jesus lived*), is said to have been the first to direct attention to the knoll outside the Damascus gate, which has since been declared the true Calvary, by a host of eminent Protestant investigators, including Mr. Fisher Howe of New York, Gen. Gordon and many others. Even so distinguished and conservative a writer as Rev. Alfred Edersheim says: "Whether or not the tomb of the Herodian period in the rock, to the west of Jeremiah's Grotto was the most sacred spot on earth — the sepulchre in the garden — we dare not positively assert though every probability attaches to it."

The principal critic of Gen. Gordon's identification of the "Garden Tomb" is Major C. R. Conder, an official of the Palestine Fund Exploration Society, who has asserted that there are reasons to suppose that the Gordon site, in its present aspect at least, did not exist in the time of Christ at all, and that it is probably of

Cont'd on p. 713

MOUNT CALVARY AND THE GROTTO OF JEREMIAH.
As Identified by General Gordon and Confirmed by Major Conder. From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage in Palestine.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

BEFORE ELECTION SERMON.

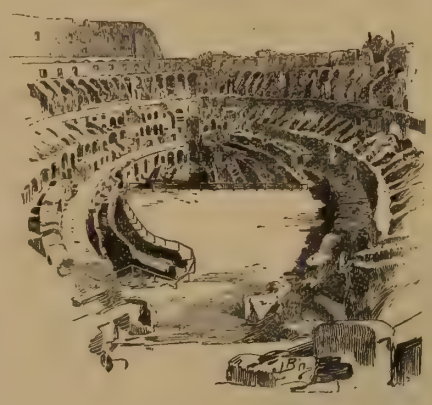
Dr. Talmage's Sermon preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Revelation 18: 10: "*Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city! for in one hour is thy judgment come.*"

MODERN scientists are doing a splendid work in excavating the tomb of a dead empire holding in its arms a dead city, mother and child of the same name—Babylon. The ancient mound invites the spades and shovels and crowbars while the unwashed natives look on in surprise. These scientists find yellow bricks still impressed with the name of Nebuchadnezzar, and they go down into the sarcophagus of a monarchy buried more than two thousand years ago. May the explorations of Rawlinson and Layard and Chevalier and Opperto and Loftus and Chesney be eclipsed by the present archæological uncovering.

But is it possible this is all that remains of Babylon? A city once five times larger than London and twelve times larger than New York. Walls three hundred and seventy-three feet high and ninety-three feet thick. Twenty-five burnished gates on each side, with streets running clear through to corresponding gates on the other side. Six hundred and twenty-five squares. More pomp and wealth and splendor and sin than could be found in any five modern cities combined. A city of palaces and temples. A city having within it a garden on an artificial hill four hundred feet high, the sides of the mountain terraced. All this built to keep the king's wife, Amytis, from becoming homesick for the mountainous region in which she had spent her girlhood. The waters of the Euphrates spouted up to irrigate this great altitude into fruits and flowers and arborescence unimaginable. A great river running from north to south clear through the city, bridges over it, tunnels under it, boats on it.

A city of bazaars and of market-places, unrivalled for aromatics and unguents and high-mettled horses with grooms by their side, and thyme wood, and African evergreen, and Egyptian linen, and all styles of costly textile fabric, and rarest purples extracted from shell-fish on the Mediterranean coast, and rarest scarlets taken from brilliant insects in Spain, and ivories brought from successful elephant hunts in India, and diamonds whose flash was a repartee to the sun. Fortress within fortress, embattlement rising above embattlement. Great capital of the ages. But one night, while honest citizens were asleep, but all the saloons of saturnalia were in full blast, and at the king's castle they had filled the tankards for the tenth time, and reeling and guffawing and hiccoughing around the state table were the rulers of the land, General Cyrus ordered his besieging army to take shovels and spades, and they diverted the river from its usual channel into another direction so that the forsaken bed of the river became the path on which the besieging army entered. When the morning dawned the conquerors were inside the outside trenches. Babylon had fallen, and hence the sublime threnody of the text: "Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come." But do nations die? Oh, yes, there is great mortality among monarchies and republics. They are like individuals in the fact that they are born, they have a middle life, they have a decease, they have a cradle, and a grave. Some of them are assassinated, some destroyed by their own hand. Let me call the roll of some of the dead civilizations and some of the dead cities and let some one answer for them.

Egyptian civilization, stand up. "Dead!" answer the ruins of Karnak and Luxor, and from seventy pyramids on the east side of the Nile there comes up a great chorus, crying: "Dead, dead!" Assyrian Empire, stand up and answer. "Dead!" cry the charred ruins of Nineveh. After six hundred years of magnificent opportunity, dead. Israelitish Kingdom, stand up. After two hundred and fifty years of divine interposition and of miraculous vicissitude and of heroic behavior and of appalling depravity, dead. Phœnicia,



THE RUINED COLISEUM.

stand up and answer. After inventing the alphabet and giving it to the world, and sending out her merchant caravans in one direction to Central Asia, and sending out her navigators to the Atlantic Ocean in another direction, dead. Pillars of Hercules and rocks on which the Tyrian fisherman dried their nets, all answer, "Dead Phœnicia." Athens, after Phidias, after Demosthenes, after Miltiades, dead. Sparta, after Leonidas, after Eurybiades, after Salamis, after Thermopylæ; dead. Roman Empire, stand up and answer. Empire once bounded by the British Channel on the north, by the Euphrates on the east, by the great Sahara Desert in Africa on the south, by the Atlantic Ocean on the west. Home of three great civilizations, owning all the then discovered world that was worth owning, Roman Empire, answer. Gibbon, in his "Rise and fall of the Roman Empire," says "Dead!" and the forsaken seats of the ruined Coliseum, and the skeleton of the aqueducts, and the miasma of the Campagna, and the fragments of the marble baths, and the useless piers of the Bridge Triumphalis, and the Mamertine prison, holding no more Apostolic prisoners, and the silent Forum, and Basilica of Constantine, and the arch of Titus, and the Pantheon come in with great chorus, crying: "Dead, dead!" After Horace, after Virgil, after Tacitus, after Cicero, dead. After Horatius on the bridge, and Cincinnatus, the farmer oligarch, after Pompey, after Scipio, after Cassius, after Constantine, after Cæsar, dead. The war eagle of Rome flew so high it was blinded by the sun and came whirling down through the heavens, and the owl of desolation and darkness built its nest in the forsaken eyrie. Mexican Empire, dead. French Empire, dead.

You see, my friends, it is no unusual thing for a government to perish, and in the same necrology of dead nations, and in the same graveyard of expired governments will go the United States of America unless there be some potent voice to call a halt, and unless God in his mercy interferes, and through a purified ballot-box and a widespread public Christian sentiment the catastrophe be averted. This nation is about to go to the ballot-box to exercise the right of suffrage, and I propose to set before you the evils that threaten to destroy the American Government, and to annihilate American institutions, and if God will help me I will show you before I get through the mode in which each and every one may do something to arrest that appalling calamity. And I shall plough up the whole field.

The first evil that threatens the annihilation of our American institutions is the fact that political bribery which once was considered a crime, has by many come to be considered a tolerable virtue. There is a legitimite use of money in elections, in the printing of political tracts, and in the hiring of public halls, and in the obtaining of campaign oratory; but is there any homunculus who supposes that this vast amount of money now being raised by the political parties is going in a legitimite direction? The vast majority of it will go to buy votes. Hundreds and thousands of men will have set before them so much money for a Republican vote, and so much money for a Democratic vote, and the superior financial inducement will decide the action. You want to know which party will carry the doubtful states day after tomorrow? I will tell you. The party that spends the most money. This moment, while I speak, the peddlers carrying gold from Wall Street, gold from Third Street, gold from State Street, and gold from the Brewers' Association, are in all the political headquarters of the doubtful states, dealing out the infamous inducement.

There used to be bribery, but it held its head in shame. It was under the utmost secrecy that many years ago a railroad company bought up the Wisconsin Legislature and many other public officials in that State. The Governor of the State at that time received $50,000 for his signature. His private secretary received $5,000. Thirteen members of the Senate received $175,000 among them in bonds. Sixty members of the other house received from $5,000 to $10,000 each. The Lieutenant-Governor received $10,000. The clerks of the House received from $5,000 to $10,000 each. The Bank Comptroller received $10,000. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were divided among the lobbyists. You see, the railroad company was very generous. But all that was hidden, and only through the severest scrutiny on the part of a legislative committee was this iniquity displayed. Now, political bribery defies you, dares you, is arrogant, and will probably decide the election next Tuesday.

Unless this diabolism ceases in this country, Bartholdi's statue on Bedloe's island, with uplifted torch to light other nations into the harbor, had better be changed, and the torch dropped as a symbol of universal incendiarism.

Unless this purchase and sale of suffrage shall cease, the American Government will expire, and you might as well be getting ready the monument for another dead nation, and let my text inscribe upon it these words: "Alas! alas! for Babylon, that great city, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come." My friends, if you have not noticed that political bribery is one of the ghastly crimes of this day, you have not kept your eyes open.

THE PARTHENON.

Another evil threatening the destruction of American institutions is the solidifying of the sections against each other. A solid North. A solid South. If this goes on we shall, after a while, have a solid East against a solid West, we shall have solid Middle States against solid Northern States, we shall have a solid New York against a solid Pennsylvania, and a solid Ohio against a solid Kentucky. It is twenty-seven years since the war cloud, and yet at every Presidential election the old antagonism is aroused. When Garfield died, and all the States gathered around his casket in sympathy and in tears, and as hearty telegrams of condolence came from New Orleans and from Charleston as from Boston and Chicago, I said to myself: "I think sectionalism is dead." But alas! no. The difficulty will never be ended until each State of the nation is split up into two or three great political parties. This country cannot exist unless its exists as one body, the national capital the heart, sending out through all the arteries of communication warmth and life to the very extremities. This nation cannot exist unless it exists as one family, and you might as well have solid brothers against solid sisters, and a solid bread-tray against a solid cradle, and a solid nursery against a solid dining-room; and you might as well have solid ears against solid eyes, and solid head against solid foot. What is the interest of Georgia is the interest of Massachusetts; what is the interest of New York is the interest of South Carolina. Does the Ohio River change its politics when it gets below Louisville? It is not possible for these sectional antagonisms to continue for a great many years without permanent compound fracture.

Another evil threatening the destruction of our American institutions is the low state of public morals.

What killed Babylon of my text? What killed Phœnicia? What killed Rome? Their own depravity; and the fraud and the drunkenness and the lechery which have destroyed other nations.

will destroy ours unless a merciful God prevent. To show you the low state of public morals, I have to call your attention to the fact that many men nominated for offices in different States at different times are entirely unfit for the positions for which they have been nominated.

They have no more qualification for them than a wolf has qualification to be professor of pastoral theology in a flock of sheep, or a blind mole has qualification to lecture a class of eagles on optics, or than a vulture has qualification to chaperon a dove. The mere pronunciation of some of their names makes a demand for carbolic acid and fumigation! Yet Christian men will follow right on under the political standards.

I have to tell you what you know already, that American politics have sunken to such a low depth that there is nothing beneath. What we see in some directions we see in nearly all directions. The peculation and the knavery hurled to the surface by the explosion of banks and business firms are only specimens of great Cotopaxis and Strombolis of wickedness that boil and roar and surge beneath, but ,have not yet regurgitated to the surface. When the heaven-descended Democratic party enacted the Tweed rascality it seemed to eclipse everything; but after a while the heaven-descended Republican party outwitted Pandemonium with the Star Route infamy.

My friends, we have in this country people who say the marriage institution amounts to nothing. They scoff at it. We have people walking in polite parlors in our day who are not good enough to be scavengers in Sodom! I went over to San Francisco ten or fifteen years ago—that beautiful city, that queen of the Pacific. May the blessing of God come down upon her great churches and her noble men and women! When I got into the city of San Francisco, the mayor of the city and the president of the Board of Health called on me and insisted that I go and see the Chinese quarter, no doubt so that on my return to the Atlantic coast I might tell what dreadful people the Chinese are. But on the last night of my stay in San Francisco, before thousands of people in their great opera house, I said: "Would you like me to tell you just what I think, plainly and honestly?" They said: "Yes, yes, yes!" I said: "Do you think you can stand it all?" They said: "Yes, yes, yes!" "Then," I said, "my opinion is that the curse of San Francisco is not your Chinese quarter but your millionaire libertines!"

And two of them sat right before me —Felix and Drusilla. And so it is in all the cities. I never swear, but when I see a man go unwhipt of justice, laughing over his shame and calling his damnable deeds gallantry and peccadillo, I am tempted to hurl red-hot anathema and to conclude that if, according to some people's theology, there is no hell, there ought to be!

There is enough out-and-out licentiousness in American cities to-day to bring down upon them the wrath of that God who, on the 24th of August, 79, buried Herculaneum and Pompeii so deep in ashes that the eighteen hundred and thirteen subsequent years have not been able to complete the exhumation. There are in some of the American cities to-day whole blocks of houses which the authorities know to be infamous, and yet by purchase they are silenced, by hush money, so that such places are as much under the defence of government as public libraries and asylums of mercy. These ulcers on the body politic bleed and gangrene away the life of the nation, and public authority in many of the cities looks the other way. You cannot cure such wounds as these with a silken bandage. You will have to cure them by putting deep in the lancet of moral surgery, and burning them out with the caustic of holy wrath and with most decisive amputation cutting off the scabrous and and putrefying abominations. As the Romans were after the Celts, and as the Normans were after the Britons, so there are evils after this nation which will attend its obsequies unless we first attend theirs.

Superstition tells of a marine reptile, the cephaloptera, which enfolded and crushed a ship of war; but it is no superstition when I tell you that the history of many of the dead nations proclaims to us the fact that our ship of state is in danger of being crushed by the cephaloptera of national depravity. Where is the Hercules to slay this hydra? Is it not time to speak by pen, by tongue, by ballot-box, by the rolling of the prison door, by hangman's halter, by earnest prayer, by Sinaitic detonation?

A son of King Crœsus is said to have been dumb and to have never uttered a word until he saw his father being put to death. Then he broke the shackles of silence, and cried out: "Kill not my father, Crœsus!" When I see the cheatery and the wantonness and the manifold crime of this country attempting to commit patricide—yea, matricide upon our institutions, it seems to me that lips that heretofore have been dumb ought to break the silence with canerous tones of fiery protest.

I want to put all of the matter before you, so that every honest man and woman will know just how matters stand, and what they ought to do if they vote, and what they ought to do if they pray. This nation is not going to perish. Alexander, when he heard of the wealth of the Indies, divided Macedonia among his soldiers. Some one asked him what he had kept for himself, and he replied: "I am keeping hope!" And that jewel I keep bright and shining in my soul, whatever else I shall surrender. Hope thou in God. He will set back these oceanic tides of moral devastation. Do you know what is the prize for which contention is made to-day? It is the prize of this continent. Never since, according to John Milton, when "Satan was hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal skies in hideous ruin and combustion down," have the powers of darkness been so determined to win this continent as they are now. What a jewel it it is—a jewel carved in relief, the cameo of this planet! On one side of us the Atlantic ocean, dividing us from the worn-out governments of Europe. On the other side the Pacific Ocean, dividing us from the superstitions of Asia. On the north of us the Arctic Sea, which is the gymnasium in which the explorers and navigators develop their courage. A continent 10,500 miles long, 17,000,000 square miles, and all of it but about one-seventh capable of rich cultivation. One hundred millions of population on this continent of North and South America —one hundred millions, and room for many hundred millions more. All flora and all fauna, all metals, and all precious woods, and all grains and all fruits. The Appalachian range the backbone and the rivers the ganglia carrying life all through and out to the extremities. Isthmus of Darien the narrow waist of a giant continent, all to be under one government, and all free and all Christian, and the scene of Christ's personal reign on earth if, according to the expectation of many good people, he shall at last set up his throne in this world. Who shall have this hemisphere? Christ or Satan? Who shall have the shore of her inland seas, the silver of her Nevadas, the gold of her Colorados, the telescopes of her observatories, the brain of her universities, the wheat of her prairies, the rice of her savannahs, the two great ocean beaches —the one reaching from Baffin's Bay to Terra del Fuego, and the other from Behring Straits to Cape Horn—and all the moral, and temporal, and spiritual, and everlasting interests of a population vast beyond all computation save by him with whom a thousand years are as one day? Who shall have the hemisphere? You and and I will decide that or help to decide it, by conscientious vote, by earnest prayer, by maintenance of Christian institutions, by support of great philanthropies, by putting body, mind, and soul on the right side of all moral, religious, and national movements.

A STREET IN RUINED POMPEII.

Ah! it will not be long before it will not make any difference to you or to me what becomes of this continent, so far as earthly comfort is concerned. All we will want of it will be seven feet by three, and that will take in the largest, and there will be room and to spare. That is all of this country we will need very soon, the youngest of us. But we have an anxiety about the welfare and the happiness of the generations that are coming on, and it will be grand thing if, when the archangel's trumpet sounds, we find that our sepulchre, like the one Joseph of Arimathea provided for Christ, is in the midst of a garden. By that time this country will be all Paradise, or all Dry Tortugas. Eternal God, to thee we commit the destiny of this people!

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

HELPING THE VETERANS.

"The Christian Herald" will Cash Their Checks this week as on the Two Former Occasions—The Victory Over the Saloons.

NO humanitarian project during the last ten years has excited so much attention or won such hearty commendation from Christian people all over the Union as the free cashing of the army pensioners' checks at the Grand Army Mission, New York. Six months ago, this work was undertaken experimentally by the Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the first time being in May last. Every quarter, Colonel Loveland, United States Pension Agent, issues from 12,000 to 14,000 checks to the veterans of the army, the total sum represented being about $2,500,000 per quarter. During the week of check-issuing the neighborhood of the Pension Office on Canal Street is thronged with veterans, thousands of whom in past years have been liberal patrons of the nearby saloons, accepting the rumsellers' offers to cash Uncle Sam's checks. For this accommodation, the pensioners paid heavily indeed, being not only obliged to submit to the deduction of exorbitant commissions, but being expected to spend a portion of their hard-earned money at the bar of the whisky shops. Quarter-week was a continuous orgie, a harvest week for the saloons and a week of dissipation and moral degradation for many of the brave fellows who had fought the battles of their country.

Six months ago, as the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD already know, all this was entirely changed. A Gospel Mission was established in the basement of the Pension Office, with comfortable accommodations for the pensioners while waiting their turn to be paid. Here religious services were held, the programme day and night being a most attractive one. An abundant lunch of fragrant coffee and sandwiches was provided gratuitously. The veterans, their wives and relatives, found the Mission such a pleasant place and its conductors so kind and cordial, that they crowded it to the doors during the entire week of payment. In the Mission Hall, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Check-Cashing Bureau — where all checks presented by veterans were cashed promptly without charge—presented a remarkable scene of activity, the volume of daily business transacted being equal to that of most large metropolitan banks. Hundreds of pensioners formed in line, waiting their turn, and the cashing of Uncle Sam's checks in gold, silver and bills proceeded at the rate of $30,000 per day. During the May and August quarters, the amount paid out by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Check-Cashing Bureau has averaged $200,000 per quarter.

The moral result of this experiment was at once apparent. The saloons were deserted, and the beaming faces and grateful expressions of thousands of pensioners, testified to their appreciation of the Free Check-Cashing Bureau, which enabled them to go to their homes—for the first time probably in many years—with the full amount of their pensions, instead of leaving a part of it in the money-drawers of the rum-sellers. Besides escaping besotting influences, they saved by it many thousands of dollars.

This issuing of pensions for the third quarter of the current year begins this week, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will again undertake the cashing of the veterans' checks, as on the two previous quarters. This will be conducted under the personal supervision of Mr. Klopsch, the proprietor of this journal, who was absent in Europe when the last quarterly payment was made. The management of the National Citizens' Bank has again proffered its hearty co-operation, and will afford all the necessary facilities. It is expected that fully 10,000 checks will be presented during the days of payment.

Scores of letters have been received from philanthropic men and women in different parts of the country, commending the work. Prominent Grand Army officials have given it their unqualified endorsement, and Gen. O. O. Howard, the distinguished soldier-philanthropist, in a letter on the subject, wrote: "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD deserves our unstinted gratitude for the full and friendly report when the 10,000 veterans appeared at the Pension Office. Good men everywhere will rejoice that so much of the money was saved to those who had been good soldiers, and whose families depend upon the money. Possibly a deeper work of grace may have been begun on many hearts through this fidelity."

PAUL'S MISSIONARY SERMON.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 20. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Acts 13: 26-43. Golden Text, ver. 26.

PAUL'S first missionary sermon! How was it preached and where? Was it a prepared sermon? What did it effect? All very natural questions; God help us in seeking to answer them. Many missionaries have spent years in a country before they could sufficiently master the language, and before the heathen around them had become sufficiently interested, to make it possible that such a sermon could be preached. It was not preached on a wild hill-side, nor yet in a church, built on purpose for preaching the Gospel. It was in a Jewish synagogue where not only Jews but many inquirers and proselytes from among the heathen, also would be present to hear "the law of Moses and the Prophets" read and expounded. Some of these had mixed too much with Jews, and had heard too much from them about the God of Israel, to be satisfied any longer with their own heathen superstitions,

God had been Preparing

many of these hearts for the reception of his truth. "Paul and his company," *i. e.* Barnabas, and John, surnamed Mark, set sail from Paphos in the island of Cyprus, and came to Perga and Pamphylia. Here Mark left them, being perhaps discouraged. Paul and Barnabas, led of the Spirit, went into the synagogue at Antioch on the Sabbath day. It seems to have been the custom to give the word to any stranger whom they deemed capable of instructing the people who were gathered together; and God so ordered it that Barnabas and Paul should be called upon to speak if they had a word of exhortation for the people. There was no time to prepare, but the living God was with them, and this was enough for those who believed in the Holy Ghost. Paul took the word, addressing two classes; first, "Men of Israel;" second, "ye that fear God." "The God of this people Israel chose our fathers," was his first point. God takes an interest in man and has to do with man; and he then touched upon their deliverance from Egypt, God's leading of them through the wilderness, his giving them the land and destroying the nations before them, his raising up of judges and finally giving them a king at their desire, his removal of Saul and raising up of David in his stead. Having thus caught their attention, Paul brought them abruptly to the great subject of the Messiah: "Of this man's seed (*i. e.* David's) hath God, according to his promise, raised unto Israel a Saviour, Jesus."

Jesus and the Resurrection

was ever the theme of the first disciples. Death is universally dreaded. "There is no man that hath power over the spirit, to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death; and there is no discharge in that war." (Eccl. 8: 8.) A remedy for death, compensation for death, some light to pierce through the dread unknown—this answered to the cry of many hearts. A Saviour, Jesus, to whom John the Baptist bore witness, and yet whom the dwellers at Jerusalem, and their rulers knew not, just as they knew not "the voices of the prophets which were read in the synagogue every Sabbath Day;" and yet, by their very rejection of Jesus, they fulfilled the Scriptures of those very prophets! Blindly and unconsciously they verified that which they sought to destroy! "And though they found no cause of death in him, yet desired they Pilate that he should be slain. And when they had fulfilled all that was written of him, they took him down from the tree, and laid him in a sepulchre; but God raised him from the dead."

What was all this? Here was a man who taught like his Master, "as one having authority, and not as the scribes." Here was a man who had Scripture at his finger's ends, and who, instead of constantly harping upon man's duty and the requirements or terrors of the law, could speak with authority from God's own word of God's own counsel. Paul spoke as a prophet to the people. They had heard of Jesus of Nazareth, of his wonderful life and healing power. But probably they had heard also, of the inventions of the Jewish rulers; that Jesus was dangerous to the Jewish and Roman Governments, that he claimed to be the King of the Jews, that his disciples, after he was crucified, stole his body from the sepulchre, and imposed upon the people with a story of his resurrection. But here was a man who could say of his companions and himself: "We are witnesses; we have seen the risen Jesus." "He was seen many days of them which came up with him from Galilee to Jerusalem, who are his witnesses unto the people;" the guarantee that his resurrection is a fact.

"But," the people might have said, "what is this man's history, his death and his resurrection to us?" Nothing; if he be not the Messiah, but if he be the chosen One of God; God's true anointed, it is everything to a lost sinner; it is everything to a trusting disciple. He "was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." (Rom. 4:25.)

"And we declare unto you glad tidings." This Jesus is God's gift unto you. You may have part and lot in God's Messiah—glad tidings of the promise which was made unto the fathers. Oh how many of the promises of God may have cheered the hearts of the truly pious Jews of that age; and yet everything was in the future. God was to them the God of the past, and they could tell of the "marvelous things" which he did "in the sight of their fathers, in the land of Egypt, in the field of Zoan." He was the God of the future too; they hoped for a coming Messiah, they hoped for the fulfilment some day of God's promises to them as a nation. But

A Present God,

really working amongst them in the passing moment, fulfilling his promises this very day, was entirely new to them. O how many there are whose knowledge of God is in the past or future, historical or anticipating, but who know nothing of a walk with God all day and every day, as Enoch and Noah did in the Old Testament and Paul did in the New. A present God, a "God that answereth by fire" (1. Kings 18: 24), is the great need of every human soul. The good tidings were: that God had fulfilled to their children the promises made to the fathers, in giving them a Saviour, Jesus, of whom it was said in the second Psalm, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee." But their theme was not only Jesus, but Jesus and the resurrection; and Paul brought out from a passage in Psalm 16, which must have been utterly incomprehensible to a Jew, that the Christ was raised from the dead, no more to return to corruption. Oh what light must have flashed upon the Antiochan Jews when they understood that "the sure mercies of David" were fulfilled in the resurrection of him of whom it had been prophesied: "Thou wilt not give thine holy One to see corruption." (R. V.) Age after age had passed away, and, with the exception of Enoch and Elijah, all men had passed through death. Even those who had been raised from the dead, must die again, and, as far as men's experience went, all who had died were subject to corruption. What then could that mysterious passage mean which spoke of one who should

Not See Corruption?

Paul argued: "For David, after he had in his own generation—served the counsel of God, fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers, and saw corruption: but he whom God raised up saw no corruption." And by the fact of God's faithfulness and power in ransoming from the grave, and rescuing from corruption the human body of him who was "made flesh and dwelt among us." Paul deduced the strongest argument to prove the certainty of salvation through Christ. If God himself could thus arrest the hand of death which he himself had made to be the consequence and penalty of sin, what a guarantee we have that he can arrest and destroy the sin itself!

"Be it known unto you, therefore, brethren, that through this man is preached unto you remission of sins: and by him everyone that believeth is justified from all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." If this Man, Jesus, to whom John the Baptist bore witness, was indeed the Messiah, then through him the forgiveness of sins could be preached. No other but him, on whom was laid the iniquity of us all, has a right to remit sins. But he who has borne them, and gone through the death penalty for them can remit sin. "If Christ be not raised your faith is vain, ye are yet in your sins." What proof can there be that his atonement has availed with God if he be not risen, if death be not conquered? Christ's resurrection is his authority for pardon.

The message was given. Life and death; eternal life and eternal death, were in the scale. Paul's hearers were driven into a corner. The spirit of God was at work, to make real to those, who would receive Jesus, the wondrous truths which so closely concerned them. But there were some who would not receive him and to these the anointed missionary testified: "Beware therefore, lest that come upon you, which is spoken of in the prophets; Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish; for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in nowise believe, though a man declare it unto you."

A deep impression had been created; and there was a general request that Paul might repeat his message on the following sabbath; but some could not put off so long that which had laid hold on their whole being. They must have the matter settled now. They "followed Paul and Banabas," who must have dealt with them individually," persuaded them to continue in the grace of God. It was a God-inspired, God-directed, God-blest sermon; prepared, not by man, but by the Holy Ghost.

LESSON POINTS.

"To You is the Word of this Salvation Sent." Acts 13: 26.

THIS statement made the matter personal. The Apostle Paul was not meandering about the world on a pleasure excursion. He was at Antioch on business. He had a commission to the people from his Lord. He came to offer them in his Lord's name the greatest boon any man could have, and there was no vague talking. Simply and directly and explicitly he said, "To you is the word of this salvation sent." They might accept it or reject it, but they could never afterwards say it had not been offered to them. People have often been puzzled by seeing how differently two persons are affected who listen to the same sermon. One goes away and thinks no more about it, and the other is converted and all his after life changed. Both believe what they have heard, but one believes it in a different way from the other. If two men were listening to a physician's lecture on the only cure of consumption, and one of them thought he had the disease and the other believed himself to be perfectly healthy, there would be a great difference in the way one of them would listen from the way in which the other would listen. The former would have a personal interest in the subject which the latter had not. The trouble with sermon-hearers is that they do not realize their need of salvation.

An incident is told of a little child upon a lately wrecked steamer. The boats were taking the passengers away as fast as they could, everyone crowded forward intent on his own salvation. One after another was passed down, while the neglected child stood waiting her turn. The vessel rocked to and fro, on the eve of going to the bottom. Seeing no chance of escape, the little one stretched out her hands and cried, "Save me next." It is a cry that ought to go up from millions of hearts.

Phillips Brooks illustrates the idea by a traveling experience. "Have you ever seen," he asks, "or perhaps make one of a party who are going to explore a dark, deep cavern—the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, or the Catacombs of Rome? They all stand out in the sunlight, and the attendants, who know the journey they are going to make, pass around among them and put into the hands of each a lighted candle. How useless it seems in the sunlight, But the procession moves along; one after another enters the dark cavern's mouth; one after another loses the splendor of daylight; in the hands of one after another the feeble candle-light comes out bright in the darkness; and by and by they are all walking in the dark, holding fast their candles as if they were very life—totally dependent on what seemed so useless half an hour ago." To the man in health and strength salvation does not appear so important a thing as it does to the man about to die. Or if he deems it important he does not consider it urgent, for he may have many years of life left to him and he may feel that he is only postponing the matter. It cannot be too often insisted on that salvation is for this world as well as the next.

But sometimes the man who is anxious for salvation does not understand that he can have it freely. A case almost beyond belief, was recently before the courts in the State of Missouri. At the commencement of the war, a planter bought a young negro girl in the market, and took her to his farm. She was never allowed to go beyond the bounds of the farm, and never permitted to hold converse with any of her race, and none of the family told her the results of the war. About two years ago she ran away, and then for the first time learned that the slaves had been emancipated and that she was a free woman. She was longing for freedom, as is evident from her running away, but she did not know that she could be free by claiming her rights. There are many who are serving Satan unwillingly who do not know that Christ has died to set them free.

Some who have heard the Gospel often, do not realize that it is offered to them personally. During a religious awakening in a village in New England a foreman was awakened, but could not find peace. His employer, a godly man, who was helping in the revival, sent him a letter requesting him to call at six o'clock. Promptly he came. "I see you believe me," said his master. The foreman assented. "Well, see; here is another letter sending for you by One equally in earnest," said his master, holding up a slip of paper with some texts of Scripture written on it. He took the paper, and began to read slowly, "Come unto me, all ye that labor," etc. His lips quivered, his eyes filled with tears; then he stood for a few moments not knowing what to do. At length he enquired, "Am I just to believe that in the same way I believed your letter?" "Just in the same way," replied the employer. "Then I'll go," said the man, and he became a servant of Christ.

In the courts of law if a man is called as a witness, no sooner is his name shouted out though he may be at the end of the court, than he begins to force his way up to the witness stand. Nobody says, "Why is this man pushing here?" Or, if they should say, "Who are you?" it would be a sufficient answer to say, "My name was called," "But you are not rich, you have no office about the court." "No, that is not my right of way; but I was called." "Sir, you are not a man of repute, or rank, or character." "It matters not, I was called. Make way!" So the invitation to whomsoever will, which God has sent out, gives everyone the right to go to him.

As God has not restricted the offer to any age, or class, or nationality, we are justified in saying to any man, "to you is the offer of this salvation sent." A Christian lady was told of a woman who was ruining herself by debauchery, but was of so violent a temper that no one durst interfere with her. She proposed to go up and see her, but was warned, "she will kill you." She bethought her, "If my Lord were here, he would do it." She went and entered the miserable apartment in which she lived and saw her lying in a corner. She spoke, and the woman raised herself upon her elbow, and demanded what she wanted. She replied, "I love you; I want to be kind to you, because Jesus loves you." She went forward and notwithstanding violently repelling words, kissed her. Then came the exclamation, "Go away, go away! you will break my heart; you put me in mind of my mother. Never has anyone kissed me as she did; never have I been so treated since I lost her." The fountain of feeling was opened and the woman was saved.

A man was dying in a hospital in Edinburgh and his physician, having tried in vain to save his life, spoke to him about his soul, and urged him to accept God's offer and be reconciled to him. The man listened silently and thought awhile. Then he said, "But don't you think it would be awful mean just to make it up now, at my last gasp, with One I have rejected all my life?" "Yes, it would be mean; but dear fellow, it would be far meaner not to do it. He wants you to do it now, for he has made you willing, and it would be doubly mean to reject a love that is pursuing you even to death." The dying man admitted that it would and though so little of life was left to him he humbly claimed the blessing God had so often vainly offered him before.

THE TOMB OF OUR SAVIOUR.

(*Continued from first page.*)

ninth century origin. He has also explained that the tomb is apparently not in the form of the ancient Jewish sepulchres, but rather resembles the rock-cut tombs of the Greek Christians of a much later date, and that it may have been utilized as a burial-place for pilgrims during the Crusades. When it was excavated in 1872, the bones of a number of persons were found in it, and painted crosses and inscriptions near at hand, in characters of the Byzantine period, showed its Greek origin. Agreeing with Gen. Gordon in the identification of Calvary, the Mount of Crucifixion, he rejects the tomb site and declares that the only tomb yet found which is as old as the date of the crucifixion is further west, and in the possession of the Dominicans.

Notwithstanding these assertions, the "Garden Tomb," identified by Gen. Gordon, is now very generally accepted by Biblical students and learned travelers as being in all probability the real site. It is about two hundred and thirty feet distant from the summit of the knoll called *El Heydhimiyeh*, ("Jeremiah's Grotto") which strikingly resembles a skull in its outlines, the eyeless sockets and general contour doubtless having suggested the name "Golgotha." The photographic illustration on the first page shows this knoll. To the left can be seen the hollow spaces that gave the suggestion of eyes, and the simplest imagination can readily supply the outline of the skull that even yet, after eighteen centuries have passed, keeps ghastly guard on Calvary, as if to point the whole world to that wonderful scene of suffering and death. Major Conder himself agreed in 1878 that "the place of the skull" was indeed the true Calvary. The location of the tomb, that claims his later support, is a little west of the Damascus road, in a patch that is now almost a jungle, being densely overgrown with olive trees and wild vegetation. Since making this discovery, however, Major Conder has discredited it, by admitting his belief that the real site of the sepulchre "has not yet been found and possibly never will be."

Herr Schick, a noted antiquarian who has dwelt many years in Jerusalem and long pondered its ancient treasures in stone, writes very emphatically in support of the authenticity of the "Garden Tomb," as advocated by Gen. Gordon. He says:

"The tomb was originally a small rock-cut Jewish tomb, but became afterwards a Christian tomb, not only by being used again, but by being greatly altered. The existence of the head cavity in the receptacle at the north-east corner, and the fact of its directly facing the Valley of Jehoshaphat, are strong arguments in favor of its being originally Jewish in character. It seems never to have been completed, but to have been cut out of the rock at a late Jewish period, and after the time of Christ to have been partially filled up with debris, as no bones were found close to the rock floor. The Crusaders, monks and pilgrims of the Middle Ages would never snspect that Christ had been buried there, as the ecclesiastical tradition of many centuries had already consecrated another site of the Holy Sepulchre. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent them from using it as a place for ordinary interments. It has recently been ascertained, however, that an arched building was erected in front of the tomb, in the time of the Crusaders, about the twelfth century. In digging the foundation for this building, the tomb may have been uncovered, and several other graves disturbed; their contents might then be collected and deposited in the ancient tomb. This would account for the large number of bones found by Major Conder.

This from so well-informed a source, may be accepted as disposing of the heaviest portion of Major Conder's claims. One inscription on a memorial stone on a Christian tomb, separated from this presumably genuine sarcophagus, by a partition of rock, translated, reads:

> TO NONUS AND ONESIMUS,
> DEACONS OF THE CHURCH OF THE WITNESS OF THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.
> BURIED NEAR THEIR LORD.

The last line would seem to imply clearly that the Tomb of the Saviour was in the immediate vicinity of the graves of these early Christians, who had been his faithful followers.

"Jeremiah's Grotto," lies a little to the eastward of what is known as the "Cotton Grotto"—a vast quarry, whose chambers and galleries stretch far under the streets and houses of Jerusalem. This great quarry was rediscovered in 1852, after having been closed for many centuries, and is in all probability the source of supply of the stone used in the construction of Solomon's Temple. Opposite is the smaller grotto the prophet Jeremiah is said to have lived in after the fall of Jerusalem, and the legend affirms that he wrote his Lamentations there. Beneath are great cisterns while in front are a garden and fruit trees, fenced in by a stone wall. This spot, according to rabbinical traditions, was the ancient Jewish place of execution—"the House of Stoning."

One of the most observant travelers in Palestine and a writer of authority, is the Rev. Cunningham Geikie, D. D., Vicar of St. Martin's, Norwich, England. This garden, he says, was in the time of Christ a part of the great public Jewish cemetery. It fulfils in a remarkable degree the Scriptural requirements of location. From the earliest times, it has been associated with the martyrdom of Stephen the Apostle, who could only have been stoned at the place of public execution. It is alongside the busy road that leads to the north, and here, "on this bare, rounded knoll, thirty feet above the low yellow cliff of the Grotto of Jeremiah, looking from its southern end, the Saviour of the world passed away." Dr. Geike declares his conviction that the Tomb of our Lord was one of those in the neighborhood of "the Place of Stoning."

Some commentators have held that Golgotha itself was so-called because it was a place of public execution—the Tyburn of Jerusalem, and hence was termed "the place of a skull." Beyond the sacred narrative itself, there is no evidence that such was the case. In the Gospels, Matthew calls it "a place called Golgotha; that is to say the place of a skull;" Mark, "the place Golgotha which is, being interpreted, the place of a skull;" Luke, "the place which is called Calvary;" and John, "a place called of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha." On the other hand it has been argued that the Gospel context would seem to show that the Roman guard hurried Jesus away and put him to death at the nearest convenient spot, there being at the time danger of a popular insurrection. Even this view rather strengthens the claim of the site of Calvary shown in our illustration, since as the soldiers emerged from the judgment-hall (either near Fort Antonia or Herod's former palace) they would naturally seek an exit in this direction.

It may be said, in conclusion, that the British Consul at Jerusalem has examined the title-deeds of the land and found them satisfactory. Should the present negotiaries permit the project to fall through, the interest of Christians everywhere has been so deeply aroused that it is believed they will not permit the sacred soil of the "Garden Tomb" to remain longer in the hands of speculators, but will co-operate to secure it as a holy heritage to believers throughout the world.

THE GOSPEL AND COLPORTAGE CAR OF THE I. C. W. A.

BAD BOOKS BURNED.

An incident illustrating the practical power of the Gospel in this life is related by Rev. John W. Hamilton. He says that a lady who conducted a large book-selling business in Paris went one evening to hear an earnest Gospel preacher. In his address he dwelt on the evils which were hindering the progress of Christ's kingdom and ruining souls. Among others he mentioned pernicious literature, especially vicious books, of which the printing-presses of France turn out more than those of any other land. The burning words which came from the eloquent speaker greatly troubled the lady, as her firm made a considerable portion of its income from the sale of impious and immoral books. All that night and all the following day she was greatly troubled. A fierce fight between right and love of gain was going on in her heart, but at length she was enabled, by God's help, to overcome that which was evil, and to cling to that which was good. She sent for the pastor, who had been God's instrument in convicting her of sin, and told him the cause of her trouble; and asked him if he would be so good as to finish the work which he had begun, and go over her whole stock of books, dividing the good from the bad. This he did, and the lady, piling all the evil and questionable books into a large heap, set fire to the lot, though by doing so she lost a large sum of money. She made a rule from that time forward only good and useful books should be sold by her firm. This was practical evidence of the best kind that her heart was in the right place. With how many, when it is a question between the conscience and the pocket, does the latter gain the victory!

A PERSECUTED SON IN INDIA.

THE trials to which members of the higher castes in India are exposed if they declare themselves Christians are not fully realized in Christian lands. One case in point is reported by Mr. Andrew who is laboring at Chingleput. He says that a Brahman youth about twenty years of age belonging to a wealthy family came to the mission to get instruction. He was very much in earnest and after several weeks, during which he visited the missionary frequently, he was converted. The father and relatives heard of it and insisted on the young man returning home. He refused at first and told them positively that he was determined to be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ to the end of his life.

On the following Sunday, a crowd began to gather around the mission house, and the father of the young man and a number of Hindus came with a request to see the youth. The father was admitted, but the entrance of the others was forbidden. The crowd to the number of a hundred broke in, refusing to leave, and the father and a Brahman friend dragged the young man out of the house against his will. Violent treatment was also given the missionary, but later, when the police arrived, the rioters took to their heels. A later report affirms that the young man returned to his father's home under the promise that he should be allowed to hold fast to his Christian faith, but that subsequently he yielded to the tremendous pressure brought to bear upon him not to break caste.

THE GOSPEL ON WHEELS.

A Novel and Effective Method of Spreading the Word in Rural Districts.

IT sometimes happens that a simple hint in Gospel work opens up the way most unexpectedly to new fields of usefulness. Such was the result of a suggestion made not many months ago to certain prominent gentlemen connected with the International Christian Workers' Association. The need was frequently felt of some means of conveyance suited to evangelical efforts in remote rural districts not reached either by regular railroad or stage lines. During the last annual meeting of the association, these gentlemen happened to hear of a somewhat remarkable wagon that had been specially constructed for camping-out purposes, and they decided to see it for themselves. Accordingly, Mr. P. L. Tibbals of New York, Rev. John C. Collins, secretary of the association, and a few others made the necessary investigation. On seeing the wagon they soon concluded that it met the requirements and it was purchased at once, Mr. Tibbals generously furnishing the money for that purpose. Mr. Collins then arranged to convert it to its present use—that of disseminating the Gospel, and distributing Bibles, Testaments and a great variety of religious literature over a wide extent of territory. It is in charge of two evangelists, J. C. Davis and W. H. Semple, who distribute and sell tracts, Bibles and books, and conduct Gospel services from a platform placed in the rear. One is a skilful musician and leads in sacred song the crowds that flock to hear them wherever they go. They carry with them a large stock of religious literature, which thus finds its way to many hundreds of homes that could not otherwise be reached.

The total cost of the Gospel Colportage Carriage, with horses and furnishing, is about $2,000, the wagon alone being valued at $1,500. It is operated at an expense of about seven dollars per day. It carries a week's supplies on every trip and contains all necessary accommodations for the comfort of the two Gospel workers while on duty. Indeed, it is a perfect traveling home. In many respects the interior is similar to a Pullman palace car, with toilet-room and buffet in front, the rear part being used as drawing-room or sitting-room by day and as sleeping quarters at night. There are berths for four persons. The front portion of the carriage contains a large wardrobe, the door of which can be removed and converted into a table sufficiently large to accommodate six persons. It also has drawers for dishes, refrigerator, wash-basins and closets. The driver's bed is underneath the vehicle. The woodwork is in ash, mahogany and white wood. Thus far the experiment has been an unqualified success and there is reason to hope that it has furnished a clue toward overcoming a difficulty that has beset religious workers in many parts of the country, who have found all attempts to extend the scope of their operations in certain localities blocked for the lack of proper facilities.

COLUMBIA'S PRAYER FOR THE NATION

OUR Father, oh our Father, 'tis to thee,
To thee we come to lay our burdens down;
To thee, oh King of kings, God of the free,
To take our cross and ask of thee a crown.

With blessings glorious, cheer this Nation's lot,
That we each day thy holy name revere;
Cleanse this, thy land, from every cankering blot;
Thy kingdom give to all thy children dear.

Firm fix our hope in freedom stronger grown,
Bright as the stars in thy imperial field;
Thy word our guide, thy living power our own,
Our bulwark faith and truth our guarding shield.

To us, oh give the strength which comes of thee:
To walk the paths the Saviour meekly trod;
Build round thy wall from east to western sea,
From north to south, from us to thee, Oh God.

—F. HASTINGS BRYANT.

83 Morton St., Brooklyn.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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TROUBLE CONSECRATES.

WE have all felt the ordination of suffering, and are we not ready to do better work as patriots, as reformers, as philanthropists, and as Christians? National suffering, political suffering, financial suffering, domestic suffering ought to be ordination. It is not health, it is not gladness, it is not prosperity which qualify for especial work, but suffering, sharp suffering, intense suffering, long-continued suffering. Fire of pain, fire of persecution, fire of bereavement are ordination. It was not until Beethoven had become so deaf he could not hear the fortissimo of a full orchestra, that he composed his chief oratorio. It was not until John Milton had become stone blind that he could dictate the sublimest poem of the ages. It was not until Walter Scott was kicked by the horse and confined to the house for many days, that he could write the "Lay of the last Minstrel." That painter who mixes his colors with blood from his own broken heart makes the best pictures. The mightiest men of all the ages have been mightiest in their agonies. Oh, my friend, do not think that God sent trouble on you to break you down! It is for inspiration and for lifting up.

SMALL LIBRARIES.

MORE beautiful than any other adornments are the costly books of a princely library; but let not the man of small library stand looking into the garnished alcoves wishing for those unused volumes. The workman who dines on roast beef and new Irish potatoes will be healthier and stronger than he who begins with "mock-turtle," and goes up through the long lane of a luxuriant table till he comes to almond-nuts. We put the man of one hundred books, mastered, against the man of one thousand books, of which he has only a smattering.

We have sometimes been turned into costly private libraries to spend the day; and we reveled in the indexes, and scrutinized the lids, and set them back in as straight a row as when we found them, yet learned little. But on our way home in the cars, we took out of the satchel a book that had cost us only one dollar and a half, and afterward found that it had changed the course of our life and helped decide our eternal destiny.

We get many letters from clergymen asking advice about reading, and deploring their lack of books. We warrant they all have books enough to shake earth and heaven with, if the books were rightly used. A man who owns a Bible has, to begin with, a library as long as from here to heaven. The dullest preachers we know of have splendid libraries. They own everything that has been written on a miracle, and yet when you hear them preach, if you did not get sound asleep, that would be a miracle. They have all that Calvin and other learned men wrote about election, and while you hear them you feel that you have been elected to be bored. They have been months and years turning over the heavy tomes on the divine attributes, trying to understand God, while some plain Christian, with a New Testament in his hand, goes into the next alley, and sees in the face of an invalid woman peace and light and comfort and joy, which teach him in one hour what God is.

AVOID GETTING STALE.

IF we would keep fresh, let us make occasional excursion into other circles than our own. Artists generally go with artists, farmers with farmers, mechanics with mechanics, clergymen with clergymen, Christian workers with Christian workers. But there is nothing that sooner freshens one up than to get in a new group, mingling with people whose thought and work run in different channels. For a change put the minister on the hay-rack and the farmer in the clergyman's study.

Let us read books not in our own line. After a man has been delving in nothing but theological works for three months, a few pages in the Patent Office Report will do him more good than Doctor Dick on "The Perseverance of the Saints," Better than this, as a diversion, is it to have some department of Natural History or Art to which you may turn, a case of shells or birds, or a season ticket to some picture gallery. If you do nothing but play on one string of the bass-viol, you will wear it out and get no healthy tune. Better take the bow and sweep it clear across in one grand swirl, bringing all four strings and all eight stops into requisition.

HEROIC TREATMENT OF SIN.

WE do not get well of sin because we do not realize what a dire disease it is, and that we cannot cure it with a spiritual panacea, a gentle antidote, a few grains of spiritual morphine, a mild moral corrective or a few drops of peppermint on white sugar. We want our pride killed, and we read an essay on that sweet grace of humility, and we go on as proud as ever. The pleasant lozenge does not do the work. Rather let us set ourselves to do that for Christ which is most oppugnant to our natural feelings. You do not take part in prayer-meeting because you cannot pray like Edward Payson, or exhort like John Summerfield. If you want to crush your pride, get up anyhow, though your knees knock together, and your tongue catches fast, and though you see some godless hearer in prayer-meeting laughing as though she would burst.

Deal with your avarice in the same heroic style. Having heard the charitable cause presented, at the first right impulse thrust your hand in your pocket where the money is, and pull it out though it half kills you. Pull till it comes. Put it on the plate with an emphasis, and turn your face away before you are tempted to take it back again. All your sweet contemplation about benevolence will not touch your case. Heroic treatment or nothing!

In the same way destroy the vindictiveness of your nature. Treatises on Christian brotherhood are not what we need. Select the man most disagreeable to you, and the one who has said the hardest things about you. Go up and shake hands with him, and ask him how his family is, and how his soul prospers. All your enemies will fly like a flock of quails at the bang of a rifle.

We treat our sins too politely. We ought to call them by their right names. Hatred to our neighbor should not be called hard thoughts, but murder: "whoso hateth his brother is a murderer!" Sin is abominable. It has tusks and claws, and venom in its bite, and death in its stroke.

AREAS OF ENJOYMENT.

WHAT the people of our cities need is quiet. What the people of the country need is sight-seeing. Let the mountains come to New York and New York go to the mountains. The nearest we ever get to heaven in this world is lying flat down on our back under a tree, looking up through the branches, five miles off from a post-office or a telegraph station. But this would be torture to others.

Independent of what others do or say, let us in the selection of recreations study our own temperaments and finances. It does not pay to spend so much money in July and August that you have to go pinched and half clad the rest of the year. The healthiest recreations do not cost much. In boyhood, with a string and a crooked pin attached to it, we fished up more fun from the mill-pond than in later summers, with a five-dollar apparatus we caught among the Franconia Mountains.

There is a great area of enjoyment within the circumference of one dollar, if you only know how to make the circuit. More depends upon ourselves than upon the affluence of our surroundings. If you have been compelled to stay home all summer, you may be as happy as though you went away. The enjoyment of the first of July, when we went off, was surpassed by nothing but the first of September, when we came home.

MODERN SANBALLATS.

A FRIEND called our attention to the fact that Sanballat wanted to hold consultation with Nehemiah in the plain of O-no. That is the place where more people stay, to-day, than in any other. They are always protesting, throwing doubt on grand undertakings; and while you are in the mountain of O-yes, they spend their time on the plain of O-no. In the harness of society they are breeching-straps, good for nothing but to hold back.

You propose to call a minister. All the indications are that he is the right man. Nine-tenths of the congregation are united in his favor. The matter is put a vote. The vast majority say "Aye!" the handful of opponents respond "O no!"

You propose to build a new church. About the site, the choice of architect, the upholstery, the plumbing and the day of dedication there is almost a unanimity. You hoped that the crooked sticks will all lie still, and that the congregation will move in phalanx. But not so. Sanballat sends for Nehemiah, proposing to meet him in the plain of O-no.

Some men were born backward, and have been going that way ever since. Opposition to everything has become chronic. The only way they feel comfortable is when harnessed with the face toward the whiffletree and their backs to the end of the shafts. They may set down their name in the hotel register as living in Boston, Chicago, Savannah or Brooklyn, but they really have been spending all their lives in the plain of O-no. There let them be buried with their faces toward the west, for in that way they will lie more comfortably, as other people are buried with their face to the east. Do not impose upon them by putting them in the majority. O no!

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

YATMAN'S COLUMN

BIBLE REVIVALS.

"The Philippian Revival."—Acts 16.

THANK God this revival was ever held—out of it we get the story of the Philippian jailer, the duet singers at midnight, the character of Epaphroditus and the whole Philippian Epistle. Things worth more than gold. The fact is, this sixteenth chapter of Acts is good reading even for one not a Christian. It has life in it. Forty verses and all meat.

I like verse nine. Here is a committee of one inviting an evangelist to Europe, and I like the idea of his going on this invitation. Some won't go unless they get a mighty big petition signed by a score or more. And he goes to the chief city, too. It was a man who got Paul to come, but it was a woman who first got converted, and her household. This secured them a place of entertainment. Then came the devil in a damsel, and there was trouble. You can always tell a true revival born of God by the activity of Satan and his imps. There are some meetings he does not trouble himself about, he don't need to.

"Stripes and prison," don't sound very well. I doubt if Paul and Silas had many applicants as assistants in this field. This kind would weed out some present driftwood, I'm thinking.

Two men against a whole town. Business upset and earthquakes added must have created quite an excitement. If I were a betting man I'd wager no small sum that more than one preacher would rather things go on as they are than to have an evangelist and such excitement to get converts.

I don't find Paul very excited, but the devil very much so, and the Lord seems to have thought enough of the meeting to work in an unusual manner. Give us more Philippian revivals.

"The Roman Revival."—Acts 28.

THE last two verses of the book of Acts, and we must remember this is God's handbook on revivals, gives the tale of a protracted work of grace in Rome. Two whole years the work went on. I notice this about it, there was both "preaching and teaching," two very essential factors in a lasting work of grace. Now-a-days we get the preaching with the teaching left out, and the result is poor converts. Fallings away, that disgrace the cause and do harm to our religion. An evangelist comes to a city, and with holy zeal preaches such truth as to awaken the sinner and then leads him to the Cross, but the work must not stop there. The pastor or people who lets it stop there is guilty of a great crime. Teaching must follow if God is glorified or souls are truly saved. I frankly state I doubt the wisdom of planning for any revival work by an evangelist or any one else that does not include a sure and true care of every person who is awakened, convicted or converted. No revival can "stop" when the special services are over without injury to many souls who may suffer forever.

"The Covenant Revival."—II. Chron. 15.

IT's not often that a revival of this character comes. My, what consternation there must have been amongst the crowd of luke-warm professors and covetous business men when the edict went forth that "they should seek God with their whole heart, and whosoever would not thus do should be put to death, whether small or great, whether men or women."

I reckon there was no small amount of talk about "methods" about that time. Social engagements sadly interfered with, business brought to a standstill. Prayer-meetings replacing amusements.

Oh, how I wish the record of conversations had come down to us. Many and many a one ready to oppose any such movement. I can hear one of the "kickers" telling how "he doesn't propose to do any such thing." "It's fanatical." "I won't be made a fool." "Those enthusiasts in religion ought to be locked up." Possibly some of them swore, but it was of no avail. They had to do it. The law was "seek him or die," and the record tells us "they sought him." Law is a good thing, a blessed thing, it works out that which nothing else can. In my early days we had these compulsory revivals. It took the switch to get me to meeting. Sometimes to get me even dressed to go. The revival thus beginning in my legs under fear of the switch came at last to my heart.

The Bible and the Newspaper

THE AFFLICTED CITY.

THE calamity which fell on the busy metropolis of Wisconsin on October 28, appeals to the sympathy of the whole country. A huge conflagration at one time threatening to rival the great Chicago fire of October 1871, has devastated a large section of the city of Milwaukee, rendering eighteen hundred persons homeless and destroying property worth over five million dollars. Four persons are known to have lost their lives in the disaster, one is reported missing, and is believed to have perished and twenty more are seriously if not fatally injured. That the flames should have succeeded in covering so large an area before they were checked, was due to the fact that a gale blowing fifty miles an hour was raging, and that when the fire started, the Fire Department was scattered in various parts of the city fighting small fires. It was about six o'clock in the evening that the alarm was given. An explosion had occurred in the basement of the Union Oil Company's store in East Water Street between Detroit and Butler streets. Almost instantly three floors were on fire. It was ten minutes before an engine, which had been at a small fire on a neighboring square, arrived. By that time the whole building was in flames and the wind blowing from the south-west carried the flames directly on a building across the street which was soon burning fiercely. So, from one building to another, the wind bore the devouring element, until the whole twenty blocks forming the triangle between Buffalo Street, the Milwaukee River and the Lake, were laid in ashes. In one of the buildings were eight large steel drums charged with ammonia and used in the manufacture of ice-machines. These exploded in rapid succession and the shock overturned a high wall under which two firemen were at work and they were killed on the spot. Two women, widows, also perished. The firemen worked heroically and help was sent to them from Chicago, Racine and Kenosha and though they were unable to save anything in the track of the wind until the fire was stopped at the lake and the river, they prevented it spreading northward, where there is much valuable property. Within the burned district nothing that could burn was left unconsumed of the fire; large growing trees were burned to the roots, and strong iron pillars and railroad tracks were melted and twisted into grotesque shapes. Many buildings that were considered fire-proof were utterly destroyed and the whole district presents an awful example of the irresistible power of fire when once it is started. It supplies a terrible indication of the nature of that day which the Bible tells us is yet to come, which "shall burn as an oven and all the proud and all that do wickedly shall be as stubble; the fire will burn them up leaving not root or branch." (Malachi 4: 1.)

A Romantic Wedding.

A MARRIAGE took place in Brooklyn, N. Y., last week which is unusual in the fact that it was wholly the result of correspondence through the mails. The bride and bridegroom had never seen each other until they met for the solemnization of the nuptials. Nearly two years ago the bridegroom, who lives at Spokane Falls, Wash., made the acquaintance of a lady who came from Brooklyn and who was traveling through Washington on business. He had been a reporter on the New York *Tribune* more than twenty years before, and was glad of the opportunity to converse with some one from the East. When the two separated, the lady gave him her home address as well as that of the place to which she was going. The latter, however, he lost and desiring to communicate with her, wrote to her Brooklyn home for her present address. It was sent to him by her sister in a letter which in some way aroused his interest in the writer. He replied to it and a correspondence sprang up which continued for some time, and eventually led to an offer of marriage. It was accepted, and last week the gentleman came to Brooklyn to claim his bride. Not many men would propose marriage to a lady they have never seen. But this man's love may not be any less genuine and enduring for having been inspired by the graces of character revealed in the lady's letters, instead of by personal beauty as commonly happens. The Christian, above all others, will not doubt the possibility of such a love, for the supreme force of his being emanates from Him, whom having not seen, he loves. (1. Peter 1: 8.)

Waves Stilled by Netting.

A FRENCH scientist, M. Alessandro, has introduced to the Salvage Society of Paris an ingenious device for stilling the waves in a storm. The New York *Sun*, in describing the system, says that it consists in covering the proximate surface of the sea with a peculiar description of non-submergible and non-decaying thin netting. The material in question is a reticular fabric which does not rise sensibly above the surface, nor does it offer resistance to the wind—its action, as claimed, being simply the playing the part of a bed of oil, in that it has the effect of subduing the waves and thus rendering navigation safer as well as less difficult. This idea, it seems, originated in the frequently observed calm produced by the floating seaweed, technically known as fihun, which is met with in such quantities in various parts of the North Sea. The netting referred to is said to imitate exactly the nature and characteristics of that marine plant of the algæ class, and experiments with it have been made on an extensive scale. In one instance a surface of this netting one thousand yards square, edged with a strong bolt rope, was used, the results being extremely satisfactory. If this device proves as successful as is claimed, it will be invaluable to the mariner in times of storm and high seas, and doubtless, every ship will carry with it a supply of the netting. The owners and captains of vessels know that storms may be encountered, and they exercise foresight. It is much to be wished that Christians, who must meet storms in the voyage of life would similarly prepare for them by fostering their faith in him "who maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." (Psalm 107: 29.)

Spiders' Web from the Clouds.

A REMARKABLE product fell from the sky at Gainesville, Fla., recently during a shower of rain. It was a delicate, white thread-like stuff, very soft and fragile. A quantity of it was sent to Dr. B. F. Miller of Macon for scientific examination, but he being unable to account for its origin, sent a specimen to the Smithsonian Institute. Dr. George Marx of that inistitution has just made a report upon it. He says, "This very interesting material is without doubt a product of the spinning glands of a spider, or rather thousands of spiders. The species of this spider is unknown to me, but it is not improbable that it might be a Nephila, a very large orb weaver, which abounds in the southern part of the United States and the West Indies. The young spiders of many genera avail themselves of their spinning products to migrate from their birthplace by floating through the air to localities at a great distance. Should rain moisten these weavings the spider web becomes too heavy to float in the air, and sticking together in great masses falls from above." There are many men who indulge the vain hope of reaching heaven in the same way, by their own works. They do sometimes succeed in rising above the ordinary sordid life of their fellows, and their theories and devices are often very beautiful, like the Brook Farm and other communities, but they always fail eventually. Some unexpected contingency occurs, like the moisture on the spiders' webs, and they fall ignominiously back to the earth. "There are many devices in man's heart: nevertheless, the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand." (Prov. 19:21.)

How Burglars Used a Bible.

WICKEDNESS and ingenuity were combined in an attempt of some burglars to assist a comrade in escaping from prison a few days ago. The jailers at the prison at Bridgeport, Conn., have under their charge a man who was arrested for robbing a church at Danbury. One morning last week an express package arrived for him, which, according to custom, was opened and examined before being handed to the prisoner. It contained a Bible, two magazines and a letter. The letter purported to be written by the prisoner's sister and it gave the prisoner much good advice, blamed him for the disgrace he had brought on his family and earnestly implored him to search the Scriptures sent therewith and turn over a new leaf. Incidentally there was a reference to a blacksmith and the letter altogether was of such a character as to induce the jailers, whose duties make them acquainted with the tricks of prisoners, to thoroughly examine the contents of the package. There was nothing found, however, to justify suspicion until the cover of the Bible was minutely examined. A slight inequality in the binding was noticed. The corner of the leaf covering the inside of the binding was pried up and the point of a thin file was disclosed. The whole leaf was then removed and disclosed several fine saws and files concealed in a hollow of the cover. The tools were of course removed by the jailers and the Bible was turned over to the prisoner. He was doubtless disappointed at not finding in it the means of escaping from prison. But if he would read the sacred pages he would learn the way of escape from a still more terrible captivity the fetters of which are upon him keeping him for a terrible doom. Many have learned from that book how to "recover themselves out of the snare of the devil who have been taken captive by him at his will." (II. Timothy 2: 26.)

MILWAUKEE, WIS., THE SCENE OF THE GREAT FIRE.

BRIEF NOTES.

The number of Christians in the Province of Bengal has grown during the last decade from 122,000 to 189,000.

Dr. Laws, who has recently returned from missionary work in Africa, says that on the banks of Lake Nyassa, which a few years ago were the habitations of cruelty, there are today Christian schools with 150 teachers and 7,000 scholars.

Mrs. Martha Ricks, the aged negress from Liberia, who recently paid a visit to England, and was received by the Queen, has sent the Lady Mayoress of London a shawl of native workmanship as a souvenir of her visit to the Mansion House.

The Moravians contribute for missions an average of $1.10 per member. Bishop Levering, when asked how it came about that the Moravians were so noted for their activity in missions, replied: "When the converts join the church we try to get them to realize that they are joining a great missionary society."

A recent visitor in Havana found no less than ten evangelical preachers regularly engaged in Protestant churches and chapels—a marked contrast to the state of things when an agent of the Bible Society went there in 1882 and found no one to sympathize with him in his work.

An example has been set in the matter of the marriage of divorced persons by the Protestant clergymen of Littleton, N. H. They announce that they will not perform the marriage ceremony where either of the parties has a husband or wife living, unless the divorce which would render such a marriage legal has been obtained for the cause recognized in Scripture or unless the parties have once been divorced and desire to be remarried.

Among the delegates to the recent National Congregational Council in Minneapolis were two lineal descendants of Pilgrim Fathers, the Rev. Dr. Robinson and the Rev. Dr. Bradford, the latter of Montclair, N. J.

A lady whose name is not disclosed has presented to St. Luke's Hospital, New York, her country estate as a home for convalescents. It comprises thirty acres of land and is worth over $100,000. The house on the farm has accommodations for about fifty patients.

Rev. B. Fay Mills has received word that all the evangelical churches in Minneapolis are heartily uniting in the preparations for his visit. The Baptists about whom there was some doubt have entered heartily into the work. Special prayer-meetings are being held and there is good reason for hoping that there will be a rich blessing on the services.

I think it is perfectly clear, says Dr. George F. Pentecost, that there are many traces of a primitive revelation in Hinduism. Christianity is interpreting to the Hindu many truths which are imbedded in his sacred books, and which without Christ as the key to unlock them, must forever be buried treasures to him.

The membership of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in England is 424,952, being an increase in the year of 720.

Rev. L. W. Munhall has been holding services at Meriden, Conn. The Congregational Church has been densely crowded and large numbers have been led to Christ. Other churches in the town have united in the services, sending many active workers to hold personal conversation with anxious hearers. The evangelist goes now to Chester, Penn., where twenty churches have joined in the invitation to him and have pledged themselves to give him cordial support.

Rev. Jacob Freshman has started on a tour through the United States to deliver lectures in the great cities on Jewish evangelization. The Board of Trustees of the Hebrew Christian Church unanimously consented to his undertaking the tour in the hope of his being able to organize similar missions in other cities to that in which he has been so successful in New York. During his absence Rev. A. C. Gabelein will conduct the services in St. Mark's Place. Letters and contributions in support of the mission may be addressed as before to Rev. Jacob Freshman, 17 St. Mark's Place, New York.

BANDS OF LOVE.

Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning in Calvary Baptist Church. New York, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

"I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love." Hosea 11: 4.

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH, N. Y.

IF you look for a moment at the context, you will see that God is here expostulating with Israel because of their rebellion against him. He had been very gracious to Israel; he had not dealt so with any people under heaven. When they first began to multiply into a nation in Egypt, he set his love upon them. When fretful and froward as children, he still bore with them and loved them. With a high hand and an outstretched arm he delivered them from bondage. By marvellous displays of his goodness and greatness he fed them with manna in the wilderness and brought them in safety to the land of promise. Out of Egypt he called his son. This was historically true of the children of Israel; it was also prophetic of him who was their Lord and ours.

In this verse and the preceding one we have two homely but expressive figures illustrative of God's loving kindness and tender mercy toward Israel. The first is drawn from the nursery. Israel is thought of as a child in leading strings, and God as

The Gentle Nurse.

The nurse is at one end of the string, the child at the other. The tumbling, tottering child is encouraged to venture out and walk forward, because of the strong hand, and loving heart which are thus guiding and supporting. The remaining figure is equally homely and expressive, and to an agricultural people must have been profoundly significant. The picture suggested is that of the careful husbandman moving or pulling forward the yoke or collar from the heated necks of the weary animals. The design is to let the cooling air in between the collar and the neck. Otherwise the neck might be scalded and the skin be removed. At the end of the furrow the plowman does this when the cattle stop a moment to take breath. The bridle is removed from their jaws and a handful of grass is given to refresh the weary animals as they turn to follow the next furrow. So God removed yokes from the necks of his people; so God furnished refreshment for them in their weary way. By these two figures he sets before us his patience and thoughtfulness toward his ancient people and toward his true children still.

But this morning I confine your thought to the first clause of the verse—the first figure here described. It teaches us God's method of leading men into his kingdom, and leading them forward to the service and enjoyment of his church.

The Divine Drawing.

1. We learn, then, in the first place, that God draws men into his kingdom. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that this is God's work. Christ tells us that no man can come to him except the Father draw him. This language of Christ teaches us both the necessity of such divine drawing and also its actual existence. Man's inability is not physical. It is a disinclination of his proud will and stubborn heart. It is well for us to learn at the outset our utter helplessness. Only as we learn that lesson can we avail ourselves of the divine helpfulness. Men will not cry to God for help until they realize that all other help has utterly failed them. To the proud-hearted no lesson is more needed, no lesson is more helpful than this very humbling one. Men evermore wish to save themselves in their own way. The father of the lunatic boy cried unto Christ: "Lord, have mercy on my son!" He identified his case with that of his son. This is an opportune lesson for parents to learn. All other help had failed him. He could then fill his mouth with arguments; his prayer was answered; his son restored, and our Lord was glorified. When Peter realized that he was sinking in the waves of the Galilean Sea, he called out, "Lord, save me." Then the strong arm of Christ interposed, and the sinking disciple was preserved. All night Jacob wrestled with the unknown stranger. If there was anything for which Jacob was remarkable, it was his self-reliance. His very name, Jacob, is illustrative of his confidence in his own wits. His subsequent history justified the significance of his name. He was the heel-catcher, the tripper-up, the supplanter. All through his relations with Laban his confidence in his own sagacity never deserts him. Neither does it now at this crisis of his life on the banks of the brook Jabbok. Carefully he lays his plans, skilfully does he arrange his flocks and herds and family, and now alone in the darkness the Unknown One approaches him. Instantly the old Jacob is aroused. He

Relies on Himself.

he will fight it out on that line all night, but when the morning dawns he has not prevailed. Now the Unknown One touches his thigh, the pillar of the wrestler's strength. Now Jacob is weakness itself. No longer does he resist. He clings to the stranger. He entreats his help. His weakness is his mightiest plea. He prevails in weakness. Though helpless, he is strong, and his significant name in future shall be Israel, not Jacob; prevailer with God, not the supplanter of men. In the crisis of human life, there comes in a more or less marked form, the experience of Jacob. Happy is that man who relies on God in his utter helplessness, and out of his weakness cries to God for help. We ought not, however, to forget that this helplessness does not destroy responsibility. Many men have erred on this point. They have spoken as if God were responsible for their weakness, and as if no responsibility rested on them. They have said that they must wait God's time. This is an abuse of the doctrine of dependence.

We cannot think of human weakness aright except as we put over against it God's divine provision for human wants. This is brought out in a striking passage of Scripture, which says, "Let him

Take Hold of My Strength

that he may make peace with me, and he shall make peace with me." You send a letter by a messenger to a friend in Brooklyn. He returns in a little time without having delivered his message. He tells you that the river is deep and broad and the current is strong, that he cannot swim. Do you excuse him? Is that apology accepted? You recognize the truth of his statement, but you ask at once, "Was there no ferry? Is there not a bridge?" Of this means of transit he ought to have availed himself. You hold him responsible; you rebuke him for his failure; you almost despise him for his stupidity. While between us and perfect obedience to God there flows an impassable river. God has provided, if we may so say, a divine ferry, and while we acknowledge our own helplessness, we must avail ourselves of God's method of deliverance.

There is a divine drawing. Of this truth reasonable men have no doubt. God is drawing by the still small voice of his Spirit. God is also drawing by the thunders of his power. Men say that they will wait God's time, and God at the same moment declares, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." God's drawing is governed by the character of the persons or objects to be drawn. Yesterday I stood watching the workmen engaged upon a new building. A huge block of stone was to be removed. The ropes and chains were fastened, a boy touched a handle governing the power of a steam derrick; now the stone moves uneasily in its bed; now it rises into the air, and now it is swung to the opposite side, and slowly and gently deposited in the desired place. Here was a physical substance. To remove it a physical power was required. Physical

Power was Applied.

But man is not a thing. God does not so treat him. He will not violate the laws which he himself has established. He might break down every form of resistance by displays of his power, but this is not his method. He stands at the door of the heart and knocks. He knocks at the door of faith, and hope and love and reason. With one blow he might shatter the door and destroy the whole structure. He will not strike that blow. He respects the laws of being which he himself has ordained. He is the Sovereign and we know it. He has made us free and we know it. He will not encroach on the divinely-given freedom. Involuntary obedience is not obedience. We are to be willing in the day of his power. He regards us as possessed of reason, and he plies that reason with argument. His own language is "come, let us reason together." He condescends to submit his claims to our reason. He regards the affections which he himself has imparted. He strives to call out these affections toward himself. He addresses appeals to the conscience. In all these ways God honors the laws with which he has endowed us. The bolts on the heart's door are on the inside. You must recognize the divine drawing and rise and pull back the bolts. It is man's glory that he is so endowed. But this is a sublime and solemn inheritance. If men in this dignity of their own yield to God, a glorious future is assured; if they refuse to admit him, their glory becomes their shame, and their possible dignity becomes their certain destruction.

Dangerous Resistance.

I beseech you that you trifle not with divine drawing. From childhood to this very hour God has been speaking to some of you. He has spoken in sunshine and storm, in sorrow and joy, in life and death—you have still refused to listen. You have despised alike his invitations and threatenings. In his name I to-day warn you not longer to resist. You do it at your peril. Your heart is growing harder; your will more stubborn. Your conscience will soon be seared. God will not be mocked. The hour will soon come when you will call and he will not hear, when he will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh. I must press these considerations; my heart longs for your salvation. It asks once more the solemn question: Are you yielding your hearts to this divine drawing? It comes to you gently as the falling dew; it comes to you in prosperity and adversity; it comes to you in the new-born child; it comes to you in the messenger of death that carries your darling from your home and your heart. I beseech you to-day quench not the spirit; resist not this divine drawing; refuse not the voice of him that speaketh. Despise not the love that has sought you all these years, and the grace which would win you to Jesus Christ. If you reject this divine drawing you despise the only means of salvation. You trample underfoot the blood of his covenant. The heart will grow harder, the will more stubborn, and the sensibilities more dead until you may reach that condition that the Apostle describes as being "past feeling." In the name of all that is glorious in manhood, in the name of all that is tender in the divine love, and in the name of all that is blessed in the future, I beseech you to bow at the feet of the Lord Jesus this morning!

The Human Cord.

II. The text teaches, in the second place, that God draws with cords of a man. This thought I have already touched upon in speaking of the divine drawing. It is worthy, however, of fuller exposition and greater emphasis. While God alone can impart the power, he uses human instruments. He uses men, not angels, to carry forward the triumphs of his kingdom. The highest angel which bows before his throne would esteem it an honor to be sent as a messenger of salvation, as an ambassador for Christ; but angels are not sent. This work is committed to men. Christ became a man that he might redeem men. He submitted to the law that he might redeem those who were under the law. He must assume the nature which he came to deliver; he must insert himself into our humanity at its lowest and weakest point that he may lift it up into beauty and glory. All through the history of the race we see this prominence given to human instrumentality. This union of divine power and human instrumentality is everywhere seen in the Word of God. Only God could open the way for his people through the Red Sea; but Moses must stretch his rod across the waters. Only God could cause the sparkling waters to come from the flinty rocks; but Moses must strike the rock with the divinely appointed instrument. Only Christ could cause the dead Lazarus to come forth; but human hands must remove the stone. Only Christ could change the water into wine; but servants can fill the water-pots with water, and between the filling and the drawing the divine power comes down, and "the conscious water saw its God and blushed." What we can do, that we must do. God will never do for us what we can do for ourselves. God never wastes power. For wise purposes he introduced miracles, but they are ever kept at the lowest possible point. It is simply sublime to see how God honors man in the carrying out of his divine purposes. In every crisis God has his man ready to come forward, perform his work, and honor his great name. When Israel is to be led out of Egypt God has his Moses. By forty years learning in the courts of Egypt, and by forty years more in the silence of the desert and in communion with God, Moses is trained for his grand work. When Moses lays down the honor of leadership, God has a Joshua, courageous and strong, to lead his people on through trial to triumph. When the Philistines were to be dstroyed, God sent Samson into the conflict. David comes forward with

Cords to Bind

the kingdom into unity and power. When he lays down the sceptre Solomon is ready to carry forward his work to a greater height of national glory. When the enemy seemed to have triumphed and every knee to have bowed to Baal, God had his Elijah, fierce and strong, to stand for the right and to rebuke the wrong; and by the cords of a man God held back the evil and led the right into light and triumph.

The same truth is illustrated in later days. When the Gospel was to be carried to the Gentiles God had a man in readiness. First at the feet of Gamaliel and afterwards in the deserts of Arabia, God was training the noblest man of the early church, and, in many respects, the greatest man the world has ever seen. No other of the college of the Aposties, except Paul, had grasp of mind and energy of purpose sufficient to accomplish this work. When great doctrines were to be formulated, God had his Augustine, trained in the schools of philosophy, raised up to declare these great truths. There were reformers before the Reformation, it is said, nevertheless the Reformation gave us but one Luther. There were great scholars but Calvin stands peerless in his time. When the whole church slumbered under a dead orthodoxy, then God raised up Wesley and Whitefield, whose voices thrilled England and America, and whose influence will be felt to the end of time. The same truths are illustrated in our own day. God is still drawing the world to himself by the cords of men. Christ said: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." An uplifted Christ is the mightiest magnet the world has ever seen. He is gloriously uplifted to-day, and lost men and women are drawn unto him. The Gospel was never a greater power than it is to-day. Oh, that God would give us power to draw souls to himself.

Bands of Love.

III. The text teaches us in the third place, that those who possess this drawing-power are furnished with bands of love. All men are not suited to this work; all sorts of cords will not do it. The word rendered bands is a much stronger word than that translated cords. It means cart-ropes. Cart-ropes of love have a marvellous drawing-power. God does not drive; he leads. So must his people. His love constrains; so must ours. Love is simply irresistible. It triumphs over all obstacles; it breaks down all opposition; it wins all sorts of men. It has a sweet language of its own. It cannot be imitated. A great and witty American essayist tells us that he once heard a voice so sweet, that its tones so controlled him that he could have been led at its possessor's will. The love of Christ in the heart gives such music to the voice. God pours out his own soul in these words: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." We shall have power to draw men just in proportion as we possess this love. Men are reached through the heart oftener than through the head. You may put an immense deal of Gospel into a warm grasp of the hand. It is said that the aggregate force of the heart-beats of a life-time would pulverize the hardest rock. They will certainly, if inspired by God's love and accompanied by his grace, break the heart of the hardest sinner.

Love's Cart-ropes.

"Cart-ropes of love." This is a most wonderful expression. On the shore of the Galilean Sea, Christ submits Peter to his three-fold test. It was a searching time for the repentant disciple. How shall he be prepared for his great work? How be loyal to his Lord? How feed the sheep and the lambs? We learn from this text that the first, second, and the third pre-requisite of the live worker for Christ is—love. Love will furnish logic; love commands eloquence; love gives tact. Love is better than tongues; the greatest gift is love. It outworks and it outlives all gifts besides. This is a curious illustration which I saw the other day: In one of her books, Anna Shipton tells us that when weary with work and longing for rest, she slept and dreamed that she was drawn through a sea of glass to the Heavenly City. Her soul was filled with delight at the joy which awaited her, but looking back she saw many men and women drowning about her,

lifting up wild cries to her for help. She cried unto God to permit her longer to remain that she might rescue them. Her prayer was answered. Soon she was again borne heavenward, but not now alone. Many now were following. They were drawn by her heart-strings. These were the cables, the cart-ropes of love which drew the despairing and drowning to God and glory.

Love has ever constrained the great workers for God. In silence and sorrow they have lived and loved. What giants of faith and love Christianity has produced! The names of many are conspicuous on the world's historic page. The names of many more are unknown to fame. Their record is on high. In dungeons, deep and dark, their gentle ways were cables of love; in the homes of the poor, they were angels of mercy. The world knows them not; God knows them well. Their names are in the Lamb's Book of Life. The world has only one Niagara. It needs only one. Magnificent as it is, it is less useful than the thousand brooks which flow through green fields and give drink to man and beast. Silent forces are always the mightiest. More water is drawn up into the heavens in the silent hour of a summer's noon than could be drawn by the noisy engines of the world working a year. Gentle souls pass through the world silent as the falling dew; they leave the benediction of their presence wherever they go. God multiply their number! Oh, for the cart-ropes of love! Lord Jesus draw us, and we will run after thee! Give us thy love, and we shall draw others to thy blessed feet!

In a book entitled: *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, there is told a story to this effect: A Highland mother one day left her babe sleeping by the fireside in the humble cottage. One of the gigantic eagles of the region seized the infant, and in its strong talons soon bore the babe to its lofty eyrie. The whole village was aroused; but the hearts of all sank in despair. Now a brave sailor appears. He tries to climb the rugged rock. He, surely, will succeed; he is accustomed to lofty heights, but his limbs tremble, his courage fails, and he gives up the attempt. Next comes a robust highlander. He is a shepherd. Often he has scaled the mountains; often he has borne lambs in his bosom. He climbs a little way, he stops, he clings to the rock, he falls to the bottom. But see this pale-faced woman! Her eyes are wild; her heart beats madly. Make way for her through the crowd! She will climb that rock. Who is she? What impels her? Your hearts answer well. She starts. Up she goes. She hesitates. Will she give up? Is she going to fall? No, no. On she goes. Now on this shelf of rock; now the next. How the hearts of all tremble! Up she goes. God have mercy on her! God be praised! Look! She has reached the top of the cliff; she has the child in her arms. Down she comes, step by step. There she stands amid the joyous, grateful crowd, with the babe pressed to her bosom! What made her succeed, while the shepherd and sailor failed? I need not tell you who she was. Between her and that child were cables of love. Cart-ropes of love drew her to the cliff's top. Friends, on dangerous heights and in deadly depths are the lost all about us. Who will go to the rescue? God alone can save. God alone has brought deliverance. But God uses the cords of men and the bands of love. By these he drew us to himself; by these he is drawing us into fields of service. Oh, for bands of love this day! May we ever hear God saying: "I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love."

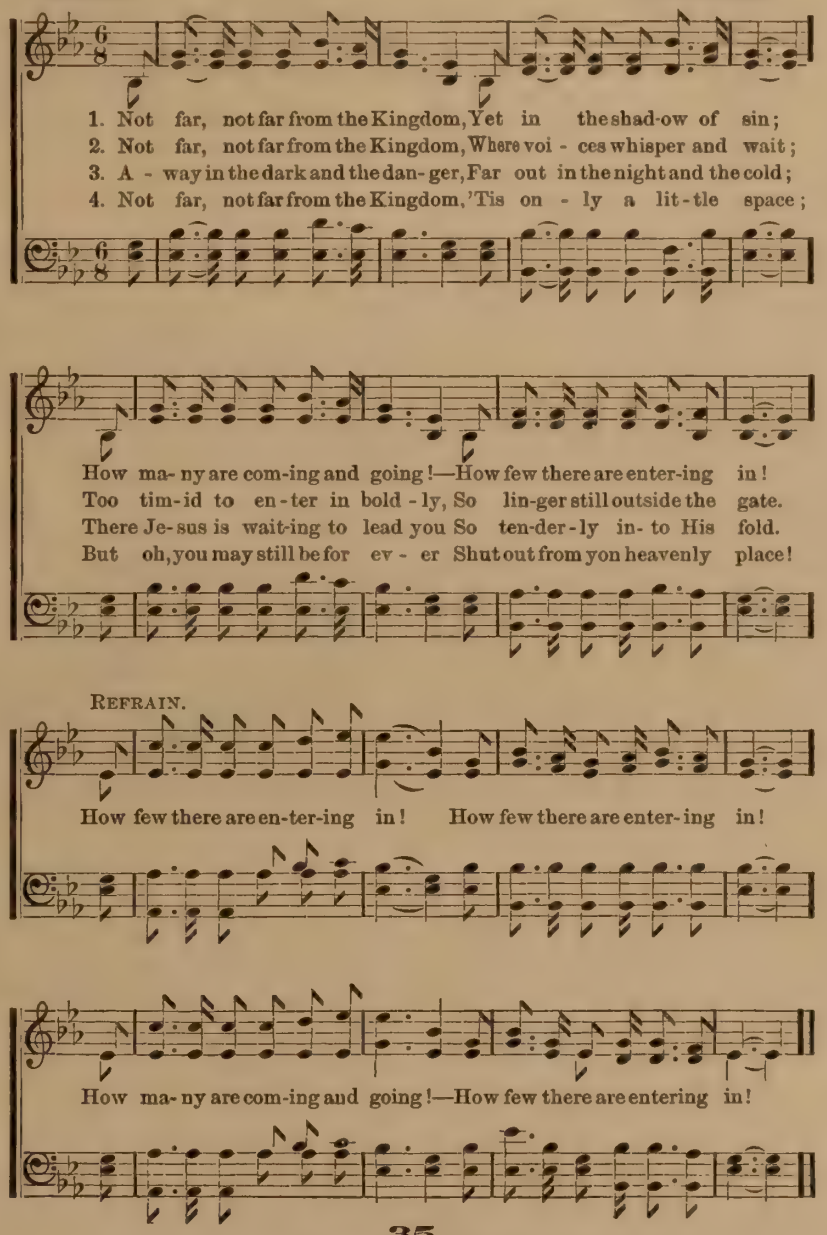
A PERSECUTED CHURCH.

A STRIKING testimony to the fidelity of converts is given by the Rev. John P. Jones of Southern India in a report of his work at Pasumalai. He has recently been holding services at Tirumangalam where there is a strong opposition to the Gospel. He says: "One well-to-do Christian has been robbed and annoyed by a few men of his village for several years. They were angry with him for his being a Christian, and jealous of his prosperity. They have indulged in the pastime of destroying his crop every year. He has sought redress from the courts, which have decided several times in his favor; but his enemies are desperate, and they manage in some way or other to convert every time his triumph in court into a loss in the village; so he has practically lost all his property, is daily in danger of his life, and saddest of all, his mind has given way under it. Generally speaking I do not feel sorry for persecution, for, though it has caused the loss of not a few churches and houses, it tests and confirms the faith of our Christians; and I hardly ever saw one turning his back upon our faith on account of persecution. On the contrary the most progressive congregation in the station is one most persecuted."

Not far from the Kingdom.

"Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."—MARK 12: 34.

Words arr. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, Yet in the shad-ow of sin;
2. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, Where voi - ces whisper and wait;
3. A - way in the dark and the dan-ger, Far out in the night and the cold;
4. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, 'Tis on - ly a lit-tle space;
How ma- ny are com-ing and going!—How few there are enter-ing in!
Too tim-id to en-ter in bold - ly, So lin-ger still outside the gate.
There Je-sus is wait-ing to lead you So ten-der-ly in- to His fold.
But oh, you may still be for ev - er Shut out from yon heavenly place!
REFRAIN.
How few there are en-ter-ing in! How few there are enter-ing in!
How ma- ny are com-ing and going!—How few there are entering in!

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THOU ART, O GOD!

THOU art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections cast from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vista into heaven;
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft and radiant, Lord! are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes;—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So glad, so countless, Lord! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh:
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

—SAMUEL A MONTEITH.

Panama, Sept. 25, 1892.

AFTER HARVEST.

THE days of harvest are past again;
We have cut the corn and bound the sheaves,
And gathered the apples, green and gold,
'Mid the brown and crimson orchard leaves.
With a flowery promise the spring-time came,
With the building birds and blossoms sweet;
But oh, the honey, and luscious fruit!
And oh, the joy of the corn and wheat!
What was the bloom to the apple's glow,
And what the flower to the honeycomb?
What was the song that sped the plow,
To the joyful song of the Harvest Home?

When apples are red on the topmost bough,
We do not think of their blossoming hour;
When the vine hangs low with its purple fruit,
We do not long for its pale green flower,
So, then, when hopes of our spring at last
Are found in the fruit of the busy brain,
In the heart's sweet love, in the hand's brave toil.
We shall not wish for our youth again.
Ah, no! We shall say with a glad content,—
"After the years of our hard unrest,
Thank God for our ripened hopes and toil!
Thank God, the harvest of life is best!"

THE PROPHETIC BABYLON.

The Mystery of the Woman and the City Described by the Seer in the Apocalypse.

BY GEORGE H. PEMBER, M. A.

THERE is, perhaps, no section of the Apocalypse more fraught with difficulty than the predictions concerning Babylon. Enigmatical and inconsistent with each other as, at first sight, they seem to be, we need careful attention to every particular, and much patient investigation of other Scriptures, if we would fully penetrate their meaning and possess ourselves of their secret. If we turn to the two chapters, the seventeenth and eighteenth, we see the apparent discrepancies between them. Were the seventeenth chapter all that remained to us, there would be little difficulty in its interpretation: for few students of Scripture can peruse it without recognizing the lineaments of Rome in its principal symbol.

On this point, the single fact that the woman is said to be sitting on seven mountains is in itself conclusive. For the Apostle to whom the vision appeared was certainly intended to understand it; and in his days Rome was everywhere known as the Seven-hilled City, or the city of the Seven Hills. More decisive is the declaratioe of the interpreting angel that the woman "is the great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth"—a description that no one could have mistaken at the time. For as yet, in the reign of Domitian, Rome showed no symptoms of waning power.

Without doubt the woman is Rome; and she must also be Papal and not pagan Rome. For Biblical usage teaches us that her title of Harlot could not be applied to an avowedly pagan system, but only to an apostate or falsely professing church.

As soon, however, as we begin to read the eighteenth chapter, we find the scene changed, and pass from mystery Babylon to a literal city, which is evidently the commercial centre of the world, and bears little resemblance either to Rome or to the Papal system.

Yet, strange to say, nearly all interpreters of the two chapters have failed to notice the distinction. And so they have either recognized the outlines of Rome in the seventeenth chapter, and then assumed, in spite of difficulties, that she is likewise to be found in the eighteenth; or else, being aware that the literal Babylon on the Euphrates has yet a grand part to play in the closing scenes of the age, and perceiving that all is written in the eighteenth chapter would be applicable to her were she restored, they have endeavored to adapt the previous chapter also to her circumstances.

But, whichever of these views be taken, the result is equally satisfactory: neither of them can supply an adequate interpretation of both chapters. For, in the first place, we observe that the subject of the seventeenth is represented to us as a woman, that of the eighteenth as a city; and in accordance with this, the woman is called Mystery Babylon, whereas the city is simply "Babylon the Great," or "that great city Babylon." This fact in itself is a hint that the former is not the literal Babylon on the Euphrates; while every particular in the description of the latter points to some other city.

Again; Mystery Babylon is not destroyed by the Ten Kings, because "God hath put in their hearts to fulfill his will, and to agree, and give their kingdom unto the Beast, until the words of God shall be fulfilled." Thus the Woman, or Harlot Church, must be thrust out of the way before the Antichrist can be revealed. Useful as it has hitherto been to the Powers of Darkness, corrupt ecclesiasticism must be swept off the face of the earth as soon as it is found to be obstructive to Satan.

The woman, then, must be destroyed before Antichrist begins his baneful reign. But elsewhere we learn that a great Babylon, which can be none other than the city of the eighteenth chapter, comes into remembrance before God under the Seventh Vial which is poured out at the close of that reign. Thus the catastrophes of the two chapters are not merely distinct, but are separated by an interval which cannot be less than three years and a half and may be more.

What then are we to understand by the city? The particulars given of it indicate that it is a great maritime and trading emporium, which Rome never was, and, from its situation, never could be. Moreover, the whole description is as evidently literal as that of the woman is figurative; and, without a hint of anything mystical, its subject is plainly called "that great city Babylon, that mighty city."

Such being the case, every principle of sound interpretation bids us to understand the eighteenth chapter as predicting the overthrow of a literal Babylon on the Euphrates, just before the appearing of the Lord Jesus in glory.

Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

A. W. B. E., Providence, R. I. Yes, practically so. The sermons usually occupy 35 minutes in delivery.

F. A. W., Topeka, Kan. You should vote as your conscience dictates. We cannot advise. Make it a matter of prayer.

Subscriber, Ottawa, Can. 1. Esculapius was the father of medicine. 2. We do not recall the circumstances of the trial now.

J. E. Anderson, West Boylston, Mass. You would be justified in so asserting. There was no opportunity for administering the rite before the man died.

John Sweltzer, Evergreen, N. Y. In the last number of your valuable paper, a correspondent (Mrs. J. A. Rockwood), writes: "Who invented the contribution box?" II. Kings 12: 9, will answer her question. As a testimonial to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD I would add that more instruction and profitable matter has been gleaned from the two numbers of our first subscription than from one of a denominational issue of nearly forty parts. May the HERALD have "free course."

Subscriber, Cranford, N. J. I would like to add my testimony for the profitable pleasure realized from the perusal of the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and for the special comfort and consolation obtained from the poem "Him" in the issue of October 5th. Having a memory, "greatly impaired by disease," I labored successive days and nights to retain the same, when suddenly it leaped into my mind, there to remain, I trust, a decided proof that

> "In him my treasure's all contained,
> By him my needy soul's sustained."

W. L. Amonett, Sunset, Tex. I only write to give you some idea of the vast good being done by your grand journal. You can't imagine the results accomplished by just two or three copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribed for in this backwoods neighborhood. It does away with sectarianism, united the different denominations and starts us out on Christian Endeavor work with great zeal and faith. Press forward! Thousands of earnest prayers are going up for you and your grand work every day. I shall try to get more of my neighbors and those of other neighborhoods to take THE HERALD.

H. A. Welker, Collegeville, Pa. Do you know of any book published on the subject of cremation?

Several have appeared within the last ten years. A recognized authority is Eassie's *Cremation of the Dead*, published in London.

Subscriber, Jamestown, N. Y. Is it right for a drug-store to be kept open and the clerks kept at work on the Lord's Day?

It often happens that a life would be lost if it were not possible to procure medicine on the Lord's Day, therefore it is right to keep the drug-stores open for the sale of medicines. A conscientious druggist would, however, refuse to sell on that day perfumery and other articles of a like nature, which are usually sold in drug-stores.

S. S. Moon, Ravenswood, Ill. Will you kindly give the statistics as to the number of Protestant Christian churches in China, and their total membership; also the number of conversions during the past year?

The number of organized Christian churches in China, including all the Protestant denominations, in the year 1890 was 520, of which 94 were self-supporting. The total communicants in these churches was 37,287. We have no data to give the number of conversions last year. There are some 40 societies, representing almost every Protestant denomination, now working in China, and it is almost impossible to obtain statistics on short notice from these sources.

Subscriber, Va. 1. Is it right for a Christian, whose business is that of a dairyman, to send milk on Sunday to supply customers to whom he sells during the week? 2. There is a verse in the Bible which says there is a time to dance. Can you explain its meaning?

1. There are aspects of the case that might make it seem a work of necessity. The injunction for observing the Sabbath does not exclude such works, but it is a duty, even in such cases, to make the necessary work as brief and light as possible, so as to leave the larger portion of the day for worship. 2. The passage, which is found in Eccles. 3: 4, has no reference to dancing in the sense in which that pernicious amusement is now regarded. It is used to express the variations of human feeling and emotion, such as laughing and leaping for joy as distinguished from weeping and mourning.

GOD'S PLEDGES AND OURS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Nov. 20. Acts 13: 32, 33; Joshua 24: 21-25.

SHARP and humiliating is the contrast of the two passages chosen to illustrate the topic of the day. The pledges of God fulfilled absolutely; human pledges broken again and again. That God should keep his promises, was to be expected. He would not be the God that we worship if the possibility of failure or negligence could be conceived in regard to him. That he is faithful who promised needs no proof. It is when we come to look at the human side of the covenant that we come upon failure and systematic violation of pledges. The whole story of the Hebrew people from the day of their deliverance from Egypt to the day of the destruction of Jerusalem under Titus is a story of revolt, of disobedience and desertion. Yet why blame them? No man who knows his own heart is without a history which makes theirs credible. It is with sadness that the very highest moments of spiritual ecstacy recur to the memory. The pledges and promises made then can be recalled only with shame and sorrow. Our performances of our promises fail so utterly that often it seems useless to renew the struggle. The promised avoidance of sin and the promised rendering of service are never quite fulfilled. Yet it is well that the struggle should go on. Every man is the better for the desire and the purpose to do the right even when he afterward fails. It would be an awful condition to sink to, in which there never came a resolution to amend. The Apostle speaking of the struggle between the higher and lower natures exclaims, "Oh, wretched man that I am!" But how much more wretched must any man be in whom there is no such struggle, in whom the lower nature rules without resistance. Therefore there is comfort even in the broken pledge. The effort has been made and while we grieve over defeat we take new courage to renew the strife.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE following is the voluntary pledge taken by such members of the League as desire to be especially useful workers along spiritual lines: "I will earnestly seek for myself and do what I can to help others attain the highest New Testament standard of experience and life. I will abstain from all forms of worldly amusements forbidden by the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church and I will attend, as far as possible, the religious meetings of the Chapter and the church, and take some active part in them." Many of the Leagues make use of the secular press by securing a column in the local paper. The Coxsackie Chapter, N. Y., is doing good work in this line. In many churches the Sunday evening vesper service is conducted by the league, and is a power for good. That is notably the case with the Fargo, North Dakota, Chapter, of which Mrs. J. W. Clapp is president. In these cases much depends upon the interest and co-operation of the pastor. These services have been especially blessed to the membership of the League of Wesley Chapter, Columbus, O. They develop the talent of the young people, and many who before this have thought that they could not say a word in public, now often bear their testimony for Jesus in the social means of grace. In many cases the League has proved a financial as well as a spiritual blessing to the church. The Chapter at Wortendyke, N. J., is making an effort to pay off the church mortgage. Of this sum two hundred dollars have already been secured. The Chapter of Elm Park Church, Scranton, Pa., has subscribed $1,500 toward a window for the new church. The evening service at Maywood, Ill., is in charge of the Epworth League and an interesting programme was rendered. League matters are thriving in this conference. The League at Kennard, Ind., is in a flourishing condition. A fine lecture course is planned for the winter. Careful preparations are being made for the Albion district convention in Jackson, Mich. Many Michigan Chapters will observe "Albion college day, Nov. 16." The design is to bring the young people of the State into hearty sympathy with their excellent college. The Epworth League Trinity Church, St. Louis, has a membership of 150. The Fall convention of the New York district League will be held in Asbury Church, Tarrytown. Greenfield League, Ohio, begins the second six months of its work with most of the old officers at the helm.

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A WESTERN C. E. LEADER.

ON this page we give the portrait of Mr. John C. Hartman, the president of the Washington State Union of Societies of Christian Endeavor. The *Golden Rule* gives the following biographical facts respecting him: He was born July 3, 1857, in a log cabin in Fountain County, Indiana. Farm life with his parents occupied him until 1873, when his father, with the family, removed to Kearney, in the central part of Nebraska, then one of the outward posts of settlement. In the spring of 1876 the young farmer's boy entered the University of Nebraska, at Lincoln, without money and friends, and worked so vigorously that he finished his course in 1880. Part of these four years, moreover, were spent as teacher in the public schools, and during his school term he supported himself by carpenter work, a trade he had learned when on the farm. After leaving the school the vigorous young man spent several months at engineering work for the Union Pacific Railroad, in Montana, and then returned to his home at Kearney, when he entered a law office as a student, and at the end of one year was admitted to the bar. He at once opened an office in Kearney, and followed his profession with decided success, rapidly gaining a large and lucrative practice. Early last year he removed to Tacoma, Wash., to take charge of legal business in connection with the Union Pacific Railroad. Mr. Hartman is a Presbyterian and was one of the lay delegates to the General Assembly of 1889. His election to the position of president of the Washington State Union of Christian Endeavor took place in May of this year.

MR JOHN P. HARTMAN, PRES. C. E., WASHINGTON

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THE GIFTS TO THE MOQUIS.

MANY of our readers who are King's Daughters responded to the appeal published here from Miss Marie E. Ives for gifts for the Moquis Indians who were leaving the cliffs to live in houses which Miss Ives was anxious to make neat and attractive to them. They will be glad to read the following message which comes from the wife of the allotting agent: "Your work for the Indian families who have their home complete (down off the Mesa), has had good effect. It has induced them to keep their houses, and even their yards, more cleanly, and you would be pleased to see how they appreciate your efforts. I notice, also, that they are careful of the bedding, towels and curtains, and they keep themselves more tidy since you furnished them combs and brushes. They wish to keep house as we Americans do. I am now among the people daily, and have been to nearly all the houses that we furnished for them. The tables and cupboards, furnished by Superintendent Collins and put in place by him, are a great improvement, also, for they now eat at the table, instead of sitting on the floor, as heretofore. Indeed, I see a most wonderful improvement among them, more than I expected to see in so short a time. If our Eastern friends could only see how happy these people are made by the help they have given, they would feel gratified to know that their efforts are appreciated."

Each house has two beds and a cook stove furnished by government, as help to civilization. Mrs. Collins, the wife of the superintendent, made nice little tables by nailing four boxes together, putting shelves inside and covering the whole with calico or cretonne. All these houses thus, by missionary work, contain curtains, lambrequins, pictures, sewing-bags, a half dozen tea-spoons, a large spoon, salt cellar, lamp-mat, comb, brush, etc. The ticks, sheets, pillow-cases, and other bedding had to go as far as they could. The arrangement of things, and instructions as to where and how to keep them, are greatly appreciated.

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THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOUR.

THE gratifying intelligence has been received of Dr. F. E. Clark's safe arrival in Australia. Arrangements have been made for a series of conventions during his stay. In his letter from Honolulu at which the ship touched on her way, Dr. Clark says: "I was disappointed that I could not meet the leading workers, but that could not be, since most of them were out of town on their vacation, and the only society in the city had suspended its meetings for a few weeks on account of the vacation. The Society in the Central Union Church is strong and vigorous and a real power in the church.

I was glad, also, to meet Mr. Wood, the very efficient president, and Miss Wing and other workers who did not leave Christian Endeavor behind them when they came to Honolulu. I was also glad to learn from Rev. Mr. Emerson that there are sixteen societies in the islands of Maui and Molokai alone, and over twenty in all the Sandwich Islands, to his knowledge. After we had been riding all day, and had seen a dozen places, each one of which seemed more lovely than the last, some kind friends took us to the steamer, loaded us with fruits and wreaths and garlands of flowers and aromatic leaves, after the beautiful Hawaiian custom, the royal Hawaiian band played "America" and the "Star-Spangled Banner;" and we were off again for three weeks more on the heaving bosom of the Pacific.

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THE Y. P. B. U. IN MISSOURI.

A MEMORABLE day for the Baptist Churches in Missouri was Monday, Oct. 17. A great gathering of representative men and women from all parts of the State assembled in Calvary Church, Kansas City, to organize a State Union of young people. Large contingents were present from St. Louis, St. Joseph, Springfield, Hannibal, Liberty and Moberly; and nearly every city in the State was represented. The General Secretary of the Union, Dr. F. L. Wilkins of Chicago, was present to give counsel and encouragement. After the usual introductory exercises, and a rousing speech from Dr. Wilkins, an open parliament was held in which difficulties were raised and discussed. Then the constitution of the Union was drawn up and the following officers were elected: Mr. Frank Wornall, Kansas City, president; Messrs. W. L. Logan, Moberly; O. L. Brownson, Springfield and E. M. Shoemaker, St. Joseph, vice-presidents; W. S. Harris, Palmyra, secretary and J. C. James, Kansas City, treasurer. The Board of Managers was composed of the officers and Messrs. W. J. Williamson, Kansas City; S. S. Chilton, Booneville and Dudley Duncan, St. Joseph. An earnest address on the place of the Baptist Young People's Union in the local churches was delivered by the Rev. D. T. Denman of Hannibal, and amid general congratulations the first convention broke up. The formation of the Union was mainly due to the unremitting efforts of Dr. Manley J. Breaker of Moberly. He was earnestly pressed to take office, but felt it his duty to decline.

CHURCH-GOING IN RUSSIA.

A Country Where Irreverent Folks are Promptly Rebuked.—St. Isaac's Cathedral

CHURCH-going in the Czar's empire is a very different affair from what it is almost anywhere else on the civilized globe. Almost as soon as a stranger enters a Russian church or cathedral he is struck by the very large attendance of men, and by their evident devotion during the services. This is not peculiar to St. Petersburg, but is the same all through Russia, and among all classes alike.

At the doors of the Greek churches, the worshipers are confronted with a line of men, or perhaps women, dressed in dark clothing and holding brass money-boxes in their hands, into which all are expected to drop a small coin. The worshiper then enters and prostrates himself for a few minutes. Strangers or foreigners who come to St. Petersburg churches and who do not show sufficient reverence by removing their hats or prostrating themselves decorously, are liable to be sharply reminded of the omission, if not expelled. There are no reserved pews in Russian churches; indeed, there are no seats in most of them. No distinction is made between prince and moujik. All stand or kneel, as the service requires, and all join heartily in the prayers and responses.

There are many beautiful buildings in St. Petersburg, and some that we might be disposed to regard as hideously ugly. Even the palaces are not all noble and imposing. The Anitchkoff Palace looks like a huge barracks, but that of the Emperor is a really fine, yet astonishingly plain building, such as might be occupied by some rich American merchant. On the other hand, all the wealth and resources of architectural art seem to have been lavished on the churches. In the Voznesinskiy street—which is long and somewhat narrow compared with other neighboring streets, but which has several fine squares—there are many beautiful buildings. Prominent among the latter is the Cathedral of St. Isaac (shown in the illustration) which is a worthy rival to St. Peter's at Rome. It stands in a great square near the river. Ever since the city was founded, this site has been occupied by a place of worship. First, Peter the Great built a little wooden church there; then several others were erected and, in 1819, the present splendid structure was begun. It is dedicated to St. Isaac of Dalmatia, on whose feast day Peter was born. Its columns of Finland granite have a strong resemblance to the Roman Pantheon. At the top of the pillars are friezes inscribed: "The King shall rejoice in Thy strength, O Lord." "My House shall be called a House of Prayer," etc., etc.

On entering this magnificent sanctuary, its splendor dazzles the eye of the visitor. Through the dim light comes a shimmer of gold and silver lamps, that burn perpetually before the shrines and the sacred pictures. The walls are studded with beautiful mosaics and the slender pillars are of malachite and *lapis lazuli*, while the pictures are framed in silver and gold, inlaid with brilliant gems. The inner temple is of precious stones and within that sacred enclosure, is a small model of the Cathedral itself, made of pure gold. In his recent work on Russia, Charles Augustus Stoddard describes a visit to this wonderful church, which is specially venerated by the Muscovites. Services are held there eight hours every day, consisting chiefly of prayers, at which poor and rich alike attend with fervent devotion. "We would do well while condemning the idolatry and ignorance of these people," remarks Mr. Stoddard, "to imitate them at least in a reverend demeanor and absorbed devotion, when they meet for worship in the house of God on the Sabbath." The *iconastos* or screen of St. Isaac's, which covers the entrance to the inner temple called "The Royal," "The Holy," or "The Beautiful," is woven of gold thread. The sonorous chanting, when the screen is drawn aside and the inner splendor revealed, awes the multitude of worshippers. The Greek Church does not recognize the supremacy of the Pope and rejects purgatory and other features that have a prominent place in Romish doctrine. It also forbids images and idols, but allows pictures and similar representations as aids to devotion. It is a form of religion so simple as to be readily understood by the masses of the people, and this doubtless accounts to a large extent for the great attendance at the churches, and the numerous pilgrimages made to holy places by all classes. Sunday in Russia is indeed a day of rest and worship. All shops are closed during service, and he would be a recreant indeed, who neglected his religious duties on that day.

Among the pleasantest experiences enjoyed by the Editor and Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, during their recent visit to Russia, were their visits to the great churches of St. Petersburg. The photograph of St. Isaac's presented on this page, is reproduced from one secured during their stay in the Russian capital. Other famous Russian churches are the Cathedral of the Assumption in Moscow—a grand old building in which many Czars have been crowned and buried, and which contains art treasures and jewels worth half a million roubles—the Church of St. Basil, "the Blessed," and the Church of the Saviour, both in the same city. The former was built by Czar Ivan, as a thank offering to God for victory, and the latter by Alexander I. to commemorate the deliverance of Moscow from the French.

CATHEDRAL OF ST. ISAAC, ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

(From a photograph secured by Dr. Talmage during his recent visit to Russia.)

BURDENS.

THY burden is God's gift.
And it will make the bearer calm and strong.
Yet, lest it press too heavily and long.
He says, "Cast it on me,
And it shall easy be."

And those who heed his voice.
And seek to give it back in trustful prayer,
Have quiet hearts that never can despair;
And hope lights up the way
Upon the darkest day.

It is the lonely load
That crushes out the life and light of heaven,
But borne with him, the soul restored, forgiven,
Sings out through all the days
Her joy and God's high praise.

—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

FACE BEAUTY AND SOUL-BEAUTY.

"IT is quite natural to desire to be beautiful," writes Mrs. Margaret Bottome. "I admire beauty, and I believe in obeying all the laws of hygiene in order to preserve beauty if one has physical beauty; but I want to say a few words to you, dear girls, about the beauty that is spoken of in the forty-fifth Psalm. And if you will take your pencil, you can draw it under these words: 'The King greatly desires thy beauty.' Now of course, that must be beauty of character, for that is the only imperishable thing. It makes no difference how much attention you may pay to making yourselves beautiful, physically; there will come a time when it will pass away, and unless there has been a cultivation of soul beauty, it will pass away, leaving the old age without a trace of the early beauty. I remember once having a Bible class of young ladies, and they were exceedingly plain-looking. One day I said: 'Girls, would you like to be beautiful old ladies?' They smiled and said, 'Yes.' 'Well,' I said, 'now is your chance. Not a day must be lost. Character begins to tell on the face after awhile.' I know old ladies who are really beautiful. The soul beauty has struck through the face. I often wonder we do not hear more sermons from 'Be Courteous;' and this courtesy shown in the home, in the school-room, in the store, everywhere. Carry a sort of delightful perfume wherever you go. If you will look closely into the same forty-fifth Psalm, you will see that of the King it was said, 'All thy garments smell of myrrh and aloes'—perfume."

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Harmonious Lives.

IN one of his sermons, the Rev. Dr. Wise relates the following incident which carries a beautiful home lesson with it: "A bridegroom requested his bride to accompany him into the garden a day or two after their wedding. He then drew a line over the roof of their cottage. Giving his wife one end of it, he retreated to the other side, and exclaimed: 'Pull the line!' 'She pulled at his request, so far as she could.' 'Pull it over.' 'I can't,' she replied. 'But pull with all your might,' still shouted the whimsical husband. 'But vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull over the line so long as her husband held the opposite end. But when he came round and they pulled at the same end, it came over with great ease.' 'There!' as the line fell from the roof, 'You see how easy it is, when we pull together. When disputes come, let's remember the line.'"

UNEQUALLY YOKED or ROSEMARY AND RUE

A STORY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HOME

(Written expressly for "The Christian Herald".)

BY

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.
(Author of "The Captain's Bargain.")

CHAPTER II.

CARDIFF'S DAUGHTER.

KNOCKING and shaking the door at last aroused the sleeping man, but it was with difficulty that he could be made to understand that his wife had departed. He seemed less concerned about her, than about the satchel which was the first thing he looked for. He hinted his suspicion that it had been stolen by some one in the hotel, and threatened that he would have the place searched for it by the police. He ordered his carriage and horses brought out and set out without paying his bill after the two fugitives. But Philippa noticed with satisfaction that the horses were slow and tired. She was sure that he could never catch them starting so long after them.

About ten o'clock Jean Marot came back riding the mare. Philippa went out to get the news from him. "No," he said, "the man had not overtaken them and the woman had got away safely on the boat. But the buggy had broken down and it was a complete wreck. She gave me five dollars," he continued, "I am a loser by the job."

"What was the matter with her? Bogus marriage?" asked one of Mr. Cardiff's assistants who strolled out and joined in the conversation.

"No;" Jean answered. "The marriage was genuine. She told me all about it. They were married a week ago. But she said she had found out something dreadful about him. She did not say what it was."

"Pity she did not find it out a week earlier. Folks who get married aint so sensible as we are when we take a contract to build a road. We look into things, but they go in blind. They think everything will turn out just as they want it."

At the supper table Mrs. Cardiff gave it as her opinion that it was a runaway match. She had known of many, she said, but never knew one turn out well.

"Oh," cried Frick, "I have."

"One case may be the exception that proves the rule," said Mrs. Cardiff. "I was only speaking of my own observation, and, I repeat, I never saw a runaway match that proved a happy one."

"My mother often says," remarked Tom McGregor, "that in the matter of marriage, the sins of the parents fall upon the children, and where parents make a runaway marriage some of their children rise up and do the same, and in all cases, where there was anything irregular or out of the proper line about a match, it crops out in kind in the next generation."

"That is the way that children avenge on their parents, the wrongs endured by the grandparents," said John Cardiff. "I have often observed that 'paying back'—is nature's plan of vengeance or retribution."

These conversations took place after tea, when the chief and his assistants were sitting on the lawn in the moonlight or sunset, resting after the labors of the day. At such times Jean Marot was wont to appear, modestly refusing to sit down, but propping himself against a tree, or a porch pillar, secure in the assurance that his wife would not venture there, and secretly sorry for his nieces, who were kept at serving as long as light lasted, and then sent to bed. The three younger Cardiff children on these occasions, were safe in their cribs, but the chief had discovered to his own satisfaction that Philippa could not sleep if sent early to bed, and that it was better for her to sit up as long as she liked, and sleep as long as she could in the morning. The chief always had his own way about Philippa, but Mrs. Cardiff felt convinced that behind this theory of sleep, lay the fact that the evening was about the only time the chief had with his daughter, and he wanted to enjoy her society, for in truth the keen intellectuality of Philippa made her a better companion for her father than any of the other members of the family.

But now, as the Sunday adventure was discussed, and Mrs. Cardiff saw Philippa eager and intent for all that was said, she interposed. "Mr. Cardiff, this seems to me not the proper subject for Philippa to hear discussed. Why don't you send her to bed?"

"What subject should she not hear discussed, my dear?"

"Why, marriage? She is only ten."

"And yet, even at ten, she must have found out that people do marry, that matches are being made every day."

"Well, I think that the less she hears about it the better."

"That depends upon the way in which she hears marriage discussed."

"She should not hear it discussed at all. Let her be a child as long as she can," said Mrs. Cardiff, in a voice of conviction.

"But who can tell the hour when childhood ceases, and womanhood dawns, especially when the child has Philippa's intellectuality? It would be the most dangerous thing of all, to reach womanhood, holding dwarfed or distorted notions, illy wrought out of the ignorance of the child? Childhood cannot be destroyed by truth, and a noble uprightness and simplicity of thinking on great subjects, will not destroy but rather affirm the purity of the child. Come here, Philippa."

Philippa came and stood beside her father, resting her arm on his shoulder, and her cheek against his hair.

"How old do you suppose that lady was, that was here Sunday?"

"She was seventeen," cut in Jean Marot. "I asked her."

"Then Philippa, she was but seven years older than you are, and my mother was but sixteen, only six years older than you are, when she was married, so it seems, that in six or seven years, you will be as old as many girls that marry. Now, my child, I do not know when in these next six years, you will begin to think on this question of marriage, as one in which you may have a personal interest, but I do know that if when such time comes, you form wrong conclusions, and reach wrong theories about it, you are likely to be a very miserable woman all your life; for the one thing above all others that can ruin a woman, and make her wretched, is a mistake in regard to her marriage. Let me tell you also, that it is easier to make a mistake in this regard, than to be exactly wise and right about it, and consequently happy. So now, right here, in time, when you are so very young, I want to give you some facts, assured facts about marriage, so that when you begin to consider it for yourself, you will not go wrong."

"But papa—suppose I don't ever marry?" spoke up Philippa.

"Even in that case, my instructions will not be thrown away. You will be able better to advise others, and also it is an advantage to hold good opinions on any subject whether or not we are personally and practically interested in it."

By this time the chatter in the group on the porch had ceased, and all were listening to the chief and his daughter, the assistants as suspecting that the chief might convey some lesson to them, through the ears of Philippa; Mrs. Cardiff evidently in a remonstrant amazed mood; and Jean Marot as one who had drunk of the dregs, and could not be told anything new about a bitter cup.

"In the first place, Philippa, marriage is a contract, a civil contract, a covenant between two people, and should, like all covenants, be honorably and rigidly adhered to. All our social life, all our business life, all our fortunes, rest on covenant making, and covenant keeping, between individual and individual. Covenants cannot be repudiated without danger and disgrace, and a general unfaith to covenants would destroy all the foundations of society, and overthrow all government. At the base of all social, civil covenants, lies the covenant of marriage, for it is that covenant which is the foundation of the family, and in the family children are born and reared up to be good or bad citizens. If covenant keeping in the home is disregarded, then we shall have lawless and faithless citizens, and a state of anarchy and dissoluteness, such as preceded and assured the fall of the Roman Empire. Therefore, once this contract of marriage is entered into, between man and woman, to be true to each other, to maintain a home and righteously build up a family, it must be rigidly adhered to during life, for nothing is more base, dangerous and contemptible than the breaking of a covenant."

"But, sir;" interposed McGregor, "people don't realize that all this is in a marriage contract."

"They ought to. It is plain enough, and only a state of idiocy or utter wickedness would ignore it. When I make a contract for a road, do I throw it up after awhile, declaring that it entails too much trouble and expense, and I did not think it included such care in material, and such investment of capital, labor, and time? Now why should marriage, the fundamental contract of all on which rests the home, the germ of the state, and the moulding-place of the individual, be the least considered and most carelessly broken of all contracts? Furthermore, Philippa—for it is to you I am talking, marriage is more, really, than a civil contract, because it is the one contract originally drawn up by God himself, for the human race; it is made under his sanction, he is usually called as a witness to its conditions; his blessing is invoked upon it; and his name is made its guarantee. Therefore in the contract of marriage, one individual enters into certain fixed relation with another individual, and both enter into covenant with God to maintain the marriage state in all love, honor and fealty, as he ordained it."

"Truly, sir;" cried Frick," I think very few consider that, when they are getting married."

"Lack of consideration is just what I complain of, but failing to consider, does not lessen the real binding force, the sacred binding force of the contract, man-ward, and God-ward."

"Here's a man who married in a hurry, and has been sorry every since," said Frick, softly.

A phæton drove up, and a slender dark, alert man assisted from it a tall, large lazily-moving blonde beauty, who walked slowly up the path, her full, ruffled muslin skirts trailed in billows after her, a fleecy white shawl falling from her shoulders. As all rose, and the chief offered her a seat, she looked about and said: "Tom, I believe your chair is the best of the lot, give it to me. Why do they make chairs so uncomfortable? Just like those things, what do you call 'em? Racks? yes—none of them fit to rest in."

Tom resigned his chair, and went to meet his cousin, Edgar Sayce, who was tying his horse.

"Have you been to church today?" asked Frick of Mrs. Sayce.

"No. Edgar went on horseback. I never get up till nine, and then by the time I've dressed and had breakfast, it is too late for church."

"I should think the baby would need you before nine," said Mrs. Cardiff.

"Oh, the nurse takes care of him."

"Or neglects him," said her husband. "When a nurse is sure she won't be looked after, the baby suffers for it. I wouldn't give a clerk full swing that way. I look after my business and you ought to look after yours. It is a pity to have my child less well cared for then my dry goods."

"How long are you going to stay out in the country?" asked Mrs. Cardiff, to create a diversion in this matrimonial jar.

"Edgar means to stay till cold weather on account of the baby. I'd go to-morrow, before I starve, if I could."

"You don't look like starving," said her husband, "and if the baby's mother won't help him, the weather and country must."

"What do they give you to eat here, anyhow?" asked Mrs. Sayce, shrugging her shoulders. "Anything new? At our place it is about the same story all the week round. Our landlady made a delicious sturgeon stew, yesterday, and I sent to Oswego for some smoked eels. I like such eating for my part. I'll be glad enough when I get back to the city, and can go to a first-class hotel for a real spread, now and then."

"What do you do with yourself all day, Nora?" said Tom, "I haven't seen you for a week."

"It is so much trouble to go about," replied his cousin, "I lie in the hammock and read, and take naps, and I have some embroidery, but I don't get it done very fast."

Edgar Sayce had seated himself by the chief, and began to converse with the eager air of one starved for intellectual companionship; his wife discussed food with Mrs. Cardiff, asking about new dishes, to suggest to her landlady. She also demanded of Frick what new novels he had seen at the railroad news stands, and bade him bring her half a a dozen. Edgar wouldn't, he said she read too many novels. For her part to lie at ease, and read a novel, was the best thing that could be done. Better even than the theatre, for that you had to dress for and go to.

Finally Sayce said they must go, and his wife, who had yawned openly for half an hour, readily agreed.

"There's a mis-match," said Tom, as he came from the gate.

"Edgar is active, quick, full of mental activity. All principle. Nora is just a handsome animal. She makes me wonder if a human form can sometimes be born without a soul. To Edgar marriage is already a bitter bondage."

"One must respect to truly love," said the chief."

"O," cried Frick, "do you hold that, sir? I have seen a man really, madly in love with a person I am sure he could not respect. A vain, silly, false person. And I have seen girls in love with men, who swore, drank, idled—fellows they could not respect."

"That was not love, but fancy or passion, the poorest stuff in the world out of which to create marriage faith. I am speaking of a true and noble self-sacrificing, self-forgetting love, having all the finest elements of friendship, with more of ardor and exclusiveness. For while one may cherish several friends, one can love but one husband or wife."

"My sister," said Frick, "is all for art and intellect and study. She married a fellow she thought must be perfect, because he was handsome. He is a simple clod, struts around with a cane, and lives to eat and play checkers, and leaves poor Min to support him and the rest of them, working herself to death teaching, painting, and singing. Makes me mad every time I see the fat, well-brushed, lout—talks about his 'family position'—won't take work he can do, and is glad he can't find anything up to the level of his merits."

"You see, Philippa what comes of haste in marriage. So, my daughter, you are not to marry too young, but wait until your mind and character and health are solidly formed and then you are to marry after a deliberate choice, to the best of your judgment, a person worthy of your dearest love, and whom you would be able to live with in peace and happiness, for perhaps sixty years. Good night, Philippa."

"Mr. Cardiff! How could you!" cried his wife, when the closing of a bedroom door announced that Philippa was out of hearing.

"How could I what?" said Cardiff.

"Talk so to Philippa. It was beyond her years."

"I doubt if we ever really know what is beyond a child's years."

"But to turn her mind to such subjects!"

"The mind will turn to these subjects, no matter how silent we are, and it is better to give it right lines to travel upon, than to leave it to entanglement in a maze of error."

"I am sure I should not want Laura or Marion, talked to so even when they are ten," sighed Mrs. Cardiff.

"Perhaps it would not be wise to talk to them so," said John Cardiff, with a smiling thought of the round calm faces, the cool blue eyes, the slow organization, of his two younger daughters.

"Oh, I know what you mean," said Mrs. Cardiff, without any irritation, "you think Philippa is a genius, and Laura and Marion are commonplace children. But I'm sure I don't regret it. You and I will find Philippa as much as we can look after, when she grows up, especially if you will talk to her as if she were years older than she is. I don't want more than one genius in the family as far as I am concerned; if we give one daughter to the forum, let us have two for the hearth."

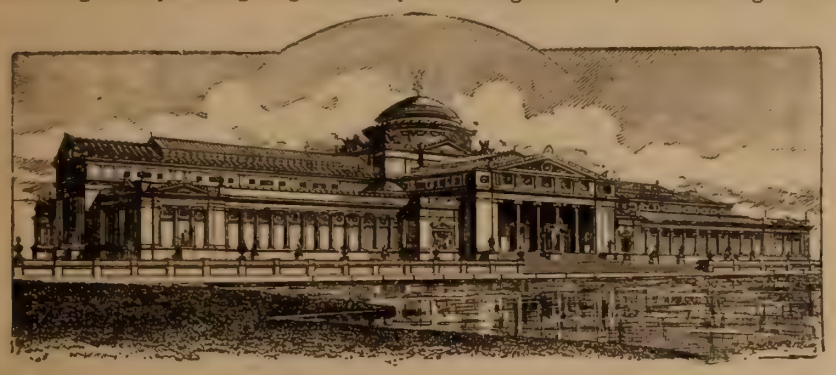
Mrs. Cardiff delivered this sentence with much satisfaction, and her husband wondered where she had picked it up. However, Mrs. Cardiff was an admirable step-mother, and had Philippa's best good at heart. He explained:

"My dear, I deprecate as much as you do, this hateful modern fashion of talking to little children about love and sweethearts, and marrying and courting. It is disgusting; it lies at the root of much wrong thinking, of blase boys and girls, of foppery and coquetting, and a general decadence of the idea of marriage. I sincerely thank you for the way you try to save our children from this early perversion. But our own childish experience, if we look back, and what we observe about us every day will show us that children do early begin to think about love and marriage, and in my view it is far better to talk frankly and purely with them on such themes, than to abandon them to hypocrisy and distorted imaginations."

(To be Continued.)

THE GREAT FAIR DEDICATED.

WITH the dedication of the World's Fair Exposition at Chicago, the great enterprise has practically begun its public existence. It was a representative national gathering that assembled in the Manufacturers and Liberal Arts Building to participate in the dedicatory exercises. Chicago had decorated itself proudly for the occasion and the city was filled with guests representing the government,



THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.
(*In which the Dedicatory Exercises of the World's Fair were held.*)

both Houses of Congress, the Diplomatic Corps and public men from every State in the Union, besides a host of people who had come to Chicago specially to witness the ceremonies. The street parades, military and civic, were unusually fine.

In the vast building itself (which is shown in the illustration on this page), 57,000 seats had been provided for spectators and there was room for 10,000 standing. Few such crowds have ever been seen anywhere. The programme of exercises was as ollows:

"Columbian March;" Prayer by Bishop Charles H. Fowler, of California; Introductory address by the Director-general; Address of welcome and tender of the freedom of the city of Chicago, by Mayor Washburne; Dedicatory Ode, by Miss Harriet Monroe, of Chicago; Presentation of the works of master artists of the World's Columbian Exposition, and awards of medals; Address by Mrs. Potter Palmer, Chicago; Tender of the buildings on behalf of the World's Columbian Exposition to the president of the World's Columbian Commission,and Presentation of the same to the President of the United States for dedication; Speech of acceptance by the Vice-President. Next a dedicatory oration by Hon. Henry Watterson, of Kentucky; followed by more music and a Columbian oration by Chauncey M. Depew; Prayer, music, a benediction and a grand national salute closed the programme.

The beautiful building in which the ceremonies were held is one of the largest structures in the world, being 1687 feet long by 787 feet wide. It cost $1,700,000. The ground area embraces nearly 31 acres, or, including floor and galleries, about 44 acres in all. It is three times the size of St. Peter's in Rome.

Work on the buildings for the exposition is now progressing with wonderful rapidity. In a future number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we will have something to say concernng the preparations which Chicago is making to accommodate and entertain its army of visitors during the Fair, and, as many of our readers doubtless anticipate taking the trip, the information will interest them. It will be of special interest to all who are endeavoring to avail themselves of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Free Trip offer, already explained in these columns.

A SINGULAR REVIVAL.

IN a township in the western part of New York, without any special or known cause, numbers of individuals were suddenly aroused to anxious inquiry and trembling respecting their souls. Some in different parts of the town, without any knowledge of the affections of others, were alarmed by the consideration of their sins. Two men, from different directions, came to a clergyman in the morning, asking "What shall we do?" The same morning, said a resident, one of the members of the church called upon the same clergyman, to go and visit several anxious individuals in his neighborhood; and before night it was ascertained, that almost the whole population of a considerable district, were solemnly, and with weeping, asking the prayers and instructions of the people of God. Accompanied by the pastor, on that and the subsequent day, we visited from house to house; but wherever we went the Spirit had preceded us. The whole region was a Bochim. A solemn awe pervaded our soul, and we could not but feel that, "God is in very deed in our midst."

Mrs. Southerland.

I Had Goitre

Or swellings in the neck since I was 10 years old; am now 52. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla recently and the swelling has entirely disappeared. It has been very troublesome. When I began I was feeling so discouraged with the goitre and rheumatism I felt that I would as soon be dead as alive. Whenever I caught cold I could not walk two blocks without fainting. Now I am free from it all and I can truly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. I received a letter from Mrs. Jennie Bigelow, now of Fremont, Mich., asking if my testimonial in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla was true; I replied it was, and sent particulars. I have another letter from her thanking me very much for recommending

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and stating that she also has been cured." MRS. ANNA SUTHERLAND, Kalamazoo, Mich.

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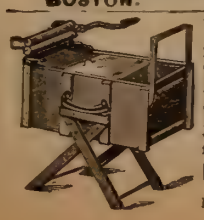

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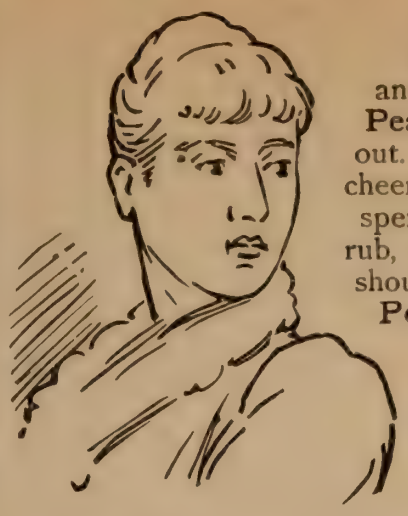

Look Around
and see the women who are using **Pearline.** It's easy to pick them out. They're brighter, fresher, more cheerful than the women who have spent twice as much time in the rub, rub, rub, of the old way. Why shouldn't they be? Washing with **Pearline** is easy.
And look at the clothes that are washed with **Pearline.** They're brighter, and fresher, too. They haven't been rubbed to pieces on the washboard. They may be **old,** but they don't show it. For clothes washed with **Pearline** last longer.

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Please mention The Christian Herald.

A LETTER From the most eloquent Preacher, the Late
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon
That will be Read with Great Interest by all who are at Death's Door.

DEAR MR. CONGREVE:—As a rule I have no faith in advertised remedies; but it must now be some twenty-five years since first I saw in the person of one of my students the effects of your remedy. He seemed at death's door, but he lives now, a strong, hearty man. Since then I have seen in many, very many instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but I testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have saved numbers from Consumption. I have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of your medicine with sincere gratitude. Personally, I find it most useful in the case of wearing cough. Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation. Yours heartily,
(Rev.) C. H. SPURGEON,
"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

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GOD'S GOODNESS.

I WOULD not if I could repeat
A life which still is good and sweet;
I keep in age, as in my prime,
A not uncheerful step with time,
And, grateful for all blessings sent,
I go the common way, content
To make no new experiment.
On easy terms with law and fate,
For what must be I calmly wait,
And trust the path I cannot see—
That God is good sufficeth me.
And when at last upon life's play
The curtain falls, I only pray
That hope may lose itself in truth,
And age in heaven's immortal youth,
And all our loves and longing prove
The foretaste of diviner love!

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

A CHRISTIAN KING IN AFRICA.

THE Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland is mourning the death of a friendly potentate in Africa who has done efficient service to the cause. He was the King of Creektown on the Old Calabar coast. His name, when a young man, was Esna, and he received his first instruction in Gospel truth in 1847, but was not publicly received to the church till 1858. His uncle was King Eyo II. Ensa was bitterly opposed in his faith by his wife and his family, and inasmuch as he stood in good relations with the missionaries and with the traders, he was for a long time distrusted by his people. It was proposed to to choose Esna as king, but three influential men prevented his election "lest he sell the kingdom to God's white men." The man who was chosen to the place proved incapable, and his principal supporters died, and Ensa was asked to become king. He made two conditions prior to his acceptance: "first, that the king govern, and people submit to be governed, by the will of God, so far as that will is made known in the Bible, and that there be no religious intolerance; second, that he be not king of a party, but that all submit to him individually." These conditions were accepted and Ensa was crowned king.

His reign was peaceful and wise. He administered justice impartially; but aroused the antipathy of the heathen chiefs by his firm adherence to Christian customs. He was a finely built man, over six feet in height, but he was modest and retiring, yet ready to do whatever he could for his people. He was for a time superintendent of the Sunday School, which office he diligently discharged. If the minister was absent and need arose, he conducted divine service very acceptably. At his funeral there was a vast assembly of mourners, and the missionary who sends the report speaks of it as a most remarkable fact that when the funeral was over the town lay as quiet as if no such event had occurred. How great a change from the too well remembered days when hundreds of slaves would have been slain to keep him company in the other world.

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Does the Bible contain Scientific Errors?

In the November number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE this question is asked by Prof. Chas. W. Shields of Princeton, and answered by him with an emphatic NO

The article is one of rare interest. It answers a great number of the questions that are now foremost in the world's thought, and it will help to sustain and strengthen Christian faith everywhere. It is the beginning of a great series in THE CENTURY on SCIENCE AND RELIGION. "The Effect of Scientific Study upon Religious Beliefs" will appear in the December CENTURY. "The Present State of Old Testament Criticism," "The Bible and the Assyrian Monuments," etc., etc., are to follow.

The November CENTURY contains also the most practical suggestion yet offered in the matter of opening the World's Fair on Sunday—from the pen of BISHOP POTTER of New York. The number is one of the most interesting issues of a magazine ever made. In fiction it is especially strong, containing the first chapters of MRS. BURTON HARRISON'S NEW NOVEL OF NEW YORK SOCIETY, "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," as well as three noteworthy complete stories.

Be sure to see the November CENTURY, ready Nov. 1st,—35 cents, on all newsstands. New subscribers should begin with this issue, the first of a volume. The GREAT CHRISTMAS NUMBER ready December 1st. Remit to the publishers, or subscribe through dealers. $4.00 a year. The Century Co., 33 East 17th Street, New York.

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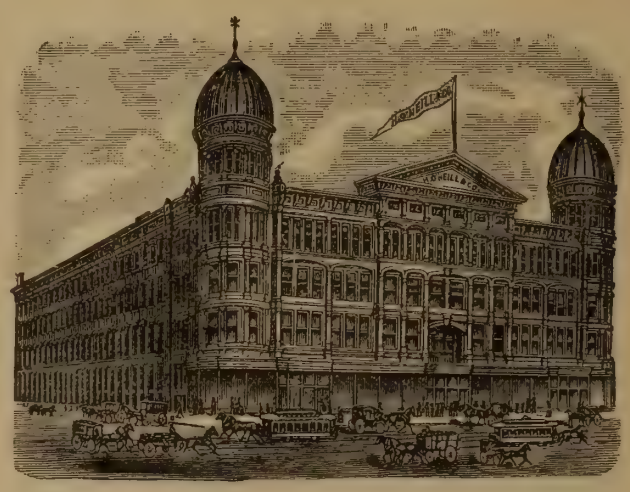

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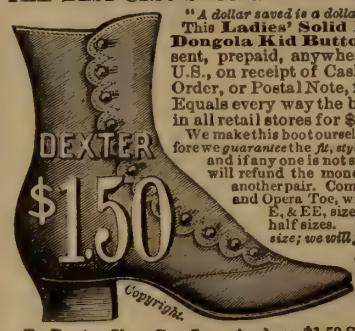

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"A Jolly Christmas," by C. H. Gabriel. (Just Issued). "One Christmas Eve," "A Christmas Vision," "Catching KrisKringle," "Santa Claus & Co.," "The New Santa Claus," "Santa Claus' Mistake," "Judge Santa Claus," "The Waifs' Christmas." Price, of each 30 Cents, Postpaid.

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Catalogue of all kinds of Christmas music furnished on application.

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THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.*

THERE are four classes of books in the Old Testament: The Law, consisting of the five books of Moses, from Genesis to Deuteronomy, which show how the Theocracy was established, and contain the laws that were to govern it; the Historical Books, comprising those from Joshua to Esther, which give the course of the Theocracy through its periods of prosperity, decline, exile, and restoration, in order to show the mercy, love, and holiness of God, and the wickedness of men; the Poetical Books, comprising those from Job to the Song of Solomon, which for the most part give the religious experiences of those who had appropriated to themselves the truths that God had revealed; and the Prophetic Books, comprising those from Isaiah to Malachi, which give the reproofs, warnings, and promises by which God sought to keep Israel faithful to himself. The Hebrews themselves arranged all the books into three classes, placing most of the Historical Books with the Prophetical, and calling them all "The Prophets," and placing the rest of the Historical Books with the Poetical, and calling these "The Writings," *i. e.*, the Holy Writings.

The books of the Old Testament were produced during a period of about a thousand years. As we have them in our Bible they are not arranged in their chronological order. This is especially to be remembered in reading the Prophetic Books. In some cases it is impossible to determine accurately the date of the books, but we can understand them better when we know the circumstances in the midst of which they were produced. There is a great advantage in studying the books in their chronological order.

It is to be observed that in the case of the Historical Books the names of the authors are not given. The authors and dates have to be determined from a study of the books themselves. This is sometimes difficult to do. There is, however, no serious lack of agreement about these books. In the case of the Pentateuch, it is claimed by some that the books were written at various times far later than the days of Moses. It is sufficient here to say that this claim has not been satisfactorily proved to be true. It is no doubt true that some parts of the Pentateuch were added after the death of Moses. But we may accept with confidence the historical trustworthiness of the whole. It is also claimed that some of the Prophets—*e. g.*, Isaiah and Zechariah, consist of writings by different men. There are good authorities on both sides of this question. So also there are different views about the authorship of the Poetical Books. But their value will remain substantially the same whoever wrote them.

*From *Outline Analysis of the Books of the Bible:* by Prof. Barnard C. Taylor; 191 pp.; cloth; price 75 cents; published by the American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Roland Graeme: Knight; a story of to-day; by Agnes Maule Machar; cloth; pp. 285; price $1; Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, publishers.

Sunday Reading for the Young, by Gordon Brown, Geo. Montbard, Helen Miles, T. Pym, G. W. Rhead, A. G. Walker, and others; pasteboard; pp. 412; price $1.25; E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York, publishers.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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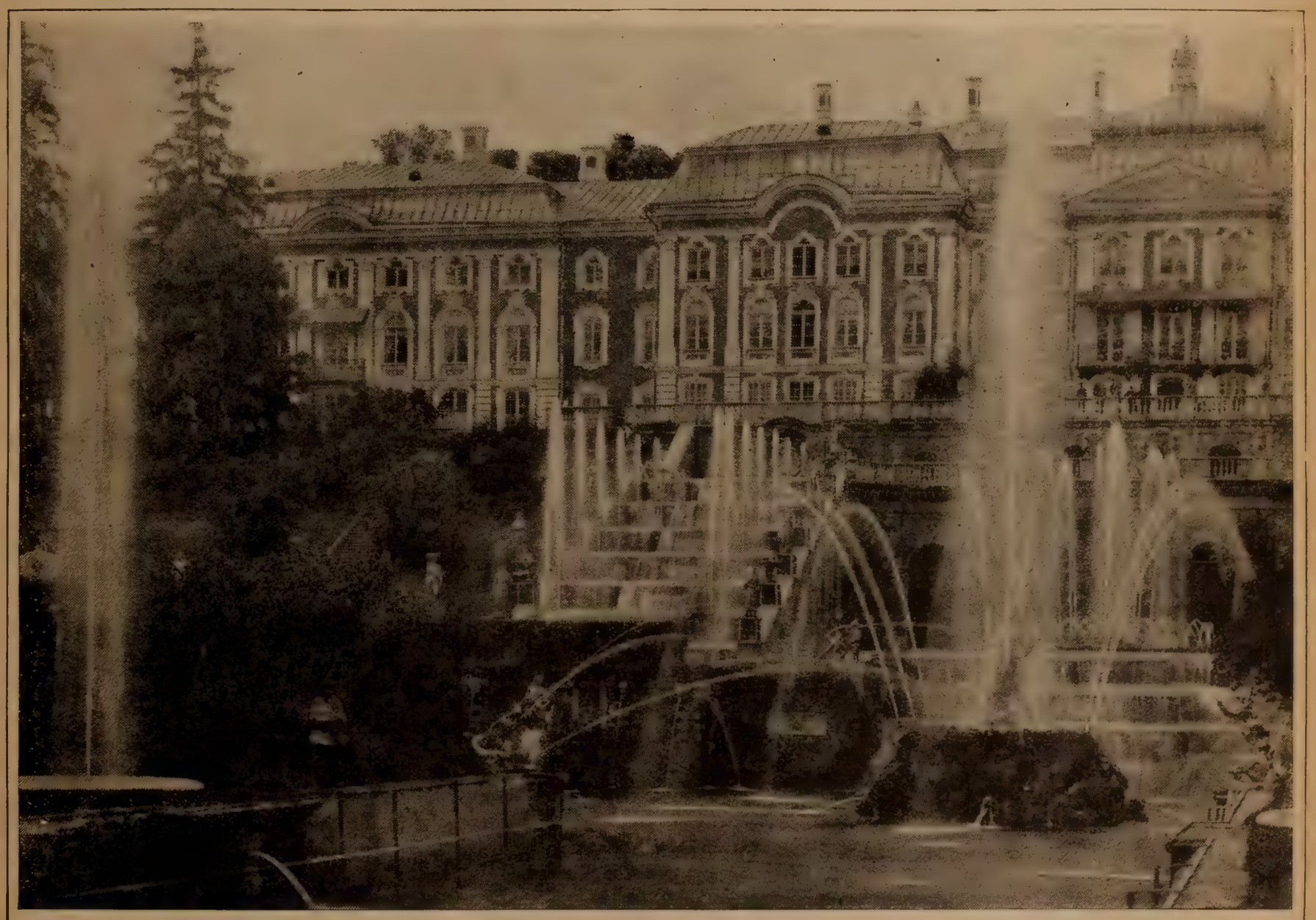
SEVERAL months ago, while the editor and publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were in Russia, supervising the distribution of the cargo of food conveyed thither by the steamship *Leo*, we had occasion to refer to the natural and artistic wonders of the famous Palace at Peterhof, which for two centuries has been the favorite resting-place of the Czars, during the brief Russian summer. To-day we present a photograph which instantly conveys to the mind what no power of description can do, showing the marvelous beauty of this imperial retreat—a place fraught with memories of romance and conquest.

With the exception of the famous gardens at Versailles and St. Cloud, in France, there are no grounds in Europe laid out with such artistic elaboration as those of the Imperial Summer Palace at Peterhof. The Palace has undergone many changes since the days of its founder, Peter the Great. It is built on a height of sixty feet above the level of the sea, and its gardens are laid out in beautiful and elaborate designs, with water-works that are the wonder and admiration of all Russia. This costly and magnificent display is due to Emperors Alexander I. and Nicholas I., who desired to rival the Imperial pleasure-grounds near Paris. From a summer house on the Palace grounds at Peterhof, Peter the Great would sit for hours on bright days, watching the evolutions of his fleet in the harbor below. The Imperial family passes a portion of every summer at this beautiful resort. These grounds have at different times witnessed fetes of remarkable proportions, and every year the birthday of the reigning Empress is celebrated by a grand illumination which is said to be the finest pyrotechnic display in the world. Empress Alexandra, at her birthday fetes, has had at different times, fully 100,000 persons present, while $50,000 have been expended on fireworks. All the way from Peterhof to Oranienbaum on the west, and to Stremla on the east, the coast is an unbroken series of beautiful gardens, dotted with villas that sit like miniature palaces, gilding the heights overlooking the Gulf of Finland.

The Summer Palace (shown in the photograph on this page), is a long, two-story, yellow-tinted building, situated on an eminence overlooking groves and gardens of fairy-like beauty. Its profusion of waterworks and the number of its fountains amaze the visitor; while the parks, nurseries and conservatories indicate an enormous outlay. Hundreds of bronzes—figures of men and beasts in every conceivable attitude, satyrs, nymphs, etc.,—adorn the terraces, piers and wide staircases, with here and there a colossal bronze, either of a single figure or a group. A fountain famous all over Russia is called *Samson*, the figure of the herculean son of Manoah being carved by the artist struggling with a lion, from whose open mouth rises a broad stream of water. Everywhere is a succession of water scenes, with vari-colored lights behind the sprays and apparently in the very heart of the waves. Canals, wide enough for boating, are diversified by innumerable cascades, and by fountains whose jets rise high in air to fall in a myriad diamond drops, cooling the atmosphere and giving life and beauty to the scene. These lighted waterfalls and fountains

(*Continued on page 729.*)



THE IMPERIAL SUMMER PALACE AT PETERHOF, ON THE GULF OF FINLAND, RUSSIA.

(*From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage during his recent visit to Russia.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE GOLDEN CALF.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Exodus 32: 20: *"And he took the calf which they had made and burnt it in the fire, and ground to powder and strewed it upon the water and made the children of Israel drink it."*

PEOPLE will have a god of some kind, and they prefer one of their own making. Here come the Israelites, breaking off their golden earrings, the men as well as the women, for in those times there were masculine as well as feminine decorations. Where did they get these beautiful gold earrings, coming up as they did from the desert? Oh, they "borrowed" them of the Egyptians when they left Egypt. These earrings are piled up into a pyramid of glittering beauty. "Any more earrings to bring?" says Aaron. None. Fire is kindled; the earrings are melted and poured into a mold, not of an eagle or a war charger, but of a calf; the gold cools off; the mold is taken away, and the idol is set upon its four legs. An altar is built in front of the shining calf. Then the people throw up their arms, and gyrate, and shriek, and dance mightily, and worship. Moses has been six weeks on Mount Sinai, and he comes back and hears the howling and sees the dancing of these golden-calf fanatics, and he loses his patience, and he takes the two plates of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments and flings them so hard against a rock that they split all to pieces. When a man gets mad he is very apt to break all the Ten Commandments! Moses rushes in and he takes this calf-god and throws it into a hot fire, until it is melted all out of shape, and then pulverizes it—not by the modern appliance of nitro-muriatic acid, but by the ancient appliance of nitre, or by the old-fashioned file. He makes for the people a most nauseating draught. He takes this pulverized golden calf and throws it in the only brook which is accessible, and the people are compelled to drink of that brook or not drink at all. But they did not drink all the glittering stuff thrown on the surface. Some of it flows on down the surface of the brook to the river, and then flows on down the river to the sea, and the sea takes it up and bears it to the mouth of all the rivers, and when the tides set back, the remains of this golden calf are carried up into the Hudson, and the East River, and the Thames, and the Clyde, and the Tiber, and men go out and they skim the glittering surface, and they bring it ashore and they make another golden calf, and California and Australia break off their golden earrings to augment the pile, and in the fires of financial excitement and struggle all these things are melted together, and while we stand looking and wondering what will come of it, lo! we find that the golden calf of Israelitish worship has become the golden calf of European and American worship.

I shall describe to you the god spoken of in the text, his temple, his altar of sacrifice, the music that is made in his temple, and then the final breaking up of the whole congregation of idolaters.

Put aside this curtain and you see the golden calf of modern idolatry. It is not like other idols, made out of stocks or stone, but it has an ear so sensitive that it can hear the whispers on Wall street and Third street and State street, and the footfalls in the Bank of England, and the flutter of a Frenchman's heart on the Bourse.

It has an eye so keen that it can see the rust on the farm of Michigan wheat and the insect in the Maryland peach-orchard, and the trampled grain under the Russian war charger.

WORSHIPPING THE GOLDEN CALF.

It is so mighty that it swings any way it will the world's shipping. It has its foot on all the merchantmen and the steamers. It started the American Civil War, and under God stopped it, and it decided the Turko-Russian contest. One broker in September, 1869, in New York, shouted: "One hundred and sixty for a million!" and the whole continent shivered.

This golden calf of the text has its right front foot in New York, its left front foot in Chicago, its right back foot in Charleston, its left back foot in New Orleans, and when it shakes itself it shakes the world. Oh! this is a mighty god—the golden calf of the world's worship.

But every god must have its temple, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its temple is vaster than St. Paul's of the English, and St. Peter's of the Italians, and the Alhambra of the Spaniards, and the Parthenon of the Greeks, and the Taj Mahal of the Hindoos, and all the other cathedrals put together. Its pillars are grooved and fluted with gold, and its ribbed arches are hovering gold, and its chandeliers are descending gold, and its floors are tesselated gold, and its vaults are crowded heaps of gold, and its spires and domes are soaring gold, and its organ pipes are resounding gold, and its pedals are tramping gold, and its stops pulled out are flashing gold, while standing at the head of the temple, as the presiding deity, are the hoofs and shoulders and eyes and ears and nostrils of the calf of gold.

Further: every god must have not only its temple, but its altar of sacrifice, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone as other altars, but out of counting-room desks and fire-proof safes, and it is a broad, a long, a high altar. The victims sacrificed on it are innumerable. What does this god care about the groans and struggles of the victims before it?

With cold, metallic eye it looks on and yet lets them suffer. Oh! heaven and earth, what an altar! what a sacrifice of body, mind and soul! The physical health of a great multitude is flung on this sacrificial altar. They cannot sleep, and they take chloral and morphine and intoxicants. Some of them struggle in a nightmare of stocks, and at one o'clock in the morning suddenly rise up shouting: "A thousand shares of railroad stock—one hundred and eight and half! take it!" until the whole family is affrighted, and the speculators fall back on their pillows and sleep until they are awakened again by a "corner" or a sudden "rise" in something else. Their nerves gone, their digestion gone, their brain gone, they die. The clergyman comes in and reads the funeral service: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Mistake. They did not "die in the Lord;" the golden calf kicked them!

The trouble is, when men sacrifice themselves on this altar suggested in the text, they not only sacrifice themselves, but they sacrifice their families. If a man by an ill course is determined to go to perdition, I suppose you will have to let him go; but he puts his wife and children in an equipage that is the amazement of the avenues, and the driver lashes the horses into two whirlwinds, and the spokes flash in the sun, and the golden headgear of the harness gleams, until Black Calamity takes the bits of the horses and stops them, and shouts to the luxurious occupants of the equipage: "Get out!" They get out. They get down. That husband and father flung his family so hard they never got up again. There was the mark on them for life—the mark of a split hoof—the death-dealing hoof of the golden calf.

Solomon offered in one sacrifice, on one occasion, twenty-two thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty thousand sheep; but that was a tame sacrifice compared with the multitude of men who are sacrificing themselves on this altar of the golden calf, and sacrificing their families with them. The soldiers of General Havelock, in India, walked literally ankle deep in the blood of the "house of massacre," where two hundred women and children had been slain by the Sepoys; but the blood around about this altar of the golden calf flows up to the knee, flows to the girdle, flows to the shoulder, flows to the lip. Great God of heaven and earth, have mercy! The golden calf has none.

Still the degrading worship goes on, and the devotees kneel and kiss the dust, and count their golden beads, and cross themselves with the blood of their own sacrifice. The music rolls on under the arches; it is made of clinking silver and clinking gold, and the rattling specie of the banks and brokers' shops and the voices of all the exchanges. The soprano of the worship is carried by the timid voices of men who have just begun to speculate; while the deep bass rolls out from those who for ten years of iniquity have been doubly damned. Chorus of voices rejoicing over what they have made. Chorus of voices wailing over what they have lost. This temple of which I speak stands open day and night, and there is the glittering god with his four feet on broken hearts, and there is the smoking altar of sacrifice, new victims every moment on it, and there are the kneeling devotees; and the doxology of the worship rolls on, while Death stands with mouldy and skeleton arm beating time for the chorus—"More! more! more!"

Some people are very much surprised at the actions of folk on the Stock Exchange. Indeed, it is a scene sometimes that paralyzes description, and is beyond the imagination of any one who has never looked in. What snapping of finger and thumb and wild gesticulation, and raving like hyenas, and stamping like buffaloes, and swaying to and fro, and running one upon another, and deafening uproar until the president of the Exchange strikes with his mallet four or five times, crying, "Order! order!" and the astonished spectator goes out into the fresh air feeling that he has escaped from pandemonium. What does it all mean? I will tell you what it means. The devotees of every heathen temple cut themselves to pieces, and yell and gyrate. This vociferation and gyration of the Stock Exchange is all appropriate. This is the worship of the golden calf.

But my text suggests that this worship must be broken up, as the behavior of Moses in my text indicated. There are those who say that this golden calf spoken of in my text was hollow, and merely plated with gold; otherwise, they say, Moses could not have carried it. I do not know that; but somehow, perhaps by the assistance of his friends, he takes up this golden calf, which is an open insult to God and man, and throws it into the fire, and it is melted, and then it comes out and is cooled off, and by some chemical appliance, or by an old-fashioned file, it is pulverized, and it is thrown into the brook, and, as a punishment, the people are compelled to drink the nauseating stuff. So, my hearers, you may depend upon it that God will burn and he will grind to pieces the golden calf of modern idolatry, and he will compel the people in their agony to drink it. If not before, it will be so on the last day. I know not where the fire will begin, whether at the "Battery" or Central Park, whether at Brooklyn Bridge or at Bushwick, whether at Shoreditch, London, or West End; but it will be a very hot blaze. All the Government securities of the United

States and Great Britain will curl up in the first blast. All the money safes and depositing vaults will melt under the first touch. The sea will burn like tinder, and the shipping will be abandoned forever. The melted gold in the broker's window will burst through the melted window-glass and into the street; but the flying population will not stop to scoop it up.

THE WORSHIP OF MAMMON IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

The cry of "Fire" from the mountain will be answered by the cry of "Fire" in the plain. The conflagration will burn out from the continent toward the sea, and then burn in from the sea toward the land. New York and London with one cut of the red scythe of destruction will go down. Twenty-five thousand miles of conflagration! The earth will wrap itself round and round in shroud of flame, and lie down to perish. What then will become of your golden calf? Who then so poor as to worship it? Melted, or between the upper and the nether millstone of falling mountains ground to powder. Dagon down. Moloch down. Juggernaut down. Golden calf down.

But, my friends, every day is a day of judgment, and God is all the time grinding to pieces the golden calf. Merchants of Brooklyn and New York and London, what is the characteristic of this time in which we live? "Bad," you say. Professional men, what is the characteristic of the times in which we live? "Bad," you say. Though I should be in a minority of one, I venture the opinion that these are the best times we have had for the reason that God is teaching the world, as never before, that old-fashioned honesty is the only thing that will stand. We have learned as never before that forgeries will not pay; that the spending of fifty thousand dollars on country seats and a palatial city residence, when there are only thirty thousand dollars income, will not pay; that the appropriation of trust funds to our own private speculation will not pay.

The golden calf of our day, like the one of the text, is very apt to be made out of borrowed gold. These Israelites of the text borrowed the earrings of the Egyptians and then melted them into a god. That is the way the golden calf is made nowadays. A great many housekeepers, not paying for the articles they get, borrow of the grocer and the baker and the butcher and the dry-goods seller. Then the retailer borrows of the wholesale dealer. Then the wholesale dealer borrows of the capitalist, and we borrow, and borrow, and borrow until the community is divided into two classes, those who borrow and those who are borrowed of; and after a while the capitalist wants his money and he rushes upon the wholesale dealer, and the wholesale dealer wants his money and he rushes upon the retailer, and the retailer wants his money and he rushes upon the consumer, and we all go down together. There is many a man in this day who rides in a carriage and owes the blacksmith for the tire, and the wheelwright for the wheel, and the trimmer for the curtain, and the driver for unpaid wages, and the harness-maker for the bridle, and the furrier for the robe, while from the tip of the carriage tongue clear back to the tip of the shawl fluttering out of the back of the vehicle, everything is paid for by notes that have been three times renewed.

It is this temptation to borrow, and borrow, and borrow, that keeps the people everlastingly praying to the golden calf for help, and just at the minute they expect the help the golden calf treads on them. The judgments of God, like Moses in the text, will rush in and break up this worship; and I say, let the work go on until every man shall learn to speak truth with his neighbor, and those who make engagements shall feel themselves bound to keep them, and when a man who will not repent of his business iniquity, but goes on wishing to satiate his cannibal appetite by devouring widows' houses, shall, by the law of the land, be compelled to exchange his mansion for Sing Sing. Let the golden calf perish!

But, my friends, if we have made this world our god, when we come to die we will see our idol demolished. How much of this world are you going to take with you into the next? Will you have two pockets—one in each side of your shroud? Will you cushion your coffin with bonds and mortgages and certificates of stock? Ah! no. The ferry-boat that crosses this Jordan takes no baggage—nothing heavier than a spirit. You may, perhaps, take five hundred dollars with you two or three miles, in the shape of funeral trappings, to Greenwood, but you will have to leave them there. It would not be safe for you to lie down there with a gold watch or a diamond ring; it would be a temptation to the pillagers. Ah, my friends! if we have made this world our god, when we die we will see our idol ground to pieces by our pillow, and we will have to drink it in bitter regrets for the wasted opportunities of a lifetime. Soon we will be gone. O! this is a fleeting world, it is a dying world. A man who had worshipped it all his days, in his dying moment described himself when he said: "Fool! fool! fool!"

I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never crumble. Here are securities that will never fail. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die. When your parents have breathed their last, and the old, wrinkled, and trembling hands can no more be put upon your head for a blessing, he will be to you father and mother both, giving you the defense of the one and the comfort of the other; and when your children go away from you, the sweet darlings, you will not kiss them good-by for ever. He only wants to hold them for you a little while. He will give them back to you again, and he will have them all waiting for you at the gates of eternal welcome. Oh! what a God he is! He will allow you to put your arms around his neck, while he in response will put his arms around your neck, and all the windows of heaven will be hoisted to let the redeemed look out and see the spectacle of a rejoicing father and a returned prodigal locked in glorious embrace. Quit worshipping the golden calf, and bow this day before him in whose presence we must all appear when the world has turned to ashes and the scorched parchment of the sky shall be rolled together like an historic scroll.

EVANGELIST QUINN'S ANTI-GAMBLING CRUSADE CAR—"ROANOKE."

THE ANTI-GAMBLING CRUSADE.

Mr. Quinn's Gospel Car an Accomplished Fact—A Converted Gambler's Good Work.

IT is gratifying to note that when the Lord is in need of a man for a particular kind of work, he raises one up. The gambling vice is an evil which of late years has taken a deadly hold upon thousands of the young men of our land. Mr. John Philip Quinn, whose work THE CHRISTIAN HERALD early recognized as a praiseworthy movement against this vice, when he came to the East last June, is now conducting his crusade in a very unique and practical way by the use of his anti-gambling car. Those readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who have contributed to this beautiful car (a picture of which appears on this page), will be pleased to know that Mr. Quinn is now in possession of one of the finest cars ever built for evangelistic work. The car which has been named the Roanoke, was constructed by the Jackson & Sharp Company, Wilmington, Del., and is valued at $12,000. It is through the generosity of Mr. Job Jackson (the builder of the car) that Mr. Quinn has been so promptly put in possession. About $6,000 has yet to be raised to complete paying for the car. The public dedication will take place shortly, in the Grand Central Depot, New York. The photograph from which our illustration is reproduced was taken in the railway depot at Wilmington, Del., as the car was about to start for Philadelphia, where crowds of people gathered around it to hear Mr. Quinn speak. Many railroad men have gone into the car to hear the Gospel for the first time in many years. A short Gospel service is held in the parlor of the car every morning, at each stopping-place.

Mr. Quinn has associated with him two earnest workers, who have been very enthusiastic in pushing forward this crusade—Mr. Norman A. Johns, and Rev. O. S. Palmer of Chicago. The spacious drawing-room, which will seat from thirty to forty people, is open all day and in the evening. Being always on the railroad it will be of special benefit to railroad men in turning them from the saloon or Gambling house. Mr. Quinn does not confine his services to the car but gives free lectures in churches, Y. M. C. A. halls and in any place where he can reach the ears and hearts of the people. At Wilmington, thousands of visitors inspected the car, including many Sunday School children. The gentlemen standing in front of the car in the photograph are principally clergymen who came down from their Monday meeting to inspect the *Roanoke*. On the occasion of his first service in the car at Philadelphia, Mr. Quinn had an audience of 1,500, to whom he spoke from the platform of the car.

Besides being a Gospel and lecture room on wheels, the *Roanoke* is a public reading-room. After every service the entire car is thrown open to the public who are invited to enter and inspect it. It enables Mr. Quinn to reach widely distant points with the least possible delay and to carry on the work effectively, promptly and economically.

During the past year Mr. Quinn's work has been greatly blessed in being instrumental in reforming and converting many who had become slaves of the gambling vice, and hundreds of letters from grateful friends and parents, as well as repentant victims, testify to the value of his labors in this particular part of the Gospel field.

THE APOSTLES TURNING TO THE GENTILES.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 27. Acts 13: 44 to 14: 7. Golden Text, Acts 13: 47. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

ALL God's dealings with man are in grace. From first to last, man can claim no credit, nor any superiority to his fellow-man, on the score of God's favor towards him. God indeed chose Abraham and his seed, and his dealings with his ancient people are the strongest proof of the inspiration and authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, which we can offer to the Bible rejector. But God's grace to Abraham did not make him intrinsically superior to other man, so that he had a right to despise them

Pride and Self-Importance

are weeds that grow apace, not in the world only, but in the garden of the Lord. There are few rich men, whether converted or unconverted, who do not consider themselves, by virtue of their possessions, superior to their poorer neighbors; they think they have a right to respect and consideration just because they have more money, more land or more power than other men.

It is the same in spiritual things as in secular. The same sinful, unbecoming pride which makes a rich man value himself above his fellows, even if he is a gambler, an impure man, a swindler and so a curse to his generation—also worked in the Jewish people to make them despise the Gentiles, and shut the door of faith to them. "I am not better than my fathers" (1. Kings 19: 4), was a lesson Elijah needed to learn. "He must increase, but I must decrease," was a true mark of John the Baptist's real acquaintance with God. The first missionaries needed to learn this lesson. Probably even after they had heard of and seen much of the conversion of the Gentiles, they may have thought in their inmost hearts that the conversion of one Jew was of more value than that of many Gentiles.

"As we have seen, Paul's first missionary sermon created a great stir in the synagogue and Paul yielded to the Gentiles' request that the same message should be preached to them on the following Sabbath. How much of prayer, how much of real waiting upon God took place during that intervening week, we know not! But we may be sure it was a time of intense communion between the missionaries and their God. How much might depend upon that next Sabbath! It would, certainly, be a day of crisis.

The day broke, the hour on which so much hung, came around, and "almost the whole city" was gathered together "to hear the word of God." Who gathered this audience? There were no newspaper notices, no placards, no announcements. No; but when the Spirit of God is at work in a place in answer to the prayer of his children, he makes every awakened soul serve his purpose in unconsciously making others anxious to hear that which has so deeply stirred him. Oh, evangelists and Christian workers of the nineteenth century, why do ye turn to "the beggarly elements of the world," and seek, by amusements, entertainments, and other ways of pandering to the flesh, to coax immortal souls to listen to those things which make for their peace! Oh ye missionaries of the nineteenth century, why seek some other inducement than the blessed tidings of salvation, preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, to lay hold of heathen minds! For Jew and Gentile, civilized and barbarian, Paul found the pure Gospel with the present power of the Holy Ghost, sufficient.

Of course there was opposition, Satan contests every inch of ground where God is working in power. He does not interfere much where a church, or mission, or a missionary is leaning on earthly methods, on an arm of flesh; but where the Holy Ghost has room to work; Satan knows full well he is going to be a loser, and he is up and doing. Through the Jews, the self-important Jews, he made his attack: he stirred up jealousy in them when they saw the multitudes. What right had these men to come and make such a stir? Why should the people prefer to hear them and this new doctrine? It reflected on them; they had hitherto been looked up to as the teachers of both Jew and Gentile inquirers, why should not the multitudes throng to hear them? Personal feeling and wounded pride influenced them. They were "filled with jealousy," possessed with the demon of jealousy, and so saw all things in the wrong light and "spake against those things which were spoken by Paul, contradicting and blaspheming." When anyone yields to the spirit of jealousy, or to personal feeling of any kind, he becomes a slave, he is not master of his reason for the time being, he sees all things in the light of his warped, self esteem. It was

A Moment of Crisis;

here for the first time in a distinctly heathen city the message of Christ's salvation had been publicly preached to Jew and Gentile alike, and here the majority of the Jews who were present bitterly opposed, while the Gentiles eagerly drank in the word of life. Paul's commission was "to the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel" (Acts 9: 15); he might not for the sake of a few Jews ignore the claims of seeking Gentiles to whom he had been sent. All the Pharisee in Paul was shaken, the old pride of race tottered to its foundation, Paul went through a crucifixion with Christ that day as a Jew, and Christ in him triumphed over his natural and educational exclusiveness, he became as a yielded instrument of the Lord, "the apostle of the Gentiles" from that day forward.

Having settled the point with God, in that old time when he started on his course as a disciple of Jesus, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" (Acts 9: 6), Paul was ready to go forward. Barnabas, a man probably of far less strength of character than Paul, had passed through the same experience and together they took their stand as interpreters of the mind of God, leaving all the consequences to him. "Paul and Barnabas waxed bold, and said; It was necessary that the Word of God should first have been spoken to you: but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles."

"Unworthy of Everlasting Life!"

What? Is this how God looks upon those who do not receive the Gospel? There are hundreds of flippant young people in our day who will say with a giggle, "Not to-night!" when some man or woman of God, who has prayed or wept over their souls, comes with a heart yearning with love to make a personal appeal to them in an inquiry meeting. Poor, silly, deluded creatures, who trifle thus with their immortal souls! They judge themselves unworthy of everlasting life! By the little value they, put upon eternal things, they show how little they are capable of understanding them; they have sold themselves, sacrificed their better part, to vanity and the things of time, and all their inner man which could take in things eternal has been ignored and neglected, until they have made themselves incapable of the high destiny to which God has called them! While they account God's grace unworthy of their acceptance, God, who alone can fully estimate its cost, regards their contempt as self judgment; it is they who are unworthy of eternal life!

"For so hath the Lord commanded us," continued the missionaries, "saying, I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles, that thou shouldst be for salvation unto the ends of the earth." It was a glad moment for their Gentile hearers; it was the signal for persecution on the part of the Jews. The Gentiles "were glad, and glorified the word of the Lord: and as many as were ordained (or were disposing themselves), to eternal life believed. And the Word of the Lord was published throughout all the region." The barriers were broken down and that Word had free course. At last God had found instruments who understood him, and could enter into the largeness of his thought, now Paul would know and proclaim to others how Jesus Christ by the grace of God, tasted death for every man, and God could glorify his name and fulfil his Word by gathering in the Gentiles without stumbling his children.

But the wideness of God's mercy was intolerable to the narrow, exclusive Jews, they appealed to the honorable women, and to the chief men of the city, and found arguments on this side just as successful as those which brought about the crucifixion of the Master, and thus persecution was stirred up against these first missionaries. They succeeded in expelling them from their coasts, but not the Word of God which they had preached. According to their marching orders (Matt. 10:14), "they shook off the dust of their feet against them, and came unto Iconium." And what about the converts at Antioch? Were they desolate and inconsolable for the loss of their teachers? There would have been very little proof of the ministry of these missionaries if it had been so. The true proof of the work of an evangelist or missionary is what there is left of the work when he is gone. The disciples were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost. Paul and Barnabas might leave them joyfully and trustfully in such hands.

The sphere of their labors might change, but the work which God committed to them did not change: no fear of persecution would hinder them from carrying out the charge with which God had commissioned them. At Iconium as at Antioch, they entered into the synagogue, and here again they troubled the peace of the congregation. They "so spake, that a great multitude both of the Jews and also of the Greeks believed." How can a missionary so speak that those who hear him, should believe? Just as he speaks only in the Spirit, just as it is true of him: "It is not ye that speak but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." (Matt. 16: 20).

But no rest for true missionaries;" "The unbelieving Jews stirred up the Gentiles, and made their minds evil-affected against their brethren." What should they now do? The work was most difficult, most trying to patience; but as yet their lives were not in danger. What did their Master do? He "endured the contradiction of sinners against himself." (Heb. 12: 3.) They did not run away because of the difficulties. "Long time therefore (just because of these very trials of their faith and patience), abode they speaking boldly in the Lord."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

ALMOST the whole city came. Large congregations, large classes in the Sunday School should be regarded as opportunities involving responsibility. To have had large numbers within reach of the voice and waiting for warning and teaching, and not to have given it will bring an awful burden of remorse at the last. A poor madman in an asylum was always repeating the same words, "Oh! if I only had!" He had been a signalman at a railroad bridge which opened over a river. When the bridge was swung open it was his duty to show the danger signal and stop any train that was approaching. One night he forgot to show the red signal, the bridge was open, and a train full of people was hurled into the river. The shock drove the poor man out of his senses and he was continually repeating the same sad words.

The Jews were filled with envy. They did not like to see the people flocking to hear the new teachers. But envy often leads its victim to destruction. It is related that a certain wrestler was envious of his rival, the famous Theagenes, to whom a statue was erected. His envy continued after Theagenes was dead and one night while looking at the statue which showed the celebrated athlete in one of the attitudes of wrestling he was seized with the uncontrollable impulse to overthrow it. He clinched with the statue and put forth all his might, as if he were contending with the living man. The statue was tilted by his effort, fell over, and crushed him.

The Jews regarded the Christian preachers as unauthorized and believed that they alone were the proper teachers of religion to the people. Mr. Spurgeon tells a pleasant story of an encounter he had with a Roman Catholic priest in Italy. Mr. Spurgeon said: "When I was in Rome a priest came to one of my meetings and asked me what authority I had to preach. I said, 'Two horses run a race on your Corso. One has a grand pedigree, but he is lame in three legs and can not stand on the other. The second horse has no pedigree, but quickly runs over the course. Which should have the prize? Can you show thieves made honest, drunkards sober? Come to my tabernacle and I can show you hundreds. These are my certificates.' The people cheered vociferously, and the priest, a notorious profligate, beat a retreat."

I have set thee to be a light. A gentleman who paid a visit to a light-house lately, said to the keeper, "Are you not afraid to live here? It is a dreadful place to be constantly in." "No," replied the man; "I am not afraid. We never think of ourselves here." "Never think of yourselves! How is that?" The reply was a good one. "We know that we are perfectly safe and only think of having our lamps burning brightly, and keeping the reflectors clear, that those in danger may be saved." Christians are safe in a house built on a Rock, which cannot be moved by the wildest storms and in a spirit of holy unselfishness they should let their light gleam across the dark waves of sin, that imperilled ones may be guided into the harbor of heaven.

The light must come from Christ, but those who have received light from him should go forth as light to others. In a chaste, elegant little chapel, called the "Chapel of the Sacred Heart of Jesus," in a Roman cathedral, the principal object is a crimson lamp in the shape of a heart. It is formed of glass and partly filled with oil on which floats a tiny flame illumining the crimson glass, so that the heart seems on fire—a burning heart—its flame ascending before the altar by day and night! In a small box at the side of the chapel candles are sold. When a candle has been procured the ministering acolyte lights it at the flame of the sacred heart, and hands it to the worshipper, who then proceeds, with lighted candle, to pray before a series of historical pictures, following the various stages of the Saviour's toil and suffering to his sacrifice on the cross. Christ is better served when those who have received the light do not pray before pictures, but carry the light to the dark places of the world.

"During a voyage to India," says the Rev. S. Compton. "I sat one dark evening in my cabin, feeling unwell. Suddenly the cry of 'Man overboard!' made me spring to my feet. I heard a tramping overhead, and resolved not to go on deck, lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man. 'What can I do?' I asked myself; and unhooking my lamp I held it near the top of my cabin and close to my bull's-eye window, that it might shine on the sea and as near the ship as possible. In half a minute's time I heard the joyful cry, 'It's all right, he's safe;' upon which I put my lamp in its place. The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the cause of saving the man's life; it was only by the timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him.

When the Gentiles heard they were glad. An Englishman visiting a slave-mart, was deeply moved by the agony of a slave-girl, who had been delicately reared, and feared that she should fall into the hands of a rough master. The gentleman inquired her price, paid it to the slave-dealer, then placed the bill of sale in her own hands, telling her that she was free, and could now go home. The girl could not realize the change at first, but running after her redeemer, cried, "He has redeemed me! He has redeemed me." Her heart was full of joy. Christ redeems those who believe on him from captivity to Satan and they have reason to be glad.

Part held with the Jews and part with the Apostles. The preaching of the Gospel always causes this division. Some who hear it hold with the world and some with Christ but it is not always that the latter have the courage to declare it. Something more than fifty years ago there was a small dinner party at an aristocratic mansion in England. The ladies had withdrawn, and under the guidance of one member of the company the conversation took a turn, of which it will be enough to say that it was dishonorable to Jesus Christ. One of the guests said nothing, but presently asked the host's permission to ring the bell, and when the servant appeared he ordered his carriage. He then, with the courtesy of perfect self-command, expressed his regret at being obliged to retire; but explained that he was still a Christian. Mark the phrase, for it made a deep impression at the time—"Still a Christian." Perhaps you think that the guest who was capable of this act of simple courage must have been a bishop, or at least a clergyman. He was not. The party was made up entirely of laymen, and the guest in question was a statesman who afterward became premier. He was the great Sir Robert Peel.

THE PALACE OF THE FOUNTAINS.

(Continued from first page.)

flash and tumble in all directions. From some points the view presented is that of an inextricable medley, out of which a single step serves to bring order and beauty. On fete day the fountains are in full play and when seen in fine weather, the effect is charming beyond description.

Last summer, on the occasion of the visit of Rev. Dr. Talmage and Mr. and Mrs. Klopsch to Peterhof, by Imperial invitation the numerous fountains were playing and the scene was one of the most enchanting imaginable.

The Summer Palace itself does not seem to be by any means a notable building, but within, the inlaid polished floors, magnificent saloons and delicate tapestries, together with all the treasures of porcelain and malachite, and the vast picture galleries, make it a place, once seen, never to be forgotten. In one room is a collection of paintings of nearly nine hundred of the most famous women in Russia. There is a Chinese room, a dining-room in white, and rooms containing memorials of the long line of Russian sovereigns, nearly all of whom, like the present occupant of the Russian throne, have passed part of their summers at Peterhof. They with their glories, ambitions and strifes have passed away; but the record of centuries of accumulated art remains.

A well-known traveler, Mr. W. E. Curtis, thus describes a part of these wonderful grounds: "In one basin, the jets are so arranged, in the center and on the sides, as to form the Russian coat-of-arms in water. There is another peculiar effect produced by arranging little brass tubes, about the diameter of a lead pencil, and of different lengths, from two inches to three feet, over an area of several square yards. When the supply is turned on, there is a fountain in the shape of a pyramid, a pyramid of water, the tip of which is twelve or fourteen feet high, and the base about twelve feet square. This, when illuminated with lights of different colors, is worth seeing. Just imagine, if you can, a pyramid of purple water, or green or gold, or crimson.

"But the greatest curiosity of all in the way of fountains is a great tree of bronze. Every limb and branch is a conduit, every leaf a jet, and when the water is turned on the effect is most remarkable. The forest is full of fairy water scenes; here and there are magnificent jets two or three feet in diameter, then fountains that throw spray over marble nymphs, and cascades in the most unexpected places. Basins of water, with blooming flowers and foliage plants in the centre, like floating gardens, statuary of bronze and marble, artistic arbors and kiosks, some of burnished brass, and every possible variety of shrubbery and flowers."

When the palace grounds are to be illuminated, 1800 men are kept busy three weeks making the preparations. Hundreds of thousands of many-colored lamps are hung on lattice work and when all are lighted, the parks gardens, lakes, fountains and shrubberies seem to be filled with living fire.

In the great park of Peterhof and near all this gorgeous display, is a low-built, homely-looking Dutch cottage, where Peter the Great passed his summers in study and retirement, his only companion his peasant wife, who was both cook and empress. The humble building is in striking contrast to all the luxury and magnificence that surround it, and speaks eloquently of the simple, yet resolute character of the strange man who founded an empire and reared a splendid capital in the wilderness.

The highest place on Russia's roll of honor to-day is given not to any of the men who have occupied the gorgeous palace, but to the man who lived in the humble Dutch cottage and made all that magnificence possible. He is the national hero, Russia's great one, and that because he denied and humbled himself that he might make his country great. It is another and a conspicuous proof of the soundness of Christ's philosophy: "Whosoever will be chief among you let him be your servant."

DEMENTIA HEALED.

The tranquilizing effect of faith in Christ was never exhibited more forcibly than in the case of a man who was converted under the teaching of Rev. J. J. Turner of Shansi, China. He had been driven almost crazy by the perfidy of a friend and the infidelity of his wife when he came under the care of Mr. Turner and found in Jesus peace and rest to his soul. He had been a student, and had won his degree. He had a friend, a bosom companion, to whom he told every thought, and they were together in college in the examinations, and went back to their village home together to take part in the festivities that were got up by their friends. Before these festivities were over, he found that his friend was false, and had brought shame into his home. A terrible scene ensued. The wife committed suicide by jumping down a well. The husband went out of his mind, fled from his native home, and wandered about the district for days and nights in the frienzy of hatred and despair. At last he returned to the place. His hair had turned gray and his face was changed. He took up his abode in a deserted temple. He fasted until he nearly died. He shunned his fellow-men. He feared them, and his diseased imagination at last peopled the whole district with malicious beings until he was afraid to move, afraid even of the summer breeze as it rustled in and out of his broken paper windows.

But he came to us. He heard the Gospel of Christ; he learned to pray; he gave himself up to Jesus Christ, and he said, 'Now I can smile;' and he leaned back and laughed a bright laugh, which showed better than any words could have done how completely his newly found happiness had driven out his terrors, his distress and misery.

A Cluster of Palaces.

That is how the World's Fair Buildings will look When Finished—A Bird's-eye View of the Grounds from the Lake Shore.

ALREADY the approaching World's Fair is becoming an all-absorbing topic. The recent dedicatory exercises, which were briefly described in The Christian Herald last week, have helped to increase public interest in the Exhibition, and to excite the pleasantest anticipations in the breasts of the hundreds of thousands of intending visitors. It is safe to assert that Chicago will, during the year 1893, be an industrial and artistic Mecca, toward which the whole world will tend, and that the representation from every quarter of the globe will exceed all anticipations.

It will, in all probability, tax the utmost resources of the great city of the West to accommodate the avalanche of guests that will inevitably descend upon it next spring; yet, fortunately, it has abundant facilities now in process of development which will, when completed, be equal to the housing and entertainment of all who may come.

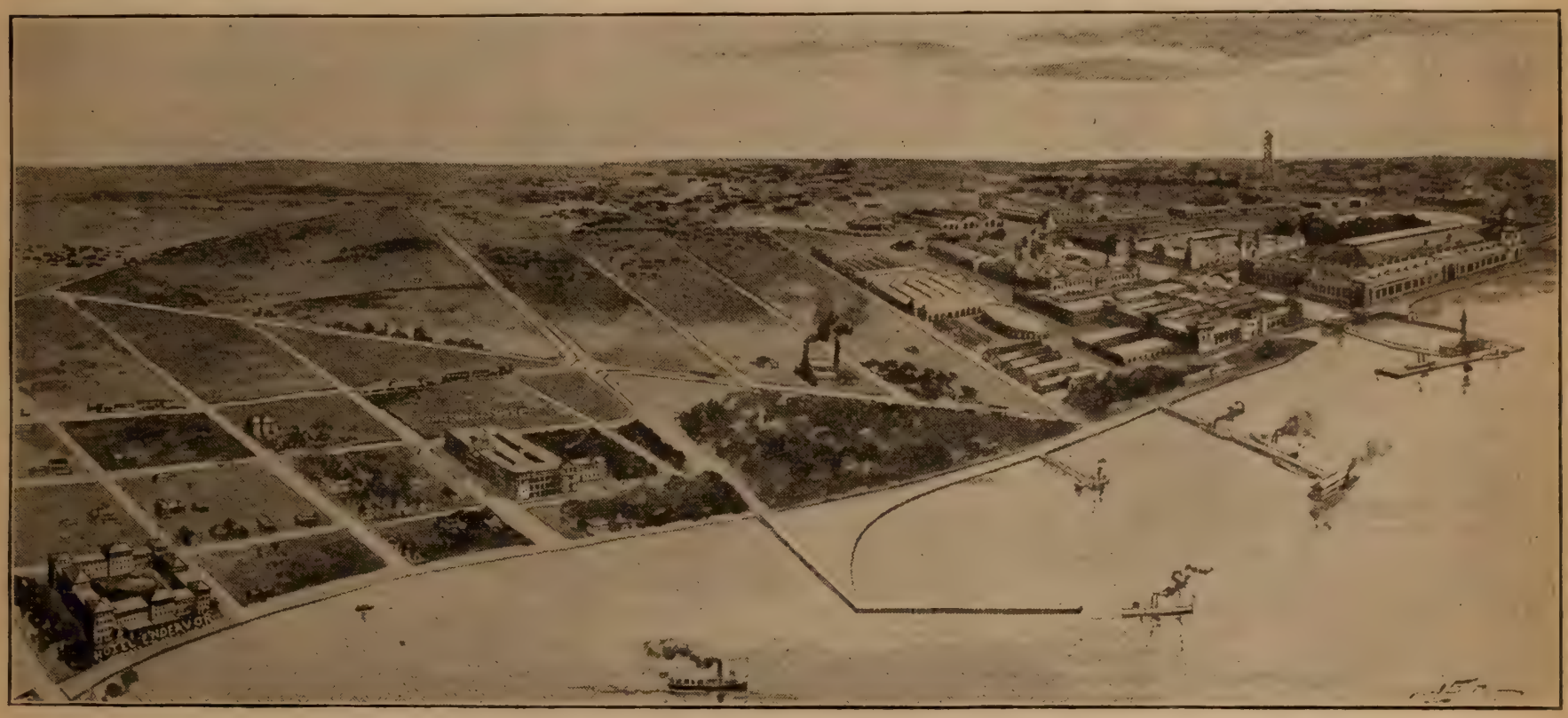
How different the scene presented by the Chicago of to-day, with its great industrial and commercial population, its busy shore front, its network of railroad lines and its beautiful suburbs, from the Chicago of less than half a century ago! Much of what is now solid business blocks, with mammoth buildings, was then wind-swept prairie; the beautiful Jackson Park, now devoted to the requirements of the Exhibition Buildings, was a dreary, barren waste. How it now looks may be seen from the illustration which we publish on this page.

Pleasantly situated on the Shore of Lake Michigan, and just outside the great city itself, the World's Columbian Exhibition grounds present an inviting aspect. A comprehensive glance includes the great buildings for the various departments of Agriculture, Mines, Art and Manufactures, Machinery Hall (the latter a colossus among structures) the Government Building, Women's Industrial Building and—stretching far away in the background—still other buildings for American exhibitors as well as for those of foreign countries. The tall tower exceeding the famous Eiffel Tower in height is also distantly seen; but it is impossible, in a bird's-eye view, to give more than a mere hint of all this extended architectural magnificence. Chicago has unquestionably made the most of its advantages of location, for no more delightful or salubrious site for the Fair could have been selected.

Paris made a fortune for its shop-keepers and hotels by the last great fair held in that city, and Vienna, London and Philadelphia have each in turn enriched their thrifty citizens at the expense of the visitors from distant points on similar occasions. Chicago, too, is beginning to reckon the golden harvest that will flow into its coffers as the result of next year's exhibition, and such considerations are calculated to weigh deeply with intending visitors of limited income.

There are, however, a few exceptions to the great expectations of the majority of Chicago hotel-keepers. The Christian Herald has already intimated, in answer to many inquiries from Christian families in different parts of the country regarding the probability as to reasonable charges at Chicago, that arrangements were in contemplation by which such guests would doubtless be accommodated amid pleasant surroundings at figures far from exorbitant. The managements of the Hotel Endeavor and of the South Shore Hotel — both situated pleasantly along the lake shore and within easy distance of the Fair Grounds—instead of entering the competition for indiscriminate patronage, have decided to devote special attention to the accommodation of Christian families who want to escape the city's noise and heat, and to enjoy quiet and orderly surroundings. Both of these places have chapels or auditoriums in which, on Sunday morning and evening, religious services will be held, at which many prominent preachers and Evangelists are expected to take a leading part. Lectures and occasional services will also be held during the week, thus filling in delightfully and profitably the leisure time of the guests while they are not at the Fair.

Even apart from the great International Exposition itself, there will be a thousand things to improve and instruct the visitor and make the recollection of his stay in the Western metropolis a pleasant one.



THE WORLD'S FAIR BUILDINGS, CHICAGO, ILL., AS VIEWED FROM THE LAKE FRONT.

AGAINST THY HEART.

(Written for The Christian Herald.)

TO follow thee, Oh Lord, and go
Where thou hast gone before us;
To walk beneath the noonday sun,
And with the dark sky o'er us.

To rise above all paltry things
And strike the chord which, blending
Our hearts in harmony with thee,
Shall never have an ending.

And then along the tides of life
With steady, strong insistance,
Go to the rescue of the lost
Unheeding hell's resistance.

Inspired alone by love to thee
And scorning time's reward,
Remembering only Calvary—
Ah, this is Glory, Lord!

Oh risen Lord, Oh mighty King!
This be our soul's desire;
Send down the vital flame of heaven,
Touch with celestial fire!

—Rev. W. Lomax Chidress.

Roanoke Va.

THE COMING OF THE KINGDOM.

The Analogy between the First and Second Advents—The Duty of Watching.

BY GEO. H. PEMBER, M.A.

IT will be remembered that, at the time of our Lord's first sojourn upon earth, prophecies uttered centuries before had excited a general expectation of his coming—an expectation which had wandered far beyond the boundaries of Palestine. And yet, when he was actually born among men, but few even of his own people were able to recognize him: indeed, we find mention only of a company of unknown shepherds, of the aged Simeon, and of Anna the prophetess, who may also have influenced some of those to whom she spoke of him.

There is, however, no difficulty in tracing this strange blindness to its cause. It is true that, at the appointed time, many Jews were looking for the Deliverer—or, at least, said that they were—but the object of their hope was an idol Messiah, a creation of their own carnal minds, and not the promised Christ, whose first and greatest work was to save his people from their sins. Devoid as they seem to have been of all God-consciousness, they were troubled by the penalty of sin rather than by its guilt, and so only longed for a Messiah who would break in pieces the Roman yoke, and restore to them their freedom and their power.

It is often so. When God foretells, men, if they be not altogether indifferent to the utterance, lay hold only of what pleases them, and make use of it to form an ideal promise, for the realization of which they wait in vain. Hence they will sometimes gaze upon the fulfillment of a prediction in absolute ignorance of what is going on.

Evidently, therefore, misconceptions will prevail at the period of the second advent, just as they did at that of the first, And, indeed, the Word of God declares that not only the world, but a large portion even of the professing Church, will be taken by surprise, as completely as an animal which in the midst of its fleet career is wrenched back by a snare; as dismally as the Antediluvians, when, at the close of their one hundred and twenty years of scoffing, they perceived that the fountains of the great deep were actually broken up, and the windows of heaven opened; or the Sodomites, when they turned in consternation from their buying and selling as the first droppings of the fiery storm began to fall in their streets.

How important, then, is the minute and accurate study of the Scripture, that we may comprehend the great event which is likely to take place in our own days, and may be in the immediate future! How pressing a need have we of ceaseless prayer, that the Lord may remove every veil from our eyes, and enable us to see clearly what is before us, and to have understanding of the times, that we may know what we ought to do!

For he will, it would seem, pass as lightning round the whole globe, summoning all those who profess his name to leave home and kindred, and ascend to him. And whosoever loves him better than aught besides, and really wishes to obey, will prove able to do so, even as the impotent man, who making an effort to respond to the Lord's command, found that the power to rise and walk was present with him. But he who hesitates, remembering something which he must first do, or turning in his heart to any object of love other than Christ, will have lost his opportunity.

"In that day," remarked the Lord, "he which shall be on the housetop, and his goods in the house, let him not go down to take them away: and let him that is in the field likewise not turn back." Now in considering these clauses we must be careful to notice that there is no command to fly, as in the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, where nearly the same words occur in an altogether different connection. For there the Lord is giving directions to his earthly people, the Jews, in regard to their flight from Jerusalem; whereas here he is instructing the members of his church as to their conduct when they shall become aware that he has descended from the high heavens, and is passing above them.

At that instant, he that is on the housetop must have no thought of precious things within the house, but must stand where he is, ready to be caught into the presence. Not that there will be any time for actual motion before the King has gone by with his train, and the awful moment has passed; it is but the inclination of the heart one way or another that will decide the matter. The attractive power, which will proceed from the Lord during his progress, will be sufficient to draw to him only those who are not weighted with earth-ward desires.

LIGHTS OF THE WORLD.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Nov. 27. Acts 13: 47; Eph. 5: 6-8.

IT is a profound mystery—that of light. Many theories are propounded by scientists as to its essence, but none of them fully explains it. Whether the corpuscular theory or the undulatory theory or some other theory be the true one the learned may settle; our business is to find out how to give spiritual light. The first essential is that the soul should itself be lighted. From the most gorgeous lamp, the grandest chandelier, we derive no benefit in the darkness until the kindling spark is imparted to wick, or gas, or electric arc. The soul must receive the divine spark from Him who dwelleth in the light. Then as the candle within the lantern, or the electric arc within its bulb gives out light so should the spirit of man become "the candle of the Lord." Its light is not infinite like its Source, but its nature is the same. But the glass that covers the light must be transparent and must be clean if it is to exert its full power. Many a lighted soul has little influence on a family or a neighborhood because of defects in the body it inhabits. We have this treasure in earthen vessels. Faults of manner, of appetite, of disposition may obscure the light. Even association may darken the medium, as the Apostle points out in the second passage of the topic, and men do not obtain the light from the lighted soul that they ought to receive from it. Sometimes colored glass is used in lamps and the light is not so useful though the ornamental result is admired. It is often so in the pulpit and the Sunday School. Clearness, simplicity, directness are essential to usefulness and it is for usefulness not for ornament that the soul is lighted of God. Then, too, the light should go where it is needed. It is to give light in the darkness. The Christian who is regular in church attendance and always in his place at prayer meetings has not done his whole duty. In the family, in his business, in the homes of the poor and the afflicted, his light should shine. It may be only a feeble glimmer but it is divine light and some dark soul may be better for it. Some man may become conscious of his own darkness and may go to God to have his own soul lighted.

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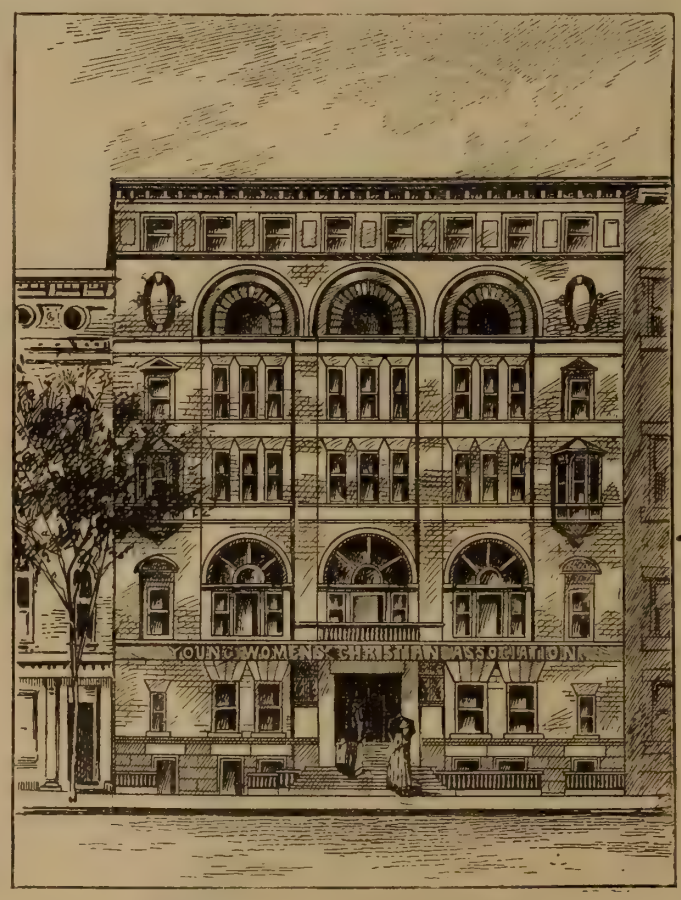
BROOKLYN Y. W. C. A.'S NEW BUILDING.

THE Young Women's Christian Association of Brooklyn, N. Y., entered on Nov. 1st on possession of its beautiful new home, a picture of which is here given. In a former number of this journal we have already told how so noble an edifice has been provided for it. Mr. C. D. Wood determined that the memorial to his beloved wife should be not only worthy of her, but should be one consecrated to a work in which she took a lively interest during her life—that of the elevation and spiritual good of young women. The Association presented a suitable medium for its expression and he accordingly selected it as the recipient of his splendid munificence. Nearly two years ago he offered to spend $125,000 in the erection of a building, if $100,000 more could be secured to form a permanent endowment fund to secure the maintenance of the building and its equipment for work. That large sum was raised. The representatives of the late Mr. S. B. Chittenden presented the site—ninety-five by one hundred feet on Schermerhorn Street; and Mr. Wood added to his former munificence by presenting an adjoining lot to give additional space. Work was commenced upon it and now the magnificent building is finished and dedicated.

The edifice is of terra-cotta and compressed brick. It contains a large hall finished and furnished as a memorial to the late Mary A. Brigham, a large library, a well-equipped gymnasium, baths of various kinds, eighteen class-rooms and other offices and rooms needed to make the work of the Association efficient in all its branches. It is gratifying to learn that the whole has been paid for and the Association enters on its quarters not only out of debt, but with a balance of $1,281 in its treasury.



THE NEW Y. W. C. A. BUILDING, BROOKLYN.

From the secretary's report it appears that the Association has a total membership of 2,537, consisting of 66 life, 504 sustaining, 459 active and 1,508 associate members. There has been an addition during the year of 6 life, 67 sustaining, 72 active and 1,004 associate members. The 1,508 associate members represented 17 nationalities; there are 1,117 Americans, 10 of whom are colored; 132 Germans, 94 English, 49 Irish, 39 Scotch, 20 Swedes, 15 Canadians, 7 West Indians, 5 Norwegians, 5 Danes, 4 French, 3 Dutch, 1 Swiss, 1 Italian, 1 Nova Scotian, 1 Pole, 1 Cuban and three of unknown nationality. A great majority attend Protestant churches, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists having the largest representation; while the others are Congregationalists, Reformed, Lutherans, Unitarians, Universalists, Swedenborgians, Friends and 117 are Roman Catholics. Their pursuits cover a large field, there being recorded 112 different occupations; 103 are dressmakers, 57 are domestics, 51 stenographers, 50 saleswomen, 43 clerks, 42 housekeepers, 35 operators of various kinds, 35 seamstresses, 33 teachers, 29 students, 24 bookkeepers, etc.

The list of officers is as follows: President, Mrs. Charles N. Judson, 29 Garden place. Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Daniel W. McWilliams, 39 South Portland avenue; Mrs. George H. Prentiss, 77 First place; Mrs. Samuel B. Duryea, 46 Remsen street; Mrs. Robert L. Dickinson, 145 Clinton street. Recording and Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Clark Burnham, 182 Clinton street. Treasurer, Mrs. Daniel C McEwen, 160 Stirling place. General Secretary, Mrs. H. H. Shiverick.

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THE B. Y. P. U. IN DENVER.

THE Baptist churches of Denver, Colo., have taken up the Union movement with enthusiasm. Miss Adeline L. Goodnow, the secretary, reports to the *Young People's Union* that there are now fourteen companies in the city with an aggregate of four hundred members. At the recent quarterly Union held in Immanuel Church plans of work for the season were arranged and unanimously adopted. They were substantially those endorsed at the International Convention at Detroit. They include the series of weekly studies in the "Life of Christ," prepared by Rev. O. C. T. Wallace, of Toronto; the "Reader's Circle," which provides a course of individual daily readings of the Scriptures, prepared by Prof. Ira M. Price, Ph.D., of Chicago; also the "Prayer, the Conquest, the Monthly Meetings," and the course of six lectures for the church and community. Dr. Kerr B. Tupper gave an inspiring address, in which he urged the members of the Union to careful and systematic preparation for Christian labor. His advice was given under four heads: "First, earnest communion with God; second, careful study of the Bible, get your ammunition there; third, engage in evangelistic work whenever opportunity offers; fourth, send delegates to other towns and establish young people's societies, paying any necessary expenses." In the witness and consecration service over sixty participated; then followed sentence prayers, and prayers for the "associate" members. The meeting was a profitable one throughout and indicated a very hearty appreciation of the value of Union work.

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A NEW ENTERPRISE.

THE State Secretary of the King's Daughters of Illinois, Miss Ida G. Stewart, reports the inauguration of a movement which promises to be a means of comfort and increased usefulness to the members of the Order. Its object is to establish a co-operative club, which is to be known as the Silver Cross Club. The object of the club is mutual help and social intercourse among the members and friends of the Order. It is intended that the membership shall be of three kinds: Regular, Associate and Honorary. Regular members shall be members of the Order of the King's Daughters and Sons; Associate members shall be those not members of the Order who wish the benefits of the club; and the Honorary members shall be friends who will assist in the work undertaken. A small monthly membership fee will be charged, which will entitle members to free use of the rooms, one of which will be furnished as a lunch room, where members of the club may buy noonday lunches at a nominal rate, and where business women may bring their home lunches and eat them in company with congenial friends. The club rooms will serve as a headquarters for Cook County, and a general rallying place for visiting members from Illinois and other States. As the movement gains strength the committee hope to add an employment bureau.

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THE BINGHAMPTON CONVENTION.

THE State Convention of New York Societies of Christian Endeavor at Binghampton attracted a large gathering. The First Baptist Church was not large enough to hold all the delegates and an overflow meeting was held in the First Presbyterian Church. Mr. Ira D. Sankey conducted the musical exercises. Among the speakers were Rev. G. Parsons Nichols, D.D., Mr. John W. Dean, the Quaker Evangelist, Rev. C. A. Dickinson of Boston, Mr. H. B. Gibbud of Syracuse and Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman of Philadelphia. The following officers were elected for the year: President, Henry W. Sherwood, Rondout; Vice-President, Miss Clara B. Sanford, Syracuse; Secretary, A. E. Dewhurst, Utica; Treasurer, William Palmer, Buffalo; Executive Committee, A. V. Healy, Brooklyn; F. P. Hayes, Watertown; B. A. Bauman, Binghampton.

A KIND WORD.

DO you know a heart that hungers
For a word of love and cheer?
There are many such about us;
It may be that one is near.
Look around you. If you find it,
Speak the word that's needed so,
And your own heart may be strengthened
By the help that you bestow,

It may be that one who falters
On the brink of sin and wrong,
And a word from you might save him—
Help to make the tempted strong.
Look about you, O my brother!
What a sin is yours and mine,
If we see that help is needed
And we give no friendly sign.

Never think kind words are wasted,
Bread on waters cast are they,
And it may be we shall find them
Coming back to us some day,
Coming back when sorely needed,
In a time of dire distress;
So, my friend, let's give them freely;
Gift and giver God will bless.

MUSIC OF THE SOUDAN.

Home Life and Customs among the Teeming Population of the "Country of the Blacks."

COMPARATIVELY few American readers have any accurate notions concerning that vast African territory which geographers and travelers denominate the "Country of the Blacks," and which the maps indicate as "The Soudan." It lies immediately south of the Sahara or Great Desert, and is wider than our own continent, being fully 3,500 miles from East to West. In this area live a great many different tribes, the total population aggregating nearly fifty millions of souls. In the north, the Soudan is largely Arab but southward the negro predominates.

Despite constantly recurring wars and invasions, the tribes of the Soudan still retain many of their original characteristics. The climate is distinctly tropical and dangerous to foreigners, white and colored alike. It is the true home of the negro and his race flourishes there better than anywhere else in the world, a thousand natural advantages combining for his comfort and protection. Among the leading negro peoples of the Soudan are the Mandingoes, who number 8,000,000 and whose capital city of Sego on the Joliba river as large and populous; the Songhai in Timbuctoo, who number 2,000,000; the Tombo, Batta, Haussa, Masa, For, Nuba and others all more or less powerful and numerous. They are chiefly agriculturists and traders. Their religion is varied, some tribes being Mohammedan, others wholly pagan, and not a few, who have come under missionary influence, being Christians.

Most prominent of all, among these tribes, are the Fulahs, an intelligent and numerous people occupying the Niger basin, in Western and Central Soudan. They are lighter in color than the rest, well built, and domestic in tastes and habits. Several of their cities have over 30,000 inhabitants. Like many other tribes of the Soudan, they have suffered much at the hands of slave-dealers and Arab marauders. They are sociable, hospitable and musical and the stranger in a Fulah home is quite likely to be pleasantly entertained.

The illustration on this page shows a group of Soudanese musicians, professionals belonging to some one of the many nomad tribes of that country. Besides the harp and drum, there are numerous other native instruments employed to make music in the "country of the blacks." Some tribes use the *mungala*, a sort of mandolin carved out of wood, and having three strings. A peculiar instrument is called a *hadja*, and is made of reeds attached to a wooden frame and played by being struck, like a xylophone. Another odd contrivance is a hollow wooden cylinder, as large and clumsy apparently as a log; but it is a wind instrument which in the hands of a skilful, stout-lunged player, can give forth a wide range of notes, clear if not sweet. A powerful African tribe called the Bongos, which is passionately fond of music, has an assortment of native instruments that would go far toward equipping an orchestra for number and variety. They include flutes, calabash sounding-boards, drums, trumpets, horns, gourds filled with stones that make a deafening rattle like hail and stringed instruments played with bows. Schweinfurth described their music as being the best he ever heard in Africa and at times almost classical in quality, passing from the light and graceful to the solemn tones of a dirge, or the reverberations of a tropical storm in the forests and on the mountains.

Mission work in the Soudan has prospered slowly, in the face of many serious drawbacks. In 1881, the American Missionary Association made a long and extended exploration of the country, preparatory to entering it as an evangelistic field. The Mahdist and other wars blocked the enterprise. The Soudan Mission embraces in its field the Western Soudan and a part of the country north of the Congo. Some of its missionaries wear the Mohammedan dress. The prospects are that a large number of missionaries will be earnestly at work in the Soudan, striving to bring the dusky tribes to a knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

A GROUP OF SOUDANESE MUSICIANS.

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Why For Wives Only?

SOME men, remarks a reverend writer, seem to think that all the religion of the family should be in their wives. They act as if they were exonerated from a Christian profession, or had nothing to do with the religious training of the children, or were not bound to set them a good example, or were exempt from attending the sanctuary and maintaining God's ordinances. Some joke about the goodness of their wives. Others appear to be proud of their good influence over the children, or of their activity in the church; and, somehow, hope that some day they will derive some benefit from it. Some are generous enough to help them, to some extent, in their Christian work with approval and money, but are careful not to personally identify themselves with their godly experience and life. Others, however, will not give their wives the least countenance in religious matters, and make it very hard for them to do their duty, both at home and in the church. Others still go so far as to criticise them, and throw obstacles in their way. Husbands commit serious blunders by their godless lives. Religion is for all—for husband as well as wife and should be so regarded.

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Pray for the Children.

UNLESS our children are saved in early life they probably never will be. They who go over the twentieth year without Christ are apt to go all the way without him. Grace, like flower-seed, needs to be sown in spring. The first fifteen years of life, and often the first six, decide the eternal destiny. The first thing to do with a lamb is to put it in the arms of the Great Shepherd. Of course we must observe the natural laws. Give a child excessive meat diet, and it will grow up sensual, and catechism three times a day, and sixty grains in each dose, won't prevent it. Talk much in your child's presence about the fashions, and it will be fond of dress, notwithstanding all your lectures on humility. Fill your house with gossip, and your children will tattle. Culture them as much as you will, but give them plenty of money to spend, and they will go to destruction. But while we are to use common sense in every direction respecting a child, the first thing is to strive for its conversion, and there is nothing more potent than family prayers. No child ever gets over having heard parents pray for him. I had many sound thrashings, says a well known pastor, when I was a boy (not as many as I ought to have had, for I was the last child) but the most memorable scene in my childhood was father and mother at morning and evening prayers. I cannot forget it, for I used often to be squirming around on the floor and looking at them while they were praying. You son may go to the ends of the earth, and run through the whole catalogue of trangression, but he will remember the family altar, and it will be a check, and a call, and perhaps his redemption.

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DON'T HUNGER FOR RICHES.

MANY of our young people, influenced by what they see and hear, indulge a longing for wealth. There never was a greater mistake than to think that money brings happiness. Bishop Vincent recently remarked that "the children of the rich are in danger of becoming little more than bejeweled, white-fingered tramps of society. Girls in parlors, elegantly dressed, may be ignorant of the very rudiments of literature, science, art, and even of morals and religion. Familiar with the conventionalities of society, given to frivolities, indolence and a contempt for those whom they are trained to regard as their inferiors, they become really more pitible than the coarse girl of kitchen or factory."

Andrew Carnegie, the millionaire-philanthropist, speaking in England lately, told an audience that the only pleasure money had ever brought him was the planning to use it for helping and elevating others, and that he and Mrs. Carnegie had already planned the outlay of more than they were ever likely to possess. California furnishes some vivid illustrations of what wealth cannot do. In San Francisco the most desirable residences are on Nob Hill. It is crowded with dwellings that are almost regal, yet most of them, save for the presence of a servant or two, are tenantless. The gates are locked, and the massive carved doors hidden by casings of planks. One rich senator has refused to cross his threshold since the death of his only son. A mansion belonging to a mining millionaire is deserted, and another belonging to a "silver magnate," is bolted, barred and nailed up owing to litigation. Still another is closed on account of the suicide of the rich owner, while one house near by, though filled with masterpieces by the great modern painters, is closed in consequence of the owner having been found dead in his bath-tub. The list could easily and truthfully be extended, but these instances are sufficient to show that if the possession of great wealth brings with it great opportunities it also opens the way to admit great responsibilities and over shadowing sorrows.

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Humble Houses.

"SET not your affections on luxurious upholstery and spacious drawing-room," writes Dr. Talmage. "Be grateful and be humble. If the house is not as large nor in as good a neighborhood as the one you formerly occupied, make the best of it. It is astonishing what a good time you may have in a small room. Your present neighbors are just as kind as those you left, if you only knew them. Do not go around your house sticking up your nose at the small pantry, and the ugly mantel-pieces, and the low ceiling. It is a better place than your divine Master occupied, and to say the least you are no better than he. If you are a Christian, you are on your way to a King's mansion, and you are now only stopping a little in the porter's lodge at the gate. Go down in the dark lanes of the city and see how much poorer off many of your fellow-citizens are. If the heart be right, the home will be right."

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The All-Seeing Eye.

NEVER a deed is done,
No matter how small it may be,
Beneath the stars or the sun,
But the eye of God doth see.

Never an inmost thought
Alone, in the dead of the night,
That the ear of God hath not caught,
And he knoweth if it be right.

—W. JONES.

"FOUR GREAT THINGS."

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, by the Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

"And an Angel of the Lord came up from Gilgal to Bochim, and said, I made you to go up out of Egypt, and have brought you unto the land which I sware unto your fathers: and I said, I will never break my covenant with you." Etc. Judges 2: 1-5.

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH, N.Y.

WE have in the previous chapter an account of several important matters which occurred shortly after the death of Joshua. These events took place during the time of the elders who were the contemporaries of Joshua, and who outlived the great leader. In the chapter from which the text is taken, we have an account of these same men when they had to a considerable degree forsaken God and were, as a result, without his special presence and blessing. When they forsook God they became subject to the Canaanites; having broken their covenant with God they made it impossible for him to fulfil his promises toward them by granting them his leadership and giving them power over their foes. This chapter, and the first eight verses of the next, gives us in brief space the substance of the whole book of Judges. We here see the bad results of the sin committed by God's people, in their loss of power and in the absence of the Divine presence. We also have an account of the repentance of the people, of God's pardoning mercy, and, finally, of his deliverance of them out of the hands of their enemies. This is the circle in which these historical events move; and this circle is practically that in which the whole history of Israel and of the entire church continually revolves. Coming immediately to the text we have as the topic of this discourse Four Great Things.

The first of these four is

A Great Preacher.

This great preacher is called in the first verse, "An Angel of the Lord;" it is also said that he "came up from Gilgal to Bochim." The question at once arises, who was this Great Preacher? To that question many answers have been given. The Targum calls him a prophet; some modern interpreters also adopt this view, adding that he was endowed by God with extraordinary powers for carrying out an extraordinary commission. Great duties it is certain were laid upon this Preacher, as he had to rebuke the people for their sins, and to explain why God had not driven out his and their enemies from the land which he had bestowed upon his people. Some Jewish commentators and others believe that this Preacher was Phinehas, the high priest. They reason that a man must be meant because he is said to come from a place in the land and not from heaven, because he addressed a congregation of the people, and because he is not described as disappearing from their sight.

Others understand this Preacher to be an angel, in the ordinary meaning of that term. There are, however, it seems to me, some serious, if not insuperable, difficulties in these interpretations. It seems impossible that this Preacher could have been a man or a created angel. It is much more likely that he was the same glorious Personage who is often spoken of in the Scriptures as the Angel of the Covenant. This interpretation would make him the same august Being who met Abraham the Father of the faithful, with whom he entered into fraternal and heavenly communion; the same who warned Lot to flee from Sodom; the same who wrestled with the patriarch Jacob on the banks of the brook Jabbok; the same who appeared to Moses in the burning bush; the same who brought Israel with a high hand and an outstretched arm out of Egypt, who led the great host through the wilderness and finally into the land of Canaan; the same who appeared so mysteriously and sublimely to Joshua as the Captain of the Lord's hosts near Gilgal; the same who appeared to Gideon when threshing wheat with a flail in the wine press. It is distinctly said in this latter connection, "Jehovah looked upon him and said, go in this thy might."

This interpretation makes this Great Preacher no less, and no other than the Lord Jesus Christ. The Son of God honored the world with frequent temporary incarnations before he became the child of Mary in the manger of Bethlehem. The Jehovah of the Old Testament is certainly the Jesus of the New Testament. There is almost no doubt that in this case this was a divine

Messenger From Heaven.

During the period of Israel's history covered by the book of Judges, the visits of angels were more frequent than was formerly or subsequently the case; and there were reasons for these more frequent visits during that period. The records of their appearances belong in a marked degree to the period of the Judges and to that of the Captivity. It is well known that these were transition periods in the history of God's people; the period of the Judges was destitute of prophetic guidance, and of certain former elements of direct revelation. It was, therefore, fitting that extraordinary messengers, created angels and even the uncreated Angel of the Covenant, should come with messages from the throne of Israel's King. During the period of the Captivity Israel was brought into peculiar trials because of unusual contact with heathenism; it was, therefore, appropriate that at that time also manifestations of God's will should be given by the visits of angels.

This Great Preacher was sent to God's thoughtless people at this time to secure their attention and to preserve them from idolatry and so from destruction. Two reasons make it clear that this was neither a man nor a created angel. He does not use the ordinary formula of delegated authority; he does not speak in the name of the Lord; he does not say, "Thus saith the Lord;" and he also ascribes to himself the honor of bringing the children of Israel out of Egypt, and he makes a covenant with them and threatens them with punishment if they do not turn from their sin. Who but God could use language of this sort. Who but God might say, "I made you to go up out of Egypt," and, "have brought you into the land which I sware unto your fathers."

We know that a little time before Joshua had warned the people against entangling alliances with the Canaanites; but these warnings they wickedly rejected. Now a greater than Joshua, the true Joshua, Jehovah-Jesus, repeats these solemn warnings. Like their descendants long years after, they despised the servants of God; but of them as of those to whom Christ spoke, we may say, perhaps they will reverence the Son. We are here told that this Great Preacher came from Gilgal. It is natural that Gilgal should be mentioned in this connection. It had long been

The Headquarters of the People

in Canaan; in Gilgal God had shown them many and great favors; and there the covenant of circumcision had been renewed. The fact that this Great Preacher came from Gilgal would add force to his words; the mention of this place would remind them of their solemn but now slighted obligations. Gilgal was the place of their espousals; it was well for them, and it is well for us, to be reminded of the solemn vows which certain places and periods in our history suggest and emphasize.

It is a wonderfully inspiring thought that we have a visit and a sermon from the Lord Jesus in this early day, and that the account of both is given in this ancient record. We are accustomed to associate the preaching of Christ with the Sermon on the Mount; but here is a Sermon from the Divine Preacher recorded in the Book of Judges. Of this earlier, and of his later sermons we can say, "Never man spake like this man." Jesus Christ is still the world's Great Preacher. Our most eloquent preachers are but voices telling of his name and Glory; their highest honor is to point to him and say: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." This Great Preacher still comes to the assemblies of God's people. He is here this morning speaking words of awful authority, of sublime simplicity, and of tearful tenderness. He is here uttering his solemn warnings and pronouncing his precious promises. If the word shall be properly spoken in this pulpit this morning, not your pastor, but your Lord and Redeemer is the preacher. Oh, listen, I beseech you, to this Divine Preacher and obey his heavenly message! Slight me and my words, but devoutly listen to my Lord, and bow in sweet submission at his feet.

A Great Congregation

is next brought to our view. We know that a great congregation was assembled on this solemn and sublime occasion, for we learn from the fourth verse that "all the children of Israel" were present to hear the Great Preacher. It was fitting that so great a Preacher should have a great congregation. We do not know with certainty why the whole people were thus assembled. The occasion may have been one of the three solemn feasts when all the males of the children of Israel appeared at the Tabernacle of the Lord; or it may have been a solemn convocation of all the tribes to inquire of the Lord why they were not able to drive out the Canaanites; and it has even been suggested that the people were assembled to complete their preparations for war. They had suffered much, and they may have determined now to unite their forces and to make a tremendous onset on their foes. It seems more likely, however, that they were met for worship rather than for war.

The place of their assembly may have been Shiloh, where was the Tabernacle of the Lord. We know that the place was afterward called Bochim, a name which signifies weepers or weepings because of the general lamentation of the people at this time; but probably the original name was Shiloh; there is a tradition that the place of weeping was near Bethel; but from the offering of the sacrifices it is fair to assume that the place was at or near one of the sacred places, and probably Shiloh. The new name was given to the place because of the profound effect produced by this sermon. All Israel needed sharp reproof, and sharp reproof was now given, and was

Received in the Right Spirit.

Great congregations are desirable if they be properly secured. We know that congregations are to be weighed as well as counted; we know that some preachers "fit audience find, though few;" we know that preachers are not to be judged either as to their ability or usefulness by the size of their audiences; we know that some of the great authors and preachers have spoken to small audiences, and we know that in our day the newspapers furnish the larger audiences for political orators and religious teachers. It is well understood that many a man speaking in the halls of legislation of the State or the Nation, is comparatively indifferent as to the size or interest of the audience before him, for he is speaking to his constituents, perhaps in a distant part of the country, who will eagerly read his words as reported in the newspapers. The newspaper is to a great degree the flying angel with the roll in the nineteenth century. The advantages which the press offers to a preacher in enlarging the circle of his hearers are not to be despised, but to be constantly and earnestly used. Every preacher ought to seek for as large an audience as can legitimately be secured. If he has truths to present which fifty people ought to hear, they ought to be heard by five hundred, and, if possible, by five thousand. But no preacher is justified in using means unbecoming the dignity of his pulpit and the sacredness of his message in order to increase the number of his hearers; no preacher must dishonor himself by buffoonery, or his message by misrepresentation in order to preach to great congregations. The motive which influences a preacher at all these points will give direction to the efforts which he makes. If the motive be high and holy the method is not likely to be unmanly or unholy.

Wasted Labor.

It is very probable that we have not used the press and certain permissible pulpit methods to so great a degree as we might and ought. Preachers who take great pains thoroughly to prepare themselves, often feel utterly discouraged because corresponding pains are not taken by even their own church members to hear the words thus carefully prepared and earnestly spoken. Every preacher may well believe that he is not called upon to preach to empty seats. Empty seats do not need sermons. Church cushions have no souls, either to be saved or lost. A former pastor in this city used to affirm that he had put a sufficient amount of biblical knowledge and theological learning into the cushions on the back pews of his church, to edify several theological seminaries and a score of churches. We must not, however, neglect the audiences made up of one, two or three. To Nicodemus in that remarkable nocturnal interview, our blessed Lord poured out his heart with a glorious fulness and freeness of heavenly love; to this one hearer he gave a fuller statement of the part which each Person in the Divine Trinity performs in the work of human redemption, than is found anywhere else in the Gospels or anywhere in the Epistles. To the woman of Samaria at the well, the Lord Jesus preached a great sermon, and to this audience of one he gave the fullest declaration of his Messiahship which he had anywhere given up to that time. As we read that declaration we are filled with amazement alike at

His Condesention

and wisdom. To the two disciples walking on the way to Emmaus on the evening of his glorious resurrection day the Lord Jesus gave more time than to any other persons, so far as the record goes, during the entire period of the forty days between his resurrection and his ascension. To these men he opened in a wonderful way the Old Testament Scriptures; to them he gave the marvelous exposition of Moses and of the prophets, showing how they spoke of himself, and thus he made the hearts of the disciples burn within them as he openee to them the Scriptures, and opened also their eyes to behold wondrous things therein. We need in our personal relations, both as ministers and laymen, to make more of audiences of one. We know that two or three is *a Gospel quorum*, and when they meet together they may be assured that Christ will be in the midst.

It is a comparatively easy thing to denounce sin and sinners not having any particular sin or sinner in mind; but it is a very different thing to take a man by the hand, to look him in the eyes and to say to him, "thou art the man," or thus personally to invite him to yield his heart to God. Let us secure the largest audiences we can by the use of proper means and then let us as ministers and laymen follow up the public proclamation of truth by warm, hearty, personal appeals. Personal work for Christ is one of the possible glories of the church and one of the triumphs of its individual disciples. We can rightly imitate the example of Christ in preaching when we may to the great congregation, and in enforcing truth as we ought upon a single hearer.

We have also a

A Great Sermon.

It was not a long sermon; but it contained great truths and it produced remarkable results. That is always the best sermon, whatever its homiletic construction may be, which brings forth the most and the best fruit. The Lord's sermon on this occasion cut the people to the quick; like the Apostle Peter's hearers on the day of Pentecost, "they were pricked in their heart." The Great Preacher reminded them of what God had done for them in bringing them out of the land of slavery into the land of freedom and prosperity. With true oratorical skill he painted their former misery as a dark background on which he limned their present felicity. He contrasted in a striking way their former darkness with their present brightness, their previous devotion to national death with their present election to national life. He reminded them of his oath to their fathers, and of his promise that he would never break his covenant. That covenant he had not broken; if ever it were broken the fault would be theirs and not his. We make God's covenant null and void because we fail to perform our part of the same.

Great Principles.

This Divine Preacher then proceeds to remind the people of what he had a right to expect from them in their relations to the Canaanites. They must not make a league with his enemies and theirs; they cannot serve God and the gods of the Canaanites. Here we have the announcement of great principles—principles which are as true to-day as they were in that day. The line of demarkation between the world and the church should be broad and deep; there must be no halting on our part between the claims of the world and the rights of God. This great sermon further shows that the people had disobeyed God in all his commands and ordinances; they forgot their covenant with the Most High and made leagues with the Canaanites; they neglected God's altar and did not throw down the altars of his and their foes. This sermon then demands that they shall give an explanation for their disobedience. What excuse is possibie for their misconduct? How can they make an apology for the opposition to the truth and their fellowship with sin and sinners. But are not we as guilty as were they? Are there not those in this audience who in like manner have forgotten God and who have worshipped Belial rather than God; who have neglected divine duties and have given time, thought and earnest service to the works of darkness? While we pronounce a right judgment on these great sinners, shall we not also willingly and penitently admit that we are also in the same condemnation?

But as we study this ancient sermon by our Lord, we see also that his hearers and we must expect to suffer for neglect of duty and commission of evil. Our Lord here shows that because of the sin of the people he refuses to drive out the Canaanites; this truth is earnestly taught in the third verse of my text. The Lord practically says, "You will not obey my commands, therefore, I will not fulfil my promises." Here also a great law in divine economy and in our human experience is declared. If we indulge in sin, we forfeit the grace of God; if we do not resist the devil, God will not trample him under our feet. There is no possibility of escaping the action of these moral forces which sweep through the universe. The Lord further declares here that the Canaanites shall be as thorns in the sides of the Israelites, and the Gods of the heathen shall be a snare to his people. This is an illustration of the inevitable tendency of evil. The law of addition has its full manifestation when we yield to the first sin; sins multiply with fearful rapidity. One lie necessitates a hundred. There is a gracious law of addition in Christian experience, for while one man of God shall chase a thousand men of the devil, two men of God shall chase not two thousand, but ten thousand disciples of Satan. This gracious principle has its sad illustration when the law of addition is perverted to the service of sin and Satan. The men who trifle with sin shall be triumphed over by evil: "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." This law is universal as gravitation, as eternal as God.

We have here also

A Great Result.

To this point every sermon ought to tend. Sermons are not ends, but means to ends. We do not preach to save sermons, but to save souls. It is said that when Massillon preached at Versailles, Louis XIV. paid a tribute to the power of his sermons which every preacher might well covet. The haughty king, after hearing one of Massillon's powerful appeals to the conscience, said: "Father, when I hear some men preach, I go away saying, how eloquent the preacher is; but when I hear you, I go away saying, how great a sinner I am." This remark gives us an important distinction between two kinds of preaching, and pronounces a fine encomium on the latter method. When we turn to the fourth verse of my text, we read of this great congregation that "the people lifted up their voices and wept." The arrow of divine truth went through the joints of their harness and pierced the heart. Like the publican, they were ready to beat upon their breasts and each one say: "God be merciful to me a sinner." Like some of those who beheld the Great Preacher of this occasion afterward upon the Cross, they were ready to mourn as one mourneth for his first born. Doubtless they feared God's wrath; they knew well that they had merited his righteous indignation. As a result of their weepings, the place, as we have seen, was called Bochim. Disobedience to God will always bring tears

When Our Guilt is Realized.

We read also that they offered sacrifice unto Jehovah at the close of his sermon; they thus desire to atone for the sins of which they have been guilty. They thus acknowledged their sin and expressed a desire to comply with the appointments of God in the case of sinners.

Ought there not to be weeping over sin in this audience this morning? Have we joined in denunciation of the guilt of this ancient audience while listening to the Divine Preacher? Shall we dare go to our homes now without joining them in weeping for our own sins as they did for theirs? We have sinned against greater light. They were in the gray dawn of the morning; we are in the brightness of its noonday sun. They saw Christ's day at best afar off; we have stood before his Cross hearing his dying groan, and we have seen him go forth in triumph from the tomb uttering his triumphant "All Hail." They had to offer sacrifices for their sin, but the great sacrifice has now been offered once for all. We have now but to accept his gracious provisions; we have now but to give ourselves as living sacrifices unto God. Let your pastor disappear from view; let the Angel of the Covenant, Jehovah-Jesus be the preacher this morninig. Listen now to his voice as he says to each one, "My son, My daughter, give me thine heart;" and let your sweet response be:

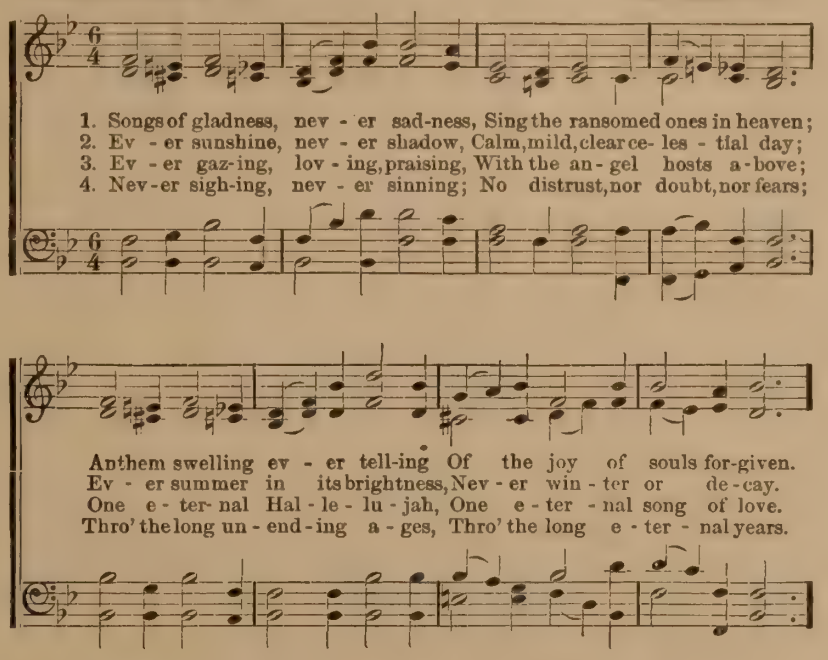
Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

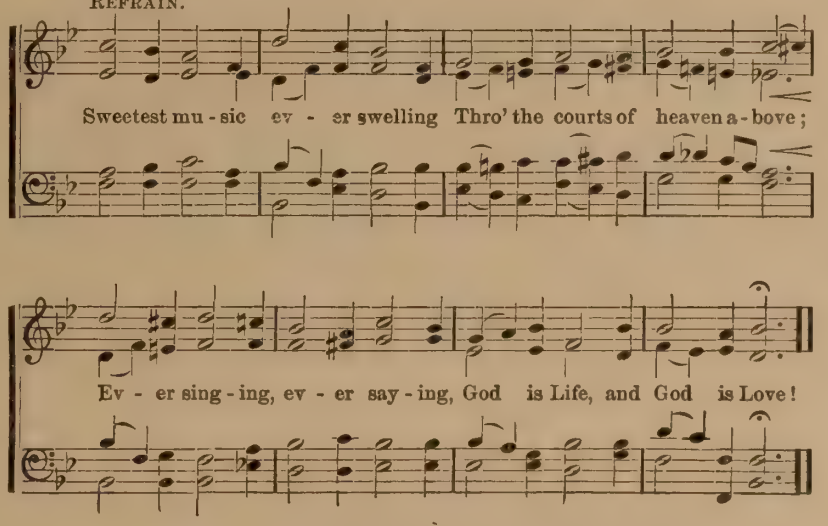
Songs of Gladness.

"In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forever more."—Ps. 16: 11.

HORATIUS BONAR. Alt. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Songs of gladness, nev - er sad-ness, Sing the ransomed ones in heaven;
2. Ev - er sunshine, nev - er shadow, Calm, mild, clear ce- les - tial day;
3. Ev - er gaz-ing, lov - ing, praising, With the an - gel hosts a - bove;
4. Nev-er sigh-ing, nev - er sinning; No distrust, nor doubt, nor fears;
Anthem swelling ev - er tell-ing Of the joy of souls for-given.
Ev - er summer in its brightness, Nev - er win - ter or de - cay.
One e - ter- nal Hal - le - lu - jah, One e - ter - nal song of love.
Thro' the long un - end - ing a - ges, Thro' the long e - ter - nal years.

REFRAIN.



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MY CROSS.

I SANK on my coach at eventide
So weary and worn and sad,
And a voice seemed to whisper in mournful strain,
"Thou wilt never more be glad."

Not e'en in unconscious slumber
Did it seem I should find repose, [passed,
For the long, long hours of the night had
But I could not forget my woes

But just as the day was breaking,
And the curtain of night came down,
My chamber filled with luminous light,
By my side a bright presence shone.

His countenance shone as the noonday sun,
Or as mirror of burnished gold,
And his voice was a quiver of melody
As his message to me he told.

"My child, from thy Father's home above
I have brought thee a token down;
Thou must wear it here, and by-and-by,
It will change to a glorious crown."

I turned expectant; I knew it would be
No jewel of earthly dross:
A gem perhaps from the gates of pearl—
But, ah, 'twas a single Cross!

And plainly I saw inscribed thereon
The history of my life;
Its hopes and fears, its smiles and tears,
Its joys and its weary strife.

My eyes with tears of sorrow filled
As with pleading voice I cried,
"Must I clasp this Cross to my weary heart?
Is there none I can wear beside?"

Then in gentle tone the angel spoke,
"Fear not; 'tis well, my child,
But listen to these sweet words of love,
They will quell thy anguish wild.

"The Cross that I bore on Calvary
Was heavier far than this;
I bled in dark Gethsemane,
To win thee lasting bliss.

"My strength to thee I will impart
In proportion to thy day;
My everlasting arms of love
Shall be thy support and stay."

Melbourne, Australia. —A. LAMBRICK.

HOW AMERICA WAS NAMED.

THE title of America originated with a scholar of St. Die, who having read the accounts Americus Vespucius wrote of his own voyages, looked upon him as the discoverer of the new world, and suggested the naming of it after him. But there is no evidence, says a writer in *Harpers' Magazine*, that Vespucius himself was in any way or degree guilty of making a false claim as the discoverer of the new world, or that he sought to deprive Columbus of the honor connected with that discovery. Had he not been the keeper of a journal, had he not written full accounts of what he had both seen and undergone, the memory of the man, his experiences and achievements, would have faded away, as has happened to many of those of his contemporaries, who were mightier in deed than they were with the pen. But the pen triumphed again, as it ever has done, as it will continue to do, and the report of the voyage and observations of Americus Vespucius having been submitted to the scholars of St. Die, was promptly printed as part of a "cosmography," prepared by one of their number, Waldseemuller by name, who suggested that the new world should bear the name "America," in honor of the navigator whom he honestly supposed to be the first discoverer of it. This book, begun one month before the death of Columbus, and published April 25th, 1507, a quarto of 108 pages, was in immediate demand, and the suggestion of a name for the new world was promptly and universally adopted, and no objection to the propriety of the title was made for many years.

Columbus died some months before the "cosmography" was published, and Vespucius six years afterwards, both believing that the new countries were parts of the "Indies." There is no reason to suppose that Vespucius ever heard of or knew the name of the obscure geographer in a little-known town in the Vosges mountains, who had unwittingly robbed Columbus of part of the glory of his discovery.

ANOTHER POLAR EXPEDITION.

THE basin of the North Pole, says a writer in the Bulletin of the Paris Geographical Society, about the centre of which we know nothing, is in communication with the seas of the globe on two sides; by the narrow opening of Bering Sea it is united to the Pacific Ocean. The opening into Bering's strait is of too little importance to exercise a sensible influence; the other opening, on the contrary, allows an exchange between the warm water coming from the southwest and the cold water of the Polar basin. There is reason for supposing there is a direct current coming from the interior of the Polar basin. The Museum of Ethnography at Christiania has for some years owned an object which is part of a hunting equipment used by the Esquimaux on the coasts of Alaska, and gathered among some floating wood on the coast of Greenland. It is supposed that this object followed the same route as the wreckage of the *Jeannette* commanded by Captain Long. The indications, added to a certain knowledge about the winds which predominate, have served as the base of an hypothesis of a possible route to the Pole. Mr. Nansen, who combines in himself the qualities necessary for an expedition, will soon leave Norway to penetrate the Polar basin by the way of Bering's Strait. May the meteorological knowledge recently acquired aid in the realization of his audacious project.

CLOTHES FOR TRAVELLING.

An evangelist was urging some discontented Christians a few days ago to make the best of their hardships and privations and to comfort each other with the prospects of joy and happiness in the mansions Christ is preparing for them. "I remember," he said, "going on one occasion to New Orleans from Chicago, and there were two ladies sitting behind me. These two ladies got interested in each other, and I heard one say she lived at Cairo, and the other that she lived at New Orleans. And the Cairo lady said to the other, 'Will you not come and stay a few days with me?' The New Orleans lady said, 'I would like it, but the fact is, I have packed my things up and sent them on, and I have not any decent clothes with me, and would not like to be seen;' and she added, 'They are good enough to travel in.' I learned a lesson from that, and when things do not suit me here, I say, 'They are good enough to travel in.' My home is yonder. You see people building great mansions, and it seems as if they expected to live here forever; but our home is yonder."

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NOW OR NEVER!!

THOSE persons play the fool who, while they admit the righteousness of religion, set it down for future attention. Do you know how many times the word "Now" occurs in the Bible? Over two hundred times. One of the shortest words in the Bible, and yet one of the grandest in meaning and ramifications. When does the Bible say is the best time to repent? Now. When does the Bible say that God will forgive? Now. When does God say is the only safe time to attend to the matters of the soul? Now. But that word "Now" melts away as easily as a snowflake in the evening rain. Where is the "now" of the dead of last year? the "now" of the dead of last month? the "now" of the dead of last week? the "now" of the dead of yesterday? Time picked it up in in its beak and flew away with it.

Swammerdam and other naturalists tell us there are insects which within the space of one minute are born, fulfil their mission, celebrate their nuptials, and die; but this wonderful "now" is more short-lived than they. It is a flash, a stroke, a glance. Its cradle is its grave. If men catch it at all, it is with quick clutch. Millions of men have lost their immortal souls because they did not understand the momentum and the ponderosity of that one word. All the strategic powers of hell are exerted in trying to subtract from the energy and emphasis of that word. They say it is only a word of three letters, while there is a better word of eight letters—"to-morrow." They say, "Throw away that small word and take this other grand one;" and so men say, "Give us 'to-morrow' and take away from us 'now';" and between those two words is the Appian way of death, and a great multitude throng that road, jostling and elbowing each other, hastening on swifter and swifter to die. For how much would you walk the edge of the roof of your house? For how much would you come out on the most dangerous peak of the Matterhorn and wave your cap? You say, "No money could induce me to do it." And yet you stand to-day with one foot on a crumbling moment and the other foot lifted, not knowing where you will put it down, while the distance between you and the bottom of the depth beneath you no plummet can measure, no arithmetic calculate, no wing of lightning cleave. And yet the Bible tells us that unless a man has a new heart he cannot get into heaven; and some of you are not seeking for that new heart. In Mexico sometimes the ground suddenly opens, and a man standing near the gap can see down an appalling distance. But, oh, if to-day, at your feet, there should open the chasms of the lost world, how you would fling yourself back and cry, "God save me—now! now! now!"

THE POWER OF TEMPTATION.

WE have heard men in mid-life say they had never been led into temptation. If you have not felt temptation it is because you have not tried to do right. A man hoppled and handcuffed, as long as he lies quietly, does not test the power of the chain; but when he rises up, and with determination resolves to snap the handcuff or break the hopple, then he finds the power of the iron. And there are men who have been for ten and twenty and thirty years bound hand and foot by evil habits who have never felt the power of the chain, because they have never tried to break it. It is very easy to go on down with the stream and with the wind, lying on your oars; but just turn around and try to go against the wind and the tide, and you will find it is a different matter. As long as we go down the current of our evil habit we seem to get along quite smoothly; but if after awhile we turn around and head the other way, toward Christ and pardon and heaven, oh, then how we have to lay to the oars! You will have your temptation. You one kind, you another, you another, not one person escaping.

It is all folly for you to say to some one, "I could not be tempted as you are." The lion thinks it is so strange that the fish should be caught with a hook. The fish thinks it is so strange that the lion should be caught with a trap. You see some man with a cold, phlegmatic temperament, and you say, "I suppose that man has not any temptation." Yes, as much as you have. In his phlegmatic nature he has a temptation to indolence and censoriousness and over-eating and drinking; a temptation to ignore the great work of life; a temptation to lay down an obstacle in the way of all good enterprises. The temperament decides the styles of temptation; but sanguine or lymphatic, you will have temptation; Satan has a grappling-hook just fitted for your soul. A man never lives beyond the reach of temptation. You say when a man gets to be seventy or eighty years of age he is safe from all Satanic assault. You are very much mistaken. A man at eighty-five years of age has as many temptations as a man at twenty-five. They are only different styles of temptation. Ask the aged Christian whether he is never assaulted of the powers of darkness. If you think you have conquered the power of temptation, you are very much mistaken.

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.

YOU may have enough strength of character now to repel temptations to gross wickedness which assail you, but I do not know in what strait you may be thrust at some future time. Nothing short of the grace of the cross may then be able to deliver you from the lions. You are not meeker than Moses, nor holier than David, nor more patient than Job, and you ought not to consider yourself invulnerable. You may have some weak point of character that you have never discovered, and in some hour when you are assaulted, the Philistines will be upon thee, Samson. Trust not in your good habits, or your early training, or your pride of character; nothing short of the arm of Almighty God will be sufficient to uphold you. You look forward to the world sometimes with a chilling despondency. Cheer up, I will tell you how you may make a fortune. "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all other things will be added unto you."

I know you do not want to be mean in this matter. Give God the freshness of your life. You will not have the heart to drink down the brimming cup of life, and then pour the dregs on God's altar. To a Saviour so infinitely generous you have not the heart to act like that. That is not brave, that is not honorable. that is not manly. Your greatest want in all the world is a new heart. In God's name I tell you that. And the blessed spirit presses through the solemnities and privileges of this holy hour.

I would like to see some of you this hour press out of the ranks of the world and lay your conquered spirit at the feet of Jesus. This hour is no wandering vagabond, staggering over the earth, it is a winged messenger of the skies whispering mercy to thy soul.

WINTER PERILS.

THERE is something in the winter season that not only tests our physical endurance, but, especially in the city, our moral character. It is the winter months that ruin morally and forever many of our young men. We sit in the house on a winter's night, and hear the storm raging on the outside, and imagine the helpless crafts driven on the coast; but, if our ears were only good enough, we could on any winter night hear the crash of a hundred moral shipwrecks. Many who came last September to town by the first of March will have been blasted. It only takes one winter to ruin a young man. When the long winter evenings have come many of our young men will improve them in forming a more intimate acquaintance with books, contracting higher social friendships, and strengthening and ennobling character. But not so with all. Look out how you spend your winter nights!

In warm weather places of dissipation win their tamest triumphs. People do not feel like going, in the hot nights of summer, among the blazing gaslights, or breathing the fetid air of assemblages. The receipts of most grog-shops in a December night are three times what they are in any night in July or August. I doubt not there are larger audiences in the casinos in winter than in the summer weather. Iniquity plies a more profitable trade. December, January and February are harvest months for the devil. The play-bills of the low entertainments are more charming, the acting is more exquisite, the enthusiasm of the spectators more bewitching. Many a young man who makes out to keep right the rest of the year capsizes now. The fact is, that one winter of dissipation has done the work of ruin.

I remark, further, that the winter is especially trying to the moral character of our young men, because some of their homes in winter are especially unattractive. In summer they can sit on the steps or have a bouquet in the vase on the mantel, and the evenings are so short that soon after gaslight they feel like retiring. Parents do not take enough pains to make these long winter nights attractive. It is strange that old people know so little about young people.

Many of you have the means—why do you not buy them a violin or a picture? or have your daughter cultured in music until she can make home attractive?

Devote these winter evenings to high pursuits, innocent amusements, intelligent socialities and Christian attainments. Do not waste this winter. We shall soon have seen the last snow-shower, and have passed up into the companionship of him whose raiment is exceeding white as snow—as no fuller on earth can whiten it. To the right-hearted the winter-nights of earth will soon end in the June morning of heaven. The River of God from under the Throne never freezes over. The foliage of Life's fair tree is never frost-bitten.

TALMAGE'S COLUMN.

EVANGELISTS.

IT'S quite "the fad" nowadays for a certain lot of preachers to preach against and write against evangelists. They mean well, I suppose; but if I was the chief deacon in their parish, I'd propose immediately a prayer-meeting for common sense, hoping the preacher might receive not a little. They get the notion that because some poor stick of a fellow deals in untempered mortar that all the rest are of the same kind.

I'm just through reading an article in a leading religious journal on the subject, and while I first felt amused to think both the writer and the editor could be so short-sighted, I grew serious and saw clearly their mistake It's the old story of the ear saying to the eye, I have no use for thee, or one class with heads so big they imagine their office is all that's needed to complete the work of redemption. I am not such a fool as to believe the lifting of my voice will forever settle the difficulties and bring harmony between the various orders set by God in the church, such as teachers, evangelists, preachers, etc., but this I would do, reach one-half of a million people through this column and tell them to be broad minded, and speak well of all the workers whom God uses, called by what ever name. And when one man speaks ill of another, calling fire from heaven upon him, remember the words of the Lord Jesus how "they who are not against us are for us," and go and tell him to talk sense.

Keep Clean.

DIRT and the devil are boon companions. There are some churches unfit for worship, they are too dirty; floors dirty, walls dirty, seats dirty, furniture dirty, windows in need of soap and water, corners with cobwebs. stairs greasy and galleries filthy, closets filled with rubbish and back of the pulpit desk unfit for a pure parson to look at. Cushions too full of dust for a clean man or woman to set down.

I've seen the place where the preacher, too, got careless and he was as dirty as the church. Soiled linen, finger-nails in morning, shoes unblacked. Yes, and his neck and ears were dirty. No doubt of it.

It may be you think this picture over drawn. It is not. I assure you, mine eyes have proved it over and over again, and I have kept my peace as long as is possible.

This is my advice. If you are a member where such things can be seen weekly, get a scrubbing committee at work at once, don't wait. Make a solemn vow things shall be cleaned up at the meeting house and kept so, or that you will make trouble. I can assure you one such troubler in a place like that would be a heaven sent blessing. If after the house is cleaned and kept so for a month, and there is no change in the untidy appearance of those who ought to be neat and clean, give notice of your withdrawal at once, and when asked for reasons, say: "Dirt and righteousness don't go together, and I'm off where things are clean at both ends of the church."

Its poor policy to invite people to a place for clean hearts when all about the building are marks of dirt, good agents of the devil.

Clean up and keep clean.

Be Natural.

Hearken!! the next time you get up to preach, or speak, or pray, be natural. Of all silly and sad things endured by audiences of this day, it is to listen out a speaker who struts, or squeals, or drawls out his address.

Be natural. If I had to get forty sworn men with clubs to knock sense in me on this line, I would do it, cost what it may; for only thereby can one be effective.

I've heard men, and so have you, whom it would be hard to believe, from their tone and manner of speech, they ever talked to an individual; if they did, and talked like that surely the braying of an ass were music indeed.

Some phonograph company could do no better service than to record certain addresses quietly, then have the deliverer hear his own voice. The only trouble would be fear of adding to the number of suicides. Some men if they only knew what fools they make of themselves every time they talk in public, by their mannerisms, and voices, and gestures, would pray for death.

Let us pray the Lord to give them one more trial and if they improve not, then take them home to heaven.

The Bible And the Newspaper

THE JERUSALEM RAILROAD.

THE railroad connecting Jerusalem with the sea is now an accomplished fact. The line is finished and has been formally opened with imposing ceremonies. Ibrahim Hakki Pasha, Governor of Jerusalem, presided on the occasion. The Sultan of Turkey sent a special envoy from Constantinople and a party of engineers to take part in the ceremonies and to see that the terms of the concession had been observed. The president of the railroad company was also present and entertained the distinguished visitors at a grand banquet. On this page we give a picture of the Jerusalem station, which at present is the terminus of the road. It starts from Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, the Mediterranean seaport of Palestine which, by the ordinary road, is thirty-six miles from Jerusalem, and touches at Ramleh, Lydda and several other towns on its way. The journey occupies three hours and a half, and there are to be two trains a day each way. At the opening of the road, vast crowds from every part of the ancient city gathered around the depot. Many of them had never seen a locomotive before, and looked with amazement at the strange machine which moved apparently of its own accord, and drew heavy cars after it. One old Jewess whose entire life has been spent in Jerusalem and whose opinions on tradition and Jewish history are highly respected by her people, pronounced the locomotive a creature of the devil, and precipitately fled from the scene, when she saw it move. A party of Arabs were less superstitious. They clustered around it and examined it closely, but the engineer, fearing some of them might be hurt, blew the whistle in a shrill, prolonged screech, and the Arabs took to their heels, with ideas about the engine not so different from those of the Jewess as they were before. How far the railroad may prove a benefit to Palestine none can tell; but it will probably aid in developing the resources of the country as it has done of others. In bygone times, when it was said that "in Jerusalem was the place where men ought to worship," the chief use of the railroad would have been to carry worshippers to the Temple, but now, happily, there is no necessity to go thither for that purpose; for God is accessible from any place and if any man be a worshipper of him and do his will, him he heareth." (John 9: 31.)

OPENING OF THE NEW RAILROAD IN JERUSALEM.

Belated Invitations.

THE absence from the Columbus celebration, in Brooklyn, N.Y., of distinguished personages whom it would have been proper to invite, caused some comment at the time, but it was only last week that the cause was explained. The invitations were not sent in time. In fact several United States officers, civil, military and naval, and officers of foreign legations and foreign vessels in the harbor did not receive until October 27 the invitation to the ceremonies which took place on October 21. Accompanying the invitations was a letter of explanation and apology, which stated that the delay was due to an inadvertence of the clerk to whom was intrusted the duty of dispatching the invitations. A complete list of names of persons to be invited was given to him, but he had mislaid two slips of paper from the list and did not discover that they were missing until after the day set for the ceremonies. The invitations with the explanation and apology were then forwarded to every name on the two slips, so that the persons might be assured that the omission to invite them was unintentional and not a personal slight on the part of the officials in charge of the celebration. This may remove any mortification they might have felt at not being invited, but it could not give them the place they should have had at the ceremonies. The time was past and, as they were not specially invited, they did not attend. It is sometimes difficult in urging the invitations of the Gospel to convince the convicted sinner that they are intended for him, but the doubt is unreasonable as the invitations are for "whosoever will." (Rev. 22: 17.)

The Cancer Scare.

THE fear of the terrible disease which has carried off so many distinguished victims and which appears to defy surgical skill, affects more people than is generally supposed. "I have had a curious and annoying pain in my neck for several weeks past," said a man recently, "which I finally persuaded myself must come from an incipient cancer. And one morning, after passing a nervous and restless night, I resolved to face the thing out at once. So, instead of taking a down-town train to my office, I resolutely rode up-town to the Skin and Cancer Hospital and sought a consultation with the physician in charge there. In five minutes he had reassured me; the pain was a trifle, rheumatic, neuralgic, anything but cancerous, but, 'do you know,' said he, 'you are the ninth man that has come to me this morning with a false cancer scare. 'It is remarkable,' he went on, 'how common this fear is. Every week I relieve at least a dozen persons of these imaginary afflictions till I have almost come to believe that some time or other everybody has to have his cancer scare.'" It is a pity that the same concern is not manifested by those in whom the deadly malady of sin is really working, for it leads to eternal death if it is not cured, and unlike cancer a sure cure for it is provided. All are healed who go to him who was exalted to save the people from their sins. (Matt. 1: 21.)

An Electrical Wedding.

A RECENT maraiage ceremony in Baltimore, Md., was the occasion of a remarkable display of electrical ingenuity. The *Sun* of that city says that after the conclusion of the religious exercises the bride and bridegroom took their position against a background of evergreens and potted plants. Tiny incandescent lamps were concealed in the foliage of the screen, and glowed and disappeared irregularly like fireflies among trees. Electrical butterflies and birds perched among the leaves and flowers. Two bronze statues stood guard at the entrance of the room, and their helmets were illuminated by incandescent lamps. The electrical wonders did not stop here. The most ingenious feature in this unique wedding reception followed in the scattering of a shower of rice and imitation snowflakes, by two electric fan motors, placed in the gallery overhead. As the guests entered the supper room there was a sudden outburst of electrical bells. As they were seated there was a blaze of light, and an electric hair-pin, a gift to the bride, became incandescent and surrounded her head with a halo of light. The brilliant display was probably enjoyed more by the guests than by the bride. To her the chief thought about the ceremony would doubtless be, not of the splendor of the nuptials, but of the fact that it united her to one whom she loves. It is so with those who are truly the bride of Christ. The glories of heaven are of small importance compared with the fact that they include the presence of the Beloved. (Phil. 1: 23.)

Royal Invsstments in America.

A MEMBER of the New York Real Estate Exchange is authority for the statement that several of the royal personages of Europe have invested heavily in real estate in New York and other American cities. He says that a valuable property in Nassau Street which was purchased by a foreign bank about a year ago is held by the bank as trustee for Queen Victoria. The Queen owns other property in the city, says the same man, and she has bought thousands of acres of land out West. "The royal family of Germany has extensive investments in this city and elsewhere, and so has the King of Sweden. The ex-Empress of Spain owns several pieces of property in this city and other parts of the United States. She is a woman of great foresight. The land on which the Western Union Building now stands was once the property of the Empress Eugenie, and I presume that she still has some investments here. King Humbert of Italy is reputed to have an agent here under whose advice he has bought several pieces of property, and persons suspected of being agents of the Czar of Russia have been looking about on this side of the water for first-class investments." Being asked why they should acquire property here instead of in their own countries, the Exchange man said that it was probably because in the event of revolution any property they might have at home might be confiscated to the state. "Dom Pedro," he said, "would have been better off if he had invested a few millions of Brazilian money here several years ago." In the present condition of society in Europe and the growing disposition of the people to dispense with royalty the potentates in question show only common prudence in investing their money where it would not be exposed to risk of loss. Everyone is naturally concerned for the safety of his possessions, yet how few act on Christ's advice to lay up treasure in heaven where neither moth nor rust corrupt and thieves do not break through and steal. (Matt. 6: 20.)

A Sorrowful Journey.

ONE of the saddest sights around a great prison is not the arrival of the prisoners, but the coming of their friends, who at stated intervals are allowed to visit them. "Nearly every train that arrives at Sing Sing in the morning hours," says one of the prison officials, "brings at least one utterly sad-looking woman. She is, as a rule, neatly but poorly dressed. She takes the long walk, and a dreary one it must be, to the prison. Down the long steps she descends to the office, where a big man in blue treats her kindly enough and gives her a seat on one of the three hard benches. It is hardly necessary to consult the books to find if the rules allow her to see the prisoner she asks for. These heartbroken women keep a sure count of the days, and every two months finds them waiting patiently for the husband or the son to come in his hated stripes. The meeting is almost without exception very, very quiet. The convict is shame-faced and nervous, but determined not to show his feelings or break down, as he sits there talking in a low voice, twiddling his ugly cap. The woman struggles bravely to keep back her tears, but she cannot restrain the sobs that again and again convulse her frame. Then it is, 'Time's up,' and the tears break out at the parting". This must be to the prisoner the bitterest of all the consequences of wrongdoing. The privations and hardships that fall upon himself may be borne doggedly if he is strong, but to see one whom he loves bearing sorrow that he has entailed, but cannot relieve, must occasion him poignant remorse. He must realize then how true it is that no man liveth unto himself. (Rom. 14: 7.)

BRIEF NOTES.

This year, the publisher of **The Christian Herald** *will extend to* **present** *subscribers all the Premium advantages heretofore confined to* **new** *subscribers. Therefore anyone, whether now a subscriber or not, who sends $2.00, will receive* **The Christian Herald** *for one year and a genuine Oxford Teachers' Bible. It contains all the Helps, Concordance, Dictionary, Tables, Subject-Index, Appendices and 12 colored Maps—the whole constituting a complete Theological Library and Sacred Encyclopedia. It is 1450 pages of clear pearl type, leather bound, Divinity Circuit, gilt edges, round corners and overlapping covers. Each Bible is sent to the subscriber, express charges prepaid. Subscribers will do well to take advantage promptly of this opportunity to secure the best Bible ever published.*

Major James H. Cole is holding successful revival services at Painesville, Ohio. Several churches are uniting in the meetings.

One outcome of D. L. Moody's work in London is t he formation of a permanent evangelistic committee to undertake non-sectarian religious work in neglected districts of the city.

The Bowery Mission, New York, which has a grand record for rescue work in one of the most difficult and discouraging quarters of the city, celebrated its twelfth anniversary on Sunday, Novenber 6th.

The work of naturalization in the Superior Court, of New York, stopped on October 28. The total number of aliens who have been made citizens since January is 9,590. The heaviest number enrolled during any former year was in 1838, when 10,725 were naturalized.

At the nineteenth annual Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union recently held in Denver, Col., Lady Henry Somerset was present, and there were addresses by Mrs. Mary H. Hunt and Mrs. S. E. V. Emory. The report of the National Secretary showed 7,857 auxiliaries with a total membership of 142,563.

Rev. J. F. Avery, the devoted pastor of Mariners' Church, New York, whose portrait and sketch of his work we recently published, is dead. He was only forty-one years old, and had been five years in charge of the work. He labored continuously amid the dirt and squalor and misery of the poorest district of the city and has literally given his life to the work. No man could long stand the strain of such labor as he voluntarily undertook and it has killed him.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has been holding meetings at Chester, Pa. The large armory was engaged for the daily services as it was realized that no church would hold the crowd. Bible readings were held every afternoon in the First Presbyterian Church. A very large number have given practical evidence of the effect of the services by publicly declaring their resolve in God's strength to lead Christian lives.

Rev. William M. Taylor, D. D., the beloved pastor of the Tabernacle Church, New York, has resigned the pastorate. The Church granted him six months leave of absence when he was stricken with paralysis in the spring and he is now much better. He feels, however, that a year or more of rest is still necessary to his complete restoration to health, and much to the regret of the church he resigns.

The city of Natchez, Miss., is enjoying a wonderful season of religious revival. It commenced in the Wall Street Baptist Church of which Dr. Vernon H. Cowsert is pastor. Evangelist Linman conducted the meetings and Prof. and Mrs. Towner had charge of the musical exercises. There were many conversions and revivals of lukewarm Christians. From that church it spread to the Methodists at Wesley Chapel and this week services are being held by Evangelist Smiley in the Presbyterian church which are being much blessed.

UNEQUALLY YOKED or ROSEMARY AND RUE

A STORY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HOME

(Written expressly for "The Christian Herald".)

BY

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

(Author of "The Captain's Bargain.")

CHAPTER III.

DORA'S FLIGHT.

THE girl who fled from Hotel Marot, had for seventeen years been called Dora Maple, and so she continued to call herself, for she never knew whether the name, Pierce Denham, given by the man she married, was a real name or an alias, and true or false it filled her with a great horror and loathing. When Jean Marot placed her on the steamer at Lewiston pier, she secured a stateroom and locked herself in. Then she endeavored to force open the large satchel which she had brought with her, and being unable to do that, she took a sharp knife from her handbag, cut open the side of the satchel, examined all its contents, put into her own bag some bundles of papers and three or four small boxes that apparently held jewels, then crowded the satchel and all its other contents far back under the lower berth. As she did so she felt the thrill and jar of the steamer as the huge side wheels began to turn. She held her breath. Pierce Denham's satchel was out of her sight, and now each stroke of the great paddles was putting water as well as land between her and him, and she told herself that now he was severed from her life forever. But that was impossible, for she had married him—the mystic tie of marriage survives these incidents.

That morning at Batavia a problem had confronted her—to get out of Denham's possession these articles which were now transferred to her hand-bag, and to escape from him herself. She was too young and too healthy, and hitherto life had flowed too easily, for her to regard as some might have done, death as the alternative. How she was to accomplish what she devised she did not know. She was a child, unused to depend at all upon herself; timid, ignorant of the world and its possibilities either good or evil. Rage and then passionate weeping, had been her resort until at Hotel Marot she stood upon the steps of the carriage, being ordered to "Come out."

In that exigency, childhood seemed to fall from her as a mantle, and maturity in an instant took its place. Denham had only counted upon her as a child with a child's yielding weakness; something shrewd and hard and resolute woke up in her, and he did not guess it. Circumstances had favored her strangely, perhaps somebody had been praying for her! Now alone in her state-room, she opened her purse and counted her money. It was not much, but enough for her short and simple plan. She had paid her passage to Kingston and she now rearranged in her mind the further steps she must take.

There were but few passengers on the boat, Sunday traveling was less common in those more orderly days than it is now. Her state-room overlooked the landing, and she was sure that Pierce Denham had not reached the wharf and come on board. She went to the clerk's office. "What railroad shall I take to go from Kingston to St. Catharine's?" "Can you let me have a time-table?" The clerk furnished her with the desired folder, and she returned to her room to study it. When she arrived at Kingston, she went to the railway station and took a late train for St. Catharine's. At St. Catharine's she bought a ticket for Buffalo. Early on Monday morning she was therefore by a circuit returned to within a short journey of Hotel Marot. But she was not going to Hotel Marot. She made herself tidy in the ladies' dressing-room of the Buffalo station, and then a sudden terror took possession of her. Suppose Pierce Denham should have been sharp enough not to pursue her toward Lewiston, but to come to Buffalo, to lie in wait for her near this station. Suppose he should lay hold of her and claim her—arrest her on the charge of stealing his satchel, or as an escaped lunatic? A hundred such fevered fancies whirled through her brain: she was weak from loss of sleep, lack of food, and from great mental excitement. She felt as if she were falling through chaos, terrible noises echoed in her ears—an indefinable alarm seized her. Perhaps she was going to be ill, perhaps she would faint in the street, and Pierce Denham, lurking somewhere, might take her prisoner. She was not a religious girl—not a praying girl—if she had been she would not have found herself in this situation; but now she felt the need of some mighty protection, and she got on her knees in the dressing-room and begged God to guide and help her.

With this prayer common-sense seemed to return to her; she felt that she must be calm, prompt and steadfast. She was faint, she must take food. She went into the dingy lunch-room, close and unseemly in its early morning disorder, and asked for a cup of tea or coffee. Neither would be ready for half an hour. She could not wait, she took a glass of milk and a cracker. That gave her a little strength, and she went into the waiting-room and asked the attendant to direct her to Woodbine Street.

"You might have asked a hundred folks and not found one," said the woman, "but I live right near there. It is a queer little short street, and there ain't much Woodbine about it, for it is right down among the railroad tracks."

"Is it far off?"

"No, it is right near—come to the door and I'll point out the way. Down along there to where the big red sign hangs out, then to the left one block, and to the right two blocks, and where you see a three-story skeleton tower, with a red and green light hung up in it—there you are at Woodbine Street."

"Thank you," said Dora, "red sign, left, right, tower. I think I have it, and the houses are numbered?"

"Of course."

Dora sped away like one pursued—on to the red sign out of breath, turning to the left with a tremor, to the right, doubting and fearing, but there is the tower for the signal lights, and here on a lamp-post "Woodbine Street," and Woodbine Street is but one block long, built up only on one side, for the other side is a wilderness of railroad tracks, and switches, and crossings, turning tables, and water tanks, and engine houses. Also the one side of Woodbine Street that is built upon has but two houses, or rather one double house, all the rest are coal yards, wood yards, freight sheds, engine yards.

Thirty, thirty and one-half—so is the single double house on Woodbine Street numbered. When we say "double house" it seems to indicate something large, but this house is small, each of the tenements that make up the double, has two rooms, a narrow hall and a tiny "lean-to" below, and two rooms above. The house is a clean fresh grey. It is painted every spring, as the locality is grimy; the blinds are a bright green, and over each front door of the twin houses is a rustic lattice porch, bright green also, and provided with seats—just such a porch as at a farm-house front door overlooks a grassy yard with borders of marigolds, pinks and bachelors'-buttons while tall hollyhocks nod in the corners of the fence, and old-fashioned June roses climb over the trellis, and wander up the roof. These porches of the house on Woodbine Street with their green seats and green lattice where no vines ever clambered, seemed queerly out of place in this complicated gridiron of tracks. The lower blinds of each front room were open, showing two shining windows for each house, and at these windows nice lace curtains primly draped apart in the middle, with a little round stand bearing a red geranium in flower between each pair of curtains. There was no mistaking the number thirty, it was burnished as bright as the brass knocker on the door below it. Dora had reached her haven.

She gave a long breath of relief—looked back to see the dangers of the way, thought she saw Pierce Denham in the distance, and went into such a panic, that instead of knocking at the door of No. 30, she opened it, dashed in, shut it with a bang, ran along the narrow hall-way toward the first opening which she saw, and that happened to be the door of the "lean-to," or summer kitchen, where at a small bright stove, a tall serene old woman in a white cap and black gown, was cooking breakfast. She turned from the stove at the sound of steps, and the girl flung herself upon her crying, "Aunt Lois! Aunt Lois! help me, take care of me!"

"Save us," said the dame, first clasping her arms about the girl, and then holding her back to look at her. "Who is this? What is the matter? Is it Eloise or Dora?"

"It's Dora;" sobbing violently.

"And have you come alone to make me a visit at last? And you are frightened with traveling alone on the cars?"

"But you won't let anybody in will you?"

"Yes, surely, all that come. Did you knock long, child?"

"But you won't let any one take me away?"

"Why, child, are you out of your head with fright? You should not have traveled alone, if you are so nervous. Come to the other room to your uncle."

Dora realized that she was becoming hysterical, and that she must control himself. She held fast the old lady's hand, and they went into the back-room where the table was laid for breakfast, and a stately white haired man in a dressing-gown and round scholar's cap was reading a paper.

"David," said Aunt Lois, "here is your grandniece, Dora Maple, come at last to visit us, alone, and she is frightened."

The old man rose with great courtesy, shook her hand kindly, but said, "Monday morning is a strange time to finish a journey! When did you leave Louisville, Dora?"

"A week ago," gasped Dora. "Oh, Aunt Lois, oh, Uncle David, I've something dreadful to tell you, but don't drive me away."

Aunt Lois turned pale and gasped. Uncle David said firmly, "Whatever it is, we shall not drive you away, child."

"I'd better call Margaret," said Aunt Lois. She opened a door leading into the next house, and returned with a fair young woman carrying a babe in her arms.

"Now, Dora," said Aunt Lois, taking the girl's hand, "this is your Cousin Margaret, our son's wife. Tell us all."

"Aunt Lois, I'm married. I got married a week and two days ago. Uncle Barlow didn't know it. He met me once in the street with Mr. Denham, and he said I was too young, and that Mr. Denham was too old for me and was a scoundrel, and Uncle Barlow talked very hard; and, well we got married privately, and Mr. Denham said he would take me to Paris for ever so long; he promised me so much, and I believed him."

MRS. JULIA MACNAIR WRIGHT.

Author of "The Captain's Bargain" and Many Other Notable Works, and of "The Christian Herald's" New Serial Story, "UNEQUALLY YOKED."

OUR readers will be gratified by the presentation, in this issue, of the portrait of Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, a lady whose literary talents have afforded them much pleasure in the past, and whose new and delightful serial story, "UNEQUALLY YOKED," was begun two weeks ago in our columns. We were in receipt of so many expressions of hearty approval and admiration of the story we formerly published from her pen—*The Captain's Bargain*,—that we arranged during the past summer for the new serial, which she has written expressly for the readers of this journal.

Mrs. Wright is a native of New York State, having been born in Oswego. She was brought up in a literary atmosphere, surrounded by books, and carefully trained by her father, John McNair, a man of unusual attainments. She began to write at sixteen years of age. Married at eighteen to Prof. Wright, of Fairfield, N. Y., (now Rev. J. W. Wright, LL.D., Professor of Metaphysics and Ethics in Westminister College, Mo.), she has not allowed her literary ambitions to be diverted, but has steadily progressed as an author in public favor. She has written a number of books, all of which have sold well, some very largely, her *Complete Home*, having sold over 100,000 copies, and several others having reached editions of 40,000 and 50,000. Recently she finished a series of *Readers on Natural Science* which have proved a popular success. Many of her books have been translated, some even into Arabic. Almost all of Mrs. Wright's productions have been of a high moral order, combining instruction with pure entertainment. Her *Bricks from Babel*, a study in ethnography, and her *Early Church in Britain* may be mentioned as among the more notable volumes from her pen. A number of her best stories have dealt with the temperance question, and have been widely circulated both here and abroad. She has two children, both of whom are married.

"Yes; I expected something like that," said David Rupert.

"Did your sister know?" asked Aunt Lois.

"No; Eloise is so taken up with her own affairs."

"And where is your husband, now?" asked Uncle David.

"I haven't told you the worst," sobbed Dora. "He said I ought to have my share of my mother's jewelry, to wear in Paris, and as neither Uncle Barlow nor Eloise would give them to me, I ought to get them myself. They were very handsome things you know, diamonds and emeralds. Uncle Barlow never let us wear them, but we knew where they were kept. Mr. Denham said I ought not to be cheated out of my half, and I ought to have my securities, for my five thousand, and if I did not take them then, I'd never get them."

"Didn't that show he was a rascal, you foolish child," roared Uncle David angrily.

"He said he did not care, it was only for my sake, and for fairness to me, and because I would wish I had them."

"Well, child, go on."

"You see they were all in Uncle Barlow's big secretary in the dining-room, and I did not know anything else was there, though I heard Lawyer Means tell uncle that he ought to put his valuables in a vault. I knew where the key was, but I was afraid to use it. It seemed like stealing, although, the things were mine. And at last, the day after we were married, I let Mr. Denham into the house at night, and gave him the key. And he said he would get just my things. And when he had got them, he locked up the secretary, and I went away with him. And we left the city by the owl train, and Mr. Denham carried the secretary key with him, and threw it out of the car window. And I did not like that."

"Did you like any of it?" demanded Uncle David.

"We went to two or three places, and at last to Batavia, Saturday night, and there I found out he had taken all the jewels, Eloise's half, and mine, too, and the five thousand of securities and ever so much that belonged to Uncle Barlow and wasn't ours at all!"

"How did you find it out?" asked Uncle David sternly.

"He told me! He triumphed in it! He thought I would! He said I had got the better of Eloise that time! He was going to Boston or Montreal, and sail for France. And when I was very angry and cried, and called him a thief, and said the things should go back to Uncle Barlow and Eloise; he said I was bound to him and the things were his and that I shouldn't go back, and that was the way he lived! And, then, when he was down in the bar-room I looked at some letters, and I found out he lived by robbing banks and people, and had married me, partly to get uncle's things and the jewels, and partly because I was so simple and innocent, I could help turn away suspicion from him and make a decoy for him. When I raged and cried all night and hated him, and said I would write to my uncle and tell everything, then he was furious and swore and shook me, and early in the morning yesterday, he got a carriage and pair, and put me and the satchel in the carriage and drove fifty miles without stopping; but when we got to a hotel on the Niagara river, the horses gave out and we had to stop."

"And, then?" said Cousin Margaret, gently.

"The hotel-keeper looked kind, and a little girl looked very bright; and I made out my plan to run away with the satchel that had the things in it and come here. The hotel man helped me," and she detailed her escape.

"But how came he to sleep so soundly?" asked Aunt Lois.

"Why, aunt, I was nearly wild for lack of sleep, and a pain in my head, and he made me take some wine, so I thought I'd put in my wine an opium powder I had in my bag, that my doctor gave me for neuralgia. I took the biggest one, for it seemed as if I'd give the world to get one deep sleep; and he came along and picked up my glass, and drank it off before I could stop him. Then like a flash, I thought if he got asleep I'd hurry and be off before he woke up. And so it happened."

"But suppose he had been one of those whom opium excites, and keeps awake?" said cousin Margaret.

"I didn't know it ever did that," said poor Dora simply; "I thought folks always went to sleep."

"It seems to me, you foolish, wicked child, that the good God must have watched over you, that you should escape so easily from such a desperate villain," said aunt Lois. But uncle David broke into a great rage.

"Miserable, ungrateful girl! hasn't your uncle Barlow been a father to you, that now you must deceive him and disobey him and rob him? You make a sudden match secretly with a man of whom you know nothing, and against whom you have been warned? You admit him to the house at night, to rob your sleeping uncle! So young and so depraved! And what more could one expect? The sins of the parents are visited upon the children. You are your mother's daughter, every whit. I have looked for you to come to some bad end, and your sister Eloise will do the same; that is your inheritance from a woman possessed of the devil. Do you know what your mother did?"

"David?" implored his wife.

But David Rupert went on ruthlessly. "I will tell you what she did. She abandoned her home, her husband and her children. She forgot her marriage vows, her wifely duty, her maternal trust. One winter day when her husband was at his office and her little ones, you and Eloise, were playing in her home—you were three and Eloise was four—your mother, Marion Maple, my niece, put on her best clothes, calmly stepped into a waiting sleigh with a Doctor Wade, and left for him her home, her husband, her helpless babies, never heeding your infant hands held out after her, and fled away never to return. That was your mother—you are her proper daughter!"

With wide wild eyes and pallid face, Dora Maple heard the story of the mother whom she had believed to be dead. An awful and hopeless horror seized her. Where should she fly to hide the double burden of shame? A low pitiful cry of anguish escaped her. "What shall I do, what shall I do?"

"Repent, reform, restore," said Uncle David, still severe, but less bitter, for compassion was tugging at his heart also.

"Oh, father," pleaded his daughter-in-law, taking Dora's hand, "you have been too hard. She is but a child. She has needed a good mother. She is not to blame for what her mother did, and perhaps that mother repented with anguish of heart. Father, God casts out none who come to him for help and pardon. She has come to us. We must help her."

"Yes, David," said his wife. "The prodigal's father did not cast up his sins to him."

Already David Rupert was repenting his too caustic treatment.

"Dora," he said, "we will protect you. Trust us. To-day you will rest here. To-morrow your Cousin Richard, my son, will take you and this recovered property back to your Uncle Barlow."

"But I know he will not take me in," sobbed Dora.

Then Richard shall bring you here, and you shall be to us a daughter."

(To be Continued.)

This story was commenced in "The Christian Herald" of Nov. 2. New subscribers who desire to read the earlier chapters, will be supplied with proof-pages on application to this office.

AN AFRICAN CHILD'S FUNERAL

An opportunity of preaching Jesus and the resurrection occurred recently in Balololand, Africa. It was especially favorable from the fact that the people were manifesting their grief over the death of a child; they did it in a grotesque way, but it was evidently genuine. Taking advantage of their softened mood, Mr. Cole, the missionary, and his wife talked with them of him who is "the resurrection and the life." "The poor mother," says Mr. Cole, "was gazing at the mat which held the lifeless clay of her only child. On removing a bunch of leaves which was suspended from the roof just over the head, I was horror-stricken at the appearance of the once bonny, bright face. It was smeared with white clay, and looked ghastly. By each ear, and under the chin, were placed lumps of some bright red composition. The unconscious little sleeper was otherwise decorated, so that when left in its narrow home among the other graves, it would be laughed at or seem to have been friendless or neglected." They listened joyfully to the words of the missionaries who were able to tell them of him who wept at the grave of Lazarus and died that they might live.

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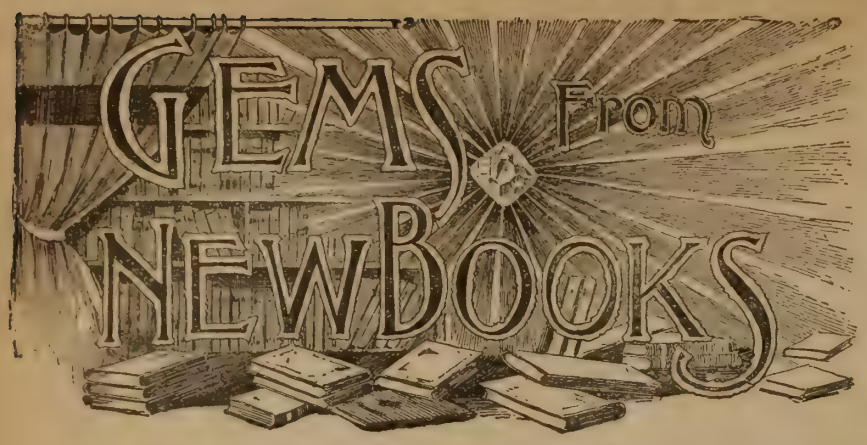


DIGGING IN EGYPT.

Some of the Events of Ten Years of Excavation in the Land of the Pharaohs.*

THE houses of the Roman period on the surface were examined (at Tanis). One yielded a jar in the corner of the cellar, in which the lady had hidden away a large silver chain, a necklace of fine stones and a gold ring. But the burned houses were the real prize of the season, as the owners had fled and left most of their goods; and the reddened patches of earth attracted us usually to a profitable site. In one house there was a beautiful marble term, of Italian work; and the fragments of a very curious zodiac, painted on a sheet of clear glass over a foot square, each sign or month having an emblematic head to represent it; unhappily it was broken in a hundred and fifty pieces, and as I uncovered them it was cruel to see the gold foil work which was on them peel off on the earth, leaving the glass bare in many parts. A yet more heart-rending sight was the pile of papyrus rolls, so rotten that they fell to pieces with the touch, showing here and there a letter of the finest Greek writing. . . . . .

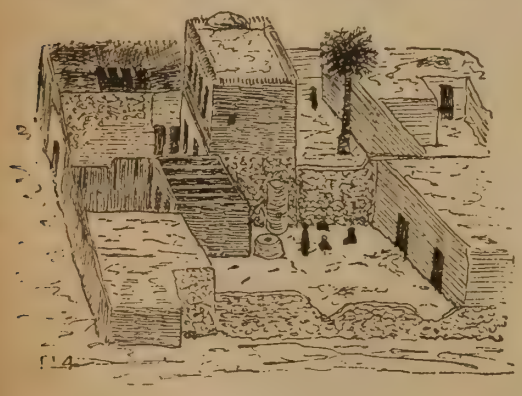
GOLD RING.

A remarkable connection with the account given by Jeremiah was found on clearing around the fort (at Taphanhes). The entrance was in the side of a block of building projecting from the fort; and in front of it, on the opposite side of its roadway, similarly projecting from the fort, was a large platform or pavement of brick-work evidently suitable for out-door business, such as loading goods, pitching tents, etc., just what is now called *mastaba*. Now Jeremiah writes of "the pavement (or brick-work) which is at the entry of Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes" (chap. 43: 9, R. V.); this passage, which has been an unexplained stumbling-block to translators hitherto, is the exact description of the *mastaba* which I found; and this would be the most likely place for Nebuchadnezzar to pitch his royal tent, as stated by Jeremiah. The Greek vases found here show us an entirely new type, derived from the form of the Egyptian metal vases, but with the pointed base replaced by a circular foot. The painting and style of these vases are found here, but it is very remarkable to note the total difference from the pottery of Naukratis. If the vases had been mainly imported to these settlements in Egypt, we should certainly find the remains much alike in two towns both occupied by Ionians at the same period, and probably trading with the same places; whereas every style that is most common at either of these towns is almost or entirely unknown at the other town. Such a widespread distinction show show largely the pottery was made at local schools of potters, at the place where we find it, and how little of it was carried by the trade.

The decoration of some of the vases is surprising, as showing at what an early date some patterns were used. On one vase are two bands of design, one of the archaic square volute, and the other of the lotus or "palmetto" pattern, which would otherwise have been supposed to be a century later.

The greater part of the vase fragments were found in two chambers of the out-buildings of the fort. These rooms had been used by the Greeks, and served for rubbish holes, so that when we cleared them out every scrape of the earth brought out some painted fragments, and the lucky workmen who had these places filled basket after basket each day. The finest vase of all was found alone, in a passage on the north of the fort, and nearly every fragment was secured, ninety-nine pieces in all; it had been very probably a present to the Egyptian governor, or possibly to the king on some visit there, as it had traces of an inscription.

VASE WITH DIFFERENT PATTERNS.



HOUSES IN MIDDLE EGYPT.

The resemblance between Egypt of the present and mediæval England are marked. There is the same prevalence of the power of the great man of the village; the same rough-and-ready justice administered by him; the same lack of intercommunication, the same suspicion of strangers; the absence of roads, and use of pack animals, is alike; the lack of shops in all but large towns, and the great importance of the weekly markets in each village, is similar again; and the mental state of the people seems to be somewhat

(*Continued on next page.*)

* From *Ten Years' Digging in Egypt*—1881–1891, by W. M. Flinders Petrie, author of the "Pyramids of Gizeh," etc.; cloth; pp. 201, with map and illustrations; price, $1 50. Fleming H. Revell Co., 30 Union Square, New York, publishers.

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DIGGING IN EGYPT.

(*Continued.*)

akin to that of our ancestors . . . . . .

The man who can read and write is the rare exception in the country; perhaps two per cent. of the fellahin men can do so, but probably not one woman in ten thousand. Of education there is but very little, for the great majority of the people; in villages the children of the fellah seldom go to school, and in large towns the scholars are but a minority of the boys, while the girls are nowhere.

At one village (in the Delta) there lies a large number of rough stones half hidden in the ground, scattered over an acre or so; probably old remnants of building material, brought a century or two ago from the hills. A great festival of a local saint is held at the village yearly, and an intelligent fellow gravely told me that the saint had been murdered there with all his followers, of whom a thousand were buried under each of the stones. The total number, or the question of burying a thousand men in a few square yards, did not seem to matter.

While naming the local village festivals, it may be noted that they generally take place around a tall pole fixed in some open space by the village. Some poles are stout masts thirty or forty feet high; around this central point is the celebration of the *molid* or birthdays of the village saint. Some *molids* are fairs for the whole district, lasting nine days or even more, and attended by performers, shows, jugglers, candy-sellers, and as much riff-raff as any country fair.

Many visitors to Egypt see the dancing and howling derwishes, but few know of the common and less obtrusive of the same kind in the villages.

THE BEGINNING OF A STRIKE. *

MR. PERCY BALLISH was known to the trade as a hustler, always in a hurry, sparing neither himself nor those under him. Mr. Alexander Dull was the very reverse, he was an easy-going man, who prided himself on doing a good job, rather than a quick one. He was a thorough mechanic, and his partner always gave him the charge of their finer buildings.

The first morning Mr. Ballish came to the Elm street buildings, he noticed one of the stone-cutters working in what he thought a very leisurely manner. Mr. Ballish scowled at the man, but passed on without saying anything. Half an hour later when he had completed his inspection, he saw the stone-cutter apparently no further advanced with the job than he was half an hour before. Mr. Ballish was angry, and calling the foreman, ordered him to discharge the man.

"Discharge who?" the foreman asked.

"That fellow there; he'll be all day on that stone by the way he works."

"What! discharge Bob Barclay! He's the best man we've got on the job."

"He is, eh!" said Ballish, sneeringly, "then it is time you had another gang. No wonder we are losing money on the job. Discharge him right away."

"But Mr. Dull," said the foreman, when he was interrupted by Ballish exclaiming:

"Mr. Dull be—" he was about to say something rude, but checked himself and said, "Never mind Mr. Dull, but just do as I tell you, I'll be responsible."

Mr. Ballish jumped on board a passing car, leaving the foreman scratching his head in his perplexity. At length he pulled himself together, and going up to the workman, said:

"Bob, Mr. Ballish has ordered me to discharge you."

"What!" exclaimed the man, staring at the foreman incredulously. "You're joking, Mr. Jones: what have I done?"

"The boss says you are not doing enough work."

"You know better than that, Jones," said Barclay, reproachfully, "I ain't cutting ashlar."

"I know it, I told Ballish so, but he would not listen to me. I see nothing else for it, Bob, you'll have to go. You can easily get another job."

"I guess so," sighed the man, gathering up his tools, "but I don't think this is treating me fair."

The other stone-cutters seeing Barclay packing his tools, came forward to inquire the reason.

"I'm discharged for not doing enough work to suit Ballish; what do you think of that?"

"Well, Bob, if that is the case it will be our turn next," said one of the men. "I don't propose to be fired out in this manner," he added, turning to the others, "if Bob goes, I go, too."

The other men said they would do the same, and forthwith began packing up their tools. The plumbers and carpenters on learning the story, also stopped, and in five minutes all work on the building ceased. The foremen begged their men not to be rash, to wait at least till they could communicate with Mr. Ballish, and after some persuasion, the men consented to work till noon. Jones hurried up to Bleecker street, where another building was being erected by Ballish & Dull, and very fortunately caught Mr. Ballish just as he was leaving the building.

"Hello, Jones! what's the matter now!" he inquired, "let me know your business at once. I must be at the board meeting at noon."

In a few words the foreman explained the situation, and begged Mr. Ballish to recall the discharge.

"I'll do nothing of the kind," he roared, while his face grew red with passion, "just you go back and tell the men that if they don't like it, they can leave it. I'll hire and discharge whoever I please without consulting them about it. I will lay this matter before the board, and we will soon see who's boss.

"Don't stand staring at me like a fool, but go back and deliver my message, and let me know their answer. You will find me at the board meeting."

Poor Jones turned away shaking his head. He had a pretty good idea of what the answer would be, for he had seen more than one strike in his time. It happened as he feared it would; when Mr. Ballish's message was delivered every man left off work. After much discussion the master-builders drew up an ultimatum to the effect that if Ballish & Dull's men did not return to work the next day, they would order a general lockout. A copy of this order was sent to the headquarters of each trade interested.

* From *Philip Meyer's Scheme*, by Luke A. Hedd; a story of a great labor conflict. The author, evidently a practical worker, having intimate acquaintance with the working of trade unions, propounds a novel project for surmounting the chief difficulties in the problem of capital and labor. In his story, which is written in bright sprightly style, the characters are typical employers and workingmen who, in a strike, makes practical experiment of the scheme, and both sides learn many valuable lessons from the result. It is full of valuable suggestions on this great problem. 144 pp.; paper cover 25 cts.; published by J. S. Ogilvie, 57 Rose street, New York.

MIRAGE IN ALASKA.*

NOW the welcome coast grows nearer,
And, behold the town, the station,
That he thought was still so distant,
Seems to bid him cheer and welcome·
Yes, he sees the trading station
And the quaint old mission chapel,
And the houses, somewhat altered
From the day he last beheld them.
As he looks, the changing shadows
Make the wiudows gleam and twinkle,
Make the roofs and chimney places
Seem to bend and lean together;
And the houses change position,
And he looks with longing vision
Toward his lonely journey's ending!
What! the misson turns and trembles,
Rises, falls, and sinks in darkness!
And the station rears up boldly,
Turns and drops to find its level!
Then the village rocks and trembles,
Quivers now, then drops so slowly
That he sees each roof and window
Sink beneath the gleaming water!
What a weird, a sad destruction,
And no hand to stay the danger!
But 'twas strange no human creature
Seemed to know the fate so awful
That was gathering close around them,
And befell them all unnoticed
Till, alas! too late they perished
With their homes and all the village!
On he rides in hope of nearing,
And beholding if some remnant
May remain to tell the story
Of that trading station's presence.
On and on! he finds no fissure
Where the town may have been swallowed!
And he sees no broken timbers!
On for miles he rides and watches,
When at last his eyes are fastened
On a trading post, a chapel,
Houses, boats laid by for winter,
Coaches high, with full provisions,
Men awaiting for his coming,
All alert for furs and ivory,
And for news of huntsmen's fortune!
Now his dazzled eyes grow clearer,
And his brain wakes up to reason,
And he knows the late disaster,
That he gazed upon so wildly,
Was the crowning, taunting mirage
Of Alaska's frost-bound tundra.

*From *Alaskana*, or Alaska in Descriptive and Legendary Poems; by Prof. Bushrod W. James, A. M., M. D.; pp. 368; illustrated; cloth, gilt edges; Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, publishers.

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THE ANOINTING OF JESUS.*

THIS token of affection took the company by surprise. Lazarus and his sisters may have been in sufficiently good circumstances to admit of their making a substantial acknowledgment of their indebtedness to Jesus; and although this alabaster ointment had cost as much as would keep a laboring man's family for a year, this could not seem an excessive return to make for service so valuable as Jesus had rendered. It was the manner of the acknowledgment which took the company by surprise. Jesus was a poor man, and his very appearance may have suggested that there were other things he needed more urgently than such a gift as this. Had the family provided a home for him, or given him the price of this ointment, no one would have uttered a remark. But this was the kind of demonstration reserved for princes or persons of great distinction; and when paid to one so conspicuously humble in his dress and habits, there seemed to the uninstructed eye something incongruous and bordering on the grotesque. When the fragrance of the ointment disclosed its value, there was therefore an instantaneous exclamation of surprise, and at any rate in one instance of blunt disapproval. Judas, instinctively putting a money value on this display of affection, roundly and with coarse indelicacy declared it had better have been sold and given to the poor. Jesus viewed the act with very different feelings. The rulers were determining to put him out of the way, as not only worthless but dangerous; the very man who objected to this present expenditure was making up his mind to sell him for a small part of the sum; the people were scrutinising his conduct, criticising him; in the midst of all this hatred, suspicion, treachery, coldness and hesitation comes this woman and puts aside all this would-be wisdom and caution, and for herself pronounces that no tribute is rich enough to pay to him. It is the rarity of such action, not the rarity of the nard, that strikes Jesus.

The Foot-Washing.

But our Lord was not content to let his action speak for itself; he expressly explains the meaning of what he had now done. He meant that they should learn to wash one another's feet, to be humble and ready to be of service to one another even when to serve seemed to compromise their dignity. No disciple of Christ need go far to find feet that need washing, feet that are strained or bleeding with the hard ways that have been trodden. To recover men from the difficulties into which sin or misfortune has brought them—to wipe off some of the soil from men's lives—to make them purer, sweeter, readier to listen to Christ, even unostentatiously to do the small services which each hour calls for—is to follow him who girt himself with the slave's apron. As often as we thus condescend, we become like Christ. By putting himself in the servant's place, our Lord has consecrated all service. The disciple who next washed the feet of the rest would feel that he was representing Christ, and would suggest to the minds of the others the action of their Lord; and as often as we lay aside the conventional dignity in which we are clad, and gird ourselves to do what others despise, we feel that we are doing what Christ would do, and are truly representing him.

Nearing the End.

When Judas glided out of the supper-room on his terrible mission, a weight seemed to be lifted from the spirit of Jesus. The words which fell from him, however, indicated that he not only felt the relief of being rid of a disturbing element in the company, but that he recognised that a crisis in his own career had been reached and successfully passed through. "Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in him." In sending Judas forth he had in point of fact delivered himself to death. He had taken the steps which cannot be withdrawn, and he is conscious of taking it in fulfilment of the will of the Father. The conflict in his own mind is revealed only by the decision of the victory. No man in soundness of body and of mind can voluntarily give himself to die without seeing clearly other possibilities, and without feeling it to be a hard and painful thing to relinquish life. Jesus had made up his mind. His death is the beginning of his glorification. In choosing the cross he chooses the crown. "The Son of man is glorified" in his perfect self-sacrifice that wins all men to Him; and God is glorified in Him because this sacrifice is a tribute at once to the justice and the love of God. The cross reveals God as nothing else does.

*From *The Expositor's Bible:* The Gospel of John, Vol. 2 by Rev. Marcus Dods, D. D. That most tender and sublime passage of the Bible, the last ten chapters of the Fourth Gospel, has been the theme of many works but seldom has it been dealt with so sympathetically and with so much insight as in this, which is one of the best volumes of an excellent series. pp. 427. Sent postpaid by mail by *A. C. Armstrong & Son*, 51 East Tenth Street, New York for $1.50.

MIRACULOUSLY SAVED.*

NOWHAT, an old chief of the highest rank from Aneityum, who spoke Tannese and was much respected by the natives all round the south side of Tanna, came on a visit to our island. After returning home, he became very ill and died in a few days. The deluded Tannese, hearing of his death, ascribed it to me and the Worship, and resolved to burn our house and property, and either murder the whole mission party, or compel us to leave the island. The inhabitants for miles around united in seeking our destruction, but God put it into even savage hearts to save us. Old Norwar, the chief under whom we lived, and the chief next under him, Arkurat, set themselves to rescue us. Along with Manuman and Sirawia they opposed every plan in the public assembly for taking our lives. Some of their people also remained friendly to us, and by the help of our Aneityumese teachers, warned us of danger and protected our lives. Determined not to be baffled, a meeting of all our enemies on the island was summoned, and it was publicly resolved that a band of men be selected and enjoined to kill the whole of those friendly to the mission, old Norwar among the rest, and not only to murder the mission party, but also a trader who had lately landed to live there, that no one might be left to give information to the white men or bring punishment on the Islanders. Frenzy of excitement prevailed, and the blood-fiend seemed to override the whole assembly; when, under an impulse that surely came from the Lord of Pity, one great warrior chief who had hitherto kept silent, rose, swung aloft a mighty club, and smashing earthward, cried aloud: "The man that kills Missi must first kill me—the men that kill the mission teachers must first kill me and my people—for we shall stand by them and defend them till death."

Instantaneously another chief thundered in with the declaration; and the great assembly broke up in dismay. All the more remarkable was this deliverance, as these two chiefs lived nearly two miles inland, and, as reputed disease makers and sacred men, were regarded as amongst our bitterest enemies. It had happened that a brother of the former chief having been wounded in battle, I had dressed his wounds and he recovered, for which perhaps he now favored us. But I do not put very much value on that consideration; for too clearly did our Lord Jesus interpose directly on our behalf that day. I and my defenceless company had spent it in anxious prayers and tears; and our hearts overflowed with gratitude to the Saviour who rescued us from the lion's jaws.

LOST ON THE MOUNTAIN.

A SEARCH for a lady in the mountains is described in a Californian journal. She left her home early in the morning to look for some cattle belonging to her husband, which were but a short distance away. She was slightly near-sighted, and the mountain mist assisted in confusing her, and she became bewildered. Instead of going home, as she thought, she took the opposite direction and soon was hopelessly lost. About noon her husband became alarmed at her prolonged absence, and went in search of her, and at night, not getting any trace of her, aroused the neighbors, and soon a dozen sturdy mountaineers were searching the rough mountain sides and deep gorges of Mount Day. The party searched till late in the afternoon, when one after another returned home. But there was an old man in that crowd—an old mountaineer—who determined not to quit the search while a ray of hope remained of finding her alive, and he was successful. He came on her tracks more than two miles away from her home and followed them patiently until he saw her. She was just sinking into an insensible sleep, which would have known no waking. The old man took off his shoes and covered her feet, from which her own shoes had worn away, kindled a fire, and warmed and rubbed her into semi-consciousness, and carried her to her home. So it happens to poor lost travelers on life's highway. When their relatives and friends have given up all hope of reaching them the Great Shepherd searches for his lost sheep on the mountains of sin and unbelief, and brings them home rejoicing. (Matthew 18: 12–14.)

*From *the Story of John G. Paton or Thirty Years Among South Sea Cannibals*, by the Rev. James Paton; illustrated; cloth; pp. 397; sent post paid by mail $1.50, by A. C. Armstrong & Son, publishers, New York.

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EARNEST and indefatigable in the prosecution of his work as a Sunday School organizer and Gospel teacher, Rev. George W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD missionary in the Southwest, has many peculiar experiences. He has just concluded an October tour, and his letter about it is so full of interest and spiritual encouragement that we feel warranted in publishing it in full for the information of our readers whose Christian generosity has enabled us to keep him in the field where he is doing so noble a work for the souls and bodies of the neglected children of that distant part of the Union :

" KIRKSVILLE, Mo., Oct. 30.

"EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD :

"DEAR SIR—I closed a tour this month which lasted twenty-seven days, having explored some districts very destitute morally. The first school organized was a refutation of the common cry in places of moral darkness, 'You can't have a Sunday School here.' After two addresses and much talk in private, an organization was effected, the school was supplied with Testaments, and Sunday School papers to run through the winter, and there was a general awakening among the people. 'Six teachers and fifty scholars,' with a good interest, was the latest report from the school.

"At another place I found a larger schoolhouse than usual, about ninety children of age for the week-day school, but no public religious services, except occasional preaching. Now they have a flourishing Sunday School, with Testaments, Bible helps, bright Sunday School papers, song-books, etc. I saw a boy of probably twelve years, the morning after the school was organized, who said :

" 'I never was in a Sunday School, but I am going next Sunday.'

"At the third place I was told no superintendent could be secured, and that there were no Christians in the neighborhood. It was between two streams of water which run nearly parallel, about thirty miles apart. It is a densely wooded country, people poor. Gamblers, from a town some miles distant, resort to the woods on Sunday, and often the echoing hounds are heard on that day, as the people chase the red foxes which abound in the woods. There had been no preaching in that district for three years. Once, when a preacher had gathered an audience, some rowdies, knowing the place where he stood in the house, got a fence rail and threw it with force against the outside of the house, so as to jar or shock him. At one time a youth brought a snake into the school-house in his pocket, and another took a piece of lead and, covering it with mud, made a ball which he threw among the women and children.

"I canvassed that district from house to house, 'talking up' a Sunday School to old and young. The prospect was very discouraging, and an event occurred which endangered my life. While drawing water with a bucket and rope, the plank on which my weight was resting gave way and I was in imminent danger of falling into the large cistern, but a firm grasp with my left hand on a solid plank enabled me to pull out and thus escape the peril. I was watering my horse and no one was near to help me, had I fallen into the water below. I praise God for deliverance from the danger.

"That was on Friday, and on the following Sunday I was at the school-house long before any one else came. As they came in slowly, I tried to shake hands with every one and to interest all in the object of the meeting. Then followed songs, prayers, an address and a school was organized, forty-two promising to attend, which I regard as a direct assurance to my prayers; for at first there was no prospect of success.

"That night—a hot one! when I got another place, I found a large gathering; but near by was the carcass of a dead animal which emitted an odor that was almost unbearable. Some thoughtful souls removed it, but it was quite awhile before the foul stench got out of the air. We went into the house and by keeping the windows and doors closed in the direction whence the odor came we were sheltered. Thus shut in we felt the heat of the night, but that was far more tolerable than the other. By-and-by, after patient waiting, we could open the house, and the service began. A glorious meeting it was, thanks be to God. How they sung! not accurately, but so heartily; it was a delight to my soul to hear them and to see their interest. A school of fifty-five was organized. I hope it will reach near a hundred.

"As some of the visible results of that tour there are now between three hundred and four hundred persons enjoying Sunday School privileges in seven Sunday Schools where there were none before. During this time, 178 copies of the Scriptures were distributed, besides Gospel-books and tracts; and more than 3500 copies of Sunday School papers will enter some of the darkest portions of my field. I addressed and aided some other schools that needed encouragement, and also preached the Gospel in several places to the poor."

GEO. W. SHARP.

A RECONCILIATION IN AN ATTIC.

IN preaching recently on the readiness of God to receive the repentant prodigal, Mr. Moody told the following incident: One Sunday night, a preacher named William Dawson, was preaching in London, and at the close of his sermon, he said there is no man so far gone in all London but that the grace of God can save him. The next morning a young lady came to his house and requested an interview, and she said, "Mr. Dawson, I heard you preach, and you said that there is no man so far gone in all London but that the grace of God can save him. Do you believe it?" "Why, yes," said Mr. Dawson, "if I had not believed it I should not have said it." Then she said, "I have found a man so far gone, so wicked, that his friends will not have anything to do with him, and he is dying. Will you come and see him?" He said he would, and she took him to the East of London, and they came to a five-story building, and she said, "You will find him up in the fifth story. I think you can do better alone with him." The man of God went up the stairs and into the room; there was no furniture there, and he found him on some straw and rags. There he was, all mangled and bruised by sin, and his visitor went and whispered into his ear, and called him "Friend." The young man said, "You are mistaken in the person." "Why so?" said Mr. Dawson. "Why, sir, I have no friend." Mr. Dawson told him Christ was his friend; and he told him how Christ came to save the lost. He went on quoting promise after promise, and at last he got down and prayed with him. He found the man was dying, and he kept holding up Christ; and at last the light of the Gospel began to break into the darkened soul. The first sign of conversion and of true repentance was that his heart went out towards those he had injured, and he said, "Well, if I knew that my father would forgive me, I believe I could die happy." "Who is your father?" said Mr. Dawson. He told him, and Mr. Dawson said, "Where does he live?" He told him he lived in the West End of London. "Well," said the man of God, "I will go and see your father, and ask if he will not forgive you, and let you die in peace." The young man shook his head, and said, "No, I do not want you to go." "Why not?" "My father disinherited me, and he disowns me as his boy, and does not let any one mention my name. If you go and mention my name in his presence, he will order you out, and be unkind to you. You have been so kind to me that I do not want your feelings hurt for my sake." "Well," said the man of God, "I will go and see him." He got his address, and went to the West End. He came to a beautiful house, and rang the bell. A servant in livery came, and he inquired if his master was in. The servant said he was, and showed him into the drawing-room. When the master came down, the man of God went up to him, to shake hands with him, and he said, "I think you have a son of the name of Joseph, have you not?" The man's countenance changed, his hands fell, and he said "No, sir, I have now no son of that name. I have cast him off. I do not want you to speak to me about him." "Well," said the man of God, "he is yours now, but he will not be much longer." The father said, "Is Joseph sick?" "Yes, he is dying. He says he can die in peace if he knows you are willing to forgive him. I do not ask you to do anything for him. I will see that he has decent burial. All I ask is that you will send word by me that you are willing to forgive him, and that you will let him die in peace." Great tears trickled down the father's face, and he said, "Oh, sir, I would have forgiven him long ago if I had known that he really wanted me to." He ordered a servant to bring out the carriage, and he said to the minister, "Take me to Joseph, my boy! I will forgive him gladly." In a short time the father was in that dark garret. He went to the corner, but he failed to recognize his boy. The first thing Joseph said to his father was, "Father, can you forgive me?" And the father bent over the boy, and kissed him. It was a kiss of reconciliation. Then the father said, "Now, my boy, let the servants take you in the carriage home; I cannot have you die in this horrible place." But the boy said, "No, father, I am too sick; I am dying; but I can die happy now I know that you forgive me.' And after lingering a few hours he died on the bosom of his father.

I told you that to show the willingness the father had to forgive the boy. God is just as willing to forgive you if you want to be forgiven. You may be cast off by father and mother, but God loves you with an everlasting love.

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Those who subscribe for Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893 will possess a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides a Magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subject matter, that will keep everyone posted on all the topics of the day, and all the fads and different items of interest about the household, besides furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family; and while Demorest's is not a fashion Magazine, its fashion pages are perfect, and we give you, *free of cost*, all the patterns you wish to use during the year, and in any size you choose. Send in your subscription at once, only $2, and you will really get over $25 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York. If you are unacquainted with the Magazine, send 10 cents for a specimen copy.

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Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

R. A. Amster, Royersford, Pa. We believe he is still living.

S. V. Gilbert, Riverside, Cal. What proportion of the German population of Chicago is protestant?

Probably some of our Chicago readers can answer the question satisfactorily?

S. K. Marsh, Meriden, Mich. How long before the flood did *Noah* preach warning to the people of that approaching event?

Probably about 100 years. (See Gen. 5:32; 7:11.) This was the period of grace allowed by the Lord, during which Noah strove to bring men to repentance. See also I. Peter 3:20, and II. Peter 2:5.

Mrs. F. Birdsall, Chicago. I notice an inquiry in your last issue regarding training schools for missions in Chicago. Besides Mr. Moody's Institute, there is the Methodist Training School for Women at 114 Dearborn Ave., presided over by Rev. and Mrs. Meyer, well-known as the founders of Deaconess' Work, an excellent institution. There is also a Baptist Training School at 2415 Indiana Ave.

C. W. Wakely, Orrnogue, Conn. What books can a young man procure that will help him or show him what to speak in prayer meetings and young people's meetings, and where they can be had.

The best of all, and better than all others combined, for the purpose mentioned by our correspondent, is the Oxford Teachers' Bible. It contains all the helps (especially designed for the use of teachers and those engaged in Christian work iu churches, Sunday-schools, etc.), and complete concordance references, subject-index and maps. One of these Bibles is presented by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to every new $2 subscriber.

Polar, Lansingburgh, N. Y. Where can I obtain a narrative of the polar expedition of the British ships *Alert* and *Discovery*, in the years 1375-76? Is there an official record published by the British government?

We believe a full record of Sir George Nares' expedition might be obtained by communicating with the secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, London, England. This would doubtless include the official report. A brief history of the expedition can be found in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and in almost any of the numerous books on arctic explorations published in the last fifteen years.

P. M. Bobb, Chicago. I have before me the copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of October 19, and I would like to know what authority you have for characterizing speculation as gambling. Why is it any different, from a moral standpoint, whether I buy stocks or real estate when I believe there is to be an advance in value? If I think there is going to be money in the sugar trade during the next six months, why is it worse for me to buy sugar trust stock than it would be for me to buy the sugar itself? Owing to the World's Fair in Chicago, street-car stocks have doubled in value. Do you consider it gambling for me to buy the stock and sell when it advances? Kindly inform me. I am a church member and a stock speculator, and don't care to do wrong.

There is a sharp distinction between what may be termed in a moral sense legitimate and illegitimate speculation. One may buy stocks or flour or cotton or securities as an investment, and taking advantage of an increase in values, dispose of them, without violating any moral principle. But if the purchase is, as many are, a mere gamble on the rise or fall of the thing purchased, or if it be made with a view to affecting the market and force it up or down, or in connection with any of the thousand and one different avaricious schemes known as pools, corners, combinations, etc., which unprincipled men organize for the purpose of making profit out of the weakness or necessities of others, then such a purchase comes clearly within the category of gambling. Our correspondent can decide to which class his own operations belong by applying to them the touchstone of conscience.

Mrs. S. C. Hawkins, Salvisa, Ky. 1. Where did Noah build the Ark? 2. Which is correct—Matthew, who says the thieves reviled Christ, or Luke who says one of them begged to be remembered?

1. The place where the Ark was built by Noah is not known, although it was probably at some point on or near the great Plain of Shinar. It was not necessary that it should be constructed near a river or the sea. The tradition of a deluge, by which men and animals were almost swept from the earth, has been traced in at least eighteen different nations, and nearly all hold the belief that certain persons were preserved in an ark or other vessel, to repeople the earth. Very old sculptures, coins and monuments of India, Egypt and Syria bear references to the ark.

2. Both evangelists are undoubtedly correct, the apparent discrepancy being simply the events in different stages during the last moments on the Cross. Both malefactors, according to Matthew and Mark's accounts, followed the example of the soldiery and reviled him; but one, evidently stricken of conscience, rebuked his fellow and showed his own penitence and belief by his petition to the dying Saviour.

C. B. P., Towsonton, Md. I enjoy the Mail-Bag column because I learn things I would never know without it. I have a question to ask: I believe in the laying aside of a tenth of my income for the work of the Lord. Do you think it right to use some of this tenth in subscribing for religious papers?

Certainly a part of the tenth could be put to no better or more effective purpose provided the papers so subscribed for are to be sent to needy ministers or missionaries or used in Christian work in other channels. Through a religious press a larger audience is reached and a wider missionary work done than through all other means combined. Every mail brings us letters establishing this more and more convincingly. We believe that the hearts that can be reached and the spiritual good that may be accomplished by such sermons as those that are published in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are beyond human estimate, and that the spiritual influence of the religious press will have more to do with evangelizing the world than is now even dreamed of.

W. G. Graham, Beaver Falls, Pa. Where can I procure a set of law books sufficient for a young student of law and what would be the cost?

The study of law, like that of all other professions, to be of any value whatever, should be conducted under the immediate supervision of some practical lawyer or at a regular Law Institute or College. The profession has so many branches—each being a separate calling of itself—that we do not feel justified in suggesting a list of books for self-conducted study. Consult some reputable attorney in your neighborhood and he will doubtless give sound advice as to the best course to be followed.

Mrs. M. S. Barbour, Fort Wayne, Ind. 1. Was the wine used by the Lord at the institution of the Lord's Supper fermented or intoxicating wine? 2. Is it disparaging to Christ to decline intoxicating wine at the sacrament? 3. Is there danger to a converted man, once a drunkard, in partaking of wine at the communion?

1. The question has long been argued without result. It is most probable that it was the unfermented juice of the grape. 2. No; there would be no reflection on the Master in not tasting it; but many churches now use non-intoxicating wine at the communion. 3. Yes; there is a danger of the taste of the wine reviving the slumbering appetite, but not the same danger as he would incur if he drank it elsewhere. The solemnity of the service would have a tendency to counteract the temptation, but there is no miraculous property about the sacramental wine, depriving it of its seductive influence.

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A FESTIVAL IN MONGOLIA.

Gamblers, Devotees, and Gayly-Dressed Women Crowding the Heathen Temples—A Missionary's Labors.

ONE of the most entertaining and instructive books on missionary work recently issued is a volume containing the diaries and letters of the late Rev. James Gilmour, Missionary to Mongolia.* Much that is new and interesting concerning the people of that practically unknown country is disclosed in these letters, the writer drawing from actual personal experiences, as missionary and physician. His descriptions of social and religious life are especially graphic. He relates that, during one of his evangelistic tours, he reached the town of Mai Li Ying Tzu, of which he writes:

"Mai Li Ying Tzu is a very wicked place. There were no less than fourteen large tents set up for gambling, and, in addition, some thirty or forty mat-tents for gambling. I was there three days. The first day people were shy. The second day they were not much afraid. The third day I had quite a lot of patients. We sold a good few books, preached a good deal, and doctored a number of patients. From there we went to Bo-or-Chin, starting in the dark and traveling seventeen English miles before breakfast. After we had traveled ten miles we came to a little town just as people were opening their doors. A seller of chiek jao, that sticky stuff, had just set out his wheelbarrow with his pudding. We each bought a great piece, wrapped it in a chien ping (a thin scone), and traveled on, eating it. That was our breakfast. Arrived at Bo-or-Chin, we set up our table at once, and, after preaching for a short time, patients came round us in crowds, and kept us busy till late in the afternoon.

"For a full week I was kept very busy at a great temple gathering, which lasted six days. Such crowds of people came, though it was only a country district. It was the great religious event of the year for the neighborhood, and how do you think they do? They hire a theatrical company to come and act six days in a great mat stage, put up for the occasion in front of the temple. Theatrical exhibitions are the religion of China. These shows are supposed to be in honor of the idols in the temple. The people think the gods will thus be pleased, and give them good seasons.

"What a crowd of women came to worship at the temple on the great day of the festival! Till noon that day women only were allowed to enter: no men. How the women were dressed—in all the colors of the rainbow, red trousers being especially prominent! How they moved along on their little feet!

"No end of gamblers came too. There were twenty-six, or so, large tents put up to gamble in, and about as many straw-mat booths, and they all had plenty of trade. Ah, but, it is sad to see the utter worldliness of these Chinese. They soon found me out. I had my tent put up in a quiet place away from the bustle. In front is the great flying sign, "The Jesus Religion Gospel Hall." At the one end, "God the Heavenly Father;" at the other, "Jesus the Saviour." They found me out, not because they wanted to hear me preach, but to get medicine. Oh, the numbers of suffering people I saw and attended to! I used to go out early in the morning, and be there all day, most of the time so busy that there was no time to eat. To get food I had to steal away because everyone would want me just to attend to him or her before I went. When I had attended to that one there was another, and so on. I was able to cure a number of them, and got preaching a good deal too. I sold a number of books. It was the first time that a missionary had ever been there, and it was difficult to make them understand."

"Of all the countries I have visited Mongolia is the most sparsely peopled, and yet it is, of all the places I have seen, the most difficult to get private conversation with any one. Everybody, even half-grown children, seem to think he has a perfect right to intrude on any and all conversation. Bar the door and deny admittance, and you would be suspected of some dangerous enchantment." To form any just estimate of Mr. Gilmour's work in Eastern Mongolia, it is needful constantly to bear in mind that it was practically a new departure. So far as we know, he was the only missionary in China connected with the London Missionary Society who adopted in toto not only the native dress, but practically the native food, and, so far as a Christian man could, native habits of life. His average expense for food during his residence in his district was six cents a day.

Mr. Gilmour believed in God's present and immediate influence in the passing events of daily life, and that the right attitude of life is one of absolute dependence upon, and submission to, the will of God. His diaries abound with proofs of this. He is delayed one morning in starting from his inn, and is annoyed. An hour or so later he overtakes the travelers who started earlier, and finds them just recovering from the assault of a band of robbers. The delay was God's providential care protecting him from robbery. And yet no man was ever less under the spell of religious fatalism.

WHEN THE SON REPENTED.

"I HEARD of a hard-hearted young man," says Mr. Moody, "whose father loved him as he loved his own life. He tried everything he could to win that boy back. He had become a prodigal, and the father had sent him loving messages, but the boy paid no attention to them. When the father was dying they sent for him, but he refused to come. But after his father's death he returned home to attend the funeral, but not a tear fell from his eyes. He followed that father to his resting-place, and never dropped a tear over his grave. But when they got home, and the will was read, they found that father had not forgotten his prodigal boy, but had remembered him kindly in his will, and that proof of his father's love just broke his heart. And so I think it must have been with the thief when he heard the Saviour crying, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do,' it pierced liked an arrow into his heart, and he was broken down."

A ROYAL SUPPLIANT.

AN incident in the life of Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, who is known in the world of letters as Carmen Sylva, has only just come to light though it occurred fifteen years ago. During the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 there were many Roumanian wounded soldiers in hospital. Queen Elizabeth visited them regularly and was much concered at the great mortality among them. Talking on the subject with the physicians she learned that the reason so many more Roumanians died than soldiers of other nationalities was that they would not submit to amputations. They considered mutilations as dishonor and would rather die than lose a hand or an arm or a leg. They had been told that such mutilation was honorable, but they would not believe it and resolutely chose death rather than amputation. The queen determined to see if she could not work a change in the spirit of the men. She asked to be taken to the bedside of some man whose life would be saved by an operation and her reqest was complied with. She urged the man to suffer his leg to be taken off, but he replied that he preferred death to dishonor. Then the queen knelt by the bed and begged him as a personal favor to herself to let his life be saved. "I will get you a cork leg," she said, "and you shall come to court and I will let every one see that I honor you for your loss of a limb in our service." The man looked at her in wonder, that she, a queen, should be kneeling and pleading with him. "I will do as you wish, my lady," he said. The queen visited him daily during his convalescence after the operation and took care to make it known through the hospital that any man suffering mutilation would be entitled to special honor after the war was over. After that, the surgeons had no more trouble with Roumanian patients. There are many among us unwilling to undergo the operation which Christ likened to the loss of a right hand or a right eye, but like the queen at the soldier's bedside he offers honor and reward to those who yield and warns them of the consequences of refusal. (Matt. 5: 29, 30.)

*From *James Gilmour of Mongolia*: his Diaries, Letters and Reports, with portraits, maps and illustrations; pp. 336; cloth; published by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago.

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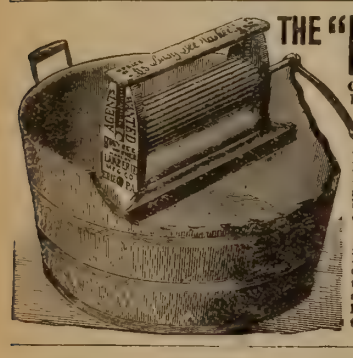

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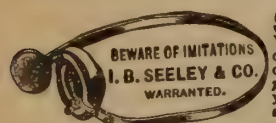

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

NUMBER 47.
VOLUME 15.

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THANKSGIVING NUMBER.

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 23, 1892.

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SOUNDS of feasting and merrymaking and song, will this week be heard in American homes, all over this wide continent. From millions of glad hearts will ascend the offering of praise and thanksgiving to the Giver of all good things, for the bounties that have crowned the passing year. But, amid the general jubilee, a shadow falls across the sunshine—the shadow of the unremembered poor, the thousands of hapless ones who sit in patient want and suffering, and endure hunger and cold, while the feast goes on in the homes of plenty.

In all our great cities there is a contingent of "God's Poor." In New York, as winter approaches, the suffering among them increases, and many an industrious Christian household is brought face to face with want, either through sickness, lack of employment or other causes. This year it is estimated that there are fully 20,000 unemployed men in the metropolis and thousands of women, besides. Many of these unfortunates, who are now passing through a period of trial and affliction, are among God's own chosen ones. It was of them the Saviour in his parable at the feast (Luke 14: 12–14) said:

> When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee again and a recompense be made thee.
>
> But when thou makest a feast call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind * * * for they cannot recompense thee.

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In common with its hundred thousand subscribers, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD finds abundant cause for thanksgiving at this joyful season. For us and them, the year has indeed been crowned with goodness. In their behalf, therefore, no less than our own, an effort has been made to carry a little of Heaven's sunshine and gladness into some of the poverty-stricken homes of New York this Thanksgiving week. A very simple, practical and effective plan was devised by the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for carrying out this good Samaritan task in a way that would be most helpful to needy Christian families. It was to furnish, at his own expense, a substantial Thanksgiving dinner to as many such families as possible. But to do this kindly and sympathetically, and yet without seeming to give it the character of an alms, he decided that the gift should be sent direct to their own homes, where, with smiling faces and grateful hearts, they would surround the table and enjoy such a feast as unhappily comes to them all too rarely.

During the week preceding Thanksgiving, a commissioner was detailed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to visit the east and west sides of the city and make full inquiry concerning such families as were in need of help. This was done quietly and unostentatiously.

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For the purpose of making the distribution as general and effective as possible, an invitation was extended to a large number of the leading pastors of New York city—especially to those who, from their influence and church relations, are best able to judge where such help would be beneficial—to assist in apportioning the gifts. It was both pleasant and surprising to find them, without exception, heartily responding to this call for Christian co-operation. They know "the luxury of doing good" among those who are in privation or distress.

On the East side, within a few blocks of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices, in the Bible House, there are hundreds of just such families—not beggars, for they would scorn to beg; but almost worn out with hoping, and famished with hunger and cold. To such ones, the gift of a Thanksgiving dinner, however humble in its appointments, comes like a benison.

The co-operating pastors were invited to furnish the names of such families in their different parishes, and, within a few hours after the invitation was given, lists of names flowed in upon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from the East side and the West side, and from almost every church parish between the Battery and Harlem. Those pastors having missions in connection with their churches, were enthusiastic over the distribution, since it relieved them of much responsibility; for Thanksgiving, when the whole world is rejoicing over Divine goodness, is always a trying season to the Lord's ministers, who would gladly scatter a small fortune among the poor of their own parishes, whereas they gradually have little or nothing to expend.

A large number of turkeys was then procured, and also a liberal supply of flour, put up in twenty-five pound bags. The purchases for the Thanksgiving Day commisariat also included a quantity of potted meats and other delicacies for the sick. These were done up in substantial packages, one turkey and one bag of flour being allotted to each family. In each package there was also placed a New Testament. In cases of special need, an order for a ton of coal was included—the coal to be delivered direct from the yard.

Without entering into details, we cannot refrain from giving a few of the expressions by different clergymen regarding the work. Rev. J. S. Stone, D.D., of the Asbury M.E. Church, Washington Square, whose church is doing noble missionary service said: "It is a glorious work of a kind that is very much needed in this city. There are good Christians who don't care to make their wants publicly known, and who are leaning upon God for help. They will look at a matter of this kind as a providence. I shall send you the names of the few needy families we have."

"We have many needy ones in our parish," said the Rev. George Alexander, of the University Place Presbyterian church, "and our committees and members of the Society are engaged in looking after their necessities; but I gladly accept THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's offer and will forward the names of the most necessitous. It will be a great relief to know that many poor families are cared for on Thanksgiving Day. I hope THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will prosper, and that it will be able to increase its good offerings as years go by. The number of those who are in real need can scarcely be given, being so great; but it is a grand thought to be able to assist, if only a few of the many thousands who are deserving."

The Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., of the Church of the Strangers, said: "I have just

(*Continued on page 749.*)

"WHAT! A TURKEY FOR US?"

SENDING OUT THANKSGIVING DINNERS TO POOR FAMILIES IN NEW YORK.

(*A Scene in "The Christian Herald" Offices—Sketched by our own Artist.*)

INTERNATIONAL DEFAMATION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: II. Peter 2: 10: *"Presumptuous are they, self-willed, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities."*

AMID a most reprehensible crew, Peter here paints by one stroke the portrait of those who delight to slash at people in authority. Now, we all have a right to criticise evil behavior, whether in high places or low, but the fact that one is high up is no proof that he ought to be brought down. It is a bad streak of human nature now, as it was in the time of the text a bad streak of human nature that success of any kind excites the jealous antipathy of those who cannot climb the same steep. There never was a David on the throne that there was not some Absalom who wanted to get it. There never was a Christ but the world had saw and hammer ready to fashion a cross on which to assassinate him. Out of this evil spirit grow not only individual but national and international defamation. To no country has more injustice been done than to our own in days that are past. She has now recovered from such caricature, and there is not a street on any city of Europe or Asia where the word "America" will not win deference. But, there is a sister nation on the other side of the sea now going through the process of international defamation. There is no country on earth so misunderstood as Russia, and no monarch more misrepresented than its Emperor. Will it not be in the cause of justice if I try to set right the minds of those who compose this august assemblage and the minds of those to whom, on both sides of the ocean, these words shall come? If the slander of one person is wicked, then the slander of one hundred and twenty million people is one hundred and twelve million times more wicked. In the name of righteousness and in behalf of civilization, and for the encouragement of all those good people who have been disheartened by the scandalization of Russia, I now speak. But Russia is so vast a subject that to treat it in one discourse is like attempting to run Niagara Falls over one mill-wheel. Do not think that the very marked courtesies extended me last summer by the Emperor and Empress and Crown Prince of Russia have complimented me into the advocacy of that empire, for I shall present you authenticated facts that will reverse your opinions, if they have been antagonistic, as mine were reversed.

What are the motives for misrepresentation? Commercial interests and international jealousy. Russia is as large as all the rest of Europe put together. Remember that a nation is only a man or a woman on a big scale. Why does not Europe like Russia? Because she has enough acreage to swallow all Europe and feel she had only half a meal. Russia is as long as North and South America put together. "But," says some one, "do you mean to charge the authors and the lecturers who have written or spoken against Russia with falsehood?" By no means. You can find in any city or nation evils innumerable if you wish to discourse about them.

I said at St. Petersburg to the most eminent lady of Russia outside of the Imperial family: "Are those stories of cruelty and outrage that I have heard and read about, true?" She replied: "No doubt, some of them are true, but do you not in America ever have officers of the law cruel and outrageous in their treatment of offenders? Do you not have instances where the police have clubbed innocent persons? Have you no instances where people in brief authority act arrogantly?" I replied: "Yes, we do." Then, she said: "Why does the world hold our government responsible for exceptional outrages? As soon as an official is found to be cruel, he immediately loses his place." Then I bethought myself: Do the people in America hold the government at Washington responsible for the Homestead riots at Pittsburg, or for railroad insurrections, or for the torch of the villain that consumes a block of houses, or for the ruffians who arrest a rail train, making the passengers hold up their arms until the pockets are picked? Why, then, hold the Emperor of Russia responsible for the wrongs enacted in a nation with a population twice as large in numbers as the millions of America? As a nation is only a man or a woman on a big scale, let me ask, would you individually prefer to be judged by your faults or your virtues? All people, except ourselves, have faults.

The pessimist attempting to write your biography would take you in your weaker moods, and the picture of you on the first page of your biography would be as you looked after some meanness had been practiced on you and you were tearing mad. Now, as I am an optimist, I give you fair warning that if I ever write your biography, I will take you as you looked the day your dividends came in twenty per cent. larger than you ever anticipated, or the morning on your way to business after your first child was born, or the morning after your conversion when heaven had rolled in on your soul. The most accursed homunculi of all the earth are the pessimists, who, whether they judge individual or national character, and whether they wield tongue or pen, are filled with anathematization, and who have more to say about the freckles on the cheek of beauty than of the sunrises and sunsets that flush it.

It is most important that this country have right ideas concerning Russia, for, among all the nations this side of heaven, Russia is America's best friend. There has not been an hour in the last seventy-five years that the shipwreck of free institutions in America would not have called forth from all the despotisms of Europe and Asia a shout of gladness wide as earth and deep as perdition. But whoever else failed us, Russia never did, and whoever else was doubtful, Russia never was. Russia, then an old government, smiled on the cradle of our government while yet in its earliest infancy. Empress Catherine of Russia in 1776 or thereabouts offered kindly interference that our thirteen colonies might not go down under the cruelties of war. Again, in 1813, Russia stretched forth toward us a merciful hand. When our dreadful Civil War was raging and the two thunder clouds of Northern and Southern valor clashed, Russia practically said to the nations of Europe: "Keep your hands off and let the brave men of the North and the South settle their own troubles." I rehearsed some of those scenes to the Emperor last July, saying: "You were probably too young to remember the position your father took at that time," but with radiant smile, he responded: "Oh, yes, I remember, I remember," and there was an accentuation of the words which demonstrated to me that these occurrences had often been talked of. Last July I stood before a great throng of Russians in the embarrassing position of speaking to an audience three-fourths of which could not understand my language any more than I could understand theirs. But there were two names that they thoroughly understood as well as you understand them, and the utterance of those two names brought forth an acclamation that made the City Hall of St. Petersburg quake from foundation stone to tower, and those two names were "George Washington" and "Abraham Lincoln." Now, is it not important that we should feel right toward that mighty, that God-given friend of more than one hundred years? Yea, because it is a

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

nation of more possibilities than any other except our own should we cultivate its friendship. And now I proceed to do what I told the Emperor and the Empress and all the Imperial Family at the Palace of Peterhof I would do if I ever got back to America, and that is to answer some of the calumnies which have been announced and reiterated and stereotyped against Russia.

Calumny the first: The Emperor and all the Imperial Family are in perpetual dread of assassination. They are practically prisoners in the Winter Palace, and trenches with dynamite have been found dug around the Winter Palace. They dare not venture forth, except preceded and followed and surrounded by a most elaborate military guard.

My answer to this is that I never saw a face more free from worriment than the Emperor's face. He rides through the streets unattended, except by the Empress at his side and the driver on the box. There is not a person in this audience more free from fear of harm than he is. His subjects not only admire him but almost worship him. There are cranks in Russia, but have we not had our Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth? "But," says some one, "did not not the Russians kill the father of the present Emperor?" Yes, but in the time that Russia has had one assassination of Emperor, America has had two Presidents assassinated. "But is not the Emperor an autocrat?" By which you mean, has he not power without restriction? Yes, but it all depends upon what use a man makes of his power. Are you an autocrat in your factory, or an autocrat in your store, or an autocrat in your style of business? It all depends on what use you make of your power, whether to bless or to oppress, and from the time of Peter the Great—that Russian who was the wonder of all time, the Emperor who became incognito a ship-carpenter that he might help ship-carpenters, and a mechanic that he might help mechanics, and put on poor men's garb that he might sympathize with poor men, and who in his last words said: "My Lord, I am dying. Oh, help my unbelief."—I say from that time the throne of Russia has, for the most part, been occupied by rulers as beneficent and kind and sympathetic as they were powerful. To go no further back than Nicholas, the grandfather of the present Emperor: Nicholas had for the dominant idea of his administration the emancipation of the serfs. When, under an attack of pneumonia from exposure to severe weather in the service of his people, that Emperor put down his head on the pillow of dust, Russia lost as good a monarch as was ever crowned. Then came Alexander the Second, the father of the present Emperor. Amid the mightiest opposition, and innumerable protests, he, with one stroke of his pen, emancipated 20 million serfs, practically saying: "Go free. Be your own masters, and this is for you and your children forever." On the day he was basely assassinated (and I will parenthetically say that I saw his carriage in splinters, as it looked when he stepped from it not to save himself but to look after some poor people of the street who had been hurt, and I saw the bed on which he died, the mattress yet crimson with his life's blood)—on the day he was assassinated he had on his table, found afterward, a free constitution that proposed to give the right of suffrage to the people of Russia. If it had not been for the assassination, he would have soon signed that constitution, but that horrible violence put things back, as violence always does. What a marvelous character of kindness was Alexander the Second, the father of the present Emperor, so that the present Emperor, Alexander the Third, inherits his benignity. Alexander the Second hearing that a nobleman had formed a conspiracy against his life, had him arrested. Then the eyes of the criminal were bandaged, and he was put in a carriage, and for some time traveled on, only stopping for food. After a while the bandage was removed, and supposing that he must by that time have been almost in Siberia, found that he was at the door of his own home. But this punishment was sufficient. The same Emperor having heard that a poet had written a poem defamatory of his Empress, ordered the poet into his presence. Expecting great severity, the poet entered the palace, and found the Emperor and Empress and Dukes and Duchesses gathered together. "Good morning," said the Emperor to the offender. "I hear you have written a most beautiful poem, and I have sent for you that you may read it to us and we may have the pleasure of hearing it." The man cried out: "Send me to Siberia or do anything with me, but do not make me read this poem in your presence." He was compelled to read the defamatory poem, and then the Empress, against whom it was aimed, said: "I do not think he will write any more verses about us again. Let him go." And so he was freed. And now comes in Alexander the Third, doing the best things possible for the nation which he loves and which as ardently loves him. But what an undertaking to rule 112 million people, made up of one hundred tribes and races and speak-

ing forty different languages. But, notwithstanding all this, things there move on marvelously well, and I do not believe that out of five hundred thousand Russians you would find more than one person who dislikes the Emperor, and so that calumny of dread of assassination drops so flat it can fall no flatter.

Calumny the Second: If you go to Russia, you are under severest espionage, stopped here and questioned there, and in danger of arrest. But my opinion is that if a man is disturbed in Russia it is because he ought to be disturbed. Depend upon it if a man believes he is uncomfortably watched by the police of St. Petersburg or Moscow, it is because there is something suspicious about him, and you yourself had better, when he is around, look after your silver spoons. I promise you, an honest man or an honest woman, that when you go there as many of you will, for European travel is destined to change its course from Southern Europe to those Northern regions, you will have no more molestation or supervisal than in Brooklyn or in New York or the quietest Long Island village.

Calumny the Third: Russia and its ruler are so opposed to any other religion except the Greek religion, that they will not allow any other religion, that nothing but persecution and imprisonment and outrage intolerable await the disciples of any other religion. But what are the facts? I had a long ride in St. Petersburg and its suburbs with the Prefect, a brilliant, efficient and lovely man, who is the highest official in the city of St. Petersburg, and whose chief business is to attend the Emperor. I said to him: "I suppose your religion is that of the Greek Church?" "No," said he, "I am a Lutheran." "What is your religion?" I said to one of the highest and most influential officials at St. Petersburg. He said: "I am of the Church of England." Myself, an American, of still another denomination of Christians, and never having been inside a Greek Church in in my life until I went to Russia, could not have received more consideration had I been baptized in the Greek Church and all my life worshipped at her altars. I had it demonstrated to me very plainly that a man's religion in Russia has nothing to do with his preferment for either office or social position. The only questions taken into such consideration are honesty, fidelity, morality and adaptation. I had not been in St. Petersburg an hour before I received an invitation to preach the Gospel of Christ as I believed it. The devil of persecution is in every land and in all ages. Some of us in the different denominations of Christians in America have felt the thrust of persecution, because we thought differently or did things differently from those who would, if they had the power, put us in a furnace eight times heated, one more degree of caloric than Nebuchadnezzar's. Persecutions in all lands, but the Emperor of Russia sanctions none of them. I had a most satisfactory talk with the Emperor about the religions of the world, and he thinks and feels as you and I do, that religion is something between a man and his God, and no one has a right to interfere with it. You may go right up to St. Petersburg and Moscow with your Episcopal liturgy or your Presbyterian catechism or your Congregationalist's Liberalism or your Immersionist's Baptistry, or any other religion, and if you mind your own affairs and let others mind theirs, you will not be molested.

Calumny the Fourth: Russia is so very grasping of territory and she seems to want the world. But what are the facts? During the last century and a quarter, the United States have taken possession of everything between the Thirteen Colonies and the Pacific Ocean, and England, during the same length of time, has taken possession of nearly three million square miles, and by the extent of her domain has added 250 million population, while Russia has added during that time only one-half the number of square miles and about eighteen million of population—England's advance of domain by 250 million against Russia's advance of domain by 18 million. What a paltry Russian advance of domain by 18 million as compared with the English advance of domain by 250 million! The United States and England had better keep still about extravagant and extortionate enlargement of domain.

Calumny the Fifth: Siberia is a den of horrors, and to-day people are driven like dumb cattle; no trial is afforded to the suspected ones; they are put into quicksilver mines. where they are whipped and starved and some day find themselves going around without any head. Some of them do not get so far as Siberia. Women, after being tied to stakes in the streets, are disrobed, and whipped to death in the presence of howling mobs. Offenders hear their own flesh siss under the hot irons.

But what are the facts? There are no kinder people on earth than the Russians, and to most of them, cruelty is an impossibility. John Howard, who did more for the improvement of prisoners and the

THE POET BEFORE THE RUSSIAN COURT.

reformation of criminals than any man that ever lived, his name a synonym for mercy throughout Christendom, declared by voice and pen that the system of transportation of criminals from Russia to Siberia was an admirable plan, advocating open air punishment rather than endungeonment, and also because it was taking all offenders hundred of miles away from their evil companions. John Howard, after witnessing the plan of deportation of criminals from Russia to Siberia, commended it to England. If a man commits murder in Russia, he is not electrocuted as we electrocute him, or choked to death by a halter as we choke him to death. Russia is the only country on earth from which the death penalty has been driven, except in case of high treason. Murderers and desperate villains are sent to the hardest parts of Siberia, but no man is sent to Siberia or doomed to any kind of punishment in Russia until he has a fair trial. So far as their being hustled off in the night and not knowing why they are exiled or punished is concerned, all the criminals in Russia have an open trial before a jury just as we have in America, except in Revolutionary or riotous times, and you know in America at such times the writ of habeas corpus is suspended. There are in Russia grand juries and petit juries and the right to challenge the jurors, and the prisoner confronts his accuser, and mark this, as in no other country, after a prisoner has been condemned by juries and Judges he may appeal to the Minister of the Interior and after that to the Senate and after that to the Emperor. When a criminal is sent to Siberia, in the vast majority of cases it gives him an opportunity to make a new start under the best possible circumstances. The criminal is allowed to take his or her family along, and that is a mercy no other country grants. In the quicksilver mines of Siberia, the hardest place of expatriation, only one-fourth of the miners are criminals. The other three-fourths go there because they choose it as a place to earn their living.

After being in Siberia a while, the condemned go to earning a livelihood, and they come to own their own farms, and orchards and vineyards, many of these people coming to wealth, and thousands of them under no inducement would leave those parts of Siberia which are paradises for salubrity and luxuriance. Now, which do you think is the best style of a prison—Siberia or many of our American prisons? When a man commits a big crime in our country, the Judge looks into the frightened face of the culprit, and says: "You have been found guilty; I sentence you to the penitentiary for ten years." He goes to prison. He is shut in between four walls. No sunlight. No fresh air. No bath-room. Before he has served his ten years, he dies of consumption, or is so enervated that for the rest of his life he sits with folded hands a wheezing invalid. In preference to the shut-in life of the average American prisoner, give me Siberia. Beside that when offenders come out of prison in America, what chance have they? Ask the societies, formed to get these people work. The pallor of incarceration is on their cheek. Who wants to employ in factory or store a man or woman who, in answer to the question, "Where did you live last?" should make for reply: "State's prison at Auburn or Moyamensing." Now in Siberia they have a better chance. They are never spoken of as criminals, but as unfortunates, and they are allowed every opportunity of retrieving their lost reputation and lost fortunes. I talked with the President of the National Society of Russia for the education and moralization of the children of Siberian convicts. The President of that Society, appointed by the Emperor, is a lady of great accomplishments, and much sympathy, which illumines her face and makes tearful her eyes and tremulous her voice. The evening I passed at her house in St. Petersburg was one of the memorable events of my lifetime. I will not attempt to pronounce the name of that noble woman appointed by the Emperor as the President of the National Society of Russia for the education and moralization of the children of convicts. Please to name any such National Society in our country, supported by government, for taking care of the children of convicts. You know, if you know anything, that there is no chance in this country for a man who has been imprisoned, or for his children. God pity them and hasten the time when we shall, by some national institution established by the Congress of the United States, imitate the mercy of the Russian government toward the innocent children of imprisoned offenders. He who charges cruelty on the Imperial Family and the nobility of Russia belies men and women as gracious and benignant as ever breathed oxygen.

But how about the knout, the cruel Russian knout, that comes down on the bare back of agonized criminals? Why, Russia abolished the knout before it was abolished from our American navy. But how about the political prisoners hustled off to Siberia? According to the testimony of the most celebrated literary enemy of Russia, only 443 political prisoners were sent to Siberia in twenty years. How many political prisoners did we put in prison pens during our four years of Civil War? Well, I will guess at least one hundred thousand. America's 100,000 political prisoners versus Russia's 443 political prisoners. Nearly all these 443 of 20 years were noblemen or people desperately opposed to the emancipation of the serfs. And none of the political prisoners are sent to the famous Kara mines. For the most part, you are dependent for information upon the testimony of prisoners who are sent to Siberia. They all say they were innocent. Prisoners always are innocent. Ask all the prisoners of America to-day: "Guilty or Not Guilty," and nineteen out of twenty will plead, "Not Guilty." Ask them how they like their prison and how they like sheriffs and how they like the government of the United States, and you will find these prisoners admire the authority that arrested them and punished them just about as much as the political prisoners of Russia like Siberia.

But you ask, how will this Russophobia, with which so many have been bitten and poisoned, be cured? By the God of Justice blessing such books and pamphlets as are now coming out from Prof. de Arnaud of Washington, Mr. Horace Cutter of San Francisco, Mr. Morfill of England, and by the opening of our American gates to the writings of some twenty-four of the Russian authors and authoresses, in some respects as brilliant as the three or four Russian authors already known—the translation of those twenty-four authors, which I am authorized from Russia to offer free of charge to any responsible American publishing house that will do them justice. Let these Russians tell their own story, for they are the only ones fully competent to do the work, as none but Americans can fully tell the story of America, and as none but Germans can fully tell the story of Germany, and none but Englishmen can fully tell the story of England, and none but Frenchmen can fully tell the story of France. Meanwhile, let the international defamation come to an end. Cease to speak evil of dignities merely because they are dignities, and of Presidents merely because they are Presidents, and of Emperors merely because they are Emperors. And may the blessing of God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be upon all the members of the Imperial Household of Russia from the illustrious head of that family down to the princess, seven years of age, who came skipping into my presence in the palace of Peterhof last summer. Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men.

WORK AMONG THE GENTILES.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 4. Acts 14: 8-22. Golden Text, Matt. 12: 21. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

NOTHING could hinder Paul from preaching the Gospel so long as God gave him life and liberty; his first message and his last in every place was, "The Gospel of the grace of God," for that was the ministry which he had "received of the Lord Jesus." When Peter preached in the house of Cornelius, at Cæsarea, he not only told the blessed story of "peace by Jesus Christ" and forgiveness of sins, but he also told of him as One that "went about doing good, and healing all them that were oppressed of the devil." Paul must have followed the same line: "There sat a certain man at Lystra, impotent in his feet, being a cripple from birth, who never had walked: the same heard Paul speak: who steadfastly beholding him, and perceiving that he had

Faith to be Healed,

said with a loud voice, Stand upright on thy feet." How could this man have had faith to be healed if he had never heard of the power of Jesus to heal? His first knowledge of Jesus was by the word of Paul that day, and he "had faith to be healed," heathen though he had been! What is it that makes most missionaries in the present day so afraid to trust their own bodies wholly to the Lord, and so afraid to pray for the bodily healing of the poor heathen? It is easy to talk of the exaggeration, and the false fire, of some who have set themselves up, and have not been sent of God to testify to his healing power. But if, on the same ground, everyone must avoid the Gospel of the forgiveness of sins, and, on account of false brethren, turn their backs on the grace of God altogether,—where should we all be? There is a Judas, a Simon Magus, or an "Alexander, the coppersmith," in every congregation of Christians. Paul saw that this testimony to Jesus had laid hold of this heathen cripple, and the love and power of Christ in him looked out through Paul's eyes upon the poor helpless man. Paul did not first wait to ensure that his soul should be saved. Full of the Holy Ghost, and following the leading of the Holy Ghost, who was responsible for that leading, he said, "stand upright on thy feet." And the man, who had never before felt his own weight, by a sudden wondrous current of life power from God, which entered into him, leaped and walked.

"The days of miracles are past," say those who are too timid, and whose acquaintance with God is too little, for them to venture upon trusting him to do anything which other people can see and know is an answer to prayer. Oh it is the days of faith that are past, not the days of miracles. There is no night following God's days; the gifts and calling of our God are without repentance. Whenever and wherever men have "faith to be healed," there God does heal. Faith to be healed! What does it imply? Something more than a strong wish, something more than an experiment, something more than an easy way of avoiding the doctor's bill, or the loss of time and money involved in going into a hospital. Faith must rest on the Word of God which shows what is the will of God. No one can have faith in the unknown will of God. No man is saved until he is convinced that it is the will and purpose of God that he should be saved; and faith to be healed is a taking in the fact that Jesus did take our infirmities and bear our sicknesses on purpose that he might redeem us from the curse of the law, and healed us with his stripes. It is a deep conviction that when Jehovah named himself Jehovah Rophi, "the Lord that healeth thee" (Ex. 15: 26), he really meant to sustain the place of Physician to those who should know and trust him; and when in the New Testament he came as indeed the Healer of all diseases, he meant to show that he was "the Same, yesterday, to-day and forever."

"Faith rests in what it knows of God. This man was convinced that what Paul said was true, and instrinctively he put it to the test in his own case. Doctrine, theory, etc., were nothing to this man. All the gods he had worshipped had never given him power to walk; this stranger, whose very presence inspired confidence, told of One, God-man, who had such love for man, that he had actually died for him, but who, as Master of death itself, was risen again, and was now at the right hand of God; yet able and willing to do on earth, from his place of power in heaven, the same wondrous works of grace as he did when he was here amongst men. If this was true, let the mercy of that merciful One, reach him; it was a receptive heart that God met in him; he was healed.

"The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men," they said; and consistently with their religion their priest proceeded to arrange for offering sacrifice to Barnabas and Paul, as though they were Jupiter and Mercury, two of their false gods.

What an Opportunity

to hear witness for the living God! Paul and Barnabas embraced it: they ran in among the people and rent their clothes, crying out: "Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with you, and preach unto you that ye should turn from those vanities unto the living God, which made heaven, and earth, and sea, and all things that are therein." Perhaps this was as wonderful to them as the healing of the impotent man. Here were two men who were offered divine honors, who might have taken advantage of the mood of the people to secure benefit to themselves, but who disclaim any honors of any description, and speak only about their God whom they say is the Maker of all created things. It was incomprehensible; the men were unlike any other. The power which healed the poor man was unexampled in all their experience: they must come to a decision! The missionaries told them that in time past God suffered all nations to walk in their own ways but that in all ages there had been a sufficient witness to his goodness in giving "fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness." Could they decide to abandon their old superstition, and to seek after and to find this true God? A deep impression was made, and some souls were converted, as we find afterwards. But the Jews, jealous in their hatred to the cause of Christ, dogged the footsteps of these men of God, and the impressionable people, who were so eager to accept Paul and Barnabas as deities, as soon as they came under another influence, succumbed to it, and joined the Jews from Antioch and Iconium in stoning Paul! No rest for real missionaries.

The Jews thought this time that they had fully disposed of Christ's faithful missionary, but they did not calculate upon the mighty power of God. The disciples, temples of the Holy Ghost, stood round about the bruised and bleeding form of the Apostle, who had not only been stoned but dragged out of the city over stones and dirt, enough to have many times more than killed him. But the life power of God in these disciples was mightier than than the powers of death which had mangled and crushed the apostle's body. As they stood around him, he rose up, and came into the city, and the next day departed with Barnabas to Derbe.

Two Unanswerable Facts

were left behind; one, that the God of these missionary Jews had healed the impotent man who was present amongst them, and whose healing no one could dispute, and the other, that the missionary had arisen, by no power which they could explain, had walked with the limbs which they had seen crushed and mangled, and left their city! Could the God who did such wonders be other than the true God? It was not the love or power of man to which their attention had been drawn, but the love and power of God whose claims upon them the missionaries had asserted, which their senses witnessed.

After preaching at Derbe, they returned to Lystra, Iconium and Antioch, in spite of the persecution which had driven them forth from those cities. God sent them back to confirm the souls of the disciples, and to teach them that "we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." It was undoubtedly a time of consecration, and of better understanding of God. These early Christians had to learn what they saw in Paul and Barnabas, that the followers of the crucified Jesus have also to be crucified with him, not in the way of sentiment, but in a very real dying to their own self-life. Then the missionaries themselves had the hardest time of it: now it is often the converts, while in some countries the missionaries are protected. God bless those missionaries who in the truest sense bear hardness, and share with their converts all the suffering which is involved in following the Lamb of God.

They ordained elders in every church: these could only have been like the rest, recent converts, but those amongst them who were most yielded to, and taught by, the Holy Ghost. And this was a very solemn matter, entered upon with prayer and fasting, not lightly or superficially; not according to human thought or wisdom, but after the received council of God. And they "commended them to the Lord on whom they had believed." Paul and Barnabas believed in the direct intervention of God, he was the ecclesiastical head over those infant churches.

The two missionaries revisited most of the places where they had labored to strengthen the hands of the disciples, and then returned to their starting point Antioch in Syria "from whence they had been recommended by the grace of God for the work which they fulfilled, and gave an account of their ministry to the church, rehearsiug "all that God had done with them and how he had opened a door of faith unto the Gentiles." Blessed opening of the missionary labor blessedly accomplished.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

ALTHOUGH Paul and Barnabas quitted Iconium they did not give up their work; they simply transferred it to another town. They went to Derbe and Lystra and preached there. At the latter place they saw a lame man—a very hopeless case, inasmuch as he had been a cripple from his birth. *He heard Paul speak.* Probably in the market place or some open square, as no mention is made of a synagogue. Some men in his condition would have been too much depressed by their own misery to take any interest in a sermon; but this man heard and would seem to have listened with interest as he attracted the preacher's attention. Paul looked steadfastly at him, and read his character. He saw in him a quality rare in those days and not common now.

He had faith to be healed. There are many kinds of faith, but this of the lame man's is the right kind for any one that wants to be healed. It not only believes but acts on the belief. A father was once amusing his children with an electric machine, and after one or two had received the shock they drew back from the apparatus with evident dread. The father presently held out the jar uncharged, and consequently harmless, and said: "If you touch it now, you will feel nothing. Will you try?" The children drew back with their hands behind them. "Don't you believe me?" asked he. "Yes, sir," and the hands were held out to prove their faith, but were quickly withdrawn before they reached the dangerous knob. One alone, a timid little girl, had that kind of confidence which really led her to trust her father. The rest believed, but had not heartfelt faith. Even the little believer's faith was not unwavering. You could see on her face, when the little knuckle approached the harmless brass ball, a slight expression of anxiety, showing she had some doubts and fears after all; and there was an evident feeling of relief when, from actual trial, she experienced the case to be as her father represented it.

Andrew Fuller was on his way to preach in a certain town, and the roads in several places were flooded, arising from recent rains, which had made the river overflow. Fuller came to one place where the water was very deep, and he, being a stranger to its exact depth, was unwilling to go on. A plain countryman residing in the neighborhood, better acquainted with the water than the preacher, cried out, "Go on, sir; you are quite safe!" Fuller urged on his horse, but the water soon touched the saddle, and he stopped to think. "Go on, sir, all is right!" shouted the man. Taking the man at his word, Fuller proceeded. He felt timid as it was impossible to see how deep the water was. But he thought the man was not deceiving him; so he went on and came out safe on the other bank. He was so much impressed by his experience that he put aside the sermon he had prepared and preached on the text, "we walk by faith not by sight."

"I have known," says a famous writer, "a timid traveler whose route lay across the Higher Alps, along a path, no broader than a mule's foothold, that skirted a dreadful precipice, whence could be discerned the river far down below, diminished to a silver thread; and on that dizzy precipice I have known a timid traveler, who fancied it safest to shut her eyes and not attempt to guide her mule nor touch the bridle—a fatal touch that would throw steed and rider over, till, bounding from shelf to shelf, they lay a mangled mass in the river below. Faith is like this. It must often shut its eyes to reason and experience. The lame man must have known that having been born a cripple there was nothing in reason or experience to warrant the hope of a cure; but he had faith—faith to be healed."

He leaped and walked. If he had not had faith to be healed he would not have attempted to obey the command of Paul to "stand upright on thy feet." There are some people who do not see the connection between faith and works. God expects us to do our part and so prove our faith. This man was requested to show that he had faith to be healed by standing up. At a certain boarding school one of the scholars was remarkable for repeating her lessons well. A school-fellow, rather idly inclined, said to her one day, "How is it that you always say your lessons so perfectly?" She replied, "I always pray that I may say my lessons well." "Do you?" said the other. "Well, then, I will pray too." But, alas the next morning she could not repeat a word of her usual task. Very much confounded, she ran to her friend, and reproached her as deceitful. "I prayed," said she, "but I could not say a single word of my lesson." "Perhaps," rejoined the other, "you took no pains to learn it." "Learn it, learn it?" answered the first; "I did not learn it at all. I thought I had no occasion to learn it when I prayed that I might say it."

The Gods are come down to us in the likeness of men. The people were doubtless familiar with the mythological story of the appearance of Jupiter and Mercury in human form. The story runs that they came down and visited the people of this region. But they were badly treated. No one would entertain them, and they were abused and ridiculed. At last they approached a low mean hut where lived two peasants—Baucis and Philemon. There the two celestial visitors were received and warmly welcomed to such fare as the peasants had. As a reward their hut was transformed, by a miracle, into a stately temple of which Bancis and Philemon were appointed the chief priests and the people who had shut their doors against the visitors were destroyed in a flood which swept away them and their houses. Now, believing that Jupiter and Mercury had again appeared in the persons of Paul and Barnabas they proposed to offer sacrifices to them.

They stoned Paul. Yet it was not long before that they declared he was a god and wanted to offer sacrifices to him. In this he was like his Master. The Jews shouted "hosannah" one day as Christ entered Jerusalem and shortly afterward shouted "crucify him, crucify him."

We must through many tribulations enter the kingdom. More people have entered the kingdom in that way than through prosperity. Dr. Vanderpump, best known as a devoted missionary in South Africa, was for fifteen years a soldier, leaving the army with the rank of major. Then he qualified himself as a physician, and took high rank among the doctors of Holland. Up to this time he said, "Christianity appeared inconsistent with the dictates of reason, the Bible a collection of incoherent opinions, tales and prejudices." The successful doctor had retired with a fortune to Dort, to spend the remainder of his days in literary pursuits, when in connection with the sudden loss of his wife and daughter, he was led to search the Scriptures, and to find Christ. Then after the Lord had spoken to him he offered himself to the London Missionary Society, and went out in the spirit of an Apostle to Africa, ready to do the lowliest work for Christ, if only to "teach the alphabet to the bushman's child."

BRINGING AFRICA IN.

Railroads Penetrating to the Heart of the Heathen Continent—1892 a Memorable Year—One Third of the Congo Railroad Completed.

DURING the present year, more substantial progress has been made toward opening up the dark and mysterious places of Africa to the benefits of civilization and the Gospel than in the preceding decade. Since the beginning of 1892, three great railway projects, have progressed beyond the point of uncertainty to practical success, light has been shed on vast sections of Central Africa hitherto unvisited by white missionaries, and plans have been completed for the establishment of new mission stations at points in the interior, which will operate in a field where a very large proportion of the dusky population have never yet heard the name of the Saviour. These events should afford cause for rejoicing to Christians everywhere. As is always the case in new territories, the missionary and explorer have made the success of railroad projects possible in Africa. They have blazed the way into the wilderness, carving paths across mountain and through forest, fording rivers and becoming acquainted with the different races, their manner and customs. For several years past, exploration has been progressing in Africa on three distinct lines: from the Transvaal northward, from Zanzibar westward, and from the mouth of the Congo, inland. Several months ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD announced the completion of a section of the railroad on the east coast to Mombasa, the ultimate terminus of the line being the great lakes in the interior. In the South, Johannesburg in the Transvaal has now been joined by rail to the coast, the first engine having run over the line on Sept. 2, across tertory which a few months ago was nothing but bare plain or veldt, but where there are now townships with several hundred iron-frame houses, stores and hotels. In that section of Africa, at least, the days of transport-riding by bullock are numbered. But the most important of African projects at the present time is the Congo railroad. Letters just received from the Congo announce the completion of the railroad as far as Palaballa, about ten miles from Matadi, the starting-place. Matadi is almost opposite the well-known mission station of Vivi-on-the-Congo, and has been made a base of supplies for railroad and steamship operations for several years. The line to Palaballa has been built under the most adverse circumstances, every foot of it having been blasted out of the solid quartzite rock peculiar to that region. Probably no railroad in the world was ever undertaken in the face of more tremendous natural obstacles. The plateau at Palaballa is about one-third of the entire distance of the road which it is proposed to carry through Stanley Pool. The part just completed curves around the foot of Matadi Hill for several miles, then enters the Leopold ravine, which it crosses on a steel bridge, 200 feet long, with the Mposo river roaring beneath. Six more steel bridges must be built before reaching Stanley Pool; but the worst obstacles have now been overcome.

There are 200 white men and nearly 2,000 natives engaged in building the road. In a report made by the Director General to the stock-holders in January last, it was explained that the unusual delays had been caused by engineering difficulties in bridging over the long spaces of ravines, in cutting through the masses of solid rock, in crossing rivers and in additional surveys. Besides, there had been at the outset much sickness among white employees. Sixteen European had died and many were sent home sick; but the builders were not discouraged. The Europeans have now got fairly acclimated and the working staff is in excellent condition, being well supplied with medicines and well nourished with the native products. Up to the time of the report referred to, nearly five million francs were expended on the road. More working capital has been placed at the company's disposal during the year. The Company owns hospitals, stores, water-house, pier, and workshops at Matadi—with a hospital and other buildings at Kinkanda, together with two transport steamers, the *Reine des Belges* and the *Souverain*. There were at that time in use on the road, three locomotives, fifteen freight cars, and two passenger coaches, which will be largely supplemented by other rolling stock, recently ordered. The illustration on this page is from a photograph recently taken expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by one of Bishop Taylor's missionaries on the Congo.

BUILDING THE CONGO RAILROAD AT MATADI.

KINCHASA OR STANLEY POOL, PROPOSED TERMINUS OF THE CONGO RAILROAD.

Before another year passes the traveler may be enabled to penetrate the very heart of Africa by rail. From either side, and from the South also, he may be able to reach sections which till now have been among the dark places of savage wickedness and cruelty, the scenes of Christian suffering and massacre, of idol-worship, of ghastly cannibal orgies, and of man-hunting slave raids. It is hardly necessary to state that the advance of the railroads will be regarded with deep satisfaction by the missionaries, who, having borne the heat and burden of pioneer Christian work in the African jungles and wilderness, now discover in the new order of things, an indication of the sure fulfilment of the promise: "I shall give the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." (Psalm 2: 8.)

THANKSGIVING WITH "GOD'S POOR."

(Continued from first page.)

come to the study from a sick room; but, somehow, I am more contented to be at work. I have been pondering in my mind over Thanksgiving, but now Dr. Klopsch and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have opened the way, and the matter will be a great relief to me. I will gladly send you the names of those who most need the dinner."

✠

One of the best known missions on the East-side is the Galilee Mission, conducted in connection with the Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church, of which Rev. Henry Y. Satterlee, D.D., is pastor. Dr. Satterlee and his Missionary, Dr. Cook, are doing a great work among the East-side poor.

"I am delighted with the proposition," said Dr. Satterlee, "and will send to you the names of those who will appreciate such a kind gift. Dr. Cook, my assistant, is in constant touch with this class of people and knows them thoroughly."

"It is a grand work to be engaged in," remarked Rev. Geo. J. Mingins, of the Union Tabernacle, West 35th street, very heartily. "While I have not many families among my church people who are needy as some other pastors may have—because our congregation is made up of the middle class, who are able to get along except during illness or loss of work—I still have a few, and I will send the names. I am very glad to say that we will not have the names of many families to give you; yet I am sorry to say that there are other ministers who may have many; for there are a great many distressed people in this city."

✠

There are few women who have done longer or more consecrated work among "God's Poor," under very trying and adverse conditions, than Mrs. Bella Cook, the story of whose wonderful Christian life was published some time ago in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Mrs. Cook has been for nearly forty years an invalid and bed-ridden; but so beautiful is her faith, and so energetic her desire for the Master's service, that she has in former years been made the almoner of many wealthy ladies in New York, who have given her of their abundant means to scatter among the poor. This year, however, owing to various circumstances, Mrs. Cook's resources for this special work have failed, and she was delighted when the proposition was made that she should allow THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to feed some of her needy ones on Thanksgiving Day.

"Glory be to God!" she exclaimed fervently. "My prayer is being answered, and she lifted up her hands as she spoke." Several of the dear ones who, in years gone by, have always been engaged in that kind of work have died recently, and my ability to help has not been this year as much as others. My head has been filled with thoughts of the poor ones who might be expecting to be remembered this year, and I could not help but think that the dear Lord would open a way. And now he has! You come and take the place of those who are gone, and enable the good work to go on. I know these people whose names I shall send you; they are dear ones who apply to the Lord. I count it a great pleasure to be able to assist in any way in a matter like this, and there are many more whose names I could send you, bnt I am very grateful that you have decided to take so many. I have heard of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S good work among the poor Russian peasants; my sister is fully conversant with that work and talked with me about it May it be able to go on in its glorious career."

✠

Ruddy and benevolent and ever waiting to do a kindness to "God's Poor," the Rev. Stephen Merritt—long pastor of Jane Street M. E. Church and founder and conductor of a great West-side mission on Eighth avenue—warmed up enthusiastically when invited to co-operate.

"It is Christ's work!" he exclaimed, as a smile illuminated his face. "It won't take me long to give you the names of those I know that deserve help. It will be a great pleasure for me to do it. I agree with you in this kind of work: it is Christianity all over. I will send the names of twenty families, and as many more, if you can feed them on Thanksgiving Day."

The Rev. R. S. McArthur of Calvary Baptist Church, 57th St., has had a wide experience in the philanthropic field. His associate, Rev. Dr. Moss said: "we are more than delighted. We have so many that are in need, that I am almost afraid to inform you of the number lest it discourage you. On the Eastside, there are hundreds of deserving families. Our workers are out among these people constantly.

"I don't know when anything has come to me and filled me with so much comfort as this message from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and I can but express gratitude for the ones who are to receive such bounties at its hands."

On Monday of this week the work of distributing Thanksgiving dinners began and as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes to press, it is still progressing. It is a new experience and an exceedingly busy one. District messengers deliver the packages of plump turkeys, wholesome flour, jellies and appetizing potted meats at the addresses.

Many of the recipients live in the most densely populated parts of the city; some have to be sought out in rear tenements and others at the top of the barrack-like structures that hive a hundred families under one roof. And what welcomes they give! Little tots, with eyes bulging out with gladness as they hail the arrival of the messengers with the juicy gobblers; mothers, with tear-brimmed eyes, and fathers whose voices, husky with gratitude, can hardly articulate a word of acknowledgment. All the packages will be safely delivered and the entire work—which, every succeeding day, seems to double in dimensions—will be concluded by Wednesday evening, and when Thanksgiving comes there will ascend from many humble homes in New York, an aspiration of blessing and gratitude to God who has thus remembered his poor.

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T. de Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Thanksgiving.

TO vast throngs of us the year has been one of overarching mercy, and as individuals, and as a nation we keep Thanksgiving jubilee. And would God that our habit of gratitude might become as fixed as that of St. Felix, the monk of Cantalice, who, on all occasions, whether stopping a fight or soliciting alms for the monastery, cried out, "Deo Gratias"—thanks be to God—until the church called him "Brother Deo Gratias," and the children hailed him on the street as "Father Deo Gratias." After a year in which other nations have felt the scourge of epidemic, but this land has been spared, and after coming unhurt from a Presidential contest in which the blind Samson of partisanship threatened to pull down the pillars of State and to leave the temple flat in the dust, and after three hundred and sixty-five more days of kindness from our God, we are here.

The harvests of 1892 look down upon all their predecessors, The wave of temporal blessing has dashed to the top of the nation's corn-crib. Ay, the prosperity of this country has rolled up until the crest of the wave has broken and recoiled upon itself. More corn, and wheat, and cotton, and rice than we can find profitable market for. More manufactured goods than we can dispose of. The grain markets all glutted, and nothing is the matter to-day with this country. God has snowed upon the track of this nation such vast accumulations of prosperity that the engine that draws the train can hardly plough through. The load of national wealth is so great that the team cannot draw it.

Look abroad and see this great country. For these many years whose hand has turned back from our land the violence of plagues which have swept with their train of terrors through other countries? Who has grown in our fields harvests richer than Sicilian or Russian grain fields? Who hath raised up our national enterprise to beat back wilderness and plant town after town, till every gleam of the wave on the lakes is answered by the gleam of city towers and the roar of the ocean at one side of the harbor has been answered by the din of a great metropolis at the other! Something higher than the American plough cultured the harvests. Something sharper than the American axe hewed down the forests. Something heavier than the American hammer built the cities. He who walked Gennesareth hath traversed our lakes. He who helped Simon Peter with his net hath blessed our fisheries. He who plucked golden ears of corn, rubbing them in His hands, hath helped gather our harvests. He who tarried at Bethany hath set all around about us the villages. Not a ship's keel but He helped to launch it. Not a wheel's tire but He helped to forge it, or a bouquet's blossom but He helped grow it, or a robin's wing but He tinged it

If as you sit at your sumptuous repasts, one be absent from you and absent from earth whose voice was most gleesome last Thanksgiving do not let your grief overpower your gratitude, but after all are seated at the table and merry voices are hushed bow your heads for a blessing, and say:

Oh, give thanks unto the Lord,
For He is good,
For His mercy endureth forever.

ABOUT WEEK-NIGHT SERVICES.

RELIGIOUS meetings have been improved in the last few years. One of the grandest results of the Fulton Street prayer-meeting is the fact that all the devotional services of the country have been revolutionized. The tap of the bell of that historical prayer-meeting has shortened the prayers and exhortations of the church universal.

But since it has become the custom to throw open the meetings for remark and exhortation, there has been a jubilee among the religious bores who wander around pestering the churches. We have two or three outsiders who come about once in six weeks into our prayer-meeting; and if they can get a chance to speak, they damage all the interest. They talk long and loud in proportion as they have nothing to say. They empty on us several bushels of "ohs" and "ahs." But they seldom get a chance, for we never throw the meeting open when we see they are there. We make such a close hedge of hymns and prayers that they cannot break into the garden.

By what right such men go about to spoil the peace of devotional meetings it is impossible to tell. Either that nuisance must be abated or we must cease to "throw open" our prayer-meetings for exhortation.

Many Christians do not appreciate the uses of a week-night service; indeed, it is a great waste of time, unless there be some positive advantage gained. The French nation at one time tried having a Sabbath only once in ten days. The intelligent Christian finds he needs a Sabbath every three or four days, and so builds a brief one on the shore of a week-day in the shape of an extra religious service. He gets grace on Sabbath to bridge the chasm of worldliness between that and the next Sabbath, but finds the arch of the bridge very great, and so runs up a pier midway to help sustain the pressure.

There are one hundred and sixty-eight hours in a week, and but two hours of public religious service on Sabbath. What chance have two hours in a battle with one hundred and sixty-eight?

A week-night meeting allows church membership utterance. A minister cannot know how to preach unless in a conference meeting he finds the religious state of the people. He must feel the pulse before giving the medicine, otherwise he will not know whether it ought to be an anodyne or a stimulant. Every Christian ought to have something to say. Every man is a walking eternity.

TOO FAST.

MOST Americans do not take time for sufficient sleep. We account for our own extraordinary health by the fact that we are fanatic on the subject of sleep. We differ from our friend Napoleon Bonaparte in one respect: we want nine hours' sleep, and we take it—eight hours at night and one hour in the day. If we miss our allowance one week, as we often do, we make it up the next week or the next month. We have sometimes been twenty-one hours in arrearages. We formerly kept a memorandum of the hours for sleep lost. We pursued those hours till we caught them. If at the beginning of our summer vacation we are many hours behind in slumber, we go down to the sea-shore or among the mountains and sleep a month. If the world abuses us at any time, we go and take an extra sleep; and when we wake up, all the world is smiling on us. If we come to a knotty point in our discourse, we take a sleep; and when we open our eyes, the opaque has become transparent. We split every day in two by a nap in the afternoon. Going to take that somniferous interstice, we say to the servants, "Do not call me for anything. If the house takes fire, first get the children out and my private papers; and when the roof begins to fall in, call me." Through such fanaticism we have thus far escaped the hot axle.

Somebody ought to be congratulated—I do not know who, and so I will shake hands all around—on the fact that the health of the country seems improving. Whether gymnastic clubs have pounded to death American sickness, or whether English pedestrian habits, or whether the medicines in the apothecary shops through much adulteration have lost their force, or whether the multiplication of bath-tubs has induced to cleanliness people who were never washed but once, and that just after their arrival on this planet, I cannot say. But sure I am that I never saw so many bright, healthy-faced people as of late.

Our maidens have lost the languor they once cultivated, and walk the street with stouter step. Our daughters are not ashamed to culture flower-beds in summer, and while they plant the rose in the ground a corresponding rose blooms in their own cheek.

But we need another proclamation of emancipation. The human locomotive goes too fast. Cylinder, driving-boxes, rock-shaft, truck and valve-gear need to "slow up." Oh that some strong hand would unloose the burdens from our overtasked American life, that there might be fewer bent shoulders, and pale cheeks, and exhausted lungs, and quenched eyes, the law, and medicine, and the and theology less frequently stopped in their glorious progress, because of the hot axle!

* * *

THE verses, entitled: "Faith's Reward," which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of November 2nd, credited to *The Primitive Methodist*, were written by George F. Root of Chicago, and form part of a copyright collection issued by the John Church Company of Cincinnati, O., to whom proper acknowledgment is due. In the collection they appear under the title: "She only touched the hem of his garment."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

SACRIFICE.

THAT ninth verse of Romans 8 is startling in the extreme. Try the present church membership by that, and you will cut out numbers that will amaze you.

This is what it says: "Now if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

If any spirit manifested itself in the life of Jesus it certainly was the spirit of sacrifice. Oh, how he gave. What devotion was his to his work. No massing of wealth. No seeking of ease. No waiting for others to lead on. He gave and gave and gave till he gave his life away.

Some choice spirits I have met who thus have reminded me of the Nazarene, but in our offerings, as a rule, none will have to eat less, or dress in poorer garb or walk instead of ride. Few will go without the new coat or gown. Dessert will follow at dinner just the same. As many parties will be given, as many attended. Scarce a cigar less for millions of men, or ribbons and hats and gloves without a change in number, quality and all.

Now and then a rich man giving big, but his large gifts touch no place save the figures which run up and down the scale of how much he is worth. In the life of himself, or those who belong to him, there will be no sign to tell the tale of his giving.

I can name you ten men who faced with the statement Christ put to the rich young ruler, and let them do as he did not, and they will do more for the cause of Christ in spreading the Gospel and turning the crowd to the cross than all the clergy living—this may seem extravagant, but I affirm it after thought.

I affirm another thing before I lay down my pen, it is this: We need a revival of sacrifice before we need a revival of Salvation; for the one will bring the other.

Called "Out."

I BELIEVE in a call—a divine call to the ministry, a call that is imperative, and when God thus speaks by his Spirit and Providence let none refuse, but I, too, believe in a call out as well as a call in.

When men have outlived or outgrown their usefulness, let them no more stand in the place where they can hinder instead of help the work. I know I'm on delicate ground now, but boldness is necessary, and I hesitate not. The cause of Christ, the saving of the host, is more than any man or set of men, who is there with any extended experience, that does not know of those who by all the rules that govern judgment, should quit the places they fill and give way for men of push, piety and power. This question is one of such delicacy and of such a character that no one can be found who will move in an open way by authority to displace these mentioned. It cannot be reached in that way. It must be left to the individual and his God, and in devout prayer he must settle it, and if the eye of one gets on this page who has heard the call "out," let him obey as he did before when the call was "in."

This is true service, and will have its sure reward.

* * * * * * *

No soldier who fought for fredom and the flag is more worthy of pension and care than he who in the warfare of sin fought till age and strength order him to the rear. A church that will not support her worn-out preachers is not worthy a name on earth—I doubt her having any name in heaven.

He Ought To Be Ashamed.

I mean the man I called on to pray the other night in meeting, and who with nervous manner motioned he could not. He can talk business twenty-four hours straight ahead. He has heard preaching all his life. He is a Christian and stands at the head of church interests, just because he was never broke in the harness of active prayer meeting service to drift along and never give this part of himself to the service of Christ. I write it without hesitation. He ought to be ashamed of himself, and reader, may be you are like unto him.

Selfishness.

SIN is selfishness boiled down. An ounce of it in heaven would corrupt the whole city. A little in a Christian will affect the whole character. It is the meanest kind of meanness. It is found in large quantites among Christian critics. Some churches need fifty-two consecutive sermon on this one theme.

The Bible and the Newspaper

A GIFTED WRITER DEAD.

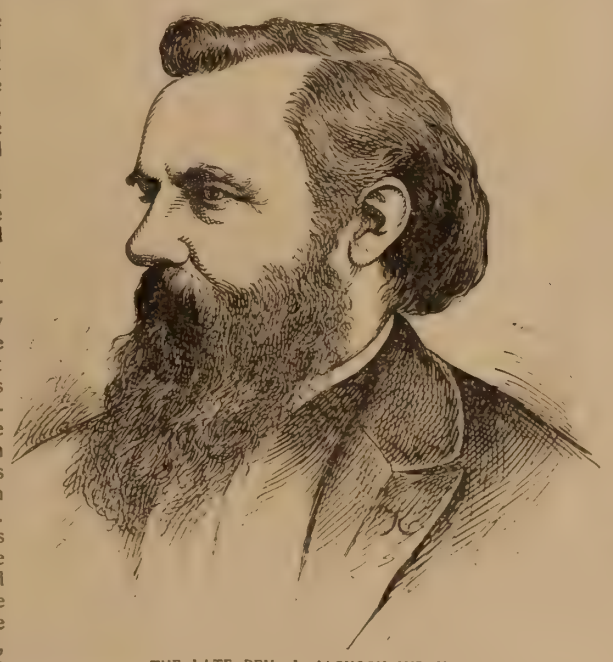
METHODISM has lost a valued preacher and the reading public a popular servant in the death of the Rev. J. Jackson Wray. He was the pastor of Whitefield's Tabernacle in London, where crowds of workingmen used to throng the famous building to listen to his earnest and dramatic sermons. In this country he was best known by his stories, several of which have appeared in this journal, and the public in the principal cities have occasionally had opportunities of making his personal acquaintance through his lectures, during his brief visits to this side of the Atlantic. He was a bright, cheery speaker and writer, full of anecdote and sparkling with wit. No man ever gave a more complete living refutation to the notion that religion makes a man dull and melancholy. During his sixty years of life, he had a very varied experience. His first occupation was that of a village carpenter in Yorkshire, as assistant to his father, who followed that business for many years. The lad was a diligent reader, and after a few years of the saw and plane, he managed to secure a few terms in college. He then became a school-teacher at Madeley, where he achieved a brilliant success in building up a famous school. While engaged in this work he was converted under the preaching of a Methodist Evangelist, and at once resigned his lucrative office to become a minister. He served in several circuits in the North of England with remarkable success; but the Conference needed a skilled superintendent for the school of native teachers at Sierra Leone, on the West Coast of Africa, and urged Mr. Wray to undertake the duty. The climate there, notorious as one of the most fatal in the world to Europeans, affected his health, and after reorganizing and systematizing the school, he returned home. After a brief rest, he was again in the pulpit and was appointed to several important pastorates. Wherever he went, working-men were attracted by his magnetic personality and the sunny spirit of his discourses. Finally he went to London, where he became permanent pastor of the Tabernacle, and organized a widespread philanthropic work. He was an indefatigable worker, and astonished all who knew him by his apparently unlimited capacity for preaching, lecturing and story-writing. In all three spheres the same spirit was manifested. Whether he spoke or wrote, his message was the same: If people wanted to be happy in this world and the next, there was only one way—that of following Christ. In his sermons, lectures and stories that was his teaching, presented under an endless variety of pleasant forms. The average man, he believed, does not remember abstract truth or does not know how to apply it. You must give it to him by story and illustration. So, like the Master whom he served so faithfully, "he taught the people in parables and without a parable spake he not unto them." (Matt. 13: 34.)

A Natural Barometer.

SOME curious stones have recently been brought to this country from Finland, which have the power of indicating the approach of rain. The stones are known in Finland by the name of the "Semakuir." In dry weather they are covered with a number of white spots, while in damp weather or when a fall of rain is imminent, the spots are a darkish gray, almost black. A superstitious veneration is rendered to the Semakuir in Finland, but a specimen being submitted to an American chemist he quickly explained the reason of its mysterious power. He found on making an analysis of the stone that it is a fossil mixed with clay and containing a portion of rock salt and nitre. This fact being known, the explanation of the changes was easy; that is, the salt, absorbing the moisture, turned black when the conditions were favorable for rain, while the dryness of the atmosphere would as naturally bring out the salt from the interior of the stone in white spots on the surface. There may be a similar cause for a phenomenon that often perplexes and distresses the earnest Christian. A man who in the church and the prayer-meeting appears to be a child of God, sometimes acts in his business and among worldly people as if he were a child of the devil. He is not wholly sanctified; there are still parts of his nature which are responsive to the atmosphere of his surroundings whatever they may be. (1 Thess, 5; 23.)

One Man Saves Two Crews.

THE lighthouse at Pilot Island is in charge of a man who has proved himself a hero. A press dispatch from Chicago briefly states that Martin Knutzen, lighthouse keeper at Death's Door entrance to Green Bay, during the recent gales, saved single-handed the crews of the schooner *Gilmore* and the bark *Nichols*. The captain of the latter vessel says that during his voyage from Chicago to Escanaba they were driven on Pilot Island. Both anchors were out, but they failed to hold, and the ship went on the rocks. Deep water was all around and it was pitch dark. They were giving themselves up for lost, when above the roar of the storm they heard a man's voice calling to them. It was Knutzen, the lighthouse keeper, who had picked his way over the slippery rocks in the teeth of the gale to a place within a few feet of the ship's side. He was calling to them to jump overboard, one at a time. The first man jumped down in fifteen feet of water, but as he rose Knutzen clutched him and dragged him on the rock. The others followed, and as each came to the surface the strong hand seized him and pulled him on the ledge. The last to jump was the female cook. She was drawn out, too, but she fainted. Knutzen learning that all were off the wreck, turned toward the lighthouse carrying the woman and bidding the others follow him in the treacherous path over the reef. The wind was blowing fiercely and the waves were high. A single misstep on the slippery rock meant death. But they followed in the steps of their guide and reached the lighthouse safely. There they found the captain and crew of the *Gilmore* whom Knutzen had rescued in the same way two nights before. Men are saved from eternal wreck in an analogous way. As these shipwrecked sailors cast themselves overboard, trusting Knutzen to save them, so men must trust wholly in Christ. He snatches them from their danger, places them in safety, and then they must follow in his footsteps over the perilous path of life, while he carries the weak, as lambs in his bosom. (Isa 40: 11.)



THE LATE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

A Priest's Dream.

AMONG the candidates for church membership at the Centenary M. E. Church in St. Louis on November 4th, was a tall scholarly-looking man about twenty-eight years old. The pastor introduced him to the members of the church as Charles Kolin, formerly priest of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church at Atkinson, Neb. In giving an account of the reasons which had led to his abandoning the Romish faith and adopting that of the Methodists, he said that the change had its initiative in a dream. About a year ago he dreamed that he was in a dark cavern and was trying to find his way out. His relations with the Romish Church were in some strange way mixed up with his subterranean wanderings. Eminent bishops and cardinals were encountered in the cavern who gave him directions how to get out. Far away in the distance he could see gleams of light penetrating the darkness, but following the directions given him, he had to turn his back on the light, and none of the roads he took seemed in any of their windings to lead towards it. As is common in dreams, he seemed to spend long months in his efforts to extricate himself. Finally he ceased to follow the directions of his ecclesiastical superiors and struck out straight for the light. He stumbled over obstacles at first, but as he drew nearer to the light his way was plainer and, to his intense joy, he entered into the rays and came to the surface. The dream was very vivid and its memory remained with him in his waking hours. It seemed to him to be a parable of his spiritual state. He had long been disturbed by doubts of the doctrine of papal infallibility and other doctrines which seemed to him an imposition on the people, but he had been taught to regard doubts as sins to be repented of, not to be solved. He began to study the Bible, as in his dream he went towards the light. Finally he renounced the priesthood and went to St. Louis, where he made the acquaintance of Rev. S. H. Werlein, pastor of the Centenary Church, by whom he was led to Christ. It is seldom that a dream performs so useful an office, but in this case the man's mind was evidently prepared for a suggestion which might reach him from any source, and like the great Apostle, he was not disobedient to what proved to be like a heavenly vision. (Acts 26: 19.)

Masts Used for Fuel.

A STRANGE appearance was presented by a vessel which reached New York harbor on Nov. 7. She was the British steamer *City of Belfast*. She came from Java and East Indian ports with a cargo of sugar and spices. After passing Gibraltar she encountered strong westerly winds which delayed her beyond expectation. Five days before her arrival at New York her coal was exhausted. The captain ordered all the joiner work about the deck to be cut up and used as fuel. The stairways, loose furniture and everything that would burn was consumed but the contrary winds having continued, little progress had been made. The captain then ordered that the fore top-mast be cut up and burned. This was done and then the remainder of the mast shared the same fate, and the mainmast followed. Nothing combustible was left but the derricks and the bowspirit and finally they went into the furnace. The ship thus dismantled came safely into port. Many a soul has entered the eternal haven from the storms of this life similarly denuded. Many precious things have been sacrificed on the way and it may have cost a struggle to sacrifice them. But they who stand on that happy shore count anything well lost if its loss contributed to the safe termination of the voyage. (Matt. 5: 29.)

Competitors at Variance.

THE Superior Court of Illinois will shortly have to decide a suit of unusual character. Some time ago the South Side Elevated Railroad Company of Chicago were constructing some new locomotives and were undecided as to the kind of packing that should be used around the piston-rods. A Chicago manufacturer declared that his packing was superior to any in the market and used all his influence to have the company adopt it. Another firm in Philadelphia were his chief competitors and they employed an agent in Chicago to advocate their product. The company finally decided that a test exhibition should be made of the two kinds of packing. To the surprise of the Chicago manufacturer it was found, after a test with his rivals of an equal number of hours, that his material was worn out while theirs was in good condition. As it had never worn out in the same time at any of the establishments in which it was used, he was convinced that in some way there had not been fair play. He made an investigation and the result is a suit for conspiracy. What facts he has discovered have not been made public, but his complaint avers that a trick was played on the engine on which his packing was tested. He says the lubricating oil used on that engine contained emery, which wore out his material. If he can prove that fact he has solid ground for complaint. The oil, if it contained emery, would become an irritant, not a lubricant. When things do not run smoothly in our churches, and some members become overbearing and captious, there is good reason to suspect that the trouble arises from an analogous cause. The enemy of souls is capable of introducing an element into the church councils which causes friction instead of harmony. (II Cor. 2:10.)

BRIEF NOTES.

When subscribers wish the addresses of their papers changed, they should in the first instance invariably address their communications to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, Station D., N. Y. Only in case their request does not receive prompt attention, should they address the publisher personally.

Evangelist G. L. Barker is holding services at Grand Rapids, Mich. The meetings he held recently at Hartford, Conn., were blessed to the conversion of many souls.

The New York State Central Committee held its annual meeting at Albany, N. Y, on Nov. 17. Dr. Addis Albro, Dr. J.H. Knowles and Dr. C. W. Loomis were among the speakers.

The Governor of Utah in his annual report says that polygamy in the Territory is on the decline, and that it is his conviction that there is a sincere intention on the part of the Mormon people not to approve or sanction such marriages in the future.

At the forty-sixth annual meeting of the American Missionary Association held recently in Hartford, Conn., the president, Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, declined re-election on account of sickness, and President Gates of Amherst was unanimously elected his successor.

Dr. Mackay writes from Formosa, an island on the coast of China, that there has been an extraordinary turning from idols on the part of the people of Kelevan. Nearly five hundred idolaters cleared their houses of idols in his presence, and gave him a temple, built for idols, as a place of worship.

An enterprising French publisher is issuing an edition of the annotated Bible in monthly parts. The success of the enterprise is not yet known; but it was probably suggested by the issue in Milan, of the illustrated Bible in monthly parts, a work which has found nearly a quarter million of subscribers.

The Episcopal City Mission, of Boston, Mass., has begun active work among the 2,000 Swedes in East Boston. Services are now regularly conducted, in the Swedish language, at St. Mary's church, with good congregations present. These services are in charge of Mr. Sunderhof, a Swedish theological student.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's meetings at Chester, Pa., have stirred the whole neighborhood. The *Chester Times* says that the Armory would not hold nearly all who tried to hear the evangelist and an overflow meeting was held in the First Presbyterian Church. At one of the services, in response to Dr. Munhall's invitation over four hundred rose to ask for prayers.

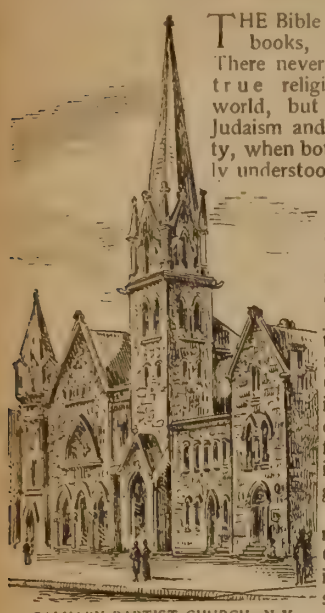
An all-day Farewell Service was held at the Gospel Tabernacle, New York, on Nov. 8, on the occasion of the departure of fourteen missionaries to labor in the Soudan in Africa. This is the second party the International Missionary Alliance has sent out to this neglected field, which has a population of nearly ninety million persons. The Alliance has now one hundred and fifty missionaries working in various heathen lands.

Tillie Evens, the Gipsy Evangelist, and her husband Mr. George Evens spoke and sang very acceptably at the Sunday School of the Brooklyn Tabernacle on November 6. They have been very successful in the meetings they have held in New York and they are heartily commended by the churches which they have served, and the best wishes are expressed for their future usefulness. Letters to them if sent to this office will be forwarded.

THE OLD TESTAMENT UNFOLDED IN THE NEW.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, last Sunday Morning by the Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

"And beginning at Moses, and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself." Luke 24: 27.



CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH, N.Y.

THE Bible is not two books, but one. There never were two true religions in the world, but only one. Judaism and Christianity, when both are rightly understood, teach the same great truth, and are in perfect harmony with each other. Judaism is the root and the trunk; Christianity is the flower and the fruit. Judaism is the gray dawn of the morning; Christianity is the sunshine in its noonday splendor. The apostle Paul was never opposed to Christianity in the real meaning of that word. The devout men on the day of Pentecost were really not opposed to Christianity. The apostle and "these devout men out of every nation under heaven" were Messiahians, if we may coin a new word. They believed in and they loved the Messiah, but they did not know that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah of prophecy. When the apostle Paul learned this truth he cried out, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do."

Messiahians are Christians.

One word is Hebrew, the other is Greek, but both mean the same thing. A devout Jew needed only to know that Jesus was the Christ to believe in him, and thus to become a true Jew by being a true Christian. He is not a true Jew who is only a Jew; he is the true Jew who has passed from Judaism into Christianity: There is no contradiction between these two forms of faith. The one is the germ, the other the fruit; the one is childhood, the other is manhood; the one, as we have already implied, is morning, the other is noonday. There is no contradiction between the law and the Gospel. The law is the Gospel implied, suggested, foreshadowed; the Gospel is the law realized, actualized, fulfilled. Finely did Augustine long ago say: "The New Testament is enfolded in the Old, and the Old Testament is unfolded in the New."

1. We might expect that the New Testament would unfold the Old when we consider what is the designs of both Testaments. If we discover clearly what this design is we shall see clearly that there must be harmony between them, and that the later Testament must reveal and glorify the earlier. The design of the Bible is to make known God and men in their mutual relations; it is to manifest God's fulness and man's need; it is to supply man's spiritual necessities discovered by the recognition of these mutual relations. Many mistake

The Design of the Word of God.

They seem to think that it is a text-book of science, of history, and of systematic theology. Because they do not find all these and kindred subjects treated *in extenso*, they turn away from the book with disappointment and oppose it with unfairness. The Bible is not a text-book on any one of these subjects. It does, however, give us much information of the most valuable kind on all these subjects; but its references to history are always subordinate to the main design for which it was written.

Not Herodotus, but Moses, is the true Father of History. More than a thousand years before the days of Herodotus Moses earned the right to this title. The Bible also gives us frequent and beautiful descriptions of nature. It anticipated in no doubtful allusions many of the discoveries of scientists in most recent times: the circulation of the blood, the Copernican system of astronomy, and similar comparatively recent discoveries are certainly suggested in biblical statements. But all these allusions are merely incidental. God, in giving us a revelation of his will, was pleased to make the book, as Dr. Hamilton has said, attractive as well as instructive. He has filled it with sunny pictures, with charming incidents, with thrilling narratives, with stately arguments, and with lofty descriptions, while its main purpose was to guide us to purity of life and to faith in God as our Father and Saviour. Creation may show us God's hand; but revelation shows us God's heart. It reveals not only that he has an almighty arm, but also that he has a motherly heart. Apart from the Word of God, it is impossible for us rightly to understand the heart of God. It reveals to us at the same time the condition of man as a sinner and the necessity of his regeneration, that he may become truly a child of God. Even heathen mythology taught in some vague way these great truths. But the Bible throws a flood of brightest light where heathenism threw only the dark shadow of speculation.

The Fuller Light.

The Bible also reveals our destiny, and declares the possibility of our being heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ; but the wisest sages of heathenism could only guess at these great truths. The Bible also clearly makes known the manner by which sinful men may receive the forgiveness of God, and be admitted to his favor. In carrying out this lofty purpose the unity of both Testaments might fairly be assumed. The same lesson was given in the Old Testament as in the New; but in the Old Testament we spell it out in a dim alphabet, while in the New we peruse it in letters of living light. God is one; truth is one. God cannot contradict himself. His voice in one age, in one dispensation, in one book, must harmonize with his voice in all ages, dispensations, and revelations. If the sun which is rising in the Old Testament be the Sun of Righteousness we may expect that it will shine in undimmed splendor in the noonday of the New Testament. God's love was declared even at the gates of Eden. Here floated out the first notes of that celestial song whose full chorus was heard on the plains of Bethlehem. God's love was shining in its dawning light along the whole line of the Old Testament story, but it shone in its meridian splendor around the cross of his only-begotten Son, our well-beloved Redeemer.

Unity in Diversity.

2. We might expect that the New Testament would unfold the Old when we consider the necessity of unity in carrying out this grand design. There is apparently great diversity in the Bible. We find it separated into sixty-six tracts and into two great divisions. In the former division there are thirty-nine of these booklets, written by thirty-two different men, and in the latter twenty-seven written by eight different men. Thus not fewer than forty writers have been engaged in the preparation of the entire volume. These writers presented various countries, nationalities, degrees of intelligence, social conditions and religious attainments. Some of them were prophets, some priests, some kings; some were statesmen, some herdsmen. some farmers, some fishermen. To the careless reader these facts would imply a great lack of unity in the result. And this apparent lack would be the more marked when we observe the great variety there is in the contents of these sixty-six tracts. They contain histories of creation, of various institutions, of various laws, and of many persons; they contain biographies, poems and prophecies. Some of them deal with the past and some with the future; some stretch forward to the grand consummation of all things in a new heaven and a new earth. But we have not here a meaningless and heterogeneous mass of facts. All

These Writings are but One Book;

and that book has claims of greater antiquity and of higher authority than any other volume known among men. It has excited more bitter hatred and it has evoked tenderer love than any other book. No man can study it prayerfully and profoundly without being impressed with its genuineness, authenticity, unity and uniqueness. It was the production of men who wrote for immediate necessities, and yet it speaks for all climes and centuries. As it is the oldest, so it is the wisest, most beautiful, and most sublime of volumes. It is the founder of all schools of learning and the corner-stone of all true systems of civilization and the basis of all codes of law. It has inspired the loftiest poetry and the noblest music, the grandest literature, the most enduring painting, and the divinest sculpture.

This diversity is, however, in harmony with God's method in nature. The human body has many parts, but it is one body No man can study its structure without discovering unity in its design. The wisdom of its Author is seen in the adjustment of its parts. Precisely so is it in creation as a whole, No man who carefully studies all the spheres of God's creative power can doubt for a moment that one thought dominates the whole. There is perfect unity in the midst of the greatest diversity; there is perfection even in the midst of apparent incompletion. The glory of any art or work is that it accomplishes the purpose of its creation.

God's Great Book of Nature

is thus complete. It reveals his thoughts in rocks and flowers, in fields and forests. The heavens declare his glory and the song of birds is the chanting of his praise. He has made river and rivulet; and sea and ocean are revelations alike of his wisdom and power. All the discoveries of our own times go to prove the unity of creation. Each department of inquiry is but a fragment in itself, but all put together give us a grand and perfect whole. Sciences which were once supposed to stand widely apart are constantly tending, as modern investigation shows, to union. It has been well said by Principal Dawson, that "the great natural forces of light, heat and electricity are tending to coalesce. The spectroscope has united optics and chemistry with one another and with astronomy. Geology has welded together in the past history of the earth a great number of physical sciences."

This great diversity is consistent with the highest forms of unity, human and divine. No poem can be truly called great except it possesses this characteristic. While there is in the Bible a lack of any formal system of theology, there is present in glorious fulness the great truths which God designs to communicate to men. System is human; method is divine. Perfect system we expect to find in cabinet and in herbarium; but we do not find it associated with living things. God has his own method of revelation. In the Bible there is the joyous variety of nature but

Unity Everywhere.

The man who rightly studies this volume discovers in any particular book, or in the relation of that book to the other books, a unity as real as he finds in a Shakespearean play, in Milton's "Paradise Lost," or in Tennyson's "In Memoriam." With all the variety necessarily in the histories, biographies, apothegms, poems, proverbs, prophecies, and moral discourses, there is a unity as real as that which we find in the human body—a unity as real as between foundation-walls and towers of some glorious temple. Mr. William Walters, in his book entitled "Claims of the Bible," illustrates this thought when he says: We have a diversity of currents and streams, yet they all belong to the mighty river of Revelation—the river of the water of life, proceeding from the throne of God and of the Lamb."

Growing out of this fact we see that one inspired writer quotes from another in support of his statements. We see that the epistles illustrate the Pentateuch, and the gospels unfold the prophecies.

The Great Purpose

for which the Bible was written is pursued from the first majestic words of Genesis to the last love-notes of Revelation. Finely has Mr. Beecher said: "As in Beethoven's matchless music there runs one idea, worked out through all the change of measure of key, now almost hidden, now breaking out in rich natural melody, whispered in the treble, murmured in the bass, simple suggested in the prelude, but growing clearer and clearer as the work proceeds, winding gradually back until it ends in the key in which it began, and closes in triumphant harmony, so throughout the Bible there runs one great idea, man's ruin by sin and his redemption by grace—in a word, Jesus Christ the Saviour." This being true we might expect that the Old Testament would enfold the New and the New unfold the Old.

3. What we might expect we actually find as the result of a careful examination of the teaching of the New Testament. There is in the Word of God a true development from first to last. There is rhetorical skill in the revelations of God; he is the great rhetorician, as he is the divine logician. The Bible might well be studied for its literary merits along the line of exact logic, as truly as in the great realm of its lyric poetry, or in its loftier strains of seraphic prophecy. There is in it the genuine progress of thought, which a true literary style demands and illustrates. It is no cold and mechanical production, but is a living organism, animated by the breath of God.

As the oak is in the acorn, so was the New Testament in the Old. As the Corliss engine was once a thought in the mind of its inventor so was the completed Testament in the mind of its divine Author. In Genesis we have the germ of all the revelations of God and man, of sin and redemption, found in the later portions of the Old Testament and in all portions of the New. Indeed, it is not possible to understand either Testament except as we understand both. The man who thinks he honors the New by dishonoring the Old has succeeded simply in dishonoring both. No man should lightly esteem the earliest portions of this one revelation with some vague idea of giving thereby additional honor to the later portions of the same. As well might they think they honored the lofty crown of the Eiffel Tower while they attempted to destroy its deep foundations. Any man who will stand in the Book of Genesis at the gate of Eden will see the foundations of the grand structure whose cap-stone is laid by Christ and his apostles. He will hear the first notes of the song whose full hymn of praise is sung on lonely Patmos, with the music of the waves breaking on the rock-bound shore, as its grand accompaniment. Our blessed Lord showed most clearly that the New Testament unfolds the Old. Without him the Bible is meaningless; without him earth is hopeless; without him heaven is charmless. Around his cradle and his cross all the ages have gathered.

The Unfolding Revelation.

When he said (John 8: 56) "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad," he unfolded to those who heard his words and to all who read them the scene of Abraham (Genesis 22: 13 and 14) finding the burnt-offering instead of his son Isaac and calling the name of that place Jehovah-jireh. When he said in the tenth chapter or the same gospel, "I am the good shepherd," he unfolded the twenty-third Psalm, in which David sang the praise of that good shepherd. When he cried upon the cross, "My God, my God, why has thou forsaken me?" he unfolded the twenty-second Psalm, in which David sang of his crucified Lord. In his triumphant resurrection and glorious ascension he unfolded the twenty-fourth Psalm, in which David enfolded these great truths in his lofty song.

It is impossible to read the story of Christ's birth without seeing how gloriously it unfolds Isaiah's description of him as the child born, the Son given whose name was Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mightly God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace. It is impossible to read the prayer of the Apostle John in apocalyptic vision—"Even so, come, Lord Jesus"—without having suggested to our mind the long line of prophecies regarding that coming from the first announcment in Genesis 3: 15, that the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent. It is not possible to walk with Christ on the way to Emmaus on the evening of his resurrection-day without seeing how gloriously he unfolded the Old Testament concerning himself. His words rebuke all who deny the harmony between the two Testaments and all who depreciate the value of the Old Testament. Our Lord gave more of his time on that day to those two travelers, Cleopas and the unknown, be he the Evangelist Luke or some other disciple, than he gave to any company so far as we know, during all his resurrection-life. He spent his time in showing how his own life was an unfoldment of the Old Testament Scriptures. He rebuked them and all others who fail to see him in the Old Testament, in the words: "O, fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken! Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? And beginning at Moses, and all the prophets, he expounded to them in all the Scriptures the thing concerning himself."

He Showed Them the Truth

of his own spoken words, "that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning me." To search these Scriptures and to find in them nothing of Christ, nothing of how he was to suffer, to die, and to enter into his glory, is to understand them in a vastly different manner from that taught by our Divine Lord. On this journey, without doubt, he referred to some of the great leading prophecies concerning himself. His hearers were familiar with these special portions of the Old Testament. We can well believe that he began with the promise given at Eden's gate regarding the seed of the woman; that he moved forward to the covenant with Abraham, to the Paschal Lamb, to the exodus from Egypt, to the raising up of the prophet like unto himself; to the vision of Isaiah, when he saw his glory, to the prophecies of Daniel that the Messiah should come, and to other similar Scriptures.

Wonderful exposition—glorious Expositor—

happy hearers! No wonder that their hearts burned within them as he opened to them the Scriptures. That very morniug he had burst the barriers of the grave; that day angels honored the place where his head and feet had lain. He was the incarnate God, fresh from his victory on the cross and over the grave, and going forward to his place on the throne; and yet he spent more time that afternoon speaking to an audience of two, doing the work of a Sunday-school teacher, expounding the Old Testament Scriptures, showing that they are

Unfolded in His Own Life,

than he spent, so far as we know, in instructing any other hearers during his resurrection-life. Dr. Pentecost, in his instructive little book, entitled: *In the Volume of the Book*, tells us that "there are nearly one thousand direct quotations from or allusions to the Old Testament Scriptures in the New, and that every book in the Old Testament, unless it be the Book of Esther, is quoted from or alluded to in the lines of the New Testament." In the reference to our being "made nigh by the blood of Christ," (Eph. 11: 13), we have unfolded the Old Testament reference to the law of sacrifice and to the divisions of the Temple. The Epistle to the Romans unfolds to us the Book of Genesis, and the Epistle to the Hebrews the Book of Leviticus. The New Testament is the developed truths which were in germ in the Old. Every part of the revelation is perfect in its place. The rivulet is perfect as a rivulet, the river as a river. Jesus, we are told, increased in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man. But he was perfect as a boy as truly as he was perfect as a man. The idea of growth in the word of God is no reflection upon its perfection. Each part is perfect in its time and place. Neither is the human element in the Word of God any reflection upon its perfection. The incarnate Word was human as well as divine, and his humanity is an imperishable element in the glory of his divinity. He was divinely humanized, and in the humiliation of the divine we have the divinization of the human.

The revealed Word is also human and divine, and as truly may we say of it as of him that the human element adds to the glory of the divine element. A revelation for the human race must come

Through Human Forms

of speech. The reader of the Old Testament must feel, as Robinson expressed himself to the Pilgrim Fathers when leaving England, "I am very confident the Lord hath more truth yet to break forth out of his holy Word." Standing in the light of the New Testament he discovers that more truth has broken forth, and that its benficient rays are falling upon his upturned face and rejoicing his grateful heart.

We have also in the teaching of the Apostles similar unfoldments of the Old Testament narratives. We have often felt that we would give much to have heard Christ expounding Moses and the prophets and the Psalms concerning himself. Without doubt he spent a considerable part of the forty days in doing this work; and without doubt the Apostles in the early days of the Church, when the Spirit came upon them in mighty power, were imitating his example. We have in their teachings, we may be sure, the substance of our Lord's expositions. On the day of Pentecost the Apostle Peter showed how the Old Testament unfolded the truths concerning Christ, and his sermon shows us how we may unfold in our sermons and Sunday-school lessons these same truths to indifferent hearers or to anxious inquirers. Stephen followed the example of Peter and the Master. His sermon is cogent in reasoning, eloquent in appeal, and mighty in Scripture throughout. The Acts of the Apostles has been called the Gospel of the Risen Jesus, or the Gospel of the Holy Ghost. It tells the same story as the Gospel; it unfolds the same precious truths regarding Old Testament prophecy.

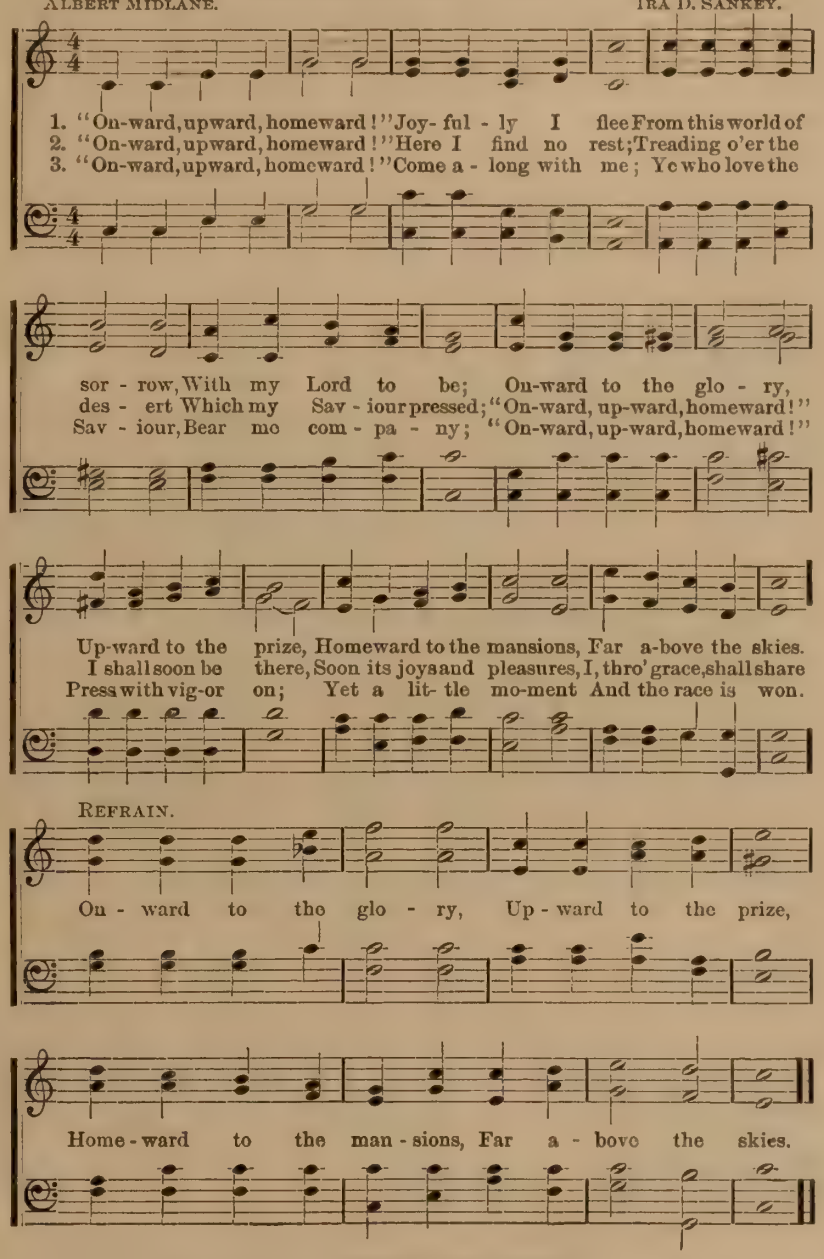
The Bible has been and is in the fierce fires of modern criticism. Some of the scaffolds men have built in creed and in confession, in interpretation and in exposition, around the temple of truth may be rudely torn down. Let them go. They have often deformed the glorious Temple of God. Let the Bible be true, though all creeds be false. Thank God, it is read, understood, believed, loved, and lived now as never before in the history of the church; thank God, it will stand through all the ages. "The grass" of infidel oratory, and sometimes of so-called Christian teaching, "withereth, and the flower" of sceptical reasoning and creedal teaching "falleth, but the Word of the Lord abideth forever." Let each pray, with the loving George Herbert:

> Oh, that I knew how all thy lights combine,
> And the configuration of their glory!
> Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
> But all the constellations of the story!

Onward, Upward, Homeward!

"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3: 16.

ALBERT MIDLANE. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. "On-ward, upward, homeward!" Joy- ful - ly I flee From this world of
2. "On-ward, upward, homeward!" Here I find no rest; Treading o'er the
3. "On-ward, upward, homeward!" Come a - long with me; Ye who love the
sor - row, With my Lord to be; On-ward to the glo - ry,
des - ert Which my Sav - iour pressed; "On-ward, up-ward, homeward!"
Sav - iour, Bear me com - pa - ny; "On-ward, up-ward, homeward!"
Up-ward to the prize, Homeward to the mansions, Far a-bove the skies.
I shall soon be there, Soon its joys and pleasures, I, thro' grace, shall share
Press with vig-or on; Yet a lit- tle mo-ment And the race is won.
REFRAIN.
On - ward to the glo - ry, Up - ward to the prize,
Home - ward to the man - sions, Far a - bove the skies.

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PETER AT JOPPA.

"What God hath cleansed call not thou common." Acts 10: 15.

IT was in Joppa—where the Mediterranean bore,
The music of its waters on the shore,
And mingled with the sounds of human feet,
In measured tread, along a narrow street,
Where three men wend their way.
And closely scanned each house from side to side;
As seeking some place where they might abide—
Or rather strangers, moving slow, from fear,
Until the line of seashore they drew near
Where Simon's tan-vats lay.

From out the Cesarean household they
Had journeyed thus afar: the second day
Bearing a message from their Master's hand
To him who lodged close by the strand—
Peter son of Jonas; he—
Born Jew and Pharisee—to him was naught
Beyond the narrow lines in which he wrought;
And yet, the first to Gentiles he, to bear
The Gospel truth committed to his care—
This fisherman of Galilee!

The sixth hour, on the housetop Peter, there
Sought guidance vouchsafed unto man through prayer;
There, in the vision, that great sheet he saw,
And learned the lesson that beyond the law
Is man's assured estate.
In narrow creed he should no longer trace
The length and depth of God's abounding grace;
On laws once given he should no longer lean,
What God had cleansed henceforth was not unclean.

The soldier stood before the gate—
Cornelius, a centurion of Rome—
A righteous man esteemed in his own home,
Yet seeking truth; and by a vision taught:
From Joppa should a messenger be brought
The words of life to tell.
Peter, by vision taught, learned Christian pity;
Gainsaying not, he sought the Roman's city,
In the preached Word he did the truth unfold,
The Spirit's power did then and there behold,
Which on the Gentiles fell.

—C. B. PALMER.

THE TWO PROPHETIC TOPICS.

Notes of an Address Delivered at the Recen Prophetic Conference in Dublin.

BY MR. J. TOWNSEND TRENCH.

GOD has, in mercy to mankind, drawn aside the veil and shown us something of the great drama yet to be enacted on this planet, and nothing adds more to man's happiness than the contemplation of its splendors, or tends more to lighten life's burthens and sorrows. When Christ visited this earth eighteen centuries ago, his visit was the pivot of the world's history; and yet scarcely half-a-dozen people recognized him when he came. It would be a disgrace to Christendom if his Second Advent were equally unexpected, when he has given us distinct indications whereby his coming footfalls may be recognized.

The signs of the times convince me that Christ's second coming is very near at hand. Do not suppose that the day of Judgment is the next great event that is to startle the world. That does not occur until the end of the Millennium. Nay, but the next event that will agitate every living heart will be when Christ in person illuminates the sky, and those who are ready will be caught up to meet him in the air, all politicians, philosophers, governors, generals, the brain-carriers of the world, left behind if not washed in the Blood of the Lamb and saved before that day. This means being a participator in the saving benefits of Christ's death upon the Cross. For this there must be personal appropriation through surrender of the heart to Christ and trusting him to save; that will do it and that alone.

Turn for a moment to the signs of the times, predicted as the forerunners of Christ Second Advent. The prophet Daniel tells us that the Roman Empire, that is, Europe south of the Rhine and Danube, must be divided into ten kingdoms. This will involve a terrific war as foretold by Christ, because it contains about twenty kingdoms now. From one of those ten kingdoms will arise a European Monarch to whom the ten kingdoms will give their power. He will befriend the Jews and make a seven years' covenant with them and afterwards cause them great tribulation. Not content with worldly power he will claim Divine homage, and will boycot and kill those who refuse to yield it to him. This is the Antichrist at whose power and prowess all the world will wonder.

Many people say that expositors have so often cried "Wolf" that they cannot believe there is any serious probability that the End of the Age is at hand. But it is evident to every Christian who believes, as every Christian must, that God's word will surely come true and that Christ will come again as he promised that there will be a time when those who proclaim the near approach of his coming will be right. Then woe to the generation that despises the cry and does not watch for the Lord. But God's prophets have always been counted mad. Daniel was thrown into a den of lions, and Jeremiah was put into a miry dungeon. But God said: "Cry aloud and spare not." There are many quiet, silky, sweet, useless Christians in the world that never do the devil any harm and seldom do God's kingdom much good; with such as those the devil would not be losing his time. But those whom the devil thinks it worth his while to attack should always take it as a compliment, and take courage to fight the battle bravely.

There are two sets of prophecy concerning the Messiah in the Bible; the one set predicts his coming in humiliation to suffer on the Cross, the other set predicts his coming in power to reign as supreme Monarch on earth The Jews of old made the fatal blunder of only seeing the promises that he would come to reign, as that flattered their prejudices. And now-a-days many good people will only see the prophecies of his coming to suffer, as thay have been fulfilled, and make the stupid blunder of not seeing the prophecies that he will come to reign. This is inexcusable for any one with a Bible.

The Bible is full of great prophecies of Christ's coming in power to reign, and all the evil powers of Antichrist, and the nations of the earth, will be against him, but he will conquer them all, for Christ cannot be defeated, and he will establish his perfect reign of righteousness and peace upon the globe. Israel was told to watch, the church was told to wait. Let this be our attitude, and may we be found ready.

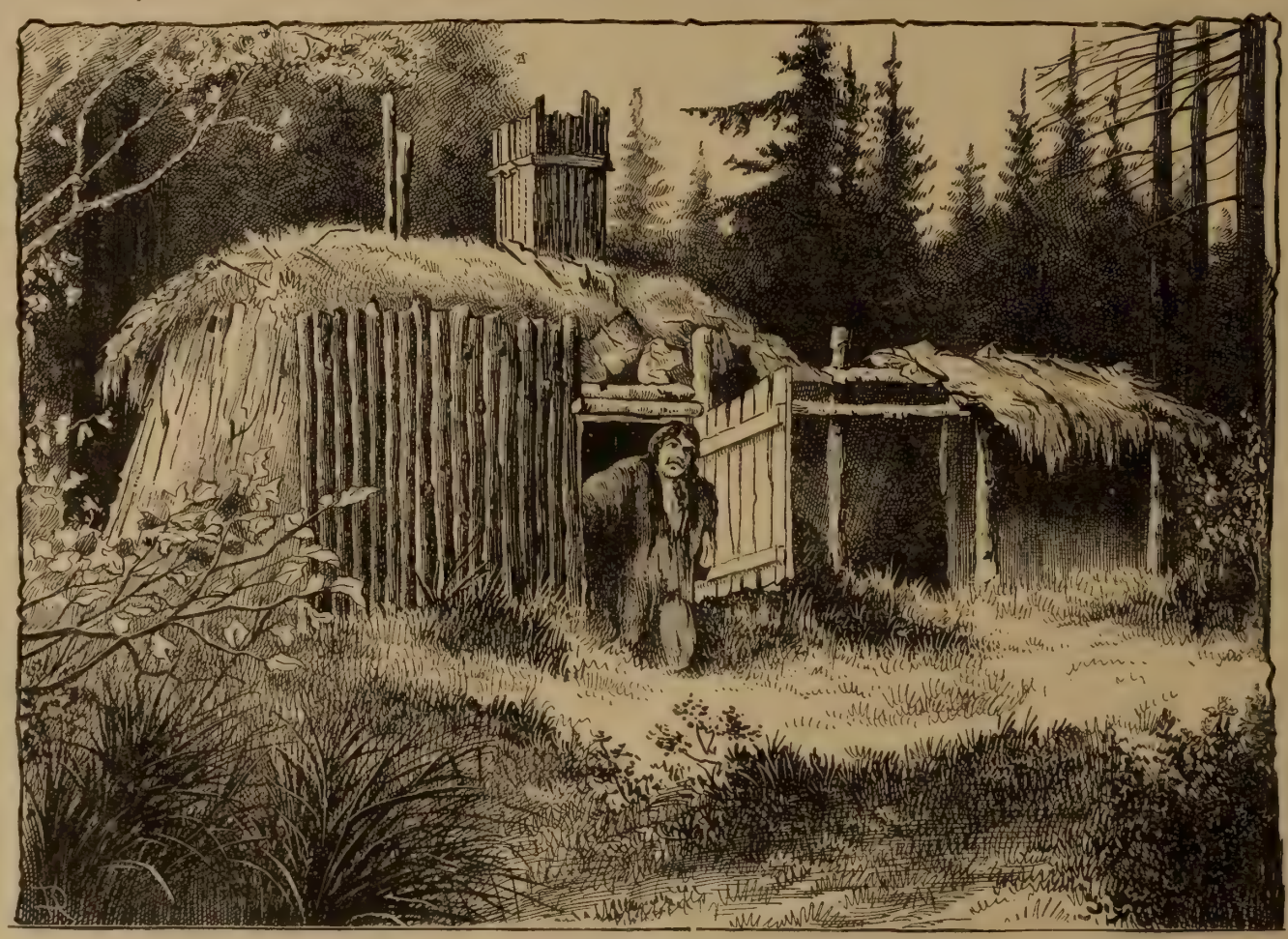
Dr. Kinnear's *new prophetic work, several chapters of which have appeared in this journal, is now published. It contains twenty-one chapters and is neatly bound in cloth. It may be procured by sending one dollar to Dr. B. O. Kinnear, 21 W. 34th St., New York.*

EVERY-DAY MERCIES.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Dec. 4. Acts 14: 17; Deut. 28: 2-8.

WE have been so accustomed to receiving blessings and enjoying the good things that come from God's hand, that we often lose sight of the Source whence they come. Scientists have been studying the laws of nature and have explained them to us until we have come to look upon the universe as a machine endowed with perpetual motion and have forgotten that when we know these laws, we simply know the method by which God works. Paul tells us that we are to regard them as God's witness to men showing us that he is continually doing good. Even without his word, men ought to infer, from what they see around them, that God's heart is full of love and care for his creatures. His covenant, as explained by Moses in the Old Testament passage selected for the topic, guarantees to his people the blessings of nature and providence in abundance, providing they fulfil their obligations to him. It was his mode of dealing with a child-people. When we come to the later and fuller revelation of the New Testament, these promises of temporal prosperity are not repeated. Adversity is as clearly the promise of the New Testament as prosperity is of the Old. Persecution, trial, poverty, slander were, as Christ warned the people, the inevitable heritage of those who would be his followers. God no longer bargained with men to give them tangible and material rewards on earth for being good.

They must expect trial, must recognize it as discipline and must rejoice in tribulation. But this brought them into still closer relations with God. He had been a Benefactor before; now he becomes a Father. They learn that their immediate comfort is of less concern to him than their growth and development. No longer servants, they have risen to sonship. The son may, in the course of his education and training, have less of pleasure and enjoyment than the servant; but he has greater reason for gratitude. He can now be thankful even for hardship and trial, since he knows that they have not fallen on him by chance, but for some wise purpose. Thanksgiving Day may find him in circumstances which seem to the worldling to furnish no ground for thankfulness; but it can never find him in unthankful mood, if he continually realizes that his lot has been fixed for him by his wise and loving Father.



A KING'S DAUGHTER'S HEROISM—A LEPER'S HOUSE IN THE SIBERIAN FOREST, VISITED BY MISS KATE MARSDEN.

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LAYING THE MEMORIAL STONE.

The Woman's Christian Association of Philadelphia is, after many disappointments and irritating delays, making rapid progress with its new building. The handsome edifice is completed up to its third floor and in the centre of the face fronting on Arch St., a memorial stone has been laid with appropriate ceremonies. A preliminary meeting was held in the neighboring Presbyterian Church at whch the pastor, Dr. John Hemphill presided. Among the ministers and laymen who were present were: Rev. Dr. George Dana Boardman, Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, Dr. H. S. Hoffman Dr. G. E. Rees, Dr. William M Baum, Rev. A. J. P. McClure, Rev. William H. Tracy, Dr. J. B. Dales, Mayor Stuart, Major W. H. Lambert, John B. Garret and Edward S. Whelen. Dr. Boardman paid an eloquent tribute in his speech at the beginning of the exercises to the value of the institution, especially to that part of its work which lays hold of young women newly arrived in the city from the country and by attracting them to its rooms saves them from the temptations that beset them. He then briefly sketched the work of the various departments and told how five hundred meals a day were furnished at a moderate cost; the benefits of the seashore home at Asbury Park, where six hundred self-supporting women had been accommodated during the year; the Whelen Memorial Home at Bristol and its pleasant surroundings; the educational work at the institution and the various arts and trades taught; the library of four thousand volumes, read by six hundred women during the year, and the devotional exercises conducted by the ministers of various denominations. He also told of the advance made by the association since its inception in 1870. How it started in modest quarters on Filbert street; its several moves, always for the better, until next year it would occupy its new and palatial building across the street.

The box to be placed in a cavity of the stone was exhibited. It was made of copper and had been donated by the daughter of one of the managers of the association. In it were placed a copy of the Holy Scriptures, first annual report of the association made in 1871, the last annual report made this year, a picture of the seashore home at Asbury Park, "Sea Rest," a picture of the Whelen Home, a picture of the building formerly owned by the association at 1117 and 1119 Arch St., American coins from one cent to fifty cents three circulars of the Kensington branch of the association, copies of the daily papers and one programme of the day's exercises.

The laying of the stone was delegated to Mayor Stuart, who laid the mortar and set the stone, saying: "I lay the corner-stone of this edifice, to be set apart for the use and purposes of the Women's Christian Association of Philadelphia, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." All then sang the Doxology, after which Bishop Foss pronounced the benediction.

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THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

THE necessity of having an efficient General Secretary for the Epworth League having become a matter of paramount importance, as Dr. Brodbeck had felt it his duty to decline the office, the General Cabinet of the League has held a special meeting to select a suitable person to occupy the position. No less than twenty-eight names came under the consideration of the Cabinet. A lengthy discussion took place as to the qualities most desirable in a General Secretary, and after this the number of names was reduced to fourteen. Further examination of the qualifications of the candidates resulted in still another reduction, and then a ballot was taken when the choice fell on the Rev. Edwin A. Schell, Ph.D., of Yonkers, N. Y.

Dr. Schell is thirty-three years of age and is a native of Logansport, Ind. His preparatory studies for the ministry were pursued at the Northwestern University, after which he went to the Garrett Biblical Institute. His first appointment was at South Bend, Ind., though he had already had some ministerial experience at Hammond, Ind., during his academic term. From South Bend he was transferred to the East, and was appointed pastor of the First M. E. Church at Yonkers, N. Y. This he now leaves for the onerous and responsible position of General Secretary of the Epworth League.

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A KING'S DAUGHTER'S HEROISM.

CHRISTIAN people here are soon to have the pleasure of seeing and listening to a lady who wears the little silver cross and is one of the most remarkable women of this generation. "In his Name," she undertook a mission from which the bravest men would have shrunk and has achieved a feat unparalleled in modern times. The lady is Miss Kate Marsden, the famous friend of the leper. Some months ago we published an account of the daring expedition for which she was then preparing and we now have the pleasure of chronicling her safe return and the news of her approaching visit.

The horrors of Siberia have been made familiar to us by the explorations of Mr. George Kennan, but one phase of them was not known until this intrepid King's Daughter made her recent journey. It appears that leprosy is added to the many horrors of that land of captivity and hopeless misery. In other lands where the disease is found, isolated refuges are provided for the miserable victims and provision is made for their sustenance and some degree of comfort. But in Siberia they are driven out of the settlements like wild beasts by the poor exiles, whom long oppression has almost unhumanized. The leper, as soon as his affliction is perceived, is forced to fly to the forest where he must be quick in erecting some rude shelter before the disease incapacities him for work. There he lives on such food as he can obtain until the disease ends his miserable existence or some bear devours him.

Miss Marsden heard of the wretched condition of these poor creatures and determined to visit them, and if possible collect them into a colony, where they could at least have each other's society and the strong could help the weak. She obtained a letter from the Empress of Russia through the kind offices of the Duchess of Edinburgh, the sister of the Czar. Armed with this letter which was intended to secure for her the protection and assistance of the Russian officers who guard the exiles, she set out in June, 1891, on her journey to the Siberian forests. It was not only sympathy and good will for the sufferers that she bore to them; she had learned of the existence of an herb that grew in some districts of Siberia, a decoction of which alleviates the agony of leprosy, and if taken in the early stages of the disease, is said to cure.

The forest which was to be the scene of this journey's exploration stretches from Yakoutsk to Villewisk. The journey to Yakoutsk was comparatively easy but thence it had to be made on horseback through the trackless forest. Accompanied by an interpreter who could understand the Yakout dialect, and by several guides she rode for *two thousand miles* through the forests interviewing the lepers and listening to the tale of their miseries. She found them in varied circumstances. Some of them had huts that, by comparison with others, were comfortable. A picture of one of the best of these appears on this page. In some of the communes a shelter is prepared for the leper before he is driven to the forest, but too often he has to depend on his own exertions. They had no doctor nor any nurse nor any attention of any kind and it was a wonder to Miss Marsden how they kept themselves alive. She had the gratification of rescuing one girl from one of the wretched huts, who was not a leper. She had been driven out of the commune because her mother was a leper and the neighbors feared that sooner or later the disease would appear in her.

On her return Miss Marsden went to Moscow where her advenfures aroused a deep interest and her project of founding a leper colony found ready sympathy and support. A fund was started, to defray the necessary expenses which has already aggregated 35,000 roubles (about $18,000.) She has also received subscriptions from friends in England and expects further help here. A physician and a priest have volunteered their services for the colony if it is established. The American public is little likely to turn a deaf ear to the noble lady's appeal and there is therefore a fair prospect of her Christlike labor for those unfortunate creatures being crowned with success.

SUNSHINE LAND.

THEY came in sight of a lovely shore,
Yellow as gold in the morning light;
The sun's own color at noon it wore,
And had faded not at the fall of night; [one,
Clear weather or cloudy—'twas all as
The happy hills seemed bathed with the sun;
Its secret the sailors could not understand,
But they called the country Sunshine Land.

If over the sea we two are bound, [ours?
What port, dear child, would we choose for
We would sail and sail till at last we found
This fairy gold of a million flowers.
Yet, darling, we'd find, if at home we staid,
Of many small joys our pleasures are made.
More than we think—very close at hand
Lie the golden fields of Sunshine Land.

—EDITH THOMAS.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He tells of the Fountains of the East, and of the First Thansgiving in Canaan.

AS the time approaches when the frost king will bind up the streams so tightly that our juveniles will once more be able to enjoy a merry skating, the youngsters begin to look ahead with great glee to the prospect.

"American boys and girls, particularly those who live in the country, are fortunate in their winter amusements," remarked Uncle John to the family group a few evenings ago. "They are certainly many degrees better off than the children of some other lands I know of."

"How is that, uncle?" inquired Ted. "Don't they have any snow there?"

"There are very few countries, indeed, save those lying in the equatorial belt, where there is no snow," said Uncle John." If we could imagine a vast stretch of territory without a mountain, forest or river, then that land would be snowless, no matter where it was located, because to have either snow or rain there must be moisture and precipitation. Where Mother Earth has been stripped of her leafy robe and where there are neither woods, rocks, hills nor streams, then you have a desert. But what I meant to refer to, was that winter sports like yours, are only enjoyed in temperate climates."

"Well, we have so much water here, uncle, that we can afford to have some of it freeze up," observed Tom, slyly.

"Nature settles that for us, Tom," was the reply. "God has so adjusted the seasons that everything comes in proper rotation."

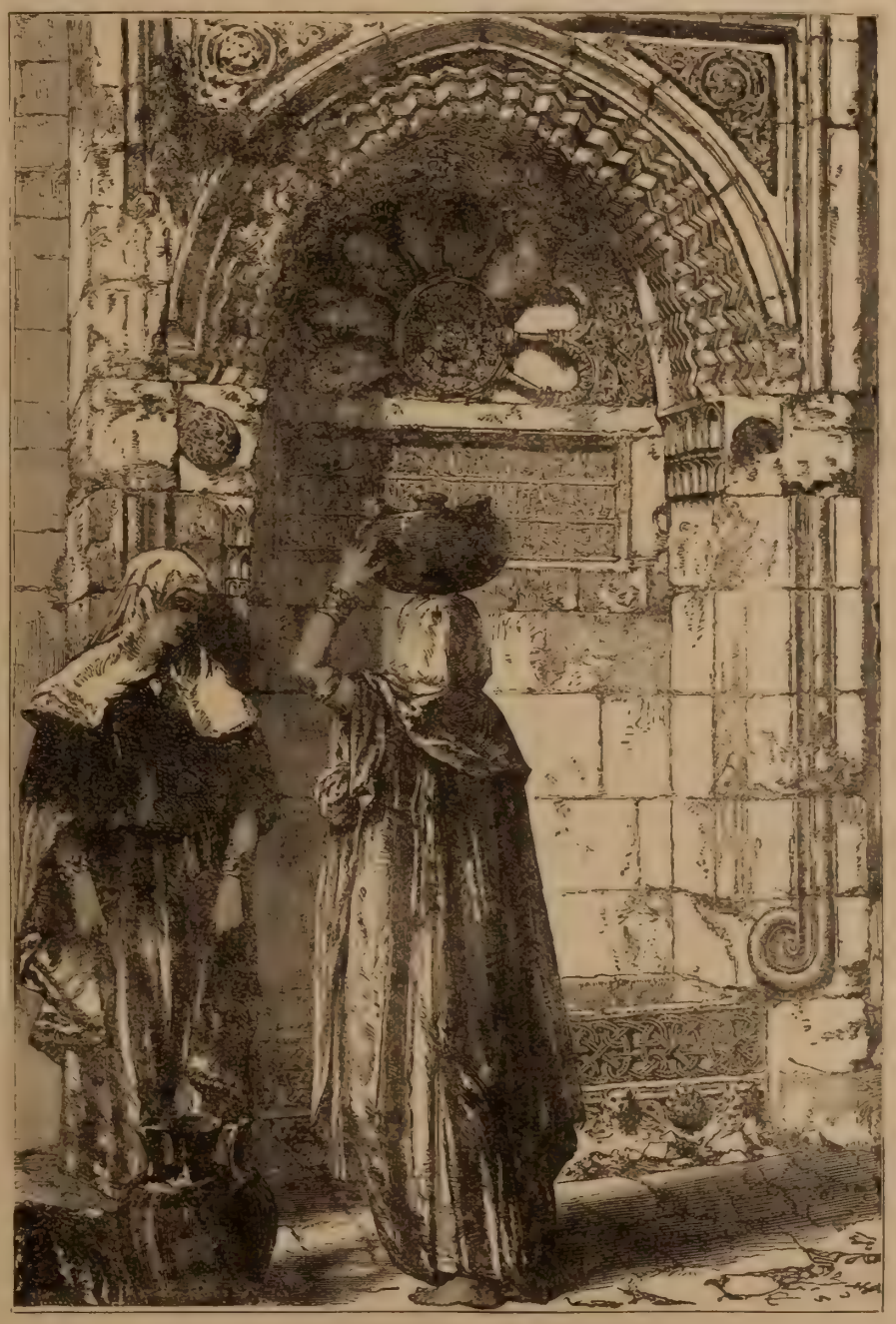
"Yes, but what a funny thing it would be if the people of Egypt, or Syria, or any of those Eastern countries, were to wake up some morning and find their window-panes all frosted up and brooks covered with cat's-ice, or frozen so tight that the little boys could slide on 'em," Tom persisted.

Uncle John laughed outright.

"Tom," he said, "you are an incorrigible! I am sure that Louis and Ted would never have suggested such an idea, but," he added in a graver tone, "the children of those lands can find all varieties of season and climate on the slopes of their mountains. On the peaks of the Himalayas, in tropical India, there are perpetual snows, and it is the same on Mount Lebanon and, possibly some mountains in the Land of Moab. Of course, snow is unknown in the plains and valleys, where the radiation of the sun's heat from the earth makes such a thing impossible. And as for the freezing of the brooks in the East, the fact is that in all tropic countries, streams and brooks regularly run dry except those of a larger size."

"Where do people get water, then? Have they to go to the big rivers for it?" inquired Milly.

"No, little one," said Uncle. "Everywhere in the East one comes upon fountains; Hebrew, Egyptian, Arab, Greek—all alike were fountain-builders. They built them as memorials of the dead along-side of tombs, in temples and in market-places, by the wayside, wherever they can be of service to the traveler; for a fountain is a blessing, and the man who erects one is a benefactor. In Palestine, there are noted fountains at Gaza, Bethlehem, Engedi, Nazareth, and Joppa, and quite a number in Jerusalem. You doubtless remember reading of the famous Fountain of the Virgin at Nazareth, to which Mary with the infant Jesus are said frequently to have come, just as the mothers of that town, accompanied by their children, do now. Wherever there is a spring of living water issuing from the ground, the founders dig deep down to the rock and a fountain is usually built. It may be a rude and simple structure—a mere coping of stones to protect the spring, with a trough along-side for animals; or it may be a magnificent work of art like a mosque or a temple, spacious, costly and beautiful. The Arabs, who are probably among the most elaborate builders in the world, have lavished their finest work upon baths and fountains. In Jerusalem there is one exquisite fountain of Arab design, which is shown in this picture. It is in a narrow street of a very dingy quarter; but its graceful arch and delicate carving seem to mark that portion of the city as a special attraction for those who love to gaze upon beautiful workmanship."



AN ARAB FOUNTAIN IN JERUSALEM.
(See "Uncle John's Talks.")

"The Israelites must have been glad when they were well out of the desert. Were they not?" asked one of the girls.

"Doubtless," replied Uncle John. "The day of their arrival in Palestine must have been to them an occasion far more jubilant and heartfelt than we can understand or appreciate, when we sit down at our Thanksgiving dinners next Thursday. For forty years they had been in a rainless climate, living on food of which they had grown heartily sick, and now they were going to a land of plenty, 'of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills.' (Deut. 8: 7 and 11: 11.) I think," he added, "that the first feast of Thanksgiving of which we have any authentic record was when the children of Israel sat down to the corn and wine and meat and fowl, and other good things of Canaan."

"But no turkey?" interpolated Tom.

"Ah, no," laughed Uncle, "The national bird belongs to ourselves alone, and since that day, in 1621, when Governor Bradford summoned the Pilgrims and also King Massasoit and the Indian allies, to a feast of wild turkey and home-made dainties, temptingly cooked by the housewives of the Plymouth colony, the turkey has waxed more and more famous. And now little ones, I wish you all good appetites for your Thanksgiving dinners."

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Justice in the Nursery.

OF all places where justice should be enforced, remarks a thoughtful writer, it is in the nursery. Of all places where it ought to be easily practised it is in the home; and yet who can say: "I have always been fair to my own?" If there is one motto that ought to be on the key-stone of every house in which dwells any one who names the name of Christ it is this: "Be just and evermore be just." Let the children be taught from the cradle that they have no rights over each other, save in so far as common right governs them all; that they are as independent of each other, save by mutual desire, as any two children that meet as strangers in the street. Let the husband remember that his wife is his companion, not his slave, and let him treat her with the courtesy he would show a stranger, the justice due to a hireling, the love due to a wife. Let the wife remember that her husband is her partner, not her provider; that he has inalienable rights in the home he maintains; that God has given his sex a superiority in which she must acquiesce; that however he may flatter her, love her, defer to her, she is, and always will be, only the junior partner. Let the parents remember that the children have rights as well as duties; that they are future men and women as well as sons and daughters. Let the children remember that the parents have privileges as well as responsibilities. Let family life, in all its relations, be established first on the lines of fairness as between man and man, and love, joy and peace will not fail to follow.

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A Japanese Girl's Talk.

AT a meeting in Japan, where a number of Christian girls were gathered together, the subject was, "How to glorify Christ by our lives." One of the girls said:

"It seems to me like this. One spring my mother got some flower seeds—little ugly black things—and planted them; they grew and blossomed beautifully. One day a neighbor coming in, and seeing those flowers, said: 'O, how beautiful! I must have some too.' Now, if this neighbor had only just seen the flower-seed, she wouldn't have called for them; 'twas only when she saw how beautiful was the blossom that she wanted the seed.

"And so with Christianity; when we speak to friends of the truths of the Bible they seem to them hard and uninteresting, and they say: 'We don't care to hear about these things; they are not as interesting as our own stories.' But when they see these same truths blossoming out in our lives into kindly words and good acts, then they say: 'How beautiful these lives! What makes them different from other lives?'"

And in this simple, practical way, she explained the duties of the Christian life to her sisters.

***

Dangerous Amusements.

IN dancing, says a writer in *The Interior*, more of the harmonies are combined than in any other amusement; the harmony of movement, of rhythm, of music, of colors, of lights, of draperies, and all the harmonies which constitute personal beauty. When to these charms are added the pleasurable excitation of physical exercise, the delicious incense of personal admiration, and the mutual attraction of the sexes, we have a concentrated cup of exhilaration which intoxicates. When the young girl has quaffed that cup, all the cups of human life seem insipid. We concentrate the amber honey into mead, the purple grapes into wine and, not satisfied with that, the wine into brandy. The yellow cane we concentrate into rum, and the corn into whiskey, in each case wasting and destroying delicate and beautiful flavors and aromas in order that we may reach a resistless exhilarant. Just so we greedily seek to consume all the elements of harmony in the ball-room and in the theatre. This is both to waste the harmonies and to destroy our appetite for them in the delightful and wholesome forms in which our wise and kind Mother Nature offers them to us. We burn our candle at both ends, so that more of the illuminant falls wasted to the ground than rises in light. And yet I do not say that we shall eat bran with our wheat or the skins and seeds of fruit with the pulp—that we shall never have cakes and creams. Any concentration is good, provided it does not reach, or seek for, intoxication.

***

THE ANGELS.

WHEN dangers threaten by the way,
The angels guard us day by day;
No evil can us here betide,
On either hand the angels glide.

When doubts and fears begin to rise
And hope to sink beneath the skies,
Kind angels whisper: "Faithful be,
There's just a step from heaven to thee."

When dear ones from our side are torn,
And hearts are sad and all forlorn,
The angel bands keep hovering near
To heal the wound and dry the tear.

When on our couch of death we come,
The angel bands are in the room;
And wait, to bear our souls away
To brighter worlds of endless day.

Morrill, Kans. —J. S. MOELER.

UNEQUALLY YOKED
or
ROSEMARY AND RUE
A STORY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HOME

(Written expressly for "The Christian Herald".)

BY

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.
(Author of "The Captain's Bargain.")

CHAPTER IV.

UNCLE AND SISTER.

TWENTY-FOUR hours after Dora had reached her Uncle David Rupert's house, she was once more in the cars. Now she was under the protection of her Cousin Richard, and the valuables which had been abstracted from her Uncle Barlow's secretary, were carried by Richard in a well fastened steel and leather case. Two weeks before, in all the excitement of her new plans, and of what she vainly supposed to be an ardent love; flattered by the soft phrases of the man of thirty whose dark, crafty face had caught her entranced fancy, Dora had been a picture of healthy, lighted-hearted youth; her lips ever smiling, the dimples going and coming, playing hide-and-seek in her round, pink cheeks, her eyes bright with expectation and gratified vanity. Her secret lover had praised her until she was intoxicated with the idea of her own charms; he had told her that he was rich, and had promised her a life gaily passed in the capital cities of Europe.

Absorbed in herself and her lover, Dora had forgotten the life-long faithfulness and generosity of her Uncle Barlow; she had severed her own interest from those of her sister Eloise—and without one thought of the effect that her elopement must have on those two that formed her family, she had fled from her home at night with a stranger. To her this had seemed a brilliant, romantic adventure. Her chief reading had been novels, her confidantes girls of her flippant nature. Her ideals had consequently been low—but happily not so low as the degree of the villain into whose hands she had fallen.

There was another woman once—daughter of a college professor, a woman better cultured and older than Dora, who had such an experience as this. On the tenth day after marriage the husband removed the mask from his character and plainly showed himself to her as a professional burglar, who demanded in a wife—an accomplice. And he found it. Possessed by a strange passion for this man, she followed his fortunes, served his ends, aided in robbing other women, as well as banks and individuals; endured blows and curses; clung to him even after one of his blows had destroyed one of her eyes, aided him to escape from peril, moved all her powers to deliver him from custody, and living at the gates of a penitentiary, was faithful to him through a long imprisonment. Is this a mystery? Such a woman must have loved crime as well as the criminal: she found herself suddenly in circumstances of an unexpected congenialty: if she had remained in her early home, or married an honest man, she and others might never have known what was her true level in morals.

Dora, foolish child as she was, was of a different strain; there was in her a sound moral sub-stratum, her soul rose up in indignant revolt against the vile character which Pierce Denham revealed to her. She realized that this scoundrel was not the object of her love, but an ideal man created out of Denham and her imaginations. Confronted for the first time in her life by a great question, she solved it to the best of her ability—not to consent to a thief—but to restore that which had been taken away. And with this revolt against the base character of the man, arose in her a strong, unspeakable fear and loathing of the man himself. She recalled the tones of his voice, the look of his eyes only to hate them—for she could recall them only when he laid himself bare to her in his true colors, triumphing in his robbery, calling upon her to share his glee, and demanding of her an active partnership in his sins.

Oh, how could she have ever been so deceived! Why had not his accents rung false from the first in her ear; why had not his touch seemed always, as it really was, defilement. She had been inclined to lay all the blame on him, and to view herself sinless, while bitterly sinned against. Her cousin Margaret stripped away this refuge of lies.

"Did not you know," Margaret asked her, "that you owed respect and obedience to your Uncle Barlow? Your conscience told you that you did. Did not your judgment and common-sense agree to what he said to you, that you were too young for marriage, and that a young girl should not entrust her life to a stranger? Were you not warned by your uncle, a man of experience and sound judgment, that this was a bad man? Did not your maidenly delicacy teach you that your love, if right and true, should not be clothed in hypocrisy and craftiness, but be open and guaranteed by the approval of those who love you? Did you not know in your own soul that the secret meetings, the excessive flatteries, the inculcated deceit of this man were all wrong, and did not show true and honorable love for you? Did you not constantly stifle the voice of conscience in your private meetings with him, and your plans for a flight.

To all this Dora must answer, "yes."

"Then Dora you have only yourself to blame for the ruin of your life. No man could have forced you into clandestine meetings, into a runaway marriage, into stealing your Uncle's key, and betraying his property to a stranger. You think I am speaking harshly, but do you know that it is only a plain view of your own blame worthiness in this matter, that will bring you to repentance that must lie at the root of peace? Your life will probably all pass in the shadow of this one sin: you will be in a hard position demanding great discretion; and to hold yourself well in this rough path which you have chosen, you must be purified and strengthened by repentance. I think there is more vigor in in your real nature than you or any one else ever suspected. You showed it in your hearty revolt against the true character of this man, in the decision and practicality of your escape from him. I believe there is in you the making of a noble woman; but the noble woman will ever live under the weight of the disadvantages you have heaped upon her. But she can be strong and true and helpful—perhaps even all the more so for these very disadvantages as she conquers them and rises superior to them. But if you are to be of any good at all Dora, you must begin by seeing where you went wrong, and blaming yourself as you ought to be blamed. Don't undertake to pose as a martyr, don't load youlself with self-pity. Look at yourself as you are, as having sinned deeply, and take this heavy chastisement of your faults patiently."

Thus talked Margaret, Richard Rupert's wife, sitting beside Dora in one of the upper rooms of Aunt Lois' house in Woodbine Street. Margaret's voice was low, deep, earnest, tender, her gray eyes looked at once searching, reproof, encouragement, and kindness. As she spoke she slowly swayed to and fro, rocking her babe on her bosom—an image of pure, calm, faithful maternity.

Dora was seized with a longing to be like cousin Margaret. She hid her face in the pillow, for she was lying on the bed, and reaching out a trembling hand to grasp Margaret's hand, she said, "You will not hate me for what I did? You will help me won't you? I am so lonesome, and so frightened, and I hate myself so I"—she started up in the bed gnashing her teeth with fierce energy. "I would like to tear myself to pieces, and make myself all over and take out even the least memory of that wicked man from my mind. Oh Margaret, it makes me sick to think I ever fancied I—I cared for him—and now I hate the very thought of him!"

"Alas," thought Margaret, "here is the revolt of passion, where there has never been even a glimmer of real love. And she remembered what is written, "Then Amnon hated her exceedingly; so that the hatred wherewith he hated her, was greater than the love wherewith he had loved her." So furiously does sin scourge sin. There was much that Margaret must one day say to Dora about this man who was her husband. But just now, evidently the poor girl was not able to bear it, and Margaret told her to put him out of her mind as far as possible, and fix her thoughts on her own wrong-doing, to reach repentance and humility, and that hearty confession which she owed to her Uncle Barlow.

So when Richard Rupert set out with Dora for Louisville he felt that he had a true penitent beside him in this young girl with the pale sad face, and the great dark circles under her eyes. Richard felt sure that within these few past days of her terrible ordeal she had altered greatly, and he hoped her changed saddened appearance would move the heart of Uncle Barlow.

Richard knew Uncle Barlow for a hard man in some directions; a dogged, unforgiving disposition, and the penitent might secure small comfort from him. "But the poor child has a sister," thought Richard, "and the sister's heart will be soft, and she will be so glad to have the wanderer back."

It was late in the evening when the travelers reached Uncle Barlow's house. The servants were out and it happened that Eloise Maple herself answered the ring at the door.

"Oh Eloise!" gasped Dora, nearly fainting from excitement.

"You back!" cried Eloise in a sharp tone. How dare you come here! You have robbed us. You have disgraced us! What does that man want here? Does he want to be arrested!"

"Oh Eloise, I have brought back all I took away—all, all! And this is not—not—that man. It is our cousin Richard Rupert, who has brought me home. Where is my Uncle? What—I took—he took—is in that bag that Richard has."

"My jewels—my money there," cried Eloise, pouncing on the bag, and wresting it from Richard, "have you really brought them back!"

But now a gray old man, with a hard shrewd face, stood in the doorway between the hall and parlor, full in the light of the hall chandelier. Dora rushed to him. "Oh Uncle Barlow I did not mean to rob you! I did not know that you or Eloise had been robbed, indeed I did not. As soon as I found it out, I took all, all the things that had been taken from your secretary, and hurried home! Here it is Uncle, indeed I would not be a thief."

"What did you mean to be?" demanded Uncle Barlow coldly—"an obedient, modest girl? Have I taken care of you for seventeen years to have you in the end elope with a scoundrel I warned you against? And added to that you steal my keys, open my private desk, rob me and your sister—a pretty reward I have for bringing you up—and what better could I expect? A corrupt tree bringeth forth corrupt fruit."

"You cannot call me more wicked then I am, Uncle. I hate myself worse than you or Eloise can hate me; but do forgive me. I have brought back all that I took away—my own and all."

"O you have condescended to return now the villain casts you off."

"Mr. Barlow," interposed Richard, "as soon as this poor child discovered the character of the man, she fled from him, taking your property with her, and now returning it as quickly as possible. This man did not cast her off, she might have remained with him if she would, and she was married to him."

"Her husband is he? Then let her remain with him."

"But such a husband!"

"Aye; it runs in her blood to grow weary of a husband. Good or bad, she was bound to leave him. I was a fool to have hoped more for either of them. Eloise will go the same gait—like mother, like daughter!"

"It is needless and cruel to refer to the mother," said Richard indignantly. "Let my aunt lie quietly in the grave she has no doubt long since found."

"And you have not any right to refer to me," said Eloise angrily. Dora has disgraced me and robbed me as well as you."

"She has robbed no one," said Richard firmly, unlocking the bag which he placed upon the table. "Here, count over these things and see that all are right."

Mr. Barlow turned to the table and methodically looked over all that had been returned. "It is all here," he said finally. "Eloise, to save your breaking open my private drawers, you may as well look after your own property from this time."

"Uncle," said Eloise bursting into tears," "why will you be so unjust! Dora injured me as much as she did you."

"When I see you making yourself absurd over a man, as I do," said Uncle Barlow, "I know what is coming of it."

Eloise flushed crimson. Uncle Barlow, in the coolest manner divided the jewel-cases and selected Dora's securities and pushed them toward her. "Take them," he said bitterly. "I will no longer hold them."

"O uncle, do you cast me off," cried Dora.

"Yes I do. Go where you will, only keep out of my sight. I wash my hands of you. All has turned out as I had every reason to expect. When your mother abandoned her home, her children and her husband, my half-brother, there was no reason why I, a bachelor, who had never liked my brother's wife should burden myself with two children. But your father could not face the community after his disgrace, and went off to Mexico and died there. I took you two girls and have made a home for you. I have trained you as well as I could and you, Dora, have rewarded me as I might have expected. Hereafter we part company. When Eloise serves me in the same way, she also may go in the path she chooses, without help or hindrance from me. How soon will you leave the house, Dora? I lock np early."

Dora burst into pitiful sobbing as the bitter old man took up his returned valuables and left the room. She looked at her sister. "Oh Eloise, beg him to forgive me."

"It will do no good. He is angry with me on your account."

The home of her childhood, the companionship of her sister, the protection of her unforgiving uncle, had never seemed to Dora so desirable, as now that she had forfeited them. What a quiet, honorable commodious home this was, which she had so lightly abandoned. How peaceful, how safe, how innocent the life there with Eloise.

"Eloise," she sobbed, "don't look so angry at me. Don't be hard on me. Oh you can't think what I suffer."

"You deserve to suffer," said Eloise wrathfully, "I never heard of a girl behaving as you have. Did you think you could act like that and not shame and disgrace me as well!"

"Eloise," said Richard, "you are older than Dora, why were you not watching over her? Did you not know what acquaintances she was making? Were you not confidential with each other? Did you not suspect what was going wrong?"

"Eloise was only wrapped up in her own affairs," said Dora. For three months she has thought 'of nothing and of nobody but an elocutionist here in the city. She joined his classes, and she raved about his voice, and his eyes, and his manners, and she has never cared for me at all. She thought no one worth looking at but him?"

Eloise retorted with gathering anger. "He is a gentleman, a scholar, he is worth thinking of, and you have disgraced me, and spoiled my prospects. Will any gentleman venture to marry a girl whose sister has behaved as you have? What is going to become of you!"

"Eloise," said Richard, "are you naturally selfish and hard-hearted, or are you made so for the time, by an absorbing and exaggerated affection? If you have found a love that hardens your heart, and deadens natural ties, then believe me it is not a righteous God-blessed love, and will lead only to evil and sorrow. A true love ennobles and softens the entire nature."

"It is too late to talk of love, or anything but misery," said Eloise angrily, " for Mr. Grafton is not likely to wish to have anything to do with Dora's family, and he has not been here since she ran away."

"And how long do you say that you have known him?"

"Three months," said Eloise.

"Is it not soon to invest all your affection in him?"

"Soon!" cried Eloise, "Dora knew this man she married only four weeks—no; not fully four weeks."

"And see what has come of a hasty marriage."

"There is no need to be warning me. Dora has ruined my opportunities."

"She has far more ruined herself. She needs all a sister's love and sympathy and help. Forgive her and comfort her."

"I will not," said Eloise.

Richard was much older than these girls, and he remembered their parents. He saw that Eloise greatly resembled her father, a just man but terribly hard; and Dora was like her mother, emotional, sensitive, loving. But in her revolt against Denham's criminal life, Dora showed her father's spirit; and in this intense affection for Grafton, Eloise showed inheritance from her mother.

"Dora," said Richard," they may forgive you by and by. We will go now, and return to Buffalo by the midnight train. Remember you have still a home and parents, and you will be to my father and mother henceforth a daughter. Come."

(To be Continued.)

This story was commenced in "The Christian Herald" of Nov. 2. New subscribers who desire to read the earlier chapters, will be supplied with proof-pages on application to this office.

Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Subscriber, Brooklyn, N. Y. Send both questions to a secular newspaper.

Invalid, Mt. Carmel, Pa. Knowing nothing about the concern in question, we cannot advise you.

D. W. Schenck, Oak Tree, Va., and W. G. M. Forest, Ontario, Can: Write to J. E. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House, N. Y.

E. S., New York. We cannot undertake to give advice as to the best forms of investment or as to the financial soundness of investment companies.

S. Windley, Brooklyn. All subscribers, new or old, who send $2, will receive THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year and an Oxford Teacher's Bible. This was formally announced in last week's issue.

R. McDonald, New Brunswick, N. J. Where shall I send a contribution to the Barefoot Society?

To Tello d'Apery, 18 W. 14th St., N. Y.

G. Kluin, Colwich, Kans. What is meant by sanctification, in the New Testament? Is it something different from conversion?

It is the work of the Holy Spirit subsequent to conversion. Justification takes place when the sinner exercises faith in Christ and believes to the salvation of his soul. He then becomes a child of God and the Holy Spirit begins the work of sanctifying him. This is continued throughout his life. It is his education or discipline by which he grows in grace and becomes daily more like Christ.

H. C. H., Turnis Mills, Md. There is a rumor here that Rev. Dr. Talmage has said in public that "hell is paved with infants not a span long." As a subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I have denounced it as a vile slander. Have I done right?

The charge is nonsensical and untrue. Such an expression never fell from his lips or pen. Calvin was first charged with making this brutal statement and denied it. Doubtless many others have been similarly charged.

E. E. Barnes, Friends School, Providence, R. I. 1. Do you consider it wrong to prepare an address for a Friends' meeting, in which all are supposed to speak only when moved by the Holy Spirit? 2. Is there any way to bind the numbors of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

1. All persons are not equally apt in extemporaneous speaking, and there are many cases in which a prepared address would be preferable to one delivered off-hand. Under such circumstances, we can see nothing wrong in it. Such an address may be quite as likely to be inspired by the Holy Spirit as an extempore speech and is likely to be much more effective. 2. You can procure a CHRISTIAN HERALD binder by sending 75c. to this office.

Toubled Christian. A lady obliged to go into business to support herself and family fell into debt which she was not able to discharge. The trouble led to her becoming a better Christian, but can she ever be right with God if she is not right with men?

If by hard work and strict frugality she is ever able to pay her indebtedness it is her duty to do so and so put herself right with men. But if in spite of her utmost exertions she is not able to pay, she need not think that God will hold her responsible. He is not unreasonable, that he should expect of her what she has no power to perform. Nor will he refuse to forgive her whatever sin may have been committed, either by heedlessness or extravagance, in getting into debt originally. If the repentance is sincere and the desire to make restitution to men is genuine there is nothing to prevent her becoming "right with God."

Mrs. S. Balleat, Du Bois, Penn. To what church does the Queen of England belong?

When she is in England she attends the services of the established church—the Church of England which, in our country, we know as the Protestant Episcopal Church. When she is in Scotland she attends the established church of Scotland, which is the Presbyterian Church. At first she was charged with being inconsistent but she contended that, as head of the State, it was her duty to conform to the religion of the country "by law established" and her explanation was accepted by the people.

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Mr. J. B. Emerton

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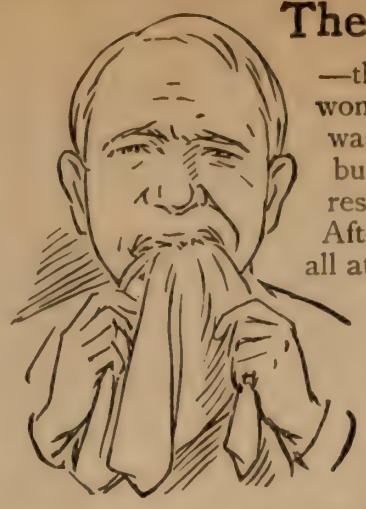

The "Eating" of Clothes

—the rotting and ruining of them—won't show right away. Your new washing powder may be dangerous, but you'll have to wait a little for its results. It is doing its work, though. After a while, your clothes go to pieces, all at once.

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(Rev.) C. H. SPURGEON,
"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

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A Missionary's Wife.

Her Daily Domestic Routine Described—She Must be Teacher, Musician, Doctor and General Adviser, Besides Being a Mother to the Waifs—God's Work in Burmah.

BY MRS. LILY CLARKE CASE.

A MISSIONARY'S wife doesn't count for much on the salary sheets of the Mission Bureau; nevertheless she is a cipher of some value, if you can understand the paradox. Appropriations are made for her to carry on schools, pay Bible-women, buy medicines, and found a hospital, if her small talents turn in that direction. Of course she is supposed to be of transcendental goodness and sweetness of character, for is she not a missionary's wife? Is she not also unharassed by accounts and by the responsibilities of the mission?

She is first, last, and always, a "chink-filler." Not an exalted position, but a very necessary one in the mission field. She may have two or three little ones of her own to care for, but, besides these she "mothers" any number of waifs rescued from heathen influences. She usually has a school of native children (sometimes two or three schools), which she superintends; and, in case of lack of an adequate teaching staff, instructs, that they may not fall behind the standard set for them by the government.

Both by precept and example, she daily teaches these pupils of the Saviour and tries to surround them with such an atmosphere as shall press home to their hearts the obligation to be true and upright in every detail of life. Our missionary's wife calls together the poor, ignorant, often stupid sisters of the church, and, with her baby on her knee, prays with them and instructs them in God's word; so inspiring them to read it for themselves and to apply it to their dailly lives. A *sine qua non* of a missionary's wife is the ability to preside at the organ or piano, and, with a strong, sweet voice, lead the quavering, uncertain voices of the natives in song. She often devotes an hour, to teaching "do, re, mi" or the "sol-fah" system to the mission's dusky disciples.

Her innate modesty receives a shock on her first arrival in this country at seeing the often half nude condition of men, women, and children; so her native talent in the sewing line is soon brought into requisition to assist all the women and girls whom she can muster, to make ingyees (waists) for themselves and their male relatives.

How often the heart of our missionary's wife melts within her, as she sees the people prostrating themselves before images which their own hands have made, and offering to these senseless idols the food which their own little ones so sadly need. The shade of a tree or a bedstead in front of a house gives her a preaching place. Surrounded by a crowd of men, women and children she tells them from a full heart, of the living God who knows our trials and who can save from sin.

As the suspicious heathen often have more c nfidence in "Mama" than in the officials of the civil dispensary, her small stock of medical knowledge and her little store of medicines is often brought into requisition for their benefit. She administers a dose of oil and some sound advice at the same time, with equal facility, and hopes for good results from both.

But our missionary's wife cannot be satisfied to allow her own race and people to go to ruin and death, while she can, in even a small way, set before them the Bread of Life. So we find her gathering about her a band of British soldiers who are found in so many stations in India and Burma, and who in the absence of motherly and sisterly influences, have given themselves over to the devices of Satan. She welcomes them to the pure atmosphere of her home. With earnest desire for their spiritual welfare, she lends them good books, visits them in hospital, and supplies them with pure helpful reading matter. With patience and tact she gains their confidence and is rewarded by seeing not a few surrender their souls to the keeping of the Lord Jesus. As they leave the station, these hardy fellows grasp her hand and with tears in their eyes say, "You have been a mother to me; I shall never forget you; and if we never meet again on this earth we shall meet in heaven."

As the only one in the mission station who has time at her disposal, our missionary's wife is expected to be the scribe to keep missionary societies at home in touch with the work in the field, to indite loving epistles to the dear old parents who have given of their best to the Lord's service; to give statistics of expenditure to the Mission Bureau, etc., etc.

Let no one who has the opportunity to become a missionary's wife, hesitate because only "the littles" await her gleaning, for "he that goeth forth with weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him."

Myingyan, Upper Burmah. ONE OF THEM.
Sept. 27, 1892.

A MOONLIGHT VISIT TO A CEMETERY.

AT a meeting in a Young Men's Christian Association an evangelist made a earnest appeal to the dissipated young men to reform. He especially appealed to dissipated sons of Christian parents. At the close of his address a young man rose and asked permission to say a few words. "If," he said, "you have got anyone on earth, mother, father, minister, or any godly friend who takes an interest in you, treat them kindly. I had a dear Christian mother," he continued, "who was always praying for me. I couldn't stand it, so used to get out of the house. Sometimes she used to put her arms around my neck and cry. I used to say, 'Mother, let me alone. I want to sow my wild oats.' Sometimes I can hear even now my mother's voice pleading for her erring boy. At last it got too hot for me and I ran away from home. By-and-bye I heard my mother was sick, and conscience told me my conduct was killing her. But I wouldn't go home, because I felt I couldn't live under the same roof with her without becoming a Christian, and I wanted to have my fling. Months passed, and I heard my mother was worse. I made up my mind to go home. There was no railway, so I traveled by stage, and got down to the little village by nightfall. The moon was shining, and as I was nearing the old cemetery I thought I would go and see my father's grave. A chill foreboding oppressed my soul, and when I reached that old familiar spot, I found there was a new-made grave alongside my father's. Then the words seemed to thunder in my ears, 'Too late! Too late! Father dead, mother dead; who will pray for your lost soul now?' Young men, I tell you, if I could only call back that mother for one brief hour on earth, to breathe my name in prayer to God, I would give all I possess. I can't tell you what I suffered that night, which I spent sorrowing with an exceeding bitter sorrow, over the grave of the best friend I ever had. But all my tears could not atone for my cruel neglect of that mother during her life. In the morning, about daybreak, God spoke peace to my soul. He has forgiven me, but I can never forgive myself."

SAVED BY A CUP OF COLD WATER.

Many years ago, a young Englishwoman was sent to France to be educated in a Huguenot school in Paris. A few evening before the fatal massacre of St. Bartholomew's day she and some of her young companions were taking a walk in a quiet part of the town where there were sentinels placed. One of the soldiers, as the young ladies passed him, besought them to have the charity to bring him a little water, adding that he was very ill and that it would be as much as his life was worth to leave his post and go and fetch it himself. The ladies walked on, much offended at the man for presuming to speak to them, all but the young Englishwoman, whose compassion was moved, and who, leaving the party, procured some water and brought it to the soldier. He begged her to tell him her name and place of abode, and this she did. Some of her companions blamed and others ridiculed her attention to a common soldier, but they soon had reason to lament that they had not been equally compassionate, for the soldier contrived on the night of the massacre to save the Englishwoman, while all the others in the house were killed.

(*New York Observer.*)

HOW TO COOK A HAM—An advertisement in another column tells us how to cook a ham. A rule for selecting a ham can be given in a few words: Select Ferris' hams. These and the boneless bacon by the same house are always to be relied upon. The cook may ply her art in vain, if the material be not right to start with. More delicious hams than those bearing the Ferris brand cannot be found and are not to be desired. But having selected the best, proper cooking is then indispensible. I lay down my pen, for the savory odor of one of these delicacies of the dining table has so aroused my appetite that I can no longer forbear.—MRS. BROWN.

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TWO RUSSIAN FOLK-TALES.*

ACCORDING to Russian traditions, all kinds of hidden treasures may be revealed at this period of the year, in the "holy evenings" between the Nativity and the Epiphany. "Many wonderful things happen then," said the old woman, "for the Christ walks upon the earth, and gives to the sorrowful one help and comfort."

"And that is truly so," said little Elizabeth Jelko, in a solemn voice. "I know that it is so, for uncle Volknoff was once a great miser. And on the sixth holy night as he was going past the church of St. Basil he met an old, old man, who said to him,—

"'Volknoff, I pray thee stay for Christ's sake, and give me a copeck.'

"And at once the heart of my uncle Volknoff felt pitiful, and he said softly, though he was wont to speak gruff and cross, 'For Christ's sake, then, my brother, take then this silver ruble.' And instantly the beggar was gone; but Volknoff saw for a moment a face like an angel's, and he knew that the Christ has spoken to him. And, indeed, he has not loved gold more than Christ since that night; and, now, he is a devout worshipper."

And after Elizabeth had spoken, each girl had some story of the same holy time to tell. One knew of a very cruel noble who, on the third holy night, had suddenly taken pity on a miserable slave child. It looked at him only as he passed it, and the sorrowful eyes turned the master's hard heart to tears; and he spoke gently to the little sufferers, and then he found he had spoken to the Christ-child.

"Besides which," said Lucia Smoloff, "I knew a man who was going on his business across the great plain of the Volga. It was on the eve of the Epiphany, and he was a very good man. But as he drove on in the moonlight he was followed by a pack of fierce wolves; and he gave up his life, for they were already pulling at his robes. But just then what happened? A stranger came into the sledge and he said to the hungry brutes, 'Depart!" And they slunk silently away, and the man cried out, 'My Christ! it is thee!'"

THE FIRST AMERICAN PRESBYTERY.†

THE Puritans who landed at Plymouth were part of the Church of Independents which had left England for Leyden, Holland, under John Robinson. They came with but one elder, Brewster, and for ten years had no pastor; and so, as Dr. Dexter says, "were compelled to carry their Congregationalism to a degree beyond their original intent." John White, subsequently an Assessor in the Westminster Assembly, planned a Presbyterian colony, which was started at Salem, in Massachusetts Bay, under Roger Conant in 1625. These two churches at Salem and at Plymouth, cooperated cordially, and encouraged all their English friends to come and join them. The two systems of church government were by no means distinct in this country. This is the explanation of the frequent Synods and Councils reported in early New England, as exercising far more than advisory authority. It was generally a question of the influence of some leading spirit which determined the form of church government. The leaders in New England more and more drifted into Independency; while further south the immigrants came from Scotland and Ireland, rather than England, and their leaders went into Presbyterianism.

In this condition of scattered congregations and groups of people ready to be organized into churches, and a small number of ministers anxious for sympathy and support from each other, it needed but an occasion to mold these all into a Presbytery. The occasion came in due season, by the call for the ordination of Mr. John Boyd to become pastor of the church of Freehold, N. J. The original minutes of Presbytery are in the archives of the Historical Society in Philadelphia, but, alas! the first leaf is gone. The record begins, therefore, on page 3, with the end of a sentence which seems to be giving the subjects of Mr. Boyd's parts of trial for ordination. The last half of this broken sentence is as follows: "*de regimine ecclesiæ* which being heard was approved of and sustained, and his ordination took place on the next Lord's day, December 29, 1706." Curiosity wonders what records would have been found if we had those two pages of the first leaf of the minutes of that Presbytery. At whose call and by whose authority was Presbytery convened? Did they consider and adopt the Westminster Standards as their system of faith and government? The best supported opinion is that by this time Makemie's leadership has become obvious. His trip to the old country, and probably its success, was by this time pretty well known. Mr. Boyd or his people wrote asking he should be ordained, and Makemie improvised a meeting in the spring of 1706 for the purpose of arranging for this ordination, Boyd's trials being appointed for the December meeting. Presbyterianism thus grew out of the soil and of the necessities of the case.

THE MASSACRE OF FORT CAROLINIA.*

THROUGHOUT the night the little squad of Frenchmen, whom Laudonniere collected about him, wandered through the Florida forest, guided only by instinct, for there was not a ray of light to reveal a path to them.

As soon as he was master of the fort, Melendez published an order that all the women, and all the male children under fifteen years of age, should be spared, but that all others

* From *Saint Augustine*, a story of the Huguenots in America, by John P. Musick; cloth; illustrated; pp. 319; price, $1.50. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York, publishers.

*From *Michael and Theodora*, a Russian Story, by Amelia E Barr, p p 168, cloth; illustrated, price 75 cents; Bradley & Woodruff, Boston, Publishers.

†From *Presbyterians:* A popular narrative of their origin, progress, doctrines and achievements by Rev. George P. Hays, D. D., LL. D., with portraits of Calvin, Knox, Alexander, Albert Barnes, David Elliott, John Witherspoon and other famous ministers. Also pictures of the Colleges, Seminaries, Hospitals, etc., erected by the Prebysterian Church. It is a comprehensive volume full of information of interest and value to every Presbyterian minister and layman; 564 pages; published by J. A. Hill & Co., New York.

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

(Continued from preceding page.)

must perish. This order was not issued until the conflict had raged a long time, and many children, some of a tender age, had been put to death. When this proclamation was made known, many who had been hiding came forth to give themselves up.

"Save these Lutherans," said Melendez, when the men came to implore his mercy. "We shall hang them as an example to the world."

Morning dawned on the terrible scene. Mass was performed, prayer offered, and psalms of thanksgiving sung over the victory, and the foundation of the church laid on the soil still red with the blood of the innocent!

Melendez, with a strong party, went down to the river and hailed the vessels under command of Ribault. On being answered, the *Adelantado* summoned the crews to surrender.

"I already have your fort in my possession, and if you will peacefully surrender I will allow you to transport yourselves in any one of your ships you may choose to France; but if you do not surrender, I will put every one of you to the sword."

Ribault was frightened; but his officers advised him that to surrender was certain death, and he answered:

"I shall put to sea and return to France with all my vessels."

Melendez returned to the fort in a rage and commanded his men:

"Train the cannon on them, and sink the ships before they leave the river."

The artillery in the fort began to bombard the ships, and they retired beyond range of the guns. When the ships were out of reach, Melendez said:

"We will now dispose of such of these devils as we have; bring them forth."

A large tree with great spreading branches stood within the fort, and the male prisoners were all hanged upon this tree, to which was affixed the following inscription:

"These persons are not treated in this manner because they are Frenchmen, but because they are heretics and enemies of God."

This was the fate of all the Frenchmen taken at the fort, those who surrendered voluntarily, and those who were given up by the Indians to whom they fled for shelter. About twenty more who still remained in the woods were pursued and shot like so many beasts. Fort Carolinia now lost its name, as the Spaniards changed it to St. Mattheo, on whose day it was reduced.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Wendover House, by Adelaide L. Rouse, cloth; pp. 269; price $1. The American Sunday-School Union, Philadelphia, publishers.

In Mother's Place, or The Jay Family, by Kate Neely Festetits; cloth; pp. 385; price $1.25. The American Sunday-School Union, Philadelphia, publishers.

How God Inspired the Bible. Thoughts for the Present Disquiet, by J. Paterson Smyth; cloth; by James Pott & Co 14 & 16 Astor Place, N. Y., publishers.

Up and Down the House, by Anna Warner; cloth; pp. 231; price $1. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., N. Y. publishers.

Business Man's Hand-Book, edited by R. W. Wexford, Pettingill & Co., Newspaper Advertising Agency, Boston, publishers.

West and East, an Algerian Romance, by Laura Coates Reed; paper; pp. 247, price 50 cents. Charles H. Sergel & Co, Chicago, publishers.

The Doctor's Dozen, by Evelyn Everett Green; cloth; pp. 229; price 90 cents. The American Sunday-School Union, 1122 Chestnut Street Philadelphia, publishers.

A Child of the Precinct, by Sarah Doudney. illustrated by Percy Tarrant; cloth; pp. 292; price $1.50. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

Adam's Daughters by Julia MacNair Wright; cloth; pp. 463 American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, N. Y. publishers.

Our Elder Brother, from the Life and Words of Jesus of Nazareth, by Sarah S. Baker, cloth; pp. 298; price $1.50 A. D. F. Randolph, N. Y, publishers.

The Last Day, by Imogen Clark, with illustrations by S. Olivia Kinchart; cloth; pp. 52; price 60 cents. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 182 Fifth Avenue, New York, publishers.

The Quest of Columbus, A Memorial Poem in twelve books, by Henry Iliowizi; cloth; pp 350; price $2. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

The Children of the Poor; by Jacob A. Riis, author of "How the Other Half Lives;" illustrated; pp. 300; cloth; published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. This volume, like Mr. Riis' former book, is one of phenomenal sociological interest. It will be fully noticed in our next issue.

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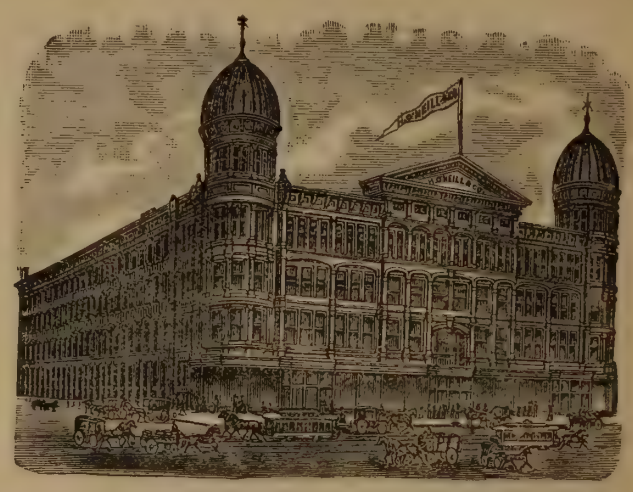

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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OUR ARMY'S CRYING NEED.

Post-Chaplains Appeal in Behalf of the "Boys in Blue"—Drink, Gambling, and Vicious Company Prevalent at many Posts where there are neither Chaplains nor Religious Literature—Gospel Work in Barracks and Hospitals Inadequate—A Field for Christian Effort.

REV. C. C. BATEMAN, CHAPLAIN.

SPECIAL public attention has of late been drawn to the spiritual needs of the soldiers of our regular army. Articles from representative chaplains have appeared in leading religious journals and magazines, containing in some instances strong appeals to the various Christian bodies for enlarged effort in the interest of the "boys in blue." Reference has already been made at different times by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to this subject. It is therefore a pleasure to place before our readers some specific information concerning the labors of God's servants "within the lines"; and also to reproduce to the eye, by the skill of our artists, scenes of actual life in the garrison.

The Regular Army

of the United States only contains 25,000 enlisted men, and hence its existence is scarcely felt among the millions of our people. This fact alone accounts for much of the seeming indifference to its welfare. But the very small size of our military establishment is really a reason why the best possible facilities for moral and mental improvement should be supplied it. The one hundred garrisoned posts could be put in possession of every needed appliance, similar to those of Young Men's Christian Associations, without perceptible impoverishment to any other branch of the public service. That they are not so supplied is a fact well known to every one at all conversant with life in the barracks. Few posts are adorned and blessed by the silent influence of a neat chapel, and suitable library buildings and reading-rooms are just as rare. There are only thirty-four commissioned chaplains in the entire army, but there are scarcely half that number of respectable chapels for their use. Still, with this lack of facilities, and at such manifest disadvantage and discomfort, good work is done and the army chaplain has many reasons for thanksgiving. Even in the military prisons his work is not wholly barren of satisfactory results. Occasionally he receives substantial support from a quarter in civil life, to which he had never dreamed of applying. At one large garrison in the West, the chaplain was nobly aided by a detachment of the Salvation Army. It was clear to him, that though the Salvationists' methods were peculiar, they were just those calculated to arrest the attention of soldiers who could not be reached by his more orderly service. The Salvationists were instrumental in turning some of the most rebellious sinners in the garrison to God. These became at once so zealous in the Master's service that, within a year, more than one hundred soldiers from a single regiment made open confession of Christ and testified of his power to save. And since that time by far the greater number of these have demonstrated their sincerity by many infallible proofs.

THE MILITARY POST AT FORT ASSINNIBOINE, MONT.
Soldiers' Quarters on left, Officers' Quarters on right, and Barracks and Chapel in centre.

The effect of this great revival was visible throughout the command. The guard-house, which was a familiar place to not a few, became almost deserted and not infrequently thereafter, the sentry paced back and forth

In Front of Empty Cells.

There are two master-temptations which beset the soldiers, namely, strong drink and the gambling-table. Efforts more or less successful are made to counteract these evils. Very unfortunately, however, for the service, there is an establishment at army posts known as the Canteen or Post Exchange drink shop, conducted by the direction of the government. The profits, chiefly from the sale of beer, are at given times divided among the various company organizations serving at the respective stations. Necessarily, this direct authoritative invitation to drink intoxicants operates seriously against any effort the chaplain may make in the line of total abstinence.

The effect of the Canteen drink shop on the young recruit, fresh from a Christian home, is often deplorable, because the seeds of intemperance are here sown. Hence temperance work is at best like running up-hill, exceptingly laborious and exhausting, if not discouraging. But even against these odds, headway is made and men are reclaimed or held to principle in the face of adverse example and practice. There are several temperance organizations doing successful work in the army. The W. C. T. U., the Good Templars, Sons of Temperance, and some with local names are found effective. Last year a new society was intropuced by a chaplain, whose zeal for total abstinence is well known. This

(*Continued on page 763.*)

GOSPEL WORK IN THE ARMY—IN THE SOLDIERS' QUARTERS AT FORT ASSINNIBOINE, MONT.
(*From a photograph forwarded by the Post-Chaplain to "The Christian Herald."*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

A SHOCK OF CORN.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Job 5: 26: "*As a shock of corn cometh in in his season.*"

THIS is the time of the year for husking corn. If you have recently been in the fields of Pennsylvania, or New Jersey, or New York, or New England, or in any of the country districts, you know that the corn is all cut. The sharp knife struck through the stalks and left them all along the fields until a man came with a bundle of straw and twisted a few of these wisps of straw into a band, and then gathering up as much of the corn as he could compass with his arms, he bound it with this wisp of straw, and then stood it in the field in what is called a shock. There are now at least two billion bushels of corn either standing in the shock, or having been already husked. The farmers gather, one day on one farm, and then another day on another farm, and they put on their rough husking apron, and they take the husking peg, which is a piece of iron with a leathern loop fastened to the hand, and with it unsheath the corn from the husk and toss it into the golden heap. Then the wagons come along and take it to the corn-crib.

How vividly to all those of us who were born in the country comes the remembrance of husking time. We waited for it as for a gala day of the year. It was called a frolic. The trees having for the most part shed their foliage, the farmers waded through the fallen leaves and came through the keen morning air to the gleeful company. The frosts which had silvered everything during the night began to melt off the top of the corn-shocks. While the farmers were waiting for others, they stood blowing their breath through their fingers, or thrashing their arms around their body to keep up warmth of circulation. Roaring mirth greeted the late farmer as he crawled over the fence. Joke and repartee and rustic salutation abounded. All ready, now! The men take hold of the shock of corn and hurl it prostrate, while the moles and mice which have secreted themselves there for warmth, attempt escape. The withe of straw is unwound from the corn-shock and the stalks heavy with the wealth of grain are rolled into two bundles between which the husker sits down. The husking peg is thrust in until it strikes the corn, and then the fingers rip off the sheathing of the ear, and there is a crack as the root of the corn is snapped off from the husk, and the grain disimprisoned is hurled up into the sunlight. After a while, the dinner-horn sounds from the farm-house, and the table is surrounded by a group of jolly and hungry men. From all the pantries and the cellars and the perches of fowl on the place the richest dainties come, and there is carnival and neighborhood reunion, and a scene which fills our memory, part with smiles but more with tears, as we remember that the farm belongs now to other owners, and other hands gather in the field, and many of those who mingled in that merry husking scene have themselves been reaped, "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

"CORN-HUSKING TIME."

There is a difference of opinion as to whether the Orientals knew anything about the corn as it stands in our fields; but recent discoveries have found out that the Hebrew knew all about Indian maize, for there have been grains of corn picked up out of ancient crypts and exhumed from hiding-places where they were put down many centuries ago, and they have been planted in our time and have come up just such Indian maize as we raise in New York and Ohio; so I am right when I say that my text may refer to a shock of corn just as you and I bound it, just as you and I threw it, just as you and I husked it. There may come some practical and useful and comforting lessons to all our souls, while we think of coming in at last "like a shock of corn coming in in his season."

It is high time that the King of Terrors were thrown out of the Christian vocabulary. A vast multitude of people talk of death as though it were the disaster of disasters instead of being to a good man the blessing of blessings. It is moving out of a cold vestibule into a warm temple. It is migrating into groves of redolence and perpetual fruitage. It is a change from bleak March to roseate June. It is the transmuting of the iron handcuffs of earthly incarceration into the diamonded wristlets of a bridal party; or to use the suggestion of my text, it is only husking time. It is the tearing off of the rough sheath of the body that the bright and the beautiful soul may go free. Coming in "like a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

We all know that husking time was a time of frost. Frost on the fence. Frost on the stubble. Frost on the ground. Frost on the bare branches of the trees. Frost in the air. You remember we used to hide between the corn-stacks so as to keep off the wind, but still you remember how shivering was the body and how painful was the cheek, and how benumbed were the hands. But after awhile the sun was high up and all the frosts went out of the air, and hilarities awakened the echoes, and joy from one corn-shock went up, "Aha, aha!" and was answered by joy from another corn-shock, "Aha, aha!" So we all realize that the death of our friend is the nipping of many expectations, the freezing, the chilling, the frosting of many of our hopes. It is far from being a south wind. It comes out of the frigid north, and when they go away from us we stand benumbed in body and benumbed in mind and benumbed in soul. We stand among our dead neighbors, our dead families, and we say, "Will we ever get over it?" Yes, we will get over it amid the shoutings of heavenly reunion, and we will look back to all these distresses of bereavement only as the temporary distresses of husking time. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "Light, and but for a moment," said the apostle as he clapped his hands, "light, and but for a moment." The chill of the frosts followed by the gladness that cometh in "like a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Of course, the husking time made rough work with the ear of corn. The husking peg had to be thrust in and the hard thumb of the husker had to come down on the swathing of the ear, and then there was a pull and there was a ruthless tearing, and then a complete snapping off before the corn was free, and if the husk could have spoken it would have said, "Why do you lacerate me? Why do you wrench me?" Ah! my friends, that is the way God has arranged that the ear and husk shall part, and that is the way he has arranged that the body and the soul shall separate. You can afford to have your physical distresses when you know that they are only forwarding the soul's liberation. Thank God, therefore, ye who have chronic disorders that you have so much less suffering at the last. Thank God, that you will have so much less to feel in the way of pain at the hands of the Heavenly Husbandman when "the shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Perhaps now this may be an answer to a question which I asked one Sabbath morning, but did not answer: Why is it that so many really good people have so dreadfully to suffer? You often find a good man with enough pains and aches and distresses, you would think, to discipline a whole colony, while you will find a man who is perfectly useless going about with easy digestion and steady nerves and shining health, and his exit from the world is comparatively painless. How do you explain that? Well, I noticed in the husking time that the husking-peg was thrust into the corn and then there must be a stout pull before the swathing was taken off the ear and the full, round, healthy, luxuriant corn was developed; while on the other hand there was corn that hardly seemed worth husking. We threw that into a place all by itself, and we called it "nubbins." Some of it was mildewed, and some of it was mice nibbled, and some of it was great promise and no fulfilment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! After the good corn had been driven up to the barn we came around with the corn-basket and we picked up these nubbins. They were worth saving, but not worth much. So all around us there are people who amount to comparatively nothing. They develop into no kind of usefulness. They are nibbled on one side by the world, and nibbled on the other side by the devil, and mildewed all over. Great promise and no fulfilment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! They are worth saving. I suppose many of them will get to heaven, but they are not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with those who went through great tribulation into the kingdom of our God.

You remember also, that in the time of husking it was a neighborhood reunion. By the great fireplace in the winter, the fires roaring around the glorified back-logs on an old-fashioned hearth, of which the modern stoves and registers are only the degenerate descendants, the farmers used to gather and spend the evening, and there would be much sociality; but it was not anything like the joy of the husking time, for then all the farmers came, and they came in the very best humor, and they came from

beyond the meadow, and they came from beyond the brook, and they came from regions two and three miles around. The husking time was the time of neighborhood reunion, and so heaven will be just that. There they come up! They slept in the old village churchyard. There they come up! All the hindrances to their better nature husked off. All their spiritual despondencies husked off. All their hindrances to usefulness husked off. The grain, the golden grain, the God-fashioned grain, visible and conspicuous. Some of them on earth were such disagreeable Christians you could hardly stand it in their presence. Now all their offensiveness has been husked off. Each one is as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be. Heaven one great neighborhood reunion. All kings and queens, all songsters, all millionaires, all banqueters. God, the Father, with his children all around him. No "good-by" in all the air. No grave cut in all the hills. River of crystal rolling over bed of pearl, under arch of chrysoprase, into seas of glass mingled with fire. Stand at the gate of the granary and see the grain come in; out of the frosts into the sunshine, out of the darkness into the light, out of the tearing and the ripping and the twisting and the wrenching and lacerating and the husking time of earth into the wide-open door of the King's granary, "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Yes, Heaven is a great sociable, with joy like the joy of the husking time. No one there feeling so big he declines to speak to some one that is not so large. Archangel willing to listen to smallest cherub. No bolting of the door of caste at one heavenly mansion to keep out the citizen of a smaller mansion. No clique in one corner whispering about a clique in another corner. David taking none of the airs of a giant-killer. Joshua making no one halt until he passes, because he made the sun and moon halt. Paul making no assumption over the most ordinary preacher of righteousness. Naaman, captain of the Syrian host, no more honored than the captive maid who told him where he could get a good doctor. O my soul, what a country! The humblest man a king. The poorest woman a queen. The meanest house a palace. The shortest lifetime eternity. And what is more strange about it all is we may all get there. "Not I," says someone standing back under the galleries. Yes, you. "Not I," says someone who has not been in church in fifteen years before. Yes, you. "Not I," says someone who has been for fifty years filling up his life with all kinds of wickedness. Yes, you. There are monopolies on earth, monopolistic railroads, and monopolistic telegraph companies, and monopolistic grain dealers, but no monopolies in religion. All who want to be saved may be saved, "without money and without price." Salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ for all the people. Of course, use common-sense in this matter. You cannot expect to get to Charleston by taking the ship for Portland, and you cannot get to Heaven by going in an opposite direction. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Through that one gate of pardon and peace all the race may go in.

"But," says some one, "do you really think I would be at home in that supernal society if I should reach it?" I think you would. I know you would. I remember that in the husking time there was great equality of feeling among the neighbors. There at one corn-shock a farmer would be at work who owned two hundred acres of ground. The man whom he was talking with at the next corn-shock owned but thirty acres of ground, and perhaps all that covered by a mortgage. That evening, at the close of the husking day, one man drove home a roan span so frisky, so full of life, they got their feet over the traces. The other man walked home. Great difference in education, great difference in worldly means; but I noticed at the husking time they all seemed to enjoy each other's society. They did not ask any man how much property he owned or what his education had been. They all seemed to be happy together in those good times. And so it will be in Heaven. Our Father will gather his children around him, and the neighbors will come in, and the past will be rehearsed. And some one will tell of victory, and we will all celebrate it. And some one will tell of great struggle, and we will all praise the grace that fetched him out of it. And some one will say, "Here is my old father that I put away with heart-break; just look at him, he is as young as any of us!" And some one will say, "Here is my darling child that I buried in Greenwood. She does'nt seem as if she had been sick a minute." Great sociality. Great neighborhood kindness. Go in and dine. What though John Milton sit down on one side and John Howard sit down on the other side.

"By the Great Fire-Place."

No embarrassment. What though Charlotte Elizabeth sit down on one side and Hannah More sit down on the other side? No embarrassment. A monarch yourself, why be embarrassed among monarchs?

All the shocks of corn coming in in their season. Oh, yes, in their season. Not one of you having died too soon, or having died too late, or having died at haphazard. Planted at just the right time, ploughed at just the right time. Cut down at just the right time. Husked at just the right time. Garnered at just the right time. Coming in in your season. Oh, I wished that the two billion bushels of corn now in the fields or on their way to the seaboard might be a type of the grand yield of honor and glory and immortality, when all the shocks come in.

I do not know how you are constituted, but I am so constituted that there is nothing that so awakens reminiscences in me as the odors of a cornfield when I cross it at this time of year after the corn has been cut and it stands in shocks. And so I have thought it might be practically useful for us to day to cross the cornfield, and I have thought perhaps, there might be some reminiscence roused in our soul that might be salutary and might be saving. In Sweden a prima donna, while her house in the city was being repaired, took a house in the country for temporary residence, and she brought out her great array of jewels to show a friend who wished to see them. One night, after displaying these jewels, and leaving them on the table, and all her friends had gone, and the servants had gone — one summer night—she sat thinking and looking into a mirror just in front of her chair, when she saw in that mirror the face of a robber looking in at the window behind her and gazing at those jewels. She was in great fright, but sat still, and hardly knowing why she did so she began to sing an old nursery song, her fears making the pathos of the song more telling. Suddenly she noticed, while looking at the mirror, that the robber's face had gone from the window, and it did not come back. A few days after, the prima donna received a letter from the robber saying: "I heard that the jewels were to be out that night, and I came to take them at whatever hazard; but when I heard you sing that nursery song with which my mother so often sang me to sleep, I could not stand it and I fled, and I have resolved upon a new and honest life." O my friends, there are jewels in peril richer than those which lay upon that table that night. They are the jewels of the immortal soul. Would God that some song rolling up out of the deserted nursery of your childhood, or some song rolling up out of the cornfields, the song of the huskers twenty or forty years ago, might turn all our feet out of the paths of sin into the paths of righteousness. Would God that those memories wafted in on odor or song might start us this moment with swift feet toward that blessed place where so many of our loved ones have already preceded us, "as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

OUR ARMY'S CRYING NEED.

(Continued from first page)

society bears the name: The Loyal Temperance League of the United States Army.

There is a neat silver badge of membership suitably inscribed, with a bit of red, white and blue ribbon attached. Miss Frances Willard and other prominent temperance workers are honorary members of this society.

The enlisted men of to-day are selected with greater care than at any previous period. Each must give an account of himself to the recruiting officer and be recommended as possessing a good moral character. Every chaplain can bear testimony to the manhood of our soldiers. There are many men wearing the blue who are proof against the seductions of appetite and passion, because anchored firmly to the Rock Christ Jesus.

The soldier appreciates efforts to improve him and make him a better man. He loves sincere friends with a soldier's fidelity, and such love is worth more than "barbaric pearls and gold." Reciprocal appreciation was shown at one fort, where the chaplain had succeeded in helping not a few earnest souls to a purer life. When the order was announced removing the chaplain to another station of duty, a soldier of the Hospital Corps requested an officer to draw up a petition and allow him to circulate it among the men, asking for the retention of the chaplain at their post. The petition was signed largely and rapidly. The petition failed, the chaplain was removed to a distant frontier fort where "his services also were needed," but to that chaplain, the action of the soldiers on that occasion, is one of the sweetest of a minister's recollections.

Fort Assiniboine, Mont. C. C. Bateman,
Nov. 1892. Chaplain U.S.A.

* * *

Chaplain Bateman's letter possesses a special interest for the readers of this journal. The Christian Herald goes into barrack rooms and soldiers' quarters in many states, and it is gratifying to know that it has been blessed to many of Uncle Sam's boys in blue. Among our correspondents are several chaplains, who like Mr. Bateman, regard as an efficient co-adjutor in their own Gospel work. Post Chaplain Orville J. Nave, Corresponding Secretary for the Corps of Chaplains and for the United States Christian Commission, writes us from Fort Niobara, Nebraska:

"A number of copies of The Christian Herald come to this post, through the beneficence of its and the army's friends. I know of no religious paper so adapted to wide circulation in the Army and Navy as this. It should go to every company barracks, hospital and ship in these services. There are not as many agencies employed in saving our soldiers as there should be. More should be done to turn them to the higher life.

Orville J. Nave.

Chaplain Nave's suggestion is an excellent one and in the direct line of Christian work. There is no class to whose spiritual needs less consideration is given at the present time than our soldiers and sailors. At many posts, and especially at those situated in remote parts of the country, the soldier, except when on actual duty is left wholly to his own resources. He is led into temptations and indulgences that would hardly beset him, were he well supplied with entertaining literature of a religious character and surrounded with those helpful influences, the lack of which Chaplain Bateman so deeply deplores.

During the present year, The Christian Herald has added to the number of its friends a great many men high in military affairs, all of whom share the views expressed by Chaplains Bateman and Nave. Its work among the army veterans, in connection with the Check-Cashing Bureau it established in New York in May last (where it cashes thousands of pension checks for the old soldiers, aggregating $200,000 per quarter) has brought it into the closest contact with army officers all over the Union. Without exception, the latter have declared that any influence that would help supply the spiritual needs of the soldiers of the regular army are to be welcomed, and that such influences are at present totally inadequate. Drink, gambling and loose company are the bane of a soldier's life, and unless these are counteracted by good literature, that will improve while it entertains, or by other moral influences, evil associations draw him, like a magnet, to his ruin.

There are doubtless many among our readers who are sufficiently interested in the spiritual welfare of the men who fight our country's battles by land and sea to do something in their behalf. Should they be disposed to put Post Chaplain Nave's suggestion into practical effect, any contributions they may forward to The Christian Herald for that purpose will be applied as his letter suggests.

THE APOSTOLIC COUNCIL.

S.S. Lesson for Dec. 11. Acts 15: 12-29. Golden Text, Acts. 15: 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IN the early church, as at the present day, there were disciples whose presence in the church created only trouble. God permitted them and worked out through this trial his own purposes of good. Such were certain men which came down to Antioch from Judea, teaching: "Except ye be circumcised after the custom of Moses, ye cannot be saved." How many a blessed work of God has been checked and hindered by teachers, who, without waiting for the leading of the Spirit, wanted to set everybody right on questions of infant or adult baptism, predestination or man's free will, questions as to the time of the taking away of the church, anything and everything of an external nature. All such questions have a tendency to divide, while the deeper truths of God which appeal to his Spirit within us, unite in closest oneness all the true children of God.

But such questions must and will be raised from time to time. There were in the church some who were much more really Jews than followers of Jesus, and they could not conceive how anybody could be saved who was not saved as a good Jew. Just as there are many who cannot conceive that any one can be saved outside the Church to which they belong.

Paul and Barnabas were drawn into the discussion, but this was neither profitable to them nor to the church. God alone can settle questions which differ; no other can make men to be of one mind in a house. But where questions concern the whole church, then it is becoming and necessary that the whole church, or representatives of the whole church, should carry the matter together to him. Few understand the real power there is in a company of Christians, with wills laid down, gathered together to learn the will of God. "God is not the Author of confusion, but of peace." (1. Cor. 14: 33.) All which is still a question to us is clear to him as noonday. He sees the bearing of every question, he knows all which is involved in every situation, and when his children have only the faith and the patience to leave the matter in his hands, he will surely make known to them a solution which they never could have dreamed of without him.

God's children on earth are still at school, still learners, the Council began by

"Much Disputing,"

but they made no headway: the arguments of man with man, cannot, in the nature of things, bring about a solution of what can only be really learned from on high. "A man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven." (John 3: 27.) While those who were young in their apprehension of divine thtngs went on talking, some who knew the way of God more perfectly went on praying. Peter was one of these, and when God's time was come, he rose up and said: "Men and brethren, ye know how that a good while ago, God made choice among us, that the Gentiles by my mouth should hear the word of the Gospel, and believe. And God, which knoweth the hearts, bore them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as He did unto us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith."

This was a word of authority, straight from heaven; it was no longer a question between man and man: Peter showed that God had already declared himself, and all that man had to do was to bow to his decision. If God himself, which knoweth the heart, had so far recognized the Gentiles in Cornelius' house as his redeemed and saved ones, that he had given them the Holy Ghost, who was he that would limit salvation so as to exclude men whom God had filled with his own presence?

Who could withstand the fact—

"God Put no Difference

between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith?" How should man put a difference where God had put none? To Peter, a man filled with the Holy Ghost, the oneness with all who were so indwelt by God was far greater and more real than the separation of race or creed, or even the circumcision which was the token of God's covenant with his people, ordained by God himself. "Now therefore," he contined, "why tempt ye God to put a yoke upon the neck of the disciples which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear? But we believe that through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved even as they." We as they, not they as we. Faith before ceremonial such is the order of God.

It was a God given and God blest word, the disputation ceased, and a solemn silence fell on the assembly. Then Barnabas and Paul, led of the Spirit, told out to the honor of God, what his work had been among the Gentiles, thus confirming the words of Peter. Then James, who probably presided at the Council, summed up the result. He first reminded the brethren how God at first did visit the Gentiles to take out of them

A People for His Name,

not for the name of Jew or Gentile, but for the name of God, a people who should rejoice to give up their own name as Paul did for him. It is God's true call to the church. He then alluded to the prophecy of Amos 9: 11, 12; and asserted the great truth of God's foreknowledge, and in conclusion said: "Wherefore my sentence is that we trouble not them which from among the Gentiles are turned to God: but that we write unto them that they abstain from pollutions of idols, and from fornication, and from things strangled, and from blood."

How soon God can subdue the spirits of men! Who would have thought that a council composed of so many different elements would so soon, and so easily, have been brought to unity of spirit? But it is as easy for him who made all things to conquer man's heart as to create it. There remained nothing now but to send a deputation to the Gentile churches in company with Barnabas and Paul, thus recognizing fellowship with them, and establishing authoritatively their liberty of conscience on the points of doctrine which were distinctly Jewish, and not necessary to salvation. The simplicity and dignity of this first apostolic letter to the churches, and the absence of all party or personal feeling, marks its divine origin.

"It seemed good unto us, being assembled with one accord, to send chosen men unto you, with our beloved Barnabas and Paul—men that have hazarded their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. We have sent therefore Judas and Silas, who shall tell you the same by mouth. For it seemed good

To the Holy Ghost and to Us

to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things: That ye abstain from meats offered to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled and from fornication: from which if ye keep yourselves, ye shall do well. Fare ye well."

"It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us!" Here we see how definite must have been Peter and James' dealings with God, while the disputing members of the Council were dealing with man. They had come to know the mind of the Spirit, and to be of one accord with him. This gave them power: they were sure of their ground, they were prepared for all opposition, all consequences of their decision, now they knew they were one with God the Holy Ghost.

Barnabas and Paul, on reaching Antioch, simply read the apostolic letter, and then gave the word to Judas and Silas, "who exhorted the brethren with many words, and confirmed them. The teachers multiplied in the church at this time: Paul and Barnabas continued in Antioch, teaching and preaching the Word of the Lord, and many others with them." We do not hear of so much conversion work at this time, but the work of training and teaching the converts must have gone apace.

Paul always kept his eye on God; no new revelation was needed in order to assure him that his call was to a foreign field, this had been settled years before. His mission to Judea had been blessedly accomplished, and by the voice of God's Spirit through the church, liberty of conscience regarding Jewish ceremonial had been established, and a pressure seemed to come upon him, doubtless from God, to resume his old labors.

"Let us go again," he said to Barnabas, "and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the word of the Lord, and see how they do." This is undoubtedly the mind of the Lord for missionaries, that they should trace out and shepherd the souls which God gives them from among the heathen. It is a terrible thing to win souls from idolatry, and then neglect them, leaving them to succumb to the persecution and the deadening influence of their surroundings. But these men of God, hitherto so united, differed as to who should accompany them. The kind heart of Barnabas leaned to Mark, who had left the work in Pamphylia; the common sense of Paul inclined to Silas who had just proved himself a true teacher. Alas, in this thing there is no record that they referred the matter to God, and even Paul and Barnabas could not be saved from disputing by any other than the Holy Ghost. What a warning to us to do nothing independently of the Spirit's leading! God has the clue to every situation; but all Paul's experience of him in the past could not make him independent of him in any detail of his life or work; neither Paul's choice nor Barnabas' was necessarily the right one.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

MOMENTOUS, beyond any conception we can now form of it, was the decisive step taken by the infant Church as described in the lesson. The separation between the Jew and the Gentile was very wide and distinct. There had been some reluctance to admit the Gentiles to the Christian Church, as we saw in the case of the summons to Peter to visit Cornelius and he yielded only after having a direct mandate from God. Then some members of the Church thought if the Gentiles were to have this inestimable privilege of being received into the Church the least they could do would be to obey the laws as to ceremonies, ritual, diet, and the observance of fasts and feasts. The Gentiles protested and explained how irksome these things would be. Thereupon a council was called, and after consideration decided to sweep away the whole code. Not even the observance of the Jewish Sabbath was required of the new converts; only morality and two matters of diet the observance of which was necessary to make the association of Jews and Gentiles harmonious. Thus at one blow all the fetters of the complicated ceremonial law were struck off the new converts, and they emerged into glorious liberty, and the Gospel was offered to them free of the restrictions the Jews would have imposed.

A people for his name. That is a people who love Jesus and love to be called by his name as being like him. They grew like him by admiring him and following him. A beautiful statue stands in the market-place. It is that of a Greek slave-girl, but she is well dressed, tidy and handsome. A dirty, forlorn, ragged slave-girl passes by. She sees the statue, stops and gazes at it in rapt admiration. She goes home, washes her face and combs her hair. Another day she stops, in passing, to look at the statue. Next day her tattered clothes are washed and mended. Each day she stops to look at the statue, and each next day she has imitated some of its beauties, until the dirty, ragged slave becomes completely transformed: she becomes another girl. This is the way Christ teaches. He does not hurl his own individuality upon others; he simply lives, and works, and loves before men, not to be seen of them, but to inspire them to a holy emulation.

Christ has his people in the world though they are not of it. As Dr. Guthrie has well said: It is a remarkable fact that while the baser metals are diffused through the body of the rocks, gold and silver usually lie in veins, collected together in distinct metallic masses. They are in the rocks, but not of them. And as by some power in nature God has separated them from the base and common earths, even so by the power of his grace will he separate his chosen from a reprobate world.

Troubled you with words. It was well that the Apostles firmly condemned the practice at the outset. Men ought not to be troubled about non-essentials if they have the essentials. It is a curious fact that in thus legislating for the Gentiles the Apostles made a decision which turned long afterward to the advantage of a Jew in a Gentile court. Rabbi Abraham Schwartzberg of Warsaw had irritated the Jews who accused him before the magistrates of being a mocker at all religions, saying, "You see this man is not a Christian, for he wears the garb of a Jew" (the flowing robes and dangling locks peculiar to the Jews in Poland.) "We know that he is not a Jew, since he neither attends the synagogue nor believes in the Talmud." "What and whom do you profess to be?" inquired the magistrate of him. "I was a Jew, but now I am a Christian," was the reply, as, drawing from his pocket his Hebrew Testament, he added, "I do not find in this book any command to doff my flowing robe so I still wear it; I find inculcated in these pages only the necessity of a change of heart."

Hazarded their lives for the name of Jesus. Life is precious to every man, but there have been men who regarded other things as more precious than life. Many a man has sacrificed his life rather than fail in the performance of a duty. During the War of Independence, Lord Rawdon, when he was in South Carolina, had to send an express of great importance through a country filled with the enemy, which a corporal of known courage and intelligence was selected to escort. They had not proceeded far when they were fired upon, the express killed, and the corporal wounded in the side. Careless of his wounds, he thought but of his duty. He snatched the despatch from the dying man and rode on, till, from the loss of blood, he fell; when, fearing the dispatch would be taken by the enemy, he thrust it into the wound. He was found next day by a British patrol, with a smile of conscious virtue on his countenance, with only life sufficiently remaining to point to the fatal depository of his secret. In searching the wound was found the cause of his death; for the surgeon declared that it was not in itself mortal, but rendered so by the insertion of the paper.

No greater burden than necessary things. Multitudes in our day are groaning under unnecessary burdens laid upon them by teachers who tell them that they cannot be saved unless they do penance, go to confession, abstain from meat on Fridays, and many other things. Mr. Spurgeon wrote in indignation after visiting Rome: "I am sure when I stood for a few minutes at the bottom of Pilate's Staircase in Rome, and saw the poor creatures crawling up and down it on their knees, and the priest looking on, I thought if I had the loan of a thunderbolt or two I would have cleared out all the impostors and their trumpery in the twinkling of an eye."

Through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, we shall be saved even as they. There is no other way for the worst sinners and no other for good people. The rich and the poor, the famous and the obscure must enter by one door if they would enter at all for there is no other entrance. During an illness, that illustrious scholar Bengel, sent for a student in the Theological Institution, and requested him to impart a word of consolation. The youth replied, "Sir, I am but a pupil, a mere learner; I don't know what to say to a teacher like you." "What!" said Bengel, "a divinity student, and not able to communicate a word of Scriptural comfort?" The student, abashed, contrived to utter the text, "The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth us from all sin." "That is the very word I want," said Bengel, "it's quite enough," and taking him affectionately by the hand dismissed him.

The greatest and the least among men are on one plane before the living God. A Brahman in Calcutta asked a European gentleman, "What is your order of society; are you divided into castes, or do you eat and drink together, according to circumstances?" The European told him that it was the custom to eat and drink together. The Brahman replied that he thought the practice was an offence against good morals and good conduct. "How do you act on the field of Juggernaut?" asked the European. "There," replied the Brahman, "we are in the presence of our god and the difference between him and us is so great that the differences between ourselves is overlooked; they are so trivial in comparison." "That is so with us," said the European, "and we are always in the presence of our God."

Spiritual pride and prejudice involve loss. A Spaniard in Peru suffered severely from gout, but refused to be cured by an Indian doctor. "I know," he said, "that he is a famous man, and would be very likely to cure me, but he is an Indian and would expect me to treat him with attentions which I cannot pay to a man of his race, and therefore I prefer remaining as I am."

A ROSE DREW HER TO CHRIST.

How "Bluebird" the Unfortunate, Was Led to Forsake Her Sins, and Find a Refuge at "The Door of Hope"—Her Late Life-work and Beautiful Death.

AMONG the many thousands of touching evangelistic experiences in the slums of New York, there probably never has been a more beautiful one than that related a few days ago to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, the Superintendent of "The Door of Hope,"—a refuge at No. 102 E. 61st Street, whose portals, like the gate of mercy, are ever open.

One day, something over a year ago, Mrs Whittemore with several friends, set out on a missionary tour through the Chinese opium dens in the lower part of the city. On visiting one of these places in Mott Street, they encountered a girl probably about twenty-one years old, with expressive and attractive features. Mrs. Whittemore intimated her desire to visit the opium dens, and inquired where a chaperon could be found who would conduct them safely through these dangerous resorts. The dark eyes of the girl flashed and, springing to her feet, she cried: "I'll take you through. I know them all."

"What! you, a girl!" exclaimed the astonished lady.

"Yes," was the unabashed reply. "Do you think I'm afraid? Ha! ha! I fear neither God nor devil!"

The visitors shuddered.

The young girl waved her hand in deprecation and continued: "That's all right. I've been there often, and they know me. Come along; you needn't be afraid. All the opium fiends know 'Bluebird.'"

"What a strange name!" said one of the ladies.

"Oh, it isn't my own name," laughed the girl harshly; "but that makes no difference."

They followed her, hesitatingly, and true to her promise, she guided them through some of the sickly dens where, amid the reeking fumes of the poisonous pipe, they saw the victims of the opium habit, stretched in all stages of unconsciousness and intoxication.

During that visit, Mrs. Whittemore formed her first acquaintance with "Bluebird," an acquaintance soon to ripen to a singular friendship. She attempted to drop a kindly word of advice to the girl, but the latter turned away with a laugh, declaring it was useless to talk religion to her. She was an outcast—young, clever, intelligent, neatly dressed and attractive, but an outcast from God and society. She belonged to the great army of lost girls in New York.

Weeks past before Mrs. Whittemore again saw "Bluebird." One evening, as she was about to go out on her missionary duties among the dives, a friend handed her a rose.

"Do you know where I am going?" she asked. "I am going down in the slums. How would so pretty and pure a flower look in such places?"

"Oh, you can give it to some one,"

"I will," replied Mrs. Whittemore. "Thanks for the suggestion. It shall be given to the wickedest and most depraved sinner I meet to-night, and may a blessing go with it."

To one of the worst dives, where vile liquor and viler company are found, Mrs. Whittemore went. She had been there only a few minutes when several people entered, among them a young girl. Her eyes were red and on one cheek was an ugly gash from which the blood trickled. She scowled and swore loudly at the habitues of the den.

"'Bluebird' is on a 'jag' to-night," cried someone. "She is going it pretty heavy now."

Mrs. Whittemore looked up quickly. Could this wretched creature, the associate of thieves and drunkards, be the same girl who had escorted her through the opium dens? Yes; despite the bruised and blackened eye and bleeding face, she recognized her. It was "Bluebird." The visitor's heart filled with pity at the sight, and as the girl sat down at a table to drink, Mrs. Whittemore took a step toward her and almost unconsciously handed her the pink rose. "Bluebird" clutched it, and broke out into a vulgar guffaw.

The Superintendent invited her to come to the "Door of Hope" next forenoon. "Bluebird" looked at her, hesitated, and then said: "Yes, I'll come. You don't think I'll come, but I will. I'll be there!"

"My poor girl!" was all Mrs. Whittemore could say, as she left the place.

The girl sat there, quiet and silent. Even amid her dissipation, something had touched her heart. Was it the flower? She looked at it, as it lay crushed in her hand, and she smoothed out its pink leaves. A glass, which had probably never before held anything so pure and innocent, was filled with water and in it she placed the rose. And the lady had asked her so kindly to come up and see her; yes, she mustn't forget that. No lady had ever before invited "Bluebird" to her home. And as the fumes of the liquor she had drunk passed away, she grew more thoughtful. She went up to her lone room, taking with her the glass that held the pink rose.

A few hours passed. She could hear the sound of revelry and the clinking of glasses below; she could even distinguish the voices of her late companions. But she had no desire to join them. The flower—was that the subtle influence that held her back? She looked into the glass—whose very touch seemed to contaminate so pure and fragrant a thing—and unconsciously she pushed back the leaves of the rose, disclosing the heart. It was already growing black with decay, and one of the tender leaves came off in her fingers, although she had touched it quite gently.

"BLUEBIRD" COMES TO "THE DOOR OF HOPE."

She started with pain, for it seemed to her like her own heart—black and foul with sin. Her young life was withering just like those leaves. Soon the pink rose would be faded and dead. She felt that with its death something would pass out of her own life.

After midnight, "Bluebird" remembered her promise. She took the flower from the glass, and as she did so a few leaves fluttered to the bare floor. Gathering them up she wrapped them with the rose in paper, and came down the dark stairway. At the bottom she met a man who stopped her, and she told him she was going uptown.

"Got yer fare?" he asked roughly.

"Not a nickel!"

"So! Here, fellows. Chip in and give 'Bluebird' a lift. She's going uptown a bit and wants car fare."

Several made up half a dollar, which was given to the girl.

"Yer aint goin' to be a saint, eh?" sneered one of the fellows.

"You jest let her be, will yer," growled another. "Good luck, 'Bluebird.'"

And she went out into the dark street alone.

Mrs. Whittemore spends five hours at "The Door of Hope" every forenoon. When she came down, the following morning, her matron met her at the door and handed her a little parcel. As she opened it she found it contained the rose—now faded and withered. The matron informed her that the girl had come up soon after midnight. Mrs. Whittemore found "Bluebird" in a back room.

"As I put my arms around her," said the good lady, afterward, "God gave me such a wonderful love for the poor child that I kissed her bloated face. Then I knelt with her in prayer, and the only words I could say were, 'Dear Lord, I believe all this poor child needs is a little love; and now help us to so love thee that we may just lead her to loving thee herself.' Then I asked her to pray with me.

"She broke down in violent sobs and called upon God to have mercy upon her soul, and as she arose from her knees, the glad look of triumph in her eyes spoke for itself that her prayer had been heard."

From that time her whole life had been consecrated to God. The first one she brought to Christ was a companion in sin, who was then in the Tombs awaiting trial, and is now in prison serving a long term of years.

After doing mission work for a time among the dives with Mrs. Whittemore, the new and zealous convert went to New London, where she labored in a mission which Mrs. Whittemore had helped to open shortly after "The Door of Hope" was founded. Thence she went to Noank, Mystic, Elmira, Syracuse and other places, besides visiting at several prisons, boldly testifying of the power of God to save and keep even one such as she. At her request, a year after her conversion, a large supper was given down near the slums at 53 Park Street, New York, where between four hundred and five hundred men and women were gathered, and after the supper, a service was held in the hall above, at which "Bluebird" pleaded most earnestly with them to consider their ways and give their hearts to Christ. Many hands were uplifted at the close of this meeting for prayer, and a number were saved.

During last summer the girl's health began to fail, but even when confined to her room, the one intense longing that filled her soul was for the salvation of others.

One day, on entering her room, she said to Mrs. Whittemore: "Oh, isn't God good! I can't go to sinners any more,- but, mother dear, he sends sinners to me."

After that, up until the time of her death, frequent footsteps could be heard on the stairs, and many ex-convicts and disreputable characters of both sexes, who had known her well in her former life, came there. Not a few came down the stairs with a determination to seek the same Saviour who had so graciously pardoned "Bluebird." When some were pitying her for being so closely confined, she said, "Mother, dear, people pity me; but they needn't. I am shut up, but I am not in prison; I am shut up with Christ, and if that's God's will, don't you think I'm happy? I am, and shouldn't you be, too?"

A short time before her death, she put her arms around Mrs. Whittemore's neck, begging her not to cry as she said, "I can be of more service to you, mother dear, when I go, than if I stayed." Seeing her look of inquiry, she continued: "Don't you see, when I get to heaven, I am going to ask God to be your guardian angel, and I will guide you every moment." When beyond the power of speech, she was asked if Jesus was very real to her then, and she smiled and nodded her head in a happy affirmative. She passed away at the same hour in which, seventeen months before, she had received the rose.

Rarely is such a funeral witnessed in New York as that of "Bluebird," whose real name was Delia Laughlin. At her request, it took place at "The Door of Hope." Before her death she desired that no flowers, save one, should be placed in the casket, and when her old-time companions in sin came in tearfully to take a last look at her face, they saw clasped in her fingers a single pink rose, which Mrs. Whittemore had reverently laid there in memory of the flower that had brought back to the girl the first thought of purity. One mourner from the slums—an uncouth and unshaven fellow—came to the "Door." He held one hand behind him clumsily.

"Please, mum, I wanter take a peep at 'Bluebird,'" he said huskily.

He was led to the death-chamber, where he looked at the white, still face in the casket. Then he held out from behind a great bunch of luscious and beautiful roses.

"Them's for her," he said in a whisper. "I know'd her—used ter run arcund with her in the o'd days, afore she turned saint. Guess she an angel if ever there was one." And he went away with bowed head and weeping, with tears coursing down the hard face.

Toward the close of the funeral service, Mrs. Whittemore told her motley audience what she knew of the life of the dead girl, of her rescue and the marvellous way in which God had used her in the salvation of more than one hundred souls in less than a year. In the evening the body in its white casket was taken down to the same hall in Park street where "Bluebird" had given her anniversary dinner, so that her death should speak to the salvation of souls among those who once knew her in sin. Next day she was laid at rest in Maple Grove Cemetery, in the suburbs, where a simple monument will be erected to the memory of this redeemed daughter of the slums, who, in her short period of Christian experience was the means of saving many precious souls.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
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Bible House, New York City.

CHOOSE FOR ETERNITY.

HOW little care do we bestow upon the railroad depot where we stop twenty minutes to dine! We dash in and we dash out again. We do not examine the architecture of the building, nor the face of the caterer. We satisfy our hunger, we pay our money, and we put on our hat and take our place in the train. What is that depot as compared with the place for which we are bound? Now, my friends, this world is only a stopping-place on the way to a momentous destination, and yet how many of us sit down as though we had consummated our journey, as though we had come to the final depot, when our stopping here is as compared with our stopping there as is twenty minutes to twelve hours—yea, as the one hundredth part of a second compared with ten thousand million years!

What is the use of your struggling for that which you cannot keep? As long as you have clothes, and food, and shelter and education for yourselves and your children, and the means for Christian generosity, be satisfied. You worry, and tug, and sweat, and wear yourself out for that which cannot satisfy. Whole flocks of crows' feet on your temples and cheeks before they ought to have come there. You are ten years older than you ought to be, and yet you connot take along with you into the future world even the two pennies on your eyelids to keep them shut after you are dead. And yet you hold on to this world with the avidity of the miser who persisted in having his bonds and mortgages and notes of hand in the bosom of his dressing-gown while he was dying, and in the last moment held his parchment in such a tight grip that the undertaker after death must almost break the man's fingers in order to get the bonds away.

Some are actually making that choice, while there are others who have done far differently. When they tried to bribe with money Martin Luther, some one said, "There's no use trying to do that—that Dutch beast cares nothing for gold." When they tried, by giving him a cardinal's hat, to bribe Savonarola, he stood up in his pulpit and cried out, "I will have no red hat save that of martyrdom, colored with my own blood." These men chose Christ amid great persecutions; but how many there are in this day, when Christianity seems to be popular, who are ashamed of Christ and not willing to take the hardships—the seeming hardships—of his religion! And, alas! for them, for long after the crash of the world's demolition they shall find that in all these years they were turning their backs upon the palaces of heaven, scrabbling on the door of this world's treasure house, the saliva of a terrific lunacy on their lips—horribly and overwhelmingly playing the fool.

History tells us of one who resolved that he would have all his senses gratified at one and the same time, and he expended thousands of dollars on each sense. He entered a room, and there were the first musicians of the land pleasing his ear, and there were fine pictures fascinating his eye, and there were costly aromatics regaling his nostrils, and there were the richest meats, and wines, and fruits, and confections pleasing the appetite, and there was a soft couch of sinful indulgence on which he reclined; and the man declared afterward that he would give ten times what he had given if he could have one week of such enjoyment, even though he lost his soul by it. Ah! that was the rub. He did lose his soul by it!

EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING.

WE are frequently in receipt of letters from young preachers, asking whether it is better to preach extemporaneously or from manuscript. We will tell them a little chapter from our personal experience. We entered the ministry with a mortal horror of extemporaneous speaking. Each week we wrote two sermons and a lecture all out, from the text to the amen. We did not dare to give out the notice of a prayer-meeting unless it was on paper.

We were a slave to manuscript, and the chains were galling; and three months more of such work would have put us in the graveyard. We resolved on emancipation. The Sunday night was approaching when we expected to make violent rebellion against this bondage of pen and paper. We had an essay about ten minutes long on some Christian subject, which we proposed to preach as an introduction to the sermon, resolved, at the close of that brief composition, to launch out on the great sea of extemporaneousness.

It so happened that the coming Sabbath night was to be eventful in the village. The trustees of the church had been building a gasometer back of the church, and the night we speak of the building was for the first time to be lighted in the modern way. The church was, of course, crowded—not so much to hear the preacher as to see how the gas would burn. Many were unbelieving, and said that there would be an explosion, or a big fire, or that in the midst of the service the lights would go out.

With our ten-minute manuscript we went into the pulpit, all in a tremor. Although the gas did not burn as brightly as its friends had hoped, still it was bright enough to show the people the perspiration that stood in beads on our forehead. We began our discourse, and every sentence gave us the feeling that we were one step nearer the gallows. We spoke very slowly, so as to make the ten-minute notes last fifteen minutes. During the preachment of the brief manuscript we concluded that we had never been called to the ministry. We were in a hot-bath of excitement. People noticed our trepidation, and supposed it was because we were afraid the gas would go out. Alas! our fear was that it would not go out. As we came toward the close of our brief we joined the anti-gas party, and prayed that before we came to the last written line something would burst, and leave us in the darkness. Indeed, we discovered an encouraging flicker amid the burners, which gave us the hope that the brief which lay before us would be long enough for all practical purposes, and that the hour of execution might be postponed to some other night. As we came to the sentence next to the last, the lights fell down to half their size, and we could just manage to see the audience as they were floating away from our vision. We said to ourselves, "Why can't these lights be obliging, and go out entirely?" The wish was gratified. As we finished the last line of our brief, and stood on the verge of rhetorical destruction, the last glimmer of light was extinguished. "It is impossible to proceed," we cried out; "receive the benediction!"

We crawled down the pulpit in a state of exhilaration; we never before saw such handsome darkness. The odor of the escaping gas was to us like "gales from Araby." Did a frightened young man ever have such fortunate deliverance? The providence was probably intended to humble the trustees, yet the scared preacher took advantage of it. But after we got home we saw the wickedness of being in such dread. As the Lord got us out of that predicament, we resolved never again to be cornered in one similar. Forthwith the thraldom was broken, we hope never again to be felt. How demeaning that a man with a message from the Lord Almighty should be dependent upon paper-mills and gasometers!

ROBUST RELIGION NEEDED.

NO doubt much of the Christian character of the day lacks in swarthiness and power. It is gentle enough, and active enough, and well-meaning enough, but is wanting in moral muscle. It can sweetly sing at a prayer-meeting, and smile graciously when it is the right time to smile, and makes an excellent nurse to pour out with steady hand a few drops of peppermint for a child that feels disturbances under the waistband, but has no qualification for the robust Christian work that is demanded.

One reason for this is the ineffable softness of much of what is called Christian literature. The attempt is to bring us up on tracts made up of thin exhortations and goodish maxims. A nerveless treatise on commerce or science in that style would be crumpled up by the first merchant and thrown into his waste-basket. Religious twaddle is of no more use than worldly twaddle. If a man has nothing to say, he had better keep his pen wiped and his tongue still. There needs an infusion of strong Anglo-Saxon into religious literature, and a brawnier manliness and more impatience with insipidity, though it be prayerful and sanctimonious. He who stands with irksome repetitions asking people to "Come to Jesus," while he gives no strong common-sense reason why they should come, drives back the souls of men. If, with all the thrilling realities of eternity at hand, a man has nothing to write which can gather up and master the thoughts and feelings of men, his writing and speaking are a slander on the religion which he wishes to eulogize.

Morbidity in religion might be partially cured by more out-door exercise. There are some duties we can perform better on our feet than on our knees. If we carry the grace of God with us down into every-day practical Christian work, we will get more spiritual strength in five minutes than by ten hours of kneeling. If Daniel had not served God save when three times a day he worshiped toward the temple, the lions would have surely eaten him up. The school of Christ is as much out-of-doors as in-doors. Hard, rough work for God will develop an athletic soul. Religion will not conquer either the admiration or the affections of men by effeminacy, but by strength. Because the heart is soft is no reason why the head should be soft. The spirit of genuine religion is a spirit of great power. When Christ rides in apocalyptic vision, it is not on a weak and stupid beast, but on a horse—emblem of majesty and strength: "And he went forth conquering and to conquer."

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

THE BOOK OF PHILIPPIANS.

DEAR READER,—Sit down and give this letter of Paul a good reading. It is full of such helpful things and is one of his best. There can be no finer reading than the second and third chapters. Then to search out the different characters of whom he writes and about whom he writes is a sweetness peculiar to this work.

What a verse of contrasts is the twelfth of the fourth chapter. I think may be this bit of Scripture gives us an insight into the "ups and downs" of life as much as any to be found anywhere. Piety does not insure one from want, but thank God it does assure them in want and the nineteenth verse follows like a harvest of plenty after years of famine.

For my readers who suffer in bodies filled with aches and pains, and they are not a few, I would direct their attention to the last verse of chapter three, a hallelujah will follow.

Discouraged Christians should dwell much on the sixth verse of the opening chapter, such truth is like bread to the starving.

I meet some folk who think it wrong to long for death. I don't know how they would expound the 23rd verse of chapter one.

Now and then some big, noted infidel visits a town and the crowd pour out to hear him, and the good hold their heads low and sigh. Look up! Look up! verse ten and eleven of chapter two will as surely come true as that two parallel lines never meet. If you could get the depth of meaning in verses five and six of the last chapter, there would be no more worry in your life, and a life without worry is more than gold or silver.

Churches as well as individuals have their characteristics and this Philippian Church was known for its liberality. No church in all Macedonia contributed for Paul's expenses like it. Some churches are liberal and some stingy—what kind is yours?

Virgin Soil.

The hardest are the easiest to reach. I'm writing unto some preacher, who for many long months has been trying to get some of his listeners converted. His Gospel messages have no more effect than a drop of water to wet a desert. They are Gospel-hardened, case-hardened, heart-hardened, conscience-hardened, life-hardened.

To keep on at these is to tire the most tireless worker: take my advice and leave them—let them soak in their own selfishness awhile, and go to the unchurched masses, get out in the open stand on some street corner, sing up the crowd, and then give them the truth in a winsome way—give it to them hot from your heart. Don't fool away any of your time or theirs—get right at their conscience, their emotions and their wills, and you will do more good in ten minutes there on that virgin soil, than in ten weeks to a self-satisfied lot of church-goers who have no more idea of being converted under your ministry than a cat has of getting wings. After I tried it the other night, I thought I would get a little help to sing up the crowd: they failed me. The little organ brought in the wagon to help along had no player. Another failure. Some expected friends to stand about as backers did not turn up, only three workers came near—circumstances all adverse, but there were the people passing by, and I had the Gospel; so at it we went. It was a precious fifteen minutes, no congregation ever listened with more attention. Their faces showed their interest. Jesus moved in their midst. I can't tell all the results—some I can. One man who had not been in a church for seven years, a foreman of the machine shop for a large Railway Company, is now a good Christian all as a result of that brief service.

Try Virgin Soil, my brother; it will do you good. So it will those to whom you go.

A Sunday School Superintendent whose aim is no higher than to have a big school is not fit for his place. Size is good but quality is better. Aim for piety in teachers and scholars. Make the motto: "Our whole school for Christ."

Wanted.

SOME one man in the church where you attend to start with nothing but a holy purpose and work up a weekly Bible class of five hundred members to study the Gospel of John. That looks big, and so it is. I wonder is it too big for you to undertake.

The Bible And the Newspaper

LUTHER'S CHURCH RESTORED.

DURING the past seven years, architects and builders have been engaged in the restoration and renovation of the famous Schlosskirche of Wittenberg, on which the winds and rains of four centuries had done their destructive work. The restoration was undertaken by the Government. The walls of the ancient edifice have been strengthened and the tower has been almost entirely rebuilt. It is now 288 feet in height, and its upper part is adorned with a beautiful circlet of mosaic, surmounted by a cupola and a richly ornamented copper spire. A picture of the church in its completed state appears on this page. It is the church in which Luther preached and within its walls are the tombs of the great reformer and his friend, Melancthon. The recent re-opening and dedication was an imposing ceremony at which the Emperor of Germany, the Crown Prince of Sweden, the Duke of York and a large number of princes and distinguished men were present. The date of the ceremony was in itself significant; for it was on that day, three hundred and seventy-five years before, that Luther inaugurated the movement which led to the Reformation, by walking down to the old church and nailing to its door the famous document in which he stated the reasons for his attitude of opposition to the Pope's pretensions. The ninety-five theses, which the document comprised, were the declaration of war hurled by the humble German monk at the proud pontiff of the Vatican. It seemed at the time a struggle between antagonists whose power was so prodigiously disproportioned that it could end only in the destruction of the monk. But the combatants were not so unequal as they seemed. The monk having the truth on his side was impregnable, while the incarnate lie enthroned in Rome, though supported by the princes and potentates of Christendom, was weak and vulnerable through his misdeeds. Millions of men emancipated from priestly thraldom through that brave struggle now look with reverence to the old church at Wittenberg, where it commenced, and praise God that in spiritual warfare the victory comes "not by might nor by power but by my spirit saith the Lord." (Zech. 4: 6.)

An Undertaker's Blunder.

Two undertakers were at the Grand Central Depot in New York on November 15th, awaiting the arrival of a train from the West. When the train came in, a man alighted and gave to one of the undertakers a check and permit for the removal of the casket containing the body of his deceased wife. She had died at Madison, Wis., and, in fulfilment of a promise made to her, he had brought her body to New York to be interred in her father's lot in Cypress Hills Cemetery. About half an hour later, on going into the baggage-room to look after a trunk, he was surprised to see his wife's casket still there. He went out to look for the undertaker, but could not find him. He returned to the baggage-room and found, that during his absence another undertaker had been there and had taken away the casket, with which he had driven to the docks, to place it on shipboard for conveyance to England. The baggage master told him that two caskets, enclosed in similar rough wooden cases, had arrived by the same train, each of them containing the body of a young woman; and he supposed that the undertakers had taken the wrong caskets. The widowed husband made a quick journey to the docks and was just in time to prevent his wife's body being placed on shipboard. It was held until he secured the body of the Englishwoman which had been taken to his father-in-law's house. He and his wife's family were very thankful that the mistake was rectified before the steamer sailed. The fact of the woman having exacted a promise from her husband to bury her in Brooklyn indicates that she too would have been thankful if she could have forseen the event, during her lifetime. But after the great change had taken place the destination of the bodies mattered not to either woman. Then, it was the destination of the soul that was all-important; and, about that there could be no mistake: "The Lord knoweth them that are his." (II. Timothy 2: 19.)

An Escape from a Shark.

THE perils of the deep are not confined to its surface. Those who have occasion to descend to its depths sometimes encounter dangers of an appalling character. A writer in a popular magazine reports an incident in point, which occurred during a recent visit to the pearl fisheries in the Gulf of California. One of the divers descended to look for pearls. He filled his bag and was about to ascend, when, on looking up, he saw a huge man-eating shark just above him. Not being sure that the shark had seen him, he moved quickly to the other side of a large rock, near the place where he was standing. It was evident that in the clear water he had been seen; for the ferocious monster changed its position instantly, by a slight motion of its powerful tail, and was again over him. He had to think quickly and take risks. It occurred to him that if he could obstruct his pursuer's vision he might escape. He worked quickly with hands and feet and in half a minute had the water full of mud from the bottom. Then he ran to the other side of the rock, gave the signal and rose to the surface. He clambored over the side of the boat just as the shark made a rush at him. The man was completely unnerved by his narrow escape and declared that all the pearls in the sea would not tempt him to go down again. Probably he would change his resolution when his nerves recovered from the fright. We know that men who venture into spiritual danger to get treasure, do not abandon the pursuit even after they become conscious that the enemy of souls is on the watch to make them his prey. (I. Tim. 1: 19.)

THE SCHLOSSKIRCHE AT WITTENBERG WHERE LUTHER PREACHED.

A Composite Portrait.

The story of an artist's triumph is told by a visitor in New York who lives in a country village in the western part of the State. In the course of a discussion on the merits of the Columbus statue for Chicago, which has been compounded from a number of portraits and statues, he said that a certain wealthy family whose property is near his home, own an excellent portrait of the recently deceased husband and father, which was so built up. Many efforts were made by his wife and children to induce him to sit for his portrait, but he had a rooted dislike to doing so and would not consent. After his death there was deep sorrow in the family that no portrait of him existed and eventually an effort was made to supply the lack. An artist undertook to paint a portrait of him from various points of resemblance in his children. The eldest son had much of his figure and bearing, the eldest daughter's eyes were exactly like her father's, another son had the father's nose and chin and so on. From verbal descriptions and from the features of the children the artist has succeeded in producing a portrait which the family considers an exact likeness. This is remarkable, as the artist never saw the man. It would perhaps be possible to get an idea of his character too from those of his children, for traits of character are often transmitted as well as the features. It ought to be possible for the world to get an idea of what God is from the lives and characters of his children. The apostle said that they who reflect "as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image." (II Cor. 3:18 R. V.)

Death from Fear.

THE sudden death of a prisoner under capital sentence in the jail at Allentown, Pa., on Nov. 9, gave rise to suspicions of suicide. An autopsy, however, proved that the real cause of death was not poison, as was thought, but nervous exhaustion, induced by terror. He was convicted of the murder of two neighbors, an aged couple who had saved a little fortune which they kept in their house, and was sentenced to be executed on Nov. 10. Between his sentence and the week of his execution he maintained a stolid apathetic demeanor, though he was evidently in extreme dread of death. When he heard the carpenters at work erecting the gallows, he broke down completely; and became almost frenzied with terror. He paced his cell moaning and weeping and uttering louds cries at intervals. This continued for five hours when he sank on his bed utterly prostrated. Attempts were made to revive him, but they were futile and he died in a few minutes. His execution was to have taken place ten hours later. The doctors who made the autopsy testified that there had been a complete collapse of the man's system, resulting from violent emotion, which in his case was evidently terror of his approaching execution. In fact the dread of death killed him. The fact shows that there is a much closer connection between the mind and the body than we are sometimes willing to believe. Happily the connection is not always painful. When the mind is at rest through the peace that faith brings, death even though it be painful is met with calmness and often in triumph; for "the sting of death is sin." (1 Cor. 15: 56.)

Divorced and did not Know it.

AN extraordinary suit is set down for hearing in a Colorado court. It is brought by the widow of a recently deceased Boston merchant. She was away from home visiting her mother when her husband died, but returned immediately on hearing of his death. When his will was read, it was found that only a small income was left to her and, to her amazement, she was referred to in the will as the testator's *divorced* wife. On inquiry she learned for the first time that her husband had secured a divorce from her in the county court of Arapahoe County, Colorado. She then remembered that in the fall of last year he went on a tour in the West, but she avers that no hint of divorce proceedings ever reached her. She is now moving in the Denver Court to have the decree set aside, as she is sure that it must have been granted on false statements, she having given her husband no cause for procuring a divorce. If her statement is true, a grievous wrong has been done her. It would be well if such a statement could be truthfully made by the Church, which is the bride of Christ. Christians are often sorrowfully conscious that they have not always been true and loyal to him; but they need be under no apprehension of finding themselves disowned at last; for he has given the assurance that nothing shall separate them from him. (Rom. 8: 38–39.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Thousands of our present subscribers in different parts of the country are taking advantage of the opportunity, announced by the Publisher of **The Christian Herald** *a few weeks ago, extending to* **present** *subscribers all the Premium advantages heretofore confined to* **new** *subscribers. Under that offer any one, whether now a subscriber or not, who sends $2.00, will receive* **The Christian Herald** *for one year and a genuine Oxford Teachers' Bible. It contains all the Helps, Concordance, Dictionary, Tables, Subject-Index, Appendices and 12 colored Maps—the whole constituting a complete Theological Library and Sacred Encyclopedia. It has 1450 pages of clear pearl type, leather bound, Divinity Circuit, gilt edges, round corners and overlapping covers. Each Bible is sent to the subscriber, express charges prepaid. We hope to be able to supply one of these handsome Bibles to every old subscriber, this year, and we would urge all to make the application with their renewal at the earliest date possible.*

Rev. Gulian Lansing, D. D,, the eminent missionary of the United Presbyterian Church who has labored for many years in Egypt is dead. He was not only a most successful missionary but one of the finest Arabic scholars in the world.

The American Bible Society's agent at the Port of New York has, during his ten years years of office distributed to incoming immigrants over a million Bibles. Immigrants of twenty nationalities thus received the Bible in heir own language.

The China Inland Mission which has been very successful in penetrating to the interior is conducted at a cost of $135,000, including all expenses both at home and in China. As in the Moravian Missions, the money is expended with careful economy.

Mayor George A. Hilton of the Los Angeles Mission has been enabled to give free breakfasts, since the mission was opened in January, to 3,192 hungry men, beside giving clothing to 1268 destitute persons. The spiritual results of the mission work have have been most encouraging. A Gospel wagon has now been added to the means of usefulness.

A deeply interesting story of mission life among the Esquimaux of Alaska was told on November 20 in the Moravian Church on Lexington Avenue, New York. The narrator was Mrs. Kilbuck who for seven years past, has, with her husband, been laboring in that land of snow and ice. They are pioneer missionaries there, as the Moravians have so often been.

Union Theological Seminary, New York, has received a gift of $175,000 from four of its directors. Of this sum, $100,000 comes from Mr. D. Willis James, and $25,000 each from Mr. John Crosby Brown, Mr. W. E. Dodge and Mr. Morris K. Jesup. The desire of the donors is, by this substantial addition to the Seminary's general fund, to place the institution on a sound financial basis.

Rev. D. Wilshere sailed from New York on Nov. 10 for the Bahamas to resume work as Superintendent of the Baptist Colored Churches in those islands. On the previous evening a large meeting was held in the Bergen Baptist Church, Jersey City, N. J., of which Dr. D. J. Ellison is pastor, to bid him and his devoted wife a cordial farewell and wish them godspeed in their arduous work. Much sympathy was expressed with Mr. Wilshere in the loss of his staunch vessel in which he has been used to carry the Gospel from island to island in the past, and a sincere hope that the fund now being raised to secure a new vessel would soon reach the required amount.

The following contributions for the Anti-Gambling Crusade Car of Evangelist John P. Quinn are acknowledged: Central Y. M. C.A., Buffalo, N. Y., $35.60; People's Church, (Cong'l) Buffalo, N. Y., $10; Citizens, Wilmington, Del., $5; Mrs. Mary A. Flagler, $4; W. C. T. U., Grand Forks, $5; Rev. George Thompson, Wilmington, Del., $2; L. H. Ehrichs, Brooklyn, N. Y., $1; Fred A. Thayer, Chicago, $1; Trinity M. E. Church, Jersey City, $7; Victor G. Hazard, Wilmington, Del., $1; Rev. Wm. P. Swartz, Wilmington, Del., $2; Second Reformed Church, Philadelphia, $25.17; Northwest Branch, Y. M. C. A., $28; A friend who has heard the Tiger roar, $2; N. Y., 25 Gospel Hymns.

THE "WITH CHRISTS."

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, last Sunday Morning by the Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

BETWEEN Christ and his people the relation is most intimate and tender. The resources of language are exhausted in the attempt to describe and emphasize it. Figure after figure, drawn from every department of nature and experience, is used to set forth this relation. Our Lord said, "Because I live, ye shall live also;" thus he shows the nearness and vitality of the union between him and his people. He also calls himself the vine and describes them as the branches in illustration of the same thought. He also says, "If a man love me he will keep my words; and my Father will love him and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." This is wonderful language. Observe the divine plural. The thought of this relationship fills us with awe; it sets forth the marvelous condescension of God, and it ought to move every heart with deepest gratitude and holiest love. Our Lord also says: "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be perfect in one." The apostle Paul expresses the same thought when he says, "For if we be dead with him, we shall also live with him; if we suffer we shall also reign with him." Kinship with Christ in suffering implies partnership with him in triumphs. Just before leaving the disciples he said, "Where I am there ye may be also," and afterward at the right hand of God his feelings and purposes are still the same, for from that exalted height he said, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

My purpose this morning is to describe and illustrate some of these relationships as they are presented to us in the epistles. I shall present, in a logical rather than in an historical order, the passages in which the expression "with Christ" is found; but passages containing other expressions, although relating to Christ are omitted.

"Crucified with Christ."

(Gal. 2: 20.) Scripture teaches us that Christ literally died for us on the cross. The apostle Paul in the previous verse tells us that he himself was dead to the law, but alive to God. In the verse before he explains what he means by that statement. We know that only the two robbers were literally crucified with Christ; but the apostle Paul was crucified with him in the sense of dying with him to sin and its sway. His old nature was crucified; he became dead to the world, to the law, and to sin; he was as dead to the ambitions, pomps and charms of the world as if he had been actually crucified. His life was identified with that of his Lord, so that he could properly speak of himself as crucified with him. The death of Christ on the cross for him made him dead to worldly things and evil passions. His highest glory now was to be in all things like his Master. He longed to be bound to him in the closest fellowship. He was willing to share in all respects the shame and ignominy of his Lord's crucifixion. It was his ambition to have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings, and to be made conformable unto his death. He elsewhere expresses a strong desire to know Christ and the power of his resurrection, as well as the fellowship of his sufferings; but although dead to sin, he teaches us in the passage before us that Christ lived in him and that he himself lived by the faith of the Son of God. The true Christian's death to sin is often a real crucifixion; it is lingering, painful and ignominious. But he will not come down from his cross until he can say to every sinful tendency, "It is finished." The true Christian is a wonderful paradox. He is dead, and yet he is alive; he lives in the flesh, and yet he lives by faith; he lives a self-life, and yet his is a true Christ-life. Out of the dead enemy to Christ has come the living, loving, laboring servant of Christ. This is a blessed crucifixion; this is an honored fellowship; this is a glorious exaltation. God grant that we may all be crucified with Christ, and that we may live in, for and with Christ.

"Dead with Christ."

(Romans 6: 8.) If we are crucified with Christ we become dead with Christ, as is affirmed in this passsage. As Christ was dead in the grave, so we are to be dead to self and sin. This thought carries us back to the third and fourth verses of the same chapter in Romans. There we learn that we are baptized into the likeness of Christ's death. The Apostle's words are: "We are buried with him by baptism into death." For a time Christ lay in the tomb hidden from sight; then he rose triumphant, from the grave. So the believer, in token of his death to sin, is hidden for a time in the watery grave; then he rises to walk with Christ in newness of life. Having been thus dead and buried with him the Apostle says: "We believe that we shall also live with him," —live with him here and now, and live with him forever hereafter. The primary reference is probably to the present rather than to the future life. As Christ was raised from death, so we are raised from the death of sin to a life of holy service; we are dead men restored to life, we are even now both dead and alive. Baptism thus becomes profoundly significant; it is eminently beautiful and instructive in its symbolism. How glorious would be the Christian faith if all its professors were thus dead to sin and alive to God! How truly blessed the baptized would be! Let us strive to make this our happy experience. When that experience is attained, our spiritual death and resurrection will be the promise and prophecy of that literal death in the Lord which the voice from heaven has pronounced blessed. The Lord, who sanctified the waters of baptism, has also glorified the tomb of the dead, robbing it of its gloom and lighting it with a heavenly radiance.

"Quickened with Christ."

(Eph. 11 : 5.) We are quickened, are made alive again. We are saved from the death of sin and have received the life of Christ. The relation between Christ and his people is such that his resurrection from the grave included our resurrection to spiritual life. As death locks up the senses and seals the powers, grace unlocks and opens them to the light and life of truth and Christ. This is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes. It is he that hath made us to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. It is by grace that we are saved. Our salvation is possible because God is rich in mercy and hath loved us with an everlasting love. His love was manifested toward us even while we were sinners. All our spiritual blessings flow from our union with Christ. If a man be not quickened together with Christ he is still dead in trespasses and sins; he is a child of wrath even as others. These are very solemn words. Their teaching ought not to be misunderstood by us. Have you felt the pulsation of this new life throbbing in your souls? If not, you are still among the dead. Awake, thou that sleepest; and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give you light. Become to-day, I beseech you, children of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, and then shall you be inheritors of eternal life.

"Risen with Christ."

(Col. 3: 1.) In the 2nd chapter and 20th verse of this epistle we are taught that we are dead with Christ, but when, as we have already seen, we become quickened together with Christ, we must leave the tomb. The grave is not the place for living men. When life once more comes into the soul, the dark and noisome grave is to be abandoned. We are raised from the grave of sin to live a life of holiness. He now lives in heaven, so we in him should now live in heaven; as he is at the right hand of God, the union between him and his people is such that their affections must be set on him and on heavenly things; not on the things of this earth, its houses and lands, its honors and pleasures, its ambitions and achievements, but on heaven and heavenly things. Nothing short of heavenly things can be worthy of the supreme affection of an immortal and redeemed soul. The Christian who finds his highest joy in earth debases his heavenly birth, dishonors his high calling, and imperils his divine destiny. The child of earth may mind the things of earth; but the child of glory will be engrossed with the things of heaven. He is, while upon the earth, an eagle encaged; his home is in the skies. At times he longs to plume his wings for a lofty flight. His treasure, like his crown, is in heaven where God is; it is laid up with Christ. These are precious truths. What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness. All our joys and sorrows, all our trials and triumphs are but fitting us for the enjoyment of our glorious inheritance with Christ.

"Hid with Christ in God."

(Col. 3: 3.) The Christian life abounds in apparent contradictions and in paradoxes. We are poor yet making many rich; we are sorrowing, yet always rejoicing; we are daily dying, yet still alive. The Apostle Paul affirms that he lives, and immediately adds, "Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." So here he says to the Colossians, "Ye are dead," and then adds, "Your life is hid with Christ in God." Of course he uses these familiar words in varying senses. The death mentioned is that of the lower and earthly nature; the life is that of the higher, nobler and diviner nature. All life is born of death. An American poet has sung:

> "Life evermore is fed by death,
> In earth and sea and sky;
> And, that a rose may breathe its breath,
> Something must die."

Our true life like a treasure of greatest value, is hidden; it is safely deposited with Christ in heaven where God our Father is. It is too valuable to be entrusted to our keeping; a jewel of such inestimable worth might be taken from us if committed to our care. There is wonderful sweetness in the thought of life thus hidden with Christ. There is here a nestling, trusting and blessed tenderness; there is here a sublime security; there is here a divine inspiration. Blessed, thrice blessed, is that man who can say that his life is "hid with Christ in God."

"Joint Heirs with Christ."

(Rom.8:17.) In this chapter our attention is directed to the glorious doctrine of adoption. We show that we are truly adopted of God, when we are led by the Spirit of God. When so led we are not simply followers, disciples, or friends; but we are the children of God. The spirit of bondage is utterly gone; we are no longer slaves, but sons. As children rejoicing in our relationship with God, we cry, Abba, Father. We are then heirs of God to an inheritance which he will confer on his children both here and hereafter; but we are more than "heirs of God," we are "joint heirs with Christ." Christ is pre-eminently the Son of God; and all true Christians are so united to him that they become partakers in his glories and sharers in his possessions. He is God's Son by nature, they are God's sons by adoption, but in both cases the idea of sonship inheres. We are the members; he is the head. Every crown placed on his brow surrounds our heads with reflected splendor. Surely no Christian ought to forget his heavenly birth and his glorious destiny. We ought to live above the world. Our heads should be among the stars. This world ought to lose its hold upon those who are so honored of God and so dowered with heavenly glory.

"Christians are to be with Christ."

(Phil. 1:23.) The Apostle Paul appears before us here as a perplexed man. He is in a strait, but it is a blessed strait. We read of David being in a strait between three sad possibilities —sword, famine and pestilence; but, as it has been well said, we find Paul here in a strait between two blessings—living with Christ on earth, or being with Christ in glory. Dr. Adam Clarke and other commentators have called attention to the fact that the metaphor here employed is suggested by a ship lying at anchor. The commander of the vessel is in a foreign port. He feels a strong desire to set sail, as the word here used implies, and get to his own country and family; but this desire is offset by the conviction that the general interest of the voyage may be best subserved by a longer stay in the port where his vessel now rides. He is not in a dock, he is not aground, but rides at anchor, and may at any hour be gone. Strong winds are already blowing upon his vessel, which, were it free, would soon drive it out to sea. Such was the condition of the Apostle. Strong cables of love bound his heart to the Philippians, and yet heavenly influences were moving him as a gale blows upon a vessel. He was not at home, but in a foreign land on his Master's business. He wishes to return; he rides at anchor. He is only awaiting further orders; but in any case he will do his full duty. Sick and sorrowful, weary with the world and its sin, he had a desire to slip the cable, or draw in the anchor and sail away to his heavenly home; but he would not allow misanthropy or personal comfort to prevent him from doing his duty to God and to man. He was willing to bear physical pain, if he could thus serve the church and honor his Lord. In his thought death was not a sleep, not a period of unconsciousness. To depart was to be at once with Christ, and to be with Christ was heaven. The difference between a Christian and a man of the world is this love for and desire to be with Christ. Mere willingness to die is no evidence that one is a Christian. Pure selfishness may sometimes lead men to wish to throw off all earthly care and sorrow; but a true believer looks upon heaven as giving the opportunity to be with Christ as he cannot be upon the earth. To the Apostle Paul this fellowship was far better than earthly friendship. O, noble Apostle! O, blessed strait! May the spirit of the matchless Paul in his complete submission to the will of God, whether for life and service here, or the rest and glory hereafter, be dominantin our lives!

"Reigned with Christ."

(Rev. 20: 4.) We began with the cross and the grave, we now reach the crown and the throne. There is not time to enter now into the full discussion which the present passage might justify. Perhaps the reference is to the martyred and glorified dead. Certainly a millennial age of great power and glory is here suggested. All the forces of government and all the influences of social life are in harmony with the spirit and the Church of the Lord. This condition is the opposite of that which now exists; now the foes of Christ are often in the seat of power; now right is often on the cross and wrong on the throne, but the earth shall yet be "filled with the knowledge of God." Truth shall yet triumph and righteousness and peace prevail; our present hopes shall then be a glorious reality and our present faith blessed sight. The promise of Christ will then be fulfilled; those who shared his cross will then be with him on the throne. Elsewhere in this book our blessed Lord distinctly promises that those who should overcome shall sit down with him on his throne. Christ's throne is large enough for all his people. He carries us at last in the "overcometh," of Revelation to his temple and to his throne. We are, as God's true children, candidates for crowns and thrones. Our Lord had prayed, "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am." Before such a promise and prayer reason staggers and imagination reels. This highest place is within the reach of the lowest child of Adam. Farther we cannot go; more than this even God can neither say nor do. In this promise the Eternal exhausts himself. The thought of this glory is overwhelming. To lie at Jesus's feet would be heaven; to see "the King in his beauty," even at a great distance, would be heaven. But to sit on his throne—it is too much; we have no thought to conceive, far less language to express, this indescribable honor. Christ so loves us that he longs for us to be by his side; he longs to show us his glory. Soldiers of the cross, the victory shall be yours. Is the conflict severe? Are the enemies numerous and strong? Fear not, ye men of God, ye followers of the Lamb, ye shall overcome every foe through the blood of the Lamb. On the brow of the redeemed shall be placed the triple crown, the crown of righteousness, the crown of life, and the crown of glory. Who would not be a Christian? O men and women, submit now to the authority of Jesus Christ. Listen to the invitations of his love. See him as on the cross he dies for you. Be crucified with him on that cross, be dead and buried with him in yonder grave; be quickened together with Christ; be risen with Christ. Let your life be hid with Christ in God; become joint heirs with Christ, and then you shall sit with him on his throne and reign with him forever and ever.

PREACHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

REPORTS presented at a church meeting in Burmah are somewhat different from those people at home are accustomed to hear at such meetings. Miss Johanna Anderson sends an account of a meeting held in Toungoo, Burmah, to the *Baptist Missionary Magazine* from which the following is an extract:

Manager Tow-Baw was a volunteer from the Peleku church, to go among the wild Brecs last year. He reports his people, as yet, in much fear from their enemies, so that they have their worship in the afternoon instead of evening, as they dare not be out of their houses later than that. After worship they ascend into their houses and draw up the ladders, and Manager Tom-Baw, having no house, is left alone in the chapel till the middle of the forenoon next day. Then the people come down from their houses and timidly go in search of food. Such lives! Nothing else but abject poverty can be the result. At first he begged some food for himself, which was given; but ungrateful for his favors, they had soon tired, and said to him, "Why do you come here to eat up our food?" Yet they had called him as their teacher.

Shway Loo had been sent to an old village, notorious for the drunkenness of the people and general ignorance. He reports a good school and eight baptisms.

Manager Kgah, among the Red Karens, meets with great discouragement. Soo-Hkah left his village to secure teachers for others asking for them. On returning, messengers met him, urging him to hurry, for his people were about to go to war. His arrival prevented fighting. These teachers do have wonderful power in some cases with their people.

A Joyous Thanksgiving.

Through the Bounty of "The Christian Herald," Many Poor Families Found it a Day of Unexpected Blessing - How the Turkeys were Distributed and How Welcomed.

THE evening preceding Thanksgiving Day brought a pleasant surprise to several hundred poor families in New York. Expressmen and district messengers had been busy all that afternoon carrying sundry, substantial-looking packages from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices, in the Bible House, to tenement houses on the east and west sides of the city. These packages were of two kinds: the first was a stout, extra-sized manila bag, from the top of which protruded the lower extremities of a well-grown, juicy, corn-fed turkey, dry-picked and ready for the hands of the house-wife. These turkeys which had been bought

Direct from the Farm,

through a large wholesale firm, were specially selected for their plumpness and tenderness, qualities which even the humblest and youngest gastronomist must heartily admire in the national bird. The other package was invariably of more exact mathematical form, but quite as bulky and heavy as the first, being a good-sized bag of prepared flour, quite sufficient to supply bread for an ordinary family with normal appetites for a week at least.

The work of distribution was a pleasant thongh by no means an easy task. Lists of names of needy and deserving families had been received from

A Number of City Pastors,

including Rev. J. S. Stone of Asbury M. E. Church, Washington Square; Rev. George J. Mingins, Union Tabernacle, W. 35th Street; Rev. Dr. Alexander, University Place Church; Rev. Dr. Deems, Church of the Strangers; Rev. Stephen Merritt, Eighth Avenue Mission; and also from Bella Cooke, the humble Christian philanthropist of 492 Second Avenue, the Bleecker Street Mission and similar institutions. The lists were arranged by districts and two or more messengers detailed to each district. To each address on the lists, as finally prepared, were allotted a prime turkey and a bag of flour. In several cases of extreme need (as indicated by the pastors' recommendations), an order for half a ton of coal was added to the other articles. The following

Note of Explanation

and greeting from the Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was sent to each family:

Dear Friend:

Rev. Dr. . . . . has kindly included your name and address in a list which he prepared for us in response to a request sent out to pastors of this city for the names of families to whom a little addition to their Thanksgiving dinner would be welcome and acceptable. I now take great pleasure in sending you by messenger a turkey a sack of flour, and an order for coal. Please accept these tokens of Christian love in the same kindly spirit in which they are offered and as a trust to be passed along to some needy family when the sun of prosperity has dispelled the clouds of temporary adversity.

Fraternally yours,
LOUIS KLOPSCH.

The gray November dusk had settled down on the metropolis as the gifts were being delivered. With the Bible House as a centre, the circle of distribution radiated in every direction, taking in homes in Perry, Barrow, Sullivan, Downing, Ridge, Greenwich, and other streets downtown, Second and Third avenues, and Second, Third, Fourth, Ninth and Eleventh streets on the east side, continuing at intervals as far up as East Forty-second street, while on the west side of town deliveries were made to poor families from Fourth street up through the great, teeming tenement section, as far north as the upper end of West End avenue. Some of the messengers went to homes where the invalid mother is dependent on the labors of her children, and where, half the time, there is not enough to eat; or to others, where the

Husband, Wife and Child

are famished though idleness and want of regular food. It would be tedious and painful to describe the condition of many whose names were received on the pastors' lists; on almost all sorrow and want had laid their heavy hand, and the timely gift was welcomed in proportion to their great need.

We leave our readers to picture for themselves the mingled astonishment and pleasure with which the arrival of the turkeys and flour was hailed in every home where they were delivered, and the chorus of delight that arose from the juveniles when they saw, with their own eyes, the "real sure-enough turkey," that was to be all served up to themselves and nobody else, on the following day. Such Thanksgivings are rare indeed in the homes of the lowly, and to the very poor they are like "angels' visits"—few and far between. How the bird was dressed for the home oven, or, if that was all too small, how it was carried in state around to the baker's to be cooked in his more capacious oven; how, when the critical moment had arrived, and the fortunate ones in attic, or rear tenement, or other dingy apartment (transformed for the occasion into a state dining-room by

The Magic of Kindness)

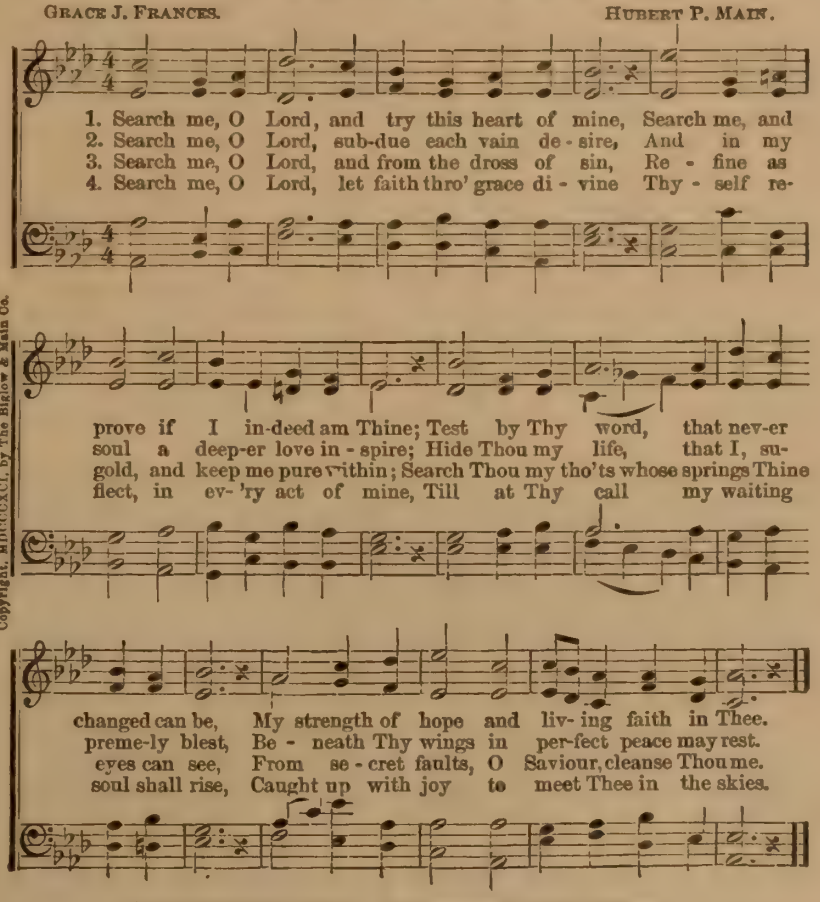
surrounded the table and, before inserting the knife beneath the wing of the browned and gayly rosetted gobbler, still sizzling in its own gravy, lifted up thankful hearts and lips to the Giver of all good things—these are incidents of which anyone who has ever sat down to an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner need not be reminded in detail.

Thanksgiving is gone; but it has left behind it in many homes precious and grateful memories. And it has left to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the pleasant recollection of an experience in helpfulness that may have lifted up some sad hearts to a sincere recognition of God's overruling providence and the fraternal love that prevails among his people everywhere.

Search me, O Lord.

"And know my heart."—PSA. 139: 23.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. Search me, O Lord, and try this heart of mine, Search me, and
2. Search me, O Lord, sub-due each vain de-sire, And in my
3. Search me, O Lord, and from the dross of sin, Re-fine as
4. Search me, O Lord, let faith thro' grace di-vine Thy-self re-
prove if I in-deed am Thine; Test by Thy word, that nev-er
soul a deep-er love in-spire; Hide Thou my life, that I, su-
gold, and keep me pure within; Search Thou my tho'ts whose springs Thine
flect, in ev-'ry act of mine, Till at Thy call my waiting
changed can be, My strength of hope and liv-ing faith in Thee.
preme-ly blest, Be-neath Thy wings in per-fect peace may rest.
eyes can see, From se-cret faults, O Saviour, cleanse Thou me.
soul shall rise, Caught up with joy to meet Thee in the skies.

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A PRESENT HELP.

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Saviour down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depth can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he.
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name

Oh, Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

CHRIST THE HOPE OF GLORY.

CHRIST in thee the hope of glory,
Shout his praise from sea to sea;
Tell with joy the Gospel story,
How from sin he set thee free.

Christ in thee the hope of glory,
Let thy life the story tell;
How in trials and afflictions,
Jesus doeth all things well.

Christ in thee the hope of glory,
Let it thrill thy soul with love;
Let it make each moment brighter
With a radiance from above.

—JACOB HENN.

ALONE WITH GOD

INTO my closet fleeing as the dove
Doth homeward flee,
I haste away to ponder o'er thy love
Alone with thee!

In the dim wood, by human ear unheard,
Joyous and free,
Lord, I adore thee, feasting on thy word
Alone with thee.

Amid the busy city, thronged and gay,
But One I see,
Tasting sweet peace, as unobserved I pray
Alone with thee.

O happy life! Life hid with Christ in God!
So making me.
At home, and by the wayside, and abroad,
Alone with thee. —*Selected.*

CHRISTIAN WORKERS CONFER.

The Great Convention Discusses Plans and Methods of Evangelization.

THE annual convention of the Christian workers of the United States and Canada which has just closed its sessions in Tremont Temple, Boston, was even more successful than its predecessor in Washington last year. The benefits derived by the workers from conference with other workers in various cities, the comparison of methods and the hints and suggestions which come from men of practical experience—have been so valuable that increasing numbers every year avail themselves of them. The meetings were of the most encouraging character. Workers from every section of the country had stories to tell of the success of rescue work of all kinds and of new and ingenious means for reaching the people outside the churches. Beside all this, the spirit of earnestness, energy and joy in service which the workers brought to the convention exercised an inspiring influence which will not soon lose its power.

Among the speakers at the earlier meetings was *Mr. J. Ward Childs* of the Bowery Mission in New York, who told of the work done in that difficult thoroughfare. The *Rev. A. P. Foster, D.D.* of the Immanuel Congregational Church, Boston, gave an exhaustive account of the rescue work being done in that city by the various denominations. He dwelt particularly on a significant feature of the work which is carried on by the Roxbury Evangelical Alliance in which thirteen churches of four denominations have joined their forces and are working together in harmony for the salvation of souls. The Alliance saves the overlapping of forces and thus prevents waste of effort, at the same time covering a larger area than the denominations could do working independently. It includes open-air services and a University settlement, besids the services in numerous mission-halls. *Rev. John Dooly*, formerly of New York, but now of Albany, N. Y., related his experience of tent-work. Three tents were erected during the summer in different parts of the city and Mr. Dooly had the help of fifteen Albany ministers and three theological students in carrying on the work. Several men converted in the tents had proved valuable workers. *Dr. Russell H. Conwell* described the work connected with Grace Baptist Church, Philadelphia, which is mainly directed to the middle classes, intelligent mechanics, etc. *Ferdinand Schiverea* told of his labors in Chicago, where, he said, the tents had been very successful. *Rev. James H. Ross* of Somerville, who has become an adept in the use of the stereopticon described his method of using it to bring people under the influence of the Gospel.

The famous Pacific Garden Mission, of Chicago, with its kindergarten schools, was a subject which aroused a deep interest, owing to the marvellous success it has had in attracting the children of the poor. Mr. Harry Monroe who told the history of the mission was asked innumerable questions after his address, which showed that the system is likely to be introduced in other cities. *Mrs. E. M. Whittemore* gave a thrilling and pathetic account of her labors among the vicious women of New York, and it was followed by a similar account from a lady who has been doing a like work in India. *Dr. Geo. D. Dowkontt* related the history of the Medical Mission work in New York, and presented in pathetic words the need for more trained nurses and doctors at home and in heathen lands.

An important feature of the Convention was the exhibit of the *Gospel Cars*, which Mr. P. L. Tibbals and Rev. John C. Collins have spent so much effort in perfecting. This and John Quinn's Anti-gambling Railroad Car and the Washington push-cart for the alley-ways gave a practical exhibit of the idea of the Gospel on wheels.

Among the other speakers whose practical experience in Gospel work among the masses gave them special claims on the attention of the Convention were: Rev. W. Hinckley, of East Fairfield, Me., who described Good Will Farm; Mr. Morris, who gave an account of the work at Burnham Farm; Miss Agnes L. Good, whose work among the factory girls of Canada is well-known; Rev. Stephen Merritt, of whose Eighth Avenue Mission in New York everyone has heard; Mr. S. H. Hadley, who has charge of Jere. McAuley's original mission in Water street, New York; Mr. H. L. Gale, of Worcester, Mass., of Y. M. C. A. fame; Dr. A. F. Schauffler, the Chief of the New York City Mission; Mr. Geo. W. Wheeler, of the famous Central Union Mission of Washington, D. C.; Mr. Jacob Riis, the friend and helper of the poor, and Mr. Howland, the philanthropist and ex-mayor of Toronto.

THE SEVENTH VIAL.

The Opinion of the Famous Edward Irving as to the Meaning of the Symbol.*

WE believe the fulfilment of six of the seven vials, to be as follows: 1st vial. The dissolution of religious and social principles by the spirit of infidelity from 1789 to 1792; 2d. The reign of terror and bloodshed in France from 1792 to 1794; 3d. The spoliation of Italy, and abolition of the papal authority and government from 1796 to 1798; 4th. The elevation of Napoleon to the throne of France, and his twelve years' reign of conquest, oppression and change, over almost every spot, within the limits of the prophetic earth from 1802 to 1814; the driving back of his power, his repeated dethronings, the repeated invasions of France upon every side; and 5th. France's thraldom for four years from 1815 to 1819; and 6th. The decline of the Turkish empire and the going forth of the three frog spirits, disseminating arbitrary, superstitious and infidel principles, producing by their strife four revolutions within the brief space of three years, from 1820 to 1823.

Thus the close of the first five vials after thirty years' fulfilment from 1789 to 1819, leaves the nations where they found them, the principles of strife and discord as active as ever. The first fruits of the harvest of wrath hath been taken—the first ripe clusters of the vintage of wrath have been pressed in the wine-press of blood. Six Seals of Revelation have been opened and fulfilled. Six Trumpet blasts of woe have been blown over the guilty earth. Six Vials have poured out their measured wrath. Six Thunders have uttered their voices. The Seventh Vial hangs trembling in the air, in the angel's hand; the Seventh Thunder already hurtles in the heavens, and its hollow roar reverberates among the upper clouds of the sky.

"There were voices and thunders, and lightnings." (Rev. 16: 18.) These I find to be the constant accompaniments and demonstrations of the divine presence, and majesty and judgment; but not indicative of any particular event of the judgment, of any individual putting forth of his strength. "And there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake, and so great." There is only one other earthquake mentioned in this book, which took place at the opening of the sixth seal at the French Revolution in 1792, whereof the apt symbol is an earthquake, being a commotion of the people, whereon, as upon a solid fabric, the palaces of power, the temples of lawful authority, and the other bulwarks of society, stand erected. And when we remember that, upon the accomplishment of this vial, Messiah is to come in the clouds of heaven, and to obtain the government of all nations, and kindreds, and tongues (Satan being bound, with all his deceiving angels, for a thousand years), we may well understand how, not only the papacy, that anti-christian bulwark, but every heathen superstition, should receive a destructive shock under this seventh vial.

"And every island fled away, and the mountains were not found." (Rev. 16: 20.) Just as in France under the sixth seal; but here with greater haste and more complete destruction; for there they were but shifted out of their places; but here they flee away, and are not found. After Babylon hath drunk her cup of wrath and disappeared as a habitable place for ever and ever, all other divisions of kingdoms and land-marks of possession, all fixtures of established constitution and law, with all eminences of rank, authority, and majesty shall depart, and a wild sea of popular devastation shall reign from side to side of the ancient empire; in the midst of which mark what follows:

"And then fell upon men a great hail. (Rev. 16: 21.) A judgment of hail is universally interpreted as an evil coming from the north, the dwelling-place of cold, and is used under the first trumpet to denote the inroad of the northern nations upon the eastern empire when they were allowed by Valens to cross the Danube in 250 A. D. Then it was hail mixed with fire and blood, to denote the conflagration and massacre which accompanied that deluge from the north. But here it is a great hail, every stone of the weight of a talent; to denote the force and downright oppression of this northern invasion upon the confused and disorganised nations. And here the vial leaves them, writhing under the heavy woe.

* From an article by him written about 1830 and reprinted in the current number of the *Prophetic News*, which also contains: "Approaching Contests and Convulsions," by Rev. A. Jenour; "Future Russian Invasion of India;" "Ideal Scenes at the Second Advent," etc. Price six cents; seventy cents a year, may be had from this office.

IN HIS NAME.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Dec. 11. Acts 15: 26; Col. 3: 15-17.

HOW much power there is in the name of Christ no one yet has fully ascertained. In the early days of Christianity, the Apostles seem to have been themselves surprised at the wonderful works they were able to accomplish by the power of that name. When they used it, the sick recovered and the cripple was restored. Unlettered and obscure, when they spoke in that name the multitude listened and were convinced. It acted as a mysterious force giving authority to all they said and did. It was like the influence that is exerted by the representative of some mighty monarch who in a foreign land delivers the message of his master. Even a reckless mob hesitates to insult and maltreat a man, however humble and insignificant he may be, if he is the accredited representative of a foreign power. Speaking in the name of his king he exerts a power that his own words could not have. The Apostles learned that it was no empty boast that Christ made when he told them that he had overcome, and they rejoiced that all things were subject to them through his name.

But the name is an obligation, as well as a power. It is incumbent on one who bears it that he depart from evil. He should walk as he walked, whose name he has taken. It is a sacred trust. The name is representative. What it meant to the peasants of Galilee in the homes of the sick and the sorrowing it should mean now. What he would have done were he here, they who call themselves by his name should do. All the sympathy, the kindness, the loving tenderness, the patient forbearance of his nature should go forth from them. The world cannot learn to know him, as he really was, from the record. It can learn from the lives of his followers. When it sees them forgetful of self, ready to labor and suffer in the cause of others, mindful of the poor and the suffering, patient under trial and insult and misrepresentation, it knows that their human nature has in some way been transformed. When it asks them why they are so different from other men, the reply must be, what we do, we do "in his name."

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B. Y. P. U. IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

A CONVENTION recently held in New Westminster, B. C., proved that, not only has the Baptist Young People's Union obtained strong foot-hold in the Province, but has distinguished itself by missionary activity and liberality. Eleven Unions were represented in the Convention. The total membership was reported to be over five hundred. The Unions have raised nearly nine hundred dollars during the past year for missionary purposes. The Secretary of the Union, Rev. J. E. Coombs, reported that the Board of the Northwest had appointed a young people's evangelist at a salary of $800 and traveling expenses. The Convention thereupon decided to add $400 to the evangelist's salary and raised one half of the amount before the Convention rose. The *Young People's Union* gives the following list of the officers elected by the Convention for the year: George O. Smith, New Whatcom, President; Mrs. W. H. Spoffard, Immanuel Church, Victoria, first vice-President: W. O. Hardin, First Church, Seattle, second vice-President; J. L. Cole, New Westminster, third vice-President; E. S. King, fourth vice-President; Rev. W. H. Sherman, Recording Secretary; A. L. Johnson, Vancouver, Washington, Treasurer. The following, in addition to the officers, constitute the board of managers: A. Marshall, Vancouver, B. C.; J. C. Starkweather, Seattle; E. E. Rosling, Tacoma, and Rev. J. E. Coombs.

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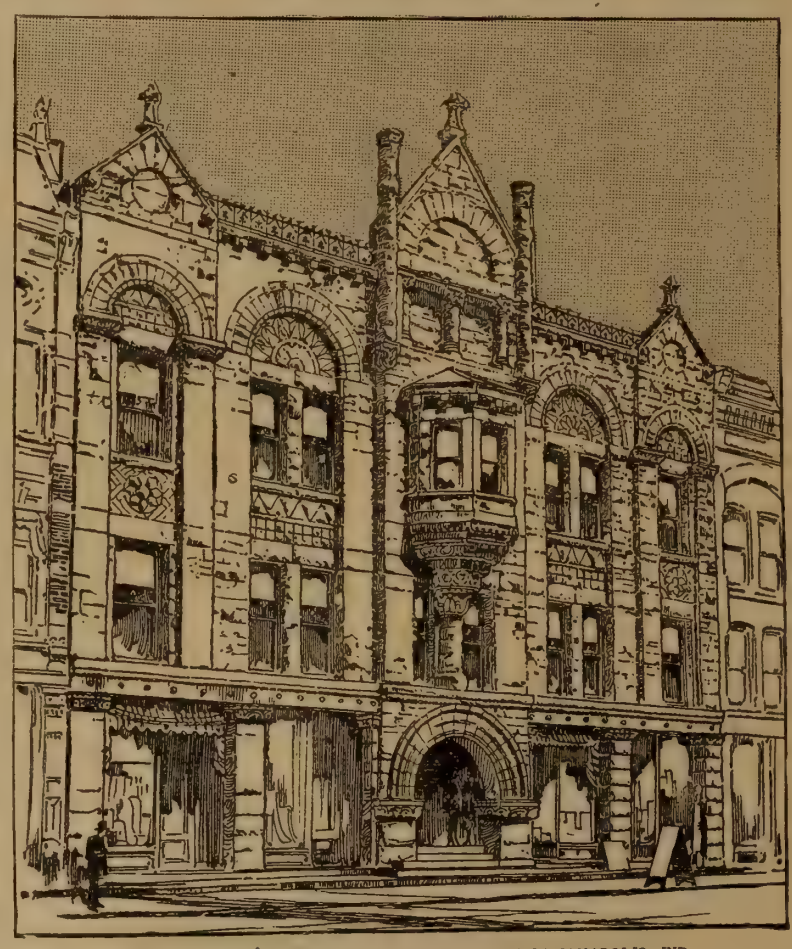
Y. M. C. A. PROGRESS.

FROM a careful and exhaustive analysis of the reports of the Young Men's Christian Associations which has been made by the *Young Men's Era* it appears that the total net property of the associations is $917,214 more than it was last year, while the associations have spent $150,362 more for current expenses. The total increase in membership is but 1,589. As the active membership has increased 2,112, there are less associate members than a year previous. Eighty more associations report attention to physical culture and there are fifty-five more gymnasiums. In libraries, there is the large increase of eighty-five. Although only fourteen more associations report the number of students enrolled in their educational classes, this number is increased by 1,403.

The largest membership reported from a single building is Boston, 3,547; in only three other buildings are more than 2,000 members enrolled: Madison Street, Chicago, 3,403, Twenty-third Street, New York, 2,500, and Fulton Street, Brooklyn, 2,076. The New York Association, from its many branches, reports by far the largest membership of any association, 7,378 in all. Madison Street, Chicago, reports the largest daily attendance, 1,739; Twenty-third Street, New York, being next with 1,396, and Fulton Street, Brooklyn, third, with 1,000. Boston reports the largest number of students enrolled in educational classes, 1,130, Twenty-third Street, New York, being second with 994, and Central Philadelphia, third with 835.



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION AT INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

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THE INDIANAPOLIS Y. M. C. A.

ONE of the first cities in the United States to adopt the Young Men's Christian Association movement was Indianapolis, Ind. As early as 1854, an Association was organized there, which has grown and developed to the present time. On this page is a picture of the handsome and commodious building, which is now its home. It occupies a central location on North Illinois Street, seventy-one by a hundred and twenty feet. It has a well-equipped gymnasium, a reading-room and a library of three hundred volumes. Various educational courses are carried on under its roof and over sixty young men are receiving practical instruction there. The total membership is 885, of whom nearly one-half are active members. The Association's financial position is a strong one, and the fact that it paid out for current expenses last year $7902 is an indication of the extent of its aggressive work. Its building, with furniture and site, cost $100,000 on which about $20,000 still remains to be paid. As $17,000 of this amount is already pledged, the Association will soon be out of debt and have a valuable property.

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DR. CLARK'S TOUR.

WE are indebted to our good friend, Mr. Baer, the General Secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, for the following items of news respecting Dr. F. E. Clark's tour around the world: A most impressive feature of the greeting given to Dr. Clark in Victoria was the part taken by representatives of the various denominations of Melbourne. Addresses of welcome were delivered by the president of the Baptist Union, the chairman of the Congregational Union, the moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and the president of the Australasian Wesleyan Conference. The latest statistics of Christian Endeavor growth in Australia: Victoria, 200 societies, 8,000 members; South Australia, 58 societies, 1,650 members; New South Wales, 51 societies, 1,650 members; Queensland, 10 societies; New Zealand 10; Tasmania 10. A most highly appreciated compliment paid to President Clark and the country from which he came was the arrival of a large steam launch, filled with Endeavorers, floating a C. E. pennant and the stars and stripes, which went out to meet the steamer from America. In the company on the launch were a dozen or more Sydney ministers of all denominations. The Pitts Street Church, where most of the meetings were held, was also beautifully decorated with American bunting. Dr. Clark is now in Japan.

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"THE Christian Endeavor meetings," says the Australian *Southern Cross*, "for scale, enthusiasm and spiritual influence have been a very great success. Dr. Clark by his modesty, tact and wisdom in counsel and general power in speech has won golden opinions from all who have listened to him."

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THE membership of the Young Men's Christian Association of Louisville, Ky., is now over 560. During the past year sixteen young men have been converted. The total receipts for the year have been $8,665.82, and after all debts are paid there is a balance of $28. The Association celebrated its fortieth birthday recently.

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THE New Jersey State Convention of Christian Endeavor Societies elected the following officers for the year: President, Rev. J. Judson Pierson, Woodbury; Vice-presidents, Rev. J. Clement French, D.D., Newark; Mrs. Alice May Scudder, Jersey City; Rev. Frank B. Everitt, Trenton; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Caroline H. Brookfield, Belvidere.

LIFE'S VOLUME.

OPEN before my wondering eyes,
Great God, life's mystic volume lies;
I wait to see thy hand define
The fadeless record of each line.

No leaf once closed may I retrace
To add a word, or word erase;
No may I guess the joy or gloom
Inscribed on pages yet to come.

The past in light I clearly count,
Judge their intent, tell their amount;
Behind the clouds I cannot see
They history yet awaiting me.

But knowing this, that, great or small,
My Father's hand will write it all,
I trust the future, and submit
To what is past—what's writ is writ.

But hear this prayer, O Power divine!
Thou lift'st each leaf and writ'st each line,
That where my hands have left a stain,
Christ's blood may make all pure again.

Where the last sentence has its end
In mercy, Maker, Father, Friend,
Write for the sake of thy dear Son,
"Servant of Jesus Christ, well done!"

—Rev. Charles F. Deems, in *The Christian Life.*

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He tells of Various Arctic Expeditions and the Projected Cruise of Dr. Nansen.

"UP! up! let us a voyage take;
Why sit we here at ease?
Find us a vessel, tight and snug,
Bound for the Northern seas."

So hummed Uncle John, as he caught up Louis and swung him aloft, while the others screamed with delight.

"Would you like to go to the North Seas, little folks?" asked the old traveler, as he deposited his lively burden on the sofa.

"O–oo! It would be too cold, Uncle," cried Tom. And Ted and Milly began to blow upon their fingers, as if feeling an arctic breeze already.

"The brave fellows who go up there don't get frightened at the cold, Tom," was the response. "Here is the news just come over the cable, of Dr. Nansen the Norwegian explorer, who is fitting out a ship at Laurick, in that country, to sail for the Northern seas next spring. See, this is the picture of the vessel—a fine, trim-looking craft she is, too, stoutly constructed on the model of those staunch, close-caulked boats one meets along the Baltic and the German Ocean."

"She's a steamer," observed Ted.

"Yes; she has two engines that can be worked either by steam or electricity. She carries seven boats and a balloon. You see, Dr. Nansen is prepared to surmount the icy barriers that have kept many former explorers from success."

"But how can he help himself if his ship gets stuck fast in the ice?" asked Tom.

"Well, he will take five years' provisions and then he can afford to wait and make the best of it, whatever happens. He will have a dozen men in his crew, all picked sailors, and most of them old arctic voyagers like himself."

"Why do they go there, Uncle?" spoke up Louis, with a puzzled expression on his boyish face.

"Ah, little one, the Arctic has secrets of its own that have fascinated adventurous travelers for ages. Dr. Nansen believes that there is a current which every year carries the masses of ice past the Pole, and that if he can only push his way with his ship as far north as possible before he is frozen in, she will be conveyed with all her crew across the unknown sea, past the Pole, to the seas east of Greenland. It would be a great thing for the scientific world to have this settled; but I'm not quite so sure that it would be a benefit to mankind in a general way. There may be races nearer the Pole than any we have yet discovered. Captain Peary, you remember (he returned a few months ago in his steamer, *The Kite*), discovered tribes on Greenland who had never seen a white man."

"Not savages?" said Ted.

"No; they were not barbarians. They had traces of a rude civilization. But how they came to live, for unknown generations, in that strange, inhospitable land, is a mystery. Should Dr. Nansen succeed in establishing his theory, his name will be famous throughout the word."

"I hope he will," said one of the children, earnestly. "But he may be lost in the ice, like others who have tried."

"There is less chance of his vessel being 'nipped' than there was of the others," said uncle, "because of the style of build Her sides are like the letter V, widening as they rise so that she may not be caught by the ice, or if caught may slide out easily. But Arctic explorations is full of danger, no matter what precautions are taken. When the long Polar winter of 175 days sets in, and the thermometer is frozen for weeks, with the whole land in darkness, it must, indeed, seem hopeless to those who are imprisoned there. Nothing can be done in that land of desolation till the light comes with the approach of spring."

"Papa once read to us the story of Sir John Franklin's voyage," said Tom, "and it was so sad that we all cried over it."

"Yes, it was a gloomy record—one of the darkest chapters in Arctic story. But all the dangers and disasters encountered by others do not seem to deter brave men from trying to penetrate the secrets of the Polar seas. Weyprecht and Payer, in 1872, went farther north than any of their predecessors, and in 1875 Sir George Nares and his crews in the *Alert* and *Discovery*, underwent terrible hardship. The ill-fated *Jeannette*, which was fitted out partly at the expense of Americans, next undertook to solve the fate of the Franklin expedition, but the vessel was caught in the ice-pack and crushed, while the crew were compelled to retreat in their boats. Many perished, but their bodies were afterward recovered. Then the *Rodgers*, the *Vega*, the *Regina*, successively made voyages of exploration to the Arctic, and these were followed by two Russians, M. Sibereakoff and Dr. Onatsevitch, a Dutch expedition in the schooner *William Barentz*, a Danish one in the war-steamer *Ingulf*, and by several other expeditions, all of which contributed more or less to our geographical, zoological and meteorological knowledge of the polar regions. One was that commanded by Lieut. Schwatka (lately dead) on the schooner *Eothen*."

"Is it true, Uncle, that the Arctic skies are so clear that every star can be seen?" asked one of the children.

"I have heard travelers tell about the brilliancy of the stars in northern latitudes," was the reply, "but a greater wonder is the 'northern lights' or *aurora borealis*, the cause of which has never been scientifically determined. Lieutenant Peary, who returned lately from Greenland, is going to make another voyage for purely scientific purposes, I hear, and as he is a wonderfully accurate and intelligent observer, he will doubtless be able to add much to our store of information about that part of the world."

Bound for the Pole—Dr. Nansen's New Steamer, Built at Laurick, Norway.

* * *

Training in Home Duties.

When manual training with its domestic economy department of cooking and sewing was being urged as a necessary part of public school training, teachers and wise men brought forward the argument, "that it is not needful for mothers to teach these things," writes Miss Grace Dodge in a paper on this subject in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. From every city came the answer, "Mothers do not teach these branches, and our girls are brought up without practical household training." One summer a lady had two hundred and sixty girls from offices, stores, and factories to board during two weeks' vacation. At the end of the summer she found that but nine of the number knew how to make a bed, and many of them made it a boast that they "never had made a bed in their lives." Some did not know whether sheet or blanket should be put on first. And these were not destitute girls, but such as represent our self-respecting wage-earners—girls who were boarders, paying a fair price, and yet who were expected to make their own beds. Mothers had not trained them. There are hundreds of bright, intelligent girls of fifteen, sixteen, eighteen, and even older, who have never sewed, and do not know whether a thimble should go on their thumb or forefinger. What kind of wives and mothers are they to make?

* * *

"Kissing Mother."

A father, talking to his careless daughter, said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours; still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face.

"Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your ever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those days she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty chubby hands whenever they were injured in those skirmishes with the rough old world.

"And then the midnight kisses with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years.

"Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of work during the past ten years, the contrast would not be so marked.

"Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet if you were sick that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each over the dear old face.

"She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands, that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast.

"Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes, will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late."

* * *

TEA-TABLE CONVERSATION.

BE not surprised if, after your friends are seated at the table, the style of conversation depends very much on the kihd of tea that the housewife pours for the guests. If it be genuine Young Hyson, the leaves of which are gathered early in the season, the talk will be fresh, and spirited, and sunshiny. If it be what the Chinese call pearl tea, but our merchants have named gunpowder, the conversation will be explosive, and somebody's reputation will be killed before you get through. If it be green tea, prepared by large infusion of Prussian blue and gypsum, or black tea mixed with pulverized black lead, yon may expect there will be a poisonous effect in the conversation and the moral health damaged. The English Parliament found that there had come into that country two million pounds of what the merchants call "lie tea," and, as far as I can estimate, about the same amount has been imported into the United States; and when the housewife pours into the cups of her guests a decoction of this "lie tea" the group are sure to fall to talking about their neighbors, and misrepresenting everything they touch. One meeting of a "sewing society" where this tea was served resulted in two lawsuits for slander, four black eyes that were not originally of that color, the expulsion of the minister, and the abrupt removal from the top of the sexton's head of all capillary adornment.

Our own observation (writes Dr. Talmage,) is that there is nothing that so loosens the hinge of the tongue, soothes the temper, exhilarates the diaphragm, kindles sociality and makes the future promising. Like one of the small glasses in the wall of the old museum, through which you could see cities and mountains bathed in sunshine, so, as you drink from the tea-cup, and get on toward the bottom so that it is sufficiently elevated, you can see almost anything glorious that you want to.

We had a dear old great-aunt who used to come from town with the pockets of her bombazine dress standing out with nice things for the children, but she would come in looking black as a thunder-cloud until she got through with her first cup of tea, when she would empty her right pocket of sugar-plums, and having finished her second cup would empty the other pocket, and after she had taken an extra third cup, because she felt so very chilly, it took all the sitting-room and parlor and kitchen to contain her exhilaration.

* * *

A Word About Habits.

Nearly all the disagreeable habits which people take up come at first from mere accident or want of thought, says a thoughtful writer. They might easily be dropped, but they are persisted in until they become a second nature. There are disagreeable habits of body, like scowling, winking, twisting the mouth, biting the nails, continually picking at something, twirling a key or fumbling at a chain, drumming with the fingers, screwing or twisting a chair, or whatever you lay your hands on. Don't do any of these things. There are much worse things than these, to be sure; but we are only speaking of these little things that are only annoying when they are persisted in. Then there are habits of speech with "you see," or "you know," "now-a," "and-a," "see here," "let me tell you," indistinct utterance, sharp, nasal tones; avoid them all. Stop and think what you are going to say, and then let every word drop from your lips just as perfect as a new silver coin. Before you know it, you will find that your habits have hardened into a coat of mail, that you cannot get rid of without a terrible effort.

ROSEMARY AND RUE

BY

JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

A STORY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HOME

(Written expressly for "The Christian Herald".)

BY

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.*

(Author of "The Captain's Bargain.")

CHAPTER V.

SCARLET RUNNERS.

ONCE more Dora stood before the double house with the green latticed porches. The Scarlet Runners clambering over the lattice were out in great force, flaunting prodigal banners of crimson among the banks of green leaves. A small home indeed, yet a safe and peaceful, but poor Dora felt as if she were an alien and an intruder, there simply on toleration, as she stood before the keen searching grey eyes of Uncle David.

"I am back," she faltered. "They would not forgive me. My Uncle Barlow drove me away: he would not even keep any of my property in charge. It is here, the securities for my five thousand. Cousin Richard brought the bag to the corner, but he had to go to the office. Here it is, Uncle David, will you manage for me."

"You are able to choose your own guardian, Dora, and I advise you to make your cousin Richard, my son, your trustee, so that your property will be safe from your husband" —at these words Dora winced. "Richard is a very good man, and a good business man, and he is young. His life is before him, I am old. I may die to-morrow, and then you must choose again.

"Well, Dora, I offer you, freely, a share of my home. You are young—your character can yet be moulded to a noble womanhood. I trust, child, that you are sick of the perversity which has brought you to so hard a lot."

"Yes, Uncle David," said Dora, with a little sob. She was searching in the bag given her by her cousin. "Here are the jewels—my half—Uncle Barlow gave them to me. Will you lock them up for me?"

Uncle David opened the cases one by one. —A set of pearl ear-rings and pin: a set of emeralds, with a small cross and a finger ring. Two bracelets, set with diamonds, and diamond ear-rings and finger rings. "Child," he said, "by toys like these your mother fell. She was vain: she thought these baubles set off her beauty, and she spent her own money on them, and persuaded your father to give others to her. But does one wear such ornaments at home? No: therefore she must find some public places to display them: your father was a busy lawyer: when he went out at all, it was generally to small gatherings of literary or professional friends, where these jewels, were not suitable attire. It was in the ball-room and at the Opera, and at great dances, that your mother could wear her beloved trinkets. To these places of amusement and display she went, leaving her husband and children; and dancing until late at night with young men, whom she pleased by her beauty and amused by her wit. When a wife and mother begins to neglect her home and its inmates she is on a downward road. Intoxicated by admiration and pleasure, your mother began to be called a fast woman. Quarrels arose between her and your father. At last she fled, as I told you, taking part of her fortune that was under her own control; these jewels she left, because your father in anger had locked them up in his bank vault: the doctor with whom she went away, abandoned for her a good and sweet girl, to whom he was soon to have been married: she fell into a decline and died within a year: your father went to Mexico, joined a political outbreak, and was shot. When I look at these jewels, I seem to see these histories in their fires. I I think such gauds are not fit for women professing righteousness: some women wear fortunes about their necks, while other women are without shoes for their feet, and babies wail for bread. Lofty character, purity, cheerfulness, grace, cultivation, these are choice ornaments for a woman, and they cannot be enhanced by jewels, while if these noble graces are lacking, the loading of the person with jewels only makes deficiencies more apparent, as a ring on a coarse and ill-made finger, only makes its lack of beauty more evident. Put these things away, child, and forget that you have them."

"Oh, father," said Margaret, "you do not mean that women should never go out from home. You will make life look to Dora harder than she can bear."

"What I mean is, my daughter," said the old man, "that a woman—a man also—is not safe in places which cause the home life to grow distasteful. The home first: then from the home one widens out influence as one can, in doing good, in helping on education, the church, philanthropy, that social life that makes our neighbors happier and our own home stronger and not less dear. And I do not mean, my children, that any loyalty to the home, or care of the home, and up-building of the home, is demanded of women that is not demanded of men; for in the eyes of God all souls are alike, and their duties equal."

Dora had closed up the jewel cases. She pushed them to her uncle. "Take them—put them away—I do not care what you do with them; you have made me hate them."

"Hereafter," said uncle David, "I shall not speak to you of your mother. She may have repented, and God may have forgiven her. Her story is one of many thousands with which the land is accursed. The only real assured basis for any love, wife's or mother's, is the love of God. Where the heart rejects its duty to God, the chance is it may reject other duty, no matter how sacred. True, the human tie often holds when the divine tie is not recognized; but where all love is reinforced by religion the fealty is sure."

Now and again, stirred by some theme which greatly moved him, uncle David would indulge in long monologues; but all were so filled with truth and wisdom that his family listened as to the outpourings of a seer's lore. Then for days he would be silent, speaking little, immersed in his work or his meditations, yet never forgetful of any of the small courtesies of life. Now when he had finished his discourse he turned to his desk and, opening it, went to work.

For years David Rupert had been in the employ of the railroad which had hemmed his little home-place in on every side with its system of rails. In that place, long before the city had set its busy feet there, the old man's father had built a pioneer's cabin; the cabin had grown into the little two-story house, and there uncle David as a young man had brought his bride; there his three children had been born; from there his two young daughters had stepped into heaven, as one goes "from this room into the next." Here uncle David desired to die.

After he and aunt Lois were away to the "Land o' the leal," the selling of this bit of ground might make Richard fairly wealthy, but here he lived contentedly with his wife and two little ones, in the half of his father's small house, working as a book-keeper in one of the railroad offices. To Richard and his wife, filial cares for uncle David and aunt Lois, seemed far more important than a more luxurious life. That was a quaint little home —the porch with the green lattice and the scarlet runners growing in boxes, was the last remnant of what had been rural beauty, when the log house had been bowered in honeysuckle and climbing roses, and when this later house had been draped with passion-flowers and clematis and hop-vines. The hot breath of commerce had withered all these, and only the scarlet runners hinted of the old-time beauty, while aunt Lois and uncle David heeded the thunder of trains and the shriek of locomotives no more than a cradle song, so accustomed had they grown to the clamor of their surroundings.

Early each morning Margaret's young servant lit Aunt Lois' kitchen fire: then the old lady came down stairs and laid the immaculate table for breakfast, and prepared the morning meal, while Uncle David read his daily paper. Breakfast over, the chairs were drawn back from the table, and Uncle David had family worship. After worship Uncle David and Aunt Lois went into Richard's half of the house, greeted Richard and his wife, kissed the babies, and then Richard set out for his office and Uncle David returned to his own room, applied himself to the work which procured for him the moderate salary sufficient to his and Aunt Lois' means, while Aunt Lois set her home in order, made ready for the other two meals of the day, and then sat down to read or sew.

On all warm, pleasant evenings, Richard brought around a phaeton which he owned, and took the family out to drive. Regularly as Wednesday evening came, the old couple and the young couple, went to their prayer-meeting, and twice on Sabbath their seat in the house of God was full. Theirs was a life of quiet order, of clock-work regularity, of absolute peace. The family altar, and the grace said at meals, consecrated the routine of life, and a general atmosphere of untroubled love filled the home. The life was not without its incidents: Dora soon found that every case of need, of sickness, of trouble of any kind in the neighborhood, had a claim on this household and was brought to their door. Whether the demand for active aid or sympathy came at morning, noon or night there was never a grudging look or word. "I am thankful," said Uncle David, "to have opportunity to serve my Lord in the persons of those who need."

He and Aunt Lois were also very thankful for every opportunity of giving. Uncle David had some bank stock, the savings of a steadily industrious life. The income from this he devoted chiefly to religious and philanthropic work, and many a large donation made by "D and L" to one good cause or another, went from David and Lois, in the little home on Woodbine street. Uncle David would have thought it shame to claim any individual right to give without the co-operation of Aunt Lois, for in his view of the case, all the property belonged in equal right to his wife and himself; her carefulness and helpfulness had made his accumulation possible. There was no "mine and thine" in Woodbine street, all was "ours."

Living for a few weeks in this home of godly peace, hearing nothing further from Pierce Denham, Dora Maple grew calm. A shadow had fallen on her life: the rosy hope that brightens the horizon of most young spirits shed no light for her. She had fixed for herself an evil fate. A woman's life is hard when there is in it somewhat to explain.

Dora's terrible experiences had rapidly matured her, and she began to think for herself. She felt that she was welcome at her uncle's, and she had by degrees taken some share of Aunt Lois' work. But of house-work there was little to be done. A laundress carried off all the washing from both houses; a charwoman came every Saturday; a boy did outside work; Aunt Lois liked to keep on her way in the methods of many years. In the other side of the house there was also little to be done; the children were taught to be self-helpful, and to play with and amuse each other. The young maid was active. There was enough for the original family to do and not enough to weary any one, but Dora felt as if in the family vehicle she was a fifth wheel. If she sat idle she was an obstruction; if she worked she was in the way also. And yet all the cheerful, steady activity about her rebuked idleness, and she was not by nature indolent; she had reserves of energy.

She began to consider whether her little fortune of five thousand dollars was enough for her support if she were not living with her Uncle David. The investment was safe, but she received only two hundred and fifty a year from it. More than she needed for clothing, but not enough for board and clothing. And slao, what right had she to be an idler in the world? If she had capacity for usefulness, did the possession of a little income excuse her from being useful?

"Dora, my child," said Uncle David, "find something to do. An idle woman is a woman in dangerous places. It is a wise old saw, 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.' It is true alike for men and women, for old and young."

Dora went to Cousin Margaret about the matter. She spent a deal of time with Cousin Margaret. The old people had fallen into a habit of silence; they liked to sit and think.

"Margaret, I want to find something to—I should make a support for myself."

"What can you do?" asked Margaret.

"Why, Uncle Barlow always kept Eloise and me in a first class school, and I was at the head of my classes and nearly ready to graduate. I am pretty good in English branches and French, and beginning music. I could be a first rate nursery governess."

"I think you could," said Margaret. "I notice yon get on wonderfully with my little Gwen. Suppose we try to find a place as daily governess for you."

"I'd like that," said Dora. "I want to support myself, and keep my money laid up and increased for time of need. I don't suppose I shall ever marry now," she added simply.

Margaret fixed her large, calm eyes upon her. "Why child, you are married. Married as much as you can be."

Dora turned pale. "O, Margaret! surely—if he found me, if he came for me—you do not think I ought to live with such a man! I tell you he is a burglar, Margaret, a professional burglar!"

"No, child, you have, I think, no right to hold such relations with him, as would render probable the bringing into the world of children so heavly burdened as they would be with parental sin. The dangers and responsibilities of an immortal soul are always great enough, and to weight a soul with such a vicious inheritance, and such a vicious example would be criminal. But the fact that you cannot live with him, does not set you free to contract an alliance with any one else. You are bound to him."

"I can get free of him," cried Dora wildly. "I fear him! I hate him! Marriage can be set aside by the courts of divorce."

"And in this country, your plea of Mr. Denham's character, would be held cause sufficient for granting the divorce. In England, on the contrary, a criminal or convict husband would have a right to claim you as a wife, and force you to live with him. That is, I think, one of the outrages that the English law puts upon women. Here you cannot be forced to live with such a man, and you would be right not to do it; but I think as you freely married him, you have no right to demand a dissolution of the marriage bond. You had no right to make that hasty tie, but now, in my view, you have no right to break it."

"I am to be then married, and not married, at the same time. You think I am morally bound not to obtain a freedom that I might legally claim?"

"Yes. If he on his part breaks the bond by divorce, let him do it. But as for you—let the tie be your penalty. You called God to witness it, and you must not hold that marriage may be lightly made, and lightly broken. If your marriage is a chain, wear it nobly: you forged it for yourself. Do not think to cast it off and be free to form other ties."

"O, Margaret!" cried Dora, flinging herself on Margaret's bed, and hiding her face on the pillow, as she broke into a storm of sobs, "I hate him—I hate him!"

"You had no right ever to love him," said Margaret, "and now you have no right to hate him. The hate is doubtless real, the love was whim."

"O, I hope, I hope and pray, that I may never see him again!"

"You may have an errand from God to him. That does not excuse your past; but given that past, you do not know what your mission may now be, to the man whose name you bear."

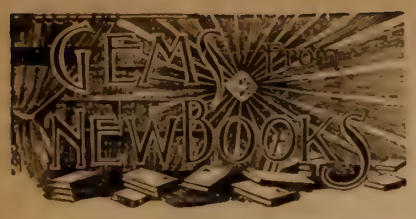
"I don't know his name! It may be all make-believe!" cried poor Dora tumultuously. "I bear my own name."

"You took him to the closest union that can ever exist; a union that is made the type of a mystical spiritual inentity," said Margaret firmly,—"based on knowledge of character, on mutual respect and tender sympathy, nothing is more sacred and happy than the marriage state. Entered into heedlessly, on false grounds, without mutual knowledge and esteem, marriage is a bitter burden, but is still valid, and should not be escaped by divorce. I do not believe in marrying a man to save him: the man who will not be honorable and righteous because righteousness and honor are desirable and congenial to him, has no right to ask any woman to risk her happiness, her soul, her future here and hereafter, to save him. But, as you have married this man, it seems to me that until he breaks the bond between you, you must simply wait, and perhaps in the ordering of Providence, the day may come when God will send you on some errand that shall elevate your soul, or save the soul of another."

(To be Continued.)

This story was commenced in "The Christian Herald" of Nov. 2. New subscribers who desire to read the earlier chapters, will be supplied with proof-pages on application to this office.

*At the request of Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, a portion of the title of her serial has been dropped and the sub-title: "Rosemary and Rue" alone retained; the reason being that a former story by the same author has been published bearing a title almost similar to "Unequally Yoked."



HOW THE S. P. C. C. ORIGINATED.*

ON a thriving farm up in central New York a happy young wife goes singing about her household work to-day who once, as a helpless, wretched waif in the great city, through her very helplessness and misery, stirred up a social revolution whose waves beat literally upon the farthest shores. The story of little Mary Ellen moved New York eighteen years ago as it had scarce ever been stirred by news of disaster or distress before. In the simple but eloquent language of the public record it is thus told: "In the summer of 1874 a poor woman lay dying in the last stages of consumption in a miserable little room on the top floor of a big tenement in this city. A Methodist missionary, visiting among the poor, found her there and asked what he could do to soothe her sufferings. 'My time is short,' said the sick woman, 'but I cannot die in peace while the miserable little girl whom they call Mary Ellen is being beaten day and night by her stepmother next door to my room.' She told how the screams of the child were heard at all hours. She was locked in the room, she understood. It had been so for months, while she had been lying ill there. Prompted by the natural instinct of humanity, the missionary sought the aid of the police, but she was told that it was necessary to furnish evidence before an arrest could be made. 'Unless you can prove that an offence has been committed we cannot interfere, and all you know is hearsay.' She next went to several benevolent societies in the city whose object is to care for children, and asked their interference in behalf of the child. The reply was: 'If the child is legally brought to us, and is a proper subject, we will take it; otherwise we cannot act in the matter.' In turn then she consulted several excellent charitable citizens as to what she should do. They replied: 'It is a dangerous thing to interfere between parent and child, and you might get yourself into trouble if you did so, as parents are proverbially the best guardians of their own children.' Finally, in despair, with the piteous appeals of the dying woman ringing in her ears, she said: 'I will make one more effort to save the child. There is one man in this city who has never turned a deaf ear to the cry of the helpless, and who has spent his life in just this work for the benefit of unoffending animals. I will go to Henry Bergh.'

"She went, and the great friend of the dumb brute found a way. 'The child is an animal,' he said, 'if there is no justice for it as a human being, it shall at least have the rights of the stray cur in the street. It shall not be abused.' And thus was written the first bill of rights for the friendless waif the world over. The appearance of the starved, half-naked and bruised child when it was brought into court in a horse-blanket caused a sensation that stirred the public conscience to its very depths. Complaints poured in upon Mr. Bergh; so many cases of child-beating and fiendish cruelty came to light in a little while, so many little savages were hauled forth from their dens of misery, that the community stood aghast. A meeting of citizens was called, and an association for the defence of outraged childhood was formed, out of which grew the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children that was formally incorporated in the following year. By that time Mary Ellen was safe in a good home. She never saw her tormentor again.

THE BAREFOOT CROWD.

I RECALL, not without amusement, one of the early experiences of a committee with which I was trying to relieve some of the child misery in the East side tenements by providing an outing for the very poorest of the little ones, who might have otherwise been overlooked. In our anxiety to make our little charges as presentable as possible, it seems we had succeeded so well as to arouse a suspicion in our friends at the other end of the line that something was wrong, either with us or with the poor of which the patrician youngsters in new frocks and with clean faces, that came to them, were representatives. They wrote to us that they were in the field for the "slum children," and slum children they wanted. It happened that their letter came just as we had before us two little lads from the Mulberry Street Bend, ragged, dirty, unkempt, and altogether a sight to see. Our wardrobe was running low, and we were at our wits' end how to make these come up to our standard. We sat looking at each other after we had heard the letter read, all thinking the same thing, until the most courageous said: "Send them as they are." Well, we did, and waited rather breathlessly for the verdict. It came, with the children, in a note by return train, that said: "Not *that* kind, please!"

And after that we were allowed to have things our own way.

The two little fellows were Italians. In justice to our frightened friends, it should be said that it was not their nationality, but their rags, to which they objected; but not very many seasons have passed since the crowding of the black-eyed brigade of "guinnies," as they were contemptuously dubbed in ever-increasing numbers, into ragged schools and the kindergartens was watched with regret and alarm by the teachers, as by many others who had no better cause. The event proved that the children were the real teachers. They had a more valuable lesson to impart than they came to learn, and it has been a salutary one. To-day they are gladly welcomed. Every lesson of cleanliness, and of English taught at the school is reflected into some wretched home, and rehearsed there as far as the limited opportunities will allow. No demonstration with soap and water upon a dirty little face, but widens the sphere of these chief promoters of education in the slums. "By 'm by," said poor crippled Pietro to me, with a sober look, as he labored away on his writing lesson, holding down the paper with his maimed hand, "I learn t' make an English letter, may be my fadder he learn, too."

* From *The Children of the Poor*, by Jacob A Riis, a volume of remarkable sociological interest, showing how much has been done and how much yet remains to be done, to rescue the children of the poor of New York from sin and misery. 300 pages, with many illustrations. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.

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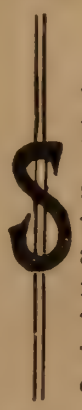

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W. E. S., Uvalde, Tex. Write to J. E. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House, N. Y.

Mrs. J. F. Lath, Brockport, N. Y. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Russian Fund has closed.

Subscriber, Huntingdon, Pa. You will find the information you want in almost any almanac.

E. A. Clippinger, Logan, Pa. Address the *Kindergarten Magazine*, 161 La Salle Street, Chicago.

J. C. Richmond, Fort Scott, Kan. Write to Hubert P. Main, care of Biglow & Main, 9th Street, N. Y.

W. A. J., Eden, Maryland. 1. Only the morning sermon is published. 2. Yes. 3. We cannot tell.

L. P., San Marcos, Tex. The sermon on Russia is designed to do justice where misrepresentation has prevailed.

M. A. Heydrick, Fort Washington, Pa., writes to inform B. F. F., Jr., Trenton, that there is a Baptist Training School at 762 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

J. M. Andrews, Galva, Ill., and several others, write to inform us that the poem entitled "Thou Art, O God," which recently appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was written by Thomas Moore, Ireland's famed national poet.

"Unknown Friend," Ironton, Ohio. Do you know of any book or books I can procure to enable me to learn the Indian language?

You are not sufficiently explicit. Do you mean the language spoken in Hindustan, or the language of the Indians of this country?

Careful Reader, Mauston, Wis. I have a lady friend who says she has not been able to find in the Bible satisfactory assurance that she shall meet or know her friends in heaven. What passage of Scripture would you advise her to read?

See II. Sam. 12: 23; I. Cor. 13: 12. See also the Saviour's parable of the recognition of Lazarus by Dives after death.

A. H. M., Luton, Ia. What is the chief aim of the majority of the so-called ministers of the Gospel of to-day?

To advance the cause of the kingdom of Christ; to hasten the evangelization of the whole world; to spread throughout all lands the doctrines of the Gospel—divine love and sacrifice, the Atonement, forgiveness of sins, repentant, consecrated helpful lives, and a glorious immortality hereafter.

Subscriber, Chillicothe, O. I have been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for several years. This year I would like to get one of your beautiful Oxford Bibles. I have seen one which was received by another lady—a friend—last winter when she subscribed for the first time. How can I get the Bible?

If our correspondent will turn to the announcement that leads the "Brief Notes" column, on another page of this issue, she will find her question answered. The Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has this year arranged to send to every $2 subscriber, *new* and *old*, one of the Oxford Bibles.

Helen Scott, Elkton, Md. Please suggest some amusements for a Christian Endeavor entertainment. I am on the Social Committee, and I cannot think of any way in which to entertain the people?

There is a wide field for you to choose from. First, and best, is music, whether wholly instrumental, or both vocal and instrumental. Solos, glees, hymns or other suitable pieces are easily obtainable. Second: stereopticon. This is a charmiug form of entertainment. A good instrument with a proper variety of slides, and a ready speaker to describe them, will keep an audience in the best of humor for half an hour or more. Third: readings and recitations. There are doubtless some members of your Society possessed of elocutionary talent—probably several of them. Let two or three choice selections for reading or recitation be made, and they will do very well to fill in between.

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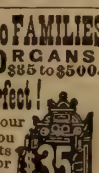

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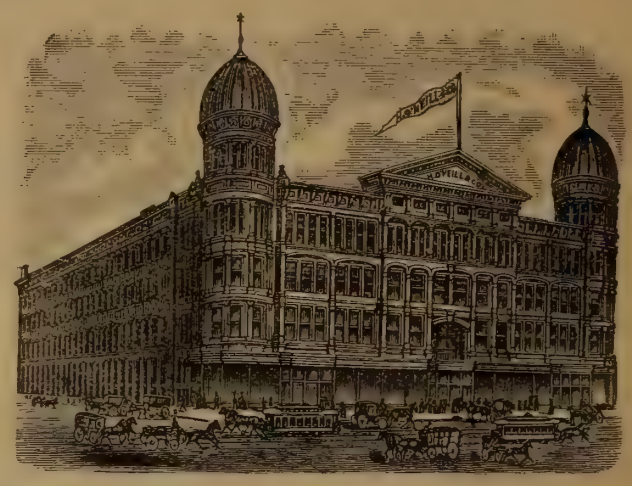

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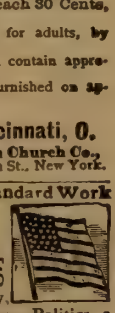

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TACT IN THE PULPIT.

AN amusing illustration of the value of tact to a missionary appears in a letter from Dr. J. T. Davis the American Board's missionary at Kyoto, Japan. He was at Hikone preaching, and, as often happens in Japan, the priests came and incited the rough element to interrupt the services. "When I went upon the platform," says Dr. Davis, "I was greeted with cries of 'Ketouin!' the term of reproach for a foreigner. I waited till they had quieted a little, made a polite bow, and began by saying that I always enjoyed talking to young men, and that I hoped I could do them some good. Every young man wants to succeed in life, and I would tell them some of the elements of success: take a great name in harmony with heaven, with man, and with one's own conscience; have a great zeal to accomplish that aim; take great models to help; all nations have such models; Japan has them, all religions have them; Confucianism has Confucius; Buddhism has Shaka; Christianity has Christ. For instance, if a Confucianist goes to a Christian church, he will take Confucius as his model how he should behave and how he should listen; if a Buddhist goes to such a meeting, he will take Shaka as his model, and if a Christian goes to a Buddhist service, he will take Christ as his model, etc.

When I began to apply the truth in this way the priests, who had been standing in the crowd in the rear of the church leading the disturbers, one after the other hung down their heads and walked quietly out. They were followed by their students, who were seated, some of them, in the front seats, where they had joined in the chorus of yells. They too walked out by twos and threes very quietly, so that by the time I had reached the point indicated above, about fifty had left. Half a dozen priests and twice as many students remained with a large audience which still filled the church, and it seemed as if I could hear a pin drop, so quietly did they listen then for forty minutes, while I switched on to my subject and gave them an earnest talk on the necessity and the way of getting a new heart."

After this experience Dr. Davis preached at Hikone for eight consecutive nights without interruption.

KINDNESS TRANSFERRED.

One of the most devoted and laborious missionary workers in London whose philanthropic efforts among the poor have been the means of alleviating much misery is Rev. Mark Guy Pearse. He was formerly a sailor and he relates the following incident of his youthful experience: "After my first voyage, which I took when I was quite a boy, I went to London. There, like a foolish lad, I spent all the money I had except just enough to pay my ship passage to my northern home. I was two days on board and had nothing to eat, and then, desperately hungry, I asked the steward to bring me a good square meal, and I did justice to it, and then told him that I had not any money to pay for it. He looked at me in the most angry way, and said, 'Who are you? where do you come from? what is your name?' I told him, and then his face beamed suddenly, and he took my hand and said, 'I am so glad to meet you, my boy. Do you know your father came to me and my mother long years ago when we were in debt, and the furniture was going to be taken, and the home broken up, and he paid our debts and set us free; and he told me then that he had done me a kindness, and I was to pass it on to some one else whenever I had opportunity. He did not think I should have the opportunity of passing it on to his own son;' and he paid for the meal and gave me money to take me home. A few days after that I was at a railway station, and saw a boy weeping. He wanted to go and see his mother, who was lying ill, and he had not enough to pay the fare. I bought him a ticket, and told him the steward's story, and said, 'Now, you pass it on to someone else;' and the boy smiled his thanks. Just as the train was leaving he put his head out of the compartment and said, 'I will remember. I will be sure to pass it on.'"

HOW THE REGIMENT ESCAPED.

AN evangelist dwelling in a recent address on the necessity of frequent prayer by Christians engaged in business, said: "I was much impressed when at Southampton, England, at the time the regiments returned from the severe campaign in the Soudan, by the fact of one regiment being so much fuller than the others. I supposed it had not been in action, but I learned that it had often been exposed to the hottest fire of the enemy. The secret was that the commanding officer, cool and collected in the moment of danger, had ordered his men, when the firing became hottest, to lie down, and there, half lying, half crouching on the burning sand, they had lain in safety while the bullets whistled harmlessly overhead. O Christian in hour of conflict, get to your knees. There the enemy cannot touch you."

AN ORIENTAL GEORGE MULLER.

I PRESUME you have heard of Mr. Ishii's work here, says an Indian correspondent of the *Woman's Missionary Journal*. He is called the Oriental George Muller. He has an orphanage at Okayama, with 207 children—boys 146, girls 61. They have two hours for school and eight hours for work. Some are learning to print, some to be barbers, some to weave and more than 170 are learning to make matches. There is a kindergarten for the little ones under seven years. English and agriculture will be taught the boys, and the girls will be taught all the important work which will make them good housekeepers. In Nagoya many children were left orphans by the earthquake, and Mr. Ishii took them up and started another orphanage. All that he needed for the children was given him through prayer. I praise the Lord for raising up such a good man to be the father of these fatherless ones.

(*New York Evangelist.*)

A Word to the Housekeeper.

Take it all in all, no article of animal food contributes more largely to the support of life than the ham. From the handy and rapid sandwich to the daintiest of forcemeats, it is in constant demand. Our cockney cousins across the water assure us that of all delicacies none is more highly relished than "a bit o' weal cut with a 'ammy knife," and the flavor of a good ham, we will all admit, is most appetizing. But there are hams and hams, and perhaps the least satisfactory of all the housewife's purchases is a rank, unsavory, ill-cured ham. Now those who know—and they are the large army of those who never buy any other—say that the famous "Ferris" hams are as near perfection as anything can be in this imperfect world. A baked "Ferris" ham for dinner will surely cause a genial smile to float all around the board.

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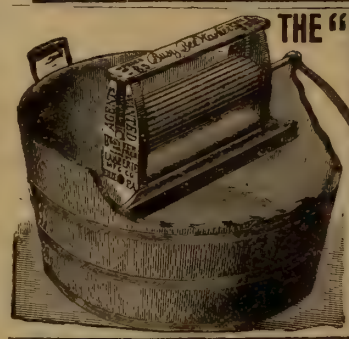

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 15.

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Boarded Her and Set sail

for our future home. During this voyage most wonderfully did the Lord bless us. While yet in sight of land we knelt in prayer, and en trusted ourselves, our way and plans into his care.

"Before we were out many days we learned that our captain had only been used to coast ing. He probably would have coasted the whole way up our river, landing us too late to build a house before winter set in. Not that alone, but to coast with so small a vessel as the *Lizzie Merrill* along the rocky and mountainous shores of Alaska was exceedingly perilous. But the Lord heard our prayers and the numberless others that were offered up for us at that time. We found that we had a stowaway on board—a good sea-captain, but ruined by drink. Unable to get a vessel any more and desiring to flee from his greatest enemy, he boarded our vessel, and was God-sent, I am sure. After he became sober, he practically took charge of the navigation and we left the shore feeling that the Lord had done wonders for us. After that our voyage was most pleasant. After thirty-two days of uneventful and quiet sailing, we came to the shores of the land of our adoption, and with thankful, happy, hopeful hearts, transferred our goods to the land. Our own little sailing-boat was rigged and preparations made to reach our future home, which was to be built about eighty miles up the river.

ALASKA BOY IN A SAVAGE STATE.

DAVID SKUVINKA, A CHRISTIAN ALASKAN.

On the third day after our landing, the vessel left us and as the sails out on the horizon became smaller and smaller,

The Last Glimpse

of civilization faded from our view and we turned to the work so dear to all our hearts, and, in the name of the Lord who had already done so much for us, we pressed forward. Trip after trip was made with our small boat and as the last load was almost at Bethel, our dear Brother Torgerson fell overboard from the deck and was drowned. Grief-stricken at the loss of this dear, consecrated brother we knelt in prayer. God alone can fathom the sorrow of our hearts, as we remembered Brother Torgerson's noble wife and two children. Our faith was indeed tested, for winter was fast approaching and we had no shelter. But God is our helper; how well we have learned this lesson! Although Brother Weinland and Brother Kilbuck had never learned the use of tools, they attempted to build a house. Brother Kilbuck was suffering from inflammation of the eyes and Brother Weinland was not in the best of health. There was a steady downpour of rain, day after day. But, thank God! we were trustful, and happy every day. When stormy weather at last came, we were able to enter our partially finished house, and a day of thanksgiving was held.

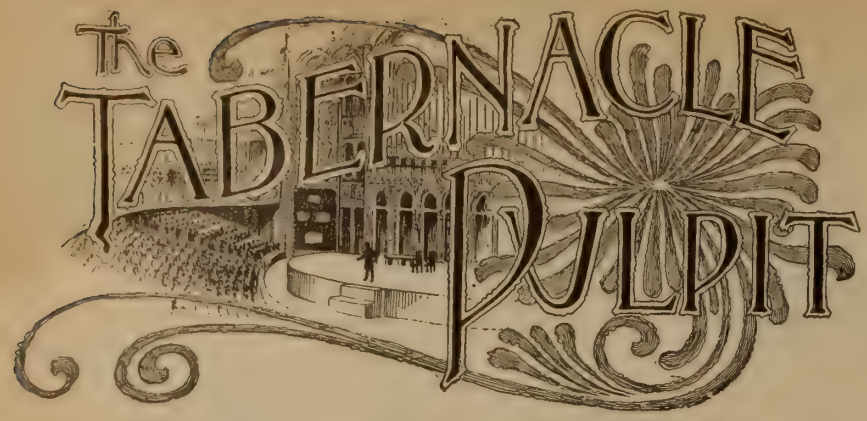
Now our real work began. When we had first come, we stepped off on the marshy lowlands and were there

Without any Shelter,

house or friends; nothing but the plains dotted with lakes, and ponds, the mountains in the distance covered with snow, and not even a native dwelling visible. There were no signs of life, save the filthy natives. Their hair was long and clotted, and their bodies covered with vermin, and unwashed. They gathered around us to see the first white woman that had ever come to that country. The triangular door of our tent was filled with a bank of heads from the floor to the top; and as we looked about, we saw that they were raising the tent at the sides and here and there a head

(*Continued on page 781.*)

SISTER KILBUCK, THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARY, AND HER DAUGHTER.



"RIZPAH ON THE ROCK."

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: II. Samuel 21: 10: *"And Rizpah the daughter of Aiah took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night."*

TRAGEDY that beats anything Shakesperian, or Victor Hugoian. After returning from the Holy Land I briefly touched upon it, but I must have a whole sermon for that scene. The explosion and flash of gunpowder have driven nearly all the beasts and birds of prey from those regions, and now the shriek of the locomotive whistle which is daily heard at Jerusalem will for many miles around clear Palestine of cruel claw and beak. But in the time of the text those regions were populous with multitudes of jackals and lions. Seven sons of Saul had been crucified on a hill. Rizpah was mother to two, and relative to five of the boys. What had these boys done that they should be crucified? Nothing except to have a bad father, and grandfather. But now that the boys were dead why not take them down from the gibbets. No. They are sentenced to hang there. So Rizpah takes the sackcloth, a rough shawl with which in mourning for her dead she had wrapped herself, and spreads that sackcloth upon the rocks near the gibbets, and acts the part of a sentinel watching and defending the dead. Yet every other sentinel is relieved, and after being on guard for a few hours some one else takes his place. But Rizpah is on guard both day and night and for half a year. One hundred and eighty days and nights of obsequies. What nerves she must have had to stand that. Ah! do you not know that a mother can stand anything.

Oh! if she might be allowed to hollow a place in the side of the hill and lay the bodies of her children to quiet rest! If in some cavern of the mountains she might find for them Christian sepulture, Oh! if she might take them from the gibbet of disgrace and carry them still further away from the haunts of men and then lie beside them in the last long sleep! Exhausted nature ever and anon falls into slumber but in a moment she breaks the snare, and chides herself as though she had been cruel and leaps up on the rock shouting at wild beast glaring from the thicket and at vulturous brood wheeling in the sky. The thrilling story of Rizpah reaches David and he comes forth to hide the indecency. The corpses had been chained to the trees. The chains are unlocked with horrid clank and the skeletons are let down. All the seven are buried. And the story ends.

But it hardly ends before you cry out: What a hard thing that those seven boys should suffer for the crimes of a father, and grandfather! Yes. But it is always so. Let every one who does wrong know that he wars not only as in this case against two generations, children and grandchildren, but against all the generations of coming time. That is what makes dissipation, and uncleanness so awful. It reverberates in other times. It may skip one generation, but it is apt to come up in the third generation, as is suggested in the ten commandments which say: "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third, and fourth generation." Mind you, it says nothing about the second generation but mentions the third and the fourth. That accounts for what you sometimes see, very good parents with very bad children. Go far enough back in the ancestral line and you find the source of all the turpitude. "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation." If when Saul died, the consequences of his iniquity could have died with him, it would not have been so sad. Alas, no! Look on that hill a few miles out from Jerusalem and see the ghastly burdens of those seven gibbets, and the wan and wasted Rizpah watching them. Go to-day through the wards and alms-houses, and the reformatory institutions where unfortunate children are kept, and you will find that nine out of ten had drunken or vicious parents. Yea day by day on the streets of our cities you find men and women wrecked of evil parentage. They are moral corpses. Like the seven sons of Saul, though dead, unburied. Alas for Rizpah who, not for six months, but for years and years has watched them. She cannot keep the vultures and the jackals off.

Furthermore, this strange incident in Bible story shows that attractiveness of person and elevation of position are no security against trouble. Who is this Rizpah sitting in desolation? One of Saul's favorites. Her personal attractions had won his heart. She had been caressed of fortune. With a mother's pride she looked on her princely children. But the scene changes. Behold her in banishment and bereavement. Rizpah on the rock.

ABIGAIL PLEADS WITH DAVID.

Some of the worst distresses have come to scenes of royalty and wealth. What porter at the mansion's gate has not let in champing and lathered steed bringing evil dispatch? On what tesselated hall has there not stood the solemn bier? Under what exquisite fresco has there not been enacted a tragedy of disaster? What curtained couch hath heard no cry of pain? What harp hath never thrilled with sorrow? What lordly nature hath never leaned against carved pillar and made utterance of woe? Gall is not less bitter when quaffed from a golden chalice than when taken from a pewter mug. Sorrow is often attended by running footmen, and laced lackeys mounted behind. Queen Anne Boleyn is desolate in the palace of Henry VIII. Adolphus wept in German castles over the hypocrisy of friends. Pedro I. among Brazilian diamonds shivered with fear of massacre. Stephen of England sat on a rocking throne. And every mast of pride has bent in the storm, and the highest mountains of honor and fame are covered with perpetual snow. Sickness will frost the rosiest cheek, wrinkle the smoothest brow and stiffen the sprightliest step. Rizpah quits the courtly circle and sits on the rock.

Perhaps you look back upon scenes different from those in which now from day to day you mingle. You have exchanged the plenty and luxuriance of your father's house for privation and trials known to God and your own heart. The morning of life was flushed with promise. Troops of calamities since then have made desperate charge upon you. Darkness has come. Sorrows have swooped like carrion birds from the sky, and barked like jackals from the thicket. You stand amid your slain, anguished and woe-struck. Rizpah on the rock.

So it has been in all ages. Vashti must doff the spangled robes of the Persian court, and go forth blasted from the palace gate. Hagar exchanges oriental comfort for the wilderness of Beersheba. Mary Queen of Scots must pass out from flattery and pomp to suffer ignominious death in the castle of Fotheringay. The wheel of fortune keeps turning, and mansions and huts exchange, and he who rode the chariot pushes the barrow, and instead of the glare of festal lights is the simmering of the peat-fire, and in place of Saul's palace is the rock, the cold rock, the desolate rock.

But that is the place to which God comes. Jacob with his head on a stone saw the shining ladder. Israel in the desert beheld the marshalling of the fiery baton. John on barren Patmos heard trumpeting, and the clapping of wings, and the stroke of seraphic fingers on golden harps, and nothing but heavenly strength nerved Rizpah for her appalling mission amid the scream of wild birds and the stealthy tread of hungry monsters. The grandest visions of glory, the most rapturous experiences of Christian love, the greatest triumphs of grace have come to the tried and the hard-pressed and the betrayed and the crushed. God stooping down from heaven to comfort Rizpah on the rock.

Again: the tragedy of the text displays the courage of woman amid great emergencies. What mother or sister or daughter would dare to go out to fight the cormorant and jackal? Rizpah did it. And so would you if an emergency demanded. Woman is naturally timid and shrinks from exposure and depends on stronger arms for the achievement of great enterprises. And she is often troubled lest there might be occasions demanding fortitude when she would fail. Not so. Some of those who are afraid to look out of door after nightfall, and who quake in the darkness at the least uncertain sound, and who start at the slam of the door, and turn pale in a thunder-storm, if the day of trial came would be heroic and invulnerable. God has arranged it so that woman needs the trumpet of some great contest of principle or affection to rouse up her slumbering courage. Then she will stand under the cross fire of opposing hosts at Chalons to give wine to the wounded. Then she will carry into prison and dark lane the message of salvation. Then she will brave the pestilence. Deborah goes out to sound terror into the heart of God's enemies. Abigail throws herself between a raiding party of infuriated men, and her husband's vineyards. Rizpah fights back the vultures from the rock.

Among the Orkney Islands an eagle swooped and lifted a child to its eyrie far up on the mountains. With the spring of a panther the mother mounts hill above hill, crag above crag, height above height: the fire of her own eye out flashing the glare of the eagle's. And with unmailed hand stronger than the iron beak and the terrible claw she hurled the wild bird down the rocks. In the French Revolution, Cazotte was brought out to be executed when his daughter threw herself on the body of her father and said, "Strike! barbarians! You cannot reach my father but through my heart!" The crowd parted, and linking arms father and daughter walked out free. During the siege of Saragossa, Augustina carried refreshments to the gates. Arriving at the battery of Portillo she found that all the garrison had been killed. She snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman and fired off a twenty-six pounder, then leaped on it and vowed she would not leave it alive. The soldiers looked in and saw her daring, and rushed up and opened another tremendous fire on the enemy. The life of James I. of Scotland, was threatened. Poets have sung those times, and able pens have lingered upon the story of manly endurance, but how few to tell the story of Catharine Douglas one of the Queen's maids who ran to bolt the door but found the bar had been taken away so as to facilitate the entrance of the assassin. She thrust her arm into the staple. The murderers rushing against it, her arm was shattered. Yet how many have since lived and died who never heard the touching, self-sacrificing heroic story of Catharine Douglas and her poor, shattered arm. You know how calmly Madame Roland went to execution and how cheerfully Joanna of Naples walked to the castle of Muro, and how

fearlessly Madame Grimaldi listened to her condemnation and how Charlotte Corday smiled upon the frantic mob that pursued her to the guillotine. And there would be no end to the recital if I attempted to present all the historical incidents which show that woman's courage will rouse itself for great emergency.

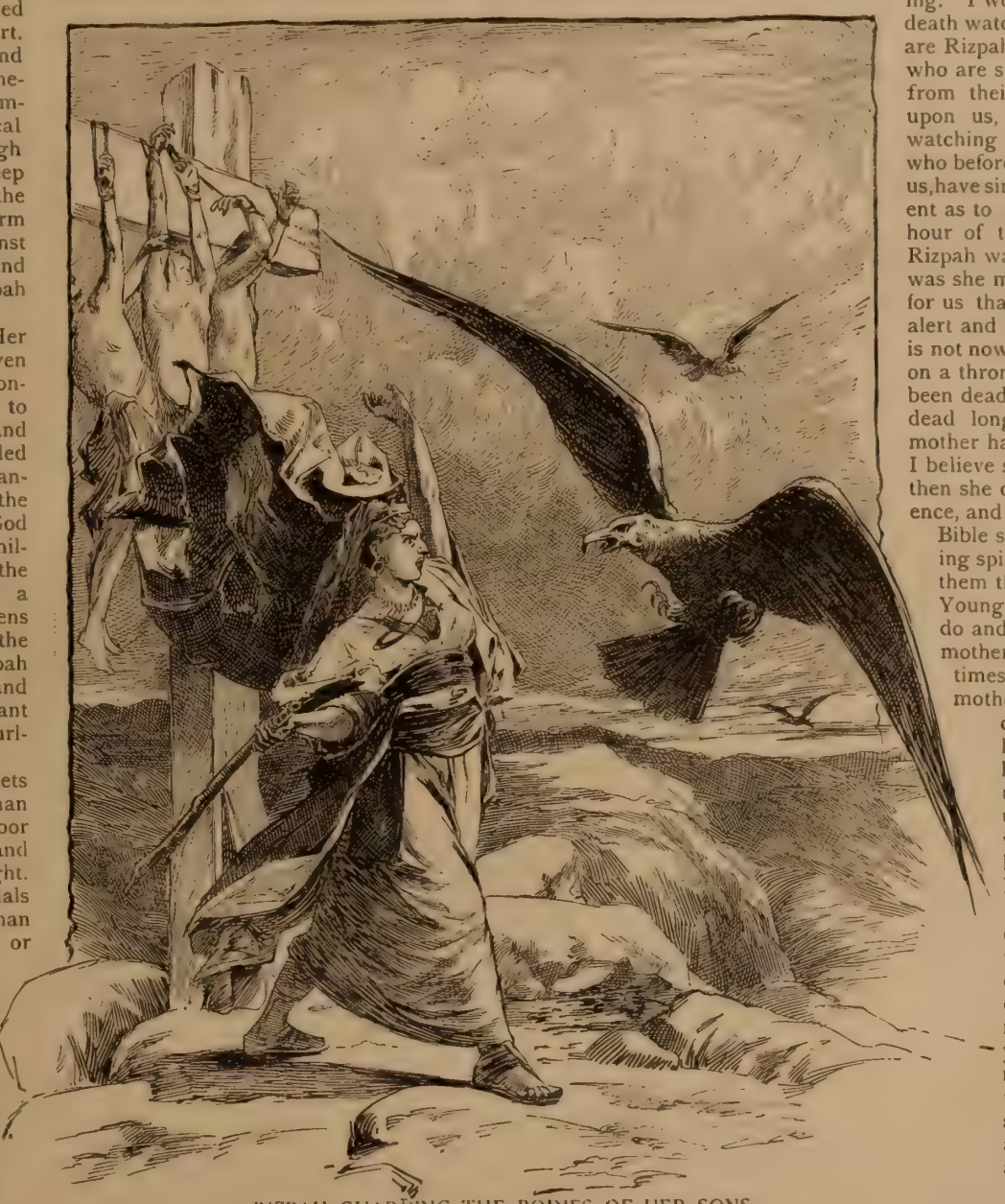
But I need not go so far. You have known some one who was considered a mere butterfly in society. Her hand had known no toil. Her eye had wept no tear over misfortune. She moved among obsequious admirers as careless as an insect in a field of blossoming buckwheat. But in eighteen hundred and sixty-seven financial tempest struck the husband's estate. Before he had time to reef sail, and make things snug the ship capsized and went down. Enemies cheered at the misfortune and wondered what would become of the butterfly. Good men pitied and said she would die of a broken heart. "She will not work," say they, "and she is too proud to beg." But the prophecies have failed. Disaster has transformed the shining sluggard into a practical worker. Happy as a princess though compelled to hush her own child to sleep and spread her own table and answer the ringing of her own door-bell. Her arm had been muscled for the conflict against misfortune. Hunger and Poverty and Want and all the other jackals Rizpah scares from the rock.

I saw one in a desolate home. Her merciless companion had pawned even the children's shoes for rum. From honorable ancestry she had come down to this. The cruse of oil was empty and the last candle gone out. Her faded frock was patched with fragments of antique silk that she had worn on the bright marriage day. Confident in God she had a strong heart to which her children ran when they trembled at the staggering step and quailed under a father's curse. Though the heavens were filled with fierce wings and the thickets gnashed with rage, Rizpah watched faithfully day after day and year after year and wolf and cormorant by her God-strengthened arm were hurled down the rock.

You pass day by day along streets where there are heroines greater than Joan of Arc. Upon that cellar floor there are conflicts as fierce as Sedan and heaven and hell mingle in the fight. Lifted in that garret there are tribunals where more fortitude is demanded than was exhibited by Lady Jane Grey or Mary, Queen of Scots. Now I ask if mere natural courage can do so much, what may we not expect of women who have gazed on the Great Sacrifice, and who are urged forward by all the voices of grace that sound from the Bible, and all the notes of victory that speak from the sky. Many years ago the *Forfarshire* steamer started from Hull bound for Dundee. After the vessel had been out a little while, the winds began to rave and billows to rise until a tempest was upon them. The vessel leaked and the fires went out, and though the sails were hoisted fore and aft, she went speeding toward the breakers. She struck with her bows foremost on the rock. The vessel parted. Amid the whirlwind and the darkness all were lost but nine. These clung to the wreck on the beach. Sleeping that night in Longstone Lighthouse was a girl of gentle spirit and comely countenance. As the morning dawns, I see that girl standing amid the spray and tumult of contending elements looking through a glass upon the wreck and the nine wretched sufferers. She proposes to her father to take boat and put out across the wild sea to rescue them. The father says "It cannot be done! Just look at the tumbling surf!" But she persisted and with her father bounds into the boat. Though never accustomed to plying the oar she takes one and her father the other. Steady now! Pull away! Pull away! The sea tossed up the boat as though it were a bubble, but amid the foam and the wrath of the sea the wreck was reached, the exhausted people picked up and saved. Humane societies tendered their thanks. Wealth poured into the lap of the poor girl. Visitors from all lands came to look on her sweet face: and when soon after she launched forth on a dark sea and Death was the oarsman, dukes and duchesses and mighty men sat down in tears in Alnwick Castle, to think they never again might see the face of Grace Darling.

No such deeds of daring will probably be asked of you, but hear you not the howl of that awful storm of trouble and sin that hath tossed ten thousand shivered hulks into the breakers? Know you not that the whole earth is strewn with the shipwrecked? Will you not, oar in hand, put out to-day from the light-house. When the last ship's timber shall have been rent, and the last Longstone beacon shall have been thundered down in the hurricane, and the last tempest shall have folded its wings, and the sea itself shall have been licked up by the tongue of all-consuming fire; the crowns of eternal reward shall be kindling into brighter glory on the brow of the faithful. And Christ, pointing to the inebriate that you reformed, and the dying sinner whom you taught to pray, and the outcast whom you pointed to God for shelter, will say: "You did it to them! You did it to me!"

There is no emotion so completely unselfish as maternal affection. Conjugal love expects the return of many kindnesses and attentions. Filial love expects parental care or is helped by the memory of past watchfulness. But the strength of a mother's love is entirely independent of the past and the future, and is, of all emotions, the purest. The child has done nothing in the past to earn kindness, and in the future it may grow up to maltreat its parent; but still from the mother's heart there goes forth inconsumable affection. Abuse cannot offend it, neglect cannot chill it; time cannot efface it, death cannot destroy it. For harsh words it has gentle chiding, for the blow it has beneficent ministry, for neglect it has increasing watchfulness. It weeps at the prison door over the incarcerated prodigal, and pleads for pardon at the Governor's feet, and is forced away by compassionate friends from witnessing the struggles of the gallows. Other lights go out, but this burns on without extinguishment, as in a gloom-struck night you may see a single star, one of God's pickets, with gleaming bayonet of light guarding the outposts of heaven. The Marchioness of Spadara, when the earthquake at Messina occurred, was carried out insensible from the falling houses. On coming to her senses she found that her infant had not been rescued. She went back and perished in the ruins: Illustration of ten thousand mothers who in as many different ways have sacrificed themselves for their children.



RIZPAH GUARDING THE BODIES OF HER SONS.

Oh, despise not a mother's love! If heretofore you have been negligent of such an one, and you have still opportunity for reparation, make haste. If you could only just look in for an hour's visit to her, you would rouse up in the aged one a whole world of blissful memories. What if she does sit without talking much: she watched you for many months when you knew not how to talk at all. What if she has many ailments to tell about. During fifteen years you ran to her with every little scratch and bruise, and she doctored your little finger as carefully as a surgeon would bind the worst fracture. You say she is childish now: I wonder if she ever saw you when you were childish. You have no patience to walk with her on the street, she moves so slowly. I wonder if she remembers the time when you were glad enough to go slowly. You complain at the expense of providing for her now. I wonder what your financial income was from one year to ten years of age. Do not begrudge what you do for the old folks. I care not how much you did for them, they have done more for you.

But from this weird text of the morning comes rushing in upon my soul a thought that overpowers me. This watching by Rizpah was an after-death watching. I wonder if now there is an after-death watching. I think there is. There are Rizpahs who have passed death, and who are still watching. They look down from their supernal and glorified state upon us, and is not that an after-death watching? I cannot believe that those who before their death were interested in us, have since their death become indifferent as to what happens to us. Not one hour of the six months, during which Rizpah watched seated upon the rocks, was she more alert, or diligent, or armed for us than our mother if glorified is alert and diligent and armed for us. It is not now Rizpah on a rock, but Rizpah on a throne. How long has your mother been dead? Do you think she has been dead long enough to forget you? My mother has been dead twenty-nine years. I believe she knows more about me now then she did when I stood in her presence, and I am no spiritualist either. The Bible says, "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation." Young man! Better look out what you do and where you go, for your glorifid mother is looking at you. You sometimes say to yourself, "What would mother say if she knew this?" She does know. You might cheat her once, but you cannot cheat her now. Does it embarrass us to think she knows all about us now? If she had to put up with so much when she was here, surely she will not be the less patient or excusatory now.

Oh, this tremendous thought of my text, this after-death watching! What an uplifting consideration. And what a comforting thought. Young mother, you who have just lost your babe, and who feels the need of a nearer solace than that which comes from ordinary sympathy, your mother knows all about it. You cannot run in and talk it all over with her as you would if she were still a terrestial resident, but it will comfort you some, I think, yea it will comfort you a good deal to know that she understands it all. You see that the velocities of the heavenly conditions are so great that it would not take her a half second to come to your bereft heart.

Oh, these watchful mothers in heaven! They can do more for us now than before they went away. The bridge between this world, and the next is not broken down. They approach the bridge from both ways, departing spirits, and coming spirits, disimprisoned spirits, and sympathizing spirits. And so let us walk as to be worthy of the supernal companionships, and if to any of us life on earth is a hard grind, let us understand that if we watch faithfully and trust fully our blessed Lord, there will be a corresponding reward in the Land of Peace, and that Rizpah who once wept on a rock now reigns on a Throne.

OBEDIENCE.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 18. Acts 5: 29-32. Golden Text, Heb. 5: 8-9. By Mrs. M. Baxter.*

WE live in an age of disobedience and lawlessness. Centuries of tyranny and oppression through slavery in some lands, through Judaism and serfdom in others, are finding their reaction in nihilism, socialism, etc. Despotism is becoming more and more impracticable, and the power of the people is on the increase. The pendulum has swung from a forced obedience to authority which was not exercised in the fear and in the love of God, to an impatience of all authority whatsoever and disobedience to parents, teachers and employers springing from a self-assertion which seems to be in the air, marks the character of the closing years of the nineteenth century. All the principles which cause cohesion are growing weaker. Man-made combinations, commercial, social, political or religious, having self-interest as their mainspring, must of necessity come to naught. Every man's self-interest wars against other men's self-interest; it is only as the spirit of mutual sacrifice and forbearance reigns that lasting peace and lasting benefits can be obtained.

Man's First Sin

was disobedience. It sprang from distrust of God. Our first parents opened their hearts to the questioning of the evil one, and his insinuation that God was not really good to them in withholding from them the knowledge which would make them like himself. "Hath God said: Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden? . . . God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened; and ye shall be as God, knowing good and evil." (Gen. 3: 1, 29.) They had never known anything of God but his wondrous goodness, yet they admitted a suspicion against their Father and their Friend; and disobedience was the result.

The question for all his intelligent creatures to answer is this: Is God worthy of my obedience, and on what ground? Has he a claim to my obedience, and on what ground? He created me. He redeemed me, he holds my soul in life; he is perfectly holy, perfectly loving, perfectly just; therefore I sin against my own soul as much as against him, if I do not obey him. This is the position of every honest, unconverted soul.

But if I am His Child;

if he has saved me from the wrath to come; if, at the sacrifice of his only begotten Son he has saved me from everlasting death; if his law is holy, and just, and good," how unutterably guilty am I if I do not obey him. And more; if the world rebels against him because it knows him not, and therefore trusts him not, how am I justifying the world's sin against its Maker, it I, his child, join in its rebellion? Shall I, his child, have more in common with the world than with my heavenly Father?

There is a greatness in obedience, and a meanness in disobedience, which few seem to grasp. Look at the universe, how the vast creation works in obedience to the laws of God's ordaining; there is a still, unutterable grandeur in it. Look at a family where wife, children, servants, habitually and joyfully obey the head of the family who shows himself worthy of his trust, because he, on his part, obeys God. What a power is in such a family for good to others and amongst themselves also; one cannot enter the house without being benefited. A perfectly disciplined army where obedience reigns is a real power; but a mass of undisciplined troops is easily overcome, it is worse than weak.

The great glory of our own dispensation is immediate contact with God; "Emmanuel, God with us" (Matt. 1: 23); "nothing between." We can draw near, within the veil, and therefore we have the privilege of immediate direction from, and immediate obedience to, our God. We do not need a Moses or an Aaron to pray for us, and to bring us our answer from God, we ourselves may draw near, we ourselves may learn to understand what the will of the Lord is and obey him, that it may be as it was with Jesus, our meat and our drink to do his will. When the disciples were filled with the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, it became their instinct, the very breath of their new divine life, to obey God. To know Jesus by the light of the Holy Spirit, as he dwells within us, is to obey him. "Hereby know we that we know him, if we keep his commandments. He that saith: I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him." Jesus really known is irresistible; as we know him it becomes our delight to obey him, as it was his delight to do his Father's will, because his law was within his heart. To know Jesus, really, intimately, personally, is to be won by him, conquered by him, overcome by his unutterable love. How could we not obey him who has won our hearts!

And yet the professing Church of Christ as a whole is walking in disobedience to her Lord! Christ and his disciples, and the early Christians, too, were marked men and women; everyone knew them. "They are not of the world even as I am not of the world," was our Lord's own description of them; "Everywhere this sect is spoken against," was the repute in which they were held in Rome (Acts 28 : 22); "A peculiar people," says Paul (Tit. 2: 14.) And yet there is nothing unmistakably different in the lives of ordinary Christians by which they are known from other men. If a stranger were to visit two families, the one professedly worldly but moral and respectable, the other a professedly Christian family of the ordinary type, he would find

Little Difference

between them. The worldling would order his business so as to make as large an increase as he could, and the Christian the same, although the Lord said: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God," the worldling would live up to his income, and better his position in a worldly point of view and the Christian the same; although the Bible directs that the rich man shall "rejoice in that he is made low" (James 1: 10.) The worldling would have his children educated with a view to their succeeding in the world, and the Christian the same; although the education prescribed in Scripture is "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." (Eph. 6 : 4.) The worldling would seek recreation and enjoyment after his fashion, and the Christian the same. The worldling would enjoy his favorite preacher, perhaps a rationalist, and go to a church where there was good music, the Christian seeking out the most comfortable church, and the preacher who satisfied his tastes without dreaming of consulting God about it. The worldling would feel he was in honor bound to do something for the minister and the church he attends, it would be expected of him, and the Christian also, with no higher motive. The worldling will dress in the fashion of the day, and the Christian the same; the worldling will have his table to suit his appetite and the Christian the same—where is the difference? Where is the obedience of the Christian? Where is there in such a life obedience to the command: "Let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me?"

"Oh," you say, "the Christian has been converted, he knows his sins are forgiven; and the worldling is only a lost sinner." And you think that a man who has been laid under the most unspeakable obligation, who owes far more than his own life to his Lord—you think that this man is less guilty in his disobedience to his Lord than he who, being unconverted, "knew not his Lord's will?" No; the sin of a son is of thousand-fold deeper dye than the sin of a stranger. If the talent is hidden in the earth, the time will come when the Lord will say: "Take it from him and give it unto him that hath ten talents." (Matt. 25: 28.)

But, thank God, he has children whose joy is to obey, and to them he gives his "Holy Spirit whom he hath given to them that obey him," that they may be "guided into all truth," and really learn to know him so as to "stand perfect and complete in all the will of God." Jesus himself, "though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by that which he suffered." The true spirit of obedience can never be fully developed until it costs us something, until it costs us much to obey. Obedience is

Only Fully Learned by Practice,

doing fully, and doing at once, all that we are sure is the will of God, and then waiting for further direction, with undoubting confidence that he wants us to know his will that we may do it. One conscious failure to obey may have grave results. It might have seemed a slight deviation when Moses struck the rock, instead of speaking to it as God commanded him, (Num. 20: 8-12), yet this disobedience was in God's eyes a dishonor to him, an act of unbelief of so grave a nature that on account of it, Moses had to forfeit the privilege of leading the people into the Promised Land. The Spirit of God is given to them that obey him; "If ye love me, keep my commandments, and I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter that he may abide with you forever"—given to the obedient.

What cannot, what will not God do by those who will yield themselves entirely up to him? What cannot, what will he not do with such as are sensitive to the slightest hint he will give them, who watch him as the eye of the servant the hand of his master, and the eye of a maiden the hand of her mistress? Obedience is not an endowment; Jesus learned it by suffering the will of his Father. Every hour of our lives is a part of the school of obedience; everything which happens tests us as to how far we recognize, and yield to God in it. The Lord teach us by the Holy Ghost this true, constant, full obedience to his will.

*Mrs. Baxter sends this as a suggestion to teachers in schools where the subject of the lesson is optional. The international lesson for the day is the Review of the Quarter's lessons.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE lessons of the past quarter are the history of Christian development. The new faith instead of being confined to one race or people was extended to the whole world. The way to blessedness was not by becoming a Jew, not by keeping the law, not by practising certain rites and ceremonies, but by believing on Christ and accepting him as Teacher, Saviour and King. Peter's eyes were opened to the fact by a vision; Paul was converted and prepared for the work of preaching to the Gentiles; proofs were furnished from among the Gentiles that the work was of God. Henceforth no man however degraded, no nation however demoralized was to be regarded as beyond the pale of Christian influence. All were eligible who would believe in Christ.

The fact imposed a new duty on the Church. Pastor Spurgeon said: I have heard that in the desert, when the caravans are in want of water, they are accustomed to send on a camel with its rider some distance in advance; then after a little space follows another; and then at short intervals others. As soon as the first man finds water, almost before he stoops down to drink, he shouts aloud "Come!" the next one hearing the voice, repeats the word "Come!" while the nearest again takes up the cry "Come!" until the whole wilderness echoes with the word "Come!" So in that voice the Spirit and Bride say the first of all, "Come!" then let him that heareth say "Come!" and whosoever is athirst let him come and take of the "water of life freely."

The possession of the Gospel involves the duty of giving it to those who have it not. If these Jewish Christians of the apostolic days had not performed their duty in that respect, we should not have it now. Yet probably they regarded the Gentiles as quite as hopeless as we are apt to regard the savages of Patagonia. When in 1787 William Carey ventured to advocate an effort being made to send the Gospel to the heathen,, Rev. John Ryland, a venerable minister, reproved him. "When God pleases to convert the heathen," said the aged clergyman, "he will do it without your help or mine." But the son of that minister was one of the first to join in the great rejoicing when forty years later William Carey could tell of thousands of heathen who had received the Holy Spirit.

The duty might involve difficulty, but he who loved his fellow-man and knew how much good the Gospel would do to any who accepted it would be anxious to preach it at any cost to himself. During the battle of Gettysburg, Chaplain Eastman was so badly injured by a fall of his horse as to be compelled to lie down on the field for the night. As he lay in the darkness, he heard a voice say, "O my God!" and thought, "How can I get at him?" Unable to walk, he commenced to roll to the sufferer, and rolled through blood, among the dead bodies, till he came to the dying man, to whom he preached Christ. This service done, he was sent for to attend a dying officer, to whom he had to be carried by two soldiers. Thus he passed the long night, the soldiers carrying him from one dying man to another, to whom he preached Christ, and with whom he prayed, while he was compelled to lie upon his back beside them.

It would have been of little use to preach Judaism with its complicated laws and ceremonies; but the man who could preach the Gospel of love might expect success. An Indian was asked how it was that he and so many of his tribe had become Christians. He replied: "A preacher came once, and desiring to intstruct us, began by proving that there was a God. On which we said to him, 'Well! and dost thou think we are ignorant of that? Now go again whence thou camest.' Another preacher appeared by and by. He said: 'Ye must not steal, ye must not lie, ye must not kill, ye must not drink too much.' We answered him: 'We know that.' Then we sent him away also. Some time after this, Christian Henry, one of the Brethren, came to me in my hut, and sat down by me. The contents of his discourse to me were nearly these: 'I come to thee in the name of the Lord of heaven and earth. He acquaints thee that he would gladly save thee, and rescue thee from the miserable state in which thou liest. To this end he became a man, hath given his life for mankind, and shed his blood for them!' I said, 'this is what I want. It suits me. I know I am a sinner. I know I do what I ought not. But I did not know till now how I could be forgiven and do better.' So I took his message and told others about it. It suited them too and that is why we are Christians."

And success is certain. Even persecutors are changed by the Gospel. A shipbuilder heard that Mr. Whitefield was to preach at a certain place, and resolved with five or six of his companions to go and drive him from the town. For this purpose they filled their pockets with stones. On arriving, they heard the preacher earnestly inviting sinners to Christ, and the ringleader was so impressed that his resolution failed him, and he went home thinking over what he had heard. On the following evening he again attended, and heard Mr. Whitefield on the sin of those who crucified the Redeemer. After he had dwelt on their guilt, he appeared to look intently on the shipbuilder, as he exclaimed, "Thou art the man." These words powerfully affected the man, and he felt his iniquities were great. In the agony of his soul he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and on being encouraged later by Mr. Whitefield to hope for mercy he gave himself to Christ.

A story is told of a New England whaling vessel which foundered in a gale in the Pacific Ocean. The crew took to the boats, and after several days, came in sight of an island. One of the boats ran through the surf and its crew landed. They were immediately set upon by savages and killed. Seeing their fate, the other boat's crew pushed out to sea and after many days of privation and suffering were saved by a passing ship. Among that boat's crew was a young sailor, who made his way up in his profession until he became captain. When in command of a ship in his old age he was wrecked near the same island where he suffered shipwreck in his youth. He recognized it immediately, associated as it was with the horrible scene of butchery he had witnessed and could never forget. There was, however, no other refuge and in the night the crew landed and concealed themselves among the rocks. It was a night of terror, as they feared that any moment the savages might discover them and murder them. In the morning a man was sent to climb the hill and report what he could see. He came back with the news that there was a church in the valley and people were going in to worship. "Saved! Saved!" exclaimed the captain. "The missionaries must have been here." They went boldly into the village and instead of being murdered were hospitably entertained. Whether the captain and his crew were Christians or not, they were very thankful that the Gospel had been preached on that island.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Alaska's Wild Tribes Redeemed.

(*Continued from first page.*)

was prone on the ground and the eyes rolled upward to see the strange sights within.

"I went to one spot on the bank where a woman was curing fish. Beside her sat two

REV. J. H. KILBUCK.

little girls who had never been washed in all their lives, and with matted hair and vermin-covered bodies. At my approach the children were frightened and began to cry, but the mother cut off two fish-heads and gave one to each of the children, which they commenced to chew and bite and were thus quieted. Presently we heard an infant cry, but we did not know where the cry came from. The mother cut off another fish-head and handed it to the baby which was next to her body, on her back, under her fur garment. There I noticed for the first time that a baby, about four months old, had been sleeping. At a little distance were about fourteen men and boys with long hair, clotted, and never combed, and which they used alternately as towel, napkin and handkerchief. You can well imagine the condition of their heads. It almost sickened us, as we passed from group to group; and often asked ourselves the question: 'Is it possible to civilize or Christianize these low, degraded, ignorant people?'

"They were friendly, however, and showed us many kindnesses. We were unable to speak to them in their own language, and they knew

Not a Word of English.

We at once proceeded to learn the language, which was very difficult. We would watch for a word until we could pronounce it, and then we would follow it up for weeks, endeavoring to attach to it some intelligent meaning; then find we were wrong almost invariably. We would then unlearn it and follow it up again, until we found a new meaning that seemed suitable, and learn it again and use it. Sometimes we would learn and unlearn a word three or four times before we had the right meaning.

"The work of caring for the sick went on while we were learning the language. Patients came to us every day—from five to twenty patients at a time. Very often they stayed until better and sometimes until they died. We are not medical missionaries but care for them to the best of our knowledge. We have cases to care for that are no less loathsome in appearance than leprosy, diseases that are no less hard to bear. Scrofula in all its forms, lung diseases, rheumatism, heart disease and eye troubles. We have cared for all such cases in the years that we have been there, and had wonderful success, as far as we were able to do, but the one cry is 'send us a physician.' The Esquimaux are peaceful, kind and docile, unless their superstitions are interfered with, and then, sometimes, they are very dangerous. Trying, and hard as the task was, to teach them the Bible and the story of Christ's salvation, step by step we pressed forward in the work of evangelizing those we had partially civilized. From the beginning the one cry has been 'send us a physician, and we will lay aside our belief in these medicine men who now care for our sick. Until we have a physician we cannot be Christians, we cannot give up all our old beliefs and practices, we cannot see our children die. We must do the one thing that we always have been able to do, and that is, hire a medicine man to doctor our sick. Once we have a physician, we will willingly be Christians.'

"In our second year we opened a school. We had a great deal of trouble in getting scholars. Parents said they would not send their children to school; they would die if they dwelt with white people, and if they had their hair cut, their noses would bleed; or we would feed them with salt, and then medicine men would have no power over them, should they get sick. They say that

Their Medicine Men

cannot have any power over white people, because they eat too much salt; and so with the school boys if they were to live with us. They asked us why we wanted them to go to school. How much would we give them? What price would we pay for a boy's time? Of course we paid nothing, but after gaining the confidence of the people, some few sent their children to school, others ran away and came to school, and now we have as many scholars as we have room for. They are very obedient and confiding. They come to me as to a mother. Night and day we care for them, sick and well, clothe and feed them, and they bring us all their little joys and sorrows, and many of them are very faithful and affectionate. We have now in our school as faithful Christian boys as any could be. They love the missionaries and will do anything for us. They are bright, and inside of a year's time a wonderful change takes place in their appearance and behavior.

"Our greatest work has been with our patients and working men and women. Many

ALASKA MONUMENTS TO THE DEAD.

who have died have declared their faith in Jesus, feeling their sins pardoned and being ready and happy to go. Our working people have made wonderful progress in every way. They are now civilized and many of them Christianized. I had two women living with me and tried to teach them to help in my house work. As long as I stood at their side, they would do as I told them; but just as soon as other duties called me away, they would be unfaithful. I tried two years to teach them simply to wash dishes and keep the fire burning and water in the teakettle, but they were unfaithful unless I was present. Soon after they both became converted, and in six months I was able to teach them to do almost any of the commoner duties that fall to the housewife. They can now wash dishes and keep fire, they can bake bread that will equal any that comes from the baker's shop, and cook a plain meal. They have learned to sew on the machine very nicely; they are true sisters to me, loving and affectionate in every respect, and have well paid me for my hard work in trying to teach them. They are now helpers in my work, and are not satisfied with their own souls' salvation, but are working among their friends and relatives, trying to lead them into this new and happy life.

"But as years passed by great changes took place. Hard work and the severe climate had broken down the health of Brother Weinland. The last year of his stay in that country was most trying to him, and to us all. Their baby was sick all winter, and Brother Weinland by force of will alone was able to teach the school. Very reluctantly indeed did they withdraw themselves from a work that was to them dearer than all besides. But grace was given for them to return and us to remain. The following Spring we were reinforced by the coming of Brother Ernest L. Weber. Our hearts were cheered by the presence of this faithful, whole-souled Christian helper, whose life motto is consecration. At one time Mr. Kilbuck had been away with his dog team for a trip of five weeks, and was delayed by storms in a desolate, dreary, waste, and amongst the mountains. When weeks and weeks passed by beyond the time he was expected to arrive, and all our hopes were gone, and we sorrowfully laid his things aside, supposing it impossible for him to ever return, it was then that Brother Weber bore the whole responsibility of the work, teaching the school, caring for the sick and even doing my house-work, for I, too, was sick. Our prayers were answered and, as it were from the very grave, my husband returned, after a terrible siege with untold hardships of storm, cold and lack of food.

A TYPICAL ESKIMO WOMAN.
(Showing native dress and ear and lip ornaments.)

"From time to time, since that year, our numbers have been increased. Bishop Bachman's noble wife came up for one year, to care for me and give me the much-needed rest that would restore health again. Later came two other sisters; Miss Detterer, now Mrs. E. L. Weber, Miss Lydia Lebus, and this Spring a Miss Mary Mack, of Nazareth, Pa.

"As time passed, the language was learned and by it the confidence of the people gained. In our fourth year, our first converts were taken into the church. Missionary trips were made summer and winter, and our work was blessed. Many are the trying times we have passed through, but the Lord is in Alaska. He is right in Bethel and we have witnessed his power most miraculously from time to time.

"Three years ago the Alaska Esquimaux had something similar to

The Messiah Dance

They were told by outsiders that the Moravian missionaries had brought this calamity on them, because some of their own people had at that time become converted and one man was made a helper. This helper was a splendid man, a true Christian and his work was blessed of God, and he brought several of his people into the Kingdom. He fell sick and was temporarily insane, and the whole village was so affected, that they were not in their right minds. They were continually dancing and crossing themselves. This helper called for Mr. Kilbuck (my husband), and would not be satisfied until he was sent for. When Mr. Kilbuck came he found the people had turned against him. They would not allow him to doctor the sick man, and sent him away the same cold winter night, even refusing a team.

After he had started, they followed him—about thirty in number. He knew there was no use to flee before them, and after breathing a short prayer, faced them, and to his great surprise, they stepped back, every one of them. The Lord was with him, indeed. They didn't lay a hand on him, but sang in a wild and excited manner, finally leaving him to go his way.

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The following day Mr. Kilbuck returned home, and they became still more enraged at us and the Christian helper. In the afternoon they took the helper out on the prairie, saying that he was a Christian and was now ready for heaven and

There they Murdered him!

They threw him to the village dogs—about twenty in number—and he was torn to pieces.

"That summer when Mr. Kilbuck was absent from home, they camped in our yard, watching all that we did or said, fearing we would attempt to avenge ourselves on this crazy man. They were insulting and noisy in my house.

Very often I was obliged to go amongst them and demand peace. Once a man called for medicine for a headache, and I gave him a simple remedy that he applied externally and soon felt better. Next morning, an old man came for medicine. They saw him swallow the medicine, and were on their feet at once saying the man would die; that the previous day, another man had put the medicine on his head, and that this one had swallowed it, and it was poison. They muttered amongst themselves and gathered around me. After frightening the old man until he fainted away, they said he was dying. I breathed a prayer, and in spite of their being around me, I carried the old man to the door, where he could have some fresh air, and there Miss Lebus and I restored him. They would not believe that he had not taken poison, until I took a dose of the medicine myself. Then they stepped back a little, still muttering amongst themselves, saying that what would kill an Esquimaux probably would not hurt a white person. But when the old man came to consciousness, they quieted down, and left the house.

"We have had several experiences of this kind. These same men followed me to our store-house and closed the door, demanding presents. I knew I dared not yield, and so refused. They were angered at this, and their dark faces betrayed the ill-feeling that was in their hearts. Again guardian

Angels Were About Me;

the Lord's presence was with me. I ordered the seven men to open the door and leave the room. They did not listen. I again repeated the order walking towards them, and as I stood distinctly in front of them, I ordered them for the third time. Every one turned and left the room.

"Two of our Christians, middle-aged men have been instructed and are now able to hold simple services in their own villages. Our work is now well established. Bro. Kilbuck has made extensive additions to a grammar of our Eskimo language that was made by Bro. Weinland after his return from the States

We also are making an effort to write a 'Conversation Book' and vocabulary for the use of the new workers coming into the field. Last year we did some translating of prayers, Bible texts and hymns. We have only one mail in every twelve months from the States.

"We have about 1200 people in the immediate vicinity of Bethel. This spring we built a house at Ongavigamute, eighty miles above Bethel, where Brother and Sister Weber are now situated. Between three and four hundred miles south along the coast of Behring Sea, we have a station, named Carmel, with a working force of five missionaries, and they also have a boarding school.

"We now have two of our brighest and most faithful boys at the

Carlisle Indian School

in Pennsylvania, where they have learned to speak English and appear as well as any of the boys in other schools. I visited them lately. My boys, David Skuvinka and George Nukochluke, will compare with any. I was proud of them as they took me over the school and showed me what they learned and where the different branches of study and work were taught. I was still more pleased to hear one of them say that he belonged to the Y. M. C. A. and prayed with all his heart for his poor people at home in Alaska."

The illustrations accompanying this article (kindly secured for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD through the courtesy of Mrs. Kilbuck and Rev. C. E. Eberman of Brooklyn) are reproduced from photographs taken in Alaska and which have never before been published. Mrs. Kilbuck is the daughter of the Rev. Jos. Romig of Kansas, once a missionary among the Indians of the West. Her daughter, Kate M. Henry Kilbuck, is a general favorite with the people in Alaska. She was born in Alaska and before her return to the States never spoke a sentence of English, although she talks the Eskimo fluently.

THE TEACHING OF THE YEAR.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Dec. 18. I. Samuel 7: 12; I. Peter 3: 10-13.

PHYSICIANS sometimes give prescriptions which surprise the patient and friends. The surprise is greatest when the patient, expecting a long course of elaborate treatment, during which he must swallow quantities of nauseous drugs, is ordered nothing but plain diet, pure air and exercise. The means seem inadequate to the end. Peter's recipe in the second passage selected for the topic astonishes the ordinary mortal in the same way. It is a recipe for happiness. There is a common idea that many things are necessary to that most desirable condition. Money, education, taste, family, many friends—are considered indispensable. No, the Apostle says, "He that would love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile: and let him turn away from evil and do good; let him seek peace and pursue it." Is that all? The course seems ridiculously simple. The poorest, the most uneducated and uncultured man can attain happiness if that be so. It is a complete reversal of worldly rules and maxims. Yet, when we examine it, it does not seem so inadequate as at first sight. If we eliminate from life the troubles that come upon us through evil speaking, through deceit, through following evil, and add to it the pleasures that come from doing good and the avoidance of strife, the result is very much like our ideal of a happy life. Conscience approves the recipe and so does experience. The memory of a few years, or even days, testifies that had the Apostle's rule been our line of conduct, life would have been much happier than it was. And there is sound philosophy in the reason assigned. It is God's way with man. They who follow the rule are in accord with him. It is a hopeless struggle on the part of the creature to oppose the Creator. As all human triumphs in discovery and invention have come through studying nature's laws and adapting ourselves to them, so he who is docile and obedient finds life smooth to him, while he who resists the infinite Being, who is disciplining us, is bringing trouble upon himself and sharper and severer measures of restraint and punishment.

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A KING'S DAUGHTER IN THE BACKWOODS.

FROM a distant backwoods settlement in Ontario, the Post-office of which has the significant name of Bear Cave, a modest statement of a noble work done by Mrs. Eldrige, a King's Daughter is sent to the *Silver Cross*. The community to which Mrs. Eldrige belongs numbers about eighteen families scattered over an area of fourteen square miles. When she settled there in 1885 there was no school or service of any kind. She and her daughter collected a number of Bibles and old Sunday School books and organized a Sunday School and an adult Bible Class. These have increased in size and out of them has grown a day school. "There has not been a week," says Mrs. Eldrige, "since we came here, in which we have been unable to do some good In His Name; nursing the sick, with no doctor for many miles; comforting the bereaved ones, and doing whatever is necessary. I think we have also done great good in sewing for the many families around us, and teaching them to help themselves, while we have tried to lead them to our Saviour. I am sure it is true that in doing loving deeds for others, our spiritual grace is renewed. I am one of the weakest of God's children, but I find it a real blessing to myself thus to help forward Christ's Kingdom."

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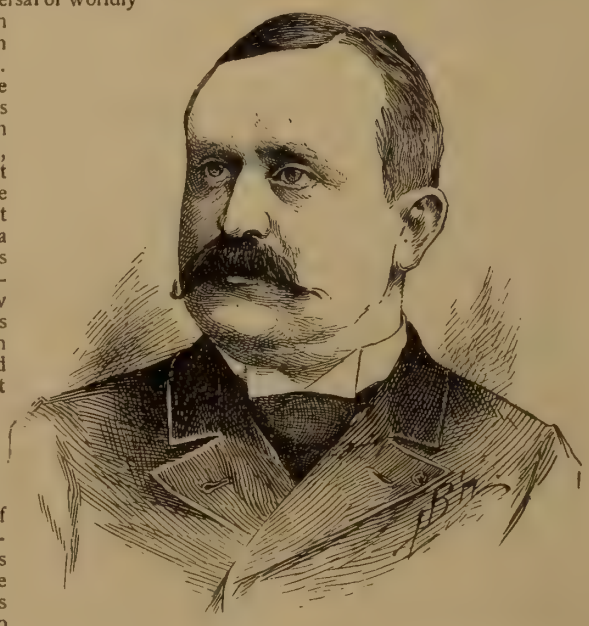
THE MORAVIAN C. E. LEADER.

AN enthusiastic leader in the Christian Endeavor ranks in the pastor of the Moravian Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., the Rev. C. E. Eberman, M. A., whose portrait appears on this page. Mr. Eberman has strong faith in the movement and rejoices in it because of the interest it has everywhere manifested in the cause of foreign missions. The Moravian Church is pre-eminently a missionary church, intent on propagating the Gospel throughout the world. It has given to the cause, both in money and in consecrated laborers, more in proportion to its numbers than any other church. It is therefore natural that Christian Endeavor, with its aggressive spirit and its enthusiasm for missionary work at home and in heathen lands, should find in a Moravian pastor an earnest supporter. Mr. Eberman is now engaged in an effort to render the Christian Endeavor Societies in connection with Moravian Churches increasingly efficient by forming them into a union. A conference was recently held in the Moravian Church at Stapleton, Staten Island, with this object, and another



REV. C. E. EBERMAN, M.A.

conference takes place this week in Philadelphia. Mr. Eberman is chairman of the committee which has the movement in charge. It is not intended to form a separate denominational society, as has been done by the Baptist and Methodist chnrches, but simply to make the Moravian regiment of the great Christian Endeavor army as well drilled and efficient as possible. The effect of the conference already held has been an extension of the movement. A number of Christian young people who came from another town to get an idea of the objects and methods of Christian Endeavor Societies, were so much impressed by what they heard, that they decided to form a society in their own church. They told Mr. Eberman, whose address had mainly influenced them, of their resolution and begged his advice. He accompanied them to the railroad depot, and while they were waiting for the train by which they were to travel homeward, Mr. Eberman organized them into a society, and gave them valuable counsel.

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THE B. Y. P. U. IN VIRGINIA.

THE general convention of the Baptist Churches in Virginia recently held at Danville decided on a State Union of Young People's Societies. There were numerous testimonies from the pastors to the value of the societies and to the assistance derived from them to the general work of the churches. Rev. H. N. Christenbury, of Berkeley, urged that steps be taken to form a State Union for Virginia. Mr. W. H. Wraneck, of Lynchburg, spoke of his impressions as a delegate to the Detroit Convention in July last. He is a young layman, full of zeal for the new movement. He expatiated on its growth and importance with great vigor. Dr. W. W. Landrum, of Richmond, said that the ideas of the B. Y. P. U. were not new in his church. He had been practically demonstrating their benefit in years past, although under different names. He spoke especially of the help of the Young People's organization in connection with his Sunday night services. Dr. M. B. Wharton, of Norfolk, said that he could speak from practical observation as he has a local Union in his own church which is a vigorous and efficient body. He declared himself in favor of a State organization as did several other brethren. Rev. John B. Turpin, of Charlottesville, introduced a resolution proposing steps toward State organization, which was after full discussion by a number of brethren finally passed. The enthusiasm in this young people's session was notable, considering the formative period in the State. There is a good prospect of the organization of the State Union leading to the formation of unions in connection with nearly every Baptist church in Virginia.

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THE EPWORTH LEAGUE IN NEW JERSEY.

THE Jersey City District Epworth League believes in conventions. During the present conference year two have been held, and at the time of writing arrangements are being made for a third to be held in St. Paul's Church, at which one of the subjects for discussion is the advisability of organizing all the Leagues in the city into a Union for aggressive spiritual work. The League is also active at Port Jervis, where a convention was recently held. Representatives came from the surrounding Leagues, all receiving some fresh inspiration for larger activities in their localities. At this convention a paper was read on "Social Gathering and Entertainments" by Miss L. Howard, of Port Jervis, which gave such satisfaction that it was re-read by request at the evening session. Dr. Barnes delivered an instructive address on the "Capture of Kirjath-sepher."

Another convention of a very encouraging character was held at Hackensack, which was not very largely attended owing to the inclement day, but those who were present showed deep interest in the meetings and an enthusiasm on League work which must be valuable on their own home fields of labor.

Rev. W. C. Snodgrass delivered an address on the "Church of the Future."

No one is yet able to tell what will be the exact effect of the Epworth League on the District, but it is evident that much solid work of a helpful character will be done, and that in many ways the young people of the Methodist Churches will find plenty of opportunities to occupy themselves usefully. When the vitality and enthusiasm naturally belonging to youth are consecrated, the result must be untold practical good to the entire Methodist Church.

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THE Christian Endeavor Society of the Calvinistic Congregational Church, of Fitchburg, Mass., conducts interesting meetings at the Worcester County jail on Sunday afternoons.

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THE Baptist Young People's Union of Tremont Temple, Boston, has a membership of 229. It was organized a year ago, and is now one of the most active and successful in the country.

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AT the recent Convention of Baptist Young People's Uuions at Zanesville, O., it was stated that of the two hundred young people's societies in the State ninety-five belonged to the B. Y. P. U.

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THE Young Men's Christian Association has arranged with the city churches to have the third Thursday evening of each month for entertainment and receptions. The evening is to be known as association evening.

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THE Young People's Association of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church of Brooklyn, have unanimously adopted the model constitution for local societies recommended by the National "Union." They are now the B. Y. P. U. of that church. This is one of the strongest organizations in the Middle States. Mr. Willis F. Johnson of the N. Y. *Tribune*, a strong supporter of the B. Y. P. U. movement, has accepted the presidency.

A STREET IN JERUSALEM.

Mr. Najib K Jamal Describes the Jaffa Road, its Quaint Buildings and Peculiar Sights.

THERE is at present residing in New York City, a young and promising Oriental student, Mr. Najib K. Jamal, a native of Jerusalem. Mr. Jamal, though still a very young man, has been an extensive traveler. He has visited all the prominent places in his native land and has also travelled throughout the whole of Syria. As he is studious and an apt observer, he has many things of interest to relate concerning his journeyings.

"There is a good deal of activity in Palestine at the present time, particularly in Jerusalem," he said during a conversation at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office a few days ago. Being shown the photograph of a street outside the walls of the holy city, he smiled and at once recognized it as the Jaffa Road.

"Yes," he said, "but even since that picture was taken, there have been changes going on. That is the road which leads from the Jaffa Gate, and passes alongside the city walls, out into the open country. It continues of the same character as you see in the picture for probably one and a-half miles, after which there are no buildings and you are in open country, on the highway or carriage-road to Jaffa. To the right, where you see those low structures adjoining the wall, there is now a bank and several new buildings besides. A little further to the right, and between them and the Jaffa Gate are the English Consulate and the Y. M. C. A. building. The square building some distance up the road is a cafe, and immediately adjoining it to the right is the Bible Depot. The buildings on either side are shops of different kinds.

"On the left of the roadway are several tents or awnings, one in the immediate foreground being occupied by a group of gypsies. These people do not belong to any particular nationality, but just wander up and down the country, camping where they will. The other tents," added Mr. Jamal, "are probably booths, occupied by venders of different articles."

Although the street scene outside the walls is an interesting one, that within shows much more life and activity. Along the street are displayed the wares of a great variety of merchants, including sellers of dried figs, dates, beans, dried corn, bread, cheese, and vegetables, just as they used to be in the time of David. Very few streets in Jerusalem are indicated by names, but in the olden days a number were so designated. During the reign of the Jewish kings, the different trades were confined to certain streets; there was a bakers' street, an oil-sellers', a barbers', and a butchers' street. Bakers' street also existed in the time of Jeremiah. Many rich men in ancient Jerusalem employed household barbers. One peculiarity about the industries of the city is that its records contain no mention of glaziers or dyers, although these trades were not unknown, the Jews having learned the art of glass-making from Phœnicia and dyeing from Egypt. There was then, probably more than now, a public dignity attached to labor, and men holding high position did not think it degrading to be tradesmen. Even the high priest might be a weaver, a tanner or a barber.

Although the general impression of the city, as gathered from a view outside the walls, is one of beauty and even grandeur, the illusion is dispelled on entering Jerusalem. A very large proportion of the buildings are in a condition of extreme dilapidation; people move from a house only when they find it crumbling about their ears, and occupy some other nearby, that is only one degree less advanced in decay. Repairs are seldom thought of, and new buildings are so rare as to excite general surprise.

The introduction of the railroad system and the new life it is already beginning to infuse may, however, change this condition of things, very materially, and do much toward restoring the ancient city. It has been claimed by eminent writers that almost every stone in the walls and buildings of Jerusalem is ancient. The walls, at least, have been rebuilt many times, and possibly some of the very stones that were set in the wall in Nehemiah's day—when every man wrought with a sword in one hand and a trowel in the other, ready to fight, if need be—are among those that form part of the present wall. When Titus overthrew Jerusalem, he intended that the destruction should be as complete as possible, and in order to emphasize this to the world, he left standing a single tower—believed to be the Tower of David—amid the general ruin. This tower, which is therefore the oldest structure in Jerusalem, is also visible from the Jaffa road.

THE JAFFA ROAD, OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.
(From a photograph brought from the Holy Land by Rev. Dr. Talmage.)

* * *

Child Dedication.

"You who are not mothers," said Mrs. Ballington Booth, addressing a meeting of the Salvation Army Congress in New York, lately, "cannot understand how much it means to dedicate a little one to God. Sometimes, when a mother's love for her child was drawing at my heart strings, it was very hard for me to leave my little boy. But, when it was thus hard, I would remember and would say: 'Yes, Lord, I am thy woman first. I will go forth and do thy work and leave my little one in thy tender arms.' As soon as my little son was old enough to understand, I tried to explain to him about the consecration and how his father had laid him upon the altar. My little boy doesn't know anything about bogies or ghosts, for we don't believe in telling him that sort of thing. But he has a great fear of bears, and when I explained to him that he was put upon the altar so that he might be safe and away from harm, he said: 'You put me there so the bears couldn't get me.' Ah, I thought, yes, Lord, that is what I've done. And that mother who hugs her child to her bosom and says, 'I will love and nurse and give all my life to you,' forgets the time when her arms can no longer restrain, when her love can no longer guard, when the bears of pride and sin and avarice and worldliness are dragging at the child to bear it away to darkness and death.

"My latest little one, my little girl, is Christ's own. He will guard and protect her. I can see her life as it will be. It will not be a life of luxury, not a life strewn with roses, not a life flattered by the world. Rather than see her leading a life of fashion and worldliness, I would wish her dead now. But it will be a life that angels might covet, perhaps a stony path, perhaps hers will be a martyr's fate. And when I step back, or rather step forward through the River Jordan to meet my Saviour, she will take up the work where I laid it down."

* * *

HOME.

HOME'S not merely four square walls,
Though with picture hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls—
Filled with shrines the heart has builded!
Home! Go watch the faithful dove
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love?
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room—
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind heart to cheer it!
What's a home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
When there's one who loves to meet us.

* * *

A WORD ABOUT DRESS.

WE have no sympathy with the implication that women are worse than men in respect to dress, writes Dr. Talmage. Men wear all they can without interfering with their locomotion, but man is such an awkward creature he cannot find any place on his body to hang a great many fineries. He could not get round in Wall Street with eight or ten flounces, and a big-handled parasol, and a mountain of back-hair. Men wear less than women, not because they are more moral, but because they cannot stand it. As it is, many of our young men are padded to a superlative degree, and have corns and bunions on every separate toe from wearing shoes too tight.

Neither have we any sympathy with the implication that the present is worse than the past in matters of dress. Compare the fashion-plates of the seventeenth century with the fashion-plates of the nineteenth, and you decide in favor of our day. The women of Isaiah's time beat anything now. Do we have the kangaroo fashion Isaiah speaks of—the daughters who walked with "stretched forth necks"? Talk of hoops! Isaiah speaks of women with "round tires like the moon." Do we have hot irons for curling our hair? Isaiah speaks of "wimples and crisping pins." Do we sometimes wear glasses astride our nose, not because we are near-sighted, but for beautification? Isaiah speaks of the "glasses, and the earrings, and the nose-jewels." The dress of to-day is far more sensible than that of a hundred or a thousand years ago.

* * *

The Best Cure for Weariness.

THERE is nothing which will give a chance for rest to the over-tired nerves so surely as a simple religious faith in the overruling, wise, and tender Providence. A simple faith in God, which rests on the knowledge that he cares for us at least as much as we care for those who are the dearest to us, will give the tired nerves the feeling of the bird in its nest.

THE HIGHER ROCK.

Sermon Preached in the Calvary Baptist Church, New York, last Sunday, December 4th, 1892, by Dr. S. MacArthur.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." Psalm 61: 2.

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH, N. Y.

THIS psalm is short in the number of its stanzas, but it is broad in its meaning and lofty in its thought. It is a precious jewel. It is the medium through which many a sad heart has poured out its sorrows and offered up its prayers. It was probably uttered during the psalmist's enforced exile from the tabernacle. Delitzsch entitles it "Prayer and thanksgiving of an expelled king on his way back to his throne."

There seems to be no doubt that this king was David. The psalm expresses his emotions probably when he was shut out from the sanctuary during the rebellion of Absalom. "From the end of the earth" is a strong hyperbolical expression by which the psalmist would set forth his feeling as to his distance from the place of divine worship. The opening of the psalm shows that the writer was in terrible earnest. He is deeply anxious that his supplication should reach the ear of God; he is also entirely sure that God will not be indifferent to the earnest cry. He knows that God is never beyond the reach of our prayer. His only hope therefore is in continuing to pray; should he cease to pray he would sink into despair. Waves of trouble were rolling over head and heart, but while apparently drowning he will cry unto God. Trial lifts the soul up and brings God near. Faith wins her noblest victories when trials are greatest and darkness is deepest. The heart is here represented as being overwhelmed, covered over, smothered in; but still the psalmist would pray. His example is worthy of all praise and imitation.

Perhaps the image is that of one overtaken by the tide; and while hastening on to reach the shore hears the angry roar of the tide right behind him. Before him he sees a rock high above the waves. Can he reach it? Onward he presses; it is now near, and it is very high. In his despair he cries out, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

A Hiding Place

must be very high; it must be above the reach of the waves, above the approach of the enemy. Mr. Spurgeon illustrated the thought by relating this interesting incident: "A clergyman of one of the coast villages has with immense labor cut steps out from the beach to a large chamber which he has excavated in the chalk cliffs; here many mariners have been saved; they have climbed the rock which else had been too high for them, and they have escaped. We have heard of late, however, that the steps have been worn away by the storms, and the poor sailors have perished miserably in sight of the refuge which they could not reach, for it was too high for them. It is therefore proposed to drive in iron stanchions, and to hang up chain ladders that shipwrecked mariners may reach the chamber in the rock." This incident sets forth the truth taught in the text. Many a man longs to go to God but the height seems too great for him to scale. He feels himself to be far down and he knows that God is infinitely above him. He feels that he is too unworthy ever to be a partaker of this great salvation. Then it is that he may cry out in the language of the text, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." His weakness may call on almightiness; his sinfulness on holiness; the great sinner on the great Saviour. We are thus led away from ourselves to Jesus Christ, who is the high place; who is the true rock. He is the true Jacob's ladder which reaches from earth to heaven. The expression "higher than I," is really "too high for me," too high for my unaided strength. A Saviour no higher than we could not be our Saviour; our Saviour must be a just God and a Saviour. Our enemy is mighty; our deliverer must be the Almighty.

It is fitting that the term rock should be applied to God. In its nature, it sets forth God's more prominent attributes. An interest also attaches to the term in Scripture, because of its connection with great events in God's progressive revelation to man. The law was written by the finger of God upon a rock; and God was enthroned on the hoary rock when he promulgated that law in the presence of the trembling tribes. Jacob pillowed his head upon a rock when the vision of heavenly glories greeted him. He anointed the stone; and it thus became

The Precursor

of every lowly chapel and lofty cathedral. That was the foundation-stone of every "Bethel"—house of God—which has since blessed the world. Out of a rock water flowed at the touch of Moses's rod to supply the wants of the children of Israel. The Apostle Paul adds, "and that rock was Christ." Rocks in all ages of the Church have been places of refuge for men and women of whom the world was not worthy. It is this idea of the rock which David often lifts up and connects with the protection of God. As the rock protected Elijah when fleeing from the wrath of Jezebel, and as it protected David when escaping from Saul, so God is a refuge to the weary soul.

If our statement of the origin of this psalm be correct David's circumstances when he uttered the prayer of the text were peculiarly sad. His land was in rebellion, and his own son was the leading rebel. David, the father, was in exile, because Absalom, the son, had risen against him. As a king, he mourned for his country; as a father, his heart bled for his son. The waves of affliction were going over him. But there is help; there is hope. The God who has never failed him will not now. His struggling soul cries out for help; and his eye of faith sees the rock. To his sad soul in that lonely land God was as the shadow of a great rock. The term is appropriate. Indeed the loftiest songs of praise to God in Scripture are to him as the "Lord Jehovah, the Rock of our Salvation." A peculiar degree of tenderness in our experience and church life attaches to the name because of its application to Christ in one of the sweetest of hymns:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me
Let me hide myself in thee."

The Prayer.

The prayer in the text is a humble petition. It is on that account all the more a rational prayer. The highest manliness, in the divine estimate, is the lowliest child-likeness. The weakness that lays hold on God becomes the strength which controls men. Paul was right in saying that when he was weak then he was strong. There are times in the life of us all when we are obliged to confess our dependence. The strongest must bow. Although human nature abhors this sense of dependence it must acknowledge it.

Every department of our complex being, when left to the promptings of our deepest instincts, utters, at times at least, the prayer, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." The mind, the intellect, offers this prayer. We are surrounded by mystery. The infinitely great on the one hand, and the infinitely small on the other are alike mysterious. With all our lofty powers we are obliged to confess weakness and feebleness when struggling with the great problems of thought. These intellectual difficulties are not peculiar to Christianity; they existed before the introduction of the Christian system. They would have existed had Christianity never been established. A great thinker has said that all these problems emerge in philosophy before they do in religion. They are peculiar to

Our Finite Condition.

The human mind reels and staggers at times. Its cry is, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him!" And when men will not confess their ignorance and look to God for help, they begin to spin out of their own minds, spider-like theories, which refuse to support their own weight in times of stress, and which let the spinners and all depending on them fall in blank dismay. Creation teaches us about God; but its testimony is often confusing. If there are days of brightness, there are also times of darkness. Sunshine and storm strangely blend. If there are beds of roses, there are also quagmires. In creation we do see evidences of God's power and designs; but God himself "we see through a glass darkly." Providence teaches us much of him and his ways; but this testimony does not satisfy. We cannot see far enough; and seeing partially we judge falsely. Could you see the end, God's providences would appear to us as they are—just. But to our view might often makes right; justice is cast down, and injustice triumphs. The good are in despair; the wicked rejoice. We want more light than nature can give. The mind needs God. The intellect in its search after truth cries out for Jesus Christ, who is king in the realm of truth. Shall not the author of the immortal mind know best how to guide its movements? Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life. Oh, no! Mr. Huxley, you must give the cravings of the intellect something better than "protoplasm." Oh, no! Mr. Tyndall, you must furnish the mind with more inspiration than it can get from the "potency of matter." The mind like the heart needs God. With Thomas it says, "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us." And like Thomas it may hear the voice of Christ saying, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." This view of Christ meets the deepest longings of the soul. Hearing the voice of Christ, "The Rock of Ages," the soul ought to say, "Lead me to Him."

Our Need.

The heart also utters the text. The heart was made to love and to be loved. He is more or less than man who can deny this truth. Now, nothing earthly can satisfy the deep yearnings of the human heart. It was made by God and for God, and he only can fill it. This is the crowning glory of manhood and womanhood. The beasts that perish have not such longings. The man who tries to find his God in himself or others must feel that he is stepping down from the lofty place which it is his privilege to occupy. Blessed be God, he has made us to be kings and priests unto himself; he created us to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Men may misinterpret the inarticulate longings of the heart; they may try to satisfy it with the things of earth. But however numerous and glorious these things may be, the heart that does not repose on the bosom of its God, is an orphan in this great world of ours. The heart thirsts for God, for the living God. Glory be to God, nothing short of himself can satisfy the longings of an immortal soul.

If the unspoken yearnings of the gay throng of pleasure-seekers could be interpreted—those men and women who surfeit the body while they starve the soul—it would be seen that they are crying for God. They want one who is never faithless—one whose love is tenderer than a mother's, and whose arm is mighty as God's. You read, doubtless, the works of the late George Eliot. She was a remarkable woman. In her power to analyze the human heart she has few superiors. In many respects she is compared with men as well as with women, one of the most gifted writers of the century. But still her writings, and especially "Middlemarch," have been rightly described as

"The Language of Despair."

Her life was sad. She had no heavenly outlook. Earth bounded her view, and as a consequence her life was greatly dwarfed. Her mind accepted as far as it could, the cold, lifeless philosophy of rationalism, as it reveals itself in the varied forms of materialism. But she had a woman's heart, and that heart spurned what her school of philosophy forced on her mind. How much grander she would have been had she looked Godward and heavenward with all the strength of her noble intellect and her large heart? Life would have given her vastly more of its largeness and sweetness. The human heart is restless until it finds God. It quivers until it turns to God as does the needle until it points to the pole. Many men and women are in truth, though unconsciously crying out for the living God. Their hearts refuse to be orphaned. Oh, that they all, might find the God of the mind and the heart in the God of the Bible—the Father and the Saviour of all who come to him. He only is worthy to be loved with the full devotion of the heart. When the restless heart finds Jesus it embraces him with unspeakable joy. The soul then cries out in its heavenly joy "my beloved is the chief among ten thousand; and he is altogether lovely."

The conscience needs to offer this prayer. Men tell us that our fears of punishment are idle—that God will not punish sin, that he is too merciful. We try to put down our fears, but they will assert themselves. We know that God is merciful, but we know also that he does punish here and now. His penalty quickly falls on every one who violates his laws—mental, physical, or moral. Conscience is on the side of God. It makes us cowards. What testimony it has borne all through the ages! What prayers have been offered, and what sacrifices made, to quiet conscience and to please God! What a mountain-pile of sorrow and suffering men have voluntarily experienced to still the voice of conscience in the human soul! But, although we could start afresh to-day and commit no sin for the future, what is to become of the long, black catalogue of the past? Tears are vain; and toils are useless. Is there no help? Must conscience sting forever? Is there no one to hear or save?

Our All.

Thank God there is a balm in Gilead for the wounded conscience. There is a Rock for our weary souls. The voice of justice may be silenced. The penalty, having been inflicted on One who is mighty to save, can be averted from us if we but trust in Jesus Christ. Where shall our spirits find peace, but in him "who bore our sins in his own body on the tree?" To whom shall we go, but to him by whose stripes we are healed?—who died that we might live, who was our glorious substitute, who made atonement for our guilt. If there is anything for which we may freely go to Christ it is for pardon and mercy. Away with your fears, away with your righteousness, away with your pride; come just as you are, and you shall find peace in believing.

There are rocks whose tops reach above cloud and storm; the thunder rolls and the lightning flashes about their base, but their top is lifted into the calm blue sky, and the brightness of the sun gilds them with glory. He who has come to Christ may hear the thunders of wrath and see the flashes of vengeance beneath him, but is safe in the Beloved. He remembers his sins, but he remembers the righteousness of Christ. Conscience is hushed. Justice is silent. God is reconciled. He is just; and yet the justifier of him who believes in Jesus, and that Jesus is all and in all.

Christ is nigh you to-day. Be wise. Utter this prayer. Feel your weakness and sinfulness—else it is useless to preach Christ to you. Confess that you cannot lift yourselves, except you lay hold of some support outside of yourselves. The time will come when between you and the "Rock of Ages," a great gulf will be fixed. The word is nigh you now. A free and full salvation is offered. Christ came to save all who feel that they are lost. I beseech you now to seek for mercy in him. From every heart let this prayer go up now, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I;" and soon you will joyously sing, "He only is my Rock and my salvation."

CHINESE PREACHERS.

A LETTER from Rev. L. A. Gould who is laboring at Shaohing in China to the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*, gives confirmation drawn from experience of the belief which has been rapidly growing for some time, that every heathen country must be evangelized by its own people. The most effective work of the missionary therefore would appear to be rather to teach and train native preachers than himself to preach to the people. Mr. Gould says: I returned from my last preaching tour greatly encouraged by the work done by the native preachers, and by the generally receptive attitude of the people. There is no particular eagerness for the Gospel, but there is less apparent aversion to the missionary than formerly. I had with me the pastor of the city church and a graduate from the Biblical School occupying one of the city preaching-rooms. I allowed them to have chief voice in the selection of the towns we should visit, the preaching-places in the towns, the hours of speaking, and the lines of argument to be pursued. The plan worked admirably. It developed independence on the part of the natives; it fostered fraternal feeling between all concerned. At times the preaching of the men was simply magnificent. I was impressed more deeply than ever before with the fact that the time is coming when the Chinamen will be able to take the work into their own hands, and only need the missionary for guidance. The native Christian has leaned on the missionary long enough. The day ought to dawn on the foreign field when the sentiment should prevail that it is the paramount duty of the native Christian to evangelize his own country. The missionary is on hand to aid in the enterprise with all his strength, but the duty is with the redeemed church. The natives sometimes talk of "helping the missionary." No, we exist to help them, not they to help us.

Opportunities for country itineration are limitless. With native helpers I have been going about a good deal in a boat, doing the preaching and tract selling—mornings in tea-shops, and evenings in the open air, to groups of scores of people. The evening work continues for two hours or more. The people, being at leisure, listen well, and often courteously bring us chairs and tea.

Many Homes Made Happy.

AMONG THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S mail, last week, were many messages of grateful acknowledgment to the Publisher for the gift of a Thanksgiving dinner. Almost all breathed the true spirit of Christian trustfulness. Many were sent from homes where the sorrow of poverty had been deepened by domestic affliction. It had been the aim of the different city pastors, who were invited to forward lists to the Publisher, to select those families that were most deserving and necessitous. To such homes the gift of a plump turkey and a sack of flour came with a timeliness and welcome that can hardly be appreciated except by those who have known the pinchings of hunger and felt in their own souls the pangs that afflict the hearts of the helpless poor. Some of the beneficiaries were invalids; others were families in which the young children were the sole breadwinners; many were widows with from three to ten little ones and only one breadwinner in the home. Some were living on a dollar or two a week, earned most precanously, while there were not a few whose cupboard before the turkey and cranberries and food arrived, was utterly bare.

Their notes of acknowledgment—many of them mere scrawls, barely legible, but all telling of full hearts and grateful affection—proved how judicious and thoughtful the selection had been. Some of them were peculiarly touching. Mrs. H. O. writes:

The children and I thank you ever so much for your kindness to us. May your Thanksgiving be as happy as you have striven to make ours.

C. B. W., writes:

I thank you for the dinner you sent, although it is a sad Thanksgiving to us. My dear husband *fell asleep* Aug. 5.

Mrs. E. F., responds:

In His Name I send thanks. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me." God bless you with all spiritual blessings.

C. W., after sending thanks, adds:

I have not been going to church for a long while, but I will now make up my mind to go where I used to.

Mrs. V., writes as follows:

I thank you for the Turkey and flour. The beautiful Testament will always remind me of you.

Mrs. W., writes:

I thank you very much for the things you sent me, also for the loaf of "the True Bread of Life" which I greatly appreciate.

E. P. K., alliteratively says:

Accept our thanks both for Turkey and Testament.

Mrs. A. A., thus expresses her gratitude:

We pray that God's choicest blessings may rest on you all for this work of love to the needy.

A. H., closes his note with this:

Our Father in Heaven will reward you. Your little Testament I will prize greatly.

Mrs. E. R., says:

It gave me real pleasure to think I was not forgotten. I am very grateful for the turkey, the flour, the cranberries and the beautiful New Testament. May his blessing rest upon the sender.

D. C. T., adds to his note:

The Lord is good to his own and I trust I may soon be able to return the same to some needy one.

Mrs. P., touchingly writes:

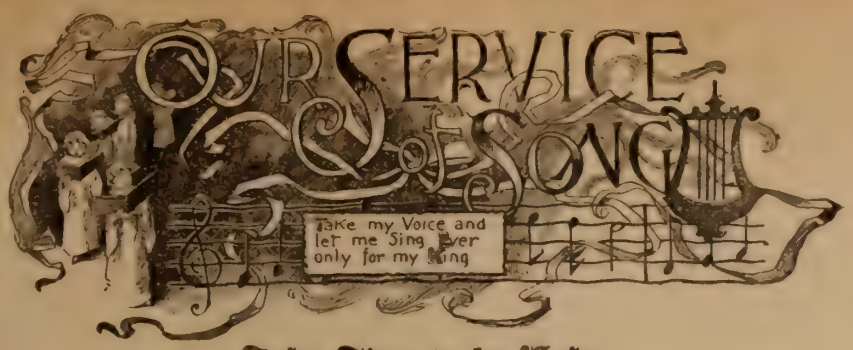
I and the children join in our sincere thanks; it has been the best dinner we have had in three years, since we lost papa.

Mrs. A., in her grateful note says: "My husband is very sick and unable to work;" H. E. B., remarks: "the things came in good order. Many thanks—for the New Testament in particular: it is just what I wanted." "It was indeed a Godsend," writes Mrs. A. B.; and Mrs. C. H., (a widow with 6 children) adds to her letter: "I was greatly surprised to find such a welcome on my return from work."

Hundreds of similar notes were received, swelling the hymn of thanksgiving to God for his unfailing goodness and of gratitude to the friend who had been the humble instrument of bringing about so much happiness.

AN AFRICAN REFUGEE'S STORY.

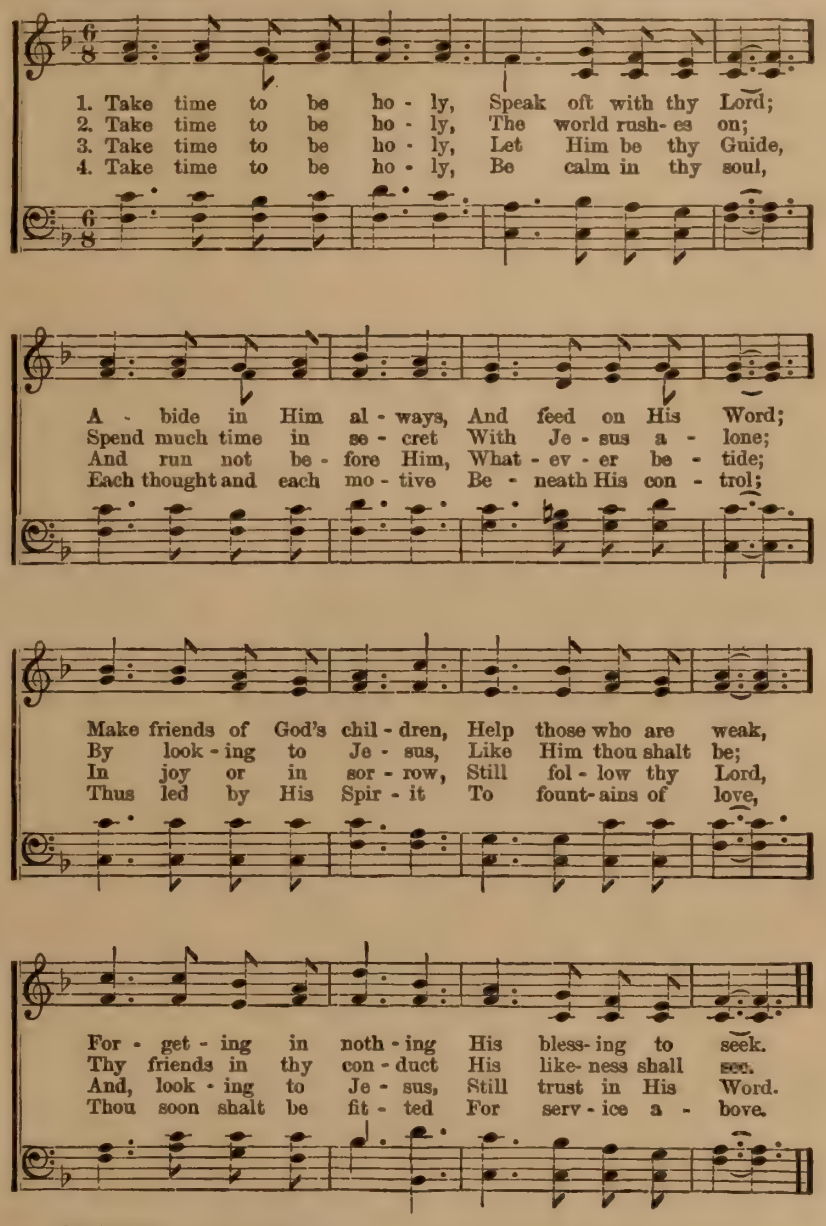
AT one of the mission stations on the Congo at which Rev. W. W. White is in charge a little boy is being taught, who has been rescued from the slave-stealers. His story as he gave it to Mr. White is as follows: "One day some men came to us stealing through the bush. They were seen and there was a cry that the enemy was upon us. All the women and children ran out into the bush. We lay hidden in the bush, and were hoping that we should not be seen, but presently a party came along, and I was taken away from my mother. I was made to walk many miles to the next town, and as I was too near to my home, they wanted to sell me to a far distant tribe. I was made to walk, day after day, keeping pace with the men who were taking me away, until I came to the borders of a great river, and there I was sold to a tribe that traded in ivory up and down the river. Then, the white man's steamer came by, and we said, 'You are Tulla Tulla's people, you are people of peace, you will protect us, let us come and hide ourselves in your steamer, and we will be your servants." The boy is making excellent progress.



Take Time to be Holy.

"Be ye holy: for I am the Lord your God."—LEV. 20: 7.

W. D. LONGSTAFF. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord;
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush- es on;
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide,
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul,
A - bide in Him al - ways, And feed on His Word;
Spend much time in se - cret With Je - sus a - lone;
And run not be - fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;
Each thought and each mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol;
Make friends of God's chil - dren, Help those who are weak,
By look - ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt be;
In joy or in sor - row, Still fol - low thy Lord,
Thus led by His Spir - it To fount- ains of love,
For - get - ing in noth - ing His bless- ing to seek.
Thy friends in thy con - duct His like- ness shall see.
And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.

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"BE STRONG."

GIRD now thyself with manly strength,
O soul oppressed with harrowing cares;
It is the weakening faith which wears
The courage out of life at length.

Let but a dauntless spirit face
The frown of an unfriendly fate,
And soon its ills will dissipate
Like threat'ning clouds, and leave no trace.

Or, if persistent they remain,
With patience let us learn to bear;
Heroic let us learn to dare;
And conquer thus the utmost pain.

For why should mortal man despair
When the strong arm of God is near,
And all the hosts of help appear
To put to flight the hosts of care.

'Tis only thus we find repose,
By manly courage in the strife;
Who flees the battle-field of life
Will only multiply his woes.

Bear a firm soul amid the wars
Which hem the troubled spirit round:
Behold on this contested ground
We win the empire of the stars.

Be strong in faith, for in that strength
We conquer all the brood of cares:
It is the wavering faith which wears
The courage out of life at length.

Buena Vista, Va. —B. C. MOONAW.

THE AIM OF LIFE.

I LOVE to feel when sinks the sun,
That there is something I have done.
For which the world is better.
However small the act may be,
If something good has gone from me,
The world remains my debtor.

I hold the aim of life is less
The search for my own happiness
Than giving joy to others.
For, stripped of vanity and pride,
The brightest truth the whole world wide
Is this—that men are brothers.

So may we be content to find
The satisfaction of the mind
Which comes from noble living;
And we shall see our little store,
Depleted oft, increasing more,
And multiplied through giving.

—J. E. DICKENCA.

THE COMING RAPTURE.

The Waiting Christians who will be Caught up to meet their Lord in the Air.

BY GEO. H. PEMBER.

VERY solemn and full of meaning is the prayer with which in loving benediction the Apostle Paul closes his first epistle to the Church at Thessalonica: "the God of peace himself sanctify you wholly; and may your spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved entire, without blame at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who will also do it."

The last sentence should be our comfort and stay. He who is calling us to be Christ's at his coming is well aware of it, and if we walk in the light with him, may be trusted to give us whatever notice we need. But if at any time our heart is moved in an unwonted manner, either by the pressure of trouble, or by the shadow of death thrown across our path, or by the voice of a preacher, or from our own meditation on the Scripture, or by the sudden and unbidden entry of solemn thoughts into our minds, let us not resist the influence: it may, perchance, be God's warning to us that the flash is just about to break the clouds.

In spite, however, of all warnings, the fateful day will overtake many before they are prepared to leave the world, and the Lord intimates as much by adding the grave caution that we should "remember Lot's wife." For the story of that miserable woman, known to us, probably, from childhood, is specially "written for our admonition upon whom the ends of the ages are come."

The application of this history is obvious. It is in times of leisure that our fate is decided; when the crisis overtakes us, we instinctively feel and act according to our wont. If believers will mingle with the world and seek after its pleasures, if, despite warnings, they will suffer their affections to become rooted in it, they must certainly, so far as this life is concerned, be involved in its ruin. Weighted by earthward desires, they will be unable to ascend to their Lord, when he calls them: therefore, he will not deliver them from the hour of temptation which is coming upon the whole world; but will leave them to be purified in the furnace of affliction heated seven times more than it usually is.

For "whosoever," the Lord goes on to say, "shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." This is the general law to which every human being who has heard of the Lord Jesus must be subjected. If we insist upon having our good things now, by making them the main object of our life, we must have evil things hereafter: if we will enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season in this world, we must bear its penalties in the next.

And, as regards those who are alive when Christ comes, there will be an application of the principle of this law even to the saved. For he who demands neither joy nor rest here, but willingly resigns all things for the love of his Saviour, shall, immediately upon the Lord's descent, be called into such a fulness and enjoyment of life as he cannot now conceive.

But every believer who is found striving to obtain pleasure from this world, will be left below, for a time, in circumstances sufficiently terrible to change his existence into a living death, until he loathes those evil things which he once desired.

The fact, then, that there will be many Christians of both types at the time of the Coming will render temporary separations unavoidable: for in that crisis the Lord will show no favor, nor suffer the faithfulness of any to atone for the lack of his fellow. As the lightning of his presence speeds through the night, husband and wife may be reposing on the same bed: the one is borne away, and the other is left to weep alone in the dark. Two women may be employed together in some ordinary work, such as the Eastern duty of grinding corn, for the day's food, in the early morning: in an instant the one is removed in a flood of glory, while her companion must labor on in bitterest grief. Two men may be tilling the ground in the heat of the day: a sudden flash far exceeds the brightness of the sun; and when it has passed, there remains but a solitary figure in the field.

This is the only sign of his presence in the air which the Lord will grant to unready believers and the world. As soon as it has taken place, restraint will be removed from the Powers of Darkness, the floodgates of evil will be opened, and the Man of Sin revealed. The grand scene of the fourth and fifth chapters of the Apocalypse will be enacted, and then will follow the consecutive series of Seals, Trumpets and Vials.

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T. de Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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MORE PRACTICABILITY.

THE world wants spiritual help. All who have buried their dead want comfort. All know themselves to be mortal and to be immortal and they want to hear about a great future. If the people of our great cities who have had trouble only thought they could get practical and sympathetic help in the Christian Church, there would not be a street in New York, or Brooklyn, or Chicago, or Charleston, or Philadelphia, or Boston, which would be passable on the Sabbath day if there were a church on it, for all the people would press to that asylum of mercy, and that great house of comfort and consolation.

A mother with a dead babe in her arms came to the god Veda, and asked to have her child restored to life. The god Veda said to her: "You go and get a handful of mustard seed from a house in which there has been no sorrow, and in which there has been no death, and I will restore your child to life." So the mother went out, and she went from house to house, and from home to home, looking for a place where there had been no sorrow and where there had been no death, but she found none. She went back to the god Veda and said: "My mission is a failure; you see I haven't brought the mustard seed; I can't find a place where there has been no sorrow and no death." "Oh," says the god Veda, "understand your sorrows are no worse than the sorrows of others; we all have our griefs, and all have our heart-breaks."

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.

We hear a great deal of discussion now all over the land about why people do not go to church. Some say it is because Christianity is dying out, and because people do not believe in the truth of God's word, and all that. They are false reasons. The reason is because our sermons and exhortations are not interesting, and practical, and helpful. Some one might as well tell the whole truth on this subject, and so I will tell it. The religious discourse of the future, the Gospel sermon to come forth and shake the nations and lift people out of darkness, will be a popular sermon, just for the simple reason that it will meet the woes and the wants and the anxieties of the people. There are in all our denominations ecclesiastical mummies sitting around to frown upon the fresh young pulpits of America, to try to awe them down, to cry out: "Tut! tut! tut! Sensational! They stand to-day preaching in churches that hold a thousand people, and there are a hundred persons present, and if they cannot have the world saved in their way it seems as if they do not want it saved at all. I do not know but the old way of making ministers of the Gospel is better—a collegiate education and an apprenticeship under the care and home attention of some earnest, aged Christian minister, the young man getting the patriarch's spirit and assisting him in his religious service. Young lawyers study with old lawyers, young physicians with old physicians, and I believe it would be a great help if every young man studying for the Gospel ministry could put himself in the home, and heart, and sympathy, and under the benediction and perpetual presence of a Christian minister.

OPEN THE WINDOWS.

MORE fresh air is needed in most of the churches, and halls, and court-rooms. We have wrecked too many sermons and lectures on ill-ventilated audience-rooms, not to understand the value of pure air. There are not twenty properly ventilated lecture-halls east of the Allegheny Mountains. We have more veneration for every other antiquity than for stale air. Atmosphere that has been bottled up for weeks is not quite equal to "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." Give us an old log across the stream to sit on, rather than an arm-chair in the parlor that is opened chiefly on Christmas and Thanksgiving Days. While waiting for this year's turkey to get browned, we do not want to smell last year's. There are church-basements so foul that we think some of those who frequent them for devotion get sooner to the end of their earthly troubles than they would if there were less dampness in the walls. Still we may put too long a stress upon ventilation. Here is a man who sits with the doors open, and while your teeth are chattering with cold, descants on the bracing weather. He sleeps with all his windows up, with the thermometer below zero. His prescription for all the world's diseases is fresh air. And if the case be chronic, and stubborn, and yields not to the first course of treatment, then—more fresh air. If the patient die under the process, the adviser will say, "This confirms my theory! Don't you see the difficulty? His only want was capacity to take in the air!"

HOLD UP.

MOST sermons are too long. The trouble is we preach audienees into a Christian frame, and then we preach them out of it. We forget that every auditor has so much capacity of attention, and when that is exhausted he is restless. That accident on the Long Island Railroad some years ago came from the fact that the brakes were out of order, and when they wanted to stop the train they could not stop, and hence the casualty was terrific. In all religious discourse we want locomotive power and propulsion. We want at the same time stout brakes to let down at the right instant. It is a dismal thing after a hearer has comprehended the whole subject to hear a man say: "Now to recapitulate," and "a few words by way of application," and "once more," and "finally," and "now to conclude."

Paul preached until midnight, and Eutychus got sound asleep and fell out of a window and broke his neck. Some would say: "Good for him." I would rather be sympathetic like Paul and resuscitate him. That accident is often quoted now in religious circles as a warning against somnolence in church. It is just as much a warning to ministers against prolixity. Eutychus was wrong in his somnolence, but Paul made a mistake when he kept on until midnight. He ought to have stopped at eleven o'clock, and there would have been no accident. If Paul might have gone on to great length, let all those of us who are now preaching the Gospel remember that there is a limit to religious discourse, or ought to be, and that in our time we have no apostolic power of miracles.

Napoleon in an address of seven minutes thrilled his army, and thrilled Europe. Christ's sermon on the Mount, the model sermon, was less than eighteen minutes at ordinary mode of delivery. It is not electricity scattered all over the sky that strikes, but electricity gathered into a thunderbolt and hurled, and it is not religious truth spread out over a vast reach of time, but religious truth projected in compact form that flashes light upon the soul and rives its indifference.

When the religious discourse of the future arrives in this land and in the Christian church, the discourse that is to arouse the world and startle the nations, and usher in the kingdom, it will be a brief discourse. Hear it all theological students, all ye just entering upon religious work, all ye men and women who in Sabbath schools and other departments are toiling for Christ and the salvation of immortals. Brevity! Brevity!

THE WAY TO KEEP FRESH.

IN many of our churches sinners hear the same exhortations that they have been hearing for the last fifteen years, so that the impenitent man knows, the moment the exhorter clears his throat, just what is going to be said; and the hearer himself is able to recite the exhortation as we teach our children the multiplication table forward or backward. We could not understand the doleful strain of a certain brother's prayer till we found out that he composed it on a fast day during the yellow fever in 1821, and has been using it ever since.

There are laymen who do not like to hear a sermon preached the second time who yet give their pastors the same prayer every week at the devotional meeting—that is, fifty-two times in the year, with occasional slices of it between meals. If they made any spiritual advancement, they would have new wants to express and new thanksgivings to offer. But they have been for a decade of years stuck fast in the mud, and they splash the same thing on you every week. We need a universal church-cleaning by which all canting and humdrum shall be scrubbed out.

If we would keep fresh, let us make occasional excursions into other circles than our own. Artists generally go with artists, farmers with farmers, mechanics with mechanics, clergymen with clergymen, Christian workers with Christian workers. But there is nothing that sooner freshens one up than to get in a new group, mingling with people whose thought and work run in different channels. For a change put the minister on the hay-rack and the farmer in the clergyman's study.

Let us read books not in our own line. After a man has been delving in nothing but theological works for three months, a few pages in the Patent-office report will do him more good than Doctor Dick on "The Perseverance of the Saints." Better than this, as a diversion is it to have some department of Natural History of Art to which you may turn, a case of shells or birds, or a season ticket to some picture gallery. If you do nothing but play on one string of the bass-viol, you will wear it out and get no healthy tune. Better take the bow and sweep it clear across in one grand swirl, bringing all four strings and all eight stops into requisition.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

A GOOD LIST.

THERE are many gatherings where good speakers are much needed.

Many a service could be saved from ruin if some one got up and gave a straight, honest, happy talk on some theme of interest to everybody. Of course I'm writing concerning religious services. There is too much unripe mental fruit served up at meetings.

Reader, you get a blank book; write one of the list below at the head of each page, then begin to gather facts and illustrations and Scripture on that theme, putting all under the proper head; then when your page is full, straighten out your material, throw away any useless stuff, put the good in such shape as your mind can grasp it, and the first chance you get, get it off:

Courage.	Scriptures.	Holy Spirit.
Faith.	Jesus.	Conversion.
Enthusiasm.	Consecration.	Knowledge.
Love.	Endurance.	Tact.
Salvation.	Rewards.	Experience.
Prayer.	The Law.	Manhood.
Repentance.	The Gospel.	Destiny.
Character.	Retribution.	Grace.
Sin.	Heaven.	Hope.
Joy.	Difficulties.	Peace.
Paul.	Zeal.	Work.

The Seven Penitential Psalms.

About one hundred out of every five-score of folks need often to read one or more of the seven Penitential Psalms.

Life and its surroundings form such good helps to sin that unless grace possess our soul in mighty obedience, we many times do the wrong and need to give the penitent's cry "Have mercy upon me, oh, Lord."

There are some people who will never in this life rise above the level of a disordered temper and a sad and sorrowful and sinful spirit. They may catch a glimpse of Calvary, see enough of the Saviour to save them, but its a salvation for another world rather than this. Poor hearts, I pity them, and they need pity, yes, and they need more. So God in his infinite goodness has set seven psalms apart for them.

They are Psalms 6, 32, 38, 51, 102, 130 and 143. These are known as the Penitential Psalms, and read consecutively will do for darkened souls what light does for darkness wherever found. I'm not sure, however, but what the biggest saint yet in the body enjoys these psalms as much if not more than the others.

Dear reader, make a memorandum of their numbers and next Lord's Day read them all. It would only take a few moments to fix them in your mind. Suppose you now repeat a half dozen times: 6, 32, 38, 51, 102, 130 and 143.

Dancing, Theatres and Card Playing.

I'd rather have the force of the following four chapters to straighten out the worldly Christians than all the sermons ever preached or books ever written on the subject:

Romans 12.
John 15.
II. Corinthian 6.
Roman 14.

Active at Eighty-four.

Lately I looked over a crowd of men and women in the prime of life. They all called themselves Christians; but I felt ashamed of them—heartily ashamed. It was a season of revival. Much was needed to be done and searching out the workers—real workers, I found one dear old lady who was eighty-four years old, and she was doing more than any half dozen of the rest. Active, prayerful, zealous, faithful. At it all the while, and often awake nights thinking and praying for salvation. I hope if I live to be eighty-four, I'll be like her.

How to Help.

It may happen to some of my readers that sooner or later they will be put in a position to express an opinion or vote on some Christian work or worker. Let me advise you:

1. Keep still unless you have good judgement.
2. Form your judgment out of facts.
3. Let your faith have full play.
4. Be careful and bright when speaking.
5. Don't expect every one to think as you do.
6. Remember God may lead others where he has not led you.
7. Keep your mind open for enlightenment.
8. Don't spend all your life voting—save some to help execute the plan.

The Bible and the Newspaper

A PICTURESQUE CITY.

STRANGE adventures have befallen a newspaper correspondent in a little known quarter of the world. He set out at the beginning of this year to explore Yemen, the land lying on the south-eastern shore of the Red Sea. It was formerly a part of Arabia, but is now under the government of the Turks, who also hold Hedjaz, the province to the north of Yemen, in which are the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina, respectively the birthplace and the place of burial of Mohammed. The traveler was enchanted with the magnificence of the mountain scenery and interested in the marks of ancient civilization which he found. Traveling, however, was difficult, the Turks having allowed the ancient, well-built roads to fall out of repair. He journeyed in a leisurely way through the country, making notes and taking photographs of objects of interest, unmolested, until he arrived at the capital. There he was summoned before the Governor-General of Yemen who, after examining him, sent him to prison on suspicion of his being a spy, and kept him there under guard for five days. The cell assigned him was a filthy one, and the two soldiers who guarded him and shared the small apartment with him day and night were extremely disagreeable companions. At the end of the fifth day, he was informed that he would be expelled from the country, and several soldiers were appointed to conduct him to Hodaidah, a city on the coast, a picture of which appears on this page. These indignities were heaped on him in spite of the fact that his passport, signed by the reprentative of the Sultan, charged the Turkish officials and the people of Yemen to allow him to pass freely and to afford him any assistance and protection he might need in his journey through the country. He is naturally surprised as well as indignant at so little regard being paid by the officials to their sovereign's command. He may see, however, similar disobedience, of a more culpable kind, in any Christian land. The people who call Christ their King, too often disobey his command to give the poor and afflicted "all the assistance they may need in their journey" through this life. (Luke 14: 13-14.)

A Will Disputed.

A LAWSUIT has been commenced in New York to invalidate the will of a widow who died recently. She received a hundred thousand dollars under the will of her husband, on the proceeds of which she lived after his death. In her will, which is now in dispute, she left this sum in trust to an aged relative for her life and, at her death, it was to be spent in founding an institution for the benefit of homeless and invalid children. The widow had lost a daughter in the early years of her married life, who had been an invalid for a long time, and she desired that the institution should bear the daughter's name and be a memorial of her. The effort to upset the widow's will is being made by the five brothers of her husband. They contend that she had the right to dispose of only half the hundred thousand dollars by her will and that the other fifty thousand should revert to her husband's estate and be divided among themselves. The significant feature of this litigation to prevent the founding of the institution for the poor children, is that the contestants are all wealthy, none of them being worth less than a million dollars. It is only another proof of the truth of the Preacher's words: "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase."(Eccles. 5:10.)

Assailed by Millions.

THE State House at Springfield, Ill., has just been undergoing a minute inspection by entomologists. An army of white ants have taken possession of the basement, and their ravages have extended to the boxes in which the State records are kept. The inspection failed to discover the source of the pest. The entomologists believe that somewhere in the foundations of the building a log must have been buried in which there was a colony of ants, and that they must have multiplied until they were compelled to seek other homes on the floor above. While that log remains beyond reach, no radical remedy for the plague can be applied. Killing the ants in the basement affords only temporary relief; for reinforcements speedily arrive from the hidden log to take the place of the dead. The State House is in a condition analogous to that of human nature when it is without Christ. Mere reformation of morals cannot save, while the heart, which is the seat of corruption, has not been changed. (Mark 7: 21-23.)

A Ship Captain Put in Irons.

AN extraordinary voyage from Antwerp to Boston, Mass., terminated on November 19, when the Belgian steamer *De Ruyter* arrived in port. The crew had mutinied and put the captain in irons, and the first mate navigated the ship. Two days after leaving Antwerp the captain astonished the crew by delivering a long speech to them in which he informed them that he was the richest man in the world and that he proposed to make every man on board a millionaire. He went into details promising to give separate estates to each according to their rank. When the vessel was in the neighborhood of the Azores he ordered the course changed and headed for the land. The crew realizing that he was insane and would probably wreck the steamer if he retained control, consulted together and decided to take the risk of being tried for mutiny. They seized the Captain and put him in irons. He protested indignantly, reproached them with ingratitude, cancelled his promise of enriching them and threatened them with punishment for mutiny. The men, however, persisted. They treated him kindly and on their arrival in port explained the matter to the Belgian Consul, who had the Captain taken to a lunatic asylum. It is much to be wished that those who are under the dominion of Satan would show like resolution when they see that through their own appetites and passions he is, instead of enriching them as he promised, likely to make shipwreck of their lives. Christ is always ready to help them in deposing him and to be their guide and Captain. (James 4: 7.)

A STREET IN HODAIDAH, YEMEN.

A Tree Growing on a Church.

A WRITER in a journal devoted to botany asks for assistance in the solution of a problem as to the existence of a mysterious tree. He states that a mountain ash has been growing for about thirty years on a ledge of masonry of a church in Utica, N. Y. The ledge is over forty feet from the ground and is about twenty inches wide and eighteen thick. The tree springs from a joint, not more than an inch wide, between two stones. There is no soil and the tree can get no sustenance save from the mortar with which the stones are joined. It is much smaller than would be a mountain ash of its age when planted in the earth. It is, however, apparently a strong healthy tree, with wide-spreading branches and a stem five inches in diameter. Recalling the fact that trees need for their nourishment certain elements which are found only in soil, the question is asked how the tree on this solid ledge of stone sustains its life. Trees often grow on crumbling ruins, but in this case the stones show no evidence of decay, nor are they disturbed as they would be if the tree sent its roots far down through the masonry. Whatever may be the scientific explanation of the fact, it is evident that the tree does in some way obtain the nutriment necessary to its existence. If the inquirer is not a Christian he would be liable to find a problem inside the church as puzzling to him as the one outside. The world cannot understand how Christ's followers can find joy and happiness in his service without worldly pleasures, but, like their Master, "they have meat to eat that it knows not of." (John 4: 32.)

A Bereaved Dog.

The wife of an officer in the army who has been living for several years at a post in the far West, but is now in New York, related to a correspondent of the *Times* a suggestive story of canine affection. The officer had a fine intelligent dog who constituted himself the protector of his master's wife, and showed a strong affection for her. When the time came to leave, the lady, exerted herself to find a comfortable home for him. He was given to the owner of a ranch a few miles distant from the fort. There, for two weeks, he pined and mourned. He refused to eat, until driven to it by extreme hunger, and then a mouthful seemed to satisfy, or choke him. He would stop at that and slink away dejectedly, with his tail between his legs. One day his new mistress, fearing the dog would die of starvation, prepared an especially appetizing dish and called the dog. He sniffed at it and looked up at her mournfully, as if saying, "It's no use," and was sneaking away out of sight, when an Indian approached. Indians had always been an abomination to the dog. He pricked up his ears and rushed at the intruder with a growl. The Indian, alarmed at the mouthful of big teeth, turned and fled. The dog pursued him to the boundary of the ranch and then came bounding back to the house a different animal. He leaped excitedly around the lady, licked her hand and showed every evidenee of joy. Then he went to the dish of meat he had previously refused, and ate every bit of it. From that moment all trace of melancholy disappeared. He had found something to do; he was the lady's protector and was content. The remedy which proved efficacious with the dog may be recommended to human beings. The desolation which the father, or mother, or friend feels, when bereaved of a loved one, would disappear more quickly than it generally does, if like the mourning women at the sepulchre, "seeking the living among the dead" the sufferer undertook some duty commanded by the Lord. (Mark 16: 6, 7.)

The First Numbered Light.

AN innovation in the system of lighthouse signalling is described by the Baltimore *Sun*. It states that the new light now being placed at the Cape Charles station will be the first of its kind in use anywhere in the world. It is the device of Capt. Mahan, the engineer secretary of the Lighthouse Board. The usefulness of a light at a dangerous point, consists in the mariner being able to distinguish it from other bright lights on shore, and also, in the event of his having lost his reckoning, to identify it as being that particular lighthouse. To insure both results, the Cape Charles light will flash its number across the waters. Every light on the coast has its number, which is registered on the nautical charts. The Cape Charles light is number forty-five. By a clock-work arrangement it gives every thirty seconds four brilliant flashes, followed by five seconds of darkness, then by five flashes followed by fifteen seconds of darkness. The idea is an experiment which, if successful, will be applied to all the lights on the coast, so that captains seeing the light can tell surely what light it is warning him of danger. It would be well if the voyager over life's ocean, also, could be able to identify Christians by the light they give forth in their lives. Christ said that his people should be the lights of the world, but sometimes their life is so worldly that it is difficult to decide where they stand. (Matt. 5: 14.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Evangelist Billings, assisted by the sweet singer, Prof. N. L. Byers, is holding special services with the church at Friend, Neb., with promise of good results.

Ministers of Evangelical churches are reminded that the request was made by the Universal Peace Congress that they would preach on the subject of peace on Dec. 18.

In Behar province, in India, there are 30,000,000 of people untouched by missionary effort; and if 40,000 missionaries were to be sent to India there would be only one missionary to every 50,000 of the population.

Over thirty of the mayors elected last month in England and Wales are abstainers from intoxicating drinks, and twenty others have pledged their support to the principle of the direct veto as advocated by the Prohibition society.

The first Continental Congress of the Salvation Army, held in this country, met in Carnegie Hall, New York, Nov. 21-23, under the direction of Commander Ballington Booth. Many thousands of delegates were present at the gatherings.

Bishop J. M. Thoburn expects to arrive in India on or about December 11th, in time to attend the opening sessions of the South India Conference. The bishop sailed from New York on November 16th by the *Majestic* of the White Star line.

The students in Mr. Moody's Bible Institute at Chicago are making a canvass of all names of converts obtained in the tents during the summer, visiting them and striving to help them in their Christian life and bring them into the churches. Neighborhood meetings are to be started to strengthen these young Christians and interest their unconverted friends.

Rev. C. H. Yatman commenced the great "Forward Movement" in New York last Sunday by inaugural meetings in the Union Spuare Theatre. The meetings were held at four and eight o'clock. A committee of earnest and influential laymen is giving the movement its hearty support. Mr. Yatman made an extended visit to England last summer to study the plans of work adopted there, and after a careful examination has devised a plan of evangelization which will, it is believed, prove successful in New York. Mr. Yatman asks the prayers of the readers of this journal for God's blessing on the effort.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has commenced a series of meetings in Dayton, Ohio. His recent labors at Chester, Penn., were blessed in a remarkable degree. There were no less than twelve churches united in the work. Of these five were Methodist and three Presbyterian. The meetings continued four weeks, the interest growing and deepening all the time. By special invitation Dr. Munhall lectured during his stay to the students of the Military College and the students in Crozer (Baptist) Theological Seminary.. The subject of his address was "How to study and use the Bible."

The International Medical Missionary Society, of which Dr. George D. Dowkontt is director, is applying to the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York for the requisite authority to constitute the Society's college a school of medicine. This sanction, if it can be obtained, will be a valuable boon to the students. It will considerably diminish the cost of obtaining the medical education necessary to fit them for their work in heathen lands. There are now about a thousand students in this country desirous of qualifying for medical mission work. For their sake and for the sake of the heathen to whom they will go with healing for soul and body, it may be hoped that the Board will accede to Dr. Dowkontt's petition.

ROSEMARY AND RUE

BY

JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

A STORY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HOME

Written expressly for "The Christian Herald"

CHAPTER VI.

THE DAILY GOVERNESS.

HER hasty marriage had made but small pause in the student life of Dora Maple. She had married almost at the close of the school year, and by the time the summer vacation had ended, she was waiting to fall into the line of self-supporting women, in the position of a daily governess. Living as she had in a busy city, the elopement of Dora, sedulously concealed as it had been by her uncle and sister, had occasioned very little remark; the lady at the head of the school where Dora had attended, had scarcely heard of the disastrous experiment in matrimony tried by one of her best pupils, and when, in October, Dora wrote to her, asking for a certificate of her fitness to teach certain branches, saying, also, that she was living in Buffalo with an aunt, and desired to do something useful, signing herself, "Dora Maple"—Mrs. Maynard sent her an affectionate letter and a complimentary certificate. Thus Dora was armed to begin her battle with the world.

It was Margaret who first heard of a suitable situation. From one of her friends she learned that Mrs. Cardiff was seeking for a daily governess for the two little girls, Laura and Marion. Dora, be it remembered, had never seen any of the Cardiff family, except Philippa, had not heard their names, and had no idea that her life had, at its most critical juncture, touched upon theirs. When she heard that there was such an opening as she sought at Mrs. Cardiff's, she wrote her a letter, stating her wishes and qualifications, and giving her address with her Uncle David Rupert, on Woodbine Street. Now John Cardtff was one of the few who knew thoroughly the quaint and sincere David Rupert. When Mrs. Cardiff handed him Dora's letter, he said, "It is prettily written, and I am sure a niece of David Rupert, who lives at his house, must be the very person you would like to have with the children. I suppose the Rupert household is one of the most orderly and unimpeachable in the city."

Mrs. Cardiff accordingly arranged an interview with Dora, who came bringing Mrs. Maynard's certificate. Dora's pretty face, her graceful manners and the slight shade of sadness and thoughtfulness which touched her words and actions, attracted Mrs. Cardiff; in a short time all the preliminaries were settled, and Dora was engaged to begin teaching the following Monday.

At this moment the parlor door opened, and Philippa entered, her bag of books over her shoulder. One instant she stopped astonished—then advancing, with her usual frank, easy bearing, she held out her hand—"Why are you here! Do you live in Buffalo! And have you been safe since you got away that time? How glad we all were! They all asked Mr. Marot so many questions when he came back; and Mrs. Marot would hardly give him anything to eat for a week she was so angry at him for taking your part."

Philippa's easy freedom in conversation always appalled her step-mother, whose opinions concerning the manners proper to little girls were of she most conservative description. In her view, a meek affirmative, negative, or "thank you," accompanied by down-dropped lids, and a becoming blush, were the sum total of conversation allowable to the feminine infant. Rodney was heard smilingly when he made dashing remarks, but then—Rodney was a boy, and that made a vast difference in Mrs. Cardiff's opinion!

The Chief however rejoiced in Philippa's nerve and facility of expression. "She will be one of the women who know how to converse well," he said, "and such women are surrounded by the men of brain, who have something worth hearing to talk about,—not by the flippant small talk men. Once upon a time, my dear, France was mainly ruled by the brilliant women, who presided over salons, and knew how to gather together the learned men of France, and direct their ideas and conversation. At that time, France was in far better condition, than when the women who could only turn pirouettes and smile at compliments, were at the front."

If these were John Cardiff's views, why let him bring up Philippa in his own way—Mrs. Cardiff sighed, martyr-wise. "At heart, my dear, I hope you will not try to make conversing women of Laura and Marion."

"Certainly not—unless you prefer it," said the Chief with a little smile.

Now when Philippa came in, and fluently discoursed to Miss Maple, as an old acquaintance, Mrs. Cardiff passed from surprise to consternation, as Dora listened, her crimson cheeks showing growing embarassment. But Philippa was at ease. She turned to Mrs. Cardiff—"Mamma, it is the lady who came to Hotel Marot that Sunday—and Mr. Marot took her off to the boat at Lewiston—you know."

Mrs. Cardiff knows. Horrors! she had engaged this very objectionable person as governess for her little girls. Evidently the engagement was now impossible. She felt as if this "Miss Maple," the runaway wife, had secured the situation on false pretences; she had betrayed Mrs. Cardiff into a folly.

And yet Dora seemed not to have the least idea of any change in the situation. She said hurriedly to Philippa, "Thank you. Yes, I am quite well. Are you just from school? You have such a load of books as I used to carry." Then to Mrs. Cardiff: "I will then begin next Monday morning. Thank you. I am sure I shall please you, for I shall do my very best. Good morning." And so departed, while Mrs. Cardiff could only say, hastily, "Good morning; I have your address; I will send you word; you shall hear from me."

She had made up her mind to cancel the engagement, but then, Mr. Cardiff must do it. Whenever anything disagreeable was to be done, it was evidently Mr. Cardiff's place to do it. That was his share of the burdens of conjugal life.

When Mr. Cardiff came home in the afternoon, Mrs. Cardiff had just begun to explain the very unpleasant position of affairs, in regard to Mr. Rupert's niece, when Philippa appeared.

"My dear Philippa," said Mrs. Cardiff with dignity, "may I ask you to go and stay in the nursery with your little sisters for a while? I wish to talk with your father."

"Certainly Philippa will go if you wish it, my dear," said John Cardiff, "and yet may I suggest that if Phllippa is to be discussed, she should stay and hear it? She is now old enough to fully understand our methods and plans for her."

"I am obliged to say some things which perhaps Philippa should not hear," said his wife.

"My dear, I am sure it is impossible for you to say anything which it would be improper for her to hear," said the chief with profound courtesy.

"Just as you please, of course," said his wife, "but it is principally on Philippa's account that I must speak. Miss Maple came here this morning, and I engaged her, and now I think you must go and cancel the engagement. Her uncle will quite understand why I do not think her a proper character to be with little girls."

"You alarm me," said John Cardiff mildly.

"She turns out to be that dreadful young person who eloped from Hotel Marot, one Sunday last summer. Philippa, who, very unfortunately, in my view, was mixed up with that dreadful affair, recognized her at once, and coolly began to talk about an incident of a kind of which, in my view, she should be entirely ignorant."

"So that unfortunate girl was David Rupert's niece! If she is living with him, and he allows her to seek a place as governess, I think she cannot be very much to blame, or at least, if to blame in the particular instance, her general character must be upright. Possibly, my dear, this is a case where we shall have opportunity to help one for whom the battie of life has gone hard at the beginning."

"But she must have been wrong, very wrong. People who behave properly do not get into such troubles," said Mrs. Cardiff.

"No doubt. But if we help only those who are strong in themselves, and need no help, then we shall have little to do. The Lord, you know, came not to call the righteous, hut sinners to repentance. The example is a fine one."

"One may carry philanthropy too far, Mr. Cardiff, if it endangers one's own children! Charity begins at home. We must guard our own. Now I am especially anxious about this on account of Philippa. It seems to me to be shocking that the child should be associated with one who is connected in her mind with so much evil; and then while Philippa is not to recite—so—this person—she will study her lessons in the school-room, necessarily be much with her, and as she is older, and knows these things about the governess, her example and character will have a worse effect on Philippa than on Laura and Marion,—poor innocent babies!"

"Well, my dear, if I find that Miss Maple is of a character likely to injure our children, we will not employ her. But at present, what things evil does Phillippa know of her? What is the so much evil with which she is associated." She came, weeping and alarmed, to Hotel Marot, and planned and executed her escape with considerable ability. If some of her experiences have taught her the infinite folly of secret and underhand proceedings in what are called love matters, if she has learned the danger of prematurely trusting s stranger as friend and lover; if she has found out that many courses of conduct, which are common, and not usually disallowed, but of which you and I entirely disapprove, are dangerous, and result in misery, then she may be valuable to Philippa as a constant warning, and may prove even more excessive than we are, in her ideas of the need of caution, and of prudent behavior. At least it is only justice that I should go to David Rupert, and find out her degree of guiltiness before I visit vengeance upon her."

"When I was a girl," said Mrs. Cardiff resignedly, "we were taught that even suspicion was enough to condemn a girl: and we were told, as an example, the story of Cæsar's wife."

"The great flaw in that little tale," said Cardiff drily, "was that while Cæsar's wife was required to be above suspicion, Cæsar himself was not blamed for being a criminal. Now, my dear, a large part of modern wickedness flows from this false idea that only one half of humanity is required to be right. If one half of humanity is excused for wrong-doing, it is idle to visit vengeance on the other half for the same wrong-doing.

John Cardiff went to see David Rupert, and David told him the whole history of his niece, Dora Maple. "She has been neglected in some respects, she needed what she did not have—a good mother's care. She has been as foolish as some other girls, and she has received a punishment that does not fall to the lot of all who err," he said. "She has profitted by her lesson. She is, I feel sure, a right-minded girl, and she has risen out of her faults to better things. It was a hard way to travel in life. I'm sorry the poor child had to tread it; but happily it has proved the way up. I did not feel that she was bound to explain her position to every lady who proposed to employ her as governess and tell her unhappy story, and her somewhat anomalous condition. But if, knowing this, you prefer to dispense with her services, we shall not find any fault. You must, without regard to us, do what you think right for your own family. Also do not act as if this were charity or a case of need, for I am able and willing to maintain her and also, she has some little income of her own. You may find some other young girl who needs the position much more than Dora."

The result was that Dora Maple went to John Cardiff's as daily governess. Mrs. Cardiff was far too lady-like and gentle to be unkind to anyone who came into her family. She laid down her arms at once, treated the governess with kindness and respect, and maintained her authority over the children. She could neither refer to her before the children, nor when addressing her, as that person, and great was her anxiety as to what she should call her. "If she is a married woman," she said to the Chief, "she should be called —Mrs.—whatever she is."

"And that 'whatever,' is hard to learn, of a man who bears an alias in perhaps every city. It will save a world of trouble to call her Miss Maple. "Names make little difference."

As Mrs. Cardiff anticipated, Philippa saw much of the daily governess. She was brighter, older, and more companionable than her little sisters: she had a child's enthusiasm for the exceedingly pretty Dora, who had some great sorrow in her life—and then too, there was the spice of romance lent to her having been associated with Dora, in that singular crisis in her history. In fact, Dora and Philippa became close friends. Dora was glad to help Philippa over knotty places in her various lessons, and willing to sit and read with her after school hours.

"It is exactly as I expected," sighed Mrs. Cardiff to the Chief one evening in February. "Philippa is just infatuated with Miss Maple. They are together so much."

"And Miss Maple's character and influence seem to be admirable."

"Yes; but—her position is so exceptional. Who ever heard of a young woman in such a situation?"

"I have, unluckily, plenty of them. My dear, it is your ignorance of the world which makes you feel that this is an unparalleled incident. Our courts are filled with divorce cases, and behind them lie often just about ruch miserable episodes as this. To-day Henry Champion called at my office. Yesterday his oniy daughter, aged twenty-one, married her third husband."

"Poor child; twice widowed so early"

"Not at all, my dear; all the husbands are living."

"Mr. Cardiff!"

"At fifteen this girl was allowed to go out 'buggy riding' alone with lads. Now we consider such a thing vulgar, bad form, and utterly unallowable in refined society. But there are plenty of mothers who allow it, very foolishly. Well, going out to ride with a lad of seventeen, this fifteen-year old girl stopped with him at a village and was married. Driving home, the childish pair met the groom's father, and boasted of this exploit. The father, looking up, saw Henry Champion at a little distance, called him nearer and explained: 'Now my son is too young to marry; he is just entering college, and I don't want him to marry your daughter any way.'"

"'And my daughter is too young, and I don't want your son for a son-in-law any way. Let us each take our own home and to-morrow we will bring the case to court and divorce them.' Thus the first husband was disposed of. But the girl was placed in a false position; she was somewhat careless of appearances. In a year she married a young doctor who drank to excess. After a year of married life, made miserable by abuse and neglect, she was again divorced—plea, cruelty. Yesterday, after two years from the second divorce, she married again."

"The head clerk in the store where I buy instruments has a very pretty daughter who was allowed to go into society at fourteen. Before she was seventeen she eloped with a man of fifty, who had a family of grown up children. After a year of intolerable cruelty, she has obtained a divorce, and gone home to her father's house with a deformed baby. A young woman of my acquaintance, came to me to-day to inquire as to the steps to be taken in securing a divorce on the ground of desertion, for her sister, a girl of nineteen. Three years ago she took a buggy ride with a youth of twenty. They stopped and got married, returned to her home with the marriage certificate, and the next day the fellow disappeared. She has waited three years, so as to get a divorce without trouble. These are modern instances of marriage."

"Mr. Cardiff!" cried the poor lady, who had sat dumb with horror and amazement. "Philippa! she hears all this!"

"Certainly, I am glad that she does. Why should she not know the terrible consequences of folly? If in five or six years, Philippa following the example of many of her young acquaintances, wishes to accept invitations to go out riding alone with some young man, you and I will say no emphatically. Philippa may desire to learn why we say no. Having heard these facts, that I have stated, she will not need to inquire. Knowledge of these facts will probably prevent her from wishing to do what we consider to be a vulgar, and know to be a dangerous thing. The world, my dear, is overfull of people who have married for whim, and are disgracing the marriage state by their quarrels, abuses and divorces. By all means let Philippa know what marrying for whim results in."

"Miss Maple, mamma, is as careful as you could wish I am sure," said Philippa. "To-day when we were walking, we saw some girls of about my age, waving hands and handkerchiefs to boys, and she said that once she had not noticed how foolish it looked, but now she saw that it was very vulgar, and the girls would feel ashamed of it by and by."

(To be Continued.)

This story was commenced in "The Christian Herald" of Nov. 2. New subscribers who desire to read the earlier chapters, will be supplied with proof-pages on application to this office.

Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

T. Given, Morley, W.Va. Pastor Spurgeon permitted persons who had not been baptized by immersion to unite with the church at the Lord's table but not to become members of the church. He did not change his views on the subject before his death.

Yendor, Waterbury, Conn. We do not know the book you mention. There is no Bible, however, which for quantity of information and practical utility compares with the Oxford Teacher's Bible. This and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a year you can obtain by sending two dollars to this office.

"Subscriber," Bonham, Tex. There are many agencies professing to give such information, but not all are reputable or honest. We would advise you, if you have any reason to believe yourself entitled to property abroad, to make your investigation through a respectable lawyer and avoid agencies altogether.

J. D., Gansevoort, N. Y. It would be obviously improper for a religious journal to attempt to influence its readers politically. As far as the selection of candidates is concerned, it can only point out to them the immoralities of politics, and thus show them what to avoid.

A. C. Ward, Newark, N. J. Your inquiries are so numerous and comprehensive, that it would take almost a page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to answer them. We would suggest that you spend a few hours in the public library in your own city, where, by referring to encyclopedias, secular and Biblical, you will doubtless find what you require.

A Humphreys, Wooster, O. Having seen in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an inquiry as to whether history made mention of any cases of so-called blood-sweating other than that of the Saviour, I thought perhaps it might interest your readers to know that there is a disorder of the secretions of the sweat glands known to the medical profession as *chromidrosis*, in which, as the name indicates, the sweat is highly colored and generally increased in quantity. The color may be reddish, bluish, blackish, greenish, or even yellowish; but reddish is the most common. When it has the reddish color, it might be mistaken for blood by any but a careful and competent physician. Now, St. Luke himself being a physician, would scarcely make this mistake. And, indeed, he does not expressly say that the Saviour sweat blood; but, "and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood." Perhaps all the cases mentioned in profane history were simply *chromidrosis*. As to the case of the Saviour I don't pretend to say.

Subscriber, Wilmington, Del. Where can I get "The Life of C. H. Spurgeon" and what is the price of the book?

Lives of C.H.Spurgeon have been issued by several American publishing houses, including Fleming H. Revell Co., Union Square, N. Y.; Edgewood Publishing Co., Philadelphia; R. H. Woodward & Co., Baltimore; A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York and Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

John Painter, Dallasburg. What did Christ mean by telling Nicodemus (John 3: 5) that "except a man be born of water and of the spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God"?

He was doubtless reminding him of a passage of the Old Testament with which as "a Master of Israel" he would be familiar. It is in Ezekiel 36: 25-27, "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you." . . . "And I will put my spirit within you." That passage is exactly on a line with the whole of Christ's teaching to Nicodemus.

Cora Little, Williamsport, Pa. Was the Olive wood which you sent to subscribers last year, really brought from Palestine, and have you any of the slabs left? How can I get one of them?

These beautiful olive slabs were brought from Palestine. They were the sections of limbs that had been trimmed from the trees on Olivet, and were carefully selected, cut and polished by skilful workmen in Jerusalem and sent to this country from the port of Joppa, via England, and regularly entered at the Custom House in New York. We still have a few pieces left, and will send one to any subscriber desiring it on receipt of twenty-five cents to cover duties, packing and postage.

A. S. M., New York. When did the Hebrews cease to observe the Year of Jubilee?

There is no trace, in the whole history of the Jewish nation, down to the Babylonian exile, that the jubilee (or yobel) had ever been observed. After the return, however, it seems to have been rigorously kept, like the Sabbatical year, for a time at least. It apparently soon fell into disuse, being deemed impracticable. When the Sabbatical year was repealed by Hillel's "Prosbel," a legal document first promulgated about the third century (by which a creditor was entitled to claim his debt during the Sabbatical year) no further mention is found of the jubilee and the presumption is that its last claims upon national recognition were effaced.

R. A. Hayes, Morning Sun, Iowa. I find the word "Sunday" used almost universally. Would it not sound more Christian-like to say "Sabbath?" We find "Sabbath" used in the Bible, but "Sunday" never. Would it not be honoring the Lord to say "Sabbath," instead of "Sunday?"

Our correspondent is right, in a measure. Sunday is the more modern term in general use, and is derived from the heathen system of nomenclature, under which the days were named after different imaginary divinities. Common use, however, has eliminated this interpretation, and "Sunday" is now employed by Christians with the same reverence as "Sabbath" in olden times. Either may be used or the term "The Lord's Day" which is better than either. Sunday is not the Sabbath. That was a Jewish institution—a day of rest, while the Lord's Day is one of spiritual activity.

Reader, New Brighton, Pa. 1. Does the Apostle (1 Peter 3: 3) forbid the wearing of ornaments and plaiting the hair? 2. Can a preacher who preaches from notes be said to be filled with the Spirit?

1. No, or you would have to put the same meaning on the whole of the verse and say that he forbade the putting on of apparel. He evidently meant that your adornment should not consist in those things, but in beauty of character. 2. He may be so filled. The Holy Spirit may be with him in his study when he prepares his sermon and with him in the pulpit when he delivers it. A sermon is more likely to be useful if it is carefully arranged on a definite plan beforehand. A preacher who enters the pulpit without such a plan either in his mind or on paper is apt to be rambling and incoherent.

A Reader, Jersey City, N. J. 1. How can you reconcile Romans 2: 13 with Romans 3: 20? 2. Does Romans 9: 21 teach that God makes some people bad?

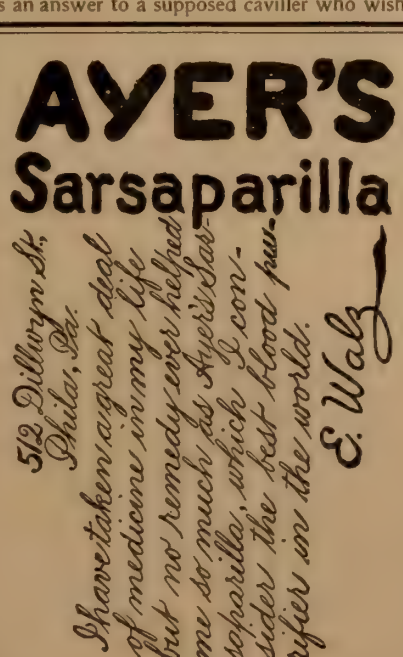
1. The Apostle was speaking of the purpose of the law in the Gospel dispensation. It was to convince men of sin. They would not know that they were sinners and in need of atoning sacrifice if there had been no law to tell them what they ought to be and do. Mere hearing of the law was not sufficient. The system of sacrifices was based on the fact that men did not fully obey. The doer would be justified, but there were none and therefore by the deeds of the law none were justified. The Apostle simply stated a fact which every man knows by his own experience. 2. The remark is an answer to a supposed caviller who wishes to cast the responsibility of his evil on God, as many do now, who plead constitutional tendencies as an excuse for vice. The Apostle says that even granting his opponent's position God would be righteous. If you study the whole argument, you will get a clearer idea of the Apostle's meaning than by taking an isolated passage and basing a theory upon it. God makes no man bad.

Roderick McKenzie, Lake Linden, Mich. Write to the American Bible Society, Bible House, New York City.

A. G. Glasgow, Quarryville, Pa. Is the first manuscript of the New Testament still in existence? If so, on what is it written and where is it kept?

The original manuscripts of the books which form the New Testament we do not possess. They were at first separate books or pamphlets and are believed to have been collected into one volume about the year 180. Three copies of this collection, made apparently in the year 350 are still in existence; but they are imperfect. One is in the library of the Vatican at Rome; a second, which was found in a convent on Mount Sinai, is at St. Petersburg; and the third, which was found at Alexandria in 1628, is at the British Museum. There is no manuscript of the New Testament known to be in existence older than those. They are written on parchment or fine vellum.

AYER'S
Sarsaparilla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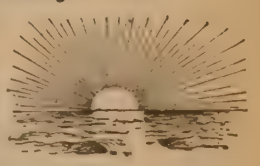

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Rev. C. H. Spurgeon
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DEAR MR. CONGREVE:—As a rule I have no faith in advertised remedies; but it must now be some twenty-five years since first I saw in the person of one of my students the effects of your remedy. He seemed at death's door, but he lives now, a strong, hearty man. Since then I have seen in many, very many instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but I testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have saved numbers from Consumption. I have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of your medicine with sincere gratitude. Personally, I find it most useful in the case of wearing cough. Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation. Yours heartily,
(Rev.) C. H. SPURGEON,
"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

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EGYPT'S TEMPLE BUILDERS.

The Strange Tools They Employed as Disclosed by Excavations — Ancient Letter-Writing and Engraving.

IN his record of *Ten Years' Digging in Egypt* (1881–1891), recently written Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie* sheds much interesting light on the ancient pyramid and temple builders, and the wonderful mechanical appliances that were employed in those early times. He writes:

"Tools are needed as well as labor; and the question of what tools were used is now settled by evidence, to which modern engineers cordially agree. I found repeatedly that the hard stones, basalt, granite, and diorite, were sawn; and that the saw was not a blade, or wire, used with a hard power, but was set with fixed cutting points, in fact a jewelled saw. These saws must have been as much as nine feet in length, as the cut runs lengthwise on the sarcophagi. One of the most usual tools was the tubular drill, and this was also set with fixed cutting points; have a core from inside a drill hole, broken away in the working, which shows the spiral grooves produced by the cutting points as they sunk down into the material; this is of red granite, and there has been no flinching or jumping of the tool; every crystal, quartz or felspar, has been cut through in the most equable way, with a clean irresistible cut. The lathe tools were fixed in modern times, to sweep regular arcs from a centre; and the work is fearless and powerful, as in a flat diorite table with foot, turned in one piece, and also surpassingly delicate, as in a bowl of diorite, which around the body is only as thick as stout card. The great granite sarcophagi were sawn outside, and hollowed by cutting rows of tube drill holes, as may be seen in the great pyramid. No doubt much hammer-dressing was also used, as in all periods; but the fine work shows the marks of just such tools as we have only now reinvented. We can thus understand far more than before how the marvellous works of the Egyptians were executed; and further insight only shows plainer the true skill and ability of which they were masters in the earliest times that we can trace.

IRON TOOLS. 1, PICK; 2, 3, KNIVES; 4, AXE; 5, 6, CHISELS; 7, COULTER?; 8, 9, HORSES' BITS; 10, 11, CHISELS; 12 KNIFE; 13, FISH HOOK; 14, 15, ARROW-HEADS; 16, RASP. 1:12.

Among the ruins of the temples at Tanis, where a series of highly important discoveries were made, the excavators found an ancient stele or memorial table, such as in early times were used as memorial stones or tablets in monuments. Mr. Petrie writes:

"Tanis is a great ring of mounds, around the wide plain in which lie the temple ruins. And the first day I went over it I saw that the temple site was worked out; the limits of the ruins had been reached, and no more statues or buildings should be hoped for, by the side of what was already known. But such was the large expectations about the site, that I had to prove the case by a great amount of fruitless trenching in all directions. The only monuments that we unearthed were far out of the temple, in a Ptolemaic shrine; this contained a fine stele of Ptolemy II and Arsinoe, which were entirely gilt when discovered, and two or three other steles, the recess containing the large stele flanked by two spinxes. The stele and sphinxes are in the British Museum.

"But though digging was not roductive in the temple, yet I found two importent monuments which had been exposed by Mariette's excavators, and yet were never noticed by hims elf, De Rouge, or others who studied the remains. One was a part of an obelisk of the thirteenth dynasty, with an inscription of a king's son, Nehesi, perhaps the son of the king Nehesi-Ra. The other was the upper part of the well-known stele of Tirhaka: this I found lying face up; and on searching every block of the same quality of the remainder turned up the lower half, which mariette hid; thus the unknown led to the known."

STELE OF PTOLEMY II.

"This earliest civilization was completely master of the arts of combined labor, of masonry, of sculpture, of metal-working, of turning, of carpentry, of pottery, of weaving, of dying, and other elements of a highly organized social life; and in some respects their work is quite the equal of any that has been done by mankind in later ages. Though simple, it is of extreme ability; and it is only in resources, and not in skill, that is has ever been surpassed. Certain products were then scarcely if at all known, and it is in the application of these that the civilization of later times shows a difference. No metal was used except copper and hence fint was largely needed. And glass was probably unknown, although glazes were in use. But in most other respects the changes of later times are rateer due to economy of production and an increased demand for cheap imitations.

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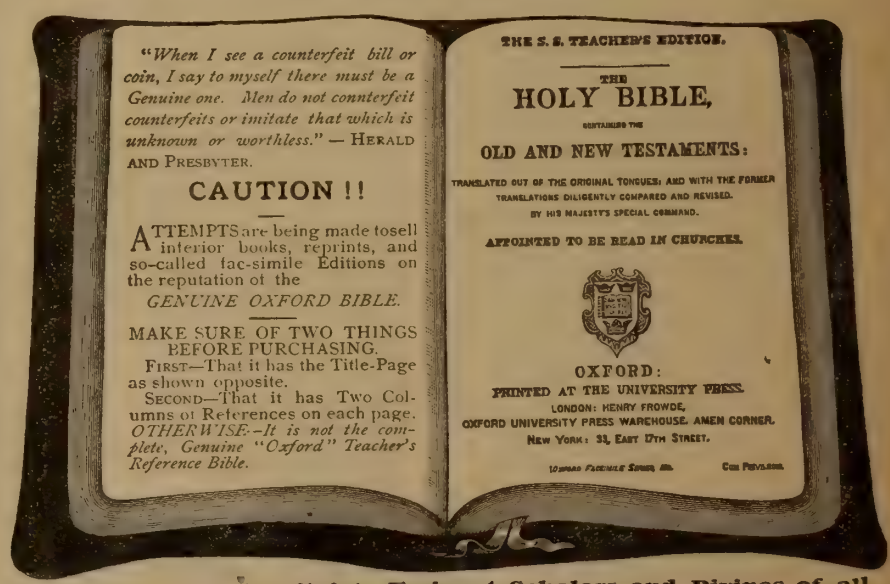
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The Face of Socrates.

WHEN Zopyrus, reading the physiognomy of Socrates, said of him, to his astonished and indignant pupils, that his face was "the rendezvous of the vices," that it was the face of a man stupid, brutal, sensual and addicted to drunkenness, the philosopher replied that by nature he was disposed to all these vices, and that they were only restrained and vanquished by the exercise of virtue. From whence he derived the power of virtue, by which he conquered his natural tendencies to evil, Socrates does not state. Was it from himself? Not so thought Aristotle, who says, "It is clear that not one of the mortal virtues springs up in us by nature." Vice by nature, but not virtue, is the double testimony of Socrates and Aristotle. The origin of virtue was a secret which neither of them knew. Had they known it, they would have wept tears of joy. With a deeper insight into "the mystery of godliness," with a clearer knowledge of the source of all-sufficient moral help, than any heathen savage ever possessed, Paul exclaimed, "By the grace of God I am what I am: All that is good in me I ascribe to the continuous agency of divine grace operating upon me as a restraining and a sanctifying power." Thomas a-Kempis is therefore standing upon Scriptural ground, when he prays: "Oh, Lord! let that become possible to me by thy grace, which by nature seems impossible to me."

A PRINCE REPROVED.†

A MAN more entirely sincere and unselfish in his spirit and aims seems hardly to have lived since the Apostles; and certainly one more free from limitations, through any fear of either the craft or the violence of men, seems not to me to have trodden the earth. When the great Count of Champagne, in whose territory lay the convent of Clairvaux, had inflicted injustice on one of his vassals, Bernard, whose heart was touched by the suffering of the man and of his family, first applied to the count for a reparation which was not given, and then wrote to him with a sharpness which probably no other man in the province would have dared to use: "If I had asked of you gold, or silver, or anything of that sort, I trust you so far as to believe that without doubt I should have received them. But why do I say 'if I had asked'? since, not asking at all, I have received many gifts from your generosity. But this one thing which I have asked, not for my sake but for God's sake, not for myself as for you, from yourself —what reason exists why I am not worthy to receive it? Do you not fear that word of the Scripture, 'with whatsoever measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again'? Do you not know that as easily as you have disinherited Humbert,—as easily? yea, incomparably more easily,—God can cast you out from the heavenly inheritance?" The count promised to restore his goods to the injured man, with his annulled rights; but, apparently through the opposition of some who had been profiting by the injustice, he failed to do this; whereupon Bernard wrote him again, regretting that he had to be troublesome to one whose attention was engaged with other matters, but saying: "If I fear to offend you by such repeated writing, how much more must I fear to offend God, to whom I owe the greater reverence, by failing to intercede on behalf of the suffering! I return my thanks for the favor which in this matter I have found in your eyes, that you have worthily accepted the defense of Humbert, and have most justly repelled the false accusation agsinst him. But when you have decided that the inheritance of his wife and children shall be returned to them, I cannot enough wonder what it is which renders so pious a sentence from being followed by suitable action. Falsely, not truly, does he esteem you, fraudulent and not faithful is his counsel, who tries to obscure you noble fame for truth in the interest of his own avarice; who, through what malice I know not, to accomplish his purpose on the suffering poor, would empty of meaning the words which your own lips have spoken, a word well-pleasing to God, worthy of yourself, religiously just, and righteously religious. Do this, that the truth of your promise may be fully shown! Let the inheritance of Humbert be restored to his wife and children."

The powerful and irresponsible sovereign of the province, grandson of William the Conqueror, so rich in treasures and in troops that he faced without fear the King of France in equal battle was no more to Bernard than a hind at the plough, when he was tardy in doing justice. Nor could his personal kindness blind, any more than the reach of his power could daunt, the clear-sighted and invincible spirit.

Power in Weakness.

He was frequently unable for days to take any food. He almost never took it except under the sense of necessity, to keep the spark

(*Continued on next page.*)

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of physical life from wholly going out; and there was not a stalwart man-at-arms in the fortress of any feudal noble, or in the train of any night, who would have found more difficulty in killing him, with lance or sabre, or with a buffet of the gauntleted fist, than he would himself have found in breaking a tendril from a branch of the vine which encompassed his arbor. But even then the strength of the mind so far surpassed the strength of the muscle that the infirm man ruled Europe, from the arbor and the cell. Not tasting the difference between wine and oil, he elected popes, and with his delicate hand guided and governed the counsels of monarchs. Secluded in the valley of Clairvaux, which his commanding personality had made the real centre of Christendom, he marked out the policies of priesthood and princes; and as nothing can well be imagined more fragile than his frame, or more ethereal than his presence, so nothing can be conceived in the Europe of that time more controlling than his genius, more supreme than his frame. It is one of the sharpest contrasts in history—this, between the infirmity of the body, which a rough wind seemed sufficient to destroy, and the spiritual command to which nations bowed.

A WISE WOMAN'S ATTIRE.*

DON'T you wish you knew exactly how our wise woman was attired? I do; and yet to really judge of the beauty of the dress, we should need to know the time and the surroundings; for no dress is beautiful which throws aside the fitness of things and so is not a true working dress.

Do not mistake me: a "working dress" is not of necessity either homespun or linsey, nor even calico; but only the dress in which I can best do the work which in that place, and at that time, God has given me to do. For we Christians are never off duty. Careless dressing brings reproach on the name; mere display tempts poorer people on. Absolute following of fashion proves you in bonds, and often sends health, propriety, and good sense to the right about. Yet follow at a safe distance, "giving none offence," if you can help it; always keeping in mind the fitness of things, which is perhaps the most exquisite point in good dressing. You need to be very dainty—and very quiet—in dress for a mission school; very unnoticeable at church, very bright and cheery for the home circle; fresh, brilliant if you like, for the dear home eyes. Better shine there than abroad.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN AND CLUBS.†

I AM jealous of clubs. I believe that the vast growth of "club life" in our generation is a menace to both home and church. Let no devotee of clubs, however, imagine that I am going to make an indiscriminate onslaught upon his favorite institution. I believe "a good club is a good thing and a bad one is not." I am well aware that there all sorts. The bad, however, are very numerous, and are growing more so. There is also an increasing rage for club life generally, which has become epidemic among men and even among some women. The clubs most to be feared are those which are organized chiefly for social purposes, which are confined to men, which become more attractive to husbands and sons than their homes, and so compete with home attractions, which are more expensive even for lunching purposes than the best hotels, which cost from one to three hundred dollars for initiation fees, and another hundred more or less, for annual dues, which are known as drinking places to be quite as dangerous as the saloon, and which are open Sundays and thus compete with church as well as home attractions. If there are no such places for respectable men, let some one arise and convict me. That the attractions of the club-house are not a myth is pretty clear from the fact that many men belong to a number of clubs at the same time. A "respectable" gentleman, and son of a most worthy Christian man, died in New York not long ago, and although having had a fair income, he left his wife and young family in want. He was at the time of his death a member of ten clubs.

The pastors of our churches are as a rule awake to the danger of the club. One of them writes me: "Our churches would not be so destitute of men if it were not for the allurements of the club house." Dr. Gunsaulus says, "They most radically interfere with the higher ideals of happiness at home." Dr. Goodwin says, "My opinion about clubs is that they draw men away from their families, offer temptation in the way of card-playing, wine and liquor-drinking, and are among the most subtle and damaging foes of both the home and the church." A New England pastor says, "Clubs are of all sorts, good, bad, indifferent. The best thing that can be said about most of them is that they are not very bad. They are for the most part mere loafing places, dreary enough for the man who has a purpose in life. Of course they despoil the home. I married a couple recently, and was exhorted to arrive at half-past-six, sharp, as the groom must go to his lodge at seven!"

*From *Up and Down the House*, by Annie Warner; pp. 291; cloth; price $1; Anson D. F. Randolph, N Y., publishers.

†From *The Beasts of Ephesus;* by Rev. James Brand, D.D., Oberlin, O., pp. 206; price $1.00; Advance Publishing Co., Chicago, publishers.

A CHILD'S FIRST YEAR.*

THE first years of a child are all your own. Begin at once to mould him for a pure life on earth, and a bright future in the Heavenly Home. Be methodical, be gentle, be firm with him, from the very first. Let the boy be early taught good habits, and to be subject to your will, as to food and sleep and cleanliness, before his own will can assume the mastery over his fleshly habitation. Give him an atmosphere of love to grow in. Keep him happy by your cheerfulness, let your smiles prompt his own. As soon as he can fold his hands for thanksgiving, associate that thanksgiving with his daily food. Let him early remember to trust himself, loved and forgiven, to the care of his Heavenly Father for the night, and wake to thank that Father for peaceful sleep and a new day of blessings.

But we cannot follow with the mother that child's pathway through life. For her, while he is under her care, there will always be self-sacrifice in the present and the future. She is no longer her own, since she has become a mother. A tender child-hand, visible or invisible, is always drawing her, often when she would be wholly free. It is written "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." This is even true of the maiden, in her glad days of girlhood. Mere pleasure is not the end of any human life, at any stage, though much innocent joy may be, and should be if possible, the portion of all God's creatures. A mother, however, has turned her back upon self-indulgence in any form, when once her little one has been laid in her arms.

*From *Our Elder Brother;* thoughts for every Sunday in the year, from the life and words of Jesus; by Jacob S. Barker; pp. 298; cloth; price $1.50; A. D. F. Randolph, New York, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Select Notes. A Commentary on International Lessons for 1893. By Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D., and M. A. Peloubet; 340 pages; price, $1. Published by W. A. Wilde & Co., 25 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

Bible Studies from the Old and New Testaments. Covering the International Sunday School Lesson for 1893. By Geo. F. Pentecost, D.D.; 436 pages. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., 751 Broadway, New York.

The Old Document and the New Bible. By J. Paterson Smyth; cloth; illustrated; pp. 214; price, $1. James Pott & Co., New York, publishers.

How We Got Our Bible. By J. Paterson & Co.; cloth; illustrated; pp. 127; price, 50 cents. James Pott & Co., New York, publishers.

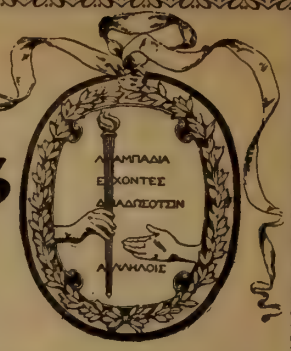
The Lily of Womanhood. A sermon to young women. By Rev. Robert A. Holland, S. T. D.; paper; pp. 23; price, 10 cents. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publishers.

Little Things in Every-Day Life. Paper; pp. 71; price, 25 cents. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publishers.

Christianity between Sundays. By George Hodges; cloth; pp. 267; price, $1. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publishers.

The Voice from Sinai. The Eternal Bases of the Moral Law. By F. A. Farrar, D.D., F. R. S.; cloth; pp. 314; price, $1.50. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publishers.

The Christmas Harper



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WITH the death of Charles Martial Allemand Lavigerie, Primate of North Africa, there has passed away one of the foremost figures in the great battle that has been waged against African slavery for nearly a century. Lavigerie was a native of France, having been born in Bayonne, in 1825. He was possessed of remarkable abilities, and while still a very young man was advanced to distinguished offices in the church and at the Papal Court. He was, however, less a churchman than a pioneer explorer and mis-

THE LATE CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

sionary. About thirty years ago, during the reign of Napoleon III., he was active in the formation of a league for the extension of French influence in Africa and Asia. In the interests of this league, he made extensive travels and became impressed with the horrors of the slave trade and the necessity for an effort on the part of Christian nations for its suppression.

When he became Bishop of Carthage and Algiers, he found the desired opportunity to begin an effective Crusade against the curse of Africa. He took with him to Rome twelve slaves, bought in the African market, in illustration of the misery and suffering endured by the victims of the traffic. Soon the agitation spread throughout Europe and all Christendom became deeply interested in the Crusade. Lavigerie's published statements of the extent and character of the slave trade, shocked the civilized nations. He visited London in 1888 and lectured to great audiences, not as a priest, but as a sympathetic Christian who had the amelioration and enlightenment of the enslaved African race deeply at heart. In other European capitals, too, he found ready welcome, and churchmen of every denomination were found occupying the same platform with the prelate who had thrown aside Romish robes and forms to step up to the higher plane of human brotherhood. Rome showered honors upon him; Leo XIII. bestowed on him the red hat of a Cardinal; he was even named as a future possibility for Pope; but Lavigerie cared little for such titles and distinctions. With the true spirit of the missionary, he held as more precious than all else, the work on which he was engaged in Africa, and to him the sands of the desert and the blast of the simoom were more welcome than the marble courts of the Vatican and the cool perfumes of its Italian gardens. He formed a band called the "Brothers of the Sahara," whose mission was to combat slavery, protect the oppressed, and establish refuges for the sick and the fugitive.

Lavigerie's name will live as that of a philanthropist and benefactor of the colored race, entirely independent of his eminence as a prelate and his ability as a statesman. His death is a serious loss to those who are laboring for the suppression of the slave system in Africa.

MR. MOODY'S PRAISE MEETING.

THE services Mr. Moody held recently in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, where he was so often warmly welcomed by the late Pastor Spurgeon, closed with a great praise-meeting. That the mission was fruitful in blessing became abundantly clear at the time to all who were in close touch with the work. Fresh evidence, however, was afforded on this point by the praise-meeting, when the opportunity came of bringing together for fellowship and counsel those whose names and addresses had been taken in the inquiry-room and who professed to have found peace in believing. The names numbered 987, and of these over 600 were present; a very encouraging proportion, considering how wide was the area over which the converts were scattered. Many came from great distances to attend the mission, and it was not easy for such to arrange to return for one evening. The meeting was held in the Lecture Hall, the first part being devoted to prayer and praise. It was delightful to hear the brief, fervent petitions (a sentence or two sometimes, uttered in the style of men and women by no means habituated to wonted forms) arising from all parts of the hall, and offered by those who thanked God for blessing the recent mission and asked grace to witness for him.

Mr. George Williams welcomed all present, and added: When a man enlists the first thing is to enrol his name—that has been done already for you—in the Book of Life we trust, and not merely in our secretary's book. But next the soldier must be equipped and drilled. That is what we want to be the means of doing for everyone who has lately been led to join the ranks of the King's army. If you would be good soldiers of Jesus Christ you must "put on the whole armor of God," and having put on the armor you must learn how to use it in carrying the Gospel anywhere and everywhere in the name of Jesus.

A MINER'S CRITICISM.

DURING one of Henry Moorehouse's preaching tours he spent several weeks in a mining district. A hardened sinner who worked in the mines was persuaded to go to hear him. He was a man peculiarly hard to reach, because, although at the time one of the most profane and vicious men in the neighborhood, he had once been a member of the Methodist Church and had himself often given religious addresses. When he lapsed into sin he surpassed all his companions in his blasphemy and obscenity. Having heard Moorhouse, he was asked what he thought of his preaching. "No good," was the reply. "That sort won't turn miners. You've got to preach hell-fire to them, scare 'em, and threaten 'em. Preaching love of God is no use here. He won't get a convert you'll see." But the man who thus criticized the preacher went again to hear him the next night. Moorhouse had the same subject—God's infinite love to lost sinners, his yearning over backsliders, his pleadings and promises to the returning prodigal. The miners expected to see the man who had stigmatized such preaching as useless, get up and leave the place in disgust. But instead of doing so they saw him deeply moved. His great shoulders shook with emotion and at the close of the service, they saw him on his knees tears running down his cheeks, begging God to receive him, even him. It was the turning-point in his life. From that time forward, like Peter, he was humbled by his fall and sought by every means in his power to show the love and zeal which his restoration had awakened.

A GAMBLER'S CONVERSION.

A REMARKABLE incident is reported by the Denver correspondent of the *Examiner*. He says: A week ago a noted gambler was present at our morning worship. Dnring the discourse, the pastor, though not aware of the presence of such a character in the congregation, was led to utter this sentence: "Oh! that men would realize the almighty power of God to save men even when deep in sin; how he can make the drunkard sober, the licentious man chaste, the liar truthful, the swindler righteous, and the gambler honest and upright."

Unusual emphasis and feeling were thrown into the utterance. God sent the word as an arrow to pierce that gambler's soul. No sooner had the sentence been uttered than the heretofore hardened man bent his head on the seat in front of him and was found after service in this attitude, weeping convulsively. To the pastor who inquired the occasion of his mental anguish he replied:

"If all that you said this morning is true then even I may be saved. But can it be true? Can it be true?" Comforting passages from the Word were quoted to him, his spirit became calm and trustful, he attended Bible school in the afternoon, and the young people's society of Christian endeavor meeting in the evening, giving personal testimony of the new love that filled his heart and pledging devotion to the cause of Christ in all his future years.

A SCOFFING ROMANIST.

DURING Mr. Moody's meetings, in Dublin, a Roman Catholic young man, intelligent but very bigoted was present. As he afterward said, he came to scoff. He asked some impertinent questions, and finally exclaimed, pointing to the platform, "If I got five shillings, I'd go up there and say I was converted." He has been really and truly converted since. There is not a happier Christian lad in Dublin; and, like most converted Roman Catholics, his desire now is to bring others to Christ. The other night he went to one of the workers in the meeting and asked him to go and help a Roman Catholic soldier friend, who was anxious about his soul.

MY PRINCESS.

I HAVE read of a princess whose gleaming hair
Outshone the sheen of her crown of gold;
Her step was proud, and her face was fair,
And the 'broideries of her garments rare,
Were full of jewels as they could hold.

My princess is clad in a plain black gown—
It's a plain black gown that is worn and old—
And a simple hat instead of a crown;
But up and down through the dingy town
She carries a heart that is all of gold.

For her soul is the home of all things blest,
Her heart is the palace of the King;
Ready to welcome the holy guest
She keeps it daily garnished and dressed,
Free from each false and evil thing.

She cheers the hearts of those who repine;
Sorrow she comforts, and pain and loss;
The sufferer blesses this princess of mine,
Whose outward sign of the life divine
Is the sheen of a little silver cross.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON in *The Christian Standard*

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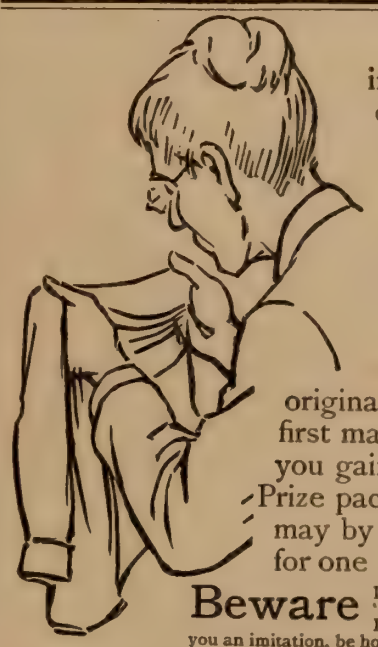

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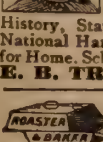

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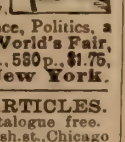

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Captives of the Madhi.

A Christian Priest and Three Women who were made Prisoners at Khartoum—Ten Terrible Years of Hardship and Peril.

A REMARKABLE story of hardship and danger during a ten years' captivity among Moslem fanatics, culminating in a happy escape and restoration to the comforts of civilization, has just been published to the world. Rev. Mr. Ohrwalder, with three sisters—Catarina Chincarini, Elisabetta Venturini and a girl named Adila—were in Khartoum when General Gordon held it with his troops against the assault of the Mahdi. They were in the fated city when it fell, and with a few others were made prisoners, when almost all the Christians were put to death by the sword.

In his graphic story of the experiences that followed, Pastor Ohrwalder says, that in a German paper that reached the Mahdi he read an account of his own death, which seemed to seal him forever from hope of rescue and even remembrance as a living man. The worst disappointment of all was when the message from the advancing Hicks reached them. "We kissed that dirty bit of paper," he wrote.

When Khartoum was taken, many young women cut off their hair and assumed men's clothes to escape the dervishes, but to curry favor with the Madhi a number of the well-known townsmen sought them out and betrayed them to indignity and death.

The ex-captive's story, which is published in England, has been widely commented on by the press of that country. The *Illustrated News* declars that it throws more light on the horrors of the slave trade than anything ever before written. It gives a detailed account of the annihilation of Gen. Hicks' expeditionary force and the events that led up to the capture of Khartoum. General Gordon's mission, it declares, was bound to be a failure from the first. The Mahdi's movement was a religious and not a political one, and if Gordon had known this, the Rev. Mr. Ohrwalder doubts if the General would have undertaken his daring mission. In the missionary's opinion, Gordon's enterprise was akin to that of a man who attempted to put out an enormous fire with a drop of water. On his way to Khartoum, Gordon, it appears, let out the object of his mission, which was to withdraw the garrisons from the Soudan. This in itself was a confession of weakness, which caused many, who would otherwise have stood by him, to go over to the Mahdi's side. So when he arrived at Khartoum he found a divided support, and his death was the result.

The ex-captive believes that the Mahdi, whose name became a synonym of terror throughout Africa, and who died the victim of his vices, was humane at heart, but was driven to excesses by the cruelty and fanaticism of his followers. His successor, Khalifa Abdallah, was a blood-thirsty tyrant.

Since 1885, no white man had come back from the Soudan until Ohrwalder and his three companions succeeded in effecting their escape. For years they planned and plotted, but a hundred times were foiled. The captivity of those who remained alive after the general massacre was miserable and degrading. At last, through the kindness of a party of Arab guides, the four were enabled to make their way out of Abdallah's dominions to liberty. It is Abdallah's desire, Ohrwalder says, to establish an empire for himself and his family by the aid of the formerly despised Baggaras, upon the ruins of the once prosperous Soudan. By everyone except the Baggaras Abdallah is fiercely hated, and with a remote chance of success the whole remaining Soudan would rise against him.

A BROTHER'S PROPITIATION.

AT the meetings held in Samoa not long ago to celebrate the jubilee anniversary of the landing of the martyr missionary, John Williams, on the islands, a remarkable speech was made. The speaker had been a priest in the old days of heathenism, but had become a Christian. Rev. J. E. Newell, D.D., who was present, writes: "He had been a priest; and, therefore, according to the belief of the Samoans, an incarnation of the unseen God. Said he: 'I was supposed to possess supernatural power, and men were afraid of me; and yet I was in my own personal relation to the God even as others. I could provoke the wrath of the Deity, and I must propitiate him even as others must. I had a beloved sister who was sick unto death. When naught availed for her recovery, and hope was well-nigh gone, I determined to make a propitiatory sacrifice.' And so he had taken the bamboo knife and severed the third finger at the joint from his left hand; and when that did not avail he took off the next, the little finger. Then the sister recovered! With what a sympathetic thrill one witnessed that old man tottering on the verge of the grave, as he raised his left hand in confirmation of that beautiful story of self-sacrificing love. How welcome to a man capable of making such a sacrifice must have been the Gospel of Christ, which told him of the sufficient sacrifice once offered for the world!"

A BLASPHEMER WON.

PASTOR Funcke, of Bremen, went to see a workingman, whom he describes as a tall, strong man, with a red beard, living in a miserable little place up a flight of rickety stairs. The man would not listen to him at all, but flew into a passion, saying, "I don't want to hear anything about your God. I don't believe there is a God." Then, clenching his fist, he said, "This is my God!" and bringing it down on the table with a thump, he added: "If ever I find you on these premises again, I will put my god into your face!" The pastor went away; but a few days later, hearing that the man was out of employment, he busied himself in finding him a situation. By-and-by the man heard of this. He went to him and said, "Is this true, sir, that you took the trouble to find me this employment?" Why, yes, it is true." "Well," he said, "all Christians are not hypocrites!" That was to him a discovery, it seems. He invited the pastor to his house, and listened to him. "And now," says Mr. Funcke, "he, his wife, and children are amongst the best of my church-members, and theirs is one of the happiest homes in the parish." Surely, this was a happy result of heaping coals of fire on an enemy's head.

A POLYNESIAN MARTYR.

A native from an island near Tauna, who had become a Christian, came to Tauna to help the missionary there. When the missionary told him it was not safe for him to stay, he answered: "Missi, when I see them thirsting for my blood I just see myself when the missionary first came to my island. I desired to murder him, as they now desire to kill me. Had he stayed away for such danger, I would have remained heathen. But he came and continued to teach us, till, by the grace of God, I was changed to what I am. Now the same God that changed me to this can change these poor Taunese to love and serve him. I cannot stay away from them." He was soon afterwards clubbed to death by a heathen priest. He died praying, "Oh, take not away all thy servants from Tauna! Take not away thy worship from this dark island. O God, bring all the Taunese to love and follow Jesus!" This from a man who only a few years before had been a savage cannibal.

WHY PREACHING FAILS.

VARIOUS reasons are assigned for the failure of preaching to reach some people and to convert the hearers. An old chief in Uganda, with whom Bishop Tucker recently had an interview frankly gave his reason for not wishing to accept Christianity and for refusing to allow missionaries to come to his territory. He said: "We are fond of fighting and cattle-stealing, and if teachers come they will tell us that all this is wrong." Possibly if some of our own citizens were equally frank they would give a similar reason for not going to church. They do not want to be told that their business principles and practices are wicked.

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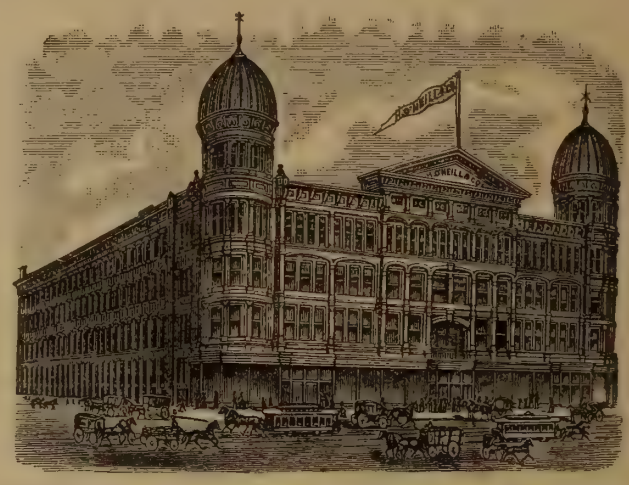

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RESIGN thy case into God's hands
And leave it there;
Keep thou his love—his love's decrees,
The eternal God thy struggle sees
He hears thy prayer.

What tho' the tempests howl and rage?
He changes not;
Tho' Satan press thee hard and sore,
Thy Jesus reigns forevermore—
Hast thou forgot?

No earthly change or seeming woe
His work can mar—
The things that to thy finite eyes
Seem naught but harm and sad suprise
His working are.

What can the Lord Jehovah move,
Or change his will?
Can it be said he e'er forsook
A soul that for his help did look?
Faint heart, be still!

Uplift thine eyes; bid doubt be gone;
Cast out thy fear:
'Tis faith that gilds the darkened hour,
'Tis faith that wields the Almighty power,
Sad heart, take cheer! —C. H. S

Hamilton, Bermuda.

A FRENCH CHILD'S CONQUEST.

AMONG the children gathered in the schools of the McAll Mission in Paris was a little girl whose vivacity and intelligence attracted the notice of her teacher. "She is so bright," says Mr. Soltan who is in charge of that station, "that one is interested in her at first sight and when one hears her sing over hymns with her extraordinarily sweet voice one is quite carried away. One evening during the evangelistic meeting I saw the little girl enter accompanied by a workman in his blouse, holding his hand. They took their places opposite me, and I remarked with what attention the father listened. At the close I went to him and spoke of the encouragement his little girl gave me in the school. 'But you,' I inquired, 'what has brought you here to-night for the first time?' 'Sir,' he replied, 'my occupation detained me so late that my little girl had always gone to rest when I returned. It was hard never to have an evening with my wife and only child. But a few days ago I had the opportunity of returning earlier than usual, and after dinner my child said, "Little father" (a term of strong endearment among the French), "I know that you delight much in hearing singing; shall I sing you one of the hymns I learned on Thursday?" With her sweet voice she sang, "I want to be an angel," She added, "I can sing others if you wish it." They were all beautiful. The words and her pretty voice touched me deeply. Not being a religious man I had never heard a hymn sung. She saw that I was moved, and said, "Father, you know that you are soon going into another workshop, where you will be free earlier, and you will let me have the pleasure of taking you to the Monday evening's meeting.'" In short, the father, led to our hall by his little girl's hymns, has been won to Christ, and both he and his wife have become faithful members of the Mission Church.'

A DISAPPOINTED WIFE.

REFERRING recently to the assurance the Christian has of joy and happiness at the Second Coming of the Lord, an earnest clergyman related the following incident: A few months ago there lived, worked and prayed a Christian wife and mother. The hard hand of want sometimes dulled the fire on her hearth, for the father of the family was away beyond the seas; but the anxious struggle of her daily life was sweetened for her by the master-secret of all spirituality. She loved her God, and she had learned to say, "Not my will, but thine be done." She hoped on in patience for her husband's return, when his earnings would wipe off the debts which she had incurred for food and clothing, and the sad times of pinching would have passed away from her. Brighter and brighter I saw the weary face become as the time approached for his return, and at last the flag proclaimed the welcome news of the safe arrival of the vessel in which he served; but on the following day a hasty summons took me to the house, and there I saw the wife and mother, her reason fled, her eyes rolling in frenzy—a hopeless maniac. The human brute who was her husband had returned upon the previous day, and had staggered drunk and penniless into the house. Such a termination to weary months of watching extinguished in a moment the feeble light of that overtasked brain. They bore her to the County Lunatic Asylum, and in three days she had passed away to that home "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

AMONG THE RAMLEH LEPERS.

ONE of the deaconesses of Mildmay Park, who is now in the Holy Land, writes that she recently held a service among the lepers of Ramleh. It is a pathetic description she gives of the poor creatures. She says: "Abou Ibrahim went to look for the lepers in their different haunts and collected them together under some trees outside the town. A stone in the centre of the circle was spread with a red pocket-handkerchief for me to sit upon. I had been told there were ten of them, but I only counted nine. 'Who is missing?' I asked. 'Only poor Fatmeh,' they replied, 'her place for begging is rather far away, and she cannot walk much, for she has hurt her leg.' 'Cannot some one help her?' I said; 'I want you all together.' There was a little hesitation. At last a man got up. 'It is rather difficult, lady,' he said, 'and the day is hot, but for your sake I will try.' Off he went, and after some time returned, heated, panting, breathless, carrying the old woman on his back, she looking as overcome as himself, with the exertion of holding on! If I had known how 'difficult' it was going to be for both, I fear I should not have insisted on Fatmeh's presence. However, she had come, and the circle was complete. There were ten of them, 'and they were lepers.' What heart could look on them unmoved? Who could resist the longing desire to see the Great Physician himself in their midst and healing them.

"All forms of disease were exhibited among them. The blurred features, the mutilated hands and feet, the hoarse rasping voice, the hidden wounds. Some, like Hassain, who carried Fatmeh, bore no outward tokens; others were painfully disfigured. One poor woman laughed mournfully as she told me her name was 'Shellibiah—beautiful.' Her face was attacked by the disease, and, if she had ever merited her name, all traces of comeliness had long ago disappeared. One of the number was a little boy apparently about fourteen. Fatmeh was a middle-aged woman who had been there thirty years, fifteen with her husband and fifteen after his death. One of the men had lately come, and one Salah, had just left them for the leper hospital in Jerusalem. He had become quite blind and very helpless, so at last he consented to give up his free open-air life. He was a Protestant, and could read, the others were all Moslems. They were full of regrets at his departure; and said they always enjoyed hearing him read as long as he had his eyesight."

A SERVICE IN A CHINESE SHOP.

GOD is over-ruling the disturbances in China to the good of the missionaries. The Chinese government has been compelled to take action for their protection from the mobs, and its proclamations thus give formal recognition of the missionary's status. The effect was seen recently at Tien-Mien, when Dr. Griffith John, the famous Congregational missionary, visited that place. He had formerly been ill-used there, but on this occasion he met with no opposition. His first visit was to the local magistrate who promptly issued a proclamation, explaining the rights of converts to Christianity and exhorting all men to live at peace together. This reception had a great effect in the district. At one town those who had before been actively hostile came and expressed regret for the riots that was obviously sincere, and some of their number attended the services, while one of the most notorious enemies of missions invited Dr. John to preach to the people in his house. This Dr. John did, standing behind the counter. The next place of importance visited was formerly "one of the rowdiest places in Hupeh." Dr. John gives a vivid picture of his associations with the place. "I would land at once," he says, "rush into the first street, sell a few books, and try to preach, and then beat a retreat in the midst of stones and hard clods." On this occasion he met with neither stones nor abuse, but was again asked to preach from the counter. Much of the change he attributes to the riots of last year. Good has come out of evil, for without that outbreak the Imperial edicts and the Viceroy's proclamation would never have been issued.

WHAT ANSWER?

IF Christ the Lord should come to-day,
As erst to Peter by the sea,
And low and tenderly should say,
"O my disciple, lov'st thou me?"
To thee and me,
What would our answer be?

Just this: "We surely love thee, Lord;
Our wills are weak, our hearts are poor.
But, clinging to thee, in thy Word
We trust, and we shall aye endure."
For thee and me
This would the answer be.

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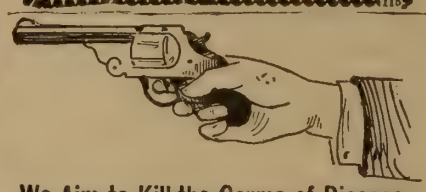

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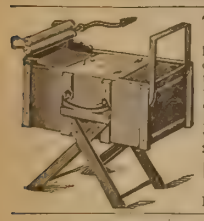

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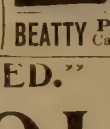

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York.

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A HUMANITARIAN BEE-HIVE.

Grace Church's Splendid Record of Christian Philanthropy and Helpfulness—A Vast Net-work of Missionary Effort—Grace's Many Princely Charities—How a Great Metropolitan Church is Conducted—The Semi-Centennial of the Present Edifice.

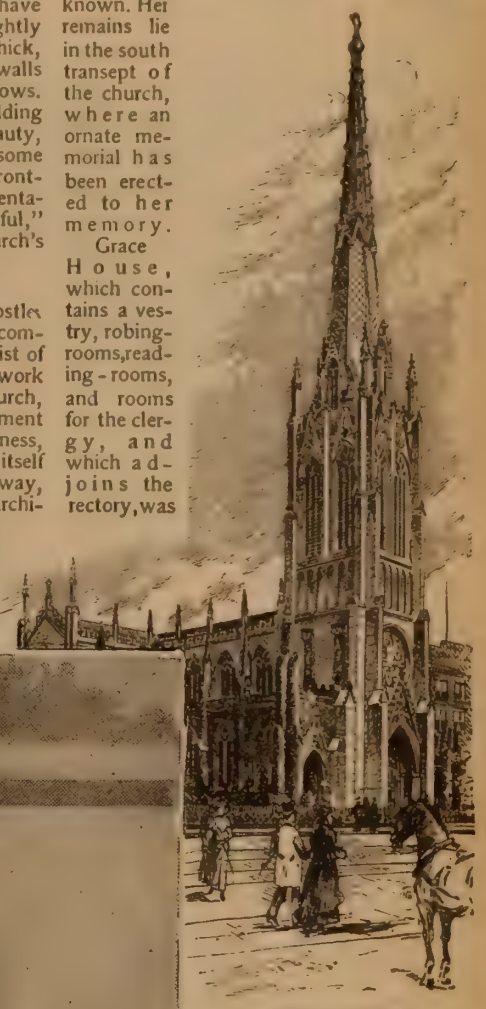
REV. W. R. HUNTINGTON
(Rector of Grace Church, New York.)

AMERICA'S leading Protestant Episcopal edifice, Grace Church, in New York, this year celebrates the completion of the first half century of its existence. As a vast Christian and humanitarian bee-hive, with every worker industrious and alert, and with all appliances and resources tending to one object—the moral, physical and spiritual elevation of the people within the sphere of its influence—there is probably no religious organization in America that has a brighter record. It is not always the most popular or high-sounding body that is doing the most effective work for the Master; it is rather the silent zeal, the unflagging industry, the patient working, in season and out of season, the devoted, unselfish sacrifice of time and energies, that win in the Christian race.

Grace Church parish was organized in 1808. The first church stood on the southwest corner of Broadway and Rector street. Many men of eminent piety and ability have been among its former pastors, the roll including such names as the Rev. Nathan Bowen (afterwards Bishop of South Carolina) Rev. James Montgomery, Rev. Jonathan M. Wainwright, Rev. Thomas H. Taylor, Rev. H. C. Potter and others. Rev. William R. Huntington, D.D., the present incumbent, has been rector since 1884, and under his charge the parish has advanced in the field of Christian activity and usefulness. For many years it has expended not less than $100,000 per annum in Christian charitable work. To furnish a comprehensive outline of the charities and philanthrophies of Grace Church would fill many columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Indeed, there are few churches anywhere that can point to such a record. Early in its history, as a church, its people learned that the true secret of strength and progress as a religious organization lies in missionary work, and the result is that to-day the parish is a wonderful net-work of missionary effort, so thoroughly organized and efficiently officered and so generously supported, that its influence is felt throughout a population of nearly 2,000,000 souls. In the vicinity are religionists of many denominations, Catholics, Protestants and Jews, and a large admixture of others who belong to no church or creed whatever. Grace Church is a land-mark in New York. Standing on the south side of Broadway, between 10th and 11th streets, it presents a most attractive aspect to the passer-by. It is of white marble, and although 50 years have passed since its erection, is as yet but slightly marked by time. Here and there the thick, glossy ivies have crept along its outer walls and clustered around its stained-glass windows. Its tall spire overlooks a stately building below, of such exquisite architectural beauty, that it might almost stand for a model of some old English cathedral. The main gate fronting on Broadway has a sculptured representation of the scene in the "Gate Beautiful," which serves as a reminder of the church's supreme

Duty of Helpfulness.

The sculptor has shown the two apostles lifting the lame man to his feet, and commanding him, "in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth," to rise up and walk. It is a work of art peculiarly appropriate to Grace Church, whose whole career since its establishment has been an unbroken record of helpfulness, "in his name." Adjoining the church itself are several buildings fronting on Broadway, and all of the same harmonious style of architecture, the whole forming a group that delights the artistic sense. The chantry, the mission house and rectory are in the group. Grace Church has among its members some of the wealthiest men and women in America, who have consecrated their means to the advancement of the Kingdom. Their generosity has enabled the Church and its associated organizations to work most effectively in almost every field open to Christian activities. Besides beautifying the temple itself, they have surrounded it with a group of buildings harmonious in architectural design and color. Grace Church Chantry with the Rectory adjoining, was built in 1848, and were largely the gift of Miss Catharine L. Wolfe, a wealthy Christian lady, whose magnificent donations to the cause were well known. Her remains lie in the south transept of the church, where an ornate memorial has been erected to her memory.



GRACE CHURCH.

Grace House, which contains a vestry, robing-rooms, reading-rooms, and rooms for the clergy, and which adjoins the rectory, was also the outcome of a gift of $35,000 from Miss Wolfe. Hon. Levi P. Morton gave $28,000 to erect Grace Memorial House. Grace-House-qy-the-Sea, a delightful summer retreat for the poor women and children of the tenements, was erected in 1883. Besides those already mentioned, over $200,000 have been spent on buildings devoted to charitable purposes, out of the parish.

During the present year

Grace Hospital,

the latest adjunct to the numerous philanthropies of Grace Church, has been erected at a cost of $40,000. One Sunday in April last, Rev. Dr. Huntington asked his people whether they would not undertake the cost of building the hospital. Three lots had been placed at the church's disposal, and one lady had offered to act as superintendent and defray the running expenses for three years. Before night three persons had guaranteed the entire amount. The hospital is constructed of light yellow pressed brick, faced with terra-cotta stone, and is in the early English style of architecture. It contains a meeting-room, kitchens, laundries and drying-rooms, parlors,

(*Continued on page 801.*)

IN THE DAY NURSERY OF GRACE CHURCH, NEW YORK.
(From a sketch by "The Christian Herald's" Special Artist.)

THE MOTHER OF ALL.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Isa. 66: 13: "*As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.*"

THE Bible is a warm letter of affection from a parent to a child, and yet there are many who see chiefly the severer passages. As there may be fifty or sixty nights of gentle dew in one summer, that will not cause as much remark as one hail-storm of half an hour, so there are those who are more struck by those passages of the Bible that announce the indignation of God than by those that announce his affection. There may come to a household twenty or fifty letters of affection during the year, and they will not make as much excitement in that home as one sheriff's writ; and so there are people who are more attentive to those passages which announce the judgments of God, than to those which announce his mercy and his favor. God is a Lion, John says in the Book of Revelation. God is a Breaker, Micah announces in his prophecy. God is a Rock. God is a King. But hear also that God is Love. A father and his child are walking out in the fields on a summer's day, and there comes up a thunder-storm, and there is a flash of lightning that startles the child, and the father says, "My dear, that is God's eye." There comes a peal of thunder, and the father says, "My dear, that is God's voice." But the clouds go off the sky, and the storm is gone, and light floods the heavens and floods the landscape, and the father forgets to say, "That is God's smile."

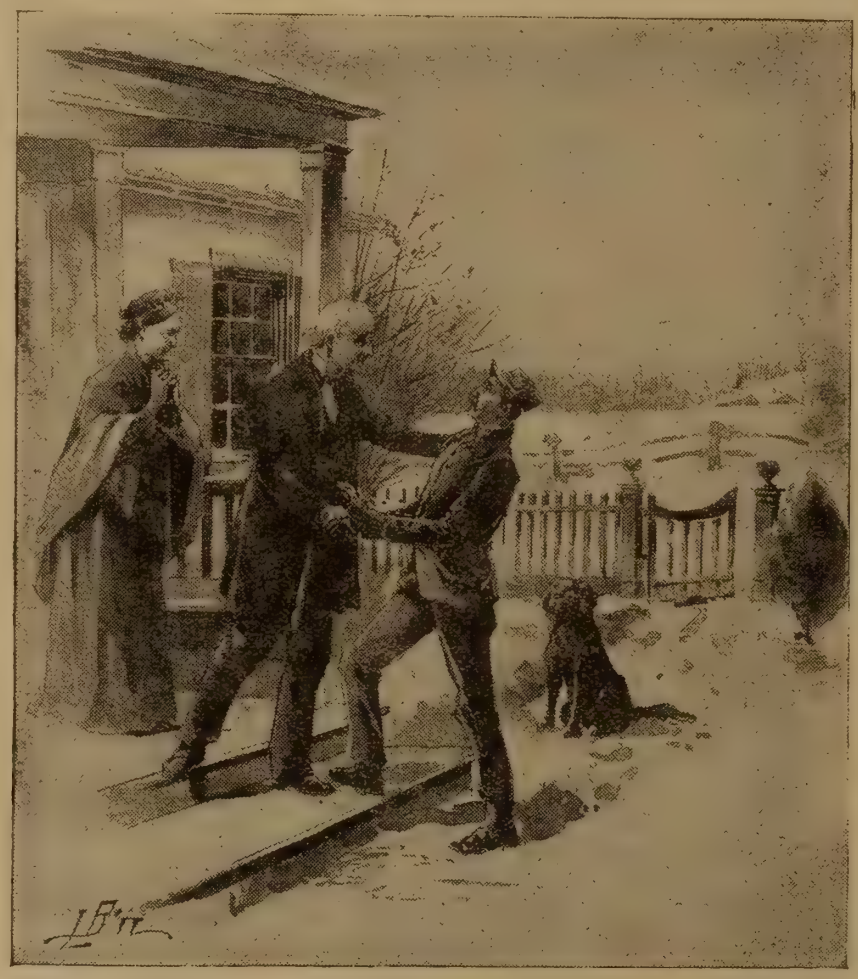
The text of this morning bends with great gentleness and love over all who are prostrate in sin and trouble. It lights up with compassion. It melts with tenderness. It breathes upon us the hush of an eternal lullaby, for it announces that God is our Mother. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

I remark, in the first place, that God has a mother's simplicity of instruction. A father does not know how to teach a child the A, B, C. Men are not skilful in the primary department; but a mother has so much patience that she will tell a child for the hundredth time the difference between F and G, and between I and J. Sometimes it is by blocks; sometimes by the worsted-work; sometimes by the slate; sometimes by the book. She thus teaches the child, and has no awkwardness of condescension in so doing. So God, our Mother, stoops down to our infantile minds. Though we are told a thing a thousand times, and we do not understand it, our heavenly Mother goes on, line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. God has been teaching some of us thirty years, and some of us sixty years, one word of one syllable, and we do not know it yet—faith, faith. When we come to that word we stumble, we halt, we lose our place, we pronounce it wrong. Still, God's patience is not exhausted. God, our Mother, puts us in the school of prosperity, and the letters are in sunshine, and we cannot spell them. God puts us in the school of adversity, and the letters are black, and we cannot spell them. If God were merely a king, he would punish us; if he were simply a father, he would whip us; but God is a mother, and so we are borne with and helped all the way through.

A mother teaches her child chiefly by pictures. If she wants to set forth to her child the hideousness of a quarrelsome spirit, instead of giving a lecture upon that subject, she turns over a leaf and shows the child two boys in a wrangle, and says, "Does not that look horrible?" If she wants to teach her child the awfulness of war, she turns over the picture-book and shows the war-charger, the headless trunks of butchered men, the wild, bloodshot eye of battle rolling under lids of flame, and she says, "That is war!" The child understands it. In a great many books the best part is the pictures. The style may be insipid, the type poor, but a picture always attracts a child's attention. Now God, our Mother, teaches us almost everything by pictures. Is the divine goodness to be set forth? How does God, our Mother, teach us? By an autumnal picture. The barns are full. The wheat-stacks are rounded. The cattle are chewing the cud lazily in the sun. The orchards are dropping the ripe pippins into the lap of the farmer. The natural world, that has been busy all summer, seems now to be resting in great abundance. We look at the picture and say, "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness." Our family comes around the breakfast table. It has been a very cold night, but the children are all bright, because they slept under thick coverlids, and they are now in the warm blast of the open register, and their appetites make luxuries out of the plainest fare, and we look at the picture and say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

God wishes to set forth the fact that in the judgment the good will be divided from the wicked. How is it done? By a picture; by a parable—a fishing scene. A group of hardy men, long-bearded, geared for standing to the waist in water; sleeves rolled up. Long oar, sungilt; boat battered as though it had been a playmate of the storm. A full net, thumping about with the fish, which have just discovered their captivity, the worthless moss-bunkers and the useful flounders all in the same net. The fisherman puts his hand down amid the squirming fins, takes out the moss-bunkers and throws them into the water, and gathers the good fish into the pail. So, says Christ, it shall be at the end of the world. The bad he will cast away, and the good he will keep. Another picture.

God, our Mother, wanted to set forth the duty of neighborly love, and it is done by a picture. A heap of wounds on the road to Jericho. A traveler has been fighting a robber. The robber stabbed him and knocked him down. Two ministers come along. They look at the poor fellow, but do not help him. A traveler comes along—a Samaritan. He says "Whoa" to the beast he is riding, and dismounts. He examines the wounds; he takes out some wine, and with it washes the wounds, and then he takes some oil, and puts that in to make the wounds stop smarting; and then he tears off a piece of his own garment for a bandage. Then he helps the wounded man upon the beast, and walks by the side, holding him on until they come to a tavern. He says to the landlord, "Here is money to pay the man's board for two days; take care of him; if it costs anything more, charge it to me, and I will pay it." Picture—The Good Samaritan, or Who is your Neighbor?



WELCOMING THE WANDERER HOME.

Does God, our Mother, want to set forth what a foolish thing it is to go away from the right, and how glad divine mercy is to take back the wanderer? How is it done? By a picture. A good father. Large farm, with fat sheep and oxen. Fine house, with exquisite wardrobe. Discontented boy. Goes away. Sharpers fleece him. Feeds hogs. Gets homesick. Starts back. Sees an old man running. It is father! The hand, torn of the husks, gets a ring. The foot, inflamed and bleeding, gets a sandal. The bare shoulder, showing through the tatters, gets a robe. The stomach, gnawing itself with hunger, gets a full platter smoking with meat. The father cannot eat for looking at the returned adventurer. Tears running down the face until they come to a smile—the night dew melting into the morning. No work on the farm that day; for when a bad boy repents, and comes back, promising to do better, God knows that is enough for one day. "And they began to be merry." Picture—Prodigal Son returned from the wilderness. So God, our Mother, teaches us everything by pictures. The sinner is a lost sheep. Jesus is the Bridegroom. The useless man a barren fig-tree. The Gospel is a great supper. Satan, a sower of tares. Truth, a mustard seed. That which we could not have understood in the abstract statement, God, our Mother, presents to us in this Bible-album of pictures, God-engraved. Is not the divine Maternity ever thus teaching us?

I remark again, that God has a mother's favoritism. A father sometimes shows a sort of favoritism. Here is a boy—strong, well, of high forehead and quick intellect. The father says, "I will take that boy into my firm yet;" or, "I will give him the very best possible education." There are instances where, for the culture of the one boy, all the others have been robbed. A sad favoritism; but that is not the mother's favorite. I will tell you her favorite. There is a child who at two years of age had a fall. He has never got over it. The scarlet fever muffled his hearing. He is not what he once was. That child has caused the mother more anxious nights than all the other children. If he coughs in the night, she springs out of a sound sleep and goes to him. The last thing she does when going out of the house is to give a charge in regard to him. The first thing on coming in is to ask in regard to him. Why, the children of the family all know that he is the favorite, and say, "Mother, you let him do just as he pleases, and you give him a great many things which you do not give us. He is your favorite." The mother smiles; she knows it is so. So he ought to be; for if there is any one in the world that needs sympathy more than another, it is an invalid child, weary on the first mile of life's journey; carrying an aching head, a weak side, an irritated lung. So the mother ought to make him a favorite. God, our Mother, has favorites. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." That is, one whom he especially loves he chasteneth. God loves us all; but is there one weak, and sick, and sore, and wounded, and suffering, and faint? That is the one who lies nearest and more perpetually on the great, loving heart of God. Why it never coughs but our Mother, God, hears it. It never stirs a weary limb in the bed but our Mother, God, knows of it. There is no such a watcher as God. The best nurse may be overborne by fatigue, and fall asleep in the chair; but God, our Mother, after being up a year of nights with a suffering child, never slumbers nor sleeps.

"Oh!" says one, "I cannot understand all that about affliction." A refiner of silver once explained it to a Christian lady, "I put the silver in the fire, and I keep refining it and trying it till I can see my face in it, and I then take it out." Just so it is that God keeps his dear children in the furnace till the divine image may be seen in them; then they

are taken out of the fire. "Well," says some one, "if that is the way that God treats his favorites, I do not want to be a favorite." There is a barren field on an autumn day just wanting to be let alone. There is a bang at the bars, and a rattle of whiffle-trees and clevices. The field says, "What is the farmer going to do with me now?" The farmer puts the plow in the ground, shouts to the horses, the coulter goes tearing through the sod, and the furrow reaches from fence to fence. Next day there is a bang at the bars, and a rattle of whiffle trees again. The field says, "I wonder what the farmer is going to do now?" The farmer hitches the horses to the harrow, and it goes bounding and tearing across the field. Next day there is a rattle at the bars again, and the field says, "What is the farmer going to do now?" He walks heavily across the field, scattering seed as he walks. After a while a cloud comes. The field says, "What, more trouble!" It begins to rain. After a while the wind changes to the northeast, and it begins to snow. Says the field, "Is it not enough that I have been torn and trampled upon and drowned? Must I now be snowed under?" After a while, spring comes out of the gates of the South, and warmth and gladness come with it. A green scarf bandages the gash of the wheat-field, and the July morning drops a crown of gold on the head of the grain. "Oh!" says the field, "now I know the use of the plow, of the harrow, of the heavy foot, of the shower, and of the snow-storm. It is well enough to be trodden, and trampled, and drowned, and snowed under, if in the end I can yield such a glorious harvest."

I remark farther that God has a mother's patience for the erring. If one does wrong, first his associates in life cast him off; if he goes on in the wrong way, his business partner casts him off; if he goes on, his best friends cast him off—his father casts him off. But after all others have cast him off, where does he go? Who holds no grudge, and forgives the last time as well as the first? Who sits by the murderer's counsel all through the long trial? Who tarries the longest at the windows of a culprit's cell? Who, when all others think ill of a man, keeps on thinking well of him? It is his mother. God bless her gray hairs, if she be still alive; and bless her grave, if she be gone! And bless the rocking-chair in which she used to sit, and bless the cradle that she used to rock, and bless the Bible she used to read! So God, our Mother, has patience for all the erring. After everybody else has cast a man off, God, our Mother, comes to the rescue. God leaps to take charge of a bad case. After all the other doctors have got through, the heavenly Physician comes in. Human sympathy at such a time does not amount to much. Even the sympathy of the Church, I am sorry to say, often does not amount to much. I have seen the most harsh and bitter treatment on the part of those who professed faith in Christ toward those who were wavering and erring. They tried on the wanderer sarcasm, and Billingsgate, and caricature, and they tried tittle-tattle. There was one thing they did not try, and that was forgiveness. A soldier in England was brought by a sergeant to the colonel. "What," says the colonel, "bringing the man here again! We have tried everything with him." "Oh, no," says the sergeant, "there is one thing you have not tried. I would like you to try that." "What is that?" said the colonel. Said the man, "Forgiveness." The case had not gone so far but that it might take that turn, and so the colonel said, "Well, young man, you have done so and so. What is your excuse!" "I have no excuse, but I am very sorry," said the man. "We have made up our minds to forgive you," said the colonel. The tears started. He had never been accosted in that way before. His life was reformed, and that was the starting-point for a positively Christian life. Oh, Church of God, quit your sarcasm when a man falls! Quit your irony, quit you tittle-tattle, and try forgiveness. God, your Mother, tries it all the time. A man's sin may be like a continent, but God's forgiveness is like the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, bounding it on both sides.

The Bible often talks about God's hand. I wonder how it looks. You remember distinctly how your mother's hand looked, though thirty years ago it withered away. It was different from your father's hand. When you were to be chastised, you had rather have mother punish you than father. It did not hurt so much. And father's hand was different from mother's, partly because it had out-door toil, and partly because God intended it to be different. The knuckles were more firmly set, and the palm was calloused. But mother's hand was more delicate. There were blue veins running through the back of it. Though the fingers, some of them were pricked with a needle, the palm of it was soft. Oh! it was very soft. Was there ever any poultice like that to take pain out of a wound? So God's hand is a mother's hand. What it touches it heals. If it smite you it does not hurt as if it were another hand. Oh you poor wandering soul in sin, it is not a bailiff's hand that seizes you to-day. It is not a hard hand. It is not an unsympathetic hand. It is not a cold hand. It is not an enemy's hand. No. It is a gentle hand, a loving hand, a sympathetic hand, a soft hand, a mother's hand. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

I want to say, finally, that God has a mother's way of putting a child to sleep. You know there is no cradle-song like a mother's. After the excitement of the evening it is almost impossible to get the child to sleep. If the rocking-chair stop a moment, the eyes are wide open; but the mother's patience and the mother's soothing manner keep on until, after awhile, the angel of slumber puts his wing over the pillow. Well, my dear brothers and sisters in Christ, the time will come when we will be wanting to be put to sleep. The day of our life will be done, and the shadows of the night of death will be gathering around us. Then we want God to sooth us, to hush us to sleep. Let the music at our going not be the dirge of the organ, or the knell of the church-tower, or the drumming of a "dead march," but let it be the hush of a mother's lullaby. Oh! the cradle of the grave will be soft with the pillow of all the promises. When we are being rocked into that last slumber, I want this to be the cradle-song: "As one whom a mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep

A Scotchman was dying. His daughter Nellie sat by the bedside. It was Sunday evening, and the bell of the church was ringing, calling the people to church. The good old man, in his dying dream, thought that he was on the way to church, as he used to be when he went in the sleigh across the river; and as the evening bell struck up, in his dying dream he thought it was the call to church. He said, "Hark, children, the bells are ringing; we shall be late; we must make the mare step out quick!" He shivered, and then said, "Pull the buffalo robe up closer, my lass! It is cold crossing the river; but we will soon be there, Nellie, we will soon be there!" And he smiled and said, "Just there now." No wonder he smiled. The good old man had got to church. Not the old country church, but the temple in the skies. Just across the river. How comfortably did God hush that old man to sleep! As one whom his mother comforteth, so God comforted him.

"The Christian Herald" In Heathen Japan.

Rev. J. W. Wadman Writes of the Need of Religious Literature among the Japanese —A People Hungry for Tracts and Bibles.

BY the latest mails we are in receipt of a very interesting letter from Rev. J. W. Wadman, an American missionary in Japan, which we give below:

HIROSAKI, JAPAN, Nov. 4, 1892.

To the Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

I wish to thank you and through you the kind friends who have sent me extra copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. If I could only repeat some few of the words of thanks and appreciation which I have heard from the lips of my pastors and helpers as I have from time to time handed them the paper, you would feel amply repaid. There is as yet a very limited quantity of Christian literature available in Japan, and the salaries of our pastors are so small as to prohibit them from purchasing many English books.

A STREET SCENE IN HIROSAKI, JAPAN.

The sermons of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are especially helpful to my pastors, for in the way of sermon literature we have absolutely nothing to speak of. Since these extra copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have come to hand, I have heard more than once

A Talmagian Argument

or illustration or anecdote coming from the pulpit (in Japanese form, of course), with telling effect upon the audience.

Japan takes a special interest in Russia. She seems to be a near neighbor to the "Kingdom of the Rising Sun." It was here a little more than a year ago, the Russian Prince was assaulted and the Japanese have scarcely yet recovered from the remorse of national disgrace into which they felt themselves precipitated by the cowardly act of a man who was afterward judged to be insane. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers in Japan have, therefore, followed you in your journey to Petersburg and other places with a great deal of interest, and we all feel that we know more about these neighbors than ever before, and we cannot but love them with a greater love, for they are our brothers as well as neighbors. We should have been very glad to have expressed our sympathy for the great philanthropic effort you put forth for the Russian famine-sufferers, but owing to the flood and earthquake destitution right here in our midst, we felt that we must first do the duty which lay nearest us.

You will be glad to hear that the Church of Christ is advancing in Japan. Last Spring a revival fire broke out, away in the south, and now the flames are spreading. Yokohama has caught the blaze, and we hear that other places are on fire. Oh! for a mighty conflagration!

Mercy drops 'round us are falling,
But for the showers we plead.

Shall I tell you a little experience I had, a week or so ago, when making a tour of my district? Away to the south of this city, about eighty miles, there is a sea-port town of 30,000 inhabitants. The people, for the most part, are engaged in fishing. The city is

A Stronghold of Shintooism.

Three large beautiful temples rise right up in the very centre of the place and daily and hourly the inhabitants flock to these shrines, to utter their prayer, as they cast their offerings into the large money chest which invariably confronts the worshipper, as he rings the bell to waken the god to hear and answer his prayer. In passing to another city farther south, I was obliged to remain in this place over night, very frequently, but since I knew no one and no one knew me, and since my pastors had often told me that to attempt anything single-handed in such a place might mean something very serious, I was greatly troubled and earnestly prayed to God to open the way in some manner so that I could preach the Gospel to these benighted heathen.

The answer came, and that, too, in a very simple way. Last Spring in visiting the city I was carrying a magic lantern for the purpose of lectures on Christianity and the hotel man, seeing the box and finding out what it was, requested me to give a lecture in his city, promising

To Rent the Theatre

for me and do all the advertising. I was delighted and upon my return found an audience of 800 people ready to hear the simple truths of Christianity explained. A week later, I went again and took three of my helpers with me. The first night the theatre was full, and for five hours that crowd listened breathlessly to our words of love and revelation. We purposed to give them another night.

The next morning, the head Shintoo priest came to our hotel and desired an interview. For three hours he asked questions and listened to our replies. I never prayed more earnestly for a man than I have for him. Bright, intelligent, of mature life, gentle in manner and in speech, what a power he would become for God, if his heart was only converted! I have sent him a copy of the Scriptures. Towards evening a terrific storm came up, and we did not think any would venture forth on such a night. An hour before the time of the service, the doorkeeper came to the hotel and said that he did not think it was worth while to light the lamps, but we told him to do so.

What was Our Surprise

upon going to the theatre to find over 300 people patiently waiting our coming.

We had a grand service. I was the last speaker and at the close of an hour's talk, I remarked that I had a few tracts with me and also about a dozen copies of the Bible and if any one desired a copy, I would be glad to give him one. Every hand went up in that crowd and every man and boy exclaimed, "Doz negaimasu" (Please condescend to give me one). When I took the tracts out of my pocket, the crowd began to press their way up to the platform and finally made one grand scramble for the package. After the struggle ceased, I held up the Bibles and oh, you should have heard the mighty cry of entreaty which came from those people. I was obliged to hand the few Bibles to a dozen men whom I selected and sent the crowd away without the Word of Life, disappointed and sorrowful

That night in my hotel, the Lord put it into my heart to try and put a copy of the blessed truth in every man's hand who did not get one in the meeting and now I am going to ask my friends everywhere to help me, if possible. Ten cents will buy a Japanese Testament of good binding and fairly good print. One dollar will illuminate ten homes with the light of the Gospel. Five dollars will do the same for fifty homes. If any of our friends have any little books or pamphlets lying around and if they would be of service to our Japanese pastors, please send them to my friend and brother missionary D. S. Spencer, Factoryville, Wyoming Co., Pa., who will forward them. I am often able also to use picture cards to advantage in tract distribution by attracting the attention of the children and indeed of grown people.

I beg to remain your's very affectionately in Christ's name. J. W. WADMAN.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 25. Luke 2: 8-20. Golden Text, Luke 2: 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"THE Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." (John 1: 14.) O how much lies in these few words! Self-loving, self-centred man exalts himself at the cost of others, and, too often builds his fortune, his reputation, his position, on the ruin of others. But the eternal Son of the Most High God left his glory, his reputation, and all he had, for the sake of raising the fallen and redeeming his sinful creatures from ruin! Man treads on others to exalt himself; God gives up himself to save and exalt those who have sinned against him! It is only as God the Holy Ghost opens our eyes to see that we can take in, even in a small measure, the wondrous love which constrained our Lord and King to make himself "of no reputation" or (R. V.) empty himself, and take upon him the form of a servant, and be made in the likeness of man. There is no guage with which we can measure such a depth of self-abnegation. Oh how insulting to such a God! Oh how selfish is all human pride, in the light of such incomprehensible love!

All the world was astir at the time when Jesus Christ was born. Imperial pride at Rome commanded that throughout the dominions of Cæsar every man, in every country, should be enrolled. This necessitated a visit from each to his birthplace, that the register should be made according to the genealogy of the tribe and family to which he belonged. While the rich, the great, and noble were riding up to the homes of their ancestry in gorgeous chariots, or on camels and dromedaries, a humble couple of ordinary peasants (yet lineal descendants through different lines of the royal David), made their way on foot, or as best they might, to the old city of Bethlehem, Ephratah, the home of Jesse and David. Away from her home Mary, the blessed woman who believed, the honored instrument who could say to the angel: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word," (Luke 1: 38.) "brought forth her first born Son, and wrapped him in swaddling-clothes and laid him in a manger."

It is alway's earth's rejected ones who are God's special choice. Joseph and David, despised by their brethren, were God's chosen great ones, and the simple peasant maiden of Nazareth was chosen, out of all the women of her generation, to bring forth as her Son him who "should be "King of kings, and Lord of lords!" We can never be

Too Little for God to Use;

the weak, base, despised nothings of the world are God's choice, because in them is no self-assertion to usurp his place, nothing which would hide his presence. Mary could serve the purpose for which she was chosen of God and then retire into nothingness that her divine Son might come upon the scene. How few there are who can bear to be used of God without being filled with self-importance! How few after being once used of God can be as willing to be laid aside and kept in the quiet circle of ordinary life, as to be the recognized instruments of revivals or fill other prominent positions!

To whom should God make known the birth of his Son? Would not the priests be the right channel through which such a wondrous event should be made known to man? God knew what was in man and saw beforehand the jealousy of the priests, and their enmity against all that was really of God. The men who would not so much as suffer him to live after the raising of Lazarus, were not the most appropriate heralds of his birth. But the kings? When he did hear of Jesus, Herod the king sought to destroy him, and hunted the babes in Bethlehem to the death, that he might not miss the object of his wrath, the divine Son of God. Neither the world's inn, nor the world's king, nor the world's priests, could welcome Jesus, God's Anointed. Who then could bear the message of his advent?

A few shepherds, guileless, ignorant, but simple men, were keeping their flocks by night from the wild beasts which roamed about. They were awake while other men slept. It is to the watchers and the listeners that God makes himself known. "The angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid." It was a new thing to these men to have a message direct from heaven. But the angel said unto them,

"Fear Not."

It was the first word from heaven which they understood. It is always on this line that God sends peace to an awakened soul. He wants us to serve him without fear. "Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." It is to the simple, to the babes, our God can reveal himself, while he hides himself from the wise and prudent. "Who are we?" must have been the first thought of these men, "that God can send a message to such as we are?" Real dealing with God, real communications from God, humble as nothing else can. Those who boast of their communion with God, do not know him really; God's presence brings us down, crushed at his feet. "Good tidings?" "Great Joy?" "Unto all people?" What did all this mean? "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Unto you? What, had these shepherds, these simple men, a personal interest in the newly born Redeemer? Yes; even they. Yes, my reader, even you; for "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." And now a test of their faith was given to them. "This shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger." Should they reason: can it be likely that the Son of the Most high God should appear on earth in circumstances which would call forth the contempt and scorn of the great ones of earth? Or should they believe, and go to see if these things were so? Most graciously God gave them a strengthening of their faith: "Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." If heaven's host was all astir about the wondrous fact, it mattered little how small and mean they were to whom the message came. Oh how much of heaven can God open to those who are not hindered by earthly preoccupations. An open heaven was shown to very few; to a Jacob, an Isaiah, a John,—but amongst them the four shepherds of Bethlehem had a place. It is marvellous, but oh how humbling, to find that God yearns to make himself known to his creatures, to hold direct communication with them, and that the hindrance to communion does not lie on his side, but on theirs! He could reveal himself to a little Samuel, where an Eli's family circumstances hindered him. He could now find reception for tidings from heaven amongst shepherds when neither priest nor ruler could serve his purpose. He did not need learned scribes, versed in the theology of the day, but simple shepherds who could appreciate the message, to tell that God proclaimed peace to a world which had rebelled against him by sending his Son to be born in our human flesh. The Shepherds were not preachers but witnesses, who could tell what they had seen and heard.

The angelic vision faded. The same starry sky appeared as before, but it could never be erased from those shepherds' minds and memories that God had sent them a message from heaven. Would they be

Obedient to "the Heavenly Vision?

Oh how much depends upon the way in which we receive or neglect a drawing near of God! We can never be the same as before, after God has visited us; we are either brought much nearer to God by it, and it has left its mark for him upon our lives; or, on the other hand, if we have neglected it, it has given the enemy an opportunity to assert himself, and to install himself as in a fortress within us. It is an awful thing to trifle with the living God.

The shepherds obeyed: they "said one to another, Let us now go—even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." And they did not only talk of it, they did it. "They came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger." What was there to make them believe that this babe, in such poor circumstances, was God's Messiah, for there was everything around to make them doubt? It was God's word by the angel: this was all right. But God's word received is a power, and they saw by faith a real personal Saviour in that little babe. How? By the Holy Ghost who met their faith, and made divive things real to them. So real was it that they told others what God had told them, "they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child." And God was with their testimony; it had its weight, "all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds." And they sung the new song which is a sure sign of true conversion: "The shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things which they had heard and seen as it was told unto them." Why should God choose just such poverty and humble surroundings for his own Son, his Messiah, when he came on earth? Because those who think themselves great or noble, intrude themselves and their own self-importance, so that they could not be simple enough to witness of Jesus; the shepherds had nothing to say of themselves, their only subject was Jesus.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

NO event in the history of the world since its creation was so momentous as this event announced to the shepherds. At this day, nearly nineteen hundred years afterward, the number of those to whom the coming of Christ to save the world is the most precious of all facts, is greater than at any previous period. Great conquests, great battles, great discoveries there have been, but none of them have influenced so many lives and influenced them so powerfully as this fact of the coming of God in human form.

Shepherds keeping watch over their flock. Scarcely the people one would have expected to be chosen to receive this early news of the birth of the Saviour. But God has never chosen his instruments as men would choose. When Samuel went to Jesse's house to anoint a king, both he and Jesse were surprised that the elder sons should be passed over, and David chosen. Erasmus, the scholar, was passed over when God needed a reformer and the poor singer-boy of Erfurt was called. When a great preacher was needed in London to stir the masses, the college graduates and men of rank and learning were not called, but Spurgeon, the assistant teacher in a public school. Moody the greatest evangelist of modern time who, without question was appointed of God to the work, was rejected by a council of ministers at his first application, and was accepted after a year of waiting, only with grave doubts.

Fear not. Fear was natural in the circumstances, but there was no reason to fear. It was good news that was brought to them, and they need not fear the messenger. A great preacher related that he lost his mother when he was very young. After some years his father told him that he was going to bring him a new mother. He was very glad, but some injudicious person condoled with him, told him that stepmothers were often cruel, and talked to him till he dreaded the coming of his new mother. He was in bed when she arrived and he listened, expecting to hear harsh and angry tones. He dreaded the morning when he must meet her, and be scolded about his clothes or his behavior. Presently the door of his bed-room opened, and a bright lady with a gentle voice and love in her eyes bent over his bed and kissed him. All his fear fled. In after years, when he came to know God as his loving Farher, he recalled his boyhood experience, and deplored that he had ever thought of God with dread.

Good tidings of great joy. The angel knew if men did not, that the tidings he brought were tidings of great joy. When a man realizes that he is lost, or that he is in great danger, or that he is dying, there is always one piece of news which, if he could hear it, would be tidings of great joy. An official in the Austrian service had fallen under suspicion of crime. He was tried summarily and, as he could not produce evidence to prove his innocence he was convicted and sentenced to die. The warrant was sent to Vienna for the signature of the Emperor. He signed it promptly and sent it to the prison. The wife of the condemned officer was heart-broken. She went to the palace and begged for an interview with the Empress. It was late, and she was told to come again the next day, but she persisted; she must see the Empress at once. She secured an interview by earnest pleading and then she made an eloquent appeal. The Empress went to the Emperor and told him of the wife's petition. At last a pardon was granted and placed in the wife's hands. She set out instantly for the distant province where her husband was confined. All that night and all the next day she sped on her way fearing lest he might be executed before she arrived. The last stage was agonizing. At last she came in sight of the prison. All was ready for the execution but it had not been completed. Her husband was still alive and she went to where he stood bound, and held aloft the pardon. There could be no question that to him the tidings she brought were "good tidings of great joy." The tidings the angels brought were tidings of *eternal* life.

To all people. Moffat, the missionary, used to tell how he preached his first sermon to the heathen. He went to Bechuanaland and called at the house of a rich farmer who had come there from England. Moffat said that he was a missionary and would like before retiring to rest for the night to have a service. The farmer was willing. It was many years, he said, since he had heard a sermon. So all the farm-hands were called and the farmer and his family and household servants assembled in the barn. There were a large number of them but Moffat could see crowding outside a number of black figures, peeping in curious about what was going on. "I want them to come in and hear," he said to the farmer. "What!" exclaimed the farmer, "those Hottentots?" You might as well have the dogs in. They are as likely to be converted as a Hottentot." But Moffat persisted. "My orders," he said, "are to preach the Gospel to all people. These are human beings and I want them to hear." The farmer yielded reluctantly and the black figures trooped in and listened earnestly.

Unto you is born a Saviour. What is a Saviour? Colemeister said that he had great difficulty in conveying to the mind of the Esquimaux the idea of such a being. They had no word in their language to represent it and could not find that they had any conception of the Divine man. He said to them, "Does it not happen sometimes when you are out fishing that a storm arises and some of you are lost and some saved?" They replied, "Yes, very often." "But, it may also happen that you are in the water and owe your safety to some one who stretches out his hand and draws you out?" "Yes," they replied, "that happens, too." "Then what do you call the man that draws you out?" They gave him a word in their language which they would apply in such a case and he wrote it down immediately. Ever afterward he used it as the title of the Saviour and it was clear and intelligible to all of them.

Peace, good will toward men. No better tidings could have come to the world than that God felt good will to sinful men. A certain stubborn, reckless youth had a violent quarrel with his kind father, and after stealing money from his safe, ran away. A year or two afterward the father learned that the scapegrace was in the city again, living fast and drinking hard. The father hastened to the house, and the words, "That youth is my son," were the passport to the room. As the father aroused the wretched youth, who turned his bloated face and bloodshot eyes toward him, his first words were, "My poor boy, I have come after you; will you come home?" In a flood of tears the conquered rebel sobs out: "Father can you forgive me? Then I'll go home with you." This is but a faint picture of what the infinite God is doing all the time.

Let us now go and see this thing. They believed what was told them. Men do not always do that. Even what God says is not always credited. People who profess to believe it, do not always act upon it. Mr. Moody says. "A man came to me after one of the meetings. He was in great distress and I asked him his trouble. 'I can't believe.' 'Whom?' I asked him. The man looked puzzled and said again, 'I can't believe.' Again I rejoined, 'Whom?' He was silent a moment or two and then said, 'I can't believe myself.' 'Well,' I said, 'You don't need to. The less you believe in yourself the better. But if you tell me you can't believe God, that is a very different matter, and I would like to ask you why.'"

A HUMANITARIAN BEE-HIVE.

(*Continued from first page.*)

and a balcony for convalescents. The two upper floors are divided into bed-rooms. The centre of the building will be devoted to children, the right wing to men and the left to women. An illustration showing the hospital is given in this issue.

The religious growth of the parish has been a steady one. At the present time Grace Church has over 1,300 communicants. In its Sunday Schools there are 1,400 scholars and 85 teachers. Some idea of the machinery of a great metropolitan Christian church, fully alive to its duties and responsibilities, may be gathered from the fact that, in the most literal sense, there is not an hour of the day, and not a day in the week, which has not its appointed task. The

Women's Missionary Society

(with its Domestic, Foreign, Indian, Freedmen's Diocesan and City Committees) is one of the most active and far-reaching agencies of Grace church. The Benevolent Society, whose field is purely charitable; the St. Luke Association for relieving the sick-poor; the Industrial School, where poor girls meet Saturday forenoons in Grace Chapel to learn useful employments; the Children's Helpers, the St. Agnes Guild. The Fresh Air Fund, the Day Nursery, the Grace Mission House and the Men's Free Reading Room, are among the many subordinate organizations through which the church finds opportunity for the exercise of its energies and liberality. To operate and support such a host of benevolences is a task which to most congregations would seem impossible; but Grace Parish is so splendidly organized, and its pastor has about him a staff so thoroughly consecrated and efficient and the love of Christian endeavor is so strong among its people that all goes forward with enthusiasm and success.

Still in the prime of life, possessed of exceptional abilities and wholly devoted to the Master's work the Rev. W. H. Huntington, D.D., Rector of Grace Church has a capacity for work far exceeding that of the average city pastor. His assistants are Revs. George F. Nelson, James V. Chalmers and George H. Bottome. Besides these his staff includes two Lay-Readers, eight Women-Helpers, and four organists. In addition to his multifarious duties as rector, he has found time for contributing to religious literature, and gave valuable aid in the revision of the Book of Common Prayer. He is also a poet of no mean order. Every week-day forenoon and for several hours in the afternoon he is at his office in the rectory, accessible to all who may wish to see him in connection with the work of the parish. To his assistants, who are men of trained executive qualities, he leaves much of the detail connected with the management of the various charities and other branches of church work. The church proper is open every week day of the year from nine A. M. till half past four P. M., for the convenience of visitors or those who may come thither for private devotion. Most cordial invitation is extended to all strangers, and a special service is held Sunday evenings in the Chantry primarily for their benefit and for those persons who live in the neighborhood, but are without church homes. Special services in German and Italian are held weekly. At Grace Mission House, the Sunday School meets, followed at four P. M. by the Womens' Bible Class, and by a Gospel service in the evening. In every branch of the administration of Grace Church,

Woman's Influence

is prominently represented. Recently a Training School for Deaconesses was incorporated, under a board of Trustees. It meets in the school-rooms of Grace Church, which has the honor of having been the first in the United States to recognize the sex in this eminently useful capacity. It is proposed to raise an Endowment Fund of $100,000, to insure the permanency of the Training School. In the Missionary Field, the women have shown remarkable energy, their various committees sending often to the foreign missionary field contributions in money and otherwise averaging $10,000 a year, and over $5,000 annually to the domestic field. The demands made upon their generosity are many and varied, and embrace every section of the world, wherever spiritual or material help is needed.

Industrial Education

is a prominent feature in the training of the children in Grace Parish. The Industrial School meets on Saturdays on the second floor of Grace Chapel. Mrs. Martha Potter is the superintendent, assisted by a bright staff of managers and teachers. The average attendance is over 360, and the school is divided into infant, main and advanced classes. Simple sewing is taught in the first, the making of garments in the second, and a more elaborate training in cutting-out, making button-holes and work on the sewing machine in the third grade. This school is a most valuable one for the children of the poor, and furnishes a training that stands them in good service in after years. The St. Agnes Guild which meets Thursdays from November till May, also in Grace Chapel, instructs older girls in the finer grades of needle-work, dressmaking and millinery.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society also assists many hundreds of needy persons in the winter season. It has a Needle-work Fund, a Coal Fund, Penny Provident Fund, a Maternity Loan Bag, and other auxiliaries, and its Lenten and Christmas benefactions to the poor of the parish are generous and widespread. A unique feature of Grace Church's many excellent charities is the Diet Kitchen, at No. 540 East 13th Street, where food is cooked and sent out to invalids.

GRACE CHURCH. HOSPITAL, NEW YORK

Still another and a very interesting branch of the Christian work undertaken by this remarkable church and its pastor is

The Day Nursery

at Nos. 94 and 96 Fourth Avenue. Miss Maria Fowler Tyng is superintendent, with a full staff. The house is open from 6:30 A.M., to 7:30 P. M., and for the sum of 5 cents a day a poor parent can leave her children there, while she herself goes to work. Even if she has no money, she is not turned away, however. Little tots of all ages, nations and creeds, from two weeks to nine years, can be found there. Grace Church recognizes no creed distinctions in its charities. The older children are sent to the nearest public school, the others to the Nursery School in the building. Twice a day there is a short, simple service for the children in the Oratory and in winter they sing at afternoon prayers in the Chantry. They are fed, cared for and kept clean, comfortable, and happy while in the Nursery. It may be mentioned incidentally, that the Nursery's wash averages 600 or 700 pieces a week—which furnishes an idea of the extent of the labor involved in caring for so many children. With their mothers they all receive an abundant dinner at Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Hundreds of Garments,

presented to the Nursery, are supplied to the little ones. A sketch on the first page of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is a bright and happy home, and gives life, health, good food and religious training to over 150 children every season. Many are brought there daily during the summer. The average attendance is eighty-five and it sometimes reaches from ninety-five to one hundred. During July and August, the children are transferred to Grace-House-by-the-Sea at Far Rockaway. The Nursery in its management and methods, compares favorably with the model kindergartens of America or Europe.

Bringing the Children In.

"The Christian Herald" Missionary Tells of His Recent Work in the Southwest—New Sunday Schools Founded in Wild and Lawless Districts.

EXCELLENT progress in spiritual work is reported by Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, our Sunday School missionary in the Southwest, who for nearly two years past, has been laboring in the isolated districts of Missouri and neighboring States, establishing Sunday Schools and churches. The following letter is full of interest to every reader having the good cause at heart:

EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Following my last tour of twenty-seven days in the country districts, I have visited other schools and neighborhoods where I had formerly labored, addressing schools and holding several services in a place. At one of these recent meetings, the blessing of God was especially manifest, both among his servants and non-professors. They had a Sunday School as a result of my previous visit, bnt no regular preaching. A growing interest was observable as the meeting progressed, and two girls, almost grown, made profession of faith in Christ, and a number of other girls, and boys as well, expressed a desire to be saved, and I am quite sure great good resulted from the meeting. Indeed, I have ample evidence that the blessing of God attended the services in every place visited.

Many told me of the blessing they had received. But there were places where the assembled crowds included some very wicked, sareless people. At one place where the house was crowded, and the interest was apparently deep with old and young, there were come who went away in a furious manner, running their horses and yelling in loud tones. Most of the people were of good behavior, a goodly number were Christians, and most of those who were not, seemed to have great respect for divine service.

A wicked and lawless custom, which obtains in a few places among young and inconsiderate people, bore dreadful fruit in one neighborhood. I mean the carrying of concealed weapons. Regardless of this, one young man on a Sunday night called to see a respectable young lady at her father's, in the country, with a revolver in his pocket. When about leaving, he accidentally discharged one shot from his revolver. The ball entered his left side and ranged obliquely to the other. He fell speechless in the parlor, in the presence of the young lady and her brother; but revived, was conveyed home and lived till the afternoon of the following Tuesday, when he died. He was in the congregation one Sunday morning. I of course did not know that I was preaching to one who would be so soon launched into eternity; and I suppose he had no thought that he was hearing his last sermon.

While laboring in that community I was called to see a Christian of advanced age, some hours before his death. His illness had been of several weeks' duration; he knew his departure was near; but his hope was in God, and his end was peace. I preached at his funeral, there being no other pastor in the neighborhood. Many occasions of this kind occur in my missionary work, and many have been the thanks and invocations of blessing which have been uttered by those in affliction for the work—by those to whom God has made my visits a comfort and help. The aged brother above referred to fell asleep a few days after I took leave of him.

Yours sincerely, GEO. W. SHARP,
CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary.

Kirksville, Mo., Nov. 23.

PLEADING AGAINST DISCHARGE.

IN speaking of the imperfections of ministers and Christian workers recently, Rev. Sam Jones said: "I was sitting reading in my house one morning when I heard my wife say to a little nurse girl who was disobedient: 'Sally, you may go now, and tell you mother I don't want you any longer.' I read along a minute or two, and then I looked. The girl was standing with the big tears running down her cheeks. She looked at my wife, and said, 'Mrs. Jones, please don't turn me off. Please let me stay with you and I'll try to do better.' I got in to beg for the poor girl just as hard as I could, and thought to myself if the Lord should come down here and say, 'You may go; I don't want you any longer.' I would fall at his feet, and say, Please, Lord, don't turn me off; I know I'm the poorest servant you ever had; but please, Lord, I'll try to do better. Let me live and die in God's service. But God won't turn you off. Go to work; let's do what we can for the glory of God and for the good of our fellow-men."

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

OUR MAIL-BAG.

D. M. Steyer, Indian Head, Pa., and "A Reader," Monterey, Va. Write to J. E. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House, N. Y.

M. R. Matteson, Calumet, Mich. Is there a building fund in connection with the Presbyterian Church from which a newly organized congregation could draw money to help build a church? If so, please give the address?

Write to Dr. Adam Campbell, 53 5th Ave., N. Y. City.

Subscriber, Cincinnati, O Where did the Young Men's Christian Associations first begin?

Previous to 1710, there were associations of young men in England, Germany and Switzerland of this character, but no regular organizations were formed. The first one of which we have any authentic record was organized in London, by George Williams, the chief partner in a large wholesale dry-goods firm in 1844.

Devoted Reader, Clarksville, Tenn. I am twenty-two years old; was reared on a farm: have spent three years in college, and my means are exhausted. I want to go into the mercantile business, where I can make an honest living.

In the East, where there are probably fifty applicants for every vacancy, you might find it difficult to secure an opening unless you happened to be on the spot at the right moment. Better find some employment near at hand and await your opportunity.

Subscriber. 1. Will you kindly inform me if you think it the proper course in a Young People's Society, which meets once a week, for each member to be expected to testify? 2. Is it not liable to become a mere habit, instead of expressions of sincere conviction?

1. Public testimony or confession is commended in Scripture (see James 5: 16; Luke 12: 8), but it would not be advisable for every member to testify at each meeting, although each ought to do so at some time or other. 2. We do not think so. There need not be verbal repetition.

Subscriber, Grantham, N. H. 1. In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 22d, in Dr. Talmage's sermon, dictated by him on the eve of his sailing for Europe, I saw it stated that St. Paul was beheaded. Where do you find the proof for this statement? 2. Does Dr. Talmage believe with Rev. R. S. MacArthur that the Angel of the Lord that came up from Gilgal to Bochim was the Lord Jesus himself? 3. Is Rudyard Kipling the real name of the author or simply a nom-de-plume?

1. Tradition affirms that he suffered martyrdom at Rome by decapitation (see Tillemont Memoirs p. 324, vol. 1.) 2. We presume he does, but do not know that he has made any statement on the subject. 3. A real name.

Constant Reader, Brighton, Mass. 1. Is enough gained by the world, in general, by Arctic expeditions, to compensate for loss of life suffered? 2. I know of an invalid, who is endeavoring to collect one million stamps, for which she expects to receive one hundred dollars; do you know what is done with the stamps.

1. Historians, geographers and scientists generally would answer in the affirmative, although to the ordinary observer, the results of Arctic explorations would seem to be secured at a terrible cost. 2. They are classified and made into collections of various sizes by men who make this a business. There is a steady market for them among curiosity-buyers.

M. L. Smith, Haley's, Tenn. 1. Was Judas Iscariot lost for the betrayal of Christ? 2. Can a man believe with his whole heart and still be lost?

1. The Bible tells us that he went "to his own place" (Acts 1: 25), and thus affords room for such a presumption. 2. A man may "believe" and yet be lost, but hardly can such a one believe with his whole heart, else he would have rendered the loving obedience of a true child of God. It is only the belief that is followed by repentance and good works that is a saving belief. The devils believe and tremble (Jas. 2: 19), yet it cannot be assumed that their's is a saving belief.

Maud Price, Taunton, Mass. Can a person be employed as a telegraph operator where Sunday work is required, and be a true follower of Christ?

Yes; with the present condition of our civilization, telegraphy would seem to be a necessity on Sunday for the protection of life and property. A person so engaged would therefore be at a work of necessity; but the transmission of purely commercial business does not come into this description. In any event, whatever Sunday duties have to be performed, should be made as light as possible, so as to leave sufficient time for the religious duties of the day. No one can lay down a strict rule in such matters. The individual conscience must be the interpreter of what is right or wrong. The Apostle Paul said: "Let no man judge you in respect of the Sabbath."

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Bible House, New York City.

WHICH WAY.

FORTY years ago, on the banks of the Hudson, about nine o'clock in the morning, there rode up to the back-door of the house where we were staying, the then poet laureate of America, George P. Morris. Stout, hale, bronzed, and on horseback as he was, we saw him once, and never again. Standing there, we on the door-step and he in his stirrups, he told us how he came to write "Woodman, Spare that Tree," and opened a door through which we could see down into his heart two or three flights of stairs. He said "Good morning," wheeled his horse, settled his glazed cap a little more firmly on his head, and rode out of sight forever. That one glimpse made on us an indelible impression of health and nobility. So sometimes one handshake, an apothegmatic utterance, a flying good morning, may get an ineradicable hold of us. We make some kind of an impression whether we will or no. George P. Morris never thought again of us, the boys; but O, how often, tenderly and admiringly, we have thought of him. Let us be careful to be right, then we will seem right. It is a sad thing by a look or word or wave of the hand to give a bad twist to any one's character. We may meet but once, and then only for fifteen minutes; but it is important that we ride in from the right direction, and that when we ride out it may leave upon others as bright and tonic an influence as George P. Morris flung upon us when he wheeled his horse and dashed out of sight, that brisk morning on the banks of the Hudson.

FRESHEN UP.

NEWSPAPERS are more interesting than they used to be and more refreshing. We meet in our daily walks so much that is depressing, give us in our family newspaper whole bundles of spice: harmless satire, caricatures of the world's foibles, and looking-glasses in which to see our failings. Yes, give place occasionally to the much-abused pun. Those only despise the pun who cannot make one. Take the quill, and after you have made the split in it, sharpen it down until the point is keen enough to puncture the toughest inconsistency. Let the sheet be fresh and healthy, in it a smell of cedar and new-cut grass. Let us hear in the rhythm of some of the sentences the moan of an untraveled wood, and the sweep of the wing of a partridge. Instead of the artificial dye of stale imagery, crush against the printed leaf a bunch of huckleberries and sumac. We are tired out with all this about the nightingale; for pity's sake, catch for us a brown-thresher, and let us hear a hen cluck. Instead of riding Bucephalus to death, halter that sorrel colt. Talk not so much to us about frankincense, to the neglect of pennyroyal and brookmint. Enough of that commonplace remark about "solitary horseman coming over the hill."

BETWEEN SUNDAYS.

MANY Christians do not appreciate it, indeed it is a great waste of time unless there be some positive advantage to be gained. The French nation at one time tried having a Sabbath only once in ten days. The intelligent Christian finds he needs a Sabbath every three or four days, and so builds a brief one on the shore of a week-day in the shape of an extra religious service. He gets grace on Sabbath to bridge the chasm of worldliness between that and the next Sabbath, but finds the arch of the bridge very great, and so runs up a pier midway to help sustain the pressure. There are one hundred and sixty-eight hours in a week, and but two hours of public religious service on Sabbath. What chance have two hours in a battle with one hundred and sixty-eight?

A week-night meeting allows church membership utterance. A minister cannot know how to preach unless in a conference meeting he finds the religious state of the people. He must feel the pulse before giving the medicine, otherwise he will not know whether it ought to be an anodyne or a stimulant. Every Christian ought to have something to say. Every man is a walking eternity. The plainest man has Omnipotence to defend him, Omniscience to watch him, Infinite Goodness to provide for him. The tamest religious experience has in it poems, tragedies, histories, Iliads, Paradise lost, and Paradise regained. Ought not such an one have something to say? If you were ever in the army you know what it is to see an officer on horseback dash swiftly past carrying a dispatch. You wondered as he went what the news was. Was the army to advance, or was the enemy coming? So every Christian carries a dispatch from God to the world. Let him ride swiftly to deliver it. The army is to advance, and the enemy is coming. Go out and fulfil your mission. You may have a letter committed to your care, and after some days you find it in one of your pockets: you forget to deliver it. Great was your chagrin when you found that it pertained to some sickness or trouble. God gives every man a letter of warning or invitation to carry, and what will be your chagrin in the judgment to find that you have forgotten it. A week-night meeting widens the pulpit till all the people can stand on it.

Such a service tests one's piety. No credit for going to church on Sabbath. Places of amusement are all closed, and there is no money to be made. But week-nights every kind of temptation and opportunity spreads before a man, and if he goes to the praying circle he must give up these things. The man who goes to the weekly service regularly through moonlight and pitch darkness, through good walking and slush ankle-deep, will in the Book of Judgment find it set down to his credit. He will have a better seat in heaven than the man who went only when the walking was good, and the weather comfortable, and the services attractive, and his health perfect. That service which costs nothing God accounts as nothing.

A week-night service thrusts religion in the secularities of the week. It is as much as to say, "This is God's Wednesday, or God's Thursday, or God's Friday, or God's week!" You would not give much for a property the possession of which you could have only one-seventh of the time, and God does not want that man whose services he can have only on Sabbath. If you paid full wages to a man and found out that six-sevenths of the time he was serving a rival house, you would be indignant; and the man who takes God's goodness and gives six-sevenths of his time to the world, the flesh and the devil, is an abomination to the Lord. The whole week ought to be a temple of seven rooms dedicated to God. You may, if you will, make one room the holy of holies, but let all the temple be consecrated.

The week-night service gives additional opportunity of religious culture, and we find it so difficult to do right and be right that we cannot afford to miss any opportunity. Such a service is a lunch between the Sabbath meals, and if we do not take it we get weak and faint. A truth coming to us then ought to be especially effective. If you are on a railroad train, and stop at the depot, and a boy comes in with a telegram, all the passengers lean forward and wonder if it is for them. It may be news from home.

It must be urgent or it would not be brought there. Now, if while we are rushing on in the whirl of every-day excitement, a message of God meets us, it must be an urgent and important message. If God speaks to us in a meeting mid-week, it is because there is something that needs to be said before next Sunday.

HARD KNOCKS.

A GREAT deal of useless sympathy is in this day expended upon those who start life without social or monetary help. Those are most to be congratulated who have at the beginning a rough tussle with circumstances. John Ruskin sets it down as one of his calamities that in early life he had "nothing to endure." A petted and dandled childhood makes a weak and insipid man. No brawn of character without compulsory exertion. The men who sit strong in their social, financial, and political elevations are those who did their own climbing. Misfortune is a rough nurse, but she raises giants.

Let our young people, instead of succumbing to the influences that would keep them back and down, take them as the parallel bars, and dumb-bells, and weights of a gymnasium, by which they are to get muscle for the strife. Consent not to beg your way to fortune, but achieve it. God is always on the side of the man who does his best. God helps the man who tries to overcome difficulties.

UNAPPRECIATED PENS.

THE world has never rightly estimated the pen. Many seem to have adopted the sentiment of a Scotch Review: "There is nothing of which nature has been more bountiful than poets. They swarm like the spawn of the codfish with a vicious fecundity that requires destruction." There were literary men who begrudged John Mitford the piece of old carpet under which he slept. Marwaux had nothing but denunciation for Moliere. Cowley found great satisfaction in rasping Chaucer. Pope flew in a rage at Colley Cibber. Fielding saw no power in Richardson. Johnson said that he "would hang a dog that read the Lycidas of Milton twice."

The accomplished *Edinburgh Review* impales on one ramrod Fenimore Cooper, Walter Scott and Washington Irving, as dunces. Montesquieu died from the stab of a critic's pen. Berkeley, Reid, Goldsmith, Jeremy Taylor and Chillingworth had the hounds after them.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

ISAIAH 53.

DEAR reader, let me help you in my column this week. Not by any brilliant article or by any wit or human wisdom, but by the word of God. Promise yourself and the Lord Jesus that you will set aside five minutes in each one of the next twelve days, and that time you will give to meditation on Isaiah, chapter 53, a verse a day. There are but twelve verses, but no consecutive twelve verses are like them in all the Bible. After you have learned them by heart, read the two other atonement chapters which go with this one: Hebrews 9, and Leviticus 16. Once you possess the truth of these three, and God can, and will, if you will let him, use you for his glory ten-fold more than now. Acquire this additional capital and, well invested, your returns will be better than that from stocks or bonds.

Some Things to Hold on to.

1st. Hold on to your individuality. As a Christian worker don't you turn yourself or allow any one else to turn you into another likeness. Your personality is your power. Ape no one. Be yourself. You may learn from others, but when you use their good points, make and mold them over into a fitness for you. Actions, like shoes, should fit the wearer. In being yourself don't be a fool. Some people image every whim, every quirk, every mannerism, every way of their's is the sum of all perfeetion. This is foolishness gone to seed.

2nd. Hold on to your convictions. Some have none to hold on to. I'd let these go if I were you; that is, these nothings. Get convictions and get them quick. Convictions of duty, of responsibility; convictions about sin and the sinner; about Jesus and salvation; convictions about how to reach the lost with life. Nothing but deep and abiding convictions will impel the Christian worker constantly on.

3d. Hold to your purposes. For surely you have them. Noble purposes for your talents and your years. Life plans which you set for your aim both in this world and the next; hold on to these; let no power of earth or hell rob you of them. To attain them may take toil, tears and travail, but the joy of realization is worth all it costs; for a noble aim fully worked out will abide when the sun shines no more.

4th. Hold on to your work. I speak concerning religious work, more especially. Don't you give up your fieid because it is a hard one. Don't step out because you are no priest. If you are not a fit, then down or fatten up to the size of your sphere. If things don't move—move them. If you can't do it, God can. Seek his heip and together labor.

5th. Hold on to that which is good—all else let go.

Don't Know it.

Some men can't preach and don't know it.
Some men can't sing and don't know it.
Some men can't lead and don't know it.
Some men are awful stingy and don't know it.
Some men are meaner than meanness and don't know it.
Some people act like fools constantly and don't know it.
Some official men are great bores and don't know it.
Some Christians are very lazy and don't know it.
Some people can't tell green from blue, nor a good sermon from a poor one, but they don't know it.
Some folk imagine they know the reasons why I wrote this, but they don't.

Giving.

THERE is about as much meanness to the square inch in the giving which takes place in the ordinary collections as is to be found any where on the earth.

People enter the Lord's house, expect the great God to hear and answer their many prayers, bless them with his presence and power, give them love and joy and peace, bestow on them such mercies as only he can give, and then at the close put a cent on the plate. Bless me! I don't wonder that some meetings are as void of juice and results as a gate-post is of blossoms.

The Bible And the Newspaper

A MISSIONARY HEROINE.

LETTERS recently received from Mr. Theodore Child, the famous traveler, whose death of typhoid fever at Ispahan, Persia, has just been reported by cable, contain a glowing tribute to the heroic lady who has charge of medical mission work at Tabriz. Mr. Child was attacked by cholera while in Tabriz. All Europeans had fled from the city; hotels, banks and telegraph offices were closed, but the American doctor was at her post and she treated him and nursed him back to health. But for her skill and constant care, Mr. Child said, he must have died. Dr. P. Easton, the eminent missionary to Persia, now in this country, confirms Mr. Child's report of the heroic lady. She is a native of Lexington, Ill., and has been at Tabriz about five years. Her skill and kindness during that period have won for her widespread popularity among the 150,000 inhabitants of the city. She has access to the women's apartments from which a male missionary would be excluded. Her patients belong to all classes, from the wife of the Shah to the poorest peasant woman. Not long ago, the Armenian Khalifa, or Archbishop, who has been an inveterate enemy of missionaries, opposing their work and denouncing them everywhere, was taken sick with the cholera and sent for the missionary doctor. Miss Bradford did not hesitate for a moment. She magnanimously forgot the man's previous animosity and hastened to his bedside. She succeeded in arresting the disease. Some time afterward, however, he had a relapse and the native doctors could do nothing to relieve him. Dr. Castelli, his special Italian physician was equally unsuccessful, and the Archbishop died in a few hours. It was openly said in Tabriz that if the treatment begun by Miss Bradford had been continued, his life might have been saved. Miss Bradford, whose portrait appears on this page, is still in Tabriz continuing her beneficent work for the souls and bodies of the people. Dr. Easton says that when orders were received for certain missionaries to leave Tabriz and she with Mr. Wilson and Miss Holiday was appointed to stay, she cheerfully acquiesced in the order and fearlessly went on with her work in the plague-stricken city. She has proved the truth of the promise: Thou shalt not be afraid . . . of the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor of the destruction that wasteth at noonday. (Ps. 91: 6.)

Dropping Into a Burning Mine.

THE subsidence of several acres of land in the village of Honeybrook, Pa., has caused general alarm among the inhabitants. A dispatch to the New York *Sun* says that for about a month past the village has been dreading a cave-in. It is built over the Honeybrook mine which has been on fire for several weeks. The efforts of the owners to extinguish the fire were believed, about the end of November, to have been successful. Men were sent down the slope to examine the mine. They returned in great haste, reporting that the fire which had been extinguished in the lower part of the mine, where it began, was raging with violence in the upper workings. The news caused a panic in the village, which was increased when, on Dec. 2nd, several acres of land were seen to be gradually sinking. No houses are built on the disturbed area, but if the fire extends, following the coal seams, it will soon be directly under the inhabited part of the village. In such a situation there is good cause for alarm. Impenitent sinners do not realize how closely their own situation resembles it, or they would fly to the refuge provided for them. (Isa. 33: 14.)

Saved by a Dog.

ABOUT a score of persons owe their escape from a dangerous fire to the sagacity of a dog. A lady who keeps a boarding-house in New York has a pet dog who sleeps on a couch in her room. On December 1st, after she and her boarders had retired for the night, the dog was in his usual place. About three hours later when she had fallen into a sound sleep, she was startled by the dog jumping on her bed and barking loudly. She rose at once feeling sure he would not act so without a cause. The cause was soon apparent. Smoke was pouring in through the chinks of the door and on opening it she saw that the lower part of the house was on fire. The sleeping inmates were quickly aroused and, the staircase, being by that time in flames, they made their escape by the roof to the adjoining house. An alarm was turned in and the firemen spent the remainder of the night in extinguishing the fire. Although the dog could do neither the one nor the other, he could awaken his mistress and so made both possible. Christian workers are in the same condition. They cannot save souls, but they can arouse them and lead them to Christ who can save them. (Rom. 10: 14.)

A Surgical Operation on a Panther.

A VETERINARY surgeon at Geneva, O., performed an operation on Dec. 2 which he regards as the most critical he ever undertook. A large circus was exhibiting in the town, in which was a remarkably vicious black panther. For some time past the brute's temper has grown increasingly savage, even his keepers being afraid to approach him. It was discovered that he was suffering from an ulcer on the tongue, the pain from which probably aggravated his natural ferocity. All known remedies were tried without avail. While at Geneva, a veterinary surgeon, who saw the beast, said that he could be cured by an operation. He was willing to perform it, but was warned that it would be done at the risk of his life. The panther was chloroformed and the surgeon quickly did his work. Before, however, he could leave the cage, the animal recovered consciousness and sprang upon him. He would surely have been killed if the keeper who, fortunately, was in the cage, had not struck the panther a heavy blow on the head which rendered him insensible and gave the surgeon time to escape. The animal could not know that the man who had operated upon him had been doing him good. A man would have had more sense, but even men are sometimes rebellious under the providential discipline of God which, though painful, is beneficial. (Heb. 12: 11.)

Mr. Moody's Prayer on a Disabled Ship.

THE anxiety about the non-arrival in New York of the steamer *Spree* on which Mr. D. L. Moody, General O. O. Howard and many other distinguished persons were returning home from Europe, was happily set at rest on December 3d by a cable message from Queenstown. The *Spree* had just arrived there in tow of the *Lake Huron*. She had a large hole in her stern, and the water in the hold was thirty feet deep. It appears that before dawn on November 26th, when she was a thousand miles from Southampton on her way to New York, the main shaft of her engine broke. Before the machinery could be stopped, the ponderous mass of metal was whirled around by the engines, and driven through the side of the steamer at every revolution with a resounding crash. The water poured in a torrent through the gaping hole. The water-tight bulkheads were promptly closed and barricaded with all speed, or the steamer would have foundered in a few minutes. Most of the passengers were asleep when the accident happened, but were awakened by the crash and the noise of the water rushing in. When they reached the deck and saw the stern deep down in the water they were terrified. One man was so frightened that he anticipated the calamity he feared, by jumping overboard and he was drowned. The captain was able to assure the passengers that there was no immediate danger, though, if rough weather continued, the situation would be critical. The boats were got ready and provisioned in case it became necessary to leave the ship, and there was nothing more to be done, but to wait for help. Mr. Moody conducted a prayer-meeting in the saloon where many prayers were offered for calm weather and for the aid of some passing ship. The prayers were answered. The storm moderated, and soon after midnight on November 27th the *Lake Huron* hove in sight, and towed the disabled ship back to Queenstown. There a thanksgiving service was held at which Mr. Moody presided, and thanks were offered to him whom now, as in his earthly life, the winds and the waves obey. (Matt. 8: 27.)

A Subterranean Temple.

MUCH curiosity has been excited in Mexico by a story reluctantly told by a young Indian woman. She has been selling a few old Aztec idols in the city of Mexico. They were small, but evidently of great antiquity and were so richly adorned with gold, silver and gems as to render them intrinsically valuable. The possession of the idols brought the woman into trouble and she was required to explain the source from which she obtained them. After much pressure, she said that they came from a cave under a volcano, the secret of which is only known to one family. In the cave are a number of large idols, of which those she had are miniature copies. Before the idols in the cave, the sacred fire burns continually and has never been extinguished for centuries. Long before the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, the fire burned and the sacred trust of keeping it burning has passed from mother to daughter and grand-daughter for many generations. No white man has ever entered the cave, or known of its exact location. A farmer living at Cupilco, near the volcano, says that there are innumerable caves in the base of it, formed by the lava and they have never been explored, as they were believed to be infested by brigands. The Indians, however, haunt them and he believes that the woman's story of the underground temple with the perpetual fire is by no means improbable. Times have been hard with the Indians lately and the small idols were perhaps sold to raise money to buy food. That they should have sold their gods for food even in a dire extremity is an indication that they have not much faith in them. The same inference is natural in the case of a professing Christian who, to make a fortune, lies, or misrepresents, or does anything inconsistent with the teaching of Christ. (1 Timothy 6: 9.)

DR. MARY E. BRADFORD, THE HEROINE OF TABRIZ.
(From a photograph in the possession of her father, Mr. George Bradford.)

A Mine in a Gutter.

A REMARKABLE story of the sudden acquisition of wealth is told by the *Inter-Mountain* of Butte, Mont. It says that the water flowing out of the fissures of the Anaconda and St. Lawrence mines has been a source of loss to the owners, as it was so strongly impregnated with copper that it ruined the iron and steel material which was used in the mines. It was pumped into a large gutter cut for it to the valley. The water was regarded as a nuisance, so that when, some months ago, a man offered to purchase the exclusive right to it they sold it for a nominal sum. The purchaser constructed a small reservoir in each gutter to collect the water. At the bottom of each reservoir he places iron junk, barrel hoops, old nails and other waste metal. After a few weeks this refuse is taken out. In the interval a great change has been wrought. The iron has been partially eaten away and what is left of it is the nucleus of a mass of metal, which on being assayed proves to be four-fifths copper. His profit on the undertaking is, so far, at the rate of $15,000 a year. If we did not know that an analogous transformation can be worked on human nature by divine grace, no one would have any hope of success in Christian work. The most worthless become precious when the Holy Spirit has exercised upon them his refining and sanctifying power. (1. Cor. 6: 11.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Thousands of our present subscribers in different parts of the country are taking advantage of the opportunity, announced by the Publisher of **The Christian Herald** *a few weeks ago, extending to* **present** *subscribers all the Premium advantages heretofore confined to* **new** *subscribers. Under that offer any one, whether now a subscriber or not, who sends $2.00, will receive* **The Christian Herald** *for one year and a Genuine Oxford Teachers' Bible. It contains all the Helps, Concordance, Dictionary, Tables, Subject-Index, Appendices and 12 colored Maps—the whole constituting a complete Theological Library and Sacred Encyclopedia. It has 1450 pages of clear pearl type, leather bound, Divinity Circuit, gilt edges, round corners and overlapping covers. Each Bible is sent to the subscriber, express charges prepaid. We hope to be able to supply one of these handsome Bibles to every old subscriber, this year, and we would urge all to make the application with their renewal at the earliest date possible.*

The most southerly Congregational church in the United States is at Key West, Fla., Rev. C. W. Fraser, pastor. It was organized last July with a membership of thirty and has increased to over fifty, with a bright outlook for the future. A church building is to be erected soon.

The following contributions to the Anti-Gambling Crusade, conducted by Evangelist Quinn the reformed gambler are acknowledged: J. F. Dodd, $1; James J. Houghton, $3; H. C. Foss, $10; King's Daughters of Cochtuate, Mass., $1; Subscriber, Sandy Lake, $1; H. R. Curtis, $1.

Evangelist Brown has been holding successful services at Seattle, Wash., in the Market St., Baptist Church. The Pastor, Rev. I. W. Read writes that sixty persons have been added to the church who ascribe their conversion to the blessing of God on Mr. Brown's preaching. The services continued for four weeks.

Mr. G. W. Jacoby of Philadelphia, who has done valuable service in the Bethesda mission of that city, has been holding meetings at Oil City, Pa. They were conducted in the Y.M.C.A. rooms, in Trinity M. E. church and Grace M. E. church. Mr. Jacoby will be pleased to receive invitations to labor with Methodist Churches in other places who may be in need of the assistance of an evangelist.

The pastors and representative members of the Baptist churches of the Bahamas, at their meeting on November 21st passed unanimously a resolution of thanks to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for its articles on the situation of the churches in the Islands and its appeal for help for them in their efforts to obtain a new missionary ship, in which their beloved superintendent, Rev. D. Wilshire, can visit the scattered stations.

At Dr. L. W. Munhall's services at Chester, Pa., there has been a remarkable outpouring of the Spirit. The Chester *Times* says, that on November 13th fifty-four young men rose in the meeting to testify to their conversion. That occurred at the afternoon meeting for men only. In the morning and evening fully twice as many persons as the great armory would hold congregated at the doors before they were opened, and waited patiently for the chance of a hearing.

An interesting conference which promises to be of practical value to the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., was held on Dec. 7, in the Hanson Place Baptist Church. Its object was to bring together Christian workers of various denominations who are doing aggressive religious work in the city, for arranging plans of effort and mutual help and encouragement. Rev. C. E. Eberman presided, and among the speakers were Dr. Geo. D. Dowkontt, Rev. E. H. Bonyton, Dr. G. Le Lacheur and Miss Elizabeth Greenwood.

FALSE CULTURE.

A Sermon Preached in Park Street Church, Boston, last Sunday, Dec. 11th, 1892, by the Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

"Ephraim is a cake not turned." Hosea 7: 8.

PHRAIM was the second son of Joseph, by his wife Asenath, and the founder of one of the twelve tribes of Israel. His birth took place during the seven years of plenty, it is generally supposed. Many believe that the name itself contains an allusion to this fact, as it means "double fruitfulness." Another interpretation finds the meaning in the growth of the family itself. Ephraim's elder brother was Manasseh; but, as on a former occasion in the family, the younger was to rule over the elder. That destiny was first indicated in the blessing of the children by Jacob, their grandfather. The old man's eyes were dim, so that he could not see. Joseph so arranged his sons that Jacob's right hand should give its richer blessing as it was laid on the head of Manasseh. But either by the will of God or the wish of Jacob, or both, it was otherwise ordered. Jacob was himself a younger son; his sympathies are now with Ephraim. A second time in this family the younger is placed above the elder. Ephraim is put above Manasseh. The immediately subsequent history of the tribes does not seem to bear out this early promise. But under the leadership of

An Ephraimite,

the brave, noble Joshua, son of Nun, the land of promise was won. This gave the proud and haughty tribe a higher position than its mere numbers would have implied. The new kingdom ruled over by Jeroboam was in large part the kingdom of Ephraim. The word Ephraim thus came to stand for Israel, and in this representative sense it is used in the text before us.

A word in regard to baking in the East will throw light on the text. It is the custom to heat the hearth, or a portion thereof; then sweep carefully the portion heated, put the cake upon it, and cover it with ashes and embers. In a little time the cake is turned. It is then covered again, and this process is continued several times until it is found to be sufficiently baked. Israel, as a loaf, had been put under the ashes, but, though well leavened and kneaded, Israel had not been carefully turned. One side became a burnt crust, and the other side remained raw dough; and thus both sides were absolutely worthless. Ephraim still lives. All his characteristics are still seen. He has many representatives at this hour. Let us look at a few of these representatives in their order.

1. The man who lives for pleasure alone is a cake not turned. One side of his nature is unduly baked; the other is entirely neglected. Pleasure has its uses, but

Pleasure as a Business

is a very poor business indeed. Honey is good, but the man who undertakes to eat nothing else will have neither brawn nor brain. There are many representatives of this class. Some are from the lower and more grovelling classes: these are born in environments of sin. Their pleasures are of the lowest and most sensual kind. They live in the damp cellars of their earthly house. Their degradation is seen in their very faces. They are almost below the rank of human beings, and to class them with animals is to do the animals in-

But others of this class belong to the justice.

higher walks of life. They have elegant homes, they are surrounded by every evidence of wealth and luxury; nevertheless, they must claim kinship with the more degraded classes, in that pleasure is the only aim of their lives. One danger of American society in our day is that many young men of wealth feel that they have nothing to do in life. But few of them secure an education. If they have the capacity to study they have not the desire. Comparatively few of them are ever graduated from College. They are not willing to go down to hard work either in study or in business as their fathers did a generation or two ago. These young men are fond of frequenting the clubs. Their talk is trivial, if not coarse. When they have exhausted the race-horse, the latest play, or the newest amusement, they find themselves at home in the discussion of petty social scandals. Such is the club life of many young men, some of whom have honored names. They do not live—they simply exist. They are a reproach to American life and to the civilization of the nineteenth century. They have no future along this line but one of shame. There are in Wall Street, and in other business centres, honorable exceptions. The great regret is that these exceptions are not more numerous.

Great Men Useful.

In the old country this crisis has happily been passed. A great change has taken place within the past generation—certainly within the last half century. To-day many men of historic names are engaged in banking and other forms of useful enterprise. It is felt that there is something else to do in life besides fox-hunting and pleasure-seeking generally. In order to maintain a respectable standing with the thinking classes of society, such men must do something in life.

If they do not engage in business it becomes necessary for them to be active in some form of literary and philanthropic work. Strip Mr. Gladstone of all his political honors, and he will stand before the world conspicuous as one of the ripe scholars of the day. Remove from the Duke of Argyll all the glory of his ancestral name and estates; leave him simply his cutivated intellect and his Christianized heart, and he will stand before the world as the author of books representing the ripest results of science in loving harmony with the deepest teachings of religion. Remove from Mr. Trevelyan, the honors of political power, and you will leave him the author of two of the most delightful biographies which the century has produced. Even a son of the Queen meets some of the claims of modern society in his effort to write an oratorio. Men of wealth and social position like Mr. Lecky, can neither satisfy their own ambitions nor the demands of society, except as they contribute something to the world's progress in thought and life; and so Mr. Lecky becomes the author of volumes which will make his name more enduring than monuments of marble or bronze.

Heraldic Crutches.

We ought to be profoundly grateful for this tendency of our times. No man has the right to live on the fame of his family name. On no heraldic crutches ought any man to strut across the stage of life. The world to-day asks you not what your father or grandfather did, but what have you done? And its demands are right and just. The man who lives for pleasure, whether of the higher or lower kind, is dead while he liveth. He is a wretched parasite; he is a reproach to his species. He consents to doom himself to an early grave, a dishonored name, and an immortal shame. He drags in the mire of his own lust the qualities which might have made him a blessing to the world, and a child of God. He dooms himself to crawl and bite the dust, when he might stand erect and eat angels' food. He is a cake not turned. One side of his nature is burnt to a crisp by the fires of unholy deslre; the other side of his nature is raw dough. Both are worthless. To-day, in the name of all that is noble in manhood, and in the name of our divine Lord, I beseech you to be true to the loftier instincts of your nature and live for the glory of God and for the good of men.

Business Enthroned.

2. The man who lives for business alone is a cake not turned. This man stands higher, all will admit, than the mere votary of pleasure. Business is good; business has its claims; these claims must be recognized. But even though the business be honorable and the methods of its pursuit unobjectionable, the man who lives for this life alone loses this life as well as the life which is to come. The man to whom this world is a god is a wretched idolater. The man who lives for this life alone may reach that end, as the world regards it; but he has missed the true end even of this life. Were there no life beyond, it would pay any man to spend his time here in the service of God. This life is never truly lived, except as it is used for the good of others and for the glory of God. Our Lord gives us two illustrations in his parables of men who live for this life alone. The first is usually called the "rich fool." Our Lord sets before us this man as a warning against covetousness and as an illustration of the danger of those who trust in this world's goods as a source of blessedness. Nothing is said against this man's character. Not a word as to his having procured his wealth by any unjust means. Indeed, the fact that a rich farmer rather than a trader was chosen as an illustration, suggests the honest and laborious processes by which his wealth was acquired. The sun, the rain, and all the forces of nature, contributed to

His Increasing Wealth.

He had no room where to bestow his fruits. His selfishness appears in calling the fruits his own; "My fruits and my goods," he says. But while he made plans for satisfying the flesh, he utterly neglected the higher wants of his soul. He says to his soul, "Take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry; thou hast much goods laid up for many years." He expects to feed his soul on grain. Can a soul eat wheat? Well might God address him as Thou fool! Solemn were the words of warning, telling him that that night his soul would be required of him. He heaped up riches; he knew not who would gather them. He was rich toward the world; he was unspeakably poor toward God. He made no provision for the future. To him the future was a blank. It was blackness; it was darkness; it was death; and when the curtain fell he went out into that unknown future, leaving all for which he lived behind.

In another parable—the rich man and Lazarus—our Lord lifts the curtain and shows us what lies beyond. This rich man, like that, lived for this life alone. Unlike the first, he lived a life of jovial splendor. He was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. He was

The Incarnation of Selfishness.

It is not, however, intimated that he was the oppressor of the poor, nor that he had robbed other men of their goods. He simply lived for himself. He neglected Lazarus lying at the gate. The rich man dies and is buried, and when the costly funeral is over, the curtain is drawn aside, and while Lazarus is in Abraham's bosom, the rich man lifts up his eyes in hell, in torments. In his wretchedness a drop of water on his fiery tongue would be a blessing. But he is now reminded that in his lifetime he received his good things. He lived for this life; he got it. In his misery and perdition he reaps what he had sowed. Having sown to the flesh he reaps corruption. We have here the only illustration in the Bible of a prayer offered to a saint. It was a prayer that came from hell, and it was a prayer that was not answered. The fires of perdition have not baked his nature through. He is still the unbeliever that he was upon the earth. He wishes Abraham to send some one to warn his brethren. Abraham reminds him that they have Moses and the prophets, but this will not silence him.

It is as true of the lost as of the saved, that their works do follow them. The temper of the Christian in heaven is but the full fruition of his temper on earth. The spirit of the lost man in hell is but the intensification of his spirit on earth. This man's demand implies that his brethren on earth did not have a fair opportunity, else they would have repented. He would thus throw the blame upon God. He claims that if one went to them from the dead they would repent. Abraham implies that though one rose from the dead they would not even be persuaded. When a Lazarus was raised from the dead the enemies of Christ went about to kill him.

The Spirit of Unbelief

which made men opposers of God on earth follows them even into the regions of despair. For the future to which they are hurrying they have made no preparation, and such a man's life must be a gigantic failure. There comes to my mind while I speak just such a man. He lives as utterly without God as if God were dead. He is a husband and a father; but he and his wife and children sit at their table and partake of their food, so far as gratitude for it is concerned, precisely as animals might eat. The name of Christ is never heard in the house except to round a joke or emphasize an oath. This man is without God and without hope. He lives for this life alone. His only God is business. The most important part of his nature is utterly neglected. The faculties which would give him kinship with angels and God lie absolutely dormant. He is defrauding himself of his possible heritage as a child of God and an heir of heaven. He is robbing his home of the sunlight of Christ's presence. He is a cake not turned. One side of his nature is scorched by the friction of the world's cares, and the other is raw dough.

The world has claims upon men of wealth among us. Great possessions involve corresponding responsibility, and the intellect that is used in acquiring ought also to be used in wisely distributing. God will not hold him guiltless who amasses great wealth for personal gratification or family aggrandizment. The wants of ten thousand needy enterprises demand recognition. Only he whose nature is symmetrically developed under the guiding influence of Christ, who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, who came to rule by serving, who came to be king by being the lowliest of all, who came to give life by his death; only as men's lives are modelled by his example can they truly live and triumphantly die. If their life is like that of Ephraim it is a cake unturned. On the one side a blackened crust; on the other raw dough, and both sides useless.

3. A man who lives for culture alone—as that word is usually understood—is a cake not turned. This remark will not apply to a culture that is broad and deep, that takes in the entire being.

What is Culture?

Look at the derivation of the word. It is tilling. To till you must plough or delve; you must rake or harrow. You have culture in a field only as you have tilling. Parts of the field that have not been tilled are not cultured. That cannot be called a cultured field in which large portions have been utterly neglected. New-world farmers are astonished when they see the fields of old-world farmers. Every spot is tilled; every mountain-side is cultured. No man can claim that his is a well-tilled farm, if much of it has never felt plough or spade. No man can claim the honors of culture, portions of whose nature lie fallow. What would you say of a man who would claim to be cultured simply because his muscles were well developed? You say, "Yes; he has physical culture; let him limit his claim to that." But you rightly demand more. The intellect also must have culture. Now, more of the territory has been gone over; now, more may be rightly claimed by the man. But why stop there? The man is more than muscles and mind. You must go higher. All things below man look up to man as their centre. Shall he have no upward look? All faculties within look to the heart, the soul, the conscience. The word conscience suggests this upward look.

It is a Solemn Word.

It is knowing together with another. Who is the other? There stands God. Language itself witnesses for its Author. Man is not a god unto himself. A true culture includes the entire field; it sweeps across every faculty. It is its earthward, manward, and Godward relation. If lacking in any of these directions, it is a partial, defective and unauthoritative culture. It is a cake baked only on one side.

Tried by this true standard many claimants for this honor will be found wanting. Sidney Smith thought it better not to read a book which he was to review; reading it might prejudice his judgment. So do men of culture in some directions seem to act in regard to religion and the Bible. The religious side of their nature is neglected; other parts are cultivated. On science and art they would not make ignorance a claim to authority; in regard to religion they act as if their ignorance specially fitted them for bold and authoritative statement. Such men would receive our contempt did not our religion teach us to give them our pity. The apostles could say, "We speak that we do know;" not so with these ill-cultured critics of divine things. Locke said, "It needs a sunny eye to see the sun." He is right. No man can really see the ocean, except he who has oceans in his soul; no man can truly enjoy the mountains but he who has mountains on his brain. So to be able to judge religion you must have religion. This is not, on the part of the religious teacher, asking too much. If you are to demonstrate to me a problem in geometry, you have a right to demand that I shall know enough of the science at least to follow you step by step. If I do not, how dare I dissent from your conclusion? Is my ignorance to give me authority? Geometrically I am, on this supposition, a cake not turned.

Who are Authorities?

Surely a man ought to be diffident in pronouncing an opinion on subjects which he has never studied. Sir Isaac Newton was right when he said to Dr. Halley, a man of science, but an unbeliever in God's Word, "I am glad to hear you speak about astronomy and mathematics, for you have studied and you understand them; but you should not talk of Christianity, for you have not studied it." That is good sense. Dr. Halley was not a man of culture, so far as Christianity was concerned; that side of his nature was unbaked. In recent discussions of the life and work of Emerson the name of Thoreau has been often mentioned. He is a type of one class of men of culture, so-called. In 1837 he was graduated from Harvard College. For three years he was a teacher. He then occupied himself with various kinds of mechanical pursuits and with land surveying. He imbibed the spirit of Emerson's transcendentalism. In March, 1845,

he built himself a shanty on the shore of Walden Pond. There he lived a sort of hermit life. One object was to see how cheaply and simply a man could live. He demonstrated that it was possible to do this on seventy dollars a year. Noble achievement! Grand ambition! True, he wrote a little. But what did he really accomplish? How was he better than the miserable monastic hermits of the earlier day? Such culture is supreme selfishness, which is

The Essence of all Sin.

Emerson, in his measure, fell into the snare. He was refined, solitary, personally pure and noble. But whose sorrows did he share? Whose burdens did he lift? Carlyle's culture was painfully onesided. He was crusted on the one side; he was crude on the other. The harsh, the crabbed, the unloving elements were unduly developed; the tender, gentle and winning graces were neglected. The men who bless and save the world are not of this stamp. His very greatness makes his weakness the more conspicuous. It is also to be borne in mind that both Emerson and Carlyle seem to have come in their later years more fully into the light of Christ than in their middle life. Remarks made by Emerson plainly show that his pantheism gave way to theism, and that Christ became more and more his Example and Helper. Carlyle fully acknowledged that as he stood on the brink of eternity the old words learned in childhood came back with wondrous power—that the chief end of man was to glorify God and to enjoy him forever. Culture! Yes, but let it be culture of the whole man. There is more power in the sweet and blessed life of sister Dora, with her strong body, her clear head, and her consecrated heart, ministering to the sick, instructing the well, and comforting the dying, than in the lives of sentimental hermits, transcendental philosophers and snarling critics. Give us this stalwart sister; give us the fragile Havergal as

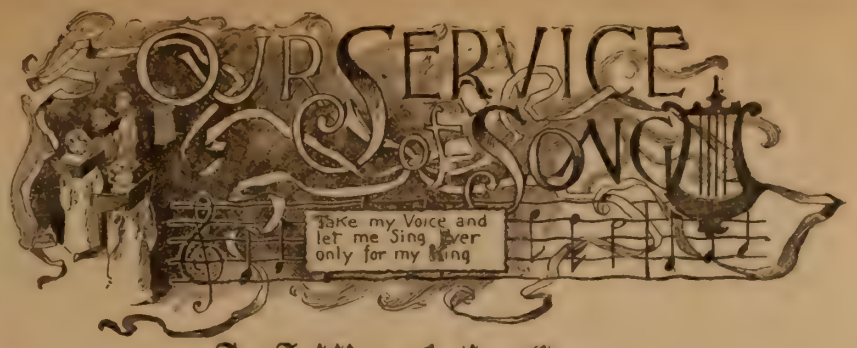
Samples of a Culture

which the world needs, and which only the spirit of Christ and his cross can give. Of the silent John and the eloquent Peter men took knowledge that they had been with Jesus. With all your culture forget not that which can be learned only in the school of Christ. Culture will adorn piety; but piety crowns and glorifies culture. We want both. Both are one. That is not true culture which fails to cultivate the nobler, the diviner elements of the soul. The man who neglects this is a crude Ephraim—a cake not turned.

4. A man who is half-hearted in religion is a cake not turned. Ephraim had introduced much of the superstition and idolatry of the Gentile nations into the worship of Jehovah. Ephraim, though proud and haughty as a tribe, had been lacking in moral backbone, in loyalty, in consecration, in the service of God. The people had worshipped calves at Dan and at Bethel; and yet they called on the name of the Lord. They, like the inhabitants of Samaria in later times, feared the Lord and served their own gods. There are such professors of religion to-day. They have a name to live and are dead; they have the form of godliness but not the power. They have not true religion in either in experience nor in practice. They to-day serve Baal; to-morrow Jehovah; the next they flit as birds from branch to branch, halting between God and Mammon. This is poor business. A half-and-half man is a failure always and everywhere. No compromise! This should be

The Christian's Watchword.

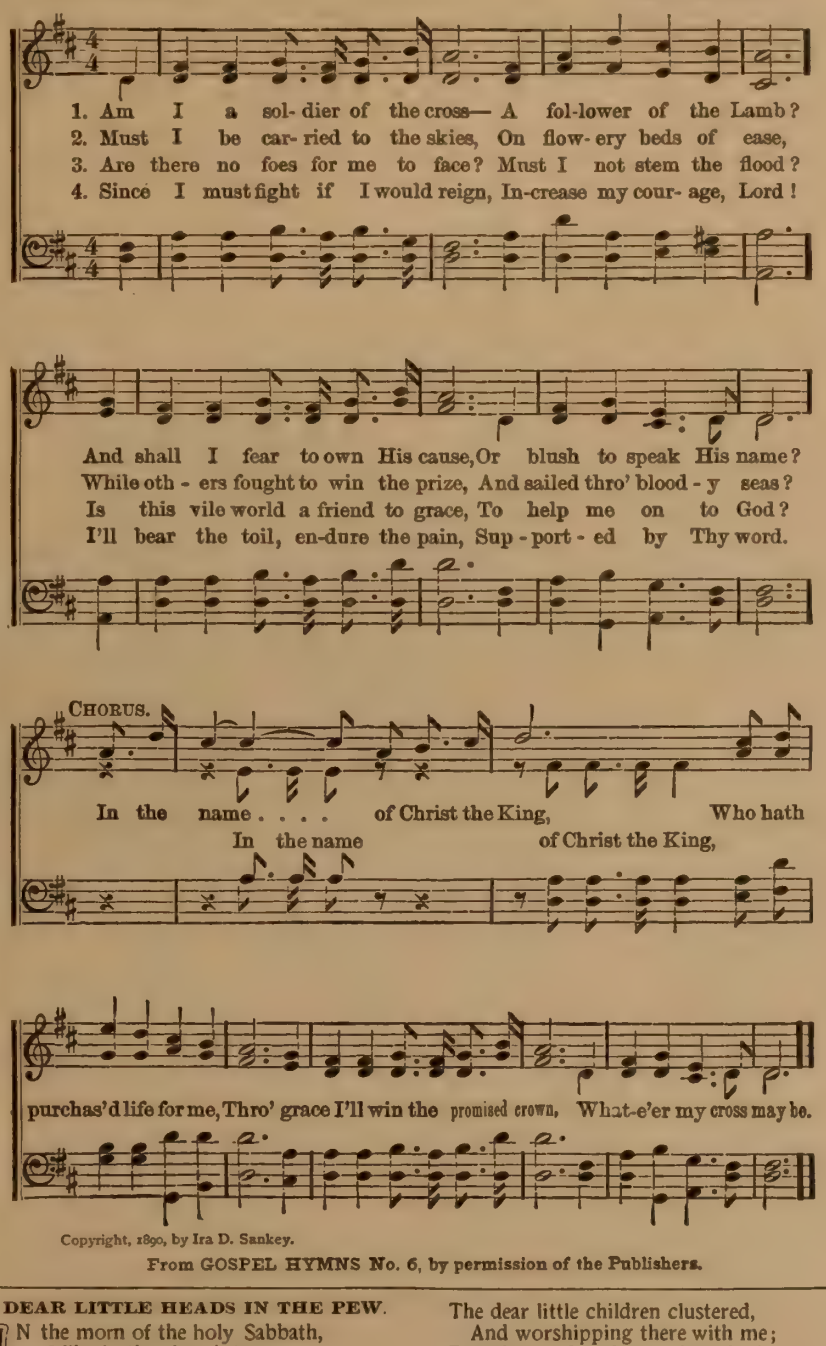
To-day Jesus Christ calls for men with one heart, and that heart on fire with his love. Away with the cowards! Gideon is stronger with his brave three hundred than with the thousands who were glad to return. We want no unturned cakes. Our denomination wants men with convictions; men who know why they are Christians and Baptists. The world needs such men. Men strong and true; living, loving, brave, and gentle men—these the church of God needs. Christ indicates the men he wants. He commands us, in his admirable summary of the ten words, to love God with all our heart, and mind and strength. That is culture. All our faculties, and all of each faculty, must be called into service. We are also to love our neighbor as ourselves. Self-love is right; selfishness is devilish. It is sometimes said of some men that they are very pious Godward, but very crooked manward. That is a severe criticism when it is true. Come to the cross of the perfect Man to learn the first lesson in true manhood. Let his love sweetly bake your hearts clear through. Starting thus, and continuing thus, you will never be rebuked as crude Ephraims, but you will one day be presented to God holy and without blemish, as perfect men and women in Christ Jesus.



A Soldier of the Cross.

"A good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 TIM. 2: 3.

ISAAC WATTS. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Am I a sol- dier of the cross— A fol-lower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car- ried to the skies, On flow- ery beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour- age, Lord!
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.
CHORUS.
In the name . . . . of Christ the King, Who hath
In the name of Christ the King,
purchas'd life for me, Thro' grace I'll win the promised crown, What-e'er my cross may be.

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DEAR LITTLE HEADS IN THE PEW.

IN the morn of the holy Sabbath,
I like in the church to see
The dear little children clustered,
Worshipping there with me.
I am sure that the gentle pastor,
Whose words are like summer dew,
Is cheered as he gazes over
The dear little heads in the pew.

Faces earnest and thoughtful,
Innocent, grave and sweet,
They look in the congregation
Like lilies among the wheat,
And I think that the tender Master
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For dear little heads in the pew.

When they hear "The Lord is my Shepherd,"
Or "Suffer the babes to come,"
They are glad that the loving Jesus
Has given the lambs a home—
A place of their own with his people,
He cares for me and for you,
But close in his arms he gathers.
The dear little heads in the pew.

So I love in the great assembly
On the Sabbath morning to see
The dear little children clustered,
And worshipping there with me;
For I know that the precious Saviour,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For the dear little heads in the pew.

—MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

THE PRODIGAL'S RESOLVE.

I WILL arise and to my Father go,
Tell him my want, and all my wasting woe,
Which he perchance may not yet surely know,
He wishes I should come and tell him so.

For we are told to tell unto him all
The wants or cares that may to us befall;
If they be but great, or if they be but small,
He promises to listen when we call.

And I have sinned beyond all human aid;
I feel my weakness, of myself afraid;
My only hope of help on him is stayed,
And he will help; I need not be dismayed.

Oh, in that land where fig and olive grow,
Where storms ne'er come, nor tempests blow,
I shall be eased of all my guilt and woe—
I will arise, and to my Father go.

Troy, Penn. —MINNIE C. BALLARD.

A HINDOO BOY'S SUFFERING.

A SAD story of persecution comes from India. It is sent to the *Church* by Rev. A. H. Ewing, the Presbyterian Missionary at Lodiana. He says: "We have had in our school a boy with an interesting history. His name is Shankar Das. He was sixteen when he first came to us. He applied for baptism, having through various influences become convinced of the truth of Christianity. As the law delivers all minors to their parents, no one could baptize him as they knew they would have to give him up. He was, however, taken charge of by Miss Hewlett, of Amritsar, and she kept him with her. His friends soon traced him out and she was obliged to send him away. The boy went to Poona and entered the Victoria High School where he remained some months. One day he was playing with the other boys, when the family priest of his father, who had come from North India happened to pass along and recognized him. Of course he sent word to the father. After another month the father came, disguised as a beggar, approached his son as he was again out playing, caught him by the hand and said he had come to take him home. The boy said 'very well,' as there was nothing else to be done. The father had the legal right to him. He did not leave Poona, however, until he had sought for and received baptism. His life at home was made miserable by beatings and ill-treatment of every kind. Once his friends decided to poison him and gave him poisoned food. One soft-hearted relative had, however, forewarned him, so he gave the food to a dog instead. The dog was soon a corpse, but the boy was safe. The relatives were so frightened lest he should give a report of what they had attempted that they treated him with a little less severity.

"Last month he became eighteen years of age—the age of majority. He then told his father that he was going to leave and join the Christians. The father could no longer make objections, so he came to Amritsar, and after a few months was sent to Lodiana. He is a boy of fine Christian spirit."

A CAT'S CONFIDENCE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Morning Post* writes: "I was walking in St. James's Square, on Tuesday, when I saw a cat before me, looking very weak and weary, carrying a kitten in her mouth. I watched what she was going to do with it. She crawled across the road, and jumped into the square, and carried her burden straight to the girl who sweeps the crossing there, who was sitting by the rails, and laid it down close to her, as much as to say, 'I know you will take care of it for me.' The crossing-sweeper is the Good Samaritan of cats, who protects them. This was one of her cats. In the afternoon I called again to inquire, and I found the cat had made three more journeys, each time bringing a young one in her mouth, and giving it to her friend. I thought this courage and devotion to her young, and confidence in one who had been kind to her, was very touching. She evidently knew that if her kittens were left where they were born they would be drowned without mercy, so she brought them to her friend at the crossing." It is interesting to know that provision was made for these kittens. The crossing-sweeper sheltered them and their mother for a week or two and then gave away the little ones to families who would be kind to them. The cat seems to have been able to reason far enough to conclude that a girl who had been kind to her must be one who would be kind to her progeny. Sometimes it needs a long argument to get Christian parents to come to that conclusion as to their best Friend.

A BLESSING FROM A CURSE.

THROUGHOUT the whole of Central Africa there is one language held in bitter aversion, yet it has gone everywhere and is known by some in every region. The reason is that it is the language of the slave dealers who traveled in all parts taking the Swahili language with them. "There," says Dr. Hodgson, "is the opportunity — one language which amongst all these varying tongues is spoken in all parts of Africa. The Church Missionary Society began the work on that language nearly fifty years ago. Dr. Krapf commenced it; the University Mission thirty years ago took it up. Dr. Steere, one of the greatest linguists of his age, set to work on the language; and now the Bible Society is enabling us to make that the most blessed language in Central Africa. Wherever we go we are able now to present the people of the country with the Word of God in a language they can understand. Is not this work of Christ Himself—the very curse of the land, the most accursed language turned into its greatest blessing?"

A SIGN OF THE END.

England's Occupation of Egypt a Sign of the Approaching Consummation.

BY BISHOP TITCOMB.

IN the year 1873 I ventured to surmise that British power would some day be placed in Egypt. I well remember how, when writing the prophetic sentence, I laid down my pen and exclaimed, "Is it safe thus to write? England can never occupy Egypt without the consent of France. Is this probable?" Nevertheless, I allowed my words to stand, because, resting with unshaken confidence in my adopted principles of interpretation, I relied upon the truth of inspiration rather than on the promptings of unbelief. And the event justified the course. Let us now look at its significance

I observe, first, that in the revolution of empires God overrules all for his own purposes. Thus, in Dan. 2: 21: "He changes the times and the seasons; he removeth kings and setteth up kings. Secondly, in this divine sovereignty the boundaries of empires are overruled with a view to the final destiny of God's chosen people Israel. Thirdly, the final purpose of God in regard to his chosen people is, that as they have been exiled from their land, and punished for their sins, so they shall be at last restored to their inheritance, and be reinstated in the favor of God. Thus, in Isaiah 11: 11: "In that day the Lord shall set his hand again the second time, to recover the remnant of his people which shall be left from Assyria and from Egypt," etc.

Guided by these three great lines of thought, I hold it to be our duty, not only to regard God in general history, but more particularly in relation to all changes which are taking place throughout ancient Bible lands. It is in this way that the gradual decadence of Turkish power becomes noteworthy; because, while Turkish Mohammedanism has been treading Jerusalem under foot since A. D. 622–637, our Lord reminds us that it is not to be so always: "Jerusalem shall be trodden under foot of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled." (Luke 21: 24). Concluding, therefore, from this, that the restoration of Jerusalem can never take place until Mohammedanism shall have lost all domination throughout ancient Bible lands, it is obvious that every national movement which disintegrates the Turkish Empire must be a step toward the accomplishment of the divine purpose.

Morever, inasmuch as the Turkish Empire is practically co-extensive with Assyria, Moab, Edom and Egpyt, we seem also called to note that certain final judgments which are described in Scripture as falling on those countries at the time of the restoration of Israel, must take place in consequence of Mohammedan fanaticism, since there is no other possible sense in which those places can at present be regarded as hostile to the kingdom of God. Now (not to speak of the other texts) it is remarkable that in Is. 11., where the last restoration of Israel and Judah is described, we find it said, in ver. 14: "They shall lay hand on Edom and Moab." Again in Zech. 10, speaking of Ephraim's conversion and return, it is said (5: 11): "The pride of Assyria shall be broken down, and the sceptre of Egypt shall pass away." It comes, then, to this—that on the dissolution of the Turkish Empire, and as a prelude to the subsequent re-gathering of the chosen people in Palestine, it is the prophetic destiny of Ephraim to subdue Egypt, as well as other lands, now Mohammedan, which surround Palestine and Syria.

This being the case, it will be easily understood how any one who believes the British nation to be identical in its lineal evolution with the exile kingdom of Ephraim must be led to expect English ascendancy in Egypt toward the time of the latter end. But there is more than this: for we read Zech. 10: 10, concerning Ephraim, "I will bring them again out of Egypt," and this in direct connection with their final return in a state of conversion to God. How, then, can one who believes in the identity of England with Christianized Ephraim, fail to see that a British settlement in Egypt was necessary in order to form a base of operations for Israel's re-inheritance of Palestine.

Once more, however, there was a promise made to Abraham, which has never yet been fulfilled—viz., that the Empire of Israel shall extend "from the river of Egypt to the river Euphrates" (Gen. 15: 18). Consequently, as the time draws near for the fulfilment of that promise, what can be more natural to expect than that British power, as a representative of Israel, should take possession of the land of the Nile? By so doing, it is only accomplishing its predicted destiny.

THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Dec. 26. Matt. 2: 1-11. Hebrews 13: 15, 16.

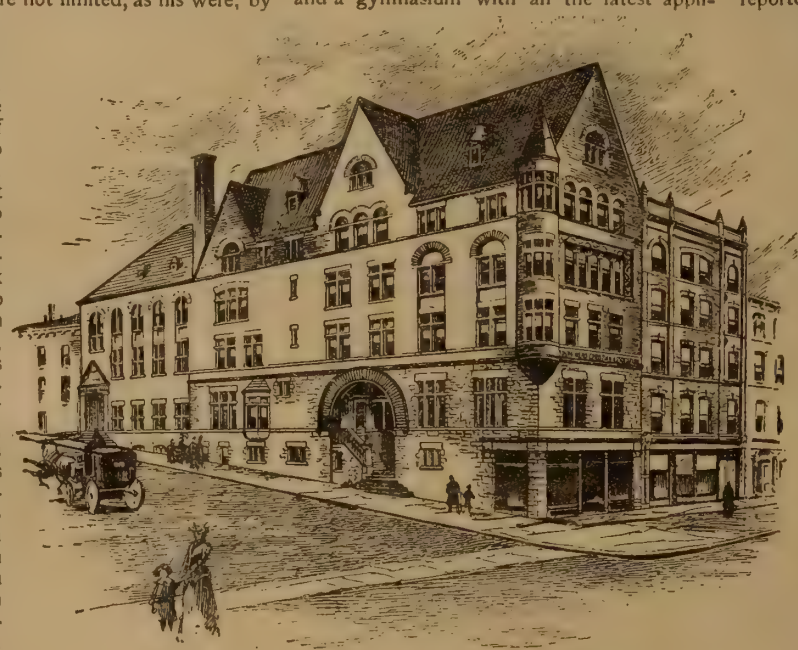
WHAT gifts shall we bring him? The question suggested in the topic is one that must be answered individually and collectively. It must involve a consideration of our obligations and they are infinite. The story told of the slave who was purchased by an Englishman from an Arab dealer, will help us to understand something of our duty. He was astonished that a man of that nationality should buy him, but he understood it when his new owner made him free. He flung himself on his knees and declared that the best service of his whole life should be freely given to him. The obligations of the Christian to Christ are of that kind but infinitely greater in degree as they are not limited, as his were, by life, but extend throughout eternity. What gift, therefore, shall we bring? The consecration of heart and life to him are his due. Continual effort to live his life, to walk in his footsteps, to continue his work and to exhibit to the world, which knows him not, something of his image, is demanded of every follower of him, who has taken on himself his sacred name. Beside this, co-operation with Christ's church in its work, is a tribute which should be rendered to him. The individual life cannot affect the world in its solitary effort as it can when in union with others like-minded. There is no need to withdraw from the world's business to render such service, as some men think. Many a noble service is rendered by business men who toil for the support of their families and who give freely to Christ the time spent in his service. Each one has his work to do. Happy is he who does it with all his heart and soul.

EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE *Boston, Mass.*, District now numbers over four thousand members according to the report presented at its third annual convention which was held recently in St. John's Church, South Boston. The Rev. C. L. Goodell, the President, was unable to attend the convention, but he contributed materially to the enjoyment of the evening by sending a vivid and charming account of his journey in the footsteps of St. Paul over the ground of Christianity's earliest triumphs. Among the visitors to the convention was Rev. D. A. Jordan, D.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y. An interesting meeting was recently held at *Louisiana, Mo.* It was a union meeting of young people's societies in which Epworth Leaguers, Christian Endeavorers and members of the Baptist Young People's Union met in cordial fellowship in the Baptist Church to discuss plans of work and encourage each other in their pursuit of the common object of all the societies—the advancement of the Master's kingdom. *Illinois* has added another Chapter to her roll. It has been organized in connection with the Academy Church at Harvey. In *Maine*, the Portland District League is making rapid strides. It now has twenty-three Chapters with a total membership of 1,162. One of its Junior Leagues—that at Biddeford has one hundred members. In *Maryland* the League has made excellent advances. The new general-secretary, Rev. Edwin A. Schell, was present at the second annual convention of the West-Baltimore District League recently, and received an enthusiastic welcome. Great things are expected of this young man by those who know him best.

THE Y. M. C. A. OF ALBANY, N. Y.

THE building of which a picture appears on this page, is the home of the Young Men's Christian Association of Albany, N.Y. As it is one of the oldest associations in the country having been founded in 1857, it now is one of the most flourishing. It has 1,063 members, of whom 350 are on the active list. Its building, which with the lot it stands on cost $125,000, is thoroughly well equipped and well arranged for its work. It has a library of 3,468 volumes and a gymnasium with all the latest appliances for physical culture. Its educational department covers seven branches and during the past year seventy-seven young men have availed themselves of the advantages offered by that department. It has also been successful in aiding struggling young men in obtaining remunerative work. One hundred young men were thus placed through its efforts last year. Mr. A. P. Stevens is the President of the Association and Mr. Willard Smith, the General Secretary.



THE YOUNG MEN S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION AT ALBANY, N. Y.

THE C. E. ROLL.

THE actual figures of Christian Endeavor Societies are given in a communication kindly sent to this journal by Mr. J.W.Baer, Secretary of the United Society. They are classified according to denomination. Every Society that has disbanded or changed its name has been removed from the list. There are doubtless more Societies in each denominatiou than the list shows, as enrollment is sometimes delayed or omitted altogether and only enrolled Societies are included in the report.

The Presbyterian Church still stands at the head of the denominations with a total of 6,256 societies. This includes Cumberland, Reformed, United and Scotch Presbyterian churches. The Congregationalists come next with 4,368 societies. The Baptists have 3,149 societies and eight Baptists Unions of Christian Endeavor. The various branches of the Methodist Church including African Primitive and Methodist Protestant have 2,729 societies and 285 Epworth Leagues of Christian Endeavor. The Christians and the Disciples of Christ now have together 1,858 societies that have reported. The Lutherans have 366; the Evangelical Lutherans 314; and in addition 20 Keystone Leagues of Christian Endeavor. The Reformed Church in America and the Reformed Church in the United States have 561 societies enrolled. The Friends have 366; United Brethren, 201: Church of God, 49; Moravians, 44; Reformed Episcopal, 38; Protestant Episcopal, 33; Mennonite, 9. In addition to the above there are 2,098 union societies in small places, 339 that have not given their denominational affiliations, 59 in public institutions and schools, 3 in the United States Army, and 3 "floating societies." A grand total of 23,163 societies, enrolled.

It is interesting to know that 845 of these societies are in foreign and missionary lands, 1,546 in the Dominion of Canada, and 20,772 in our own land. There are now 2,859 Junior Christian Endeavor societies enrolled. Classified according to States, New York heads the list with 2,778 societies. Five other States have more than a thousand. They are Pennsylvania, 1989; Illinois, 1618; Ohio, 1487; Iowa, 1096, and Massachusetts 1092. Every other State and Territory is represented, ranging in number from Indiana with 939 to Alaska with 2.

BUSY CIRCLES.

How much happiness and comfort and true service for the Master can be given by Christian young ladies combined for work may be seen by the reports presented of six Circles of King's Daughters at the meeting of their Central Circle at Norwalk, Conn. The Secretary of each Circle had gratifying news to give of the year's work. Miss Mary Stuart, secretary of the *'Doorkeepers'* Circle, among other works, reported $30 sent to Ceylon to pay the year's tuition for the girl educated by them; besides entering very heartily into the special work of the Central Circle. "We would ask ourselves," Miss Stuart said in closing her report, "on this anniversary day, is this all another year of service as the King's Daughters means to us? Has not the wearing of the little silver cross made us better Daughters at home? Has it not saved us from the quick retort, the unkind word, and made us silent under provocations? If so, who then can measure the influence? May we be more loyal Daughters, never forgetting that we are to keep the 'door of our lips,' and to remember our motto that 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'" The *Inasmuch* Circle of which Miss Josie Shumway is secretary, reported among other kindly deeds, the sending of a carriage to carry the aged and feeble church members to and from service on Sunday mornings. Last Christmas they prepared a tree well laden with gifts for poor children, which proved a great pleasure both to those who gave and those who received.

Mrs. Russel Mackey, Secretary of the *Golden Rule* Circle reported the payment for the tuition of a poor girl in No. Carolina for the "Mountain Whites" The *Ministering* Circle through Miss Kate Hunter, its Sec'y, reported 656 calls made on the aged and sick, visible tokens of the visit often having been left behind, in fragrant flowers or tempting delicacies. Mrs. Hunter remarked in closing her report: When the term work is used, let not any one think that for us it implies a laborious duty; it is rather a delightful occupation, and a sweet service for our King. The *Forget-me-not* Circle, whose members are chiefly younger ladies, reported through the Secretary, Miss Millie Wilcox, flowers sent last summer, and also magazines and papers ta poor children in the tenements of New York. A parlor entertainment in February, realized about $20, to which the members added five dollars from their mite boxes, and sent it to help one of the poor mountain white girls to attend school. The *Thoughtful* Circle of which Miss Bessie Bridges is Secretary, reported flowers sent to the King's Daughters' Chapter for Tenement House Work, and the Hospital Flower mission of New York on an average of once a week. They are now at work, to raise money to help build the much needed Bungalow at Wai, India, to make a home for two lady missionaries.

THE B. Y. P. U. IN VERMONT.

A STATE organization of the Baptist Young People's Union was effected by Vermont at a recent Convention held in the First Church, Burlington. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year, President, Rev. W. S. Roberts, D.D., Burlington; Vice-president, L. W. Halley, Brattleboro; Recording Secretary, Geo. P. Wright, St. Albans; Treasurer, Fred G. Safford, Burlington. The above with the addition of J.E.Tilson, Rockland; Rev. P. C. Abbey, Barre, and B. S. Hathaway, North Bennington, constitute the Board of Managers.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells of the Wonderful "Traveler's Tree" of Madagascar the Milk Tree of South America and the Bamboo Loved in Japan.

WINTER'S snows have already begun to cover the earth with fleecy robes. In the garden, all except the hardiest plants are either covered up or removed indoors to be saved from frost; and the vines are protected with straw and earth up to the trellis-work. The trees alone, standing bare and leafless, must face the storm and stress of winter unsheltered.

There are trees on three sides of the homestead—a row of cherry trees in the wide lane, some noble, towering maples in the rear with a half-dozen fruit trees, and right before the door, and half-way between it and the gate, a grand old apple-tree, whose wide-spreading limbs make a favorite seat for the boys in summer, and whose sea of blossoms in spring is a marvel of beauty to all who live in the neighborhood. Its apples are the biggest, reddest and sweetest on any tree for miles around. But some of its limbs are showing signs of decay and ere many more summers elapse, the old tree must be brought under the axe.

"Dear old tree!" sighed the children, when Uncle John, after inspecting it, the other day, told them of this decision. "It seems like a friend to us," added Tom.

"The little folks will miss it very much," said mamma sadly.

"Yes," said Uncle John. "There is no plant in the whole world so deserving of man's affection as a tree; yet there is none that exacts less care and trouble at his hands. In our climate we think less of trees than people do in some other parts of the world."

"Oh, yes," said Ellie, "I remember reading in the Bible, a little while ago, in Deuteronomy 22: 19, where it says 'the tree of the field is man's life,' but I never could make out just what it meant."

"It means," replied Uncle, "that the trees are necessary to his comfort and in some parts of our earth, to his very existence. There are trees in some countries that seem to supply almost everything that man needs for his subsistence."

"Tell us of them, Uncle, please," cried Ted, who had been an eager listener. "Are they big apple trees like ours?"

"No, my boy; they bear something that may not be quite so toothsome but it is much more precious than a sweet apple. Humbolt," continued Uncle John, "mentions a tree he saw in South America, and which he calls the cow-tree. It is a tree so called because it takes the place of a cow in supplying the people with milk."

"How funny to think of wooden cows that give real good, sweet milk!" cried Ellie.

"Yes," continued the traveler, "these trees grow out of the rocks. They have large, woody roots, and the leaves are dry and leathery. For several months in the year no rain falls to moisten the leaves and the branches look dry and dead; but when the trunk is pierced, a sweet and nourishing milk oozes out. The best time for milking, the natives say, is at sunrise, and at that hour they go out with bowls and calabashes to pierce the wooden cows. They make incisions in the branches, and soon have the bowls overflowing with nice, fresh milk, which some drink on the spot, while others take it home to the little ones."

"But does it taste like real milk, Uncle?" asked Tom, incredulously.

"So I gather from what travelers say. The smell is pleasant and the taste agreeable."

"There is surely no other plant like it in the world," said Ted, in wondering tones.

"Wrong, my boy. There are others, but they don't give milk. There's a remarkable tree in the island of Madagascar, called the 'Traveler's Tree.' The branches don't grow out of the trunk, but spring out in a line, like the spokes of a wheel. Each branch grows at the end a big broad leaf which spreads out like a fan. Under the branches, a dew collects in the evening, in a myriad of drops that form little streams which run down the lower side of the branches. At the base of the branch is a cuplike hollow, where the dew gathers and thirsty travelers have just to poke something between the branches and hold a cup or jar under and it is speedily filled with sweet, refreshing water."

"Another illustration of how our Heavenly Father provides for his creatures in all places," remarked mamma from the sofa.

"Yes; all trees are useful in some way or other," responded Uncle, "but there are some whose every leaf, branch and fibre are valued in various ways. The cocoanut is one of these; its fruit yields oil, a sugary milk and solid food, while from its rind or shell are made spoons, cups, bowls, and even tables. The bark of the tree is made into twine, cloth, and mats; the tender young buds are eaten, and the sap makes capital sugar. The tough, leathery leaves are used for sails for boats, for sacks, for baskets, and thatch for cottages."

"Well!" exclaimed the deeply interested group, "surely no other tree can be so useful."

"Ah, but the bamboo in China is even more so," was the smiling reply. "It grows about eighty feet in height, and has neither blossom nor fruit. Its leaves are short and slender, but many of its canes are thicker than you papa's arm. The biggest stems are used for pillars of buildings and for rafters and planks, and its leaves are woven as thatching for the roof. The fibre makes mats for the floor. In many Chinese houses the bamboo is made into bedsteads, tables and chairs, and workmen also turn it into umbrellas, hats, baskets, cups, brooms, shoe-soles, pipes, bows-and-arrows and sedan-chairs. The finer fibre is spun into twine, and the shavings are used for stuffing pillows. Its leaves make a capital cloak for wet days and the chopsticks, which you have seen Chinamen use instead of knife and fork, are also made out of its stems. But that isn't the whole; its tender shoots are boiled and eaten and the pulp is transformed into paper, and the pith into pickles and sweetmeats. Boats, floats, sails, cable, rigging, fishing-rods and fishing-baskets are all made from the same tree. Chinese farmers have it in the form of carts, wheelbarrows, ploughs, wheels and fences. In fact, I might go on for an hour telling you about this remarkable tree which is everywhere used by the Celestials. If there is a more useful plant on the globe, I have never heard of it."

"THE TRAVELERS' TREE" OF MADAGASCAR.

See "Uncle John's Talks"

WINTER WINDOW-GARDENS.

THERE are few things that add more pleasure and beauty to the home in winter than a window-garden. Here is the advice of an expert to those who wish to make the home interior attractive from December till April.

Plant bulbs. Set away the Geraniums and Fuchsias that refuse to bloom in spite of petting, and plant Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus and Narcissus. If these are planted now you can have them in bloom constantly until spring is far advanced. Their culture at the window is very simple; all bulbs should have the roots formed before the growth begins, and to secure the one and prevent the other they should be set in a dark, cool closet or cellar after potting. Darkness is a preventive of top growth. As soon as the bulbs are well rooted they will grow at the top, and as soon as you find this bring them to the light. Allium and Freesia will frequently root and come to the surface in a week or two. Other bulbs need four, six and eight weeks and lilies longer. The soil should be light, moderately rich and sandy. Bulbs at the window will grow or bloom with little or no sun, if you give them a strong light. For lilies use deep pots. If not deeper than those used for other bulbs the roots will go down to the bottom and push the bulbs out of the soil. Crocuses need broad, shallow pans or pots, holding one or two dozen bulbs. Hyacinths in glasses must be in the dark until roots are formed, and the base of the bulb should not quite touch the water. Lilies are cultivated in the same manner, but will grow readily in soil, and make a very pretty and fragrant flower.

* * *

A Wife's Reminder.

Husbands are frequently so deeply engrossed in business that the claims of the home are almost forgotten. The wife and the children miss the society of the "head of the house." A busy husband sat chatting with his wife, after tea, a few evenings ago. He settled himself back in the chair with a self-satisfied air and said, "Things have changed some since we were married, haven't they, Mary?"

"A great deal, Joe," she replied quietly.

"The first year was pretty hard," he went on. "I didn't make any more than enough to pull us through. But I told you then I'd get up, and I have."

"Yes," she admitted, "you have. You've made it much easier for me financially."

"And I've worked hard to do it," he said, with some pride. "I've practically worked day and night."

She nodded and he continued:

"I'll do better yet, Mary. I'll have you even more comfortable than now."

"You will if you keep on working as you have worked," she said, "but—"

"But what, Mary?"

"I've sometimes wondered, Joe," with a faint smile, "if you quite understood the clergyman?"

"The—why, Mary?"

"The clergyman who married us."

"Why, what have I done?" he asked, suddenly, straightening up in his chair.

"Nothing wrong, I suppose, Joe," she replied in the same quiet way; "but it has seemed sometimes—just perhaps—it has seemed as though you had married the office. It sees more of you than—than—"

She stopped. It wasn't necessary to say any more. It was only necessary to kiss him to show that it was not in a fault-finding spirit that she spoke, and she did that.

There are many husbands just like Joe, so absorbed in money-making that they miss the priceless home love and home happiness.

ROSEMARY AND RUE

BY

JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

A STORY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HOME

Written expressly for "The Christian Herald"

CHAPTER VII.

SISTER ELOISE.

MRS. CARDIFF was sitting in the school-room. Her three girls and the governess were there at work, and Mrs. Cardiff was looking rather despairingly at these women-children, all under eighteen years of age. In fact Mrs. Cardiff was feeling rather faint, and wondering what the world was coming to. She had just had a morning caller, a woman whom she had always supposed to be in her right mind, and this friend had boastfully and cheerfully informed her that she thought her daughter, aged less than seventeen, was "going to be a great social success;" she had in the course of that winter received and accepted invitations to places of entertainments from seven different youths.

"She is not I think pretty, but some way she takes wonderfully with the other sex," said the mother cheerfully.

"Has she left school so early?" asked the chief, who chanced to be at home.

"Oh! no. I keep her in school, it is rather hard on her of course so much social life, and school, too, but she keeps up with her classes, really, she has not been put back once."

"You mean that she succeeds in keeping above the rather low line, where they condemn them to return to a lower class? But does she have time to reach a maximum grade? Does she have time to be thorough? Does she read in the line of her studies?"

"No: of course not. I'm sorry about it. But I felt that if she refused attention now, she might not get it when she wanted it, and you know girls don't like to be passed by."

"Why should she ever be in the position of wanting it! A girl always gets as much true admiration and attention as she is worth; and every well cultured woman should be sufficient of herself—not to sit as a beggar for attention along the highway trodden by masculine life."

"Oh, Mr. Cardiff, you do have such queer notions!" cried the guest.

But Mrs. Cardiff and the chief were thoroughly agreed on this point, only the chief cheerfully departed to his office with his mind made up that none of his girls should have that record; and Mrs. Cardiff disconsolately went to the school-room, fearful of what might befall the youthful woman-kind there assembled. As she sat thus a letter was brought for Dora.

Dora had written regularly to her sister Eloise, once every fortnight, and Eloise had answered her now and then; here was a letter from Eloise, postmarked Buffalo, with "in haste" on one corner, and therefore sent at once to Dora, by Margaret. Dora opened the letter with some excitement. What could it mean! Had Uncle Barlow and Eloise at last forgiven her and come to visit her? But no the letter ran thus:

"MY DEAR DORA: If you want to see me, here I am at the —— hotel, and you may come and visit me. I was married ten days ago to Cecil Grafton. We were married very quietly in the evening at Uncle Barlow's. I did not run away you see. Uncle Barlow opposed and objected to the last. He pretended to think that Cecil did not wish to be married, and was trying to break off the engagement. Why Cecil and I are devoted to each other! We were to have been married on a Tuesday, a morning wedding with a few friends, but on Sunday Cecil received a telegram from Montreal, saying that his father was very ill, and he must come at once. He thought I would not like the haste and the cold trip, so he proposed to put off the marriage until he came back from Montreal; but I said we had better be married Sunday evening, and I would go with him. What do I wish more than to share his joys and sorrows, always? So we had it that way. Only just after the ceremony, Cecil went round to the telegraph office for news, and his father was better, and he has been getting better ever since. We are going to New York and Baltimore and Washington, where Cecil will give readings, and have classes, and I have improved so that I am going to give readings with him. Uncle Barlow is very angry at the idea, but I glory in it. I shall like a public life. I have had two lovely dresses made for the stage; and my jewels will come in play then with effect. I am the happiest person that ever lived. From what your letters tell of your home at Uncle Rupert's, I think they must be very queer, and live in a shabby way. And I don't care to take Cecil there—I don't want him to see such relations. But I would like to see you, here at the hotel. We shall only be here a day or so. You praise Cousin Margaret so much, you may bring her along to see me. Your happy sister. ELOISE GRAFTON."

After a moment's hesitation Dora handed the letter to Mrs. Cardiff. She had learned to hate all concealments.

"I should say," remarked Mrs. Cardiff, "that your sister is a very selfish, heartless woman."

"I think she is selfish," said Dora, "Uncle Barlow brought her up to be that; she was his favorite, but Eloise is not heartless. I think she is capable of very strong love, and I think she loves Mr. Grafton intensely. She seemed absolutely infatuated with him from the first time she saw him. He is a fine looking man, with a rich flexible voice, and Eloise seemed completely carried away by him from the first. The truth is, she really ran after him, and pursued him, but it has all turned out well it seems."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Cardiff. "Where a woman does the pursuing, there is usually something wrong; and this letter causes me to suspect that all is not right in this case."

"Don't say so," pleaded Dora. "Eloise would be simply heart-broken if her warm love were not fully returned. I hope she will have a happy life, all she wishes. Mr. Grafton ought to love her well, she is devoted to him, and she is very bright, and talented, and handsome; she is a tall, dark, striking-looking girl; she is said to be just like my father, while I am like my mother." Dora's lip quivered as she said Mother; all that Uncle Rupert had told her, had not robbed that word of a certain ineffable sweetness, and her heart, deprived of other love, clung tenaciously to the thought of her mother, as one who might still live, and, purified by penitence, love her and pray for her.

"I fancy," said Mrs. Cardiff, returning to the letter, "that your sister is not very sure how long she may be in the city. You will feel unhappy if you miss seeing her. I have sent for the carriage to take me out to make some calls. When it comes around, you shall take it, and go for your cousin Mrs. Richard Rupert, and then drive to the hotel to see your sister. Stay all the day if you choose; I will look after the lessons of the children."

Mrs. Cardiff had begun to take a deep interest in Dora. Now she spoke imperatively about the plan for the day, and Dora made joyful haste to obey her. She told Aunt Lois and Uncle David the news of the letter, while Margaret was preparing to go with her to the hotel.

"Why did she not come here," said Aunt Lois, "we should have been very glad to see her."

"Eloise may have thought she could not find the place as she is a stranger here in the city—and—"

"You found it," said Uncle David, with a keen look.

"Eloise always has been rather afraid of intruding; she thinks more of ceremony and etiquette than I do. But I will try to bring her back with me, to see you and Aunt Lois."

"We shall be glad to see her: she is young, and our niece; it is her duty to wait upon us," said Uncle David.

Margaret and Dora found Eloise alone in her room at the hotel. As the servant of the hotel opened the room-door to admit them, Eloise who had called—"come in!" rose from her knees by an open trunk, one of two standing at one side of the room. She was handsomely dressed, and looked triumphantly happy, greeting Dora with some affection, and Margaret with extreme courtesy.

"I don't see that you have changed much, in spite of your troubles and governessing," she said to Dora.

"I think I am much happier for occupation, I like it."

"I do, too, but not that kind exactly. I shall like giving Readings, and it is a perpetual joy to me to hear Cecil recite: his voice is like music. We came last night, and he gave a recitation entertainment, for the benefit of the Library Society at their hall. It was splendid. I was just carried away by him. I wish I had his picture, done large, in a dress suit as when he is on the stage. Then cousin Margaret could see it. You would not do him justice I know, Dora; you can't get over his being so much nicer than Mr. Denham. But what could you expect, beginning as you did!"

"Eloise! How can you!" cried Margaret.

"What—What have I said? It was quite wrong to do so, was it not? Nothing would have induced me to do so. There! I believe I can get one of those large pictures. I am sure there is one in Cecil's trunk. I was looking for it when you came in. Cecil has gone out to attend to business, and look up some new selections for readings. I can talk to you and arrange it, at the same time, and I'll show you the big picture, when I come to it, and some of his evening vests and ties, for the stage, they are lovely."

Eloise was on her knees by the open trunk. Margaret remembered that she was but nineteen, and had never had the training care of a good mother.

"What are these! Letters! A whole bundle of them—and all in the same woman's hand. His mother, or sister must be very fond of him—or, are they old love letters? I'll tease him well, and he shall tell me all about them!" She flushed and paled and panted, loosening the packet of thirty or forty letters, and unfolding one.

"Eloise!" cried Margaret, "stop I beg of you! This is wrong."

But now in mad excitement and frantic haste, Eloise was pulling open letter after letter. "Beloved Henry," "Darling Henry," "Dearest Husband," "Your Devoted Wife," "Your Lonely Wife." "These are for some one else—Henry Russel. But Cecil Grafton is the address. And 'why have you so changed the name. A stage name need not come between us. I like the name I married you by, not Cecil Grafton.'" These were the words falling under the eyes of Eloise, as her face convulsed, was covered with great beads of moisture, and her breath came hard as one in agony. She cried aloud, "this is all a mistake! He can explain!" And then, dropping the letters, she plunged her hands into the trunk, seeking the picture. She found more than one. A woman's face, sad and delicate looking; pictures of two merry boy-children still in petticoats. And another picture, showing Cecil Grafton himself, with his arm about this woman, and the eldest child upon his knee. It was enough, she sprang to her feet with a loud, hysterical scream, just as the door opened and Cecil Grafton came in. He paled as he looked at the open trunk. But Eloise flew at him. "Cecil! Cecil! Are you married—to her!" She held out the woman's picture. "To her—and yet you married me!"

"You made me do it!" said Grafton, dropping his face with a sulky look, and holding Eloise at arm's length. "What did you touch that trunk for! It is all your own fault!"

He began to fling the things into the trunk, giving a pull also at the bell-rope, and shouting, "Send me a porter," as the boy appeared.

Eloise had flung herself on a sofa, moaning and sobbing. Margaret confronted Grafton. "Have you done my cousin this terrible wrong, marrying her when you had a wife living?"

"She made me. I tried to get out of it to the very last. She pursued me. She left nothing untried. She followed me every day. She visited the people where I boarded, and stayed there for two days at a time! Eloise! You know you used all your beauty and wit and money to drag me into a marriage, and you know when I kept away from you, and when my conscience rose up and I made excuses to go off, you clung to me, and protested and clasped your arms about me. The very evening we were married I trumped up a dying father to help me off, and your uncle urged you to let me go and you withstood us both. I am a weak and vacillating man, you are a strong woman. Tell me is it not true that you were the one who forced this on! Speak!"

Rigid and pale Eloise rose, controlled her convulsive sobbing and looking firmly at Grafton said: "It is all true: the fault is my own."

"The fault is yours, you wicked man!" cried Dora, "you have cruelly deceived my sister. One word, 'I am married,' 'See the pictures of my wife and children,' would have been enough. Did Eloise care for you, except as an honorable husband! 'Margaret! He is going away; to abandon Eloise and cheat some other woman in the same fashion! Send for Richard. Have this man punished; let him get what he deserves—imprisonment! O, send for Richard, for my uncle!"

"Send for no one," said Eloise, her face drawn and ghastly. "I want no more spectators of my disgrace. This morning I was a proud wife. Now, what am I? O, Cecil, why did you not rather murder me than deceive me. I loved you."

"I know you loved me," said Grafton. "Your ardent love tempted me. Your beauty led me on, and I no longer loved my wife. I was tired of her. She had no beauty or wit or youth as you have."

"You wretched coward," said Margaret Rupert, turning to him, and looking queenly scorn. "What right had you to grow tired of your wife? How dared you cease to love her, when you had promised before God to love and cherish her until death? Are wit, youth, beauty, money the grounds of love, and when these fail shall married love fly? Your wife gave you all that she had to give: herself, her trust; she is the mother of these children; her right to your faith is supreme and sacred. You vile scoundrel, how dare you trifle with the faith of women in this way? Dora is right; the arm of the law should get hold of you."

"No, no," cried Eloise, "my miserable case is enough without being dragged into a court, to testify, and have my cruel position made known to the world. Let him go. O Cecil! Cecil!" It was the cry of wounded love.

Cecil Grafton had locked his trunk. The porter had come to the door and knocked unheard, but the door now opened, and in came a pale, plainly dressed woman, with a refined gentle face, whereon anguish and long care were written—the original of the picture which lay on the floor, where Eloise had dropped it. With her came the chief clerk of the hotel.

"Henry Russell," said the woman with the calmness born of dead hope, "you know that I am your lawful wife, and the mother of your two sons. You have abandoned me for three years. You have left me to support myself and my boys. I have been filled with anxiety over your absence and your silence. When your letters came their coldness was worse than silence. Which of these ladies have you betrayed into a false marriage? It is this one, I see," turning to Eloise. "She is younger than I am, and fairer, and richly dressed, and better born and bred, but she is not your wife. Lady, I am sorry for you."

"The villain must be arrested. You will both appear against him. Here, there, porter, go for a constable," cried the clerk, seizing Grafton by the arm, as he turned to fly.

"No, no, cried the real wife; "let him go! Remember, I have two boys to bear the infamy of his name. I won't have my boys know that their father is in the penitentiary. I will not have their names in the paper in a criminal case. I am bound to bring them up to be honorable men. Let him go."

"Let him go," said Eloise; "am I not disgraced enough as it is?"

Amazed at this cry from the two injured women, the clerk for the instant dropped Grafton's arm, and Grafton with a spring dashed from the room down the stairway and into the street. The clerk drew a deep breath. "Well, let him go if you will have it so, but I would have revenge."

"They will have it; God will repay," said Margaret.

"God opens long accounts," quoth the clerk.

"But reckoning day never fails to come," said Margaret.

"How did you find him?" the clerk asked of Mrs. Russell.

"I had come to live in Buffalo, where I support myself and children; and last night I saw him as he went into the hall to read. I went into the hall, then found out where he came after the entertainment, and left a note with the night clerk, which he got at breakfast. I had no idea that he was married. In the note I said I would come this evening to demand a partial support for the children. I suppose he was getting ready to fly, but I feared that, and came this morning."

The four women stood looking at each other in silence.

(To be Continued.)

This story was commenced in "The Christian Herald" of Nov. 2. New subscribers who desire to read the earlier chapters, will be supplied with proof-pages on application to this office.

AN HOUR.

(For The Christian Herald.)

WITHIN an hour, a little hour,
The gates that once denied
Thy welcome to the toiler's dower,
For thee shall open wide.

Within an hour, a tiny hour,
The bud the frost would doom,
Perchance may live to be a flower,
And open into bloom.

Within an hour a fleeting hour,
The frowning sky's array
Shall melt into a gracious shower,
And pass with morn away.

—FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

HELD BY A MIGHTY GRASP.

THE superintendent of a mission in a large city was visiting the people in one of its slums, when he saw a woman of refined manner but of degraded appearance. He found that she lived in a miserable room with another woman, and both, week after week, toiled for a small sum barely sufficient to keep them alive She told the missionary who she was and the name of her father, which he recognized as that of a saloon-keeper of considerable wealth. The curse of his trade had fallen upon her, and she was a drunkard. She had left her home to consort with the lowest, that she might pander to her insatiable appetite for strong drink. When the missionary visited her she was ill, and not expected to recover. She knew that it was drink which had caused her illness, and she acknowledged her sin. She was anxious to be saved, if there was salvation for her. Her visitor assured her that there was mercy for all, that Jesus could save even to the uttermost, and urged her to put her whole trust in him. She professed to trust Jesus, and vowed never to touch drink again. To the surprise of everyone she recovered, and for a short time it seemed as if she was going to lead a different life: but alas! strong drink is a bondage not easily thrown off, and a month saw her back to her old life. When expostulated with, she could only say, "Oh, sir, you don't know the awful power of the drink."

A HEATHEN'S REPROACH.

A STRIKING scene is reported by Rev. James Luke, of Old Calabar, how he and another missionary were sitting one day upon a mud settee when the natives led in a chief who looked as if he must have been a hundred years old. His skin was like parchment and his nails half an inch long; he was stone-blind and almost deaf. When his favorite slave shouted in his ear, "The white men salute you!" the queer old figure moved, his hands began to grope about, and seizing the hands of the missionary, he said, "White men, I don't know the day when I have not heard about your power and your learning. Why did you not come here sooner? You have come now and these eyes are too blind to see you, these ears are too deaf to hear you. If you have any message, take it to the young men; you are too late for me."

AN UNRECOGNIZED BROTHER.

A CLERGYMAN in St. Louis, Mo., relates the incidents of a strange interview which occurred some time ago in a convent in that city. A young man came there seeking his sister whom he had not seen for fifteen years. His story was that when he was three years old and his sister one year, their mother died and their father being unable to care for them, gave them to separate families. The boy was given to a machinist at Alton, Ill. He grew up and succeeded in keeping himself, though not in making much money. He was anxious to trace his sister and had heard that she was in St. Louis. After a search he located her in a convent. He demanded an interview. It was granted him on one condition—that he should not disclose his identity. He went and faithfully observed his promise. The girl talked to him as a stranger, while the young man yearned over her in a way she was unable to understand. He hoped that she would have recognized him, and her failure to do so caused him bitter disappointment. Recognition and reunion may come in time, and then the girl will grieve over her coldness at that meeting. It may be hoped that then both will be led by their experience to see the sin and ingratitude of all who fail to recognize in Christ their Elder Brother, and may give their hearts to him who came to his own and they received him not. (John 1: 11.)

Kill the Cause

Of Catarrh and You Have Permanent Cure.

Diseases of long standing require long and persistent treatment to effect perfect cure, and this is particularly true of catarrh in the head. This is unquestionably a constitutional disease and therefore reqires a

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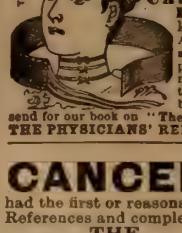
Every Mother Should have Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in the house for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Colic, Cuts, Bruises, Cramps and Pains liable to occur in any family without notice. Delays may cost a life. Relieves all Summer Complaints like magic. Price, 35 cts. post-paid; 6 bottles, $2. Express paid. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.



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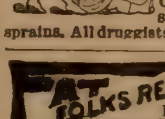

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(Rev.) C. H. SPURGEON,
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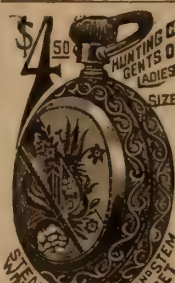

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LEARNING THE LESSON.

An incident of missionary work in China is related by Miss Geraldine Guinness of the China Inland mission. She says: "I remember one night coming down the river, and our boat was anchored by the side of a great many other boats outside a large city; and in the evening after supper, the women from the neighboring boats came on to ours for conversation. We spoke to them of Christ and his salvation, until it got very late, when I said to them, 'Now we must say "good-night," because to-morrow morning at daybreak we continue our journey. An hour or two later I was lying awake in the boat listening to the rush of water as it went by, and I heard the women in the next boat to ours talking to one another. The boats were lying so close together that we could hear quite distinctly. I heard one say, 'Now, let us forget these things which we have heard to-night.'

They talked about it a little while, and then seemed to go to sleep; but a young girl who had been of the little company was awake still, and I heard her talking to herself in the silence of the night, and saying a few sentences that we had been teaching them, putting the Gospel very clearly. She was saying them over to herself that she might remember the form of the sentence in which we had put the Gospel, and I heard her say, 'Jesus can forgive sins. Jesus tenderly cares for us, Jesus can keep us in peace, and after death lead us to heaven.'"

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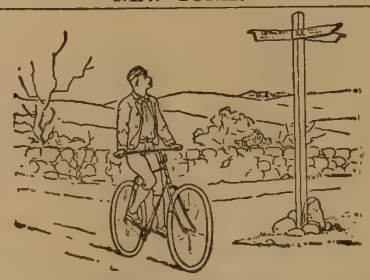

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Suppose you mix a little common sense with sentiment in gift-making this Christmas. For instance in buying a watch, get a Fahys 14 Karat Monarch Gold Filled Case. An expert cannot tell it from solid 14 karat gold. It's more durable and costs much less, yes, very much less, and the maker guarantees it. Your jeweller will tell you that what we've said is so.
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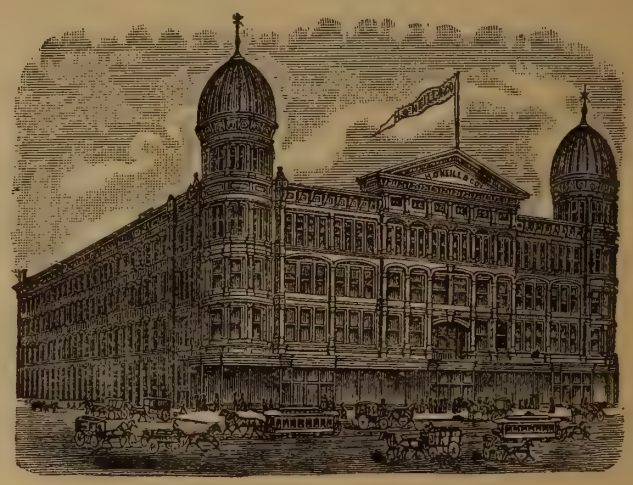
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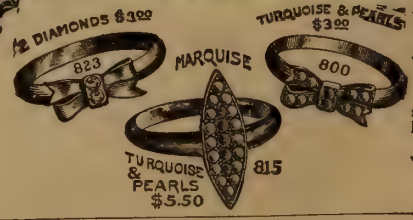

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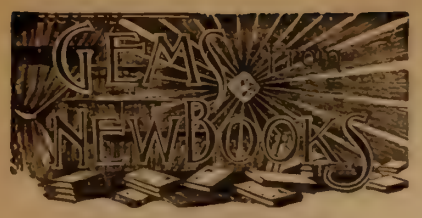

AT THE LOVE-FEAST.*

ABOUT the middle of the meeting the bread was carried round, and rich and poor broke it together, and the joyful strains of song rose higher and higher. When the song ceased there was a moment's silence, and during it Luke rose to his feet. He was tall and still a handsome man in spite of his sufferings; and his position made him clearly visible to nearly every one in the chapel. There was a perceptible stir when he rose—curiosity, pity, interest, a variety of feelings, made every eye turn to him. But few could have gazed on the pale, sorrowful face lifted bravely a little heavenward, and not felt a living sympathy with whatever emotion evoked its singularly pathetic expression.

He spoke out clearly and gathered confidence from the first word. In the plain graphic dialect so familiar to all, and so forcible, he told all the story of his sin and its punishment. He spared himself nothing. He even drew backward the white linen and fine broadcloth which covered his wrists, and holding forth his hands in their sight, he cried out:

"Look at them! T' iron hes entered both into my flesh and into my soul. I hev worn t' visible chains o' my transgression! If I hev' come unworthily into your congregation and into yer homes, I'll niver do so any more."

Amazement and sorrow were on every face. This was not what any one expected. There was a sound of weeping throughout the chapel. Mr. Fletcher rose in the pulpit and looked down at John Denby.

But John had already risen to his feet. His eyes were bright with happy tears, and he lifted his broad, handsome face almost joyfully. "Brothers and sisters," he cried, "listen to me!" And then he told how Luke had brought Moxham's gold and how it had been used. He reminded them of the sleepless nights and weary days in which Luke had tried to atone for his sin; then turning to the congregation he called out clearly:

"There are women and men here now, I know, whom Luke Benson fed and clothed. There are men here, I know, whom he nursed through typhus fever, and who would have been in the grave to-day instead of the chapel, but for Luke Benson. There are other men here, I know, whom Luke has brought out of the public house into the class-meeting. Men and women whom Luke Benson has saved and helped! Speak out for him, now! You are ready and willing, I know you are!"

"Ay! ay! ay! ay! ay!" came from all parts of the house. "He nursed me!" "He fed me!" "He clothed me!" "He saved my wife!" "He brought my starving children bread!" "He lifted me out of the gutter, and made a man of me through Jesus Christ; thank God!"

From every part of the chapel there came a cry of such mingled gratitude as stirred the hearts of all, and made men and women weep together.

A BOY'S IDEA OF IMAGES.†

LITTLE Hugh being with me, we walked from the cars to Gates Avenue, where our friends Dr. and Mrs. Moore resided. In passing the new cathedral, the doors being open for service, I took Hugh in. There was a very small audience, and two clergymen in their surplices in the pulpits. After a while Hugh whispered, "Let us go, mamma." Not having been in the cathedral before, I was interested in looking at the grandeur of the interior, and so I sat still. He whispered again, "I want to go, mamma." I then arose, and went with him. In walking down the street I said, "I thought you would be pleased to see the grand carved images and painted windows." He stood still, looked earnestly into my face, and said, "'God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth;' and he does not need carved images and painted windows; besides, I thought it was very bad manners for these ministers to preach in their night-gowns."

* From *The Preacher's Daughter*, by Amelia E. Barr; 395 pages; cloth; price, $1.25. Bradley & Woodruff, Boston, publishers.

†From *Hugh A. MacColl*, a Memorial of a pure Christian life; pp. 40; vellum, gilt edges; printed by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Rum, Rags and Religion, by Rev. O. M. Owen; pp. 125; paper covers, price, 50 cents; published by A. W. Hall, Syracuse, N. Y.

Summer Gathering for Winter's Need, by Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D., pp. 32; paper covers; price 20 cents; published by Ward & Drummond, 711 Broadway, New York.

Sybil Treyllian. By Lyndon (Mrs. Reginald Hughes); pp. 411; price, $1.50. Published by Ward & Drummond, New York.

Aspects of Christ: Studies of the Model Life by Burdett Hart, D.D.; pp. 288; price, $1.25. Published by E. B. Treat, 5 Cooper Union, New York.

Men's Thoughts for Men, chosen and arranged by Rose Porter; cloth; price 50 cents; A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

Aunt Liefy, by Annie Trumbull Slosson; with illustrations; cloth; A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

Daily Steps Upward, a compilation from selected readings for every day of the year, from the Scriptures and the famous poets; cloth; price 75 cents; A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

A Concise Cyclopedia of Knowledge, biblical, theological, historical and practical, edited by Elias Benjamin Sanford, M. A. This work aims to give the condensed results of recent investigations in the field of religious knowledge, avoiding dogmatic opinions and presenting every subject impartially and accurately. It is a convenient and trustworthy manual of reference; 985 pages; cloth; illustrated; price $3.50; Charles L. Webster & Co., New York, publishers.

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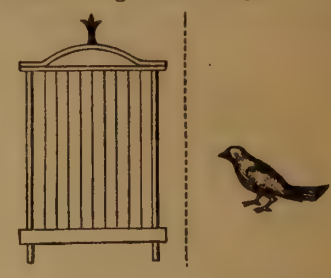

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VOLUME 15.

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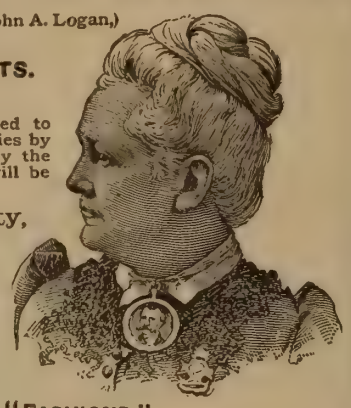

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There are common glass and tough glass, tough against heat. There are foggy and clear. There are rough and fine. There are carefully made and hap-hazard.

You can't be an expert in chimneys; but this you can do. Insist on Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass" whichever shape you require. They are right in all those ways; and they do not break from heat, not one in a hundred.

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But it was otherwise with the boy, who lay limp and helpless in the firm but tender grasp of his champion. The latter, a man of distinguished bearing, hailed a hansom cab, and still retaining hold of his insensible burden, got inside, and directed the cabman to drive with all speed to St. Thomas's Hospital. The child regained consciousness soon after his arrival at the hospital; and his rescuer had the pleasure of hearing that he had not sustained any very serious injury. Lingering for a few moments by the bedside, the gentleman began to talk with his rescued protege. The boy was clad in rags, and looked as if he had suffered from privation.

"What is your name?" asked the gentleman.

"Jim, sir."

"Jim what?"

"Jim nothing, sir."

"You must have a name!"

"Never heard on it, sir."

"Have you a father and mother?"

"Please sir, I ain't had no father and mother these five years."

Then little by little the boy told a touching story of early orphanhood, and of a subsequent struggle for existence on the streets of London. It so happened that the gentleman in question was an officer in the army, and a member of the Queen's household; and it is said that some days after, the incident, which supplied a brief paragraph to the press at that time, came to Her Majesty's ears. The Queen was much interested in the case, and benevolently arranged to provide for the future of the fatherless and friendless lad. The officer who had rescued Jim had him placed by Her Majesty's directions in an Industrial School for three years, after which, as the lad exhibited considerable musical aptitude, he was admitted into the band of one of the regiments stationed near London. On the day he first put on his regimentals as a band boy, he received a little packet from his rescuer, and this proved to contain a present from the Queen herself. It was a Bible, on the fly-leaf of which were written the words, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up," with the added inscription: "To James, from his friend, Victoria R."

WHERE SHE FOUND IT.

A LITTLE girl had been rummaging in her mother's trunk. There she found a "church letter" which her mother had neglected to present to the church in whose neighborhood she had moved. The little explorer rushed into her mother's presence shouting, "Oh mamma, I've found your religion in your trunk!" There's a needle-like point in that story for many people. Too often the neglected church letter comes to be about the only part of the old church life remaining. A trunk is a poor, dark, mothy place for one's religion. Out into the light with it, where it, too, may shine and bring glory to God and help to men. Put in your church letters right away.

READ THE WORD WITH HER LIPS.

A YOUNG working woman became blind, and lost the ability to read the Bible. Some kind friends sent her a portion of Scripture in raised letters, but her joy was turned into deeper sorrow when she found that her hands had become so hardened by toil as to remove all feeling from the tips. In great distress, and weeping bitterly, she raised the book and kissed it, when, to her intense delight, she found that she could feel the letters with her lips, and the Word of God was restored to her. Many in the present day are handling the Word of God with hardened hands and can make nothing of it. When they kiss it they will understand it. Not until then.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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GLORY IN THE HIGHEST HEAVEN.

BETHLEHEM.

PEACE ON EARTH AND MAN FORGIVEN.

ALL over the civilized world, wherever the name of Jesus is spoken, memory turns, at the Christmas-tide, back to the "Babe of Bethlehem," whose lowly advent brought to mankind peace and blessing. Hearts yearn with infinite tenderness toward that ancient Judean city which, nearly 1900 years ago, was the scene of the Saviour's birth. In Christian homes in every land, the wondrous song of the heavenly host that was heard by the shepherds on that glad morn, as they watched their flocks on the plains, is still swelling its universal chorus of peace and blessing:

> To you in David's town, this day,
> Is born of David's line,
> A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
> And this shall be the sign.

Next to the scene of his agony and death on Calvary, the manger-cradle of his birth in the City of David is the spot dearest to the hearts of his followers on earth. Twice a year, at Christmas and Easter, hosts of reverent pilgrims turn toward Bethlehem. Beautifully situated on an elevation higher than that of Jerusalem, which lies to the north, it looks down from its eminence of 2500 feet above the sea-level, to the valleys that spread out on either side. Away to the southeast, the mountains of Moab are visible, while smaller hills lie near at hand. In the terraces of the valleys are old orchards, still rich in olive and fruit trees, that sink in great steps to the hollows below. On all sides the scenery is attractive. From the housetops can be seen the fields of Boaz, where the idyl of Ruth was enacted, and where in the autumn, women still help the men in the work of harvesting. On these same fields, in later years, fed the sheep and goats of Jesse, Boaz's grandson, who was a weaver of veils in the Temple, and whose youngest son, David, was the shepherd. A little way from the walls lies the tomb of Rachel, and that of swift-footed Asahel, David's cousin, is not far off. The "Shepherds' Tower," a gray ruin surrounded by olive trees marks an old-time shelter of those sons of the mountain. It is still frequented by bare-legged, and bare-armed herders, in picturesque-looking skull caps, striped abbas and leathern belts and bearing the ancient crook or, it may be, a club, for driving prowling wild beasts from the flocks by night.

Between Jerusalem and Bethlehem is a carriage-way about five miles in length, and all vehicles coming to the latter city, pass under the circular arch shown to the right of the illustration. The city is cleaner and in many respects more attractive than most of the cities in Palestine. The valley seen in the foreground, slopes to the north and the walled vineyards, though very old, are well kept and still in full cultivation. There are no hotels, and the houses on the crest of the slope are private dwellings with few exceptions. On the left, in the background is the Church of the Nativity, on the site of the khan in which was the Saviour's birth-place; near it is a Christian cemetery and beyond, on the extreme left, is the Latin Monastery or Convent. This side the orchards, looking east, and past the square, white dwelling in the immediate foreground, is a path leading down toward the plain where the shepherds watched when the stillness of

(*Continued on page 822.*)

THE CITY OF BETHLEHEM, FROM THE NORTH.

(*Reproduced from a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage in the Holy Land.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

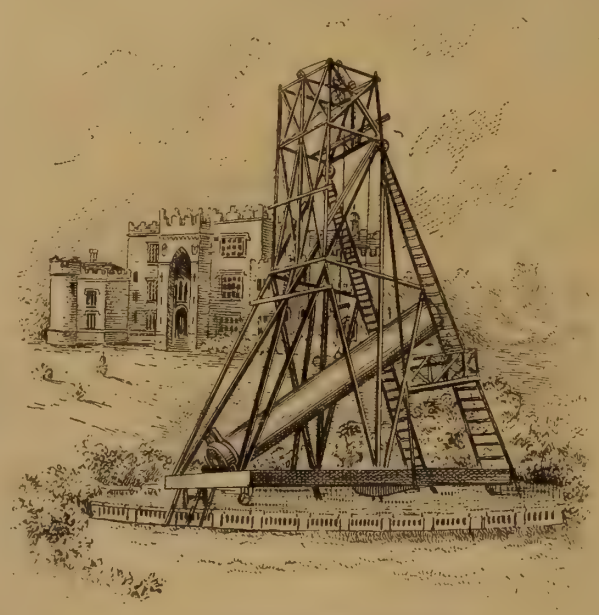
ASTRONOMY OF THE BIBLE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Amos 9: 6: *"It is he that buildeth his stories in the heaven."*

THAT is first-rate poetry from Amos, the herdsman. While guarding his flocks at night, he got watching the heavens. He saw stars above stars, and the universe seemed to him like a great mansion many stories high, silver room above silver room, silver pillars beside silver pillars, and windows of silver and doors of silver, and turrets and domes of silver rising into the immensities, and the prophet's sanctified imagination walks through that great silver palace of the universe, through the first story, through the second story, through the third story, through the twentieth story, through the hundredth story, through the thousandth story, and realizing that God is the architect and carpenter and mason of all that upheaved splendor, he cries out in the words of the text: "It is he that buildeth his stories in the heaven."

My hearers, it is time that we widened out and heightened our religious thoughts. In our pulpits and Sabbath classes and Christian work of all sorts we ring the changes on a few verses of Scripture until they excite no interest. Many of the best parts of the Bible have never yet been preached from or indeed even noticed. Hence I to-day begin a series of sermons, not for consecutive Sabbath mornings, but as often as I think it best for variety's sake, on the astronomy of the Bible or God among the Stars, the Geology of the Bible or God among the Rocks, the Ornithology of the Bible or God among the Birds, the Ichthyology of the Bible or God among the Fishes, the Pomology of the Bible or God among the Orchards, the Precious Stones of the Bible or God among the Amethysts, the Conchology of the Bible or God among the Shells, the Botany of the Bible or God among the Flowers, the Chronology of the Bible or God among the Centuries. The fact is that we have all spent too much time on one story of the great mansion of God's universe. We need occasionally to go upstairs or downstairs in this mansion; downstairs and in the cellar study the rocks, or upstairs and see God in some of the higher stories, and learn the meaning of the text when it says: "It is he that buildeth his stories in the heaven."

Astronomy was born in Chaldea. Its mother was Astrology or the science of foretelling events by juxtaposition of stars. The Orientals, living much out of doors and in a very clear atmosphere, through which the stars shone especially lustrous, got the habit of studying the night heavens. In the hot seasons caravans journeyed chiefly at night, and that gave travellers much opportunity of stellar information. On the first page of the Bible the sun and moon and stars roll in. The sun, a body nearly three million miles in circumference and more than twelve thousand times as large as our earth; the moon, more than two thousand miles in diameter. But God is used to doing things on such an omnipotent scale that he takes only one verse to tell of this stellar and lunar manufacture. Yea, in three words all the other worlds are thrown in. The record says, "The stars also!" It takes whole pages for a man to extol the making of a telescope or microscope or a magnetic telegraph or a threshing machine, or to describe a fine painting or statue, but it was so easy for God to hang the celestial upholstery that the story is compassed in one verse: "God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day and the lesser light to rule the night. The stars also!" Astronomers have been trying to call the roll of them ever since, and they have counted multitudes of them passing in review before the observatories built at vast expense, and the size and number of those heavenly bodies have taxed to the utmost the scientists of all ages. But God finishes all he has to say about them in three words, "The



THE GREAT ROSSE TELESCOPE.

stars also!" That is Mars, with its more than fifty-five million square miles, and Venus, with its more than 191 million square miles, and Saturn, with its more than nineteen billion square miles, and Jupiter, with its more than twenty-four billion square miles, and all the planets of our system of more than seventy-eight billion square miles, and these stars of our system, when compared with the stars of the other systems, as a handful of sand compared with all the Rocky Mountains and all the Alps. "The stars also!" For brevity, for ponderosity, for splendor, for suggestiveness, for sublimity piled on sublimity, these words excel all that human speech ever uttered or human imagination ever soared after: "The stars also!" It is put in as you write a postscript—something you thought of afterwards—as hardly worth putting into the body of a letter. "The stars also!"

Read on in your Bibles, and after awhile the Bible flashes with the Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights, that strange illumination, as mysterious and undefined now as when, in the book of Job it was written: "Men see not the bright light which is in the clouds. Fair weather cometh out of the North." While all the nations supposed that the earth was built on a foundation of some sort, and many supposed that it stood on a huge turtle, or some great marine creature, Job knew enough of astronomy to say it had no foundation but was suspended on the invisible arm of the Almighty, declaring that "He hangeth the earth upon nothing." While all nations thought the earth was level, the sky spread over it like a tent over a flat surface, Isaiah declared the world to be globular, circular, saying of God: "He sitteth upon the circle of the earth." See them glitter in this scriptural sky—Arcturus, Orion, the Pleiades, and the "Bear with her young." While running your fingers among the leaves of your Bible with the astronomical thought in your mind, you see two worlds stop—the sun and the moon. But what does that Christian know about that miracle who does not understand something of those two luminaries? Unless you watch modern astronomy put those two worlds in its steelyards and weigh them, you are as ignorant as a Hottentot about the stupendousness of that scene in the life of Joshua. The sun over three hundred thousand times as heavy as our earth and going thousands of miles the hour. Think of stopping that and starting it again without the shipwreck of the universe! But I can easily believe it. What confounds me is not that he could stop and start again those two worlds in Joshua's time, but that He could have made the wheel of worlds of which the sun and moon are only cogs, and kept that wheel rolling for thousands of years—the fly-wheel of all eternity. If an engineer can start a long train, it is not surprising that he can stop it. If God could make and move the universe, which is an express train drawn by an omnipotent engine, I am not surprised that for a part of a day he could put down the brakes on two pieces of the rotating machinery. Infidelity is hard up for ground of complaint against the Scriptures when it finds fault with that cessation of stellar and lunar travel. Here is my watch. I could not make a watch if I tried, but I can stop it and start it again. My difficulty is not that God could stop two worlds and start them again, but that he could make them at all as he did make them. What pleases me and astounds me more is that each one of the millions of worlds has a God-given name. Only a comparatively small number of them have names given them by scientists. If astronomers can give a name to a whole constellation or galaxy, they think they do well, but God has a name for each star in all immensity. Inspired David declares of God: "He telleth the number of the stars, he calleth them all by their names." They are not orphans that have never been christened. They are not waifs of the night. They are not unknown ships on the high seas of immensity. They belong to a family of which God is the Father, and as you call your children Benjamin or Mary or Bertha or Addison or Josephine, so he calls all the infant worlds and all the adult worlds by their first name, and they know it as well as though there were only one child of light in all the divine family. "He calleth them all by their names," and when he calls, I warrant they come.

Oh the stars! Those vestal fires kept burning on infinite altars. Those lighthouses on the coast of eternity. The hands and weights, and pendulum of the great clock of the universe. According to Herschel, the so-called fixed stars not fixed at all, but each one a sun with a mighty system of worlds rolling round it, and this whole system with all the other systems rolling on around some other great centre. Millions and millions, billions and billions, trillions and trillions, quadrillions and quadrillions!

But what gladdens me, and at the same time overwhelms me, is that those worlds are inhabited. The Bible says so, and what a small idea you must have of God and his dominion if you think it only extends across this chip of a world which you and I now inhabit. Have you taken this idea of all the other worlds being inhabited as human guesswork? Read Isaiah, 45th Chapter, 18th Verse: "Thus saith the Lord that created the heavens, God himself that formed the earth, and made it; he hath established it, he created it not in vain, he formed it to be inhabited." Now, if he inhabited the earth so that it would not be created in vain, would he make worlds hundreds and thousands of times larger and not have them inhabited? Speaking of the inhabitants of this world, he says: "The nations are as the drop of a bucket." If all the inhabitants of this world are as a drop of a bucket, where are the other drops of the bucket? Again and again the Bible speaks of the host of heaven, and the word "host" means living creatures, not inert masses, and the expression "hosts of heaven" must mean inhabitants of other worlds. Again, the Bible says: "He has set thy glory above the heavens." And here my text comes in with its idea of a mansion of many stories: "It is he that buildeth his stories in the heaven." Is it possible that we who live on the ground floor of this many-storied building are the only tenants, and that the larger rooms and the more gorgeously upholstered rooms and the more brilliantly chandeliered rooms above it are uninhabited? Beside this we are positively told in the Bible that two other worlds are inhabited—the world angelic and the world diabolic. Those two worlds added to our own make it positive that three worlds are inhabited. Why then stop with three worlds of living beings when there are not only millions but billions of worlds? Are they all standing like expensively furnished houses in time of financial panic marked "To Let" and no one to take them? "Waste not" God hath written all over this world of ours. And do you suppose that God would waste world material in our solar system to the amount of what has been estimated as seven hundred trillion miles of solid contents and that only a small part as compared with other systems which go to make up this many-storied mansion of the text, where it says: "It is he that buildeth his stories in the heaven."

Without the use of telescope and without any observatory and without any astronomical calculation, I know that the other worlds are inhabited, because my Bible and my common-sense tell me so. It has been estimated that in the worlds belonging to our solar system there is room for at least twenty-five trillion of population. And I believe it is all occupied or will be occupied by intelligent beings. God will not fill them with brutes. He would certainly put into those worlds beings intelligent enough to appreciate the architecture, the coloring, the grandeur, the beauty, the harmony of their surroundings. Yea, the inhabitants of those worlds have capacity of locomotion like ours, for they would not have had such spacious opportunity for movement if they had not powers of motion. Yea, they have sight, else why

the light, and hearing, else how get on with necessary language and how clear themselves from advancing perils. Yea, as God made our human race in his own image, he probably made the inhabitants of other worlds in his own image; in other words, it is as near demonstration as I care to have it, that while the inhabitants of other worlds have adaptations of bodily structure to the particular climate in which they dwell, there is yet similarity of mental and spiritual characteristics among all the inhabitants of the universe of God, and made in his image they are made wonderfully alike.

Now, what should be the practical result of this discussion founded on Scripture and common-sense? It is first of all to enlarge our ideas of God and so intensify our admiration and worship. Under such consideration, how much more graphic the Bible question which seems to roll back the sleeve of the Almighty and say: "Hast thou an arm like God?" The contemplation also encourages us with the thought that if God made all these worlds and populated them, it will not be very much of an undertaking for him to make our little world over again, and reconstruct the character of its populations as by grace they are to be reconstructed.

What a monstrosity of ignorance that the majority of Christian people listen not to the voices of other worlds, although the Book says, "The heavens declare the glory of God," and, again, "The works of the Lord are great and to be sought out." How much have you sought them out? You have been satisfying yourself with some things about Christ, but have you noticed that Paul calls you to consider Christ as the Creator of other worlds, "by whom also he made the worlds." It is time you Christians start on a world hunt. That is the chief reason why God makes the night, that you may see other worlds. Go out to-night and look up at the great clock of the heavens. Listen to the silvery chime of the midnight sky. See that your children and grandchildren mount the heavens with telescope for alpenstock, leaping from acclivity of light to acclivity of light. What a beautiful and sublime thing that John Quincy Adams, the ex-President, borne down with years undertook, at the peril of his life the journey from Washington to Cincinnati that he might lay the corner-stone of the pier of the great refracting telescope, and there making his last oration. What a service for all mankind when in 1839 Lord Rosse lifted on the lawn of his castle eighty miles from Dublin a telescope that revealed worlds as fast as they could roll in, and that started an enthusiasm which this moment concentres the eyes of many of the most devout in all parts of the earth on celestial discovery. Thank God that we now know where our own world is, bounded on all sides by realms of glory, instead of being where Hesiod in his poetry described it to be, namely: half-way between Heaven and hell, an anvil hurled out of heaven, taking ten days to strike the earth, and hurled out of earth taking ten more days to strike perdition:

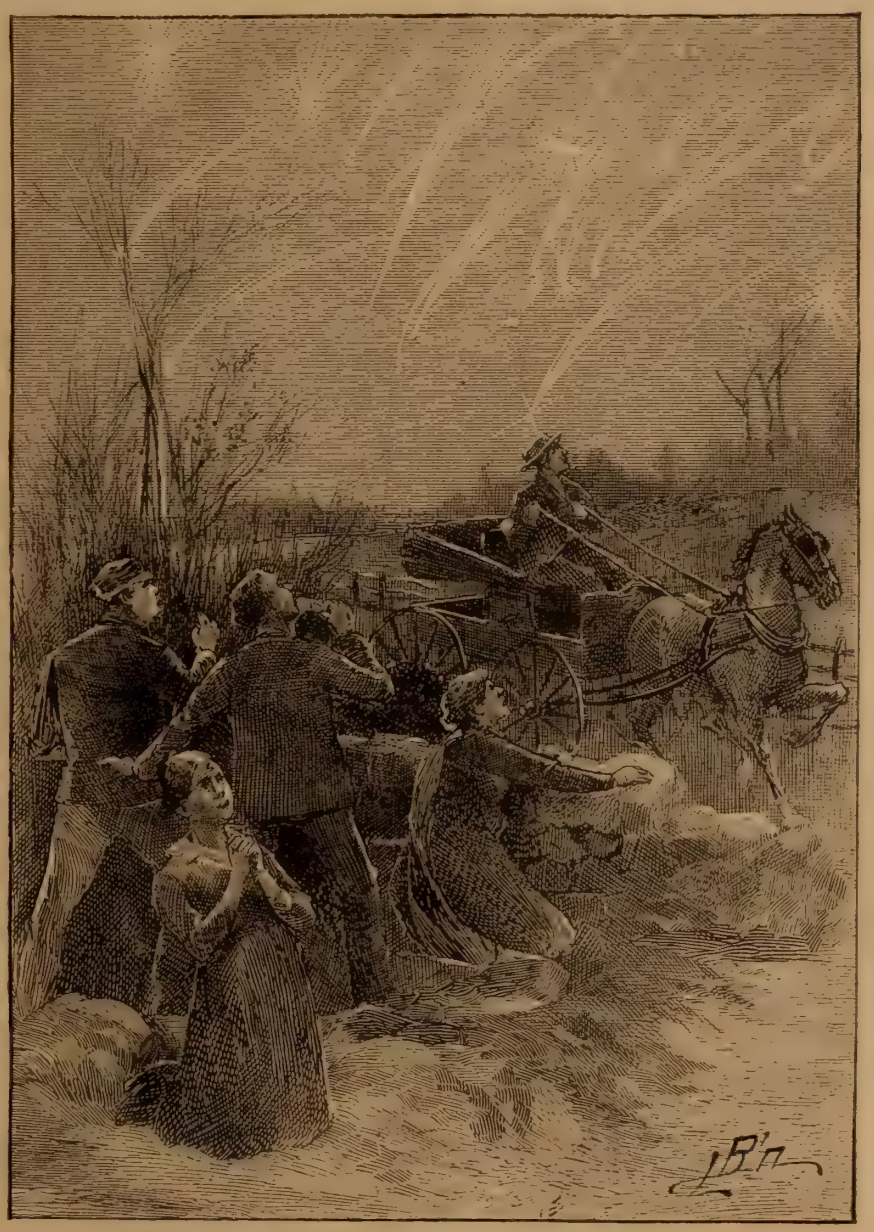
From the high heaven a brazen anvil cast,
Nine days and nights in rapid whirls would last;
And reach the earth the tenth; whence strongly hurled,
The same the passage to th' infernal world.

I thank God that we have found out that our world is not half-way between Heaven and hell, but is in a sisterhood of light, and that this sisterhood joins all the other sisterhoods of worlds, moving round some great homestead, which is no doubt heaven, where God is, and our departed Christian friends are, and we ourselves through pardoning mercy expect to become permanent residents.

Furthermore: I get now from all this an answer to the question which every intelligent man and woman since the earth has stood has asked and received no answer. Why did God let sin and sorrow come into the world when he could have prevented them from coming? I wish reverently to say I think I have found the reason. To keep the universe loyal to a Holy God, it was important in some world somewhere to demonstrate the gigantic disasters that would come upon any world that allowed sin to enter. Which world should it be? Well, the smaller the world the better, for less numbers would suffer. So our world was selected. The stage was plenty large enough for the enactment of the tragedy. Enter on the stage Sin, followed by Murder, Pain, Theft, Fraud, Impurity, Falsehood, Massacre, War and all the abominations and horrors and agonies of centuries. Although we know comparatively little about the other worlds lest we become completely dissatisfied with our own, no doubt the other worlds have heard and are now hearing all about this world in the awful experiment of sin which the human race has been making. In some way interstellar communication is open and all worlds, either by wing of flying spirits or by direct communication from God, are learning that disloyalty and disobedience doom and damn everything they touch, and the spectacle practically says to all other worlds: "Obey God, keep holy and stay in the orbit where you were intended to swing, or you will suffer that which that recreant world out yonder has been suffering for thousands of years." It is no longer to me a mystery why so small a world as ours was chosen for the tragedy. A chemist can demonstrate all the laws of earth and heaven in a small laboratory, ten feet by five, and our world was not too small to demonstrate to the universe the awful chemistry of unrighteousness, its explosive and riving and consuming power.

On the tower of Pharos, Egypt, a metallic mirror was raised which reflected all that occurred both on land and sea for a distance of three hundred miles, and so Egypt was informed of the coming of her enemies long before their arrival. By what process I know not, but in some way this ship of a struggling earth I think is mirrored to distant worlds. Surely this one experiment of a world unloosing itself from God will be enough for all worlds, and all eternities.

But notice that as other worlds rolled into the first book of the Bible, the Book of Genesis, they also appear in the last book of the Bible, the Book of Revelation. They will take part in the scenes of that occasion which shall be the earth's winding up and a tremendous occasion for you and me personally. My father was on the turnpike-road between Trenton and Bound Brook, New Jersey. He was coming through the night from the Legislative Halls, where he was serving his State, to his home, where there was sickness. I often heard him tell about it. It was the night of the 12th and the morning of the 13th of November, 1833. The sky was cloudless and the air clear. Suddenly the whole heavens became a scene never to be forgotten. From the constellation Leo meteors began to shoot out in all directions. For the two hours between four and six in the morning it was estimated that a thousand meteors a minute flashed and expired. It grew lighter than noonday. Arrows of fire. Balls of fire. Trails of fire. Showers of fire. Some of the appearances were larger than the full moon. All around the heavens explosion followed explosion. Sounds as well as sights. The air filled with uproar. All the luminaries of the sky seemed to have received marching orders. The heavens ribbed and interlaced and garlanded with meteoric display. From horizon to horizon everything in combustion and conflagration. Many a brain that night gave way. It was an awful strain on strongest nerves. Millions of people fell on their knees in prayer. Was the world ending, or was there some great event for which all heaven was illuminated? For eight momentous hours the phenomenon lasted. East, West, North, South; it looked as though the heavens were in maniac disorder. Astronomers watching that night said that those meteors started from 2,200 miles above the earth's surface and moved with ten times the speed of a cannon ball.



THE NIGHT OF TERROR IN 1833.

The owner of a plantation in South Carolina says of that night-scene, "I was suddenly awakened by the most distressing cries that ever fell on my ears. Shrieks of horror and cries of mercy I could hear from most of the negroes on three plantations, amounting in all to about six or eight hundred. While earnestly listening for the cause I heard a faint voice near the door calling my name. I arose, and taking my sword, stood at the door. At this moment I heard the same voice still beseeching me to rise, and saying, 'Oh, my God! the world is on fire!' I then opened the door, and it is difficult to say which excited me most, the awfulness of the scene or the distressed cries of the negroes. Upwards of one hundred lay prostrate on the ground: some speechless and some uttering the bitterest cries, but most with their hands raised imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful, for never did rain fall much thicker than the meteors fell toward the earth." But the excitement thus described by the Southern planter ran among the whites as well as the blacks, among the intelligent as well as the superstitious.

The spectacle ceased not until the rising sun of the November morning eclipsed it, and the whole American nation sat down exhausted with the agitations of a night to be memorable until the earth itself shall become a falling star. The Bible closes with such a scene of falling lights, not only fidgety meteors, but grave old stars. St. John saw it in prospect, and wrote: "The stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind." What a time that will be when worlds drop. Rain of planets. Gravitation letting loose her grip on worlds. Constellations flying apart. Galaxies dissolved. The great orchard of the universe swept by the last hurricane letting down the stars like ripened fruit. Our old earth will go with the rest, and let it go, for it will have existed long enough to complete its tremendous experiment. But there will be enough worlds left to make a heaven out of, if any more heaven needs to be built. That day finding us in Christ, our nature regenerated, and our sins pardoned, and our hope triumphant, we will feel no more alarm than when in September passing through an orchard, you hear the apples thump to the ground, or through a conservatory and you hear an untimely fig drop on the floor. You will only go upstairs into another story, a better lighted story, a better furnished story, a better ventilated story, a better pictured story, and into a story where already many of your kindred are waiting for you, and where prophets and Apostles and martyrs will pay you celestial visitation, and where, with a rapture beyond the most radiant anticipation, you shall bow before him that "buildeth his stories in the heaven."

RETURNING FROM THE CAPTIVITY

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 1, 1893. Ezra 1: 1-11. Golden Text, Deut. 30: 3. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE history of the nations revolves around that of the Jews, God's chosen people. "When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel. For the Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance." (Deut. 32: 8, 9.) In his faithful severity he had caused his people to be carried away captive to Babylon, because of their idolatry and their many sins, and they had now passed into the hands of the rulers of Medo-Persia, but the Lord had "not cast away his people, whom he foreknew." More than a century before the captivity, God had thought of a deliverer: He had said of Cyrus, who came to the throne of Persia one hundred and six years later: "He is my Shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure." He had thought of the rebuilding of Jerusalem more than a hundred years before it was broken down and burnt with fire, and he had said by his prophet, to Jerusalem, "Thou shalt be built; and to the temple, Thy foundation shall be laid." (Isa. 44: 28.) It was so like a true Father to look beyond the time of chastisement to the moment when

His People Should Understand

his truest love, and should accept of the punishment of their iniquity." (Lev. 26: 40, 41), that he might be able to set them free. "I will, for their sakes, remember the covenant of their ancestors, whom I brought forth out of the land of Egypt in the sight of the heathen, that I might be their God: I am the Lord." (Lev. 26: 45.) God anticipated their deliverance a hundred years before their chastisement began, and all the seventy years, while two generations of his people must have passed away, no heart so longed for their deliverance, and for the end of their punishment, as the heart of their faithful God. Truly, "He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men." (Sam. 3: 33.) Sixty years before their deliverance God could not keep the secret to himself; he must give them a hope for the future, and he sent a message three times, through Jeremiah, that the captivity should be seventy years in all, and ten of these years were already past. (Jer. 25: 12; 29: 10; 33: 7-13.)

Up to the present time, the deliverers of Israel in the time of trouble had always been of their own people: Moses, Joshua, Gideon, David, etc. Now it must be a part of their humiliation, but also a wondrous testimony to the faithfulness of God towards them, that the prince of a heathen country into whose power they, as well as their conquerors, had fallen, should be their deliverer. Such a thing had never yet been heard of in the history of the world as that a conqueror should, against his own interests, reinstate a subject race in their land and in their religious worship.

Who but God

could have conceived, who but God could have carried out such a plan? There was election in God's call of Cyrus, as there was in his call of Saul of Tarsus. There was no king in Israel while the people were in Babylon, but even while Hezekiah was still upon the throne of Judah, God looked forward to the time of Cyrus and called him his annointed. There was not one to be found amongst his own people who could supply the need of the occasion; prophets there were, David, Jeremiah, Haggai; who could stand with their God and learn, and enter into his purposes, but this man, Cyrus long foreknown, and long prepared, was called to another ministry. "Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus whose right hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him, and I will loose the loins of kings to open before him the two-leaved gates; and the gates shall not be shut; I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight; I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron: and I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and the hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know that I, the Lord, which call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel." (Isa. 45: 1-3.)

God would use this chosen man to deliver his people, but he must himself be blest, himself must make acquaintance with God, and know that he was not being used as a senseless machine, but as one who entered intelligently, and with all his heart, into the work which God would accomplish by him. It was no easy thing which lay before Cyrus; he would have to face the probability that the revenues of the dominions would be lessened, his people might complain if he were to set free his Jewish vassals, trade might decrease, and the politicians might be so against him that they would seek to overturn the government. But the promise of God: "I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight; I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron;" if he believed in the reality of the word of the Lord, was enough to quell all his fears and Cyrus, girded by God, even before he came to know him (Isa. 45: 5), was ready to accomplish his mission.

In the very first year of this King Cyrus, the Lord stirred up his spirit, so "that he made proclamation throughout all his kingdom (which was then almost the whole of the known world), and put it also in writing, saying, "Thus saith Cyrus, King of Persia, the Lord God of heaven hath given me all the kingdoms of the earth." It was a bold beginning, a fearless recognition of God, and a fearless declaration that he believed in the God of the despised Jews. How different from Nebuchadnezzar in the days of his pride: "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" (Dan. 4: 30). Cyrus saw God's hand in his position, and with all the quiet dignity which such a charge from such a hand involved, he spoke what was committed to him, leaving with God the responsibility: "He hath charged me to build him a house at Jerusalem, which is in Judah." Had Cyrus not been quite sure of his mission, there was everything in such an announcement to draw down upon him the scorn and contempt of his people.

But Cyrus looked higher than to man's opinion, or to man's approbation; he gave his authority: "The God of heaven . . . he hath charged me." The proclamation read: "Who is there among you of all his people? His God be with him, and let him go up to Jerusalem, which is in Judah, and build the house of the Lord God of Israel (he is the God), which is in Jerusalem."

But how were the expenses to be met? This, too, was provided for: "And whosoever remaineth in any place where he sojourneth, let the men of his place help him with silver, and with gold, and with goods, and with beasts, beside the free will offering for the house of God that is in Jerusalem." What, should the masters who ruled over them actually supply their captives with money? Should the means to build a house of God come from the heathen who did not believe in God? O, anxious Christians, who plan and struggle and contrive

How to get Money

to carry on the work of God, learn your lesson, God can use the most unlikely way, the unlikely means as soon as his time is come. If he wills your work, in the way and in the time in which it is done, he will never let it suffer for the want of means: "They shall not be ashamed, that wait for me." (Isa. 49: 23.) Behind the proclamation of Cyrus, were the confession and prayer of Daniel. All was working together for the accomplishment of God's purpose. As soon as he succeeds in so far occupying the attention of his chosen instruments as to lay his burden upon their hearts, it is easy for him to raise up kings to execute his designs or to make nations serve his purpose. He laid it upon the heads of the father's houses of Judah and Benjamin, "and the priests and the Levites, with all them whose spirit God had raised, to go up to build the house of the Lord which is in Jerusalem." It is one thing to devise a plan ourselves and then seek from men the means to carry it out; it is quite another thing when the initiative comes from God, and he stirs up his people and lays a burden on their hearts. God bears the responsibility of all which he initiates, there is no room for anxiety about anything to which he calls his children. All they that were round about them strengthened their hands with vessels of silver, with gold, with goods, with beasts and with precious things, beside all that was willingly offered." We never need to force the work of God; we never need to carry it; God carries it and us. Whenever there is a strain upon us for want of physical strength or for want of money, it is a sure sign that God has something to say, and it behoves us to be still, at any cost to the work, until we have come to understand his mind. Nothing is gained by going forward without the Lord. "Blessed are all they that wait for him."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

MONUMENT OF CYRUS.

TWO agencies combined to bring about the return of the Lord's people from their captivity. One of them worked *on* the people and the other *for* them. Their suffering and the teaching of Ezekiel, Daniel and the second Isaiah, prepared them for the return; and the conquest of their Babylonian captors by the Medes and Persians opened the way for that return. Another important event was that a reconciliation in some degree had been affected between the two peoples of Judah and Israel who were thus brought together by the common calamity of exile. To the people humbled, chastened, reconciled came the proclamation of the king that whosoever wished, might return.

In the first year of Cyprus. That is the first year of his personal reign in Babylon. Formerly Darius had governed for him. Cyrus as a disciple of Zoroaster was prepared to appreciate the monotheism of his captives and to sympathize with them. It is related of him that when he was a youth, being at the court of his grandfather, Astyages, he undertook one day to be the cup-bearer at the table. It was the duty of this officer to taste the liquor before it was presented to the king. Cyrus, without performing this ceremony, delivered the cup in a very graceful manner to his grandfather. The king reminded him of his omission which he imputed to forgetfulness. "No," replied Cyrus, "I was afraid to taste, because I apprehended there was poison in the liquor; for not long since, at an entertainment which you gave, I observed that the lords of your court, after drinking of it became noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic. Even you, sir, seemed to have forgotten that you were a king." History describes him as a great and wise king. Above is a picture of his figure on the Persepolitan monuments with his name beneath it in cuneiform characters.

That the word of the Lord . . . might be fulfilled. God always provides for the keeping of his promises. His people in Babylon were now to have another proof of the fact at the end of the seventy years of their captivity. "I was crossing the Atlantic," says a traveller, "and had come within three days of the Irish coast. Fog and darkness shut out the sun by day and the stars at night. We had to trust to dead reckoning, that is, to the log, the compass, the chart and other nice nautical computations. Standing by the captain, I heard him say on the last of these days, 'We ought to see Fasnett Light in twelve minutes!' I took out my watch and waited. We saw the welcome light in just eleven! There, thought I, is a triumph of nautical skill and calculation, to push on so steadily and surely through the darkness day after day to the point aimed at." So God acts and with the same precision his word is and will be fulfilled.

Mr. D. L. Moody says: "When I was a young man I was clerk in the establishment of a man in Chicago, whom I observed frequently occupied sorting and marking notes. He explained to me what he had been doing; on some notes he had marked B, on some D, and on others G; those marked B he told me were bad, those marked D meant they were doubtful, and those with G on them meant they were good. 'And,' said he, 'you must treat all of them accordingly.' And thus people endorse God's promises, by marking some as bad, and others as doubtful; whereas we ought to take all of them as good, for he has never once broken his word."

The Lord stirred up the spirit of Cyrus. While men are conscious that they have the power of deciding their course of conduct, they can never tell to what extent they are being used by God to carry out his designs. A little boy sat in front of his father and held the reins which controlled a high-spirited horse. Unknown to the boy, the reins passed around him and were also in his father's hands. He saw occasion to pull them. With artless simplicity the child looked around saying, "Father, I thought I was driving; but I am not, am I?" Thus it is often with men who think they are shaping a destiny which a higher hand than theirs is really shaping. They do their own will, but they also do the will of God. A stronger hand guides them; a mightier power holds the helm of their vessel.

The Lord God hath given me all the kingdoms. It is well when a Ruler recognizes the hand which has intrusted him with government. Dr. J. Thain Davidson recently addressing a company of young men, said: There was once a young prince, heir to the throne of Russia, who was giving himself to every form of dissipation. He took up his residence in Paris, and entered heartily into all its gayeties. One evening, as he was seated with a number of young profligates like himself; drinking, gambling and making merry, a message was privately conveyed to him that his father was dead. Pushing away from him the dice and the wine-cup, he rose up and said: "I am emperor!" and forwith announced that his must henceforth be a different kind of life. Young men, I have to tell you to-night of a kingdom to which you are called. To you the Lord Jesus says, "I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me." To no meaner rank are you to aspire than to that of "kings and priests unto God."

He hath changed me. Happy is he who having received a charge from God to perform a duty, obeys, as Cyrus did, promptly. During the siege of Sebastopol, the general commanding the Russian forces had occasion to send an important dispatch to the Czar. "Lose no time," he said to the officer whom he selected to carry it over the twelve hundred miles from the Crimea to St. Petersburg. He started immediately, and at the end of every twenty miles found a relay of government horses at his disposal. These were harnessed to his sleigh in place of the weary animals. The servants would call out: "The horses are ready," and the officer gave the order: "Away, then," and off they would go at their fastest speed. Thus he continued travel day and night until he entered the Czar's palace at St. Petersburg. He was so weary with watching that, having handed the dispatch to the Czar he fell asleep while his majesty was reading it. The attendants tried to awaken him, but could not. He was called and shaken but did not awake. The Czar perceived that the officer was not dead, as the servants feared, and surmising the cause of his deep sleep, stooped over to him and said in his ear the words he knew the officer must have heard frequently of late: "The horses are ready." Instantly the officer was on his feet with the shout: "Away, then." Instead of driver and horses, there stood the Czar looking at him with an amused but kindly smile. He understood from the officer's act how devoted he had been to the charge committed to him.

Who is there among you. It was to be a voluntary service. This was a call for volunteers. Cyrus probably expected that all the people would gladly return when permission was granted to them. But not half of them went. The remainder, who were in business, or did not care to undertake the long journey and the hardships of rebuilding the city remained. So it is with God's service now. Every one may work for him in some way. Even a child can do something. Who is there among you . . . let him go. Mr. Spurgeon used to tell the story of a man who was too lazy to go to church or prayer-meeting and who was in the habit of saying to his wife, "Mary, you go to church and pray for us both. One morning while Mary was at church as usual the man had a nap. He dreamed that he and Mary were going up to the gate of heaven. He thought that Peter stopped them there and said, "Mary, you may go in for both." The dream scared him by its conclusive logic and at night he accompanied Mary to church to pray for himself.

"INASMUCH"

A STORY FOR THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE, WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

By HARRIET C. BURCH.

"HA! ha!" laughed Old Titus Tillepaugh.

"Ha! ha!" laughed he from his thin lips and toothless jaws; and the heartless laughter sounded through the low room as though it were echoed by a score of demons—for some said they were his constant companions—evil spirits to whom he had bartered his soul long ago.

Old Titus shivered, looked around to see if any doors were ajar; then drew nearer the rusty old stove, and held his crooked fingers to the blaze. A single stick of wood was burning feebly in the broken stove this cold December day; and yet Old Titus Tillepaugh—wretched miser as he was—might have furnished fuel for all the poor of the city and yet been rich.

"I never had a Christmas present but once in my life—just once—and then I threw it back to the giver. Ha! ha! She stood with tears in her pretty eyes—the girl that married my nephew. She brought her child—a girl—and some little gift to me, wishing me a 'Merry Christmas.' I said:

"'I thank you, madam; but I have no use for your gift, nor your good wishes. You may need bread before the long, cold winter is over—keep them to buy that.' I smiled as I stood waiting; while she, timid thing, knew not what to do.

"'Will you take dinner with us to-morrow, Uncle Titus? It is Christmas Day,' she said, very softly. 'Thank you, madame, I never dine away from home. Have you any further business with me?' She shook her head, but looked at me with her great eyes full of tender longing. I opened the door for her and she passed out. She thought, without doubt, that I would return her kindness and her gift a hundredfold, for they are poor—they are too honest ever to be anything else. People, even such as they, are never kind unless they expect to be repaid; but they did not deceive me, and they have never troubled me again. Ah, yes; I cheated my stomach of a good dinner; but I counted my gold and was happy."

The old lips were drawn with the cruel smile they always wore, such as a satisfied demon might wear; the small eyes twinkled, the hooked nose looked like the beak of a bird of prey, and the stooping form seemed to shrink farther into the patched clothing as Old Titus sat there in the twilight rejoicing over his utter friendliness.

Poor Old Titus Tillepaugh! For greed he had shut himself in from all his kind, making unto himself gods of silver and gold, over which he gloated and grinned until a devilish light seemed to irradiate his whole form.

"How the snow creaks under the people's tread! It is a cold night. Wood is so dear, I will go to bed soon to get warm. People should be hung for wishing one another a 'Merry Christmas'—as though it were different from any other day! No one is ever kinder or better for it, unless for selfish ends—even the children should be thrown from the church tower with the sexton who rings the bell for them to-day. Hear the imps laugh and sing and shout of Christmas! But I counted my beautiful dollars and ate no dinner to-day so that I should have no less to count to-morrow."

Old Titus scraped a place on the frosty window-pane through which he peered. The sleigh-bells tinkled merrily through the street, the moon shone brightly, and people hurried on with their faces and hearts aglow with the good-will greetings of the time.

He walked briskly across the room—he was always quick and decided in movement—and took a candlestick with its bit of candle from the shelf. He looked at it, shaking his head: "I can do without a light for awhile—candles burn out so quickly! The moonlight will shine in soon—they cannot tax me for that."

LILLIAN'S VISIT TO OLD TITUS ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

He sat down again, a little closer to the stove; sat there in his comfortless, straight-backed, wooden chair and waited until the poor little stick should have given up all its heat and turned to ashes, or smoldered to blackness for very loneliness.

There was a faint noise at the door-knob. Old Titus thought he locked the door an hour before, and did not look around; but for once he had forgotten bolts and bars, and in another moment the door swung open and a child of perhaps seven years, with sunny curls and smiling face, entered. In the dim light she saw the figure in the chair and came toward it.

"I am Lillian Delevan. Mamma said you do not care for us nor for presents; but I've brought you mine—my only dolly, and—I love you because you have no little girl of your own to care for you." The poor charred stick of wood burst its heart in flames of gladness, while the happy moon looked in through the frosty pane and flooded the place where Lillian Delevan stood until her face, in Old Titus Tillepaugh's sight, seemed like the face of an angel.

"You will be good to Dolly, will you not? She is all I have to give, and I have wanted her so badly; but mamma says that a gift which we really wish to keep for ourselves, is more of a gift if given. I do not mind—so very much, for I have mamma and papa to love and a bit of a rag-doll, so take her and hold her so." She put the new doll, which, cheap as it was, had been her wish for months, into Old Titus' arms and put his hand over it.

"How cold your hand is, Uncle Titus! Let me warm it with mine as I warm papa's when his mittens wear out and he cannot buy new ones." She took the grasping, unfriendly hand between her soft, warm palms, while a strange feeling went tingling through Old Titus' body until it touched something that might have been a heart long ago, long ago. Even his voice was strange to himself when it said, "You keep dolly and care for me; but I will keep your love—gladly." He put the doll into the little maiden's arms; but she, strong, in her tender pity of his loneliness, and brave in her desire to make him happy, refused.

"Mamma will wonder where I am—she did not know I was coming here—only to the corner, so I must go now." She started towards the door, but came back to the old man's side and slipping one arm about his neck, kissed the wrinkled, aged face.

"May I come to-morrow and see you and Dolly?"

"Yes, yes, child, come to-morrow." Then he was alone. The fire had burned out, the frost had shut away the moonlight; but there was a new warmth in the heart of Old Titus and a new light in his face.

Late in the night Old Titus Tillepaugh sat writing at the table. He had rebuilt the fire and did not seem to mind the burning wood nor the wasting candle, as he looked now and then, at the pretty, doll-face beside him—his Christmas gift.

On a sheet of paper, worded in proper from—for Titus Tillepaugh was not an ignorant man—he had written:

"To my great-niece, Lillian Delevan, I give and bequeath all my property, both real and personal, in return for her love and the gift she gave me this Christmas night."

The scratch of the pen went on until the hiding-place of all his worshipped wealth was told, executors appointed, and the trembling, unused fingers signed the name of their owner—thus making little, unselfish Lillian, richer by many thousand dollars than she had been when the day was new.

"She will do good with it all her life," muttered Old Titus, with the cruel smile quite gone from his trembling lips. "She will do what I should have done—what I would do were I to begin life over again. Nelson was a good boy—he will help her. Does the Bible say, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these—one of the least!' They are very poor. It is cold and dark here. It must be nearly midnight."

He half rose from his chair; but sank back wearily.

"Mother, did you call me? May we go and gather some flowers for Lillian, out there in the sunshine where the river shimmers and sparkles like liquid gold? We can rest there in the old meadow as we did yesterday, for the grass is green and soft—but the river's crooning song is softer. Hold my hand, mother, and sing me to sleep with the river. 'Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray, the Lord--'"

Years and years agone were yesterday to the old man—he was a child again with his mother's hand in his. The old gray head drooped upon the bare table, the midnight chimes floated above it and a new life had truly begun, for they found him there in the morning—dead.

The face seemed not like the old miser's, for a smile and the look of peace rested there, as though the poor warped soul had made atonement, in those last hours of existence, which the merciful Father accepted and over which pitying angels rejoiced.

Verily, a little child had led him.

COUNTING THE STARS.

I WAS walking along one winter's night, says Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, hurrying towards home, with my little maiden at my side. Said she:

"Father, I am going to count the stars."

"Very well," I said, "go on."

By-and-by I heard her counting—"Two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-five. O dear," she said, "I had no idea there were so many."

Ah, my dear friend, I sometimes say in my soul:

"Now, Master, I am going to count the benefits."

Soon my heart sighs, not with sorrow, but burdened with such goodness, and I say to myself, "I had no idea there were so many."

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Christmas.

WAKE up all the echoes of cavern and hill with Christmas bells. The days of joy have come, days of reunion, days of congratulation. "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all people."

First, let the bells ring at the birth of Jesus! Mary watching, the camels moaning, the shepherds rousing up, the angels hovering, all Bethlehem stirring. What a night! Out of its black wing is plucked the pen from which to write the brightest songs of earth and the richest doxologies of heaven. Let camel or ox in stable that night in Bethlehem, after the burden-bearing of the day, stand and look at him who is to carry the burdens of the world. Put back the straw and hear the first cry of him who is come to assuage the lamentation of all ages.

Christmas bells ring out the peace of nations! We want on our standards less of the lion and eagle and more of the dove. Let all the cannon be dismounted, and the war-horses change their gorgeous caparisons for plough-harness. Let us have fewer bullets and more bread. Life is too precious to dash it out against the brick casements. The first "Peace Society" was born in the clouds, and its resolution was passed unanimously by angelic voices: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Christmas bells ring in family reunions! The rail trains crowded with children coming home. The poultry, fed as never since they were born, stand wondering at the farmer's generosity. The markets are full of massacred barnyards. The great table will be spread and crowded with two, or three, or four generations. Plant the fork astride the breast-bone, and with skillful twick, that we could never learn, give to all the hungry lookers-on a specimen of holiday anatomy. The boy is fond of music, give him the drum-stick. The minister is dining with you, give him the parson's nose. May the joy reach from grandfather, who is so dreadfully old he can hardly find the way to his plate, down to the baby in the high-chair, with one smart pull of the table-cloth upsetting the gravy into the cranberry. Send from your table a liberal portion to the table of the poor, some of the white meat as well as the dark, not confining your generosity to gizzards and scraps. Do not, as in some families, keep a plate and chair for those who are dead and gone.

Let the whole land be full of chime and carol. Let bells, silver and brazen, take their sweetest voice, and all the towers of Christendom rain music. We wish all our friends a Merry Christmas!

TELL GOD EVERYTHING.

THERE is one great secret of advancement in religious experience, and that is secret prayer. It is very easy to come into a public assemblage, and stimulated by the hearty singing and by the cheerful faces of scores and hundreds of God's people, to bow our head and lift up our hearts in prayer; but to have some secret place where, day by day, either at morning, or at noon, or at night, we kneel down before God, no one in the whole world listening, and to do that thing day after day, and month after month, and year after year, and for scores of years,—that is not so easy a thing to do. It wants some perseverance, some high appreciation of duty, some grand Christian determination, some Almighty help.

No one can pray in public his whole prayer. Take the best man in the world, and let him rise up before God in public assemblage, and tell all his temptations and sorrows and annoyances and grievances and deficits, and he would clear the room in ten minutes. People would say, "We didn't come into the house of prayer to-night to have our ears and hearts insulted." We know an excellent Christian man who had the habit, in prayer-meeting, of telling the most astounding things of what he used to do and where he used to go. We all believed in him as a useful man; but we all wished he would not go so much into particulars. It edified no Christian ear, it advanced no Christian heart.

And yet there is a place where a man ought to be able to tell everything to his God, to review all his past life, to count up all the wonderful deliverances, and take all the annoyances and the grievances of the present moment before God; but if he has no closet of secret prayer, where shall he do that? There is no such thing as stalwart Christian character except that which grows in private and which starts from secret communion with God—an out and out unlimited utterance such as a man cannot give in a public religious assemblage.

PAY AS YOU GO.

AMONG the storms of winter, and especially a storm that seldom fails to visit every locality about the end of the year—is a shower of bills. How they come in—these great snowflakes,—and they stick and stare at you till they are paid. Among the multitude of resolutions formed for the new year there is no better one than a resolve to pay as you go. It seems passing strange that the payment of debts should be inculcated upon professing Christians, and yet is there any evil habit to which Christian men are more addicted than that of incurring debt which they cannot discharge at maturity? And the causes of this condition of things are many and multiform. Sometimes it is the result of a weak desire to live in a style beyond one's means. Oftentimes it is the result of thoughtlessness, or a general unwillingness to systematize one's expenditures.

Often it proceeds from a free-heartedness and a desire to do for others, especially for the family, more than one's circumstances admit; and not infrequently it is owing to a spirit of extravagance which is a legitimate inheritance from father to son. But whatever the cause may be, as a general rule debt can be avoided and much unhappiness saved. To do this, above all firmly resolve to live within your means, however limited they may be; make no promises which you have not a reasonable certainty of keeping; be firm in applying whatever money you may have on hand to the liquidation of some debt in whole or in part, and above all, avoid, so far as possible, contracting a future obligation wherewith to pay a present one.

Debt: there is no worse demoralizer of character. The sad records of defalcation, embezzling, and dishonest failure which we meet with so constantly in the daily press are often, indeed most frequently, the result of the demoralization of debt, and consequent desperate efforts at extrication. The financial props have given way. The little debt, which at first was as small as a grain of mustard seed, like the rolling snowball, has gathered weight and multiplied itself a thousandfold. And still it grows, and like the fabulous hydra which Hercules was sent to kill, you no sooner strike off one head than two shoot up in its place.

The struggle is severe, but in the end decisive: either confession is made of a hopeless bankruptcy which might and should have been avoided, or integrity is sacrificed to the temptation of the moment. Debt ruins as many households, and destroys as many fine characters as rum; it is the devil's mortgage on the soul, and he is always ready to foreclose. Pay your grocer; pay your pew bills; pay your minister. Be indebted for nothing but love, and even that be sure you pay in kind, and that your payments are frequent; we especially commend this advice to old bachelors.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

WITH many of us it is a bright, sunshiny day of prosperity. There is not a cloud in the sky, not a leaf rustling in the forest. No chill in the air. But we cannot expect all this to last. He is not an intelligent man who expects perpetual daylight of joy. The sun will after awhile near the horizon. The shadows will lengthen. While I write, many of us stand in the very hour described in the verse, "For it is toward evening."

Oh, then, for Jesus to abide with us! He sweetens the cup. He extracts the thorn. He wipes the tear. He hushes the tempest. He soothes the soul that flies to him for shelter. Let the night swoop and the euroclydon toss the sea. Let the thunders roar—soon all will be well. Christ in the ship to soothe his friends. Christ on the sea to stop its tumult. Christ in the grave to scatter the darkness. Christ in the heavens to lead the way. Blessed all such. His arms will enclose them. His grace comfort them, his light cheer them, his sacrifice free them, his glory enchant them. If earthly estate take wings, he will be an incorruptible treasure. If friends die, he will be their resurrection. Standing with us in the morning of your joy and in the noonday of our prosperity, he will not forsake us when the lustre has faded and it it is toward evening.

On earth with many of you the evening is the happiest part of the twenty-four hours. You gather about the hearth. You talk and laugh and sing. You recount the day. You plan for the morrow. You have games and repartees. Amid all the toil of the day that is the goal for which you run, and as you take out your watch and look at the descending sun, you thrill with the thought that it is toward evening. So death comes to the disciple! What if the sun of life is about to set? Jesus is the day-spring from on high; the perpetual morning of every ransomed spirit. What if the darkness comes? Jesus is the light of the world and of heaven. What though this earthly house does crumble? Jesus has prepared a house of many mansions. Jesus is the anchor that always holds. Jesus is the light that is never eclipsed. Jesus is the fountain that is never exhausted. Jesus is the evening star hung up amid the gloom of the gathering night.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

REVIVALS.

IT may not be amiss for me to give some of my notions about revivals, gathered from books, men, meetings, and experience both sad and glad.

Revivals are good things if God is in them; otherwise not.

From all I can see and learn, there are a good many where He has little to do.

This is not because he does not want a place therein, but is given no chance. His position is that of the speaker where the preceeding talkers have either taken all the time or tired out the audience.

There are many, very many meetings, where there is so much of man and method that literally God has no chance at the sinner. So much manipulation; now stand up, now sit down, now bow your heads, now lift them, please stand up again, Christians take their seats, sinners stand alone, all rise once more. Come forward, bow again, and this repeated till I sympathize with the sinner who reported the service as a "bobbing up and bobbing down affair."

It's just as wicked for a Christian to get between God and the sinner as it is for the devil.

The sin of the Church in revival work today is that of trusting in man instead of God. Here, if nowhere else, is it true: "Cursed be the man who trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm." These words are in Jeremiah 17: 5. Over and over again have I had in my own work this abominable thing happen. People looking to me and my work or to the singer and the song, or to the crowd for success. They have brought not only me, but themselves, failure. It will ever be so. Trusting in any means, methods, or men, for true revival work will bring no permanent and abiding success. It must be ever and always a looking unto God.

Good revivals follow the prayers of earnest Christians and the forcible presentation of the doctrines of sin, repentance, and redemption.

No great work is done in any church or city where they make little of the blood of Christ, the awfulness of sin and the Holy Spirit.

Evangelists are good things in their right places, but their place is not to help lazy pastors or lazy people, and yet I guess it is. May be they are most needed there.

Presenting a lot of funny notions and acting queerly, turning a service into a show, either of mental or physical gymnastics, is not supported by Scripture, sense or rules of success.

I doubt if any where—no matter how hard the field, or how peculiar the place or people—but what you can have a glorious revival, and one that will last by the simple rule of waiting on God till Christians are under conviction for the lost. Then preaching from pulpit, from press, from pew, at home, in business: everywhere the doctrine of sin, in its completeness, meaning, its extent, its guilt, its result now and final, and then holding up Jesus as the only Saviour. Souls will surely be saved.

The reason more rich and learned men are not reached with the Gospel nowadays is that the truth is not applied in the right way.

Any one who will despise or look down upon, or talk against children giving themselves to Christ, is not fit to be in the church. They are worse than raw heathen and need converting just as much.

I Got Mad.

This will startle some of the saints, I suppose, but I forgive them. Not long since I got mad, righteously mad, mad through and through, though the sun did not go down on my wrath.

A great throng had assembled to hear the Word preached and helped by the Holy Ghost. I gave them truth so plain that God's presence could almost be felt; their very faces told how they beheld themselves lost, lost sinners. When the address closed, they were facing the awful fact of accepting or rejecting Jesus, as the only remedy for sin. I called on them all, then and there, to settle it with God. Ordered perfect silence for a full minute, then sent them quietly away. Then there came around me a lot of Christians who wanted to know why in that hour of advantage for the meeting I didn't go into an after meeting or get them to rise or do something. I tell you I was mad. The fact was they wanted to see something. Wanted to have a lot of manipulation, a lot of man methods put in. No trust in God to do his own work, no faith in the Word preached. Oh, it was sad, and it is too often the case.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Jews in Tunis.

THE recent troubles in Morocco have directed public attention to the condition of those countries on the northern shores of Africa which with Morocco are known as the Barbary States. The smallest of these is Tunis, which under its ancient name of Carthage, once occupied a large place in the world's affairs. Since it fell under the power of the Turks it has shared in the decadence which seems to be the inevitable condition of every land ruled by that power. Under the Bey appointed by the Sultan, the people were remorsely taxed and sank into hopeless poverty and degradation. Since 1882, France has obtained control of the finances and pays the Bey a salary. There is less corruption now and by so much the people are benefited by French influence, but their moral condition is unchanged. The population is about a million and a half, of which one fifth are Europeans and the others Arabs, Moors and Negroes. The capital, which bears the same name as the State, is a city of 150,000 people, of whom more than 30,000 are Jews. There is little difference in the way the various races live. The invariable condition is filth, squalor and degradation. On this page we present a picture (taken from a recent photograph) of a Jewish domicile of the best class. It speaks eloquently of the hard, dreary life of the people and the absence of everything which helps to make up our idea of a home. Little has, as yet been done to spread the Gospel in Tunis. The London Society for the propagation of the Gospel among the Jews has established a mission in Tunis and a school has been opened in which there are about a hundred pupils. The North Africa Missionary Society has also begun operations there and at present has seven missionaries engaged in Christian labor. The American Board, too, has a station in Tunis, but none of them has had much success. It is remarkable that the Tunisian Jew is as difficult to reach as the other races and appears to have retained only the ceremonial parts of his religion with but vague notions of their meaning. Of their full meaning he has, of course, no conception at all, or he would welcome the followers of him of whom Moses and the prophets did write. (John 5: 46.)

One Wreck Causes Another.

THE captain and crew of the schooner *Emerson* arrived in New York on December 9th, on board an ocean tug, which had picked them up in an open row-boat. The captain says that in passing through Vineyard Sound, his schooner, which was laden with a cargo for Sackville, New Brunswick, struck on what at the time he supposed to be a rock. A great hole was made in the vessel's bottom and the water rushed in so rapidly that the crew had barely time to make their escape in the row-boat before she went down. The disaster occurred in the night, and the boat remained near the place until morning. It was then seen that it was not a rock that had stove the hole in the schooner, but the wreck of Mr. Vanderbilt's yacht, *Alva*, which was sunk in Vineyard Sound last summer. The phenomenon of one wreck causing another is not very common in maritime experience, but it often happens in social and commercial life. It is so, too, in religious life. Nothing works such mischief as the fall or the inconsistent life of some professor of religion. (II. Samuel 12: 14.)

A King in a Tennessee College.

A YOUNG man came to New York last week from Nashville, Tenn., where he has been studying in the Central Tennessee College, to prepare for his departure to Africa to assume the duties of government. During his residence here, he has by the death of his mother, become king of Jabasca, a district to the west of Liberia. To a reporter of the *Sun* he said that his subjects numbered over a hundred thousand. The country he believes to be rich in mineral wealth and he will take back with him a set of mining implements to put his opinion to the test. He also takes back agricultural machinery which is unknown in Jabasca. Some of the people are Mohammedans, a few are Christians but the large majority are sunk in Voudooism. The young king whose name is Mommolu Massaquoi, was sent in his boyhood to a Christian missionary school and was converted. His father, who was then king, consented, four years ago, to his being sent by the missionaries to the Tennessee college for further teaching. Since that time his father died and his mother, according to the custom of the country, ruled it as Queen. Now she is dead, and urgent letters have been sent requiring his return, that a treaty with a neighboring tribe may be signed. Massaquoi anticipates difficulties on the subject of religion. All his chiefs believe in the voudoo superstition. He thinks, that it will be impossible to get them to accept Christianity, but he expects to persuade them to send their children to the Christian schools. When asked how he would be recognized on his return, he showed a number of white marks conspicuous on the black skin at the back of his neek which he said had been pricked out with a knife by the Grigribush, a Voudoo society which thus marks the devotees of the royal family to identify them. Generally the marks indicate voudooism as well as royalty but it will not be so in his case. It is hoped that in his character and conduct he will be able to say, as the Apostle Paul did, that he bears "the marks of the Lord Jesus." (Gal. 6: 17.)

INTERIOR OF A JEWISH HOME IN TUNIS.
(From a photograph secured specially for "The Christian Herald.")

A Marriage Prevented.

A WEDDING which was arranged to take place on Dec. 1 has been indefinitely postponed by the obduracy of a St. Louis official. The intended bridegroom is a prisoner in the jail on the charge of murdering a man at New Madrid with whom he had quarreled. After he had been a week in the city jail, a young lady visited him and declared her intention of being married to him. She applied to the Recorder for a license to marry him in prison. He refused her application, but she succeeded in some way in getting a license. She and the prisoner settled that the wedding should take place in the prison on Dec. 1. Armed with her license she presented herself at the prison on that day with a clergyman who was to perform the ceremony. The jailer, however, peremptorily forbade the marriage. Being pressed by a reporter for his reason, he said that he regarded the proposed marriage as a scheme to evade justice. If, as was probable, the lady witnessed the crime and was called to give evidence, she could plead, if she had been married to the prisoner, that the law did not require her to testify against her husband. The jailer may be right. Marriage might be a bar to the man's conviction. The fact reminds us of a doctrine very precious to the Christian. When by his living union with the Saviour he becomes a part of Christ's bride, he knows that there is no condemnation awaiting him at the bar of God. (Rom. 8. 1.)

Do Rocks Grow?

THE question has been submitted to a scientific journal by a correspondent. The answer given is that rocks do not grow in the sense that plants grow. A boulder by the roadside would not increase a hair's-breadth in size in a thousand years. But there are circumstances in which rocks do grow. They may increase in size by means of accretion, and they may also undergo other changes. Volcanic ashes and lava strewn over hills and plains become tufa, hard enough for building stone, and the pebbly shores of rivers and smaller streams may sometimes change into conglomerates. Crystals approach nearest to our idea of growth. A sparkling prism of quartz increases from an atom to a monster crystal of varying length and size by what geologists know as a "process of addition and assimilation." This process is wonderfully slow, but its progress can be traced with mathematical exactness. This, however, cannot properly be called growth as it is merely the addition of other particles like it. Though it may become larger, it is not as a plant becomes larger, through its own life. It is so with human nature. There is no beginning of spiritual growth until the stony heart has been replaced by a heart of flesh. (Ezekiel 36: 26.)

The Suspension of Immigration.

THE Committee appointed by Congress last session to investigate the immigration system has unanimously decided to advise the suspension of all immigration for one year, and a bill has been prepared to that effect. It provides that for one year, from March 1, 1893, no alien immigrant coming from countries other than North or South America shall be allowed to land. Returning Americans, or aliens intending only a temporary sojourn are to be the only persons admitted. Provision is also made that persons evading the law shall be punished and sent back to the country from which they came at the expense of the steamship-line bringing them. When it becomes known in Europe that the proposal is under the consideration of Congress there will probably be an enormous rush of immigrants anxious to enter before March. Many may come who would, but for the knowledge that this is their last chance, have postponed coming from time to time until they never came at all. People often act so about entering the kingdom of God. Unhappily, the last opportunity for them sometimes comes when they are so distracted with the pains of death that they are unable to avail themselves of it. (Jer. 12: 5.)

BRIEF NOTES.

In reply to many inquiries from subscribers whose subscriptions do not expire until next spring, and who desire to avail themselves of the Bible premium offer now, we would say that if they so desire it, on receipt of $2, we will extend their subscription for one year from whatever date it may expire and send them the Bible now.

The Turkish Government has granted to Edhem Bey a concession for the irrigation of the Plain of Jaffa—a portion of the Plain of Sharon—for 40 years, at $15,000 a year.

M. T. C. Jeter, New Era, La., writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, acknowledging receipt of $11.50 to be distributed among the sufferers by the late floods in that district.

The National Christian Total Abstinence Society of Holland recently celebrated its twelfth anniversary. The Society has thirty-six branches, with 2,000 members, a small beginning among a population of five millions.

The newly elected President of the Republic of Liberia is the Rev. Joseph J. Cheeseman, a Baptist minister who is a colored man and effective orator. He was Superintendent of the Southern Baptist Missions in Liberia in 1871.

The books of the Apocrypha have undergone a careful revision by the most profound Oriental scholars of the day and are shortly to be issued by the University Press of Oxford and Cambridge which printed the Revised Bible.

Dr. B. O. Kinnear, author of the new work on prophecy, *Impending Judgments*, is delivering a course of lectures on Sunday evenings in New York to large audiences. His subject on Dec. 18, was, "The Shortening of the Days."

The fourth annual meeting of the American Sabbath Union was held in Chicago, Dec. 13 and 14. Reports from various Sabbath organizations in affiliation with the National Society were presented and plans devised for the increased efficiency of the Union.

Rev. B. Fay Mills during his campaign in Kansas City, Mo., received an invitation from the brokers of the Board of Trade to preach to them in the noon hour. Three hundred of the wealthiest men in the city were present and listened with the closest attention. It was the first time that there had ever been a sermon or prayer in the building.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's services at Dayton, Ohio, have stirred the whole city. "The auditorium of the Third Street Church," says the Dayton *Daily Journal*, "must have contained over a thousand persons." At the close of the meeting 230 young men and women remained to give testimony to the saving power of Christ and sign the cards pledging themselves in Christ's strength to his service.

A movement has been organized in Brooklyn, N. Y. to hold religious services in the theatres of the city on Sunday afternoons through the winter. Dr. A. C Dixon is taking an active part in it and Rev. Charles Herald is co-operating with him. It is hoped that the help of many Brooklyn clergymen will be enlisted. The first service will probably be held on January 1 in the Grand Opera House.

Rev. P. M. Johnson, Baptist Missionary at Hanamaconda, India, writes that a Moslem Society has been organized there to oppose the progress of Christianity. The missionaries observe that in whatever place a branch of the society is established, the Christian churches have larger congregations and more converts. The attention of the people is aroused by the efforts of the society and they go to the churches to hear for themselves and are converted.

Rev. E. P. Telford expects to be in New York again on January 1st to resume his labors and fulfil engagements made prior to his visit to England. He has just finished a series of meetings at the great Charrington Hall in London. The hall, which holds five thousand persons, was thronged at every service. He has held meetings also in Nottingham, Sheffield, Barnsley and Barrow-in-Furness. Letters to await his arrival may be sent to this office.

THE LIVING STONE.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, last Sunday, December 18th, 1892, by Dr. R. S. MacArthur.

"To whom coming, as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God and precious." 1. Peter 2: 4.

E have in this verse a striking description of our adorable Redeemer. The term "living stone" is appropriate to Christ, because he hath life in himself. He is the author of life. He diffuses and sustains life. He laid down his life, he took it up again; no man had power to take it from him. This prerogative he received from his Father. He is the conqueror of death. He not only gives resurrection and life: He is "the resurrection and the life."

Christ the Sure Foundation.

The first thought, then, suggested by this text is that Christ, a "living stone," is the foundation of all our hopes for time and for eternity. You might as well have a summer without a gleam of light, without the smell of flowers, or the song of a bird, as have a life without Jesus Christ. You might as well have a year without a summer, nothing but bleakness, barrenness, and death, as to have a life without Jesus Christ. You might as well have a night without a morning, as to live in this world and die and be buried without Jesus Christ. I do not know what men do who have no Saviour; I do not know of what they speak, when they do not speak of Christ; I do not know of what they think if Christ is not in all their thoughts. Christ is the glory of the world; he is the bliss of heaven. Christ is the Alpha and Omega, in revelation, in creation, and in redemption. Christ spoke and there was light; without him was not anything made that was made.

Christ gives significance, beauty, and glory to the entire Bible. We are told of a shield that was made in ancient times; and the maker so wrought his name into the substance of it, that, in order to remove the name, the shield would have to be destroyed. So the name of Christ is

Written into the Revelation

of God, from the first majestic words of Genesis, to the last love notes of Revelation; and in order to remove Christ's name and glory, you must destroy this revelation of God. Precisely so is it to the reverent eye and ear in God's book of creation. The thoughtful student sees Christ's name, sees Christ's handywork all over the creation of God. He may not, perhaps, go so far as did Hugh Miller, when he declared that he found the cross in the rock, but he may find the truth symbolized by that cross, all over the works of God's hand.

It has been said that "an undevout astronomer is mad." We may say that all undevout scientists are mad. There can be no true science which excludes Jesus Christ. You might as well speak of the astronomy of the world and leave out the sun as speak of history, philosophy and creation, and leave out Jesus Christ. In Christ and in him alone, the real and the ideal meet. There is a great difference between a man's actual and a man's ideal. The ideal must be high, the real often falls far below the ideal. As are a man's ideals, so, to a great extent, shall the man be. He can never attain to his ideal, it is up among the stars; and in his highest flight he may only overtop the trees; the ideal gleams and glitters beyond. But in Jesus Christ the real and the ideal are one, his ideal is realized. Christ was the perfect,

The Symmetrical Man.

The ideal of his personality underlies all his revelation. We do not believe simply in the salvation which he has made possible, but in him as the living personal Saviour; not simply in the deliverance which he bestows, but in him as the great and divine Deliverer; not simply in a perfect and purchased redemption, but in him as the perfect and purchasing Redeemer.

This personal element, in Christ's religion is one element of its glory. He has given us himself. We do not pin our faith to a statement of doctrine, but to the person who is beyond the doctrine. Thus it comes to pass that Christ's personality lies beneath and is above and around the Word of God, the Church of God, and our own individual experience. Christ then is the true centre of redeemed humanity. No man may lay claim to the possession of the highest attributes of manhood if he is not a believer in the Son of God. No man may lay claim to the loftiest characteristics of intellectual culture, if he is not a believer in Jesus Christ. You ought to hide your head with shame, if you turn your back on the Son of God. You, perhaps love beauty in art and music: Christ is the incarnation of beauty of character in all its symmetry and glory. How then can you turn your back upon Jesus Christ? You, men and women take the crown of exalted manhood and womanhood from your own brows, when you refuse to bow head and heart at the pierced feet of the Son of God. Christ is the foundation of all our hopes for time and for eternity. Oh, build on this divine foundation. All other foundations are sinking sand.

The second truth taught us by this Scripture is that men in general refuse, reject Jesus Christ, the Son of God. The Apostle Peter was an honest man. He was familiar with the tendency of thought among the people of whom himself was a part. He knew the conclusions reached by the great majority of his kinsmen according to the flesh; he feels bound, as an honest man, to declare that men generally reject Jesus Christ. This is clearly taught us in the text, "to whom coming as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men." This, I say, he felt bound frankly to confess. He will avow the shame and humiliation of the Cross; he will not only avow it, but he will glory in it.

Men Despise and Reject Christ.

This has been seen along the whole line of revelation. This was clearly foretold by Isaiah more than 700 years before Christ was born. He tells us that "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, and we hid, as it were, our faces from him." He tells us also that "he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground;" that "he hath no form nor comeliness." What Isaiah foretold was literally fulfilled in the event of Christ's birth. He was rejected in the inn; he filled a cradle in the manger, but even then the glory of his character was seen. A star marked a new pathway in the sky to honor the infant Redeemer. Shepherds, watching their flocks by night, heard the sweetest music that earth had ever known, on the night that Christ was born, when angels chanted his birth-song; and wise men from the East brought their treasures of gold, frankincense, and myrrh and laid them at his feet. Herod felt his throne totter beneath him. This is marvelous!

The Touchstone.

Christ has always divided the world. He reveals character; he makes men declare themselves; he is the touchstone that draws worth and reveals worthlessness. Come near to Christ, and if you have the elements of nobility you will be drawn toward him. If you are worthless you will hate him. There never was such a power in this universe as Christ and his holy religion to develop these contradictory elements in the human race. He has gone through the world as an incarnate conscience; still, he is ever drawing poor penitents to himself, bringing them out of the lowest dregs of society. Penitents who have tears to wash his feet, and hair to wipe them—his benediction was upon such. Christ aroused the bitterest wrath of the Pharisees. He has evoked the tenderest love and the bitterest hate. He was no negative force in the world. When Christ came there were more active demons than ever before in the world. We are not surprised to learn that a legion was cast out of a single man. And just in proportion as Christ is prominent in a man's life shall all the elements of evil be aroused to oppose his indwelling. This is inevitable. Men rejected him at his birth; men cleaved to him at his birth. He separated them. He drew them with cords of love stronger than hooks of steel, or drove them from him because they could not endure

His Purity and Power.

This was seen all through his life. His entrance upon his public ministry was in perfect harmony with his entrance into the world. His birth into the church was in sympathy with his birth in the manger. Even his family did not believe in him; they found it hard to recognize in him the Messiah of prophecy.

And Christ is still dividing men into two classes. He has taught us "that he who is not with me is against me." I could go through this audience and pick out men and women who love him more than all besides, more than property, more than husband or wife, more than mother, or father, or child, more than life itself. I speak the truth; there sit in these pews men and women who would walk into yonder street and lay their heads on the block for Jesus: who would stand by the stake while fagot was lighting and flames were kindling; men and women from whose lips would come songs of joy and shouts of victory as they marched to the block or the stake.

A Pronoun Misapplied.

Not long ago two gentlemen were attending service as you are this morning. On their return from church, one said to the other, "What do you think of him?" The other answered, "I thought he was pretty dull." Then the first said, "I was not speaking of the preacher; I was speaking of his and my Lord. What did God say from the clouds regarding his Son? 'Hear ye him.' I was speaking of him. He is to me the 'chiefest among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely.' What do you think of him!" That man was obliged to reply: "I have never given serious thought to the subject." He has his representatives in this audience. "What think ye of Christ?" This is the greatest question of time or eternity. That man is standing on holy ground who is brought face to face with Jesus Christ and with his own duty regarding the Son of God. If that duty has never been pressed upon you before, I press it upon you this morning. What think you of Christ? I ask you men; I ask you women. I put this before you; you must settle this question, What will you do with Jesus this morning?

Perhaps there are those who positively reject him. It seems incredible! Why do you reject Christ? What is there in Jesus that has led you to that conclusion? How would you have Jesus differ in order that you might accept him? I think that is a fair question. I have a right to put that question to you. Give God an honest answer. Will you tell me one thing in the whole life of Christ which makes him obnoxious to your love and faith? Was he not holiness itself? Was he not

The Champion of Purity?

When all men would have dragged woman in the dust, did not Christ stand for her? Did he not stand for humanity, freedom and right? Did he not take children into his arms and bless them? Is he not the representative of all that is noblest in the mind and the heart? Has not the whole world put the crown of perfect humanity upon the brow of the Son of Mary—the Son of God? I ask you for which of these things do you condemn Jesus Christ? Tell me, if you can, what he lacked in order to secure your faith—what he possessed which makes it impossible for you to believe in him? I beseech you by all that is sacred and noble, be not of those by whom "He is disallowed."

Now, I ask you to observe, still further, that we have brought out here a startling contrast—God's judgment of Christ as compared with that of men. "Disallowed, indeed, of men, but chosen of God and precious" or honorable, as we have it in the New Version. Here, then, is God's judgment of Christ, as distinguished from the decisions of men. God knew him, and he knew God as it is impossible for men to know him; and this is the judgment which God here gives. It was quite a common thing for Peter to contrast the treatment which Christ received from men with

The Treatment He Received

from God. In one of the sermons he preached in connection with Pentecost, he says, "Whom ye crucified and slew; whom God raised from the dead." This statement here is quite in harmony with the line of thought which the Apostle often pursues, bringing into striking contrast God's treatment and man's. God chose him from all eternity: he was elect: he was precious, honorable. Oh! how God loved his only begotten Son! I may not enter upon this profound mystery! I may not go into that region, dark by excess of light! But I do know that when John, who pillowed his head upon the bosom of Jesus, speaks about the Son having dwelt in the bosom of the Father, he meant much.

There have been tender relationships between God the Father and God the Son from all eternity. It has been supposed that in that statement in Genesis where we have it, "Let us make man," there was a conference on the part of the triune God, in reference to the creation of man. I would not give the passage as proof of the Trinity, but only as a hint. Similar hints are scattered all along the Old Testament narrative. I do not know that it is possible for God to be, if he has not objects of love.

Love must have an Opportunity

of developing itself; it must have subjects on which to rest. Well, I think you ought to take Christ at God's estimate; you ought to give Christ the honor which God the Father gives him. In the eternal councils, God chose him; in the fullness of time he came as a child, and then dwelt as a man among men. He had come before; there were temporary incarnations before, but this was the incarnation. The human race was to be uplifted. It was marvelous fact that God tabernacled among men.

God loved him. Here comes in the mystery of the Cross—that God should have turned away his face. It is certain that Christ never was so dear, and yet God withdrew his face from him. God hates sin. He must show his displeasure and wrath wherever sin is found; and so he hid his face from his beloved Son. In that act I see more of the love of God than I can see displayed elsewhere in all the revelation he has made. Why should you not give him the honor which God does?

Coming to Christ.

And now, will you let me close by simply saying, that in order to receive a blessing of Christ's life, we must come to him. "To whom coming as unto a living stone." We see "as unto" is in italics; in the revised Version both words are omitted. It is not "as a living stone," but this—"to whom coming, a living stone;" and in order that your feet may rest upon that stone, you must place them there. Perhaps you simply resist this power; you have felt it drawing you. This sermon is one of the influences which God gives to draw you to his Son. You have been holding back; you have been stiff-necked, refusing to submit. God's promise includes God's condition; and if you will not keep the condition, I say it reverently, you make it impossible for God to keep the promise. Each includes the other. You shall not have Christ for your foundation if you will not come. Come this morning. Is there a follower of Christ in this house who has wandered? come back now. Perhaps like Peter you have been tempted; perhaps the sneer of some sceptic, or the smile of some foolish woman, has made you deny your Lord. Perhaps in the gray dawn of some chilly morning you have gone out denying him, but weeping bitterly. Come back to him this morning, and he will graciously receive and abundantly pardon you.

Perhaps there are some who have never come. You must seek Jesus Christ to-day. Come to him that you may know him as your personal Saviour. We shall meet at the judgment seat of Christ. Oh! if you reject him now, he must reject you then. This may be the turning point. If you say, depart, now; he must say depart then. God forbid for Jesus' sake.

A JEWISH RECONCILIATION.

A CONVERTED Jew relates a story of his grandfather which would seem to indicate that if the old man had heard without prejudice the true story of Christ the narrator would not have been the first of his family to become a Christian. The character of Jesus would have attracted such a man as he. He was of a hasty temperament which on one occasion involved him in a quarrel with his brother. Sharp things were said, and they parted in a rage. This happened on a Friday. The Jewish Sabbath, begins at sunset on the Friday evening. At the close of the day, his wife began to make ready for the Sabbath. "Joseph, my beloved," said she to her husband, "it is already dark; come and light up the Sabbath lamp." But he, sunk in profound sadness, paced to and fro, and seemed to take no note. "See," said his wondering wife, "the stars are already in the sky, and our Sabbath lamp is still dark." Suddenly, he took up his hat and staff, and wearing a sad and troubled face, left the house. In a very few minutes he returned, with a glow of peace upon his face. He offered the evening prayer, kindled the lamp of the Sabbath, and then told his wife of the quarrel between his brother and himself. "I could not light the lamp," he said, "till I was reconciled to Isaac." "But how came you to return so quickly?" said she. "Ha!" said he, "like me, Isaac could not rest. He could not trim the Sabbath lamp and sit beneath its glow with anger in his heart to me. We met in the street: he was coming to me, and I was going to him. We embraced, and he was as glad to be reconciled as I was." There would be fewer troubles in churches and among Christians in business and in private life if the same course were followed; and very often the foe would be met half way.

MILLENNIAL PALESTINE.

The Land Promised to the Seed of Abraham Never Yet Possessed by Them.

BY REV. H. M. BARNET.

THE covenant nation (Israel) has never yet, even in the palmy days of the Davidic and Solomonic regime, possessed as much as one-fourth of the territory embraced in the grant originally covenanted, "to Abraham and to his seed" by him, who because he could swear by no greater swear by himself." For though the whole was in a manner connected with Israel during those prefigurative reigns, inasmuch as tribute was for awhile paid to the Israelitish monarch from regions not annexed, yet the bona fide inheritance of the entire land of promise by the seed of Israel—the children of the true heirship—is one of the many matters of divinely revealed pre-ordainment that await the unfoldings of the blessed regime that shall be inaugurated by the triumphant descent upon the "Mount of Olives," of the Messiah—"Immanuel"—"the King of kings and Lord of lords."

And here be it noted that the following are the limits of the originally promised land of Israel as Dr. Keith has shown in his elaborate work: It was to be bounded on the south-west by the river of Egypt, namely, the Nile; on the opposite side, or north-east, by Bir, or Berothah on the Upper Euphrates; on the north-west by Mount Cassius, and at the opposite limit—the south-east it was to be bounded by the Euphrates at the quarter where it falls into the Persian Gulf. The extent of country, too, comprised within these four clearly-defined boundaries is large, being three hundred thousand square miles, [about the area covered by New England, Illinois, Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and West Virginia.] Only when all this ground is possessed by the natural offspring of "the father of the faithful" and the "friend of God," will the full force of those two marvellously suggestive verses in Deuteronomy be brought into manifestation: "When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel. For the Lord's portion is his people." The infidel, Voltaire, having tried to wield the Scripture phrase "a good land and a large" (as descriptive of what Israel has hitherto possessed), against the God of Israel, on the ground that the amount of territory historically occupied is comparatively but small after all, the refutation of this objection is to be found in the conclusive array of facts to be accomplished, when the resurrected Messiah shall reign as supreme Lord and King over the "two families" of Abrahamic extraction—Judah (including Benjamin together with the Levites), and Ephraim (i. e., the ten tribes) in the glorious world, to come during the Millennial Age or seventh Millennary, i. e., the one of Sabbatic blessedness in store for this long sin-cursed globe.

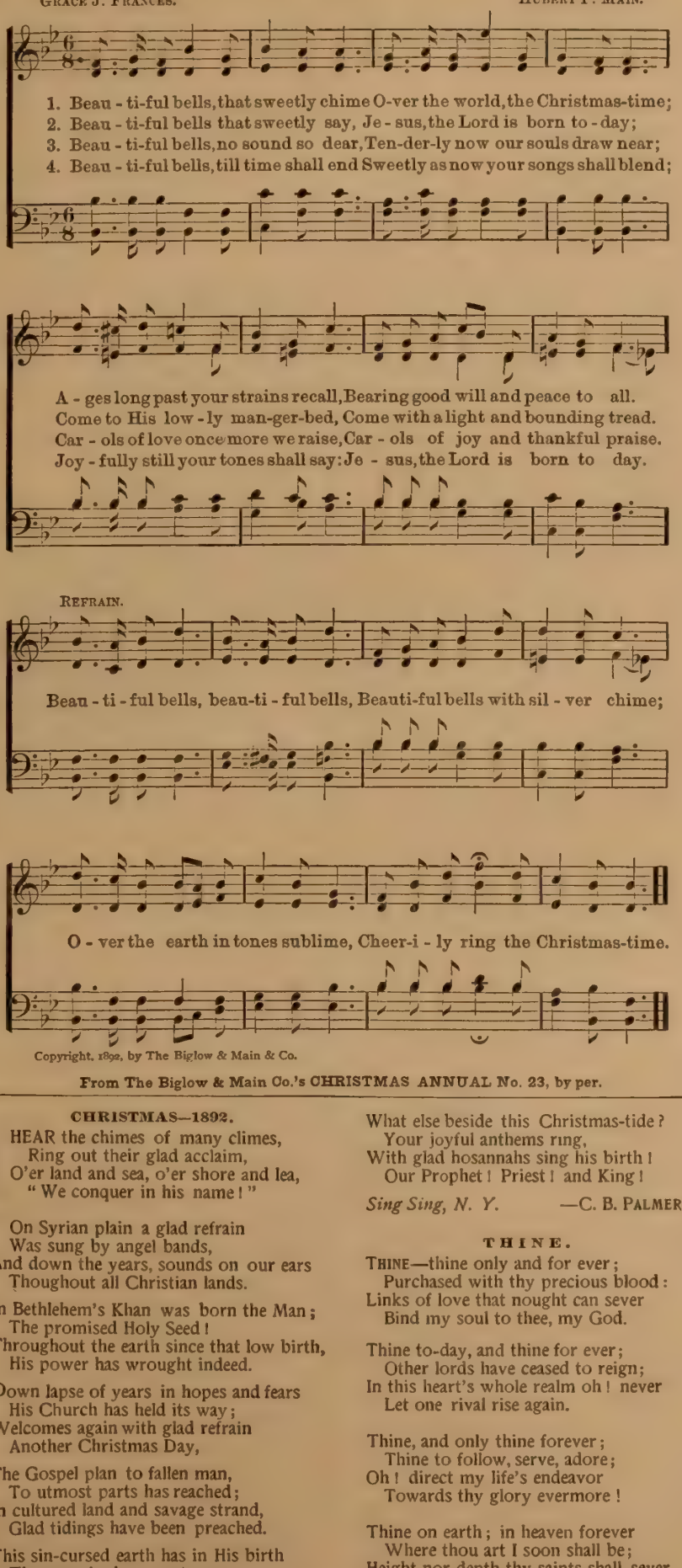
But here also it is proper that the solution of a seemingly difficult problem should be cited from Holy Writ. How is it that Israel should have been longer out of her promised land than in it hitherto? The reply is, that the shorter tenure of Palestine results from the fact that the original covenant has never yet come into force, but awaits the completed, i. e., Second Advent of "The Coming One," even "the Seed to whom the promise was made,"—proved, as Paul reasons, not to be more than one person, because God saith not "seeds" in the promise, but "seed," "which is Christ. (Gal. 3: 16.) Indeed a contrast is instituted by Moses between the covenant made with Moses and the contemporary Israelitish people on the one hand and the covenant made "with their fathers" by the Almighty on the other. See Deut. 5, 2, 3 and 33—viz., The Lord our God made a covenant with us in Horeb. The Lord made not this covenant with our fathers" (Let this denial of any bearing of this conditional or Sinaitic covenant upon the pre-Mosaic fathers be carefully noted), "but with us, even us, who are all of us here alive this day."

Paul brings out the dissimilarity between the conditional and unconditional covenants with Abraham's offspring, and the vast superiority of the latter over the former; as well as independence of it, in a masterly argument: "And this I say, that the covenant, that was confirmed before of God in Christ, the law which was four hundred and thirty years after cannot disannul, that it should make the promise of none effect. For if the inheritance be of the law, it is no more of promise; but God gave it to Abraham by promise, because of transgressions, till the seed should come to whom the promise was made," *which "seed" "is Christ."* (Gal. 3: 16-19.)

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Beautiful Bells that Sweetly Chime.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. Beau - ti-ful bells, that sweetly chime O-ver the world, the Christmas-time;
2. Beau - ti-ful bells that sweetly say, Je - sus, the Lord is born to - day;
3. Beau - ti-ful bells, no sound so dear, Ten-der-ly now our souls draw near;
4. Beau - ti-ful bells, till time shall end Sweetly as now your songs shall blend;
A - ges long past your strains recall, Bearing good will and peace to all.
Come to His low - ly man-ger-bed, Come with a light and bounding tread.
Car - ols of love once more we raise, Car - ols of joy and thankful praise.
Joy - fully still your tones shall say: Je - sus, the Lord is born to day.
REFRAIN.
Beau - ti - ful bells, beau-ti - ful bells, Beauti-ful bells with sil - ver chime;
O - ver the earth in tones sublime, Cheer-i - ly ring the Christmas-time.

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From The Biglow & Main Co.'s CHRISTMAS ANNUAL No. 23, by per.

CHRISTMAS—1892.

I HEAR the chimes of many climes,
Ring out their glad acclaim,
O'er land and sea, o'er shore and lea,
"We conquer in his name!"

On Syrian plain a glad refrain
Was sung by angel bands,
And down the years, sounds on our ears
Thoughout all Christian lands.

In Bethlehem's Khan was born the Man;
The promised Holy Seed!
Throughout the earth since that low birth,
His power has wrought indeed.

Down lapse of years in hopes and fears
His Church has held its way;
Welcomes again with glad refrain
Another Christmas Day,

The Gospel plan to fallen man,
To utmost parts has reached;
In cultured land and savage strand,
Glad tidings have been preached.

This sin-cursed earth has in His birth
The promised power to save;
A ransomed host will ever boast
His triumph o'er the grave.

What else beside this Christmas-tide?
Your joyful anthems ring,
With glad hosannahs sing his birth!
Our Prophet! Priest! and King!

Sing Sing, N. Y. —C. B. PALMER.

THINE.

THINE—thine only and for ever;
Purchased with thy precious blood:
Links of love that nought can sever
Bind my soul to thee, my God.

Thine to-day, and thine for ever;
Other lords have ceased to reign;
In this heart's whole realm oh! never
Let one rival rise again.

Thine, and only thine forever;
Thine to follow, serve, adore;
Oh! direct my life's endeavor
Towards thy glory evermore!

Thine on earth; in heaven forever
Where thou art I soon shall be;
Height nor depth thy saints shall sever,
Jesus! from thy love and thee.

—W. MAXWELL.

THE SOUL-WINNER'S LEAGUE.

A Unique Organization.—Its Objects and Pledges.—The Annual Addresses of the President and Superintendent.

ONE of the recognized agencies in the great work of extending the Lord's kingdom on earth is The Soul-Winner's League. It is composed of Christian men and women who have pledged themselves to use all their efforts to win a definite number of souls for Christ. They are not ministers, but earnest people who feel that the mission of winning souls is a duty and a privilege which should be pursued by every one who has taken on him the name of Christ. The members of the League now number nearly two thousand, and if God crowns with success the effort they have pledged themselves to make, more than half a million souls will be won through their labors. The League is now fully organized. Its Superintendent is Rev. C. H. Yatman, whose column in this journal every week is an inspiration to many. Its President is Mr. Charles A. Jamison, of Peoria, Ill. Miss E. M. Bacon, who accepted the office of Secretary, is now doing missionary work at her own charge at Lalitpur, India, but her duties in connection with the League in this country are discharged by Mr. Herbert B. Jamison. As the majority of the members of the League are readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the most speedy and convenient means of communicating with them is through its columns; we therefore print below the annual greetings to them which have been issued by the Superintendent and the President:

The Soul-Winner's League.—Aunual Greeting.

DEAR CO-WORKERS.—Again we greet you in the work of rescuing the lost. Whatever success has been yours, either in sowing the seed or reaping the harvest since last we met, is well-known among the angels, where the true records are kept. Sowers and reapers must rejoice together. Let the first named be as glad as the last.

Reports from some show large gains, others have grown discouraged, but give not up, hoping for sunrise to follow the darkness of a long night, wherein they, like fishers of old caught nothing.

Remember your pledge is a life pledge. Let good cheer possess you fully and bear with us as we exhort you as follows:

1. Seek constantly to be filled with the Holy Ghost.
2. Direct your thought and work toward a given point, in other words select one and cease not to pray and labor till he is saved.
3. Refuse to be led by feeling which insures many sad hours of neglect. Let deep conviction and duty with a knowledge of the Christian commission impel you constantly to soul-saving work.
4. Study more carefully Joel I. and Acts I. with the close of the third chapter of Ephesians.
5. Immediately commit to memory the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, Psalm 127 and II. Corinthians 9:8.
6. Resolve that you will this year learn the secret power of prayer. You will need to study with this suggestion the eighteenth chapter of Luke.
7. To those members who have already worked out their pledge, we advise doubling the number, or better still, add a o to your figures.
8. Remember that while sometimes one may not see that he is used of God in the direct conversion of a soul, he may nevertheless be an instrument which in connection with other forces may result in an extended revival where hundreds may pass from death unto life.

Note.—The past year has been a fairly good one all around. Many revivals have occurred, a great deal of personal work has been accomplished and the outlook is encouraging. Some of the members have passed to be with God. Some are at this present moment ill. Pray for them. Yours fraternally,

C. H. YATMAN.

FELLOW-WORKERS.—We send you our annual greeting, and wish you God-speed in our great and Christ-like work.

As the Father sent him so he sends us. We have his command and promise: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." "And lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world."

Our devoted secretary has heard and obeyed the call, and taken up her abode in distant India, where she is doing a noble and ever widening work. Others of our number have no doubt given their lives to the foreign field. Let us devote our lives and our all to our glorious Lord and Leader, and be ever faithful to him in whatsoever state or station he may place us. Our league is an aid and inspiration to soul-winning work; many letters testify to this.

I quote from one just received. "The open letter to the Soul Winner's League has been an inspiration to me every time I have read it and has helped me to be more zealous for Christ. My pledge has been a wonderful help to me and I praise God that I was led to join so grand a company and privileged to have such a life work.

"My one desire and purpose in life is to live so that God may use me in bringing others to Christ. I cannot tell how much the purpose to make Christian character and win souls for Christ has influenced my life. It has been the means of leading me to a full surrender to Christ; I gladly give up all to follow him. It has taught me to depend wholly upon the Holy Spirit for wisdom and guidance and to have implicit faith in my heavenly Father.

"I realize more fully that God's work is holy and demands holy workmen."

Let me give you the following inspiring year text for 1893: "This Book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success." Joshua 1: 8.

Shall we not agree together to make the New Year the best in our lives for our glorious Leader and Commander? Yours, "In His Name," C. A. JAMISON.

The year text has been printed in colors on fine card as a book mark, and will be sent to all members who will write the President for it. The Chapters of Pure Gold will also be sent on request.

BETHLEHEM.

(*Continued from first page.*)

night was broken by the angel-song. The town is shaped like a crescent, and the buildings are almost uniform in height. They are constructed of the white limestone found everywhere in Palestine. The streets, which are very lively at this season of the year when strangers throng the bazaars, are from ten to twelve feet in width, and hardly admit of two carriages passing each other.

Bethlehem's population ranges from 8,000 to 12,000. It has a local government, with Turkish administrators, the chief official being a sort of justice, with limited jurisdiction. The people, of whom eighty per cent. are Christians (Latin, Armenian, Greek and other denominations) are hospitable, and strangers always find a generous welcome. Pilgrims are entertained at the convents where a bountiful table is spread, for which they are expected to pay. They usually return to Jerusalem the same day. During the great Easter and Christmas festivals, when they throng the city, a brisk trade is done at the bazaars in relics, trinkets and curios.

Directly descended from the Crusaders, the men and women of Bethlehem are unusually handsome. Although veils are worn by the maidens and matrons, being Christians they do not follow the Moslem fashion of concealing the features, but wear the veils picturesquely thrown back over the shoulders.

The sacred places of the "City of David," including the Grotto of the Nativity, have already been fully described in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Legend and tradition crowd each other and so many conflicting claims are made by the different sects as to the identity of these hallowed spots that the traveler is confused. The cave or grotto which is the traditional scene of the Nativity, and, which was once desecrated by being devoted to the worship of a heathen deity, and was afterwards enclosed by the Empress Helena with a noble structure, (the Church of the Nativity), is now surrounded by the three convents of the Greek, Latin and Armenian churches. The Church of the Nativity is an edifice of the finest Grecian style, and is universally regarded as the most chaste specimen of architecture in Palestine.

A SLEEPY DRIVER.

AN evangelist relates the remarkable story of a narrow escape from death which occurred five years ago in Georgia. A man who resided in Americus mounted his buggy late at night to drive home. Being very tired, he went to sleep, and allowed the horse to manage things his own way, as was his custom when he was tired. Instead of pursuing the usual route, the horse took a nearer cut up the railroad. The traveling was good until an unfinished trestle was reached. The animal carried the buggy and its contents to the end of the trestle, and was forced to halt. There he stood peering into the darkness on a precipice forty feet high, when the man awoke and comprehended the situation. As it was too dark to extricate the horse and buggy from the perilous position, the tired man was compelled to wait five hours for daylight. He did not sleep during all those five hours, tired as he was. There are many men whose whole life is like that journey. They close their eyes, silence their conscience, and let their appetities and passions carry them along the perilous road. Unhappy, very few of them awke before they plunge over the precipice to death eternal. (Eph. 5: 14-15.)

NO ROOM FOR THE VISITORS.

A WORKING man who had been converted late in life and who was formerly notorious for his wickedness, gave the following quaint account recently of a period of temptation: "Soon after my conversion the devil came up to the door of my heart, and knocked to get in; but I said to him, "No, Satan, you can't get in here; the Lord Jesus lives here now, and there is no room for you." "But," said Satan, "I am only here on a complimentary visit, to see how you are getting on. I had no intention of staying; I just thought I would give you a look in." "No," I answered, "you were too long here before, and you'll never get in again, so you might just as well go away at once." And the old man said: "The devil tried hard to persuade me to let him in, and when he saw persuasion was of no avail, he tried threatenings, issuing his orders as before and expecting obedience; but I was no longer his slave, and under his rule, and being safe under the protecting power of Christ, I could bid defiance to him and all his works." We cannot keep from being tempted, but we can keep from succumbing to temptation; we cannot prevent birds alighting on our heads, but we can prevent their building nests there.

WILLING OFFERINGS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Jan. 1, 1893. Ezra 1: 4-6; II. Cor. 5-12.

MUCH pleading and persuasion are often necessary to obtain the money necessary for God's service. Yet they ought not to be needed, and would not be needed if there were a right estimate of the obligation. The story is told of a company of shipwrecked people in a boat on the open sea, who were driven to a cruel decision. Their provisions ran short and there was a possibility of all dying of starvation. It was decided that one person should be thrown overboard each day, that the chances of life for the others might be prolonged. Lots were cast and the fatal lot fell to the elder of two brothers. When the result was declared, the younger brother insisted on taking his brother's place and he was cast out. But the love of life was strong and he swam after the boat, holding to it with one hand. A sailor raised an axe and chopped off the hand, but the man clung with the other. That too was cut off. Then the people in the boat could bear the scene no longer, and they took the maimed man into the boat, resolving that there should be no life sacrificed. They were picked up by a passing ship on the next day and all were saved. If that elder brother refused to support his brother whose hands had been lost in his cause what would be thought of him? Yet those who owe their hope of eternal life to the voluntary sacrifice of Christ upon the Cross, frequently refrain from giving, or give grudgingly to his cause. The ingratitude is monstrous. Beside this, there must be a lack of faith underlying the reluctance. No man who believes that God will keep the promises he has made to the cheerful giver would hoard his wealth or spend it on his own pleasure, instead of using it in the Lord's service. While there are people who have never heard the Gospel message because there is not money to send missionaries to them; while there are Christian men and women suffering for the lack of the common necessaries of life, the professing Christian who possesses more than he needs, and hoards it, is unworthy of the name he bears.

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THE JERUSALM Y. M. C. A.

THE Turkish Government has interfered with the Young Men's Christian Association which, as mentioned in this journal on October 5th, has been organized in Jerusalem. Mr. Najib K. Jamal, of Jerusalem, who is now in New York, informs us that the Turks in their wisdom formed the idea that the Association was a political organization to hatch a conspiracy against the government. They therefore ordered the meetings discontinued, and insisted on the Association taking in the sign-board it had put out stating what the building was and inviting young men to enter. The Association had no alternative but to comply, the orders of the Turkish governor being peremptory. For two weeks the useful work was suspended. During that time the English and American consuls were making urgent appeals to the governor to reconsider his decision. It was difficult to get him to understand what the Y. M. C. A. was aiming to do, but finally the temperance question was touched. The governor was reminded of the large number of saloons recently opened and the consuls showed him that the Y. M. C. A. was a much better place for young men to be in for their evenings. This argument he could appreciate, for the Koran is very decided as to the duty of strict temperance. The next day, the Association was notified that the sign-board might be exhibited again and the meetings resumed. The Association in spite of these difficulties is thriving, and the number of young men who come in response to the invitations of Mr. Ellis, the energetic secretary, and his committee, is increasing. Mr. Jamal is a member of the Association at Beyrout, which also is prospering.

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A PROGRESSIVE EPWORTH LEAGUER.

IN a recent issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD referred to the general satisfaction afforded to members of the Epworth League by the selection made by the Cabinet of the League of a General Secretary. To-day we present on this page the portrait of the new appointee, Rev. Edwin A. Schell, Ph.D., of Yonkers, N. Y., who was chosen from a list of twenty-eight candidates. Mr. Schell is of German parentage, and was born at Logansport, Ind.,

REV. EDWIN A. SCHELL, PH.D.
(*General Secretary of the Epworth League.*)

in 1859. He was educated at the Northwestern University, and graduated from the College of Liberal Arts in 1886, and the Garrett Biblical Institute in 1889. His first pastoral charge was the Milburn Memorial Church, South Bend, Ind., which he held for four years, from 1886 to 1890. Three years ago he was transferred to the New York Conference and appointed to the First Church, Yonkers, a pastorate in which he has been signally successful. Earnest, eloquent and indefatigable, Dr. Schell is peculiarly successful and popular with young people. His connection with the League brought out many fine qualities of character and a genius for educational and missionary work that is especially valuable to the interests of the League. His new position, with its far-reaching functions and great influence, will afford him an excellent field for the employment of these abilities and his intense devotion to League interests is sufficient assurance that they will continue to enlarge and prosper under his hands.

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THE E. L. IN THE NEWARK DISTRICT.

ONE of the most inspiring Conventions yet held by Epworth Leaguers was that of the Newark, N. J. District which recently assembled in Calvary M. E. Church, East Orange, N. J. This District has forty-three Epworth Leagues within its boundaries, of which nearly all have sent delegates to the Convention. Rev. W. L. Hoagland brought greetings from the Paterson District; Rev. W. S. Robinson also was present from Paterson and delivered an address of great power and pertinency. His subject was "The Need of the Times," which he contended was unselfishness combined with steadfastness of principle. As an illustration of the value set upon it even by the world, he mentioned a funeral which recently took place in Paterson. The deceased was only a poor music teacher, but there was no man of wealth or station whose funeral would have presented such scenes of genuine sorrow. The secret was that he had lived an unselfish helpful life and would be greatly missed. The afternoon session was devoted to the consideration of topics suggested by the Columbus celebrations. Mr. Beach of Jersey City read a paper on "Columbus and Early History;" Rev. J. A. Gutteridge a paper on "The Achievements of the past four Centuries" and Rev. G. P. Eckman a paper on "The Part of Yonng People in Future National Development." Litttle remained to be done, Mr. Eckman said, in the way of discovery, but the work of development was quite as important a work, requiring the highest qualities. Much of the work would be done by the young people of to-day, and therefore the Epworth League and other young people's Societies which were training the young people to Christian work and in Christian principles, were valuable beyond computation. The progress made by the Societies was, he believed, the best kind of pledge that the development of the future would be on moral and religious lines. The evening session of the Convention was given up to cheerful entertainment. A Question and Answer Drawer, conducted by Rev. N. A. MacNichol of Newark; bright addresses by Rev. John Krautz of Jersey City, Rev. J. M. Meeker of Roseville and E. L. Robbins, Esq., of Morristown, and several excellent musical selections rendered by the choir contributed to the enlivenment of the evening. The Newark District is to be congratulated on the success of its Convention.

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THE TENEMENT HOUSE CHAPTER.

FROM Mr. Jacob A. Riis, the friend and helper of the poor of New York, comes a story of what the King's Daughters have been doing in the tenement houses and an appeal for help that the work may go on and extend to other departments. "We have received," he says, "and spent in relieving the cases of extreme need sent in by the Health Department, Summer Corps and others that found their way to the office over $1,900 since the beginning of May. With the strictest economy we use nearly $200 a month the year round. To-day we have $35 left, and our work is growing all the time.

"We want to open a kindergarten as soon as we can pay the teacher for the litter ones who clamor for admission to the 'King's garden' in our back yard every day—the best escape from the street we can offer them at present. We are getting ready to have a Saturday sewing class for the girls. We have started a penny provident fund with a cent, brought in by a poor child, as our first deposit. We need friends to come and give us their personal help and sympathy. Also, we need warm clothes, stockings and dresses for those who are ragged and cold, and food for the sick and Christmas cheer for the children.

"We can find royal use for a good second-hand sewing machine. The gift of one will render a poor woman self-supporting, and we would like all to come with their gifts, if they can, to our headquarters, 77 Madison Street, and see what we are doing there." There must be many warm hearts in the wealthy city of New York which will respond to this appeal from Mr. Riis on behalf of the poor and the children as soon as the need is known.

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BETHLEHEM'S STAR.

From a Hymn for Christmas, written in the Chapel of the Manger, Bethlehem.

IN each lowly heart or home,
By each love-watched cradle bed,
Where we rest, or where we roam,
Still its changeless light is shed,
In its beams each quickened heart,
Howe'er saddened or defiled,
Keeps one little space apart,
For the Hebrew mother's Child.

And that inner temple fair
May be holier ground than this,
Hallowed by the pilgrim's prayer,
Warmed by many a pilgrim's kiss.
In its shadow, still and dim,
Where our holiest longings are,
Rings forever Bethlehem's hymn,
Shines forever Bethlehem's Star.

—M. L. DICKINSON in *The Silver Cross.*

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WE shall be glad to receive from readers who are members of Christian Endeavor Societies, the King's Daughters, etc., reports of the progress of the work in their localities and of any new methods which have been found successful.

LEAD SOFTLY.

THE children were very tender,
So the father's heart of love
Drove softly over the desert
As the tiny feet could move.
And the heart of the greater Father,
Our Father above in the sky,
Is touched with the children's weakness
As he leads them softy by.

O, lead them softly, good teacher,
For the little minds are weak;
They cannot climb o'er the mountains
To the height that you may seek.
They cannot march like an army;
But if you will only stay,
To lend them a hand, they will follow,
As softly you lead the way.

Tender to-day, to-morrow,
In the steps of some holy saint,
They will run and not be weary,
They will walk and not be faint;
And by and by in the city,
The children of tender feet,
The children whom you lead softly,
Will play on the golden street.

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UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells of Christmas Gifts and how the Custom Originated—The Greatest Gift of All.

"SO you're expecting dear old Santa Claus to come this way again, on Christmas, are you?" interrogated Uncle John playfully, as the children gathered about him the other evening. "You, Tom and Ted are getting most too big to make a levy on Santa's pack, now aren't you?"

The two oldest boys laughed, and looked drolly at each other and at the younger members of the household.

"Tell you what it is, Tom," continued Uncle, "suppose you and the others, who are looking for bright, new, pretty presents at Christmas, should try this year to help out some of the poor little boys and girls to whom Santa hardly ever comes."

"Does he miss 'em 'cause they're bad?" inquired Ellie.

"No, not exactly, but because somebody else has misbehaved, or—something; anyhow he hasn't quite enough presents to go round, and when they are reached the pack is empty. Now, what do you think of each of you boys and girls providing a useful present for some of those who are sure to be overlooked."

"Capital! It's good!" cried the youngster's. "What'll we give?"

"That can be settled after discussion with mamma and papa, who will doubtless be able to suggest something that will make the children glad."

"Did they give Christmas presents when you were a boy, uncle?" inquired little Louis.

"Yes; the good-hearted folks always at certain seasons gave gifts to each other. These is an old rhyme which says:

Open thy hand at Christmas time,
Open thy heart to Christmas chime,
Open thy mind to thoughts sublime.

"He would be a niggardly person, indeed, who wouldn't try to make others happy out of his own abundance at this season, which reminds us all of the greatest gift the world ever knew."

"You mean the gift of the Saviour, do you not, uncle?" interrupted one of the girls.

"Yes, dear; that priceless gift of his own beloved Son, which God gave to the world. So you see Christmas gift-giving among men is only a weak imitation of the Great Gift. Christ came to earth at a time when a large part of the world was holding heathen holiday, for it was during the days held as sacred to Saturn and Thor. After his birth, these days became the most joyous in the calendar of nations. They were days of universal feasting and gladness.

"In those early days," continued Uncle John, "many of the old heathen customs still prevailed and cast a blemish on the Christian rejoicing. There was the wassail-cup, a drinking custom that often lead to intemperance, the 'Mystery Plays,' in which Biblical events were acted on a stage, and there were the representations of 'St. George and the Dragon,' the old pagan worship of the mistletoe and other relics of a semi-barbaric age, besides processions, pageants, mummeries and choruses. After the sixteenth century the Christian jubilee was purged of its objectionable features, and now, as everybody knows, it has become a domestic, social and church celebration, with just enough of fun, frolic and activity to make it thoroughly enjoyable."

"I wish we could make every poor boy and girl happy at Christmas!" exclaimed Ted.

Uncle John smiled.

"That is the right spirit, my boy," he said. "You must do what you can, and all of us will help. There are other things besides sweets, mince-pies and plum-puddings needed by the poor. Warm shoes and stockings, winter wraps, and possibly a doll or two for the girls and a capital book or a knife for the boys. But your good mother can suggest better than I."

Electricity could hardly have roused the young folks to more sudden activity than Uncle John's suggestion has done. There is a great bustling and preparation; little savings banks have been emptied and their small hoards of silver and copper poured into mamma's lap, while sundry injunctions have been whispered into her ears, having reference to the contents of two hampers which John had been detailed to pack upstairs. It is hardly necessary to say that if half the whispered wishes are carried out, the hampers will be ridiculously inadequate to contain the good things that are to be conveyed somewhere on Christmas Eve, to gladden the hearts of children who are too often forgotten by the world at that blessed season.

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Macaulay's Mother.

"CHILDREN," wrote Lord Macaulay, the great essayist and historian, "look in those eyes; listen to that dear voice; notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after-life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh, in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet kiss of peace given at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard! yet still her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to her memory."

I.

GLORY to God, whose arm
Has brought deliverance to the lost,
And found for Adam's wandering host
Eternal liberty; [be,
For every chain shall broken
And every sorrowing captive
shall be free.

II.

Behold the wondrous Birth
At Bethlehem! In lowly guise
He brings salvation from the skies:
Rejoice ye sons of earth
Who find a refuge in the Lord,
And safely rest upon his gracious Word.

III.

Peace, peace, on earth shall be;
And good-will to the sons of men.
For Christ shall bear the bitter pain
Of all iniquity.
His blood atones for many a crime
From far-off Eden to the bounds of time.

IV.

Behold the heavenly light
Which rises to dispel the gloom
Of sorrow's night and sin's fierce doom!
Hell trembles with affright;
And death himself has found a grave
Beneath the fiery and sulphurous wave.

V.

Ye happy realms of heaven,
Prepare your everlasting zones
For the new race of glory's sons:
To saints of earth are given
The thrones and empires of the sky,
And crowns of everlasting majesty.

VI.

Oh, bright Jerusalem!
Prepare thee for the mighty tread
Of nations wakened from the dead:
Behold they come
To bring their glory to thy golden halls,
And find eternal rest within thy walls.

VII.

Awake, ye glorious choirs
Of flaming seraphim on high,
Awake the soul of melody,
And sweep its sounding lyres,
Fill heaven with celestial song.
And let the spheres the mighty joy prolong. —B. C. MOONAW.

Buena Vista, Va.

BE THOUGHTFUL FOR OTHERS.

CARRIE SCOTT was a school-girl in Miami Seminary, at Oxford, O., of which her father was president. One day she found a poor class-mate in tears, and upon inquiring the reason found that the girl could not afford a new dress to wear on graduation day.

"I know I am foolish to care," she sobbed, "but I cannot help it."

Carrie was full of sympathy, and offered to lend her a dress from her own wardrobe. The offer was declined, and she then set her wits to work to help her friend without wounding her self-respect. The teacher's daughter was a favorite in the class, and calling her schoolmates together, she proposed that they should all dress alike on graduation day. The girls readily agreed, and allowed her to choose the material. She chose a blue calico, covered with little white sprigs. This was within the means of the poorest. In after years the same thoughtfulness for others was a leading trait in her character, and it was not strange that when a worthy young business man was looking about for a good wife, he should select such a sensible and thoughtful girl. So it came to pass that the young girl who picked out the blue calico dress and who died recently after a loved and honored life, came to be the mistress of the White House at Washington, and the wife of the President.

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Angels of the Sick-Room.

THERE are some women who, by God's good providence, seem to be specially qualified for the work of angels in the sick-room. Their whole lives are consecrated to others. One of those noble women, who resides in a small town in Pennsylvania writes us a letter, which, while pathetic in some of its passages, reveals in every sentence true Christian character:

I want to thank you for your sermon on "Husking Time," it came to me at the right time. I am being husked very roughly. I am an author and poet—had just laid fine plans for great successes, when I was sent for to attend my father, eighty-four years old. He lived two months. My mother is feeble and I am a prisoner for thirteen months past; no chance to write as to earn money. It has been hard, and yet I have accepted it as of the Lord and have been patient and faithful. I am fifty-three; the time is going so fast that I feel I will not get much done. Our Father gives me some work to do. I am President of the W. C. T. U., and have a live Union. I hold services in the jail every Sunday afternoon, and know that good has resulted. Seven have professed conversion—one since being sent to State prison.

My whole life has been spent for others, with but little pleasure in it for myself.

Surely, such a life of sacrifice and devotion deserves all praise and honor. It is obedience in the fullest sense, of the injunction: "Bear ye one another's burdens aud so fulfil the law of Christ."

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Don't Put Off Being Generous.

THIS is the season when all hearts are open to generous impulses. "I have felt," writes George W. Childs, the Christian philanthropist, "that it is a great mistake to put off being generous till after you are dead. In the first place you lose the pleasure of witnessing the good that you may do; and, again, no one can administer your gifts for you as well as you can do it yourself. It is a great pleasure to be brought into personal relations of that kind, and to make people feel that you are not a philanthropist in the abstract, but that you are interested in them personally and care for their welfare. In that way you benefit them not merely in a natural way, but you make them feel that men are really brothers, and that they were made to help one another. Do not only contribute to a charitable fund, but go yourself and help.

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The Heritage of Children.

"LOVE God and little children," was the motto of an old Portuguese priest of the fifteen century. "Truly there is nothing in the world so blessed and so sweet as the heritage of children," says an English writer. "Who is not attracted," wrote the great Greek, Epictetus, centuries ago, "by bright and pleasant children, to talk and to play with them?" "Oh! how precious to me," says a Christian writer, "have been the prattlings of little children, and those subtle questions and still subtler replies which I have heard coming from their innocent lips, and have listened to as oracular breathings!" "God send us children," writes a third, "for another purpose than merely to keep up the race; to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring around our firesides bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with little children."

ROSEMARY AND RUE

BY

JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

A STORY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HOME

Written expressly for "The Christian Herald"

CHAPTER VIII.

HARD LINES AND HARD LESSONS.

THE hotel clerk went down to his desk saying to himself that the ways of women were quite beyond him. However he was somewhat consoled by the fact that Margaret had asked him to send messengers at once for her husband, and for John Cardiff. The clerk remarked to his subordinate, that there was a "prospect of something sensible now some men were coming into it."

Meanwhile the women! Eloise stood as if frozen in her despair, coldly staring about her. There, on the toilet table, were a few trinkets displayed for Dora's benefit; here and there were traces of Cecil, a paper or two fallen from his trunk, a handkerchief on the bed, a collar on the bureau.

Mrs. Russel gazed fixedly at her rival; how young she was, how handsome! "Poor thing," she said wearily. "I am sorry for you; it was not your fault, and it is worse for you than for me. For me, his indifference and desertion grew slowly, by degrees, and my love wore out by neglect, day after day. But it comes at one blow for you."

"Perhaps," said Margaret, tenderly taking the wronged wife's hand, "the long slow dying of love has in it more pain than a sudden death-blow, like hers. You look as if you had suffered much."

Tears came into Mrs. Russel's eyes. "The youngest child, named for him, was not a year old when he left me. For a year I heard now and then, but he never sent me any help but once, and then ten dollars was all. After the first year, there was a space of six months. I had kept writing. He had taken a stage name, but my letters followed him here and there. Then there was six months silence, I suffered so much, I imagined him dying—sick among strangers, murdered, insane. I would not see what he was—fickle, and selfish, and false! Then, one letter, and since—no more. He looks as if life had gone easier with him than with me. And, I suppose he was taken up with her. At least, I hope he has not robbed her, as he did me. He was a school-teacher when we were married. I had a little house and lot. He told me if I would sell it and let him have the money, he would study elocution, and be able to support us all, handsomely. I sold the house, a thousand dollars. He took it all, and this is the end."

Did Eloise hear, or did she not hear the revelations? Robbed? When Uncle Barlow found that she was resolved to marry Cecil, he told her that he disapproved her course, but she was eighteen, and could do as she would with herself, and her money; he washed his hands of her. Coming into her hands, one thousand of her five thousand dollars was immediately available. She spent three hundred dollars on her trousseau, and with full trust, put the other seven hundred into her husband's hands. It was gone with him. But what was that small loss, compared to her greater wrong? Of this money transaction these other women knew nothing. But Dora hearing the details of the life, and of the entire worthless character of this man, clasped her arms about Eloise, crying, "O, my poor dear, how I pity you! Your lot is as hard as mine!"

"As hard!" cried Eloise furiously, pushing Dora from her. "It is a million times harder. You knew—that thief—only for three weeks. You had no love for him, only a foolish fancy. But I have known Cecil for a year, and loved him more and more every hour. I love him yet. I always shall. I am not one of those who can love for a day. And I can never see him again. I don't want to see him again. I want to die. I will die!" She began running wildly about the room, as if looking for some weapon of self-destruction; she struggled to open the window, and when the strong Margaret clasped her arms about her and held her firmly, she gasped and panted for a few minutes, and then fell with all her weight against Margaret—unconscious.

"O, a doctor, get a doctor; she is dying!" cried Dora.

"It is better so—what comfort for the poor thing in living," said Mrs. Russel, wiping her eyes.

"She may yet find good in living, and so may you," said Margaret gently, as they placed Eloise on the bed. "Richard and Mr. Cardiff will come soon, and we can take her to our house, let us be thankful if this insensibility lasts for a little while."

"There is nothing for me to do here," said Mrs. Russel, "I am glad she found it out for herself, and that I did not need to tell her."

Margaret took her hand. "God has brought us together in this sad way, but it may be for good to each other. You live in the city. Give me your address, I want to come and see you. I want to be your friend. Why did you come to this city?"

"We were living in Hamilton, but when I found I was to be left alone, I came here, because I have an aunt here, who lives with her two unmarried daughters. They took me in with them, and the daughters and I work together in a cloak-making establishment; we are all skilled hands; and my aunt takes care of the little boys. The oldest one is seven, and he goes to school. It is hard, of course, earning board and clothes for three, and doing all our own sewing at night after sewing all day. But my aunt is so kind, she boards us cheap and does a good deal of the mending. I get on pretty well, as well as a woman can, whose love has been betrayed and scorned, her little property taken from her, her children deserted. It is a hard lot."

"You will let me try and make it easier for you," said Margaret tenderly—taking her in her arms and kissing her.

The poor woman laid her face on Margaret's shoulder and burst into sobs. "No one has kissed me for years, except the babies," she moaned, "and I am so lonesome."

She had scarcely gone when Richard Rupert and John Cardiff arrived, and Margaret told them the miserable story.

"I must go and see this Mrs. Russel, find out all I can of the man, and see her marriage certificate. He ought to be pursued, if only to preserve other women from similar betrayals," cried John Cardiff.

"Both Eloise and Mrs. Russel refuse to have their troubles made public," said Dora.

For the greater good of the larger number, it may be necessary," said John Cardiff.

Having seen Mrs. Russel and taken counsel with Uncle Barlow, David Rupert, Richard, and John Cardiff made every effort to secure Henry Russel, alias Cecil Grafton, but failed. Grafton hid himself in Buffalo for two days, went in disguise through Canada, and sailed from Qubec for England. When he returned to the United States under another alias, two years had passed, search for him had ceased, and he avoided the central lake region where his wife, Eloise and their friends might recognize him.

Meantime, when John Cardiff and Richard had heard of the misfortunes of Eloise, they at once carried her to the Cardiff carriage in which Margaret and Dora had gone to the hotel, and she was taken to the shelter of that roof in Woodbine street, to the care of those very "queer and plain" relatives, whom she had despised as beneath Cecil Grafton's acquaintance. Uncle Barlow had responded to Richard Rupert's information about Eloise with the words, "Both those girls have proved unworthy of confidence or affection. I have done everything for them, and they have turned out just like their mother, as I always knew they would. If you choose to burden yourself with their affairs, do so. As for me, I wash my hands of them."

"Uncle Barlow seems to be very fond of washing his hands," said Richard to Dora, after reading this letter. "I wonder if they will be any whiter for the operation when he comes to die."

At Richard's home, where she entered unconsciously to herself, carried by Richard and John Cardiff, Eloise lay for a long time in a brain fever. Uncle David provided a skilled nurse from the hospital, and summoned the best doctors in the city. No sister or daughter could have had more vigilant care than Eloise, as she lay there, watched by aunt Lois, uncle David, Dora and the cousins. Every morning, the last moment before she set out for Mrs. Cardiff's, Dora bent over her sister's pillow, and at evening coming home, her light steps ran fleetly up the narrow stairs, in her haste to ask if any gleam of reason, or any shade of favorable symptoms had appeared.

Mrs. Cardiff, as she deemed became a Christian woman, sent daily inquiries, proffers of help, offerings of calves'-foot jelly, beef tea and lemon ice, but she esteemed Eloise a very objectionable young person. She must have been objectionable or how could she have fallen into such evil case? Mrs. Cardiff felt that fate was hardly treating with proper courtesy and consideration so decorous and conservative a person as herself, in bringing across the ever decent lines of her own life, the meshwork and cross lines of the evil chances of Eloise and Dora. And then, of course, this unfortunate affair was discussed. Mrs. Cardiff regretted deeply that it was discussed, but John Cardiff spoke openly about it. "I must catch that scoundrel, or he will soon find some other woman, with more money than good judgment, and be married again. He will have half a dozen wives instead of two."

"Mr. Cardiff, do you see Philippa at the table?"

"Yes, I see Philippa and Rodney. It is quite time that Philippa and Rodney learned the evil that is in the world. Take notice, Rodney; this crime which this man has committed is bigamy, and it is a penitentiary offence, and in my view it should be a hanging offence, just as much as murder. The crime against these two women is quite as great as if he had murdered them. Also, Philippa, I want you to take notice, that even if the man is caught and punished, the woman is not thereby righted. Nothing can right the woman. Therefore bear it in mind that you cannot exercise too much prudence and caution in preserving yourself from a false position that is utterly irretrievable, and for which neither law nor Gospel can offer a real remedy."

"Mr. Cardiff," gasped his wife, "why will you put such ideas into the mind of a child?"

"The child," said the chief, "moves daily toward womanhood. While we cherish the notion that she is still in the early nonnage of the heart, and cradle her in ignorance and simplicity, the hour of choice, of love and marriage may have struck, and all the earlier, because of her carefully cultivated ignorance. How can she defend herself from evils of the existence of which she is unaware? Conscience will not warn her against the advances of a man who comes to her with love in one hand and honor in the other. If she does not know that marriage itself may sometimes be merely a refuge of lies, how can she be expected to help herself?"

"How can she help herself at all?" sighed Mrs. Cardiff. At this moment Edgar Sayce rushed in without ceremony. "Mrs. Cardiff, please come to my house! The nurse has been giving my little boy paragoric, and two doctors are trying to bring him to consciousness. I fear he's gone, poor little man, and perhaps it is better so, with a mother who cannot take the trouble to give him any care."

"Hush, hush, Sayce," said the Chief, as with his wife he hurried around the corner to Sayce's house, "this may rouse Nora, she may be all right yet."

"She can't," cried Sayce furiously, "all she can care for is to eat and sleep, she is the most completely animal nature I ever saw!"

"Hush! You must not speak so of your wife!"

They found Nora looking dazed and helpless, two doctors busy over the little pale form of Robbie Sayce, the nurse gone, the house in the disorder usual in houses without a vigilant mistress.

Mrs. Cardiff was a rare good nurse, so was the Chief. All day they fought with death for Robbie, and by night-fall conquered, but the child was wan and weak.

"He needs the most careful nursing," said the doctor looking doubtfully at poor helpless Nora. "I'll stay until to-morrow evening," said Mrs. Cardiff, and if Robbie needs me longer, I'll take him home with me for a week or so."

"O, would you!" cried Nora with relief, "I'm so frightened, and I don't know a thing to do!"

Her husband turned white and caught his breath. Then he went up to Mrs. Cardiff and said fervently, "You are an angel of help and mercy to me. But what is my poor, motherless child to do all his life?"

"How queer you are Edgar, I never understand you," said Nora.

"There ought to be a law against the marriage of id—," and he stopped.

Cardiff led him away. "You take the wrong methods. You asked this woman to be your wife, the mother of your children. Study her, find some way to make her what she ought to be."

At supper, next evening, Cardiff said, "Sayce suffers from his own carelessness in wife-choosing. He should have foreseen these possibilities. Look at our farmers, they take care for the pedigree and rearing of short-lived brutes; and we trust to blind chance it seems, for children who are to live forever! Yesterday my Cousin Josiah's only daughter married a young man, all whose family have died of consumption. A fine, pleasant fellow he is, but what is before Clara? Early widowhood—"

"She may prefer that to not marrying him, if she loves him," interposed Mrs. Cardiff.

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

"Yes, yes, if we could end the chain with ourselves. But Clara must also look forward to several children whose constitutions are of the frailest, and who will be born to suffer the penalties of a distressing disease. What right has she to entail long agonies upon these helpless creatures? Remember, there are diseases known as hereditary, because they usually descend from parent to child, going in the line of the blood. Consumption and insanity are of these, and persons who have these diseases in their family line have no right to marry. And a man or woman has no right to marry any one who possesses such an inheritance, because it must descend to and afflict children who may be born. Heaven is happily more merciful to some of us, than we are to ourselves. I knew a man once, who in the dark, walked safely and unconsciously over a bridge of trestles, that ninety-nine men in a hundred would have been most likely to have fallen through, to their destruction. He wouldn't have tried it, if he had known what he was doing."

"Well," said Mrs. Cardiff, "we have gone a good way from where we started out, and the end is as bad as the beginning."

Mrs. Cardiff was one of the "weak women" and they are nothing if not persistent. She had made up her mind that John Cardiff would ruin Philippa by his plain discussion of themes which she believed should be tabooed, and she was bound to free herself of responsibility in the ruin, by always objecting. "I think," she said, "that the way you talk before Philippa is perfectly dreadful."

"It is a pity that Eloise and Dora and many others had not been instructed in the same fashion," said John Cardiff.

Philippa thought of Eloise. She had heard them all say that Eloise had loved Russel or Grafton before he loved her, and had pursued him, and forced her affection on him when he had seemed hesitant and reluctant. And that must have been some madness in Eloise, for Philippa had been at Richard Rupert's, and had seen that sweet, delicate, still face lying on the white pillows, looking something saintly and too fair almost for earth.

Philippa was a child and did not know the worth of the potent touch of sorrow in character building. Her passionate love and its bitter ending had stripped away the husk of selfishness and vanity from the spirit of Eloise, and lingering on the borderland of death, Eloise became the woman pure and true, fitted either to live well, or to die well.

As the days and weeks went on, and spring began to arouse the world, Eloise took, in the house in Woodbine street the way toward health. She was thinner; the joyous flash had gone out of her eyes; her dark rich hair had been cut short, and now lay in short waves around her head. There was a cadence of sadness in her voice, and the look in her face as of one who ever sits beside her dead.

"Hers," said Uncle David, "is the sorrow as of a sword that reached to the soul; it takes Jeremiah to fitly frame such sorrow in words."

Upon Eloise lay an incurable grief; she scarcely noticed those around her, and would sit or lie for hours, with tears slowly running over her pale cheeks.

"Eloise, Eloise, do not grieve, do not cry so," begged Dora.

"I cannot hold my peace," said Eloise, "because thou hast heard, oh, my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war."

"The same book which gave you that word, Eloise," said Aunt Lois, "tells of one who comes very near to us on this plea. 'Thou hast known my soul in adversity.' Earth, dear child, has early failed you. Lay hold on heaven. Man has betrayed—try Christ. There is no other remedy for wounds so deep as yours—none but the love of Jesus. Yours, Eloise, is a deep strong nature. Take hold of the Nazarene, and rise up in newness of life to do good."

(To be Continued.)

ATTACK ON THE MISSIONARIES.

Mr. and Mrs. Polhill-Turner, beaten and Maltreated, Escape Death by the Vicarious Suffering of their Servants.

THE mails bring further details of the attack on Mr. and Mrs. Polhill-Turner in China, the cable report of which we have already published. It appears that Mr. and Mrs. Turner were on the Western border trying to find means of entering Thibet. They decided to settle in the border town of Sung-pan and await an opportunity of speaking to Thibetan people. For about three months they were well treated but toward the end of June the people were suffering from drought and some evil-disposed person persuaded them that the cause was the presence of the missionaries. Finally they were accused of charming away the clouds.

"Things went on," says the writer of the letter, "evidently getting worse as day after day brought no rain until July 28, when people began to come very early, gradually filling up the outer courtyard. Mr. Turner went out, and sitting on the doorstep talked to them, hoping to pacify and disperse them. As more came it became very evident they were bent upon mischief. The wooden rails which separated the small inner court were pulled down, and some thrown at him. Then a rush was made, Mr. Turner was knocked down, beaten and his hands bound behind his back. He received a nasty wound on his forehead, and was almost stripped of his clothes. Mrs. Turner taking the children went up into the loft, hoping to save the little ones from injury. The mob rushed into the house, dragged out Wan-dsoih, the native helper, and the cook, whose name is Chang, beat them and bound their hands behind them. Some went up into the loft and pulled Mrs. Turner down. In the scuffle her clothes were torn to shreds, and she was beaten. Reaching the court her hands were tied behind her back in the same way as the others. The four (the children had been rescued by a neighbor) were marched out through the street to the North Gate, insulted and beaten along the way. Mrs. Turner was very badly beaten. The people mocked them, crying out, 'Ask Jesus to save you.' 'Can Jesus save you now?' and threatening to throw them all into the river.

"They were led out of the gate, and it seemed as if they must die. But, strange to say, the people could not agree as to how to put them to death. Some called out, 'Throw them into the water.' Some would stone them, and got great stones ready to do so. Indeed, poor Wang got a blow on the ankle, which had not yet healed.

"Others in the crowd cried, 'Burn them,' and got faggots ready to carry out that diabolical idea. This hesitation, coming, it may be, from fear of actually shedding blood, saved our friends, for it gave time for the military mandarin to come up and rescue them from death, though not from further indignities.

"The mandarin evidently feared a riot among the people. He treated the missionaries very roughly. Their cords were tied tighter until they hurt the flesh, and they were dragged up to the Yamen like common criminals. The chief mandarin was waiting for them, and at his feet were some old men pleading against them that they had caused the drought and ought to be punished. Mr. Turner was ordered to kneel before the mandarin. Hesitating to do so, he was forced down upon his knees to hear himself accused. After the accusation they were carried away behind and all four shut up in a small stuffy room, where they were kept over two nights without decent sleeping accommodation or any comforts.

"But things did not end here. The people were not satisfied, and demanded the lives of the foreigners. Only after actually leaving his Yamen for soldiers did the people consent to allow the mandarin to try the case himself and punish the culprits as he thought proper. Now followed a disgraceful scene. The mandarin took his official seat, and received accusations against the foreigners This farce ended in the two servants being asked if they were willing to be beaten to save Mr. and Mrs. Turner. 'Yes,' they said 'if it will save them, beat us.'

"They were then taken out and beaten 100 stripes each. It was to appease the people; but what cruelty and injustice!

"These two men were made to wear a heavy wooden collar like any common criminal. From these they were relieved at night. Two nights passed after such sufferings without sleep, before the missionaries got away. It was so apparent that the people would not be pacified, that Mr. Turner consented to leave the city. The mandarin would fain have got them away with all their belongings; but Mr. Turner would not consent to that. He spent a day packing and arranging his things, taking out just what could be done without, and getting the official seal put upon the remainder.

"The house was also sealed up in the same manner. Mr. Turner took this step in the hope of keeping hold upon the house and returning.

"On Sunday morning early they left the city in chairs, with an escort of twenty soldiers and six Yamen runners. I have omitted to say that the children were saved unhurt and brought to Mrs. Turner after things got settled at the Yamen.

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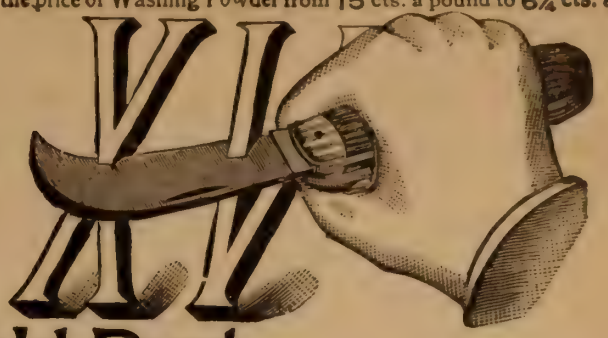

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. W. H. Howden. It is a senseless bugbear. Nothing can keep men out of heaven but persistent impenitence and the rejection of Christ.

Sallie B. McM., Valley Park, Mo. Make the trouble a subject of prayer and, if there are others in the church who see the matter in the same light as you do, get them to unite with you in asking God to remove misunderstanding and prejudice. Possibly, if the matter were explained in a friendly way to the minister, that, too, might be helpful.

S. Stuart, Kingston, Ill. In what year of the world did Nebuchadnezzar capture Jerusalem?

3,416 Anno Mundi.

D. W. Schenck, Oak Tree, Va. A friend holds that the use of slang is as bad as if not worse, than a light, irreverent use of the Bible Please state your opinion?

Both are unqualifiedly bad. The former may, however, be the result of ignorance and bad training, while the latter can hardly arise from so comparatively innocent a cause and may therefore in certain cases, be the worse.

Subscriber, Philadelphia. I saw in the last issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the offer of a "Genuine Oxford Teachers' Bible" to old subscribers, as well as to new ones. Does this offer hold good until the first of January, next, or longer? Now, I want this Bible; but my subscription does not expire until the last of March next, or can I renew now for another near, and have the Bible just the same?

You can renew now and have the Bible sent to you. Send $2.

W. Hamlin, Alton, Ill. 1. Will you please inform me which is the most concise, elaborate and best Bible dictionary extant? 2. Where can it be found?

1. The most concise, useful and available Bible Dictionary extant is found appended to the Oxford Teachers' Bible. There are more elaborate dictionaries but none more useful. 2. Smith & Peloubet's Bible Dictionary published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, is a comprehensive volume, but for all ordinary purposes, and especially for Sunday School teachers and Christian workers, the Dictionary bound in with the Oxford Bible which is sent to each $2 subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is the best.

Subscriber, Burnham, Mich. 1. Did Job ever sin against God? 2. What was the distance traveled by the children of Israel in the wilderness, and how long would it have taken them to accomplish if they had not disobeyed God?

1. The record tells that "in all this (his many afflictions) Job did not sin against God with his lips." He recognized the hand of God in these trials, never forsook his Maker and never ceased to pray. No man is wholly free from sin. Job was betrayed into murmuring against the Almighty, but his final submission proved his belief in the divine love and justice. 2. According to the best calculations, something less than 1000 miles. It was largely through desert and over mountain passes, and a considerable portion was traveled twice. Under the most advantageous circumstances it could probably have been trasversed in 100 days, with a caravan of half a million people, including many women and children and a great quantity of baggage and other impedimenta—such as the Israelitish caravan was.

Mrs. L. I. S. Fletcher, Corinth, N. Y. 1. Were the angels created before man? 2. What Tabernacle did Moses carry out of the camp when he came down from the Mount and found the people worshipping the Golden Calf? 3. In Genesis 49: 10, we read "the sceptre shall not depart from Judah etc., till Shiloh come." Where was the sceptre during the captivity? 4. In the story of *Aleph the Chaldean*, printed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Aleph is called a prince descended from the prophet Daniel. Is there any authority for this?

1. All the sacred records point to such a conclusion. 2. Not the permanent Tabernacle, of which a model had been given him, but which was not yet erected; but his own tent—probably the largest of all—in which he heard causes and counselled with the Lord concerning the people and which he therefore called "the Tabernacle of the congregation." He withdrew it because the camp had been polluted. 3. Various interpretations of the passage have been offered, but none seems to be thoroughly conclusive or satisfactory. Some commentators hold that it meant that the sovereignty would belong to Judah until Shiloh (the Messiah) came, while others contend that this is apparently contradicted by the fact that the sceptre had departed from Judah, centuries before Christ was born. Yet, granting every objection, when the Saviour came in due time, his coming was proof of the fact that while the sceptre may have been temporarily obscured, it was restored to Judah in his person in a spiritual sense. The lapse of centuries before its reappearance does not necessarily disturb the truth of the prophecy, since it had not wholly departed. Jacob's prophecy mingled the material with the spiritual, the whole being expressed with the picturesque and somewhat confusing imagery of the East and thus rendered liable to misinterpretation. Moreover, even during the captivity, the sceptre did not wholly depart, for the national elders of the Jews were recognized by the Babylonians as princes and accorded the titles *resh gelutha* (prince of the captives) and *alabarch* (prince or chief of a nation.) The Jews themselves regarded the prophecy as referring to a final, rather than a temporary, loss of the governing power. After the coming of Christ, they themselves declared they "had no king but Cæsar." 4. Daniel was descended from one of the noblest families in Judah and was probably of royal blood. (See Daniel 1: 3, also Josephus' *Antiquities* ch. 10:) His descendants would therefore be entitled to rank as princes.

"Subscriber." What is the mark of the beast referred to in Rev. 13: 16, 17 and how shall we know what it is?

The followers of Antichrist will wear on the hand or forehead some mark to indicate their allegiance to him; as during the recent political campaign it was common to see a badge in the button-hole of a coat indicating the political party to which the wearer belonged. It may be merely a ring on the finger, or, with a lady, some ornament worn on the forehead. It will be easy to identify it when the person who refuses to wear it is precluded from buying or selling. The Jews used letters for numbers, so that 666 which is given as a clue to the name, would be the numerical value of the letters comprising it.

Subscriber, New York City. Did King David himself kill more than one man, and if so where in the Bible is the fact stated?

Doubtless he slew others besides Goliath. His whole training, while still a shepherd, was martial and he was known to Saul's guards for his exploits against the Philistines (1. Sam. 16: 18.) His life while a fugitive and freebooter in the mountains and his many encounters with the Philistines with whom, as well as with Saul's troops, he had frequent guerilla fights all preclude the supposition that he was a passive spectator rather than a participant in the bloodshed. (See Psalm 18: 29, 35, 37, to 42, also 1. Kings 5: 5, and 1. Chron. 22: 8.)

Alwell Cooper, Prospect Lake, Mich. On the day of Pentecost, did the disciples speak in different languages, or did the miracle consist in persons of various nationalities understanding the words spoken by the apostles in one language?

Both views have had their advocates. Gregory of Nyssa, Erasmus, and, we think, Neander, hold the latter view. The former, however, seems the more probable view. The gift was with the apostles. The narrative says explicitly that "they spake with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." The other view would involve a multiplication of the miracle to cover the case of every auditor. It is generally believed that the gift was of one or more new languages to each of the disciples and was an intimation to each of the nation to which he should preach. The fact that in the Acts of the Apostles no mention is made of difficulty or delay in preaching consequent on the learning of a foreign language, such as is experienced by missionaries of the present day, suggests the probability that the gift first exercised on the day of Pentecost was a permanent possession of the disciples.

Mary Smith Carpenter, Ill. 1. I notice in a sermon the statement that a Christian has as much right to worldly riches as a person who is not a Christian. Does that accord with Christ's teaching? 2. Why do not Christians fast in the present day? 3. Does the passage Isa. 58: 13 forbid conversation on worldly business on the Lord's day? 4. What is the lust of the eyes?

1. They have the right to riches if they can get them honestly, as every man has. The man who is trying to follow Christ and live according to his teachings, will not, however, exercise the right. In hoarding wealth while multitudes are in need of the common necessaries of life, the Christian would be inconsistent. The Apostle speaking of such a man (1. John 3: 17), expresses a doubt whether the love of God dwells in him. Nevertheless we are exhorted to be honest, to be clear of debt and to provide for those of our own household. 2. Many do. But the practice with the other requirements of the ceremonial law has passed out of general observance. 3. Isaiah was writing of the Jewish Sabbath. There is no such stringent legislation in the New Testament as to the Lord's Day. The Christian, however, will gladly banish worldly thoughts and conversation on that day that he may fix his thoughts on higher things. 4. Mainly covetousness. Satan appealed to it when he showed the Lord all the kingdoms of the world from the mountain top.

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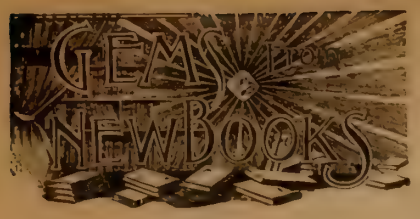

THE MEDIÆVAL SABBATH.*

THERE has been no period since the time of Christ when there were not Sabbath-keeping Christians in the church. There is no evidence of any form of observance of Sunday by Christians previous to the middle of the second century. Sabbath-keeping continued, even in the Western Church, as late as the fifth century and in the Eastern until the fifteenth or later. Since Sabbath-keepers denied the authority of the paganized Church they were persecuted as heretics by the papal power.

Their earlier history, coming through the hands of their enemies, has been wholly destroyed or much distorted. As the Western Church drifted into papacy these dissenters were known as Nazarenes, Corinthians, and Hypsistarii; and they were stigmatized as "Judaizers." Later, they were known as Vaudois, Cathari, Toulousians, Petrobrussians, Passagians, and Waldenses. These were not wholly uniform in doctrine and practice, but among them were many Sabbath-keeping Baptists, who accepted the Bible alone as authority. They form the irregular, but never wholly broken, chain between the New Testament and the modern Seventh-Day Baptists.

Sabbath-keepers in the Eastern Church were not disturbed by the papal power, and were far more numerous than in the West. When the Romish Church attempted to proselyte the Abyssinians, in the seventeenth century, they found them observing the Sabbath, and ready to take up arms in its defence. They "had hallowed it from time immemorial." The Armenian Church was founded as early as 302 A. D.; from that time until English missionaries entered Armenia, early in the present century, Sabbath-keeping contiuued without interruption. The Nestorian or Chaldean Christians have also continued their original practice of Sabbath-keeping to the present century; and there is every reason for believing that the Sabbath is still kept in those three branches of the Church, except where modern missionary influence has modified, or set it aside. These facts are of great importance, as showing what the earliest practice was, and what it has continued to be, where the papal Church has not had power to repress.

When the darkness of the Middle Ages began to recede before the light of the Reformation, scattered Sabbath-keepers appeared at different points. Their history, linked with those who had died for their faith and fealty to the law of God during the Dark Ages, makes the chain complete. Sabbath-keepers increased as the spirit of reform spread among the people. At first they were more prominent in Bohemia, Transylvania and Holland. Dr. Hessey calls the Bohemian Sabbath-keepers the denominational ancestors of the present Seventh-Day Baptists. During the Reformation in England, Sabbath-keepers were among the representative men of the times. Their writings and sufferings form an important factor in the history of those years. John Trask, William Hillyard, Christopher Sands, Rev. Mr. Wright and one Hebden were among those who were prominent between 1600 and 1630 A.D. Trask was pilloried, whipped and imprisoned under sentence by the infamous "Star Chamber." His wife was condemned because she refused to teach school on the Sabbath. "She lay in prison fifteen or sixteen years for her opinions about the Saturday Sabbath. She was a great sufferer, dying at last in prison, and was buried in the open fields."

About 1630, Theophilus Brabourne wrote several books in favor of the Sabbath, and with such effect that the king ordered Bishop Francis White to answer him; the answer was published in 1635. Among the writers who succeeded Brabourne were James Ockford, Edward Fisher, Edward Stennett, D.D., the latter a writer of hymns which are yet familiar. The influence of the Seventh-Day Baptists was a prominent factor in forcing the Puritans to adopt the change of day theory, which gave birth to the "Puritan Sabbath."

This "change of day" theory was first published by Nicholas Bownde, of Norfolk, England, between the years 1595 and 1606 A.D.

*From a *Concise Cyclopedia of Religious Knowledge: Biblical, Geographical, Theological, Historical and Practical*, edited by Elias B. Sanford, M.A. 985 pages; price, $3 50. Charles L. Webster & Co., York, publishers.

THE UPPER ROOM.†

THE place of the supper was, as we learn from the synoptics, a matter both of special selection and of cautious intimation. Nothing is said till the last moment, when there is just time to act, and the disciples inquire what they are to do. No place is named; but the two confidential persons, Peter and John, are sent (so to speak) with sealed instructions. They will, at the entrance of the city, meet a man bearing a pitcher of water, and are to follow him into the house which he enters. They are to give a message to the owner: The Master saith, My time is at hand. Where is the guest chamber where I shall eat the Passover with my disciples? That message would be enough. It would prove to be the house of a friend. He would welcome the party denounced by the authorities, whom most other houses would have feared to receive. He would shew them a large upper room furnished and ready. In the crowded state of the city it was not to be expected that such an apartment should remain to the last unoccupied and unengaged. We recognize in it all both a divine knowledge and also a secret providence. But why this caution? It is part of the prudence which the critical circumstances required. Bystanders shall know nothing, Judas shall know nothing of the place till the moment it is entered. There shall be no intelligence which can precipitate the events of the night. The chosen place shall be secure, so long as it is needed for the solemn institution, the holy teachings, the last converse, of which it is to be the scene. These shall not be interrupted. There shall be no invasion or seizure here. Thus the large upper room became the first Christian Church, to which all churches in Christendom are extensions or successions, the place of the passage from the old covenant to the new; of the first celebration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, of the highest teaching from the Lord's own lips, and probably of the prayer which opens the intercessions above.

†From *The Central Teaching of Jesus Christ*. By Rev. Thomas Delany Bernard, M.A. A study and exposition of the last discourse of the Saviour before he suffered, as it is recorded in the Gospel of John from the beginning of the thirteenth to the end of the seventeenth chapters. A reverent and sympathetic commentary on one of the most important passages in the New Testament. Pp. 416; published by Macmillan & Co., 112 Fourth Ave., New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Timely Topics. Political, Biblical, Ethical, Practical. By College Presidents, Professors, etc.; pp. 361; price, $1.50. Published by E. B. Treat, 5 Cooper Union, N.Y.

Making a Beginning. By William J. Lacey; pp. 192; cloth; price, $1. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., 30 Union Square, east, New York.

Unto the Uttermost, by James M. Campbell; vellum cloth; pp. 254; price, $1.25. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, publishers.

History of Amulets, Charms and Talismans, a Historical Investigation into their Nature and Origin, by Michael L. Rodkinson; paper; pp. 93. Published by the Author, 1874 Second avenue, New York.

The London Daily Press, by H. W. Massingham; cloth; with illustrations and portraits; pp. 192; price, $1. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers.

Constance, by F. C. Phillips; 305 pp.; paper; and *Through Pain to Peace*, by Sarah Doudney; 380 pp.; paper; 50 cents each. These two delightful social studies are a continuation of the "Broadway Series." John A. Taylor & Co., New York, publishers.

Kin-da-shon's Wife, an Alaskan story, by Mrs. Eugene S. Willard; cloth; pp. 281; price $1.50; Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, publishers.

Souvenirs of Occasions, by Sarah Louisa Oberholtzer; cloth; pp. 152; price $1. J. B. Lippincott, Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

The Old Mill Mystery, by A. W. Marchmont, B. A., paper; pp. 246; price 30 cents. John A. Taylor & Co., 119 Potter Building, N. Y., publishers.

From the Pulpit to the Poor-House, and other Romances of the Methodist Itinerancy, by Jay Benson Hamilton, D. D., cloth; pp. 204; price $1. Hunt & Eaton, New York, publishers.

The Child of the Ganges, a tale of the Judson Mission, by Rev. Robt. N. Barrett; cloth; pp. 355; price $1.25, Fleming H. Revell Co., 30 Union Square, East, N. Y., publishers.

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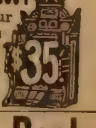

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BLACK DEATH IN TURKESTAN.

The British *Medical Journal* says: "An official report of the Governor-General of Turkestan, recently published in St. Petersburg, states that the province has been severely visited by an epidemic of 'black death,' which followed on the footsteps of cholera. On September 10 it appeared suddenly at Askabad, and in six days it killed 1,303 persons in a population of 30,000. 'Black Death' has long been known in Western Asia as a scourge more deadly than cholera or the plague. It comes suddenly, sweeping over a whole district like a pestilential simoom, striking down animals as well as men, and vanishes as suddenly as it came, before there is time to ascertain its nature or its mode of diffusion. After raging in Askabad for six days the epidemic ceased, leaving no trace of its presence but the corpses of its victims. These putrified so rapidly that no proper post-mortem examination could be made. The attack begins with intense shivering from head to foot; the rigors occur every five minutes for about an hour. Next an unendurable feeling of heat is complained of; the arteries become tense and the pulse more and more rapid, while the temperature steadily rises. Neither diarrhœa nor vomiting has been observed. Convulsions alternate with syncopal attacks, and the patients suffer intense pain. Suddenly the extremities become stiff and cold, and in from ten to twenty minutes the patient sinks into a comatose condition, which speedily ends in death.

THE STAR IN THE CROWN.

A YOUNG lady was preparing for the dance, and standing before a large mirror, placed a light crown ornamented with silver stars, upon her head. While thus standing, a little fair-headed sister climbed in a chair and put up her tiny fingers to examine this beautiful headdress, and was accosted thus: "Sister, what are you doing? You should not touch that crown!" Said the little one, "I was looking at that, and thinking of something else." "Pray, tell me what you are thinking about—you a little child." "I was remembering that my Sabbath School teacher said, that if we save sinners by our influence we should win stars to our crown in heaven; and when I saw those stars in your crown I wished I could save some soul." The elder sister went to the dance, but in solemn meditation; the words of the innocent child found a lodgment in her heart, and she could not enjoy the association of her friends. At a seasonable hour she left the hall and returned home; and going to her chamber, where her dear little sister was sleeping, imprinting a kiss upon her soft cheek, and said: "Precious sister, you have won a star for your crown; and kneeling at the bedside offered up a fervent prayer to God for mercy.

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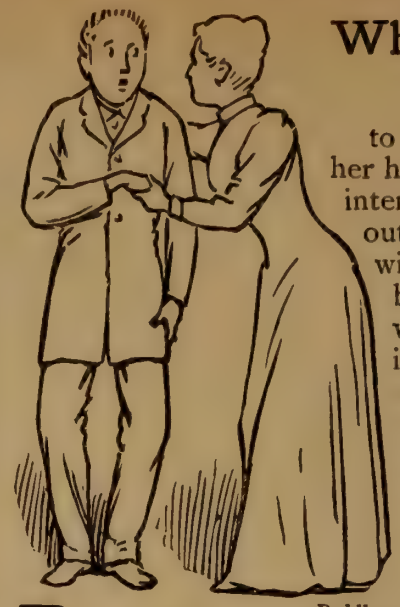

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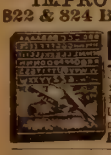

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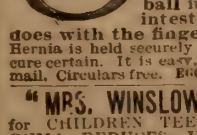

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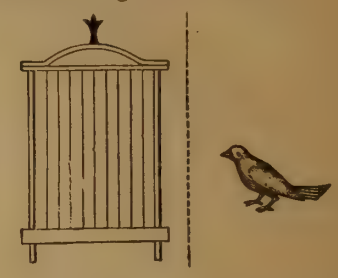

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Six Years in Equatorial Africa.

Missionary Walter T. Currie's Experiences as Teacher, Physician and Arbitrator in the Kingdom of Bihe—Winning over Rulers, Priests and People—Suku, the Bihean Jehovah and Kunkundu, his Minor Deity—Many Glorious Conquests Made for Jesus.

REV. WALTER T. CURRIE.

NEARLY seven years have elapsed since Walter Thomas Currie, a young and enthusiastic missionary went to Africa, accompanied by his devoted wife, to carry the Gospel message to the heathen. They went out under the auspices of the Canadian Missionary Society, an organization belonging to the Congregational denomination and which operates in the mission field through the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions. The kingdom of Bihe, in West Africa, south of the equator, was chosen as their field of labor. Sometime previous, the Portuguese had driven the missionaries out of the Bihe country, but the quarrel which resulted in their expulsion had been healed, matters were arranged on a basis that permitted work to be resumed, and the Board had called for missionaries.

Mr. and Mrs. Currie landed at Benguela on the Lower Guinea coast in July 1885, and stopped there six weeks, during which they acquired some slight acquaintance with the language. While there, Mr. Currie was attacked by fever and his wife was prostrated with bronchitis. On recovery, they proceeded two hundred miles inland to Bailundu, where the American Board has a mission in charge of Mr. Stover and wife. The latter were among the missionaries expelled by the Portuguese, and had only lately returned and settled in their station when Mr. Currie arrived.

At Bailundu, the energies of the new-comers were devoted to learning the language more perfectly and also to exploring the surrounding country for the purpose of choosing an available site for a new station. After a few months they set out with two boys, five carriers and a horse, on the journey inland. The journey occupied two months, the travelers resting at night either in a tent, which they carried as baggage, or in the hut of some friendly native.

Mr. Currie's story of his experiences during the years that followed, is so graphic and interesting that we give it as he himself has related it to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"At Bailundu the chief received us cordially. He gave us an audience for the following day after our arrival, and when we went, he was intoxicated, but insisted on holding a conference. He set his men on one side and my boys on the other. He made a great speech, and then wanted me to dance with him, and on my declining to do so, he proposed to show me around his villages. He had no horse nor hammock, but he called two of his slaves, and he got on the back of one, and I on the other, and so we went around his district. They were carriers who were accustomed to pretty heavy loads and they bore us very well. We stayed at Bailundu two years and spent our time studying the language, talking with the people, and preaching whenever we could.

"I chose finally a site at Cisamba, 125 miles inland from Bailundu, and on a high plateau. There the chief gave us welcome and ground for a cabin which his men built for us afterward. It was eleven feet by sixteen, made of boughs driven into the ground and the space between filled with mud, which quickly dries in that climate. There was neither window nor chimney, and the fire had to be kindled in the middle of the room, while the smoke found its way out through the roof. The people at Cisamba wanted to sell me ivory, india-rubber, bees-wax and slaves. When I refused they were surprised and wanted to know what I had come for if not for trade. I told them I came to teach the boys. The chief, Kapoko, died at the age of 84. The Biheans have no system of chronology and no way of fixing dates except by certain events, such as the journeys of white travelers there. They are great traders and very intelligent, and were visited by Cameron, Arnot, Pinto and Livingstone, who in their explorations followed the roads which these Biheans had constructed.

A SCHOOL HOUSE NEAR BIHE, AFRICA.
(Where native children are taught by Mrs. Fay.)

"At first the children were afraid to come to be taught: they thought I would make them slaves. It is very difficult to overcome the suspicion of these people. They were even afraid to plant the seed which we got for them lest a curse should come on the country. Besides, they said they did not want us to teach the children to read or write; they could 'keep the words in their hearts and not like us, have to put them on paper in order to remember.' I convinced them that I was their friend, and I formed a school of fifty boys, not one of whom has, since being under my care, drunk beer, danced at their festivals, or joined in any of the fetich rites common in the country. Their religion is a development of fetichism; they employ charms to ward off or produce rain; to protect them in war and on journeys and to cure diseases. They worship *Suku*, an invisible god, who they believe made the earth. They have a small building which serves as a temple, and they consecrate a priest to the service of a minor god, whom they call *Kundundu* and also a woman to act as a prophetess. At a certain part of the religious service, a man mounts on a cross and utters certain words which are accepted as oracular—the voice of the minor deity. A field is set apart for *Kundundu* and he receives the produce of it, and sacrifices of goats and pigs are also offered to him. They do not offer a lamb or a dove, because they regard them as stupid, since they go to the altar without a cry! They prefer

(*Continued on page 831.*)

KWI-KWI, KING OF BAILUNDU, AFRICA, AT THE DOOR OF THE ROYAL HUT.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

"THE HOLIDAYS."

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Colossians 2: 16: *"In respect of a holy-day."*

WHAT the Bible here and elsewhere calls a holy-day, we, by change of one letter and change of pronunciation, call holiday. But, by change of spelling and accentuation, we cannot change the fact that holidays have great significance. As long as the world stands, Christmas day, and New Year's day, and Easter day will be charged and surcharged with solemn suggestiveness and holy mirth. Whether you take the old style of my text and call them holy-days or the modern style and call them holidays, they somehow set all my nerves a-tingle and my deeper emotions into profoundest agitation. I am glad that this season we have the holidays completely bounded. For years, Christmas day, starting in the midst of one week, and New Year's day, starting in the midst of another week, we have been perplexed to know when the holidays began and when they ended, and perhaps we may have begun them too soon or continued them too long. But, this year they are bounded by two beaches of gold: Sabbath, Dec. 25th, 1892, and Sabbath, Jan. 1st, 1893. The one Sabbath this year commemorates the birth of the greatest being that ever walked the earth; the other celebrates the birth of that which is to be one of the greatest years of all time. The one day supernatural because of an unhinged star and angelic doxology, and the other day natural, but part of a procession that started with the world's existence and will go on until the world is burned up; both the first and the last days of these holidays coming in with Sabbatical splendor and solemnity, and girdling all the days between with thoughts that have all time and all eternity in their emphasis. How shall we spend them? At haphazard and without special direction, and they leaving, as they go away from us, physical fatigue and mental exhaustion, the effect of late hours and recklessness of diet, adding another chapter to the moral and spiritual and eternal disasters, which have resulted from misspent holidays? Oh, no! A stout and resounding No! for all the eight days.

I propose that we divide this holiday season, the two Sabbaths of the holiday and the six days between, into three chapters. The first part a chapter of illustrious birthday; the second part a chapter of annual decadence; the third part a chapter of chronological introduction.

First, then, a chapter of illustrious birthday. Not a day of any year but has been marked by the nativity of some good or great soul. Among discoverers, the birthday of Humboldt was September 14th and of David Livingston, March 19th. Among astronomers, the birthday of Isaac Newton was December 25th and of Herschel November 17th. Among orators, the birthday of Cicero was January 3d and of Chrysostom, January 14th. Among prison reformers, the birthday of John Howard was September 2d, and of Elizabath Fry, May 1st. Among painters, the birthday of Raphael was March 28th and of Michael Angelo, March 6th. Among statesmen, the birthday of Washington was February 22d, of Hamilton, May 8th, and of Jefferson, April 2d. Among consecrated souls, the birthday of Mrs. Hemans was September 25th, of Lucretia Mott, January 3d, and of Isabella Graham, July 29th. But what are all those birthdays compared with December 25th, for on or about that day was born one who eclipsed all the great names of all the centuries—Jesus of Bethlehem, Jesus of Nazareth, Jesus of Golgotha, Jesus of Olivet, Jesus of the heavenly Throne? The greatest pictures have been made about scenes in his lifetime. The greatest sacrifices on field of battle or in hospital or on long march or in martyrdom have been inspired by his self-abnegation. The finest words of eloquence ever spoken have been uttered in the proclamation of his Gospel. The grandest oratorios that have ever rolled from orchestras were descriptive of his life and death. There have been other orators, but none like him who "spake as never man spake." There have been other reformers, but none like him who will not have completed his mission until the last prison is ventilated and the last blind eye opened and the last deaf ear unstopped and the last lame foot bounds like a roe and the last case of dementia shall come to its right mind. There have been other discoverers, but none like him, able to find how man may be just with God. There have been other deliverers, but none like him, the rescuer of nations. There have been other painters, but none like him who put the image of God on a lost soul. No wonder we celebrate his birth. Protestant Church, Catholic Church, Greek Church, St. Isaac's of St. Petersburg, St. Peter's at Rome, the Madeleine at Paris, St. Paul's in London, joining all our American cathedrals and churches and log-cabin meeting-houses and homes in keeping this preeminent birth festival.

Elaborate and prolonged efforts have been made to show that the star that pointed to the manger in which Christ was born was not what it appeared to be, but a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn. Our wise men of the West say that the wise men of the East were mistaken. Astronomers, you know, can calculate backward as well as forward, and as they can tell what will occur a hundred years from now among the heavenly bodies, so they can accurately calculate backward and tell what occurred eighteen or nineteen hundred years ago. And it is true that seven years before Christ, in Chaldea, about three hours before day dawn, there was a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn. Standing in Jerusalem and looking over toward Bethlehem, those two stars would have seemed to hang over that village, and it is suggested by a learned professor that the Magi may have had weak eyes, so that the two stars may have looked like one. In order to take everything supernatural out of the story, we have to blind the eyes of the Magi and introduce a second star to help out the idea of the one star. But I prefer the simple story of the Bible, that a light of some kind—stellar or meteoric—pointed from the sky to the straw-cradle. When it is so easy for God to make a world that he puts eighteen millions of them within one sweep of the telescope, he could certainly afford one silvery or fiery signal of some kind to point the world to the place where the Sovereign of the Universe lay incarnated and infantile. If God could afford to make an especial earthquake at the crucifixion (the aslant rocks on Mount Calvary still showing that there was a convulsion of nature at that particular spot which was felt in none of the surroundings) then he could afford something unusual, something brilliant, something positive, something tremendous at the Nativity. If a king at the birth of a son can have the palace illumined and couriers sent with swift despatch to announce the gladness at the gates, I am not surprised that, at the birth of the Son of God, there was celestial agitation; and my only wonder is that instead of one star or one meteor giving signal, all worlds did not make demonstration. Why not other worlds take interest in the event, when Christ came from another world, and another world was to get the souls that would be saved by this celestial descent? It would have been a stellar disgrace, an astronomical scandal if, when the Godhead lay compressed in the form of an infant, something from above had not pointed down as much as to say: "There he is! Look, all earth and heaven! Look, all time and all eternity!"

COMING HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

You see, the birth at Bethlehem must have been more novel and startling to the heavens than the crucifixion on Calvary. It was expected that Christ would be maltreated. The world always had maltreated its good and great friends. Joseph hurled into the pit, Shadrach put into the fire, Jeremiah lowered into a dungeon, David hounded from the throne, Elijah compelled to starve or take his food from the beak of a filthy raven, and Socrates condemned to death, so that the Calvarian massacre was in the same old line of maltreatment. But the novelty of all the ages was the conjunction of divinity and humanity. Invisible deity, muscled and nerved and fleshed in masculine physique. A child and yet a God. Why, if the meteor had not pointed down that night, some angel would have rushed down and pointed with his glittering sceptre. Isaiah and David and Ezekiel, who foretold the coming, would have descended from their thrones and stood on the roof of the barn or in some way designated the honored locality. As the finger of light that December 25th pointed to the straw-cradle, now all the fingers of Christendom this moment, fingers of childhood and old age, fingers of sermon and song and decoration and festivity point to the great straw-cradle. Am I not right in saying that the first of the three chapters of the holidays should be devoted to the illustrious birthday? By song and prayer and solemn reflection and charities to-day, and by gifts and trees that bear fruit in an hour after they are planted, and family gathering and hilarities sounding from cellar to garret to-morrow, keep Christmas. As far as possible, gather the children and the grandchildren, but put no estoppel on racket, whether of laughter or swift feet or toys in shape of rail-trains or trumpets or infant effigy. Let the old folks for one day at least say nothing about rheumatism, or prospect of early demise, or the degeneracy of modern times, or the poison in confectionery. If you cannot stand the noise, retire from it for a little while into some other room and stop your ears. Christmas for children without plenty of noise is no Christmas at all. If children and grandchildren cannot have full swing during the holidays, when will they have it? They will be still soon enough, and their feet will slacken their pace, and the burdens of life will bear them down. Houses get awfully still when the children are gone. While they stay, let them fill the room with such resounding mirth that you can hear the echoes twenty years after they are dead. By religious celebration to-day, and by domestic celebration to-morrow, keep Christmas. As for our beloved church we to-morrow night mean to set the children of our Sabbath School wild with delight, and in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with which I am connected, we are celebrating the holidays by sending out from two to four thousand Bibles a day, and they will continue to go out by express, by messengers and by mails until we have distributed at least 100,000 copies of the good old Book on which Christmas is built, and which gives the only healthful interpretation of these swift-flying years.

The second chapter of the holidays must speak of annual decadence. This is the last Sabbath of the year. The steps of the year are getting short, for it is old now. When it waved the springtime blossoms, the year was young, and when it swung the scythe and cradle through the summer harvest fields, the year was strong; but it is getting out of breath now, and after six more throbs of the pulse will be dead. We cannot stop this annual decadence. Set all the clocks back, set all the watches back, set all the chronometers back, but you cannot set Time back. For the old family clock you might suppose that Time would have especial respect and that if you took hold of those old hands on the face of that centenarian of a time-piece, and pushed

them back, you might expect that Time would stop or retreat for at least a few minutes. "No! no!" says the old family clock. "I must go on. I saw your father and mother on their wedding day. I struck the hour of your nativity. I sounded the knell at your father's death. I tolled at your mother's departure. Yea, I must sound your own going out of life. I must go on. I must go on. Tick-tock! Tick-tock!"

But there is a great city clock, high up in the tower. There are so many wrongs in all our cities to be righted, so many evils to be extirpated, so many prisons to be sanitaried; stop the city clock until all these things are done. Let common council and all the people of the great town decree that the city hall clock shall stop. We do not want the sins of 1892 to be handed over to 1893. We do not want the young year to inherit the misfortunes of the old year. By ladders lifted to the tower and by strong hands, take hold and halt the city clock. "No, no," says the city clock. "I cannot wait until you correct all evils or soothe all sorrow or drive out all sin. I have been counting the steps of your progress as a city. I have seen your opportunities. I have deplored your neglects; but time wasted is wasted forever. I must go on. I must go on. Tick tock! Tick-tock!" But in the tower of the capitol at Washington and all the great national capitals, there are clocks. Suppose that by presidential proclamation and resolution of Senate and House of Representatives our national clock in the capitol turret be ordered to stop. "Stop, oh, clock! until our Sabbaths are better kept and drunkenness turns to sobriety, and bribery, and dissipation quit the land. "No," says the clock. "I have been going on so long I cannot afford to stop. I sounded the birthday of American independence. I rang out the return of peace in 1865. I have seen many presidents inaugurated. I struck the hour of Lincoln's assassination. I have beat time for Emancipation Proclamation and Chicago fire and Charleston earthquake and epidemics of fever and cholera. Nations never stop. They march on toward salvation or demolition. And why should I stop? I chime for the national holidays. I toll for the mighty dead. I must go on. I must go on. Tick-tock! Tick-tock!" It will be a serious occasion when next Saturday night about the same hour the family clocks and the city clocks and the national clocks strike One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten! Eleven! Twelve!

Sorry am I to have 1892 depart this life. It has been a good year. What bright days! What starry nights! What harvests! What religious convocations! What triumphs of art and science and invention and enterprise and religion! But, alas, how sacred it has been with sorrows. What pillows hot with fever that could not be cooled! What graves opening wide enough to take down beauty and strength and usefulness! What octogenarians putting down the staff of earthly pilgrimage and taking the crown of heavenly reward! What children, as in Bible time, crying, "My head, my head! And they carried him to his mother and he sat on her knees until noon, and then died." This year went the chief poet of England and the chief poet of America. Our John G. Whittier—great in literature and simple as a child—for did I not spend an afternoon with him in a barn in the Adirondacks, and in the evening we played blindman's-buff, he tying over my eyes the handkerchief, while the hotel parlors rang with the merry-making. And Tennyson, this year gone; he who for this particular season of the year wrote:

> Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
> The flying cloud, the frosty light;
> The year is dying in the night.
> Ring out wild bells, and let him die.

What mingling of emotions in this closing year. What orange blossoms for the marriage altar and what myrtle for the tombs of the dead. Hosannas and lamentations in collision. Anthem and Dead March mounting from the same ivory keys. Before this year quite leaves the earth, let it hear our repentance for opportunities that can never return. Kind words spoken too late or not spoken at all. Means of getting good or doing good so completely gone by that the archangel's voice could not recall them. Can it be that this year is closing and our sins are unforgiven and we have no certainty that when our last December the 31st has sped away we shall enter a blissful eternity? The most overwhelmingly solemn week of all the year is the last week of December.

But on opening this subject, "In respect of a holy-day," as my text puts it, or a holiday as we moderns write and pronounce it, I advised that you divide this season into three chapters: The first a chapter of illustrious birthday, the second a chapter of annual decadence, and the third a chapter of chronological introduction, and this last chapter we have reached. In olden times there was a style of closing an old year and opening a new one that was very suggestive. The family would sit up until twelve o'clock at night, and when the clock struck twelve the family would all go to the front door of the house, take down the bar and turn back the lock and swing the door wide open to let the Old Year out and the New Year in. And that is what we are going to do. With the same measured step that Time has kept since it started, it will come to our door in the closing night of this week. With what spirit shall we let the New Year in? I have already indicated that it is to be one of the greatest years of all chronology. "Why?" you ask. "Have you any forebodings or premonitions?" "No." "Are you expecting the millennium this year?" No! "Why, then, say this about the coming year?" For the simple reason that I find as the years go by they become more and more eventful. Compare the nineteenth century with the eighteenth century. Compare the first half of this century with the last half. The surges of this ocean of Time are rolling higher and higher. The forces of right and wrong are rapidly multiplying and their struggles must be intensified. It is a chronological fact that we are all the time coming nearer to the world's Edenization first and then to its incineration, to its redemption and its demolition. And so I expect that 1893 will be a greater year than 1892. Its wedding bells will be merrier. Its obsequies will be sadder. Its scientific discoveries more brilliant. Its prosperities more significant. Its opening more grand. Its termination more stupendous. Let the conservatories have profusion of flowers that can be twisted into garlands. Let churches have plenty of room for increased assemblages. Let men and women have more religion to meet the vacillations and the exigencies and the demands and the raptures and the woes of this coming 1893. In what mood shall we open the door of the New Year? With faith, strong faith, buoyant faith, triumphant faith. God will see you through. His grace will be sufficient if you trust him. You can go to him at any time and find sympathy. My little child got hurt one morning during her mother's absence. We looked after the case as well as we could. Toward night her mother returned, and for the first time the child cried and cried vociferously. Some one said to her, "What do you cry for? You did not cry all day." Her reply was: "There was no one to cry to." And so you sometimes suppress your trouble because there is no full resource of earthly sympathy. But I rejoice to tell you that in God you always have some one to cry to. He will condole and help in every crisis. Come now, let me unstrap that knapsack of care from your shoulders. Come prosperity or adversity, come wedding or burial, come health or sickness, come life or death, come time or eternity. All's well! All's well!

Thus in three chapters I have counselled that the holidays be grouped. May nothing interfere with their felicities. May they be so spent that they will be food for pleasant reminiscence further on. You know that after a while the old homestead will be broken up. For years and years the children come home to spend the holidays and the house is rummaged from garret to cellar, and the scenes of childhood are rehearsed, and we laugh till the tears come as we talk over some boyish or girlish freak, or cry over some old trouble ended; but the heart swings back again to mirth for it does not take a half second for a tear of the eye to strike the smile of the lip. For a few years the grandchildren make the holidays merry. One of the many uses of grandchildren is to keep old folks young. Then after a few years the annual gathering at the old homestead is half broken up, for father or mother is gone. About two years after the other half of the season is broken up. Then the old house goes into the possession of strangers and the sons and daughters by that time have homes of their own. They plant their own Christmas trees, and hang up their own children's stockings, and twine their own holly and mistletoe, and have their own good times. They will perhaps be riding out on some of those holidays either in sleigh or carriage twenty or thirty years from now along the places where we slumber the last sleep, and may we have been so considerate and sympathetic in our demeanor toward them now, that they will then say one to another, as they pass the silent mounds of the village graveyard or city cemetery: "There rest as kind a father and as kind a mother as ever wished their children a Merry Christmas or a Happy New Year."

Meanwhile we their parents and grandparents will I hope through the atonement of our blessed Lord be keeping holidays livelier, and higher up: in the presence of the Christ whose birth the earthly Christmas commemorates, and of the "Ancient of Days" who saw the first year open, and will see the last year close: in companionship with the ever-widening circle of heavenly kindred, many already there and many soon to come: and the tables of that festivity will purple with the grapes of Eschol, and redden with "the new wine of the kingdom," and glow with "twelve manner of fruits" from the trees of life: and the gifts of those holidays will be mansions and thrones, and crowns of glory that never fade away. Oh, that these delightful holidays of earth may fit us for those more delightful holidays of heaven!

Six Years in Equatorial Africa.

(Continued from first page.

something that will make a noise and attract the attention of *Kundundu*. Their great deity, however, is *Suku*, whom they believe to be superior to *Kundundu* and in fact to be the supreme God. Their ideas of *Suku* are such that we felt justified, in translating the Scriptures into their language, to render the word 'God' as *Suku*. Thus the true God whom they ignorantly worship under the heathen name, we declared unto them.

"At Cisamba we held our services in the open air, and when the wet season came we occupied a small building sent out from Canada by a family who wished it to stand as a memorial of a young man who intended to give his life to the missionary work, but who died before he could come out. When I go back, I shall put up a much larger building in memory of my wife, who died while we were at Bailundu. Those who professed Christ before I left write to me regularly, stating how they are progressing and hoping I will soon return to organize a church, and go with them to preach in other villages."

MISSIONARIES' HOUSE AT BAILUNDU.
(Mrs. Currie died here two months after arrival.)

Mr. Currie will return to Bihe next spring. His mission station at Cisamba is in the centre of a large number of villages peopled by some of the most intelligent and enterprising traders in Africa, who go far into the interior for slaves, ivory and rubber. He was three years at Cisamba, and during most of the time his only helpers were the black boys who accompanied him from Bailundu. For months at a time he did not see a white face nor speak a word of English. His two Christian lads stood by him without a murmur.

Mr. Currie was born in Toronto, Can. After leaving the public schools, he served an apprenticeship as a wood-worker. Reading the record of Livingstone's work in Africa he became imbued with the missionary spirit and decided to go to the Dark Continent and work for Christ. After his conversion he engaged in missionary work in Toronto and prepared himself for college. He was graduated from the McGill University, and the Canadian Congregational Theological College at Montreal. His wife was a niece of Dr. H. Wilkes, late principal of the Canadian Congregational College, and was a lady of refinement and culture, and her consecration to the cause of Christ was complete. Her fellow-missionaries spoke of her as "the gentle, lovable woman," and though but a short time among them, she is still affectionately referred to by the natives of Bihe.

Accompanying this article are illustrations taken from photographs made by Mr. Currie in the field. One is a portrait of Kwi-kwi, the King of Bailundu, a monarch who has over fifty wives and a swarm of children. He is a ruler of sanguinary disposition and holds human life remarkably cheap. Another shows a house built by some of the missionaries at Bailundu, who were expelled and which Mr. Currie afterwards occupied. It was in this humble dwelling that Mrs. Currie gave up her life for the cause of the Gospel. A third shows a schoolhouse at Bihe, where Mrs. Fay is teaching with excellent success. The photograph of Mr. Currie was taken since his arrival in New York, where he is now studying medicine at Dr. Dowkontt's medical training college preparatory to his return to Africa next spring.

REBUILDING THE TEMPLE.

S. S. Lesson for January 8, 1893. Ezra 3. Golden Text, Ezra 3: 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE children of Israel who were captive in Babylon, and who, in response to the proclamation of Cyrus, arose and returned to their owu land, numbered, all told, nearly fifty thousand. Almost all of these had been born in captivity, and so had never known anything else. But the same God who had raised up Cyrus, stirred up in the hearts of these captives a spirit of loyalty to their God, their people, and their land, and an enthusiasm awoke within them which made the cause of their God to take precedence of their own interests. Arrived in the land, it became a necessity before they put their hands to the rebuilding of the temple, that they should be able to "shew their father's house, aud their seed (or pedigree), whether they were of Israel" (Ezra 2:59).

Before they could "build the old waste places," or "raise up the foundations of many generations" (Isa. 58 : 12), their own standing must be undoubted. There were even "some of the priests who sought their register among those that were reckoned by genealogy, but they were not found." None might put their hands to the work of the Lord, but such as were true Israelites; none can be "living stones" (R.V.) in that temple which is "a habitation of God through the Spirit" but such as can

Shew their Heavenly Origin.

Born from above, our citizenship in heaven, sitting with Christ in heavenly places, seeking "those things which are above," it becomes the "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ" to "seek first the kingdom of God," before all other, all personal interests.

The first impulse which took possession of the returned captives was manifestly from above and not "of the earth, earthy." Some of the heads of the fathers' houses, "when they came to the house of the Lord which is at Jerusalem, offered freely for the house of God to set it up in its place: they gave after their ability unto the treasure of the work." And these were Jews, proverbial throughout the world for their love of money! But they were Jews conquered by God, for with him "all things are possible." It is noteworthy that this giving to the cause of the Lord is mentioned before a word is spoken of any provision for themselves, and subsequently it is stated: "So the priests, and the Levites, and some of the people, and the singers, and the porters, and the Nethimims, dwelt in their cities, and all Israel in their cities:" God first, their own interests second.

The very first beginning of the rebuilding of the temple was

The Restoration of the Altar.

When the tabernacle was reared the structure was commenced before the altar of burnt offering was made. But now that Israel had departed from God, there could be no worship without the blood of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, only the blood of Jesus Christ which cleanseth from all sin can put right the past which condemns. It was a witness that the people truly made confession, and took their place honestly as having grieved their God. It may be that they took to heart Daniel's confession of his sins, and the sins of his people, and that shame was awakened in their hearts. In any case, these nearly fifty thousand people gathered themselves together as one man to Jerusalem, for the sole purpose of rebuilding the altar of the Lord. No common hand might do this work, the priests and the rulers, Jeshua the son of Jozadak, and his brethren the priests, and Zerubbabel the son of Shealtiel the governor, and his brethren the nobles, with their own hands builded the altar of the Lord God of Israel. This was in right order. There is true, deep work in a parish or a congregation when the minister takes the lead in confession, and in seeking and finding a true purification of heart and life. If he puts God first in his own life, the people will follow like sheep. It is a blessed thing when one in authority leads the way in giving God his true, first place, and witnesses in his own life to a constant remembrance of his God. So did Daniel; and two of the mightiest kings on earth, Nebuchadnezzar and Darius, were among his converts, while the whole world was indirectly touched by the power of his life with God. It is true that fear is mentioned as the motive which led the people so unanimously to set up the altar of their God. They feared the people of the countries around them, but in such a way as to take refuge in their God. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

Before they dispersed to their cities, the liberated captives kept the feast of tabernacles, the witness that they were pilgrims and strangers upon the earth. With the captivity behind them, there would be to them perhaps a deeper reality in this feast of the Lord than ever had been in its observance by their forefathers. As yet, the foundation of the temple was not laid, but they took steps to set the work on foot—masons and carpenters were engaged, a commissariat department organized, and a large order for timber was issued, according to the grant they had had of Cyrus.

On the second month of the second year of their return to the land, the foundation was laid. The witness for God which had ceased with the destruction of the first temple existed again, in a measure, by the renewal of the altar and the sacrifices, but the temple was the witness of

God's Dwelling among His People

between the cherubim, in the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. Would such a manifest presence of the Lord be restored to them? The laying of the foundation was a national ceremony celebrated by a huge musical festival, not inaugurated for the sake of the music, and to the glory of either composer or performer, but the better to tell out the praise of God. "He is good," they sang, "for his mercy endureth forever." It warmed the hearts of the young people; national feeling began to kindle within them, the oppression of their captivity had ceased, they were a nation again, the stirrings of independence awoke, and they shouted with a great shout when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid.

But there were some old, grey-headed men and women, who could remember from their childhood the glory of the house of the Lord which now lay in ruins: they could contrast, as the young people could not, the present desolation of Jerusalem with her ancient glory These wept aloud. Thus joy and sorrow were mingled in the rebuilding of the temple. There is something akin to this in Paul's teaching. He is a master-builder upon the one foundation, and says of his converts: "Ye are God's husbandry;

Ye are God's Building."

(1. Cor. 3: 9–17.) And he speaks of his experience and that of those who labored with him as "unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." (II. Cor. 6: 9, 10.) It was not possible that the enemy of God and man would look on quietly and see a witness for God revived in the midst of the nations without raising up persecutions. He stirred up opposition from their enemies. In the first place, they sought to bring down the people of God from their position of separation. It was through this very thing that idolatry and all kinds of sin had crept in, and yet, it might have seemed to human wisdom a dangerous thing to resist those who were so much more powerful than they. Their adversaries also came with lying lips, saying: "Let us build with you, for we seek your God as ye do." "Ye have nothing to do with us to build a house unto our God," was their unwavering answer," but we ourselves together will build unto the Lord, the God, of Israel as Cyrus the king of Persia hath commanded us." They had their authority, and gave their authority, but this did not quiet their enemies. The stronger our position is, the more desperate are the attempts of Satan to overthrow it. He does much to overthrow newly converted souls, aud when he sees souls walking in the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free, rejoicing in a conscience cleansed, and kept, and instructed by the Holy Ghost, he works hard to overthrow the works of God. But his utmost efforts and all his artillery are directed against the building up of the living temple of God. A bright Christian here and there, may be a target for his fiery dart, but he knows that strength is in unity, and that nothing can stand against the Church of Christ when she is one heart and one soul, and no one says of aught which he possesses, whether it be lands or houses, or whether it be spiritual gifts or deep experience, It is my own, when all we have is the property of the Body of Christ and of him the Head.

The people of the land succeeded in weakening the hands of the people of Judah, and troubling them in building, and they hired counsellors against them to frustrate their purpose, all the days of Cyrus, king of Persia. And when Ahasuerus came to the throne, they took advantage to write an accusation of the Jews to him. Just such difficulties, just such annoyances, stand in the way of the building up of God's temple of living stones, but let us not be made as these Jews of old were, "to cease by force and power."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

STRANGE procession that must have been that went up from Babylon to Jerusalem, as described in the second chapter of Ezra. It comprised forty-nine thousand nine hundred and seven persons who went to re-occupy their desolated land. They settled in different parts of the country, probably in places with which their fathers were identified. After a few months, they received a summons from the high priest and others of their leaders requesting them to assemble in Jerusalem. It was in September of the year 536 B.C., the period of the great feasts. They came and rebuilt the altar amid the ruins of the temple, kept the feast of Tabernacles and arranged for the holding of the other feasts and for beginning the work of rebuilding the Temple. Two years later, the foundation of the building was laid, in the presence of all the people, some of them being moved to tears by the sight, and others shouting for joy. God had punished them for their sins, but now he had restored them to his favor. The experience caused them both to weep and rejoice, and a similar experience has caused many a child of God since then, to do both.

Together as one man. The nearer the soul lives to Christ the less disposition has it to separate from other children of God, and the more it is inclined to recognize them and act in union with them. An eminent preacher says: "I was walking some weeks ago in a beautiful grove, the trees were some distance apart and the trunks were straight and rugged. But as they ascended higher the branches came closer together, and still higher the twigs and branches interlaced. I said to myself, our Churches resemble these trees; the trunks near the earth stand stiffly and rudely apart; the more nearly toward heaven they ascend, the closer and closer they come together, until they form one beautiful canopy, under which men enjoy both shelter and happiness. Then I thought of that beautiful prayer of the Saviour, 'That they all may be one.' In loving obedience to Christ's commands and in earnest efforts for the extension of his kingdom by doing good to men is true oneness to be found. Those who have the spirit of Christ, who go about always doing good, will be like-minded."

These returned Hebrews had been united by adversity. Trouble has the effect for which it was sent when it removes differences and brings Christian people to act and work in harmony in God's service. This kind of harmony is rare under other circumstances. History does, however, record an instance of it which is as romantic as it is uncommon. Leger in his *History of the Waldenses* relates that there were six brothers of the name of Prius, who had married six sisters, and all of them lived together on a farm, never making any division of their property, yet never quarrelling, though the family increased till it numbered more than forty persons. Each had a separate department of labor; some in the work of the vineyards and cultivation of the fields, others in the care of pasturage and of flocks. They spent their days in contented industry, while the fear and love of God ruled in that peaceful household. The happy home was only broken up by persecution, in 1656, "the year of the massacres." The farm was burned, and the family involved in brutal outrage and death.

As the duty of every day required. Duty is always a retail rather than a wholesale matter. If the duties of the day are performed the life will be right. They may be humble duties, but if they are our duties they must not be neglected. The Puritan minister, Rev. J. Carter, once called unexpectedly on a member of his church who at the time was working hard at his occupation, which was that of a tanner. He tapped him on the shoulder from behind and, tne man turning, was surprised to see his minister and apologized for being so employed. Mr. Carter answered: "Let Christ when he cometh find me so doing." "What," said the man, looking at his dirty hands and clothes, "doing thus?" "Yes," said the minister, "faithfully fulfilling the duties of my calling."

There is a fable told about a king's garden in which the trees and all the flowers began to make complaint. The oak was sad because it did not bear flowers; the rosebush was sad because it did not bear fruit; the vine was sad because it had to cling to the wall and could cast no shadow. "I am not the least use in the world," said the oak. "I might as well die, since I yield no fruit," said the rosebush. "What good can I do?" said the vine. Then the king saw a little pansy, which held up its glad, fresh face, while all the rest were sad. And the king said: "What makes you so glad, when all the rest pine and are so sad?" "I thought," said the pausy, "that you wanted me here, because here you planted me, so I made up my mind that I would try and be the best little pansy that could be."

Every one that willingly offered. The story is told of a meeting of a colored congregation to raise funds for a new church building. Three resolutions were passed. First, we will all give something. Second, we will give according to our means. Third, we will give cheerfully. One brother came up to the platform and put down one dollar. "That," said the minister, "won't do. It am in accord with the first resolution, but not with the second." The man returned to his place. He saw others going up with their offerings and became uncomfortable. At last he rose and with a scowl on his face put a ten dollar bill down. "There," he said, "will that do?" The minister waved it aside. "No," he said, "that is in accord with the first and second resolutions, but not with the third." Again the brother returned discomfited to his seat. The giving continued; there were songs of praise and all seemed glad to have a share in the good work. Finally, the brother succumbed. After fumbling in his pocket, he went the third time to the platform and laying down two ten dollar bills, said with a smile, "I want to give that to the cause." The minister accepted it, saying, "That will do, it am in accord with all the resolutions."

They sang together. Music inspires people to effort and relieves weariness. Napoleon, at the crossing of the Alps, found only a few in front, and firm on their feet, pressing toward the icy pass. Countless numbers were lagging, falling out of ranks, straggling. He ordered all the bands to play. The sound of the martial airs stirred the whole army. Cheers echoed in the gorges. The men caught the step, and braced by the music, moved in solid columns.

Wept with a loud voice and many shouted for joy. Outward surroundings do not always produce the same emotions in different people. A traveler who spent some weeks at a place on the road from Russia to Siberia, says: "There passed one day a Russian officer and his wife. They had plenty of money; they seemed perfectly well. The scenery around was beautiful, but for all that the officer looked sad, and was silent. He was going from home and friends far off into Siberia. A little while afterwards there passed another Russian officer. He was traveling in a miserable plight, hurried over rough roads in a cart. The scenery was the same, the weather was cold, but that officer was exulting in buoyancy and delight. He was hastening to bear the news of a great victory, and to be decorated with an honorable reward." Even so it is on life's journey. We meet some travelers who weep and some who rejoice; and the former are not always those who have most hardships, nor the latter those who have most of this world's goods. It is the spirit within that makes the one bright and the other gloomy on the same highway, and not a little difference is made by the varying prospect of what lies at the end of the journey.

GOSPEL WORK IN THE BALMY BAHAMAS.

How Missionary Effort is Extending on the Beautiful Coral Islands — Devoted Native Pastors who have Risked Life many Times for the Master.

AT this Christmas season, when winter's icy blasts are chilling half the American continent, the breezes that blow over the semi-tropical Bahamas from seaward are as mild and balmy as a June day in the hills and valleys of Pennsylvania. During the past ten years, the Bahamas have become a great field for missionary effort. Their delightful climate, the rich soil and simple, trustful people made them a specially inviting location for the pioneer teachers of the Gospel; yet the work done by the missionaries was not unattended by difficulties and even of peril.

A SCENE NEAR GRANTSTOWN, NASSAU, BAHAMAS.

In a former issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a detailed account was published of the extent and character of the missions in the Bahamas, whose inhabitants, less than 200 years ago, were practically savages. The success which attends the Missions in the Bahamas and especially the Baptist Mission, has been largely due to the devotion of the native pastors.

The late R. J. Wilkins of the island of Andros was a singularly simple but very earnest Christian. Trained under the pioneer white missionary, Mr. Capern, he went to Andros where he acquired a little land. He devoted himself to the evangelization of that island and in many perilous voyages in his own little boat, north and south, established stations in which he saw gathered a membership of 400 souls. He finally

Gave his Life to his Work,

for on his last voyage to the south churches, he was blown out to sea and being alone for thirty-six hours in an open boat, the exposure resulted in an illness of which he died.

Anothers of Mr. Capern's workers is George Green, of Long Cay, now well stricken in years. He has had sole charge of Crooked, Acklins, and Mayaguana during a period of thirty years. He has voyaged about 300 miles yearly for this period and on islands which are almost destitute of other religious teaching he has reared buildings for the worship of God, and maintained a faithful record. With him in years of labor should be ranked Essex Wilson of Long Island, whose devotion to his people has kept the churches on this island in healthy growth. R. F. Knowles who serves the churches in the north district of the island, is of a younger generation, a man of talent and well-informed; his field of labor is one calling for extensive travel, his stations being far apart.

On Rum Cay and Watling's Island, Mr. Dorsette performs his duties as well as the means at his command allow. The people of Watling's claim that their island was the first

Touched by Columbus' Foot

and near the supposed spot they are erecting a new chapel, to which this year the visit of Mr. Bierstadt, the artist, resulted in a very handsome donation.

A leading worker, having charge of fifteen stations, is Mr. Morrison. He was the associate pastor of the late revered Rev. T. Rumer. Since his death Mr. Morrison has worked devotedly, and largely with his own hands, has built three chapels on the Island of Exuma and one on Eleuthera. Although his own home is near Nassau, most of his time is occupied in voyages to the distant islands to encourage the people among whom he has labored for thirty years.

On San Salvador Hercules Rolle has spiritually ministered for several years. He has won the affection of all the people. Since the death of Mr. Watkins, the churches received Mr. Mitchel Johnson as his successor in the north, and Jordan Rolle in charge of the south district. Both have the esteem and confidence of the churches on Andros. The island of Grand Bahama is still in charge of Rev. J. A. Hanna, another of Mr. Capern's band of workers, who is now aged and infirm.

No words can too highly bear testimony to the great self-sacrifice of these native pastors, in season and out of season; in peril by land and sea, they have done service such as God alone has known and marked. The voyages of Green, Dorsett, Morrison and Johnson are replete with incidents of escape from destruction, too familiar to be even spoken of in their letters, while the long rides of Hercules Rolle and Mr. Knowles have often resulted in temporary illness, owing to the continued exposure they endured. This year Jordan Rolle had a very narrow escape from death by shipwreck of his vessel. With such a band of workers it is possible great things may yet be done in the Bahamas.

For the illustration in this article we are indebted to the courtesy of Rev. Daniel Wilshere who has long been a Baptist missionary in the Bahamas, and also to Messrs. J. E. Ward & Co., of New York City. The picture shows the highway or approach to Granstown, in Nassau, at the point where it runs over "Government Hill." Grantstown is in the native quarter, on the outskirts of Nassau. It is one of the most picturesque parts of the island, and well known to visitors who happen to go there either for health or pleasure.

THE ANTI-GAMBLING CRUSADE.

Mr. John P. Quinn, the reformed gambler, has just concluded an eight-day's tour in the northern part of New York State, during which he spoke to large and enthusiastic audiences at Rochester, Utica, Ilion, Waterford, Rome, Frankfort and other places, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and local churches. At the meeting in Utica, which was held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, several hundred of the auditors took the anti-gambling pledge. A similar scene occurred at Rochester, where nearly 1,000 pledged themselves. At almost every one of the meetings, a number took a stand for Christ. Mr. Quinn's work has been endorsed by leading Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational Unions. All who are interested in the work, can address Mr. Quinn at Room No. 30, Times Building.

THE PROPHETIC NEWS AND ISRAEL'S WATCHMAN for December contains among other articles: The Seven Trumpets in their Veer-Day Fulfilment, by Rev. M. Baxter; National Life in the Millennium, by Rev. William Frith; Resurrection State of the Righteour, by W. Greene, Esq.; The Personal Antichrist, by C. M. G.; The Sound of Christ's Chariot Wheels, by Warrand Houghton. Price six ceets: seventy cents a year; send subscriptions to this office 92-96 Bible Hou-e, New York.

Reaching the Masses.

A Sermon to the Outcasts in a Buffalo Variety Theatre, and what Came of it.

BY REV. C. H. MEAD.

"IT was back among the seventies; times were good; money was plenty; there was ease in Zion; the preachers were smart; their sermons soothing and many of the pillars of the church were the sleepers also. The favorite hymn of many of the members in the church was:

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

But while this condition of affairs existed in the church, outside, down in the haunts of vice and misery and shame, men and women were fast going to the bad. The sound of no church bell reached their ears, a sermon was an unknown thing among them, a kind word never greeted them, a helping hand was never stretched out to them; yet the same God that made the church members made the sinners in the haunts of vice. There came to my heart one day, an earnest desire to carry to them the Gospel that was for the "whosoever" sinner and the "uttermost" outcast. An application to some of the rich church members for means to secure a hall in which services could be held was met with a refusal, on the ground that it would be like pouring water into a rat hole. So one day with a godly woman, I made my way down to Commercial Street, which in the city of Buffalo with its adjacent Canal Street is as bad as anything that can be found on the American continent. Down on Commercial Street was an old variety theatre kept by a man by the name of Humphreys. The lowest kind of performances went on night after night pandering to the depraved men and women that crowded the place to sing their bacchanalian songs and drown their misery in the cursed drink.

In the corner, just within the door, stood a bar, behind which the proprietor of the place dealt out the poison, and gathered in the nickels and the dimes from those who were already too poor for this world and bankrupted for the next. I entered the place, and going up to the big, rough-looking man behind the counter, I inquired if Mr. Humphreys was within. He roughly growled out, 'There is no such man as that here.' 'Well,' I said, 'who is the proprietor of this establishment?' and he answered 'old Humphreys.' I said, 'can I see him?' Said he, 'are you blind?' 'No,' I said. 'Well, look at me. I am old Humphreys.' 'I have come to you to see if I can secure your theatre for one evening a week during the winter' 'My theatre,' he replied, 'why I use it myself every night in the week, except Sunday nights, and I would run it then if the police would let me.' 'That is just the night I want it.' 'Want my theatre on Sunday night? You try to run it and the police will pull you.' 'I guess not, I want to come down here and talk, sing and pray and try to reach some of these poor creatures that are utterly lost.' He straightened up, gave a prolonged whistle, looked into my face and then ripping out an oath, he said, 'Do you mean it?' I said 'Of course, I mean it.' 'Well,' said he, 'you can have the theatre.' I said, 'Thank you, sir. Now what will you charge for the use of it during the winter months to light and heat it in proper shape?' 'Not one single cent!' he replied, 'and if you do not take it on those terms, you cannot have it at all.' I did not try to beat him down on his terms. The first Sunday night came, and the building was crowded, and such a congregation is seldom seem in this world. Women out of whom all good seemingly had gone, blear-eyed and debauched, and men who in impurity and indecency, were a fair match for the other sex. It was a strange sight to stand before them. But we began singing a hymn. One of the old hymns—one that has made hearts glad in all ages:

Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

We sang the first line ourselves. It seemed to wake recollections in the minds of many there. Tears began flowing down rough cheeks, then voices began to join in. It was a horrible discord, because the music had gone out of the heart, and when music is out of the heart, no melody is left in the voice. But the tears offset the discord, and as old memories grew, tears flowed faster, and music seemed to come back to hearts that had not known it for a long time. More melody was heard in the voices and before the grand old hymn was finished, there was music in that hall, and there must have been gladness among the angels in heaven. Can the masses be reached? They were reached that night, and every Sunday night that followed during the winter. One night there came into the door, a man whose hair looked as though it had not known a comb for many a month, to whom a bath-tub was almost an unknown thing, a wretched coat in rags was the only thing that covered the nakedness of the man's breast and back; a man, blear-eyed, degraded—lost. He stood leaning against the door, and then after awhile made his way up one of the aisles and was soon seated near the front. Shortly after, we began singing "Jesus Lover of My Soul," but we only got into the second line of the first verse, when the poor fellow jumped to his feet, and in a voice of pain, cried out 'in God's name, don't sing any more.' We stopped the hymn, and I said 'what is the matter?' 'Oh,' said he, 'you are killing me by your songs.' 'Killing you? How?' 'Why, that is a song my mother used to sing, I do not know how many years ago; I have lost track of time; but the song brings back to me the memory of my mother.' 'Where is your mother!' I asked. 'My mother is in heaven, while I am in perdition. I cannot stand these songs. Let me go out;' but I said, 'you must not go until we have prayed for you.' 'Pray for me?' he said, 'praying for me will do no good. Pray for these others here before they get down where I am.' He made an impassioned appeal that stirred and melted the hearts of those sinners, as no appeal from any preacher could do, and yet in that house there were scores that were as low down as he himself. By urging, at last I got the man on his knees, and we prayed and he prayed, and angels in heaven and lost sinners on earth looked on the strange sight until late in the evening the answer to the prayer came. The shackles that bound the sinner were broken, the slave became a free man, and the lost was found. That man went out from that place to sing the songs that mother sang, and when in the summer time he secured a position as captain on one of the boats on the Erie Canal, he preached the Gospel from Buffalo to New York, and back again and when the next winter his boat was laid up, in the Basin at Jersey City, he covered his boat with rough boards and there held services and preached to the lost that same Christ who had saved him. Did it pay? The members of the church still sat at ease in Zion, and sang their favorite verse and listened to the soothing sermons, and kept their dollars largely in their pockets while the work of sin went on. Can the masses be reached? Yes; when men think more of souls than they do of dollars, and more of lost sinners than they do of soft cushions in comfortable churches and soothing sermons from smart preachers.

WON BY AN EMBRACE.

A REMARKABLE old man is an inmate of a Chinese Almshouse. Mr. Orr Ewing, the missionary, met him during his recent visit to Kwang Fang, and saw something of his work. The old man told him that he was first attracted to the Jesus religion by seeing a Christian lady talking to a poor miserable old woman in the street. He watched them and saw the lady put her arm around the old woman's shoulders in a caressing way. "Ah," he said to himself, "there must be love in that religion" and so he was attracted to come and hear the Gospel, and he is now a follower of Jesus. He lives in a place supported in part by the magistrate, and in style something after the nature of an almshouse into which men are admitted, after reaching a certain age, by paying a sum of money, and I believe that food and clothing are both supplied to these privileged individuals. When it became known that our friend had embraced Christianity, the authorities sought to turn him out, but he is still an inmate. His testimony, too, has been fruitful. When one of the Bible women was visiting in the villages, she came across a friendly old woman, whom she was surprised to find knew something of the Gospel. What was more, she went on to say she could pray, and at once repeated a simple prayer in a becoming manner. The missionary was greatly astonished, and inquired who had taught her, when to her joy she found that this was the result of the faithful witnessing of the old man whom an embrace had won to Christ.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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WINTER PERILS.

IT is the winter months that ruin morally and forever many of our young men. We sit in the house on a winter's night and hear the storm raging on the outside, and imagine the helpless crafts driven on the coast. If our ears were only good enough, we could on any winter night hear the crash of a hundred moral shipwrecks. Many who came in September to town, by the first of March will have been blasted. It only takes one winter to ruin a young man. There is no season of the year in which vicious allurements are so active. In warm weather, places of dissipation win their tamest triumphs. People do not feel like going, in the hot nights of summer, among the blazing gas-lights, or breathing the fetid air of assemblages. The receipts of most grog-shops on a December night are three times what they are in any night in July or August. I doubt not there are larger audiences in the casinos in winter time than in summer weather. Iniquity plies a more profitable trade. December, January, and February are harvest months for the devil. The play-bills of the low entertainments then are more charming, the acting is more exquisite, the enthusiasm more bewitching. Many a young man who makes out to keep right the rest of the year capsizes now. When he came to town in the autumn his eye was bright, his cheek rosy, his step elastic; but before spring, as you pass him you will say to your friend, "What is the matter with that young man?" The fact is, that one winter of dissipation has done the work of ruin.

This is the season for parties, and if they are of the right kind, our social nature is improved and our spirits are cheered up. But many of them are not of the right kind, and our young people, night after night, are kept in the whirl of unhealthy excitement, until their strength fails, and their spirits are broken down, and their taste for ordinary life corrupted; and by the time the spring weather comes they are in the doctor's hands or sleeping in the cemetery.

I think many young men are slaughtered through irreligion. Take away a young man's religion, and you make him the prey of evil. We all know that the Bible is the only perfect system of morals. Now, if you want to destroy the young man's morals, take his Bible away? When you have captured his Bible, you have taken his strongest fortress; the way is comparatively clear, and all the gates of his soul are set open in invitation to the sins of earth and the sorrows of death, that they may come in and drive the stake for their encampment.

There is no class of persons who so stir my sympathies as the young men in great cities. Not quite enough salary to live on, and all the temptations that come from that deficit. Invited on all hands to drink, and their exhausted nervous system seeming to demand stimulants. Their religion caricatured by most of the clerks in the store and most of the operatives in the factory. The rapids of temptation and death rushing against the young man forty miles the hour, and he is in a frail boat headed up stream, with nothing but a broken oar to work with. Unless Almighty God help him he will go under. Ah! do not depend upon human resolution, which may be dissolved in the foam of the wine-cup, or may be blown out with the first gust of temptation. Here is the helmet, the sword of the Lord God Almighty. Clothe yourself in that panoply, and you shall not be put to confusion. Sin pays well neither in this world nor the next, but right-thinking and right-believing and acting will take you in safety through this life, and in transport through the next.

A STAR-GAZING MORAL.

ONE November night, a few years ago, there was to be a meteoric display on the most magnificent scale. Astronomical journals had excited the anticipations of the whole country. Indeed, no star ever had more inducement to shoot well than on that night, for the audience was immense—gathered at windows, on house-tops, and in observatories. The only objection we had to the bill of entertainment was that the doors opened at a very late hour, and at a time when we are usually in a very unimpressionable state of mind. We hit upon the following device. We hired, by extra inducement, the servant to sit up and watch, and, at the very first indication of restlessness on the part of the celestial bodies, to thump mightily at our dormitory. We placed our hat and shoes in places where they could immediately be found, and, before the gas went out, marked the relative position, both of hat and shoes, lest, in the excitement of rising up, we might get these articles of apparel transposed, and put on at the extremity opposite that for which hatters and bootmakers originally intended them. We slept with one eye open, and in a state of expectancy, such as one feels when he wants to take an early train, and fears that the alarm-clock is disordered.

We had fallen into our first nap when there was a loud rap at the door, and we gave a bound to the floor. The servant told us that she had seen one star that had been very uncertain in its movements, and had crossed lots, wagging a long tail of fire. We cried out: "Do not call us for just one star, but wait till they all get a-going!" We took another nap and woke up, and not hearing anything about the celestial disturbances, the wife went into see how the servant was getting on, and found her prostrate and insensible! What was the matter? Had the meteoric display taken place, and this innocent one in the wild sweep been knocked over, another victim of philosophical experiments? No! We found that she had been overcome of sleep. When roused up, she immediately spoke, thus relieving our anxiety in regard to the fatality of the occurrence, and her first words (showing the ruling passion for astronomical investigation still unimpaired) were the startling interrogation: "Have they shot?"

Do not calculate too much upon meteors. I would rather have the clear, steady shining of a morning star, than all the capers that comets cut up. Saturn or Mars are more to be depended on than these celestial vagrants. The curse of the world is its unsanctified geniuses, who go darting across the political and ecclesiastical heavens just long enough to make the nations stare, and then go out in darkness. We love brilliancy; but let it be that of a fixed star—steady, cheerful, regulated.

The moral world wants fewer comets, and more Jupiters; fewer fireflies, and more lamps; fewer Jack-o'-the-lanterns to dance the swamps, but more evening stars to cheer the world's darkness; fewer Lord Byrons, and more John Fosters. We never knew of but one meteor that went forth on a grand mission—the one that ran to stand over Bethlehem; and that got all its glory from the fact that it pointed to the Sun that never sets. Grand thing it was, if, on that night in November, in addition to a horrible cold, we caught these moral reflections.

UNDER THE SOFA.

NOT more than twenty-five miles from New York city, and not very many years ago, there stood a church in which occurred a novelty. We promised not to tell; but as we omit all names, we think ourselves warranted in writing the sketch. The sacred edifice had stood more than a hundred years, until the doors were rickety, and often stood open during the secular week. The window-glass in many places had been broken out. The shingles were off and the snow drifted in, and the congregation during a shower frequently sat under the droppings of the sanctuary. All of which would have been a matter for sympathy, had it not been for the fact that the people of the neighborhood were nearly all wealthy, and lived in large and comfortable farm-houses, making the appearance of their church a fit subject for satire.

The pulpit was giving way with the general wreck, was unpainted, and the upholstery on book-board and sofa seemed calling out with loud voice, "Any old clo'? Any old clo'?" One Sabbath, the minister felt some uneasiness under the sofa while the congregation were singing, and could not imagine the cause; but found out the next day that a maternal cat had made her nest there with her group of offspring, who entered upon mortal life amid these honorable surroundings.

We see many churches in city as well as town that need rehabilitation and reconstruction. People of a neighborhood have no right to live in houses better constructed than their church. Better touch up the fresco, and put on a new roof, and tear out the old pews which ignore the shape of a man's back, and supersede the smoky lamps by clarified kerosene or cheap gas-brackets. Lower your high pulpit that your preacher may come down from the Mont Blanc of his isolation and solitariness into the same climate of sympathy with his audience. Tear away the old sofa, ragged and spring-broken, on which the pastors of forty years have been obliged to sit, and see whether there are any cats in your antediluvian pulpit.

Would it not be well for us all to look under our church sofas and see if there be anything lurking there that we do not suspect? A cat, in all languages, has been the symbol of deceit and spitefulness, and she is more fit for an ash barrel than a pulpit. Since we heard that story of feline nativity, whenever we see a minister of religion, on some question of Christian reform, skulking behind a barrier, and crawling away into some half-and-half position on the subject of temperance or oppression, and daring not to speak out, instead of making his pulpit a height from which to hurl the truth against the enemies of God, turning it into a cowardly hiding-place, we say, "Another cat in the pulpit."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

IN THE DITCH OR OUT OF IT.

"YOU are rather blue this morning, what's the matter?"

"Don't know."

"Better see the parson; maybe he can help you."

"No, I saw him Thursday night; had a full hour's chat, but its no go—I guess I'm queer."

"No doubt about that, Ed; we all are. But your case is not too hard for God. I don't believe he wants you to go mourning around, seeking salvation for weeks, and not finding it. If I read the Bible straight it says 'Now is the day of salvation'; and that doesn't mean waiting from Thursday till Sunday, or from Thursday till any day, to find what you want."

"Yes, I know, but the fact is, I'm in the ditch. There is no use denying it. I have neither peace of mind, nor peace of heart, nor joy of life, nor anything else which I hear them say they have. These Christians are a funny set, they get hold of an intangible something and . . ."

"What are you men talking about?"

Thus spoke a tall, bright gentleman, who came across from the other side of the church, having seen Mr. George Brown and Edward Stone conversing in earnest tones together. It was at the close of the morning sermon, in the old First Church of Daxell. Edward Stone, or rather Ed. Stone, for everybody called him that, was a fine fellow of about twenty-seven. He had been a little wild in the early years of his majority; but at the close of a series of special meetings held last winter, he was missed from his usual place amongst the crowd, and sought the house of God and the prayer-meetings. He frankly told how he would like to be a Christian, and was trying the best he knew how to be one; but he found only misery in the trial.

The man who broke in on their talk, and cut Stone's sentence in two, was a warm friend of both men, and a warm Christian, too. His business kept him away from home much, and always, when in New York, where he was compelled to spend much time, he gave his leisure evenings to mission work, and so knew the quick and only remedy for sin-sick souls.

Finding out the condition of affairs, he laughed outright at Stone for trying to be a Christian.

"Trying to be a Christian! Nonsense! May as well try to be president. You are one of thousands who have gone for light to the blind; looking for San Francisco on the Atlantic coast. Why, Stone, you can no more try to be a Christian, than you can try to be an angel; and the reason you are in the ditch is because you expect the delights and enjoyments of Christian life before you are a Christian. Christian experiences are the results of Christianity, not the cause of it.

"Let me help you. There is my wife over there; ten years ago I asked her if she would take that relation. I asked her if she would be my wife. You can put this down as true; she did not say she would try. There wasn't any try about it. She couldn't try to be my wife. She said, 'Yes, I will,' and became mine. Now she gets the try in the right place, trying to be a good wife; but she never tries to be my wife. So you can try to be a good Christian, but you can never try to be one.

"God comes and asks, 'Will you be mine?' and you answer, 'Yes, I will.' Then you become his, all his. Just like my wife became mine. She gave up her own name, she gave up her home, she gave up herself. She just gave up all, and became mine, and now I take care of her. You wouldn't dare to call her Miss Jeffreys; that would be an insult to her. She would say, 'Thank you, sir, I'm not Miss Jeffreys, I'm Mrs. Dane.' Stone, flesh and blood may make a body, and body and soul make a man, but it's man and Christ that make a Christian. Not man and trying, but man and Christ; so you just quit this trying, and receive Jesus as your Lord and Master, as your Saviour, giving yourself all to him, and you will get out of this ditch of death in a hurry."

Ed. Stone saw his mistake at once. He grasped the truth of what conversion meant, and in a moment laid hold on Christ. And the preacher and some deacons coming out of the study at the other end of the church at that instant, wondered what was the matter with those three men down there in the corner, they were all as happy as children at Christmas.

Who would not be happy to get out of the ditch of sin up to the broad fields of salvation!

I wonder, dear reader, whether you are in the ditch or out of it.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The New Canadian Premier.

IN the emergency caused by the death of Sir John Macdonald and the retirement of Sir John Abbott, Canada has elevated to the Premiership Sir John S. D. Thompson, whose portrait appears on this page. This statesman is of Irish descent, and is forty-eight years of age. He was a member of the Nova Scotian bar, and attained so high a reputation that he was employed by the government to assist in the negotiations under the Washington Treaty. Subsequently he became a Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. In 1885 he was called to the larger sphere of Canadian politics by Sir John Macdonald, who appointed him Minister of Justice and Attorney-General of all Canada. While he served under that Premier, and subsequently under his successor, he was exceedingly active in legislative reform. Nearly all the statutes which have been enacted under government auspices during the past seven years have been to a large extent his work. Sir John Macdonald had implicit confidence in his judgment and, it is said, expressed the opinion before his death that Canada could find no man more worthy to place in the highest office in her gift. That office never involved responsibility so serious as at this juncture ,when so many grave questions of momentous import to the national interests of Canada are pending, with the settlement of which the new premier will have much to do. Its an office which will test the sagacity and integrity of its occupant, and, as recent events in Europe have demonstrated, the result of the test will be a blessing or a curse to the country. It may be hoped that when his work is done, he may, like the old Hebrew ruler who served his country in a critical period, be able to challenge with confidence the judgment of the people,and receive, as he did, the testimony, "Thou hast not defrauded us nor oppressed us." (1 Samuel 12:14.)

To Die in a Glass Jar.

A MAN who is living at Muskegon, Mich., has perfected an arrangement by which he hopes to demonstrate to his friends the truth of the doctrines of spiritualism,which he holds. He is ill with consumption and will probably not live many months. Three friends are solemnly pledged to remove him, when they see that his death is near at hand, to a large glass cylinder,now standing ready in his room. The cylinder is so constructed that it can be made air-tight at a moment's notice. This is to be done before the spirit leaves the body and it will, the spiritualist believes, prevent the spirit escaping. Within the cylinder, suspended with fine copper wire,are two pieces of metal, so placed that the slightest atmospheric movement will bring them together and produce an electric current. They are connected with a telegraphic instrument which will register the slightest motion of the air within the cylinder. Thus, he expects, that the spirit, released from the body,will be able to make its presence in the cylinder known to his friends by mere motion. At the end of three days, the cylinder is to be opened, the body removed, and the spirit allowed to depart. A man so near death would have displayed more sense if he had given his attention to securing through Christ the eternal happiness of his spirit, rather than to making these elaborate arrangements for registering its movements. (Eccles. 8: 8.)

An Electrical Discovery.

The chief engineer of the British telegraph service has made a discovery which will probably lead to important results. *The Spectator* says that he recently put up a wire a mile long on the coast, and another wire exactly parallel on an island three miles off. The latter was fitted with a powerful but very sensitive sounder to receive telephonic messages. Through the first wire he sent a message by a powerful telephonic generator, and it was distinctly heard on the receiver of the other wire. There was no connection between the two wires and they were separated by three miles of sea. The experiment conclusively proves that there may be telephonic communication between places unconnected by wire. What use will be made of the discovery does not yet appear, but it is evident that it opens the way to possibilities not hitherto conceived. It may even, as is suggested, point the way to the solution of the fascinating problem of communication with the planets. A generation ago the discovery would have been ridiculed as incredible. Even now, when it is accepted, it cannot be explained. Sceptics who dispute the efficacy of prayer may learn a lesson from the fact. Though we cannot explain how we can hold communication with God, we know by experience that he does hear and answer us, when we pray to him. (1. John 5: 14.)

A Bride Transferred.

A LADY visiting New York relates a curious incident which she witnessed during a recent stay in North Missouri. There was to be a wedding in the town at the house of a neighbor and the lady was among the invited guests. She arrived a few minutes before the time fixed for the ceremony and found the bride arrayed in her wedding-dress, while a number of her girl friends were with her congratulating her. Among the male guests was a young lawyer whose sombre garments and gloomy face made him conspicuous. Inquiring about him, it was learned that he had been a suitor for the hand of the lady who was to be married that evening. It was currently reported that the lady herself would have preferred him to the man she was to marry; but had yielded to the influence of her parents who preferred his rival on account of the latter's larger wealth. The hour fixed for the wedding passed, but the ceremony did not begin, as the bridegroom had not arrived. A messenger was sent for him but could not find him at his home. The bride grew nervous and her parents indignant. An hour passed and still he did not come. A relative of the bride then set out to find him and, after an absence, which seemed long to the family and the waiting guests, returned with the news that he was in a hotel grossly intoxicated. The young lawyer made his way through the guests to the expectant bride and again pleaded his cause with her and her parents. He offered to marry her there and then and, smarting under the mortification of the bridegroom's conduct, they consented and the marriage took place. What the dissipated man's feelings must have been when he recovered from his debauch and found that he had lost his bride, may be imagined. There is a danger of some falling into a similar trouble, who have been invited to the marriage supper of the Lamb. In his prophetic warnings on the subject Christ speaks of some who will say "My Lord delayeth his coming and will eat and drink with the drunken" until it is too late and they are excluded. (Matt. 24: 48, 49.)

SIR JOHN S. D. THOMPSON, PREMIER OF CANADA.

A Sleepy Man's Journey.

ONE of the patients in the Seney Hospital, Brooklyn, is trying to recover from the penalty of sleeping in the wrong place. He is a resident of Buffalo, N. Y. On December 5th, he was wandering about that city, instead of being at work. He was not quite in a condition to know his way home when he passed through the yard where the railroad freight cars stand ready for loading. The doors of one of the cars, which was partially loaded, stood open and the man thought it looked a comfortable place for a nap. He crawled in and was soon sound asleep. Before he awoke,the doors were locked, and the car was attached to a New York freight train. The jolting of the car as it rushed over the crossings woke the man and he vainly tried to make his presence known. He did not know where he was going, nor when he would be released. Whenever the train stopped he kicked and shouted but failed to attract attention. Without light, or food and with very little air he spent six days and nights. On Dec. 10, the car passed into the charge of the Coney Island Railroad Company and reached its destination at Coney Island, where it was opened. Then the man was found. He was so exhausted by his long fast and confinement that he could not stand. Some nourishment was given him and he was taken to the hospital for treatment. A similar mistake is being made by people who, forgetting that life carries them swiftly onward, are making this world their rest and not seeking an entrance into the eternal "rest that remaineth for the people of God." (Heb. 4: 9.)

A Train Saved by a Girl.

A TRAVELLER who arrived at Tacoma, Wash., on December 8th, tells the story of the narrow escape of a train from destruction. He says that he made the journey from San Francisco over the Southern Pacific Road. On reaching a place known as Cow Creek Canon, about fifty miles north of the California line, the train was brought to a sudden stop. The line at that point crosses the high rocky gorge on a trestle, and the stoppage was made at the south end of the trestle. Over an hour's delay occurred during which the passengers learned the cause of the halt. The engineer had run the speed up to forty miles an hour when he saw a girl standing at the end of the trestle ahead of him, frantically waving a lantern. At first he thought some one was playing a joke at his expense, but knowing that the place was not a good one to take risks, he shut off steam and applied the air-brakes. When the train was stopped the girl came to his cab and told him that she and other young people were going home from a party, and in crossing the trestle saw that some mischievous person had removed a rail and a section of the guard from the track. Her friends went to the nearest station to notify the officials, but she remained at the trestle with the lantern to warn any train that might approach. An examination of the place showed that if the train had not been stopped it must have rushed over the side of the trestle into the deep rocky canon below, and probably not one of the two hundred and fifty passengers on board would have survived. The passengers were grateful to the girl when they heard the facts and subscribed for a present to her, but she had gone home when her work was done and her name could not be ascertained. It is work such as she did that is being done by Christian workers though not always with so much success. They are trying by earnest warning to save men from going down into the pit. (Ezek. 33: 9.)

Undelivered Mail.

IN the annual report of the General Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service,just published, the statement is made that the number of pieces of mail matter which could not be delivered during the year was no less than 9,316,502. In nearly all cases the failure was due to the ignorance or carelessness of the senders who had put on insufficient, incorrect or illegible addresses. In nearly half the cases the letters could be traced to the senders and were returned to them for correction; but with respect to the others there was no clue to the sender and they remained in the Dead Letter Office. Doubtless,many of these letter writers blamed the Post Office Department when,getting no answer to their letters,they discovered that they had not been delivered, while the fault was theirs in not observing the conditions of correspondence. Many of the people that complain that they get no answers to their prayers might discover the reason in a similar neglect on their part. God has explicitly defined the conditions on which alone he will answer prayer. One of those conditions is often evaded in spite of warning to him who violates it, "Let not that man think he shall receive anything of the Lord." (James 1: 6-7.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Presbytery of Chicago has voted disapproval of the Committee's Revision of the Confession of Faith by 35 to 18.

Rev. Thomas Harrison, the famous evangelist,has arranged to conduct a series of services in Jane Street M. E. Church, New York. They will commence with a great watch-night service on Saturday next, Dec. 31.

The famous old Protestant Episcopal Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York, is at last clear of debt. When Dr. D. Parker Morgan became rector recently there was a debt of $190,000 on the building. It has been cleared off in a phenomenally short time.

Rev. C. H. Yatman is having a busy time in New York. Every day he conducts the Business Men's Noonday Prayer Meeting at the old John Street Church, and preaches in the afternoon and evening at the Scotch Presbyterian Church and on Sunday preaches in the Union Square Theatre.

A rally of the friends of the veterans of the late war, under the auspices of the Grand Army Mission was held at Chickering Hall, New York, on Dec. 17th. Gen. Horace Porter, Gen. O. O. Howard, Col. Loveland and other distinguished officers testified to the benefits derived from the mission and from the payment of the pensioners' cheques which is done every quarter at the Mission by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, late of Bethany Church, Philadelphia, is holding revival services at Lincoln, Neb. Very thorough preparation was made for the work throughout the city. Meetings to pray for God's blessing on the effort were held in the Congregational, Lutheran, Baptist and Methodist churches all through the two weeks previous to Mr. Chapman's arrival. Great hopes are entertained of a large ingathering of souls.

We are glad to announce the success of Dr. George D. Dowkontt's effort to secure the necessary authority from the Board of Regents of the University of New York to establish a Missionary School of Medicine. This authority will be of material assistance to him in the work he has so long conducted in the face of formidable obstacles. The good doctor deserves our congratulations. New York also may be congratulated as she will now have the first institution of this kind in the world.

Dr. L. W. Munhall had a memorable day at Dayton, Ohio,on Dec. 11. It was the third Sunday in the series of united services he is holding in that city. No less than eighty-nine men filled in and signed the cards of solemn confession and dedication after Dr. Munhall had explained to them the significance of the act and the serious obligation it involved. That scene was witnessed at the afternoon meeting for men only in Grace M. E. Church. At the evening meeting in the First Presbyterian Church there was a similar outpouring of the Spirit. The *Dayton Daily Journal* says that the city has never seen such a deep religious movement as this in all its history.

Tello D'Apery, the boy editor of the bright magazine *The Sunny Hour* and the founder of the Barefoot Mission was able on Monday last to have a large Christmas tree for his barefoot friends. He has given away many shoes and stockings with the profits of his magazine since it was started some four years ago, but those articles wear out, and besides, there are other little bare feet appearing on the streets continually, which need a covering until the owners can earn money to provide it for themselves. Tello's friends helped him to furnish the Christmas tree with the foot gear, but they and he together could not do as much as needs doing in that line. Any of our readers who may wish to enjoy the pleasure of helping him in his good work may send a postal order to him at 18 West 14th Street, New York

Another party of missionaries sailed from New York on December 14th under the auspices of the International Missionary Alliance, of which Rev. A. B. Simpson is president. The party comprised nineteen adults and seven children who are going to India. Besides these, four others are on their way to China, and two to Japan, making in all twenty-five adult missionaries whom this Society has sent out within a few days. The India party will go to Acola in the Province of Berar where the Alliance has a training institute under the charge of Rev. M. B. Fuller. They will remain there for some time studying the language, etc., and then separate to the various fields where their services may be needed. This party will raise the number of missionaries the Alliance has in the Province to forty-four.

THE INCARNATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

A Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, last Sunday, December 25th, 1892, by Dr. R. S. MacArthur.

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." John 1 : 14.

E celebrate to-day the birth festival of our Lord. Special interest attaches to the occasion because, according to the traditional date this is the exact anniversary of his birth. The incarnation of Christ is the central thought in the history of this world. It is the event around which all other events revolve in smaller or larger circles. All the great facts of history previous to his coming had reference to his advent; all the events since look back to that advent as the beginning of a new era. All lines of previous history converged to his manger and his cross; all lines since have radiated from these two epochal events. His birth was the beginning not only of a new era, but of a new race; the observance of that birth is still the jubilee of the race. The incarnation of the Son of God was an object of interest to angels and to all the heavenly host. They followed him with solo and choral song as he left the bosom of the Father to become the child of Mary in the manger at Bethlehem. This festival still continues to be the most joyous festival of the Church; it makes the joy of childhood more joyous, and it lightens the burdens of age and sorrow with its tender memories and its triumphant prophecies. In the chill of mid-winter in northern climes it kindles a fire of hope and joy in every heart and in every home. It is prophetic of the golden age when

Christ Shall Come Again;

evil shall be overthrown; and when the song of a redeemed humanity shall sweep over the universe as the song of celestial choirs echoed over the plains of Bethlehem. By the gifts which characterize this season we commemorate God's great gift, the unspeakable gift of his Son, to a world lost in sin and wandering in darkness. No one can rightly estimate the blessings which flow every year to all classes and conditions of men from the tender memories and gentle charities called forth by the remembrance of the Holy Child, Jesus.

The introduction of the feast in Antioch is placed about the year 380; in Alexandria about 430. Dionysius, the Small, a Scythian by birth and an abbot in Rome in the year A. D. 526, fixed the birth of Christ in the 754th year of Rome, but all scholars know that he was in error by at least four years in this computation, although it is the one from which we still usually reckon. We know that Jesus was born before the death of Herod, the Great; we know also that Herod died about the first of April in the year 750 of Rome. An eclipse of the moon which occurred a little before his death definitely fixes this date. Astronomical calculation fixes the 12th or 13th of March in the year 750 of Rome as the date of this eclipse. We thus see that our Lord must have been born at least four years earlier than the date commonly accepted as the beginning of the Christian era. His birth must have occurred some little time before the death of Herod in order to give space for the visit of the wise men, for the slaughter of the infants, and for the flight into Egypt. It is not too much to say that in all probability the birth occurred nearly five years before the date usually given; so that this onght to be 1896 or 1897 rather than 1892. There is no doubt but that the selection of the 25th of December was largely governed by the existence of heathen festivals about that season of the year.

The Christmas Observance

was a transfiguration of such heathen festivals as Saturnalia, Juvenalia and Brumalia. These were observed in the month of December to commemorate "the golden age of universal freedom and equality in honor of the unconquered sun." They were great holidays for children, for the poor and for slaves. It seems certain that God did not intend that we should know definitely the day, the month, or even the year of our Lord's birth. Had it been important that we should know, doubtless the facts would have been revealed. There was danger that we should attach undue importance to these merely historic dates; it was important that we should not know Christ simply after the flesh.

Perhaps there is a deep spiritual significance in the transformation of these heathen festivals. There was in them notwithstanding their sensual abuses what has been called an unconscious prophecy of Christian truth; there was a sweet significance in the symbolic reference to the turning of the sun after the 25th of December and his beginning of a new career as illustrative of the birth of Christ as the Sun of Righteousness and the Light of the World. Some writers trace the institution of this festival to the Emperor Commodus at the close of the second century; there are even proofs of its observance in the reign of Diocletian 284–305, who, while keeping court at Nicomedia, closed the doors of a church in which Christians were celebrating the birthday of their Lord, set the building on fire and caused all the worshippers to perish in the flames. But doubt must attach to this date as illustrative of a general observance of the Christian festival.

On former occasions I have gone into these historic allusions at considerable length, but this year I have mentioned them only thus far in order to answer questions that have been addressed to me regarding the questions involved. On some former occasions I have told with fulness of detail the story of our Lord's birth; this year I have selected this passage from the Evangelist John, and shall not speak at length of the narrative, but rather of the truths which grow out of the marvelous historic fact.

A Suggestive Title.

1. The title here given to our Lord is worthy of the most careful consideration. He is known in the New Testament by a great variety of titles; the number being over one hundred. These titles are not accidental; each only voices a great truth; each only brings out some new element of his character or some interesting fact in his prophetic and actual history. Volumes might be written on the beauty, appropriateness and significance of these divinely given names. Other names are yet to be given to our divine Redeemer as we are clearly taught in the Book of Revelation. There are to be still more gracious revelations of the character and history of our Lord when his people are to be admitted to his immediate presence. New and still more gracious names are to be given to the once meek and lowly son of Mary. The title here given is profoundly significant. It occurs in the first verse of this chapter. This verse is the great proof text of our Lord's divinity. It carries us at once beyond time and into eternity. Well has the Apostle John been represented in symbol as astride the eagle, for while other evangelists begin the history of Christ with Abraham or Adam he sweeps back beyond time and created beings to the very bosom of the eternal God. We are not surprised that this passage of Scripture has been violently attacked; its teaching is too plain to be misunderstood, and its testimony to the essential divinity of the Lord, too emphatic to be discredited.

The Heathen Idea.

Many ancient heathen philosophers spoke of God as existing in himself and also of his revealing himself in his words and in his works. The idea of the incarnation as a revelation and enfleshment of the deity was not unfamiliar to the minds of heathen philosophers. Their conceptions in this regard were anticipations and prophecies of the more central fact of divinity and humanity revealed in the birth of Jesus Christ. The possibility of the incarnation of the deity was a favorite theory of the Platonic school; the idea of God as a *logos*, word, as a *nous*, a divine intelligence, was a familiar thought with the disciples of that school, and to this *logos* or *nous* the act of creation was ascribed. Some philosophers even called this *logos* or *nous* a second God. We know also that this twofold aspect of God found place in some of the Jewish writings, which were under the influence of this neo-Platonic philosophy.

As the spoken word represents our thought so Jesus Christ represents the thought of God. God had great thoughts of love toward the wayward sons of men. These thoughts must find some more expressive form of revelation than creation. Creation revealed God's hand; but the incarnation reveals God's heart. Christ was the embodiment of God's thought of love. Christ was God's name, Christ was God. Only thus could God make himself known to men, so that they could see him, handle him and under a visible form give him their affection and adoration. God the Father is a spirit and cannot be visibly represented to us except in the person of his Son and our Lord, Jesus Christ. It thus came to pass that Christ could say unto Philip, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." We rejoice in this title of Jesus Christ—the Word. The thought of love in the bosom of the Father never found such full, sweet and fatherly expression as when it became the Word. Our thoughts of life become tenderer and stronger when they are expressed. May we not reverentially assume to affirm that even God's thoughts of everlasting love toward the children of men, so long unspoken and unspeakable in all their fullness, became stronger and sweeter when they were voiced in the person of him, who was the eternal Word? Oh sweet and blessed word of love, Oh holy and divine Son, who is the embodiment of eternal love, Jesus Christ the incarnate Word of God.

The Divine in the Human.

2. This truth is taught us with great fullness in the text when we read "was made flesh." The more literal translation is "became flesh." Its literal rendering suggests an important truth regarding the pre-existence of our Lord and suggests the process of the incarnation. It is important that we should go to the very heart of the word that is here used, as it teaches a transition from one state of existence to another. It is not the verb that is employed in the first verse, the mere verb of existence, and which there is properly translated "was" but the verb meaning "to become." Of course we understand that the word flesh is here a figurative expression denoting Christ's human nature in contra-distinction to the pre-existing and divine Logos. It is of God as the divine Logos that the incarnation is affirmed. He is not changed simply into a man, for we are told in other Scripture that "In him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." There was in the incarnation a mysterious union of divinity with humanity; the incarnate Word was the God-man, having two natures mysteriously united in one personality. We are carried at once back to the first verse which affirms the divinity, and all between might be regarded as parenthetical, while here the humanity of the Lord is as emphatically declared as there his divinity is emphasized. This clause in the text is therefore co-ordinate with the first verse. The first to the fourteenth verse therefore give us with equal clearness the affirmations alike of divinity and humanity. On the teachings of these Scriptures we can securely rest our faith in Christ as both man and God; to deny the existence of his human soul is as erroneous as to deny the existence of his divine nature

The Two Natures.

We have, therefore, here emphatically taught the stupendous truth of the enfleshment of the Eternal Word. This truth is implied in the tenth verse of this chapter; but in the text it is reaffirmed, and we are plainly told that he took a human body. We mean by the incarnation that the Lord Jesus became a real man. The incarnation thus implied his previous existence. Both these implications are in harmony with Heb. 2: 14 where we have the words, "As the children are partakers of flesh and blood he also himself likewise took part of the same." There are other passages such as Phil. 2:6; II. Cor. 8:9, and still other passages teaching the same truth. There is here such a union of the divine and the human that the incarnate God is truly God and truly man united in one glorious personality.

This doctrine was not unknown as we have already seen among heathen nations in that early day; it is not unknown among heathen nations in our day. The Hindoos teach that there have been several incarnations of the Deity for the salvation of the lost and miserable race. In the writings of Chinese philosophers and theologians as well as in those of Zoroaster there are suggestions, anticipations and prophecies of this sublime truth of Christianity. The ancient Greeks and Romans had the idea with great fulness of detail, although with ridiculous associations of Deity and humanity. Homer and Virgil constantly described the intimate relations of gods in converse with men. But all these dim and

Vague Beliefs

of uninspired writers come forth in symmetry, beauty and glory in the person of Jesus Christ, and in the revelations of the New Testament. The humanity of our Lord is a doctrine which answers the deepest longings and realizes the highest hopes of humanity. The broken heart of our race cries out for God. Humanity groans because of its orphaned condition when separated from God as the divine Father. Philip expressed a desire as universal as it is plaintive when he said, "Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us." Jesus expressed to him a truth as comforting and inspiring as it was human and divine when he said, "he that hath seen me hath seen the Father." We must exalt this doctrine of the incarnation, the doctrine of the perfect humanity of our Lord. On the side of his humanity he comes most tenderly near our sorrowing hearts. He shared our woes, he mingled his tears with those who wept, he rejoiced with those who rejoiced. We need a Saviour so near us that he can sympathize with all our griefs; we need a Saviour so far above us that he can grant us his assistance and call forth our adoration. We need a Saviour who is both human and divine; we need, in a word, such a Saviour as we have in our glorious Lord and Redeemer, Jesus Christ. In him the highest philosophy and the lowliest faith sweetly blend; in him the dreams of the ages and the yearnings of all hearts find their sweet realization. Jesus Christ is the desire of all nations.. To-day we take up the song of the angels and chant once more with glad hearts and tuneful voices, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men." To-day we stand over the cradle where lies the infant Jesus; to-day childhood is honored, motherhood is glorified, poverty is beautified, and humanity is divinized. O blessed child of the manger and still Ancient of Days. O blessed Son of Mary and still Son of God, at thy feet with wondering shepherds and adoring magi we bow in lowliest reverence, we give thee the homage of our hearts, on thy brow we place the crown of human divinity and of divine humanity.

Tabernacling Amongst Us.

3. There are many evidences of the reality of the incarnation. One evidence was that Jesus Christ dwelt among the apostles and others in daily fellowship. He ate, drank and slept in close association with his disciples. He was with them in familiar intercourse for thirty years or more. They saw him for a time daily in varied circumstances and conditions. It was quite impossible that they could have been deceived as to the reality of his humanity. As a result the apostle John writing years after the incarnation, crucifixion and ascension, says "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of life." In a spirit of humility the apostle omits the name and character of our Lord in this reference; but his description is so minute as to leave no doubt as to the reference and his own conviction. At the time he wrote his epistle there were reasons why he emphasized the humanity of his Lord. As we have already suggested there were at that time those who denied this blessed truth. It was therefore incumbent upon the apostle in writing this epistle that he should give no uncertain sound regarding so precious and essential a doctrine. He affirms here as the result of long familiarity what is taught so conclusively and sublimely in his epistle. He was with Christ during all of his ministry; he has recorded more of the Lord's sayings than either of the other evangelists. He assures us here that he speaks as the result of long and close

Familiarity with God,

who was the Word and became flesh. He had learned in this way how to confirm beyond all doubt his faith alike in the humanity and divinity of his Lord. He had the testimony of his own eyes, of his own hands, and of all his senses. There could not have been in his case any optical illusion. He had the opportunity of the most careful personal scrutiny. He was thus able effectually to oppose the teachings of the Docetæ, that Christ was a man only in appearance and not in reality.

It is interesting to note the meaning of the word translated in our version "dwelt," it is literally sojourned, tabernacled, or tented among them. The word beautifully illustrates the fact that heaven was his proper and permanent dwelling place, and that this earth was only his temporary abode for the accomplishment of a special mission. The very word here used while suggesting the familiarity of our Lord's association with his disciples teaches at the same time the great truth that his incarnation was real, and that he lived in a veritable body while among men. Doubtless he had frequently tented among men for special purposes and for brief periods. There was an incarnation when the glorious personage spoken of as an angel met Abraham, the father of the faithful; when the unknown Stranger wrestled with Jacob on the banks of the brook Jabbok; when the same mysterious One appeared to Moses in the burning bush; when as the captain of the Lord's hosts he came mysteriously and sublimely to Joshua near Gilgal, and when he appeared to Gideon threshing wheat by the wine-press. In this latter case it is distinctly said "Jehovah looked upon him." The Son of God honored the world with frequent temporary incarnations before the child of Mary in the manger at Bethlehem. The Jehovah of the Old Testament is the Jesus of the New Testament. All the followers of Christ

may rejoice with the disciples and apostles that Jesus tabernacled among men. In the grand cousummation of the highest glory of the redeemed Church will be that "The tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God." Rev. 21: 3.

His Glory Manifested.

4. The Apostle John with the other disciples clearly beheld the glory of Jesus Christ, and this glory was not in the imagination, but was the subject of testimony by an eye witness. John had witnessed many displays of Christ's glory. At the marriage in Cana of Galilee we are told of Christ that he "manifested forth his glory." His glory was often displayed also in his miracles and in his teachings, but its grandest display during his earthly sojourn was on the occasion of his transfiguration, and the Apostle John was one of the witnesses who beheld that manifestation. His glory was near also in his crucifixion, his resurrection and his ascension. The Apostle John could not forget these sublime displays of his inherent and divine splendor, glory and power. As the only Begotten of the Father he was full of grace and truth. This term is applied only to Jesus and applied no fewer than five times by the Apostle John. He was pre-eminently the Son of God. A true believer is a son by adoption; but Jesus Christ was the Son by inheritance. The term implies also that he was peculiarly dear to God. God grant that he may be enthroned in our hearts, that he may now be born in our souls as our Lord and Redeemer. God forbid that there should be no room for him in our hearts as there was no room for him in the inn at Bethlehem. Except he be born in each of us, we cannot be born again in God.

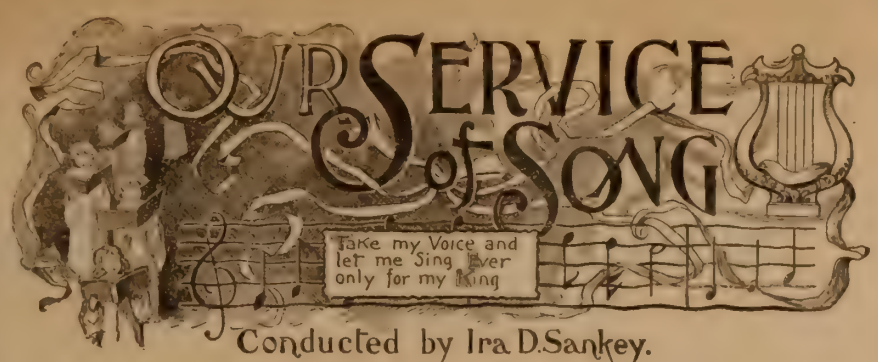
The Lessons.

The mystery of the birth of our Lord explains the mystery of his life. No stream can rise higher than its source, but a stream can rise as high as its source. The stream of his life swept through the world and rose above it ascending higher and higher until it reached the very bosom of God. Never before, never since was such a life lived. Only once did the plant of humanity blossom and bloom into a perfect flower. How can we explain the purity, nobility and divinity of this life if we deny the divinity of its origin? As students of history and humanity we are bound to account for Jesus Christ. We can account for Caesar, Napoleon, Grant, and other great men. But we affirm without fear of contradiction that if we deny the divinity of Christ we cannot explain the humanity of Christ. From the exaltation and uniqueness of his humanity we are driven back to belief in his divinity. If a man ever was sceptical it would be easier for him to account for our Lord's life by admitting the divinity of its origin, than to attempt to explain that life on any other supposition. Only as we find its origin in the bosom of God can we explain its exaltation to the bosom of God; only as we accept the mystery of the birth can we find the solution of

The Mystery of the Life;

only as we admit the uniqueness of the cradle can we explain the cross, the grave and the crown. We learn also that our Lord came on a glorious mission; he came to seek and save that which was lost. In accomplishing this grander mission he robbed poverty of its reproach; gave us illustrations of true greatness; filled the world with joy; taught the lesson of good will toward all men and glorified childhood and motherhood. His was the most sublime mission that the world has ever known. Man was lost and terribly lost; Christ came gloriously to save the lost. There is none too low for the reach of his mighty and gentle hand; there is none too foul to be washed whiter than snow in his precious blood. His people must repeat his mission, going after the lost and telling them of him who is mighty to save.

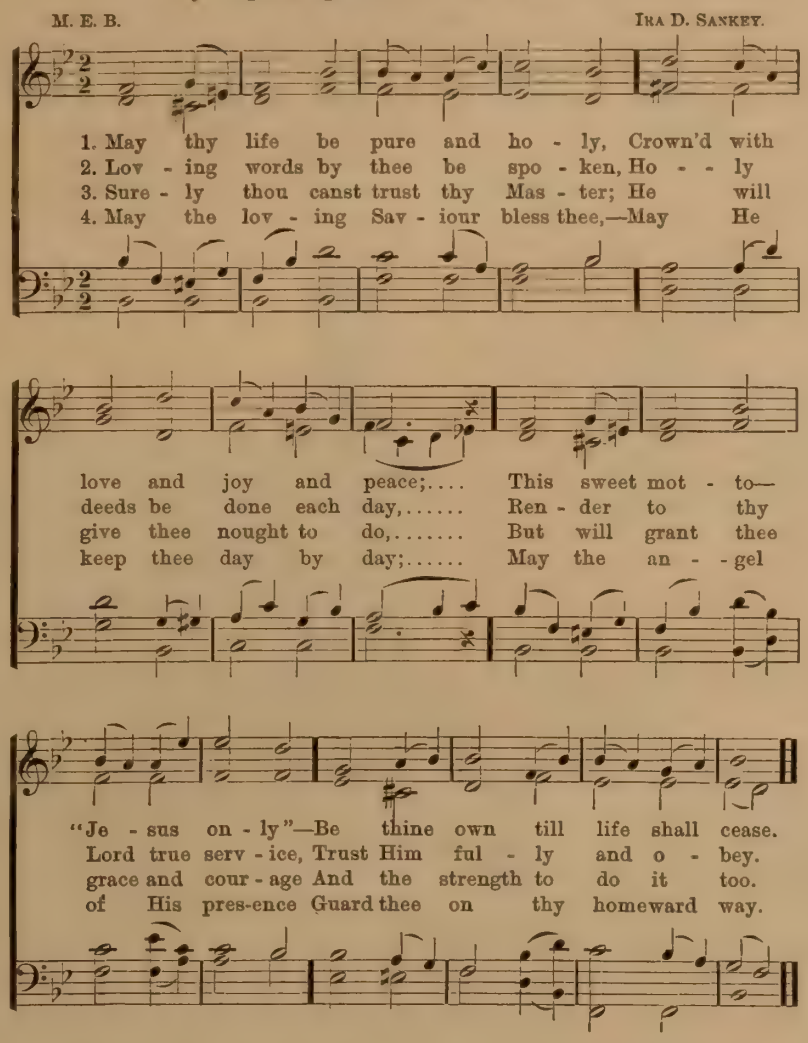
We learn also that we must make room for Jesus. There must be room for him to-day in your offices, your stores, your homes, your hearts. Oh make room now for Jesus Christ! Have you hitherto shut him out; have you hitherto refused to listen when he has knocked at the door of your heart? He became a man that he might redeem men, women and children. He took not upon him the nature of angels, but of the lost children of Adam. He inserted himself into our race at its lowest and weakest point. He put himself beneath it that he might lift it out of sin and sorrow into the sunshine of holiness and heaven. He is to come again in power and great glory. Those who pierced him shall then mourn because of him; they shall shrink from the splendor of his glory. Oh receive him to-day and then shall we sing with fuller meaning than angels knew: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men."



Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

My Prayer for Thee.

M. E. B. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. May thy life be pure and ho - ly, Crown'd with
2. Lov - ing words by thee be spo - ken, Ho - - ly
3. Sure - ly thou canst trust thy Mas - ter; He will
4. May the lov - ing Sav - iour bless thee,—May He
love and joy and peace;.... This sweet mot - to—
deeds be done each day,..... Ren - der to thy
give thee nought to do,..... But will grant thee
keep thee day by day;..... May the an - - gel
"Je - sus on - ly"—Be thine own till life shall cease.
Lord true serv - ice, Trust Him ful - ly and o - bey.
grace and cour - age And the strength to do it too.
of His pres-ence Guard thee on thy homeward way.

5 Lean thy whole weight on thy Saviour,
Cling to His dear, loving hand;
Very gently may He lead thee
To the bright and better land.

6 Look to Him in days of darkness
As Thy Helper, Friend, and Guide:
Jesus never, never faileth;
Trust in Him whate'er betide.

7 When the evening shadows lengthen,
At the close of life's short day,
May His presence cheer and comfort,
May He be thy strength and stay.

8 What is better than His blessing?
What is sweeter than His care?
O may these be thine for ever
Is my earnest, heartfelt prayer.

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THE MEASURE OF DUTY.

"Such as I have give I thee." Acts 3: 6.

(Written for "The Christian Herald.")

"SUCH as I have," said one of old,
As before him the lame man lay;
He could not give him silver or gold,
But "arise and walk" he could say.

"Such as I have," the widow thought
And her mites did freely give;
And others that fervent spirit have caught,
And for God have been led to live.

"Such as I have," a little word,
If spoken in accents of love,
Peradventure, may reach some heart,
And save it for heaven above.

"Such as I have," in any sphere,
Is all God gives as a task;
And "hast thou been faithful" while laboring here,
Is all that the Master will ask.

West Rosendale, Wis. —REV. L. L. SOWLES,
Pastor, Free Baptist Church.

RICH IN WHAT?

RICH in grace; O Saviour, make me,
Grace to help in time of need;
Rich in patience when afflicted,
Rich in many a noble deed;
Rich in life of consecration
To the service of my Lord;
Rich in growth and ripe fruition,
Rich in knowledge of thy word.

Rich in faith in thee, my Saviour,
Faith to drive all doubt away;
Rich in love to my Creator,
And to man, though gone astray;
Rich in hope of reaching heaven,
Though oft cast in deep despair;
Rich in fullness of experience
Of one born to be an heir.

Rich in joy, O Saviour, make me,
Scattering sunshine all around;
Rich in purity of purpose,
Rich in soul may I be found;
Rich in comfort for the mourner,
Rich in pardon for all sin;
Rich in time and rich forever,
For God's kingdom is within.

—W. B. WILLIAMS.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

R. V. Taylor, Taylor's Chapel, Tenn. Eliza Cook wrote "The Old Arm Chair."

D. L. R., Jersey City, N. J. The nineteenth century ends and the twentieth begins precisely at midnight, January 1, 1901.

S. Leonard, West Millgrove, O. See a full description of the traditional Calvary in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Nov. 9.

M. J. M., Meadville, Pa. By sending $3.50 you can get an Oxford Teachers' Bible in nonpareil type. You can arrange to have THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent to yourself and the Bible to another person, if you wish. Please be careful to send addresses in full.

Estelle Stanley, Damascus, O. 1. To come. 2. A pause in music. 3. Send three new full paid subscribers at $1.50 each and we will send you the Oxford Bible.—Subscriber, Keokuk, Ia. Dr Talmage is a Presbyterian.—M. A. Grave, Whitefield, Vt. We don't know.—Mrs. K. Armstrong, Ludlow, Ky. 1. See a Bible Encyclopedia. 2. Milton's *Paradise Lost* has the fullest.—Mrs. A. L. Smith, Columbus, Wis. The sooner he is taught to depend upon himself the better.

Henry N. Snavely, Rohrerstown, Pa. Satan is called a murderer from the beginning, (John 8: 44.) What does it mean?

He tempted Cain to slay his brother, Abel.

John English, Philadelphia. Where can I get some banana flour, similar to that sent by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to Russia on the *Leo*, last summer?

Write to Francis J. Geis, Produce Exchange, New York.

C. A. Pruett, Reagan, Texas. Is it right for a church member to play cards and take buggy rides Sunday evenings?

It is decidedly wrong to do either. We are surprised at receiving such a question.

Wm. M. Claggett, Carthage, Ill. How can I get one of the Palestine Cabinets? I would like very much to have one.

We have a small number of these beautiful Palestine Cabinets left, and will forward one to any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who sends $1 to the publisher.

Subscriber, Unionville, Conn. Will $2 sent now by those who wish the Bible and whose subscriptions are not near the time of expiration, be credited as a renewal of the present subscription, to start from its close and continue one year from that date?

Yes; in all such cases, the subscription will be extended one year from the actual date of expiration. Thus: a subscriber whose paper is paid for until next June, and who sends $2 now, will receive the Oxford Teachers' Bible at once and will have his CHRISTIAN HERALD subscription extended till June, 1894.

Annie L. Copper, Chestertown, Md. Was Socrates a suicide?

No; he was indicted, and was tried by a jury numbering over 500 persons for the crime of not worshipping the Athenian gods, and for "corrupting the youth" by teaching them new philosophies. Being convicted, he was sentenced to death, and himself placed the cup containing the the fatal draught of hemlock to his lips. Far from being a suicide, he was rather a martyr for truth and progress.

J. J. A., Nyack, N. Y. 1. Is it right for a Christian to own stock in any railroad or car company, or any company that compels its men to work on Sunday? 2. Is it right for a man to compel his coachman to wait outside of church on Sunday during service, depriving him of the pleasure of attending church?

1. It is inconsistent with the Christian character to make merchandise of the Lord's Day in any way whatsoever. 2. Such a thing is inexcusable in most cases. Yet it is by no means uncommon at fashionable churches in large cities.

J. M. When was Peter converted?

We have no record of the period in Peter's life when the change took place. It may have been when he left all to follow Christ. His doing so was stronger evidence of conversion than some converts now would give. Or it may have been when he confessed Christ and was commended for it (Matt. 16: 17). In the passage which has probably prompted your question (Luke 22: 32) the word is better translated "restored" or "turned again" than "converted."

J. C. G. 1. Why did Saul change his name to Paul? 2. Can any one be a true Christian without uniting with the church?

1. It was not an unusual thing for one on being baptized to a new religion, to assume a new name. When Ananias baptized Saul at Damascus he gave him a new name. 2. We can conceive of circumstances in which that may be. One may live remote from church connection. A true Christian will recognize the duty of identifying himself with the Church, wherever possible. (See Matt. 10: 32 and Luke 9: 26.)

THE TIME OF THE ADVENT.

Events to Occur Seven Years Previous which will Clearly Indicate its Advent.*

BIBLICAL teaching distinctly evidences that Christ's second coming is divided into two stages: the first, where he descends to the air only, before the great tribulation; the dead in Christ arising first, "then we which are alive at his coming shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord." The second portion, after this time of trouble, when he comes in the clouds of heaven, every eye shall see him, and all the tribes of the earth shall mourn when they behold him coming with the wise virgins and resurrected believers, "to the earth," to take vengeance on wickedness, and rule the whole world from Jerusalem, through the millennium.

Here, it seems to the writer, lies the secret, and the explanation of that remarkable passage, "No man knoweth the day nor the hour," which is constantly upheld as a conclusive argument that Christians shall not know the day or the hour.

It is neither possible nor probable, that we cannot discern the day and the hour, when he comes to the earth, because from the moment that Antichrist makes a compact with the Jews, for "one week" or seven years, after the ten kingdoms of Daniel and Revelation are formed out of the territories of the old Eastern and Western Roman empires, every prophetic student knows that from that date to the Saviour's descent on the earth, with the "chosen, the faithful and true," will be seven years, and neither more or less. They are now aware that when such a compact takes place, it is the last week of Daniel's prophecy of the 70 weeks, therefore the result is sure. It is the last week of years, of this æon. Again, such a compact with the returned Jews will prove the truth of Prof. Totten's calculations, as to exact dates.

If a treaty does not come to pass within a certain time, he is in error, but even such an event would not prove the Saviour's return distant, for the "signs of the times" assert that such a week is near, or here. I am firmly of the opinion that the chronology is correct, and that great events and mighty wars in Europe will take place; the ten kingdoms will be formed out of the present twenty or more, and having entered upon this week of years, the real midnight cry will break forth soon after; and all Christians will then become alive to the fact by sight that these ten vast and anti-christian kingdoms have arisen, while students of prophecy will know them to be prophetic.

Again, when the times of the Gentiles are fulfilled, Israel and Judah return, and are ruled over by Christ, as shown in a previous chapter. Totten finds their termination synchronous with all the other dates, for the first time, in his history of the prophetic chronologies. The ending of these times means the Saviour's advent to earth, for the reason—"In his days Judah shall be saved and Israel shall dwell safely."

The 6,000 years soli-lunar calculation comes to an end in the same year. The seventh thousandth has always been considered the Sabbath of the earth, under God's direct government.

All these demonstrations go to prove that the day and hour of the Lord's advent to earth may be, and is certainly to be known to Bible searchers in the "last days." But the day and the hour of his coming in the air, is not so sure in forecast, as the former; and here, the Saviour's declaration that "no man knoweth" may apply though there are reasons to be given later, which testify to the probability that this day and hour will be made manifest to those who are watching for his coming.

In regard to the knowledge of the day and the hour of Parousia, or first portion of the advent, the Saviour says: "No man knoweth," not, no man shall know; and further tells us that "When you see these things begin to come to pass, then know that it is near, even at the doors." What things? Why the wars and rumors; nation rising against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; famines, pestilences and earthquakes; false Christs; the Gospel preached as a witness to all nations, etc. Also of himself he said, not only "no man knoweth," but also "neither the Son, but the Father." When the Saviour spoke this sentence, he was in the form of a servant and was subject to all the limitations to which man is subject; therefore as the Son of man he did not know the day or the hour.

* From *Impending Judgments on the Earth*, by Dr. B. O. Kinnear, an able work on the Prophecies showing which are yet to be fulfilled and how we may know for a certainty when the final consummation is near at hand. Pp. 265; price $1. May be obtained from Dr. B. O. Kinnear, 21 W. 34th St., N. Y.

DUTY.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Jan. 8, 1893. Ezra 3: 4; Eph. 6: 6-8.

DUTY is a small word, but its import is boundless. It comprises the manifold obligations of life in their ever widening circles. It is the law of a man's relation to his own being, to his family, to society, to the state, to the world and to God. It is individual law, involving individual responsibility. It is not concerned with the crowd, or with custom, or fashion, but demands of the individual that he obey or bear the penalty of disobedience. To every man is given in the conscience a director and a judge in this matter. And even as to the conscience he has a duty to perform. The conscience must be enlightened, must be elevated by the study of God's law, and must be kept free from the obliquity which comes from the world's maxims. It must not be hoodwinked, or bribed, or defied. The light within the man must burn clearly or he will mistake his path; and he must follow the path indicated or the light will cease to shine. It is not a general matter, or one of long range, but one of detail and constant exercise. The small duties of daily life are those which test the character. The duty near at hand, conscientiously performed, is the stepping-stone to higher and more honorable duty. "Do the duty which lies nearest thee," said the greatest of our modern philosophers, "that which thou knowest to be a duty. Thy second duty will already have become clearer." Its laws are of universal application. The humblest laborer has his duties as binding upon him as are those of the greatest statesman. None can escape from the responsibility of doing what he ought to do in the circumstances in which he is placed whatever they may be. It is an obligation which cannot be avoided, being as the word implies *what is due* from a man as a debt which he cannot repudiate without dishonor; but its faithful discharge is not without reward:

> The toppling crags of duty scaled
> Are close upon the shining table-lands,
> To which our God himself is moon and sun.

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CHEER FOR THE WEARY.

THE Women's Christian Association of Philadelphia is doing a kindly service to the tired workers in the factories by free entertainments. Miss E. C. H. Neely describing it in *Faith and Works* says: You may be interested to know something of our method of work. Tickets for an entertainment are distributed in the factories, in the shops, especially those on 8th Street, and some members of the Committee go in the neighborhood of those miserable dens of amusement at 8th and Vine Streets and Callowhill Street, and give tickets to the girls they meet. The ticket is accompanied with a kind, pleasant invitation and received pleasantly. Some factory girls looked very significantly at each other when tickets were given them and said in a low tone, "Prayer-meeting." When they were told it was an entertainment for their pleasure, that after working all day we thought they needed some enjoyment, it seemed quite a revelation to them that the W.C.A. should remember them in that way. These girls came regularly to all our entertainments, brought their friends, and at our last entertainment told us how much pleasure the evenings had given them. One poor woman said, "It does rest me so to laugh a little." The most recent entertainment was on December 12, when a "Chalk Talk," by Mr. James L. Wood of the Drexel Institute, two or three recitals and vocal and instrumental music made up a delightful programme for the evening.

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THE B. Y. P. U. IN MINNESOTA.

THE Baptist State Convention of Minnesota heartily and energetically took up the work of organizing Young People's Unions in the State. The resolutions on the subject passed by the Convention leave no doubt how the ministers stand toward the movement. The following are the concluding passages: "There are many Baptist churches in Minnesota having at present no form of Young People's organization, therefore be it resolved, that we, the Baptists of Minnesota, in convention assembled in the city of St. Paul, do earnestly recommend to all Baptist churches having at present no form of Young People's society, that at as early a date as may be practicable they shall organize such a society under whatsoever name and constitution they see fit, and we request all societies so organized and all Young People's societies already organized, of whatsoever name, and all churches not yet having any form of Young People's society, that by a formal vote they put themselves on record as endorsing the act of the denomination of which they are each constituent members, in establishing the movement known as the Young People's Union of America upon the broad and comprehensive platform which commends it to the support and fellowship of every loyal Baptist, and that they affiliate with it, and assist those who have in charge the carrying forward of the Baptist Young People's work, by their co-operation, sympathy and appointment of delegates to the various associational, state and national gatherings of Baptist young people, believing that by so doing we shall more speedily bring to pass the time for which we all pray, when 'the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.'"

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, WORCESTER, MASS.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

THE League of Cross Street Church, Paterson, N. J., recently had the gratification of listening to a vivid and graphic discription of scenery in the far West from the lips of James W. Marshall, D.D. The list of topics comprised, "Eighteen Hundred feet below the Sierras; the Columbia River and Mount Tacoma." At Monmouth, *Illinois*, the Leagues of the Galesburg and Macomb District have been holding a great Convention. Among the speakers was a young man from Damascus who is studying at Hedding College, Abingdon. This sprightly and intelligent young man, whose name is P. A. Behannessy, was the subject of much interest in the Convention, not only on account of his nationality, but because of his evident earnestness and devotion. It is gratifying to learn that deputations attended the Convention from the Christian Endeavor Societies and the Young People's Unions of the town and were cordially welcomed. "Their presence and interest," says one who was present, "made us feel that we were one for Christ and the uplifting of our fellow-men." At Plymouth, *Indiana*, the Leagues of the South Bend District celebrated their third birthday as an organization, by a convention. Here, as in similar meetings elsewhere, the question of amusements occupied a large share of attention. It is an evidence of the practical character of the work of the Leagues that they are not wasting their time in discussions over abstruse doctrines, but are concerned with matters of character and conduct. This subject of what amusements are right and what are wrong, is the one of all others, most momentous to young people who are following Christ, because it is generally through a seductive amusement that the enemy of souls achieves his successes with the young. We are glad that the Leagues show that they are aware of the points of assault.

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A FLOURISHING ASSOCIATION.

THE illustration on this page depicts the home of the Young Men's Christian Association, of Worcester, Mass. It was built in 1887, and cost $138,460. The Association was organized twenty-six years ago, and is therefore among the oldest in the country. It has also the distinction of being among the comparatively few Associations whose membership is over one thousand, there being at present 1,200 names on the books. It is significant that more than one-half of these are on the active list, which generally indicates personal consecration and spirituality, and therefore devotion to the religious lines of the Association's work. There is, however, a well equipped gymnasium in the building and accommodation for seven distinct branches of educational training, of which about three hundred members avail themselves.

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THE Y. M. C. A. of Jerusalem has recently gained possession of a site near the Jaffa Gate and the terminus of the newly opened railway between Jaffa and Jerusalem. A new building will now soon be built.

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MR. GEO. HOLMES, Y.M.C.A. missionary secretary, recently despatched under the auspices of the English Council to Egypt and Palestine, sends home most interesting accounts of work at Gibraltar and Malta, where he has stayed en route. At Gibraltar he has formed two auxiliaries. At the San Lorenzo Home, Malta, he found meetings being conducted by Mr. W. Boyle, a former member of the Glasgow Y.M.C.A. Here he was enabled to form a soldier's branch, and before leaving he formed another branch at the Floriana Home.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

THE woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.
Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep,
Past the woman so old and gray.
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet,
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.
At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group,
He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she old and poor and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."
And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

LIFE AMONG THE BEDOUINS.

The Sons and Daughters of Ishmael—A Bedouin Chief, His Duties and Accomplishments—A Picture of Tribal Domestic Life.

THERE is no more picturesque figure to be seen by travelers in the East than the Bedouin, a name that is calculated to excite terror in the hearts of the timid stranger, who knows the "sons of the desert" only by reputation. We are indebted to Mr. Najib K. Jamal, a native of Palestine, now in New York, for the very interesting photograph of a typical Bedouin chief, from which the illustration on this page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is taken.

"The dress shown in the picture," Mr. Jamal explains, "is the dress of the chiefs among the Bedouins of Syria. The head dress consists of a *kafieh*, a large piece of silk or cotton, according to the rank or social position of the wearer. It is parti-colored and is folded so as to form a triangular shape. This is put upon the head, and kept there by an *uggal* or circlet, made of wool or sheep's hair, which is put over the *kafieh* on the top of the head. Then comes the *abbaih* or cloak, a garment having two openings through which the arms are thrust. It is woven in broad bands of white and yellow or brown. A mantle called the *kibir*, which is worn under the *abbaih* is of silk, and is folded so as to overlap, and is held in place by a *kamar*, or girdle.

"The most prominent thing in the Bedouin's equipment is his sword. The sheath of this chief's weapon is overlaid with silver, and the blade is a curved one. All the best swords are made in Damascus; indeed everything that is valued it the way of apparel or weapons in the East comes from Damascus, especially swords. The chief's feet are encased in red boots called the *geçmeh*, which are also made in Damascus. His horse and spear are his inseparable companions.

"A chief is the head of his tribe or camp. His place is to manage the affairs of his tribe, and he represents them in the government. He must qualify for chieftainship by his bravery, his generosity, his fine horsemanship, his valor in battle and his skill in composing poetry. As a race, the Bedouins are very fond of poetry, and any one who cannot compose verses is considered still a boy. These compositions include songs of love and war, but they are rarely reduced to writing, as the average Bedouin can neither read nor write; so the poetry is handed down orally from father to son.

"It is a very general mistake to imagine that these people are surly and dangerously inhospitable, as some travelers have represented. On the contrary, they are warm-hearted and give a stranger a cordial welcome, although it admitted as a fact that in case European or Americans go there, the natives expect some present or *backsheesh* from them. Every chief has a tent set apart from those of the band. The tents are usually woven of goats' hair, and are pitched in a rude semi-circle, with that of the chief placed where it will be most conspicuous to travelers and wayfarers. In his tent is an apartment or corner reserved exclusively for guests, who are treated with brotherly kindness, even their horses being fed from the best grain in the camp.

"Their leader in war, the chief is also the judge of his tribesmen in peace. One cannot help being struck by the soundness and justice of the principles of Bedouin law. Let me relate an instance: Two mares had two foals of about the same age, but owned by different masters. One morning one of the foals was found dead, and both owners immediately laid claim to the live foal. Being unable to settle the matter among themselves, they appealed to the chief.

"'Bring the two mares to the river bank,' he commanded, after a moment's pause.

"It was done. The foal trotted alongside.

"'Now, cast the foal into the stream,' ordered the Bedouin, calmly.

"In another moment the animal was struggling amid the waters. When the mother of the foal saw her young in peril, she began tugging and pulling and finally broke loose and ran down to the bank and plunged in. With mouth, neck and breast, she pushed the foal out of the current and succeeded in bringing it safely ashore, the other mare meanwhile remaining perfectly quiet and disinterested.

"It was thus easily decided to whom the foal belonged, and the tribe admired the almost Solomonic wisdom that had enabled the chief to reach a conclusion none could dispute."

In ordinary life, the Bedouin is not a robber or marauder, but a shepherd or herdsman. Wars or forays among them are rare, except when one tribe stands in hostility with another or blood feuds exist, and while they are nowise averse to plundering a caravan or a traveler, they seldom are guilty of bloodshed, and they regard the tribute exacted as due to them from those who venture on their territory without permission

Bedouin women rarely wear veils, or even cover their faces with their cloaks, though when a stranger approaches they usually close the folds of the cloak so as to conceal the features. In camp the sandy floor is covered with matting or rough carpet. The furniture of the tent is usually of the simplest: two or three pots for cooking, a few platters and some wooden drinking bowls comprising the kitchen utensils. These with their tents, arms and blankets are about all they possess and hence it is not surprising that the entire camp should be raised in an hour and speeding across the desert, leaving only a few embers to mark where it had lately been.

A TYPICAL BEDOUIN CHIEF.

(From a photograph secured in the East specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.)

HOME LIFE IN FRANCE.

ONE reason why the Parisians love the life of the street and the park, is that there is little of home life in Paris, and so little to keep them within doors, writes Rev. J. L. White in *The Advance*. First, the rooms in all dwelling-houses are too small for comfort and in these the people swarm like bees in a hive or are packed like sardines in a box. The bed-rooms are especially miniature, with only a narrow bed for a single person and that too short, as I have found to my very great discomfort. The homes of royalty do not seem to have been much more commodious than those of the common people in this respect. The private apartments of Louis XVI., and especially those of Marie Antoinette, in the royal palace at Versailles, which I visited, appear hardly large enough to allow free movement for a single person. The people are forced from their dwellings into the grand boulevards and parks for fresh air and full lung expansion.

The lack of home life and home training seems to me one of the greatest dangers of France. The people herd together in the drinking shops and on the street and know little of any higher bond than that of Commune and Socialistic Club. The boys of Paris are largely educated away from their parents. You can see them daily, marching in companies and clad in school regimentals under priests or teachers as the case may be, from the tender age of six to sixteen, hardly knowing the meaning of the word home or that of father or mother. I take it, it is somewhat of the old Spartan method, without Spartan restraint.

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Cheerful Invalids.

IT is a great triumph when one can be cheerful under afflictions. Here is an extract from a letter, written by a twelve-year-old boy, away down in Mississippi, which contains what may very well be a lesson to many Christians who find sickness irksome and are almost disposed to repine, as Job did.

"I am not good all the time," he writes, "but I am trying to be better and I thought maybe if I could write to you, and get a letter from you it would help me. I expect you have helped many a boy to be better and to grow to be a good man. I am going to try to be a good man if I live. Won't you pray for me that I may keep my resolution?

"I will be twelve years old at Christmas, but I have been sick so much I don't go to school. Some say God afflicted me, but my mother says God did not afflict me; that it was a misfortune; that God will make it all right to me in some way, if I only try to be good."

Mother's advice was right; God will indeed "make it all right" to his suffering ones, if they only try to do his will. "All things work together for good" to those that love him. This little lad's letter teaches the lesson of patience and hope. Even in his limited sphere he may be privileged to work for Christ, who does not permit the humblest service to go unrewarded.

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Queens of the Home.

IN married life it is the wife, generally speaking, who must keep the husband up to his own best self by filling his heart with esteem for herself. If a man loses faith in a woman, remarks a philosophical writer, woe be to his soul! That is why woman is called man's better angel; why it is said, "a man is what a woman makes him"; and also that "a wife either makes or mars a man." The saying is often confined to the idea of business and wordly success, but it goes deeper, far deeper, than that. From my point of view, a man may get on in the world and be a poor lost husband for all that, with the best of life pitifully dead in his heart, and no amount of money ever able to set it right. You must win your husband's respect. It is essential to your own happiness; it is essential to your husband's good. You cannot make a home, you cannot be a home-queen without it. But how? you ask. Nay, it is not necessary to lay down precise rules for you. Resolve in the depths of your heart something like this: "I will be a true wife to my dear husband: I will be his real helpmate, I will make his hearth 'home, sweet home' to him: I will think it all out how it is to be done, and I will set about doing it." Spirit is half the battle, and spirit finds out its own best ways and means of doing things.

ROSEMARY AND RUE

BY

JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

A STORY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HOME

Written expressly for "The Christian Herald"

CHAPTER IX.

THE SACRED HEARTH.

AT last Eloise was well and strong once more; youth triumphs over disasters and diseases. But this was a new Eloise, not the vain, selfish, narrow Eloise who had come to Buffalo, proud, boastful, jubilant, planning great things for herself. This was an Eloise thoughtful, helpful, more generous and just, a growing Eloise, growing into charity and graciousness,—all beautiful qualities. In Eloise as in Dora, there had always been reserves of strength whereon nobleness might be built. Adversity blights and blackens some natures, as the sharp passing of an early frost: but its mission to others is enriching, maturing. Happily neither Eloise nor Dora were of those of whom the prophet cried, "Thou hast stricken them but they have not grieved: thou hast consumed them, but they have refused to receive correction: they have made their faces harder than a rock: they have refused to return."

One of the first tokens of a change in the character of Eloise was the greater kindness toward Dora. "I like the way you have done," she said to Dora one day; "you have taken refuge in work, you are useful—you are a self-supporting woman, and that is what I mean to be."

"It is strange," said Dora, "that our fortunes have fallen out so alike."

"Oh, but Dora," said Eloise, "there is one great difference between us, you are still a wife—and I—am free."

"Yes," said Dora, "I am less fortunate in that."

"Less fortunate!" cried Eloise. "Oh, Dora! if the man you loved needed you, if he were sick, or suffering—then you could go to him. Duty would say to you, 'go.' But for me duty says, 'dare not go, you have no right to go'—and no matter how much Cecil needed me—I must never see him again."

"But I do not want to go! I would not go," cried Dora, "I hate the very thought of that man; and I wonder, Eloise, that you do not detest a man who has so cruelly deceived you as Russel."

"To me he is not Russel, but Cecil Grafton, my ideal, the one I have loved supremely," replied Eloise.

"I always thought you a proud girl—prouder than I am."

"Yes, I have been proud, but a love so ardent as mine casts out pride. The difference between us, Dora, is that you never loved the man you married, I truly loved Cecil."

"I thought I loved him," said Dora.

"The difference also is," said Margaret, "that Dora was much more of a child when she married than you were, not only two years younger in age, and two years is a large space of time in early girlhood, but she was of a more childish nature, less quick to develop than you were. Then, too, persons differ in capacity for affection, and you, Eloise, are one of those capable of what poets and novelists call 'a grand passion.' It is generally a grand misfortune. Calm, deep, steadfast, earnest, respectful affection, is far better."

"Dora feels the strongest hostility toward Denham," said Eloise, "she would like to see him punished. I cannot feel hostility to Cecil Grafton. I renounce him forever because I must."

"If the day comes when Dora can forgive, it may be better," said Margaret, "forgiveness brings blessing."

"I will never forgive," cried Dora firmly.

"In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant," said Margaret.

"And he said unto him, 'Go in peace'" retorted Dora. "God knows we are dust, and he does not expect of us more than we can perform. I cannot forgive. God does not ask it."

"Who knows how far he can give grace," said Margaret.

"Margaret," said Eloise suddenly, "have you ever seen Mrs. Russel since?"

"Yes," said Margaret, "I have seen her several times; and she and her aunt now live in one of father's houses, where there is a shady yard for the children. The rent is cheaper than where they were, and the place is better."

"I want to see her," said Eloise, wistfully. "Do you think, Margaret, that she would be angry if I went? I feel no anger against her, I have no right; but she may hate me."

"No, she does not; she is only grieved for you. She knows that you did not know of her position; she knows that you did not lure away her husband's love, that was gone from her before he saw you."

"He loves—only himself," said Eloise sadly, "he is selfish and weak. You, Margaret, could not care for a man of whom you must say such a bitter thing; but I care for him, I cannot tear my heart from him. It is the children that I want to see, Margaret, they are his. She is better off than I am, she has the children."

"Let us go there this evening," said Margaret. "I will write her."

The situation of Mrs. Russel and her relatives had been much improved by the cares of Richard and Margaret. The house was much pleasanter, and the feeling that she had friends had seemed to lend new life to Mrs. Russel. Then, too, the problem of her husband was settled; the solution had been bitter, but doubt had ended, and she was at rest.

"She wants to see the children," said Margaret to Mrs. Russel. Mrs. Russel called in the little lads. They were both like their father, but to his handsome face they added the frank expression of their mother. Their eyes were not so near together as Cecil Grafton's, their glance was more open.

"They are like him," said Eloise, "this one especially," and she took the youngest on her knee, and hid her face in his brown curls.

"I do not mean that they shall grow up like him," said the mother."

"Make them unselfish and firm. He was weak and selfish. You know what to guard against in them. Perhaps they may have his wit, his talent, his lovely voice! O what a comfort you will find in them. You have some one to love and live for!"

"Eloise," said Margaret suddenly, "you know next week we are all going up to our camping-place, near Mackinaw for a month; Would you like to take the little boys? We have room for them, and it would be so good for them, and a rest and help to their mother."

"O, could I? Would you let them go, Mrs. Russel?

"Don't you call me that," said the mother. "Call me Anne. Yes; if you wish them, they shall go. Only they are not very nicely fitted up."

"Let me get what they need," cried Eloise. "I have money; O it will be such a comfort to me."

For the next few days Eloise found much occupation in getting ready the simple little wardrobe for the boys' outing. She went one day to John Cardiff's office, taking her jewels, much the same as those which Dora had. "Some time," she said, "when you can, I want you to sell them for the best price you can get for them, and invest the money at compound interest, to go to little Henry Russel when he is twenty-one, and to help set him up in business, or to complete his education."

People had a way of asking John Cardiff to do great things for them, and he had a way of doing what was asked of him.

The cool quiet of the camp-life in the aromatic woods, the constant companionship of the children—the two Russel boys, and Margaret's boy and girl, acted as a charm to restore Eloise. She grew calm, and could plan for herself.

"Uncle David," she said one evening, seating herself by old Mr. Rupert, "I will tell you what I want to do. About a year ago I went with Uncle Barlow on a trip East, to Plymouth. It is a lovely healthy town, and I liked the people there. I was told by several, that there was a good opening for a teacher of elocution and the piano. I have written to a lady there, and if she tells me then there is still opportunity to form a good class, I want to go there, and do what I can for myself. I think I shall live down my trouble better, if I am far away from all immediate reminder of them."

"I think you are right, Eloise," said Uncle David. "Work is a rare good medicine for sad souls. Make yourself useful, and leave to God the making of you happy. If you are faithful over a few things, God may make you ruler over many things. Rise to the level of your highest possible."

"I have ceased to ask or hope, great things for myself. I only want some busy corner, where work shall help one to forget. The life I had planned for myself, once—was to be a very stirring and exciting one, full of public applause. Probably it would have been just as disappointing as anything else. Do you know what Anne Russel's aunt said to me the last day I was there? She said, "You and Anne think you have had a lot of trouble, and so you have, but one way or another you were bound to have it anyhow. Her husband got tired of her very quickly aud ran off, they don't all do that but most men grow tired of their wives, cold and careless, and neglectful, if not in public in private; and the wives feel it, and are really much more lonesome then unmarried women, for the unmarried ones can make friends and home for themselves where it is most congenial to them; but married ones, no matter how lonely they are in their hearts, have to stand it, mostly with no company but men who only give them little bits of time."

"It is true," said Uncle David." The wife is expected to keep a commodious private boarding house, where one boarder can have his pipe and paper. The children, or young folks, must not disturb the reading, or the nap that it induces; if company comes for the wife, it is frowned on, it may disturb the idleness of the boarder. The wife is about her work, or up in her room all day; she comes down for a little where the man and the paper are. He is too busy in advertisements or a murder case to look up and greet her; she speaks to him, and he is too much absorbed to reply."

"That is a pretty picture of married life!" cried Richard.

"It is a dismally true picture," said his father."

"Not of yours with Aunt Lois, not of Richard's," said Dora.

"Richard," said the young man, "is following his father's excellent example. You will notice Eloise, that this connubial bliss which my father has sketched, is not exemplified in his own family. Because many marriages prove failures, you must not conclude that all are failures. The very shadow proves the substance, the counterfeit, the true. If you have observed closely you will have seen that my father does not begin by considering that married life is made for the pleasure and comfort of one party alone. He does not demand from his wife what he is not willing to concede himself; he does not think that he has a right to attentions and courtesies which he does not himself offer. He is always instant in small attentions. Did you ever see him sitting before my mother, with his feet upon a mantle or on a table, in a position he would not take if a strange lady were present? Men use that discourtesy towards their wives and wives grow sick of sitting in rooms where they are not shown ordinary respect. If they complain, they are apt to hear petulantly, 'Can't I do as I like in my own home? I'm tired, I find this restful. If you don't like it, you are not obliged to be where I am.' They might rejoin that a person so weary would better lie down in a bed-room, but usually they don't think the company worth the contest and remain in some other apartment. And so the habit of keeping apart is formed, and I can tell you, Eloise, it is sad and dangerous, when married people find that they can do without each other. My father always rises up to offer my mother a chair, he reads his paper while she is occupied with her housework, and when she is ready to come where he is, he reads aloud to her or does not read unless she also occupies herself in that way. He cultivates a pleasure in her society and shows his interest in her company. He has also cultivated a habit of thinking first of her and then of himself."

"You are giving a portrait of a perfect husband, Richard," said Dora, "where shall any body else ever find one?"

"Ah," said Eloise, "young people are brought up to be selfish! Mothers and fathers make their sons and daughters selfish, and so unfit them for future life, whether married or single. Uncle Barlow brought up us girls to be selfish, and then, he was surprised that we were selfish to him."

"Yes," said Richard, "there is surprisingly little training given with reference to the inevitable needs of the future. Parents allow children to grow up practically with the idea, that each one is individually the only one to be considered. Then put two of these egoists together, and what kind of happiness can be looked for?"

A man here rode up with the mail; Richard opened one of his letters, and withdrew for a little with his wife. They came back to the others, and Richard said: "Dora, here is a little self-sacrificing work for you. Edgar Sayce is in great trouble. Day before yesterday they were all out driving when the horses ran away, they were all thrown out, little Robbie's arm is broken, a simple fracture, and Nora is seriously injuried, perhaps fatally. They are in town, as Nora would not go away this summer; the house is in disorder, Edgar writes to ask us where he can get proper nurses and help. I propose that you, who are so very skillful with children, go there at once to take care of Robbie and nurse him until he is well, and manage the house and servants. That well relieve Edgar of care for the boy, and let Nora's nurse have her full time for her patient."

"I'm afraid I can't manage the house and servants," said Dora uneasily.

"You can do it ten times as well as it has ever been done," said Margaret. "The two servants are well inclined, and I believe they will be thankful to have someone to tell them what to do. I believe there is no end of power in you, Dora, if occasion brings it out. You have seen how Mrs. Cardiff manages, go and bring order out of confusion at Sayce's, until he knows how affairs are to end."

"She will go, if she has been brought up to be selfish," smiled Richard. "Women are by nature less selfish than men, and the thought of little Robbie, lonesome and suffering draws her."

"Poor Nora," said Margaret, "motherhood which with its cares, loves, and sacrifices comes to secure most women from the perdition of selfishness, has had no mission for her. In that family, Edgar has been the one to give the child whatever care and love it has had. Nora has taken only that arid desert herself to cultivate, and I think she has found herself living in a desolation."

"She is not made to feel the desolation," said Richard, "it is Edgar who has felt and suffered and, will yet."

The next morning Richard took Dora back to the city, and established her in the room where the housemaid, ignorant but kind hearted, was trying to take care of Robbie. For the minute the heat and the disorder of the overlighted room, the tumbled bed, the confusion of the house, made Dora feel ill and hopeless. Then rallying, she took the girl's hand. "See here, Katy, this is a house full of trouble, let us, you and I, work wonders in it; for poor Mr. Sayce. I see you can if you will. Now I'll take care of the child and this room, and you give this whole house a thorough setting in order."

"That's so," said Katy, "and seems like I could do anything if I could get away from this little thing's crying."

"Go then and do your best," said Dora, "he'll stop crying."

She lowered the blinds, raised the windows and put in the screens, bathed the child's face and neck, gave him a drink of jelly-water, and then rocked and sung him to sleep. While he slept on a bed of pillows improvised on the floor, she put the room in order, aired his crib, provided a little delicate food and a picture book and bouquet, and was ready when the child woke to divert his mind and keep him quiet. Occasional glimpses through the house assured her that Katy was doing wonders, and she found time to go to the kitchen and beg the cook to do her best to have a comfortable dinner for Mr. Sayce aud the nurse, and refreshments ready for the night-watchers.

Once also she stole in for a look at Nora—"Crippled for life if she lives at all," whispered the nurse. When late in the afternoon, pressed by the arrears of business of four days, Edgar Sayce came home, he found his house in order, and Robbie, forgetting his broken arm, as Dora with her endless fund of entertainment for him, leaned over his crib. And when Edgar went to his wife's room all his anger and hardness of heart had gone, as he looked at the wreck of the beatiful woman who had lived only for luxurious ease, and must now tread the path of ceaseless pain and helplessness.

There in the smitten home was Dora's work for the remainder of the summer, Robbie bloomed and thrived under her care, and she watched with wonder Edgar's untiring devotion and gentleness to his suffering wife. He was another man now, that instead of blaming her he was pitying her. Finally Mrs. Cardiff and Margaret found just the right house-mother for Nora, Robbie and the home, and Dora returned to her work as daily governess.

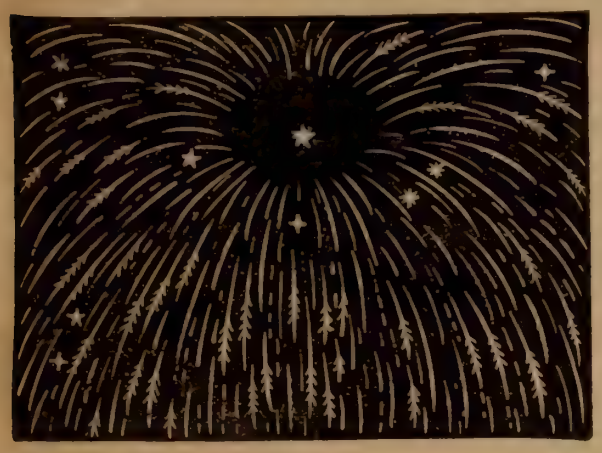
(To be Continued.)

Meteoric Showers.

Some of the Peculiar Forms Assumed by the Phenomena of the Heavens.

THE great meteoric shower predicted by the astronomers recently, but which their observations have thus far failed to detect, recalls the brilliant display of meteorites in 1833, to which Rev. Dr. Talmage referred in his recent sermon on "The Astronomy of the Bible." In his work on *The Sidereal Heavens*, Dr. Dick collates the following descriptions of the event:

An account was sent by Professor Thomson, of Nashville, to Professor Olmsted, of New Haven, of the meteors which appeared



FORM OF THE METEOR-SHOWER OF NOVEMBER, 1833.

November 13, 1833, as seen in the state of Mississippi:—"About an hour before daylight I was called to see the falling meteors; it was the most sublime and brilliant sight I had ever witnessed. The largest of the falling bodies appeared about the size of Jupiter or Venus when brightest. The sky presented the appearance of a shower of stars, which many thought were real stars, and omens of dreadful events. I noticed the appearance of a radiating point, which I conceived to be the vanishing point of straight lines as seen in perspective. This point appeared to be stationary. The meteors fell to the earth at an angle of about seventy-five degrees with the horizon, moving from the east towards the west." The following is from a writer in the *Boston Christian Register*:—"My first attention was to determine the centre or point from which the meteors started, which, from the place where I stood, (lat. 42 degrees 45 minutes N.), appeared in the Lion's heart, near Regulus. There is one thing that I have not seen noticed by any that has written, and which could not have been noticed by me had I not kept my eye on the centre or point from which the meteors all shot forth for a considerable time, and that was an appearance of a star less at first than the stars of the constellation by which it was surrounded, but it would increase until it was much larger than those, then totally disappear from ten to fifteen minutes, and then appear again; but the meteors shot forth in greater numbers in the interval between the appearances above mentioned."

It is worthy of particular notice, that the point from which the meteors seemed to emanate was observed, by those who fixed its position among the stars, to be in the constellation Leo; and, according to their concurrent testimony, this radiant point was stationary among the stars during the whole period of observation—that is, it did not move along with the earth in its diurnal revolution eastward, but accompanied the stars in their apparent progress westward, which proves the elevation of the meteors to be far beyond our atmosphere. The illustration represents the appearance of these meteors for several hours, as seen at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other places in the eastern parts of the United States.

Meteoric phenomena, nearly resembling what has been now described, have occurred ar several former periods. One remarkable instance of what was called "showers of fire" occurred above eighty years ago in South America. At Quito, so many falling stars were seen above the volcano of Gayambo, that the inhabitants were led to imagine the mountain to be in flames. The people assembled in the plain of Exico, and a procession was about to set out in consequence from the convent of St. Francis, when they discovered the phenomenon to be occasioned by meteors which ran along the skies in all directions.

A more extensive and remarkable phenomenon of this kind occurred in the night of the 12th of November, 1779. Of this appearance, as it was seen at Cumana, an accurate account has been given by M. Humboldt and M. Bonpland. It occurred towards the morning, when thousands of meteors, eolides, fire-balls, or falling stars, as they were variously denominated, succeeded each other during four hours. Their direction was from north to south. They rose in the horizon at east north-east, followed the direction of the meridian, and fell towards the south. There was little wind, and this from the east. No trace of clouds was seen. There was not a space in the firmament equal in extent to three diameters of the moon which was not filled with burning stars. They were of different sizes; they left luminous traces of from five to ten degrees in length. The appearance of these traces continued seven or eight seconds. Many of the stars had a distinct nucleus as large as the apparent disk of Jupiter. The largest were from 1 degree to 1 degree 13 minutes in diameter. Their light was white, and they seemed to burst as by explosion. They were seen by all the inhabitants of Cumana, the oldest of whom asserted that the great earthquakes of 1776 were preceded by similar phenomena.

One of the most remarkable circumstances attending the display, in 1833, was, that the meteors all seemed to emanate from one and the same point, a little south-east of the zenith. Following the arch of the sky, they ran along with immense velocity, describing in some instances an arc of 30 degrees or 40 degrees in a few seconds. On an attentive inspection, it was seen that the meteors exhibited three distinct varieties; the first consisting of phosphoric lines, apparently described by a point; the second, of large fire-balls, that at intervals darted along the sky, leaving luminous trains which occasionally remained in view for a number of minutes, and in some cases for half an hour or more; the third, of undefined luminous bodies, which remained nearly stationary in the heavens for a considerable time.

A POLYNESIAN MARTYR.

A NATIVE from a island near Tauna, who had become a Christian, came to Tauna to help the missionary there. When the missionary told him it was not safe for him to stay, he answered: "Missi, when I see them thirsting for my blood I just see myself when the missionary first came to my island. I desired to murder him, as they now desire to kill me. Had he stayed away for such danger, I would have remained heathen. But he came, continuing to teach us, till, by the grace of God, I was changed to what I am. Now the same God that changed me to this can change these poor Taunese to love and serve him. I cannot stay away from them." He was soon afterwards clubbed to death by a heathen priest. He died praying, "Oh, take not away all thy servants from Tauna! Take not away thy worship from this dark island. O God, bring all the Taunese to love and follow Jesus!" This man only a few years before had been a savage cannibal.

"A TESTIMONY."

ONLY to know that Jesus lives
Is joy enough for me:
Only to know that he forgives
Is joy enough for me.

Then this the burden of my song
Forevermore shall be,
To know that Christ lives and forgives
Is joy enough for me.

—ARTHUR H. DORLAND.

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which soon cured him. I know **it saved his sight,** if not his very life." ABBIE F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

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(Rev.) C. H. SPURGEON,

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

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LORD RUSSELL'S BRAVE WIFE.*

HAVING written at the request of my dear and honored mistress, Lady Russell, some account of these last days, I have transcribed it here for the information of my dear sisters, Clarice and Clemence de Massue, who, being far away from all that has passed, would fain learn such sad particulars as I, who have been on the spot, can give. Those scenes of which I was not an eye-witness have been recounted to me day by day by my dear husband, Louis de Massue.

It was on the evening of the day that a watch was set on Southampton House, and news was brought that the Council had summoned the King on the matter of what is called the Rye House Plot, that, at the desire of my dear lady, I first endeavored to set down the events which happened, in some order. From those jottings I have written a connected narrative, of which the following is as fair a copy as my hand, somewhat tired with holding a quill, can achieve. * * * * *

From the moment when my lord was sent a close prisoner to the Tower, my lady set herself with wonderful calmness to compass all means for clearing him from the suspicion cast upon him.

I was, with others, with my lady the next day in attendance at the Court, and Louis succeeded in getting us places behind the bench where my lady sat.

It was in a clear, strong voice that my lord pleaded "not guilty" to the monstrous charge laid against him, of conspiring to compass the death of the King and seizing the guards appointed to preserve the King's person. No trial, surely, was ever worse conducted, that is to say, it was no fair trial at all. When my lord demanded a copy of the panel of the jury, they would not have it, it was in his hands already; whereas it was only a list of names generally sworn as jurors, and not a panel. My lord asked to have the trial postponed until the afternoon, that he might have a proper list, and then challenge the jurors. My Lord Chief Justice refused this request, and how unjust was the refusal was proved by the fact that no less than thirty-one jurors were challenged and objected to by my lord. This surely proves that his ememies had taken good care to select such jurors as would serve their own evil purposes.

My lord's request for pen, ink and paper, and the use of any of his own documents, was granted. Then came his question:

"May I have somebody to help my memory?"

To this Chief Justice answered:

"Any of your servants shall assist in writing anything you please."

How can I express the look of love and pride, with which my lord turned to my lady, saying:

"My wife is here, my lord, to do it."

My heart beat so that I could scarce breathe when, as the Chief Justice said: "If my lady please to give herself the trouble." Lady Russell moved nearer to the bar, and looking up at her husband with a reassuring smile, bowed her head to the judges and then gathering together the papers before her, applied herself to her task without any sign of emotion.

The next few days were passed in attempts to save this noble life. The Earl of Bradford, stricken with grief, offered money—thousands of pounds—to the King, which was refused.

My lord in those last hours dwelt much on the blessing such a wife had been to him, and he said it was by signal providence of God that he had possessed her. Her birth, her fortune, her great understanding, but more than these, her deep religion and tender kindness for him, how beyond conception they had been!

This satisfaction was seen on his face as his head lay on the block, when, with uplifted hands, he was about meekly to receive the blow which was to separate him forever from the cares and trials—ay, and the joys and bliss—of this unstable life. Satisfied? Yea, he will be more than satisfied when he awakes in the likeness of the Saviour of this sinful world.

*From *In the Service of Lady Russell*, a historical narrative of remarkable interest, by Emma Marshall; 341 pages; cloth; price, $1.50; MacMillan & Co., New York, publishers.

Those who give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial are soon convinced that it is a peculiar and an honest medicine. Its positive merit is manifested by the many remarkable cures accomplished.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine from May to October 1892; cloth; pp. 960. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

From the Pyramids to the Cross, by T. DeWitt Talmage; vellum; pp. 288; Historical Publishing Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

"Ready! Ay, Ready!" and other Addresses by T. De Witt Talmage, vellum; pp. 232; Historical Publishing Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

Iola Leroy, or Shadows Uplifted, by Francis E. W. Harper, cloth; pp. 382; price $1. Garrigues Bros., Philadelphia, Pa., Publishers.

Pocahontas, a story of Virginia, by John R. Musick; cloth; illustrated; price $1.50; pp. 366; Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publishers.

Bernard of Clairvaux. The Time, the Man, and his Work. By Richard S. Storrs; cloth; pp. 598; price, $2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

The World's Best Hymns, compiled and illustrated by Louis K. Horlow, with an introduction by J. W. Churchill. Pp. 163; price, $1.50; published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

St. Nicholas, from November 1891 to October 1892, an Illustrated Magazine for Young Folks, conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge; 2 volumes; cloth; The Century Co., New York, publishers.

The Beasts of Ephesus, by Rev. James Brand, D. D., with an Introduction by Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D., cloth; pp. 206; price, $1. The Advance Publishing Co., Chicago, Publishers.

Godey's Magazine for January, articles by Gertrude Atherton, Mrs. Beecher, Mary J. Safford and John Habberton; illustrated; price, 25 cents; published by the Godey Publishing Co., New York.

In Arctic Seas, the Voyage of the "Kite," with the Peary Expedition, together with a transcript of the Log of the "Kite," by Robert N. Keely, Jr., M.D., and G. G. Davis, A.M., M.D., M.R.C.S; illustrated; vellum; pp. 524; Rufus C. Hartranft, Philadelphia, publisher.

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AN AFRICAN MEDICINE-MAN.

IN a letter from Bonginda on the Congo Miss de Hailes writes that a great change has come over the chief opponent there. He is an old witch-doctor who has great influence over the people who dreaded his power and believed in his charms. He did great harm to the work of the missionaries, prejudicing the people against them by telling them of all kinds of evil that would befall them if they listened to the white men: "One day lately," Miss de Hailes says, "the old witch doctor came to my house, and I invited him to sit down. I had a good plain talk with him, and he listened while I told him of the love of God and the death of Jesus. He seemed much affected, and the tears filled his eyes when I was speaking of all he suffered for us. He came afterward to the service and listened with great attention, and I noticed he repeated the hymns as they were given out. Only a few months ago it was impossible to speak a word to him; he would never listen, but always declared we did the works of the devil, and that he did what God liked. He came again next morning with five or six other men." Miss de Hailes tells how, after some hesitation, he gave her, at her request, his bottle by which he professed to draw the evil spirits from people. A few days later he came again with ten men; and still later: "He asked me, 'Why does Jesus love me? I don't know him. I never heard of him till you taught me.' His bag with all his old charms, etc., I noticed he has not worn for two days. On asking him where it was, he said, 'You told me Jesus says those things are wicked, so I threw them all in the river.' I am told he talks of God, and of what I teach him, and that he will not go to sick people with his medicine."

THE RUSSIAN STUNDISTS.

THE origin of the Russian sect so frequently mentioned in the cable dispatches from Europe is one that should interest our people. It appears that America is in a degree responsible for it. Mrs. Bishop tells in her delightful work *Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan* the story of the founder of the Stundists. He is a Syrian named Yalub Dilakoff and in his youth he was a student of the Old American College. About the year 1862, he began traveling through Russia visiting the towns and country villages. He acquired several dialects of the Russian language and went from place to place talking to the people about Christ. Thousands of them had never heard his name. Others who had heard it attached no meaning to it but knew that in some way it was associated with the church. Dilakoff would gather the people together often; by talking to them individually, he had aroused their interest, and would spend an hour in telling them the simple facts of Christ's life and in singing and prayer. The meetings never lasted more than an hour and this peculiarity gave the people the name they now bear. *Stunde* is the Russian name for hour, and the people who went to these hour services came to be called Stundists. Dilakoff never stayed in one place longer than was necessary to give the people the knowledge of the first principles of the Gospel. He would charge them to meet together to pray and study, and would then go to another town to do a similar work. He believed that God would see to their further enlightenment and time being precious he hurried away. He said he did not know how soon he might die or be banished and he longed to visit as many towns as he could while his opportunity lasted. Dr. Easton, the famous missionary in Persia, who is now passing a brief vacation in this country met many of these Stundists as he traveled through Russia. He found them eager for more light and they would often sit up till after midnight asking him questions about passages of the Bible that they did not understand.

A PERSECUTED WEAVER.

AN evangelist says that during a preaching excursion in England he met with a weaver who for some months has been doing very successful street preaching. His story was that he had been a servant of Satan for over twenty years; but one night at an open air meeting he was led to change masters, and enlist under the banner of the Cross. He had always been to the fore when fighting for the Evil One, and he was not going to be backward now that he was in the army of Emmanuel. He manfully took his stand at the street corners, where meetings were held, often opposite the very saloons which he had formerly frequented. His old companions came out to see him, and stood round the skirts of the crowd, making flippant and jesting remarks on their quondam comrade. But their taunts and jibes were of no avail; steadily he kept on his way; then some of his female relatives came down and called him opprobrious names, making scandalous remarks about him; but strong in the knowledge that he was doing right, he withstood all persecution both in the open air and at his own home—for there he was laughed at as a hypocrite—and kept on working for Jesus. Now his friends are coming round one by one, and soon he hopes to have his family with him, all united, one in Christ Jesus.

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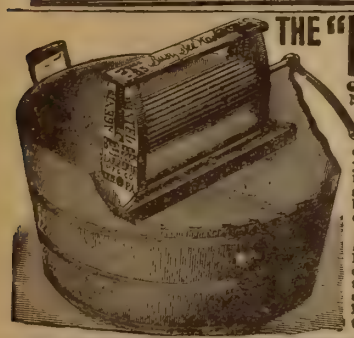

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